

THE AUTHOR AND HIS ESCORT.  
From a Photograph taken at the noon bivouac, Ambal River, Habr Toljaala country, March 1891.  
The exposure of the plate was carried out by a Somali.

SEVENTEEN TRIPS  
THROUGH  
SOMALILAND  
AND  
A VISIT TO ABYSSINIA

A RECORD OF  
EXPLORATION AND BIG GAME SHOOTING  
WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ON THE FAUNA OF THE COUNTRY

BY  
MAJOR H. G. C. SWAYNE, R.E.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY  
CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

SECOND EDITION

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

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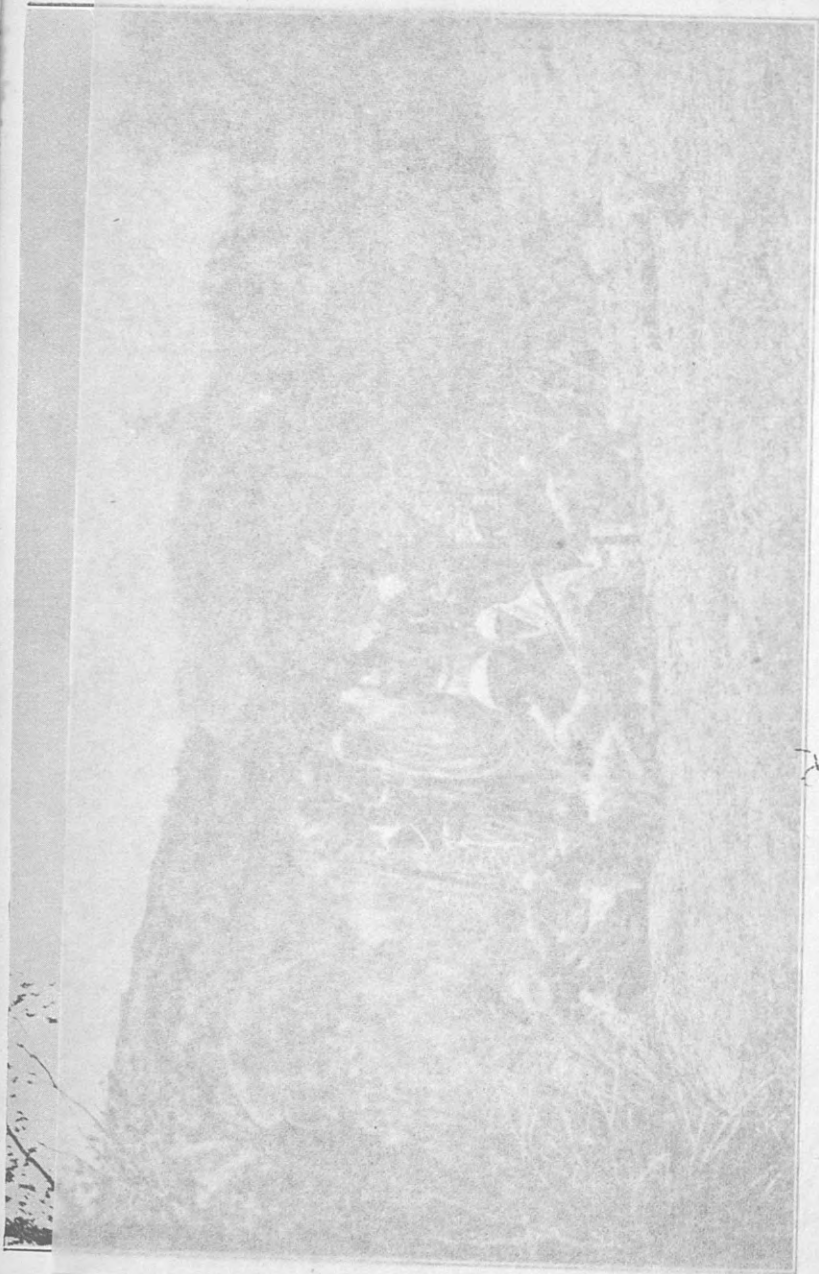
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## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

SINCE the first edition was published the wave of exploration, which reached its greatest intensity about the years 1892-94, has swept over parts of Somáland in common with other countries. When the writer first visited the interior in 1885 there were no Europeans; the whole region, except where Sir Richard Burton had left a single thread of exploration, was one great blank on the map. To the east, near the Horn of Africa, Georges Revoil had made extended explorations and done valuable work near the coast; and the caravan of Mr. F. L. James was in the beginning of 1885 just returning from the adventurous journey to the Shabéleh River. Behind the Maritime Hills some twenty miles inland lay nothing but the unknown tribes.

The same was the case with the Mombasa Hinterland farther south. Mombasa itself was merely a primitive village with a Mission station at Rabai; and the wilds of Ukambani were left untouched except where the caravans for Uganda hurried over the dreaded Nyika to the uplands of the interior. The word "Masai" bore a terrible significance to the Wa-Kamba. The Tana and Ozi Rivers and Belezoni Canal, which the writer visited in 1888, had been explored by about half a dozen white men, and his canoe was followed in broad daylight by schools of hippopotami, swimming quietly alongside. All this is changed now. Turning to the Somáli frontier, in 1885 the little Arab state of Harar seemed far more important than distant Abyssinia, which had not then begun to import modern breechloaders by thousands from French merchants at Obok and Jibuti, to be turned later against the gallant soldiers of Italy. Abyssinia has awakened since; has absorbed Harar and become a factor in Somáli politics; has further, with the help of these weapons in the hands of tireless mountaineers, gained successes over Italy which have spurred Abyssinian ambition and turned this

kingdom, isolated for centuries, again into a restless military empire.

There is no doubt that North-East Africa of to-day is still a good field for the shikári, as are Ladak and the ranges near Kashmir, and parts of India; but much of the romance has gone as country after country has been opened up. The writer considers it a great privilege to have known what may be called the Africa of yesterday; to have been able to take into the interior books like those of Gordon-Cumming and others, and to have read them while leading the life their authors led. It is a privilege also to have seen the Abyssinian army while still retaining its picturesque splendour of gold and silver and colour, and its ancient organisation, unspoilt by any attempts to masquerade in European uniforms.

As regards the Somáliland hunting-grounds, prices have risen, lions have been reduced in number, and elephants have been driven away. The shooting has been doubly curtailed, most of Guban, the coast country, including the Habr Awal and Gadabursi countries, being now reserved for the sport of officers stationed at Aden; while the treaty with King Menelik in 1897 has left many of the old shooting-grounds, including the whole of Ogádén and the Webbe, out of the British Protectorate.

This loss of sport is perhaps less to be regretted than the exigencies of State, which have obliged us to disappoint a vast number of tribes in the Hinterland who had always hoped to be included within the British sphere of influence.

THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION

SOMÁLILAND, the new British Protectorate, is in some respects one of the most interesting regions of the African Continent. In the present daily life of its natives we have represented to us something of the wandering patriarchal existence of Biblical times. The country contains ruins which probably date back to a period of very ancient civilisation. It is, moreover, the threshold to the mysterious nomad Galla tribes who inhabit the land between the Gulf of Aden and the Great African Lakes. Somáliland is the home of many varieties of African large game, and affords one of the best and most accessible of hunting-grounds to be found at the present time.

In the intervening years between 1884 and 1893, professional duties necessitated my undertaking several journeys in Somáliland, with the object of exploration. In the intervals between these journeys I devoted my periods of leave to hunting in that country. During a period of nine years I undertook seventeen separate journeys to the interior, and so became familiar with the chief elements of interest to be found there. At the outset of my travels my age was twenty-five. I enjoyed absolute freedom of movement, and at this period had full control of a small escort of Indian cavalry. The sense of responsibility, and the prospect of exploring new country, filled me with delight and awakened my faculties. When I first entered the interior of Somáliland, in 1885, it was practically an untraversed country; and hitherto, though unjustly so, it had always borne the reputation of being the desert home of bigoted and ferocious savages.

My principal object in writing this book is to present phases of life in nomadic North-East Africa, and to supply detailed information of a nature that might prove useful to travellers and sportsmen who wish to visit that country. As my brother

and I have always been pioneering, the men who have followed in our footsteps have naturally had better opportunities for sport than we had, and I only give such of my more successful sporting experiences as will assist me in my main object of giving a general portrait of the country.

With reference to the following pages of my book, I may say that I merely present a collection of facts. To write a continuous narrative of my movements, in a manner to hold the interest of the reader throughout, requires a special literary gift such as I do not possess. The careful notes of all that came within the observation and experience of my brother and myself, during our ten thousand miles of wanderings with camel caravans, are here collected and presented in their most simple form. Most of the illustrations are direct reproductions of my own drawings, representing incidents I have seen, for the artistic merit of which I must beg my readers' indulgence.

My thanks are due to Brigadier-General J. Jopp, C.B., A.D.C., British Resident at Aden; and to Lieut.-Colonel E. V. Stace, C.B., Political Agent and Consul for the Somali Coast; and to many officers of the Aden Political Staff under whom I have been employed, or with whom I have been associated, for many kindnesses and hospitalities extended to me in Aden and the Somali Coast ports. Also to my brother, Captain E. J. E. Swayne, 16th Bengal Infantry, for the use of his journals and sketches, for all his valuable and indefatigable assistance, to say nothing of his saving my life in a plucky and skilful manner under circumstances the difficulty of which only sportsmen can fully appreciate. My best thanks are also due to Prince Boris Czetywytynski and Mr. Seton Karr for having given me permission to reproduce some of their beautiful and artistic photographs; to Captain H. M. Abud, Assistant Resident at Aden, for many hospitalities, and for his kindness in having supplied me with the historical notes given in the first chapter.

I am also greatly indebted to Lieut.-General E. F. Chapman, C.B., Director of Military Intelligence, and to Lieut.-Colonel J. K. Trotter, and other officers of the Intelligence Staff, for having permitted me to use and to copy a reduction of my routes, which was made under their direction; and also to Mr. W. Knight for the excellent manner in which he has designed and drawn the maps which accompany this book. My third chapter is rewritten from articles which have already been published in the *Field* in 1887, and I have to thank the Editor

of that journal for his courtesy in having allowed me to make use of them here.

I have to thankfully acknowledge the kindness of Dr. P. L. Selater, Secretary of the London Zoological Society, for having permitted me to rewrite and amplify, in my supplementary chapter, two papers upon Antelopes which were written by me for that Society and published in its *Proceedings*.

Finally, I would express my gratitude to Mr. Rowland Ward, who has devoted so much valuable time and experience to the production of my book.

THE AUTHOR.



## CONTENTS

### CHAPTER I

#### SOMÁLI ETHNOLOGY

Division of classes in Somáliland—The trading caravans from Ogádén and Harar—Habits of the nomad tribes—The Somáli brokers—The outcaste races and their characteristics—The settlements of the mullahs—The Somáli, his character—Religion—Costume and weapons—Condition of women—Marriage laws—Industries of women—Blood money—Feuds—Native councils—Respect for the English—Somáli vanity—The *dibáltig* ceremony—Influence of religion—Influence of civilisation—Religious observances—Superstitions—Carelessness—The origin of the Somáli race—Tracing descent for twenty-two generations—Arab descent—Tribal customs—Plurality of wives—Adoption of prefix *Ba* to names of children—Somáli nomenclature—Nicknames—Tribal divisions—"Brothers of the shield"—Ruins, cairns, and graves—Frontier raids between the Gállas and the Somális—Boldness of southern tribes—The Golbánti Gállas—The Wa-pokómo negroes of the Tana—Origin of the Gállas—The Esa tribe—The Gadabursi tribe—Evidences of former highly-organised races in Somáliland—Interesting remains—Old Gállá ruins—Curious legend to account for cairns—The robbers' cover—Baneful influence of feuds . . . . . Pages 1-26

### CHAPTER II

#### THE NOMADIC LIFE

Varieties of camel—Somáli camel willing and gentle—Method of loading camels—On the march—Weight of loads—Marching hours—Scourges, gadflies, ticks, and leeches—Firing camels—Sore back—Camel food—Grazing customs—Breeding habits of Somáli camels—The milk-supply of she-camels—Description of Somáli ponies—Fodder—Ticks—Donkeys—Their usefulness in Somáliland—Cattle—Cow's milk—Ghee—Hides exported to America—Sheep and goats—Powers of subsisting without water—Camel-meat and mutton the favourite meal of Somális—The

annual movements of trading caravans governed by seasons—Duration of seasons—Great heat—Movements of the nomad tribes—Caravan marauders—Tribal fights—Gangs of highway robbers—Methods of the raiders—English scheme of protection popular—Trade greatly injured through insecurity of routes—A peculiarity of the Somali guide—Mysterious strangers—Remarkable faculties of adaptability in the Somali—Baneful effect of civilisation . . . . . Pages 27-42

## CHAPTER III

## BIG GAME SHOOTING, 1887

Start from Berbera—The first koodoo—First herd of elephants seen; elephant bagged with a single shot—Fresh start with another caravan—Waller's gazelle bagged—Mandeira; delightful headquarters—The Issutugan river—Herd of elephants found—Elephant hunt at Jalélo, and death of a large bull—Our night camp—Camp at Sobát—Elephants heard trumpeting at night—Interesting scene; a herd of sixty elephants—Two elephants bagged—Camp at Hembeweina; lions round camp—A herd of elephants in the Jalélo reeds—Long and unsuccessful hunt—Tusks stolen by a caravan—Lions roaring round the Hembeweina camp at night—Visit of Shiré Shirmáki and thirty horsemen—Interesting scene—A row in camp—News of a solitary bull at Eil Danan—Exciting hunt; horsemen manœuvring a vicious elephant, and death of the bull—Return to Berbera . . . . . 43-73

## CHAPTER IV

## GOVERNMENT EXPLORATIONS

Early trips to the coast—Disturbed state of Bulhár—Stopping a fight—Two skirmishes—First exploring trips—Hostility of the natives—An unlucky trip—Start with my brother to explore the Habr Toljaala and Dolbahanta countries on duty—Camp on Gólis Range—Theodolite station at 6800 feet—Enter the waterless plains—Advance to the Tug Dér—News of raiders ahead, and of Col. A. Paget's party—Dolbahanta horsemen—Advance to the Nogal Valley—Constantly annoyed by the Dolbahanta—Prehistoric tank and buildings at Badwein—Advance to Gosaweina—More horsemen—Insecure border, and scene of a raid—Explore Bur Dab Range—Robbers' Caves—Exploration by my brother on Wagar Mountain—Lovely scenery—Return to Berbera—Start on a second expedition to the Jibril Abokr country—The top of Gán Libah—A new hartebeest—Death of a leopard—Hargeisa—Natives clamouring for British protection against Abyssinia—Bold behaviour of a leopard—Advance to the Marar Prairie—Camp at Ujawáji—Extraordinary scene on the prairie—Quantities of game—Gadabursi raid—Jibril Abokr welcome of the English—A shooting trip on the plains—News of three lions—Vedettes

posted over lions—Advance to the attack—Savage charge; unconscious and in the clutches of a lioness—My brother's account of the accident—His own narrow escape, and death of a fine lion—Civility of the Jibril Abokr—Abyssinian news—Return to the coast—Recovery from wounds—Third expedition; to the Gadabursi country—Great raid by the Jibril Abokr on the Bahgoba—Curious adventure with robbers—Betrayed by vultures—Raiding tactics—First meeting with the Gadabursi—Meeting with Ugaz Núr—The rival sultans—Construction of an Abyssinian fort at Biyo-Kabóba—Esa in a ferment—Speech of Múdu Golab—My brother bags a large bull elephant—March to Zeila . . . . . Pages 74-113

## CHAPTER V

## A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN BORDER, 1892

First news of Abyssinian aggression—Start for Milmil—Unfortunate Bulhár—Across the "Haud" waterless plateau—Extraordinary landscape—Sudden meeting with the Rer Ali—Their consternation and pleasant greeting—News of a raid—Water-supply statistics—Great display at Milmil in honour of Au Mahomed Sufi—Agitation against Abyssinia—Unsuccessful lion hunt—Display in honour of the English—Interesting scene—The vulture-like elders—Success of an Arab pony—Our camp at Tíli—The "Valley of Rhinoceroses"—Two rhinoceros hunts—Four bagged—Death of a bull rhinoceros—The Waror wells—Abbasgúl complaints against Abyssinia—First meeting with Abyssinians—Disturbed country—English sportsmen met at Hargeisa—Fresh start from Hargeisa—Incessant rains—Thousands of hartebeests near Gumbur Dúg—Scouting for the Abyssinians—Visit to the Abyssinian fort at Jig-Jiga—We approach Gildessa—The caravan imprisoned by the Abyssinians—Embarrassing situation—A letter to Rás Makunan of Harar—Exciting time at Gildessa—We retire by night—The answer of the Rás—March to Zeila . . . . . 114-146

## CHAPTER VI

## A VISIT TO RÁS MAKUNAN OF HARAR, 1893

Project to explore Gállaland—News of Colonel Carrington's party—A Bulhár feud—Start from Bulhár—Gadabursi dance to the English—Esa raid—A rival sportsman—Awálé Yasin breaks his leg—Native surgery—Adventures with leopards—Following a wounded leopard by moonlight—A plucky home charge—Exciting encounter—A beisa hunt—On the Marar Prairie again—Quantities of game—Arrival at Jig-Jiga, and visit from Abyssinians—Attempted arrest of the caravan by an Abyssinian general—Exciting adventure—Arrival of Gabratagli—Character of Banagúsé—A letter to the Rás—Interviews with Banagúsé—Bertiri complaints against Abyssinians—An answer from the Rás—Picturesque

journey to Harar—Hospitality of Basha-Basha, an Abyssinian general—Enter Harar—Meet Signor Felter—First interview with the Rás in the audience-room—Entertained by Allaka Gobau Desta—My servant wounded—Meet Count Salimbeni, M. Guigniony, and the Archbishop of Gállaland—Interviews with the Rás and exchange of presents—Farewells in Harar—Leave Harar for the Webbe . . . Pages 147-176

CHAPTER VII

FIRST JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER, 1893

Form an ambush over the pool at Kuredelli—A rhinoceros wounded—Unsuccessful hunt after the rhinoceros—Two lions seen—Another rhinoceros wounded at the pool; three lionesses arrive; interesting moonlight scene—A lioness drinks, and is wounded—Death of the lioness—Follow and bag the rhinoceros—Exciting hyæna-hunt with pistol and knife—Abbasgúl fight—Unsuccessful rhinoceros-hunt—We march into the monsoon—Waller's gazelle wounded by me and pulled down by a leopard—Death of the leopard—Camp again at Táli—Two rhinoceroses bagged; furious charge—The Sheikh Ash, a friendly tribe—A leopard in camp—Ambush at the Garba-aleh pool; leopard and hyæna bagged—Abundance of game—First enter zebra country—Mangeating lions at Durhi—Malingúr at Durhi—Elephant-hunting in Daghatto Valley; a bull bagged—Large number of elephants—Interesting scene in Daghatto—Leopards seen—Uninhabited country—Difficulty in finding the Rer Amáden tribe—Halt at Enleh and send out scouts . . . 177-198

CHAPTER VIII

FIRST JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER (continued)

Our camp at Enleh—Success of the Lee-Metford rifle—A beisa hunt—Abundance of game—A night alarm—Attempt to catch a zebra foal—Strange voices in the bush—News of the Rer Amáden—Jáma Deria—Advance into the Amáden country—Meeting with Sheikh Abdul Káder at Dambaswerer—Friendly reception by the Rer Amáden—Decide to make a dash for Imé—Fine view of the Webbe Valley—Difficulty and expense of a Somáli outfit—Close to Imé; doubtful as to our welcome—Cordiality of the Adone or Webbe negroes—Council of the elders; desire for an English treaty—Kind hospitality of Gabba Oboho, chief of Imé—A word for British management at the coast—Invited to return to the Webbe—Shoot two waterbuck—Return to Dambaswerer—Jáma Deria at home—Gállá raids—Extraordinary vitality of a Somáli—Jáma Deria's avarice—Reputation of Rás Makunan—Beisa shot—A lion roars at night—Lion surprised stealing the carcase—Exciting hunt, and death of the lion—Sit up for lion at Durhi—Melancholy episode; Daura

Warsama killed by a man-eater—Unsuccessful hunt—Clarke's gazelle bagged—Beisa bagged—Artificial tanks—Form a camp for koodoo-hunting at Mandeira . . . Pages 199-224

CHAPTER IX

THREE WEEKS' KOODOO-STALKING ON GÓLIS RANGE, 1893

Our hunting camp in the mountains—The "Rock of the Seven Robbers"—Exciting koodoo hunt; death of a splendid koodoo—My shooting costume—Triumphphant return to camp—Unsuccessful koodoo hunt—March to Henweina—Unsuccessful hunt after koodoos—Bag a bull—A charming spot—Dog-faced baboons—Alarm note of the koodoo cow—Picturesque bivouac—Cedar-trees in Mirso—A leopard caught with a piece of rope and speared by the Somális—March to Armáleh Garbadir—The great Massleh Wein bull—Exciting hunt; success of the Martini; a glorious koodoo—Return to the coast . . . 225-238

CHAPTER X

SECOND JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER, 1893

The new caravan—Pass Lord Delamere's party—Captain Abud in camp at Hargeisa—Sheikh Mattar—Cross the Haud, and arrive at Seyyid Mahomed's town in Ogádén—Holy reputation—Why the Somális have no Mahdi—Scene at the Seyyid's town—Native impression of European travellers—Every European a doctor—Malingúr mission to Harar—Ruspoli's men seized—Jáma Deria's Englishman—Reach the Webbe and bag a waterbuck—Friendly Gilimiss Somális—First news of the Webbe bushbuck—Shooting a crocodile—Great beauty of our camp on the Webbe banks—Gállá raids on the Gilimiss—The crossing of the Webbe at Karanleh—Unexpected Gállá news—Entertain Gállá chiefs in camp; a defiant speech—A Gállá trip planned—Fresh hippo tracks in the reeds—A waterbuck swims the Webbe; a noble buck—Sad death of a horse—The Aulihán—A row in camp—Unsuccessful buffalo-hunting—Wounded waterbuck struck down by a lion—Starving negroes eat the carrion—Disturbed country; the Gállá trip impracticable—Recross the Webbe—Driving for bushbuck—A wart-hog bagged—A man seized by a lion; extraordinary story—A leopard bagged—A buck killed by leopards before our eyes—A row at Garbo—Success of the Lee-Metford—The Awaré pan; beautiful hunting-ground—Lions roaring at night—Unsuccessful lion-hunts—Magnificent lion shot; a surprising leap—Abundance of lions—Return to Berbera; and go to England . . . 239-267



## CHAPTER XI

## WITH THE BRITISH MISSION TO KING MENELIK, 1897

Sent to represent India on the Mission—Meeting with Italian prisoners marching down—The Italian Red Cross Mission—A forced march to Gildessa to get transport—Aito Merzha, Governor of Gildessa—Impressions of the journey up the pass to Harar—Makunan's escort into Harar—Buying mules—Sent on with Speedy—Scenery in the Harar Highlands—Some peculiarly English country—Crossing the Hawash—A camel accident—Over high veldt country to Addis-Abbaba—The opening audience—Menelik's personality—Dining with Menelik and his thousand officers—The Feast of St. Raguél—Ritual in the church: the dance of King David before the Ark of the Covenant—A *feu de joie*—The scene marching home—Presents for the King and Queen—The final day—Escorted by 20,000 soldiers—A magnificent sight—The march to the coast—Daily routine—Astronomy—British and French positions for Addis-Abbaba compared—Fast marching—Political reflections—Our African frontier compared with our Asiatic one—Importation of arms by France—Abyssinian character—Vindication of Somáli character—Sport on the road—Somálland as a future hunting-ground . . . Pages 268-292

## CHAPTER XII

NOTES ON THE FAUNA OF SOMÁLILAND . . . . . 293-327

APPENDIX I.—ON FITTING OUT SOMÁLI EXPEDITIONS . . . . . 329

„ II.—PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF SOMÁLILAND . . . . . 354

„ III.—FITTING OUT AN EXPEDITION FOR ABYSSINIA . . . . . 366

„ IV.—NOTES ON SOMÁLI TRADE . . . . . 373

INDEX . . . . . 377

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
The Author and his Escort . . . . .	iv
Group of Somális (White Esa) . . . . .	2
Somáli Camp Followers and a Horseman from the Bush . . . . .	5
A Camp Servant with Lesser Koodoo Skull and Horns . . . . .	13
Somáli Scouts halting in a sandy River-Bed to look for Water . . . . .	29
A Herd of Plateau Gazelles . . . . .	43
Elephants at a Pool . . . . .	47
“Flying the Bushes” . . . . .	53
Elephant and Calf . . . . .	59
Lesser Koodoo and Aloes . . . . .	72
Male Waterbuck Head . . . . .	77
Somáli Horseman . . . . .	79
<i>Sakáro</i> Antelope . . . . .	85
Jungle of <i>Hig</i> Aloes and <i>Gudá</i> Thorn-Trees . . . . .	101
On the Mule-Track, near Harar . . . . .	111
Game on the Plains . . . . .	117
Kirk's Dik-Dik . . . . .	118
Waller's Gazelle . . . . .	119
A Trial of Strength . . . . .	127
A Crouching Lion . . . . .	129
Greater Koodoo Head . . . . .	137
Female Sæmmerring's Gazelle Head . . . . .	145
A Herd of <i>Aoul</i> . . . . .	147
A Herd of Hartebeest . . . . .	156
Jungle of <i>Wádi</i> Thorn-Trees and <i>Hig</i> Aloes; Subul Odli, Haud . . . . .	169
Male Sæmmerring's Gazelle Head . . . . .	175
<i>Aoul</i> Bucks at Play . . . . .	177
The Pool at Kuredelli . . . . .	180
A Herd of Beisa . . . . .	191
A Sounder of Wart-Hog . . . . .	198
A Herd of Gerenúk . . . . .	199
Greater Koodoo on the Look-out . . . . .	225

	PAGE
Rock Rabbits . . . . .	237
A Herd of Water Antelope . . . . .	239
Waterbuck Swimming . . . . .	248
Skull of Central African Buffalo . . . . .	252
A Snap Shot . . . . .	263
Head of Baira Antelope . . . . .	266
Female Lowland Gazelle . . . . .	267
Rás Makunan, the Abyssinian Governor of Harar and Nephew of Menelik . . . . .	271
Some Members of the British Mission in the Courtyard of Menelik's Palace . . . . .	275
At the Feast of Saint Raguel at Addis-Abbaba (Part of the Crowd descending the Hill after the Ceremony) . . . . .	279
Vultures . . . . .	293
Black Rhinoceros Head . . . . .	297
Beisa Oryx Head . . . . .	299
Lesser Koodoo Head . . . . .	304
The Somáli Hartebeest . . . . .	306
Somáli Bushbuck or Decula Antelope . . . . .	309
Clarke's Gazelle Head . . . . .	310
A Dibatag Buck . . . . .	311
Waller's Gazelle Head . . . . .	313
Male Lowland Gazelle Head . . . . .	316
Klipspringer, Head and Skull and Horns . . . . .	317
Dik-Dik Antelopes, Heads and Skull and Horns . . . . .	318
Dik-Dik and Aloes . . . . .	319
Wart-Hog Head . . . . .	323
Male Plateau Gazelle Head . . . . .	324
Female Plateau Gazelle Head . . . . .	324
Hunting Map of Northern Somáland . . . . .	326
Map of the Horn of Africa . . . . .	
Map of Route from Zeila to Addis-Abbaba . . . . .	

## CHAPTER I

### SOMÁLI ETHNOLOGY

Division of classes in Somáland—The trading caravans from Ogádén and Harar—Habits of the nomad tribes—The Somáli brokers—The outcaste races and their characteristics—The settlements of the mullahs—The Somáli, his character—Religion—Costume and weapons—Condition of women—Marriage laws—Industries of women—Blood money—Feuds—Native councils—Respect for the English—Somáli vanity—The *dibáltig* ceremony—Influence of religion—Influence of civilisation—Religious observances—Superstitions—Carelessness—The origin of the Somáli race—Tracing descent for twenty-two generations—Arab descent—Tribal customs—Plurality of wives—Adoption of prefix *Ba* to names of children—Somáli nomenclature—Nicknames—Tribal divisions—"Brothers of the shield"—Ruins, cairns, and graves—Frontier raids between the Gállas and the Somáls—Boldness of southern tribes—The Golbánti Gállas—The Wa-pokómo negroes of the Tana—Origin of the Gállas—The Esa tribe—The Gadabursi tribe—Evidences of former highly-organised races in Somáland—Interesting remains—Old Gállá ruins—Curious legend to account for cairns—The robbers' cover—Baneful influence of feuds.

He who dines alone, dines with the devil.—*Somáli Proverb.*

THE inhabitants of Somáland may be divided into four classes:—The nomad Somáls, who keep sheep, goats, cattle, and camels, and breed ponies; who live almost entirely upon milk and meat, and follow the rains in search of grass for their animals. The settled Somáls, who form a comparatively small community, living in or near the coast towns, and are principally occupied as *abbáns* or brokers. Certain outcaste races, living in a precarious way, scattered about among the different Somáli tribes, engaged principally in gathering gum and hunting. The traders, who at certain seasons bring large caravans from the interior to the coast.

The most important trading caravans are those which come

to Berbera from Ogádén and Harar. They bring hides, ivory, ostrich-feathers, rhinoceros and antelope horns, prayer-skins, honey, coffee, ghee (clarified butter), and gum; exchanging these products and loading up for the return journey with the beads, dates, rice, cotton goods, and other articles which form the cargoes of dhows visiting the ports. The traders have portable huts (*gurgi*) which are packed on camels, and can be pitched or struck in about an hour. These they erect on long



GROUP OF SOMÁLIS (WHITE ESA).

From a Photograph by the Author.

halts, and when staying at the coast towns in the trading season. The *rer* or kraal (*karia* in Arabic) is formed by unpacking the *gurgi* and pitching them in a semicircle, surrounding the whole by a thorn-fence or zeriba. The huts are carried on camels in sections, and consist of a framework of bent gipsy poles, over which mats and skins are sewn when a halt is made. While on the march the mats do duty as pack-saddles for the camels, the skins being tied over the loads to protect them from sun and rain. While the caravans are at the coast, generally during the greater part of the cold weather,

the camels are placed under the care of the nomad Somáls, to be fed and tended until the return journey to the interior in the spring.

The nomadic tribes also form zeribas during their wanderings, staying in camp for a month or two at a time. Each nomad clan wanders in an orbit of its own, and reoccupies its former zeribas at the different pastures year after year. Their zeribas differ from those of trading caravans by being made in a double ring, the outer circle of which is often twelve feet high, to keep out lions. Inside the double brushwood fence the space is divided into pens for cattle, camels, sheep, and goats, the ponies being hobbled and allowed to graze abroad by day, while at night they are tied to the outside of the huts or to thorn trees; and for their further protection fires are lit round the inside of the zeriba and in the huts. At the coast towns the arrangements are not so formidable, a low single fence to keep in the animals being deemed sufficient. The huts are put up by women, while the men form the zeriba and cut logs for the watch-fires, using an axe (*fás*) made from a block of soft iron, worked into a ring with a forked stick inserted—much like the axe of jungle tribes in India. The men are extremely lazy, and consider that their dignity is lowered by tending anything but camels, cattle, and ponies. Thousands of sheep and goats are looked after by a few women and small children; while the donkeys and the water-vessels they carry are the particular care of the oldest and most decrepit women.

The neighbourhood of nomad encampments and watering-places is always noisy and dusty, the ground being worked into powder by the feet of thousands of animals. Most of the bushes are denuded of their branches for firewood, and the grass is eaten and worn away. At the important wells watering is done by sub-tribes, to each of which is allotted a certain well at a certain hour. When watering is going on, the groups of naked men singing in chorus as they pass the water up to the troughs, the lowing of the cattle, the countless flocks and herds moving to and fro half veiled by clouds of dust, form a very remarkable scene. The nomads who live about the Gólis Range draw near to the coast during the cool trading season, and return to the high Ogo country to remain there during the summer months. They form no large caravans, but are engaged in a good deal of petty barter with the coast and in the export of sheep.

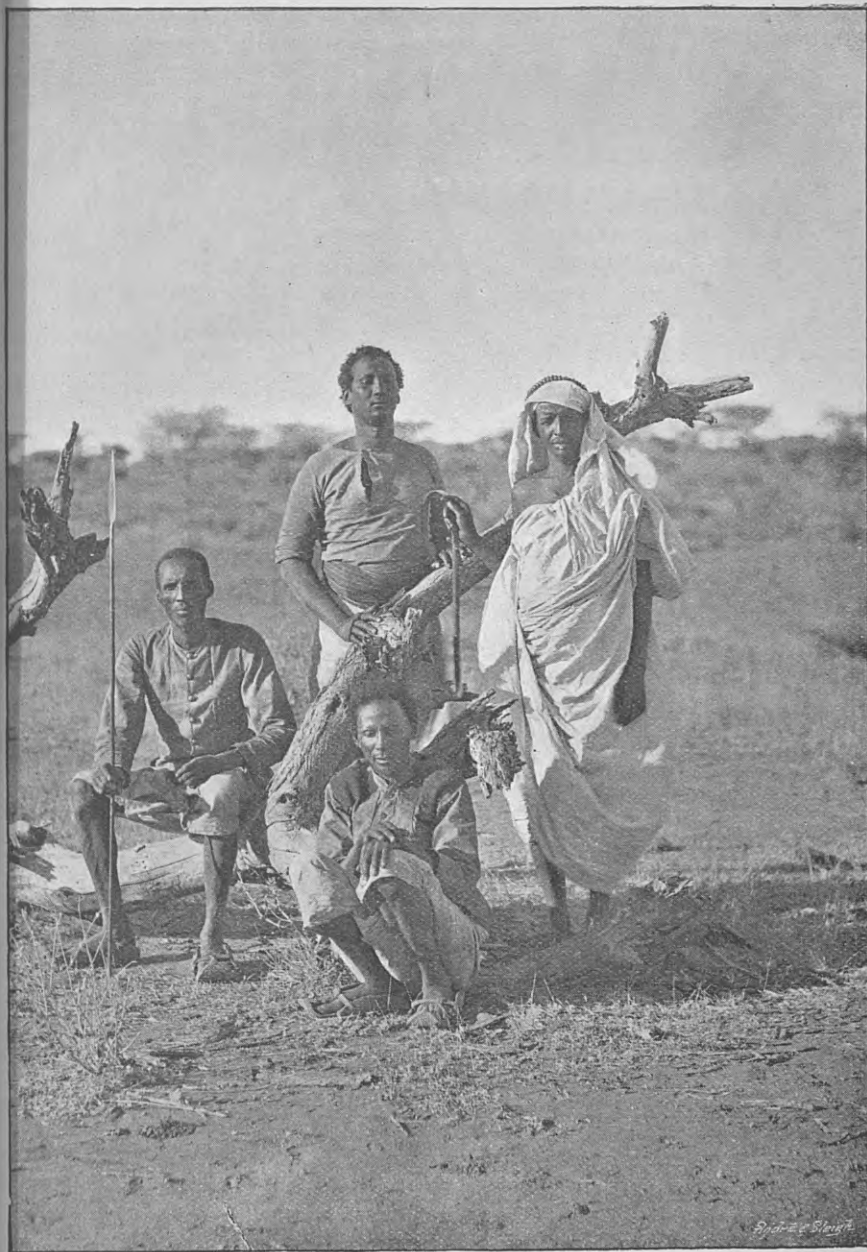


With reference to the class engaged in brokerage, they are people settled permanently at the ports of the North Somali coast. Until a short time ago the office of *abbán* or broker was considered to be important. When a trader arrived off the coast in a dhow, or with a caravan from the interior, he was obliged to engage an *abbán* to transact his business, to protect his interests, to act as general agent, paying in return for such services a small commission on all purchases and sales.

Of the outcaste races the most important are the Tomal, Yebir, and Midgán. They are not organised in tribes, but live in scattered families all over Somaliland. The Tomal are the blacksmiths, who fashion all kinds of arms, axes, and general ironwork. The Yebir are workers in leather, such as saddlery, scabbards, and so forth. The Midgáns are probably the most numerous of the outcaste people. They are armed with the *mindí* (a small dagger), bow, and poisoned arrows, carrying the latter in a large quiver. They keep wild and savage pariah dogs, which they train to hunting, their chief quarry being the beisa (*Oryx beisa*), the large antelope with rapier-like horns.

I have often been out beisa-hunting on foot in the Bulhár Plain with Midgáns and dogs. When a bull beisa is killed a disc from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter is cut from the thick skin of his withers and sometimes from the rump: these are worth from one to four rupees at the coast, and are used by the Midgáns for shields. The Midgáns are a hardy race, used to living away from karias, stealthy and perfect trackers, and are sometimes, in inter-tribal warfare, engaged to act as messengers, scouts, and light skirmishers. There appears to be no physical difference between them and other Somális, except that the average stature of the Midgáns may be slightly shorter. I have on more than one occasion come upon a party of Midgáns pegging out the fresh skin of a lion which they had just killed; many of these animals are brought to bag every year with no other weapons than their tiny arrows. The lions are found asleep under the *khansa* bushes at mid-day, or are shot from an ambush at night over a living bait, or when returning to a "kill."

In the interior of Northern Somaliland there are no permanent settlements except those founded and occupied by religious Mahomedans, called sheikhs, mullahs, or widads. These settlements occur, on an average, about seventy miles apart. The two largest which I have seen are Seyyid Mahomed's



SOMÁLI CAMP FOLLOWERS AND A HORSEMAN FROM THE BUSH.

From a Photograph by Prince Boris Czertwytynski.

Town in Ogádén, and Hargeisa in the Habr Awal country. There are about a dozen others of minor importance, all inhabited by mullahs, scattered over several degrees of latitude and longitude, but Hargeisa may be taken as the type of them all.

Mullahs are enabled to settle down and form permanent villages, and cultivate, on account of the respect in which they are held by all tribes. A looting party must be driven to the last extremity of hunger before it will attack them, and generally in such a case only as many animals would be looted as are needed to provide food. The mullahs are drawn from various tribes, and, being cosmopolitan, have very extended influence. They are a quiet, respectable class, generally on the side of order, and civil to travellers.

Hargeisa, a compact village of a few hundred *agal* or permanent huts, is surrounded by a high mat fence, and a square mile or two of *jowári* (*Holcus sorghum*) cultivation belonging to different mullahs. Sheikh Mattar, the chief of Hargeisa, is a pleasant-mannered man affecting Arab dress; he reads and writes Arabic, and is a steady supporter of British interests. Like many of the more important mullahs in Somáliland, he has a very dark complexion, almost black, in fact, with well-formed, intelligent features. With the exception of these mullah settlements, a few graves dotted about the country, and some cairns and ancient remains of former races, there is nothing permanent to show the presence of human beings. The caravan routes are mere paths made by the feet of camels and passing flocks, crossed by game tracks in every direction. For countless years long lines of baggage camels have gone aside from the straight course in order to wind round some stone or bush that a child could remove. The work is left to the next caravan, or to Allah, who is made responsible for everything, good or bad, in Somáliland. There is no social system, but patriarchal government by tribes, clans, and families; no cohesion, and no paramount native authority; and the whole country has been from time immemorial in a chronic state of petty warfare and blood feuds.

The Somáli has a many-sided character. He is generally a good camelman, a cheerful camp-follower, a trustworthy, loyal, and attentive soldier; proud of the confidence reposed in him, quick to learn new things, and wonderfully bright and intelligent. He is untiring on the march, often a reckless

hunter, and will stand by his master splendidly. I know of one Somáli who, to save his English master, hit a lion over the head with the butt of his rifle; and quite lately, under similar circumstances, another Somáli caught hold of a lion by the jaws. Occasionally, however, he relapses into a state of original sin; he becomes criminally careless with the camels, breaking everything in the process of loading, from leather to cast steel; and he can be disrespectful, mutinous, and sulky. He is inordinately vain, and will walk off into the jungle and make his way home to the coast, leaving two months' back pay and rations behind him, if he considers his lordly dignity insulted. If he sees a chance of gain he is a toady and flatterer. His worst fault is avarice.

The Somáli, although by no means a coward, is much more afraid of his fellow-man than of wild animals,—a fact which is possibly due to the general insecurity of life and property. Above all things he dreads crossing the inland frontiers of his country, holding his hereditary enemies the Gállas in abhorrence. He has a great deal of romance in his composition, and in his natural nomad state, on the long, lazy days, when there is no looting to be done, while his women and children are away minding his flocks, he takes his praying-mat and water-bottle, and sits a hundred yards from his karia under a flat, shady *gudá* tree; lazily droning out melancholy-sounding chants on the themes of his dusky loves, looted or otherwise; on the often miserable screw which he calls *faras*, the horse; and on the supreme pleasure of eating stolen camels.

The summer and winter rains are his great periods of activity. There is then plenty of grass, and pools of water are abundant throughout the country; he bestrides his "favourite mare," and in company with many dear brothers of his clan, leaving his flocks and herds in the charge of his women and young children, rides quietly off a hundred miles into the heart of the jungle to loot the camels of the next Somáli tribe, the owners of which are perhaps away doing exactly the same thing elsewhere. There is tremendous excitement, and the camels are driven across miles of uninhabited wilderness, trailing clouds of dust behind them; and so back to the home karia, where he finds his own herds have perhaps been looted in his absence. He at once goes off on a fresh horse, smarting under his wrongs and intent on vengeance; and if in the spear and shield skirmish that ensues a man has been killed, he and his com-

panions ride back covered with sweat and glory, the tired nags showing gaping spear-wounds and mouths dripping with blood from the cruel bits. This is life! In the intervals between expeditions the Somális, when not sleeping, sit in circles on the outskirts of their karias, talking, drinking camel's milk, and eating mutton for days together. Every adult male has his say in the affairs of the tribe, and is to a certain extent a born orator.

Somális are Mussulmans of the Shafai sect, and use the Somáli salutation "*Nabad*," or the Arab "*Salaam aleikum*," which is answered by "*Aleikum salaam*" and touching of hands. The men are nearly all dressed alike, in long "tobes" of white sheeting of different degrees of dirtiness, from brown to dazzling white; not a few of the tobes have been dipped in red clay and are of a bright burnt-sienna colour, making the wearers look like Burmese priests. A long dagger (*biláwa*) is strapped round the waist, while a shield and two spears are carried in the hands. A grass water-bottle and Ogádén prayer-carpet are slung over the shoulders of some, and on the feet are thick sandals, turned up in front, and changed every hour or so to ease the feet. Many of the men wear a leather charm containing a verse of the Koran, a lump of yellow amber, or a long prayer chaplet (*tusba*) of black sweet-smelling wood around the neck. The camels are often adorned with cowrie necklaces.

The tobe is a simple cotton sheet of two breadths sewn together, about fifteen feet long, and is worn in a variety of ways. Generally it is thrown over one or both shoulders, a turn given round the waist, and allowed to fall to the ankles. In cold weather the head is muffled up in it after the fashion of an Algerian "burnouse." When sleeping round a camp fire the body is enveloped in it from head to foot, as in a winding-sheet; for a fight the chest and arms are left bare, the part which was thrown over the shoulders being wound many times round the waist to protect the stomach. In the jungle the tobes are worn till they are brown and threadbare; but at the coast towns they are generally of dazzling whiteness. Elders, horsemen, and those who wish to assume a little extra dignity, discard the common tobe and affect the *khaili*, a gorgeous tartan arrangement in red, white, and blue, each colour being in two shades, with a narrow fringe of light yellow. On horse-back it is a very becoming dress, and it is often affected by a favourite wife. All *khaili* tobes are about the same in appear-



ance, so that practically the white tobe or *khaili*, shield, and spears is a uniform that seldom varies much in the whole country. There is very little distinction in the dress of different tribes. The Esa seldom wear the tobe, having only a small cloth hung round the loins. The Dolbahanta, Ogádén, Esa, and the Ishák<sup>1</sup> tribes differ from one another in the shape of their spear-blades; and the Midgáns carry bow and quiver instead of spear and shield. The *biláwa* or sword is a long two-edged, sharp-pointed knife with soft wrought-iron blade, about two feet long and an inch broad at the broadest part; the weight is well forward for hacking. The hilt, too small for a European hand, is made of horn, ornamented with zinc or pewter, and the scabbard is of white leather, sewn crossways to a long white thong which goes round the waist. The *gáshán* or shield is a round disc of white leather, of rhinoceros, bullock, or preferably beisa hide, from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, with a boss in the centre and a handle behind. It is easily pierced by a pistol bullet. Two kinds of spears are used throughout the country, each man among the Ishák tribes, near Berbera, carrying one of each kind. The small spear, plain or barbed like a fish-hook, is for throwing at a distance of from twenty-five to thirty yards, but the aim is not accurate much over thirty yards, though I have seen it thrown as far as seventy-five yards on foot in competitions at Bulhár. The Somáli grasps his spear firmly in the fingers, and gives it one or two quick jerks against the palm of the hand before casting, the vibration being supposed to keep the point straight when in flight. The best spear-shafts come from Eilo, a mountain in the Gadabursi country near Zeila, and round the butt is twisted a bit of soft iron to balance the spear-head. The ponderous laurel-leaf-shaped spear, bound with brass wire, is used for close quarters, being especially useful against horses. The men of the Esa tribe generally carry one of these and no throwing spear. They fight on foot and charge home, stabbing at close quarters, but most Somális prefer light skirmishing. Some spears are scraped bright, others blackened and polished. The Somáli is often a great dandy in these matters, and keeps his shield in a white calico cover.

The water-bottle (*karúra*) is a wonderfully neat affair, plaited by the women from the fibres of a root, or from grass, and made watertight by applying fat or other substances to the

<sup>1</sup> The Habr Awal, Habr Gerhajis, and Habr Toljaala.

inside, and is corked with a wooden plug. The prayer-carpet generally comes from Ogádén, and is a small piece of very thick tanned leather. On this the Somáli makes his regular prostrations at dawn and sunset, and during the day, as becomes a devout Mussulman; when not put to this use, it is hung over the shoulder to afford protection from the chafing of the spears. The sandals, which are very heavy, are of several thicknesses of white leather sewn together, rising in a knob in front. They make a great noise, so when stalking game the wearer carries them and goes barefoot. The club or kerrie is a foot and a half long, made of the hard *wogga* wood, and is thrown with dexterity.

Somális generally have good Arab features, with particularly smooth skins, varying from the colour of an Arab to black. Among certain tribes those who have killed a man wear an ostrich-feather in the hair. Originally it was only worn for enemies killed in a fight, but now this is not necessary. Little boys carry miniature spears and shields as soon as they can learn to use them, and many an Esa youth of sixteen can show an ostrich-feather earned in the orthodox manner.

The hair is worn in various ways according to sex and age. Old men shave the head, and sometimes grow a slight beard. Men in the prime of life wear their hair about an inch and a half long, and periodically smear it with a gray mixture, apparently composed of ashes and clay, leaving it for a day or two to dry. It is then dusted out and the hair becomes beautifully clean and highly curled. My followers have always gone through this performance a day or two before reaching Berbera at the conclusion of a trip. Young men and boys grow their hair in a heavy mop, often of a yellow colour, like the mane of a lion. Married women wear it in a chignon, enclosed in a dark blue bag. Young women and girls wear a mop like the young men, but carefully plaited into pigtails. Small children have their heads shaven, three cockscombs of short hair being left, giving the head the appearance of a crested helmet.

Women are of very little account among the Somális, every boy appearing to lord it over the female members of his family, of whatever generation. The father of many daughters is rich in that while they are young they herd his sheep and goats, and when they marry he receives from the husband of each her *yerad* or price, in return for which he has to provide a new hut and furniture for the pair. When a man marries he pays the

father of the woman, say, two or three horses and about two hundred sheep. Often this is given back to the woman by her father, and sometimes a dowry is given by him. In the Rer Ali tribe we once passed a drove of about fifty camels being driven by a pretty young woman, who stopped to proudly tell us that they were the dowry her father was sending along with her to her husband. One favourite way of obtaining a wife is to loot her in a foray, along with a lot of sheep. Often when I have asked a man where he got his pretty wife, he has answered, "Oh, I looted her from the Samanter Abdallah," or the Rer Ali, naming a neighbouring tribe. A nod and a laugh from the wife has corroborated the story, and she does not appear to be at all unhappy about it. Marriage with aliens is, I think, looked upon with favour by Somális, because it brings new blood into the tribe; and it has the additional advantage of extending diplomatic relations, a man who has married into a tribe being tolerably safe when in its territory, even in disturbed times.

Some rich women, who have brought a large dowry to their husbands, only perform light work in the huts, and make mats. Others tend sheep and cattle, draw water, hew wood, and work all day long, with no reward but blows. I go by what Somális themselves say, for I have never seen any cruelty. Women work very hard. From every watering-place old women are seen struggling to the karias with heavy *háns* full of water, often containing three or four gallons. They carry the *háns* and bundles of firewood in exactly the same manner as they do their babies, slung on their backs. The water *háns* are composed of plaited bark. They are easily broken, and on every march one or two may become useless, owing either to contact with thorn branches or to the tired camels sitting on them. A little water is always lost by leakage. My own experience of *háns* has been somewhat unfortunate, chiefly because my caravans being composed almost entirely of men, their management has not been properly understood.

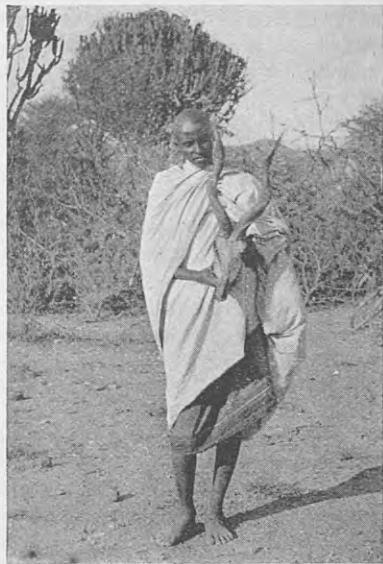
Another industry practised by the women is the plaiting of camel-mats; these are made by chewing the striped bark of the *Galol* tree, and weaving it into a mat, which it takes a week to make. They also extract the fibres from the *Hig*, or pointed aloe-plants, by beating them between stones, the fibre then being twisted into ropes. The Somáli women lead the camels on the longest marches, and exhibit wonderful powers of endurance,

marching sometimes the four hundred miles from the Webbe to Berbera in about sixteen days. From constantly loading camels they become nearly as strong in the arms as the men.

The *mag, dia*,<sup>1</sup> or blood money for a man killed is one hundred milch-camels. Among the Habr Yunis and Habr Gerhajis if one man of the tribe kills another the blood money is one hundred she-camels and four horses, half this number being considered enough for a woman. For the loss of an eye or permanent disablement of a limb fifty camels have to be paid, and for the loss of both eyes or disablement of both limbs the full blood money, as for murder, is demanded. If blood is drawn from the head about thirty camels are demanded, and even for a bruise the demand is for three or four camels. Such minor cases, however, are, as a rule, referred to the mullahs for decision. As a matter of fact, in most cases the blood money actually paid is below the nominal amount.

If a man captures his wife during a raid on another tribe, he generally sends a present afterwards to her parents to secure peace; should, however, a married woman be carried off, or one to whose parents cows have already been paid by another man, the offence is a grave one, and the tribe of the woman must fight. One of the most unpardonable offences is the striking of any one with a shoe

<sup>1</sup> When a man commits murder or manslaughter the relatives of the deceased can claim blood money. The tribe to which the slayer belongs must either pay this, give up the murderer, or fight. Which of these three courses will be taken depends on the nature of the act, and whether the man is considered to be worth fighting for.



A CAMP SERVANT WITH LESSER KOODOO SKULL AND HORNS.

From a Photograph by Mr. Seton Karr.

or whip, or the open hand, and theoretically this act can only be wiped out by blood.

There are always innumerable blood feuds going on in Somaliland, but as a rule the tribal fights are not very serious, a dozen men killed in every thousand engaged being a fair proportion. The men slain in these combats are buried on the spot, and then begins a long series of negotiations for the settlement of the amount of blood money, which generally lasts months, or even years, before any result is arrived at. Often at a council all the old men on both sides get up in a fury and leave hurriedly for their kraals with angry shouting, showing that diplomacy has failed.

This sitting in council discussing tribal politics appears to be the principal occupation of Somalis, and at Berbera, in the native town, they may generally be seen sitting in circles holding protracted discussions. They appeal to our courts to decide the greatest and most trivial cases, delighting in arbitration; and tribes from very great distances inland, even from Ogádén or the Marehán country, come to the Berbera Court with cases, a great number of which have to do with raids of some sort, committed either upon grazing flocks and herds or upon caravans.

Although a good deal of intermittent fighting is prevalent all over the interior, the Somalis have no quarrel with the English. They show respect for the English as being their natural protectors and arbitrators. The chronic fighting which goes on throughout the country is only looked upon by the elders as healthy blood-letting, giving the young men something to do. It is only considered serious when it occurs on the main caravan routes, thereby damaging trade. In Guban quarrels and raids have practically ceased within the last few years, owing to British influence.

The Somalis love display, and do honour to their own sultans<sup>1</sup> by the performance of a ceremony called the *dibáltig*. When this function is to be gone through a body of horsemen are collected, and line having been formed, the tribal minstrel or *gévára* sings, while sitting in the saddle, long extempore songs in praise of the sultan and the tribe, the most atrocious flattery being the leading feature of the song. At every great hit scored by the minstrel the song rises to a shriek, and all the horsemen turn and gallop away, returning and reining up

<sup>1</sup> The *Gerád* (Arabic *Sultán*) is the paramount chief of a tribe.

in a dense mass, crying "*Mót!*" (Hail to thee). The men are generally dressed in the red *khaili* tobes, and the saddlery is covered with red tassels. Among the Esa tribe the *dibáltig* is represented by a dance on foot, with shield and spear. In this dance the warriors go through the performance of pretending to kill a man, crowding in a semicircle round him, and stabbing him again and again, all the while yelling "*Kek-kek-kek! Kek-kek-kek!*" as they gasp for breath. I have the authority of Major Abud, formerly Assistant Resident at Berbera, for stating that the *dibáltig* is usually performed only on the election of a sultan or in honour of an English traveller, whom the people recognise as a representative of the paramount authority. It may be performed in honour of Europeans other than English who visit the country, but only when they do so under the ægis of the British Government. Among Somalis themselves it is the open recognition of the authority of a sultan, and notifies the acceptance of his rule by the sub-tribes or *jilibs* performing it. It may therefore be looked upon as a species of coronation ceremony. The word *mót* is the royal salute. The late Assistant Resident at Berbera had a case brought before him in which a part of the Eidegalla tribe had thrown off allegiance to Sultán Deria, and when his intervention was successful, one of the terms proposed by the delinquents themselves was that they would *dibáltig* before him as a recognition of their return to his control.

The influence of the Mussulman teaching is apparent in many of the customs of the country. The Somalis are as a rule clean and decent in their dress, and such a thing as a drunken Somali in Somaliland is practically unknown. I have seen a man dangerously ill with snake-bite, and believed to be dying, refusing brandy when offered to him as a medicine, saying that he would rather die than take it.

In speaking of Somalis I do not, of course, attempt to describe the Aden hack-carriage driver or boatman. These products of civilisation are not found in the interior of Somaliland; they are, to my mind, the only true Somali savages. The Aden Somali as a boy diving for silver coins in the harbour is a delightful little fellow, but when he grows up he becomes odious. As a cabman or boatman he sees too much of the weaknesses of Europeans, and as a result of the familiarity loses his respect for them. To cite an instance of the familiarity which breeds contempt, Aden Somalis have been known to call



visitors from passing ships "damned fool passengers"! The real jungle Somáli from the African side of the Gulf never quite gets used to Aden life. After having made his money there, he returns to his own country to invest his savings in cows, camels, and sheep, and a wife or two to tend them. He lives the old pastoral life, and soon shakes off every trace of his sojourn among the white men. Give him a house in Aden, and he will build a round *gurgi* of mats and skins inside it.

In the far interior I have more than once met a horseman, looking quite like a jungle Somáli, tricked out in all the finery of a mounted warrior, yet whose salutation has been "Good morning, sir," in excellent English, and I have found that he has been to Marseilles and London, having done his spell as a fireman on a steamer; and has come back at last to his country, disgusted with civilisation, and worse in many ways than when he started on his travels. With such a man the jungle Somáli will often refuse to eat, saying he is no longer a clean Mussulman, that he is a *Frinji*, and must eat alone.

Whatever faults a Somáli may have, lack of intelligence, and what, for want of an English word, may be called *savoir-faire*, are not among them. His bringing-up, in a country where every man has his spears ready to answer an insult on the moment, tends to make him keep his temper and maintain a diplomatic calm. Once that calm is broken through, he becomes a veritable madman. From laughter to rage is the transition of a second. Luckily he keeps his infrequent tantrums for black men. The rich white man is a privileged person, being allowed the eccentricity which may be excused in the great. If a white man, in pyjamas and slippers, unfortunately loses his temper, and kicks a lazy Somáli all round his zeriba for breach of contract, the latter sulks for a time, but soon gives way before the ridiculous; yet he will permit no Somáli to insult him.

There is no written Somáli language, so only a few mullahs who are learned in Arabic can read the Koran. The bulk of the people who cannot read are more prejudiced than the mullahs, wishing to be on the safe side, and having all sorts of complicated rules which mullahs know to be unnecessary. For a long time we could not get our men to eat game which had had the throat cut low down, although the customary *bismillah* had been said as the knife was drawn. On going to Hargeisa I appealed to Sheikh Mattar and his mullahs, who explained to them that they might eat the flesh of game bled in this way, and after

the sheikh's decision we never had any trouble on this point. It is an important one, for a gash in the skin from ear to ear is very unsightly in a valuable trophy when set up in England.

The fastidiousness of Somális varies according to circumstances. They say all game is dry, and will not generally eat birds or fish, and despise all other food if there is a fat sheep to be procured. Not eating birds, their ignorance about them is extraordinary, and I believe very few species have distinctive names.

The life of a Somáli includes many interesting observances, which unfold themselves day by day in the course of a journey. Some are very regular in their prayers and prostrations at the orthodox hours, praying for all they are worth, in season or out of it; others seldom or never pray. When on the Gálla frontier, however, I noticed that my followers, in view of approaching death, became very devout, and mustered in great force in line for the daily church parade at sunset, no one being absent; and all day on the frontier the Somáli looks for a prowling enemy under every bush, fingering his *tusba* or chaplet to keep away evil.

When the new moon appears he plucks a tussock of grass and holds it in flattering compliment between the slender crescent and his eyes, to keep them from being dazzled by the light. If he sees a tortoise he stands upon it, first casting off his sandals, believing, I think, that the soles of his feet will thereby be hardened; but whatever the motive may be, the act is commonly practised.

One of the chief faults of the Somáli is carelessness. When a caravan moves off in the early morning there is generally a forgotten camel or straying sheep to be hunted for, which has perhaps wandered miles away into the bush. The men who have not to lead camels linger round the camp-fires warming their spears, thereby storing up heat for ten minutes longer to comfort their hands on their cold morning march. There is a great deal of shouting to the stragglers to bring things left behind. On our Abyssinian frontier reconnaissance our men temporarily lost, at different times, our goats, three Arab riding camels, the horse, a flock of sheep, and one or two baggage camels, besides two boxes of Martini-Henry ammunition. The man who loses or forgets a thing generally remembers the omission after travelling about fifteen miles, and then cheerfully trots back to get it, returning perhaps at noon next day. He is philosophical as to results, for if he loses your property, is it

not his fate? and no man can fight with fate or with the will of Allah! He has lost your property, and there is an end of it.

Although I have made many jungle trips in India and elsewhere, yet in no country have I had such obedient and cheerful followers and such pleasant native companions, despite their faults, as in Somaliland. In my earlier and later trips I have often been from one to four months in the interior with no other companion than the Somális; and I cannot say there has been a dull moment.

Major Abud, who for some years lived in, and had the immediate administration of, Berbera and Bulhár, and the greater part of the Somáli coast-protectorate, and who is doubtless the best authority on the intricate inter-tribal relations of the Somális, has furnished me with a few notes on their early history. He says: "The real origin of the Somális is wrapped in mystery. They themselves say that they are descended from 'noble Arabs,' who, having had occasion to fly from their own country, landed on the Somáli coast and intermarried with the aboriginal inhabitants, many of whose descendants still exist, though they now mingle with the Somális. The Somális, although none of them, except a few mullahs, can write, know their genealogical descent by heart, and, although the custom is beginning to die out, nearly every youngster is made to learn the names of his forefathers in their order. Out of at least a thousand elders examined while I was working at the genealogy of the tribes, none could trace their descent further than twenty or twenty-two generations; and if this number is correct the dawn of the Somáli nation would be placed about twelve or thirteen hundred years ago, nearly coinciding with the rise of Mahomed, on whose account the Arabs were obliged to fly from Mecca. This coincidence in time is so much in favour of the Somáli claim; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to believe that 'noble Arabs' would knowingly give their children the barbarous names some of them have. In any case we must seek away from the true African races for the origin of the Somáli, for he bears no trace of the negroid type. It is supposed by some, from a resemblance, fancied or real, in the languages, that the Somális may be allied to the races of Hindustan. So far, however, the subject has not been thoroughly worked out, and for all practical purposes the descent from 'noble Arabs' may be assumed as a convenient starting-point.

"The two great tribal groups of the Somáli nation are named

Ishák and Dárud from their supposed progenitors, Sheikh Ishák bin Ahmed and Sheikh Jaberti bin Ismail, whose son Dárud is said to have been. The Habr Awal, Habr Gerhajis, and Habr Toljaala tribes, with whom we have most dealings in Berbera, belong to the Ishák group; and the Ogádén, Bertiri, Abbasgúl, Géri, Dolbahanta, Warsingali, Midjerten, Usbeyan, and Marehán belong to the Dárud group. The descent of the Esa and Gadabursi tribes is unknown, but it is more than probable that they are offshoots of a great tribe called Rer Ali.

"The tribal collective prefixes Rer, Habr, Ba, and Ba Habr are often met with. A wealthy Somáli surrounds his huts, cattle, sheep, and camels by a zeriba of brushwood, and one of these, with the contents, is called a *rer*, being the kraal or temporary village. It will easily be understood, therefore, that all the descendants of a man called, say, Ibrahim, may be called the 'Rer' Ibrahim after him.

"Every Somáli, being a Shafai Mussulman, can have four wives at a time, and it is each man's object to have as many children as possible, to increase his own power and that of his tribe. Plurality of wives being allowed, the children of one wife must be distinguished from those of another. This is done by the prefix Ba. For an example of this, we have the case of the Rer Dahir Farah sub-tribe of the Habr Toljaala. The children by an Ibran woman were called the Ba Ibran; those by a Habr Awal woman were called the Ba Awal; and those by a woman named Gailoh, the Ba Gailoh.

"There are comparatively few names used among the Somális, the changes being rung on different combinations of Mahomed, Ali, Hassan, Esa, Samanter, Ismail, Gadíd, and others, many of which are names used in every Mussulman country. Owing to this scarcity of names, and to the vast number of people consequently named alike, the use of nicknames is very prevalent. A Somáli will, as often as not, when asked his name, tell you his nickname, and I have known many a man at a loss when asked his real name. For instance, the descendants of Daud Gerhajis are called the Eidegalla, meaning 'he who rolls in the mud,' while those of Said Harti are known by his nickname, and are called the Dolbahanta tribe.

"Somáli children are, as often as not, named after the circumstances of their birth, unless they receive ordinary Mussulman names: for instance, Wa-berri means that the man bearing this name was born in the morning, from *berri*, morning. Similarly,

the bearers of the name Gédi, 'a march,' were born while the *rer* or kraal was shifting to another pasture. Gadid denotes a man born at noon, and Róbleh, from *rób*, rain, a man born in wet weather. Descriptive nicknames are suggested by some personal peculiarities, as Afhakam, Afweina, 'big mouth,' Daga-yéra, 'small ears.' Even Europeans do not escape, and such names as Gadweina, 'big beard,' Gudani, 'small stomach,' Madah weina, 'big head,' have been bestowed on English officers without any disrespect being intended; and the bearers of these nicknames are known by them, especially when Somális are speaking among themselves.

"The usual divisions among Somális are the tribe, the sub-tribe, the clan, and the *jilib* or family. Thus the chief of the Eidegalla, Sultán Deria, would describe himself as Habr Gerhajis (tribe), Eidegalla (sub-tribe), Rer Mattan (clan), Rer Guléd (family). If further asked he would describe himself as one of the Ba Ambaro, or sons of Ambaro. In the event of a man having a large number of sons, he is entitled to call himself a separate family; for instance, Shirmáki Adan, a man still living and still procreating, has already twenty-three sons and twenty-nine daughters, and these are now called the Rer Shirmáki Adan. A weak clan is likely to be looted and absorbed by a stronger, and thus the weaker clans join together for protection. When whole families so unite the members combine under the name 'Gáshánbúr,' or 'brothers of the shield.' Somális have no surnames in the English sense, and when a distinction is to be made, the name of the man's father is added to his own. Thus the son of Shiré Shirmáki is Deria Shiré, and he again might have a son called Hussein Deria."

Without myself having gone so deeply as Major Abud into historical questions, I have been led, while fully accepting his deductions, from a long intercourse with the natives at the camp-fire and on the march, to add my own conclusions on certain points. From ruins, cairns, and graves which have been pointed out to me as of Gálla origin, I have been led to believe that before the Arab immigrations Somáland, even to the northern coast, was owned by the Gállas. The immigrant Arabs and their followers with "friendlies" on the spot, becoming strong, began to seize the coast, driving the Gállas inland towards the parts of their country which lie round Harar and beyond the Webbe. On the frontier between the Somális and Gállas there are periodical raids still in active progress from one side or the other.

These raids were occurring at Karanleh on the Webbe when I went there in 1893, and put me to much inconvenience; and in 1889, when I visited a mission station called Golbánti on the Tana River, not far from Lámu on the east coast, I found a Somáli encroachment taking place.

The Gállas at this place a few years before my visit numbered between one and two thousand souls; they are rich in cattle, but latterly had been annually raided by the Masai from the south and the Somális from the north, till the village of Golbánti had dwindled down to about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, and had only been kept going by the exertions of, and protection afforded by, the representative of the United Methodist Mission stationed there. Three years before my visit the former missionary and his wife, an English lady, had been murdered by the Masai, and less than two years later the German station of Ngai, a few miles up-stream, was burnt by a party of over a thousand Somális, who came to within a short distance of Golbánti, but were unprepared to attack the stockade and house built by the missionaries, the upper verandah having been thoughtfully lined with a few rifles.<sup>1</sup> The German missionaries from Ngai had taken refuge in the Golbánti house, and saw the flare of their own mission burning a few miles away. The Gállas at Golbánti said they feared the Somális even more than the Masai, as the former being good swimmers, the Tana River was no obstacle to them.

The southern Somáli tribes, who are very bold, are said to raid cattle from the Gállas and take them to the mixed Gállá and Arab town of Lámu, on the east coast, to sell again. As they have horsemen, they are said to be able to cope with the Masai, whom they sometimes meet when raiding the Gállas near the Tana. I saw a few of the southern Somális walking about Lámu. They appear to be rougher, more savage, and finer men than the northern Somális.

The Gállas of Golbánti are well-featured men, quiet in manner, brown in colour, with thin lips, and slightly built. The Somális are like them, but rather bigger and better built; the only difference that I could observe was that there appeared to be some Arab blood in the Somális. The little I saw of the nomad Gállas at Imé and Karanleh on the Webbe tended to strengthen me in

<sup>1</sup> A few years later (Christmas 1894) another Somáli raid against the Gállas of the Tana has resulted in the total defeat of the Somális at Kulesa by a handful of white men and natives.



the belief that the Somális are Gállas with a slight strain of Arab in their blood. The Somális themselves deny this, and claim descent from the higher race. Both Gállas and Somális, though bitter enemies, are much alike, and utterly different from the mongrel Swahili races to the south.

On the Tana I found a river population called the Wa-pokómo, negroes of fine physique, lorded over and held in bondage by the warlike Gállas; and on the Webbe Shabéleh a river race called the Adone, also negroes, were working in the fields and punting rafts on the river for their masters, the Somális.

My theory is that the Gállas seem to be wedged in between the continually advancing Somális from the north and the Masai and other races from the south, the apex of the wedge being somewhere near the Tana mouth, and the base at the sources of the Juba. The effect of this pressure is perhaps driving the Tana Gállas up the river, to the country where they are more numerous and can hold their own.

Monseigneur Taurin Cahaigine of Harar, who probably knows as much as any man living about the Gállas, hinted, so far as I can remember, that the origin of the Gálla nation was probably near the mouth of the Tana, whence they spread northward and westward.

The tribe occupying the coast round Zeila is the Esa, and those about Bulhár and Berbera are the Habr Awal, and farther east Habr Toljaala. The nearest inland tribe to Zeila is the Gadabursi, those on the Berbera side being the Habr Gerhajis and Dolbahanta. The six above-named are the tribes with which the British authorities have most directly to deal. Of these the most capable in war is probably the Esa. The Gadabursi and Habr Awal fear them, and it is only because the former are mounted and the latter have no horses that the balance of power is maintained. The Esa are chaffed by the Ishák tribes for being uncouth and barbarous. The men go about dressed in a simple short cloth round the loins, while eastern Somális generally wrap themselves in a full tobe. The Esa women do not necessarily cover up the breast, while among the Ishák tribes all but the oldest and most destitute are well dressed from head to foot. In no tribe that I have seen do the Somáli women cover the face. The Gadabursi tribe is rich in ponies of a poor stamp. The Jibril Abokr sub-tribe of the Habr Awal is, I think, the best mounted among the tribes named, and the Dolbahanta also have enormous numbers of good ponies, and are wild and addicted to raiding on a very large scale.

It is certain that Somáliland has at different times been occupied by highly-organised races, whose habits of life have been quite different from those of the present nomadic tribes. Widely distributed over the country are traces of permanent settlements, many probably of great antiquity. Many of these ruins are traced to Mussulman occupations by the Arabs from Yemen, some hundreds of years back, but older remains are assigned by tradition to a people who were "before the Gállas." There are no writings, and many of the remains are scarcely recognisable as of human origin. Sometimes blocks of dressed stone are found lying in a rectangular pattern on the ground, overgrown and half-buried by grass and jungle; a series of parallel revetment walls on a hill overlooking a pass is occasionally to be met with; and frequently one may observe the scanty evidences of an ancient tank to catch rain-water. It is possible to travel for weeks in Somáliland without coming on these remains; they are met with by chance, and it seldom occurs to the natives to think of pointing them out to travellers.

Near the mullah village of Guldu Hamed, at Upper Sheikh, are the remains of a very large ruined town, and close by there is a graveyard containing some five thousand graves. I believe these remains are not very ancient, but are traceable to early Mussulman settlements from Yemen. West of Hargeisa is an old fort of considerable size, crowning the detached hill called Yoghol. In the Gadabursi country there is the ancient ruined town of Aubóba, and at the head of the Gáwa Pass, on a hill to the west, about four hundred feet above it, are some massive ancient ruins, which must once have been a fort, commanding the pass. They are called Samawé, from the name of a sheikh whose tomb crowns the ruins. The hill-top is surrounded by parallel retaining walls built of dressed stone, rising in steps from the bottom. In some places the walls are six or eight feet high, and there are remains of extensive ancient buildings filling the enclosure. Surmounting the whole in the centre is the ruin of a building of cut stone, which appeared to be the sheikh's tomb.

The position of the Samawé ruins would favour a supposition that some power holding Harar, and having its northern boundary along the hills which wall in the southern side of the Harrawa valley, had built the fort to command the Gáwa Pass, which is one of the great routes from the Gadabursi country to the Marar Prairie. On the other hand, the fort may have been

built by a power holding the coast, to close the pass on the Harar side.

Within half a mile of the Samawé tomb, on the sloping ground to the south, we found a curious stone enclosure, half buried in jungle. It was in the form of a rectangle measuring fifty-seven by fifty-eight yards, marked by long rows of dressed stones, each about nine inches by a foot, lying loosely on the ground. Some of these were blocks of limestone, and others apparently basalt.

Near Hug, in the mountainous Jibril Abokr country, my brother found many signs of old "Gállas" habitations and graves, and some well-made pathways down the hillsides. His followers told him that the hills having in the olden time been used as places of refuge by the Gállas, these roads were made to enable the cattle to be quickly driven up in case of alarm—the custom being for a part of the clan to camp on the top of a hill, in order to hold it, while the rest looked after the flocks and herds grazing below. He was told that the Gállas on the Abyssinian border, and the Abyssinians themselves, still do this.

All over the territory of the Isbák tribes, and in the Dolbahanta country, we found many old Gállas graves and cairns. At Kirit there is a well in which a very ancient cross has been carved in the face of the rock. Crowning nearly every prominent hill in the countries named is a cairn or pile of stones, each stone being, roughly speaking, about the size of a man's head. They are made up of many hundreds of such stones, and are generally about twelve or fifteen feet high and eight yards in diameter. Each one is circular, having in the centre a depression, suggesting that there may have been a tomb beneath, which has fallen in. I never cared to dig one up, not wishing to offend the susceptibilities of the natives. Some of them are of immense size, and are called Taalla Gállas or Gállas cairns.

There is a curious legend accounting for the origin of these cairns, which was told me by one of the Esa Musa tribe, while I was camped on the Golis Range, and by others of the Habr Awal at different times.

The drift of the story was that when the Gállas were in the country there once lived a great and powerful queen, called Arroweilo. She was very wicked, and was the origin of all evil in women at the present day. For some reason she conceived a ferocious prejudice against all male children, and a mother, to escape from her tyrannies, fled into a far country with her baby

boy. As years went on this son grew, and when he had become a man he returned into Arroweilo's country armed with a sword. He attacked Arroweilo in a lonely pass, and hacking her to pieces, tied her remains on a camel, and sent it off with a parting cut. The camel trotted in mad career all over the country, and wherever a piece of Arroweilo fell, the pious native as he passed said a prayer and threw a stone "to keep her down." The chief use of these cairns now is to form cover for robbers when watching for caravans; and my brother and I found they made very recognisable points when seen through the telescope of a theodolite.

At Badwein (*i.e.* "Big Tank") in the Dolbahanta country, one hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies, from Berbera, we found a tank forty feet deep and a hundred and twenty yards in diameter, evidently excavated by human labour. Near it was a temple or large house with walls still standing at a height of ten feet, and the space enclosed was so large that a party of horsemen could ride into it.

The Dolbahanta told us that before the Gállas a race of men occupied the country who could read and write. Unfortunately none of their literary work was visible, as we examined many remains for inscriptions, but found none. One man, for a small fee, took us four miles out of our way to read an inscription, but the result was not promising, for we only found on a tombstone some scratches, perhaps twenty years old, evidently made by an idle sheep-boy. All these discoveries of ancient remains go to prove that the elevated parts of Somaliland (not semi-desert Guban) were once capable of permanent settlement under a more secure form of society than at present exists.

The deserted village of Dagahbúr in Ogádén is an example which shows how settlement and cultivation have been successfully begun and abandoned because of the insecurity resulting from inter-tribal feuds. At Dagahbúr there were formerly many square miles of *jowári* cultivation, which have been abandoned within the last few years, and now there is only left an immense area of stubble and the ruins of the village. Dagahbúr used to be a thriving settlement of one thousand five hundred inhabitants, with trade caravans plying regularly across the Haud to Hargeisa and Berbera; and now not a hut is left.

The fact is, that although the natural conditions are suitable to the settlement of large tracts of country, and though many of the people are willing enough to engage in cultivation, yet the tribes and sub-tribes are so incessantly at feud, that the

mullahs, who enjoy a certain immunity from raids, alone dare settle down and cultivate; and now that many of the old wells and tanks have fallen into disuse and ruin, the water-supply could only be restored by a great expenditure of capital, for which there would perhaps be no adequate return for some generations.

## CHAPTER II

### THE NOMADIC LIFE

Varieties of camels—Somáli camel willing and gentle—Method of loading camels—On the march—Weight of loads—Marching hours—Scourges, gadflies, ticks, and leeches—Firing camels—Sore back—Camel food—Grazing customs—Breeding habits of Somáli camels—The milk-supply of she-camels—Description of Somáli ponies—Fodder—Ticks—Donkeys—Their usefulness in Somáland—Cattle—Cow's milk—Ghee—Hides exported to America—Sheep and goats—Powers of subsisting without water—Camel-meat and mutton the favourite meal of Somáls—The annual movements of trading caravans governed by seasons—Duration of seasons—Great heat—Movements of the nomad tribes—Caravan marauders—Tribal fights—Gangs of highway robbers—Methods of the raiders—English scheme of protection popular—Trade greatly injured through insecurity of routes—A peculiarity of the Somáli guide—Mysterious strangers—Remarkable faculties of adaptability in the Somáli—Baneful effect of civilisation.

THERE appear to be two distinct varieties of camel in Somáland,—the Gel Ad, or white variety, sold mostly on the Berbera side; and the Ayyun or dark Dankali one, which is common on the Zeila side. The Esa themselves admit the superiority of the Berbera camel, and offer a higher price for it. There are certain camels fattened for the butcher, which never carry loads. They can be recognised by their hairiness and the great development of the hump, but they are not, I believe, a distinct variety. Somáls know their animals individually by name. A fine large camel may often be christened "Maródi" (elephant); another, noted for its pace, is sometimes flatteringly called "Faras" (horse).

The Somáli camels, as contrasted with those of India, are willing and gentle; and although whilst being laden they will generally complain, and make feints at biting, yet I have seldom known them injure any one. In moving about the

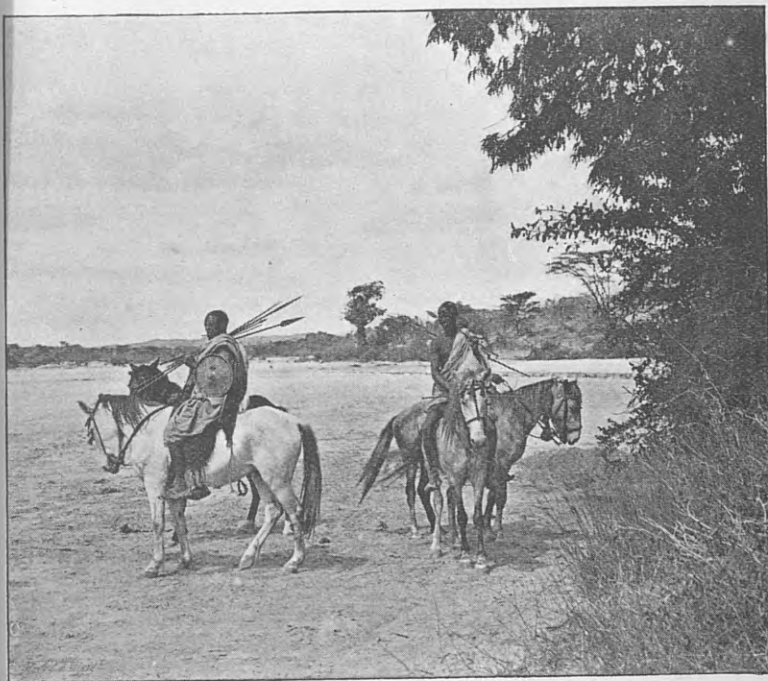


camp at night one has often to pass among them as they kneel in rows, sometimes stepping over them, or stooping under their outstretched necks, but I have never had experience of a vicious camel in Somaliland. Even when undergoing firing operations they rarely bite, although the head is left free. This accommodating disposition I attribute greatly to the manner in which they are treated by the natives, who, though rather cruel to their ponies, never ill-use a camel. Many Somalis are utterly ignorant of loading, this work being done largely by the women. When a camel is intractable it is generally through ignorant handling. The Somalis talk and sing to their animals when loading and unloading, and whistle while they are drinking, some of the songs used upon such occasions being very ancient. During loading the camels are made to kneel, and the head-rope is passed round the knees and made fast there.

When marching with loads they need to be watered every fifth day, though upon emergency we have often worked them for ten days without distress. While on the march they are tied head to tail, as in Northern India. In rocky places, where the caravan animals are liable to stumbles and sudden stops, the tail is sometimes torn off.

The usual load is not less than about two hundred and seventy-five pounds, exclusive of mats, but it varies according to the nature of the load. Dates are bad to carry, being compact and heavy in proportion to their size, and the date load is generally two *gosra*, or two hundred and fifty pounds. European baggage comes under the same category. The marching hours are from about 4 A.M. to 9 A.M., and from 1 to 5 P.M. The camels are allowed to graze during the mid-day heat, and for half an hour before sunset. It takes three-quarters of an hour to load up, from the time of rounding in the grazing camels to the start-off, and unloading takes about fifteen minutes. In stating these particulars I am giving our own average with complicated boxes, tents, loads of trophies, and so forth, a Somali caravan probably taking less time. The usual rate of marching is from two and a quarter to two and three-quarter miles an hour, not counting short halts to adjust loads. The fastest rate, for a short distance, which I have tested has been three and a quarter miles an hour. The loaded Somali camel will not trot as a rule, though sometimes the Midgáns train them to do so, leading them by a string.

Camels are delicate, and I have considered myself lucky



SOMALI SCOUTS HALTING IN A SANDY RIVER-BED TO LOOK FOR WATER.

From a Photograph by Prince Boris Czetwertynski.

when I have not lost more than five per cent on a three months' expedition. In Ogádén the *Balaad*, or small gadfly, is a terrible scourge to them, as, to a lesser extent, is the large gadfly, or *Dúg*; they are also infested with ticks, which swell to the size of a date-stone, and are seen clinging round the eyelids. In drinking the camels often take in small leeches, which fix themselves to the root of the tongue, growing to a great size and filling the mouth with blood.

Should a camel show stiffness, he is at once fired, either by raising small blisters with a red-hot ramrod or spear, or by stripping with hoops of red-hot iron. Open sores have glowing stones strapped over them, followed by an application of moist camel-dung; and when off his feed, he is dosed with melted sheep's tail. Thorns are excised from the foot with the *biláwa* or dagger, and the spike—often two inches long—having been extracted, camel-dung is applied, and as a general rule the cut soon heals.

A great cause of sickness is a sore back, brought on by the chafing of a load. The worst place is in front of the hump. A camel when let out to browse is likely to bite such a sore until it festers and becomes full of maggots. There is a fly which is on the look-out for these sores, and instead of laying eggs deposits live maggots, which crawl about briskly directly they leave the body of the fly. A red-beaked bird, very common in Ogádén,<sup>1</sup> then attacks the sore, plunging its sharp beak again and again into the hole, picking out the maggots and decayed mass, and even the sound flesh, until there is a cavity into which a man's clenched fist may be thrust. In this condition, the beast should always have a strip of calico, steeped in carbolic solution, tied over the wound when sent out to graze, to protect it from the birds, a dozen of which can be often seen clinging flat to its shoulders, giving out at intervals their long-drawn, discordant shrill note.

The Somáli camel does not require grain, but thrives entirely on whatever it can pick up by the way. Except at certain seasons in Guban, the coast country, there is always an abundance of food for them everywhere, in the unlimited expanse of grass and acacia forest, as they feed and thrive on many grasses that ponies will not touch. When grazing, or browsing on the leaves of the mimosa jungles, they roam about in enormous droves, attended by a few men and women. In Ogádén and the Dolbahanta country I have seen driven past a

<sup>1</sup> The rhinoceros bird, called *Shimbir Loh*, or the "cow-bird," by Somális.

succession of herds, each containing over a thousand camels, as they were taken to pasture in the mornings or back to the karias at night. They often have to graze at a distance of six miles or so from home, for, as the food near the karias is eaten up, they are driven farther out daily, and after a month or two the mat huts themselves are packed up and the tribe marches on, perhaps ten miles, to a fresh pasturage. Horsemen are constantly scouring the surrounding country to watch the next tribe, or to bring early news of a pasture having received heavy rain.

Camels can be much more quickly rounded up and driven to the home karia than cattle or flocks, so they are trusted farther afield, and the number sometimes seen is astonishing, the whole horizon being covered with them. When camped at Gagáb by the Milmil river-bed we daily saw between ten thousand and thirty thousand driven to water past our tents, belonging chiefly to the Rer Ali tribe. In Ogádén even an outcaste Midgán will sometimes own three or four hundred, and the only limit to their numbers is the capability of their owners to water and protect them. When a tribe becomes rich every man's eye is covetously turned to this accumulation of camels, and it is not long before attempts are made to raid them in a mass. We were told of instances in the Dolbahanta country where ten thousand had been looted at one swoop. When unladen they can be driven at great speed, and as the raiders are nearly always on horseback, the attack is very sudden.

When grazing, in dry weather, they are watered every six days or so, but when men are lazy, or animals very numerous, much longer periods are allowed to elapse. When rain has fallen, and the grass is green, camels, sheep, and goats are sometimes not watered for three months. We often found tens of thousands of camels and sheep grazing at least forty miles from water. The men and horses attendant on them live almost entirely on camel's milk, a little water being carried over these great distances for the women and children.

Droves of camels are generally led by an old one of immense size, a large wooden bell (*kor*) being hung round his neck to indicate the position of the drove after dusk. When returning from a good pasture, they show the exuberance of their spirits by cantering and kicking their heels in the air. A man running at best pace can with difficulty overtake one which is bent on avoiding him, and for a greater distance than two hundred yards the man is nowhere. They may often be seen scampering about

the sands at Berbera, the men following for hours trying to catch them.

According to the Somális, camels have a young one every second year, generally in the *Gu* or monsoon. They begin to foal when three years old; the foal—black, tawny yellow, or white as a well-washed sheep—soon gets on its legs, and in a few days can scamper about. They are called *Gódir*, *Gel-Ass*, or *Gel-Ad*, according as they are born black, reddish yellow, or white, and they retain these shades through life. Yearlings, older camels, and she-camels with their young are kept in distinct mobs. The Somális object to the firing of a gun near, or otherwise startling the she-camels when about to foal, as they gallop away in panic, injuring stock. A she-camel, besides nourishing her foal, will daily give milk for two men who have no other food; in the event of more being required, the young one is killed and the skin removed, and whenever the mother is milked its skin is rubbed against her nostrils. She becomes quite tractable, and will follow the man who carries the skin. If the foal is allowed to live, as soon as it can browse the teats of the mother are tied with bits of string, and the milk reserved for human beings.

Somáli ponies average about thirteen hands and a half, and are bred by every tribe except the Esa and Géri. Of the tribes I have met on different expeditions, those having the most ponies are the Dolbahanta, the Rer Ali, the Rer Amáden, the Habr Gerhajis, and the Jibril Abokr sub-tribe of the Habr Awal. In the Nugal country we saw enormous numbers, one man sometimes owning one hundred and fifty. The Somáli pony carries a light weight splendidly; his feet are harder than even those of an Arab horse, and, indeed, unless well shod the latter would make poor work on the rocky ground over which the Somáli animal, which is never shod, will gallop at full speed. He is handy among bushes, and will go for three days, or even longer, without water, eats nothing but grass, and requires no care. I have never seen a Somáli pony covered up or groomed; he is exposed to all weathers, and is usually infested with ticks. The *Kud-kudaha* is a tick about half an inch in diameter, with a tortoise-shell back, its bite being venomous and drawing blood. Ponies are bred solely for inter-tribal fighting, the mares being considered the best.

Sir Richard Burton, in his *First Footsteps in East Africa*, gives an admirable description of the Somáli pony and his rider,



not very flattering to either. But he could not have seen the best stamp of pony among the Gadabursi, and we have noticed that the tribes farther to the east were not so cruel as the Gadabursi, a man often dismounting and walking to save his animal.

The few ponies which are kept in waterless tracts, as a guard for the grazing camels, receive each a daily allowance of the milk of two camels mixed with a quart of water, the latter being brought from great distances. They are never used as pack animals, being too valuable in the eyes of the Somáli to be degraded by doing donkey's work. Mules are sometimes used on the Zeila-Harar road, but are found nowhere else in Somáland, to my knowledge.

We tried the best Somáli ponies ridden by their owners against an ordinary 14.1 "Gulf Arab" imported from Bombay, which was ridden by my brother. The Somáli invariably jumped off with a good start, keeping it for about one hundred and fifty yards, and then dropping hopelessly behind when once the advantage of the start was lost.

Donkeys are not much used for transport except on the Zeila-Harar roads, where the country is stony. They are largely employed in taking salt and rice from Zeila to Harar, a bag of rice weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, or half a camel load, being carried by each. Only women ride donkeys, the Somáli man considering it beneath his dignity to do so.

When surveying in 1886, with a small escort of Bombay Infantry sepoy, I provided each man with a donkey, either to ride or to carry his valise and water-bottle on, according to inclination. There were twelve men so mounted, and the experiment proved a great success. The donkeys were driven herded together by two little boys. The escort was composed partly of these men and partly of Hindustáni policemen mounted on ponies, carrying carbines in saddle-buckets. In my later journeys, however, finding that the natives of Hindustán, being used to plenty of water, were at a great disadvantage when crossing waterless tracts, I formed the escort purely of well-drilled Somáls, and this arrangement proved less expensive and better adapted to the requirements of the country.

Cattle are kept chiefly by the tribes inhabiting hilly country where water is plentiful, and by the mullahs in their settlements. Cow's milk is generally tainted by the smoked vessels in which it is kept, and to obtain good milk it is necessary to see the

cow milked. Ghee, or clarified butter (*subug*), is prepared from the cow's milk which is left after the people have drunk their fill, and this ghee is sent down for sale to Berbera, where the coast people, who live chiefly on rice, consume a great quantity. Somáls need fat or butter, and when not eating mutton or camel's flesh, or drinking large quantities of milk, they insist on a plentiful allowance of ghee to mix with their rice. The cattle from the interior are largely exported to Aden for the supply of the garrison, and vast quantities of hides are annually exported to America. It is possible that the Aden supply has been affected of late years by the great drain caused by the Abyssinian foraging expeditions into Ogádén.

Sheep and goats constitute the ordinary Somáli meat food. Camel meat is preferred, but it is considered a luxury, and cattle are seldom killed. The common sheep are of the black-headed variety (*dumba*), with fat tails, and are seen whitening the hillsides wherever tribes are encamped. In the rains they get very fat, their tails becoming flabby masses. At this season the Bur Dab raider hurries back to his family, to luxuriate on the delicious meat. Sheep are given as presents to caravans, and, like fruit in India, "they represent in the bountiful East the visiting-cards of the meagre West." In many places a chief is not supposed to be officially aware of a stranger's presence till he has received his gift of a sheep or two, or a piece of cloth. Sheep and goats can ordinarily go a week without water, but when grass is green they require none. We saw thousands of sheep grazing in the Haud pastures, forty miles away from water, and were told they would remain there for three months.

Somáli sheep have no wool to speak of, and are never sheared. A few goats are herded with every flock of sheep, and, being by far the more intelligent animals, take the lead when the flock is moving. The shepherd walks in front, calling to the goats, which are followed by the sheep. Sheep are exported in large numbers to Aden. In 1891 there were sixty-eight thousand exported chiefly to feed the garrison. Amongst the tribes quantities of sheep are killed daily, and devoured at the evening meal in the karias, with singing and dancing. Mutton ranks second to camel meat as the favourite food of a Somáli.

The annual movements of the trading caravans and the nomad tribes of Somáland depend, of course, on the seasons. Roughly the duration of the seasons is as follows:—

(1) *Jilál*—January to April—the driest season; great heat.

(2) *Gu*—May, June—the heavier rains (little felt on the coast).

(3) *Haga*—July, August, September—the hot weather. The *karif* wind, or south-west monsoon, blows furiously. It is hot in Guban, with sand-storms, but cold on the Haud and other parts of the high interior.

(4) *Dair*—October, November, December—the lighter rains. Heavy on the coast.

(5) At the end of *Jilál* is a short season of greatest heat just before *Gu*, called *Kalíl*.

Of these seasons the *Haga* is the most unpleasant on the coast, the *karif*, a strong south-west gale, sweeping along with great fury, blowing the dust and stones in the face of any caravan so unfortunate as to have to march against it, and making it impossible to keep a tent up. The wind generally commences at midnight and blows till 2 P.M. the next day; the remainder of the twenty-four hours, from 2 P.M. till midnight, being a time of great heat, which is even more unpleasant than the wind, unless tempered by a slight north-east breeze, coming as a reaction after the fourteen hours' gale. My usual plan was to make the longest marches in the mornings, in spite of the wind, and on halting, to camp under the shade of a tree till the wind should have stopped sufficiently for us to pitch tents. Then at night a bivouac was made by piling all the baggage and camel-mats into a steep wall, all of us sleeping under the lee of it in the open, by which means one could get a comfortable sleep till morning; but I never kept up a tent during the wind-storm.

At this season coast communication by dhow is very uncertain; dhows cannot beat against the *karif*, but while sailing before it they make about eleven knots an hour. Dhows for Aden cannot leave the Berbera harbour during the *Haga* season until evening, when the lull occurs, and then they sail out to near the lighthouse, three miles west of the town, waiting till midnight to cross towards Aden; on getting thirty-five miles out to sea they are usually clear of the *karif*. This wind seems to cease above the level of Guban, and above Gólis the heat of July is mitigated by cool south-west breezes which are not very violent. As one descends again to the Webbe Shabéleh valley in the far interior, one comes into the *karif* again; it is much worse at Bullhár, Berbera, and Karam than it is on the Zeila side.

In the *Kalíl* season, the intense heat just before the rains, I have registered 118° Fahrenheit under the shade of a double

“Cabul” tent at mid-day, in my camp at Malgui in the maritime mountains. As we marched to the camp where this heat was registered, several of the men were bleeding from the nose, and on my asking them the reason, they said cheerfully, “Oh, Allah makes our noses bleed to cool our heads.” The Somális do not wear anything on their heads, and the close-shaven skulls of the older men are entirely exposed to the hot sun.

Caravans coming down from a distance of ten or twelve days' march—that is, from Milmil or from this side of Gerlogubi—generally make two trips to the coast each year. For the first trip they come down from the interior late in the *Haga*, or about September, leaving Berbera again for the interior in the *Dair*, about December. They then come on a second trip in *Jilál*, bringing down animals, hides, ivory, feathers, gum, and ghee; and return in *Kalíl*, taking up chiefly rice and cloth.

From distant parts of Ogádén, or the Webbe, caravans make one trip a year, coming down at the end of *Haga* and returning in *Kalíl* or the beginning of *Gu*. Many smaller caravans, coming from the nearer parts of the Haud and Ogo, and engaged in petty barter, make more than two journeys to and from Berbera. Those coming from Fâf in Ogádén make the journey in, say, fifteen days' fast marching without halts. The *gédi*, or march, is usually from four to five hours, ten to twelve miles being covered. The start is made at 4 A.M., marching goes on till 9 A.M., the midday halt giving the camels time to feed till 1 P.M., when another march is made till about 5 P.M.

Eastern tribes make longer marches than the Gadabursi and Esa. The longest are made over waterless or uninhabited country, while in the inhabited tracts the caravan dawdles at every encampment. Our men used to advise us to make one long march instead of two short ones, but we found it did not benefit the camels, the only saving being in trouble to the men, as the camp had to be formed once instead of twice.

In the hot weather on the Berbera maritime plain, the best time to march is at night, especially if there is a moon; the caravans swing along at a great pace in the cool of the night, especially if the paths are good and there is not too much jungle. Caravans leaving Berbera in the evening march throughout the night, reaching Laferug, thirty miles distant, before halting.

At Berbera the camels are handed over, by arriving caravans, to the Esa Musa sub-tribe of the Habr Awal, or other nomadic

people similarly situated, who tend them till such time as required for the return journey to the interior.

In *Haga* the Esa Musa and similar tribes are to be found at or near the base of Gólis Range, and in *Dair* they climb up this step into the Ogo country, which is vacated by the Habr Gerhajis tribe, who in their turn have retired far into the Haud, where the pastures are good at this season. In *Jilál*, the dry season, the Haud, having neither green grass nor surface pools, is uninhabitable, and the Habr Gerhajis being obliged to come north into their Ogo pastures and about Gólis Range, the Esa Musa are apparently pushed down into Guban and the maritime plain, which is their own country. In the *Gu*, or heavy rains, the best season for grass, the Esa Musa have only their own sheep and cattle to look after. They are then found in Ogo, the Habr Gerhajis being far out in the Haud, taking advantage of the green pasture.

All the nomads belonging to the coast tribes go into the Haud when there are green pasture and surface water, each tribe moving generally north and south, and keeping to its own strip of the plateau. Their best pastures are in the Haud, but they all have to leave in *Jilál*, and are then sure to be found north of the Haud edge. Sometimes the Habr Awal cross the Haud nearly to its southern edge, and at others the Ogádén come northwards till about half-way across. In this way what may be called the "orbits" of tribes overlap. In the *Gu*, or rains, when the Habr Gerhajis are far away in the Haud, and competition at the coast is at its lowest ebb, the Esa Musa export their cattle and sheep to Aden. They have agents at Berbera, and as opportunities offer, batches of, say, ten oxen or two hundred sheep are brought down for export, marching by easy stages. Coming from Bur'ó, eighty miles from the coast, cattle or sheep reach Berbera in four to six days, while caravans generally cover the distance in three days.

Overlooking the Berbera-Bulhár coast track, at a spot about twenty-four miles west of Berbera, is a low spur of bare sandstone hills, called Dabada Jiáleh, ending at a single *jia* thorn-tree; it is a spot which has till a few years ago been used by Esa Musa marauders as a watching-place when on the look-out for Ayyal Ahmed or Ayyal Yunis caravans passing along the track. There are similar spots all over the country, known as watching-places, sometimes a sandy hillock, sometimes a "boss" of rock (*dagah*, the South African *kopje*); and many have de-

scriptive names, such as "Dagaha Todoballa" (rock of the seven robbers), showing the use to which they have been put.

Annually, when wandering in search of rain, tribes which are at feud are liable to meet where their orbits overlap, and so there is often a fight, and a few graves on the scene of action are left to mark the event. The country is further rendered unsafe by raiding and plundering parties which surprise caravans, and gangs of highway robbers, who do not disdain to attack small parties, or single men and women in charge of a camel or two.

In the *Gu*, when the coast tribes are in Ogo and Haud, and there are pools of surface water everywhere and green grass for the ponies, and the tribes, moreover, have all their numbers present, a great deal of petty warfare and raiding goes on. Large mounted bands of young men go out from the tribes and travel great distances in search of caravans or of grazing flocks. When out on raid the cavalier ties a grass water-bottle to his saddle-bow, together with a quantity of sun-dried meat, and thus provided he will often cross seventy miles of thorn forest to surprise his neighbour's flocks and herds. The attack, made at dawn or in the afternoon, is arranged to take place suddenly, and it is timed when the male owners are scattered far and wide, sleeping in zeribas or under the shade of trees, wrapped up in their tobies, and the flocks are only attended by boys and girls. The looted animals are hastily driven off, urged by gentle spear-pricks, and the raiders return to their tribe to the musical strains of lowing cattle, bleating sheep, and screaming camels. If the enterprising horsemen are pursued in force the captured flocks are relinquished, but the camels, travelling faster, are clung to as long as possible, at the risk of a human life or two. A looted horse is a great prize, and the happy gainer will boast long and loudly of his deed.

In my several expeditions we were constantly crossing the tracks of these looting parties, which muster from thirty to four hundred mounted men. We actually fell in with a Dolbahanta troop returning from an unsuccessful raid on the Habr Toljaala herds, having covered a journey of one hundred and forty miles.

Sometimes when resting at night the men sleep in line on the ground, the bridle of each pony being passed round the man's wrist and the pony standing over him. In fighting order the troops are in single or double line, extended at an interval equal to the breadth of one pony.



The tribes near the northern coast most addicted to raiding appear to be the Jibril Abokr sub-tribe of the Habr Awal, the Mahamud Gerád Dolbahanta, and the Eidegalla, Habr Gerhajis. Late caravans, going into the interior in the beginning of *Gu* by the Mandeira route, are liable to be raided by the Jibril Abokr, parties of whom come from Arabsiyo, by Argán, to the low Assa Range, an extensive tract of broken country, and there wait for several days together on the chance of catching caravans on their way through the Murgo and Jeráto Passes. The time is chosen when the Esa Musa and Habr Gerhajis are absent in Ogo and Haud searching for pasture, and have left unoccupied the stretch of country below the passes. The marauders, hiding in broken ground and deep ravines, will subsist for a long time on stolen camels, picked up here and there, until a sufficiently large caravan yields a rich harvest of camels and property, with which the robbers decamp to their own country.

Caravans travelling from Berbera to Hargeisa, Milmil, and the south-west, fearful of danger, will go directly south by Sheikh, and thence round by Toyo Plain, to Hargeisa. The Sheikh Pass is also used by caravans fearing to go into the interior by the Gaha and other eastern passes, which are annually threatened by the Mahamud Gerád; but both the Sheikh and Jeráto Passes have been greatly improved, both in point of safety and practicability, by the British within the last few years.

When water and grass are to be had for the horses, the Mahamud Gerád, Dolbahanta, and the coast section of the Habr Gerhajis organise strong mounted bands, which sweep through the Duss and Gaha Passes, and raid sometimes as far as Biyogóra and the Berbera maritime plain, carrying off everything they can steal, and retiring at once. They often make raids in the Waredad Plain above the Huguf Pass in the Habr Toljaala country, and few are the caravans which have the hardihood to come through this country by the Haliélo route. In fact, the Mahamud Gerád raids from the east, across the caravan routes to the Ogádén and Marehán countries, do, or did, immense harm to the Berbera trade.

In the Dolbahanta country we found many natives with hides piled in their karias ready to be taken to Berbera, but fearing to risk them on the road. One caravan took advantage of the protection afforded by our escort to pass through the disturbed Bur Dab district. That caravans have persisted in crossing the country at all in face of the dangers to which they have always

been exposed, speaks well for the value of Berbera as a port, and for the trading enterprise of the Somális. The British system of furnishing armed "biladiers"<sup>1</sup> for the protection and at the expense of caravans has given great encouragement to trade.

Men of two caravans meeting in the jungle will halt to exchange the news, and with one's own caravan it is difficult to make a guide pass his own karia. I have often been led five or six miles out of my way because the guide's karia lay in that direction. His ambition is to bring the caravan to his home, to show off his own importance to his relations, and be able to play the host with a liberal distribution of his master's presents. On the march our men have constantly shared their allowance of food with strangers going our way, and we have sometimes been astonished, when loading up at dawn, to see half a dozen natives warming their spears over the dying embers of our watch-fires, who have turned up in the night from no one knows where. In many cases these are women, and being industrious, they save the men a good deal of work.

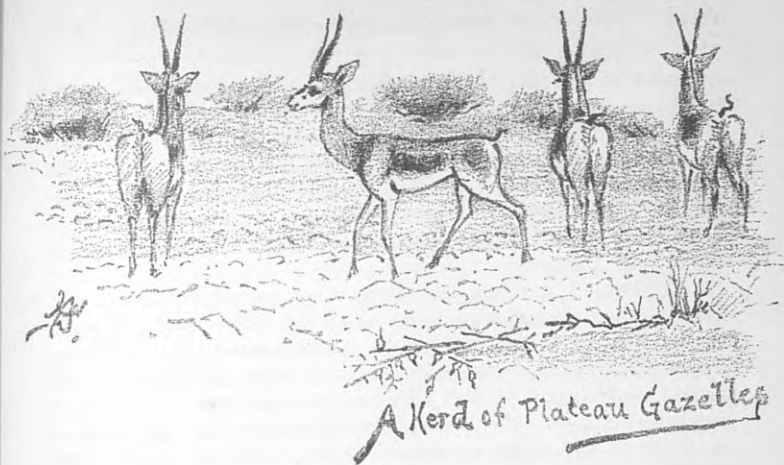
Somehow or other there is nearly always a woman or two in camp, generally young, pretty, and respectable, with the hair enclosed in the regulation dark blue bag, denoting that she is married. When I ask where she has sprung from, I always hear, "Oh, one of Mahomed's cousins," or "Jáma's sister." Generally "Jáma's sister" was going to a karia on ahead, to see about a stolen sheep. These relatives are always quiet, cheerful, and thrifty, eating little and doing the work of two men, besides inducing half a dozen youngsters to work harder at camel-loading to show off their muscles. They appear whenever we come to a karia, and disappear mysteriously at another. Often my men have told me that the new-comers were people who had been waiting to make a journey, and had joined us for the sake of protection, working for us in return.

Sometimes I have been standing over a fire in the cold wind an hour before dawn, waiting for the cook to bring me my cup of coffee, when a youth, whom I have never seen before, has put down his shield and spears on the grass, and going to my bedding, has brought my ulster, saying, "Oh, *Sirca!* here is your coat," in the most natural way, as if I had paid him for a month.

It is wonderful how quickly these strangers worm themselves into one's service. An unlicked cub of a karia dandy comes up

<sup>1</sup> *Biladiers*, i. e. country police (derived from the Arabic).

with shield and spear and joins your caravan. In a few days he has shown some special qualification, for tracking or camel-loading, for helping the cook, or carrying the theodolite. An accident deprives you of one of your men, and he receives the sick man's rifle and cartridge-belt, and is numbered among your escort. In a fortnight he has come to the front as one of your best men, and on the next expedition he may be head camelman, and perhaps on a third or fourth interpreter and caravan leader. When he first joined you a year before he knew no language but Somáli and a little Arabic, but while in your service he has picked up a fair amount of Hindustáni. A few years later you meet him again as a merchant, who has in the interim accompanied half a dozen European sportsmen on shooting trips, and has now invested his savings in merchandise, trading with tribes which he would never have dared to visit except in the service of his white masters. Many a time have I wished that I could transform the complacent, shaven-headed, sleek-looking scoundrel back into the original unsophisticated cub with the mop of hair who came into my camp two or three years before!



## CHAPTER III

## BIG GAME SHOOTING, 1887

Start from Berbera—The first koodoo—First herd of elephants seen; elephant bagged with a single shot—Fresh start with another caravan—Waller's gazelle bagged—Mandeira; delightful headquarters—The Issutugan river—Herd of elephants found—Elephant hunt at Jalélo, and death of a large bull—Our night camp—Camp at Sobát—Elephants heard trumpeting at night—Interesting scene; a herd of sixty elephants—Two elephants bagged—Camp at Hembeweina; lions round camp—A herd of elephants in the Jalélo reeds—Long and unsuccessful hunt—Tusks stolen by a caravan—Lions roaring round the Hembeweina camp at night—Visit of Shiré Shirmáki and thirty horsemen—Interesting scene—A row in camp—News of a solitary bull at Eil-Danan—Exciting hunt; horsemen manœuvring a vicious elephant, and death of the bull—Return to Berbera.

IN January 1887, after having previously made six exploring expeditions to the interior of Somáland, I started upon my first sporting trip after big game, my caravan consisting of eight Somális with four camels. Marching thirty-five miles inland from Berbera, we pitched our first shooting camp at Hulkabóba, and the following day ascended the Gólis Range by that Pass, halting in Mirso, a ledge two miles wide, situated two thousand feet above our last camp, and about half-way up the mountain, where there is excellent pasturage. We here

formed our bivouac beside a spring of clear water, and in the sandy torrent-beds which formed its approaches found many lion and koodoo tracks. Before leaving the coast I had sent two Somális on horseback to the cedar forests which clothe the flat top of Gólis to search for fresh elephant-tracks. On this evening they arrived to report having found no recent sign, so I decided to go to Sheikh, twelve miles to the east, and thence to try Wagar Mountain.

At about 3 P.M. we loaded up and started on our march. The path led over rocky country along the side of Gólis, through thick belts of jungle and across sandy torrent-beds, which in many places showed the fresh tracks of lions and antelopes, but not of elephants. It was very hot and the sharp stones were fearfully trying to the camels, nevertheless we had to push on in order to reach water while daylight lasted; we failed, and night overtaking us, were compelled to camp on the hillside without it.

Next morning our march took us through a maze of ravines, about the worst ground I have ever traversed with baggage animals; then descending abruptly to Lower Sheikh, we found a plot of green turf bordering a stream and surrounded on all sides by steep mountains. The Sheikh Pass takes its name from the tomb of a sheikh built in the form of a sugar-loaf plastered with a white substance, which forms a conspicuous landmark at the top of the pass. While forming camp at Lower Sheikh we were passed by a large caravan, which was fording the stream on its way with hides, gum, feathers, and other commodities, from the Ogádén country to Berbera, and soon afterwards my trackers arrived with the welcome news that they had struck the path of a herd of elephants—a bull and four cows—two marches to the south of the sheikh's grave. They had followed and marked down the elephants to a jungle where they were likely to stay, at the back of Wagar, and they further reported the bull to be a fine tusker. I engaged three horsemen from among the Habr Gerhajis, whose pastures were at Lower Sheikh, to take up the tracks, and on sighting the herd to send one of their number back to guide us to the spot; meanwhile I waited at Lower Sheikh, looking about for koodoo. Soon afterwards my people led in a shepherd boy, who had seen a bull and cow koodoo retire up one of the steep gorges of the Sheikh valley to take their noon rest under a large tree. A hot walk along the banks of the Sheikh river, at this time a mere

brook, brought us to the karia where the boy had first seen the koodoo. On the left bank of the river a gorge ran up into the mountains, and opposite to its mouth stood the karia, a circle of half a dozen poor-looking huts.

I waited here while my Midgán hunter and the boy went to the foot of the hills; soon they reported that the position of the game was unchanged. The koodoo were still under the large tree at the head of the gorge some four or five hundred feet above us. The only way to get at them was to go up another gorge parallel to the one which contained the tree, and to leeward of it. On nearing the tree, after a tedious climb, I happened to crack a stick, and immediately there followed a crash and stampede below us. All noise soon ceased, but I caught sight of something moving down the gorge in front. Stooping cautiously, I looked through a thorn-bush, placing the muzzle of my Express within the network of twigs; after a second or two I could make out one large brown spiral horn and a bit of striped skin lying somewhere over the shoulder, so taking a quick aim a little below this, I touched the trigger and a beautiful bull koodoo rolled twenty feet down into the torrent-bed in the centre of the gorge, and was stopped by a large mass of rock. The cow galloped madly away, loosening a shower of stones with her hoofs, and soon there came from below the sound of two shots from a Snider as she raced past my camelman, Núr Osman, posted at the mouth of the gorge; but crossing the Sheikh stream, she took to the hills on the opposite side of the valley and escaped. Leaving orders at the karia for a camel to follow us with the koodoo meat, we started home.

The return walk in the evening down the valley was as wild and picturesque as one could wish. Núr Osman and the Midgán led the way, carrying the head and skin of my first koodoo, at which I could not help looking admiringly from time to time, for it was a great prize. Our path led close to the stream, over dark slippery rocks, with here and there a plot of rich turf running down to the water's edge. At our backs the sun was setting behind the crest of Gólis, and in front rose gigantic precipices, the hills having been quarried out by the river into a deep cañon. As it grew dusk my reflections were disturbed by a wart-hog boar, which had come down to drink in the cool stream after a hot day, but I had no reason for firing at him, his tusks being poor.

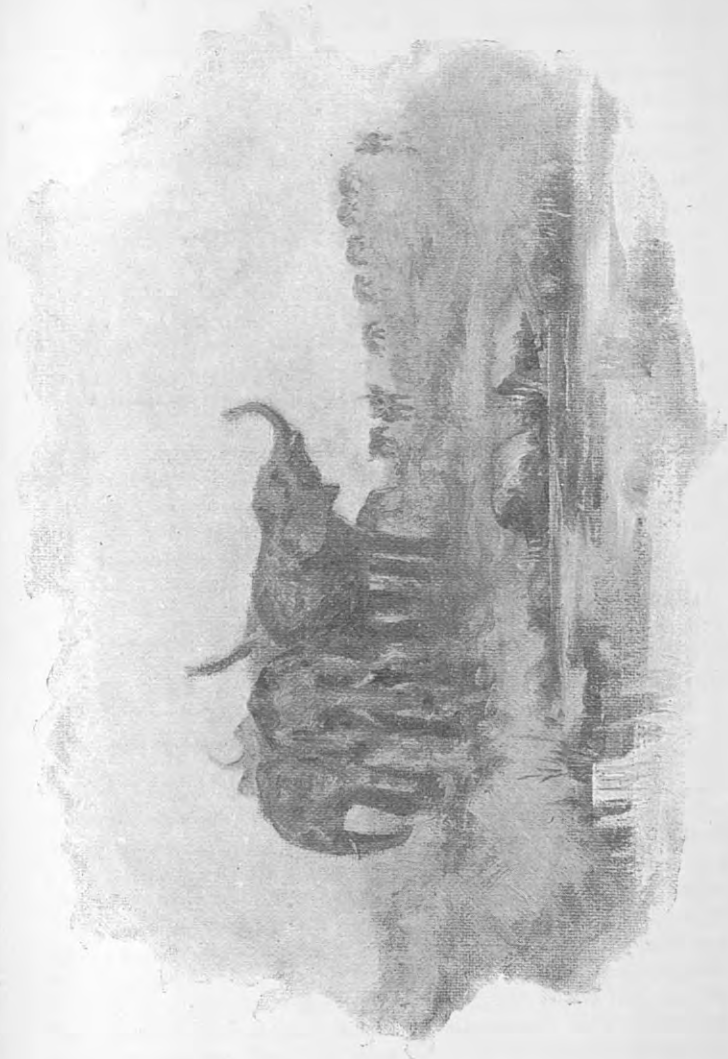


The next day one of the three horsemen came back to tell me that he had marked down the herd of elephants, and that it was being watched by his companions. He carried in his hand pieces of half-chewed aloes<sup>1</sup> with the saliva still damp upon them, which the elephants had torn up a few hours ago. Leaving most of the baggage behind in the camp at Lower Sheikh, and posting Núr Osman and another of the men in charge, I mounted the Sheikh Pass the next morning at sunrise, accompanied by two camels and five men. At the top of the pass I shot a spotted hyæna, to the delight of the mullahs living at the village of Guldu Hamed close by, as it had stolen several of their sheep.

Half an hour before sunset two horsemen came racing over the plain from the Wagar direction, and poising their spears circled round us at full speed. They pulled up shouting "*Mót!*" (Hail!) and reported the latest tidings about the herd. I learned the melancholy news that it had got away in the night. My men, however, tried to comfort me by saying, "*Insh' Allah bukera*" (Please God, to-morrow). We camped at an empty zeriba in a strip of bush near Soksodi, where there was firewood and water, intending to search for the elephants next day. We lit a roaring fire and threw ourselves down on the sand to sleep. At dawn, while my men were preparing coffee, I took a stroll round camp, and saw by several broad footprints in the sand that a large lion had been prowling round our bivouac all night. Later on my men pointed out old tracks of elephants, broken branches, and aloe clumps, indicating the course of a herd which must have passed two or three days before. I sent all the men into the covert to look for fresh tracks, but at noon they returned unsuccessful.

At two in the afternoon some shepherds came to water a flock of sheep on their way to the Berbera market, and said that they had passed a herd of elephants only an hour ago in a valley to the south. On my asking for a guide they refused, hoping to get me to pay heavily for their information, so I shouldered my double four-bore rifle and started with the two Midgán trackers on the back trail of the sheep, hoping to find the elephants without a guide. The path led past two small sandstone hills, and we then entered a sloping valley, down the centre of which ran a sand-river bordered by dense jungle. Heavy masses of *armo* creeper draped the branches of the trees,

<sup>1</sup> The "Hig" is not really an aloe, the true name being *Sanseveira*.



ELEPHANTS AT A POOL.

and as we advanced, fragments of creeper, evidently torn down by the elephants, lay across our path.

We soon came to the fresh tracks of a herd which must have passed early in the day, and the Midgáns began to follow the footprints with great interest. The signs became every moment more distinct; at one spot the elephants had taken a long halt, rolling in the sand; and after half an hour's tracking we found evidences that we were quite close to them. Sitting down with one of the Midgáns, I sent the other up a small hill to look around; he soon returned, whispering "*Maródi, Maródi!*" (Elephants). Having joined us, he shaded his eyes to have another look, and then stretching out his hand, he pointed to two reddish brown spots among the lower branches of a clump of high trees on the farther side of a glade. As we looked six large elephants and four calves walked solemnly by twos or in single file out into the open. Even in this moment of excitement—for I had never seen a wild elephant before—I noticed the huge ears of the African species, the high forequarters and quick, active pace, and a beautiful sight it was! Swinging their heads from side to side, they crossed the glade and entered a clump of trees. Here they stopped and began feeding about, the swaying and snapping of the branches, and the peculiar low rumbling which they give out when feeding, indicating where they stood, though we could not see them.

The Midgáns, who were new to the work of attacking elephants on foot, did not quite like the prospect of going with me into the middle of the herd, so taking the four-bore, and telling them to watch from a low hill, I began creeping into the jungle alone. In thick forests the chief difficulty of elephant-hunting consists in picking out the one with the best tusks, and then getting close up to it without being winded or seen by the others.

I threw up some sand to try the direction of the wind, and then advanced very silently for a hundred yards into the thickest jungle. I heard the rustle of some creepers in front of me, and then peeping through the underwood I saw three elephants fanning themselves with their ears under a very large camel-thorn-tree, whose branches rose to a flat fan shape high above their heads. It was from this thorn-tree that one of them had just been pulling down the creepers. From my left came the rumbling sound made by a fourth elephant, but I could see nothing there. I had on entering the jungle unconsciously



walked into the very centre of the herd, and there was now no time to be lost in making my choice, because one of them might at any moment get down wind of me and sound the alarm.

The elephants I had seen were standing about forty yards away, one being a little apart from the other two, close to a tree, and I could see that a pair of tusks protruded from its lips. I advanced to within fifteen yards of the foremost one, which looked quietly at me for some moments, its trunk feeling the wind, as if wondering whether I might or might not be the stump of a tree. Raising my rifle I fired at the centre of the temple, half-way between the eye and the ear. The smoke obscured my view, but the next instant I could hear the jungle stirring all round me as the elephants made off. Then every living thing seemed to have left the place. As the smoke cleared away it disclosed, fifteen yards off, the body of the elephant sitting motionless with its knees tucked under its chest, a single hole in the temple showing where the bullet had entered. This turned out to be the largest cow in the herd, and I afterwards found, by a thorough examination of the tracks in the neighbourhood, that there was not a single bull.

Satisfied with my success so far as it went, I did not follow the herd, and in answer to my whistle the Midgáns came up, astonished to see that a single bullet had done the business. The camels were brought up, and we formed our bivouac by the dead elephant, and at dusk the tusks lay beside the camp-fire. Next day we marched to Sheikh, and found the camp safe, and in the evening began our march back to Berbera.

Two months later I set out again, beginning by a dhow voyage of one hundred and fifty miles across the Gulf of Aden. I hired four camels and two camelmen at five rupees a day, or about £10 for a whole month.<sup>1</sup> I also engaged a caravan leader, three servants, two Somáli trackers, and a Midgán, not a large party with which to go into an unknown country. To guard against the possible attack by robbers at a time when the English even at the coast were very little known, I lent my three servants a Snider carbine each. The remainder of the men had their spears and shields, and the Midgán, Adan, carried his bow and arrows. My "butler," Núr Osman, had been a

<sup>1</sup> This was a mistake, as I could then have bought the camels for £8 the lot and sold them for £6 at the end of the trip, and on all later trips of any duration I have bought instead of hiring. The constant and steady rise in the price of camels may, however, in time give hiring the advantage.

camelman in the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon, and had become a very fair shot.

By the light of a full moon we started across the Berbera Maritime Plain, going south-west; and at 1 A.M. reached a small tree called "Nasiya" (the resting-place), sixteen miles from the coast. Early in the night we passed several karias of trading caravans halted round Berbera for the trading season, each circle of mat huts pouring out a crowd of Midgán dogs to give us a surly salute. At the last karia I fired at and missed a spotted hyæna. At Nasiya we threw ourselves down on the sand, and unloading the camels took a short sleep to refresh ourselves for the work yet before us, and at 4 A.M. pushed on again towards the first water, Deregódleh, twenty-two miles from Berbera. As we advanced the bare-looking Maritime Plain began to break up into stony watercourses and thorny bush. We passed, to our right, a detached flat-topped hill of trap formation called Sýene, part of the first low Maritime Range.

Near Sýene I saw two buck Scømmerring's gazelles, looking large and white by the light of the rising sun at my back. The wind was blowing from the front, and I made a careful stalk, but on raising my head from the last watercourse the *aoul* had removed three hundred yards distant, and were stopping to gaze. They had seen my camels coming along. Then with whisking tails they trotted away, and I never saw them again. Scømmerring's gazelle carries a pair of graceful lyre-shaped black horns, about fourteen inches in length and well ringed. When still scarcely clear of Sýene, catching a glimpse of dark red in a watercourse two hundred yards to my left, I walked towards it, put up a Waller's gazelle, and bagged him with my Martini-Henry rifle.

At 10 A.M. we reached Deregódleh, a watercourse which has cut deep into the limestone rock of the interior plain and hollowed it out into caves, in which sheep, when waiting at the wells, take shelter from the sun. There is some very low cover on each bank, in which hares and the little *Sakáro* antelopes are to be found.

We left Deregódleh and marched to Mandeira, a delightful headquarters. It is a valley about three miles wide, under Gán Libah mountain, a bluff of the great Gólis Range. The mountains overlooking this valley rise to about six thousand feet above sea-level. The high country beyond them is called Ogo,



the interior and Maritime Plains below them are called Guban. The Ogo climate is much cooler than that of Guban, and the grass and jungle more luxuriant. At Mandeira, all along the foot of Gólis, is more or less dense forest of the large *gudá* thorn-tree, with a thick undergrowth of aloes and thorny bushes. Here are found leopards, lesser koodoo, Waller's gazelle, and wart-hog. The pugs of an occasional lion may still, I think, be seen, and in the gorges of the mountain is to be found the large koodoo,<sup>1</sup> with his splendid spiral horns, and the *Alakud* or klipspringer. In the stony interior plains between Gólis and the Maritime Range are found beisa, wild ass, the ubiquitous Waller's gazelle, the lowland gazelle, and a few shy ostriches. Spotted hyænas are common, striped hyænas rare.

We camped near the water at Mandeira at mid-day, and found the valley occupied by a section of the Habr Gerhajis tribe, who were friendly. While here I shot a buck lesser koodoo and missed a splendid bull koodoo, which crossed a ledge of rock two hundred feet above us. The buck lesser koodoo is, I think, the most beautiful wild animal in Somáland; his coat is fairly long, of a blue gray colour in old males, and nicely marked with white bands across the body. The horns are spiral, and about twenty-five inches long, and he has a bushy tail tipped with white. When disturbed he goes away in great bounds, flying the bushes and clumps of aloes, and presenting a most difficult shot.

Hearing that there were elephants near Little Harar (Hargeisa), we went on to Gulánleh, about twenty miles short of that place and ninety south-west of Berbera. At Gulánleh the country became open and undulating, the Gólis Range having ceased, and Guban rising gradually to the level of Ogo. Hargeisa is situated in the district between Ogo and Guban, which is called Ogo-Guban. The country immediately north of Hargeisa is called the Damel Plain, a vast plateau of rolling ground covered with gravel or red earth, and low thorny scrub, and traversed by tributaries of the Issutugan river-bed. The Issutugan is a sand-river at places from one to five hundred yards wide, which, rising near Hargeisa, cuts through the Maritime Range and sends its freshets over the Maritime Plain to reach the sea near Bulhár or Géri. The tributaries are generally dry and sandy, with patches of dense reeds, and are

<sup>1</sup> Nearly all the ground for large koodoo is now included in the preserve for the Aden garrison.

bordered by belts of high tree-jungle about a mile wide. These reeds, generally ten feet high, were at that time infested by lions, which did not appear in the daytime, but left plenty of tracks in the sand, showing where they had prowled up and down the river-beds at night. In May, June, and December elephants used to come down these rivers to feed on the creepers and aloes of the forest belts along their banks, often leaving the shelter of the trees to stand in the patches of reeds.

I had determined to make Gulánleh my headquarters for



'FLYING THE BUSHES.'

elephant-hunting, and to send my two Somáli trackers, who were mounted, together with a Habr Gerhajis horseman who had joined us at Mandeira, into all the large elephant jungles within twenty miles. Meanwhile I remained at Gulánleh, going out shooting every day. Here I was lucky enough to bag two fine bull beisa and two cow, all four having long, straight horns. A few buck Waller's and plateau gazelles followed, and on the second day of my stay we put up nine ostriches, there being two cocks and seven hens. I fired at them with the Martini-Henry at three hundred yards as they sailed away, but only knocked up the dust around them. Three

times we fell in with ostriches, but always found their vision too good for us. They look like gigantic fowls as they go streaming away over the plains. At Gulánleh we also saw a herd of wild asses, which halted fifty yards away to gaze. We, however, held our fire, not considering them fair game. They were splendid animals, very well marked with stripes on the legs.

On 13th May my patience was rewarded by the arrival of the three horsemen, with the news that they had found a large herd of elephants at Jalélo, about twelve miles away to the west; so we packed a few blankets, axes, tinned provisions, and other necessaries on a camel, and filling my pockets with dates, I set out at 8 A.M. for the Jalélo covert, accompanied by two mounted trackers, the Midgán, and two other men, leaving the Gulánleh camp in the charge of Núr Osman. The forest at Jalélo consists chiefly of the heavy *gudá* timber bordering the Hembeweina river, which lower down is called Issutugan. There are extensive tracts of reeds in the river-bed, and these are so dense it is hard work forcing a path through them, and once inside it is impossible to see anything except at a distance of a few feet. After a hot march we struck the Hembeweina river at Jalélo, and, sending the mounted trackers and all the other men to hunt up the elephants, I sat under a wild date-palm, and lunched off sardines, dates, and the contents of my water-bottle.

The mid-day sun had been fearfully hot, and I was just dozing off to sleep under the grateful shade of the date-palm, when my head tracker, Hussein Debeli, came bounding up in a state of excitement, brandishing his big stabbing spear and dancing round me in circles. I knew at once that his news was good, and, after a pause to take breath, he said he had suddenly seen a very large bull elephant in the bed of the river only half a mile below my palm-tree. Packing everything quickly on the camel, and leaving orders for it to be brought on slowly after us, I took Hussein Debeli as guide, and shouldering my four-bore rifle, which weighed over twenty pounds, started off to look up the elephant. As we rounded a spur he came into full view, walking quickly down the centre of the river-bed below us, turning his head from side to side as he swung along, his great ears sticking out at right angles like studding-sails. He looked rather disturbed in his mind, and as a breeze was blowing from us down the river towards him,

he had no doubt winded us, or one of the men who had been sent to look for him.

Going as fast as we could, we ran along the high bank to intercept him, and if possible to get below and to leeward of him before beginning the attack, but as we got nearly abreast he saw us and broke into a shambling trot. Seeing that he was escaping, I opened fire with the four-bore, though the range was at least seventy yards. At the shots he spun round and turned up-stream again at a great rate. Bathed in perspiration from the hot sun, and desperately thirsty, I followed as fast as I could, and at last, in the distance up the river, appeared the two horsemen, with red tassels flying and spears flashing in the sun, galloping down at full speed to head the elephant. This had the effect of forcing him to plunge into the broad bed of reeds, where he pulled up, comparatively secure from attack. It so happened, however, that he had chosen a spot where the steep river-bank overlooked the reeds, so that on going to the edge and peeping over, I could see his head and the ridge of his back just rising above them. The range was far, over sixty yards, but firing from where we were was preferable to the impossible task of trying to approach him noiselessly in the reeds, so, aiming for the temple, I opened fire again. A right and left were answered by an unmistakable crack as of a big bullet hitting bone, and by a "swish" as the second shot, going over the mark, went innocently through the tops of the reeds. The first shot, however, had told, boring a clean hole through the flap of the ear and entering the skull rather far back. The elephant gave a shrill trumpet, spread out his ears, and spun round facing us, then he swung back into the original position.

Another shot, fired at the place where I guessed his shoulder to be, made him throw up his trunk and subside into the reeds, but he was up again in an instant, looking very sick. This would never do, so climbing down the steep scarp to the lower level, and edging carefully round the margin of the reeds till nearly opposite him, and then going in a little way so that I could see his temple above the reeds some thirty yards away, I took a very careful aim and fired. The elephant dropped at once, and when my Somális, who were standing on the bank beyond him, raised a hunting-song, I knew that he was dead. We now went in, following the path he had made into the reeds, and found him lying on his side; one tusk was four

feet long and fairly thick; the other had lost a foot from the point, possibly broken off while uprooting a tree. He was a fine fellow, and when we brought a tape later on, we found he measured ten feet six inches perpendicular height at the shoulder.

The camel coming up, we got down axes and at once set to work to cut out the ivory. I found the Somális very feeble at this work, as it was sunset by the time they had removed one tusk, and they seemed thoroughly exhausted. Then a heavy rainstorm burst over us, and when it had stopped the setting sun left us wet through, shivering under a thorn-bush, the river valley turned temporarily into an immense marsh, and, worst of all, no moon. We had seen many fresh lion tracks in the river-bed during our hunt, which fact did not tend to improve the outlook, and my five men declared themselves too exhausted to collect dry firewood, and lay like logs, looking the picture of misery.

After ten minutes wasted in trying to coax them to help me, during which I was only answered by grunts, I tried the effect of storming at them, and seeing I was annoyed and fearing for their precious salaries, they sulkily began to look about for scraps of bark which might have escaped the general wetting. They considered a fire unnecessary, saying that Allah would keep the lions away, and that they were too wet and miserable to care whether they were eaten up or not. Not being bad fellows, however, they afterwards began to warm to their work, and collected a goodly pile, and digging out a box of matches from my bag, we soon had a cheerful blaze, and made a thorn zeriba round our bivouac. The place now looked fairly comfortable, with our clothes hanging upon the surrounding branches.

The Somális were before long snoring under some of my blankets which I had to lend them, but I had no intention of going supperless to bed, and sat up for two hours longer, cooking a formidable dish of soup and a pot of cocoa, and on the whole thoroughly enjoying myself, with the tusk of my first bull elephant lying on the grass before me. The consequence was that when we were roused up next morning by the sun shining into our eyes, I felt quite fresh, while my companions did nothing but grunt and shiver under the blankets. By noon we had cut out the other tusk, and packing everything on the camel, we set out to march three miles down the river to Hembeweina.

During our short march we saw lesser koodoo, beisa, and

Waller's gazelle, but I was unsuccessful with these, and we formed a second bivouac without having found the main herd of elephants of which we had been in search. Next morning we marched back to Gulánleh, intending to bring away our main camp which had been left there, and to strike the river again at Sobát, twelve miles above Jalélo. This plan we carried out, forming an encampment at Sobát near the great rocks through which the Issutugan trickles at this spot. Below our camp the river-bed opened out into a broad, dry, sandy *wádi* without reeds, and bordered by dense forest with aloe undergrowth. The banks of this river from Sobát to Hembeweina were carpeted with grass and there was a good supply of water; moreover, the nearest Somáli karias were those of the Abdul Ishák, Habr Gerhajis, at least twenty miles to the south-east. These are the conditions most favourable for the presence of game.

On the morning after our arrival at Sobát I was rudely awakened from my second sleep by Núr Osman poking me up with the butt-end of a Snider, and informing me that elephants had been heard trumpeting in the forest a short distance from the tent, where they had been quartering about, afraid to come to the water. It was still dark, but by the time I had lit a candle and had a wash and breakfast, a long red line in the east showed that the dawn was just beginning to break, and we sallied out. We expected to come on the fresh tracks at once, but we had searched the jungle round camp for at least half a mile in every direction before one of the men, who had gone farther afield, came running back saying he could show me the herd. Pushing forward to the top of the next rise, we looked about us, and in the thickest part of the forest saw several dark masses, which in the growing light we made out to be the ears of elephants moving backwards and forwards as they stood listening. Walking cautiously round them, we reached a small hillock which overlooked the jungle to leeward of them, and made a careful examination of the herd. While so doing we discovered that it was a very large one, some of the cows which we had at first overlooked being actually down wind of us.

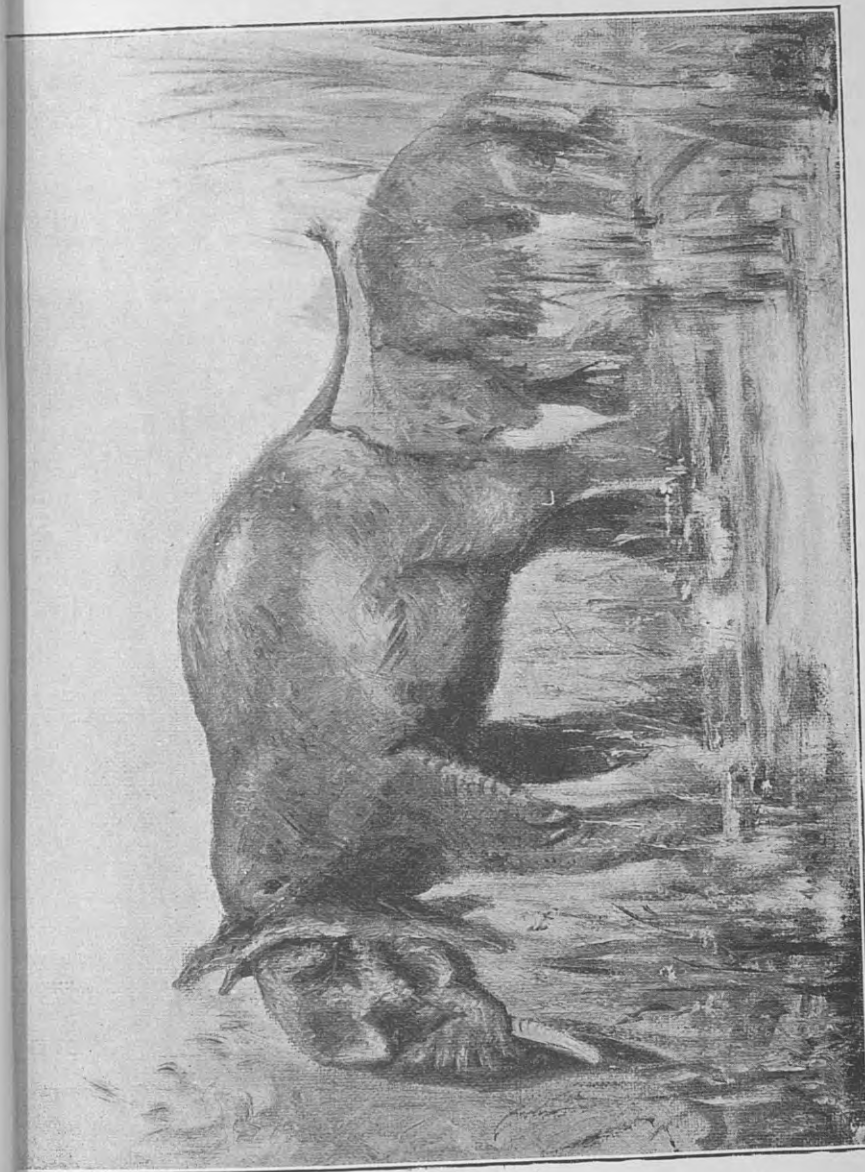
None appeared at first to notice us, but we must have concealed ourselves carelessly whilst moving about looking for a good tusker, and I think one or two of them later on became aware of our presence. We had been watching them for



nearly half an hour, and a very pretty sight it was; the herd numbered about sixty, and seemed to be made up entirely of cows and young calves. Hitherto they had been browsing comfortably and had seemed quite at home, as if the forest belonged to them; now, however, they slowly but surely began to prepare to move off the ground. Whether they had discovered us, or were merely contemplating a change of quarters, was not quite clear. In a short time a line began to be formed, and they filed away in full view, travelling down wind, so that we did not quite know, since we could see no bull, what was the next thing to be done. They were moving at a steady walk, and we amused ourselves counting them and examining each individual, as I did not wish to shoot cows. I regretted much not having the means to photograph them as they solemnly went by without fuss or noise, treading carefully, each small calf hurrying along under its great mother's hind-legs. All the cows above medium size seemed to have tusks.

Whilst I stood admiring the herd disappearing among the trees like a dissolving view, I was reminded by the bloodthirsty Hussein that we had come to destroy elephants, and not to stare at them, so, the temptation being too much for me, we took up their tracks through the heavy timber, with bad aloe undergrowth, the crash, as an elephant now and then playfully broke a tree ahead of us, being carried to our ears. Once we followed too close, for a prolonged crash in our direction told that an old cow was investigating the taint in the air. We, of course, gave her plenty of room, as I wanted to have another look for a bull before advancing to the attack, and when all was quiet we resumed our tracking. The jungle was very fine, so that while we were following the elephants we were generally in the shade. We found the small *Sakáro* antelopes very numerous, standing behind the aloes to gaze at us and then darting off with their whistling alarm-note. Sometimes we came on several tortoises, some of their shells measuring quite two feet long and a foot wide. They seemed to live in small families of four or five, and are very common in the aloe jungles.

At last, after a walk of little more than a mile, we again sighted the elephants standing at the edge of the forest belt, crowded together in three large groups, looking uncommonly suspicious. Some high ground overlooked the jungle, and circling round as far as possible under cover, we reached a position very open and exposed, but otherwise good, being



ELEPHANT AND CALF.

down wind and sixty yards from the nearest group. We were standing on a spur of the Damel Plain, covered with loose gravel and sprinkled with a few small bushes. After a rapid examination of the ground I opened fire at the biggest elephant, when, with indescribable commotion and clouds of dust, the three groups dissolved into a long string, rushing past us headlong through the forest, only intent on escape.

The big cow at which I had fired was hidden in dust for a moment, and then spinning round in a semicircle, she made off after the others, her stern quite closing up the path. Following on in her wake we came up with some of the herd which were lagging, and I fired at one which appeared to be a young bull, bringing it down stone dead on its side, the bullet having caught it behind the shoulders while going by at full speed. Unfortunately, on inspection it proved to be a cow. Then, continuing in the direction taken by the herd, we at length saw the cow first hit standing within forty yards of a large tree; and stalking up to the tree, which was to leeward of her, I fired at her temple. She went down and rolled over on her side, the men, delighted at my success, running up to jump on her back. Suddenly I shouted, "Look out, she's getting up!" and I had scarcely time to cover her temple with the foresight from where I stood, twenty yards away, before she was on her legs again, with ears stuck out at right angles. Another shot from the four-bore, and she fell dead.

The severe kick of the rifle generally sent me back a couple of yards, and I must have been standing wrong, for as I fired something gave way in my right leg, and I came down in a sitting posture on to a clump of aloes, unable to rise at once, and wondering whether the elephant was dead or not. I was laid up in camp for three days, but on the fourth I could limp about very creditably, and killed a fine wart-hog boar near camp, besides firing at five striped hyænas prowling about at dusk among the rocks. When we had cut out the tusks of the two cows we resolved to try fresh ground, and getting astride my mule I marched with my caravan to Hembeweina, sixteen miles lower down the river. Here we found in the sand the tracks of six lions of different ages, which had been prowling about in the river-bed and in the bordering reeds. Close to camp we found the half-eaten carcase of a spotted hyæna which they had caught. They must have been badly off for food to have eaten a hyæna; indeed, from the absence of fresh tracks,

we thought the rest of the game must have been frightened from the vicinity by the lions.

The day after our arrival at Hembeweina I was again disturbed before dawn by Núr Osman, with the report that a lot of elephants had been heard trumpeting near the water during the night, and after a good breakfast we started in search of them. After going up the river-bank for about three miles, we came to the large patch of reeds at Jalélo where I had killed the first bull eight days before, and getting on to the identical spot on the high bank from which I had fired at him, examined the expanse of reeds. The air was much tainted by the dead elephant as we approached the edge of the bank, too much so to make us care to go into the reeds to investigate farther. Looking over the sea of yellow stems we suddenly saw two cow elephants with one large calf in company, standing under a date-palm well out in the reeds some two hundred and fifty yards distant from the spot on which we were standing. Wishing to get a bull, I decided not to attack them.

My Somális were advising me to advance upon these three herd elephants, and we were sitting on the edge of the bank intently gazing at them, when an indescribable feeling that something was behind made me look round, and there, standing right over us, not twenty yards away, was an enormous tusker quietly blinking his eyes at us and balancing his right leg, undecided whether to go on along the top of the bank behind us or to take a path straight down into the reeds. He must have come up very quietly, for no one had heard a sound, and my looking round seemed to have been accidental. Meanwhile, as we were in the open on the edge of the scarp, in a bad position to withstand a charge, especially as I was still lame, we waited, crouched as we were, keeping as still as mice, and watched the enormous brute making up his mind. We were so much in the open that had I raised my rifle he would have made us out at once. Perhaps I ought to have fired, but when first seen his head was towards us and his trunk down, so that he offered no certain shot. After swinging his foot once or twice he took the path down into the reeds, treading softly, as if afraid of cracking a stick, and looking curiously towards us out of the corner of his eye, evidently unable to make out quite what we were; when he was round the bank I stood up ready to fire at him as he passed below.

On reaching the lower level he seemed to scent the dead

elephant, and began walking swiftly out into the reeds. There was no time to be lost if I wanted those big white tusks, so aiming quickly as he moved, I fired the heavy rifle at the root of his ear, hitting him just a little too far back. A fiendish change came over him, until now so calm and solemn. Out went his great ears, and with his trunk curled up tightly in front of his chest, giving a shrill trumpet he raised his head and went crashing through the dry reeds, going up the river-bed and presenting his side to us. Aiming for the shoulder, I again fired, and struck him fairly in the ribs; this turned him across the river straight away from our bank, and he dropped into the wake of the three cows, which on hearing the shots had left the palm-tree in alarm, and were already sailing away through the reeds in fine style.

I was still very lame, and until the mule came up had to content myself with watching the game disappear into the forest on the farther side of the river. While they were crossing the reeds the wounded bull gave an occasional squeal and charged off at a tangent, pounding imaginary foes, and looking the picture of annoyance. As the four elephants disappeared among the trees they were joined by two strings of cows and young ones which we had not seen before, followed by two very large tuskers. I felt that I had made a mess of the business, and regretted then that we had left the horses in camp, as they would have been most useful in turning the elephants. We had to wait some minutes for my mule to be brought up, and it was 9 A.M. before we took up the tracks of the wounded elephant.

The sun was beginning to get very powerful, making doubly hard the work of advancing over the masses of fallen reeds which obstructed the ground even in the path made by the elephants. The tracking, however, was not difficult, as a wide lane had been opened through the reeds, everywhere bespattered with blood. When we reached the forest on the farther side of the river the blood had almost ceased, and following became a difficult matter, as the footsteps of the wounded elephant were becoming mingled with those of the other two bulls. It was dreadfully hot, and for more than two hours we toiled along over aloes and thorns and through tree-jungles, covering about six miles of ground before we again sighted our game.

The herd was standing taking shelter from the mid-day sun under three large trees which grew close together, and we advanced to the attack. We could not make out the wounded



bull, so I fired at the head of the largest elephant I could see, and the explosion of my rifle was followed by a loud answering crack and squeal from the herd, which soon became enveloped in a dense cloud of dust. We ran on in pursuit, but they slipped away and crossed half a mile of open stony ground, passed a group of rocks which overhung a sand-river, and stood half a mile off, in moderately high jungle. Climbing the rocks I could see them, but following farther with my lame leg was out of the question, so my two trackers offered to go round and drive them to me if I would lend them my Martini rifle and Express and some cartridges.

Meanwhile I seated myself on a rock and watched the herd. There was one very sick elephant in it, which seemed to be continually rolling, surrounded by a group of sympathising friends. I afterwards found this to be the bull first wounded—the one which had surprised us on the river bank—and he appeared to be in a dying state. While I was gazing over the forest at them they suddenly began to move in my direction very fast, and a moment later the breeze carried to my ears the reports of musketry fired at a distance from beyond the elephants. The herd disappeared for a minute and then emerged from the high jungle and came over the open, straight for my position; they then turned into the river-bed and came past me at a great pace, at over eighty yards' distance. I fired right and left at the shoulder of an old bull, the biggest of the three, carrying fine long tusks. He fell and kicked about for a second or two in a cloud of dust, and then turned up-stream with the others, going very fast. They then passed round my rock at about a hundred yards, too far for straight shooting with such a rifle, and got out of range, the badly-wounded bull being no doubt among them. There was one bull throwing sand over its back, which I concluded must be the sick one.

My leg was now beginning to feel the strain of the day's work, and at the second discharge of the heavy rifle I was sent flying, and subsided into a sitting posture among the rocks, the rifle dropping out of my hands. The elephants now sailed gaily away over huge boulders and torrent-beds with the activity of monkeys, and soon disappeared over the brow of a low hill, leaving me sitting on the rocks utterly fagged out. When the trackers came up we went to examine the place where the largest bull had fallen. The aloe were crushed to bits and the sand was much scraped about, but we did not notice any blood. The

elephants had quite beaten us, and we made the best of our way home, reaching camp at dusk after a very tiring day.

For two days I had horsemen dogging the footsteps of the wounded bulls, but they returned and reported that the herd had gone past Little Harar and might not pull up for two days, having been thoroughly disturbed by the hunt. They had followed the tracks of the sick bull for twenty-five miles, and he had separated from the herd, halting to roll many times, and at last his tracks had become mixed with those of a fresh herd of bulls, cows, and young ones, and they had then left them. Rain having recently fallen had made the tracking more difficult.<sup>1</sup>

On the night after this long elephant-hunt we were awakened at about twelve by two lions keeping up a deep roaring, repeated at short intervals, which seemed to be uttered only thirty yards from our fence, though in reality the distance was at least a hundred, as was shown next morning by the pugs in the sand. Luckily, neither my mule nor the three Somali ponies were at all nervous, or we should have had them breaking away. One lion kept up wind, giving at first low grunts, growing louder and ending in a roar, then dwindling down again to nothing. After a bit he would be answered by a rumbling sound on the other side, from a lioness concealed in the reeds down at the river-bed close by. There was absolutely no moon, so we could do nothing but replenish the fires with grass and sticks. My men jeered at the lions, saying they were not in earnest or they would not make so much noise. We had left some meat out within twenty yards of our fence, but found it untouched in the morning, the lions evidently fearing to come so close.

I found Hembeweina very pleasant, and never tired of wandering about near camp examining the fresh elephant-tracks in the river-bed. A herd which had lately passed had made several wells or large holes in the sand, into which water trickled from the stream, and over these holes they had stood to drink and throw water over their bodies.

One day I was out quite alone on one of these rambles, and after crossing the river had ascended to the top of a plateau half a mile from camp. The summit was covered with black stones

<sup>1</sup> Some time afterwards, in Berbera, two natives came down and reported that they had seen the dead elephant near Hargeisa, and that a passing caravan had appropriated the tusks on its way to Harar. Through the proper channels I applied to the Emir of Harar for their recovery, and that is the last I ever heard of them.

and occasional tufts of very green feathery grass. Finding fresh beisa tracks I began to cross the plateau, but the tracking was rendered difficult by the number of stones. All at once I caught sight of a large animal moving slowly among some bushes, evidently grazing and unsuspecting of danger; and thinking that it might be a beisa, I began to stalk up to it. This was not easy because of the transparent nature of the bush; however, I got up to three hundred yards, and imagine my surprise to find that the animal was a Somáli pony alone in this bleak spot. This plateau had a bad reputation—the nearest tribe to the north-west, seventy miles away, being famous for raiding and lifting the cattle of the Abdul Ishák.

By the side of the horse there was something on the ground, which might be a man or a small ant-hill. Having on a former trip had my caravan dogged by scouts from a tribe, I thought I would cautiously investigate. So I crept up and found that there was no man, while the horse, left to run wild without bridle or rope, gave a whinny and trotted round me in a circle with arching neck, nodding his head up and down. He had evidently been abandoned by his rider, and I determined to catch him, use him for work with elephants, and then take him to the coast to be claimed. Returning to camp I brought up my people, and using the mule as a decoy, we at last got a rope over the horse's head and led him quietly to camp. The day after the capture of the horse two men rode in to give me news that Shiré Shirmáki, one of the Habr Gerhajis wise men, was on his way from his karia, fifteen miles distant, to visit me, bringing thirty horsemen with him, who, my informants said, were his children. Then I witnessed the *dibáltig*, or equestrian display, given in my honour, as the first English visitor to their country.

In the distance, over the plain, arose a thin wreath of dust, and from beneath it appeared first one or two horsemen, and then about thirty, following each other in single file, and coming on at a trot. Presently, as they approached the camp, they formed line and broke into a canter, the spears flashing vividly in the sun, and the bright red trappings of the horses flaring out against the green thorn-jungle. Each horseman wore a *khaili*—a tobe of scarlet dashed with blue in two shades, the colours being arranged tartan-wise. They approached to within a hundred yards of the camp, and then halted. Accompanied by my nine men, I left the zeriba and advanced to meet them. Sitting on his pony in the centre of the group was Shiré Shir-

máki, a dignified-looking old man with a white beard, and on either side of him were his sons, two or three fine fellows, in the prime of life. There were also one or two boys, armed, like their seniors, with spears and shield, and most of the men had slung round their waists the *biláwa*, or short, close-quarters stabbing sword. All my visitors looked a sturdy lot, up to lifting cattle or any other kind of devilry.

We exchanged the usual Mahomedan greeting, and one of Shiré Shirmáki's sons urged his pony up in front of the rest and sang a long extempore song. When at last it had come to an end I complimented the old fellow upon his warlike-looking turn-out, and then waited in silence for him to explain his visit. He said that, being encamped with his people and their flocks and herds at a spot some fifteen miles to the eastward, and having heard of my presence on the Issutugan, he had come with some of his young men to visit me, sing songs, and have a good time. "Yes," I thought, "and to eat our rice!" This was all very well, but our stock of food was scanty, and I resolved to get rid of my friends on the first opportunity.

I now asked the old chief to show me what his children could do in fancy riding; and at once two or three impatient spirits galloped forward and threw their spears, picking them up again by leaning over the saddle-bow while at full speed, and then, pricking towards me over the turf, they pulled their quivering ponies back on to their haunches with a jerk just as they reached me, the mouths bleeding from the heavy bit. Soon the plain around my zeriba was covered with rushing ponies, their excited riders throwing their spears in every direction and dashing forward to pick them up. Every pony raised a cloud of dust to himself, and the confusion had reached its height when the old man raised his hide whip as a signal, and one by one they galloped up to me, till I was the centre of a semicircle of horses' heads, pressing upon me, their eyes aflame and nostrils distended. Every man as he came up raised his spear and shouted, "*Mót! io Mót!*" (Hail! and again hail!) and I answered, with my men, "*Kul-leban*" (Thanks).

Many of these fellows can throw the spear about eighty-five yards from the saddle or seventy-five yards on foot. They guide their animals skilfully, but ride almost entirely by balance, with very little grip on the saddle. After the display on horseback we all went into the zeriba, and I gave orders to have a big meal of rice prepared for our self-constituted guests.

Soon from across the plain came two more horsemen, and a shock-headed boy leading a cow, which was brought in front of my tent as a present, with Shiré Shirmáki's compliments. We killed it ten minutes later, and my men joined the strangers in a big feed, followed by a firelight dance, the men clapping their hands to the strains of a reed flute, advancing and retiring as in a quadrille, and jumping up and down like men in a sack-race. Then followed a few interesting step-dances and songs in praise of the English or of the Habr Gerhajis. The burden of one song was, "There is nobody like us; our horses are the best and fly like the wind, and none can fight like we; our old men are wise, our young men are brave as lions, and there are no girls so beautiful as ours." When I retired to my tent at midnight the clamour was still going on, and I was roused at 3 A.M. by the leave-taking. By the genial glare of our camp-fire Shiré Shirmáki made an impressive speech, laying great stress on my having seen his country, and asking me to tell the English that his tribe, being very good people, never molested caravans; to which I replied that, so far as my having seen his country was concerned, he was perfectly free to come and see mine, and I promised him a new *khaili* from Berbera and some snow-white *bafta* tobies for his men.

They recognised the horse I had caught as one which had been abandoned by one of their fellows three months before while engaged in a raid on the Jibril Abokr tribe, among the mountains to the south-west. I promised, if they would send a man to Berbera, that I would give up the horse to the Resident there, and their tribesman might then claim it. Finally, I apologised for not having shown them any equestrian games on our part, as the mule was sick! After the joke had been handed round and duly appreciated we parted with a great deal of hand-shaking, and they trotted off into the darkness.

While shifting our camp next day back to Gulánleh, we were constantly in sight of game, either beisa or one of the three sorts of gazelle, and caught sight of a leopard sneaking across a nala three hundred yards ahead of us, but he disappeared among some rocks, where tracking became impossible. On arriving at Gulánleh I sent horsemen for a grand tour to all the elephant-forests around, and remained in camp, ready to march to any point of the compass at a moment's notice. Besides my own trackers I had two parties of Habr Gerhajis horsemen also searching for elephants, each party consisting of three men.

While in camp at Gulánleh I was suddenly roused at noon by shouts in Hindustáni of "*Máro, Sahíb! Máro!*" (Shoot, shoot). So pulling out my revolver, I looked round the fly of the tent, and found my whole camp in an uproar; men were running for their spears, and backing into one end of the zeríba stood the Midgán, fitting a poisoned arrow to his long bow and glaring viciously at one of my camelmen, who, surrounded by his friends, stood at the other end of the zeríba poisoning his spear. The situation was decidedly theatrical. First I walked up to the Somáli and made him give me his spears, and then returning to the Midgán I bundled him ignominiously into my tent, poisoned arrows and all, and threw him a beisa skull to clean, telling him not to leave the tent without permission. Having thus disposed of the centres of disturbance I held an inquiry, when it appeared that the quarrel had arisen through my having persuaded my Somális to allow the Midgán to eat with them out of the same dish. A young camelman had, during a hot argument, told the Midgán that such as he should not be allowed to eat with respectable Somális, whereat sturdy little Adan rejoined, "Who are you to talk? You're only a baby; you have not learned to eat at all yet; go back to your mother and drink milk." The youth, having no more arguments left, stooped, and picking up a spear which lay beside him, leant over and prodded Adan gently in the back, causing blood to flow. Rice, dishes, and men scattered in all directions, and I had come out of my tent only just in time to prevent the Midgán sticking an arrow into his assailant. The Midgán was clearly in the right, and calling the camelman to my tent, I ordered a slight compensation to be paid, and then persuaded them to shake hands. These duels arise out of almost nothing, and if a man be killed, a blood-feud between tribes, perhaps lasting for years, is the result. Luckily the Somális, although quick to resent an insult, as quickly cool down again.

About nine o'clock one morning one of my trackers rode in to say that his party had struck the fresh tracks of a solitary bull elephant in a nala some twelve miles to the westward, and that they had followed him along its banks for eight hours, at last finding him, feeding and standing about, at Eil Danan. My informant went on to say that he had left his two companions to watch the elephant. At Eil Danan a sandy river-bed bordered by high reeds winds through a deep square basin formed by the sides of the Eil Danan plateau, which is two or



three hundred feet high, and strewn with black stones like most of the Damel Plain. Between the river-bed and the precipitous edges of the plateau is black stony ground intersected by water-courses, and sparsely dotted over with thorn-bushes and a few tufts of thin feathery grass, so that there is no cover for an elephant to stand in except the reeds bordering the river-bed. These are very dense and usually ten feet high, some of the side gullies being choked with them, though in the main channel, through which a small stream runs, they merely form a fringe fifty to one hundred yards wide. Here and there near the edge of the reeds grow a few large trees covered with *armo* creeper, on which elephants delight to feed; the leaves are very green and juicy, heart-shaped and thick, having a smooth surface like indiarubber.

Taking with me one camel and two or three men, I at once set out for Eil Danan, and after a hot march we struck the *wádi* at 2 P.M., and followed in the tracks of the two watchmen until we found them. Then, after resting for lunch under a tree, I went forward with my gunbearer, Deria Hassan, to explore the reeds where the elephant had last been seen. After some trouble we at length saw him standing under a tree on the farther side of a belt of reeds forty yards wide. He seemed to be a very large bull, and had a fine pair of tusks. Beyond him the ground was quite bare. I crept up to the edge of the reeds, and getting on the roots of a fallen tree, could see his head above them. He was swinging it slowly from side to side and looking quietly in my direction, though he did not appear to see me. At last he presented his temple, and I fired as well as possible from my insecure perch, hitting him a loud smack, while Deria Hassan fired from the bank behind me. Instantly the beast gave a shrill trumpet and charged, coming straight at me through the reeds. Being in the open I did not wait for his head to appear, but ran down the edge of the reeds to leeward and dropped under a bush, Deria disappearing with equal promptitude in the other direction. Then the three horsemen, according to previous orders I had given them, rode up, and seeing them the elephant turned again into the reeds and made off, keeping down the centre of the belt, the horsemen riding parallel to him along the outside. I followed on foot at best pace, and came up, a mile farther down, just in time to see him charge viciously out at the horses, scattering them. This manoeuvre was repeated twice, and then the elephant went up a

side gully three hundred yards wide, choked by an unbroken expanse of very high reeds. We here lost sight of him for a time, and taking up his tracks found a good deal of blood.

On reaching the main channel I sent the horsemen on after the elephant, and being parched with thirst lay down flat and drank from the rivulet. Before I had finished drinking Deria said, "Look out!" and I heard galloping and loud shouts, and sprang up just in time to see the elephant break back and cross the stream two hundred yards below me, taking up his former position in the reeds, and followed by my three horsemen, who were working admirably. When I came up the horsemen were collected on some rising ground overlooking the reeds, hooting at the elephant, which stood with the top of his head just visible, listening to them.

Advancing to a small knoll in front of the horses, I fired right and left at his head. He disappeared among the reeds for a moment, and then some one called out that he was coming. Out he came, very silently, and I slipped away to leeward and crouched under a thorn-bush to watch him. Off he went after the horsemen, and singling out Hussein Debeli, following every turn of the horse, he kept close behind its tail for two hundred yards, till it seemed the plucky fellow would be caught, and they disappeared among the trees together. I soon noticed, however, that the elephant, having finished his charge, was stealing back again towards the gully which he had first tried. Back came the horsemen, and after a short race headed him, and brought him to a standstill fifty yards from me, giving a good chance for a shot. I was standing in the open, and knowing that I should have the watchful and angry brute down on me at once if I failed to disable him, I fired at his head. On receiving the shot he dropped his tail and trunk and held for the gully, looking demoralised, but before he could reach the shelter of the reeds I ran in close and gave him another shot in the shoulder at twenty yards, while he was going at a good pace. Swerving at this he plunged into the reeds, and we heard him crashing about in them for some time, then a long-drawn bellow, and everything became still.

Before going in I fired two shots with the Express and listened, but hearing nothing, we started to examine the reeds. We were not long in finding the great cutting he had made through them, and with rifle on full cock and every sense on the alert, I entered, followed by my two trackers on foot. On

either side rose what looked like an impenetrable yellow wall; wherever we looked we saw nothing but reeds, and as we advanced we had to climb over the mounds of fallen stalks. Yard by yard we pushed on, now and then stopping to listen. Along the floor and sides of the lane of reeds blood was plentifully sprinkled, and at length we began to approach the place where we had last heard him bellow; then I peeped round an angle and saw him lying on his side quite dead, and we walked up to examine our prize. He was an old bull, ten feet six inches at the shoulder; we measured him with bits of reeds which we afterwards laid beside a tape; and he had a beautiful



white pair of tusks without a flaw, four feet long, and thick for Somáli ivory. Somáli elephant tusks are, as a rule, nothing like the size of those found in the centre of the continent.

By the time the sun had gone down we had cut out one tusk, and returned up the river to search the plateau for a camping-ground with good grass for the horses. Leaving the main river, we formed our bivouac near a small grassy nala. The arrangements for the night were quickly made, and, spreading our blankets under the lee of a thorn-bush, we were soon all fast asleep. We had no fence, and at midnight I was awakened by a lion roaring a short distance up the nala. Rubbing my eyes, I awoke Deria, and told him to watch and keep the fire alight, then I dozed off again, and when we awoke next morning

Deria was fast asleep by the fire, which was nearly out. We cut out the other tusk and returned to Gulánleh, when, my leave having expired, after skirting the foot of Gólis for five days, we marched by easy stages to Berbera, then by dhow to Aden, being becalmed for twelve hours in sight of the volcano before getting in.

## CHAPTER IV

## GOVERNMENT EXPLORATIONS

Early trips to the coast—Disturbed state of Bulhár—Stopping a fight—Two skirmishes—First exploring trips—Hostility of the natives—An unlucky trip—Start with my brother to explore the Habr Toljaala and Dolbahanta countries on duty—Camp on Gólis Range—Theodolite station at 6800 feet—Enter the waterless plains—Advance to the Tug Dér—News of raiders ahead, and of Colonel A. Paget's party—Dolbahanta horsemen—Advance to the Nogal Valley—Constantly annoyed by the Dolbahanta—Prehistoric tank and buildings at Badwein—Advance to Gosaweina—More horsemen—Insecure border, and scene of a raid—Explore Bur Dab Range—Robbers' Caves—Exploration by my brother on Wagar Mountain—Lovely scenery—Return to Berbera—Start on a second expedition to the Jibril Abokr country—The top of Gán Libah—A new hartebeest—Death of a leopard—Hargeisa—Natives clamouring for British protection against Abyssinia—Bold behaviour of a leopard—Advance to the Marar Prairie—Camp at Ujawáji—Extraordinary scene on the prairie—Quantities of game—Gadabursi raid—Jibril Abokr welcome of the English—A shooting trip on the plains—News of three lions—Vedettes posted over lions—Advance to the attack—Savage charge; unconscious and in the clutches of a lioness—My brother's account of the accident—His own narrow escape, and death of a fine lion—Civility of the Jibril Abokr—Abyssinian news—Return to the coast—Recovery from wounds—Third expedition; to the Gadabursi country—Great raid by the Jibril Abokr on the Bahgoba—Curious adventure with robbers—Betrayed by vultures—Raiding tactics—First meeting with the Gadabursi—Meeting with Ugaz Núr—The rival sultans—Construction of an Abyssinian fort at Biyo-Kabóba—Esa in a ferment—Speech of Múdu Golab—My brother bags a large bull elephant—March to Zeila.

IN order to show the state of Somáland when the British Protectorate<sup>1</sup> was first established after the departure of the Egyptians, I propose to give a short account of my trips into the interior prior to 1887.

<sup>1</sup> The first treaty between the British Government and the Somális was signed in 1827 after the plundering of an English ship by the Habr Awal. In 1840 another was signed with the chiefs of Zeila and Tajurra. In 1865

Soon after I had joined the Aden garrison in 1884, two English officers returned from a shooting trip to the Gólis Range south of Berbera; this was, I believe, the first journey to the Somáli interior undertaken by any Englishmen since the attack on Sir Richard Burton's expedition thirty years before. Accompanied by a friend, I was the next to make a short but unimportant shooting trip to Gólis—in January 1885.

The first exploring party—that of Mr. F. L. James—had preceded us by about a month, and was already at Gerlogubi in distant Ogádén. The Egyptians had a few months before evacuated the coast, the Pasha leaving with about half a battalion of soldiers and a few field-pieces, and Mr. L. P. Walsh, one of the assistant Residents at Aden, had taken over charge of Berbera and Bulhár with a few Aden policemen. At the same time Zeila was, so far as I remember, handed over by the Egyptians to a British Consul, with a French Consul also living in the town. My next visit to Somáland occurred two months after my return from the shooting trip to the Gólis.

The Egyptian military quarters at Bulhár had been reported flooded by a freshet from the Issutugan river, and I was sent over from Aden to meet Mr. Walsh and go with him to Bulhár, in order to choose a site for hut barracks, to be put up by the Indian sappers under my command. I chose the site for the huts and returned to Aden. I arrived again at Bulhár on 27th September 1885, with thirty sappers and all the

Sir Richard Burton's expedition was attacked at Berbera, and the blockade which followed was raised on the signing of another treaty. In 1866 treaties were made with the Habr Gerhajis, Habr Toljaala, and Midjerten; and since 1884, when the Egyptians handed over the coast to Great Britain, treaties have been made with all the northern tribes. By an agreement signed in 1888, the boundary separating the British and French Protectorates begins near Loyi-ada, on the coast between Jibúti and Zeila, and runs by Abbaswein, Biyo-Kabóba, Gildessa, towards Harar.

On 5th May 1894 a protocol was signed, fixing the boundaries of the Italian and British spheres of influence. The boundary-line starts from Gildessa, and, following the eighth parallel of north latitude, skirts the north-eastern border of the territories inhabited by the Géri, Bertiri, and Rer Ali tribes, leaving Gildessa, Jig-Jiga, and Milmil within the Italian sphere of influence. The line then follows latitude 8° north as far as its intersection with the forty-eighth meridian of east longitude, and thence to the intersection of latitude 9° north, with longitude 49° east, along which it proceeds, terminating at the coast. This line has, however, been since modified by the treaty of 1897, concluded between Her Majesty's Government and King Menelik.



material for constructing the huts, and camped near the site we had chosen. For the first three weeks there was no chance of leaving camp even to go *aoul*-shooting on the plain. Several native reports had reached us that the hill tribes, especially the Habr Gerhajis, were likely to come down and attack us, and not knowing the nature of Somáli information at that time I was inclined to believe these rumours.

When the work was fairly under way I took a few strolls into the plain. On one occasion, when out, attended only by my hunter, Ali Hirsi, we blundered within half a mile of a large party of raiding Habr Gerhajis horsemen from the hilis, whom the police from Berbera were trying to catch. Not knowing anything about the locality of the band, I fired at a bustard, with the result that the robbers bolted for the hills, thinking the police had come up with them.

Bulhár was now getting full of people, the clans coming down into the plain. Two of these clans had a feud in active operation, and a large tree near Elmas Mountain was about this time the scene of a ghastly murder. Eight men and as many women and children of one of the clans were attacked by their enemies when asleep under a tree, and all had their throats cut. My hunter, Ali Hirsi, who belonged to the clan which had suffered, promptly asked leave to go to the interior and see his father, who, he said, had been suddenly taken ill. I afterwards found that this was incorrect, and that Ali Hirsi, being the son of an *ákil*, had found it incumbent on him to answer the family call to arms.

Shortly afterwards my friend the late Mr. D. Morrison, Mr. Walsh's assistant, arrived from Berbera to take charge of Bulhár, and he at once found his hands full with this feud between the two clans of the Shirdone Yunis, Habr Awal, called respectively the Boho Shirdone and the Ba-Gadabursi Shirdone. British interests suffer sadly by these feuds occurring near our ports, as for the time being all trade is liable to be stopped.

A few days after M——'s arrival a messenger came running in at dawn one morning to say that the Boho had taken possession of the Bulhár wells, three miles west of the town, and were that morning going to be attacked by the Ba-Gadabursi from Elmas, each side being about five hundred strong. M—— at once decided to ride out with his interpreter and try to dissuade the Ba-Gadabursi from attacking. I accompanied him on one of the sapper mules, taking with me Khoda Bux, a

Panjábi muleteer; also mounted. After going three miles, at the Bulhár wells we came upon the Boho Shirdone halted,



MALE WATERBUCK (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*).

Average length of horns on curve, 20 inches.

awaiting the attack. Here I found my hunter, Ali Hirsi, sporting a *khaili* tobe, with a good nag grazing close by. He came up cheerily to me, with nothing of the servant about him, and

shook hands. I asked him after his sick father, and with a bland smile he said he had got well again, and was going to fight the Ba-Gadabursi.

We rode on, and crossed a bare undulating plain, which in the evenings is sometimes covered with sand-grouse, and where I had often hunted *aoul*, and a mile beyond the Boho came upon the Ba-Gadabursi, advancing in line to the attack!

It was a stirring scene. About two hundred horsemen and three hundred spearmen on foot were advancing in a long line facing to the east, coming to meet us. The horsemen formed the left wing, marching along the flat sandy plain stretching down to the raised sea-shore on our right, which, though we could hear their roar, hid from our view the white breakers of the Gulf of Aden. On our left the plain rose to low sand hillocks covered with grass and scrub, and along these came the right wing on foot, the men extended at about a pace apart, keeping a good line, each man carrying his spears and shield and wearing his white tobe wound round his waist. Most of the horsemen wore the *khaïli*, or red and blue tobe. The plain over which we had ridden stretched between us and Bulhár, which lay four miles behind us.

Our little party of four cantered to meet this array. Now and then a horseman darted out from the line, and galloping round in a circle, threw his spear, and picked it up again while at full speed. As we approached they set up a song, but stopped when M—— rode up to one of the *aukál*, or elders, and demanded a parley. There was a good deal of angry shouting at first, and the horsemen pressed round us in a dense mass, so that we could only extricate ourselves by drawing our revolvers. Seeing we really had serious business on hand, one or two of the leading Ba-Gadabursi elders, prominent among whom was a well-known firebrand called Warsama Dugál, entreated the horsemen to wait and hear what "the Government" had to say. M——, by the aid of his interpreter, quietly explained that if they would only put off the attack for a day he would try and settle the feud satisfactorily to both parties. While the interpreter was explaining this, M—— asked me to try and bring out the thirty sappers, to be ready on hand if required. I told Khoda Bux in Hindustáni, and, like the sporting Panjábí that he was, he was delighted with the errand, and kicking up his mule, started off at a gallop. A Shirdone galloped in pursuit, shouting and brandishing his

spear, but M—— quickly headed him, and persuaded him to get back into the line and not make a fool of himself.

The elders, who had seen the force of my friend's sensible argument from the first, soon quieted down the horsemen; while I rode off with Warsama Dugál and persuaded the infantry to stop, for they were quietly creeping ahead among the sand-dunes. When they saw me riding a kicking Panjábí



SOMÁLI HORSEMAN.

mule, with a revolver which I had forgotten to put in its holster, and old Warsama in company excitedly yelling at them, they began to laugh, and good-naturedly squatted down on their heels, with the butts of their spears planted in the ground, glowering over their shields at a line of hillocks in front which hid the Boho from view. At their earnest request I allowed them to advance fifty yards to the top of the hillocks, "so that they might see the Boho." They said they were thirsty, and the sight of the wells would do them good! The people told

us that it was very hard being stopped in this way. They did not want to touch a hair of any white man's head, they only wanted to wipe out the Boho. However, the elders agreed to send back the clan to Eil Sheikh, and themselves to come into Bulhár with M—— and see what they could do to settle the feud. The sappers at last came into sight, and about a dozen of the elders accepted our escort to get them safely through the Boho lines. I extended my men, a section on either side, marching in single file, while M—— and the elders rode bunched together in the space between. We passed the Boho line in this order, having first sent the interpreter on to explain. The Boho looked savagely at our protégés as we passed, but were too sensible to attack us for the sake of slitting the throats of a few elders, so not a horse was mounted and all went off quietly. Arrived in Bulhár, my friend rode out with his interpreter and brought in the Boho elders. After two days' talking the feud was settled for the time being, though it broke out again a week later, and gave M—— an immense amount of anxiety and trouble. Twice my little party was called out in aid of the civil power, but not having to act in self-defence, we were able to keep the peace for a time without firing a shot. M—— ordered the tribes to live apart, the Ba-Gadabursi fourteen miles to the west at Eil Sheikh, the Boho fifteen miles to the east at Géri, and every few days or so he would persuade the elders to meet in Bulhár for a conference. It was only a question of blood-money, but what a question! We always knew how things were going, for when the relations were strained the two semicircles of old men who were seated on the ground would shroud their faces in the ends of their tobés, only leaving a slit to look through, and they would add the supreme insult of shading their eyes with their hands; when things were improving they looked their enemies frankly in the face.

Soon after the cessation of hostilities at Bulhár I was sent surveying up the Issutugan river with an escort of fifteen sabres of the Aden troop, a body of Indian cavalry permanently stationed at Khor Maksar, the outpost near Aden.

After this trip I returned to Aden to prepare for further explorations in the Habr Awal country, and at the end of December 1885 I arrived at Bulhár with three sowars of the Aden troop, twelve mounted Panjábis, enlisted in Aden as policemen for this special purpose, and ten sepoy of the Bombay

infantry,—in all an escort of twenty-five men. Although we were ready to start the survey by 1st January, the Bulhár tribes were in such a disturbed state that M——, finding it necessary to utilise whatever troops came to hand, was obliged, in his official capacity in charge of Bulhár, to ask me to remain, and give him the benefit of the services of my escort till the tribes should become more settled.

The Shirdone feud had broken out again, and some of the Boho having managed to get into Bulhár to buy food, the Ba-Gadabursi were reported to be coming in from Eil Sheikh to attack Bulhár. M—— sent out notice that if they did come in they would be fired at. One morning, while at breakfast, we received news that the Ba-Gadabursi were actually in sight, and advancing to the attack. I jumped on my pony and rode out alone into the plain to reconnoitre; and seeing that this was true, cantered into Bulhár again, and on my way to M——'s quarters I called to the daffedar to turn out my fifteen mounted men. When M—— and I came out again, both mounted, we found my police ready and in the saddle, attired rather curiously, for most of the men had only found time to put on their turbans, and had their cartridge-belts strapped over whatever clothes they had worn when lounging about inside their huts.

As soon as we had got beyond Bulhár we saw the Ba-Gadabursi advancing slowly over the plain, about seven hundred yards away, and reining in we fired a couple of rounds from the saddle, and returned the carbines to their buckets, then, drawing swords, advanced at a gallop. The Ba-Gadabursi, of whom there were over a hundred mounted and about ten on foot, bolted at the first shots, and the horsemen were soon lost to sight in the haze of the Maritime Plain, while the men on foot, seeing themselves abandoned, tried to hide in the grass, but were all caught by my men and brought in as prisoners, one being slightly wounded by a sword-point through the arm. With the men were brought in seventeen spears and some shields, which M—— gave to the prisoners when he released them next day.

The Ba-Gadabursi were quiet for a week after this; and then, on another morning, a runner came to report that they were again coming in force, this time on foot. Our ponies had all been knocked up by scouting for hill-raiders in the Selei direction on the previous day, so we called our available



men out on foot. M— took command of the fifteen dismounted policemen, while I collected my own sepoy and an infantry guard then stationed at Bulhár; they amounted to about thirty rank and file, all belonging to the Bombay infantry. While the Ba-Gadabursi were still quite a thousand yards away, M—, having drawn up the police along the sea-shore, gave the signal we had agreed upon, firing two volleys at the distant line of a few hundred natives. They bolted at once, and I had a running skirmish with them for half an hour over two or three miles of grassy plain, after which we lost touch of them altogether. We found, however, some fifteen men hiding in the grass or diving about in the surf, and one wounded man, and brought them all in, with a collection of some thirty spears thrown away in the retreat. Most of these were given back next day.

There was a lull after this, but on the following day half a dozen elders of the offending tribe came in and called upon M—, and we held a council with them outside his quarters, a large crowd of spectators coming from Bulhár village to look on. The elders, led by Warsama Dugál, explained that they had no quarrel with the Government, but only with the Boho. Their young men had, however, been boasting a good deal, not seeing why they should be kept out of Bulhár, saying that they did not care for the Government, and would go in and burn the town. The elders had then given them Punch's advice, "Don't," but they had not listened to it. "Now," said the elders to M—, "you have fired upon our boys; that was bad of you, but next time they will listen to our advice." After we had shaken hands cordially with them, for they were all personally known to us, they rode away to Eil Sheikh. The wounded man, who had only received a bullet through the foot, was put under medical treatment, and in a few days limped out to his tribe. Soon after the second skirmish M— brought the Boho and Ba-Gadabursi to a settlement, only to break out again some months later.

Meanwhile, on 1st February I was free to start for the interior on my survey trip. I had arranged to go in by So Midgán and Eil Ánod to the Interior Plains, and thence to strike through the Maritime Range to Berbera. My caravan consisted of eighteen Aden hill camels with Arab drivers, seventeen sabres of Indian mounted police, and ten Bombay infantry sepoy. We drove with us a small herd of Aden donkeys, so

that the sepoy could either ride or pack their valises on them. We arrived at So Midgán, twenty-three miles from Bulhár, at dusk, and next day marched to Eil Ánod, ten miles farther. We expected to come upon the Habr Gerhajis tribe, which was supposed to be slightly hostile to the British, and was noted for raiding; and as we passed the spurs of the Sarar-awr (camel-back) plateau, on the way to Eil Ánod, we saw the tops of the hills white with sheep and lined with men, who were in a great state of alarm, shouting down at us. Later we found a karia with only a few women in it, who said all the men had run away, thinking we had come to loot them! Knowing mounted men cannot climb hills, they had taken the precaution to drive the flocks up, taking charge of them for the time being, and leaving the women to mind the rest of their property below.

We reassured these women, who then ran up and brought down the men, and after a short conference the flocks were driven into the plain again. The owners of the karia turned out to be a *jilib* or family of the Habr Gerhajis, and soon an intelligent-looking young man who had lost one leg came forward mounted on a pony and shook hands. He was Deria Shiré, the son of an important elder of the Habr Gerhajis tribe named Shiré Shirmáki, whom I afterwards met and made great friends with during the elephant-hunting trip described in the last chapter. The latest news I have heard of Deria Shiré, who, although a well-mannered young man, is rather a scoundrel, was to the effect that two or three years after our meeting he speared his old father in the leg, nearly killing him. I found him very polite, and he accompanied us to the wells, remarking that he had not the slightest knowledge why we had come, and that his tribe were very suspicious. No other white man had ever been to Eil Ánod before, and he did not quite see why we had come now.

We found a few men at the Eil Ánod wells, who received us with black looks, and we took possession of one of the old zeribas and put a sentry over a well reserved for our own use. Deria Shiré left us, saying that he could not be responsible for what his tribe might do; we had come armed with guns and were strong, and he hoped we would leave him alone. Meanwhile, as we were pitching camp, my interpreter, Samanter, went to the wells and got into conversation with some tribesmen lounging there. He came back to me in a great state of excitement, saying he had reliable information that we were to be

attacked that night, and that I was to make a strong zeriba, and not leave camp myself nor allow any of the men to do so.

There was plenty of game in the Eil Ánod plain, and as I thought, if I followed Samanter's advice, the Habr Gerhajis would be strengthened in their belief that we meant harm, I decided to fortify the zeriba, and leaving fifteen men inside, to sally out myself with the ten others, and beat the jungle for game. We made a circuit of the bush within two miles of camp, and obtained a mixed bag of three hares and six *Sakdro* antelopes. At dusk, carrying our game, we returned to the zeriba, on the way passing a large tree where about a hundred and fifty men were collected, all having spears, and a few saddled ponies were grazing round the tree. These people took no further notice than to scowl as we passed.

After we had reached the zeriba I came out again with two sepoy and the interpreter, and walking up to the tree where the tribesmen were collected, I called out, "*Salaam aleikum*" (Peace be with you). There was no answer for some time, and then an old man with a white beard and a wicked-looking, clean-shaven skull, treated me to a surly stare and mumbled, "*Salaam.*" Then he looked down and spat on the ground, and began absent-mindedly scratching the earth with a bit of stick, and then smoothing out the marks with his hands. The rest of the crowd remained silent, all looking sulky and mischievous. Some were gazing at us with a rude stare, others were shading their eyes with their hands, or hiding behind their tobés. My interpreter harangued them, asking why I was received so coldly by the tribe. There was a long pause till two old men cleared their throats and looked at each other, and without rising one of them spoke. "*Warya ninki Frinji*" (I say, foreigner) was the beginning of his speech, and it was translated into Hindustáni by Samanter as the old man went on.

The gist of his remarks was that the tribesmen wanted to know why I had brought all these soldiers into the Habr Gerhajis country, and whether we had come to steal cattle, for if so, we had better go back again, as they had none. There was plenty of cattle among the other tribes.

We had come, my interpreter said, on a peaceful mission, to report upon the trade routes, and to ascertain whether they were safe for caravans coming to trade in Berbera and Bulhár. There was a good deal of loud discussion among the assembled men, and then the old man who had first spoken, becoming more

friendly, said that he and his tribe knew nothing about the looting of caravans. He accused all the sub-tribes around of looting, but said the Abdul Ishák never looted, and I was to tell the Government. At that time the Abdul Ishák, Habr Gerhajis, were well known as the most persistent looters of caravans, but I promised to convey the message to the authorities, and made the old man happy. Peace was now restored, and we spent a quiet night, the Abdul Ishák sending us several vessels of milk; and in the morning we parted amicably, and continued our trip, eventually reaching Berbera.



"SAKARO" ANTELOPE.

This incident at Eil Ánod, only thirty miles from the coast, shows how little Europeans were trusted or known in the early days of the British Protectorate. Many shooting parties have been through the Habr Awal and Habr Gerhajis countries of late years, but at that time the country was quite unexplored, even close to the coast.

About a month after the Eil Ánod incident we set out from Berbera on another trip, this time going to Mandeira, and thence up the Jeráto Pass to Syk, in the high Ogo country.

I heard that the Kásin Ishák, a clan of the Habr Gerhajis, were at Syk, and expected trouble; but when we reached the Syk fig-tree we found only a few of the elders, who said that

they had received a good report of us from the Abdul Ishák clan, which had met us on the former journey at Eil Ánod, and so they had been waiting to receive us hospitably. I had left my camp at Mandeira, about fifteen hundred feet below, and had come up the Jeráto Pass with seven troopers as an escort. On reaching Berbera we marched to Bulhár along the coast-track, and on 26th April made another exploring trip to the Interior Plains, returning to Berbera and thence to Aden, where I completed my map of the Habr Awal country for Government.

In the following autumn, although not sent on duty, I obtained six weeks' leave to Somáland, on condition I would do a map of my route for Government. I was anxious to go to Zeila and make an exploration through the Gadabursi hills, coming out at the coast again at Bulhár. So far the hills between Zeila and Bulhár were unknown. On this trip I was in company with three friends, two of whom, finding game scarce, soon returned to Zeila. I held on, however, and we struck without guides through the mountains, finally reaching Dímis, near Bulhár, having traversed the last sixty miles with only three pints of water per man. This caused some suffering from thirst, which the men were able to partly alleviate at Eil Sheikh by jumping into the sea and moistening their skins. One pony died from the effects of this march the day after we reached Bulhár.

We had timed our trip at a bad season for game, and the only satisfaction which I got for fitting out a very expensive expedition, and for a good deal of hardship, was a map of hitherto unexplored country.

In 1887 I made the two big-game trips recorded in the last chapter, and in 1889 a short shooting trip to Gólis, which was of minor importance. In 1891 I was ordered to place myself at the disposal of the Resident at Aden in order to reconnoitre the trade routes in the Dolbahanta, Habr Toljaala, Jibril Abokr, Esa, and Gadabursi countries. My brother, Lieut. (now Captain) E. J. E. Swayne, 16th Bengal Infantry, whom I will call E—, was deputed to assist in the survey, and joined me at Calcutta as I passed through that place on my way from Mandalay to Aden. We reached the Somáli coast in February, and started with thirty-two Somáls and one Madras "boy." There were twenty-six baggage camels, and we each rode a camel led by a Somáli at walking pace. Going by Dubár and Sheikh, we arrived after eleven days at Alla-uli, a watering-

place in a narrow valley just behind the crest of the highest bluffs of the Gólis Range, at an elevation of six thousand feet above sea-level.

On the following day, after establishing a small camp on the top of Fodwein Bluff, we chose our theodolite station within a short distance of the edge of Fodwein, which falls several hundred feet sheer to the Mirso ledge below. This was the first of a long chain of stations for fixing the main positions on our route, by observations of the stars for azimuth and latitude, with a six-inch transit theodolite.

We remained here four days, and obtained a good azimuth on to a point on a small hill called Yirrowa, fifty-five miles away to the east of south, on the main route to the Dolbahanta country. Looking towards Yirrowa from the top of Gólis we could see only one immense expanse of dark brown bush, becoming quite blue in the distance and looking like a sea-horizon, broken only by the small hill Yirrowa, and a long, light blue line, dancing high above the horizon in the heat haze and mirage, which indicated the Bur Dab Range, two days' march beyond Yirrowa.

The whole of the country ahead was unmapped, the first European caravans to go so far south being those of Colonel Paget to the south-west of us, and of Mr. Clarke, which had gone to the interior a few days before towards the south-east. Eventually we left both these caravans far to the west.

From our elevated position, which was now 6800 feet above the sea, we had a fine view of the Maritime Ranges and Berbera Plain, and obtained a back azimuth on the Berbera Masjid tower, thirty-five miles distant. It was cold at night, the thermometer going down to 58°, with a chilling drizzle and clouds of mist which often enveloped us, making observations impossible.

On the 22nd we marched back to Upper Sheikh, and while camped near the graves at night, the mullahs from Guldu Hamed ran to us crying that looters were coming down. Men were running by, who said they were Habr Gerhajis, and that their cattle had been lifted by a neighbouring tribe. We remained under arms for awhile and then turned in. Next morning it transpired that the camels had been allowed to stray, and had afterwards been found.

We marched six miles to Dubbur, the last water before we should reach Bér, about sixty miles farther, and filled our casks. Here we entered the great wooded and undulating water-



less plains, crossing the Habr Toljaala boundary soon after leaving Dubbur, and always holding south-east. On the east a long low range of hills shut in the view, but west and south of us was one immense forest of small thorn-trees, except on the margin of the sand-rivers, where some of the *gudé* thorn-trees reached a height of fifty or sixty feet. In a river-bed, called Goité, horsemen of the Habr Gerhajis, from Bur'o, came to hold a mounted parade in our honour.

On 27th February we reached Yirrowa, and chose another theodolite station. There were several curious flat hillocks and cairns of stones, called Taalla Gálla, perched about the corners of the Yirrowa Hill, and here we got an azimuth on to Bur Dab Range, still blue in the distance.

At a thickly-wooded pasture called Bér, five miles farther, in the valley of Tug Dér, we found water at a depth of ten feet in twelve wells. Very heavy floods sometimes come down this valley, as can be seen by the large trunks of trees everywhere stranded along the cut banks of the watercourse, which is at places one hundred and fifty yards broad. The Tug Dér freshets, coming from Bur'o, pass east into the Nogal Valley, and so to the Indian Ocean.

We were told that there were always from fifty to five hundred robbers in the Bur Dab Range, and passing caravans were often looted. It has been the custom of these robbers, who belong to the Mahamud Gerád, Saad Yunis, and Músa Abokr tribes living near the coast farther east, to loot across this Bér Plain every year, going right up to Guldu Hamed. When raiding they only water their ponies once in three or four days. Near Bér we found tracks of forty horsemen, and ascertained that they were those of a Dolbahanta force, which a month before had gone to loot the Habr Gerhajis pastures at Bur'o, but had been driven back, losing three ponies.

Several ragged-looking Somális, with the usual spears and shield, came into camp and insisted on being fed; they had gone to Bur Dab to recover some camels looted from them three days before, but on reaching the mountain they had first seen vultures hovering about, and had then discovered the robbers in great force sitting over a feast of the carcasses of the stolen camels; and being afraid to attack, they had returned disheartened, hungry, thirsty, and tired. They told us that Colonel Paget and his brother had their camp near Wadama-go, ahead of us, where they were shooting lions. The Pagets had

already had one sharp skirmish with Bur Dab robbers, being obliged, we heard, to use their rifles freely in self-defence.

We reached Kirrit well, near Wadama-go, on 3rd March. There were numbers of old graves here, and the well, supposed to have been dug out of the gypsum rock by ancient Gállas, is very curious. At the mouth it is a hole twenty feet in diameter, narrowing as it descends, with a rude cross quarried out of the face. To get water, one has to descend twenty feet, and then crawl along a narrow rocky passage for thirty feet to a very deep pool, six feet wide and thirty feet long. It is quite dark, and there is a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, with which the water is impregnated from the gypsum rock. The water is disagreeable to drink, and causes diarrhoea. Robbers from Bur Dab often use this well when on their raids. The gypsum rock is very smooth and white, and in some places presents the appearance of the flagstone flooring of a cathedral, being split up into squares. The graves, which are made of these rocks, are generally plastered over with powdered gypsum.

Next day we marched across a broad tributary valley of the Nogal to a flat-topped hill called Daba Dalól, eight miles to the east. We crossed the tracks of Colonel Paget's caravan, and the next day received a note from him concerning some robbers he had taken prisoners.

Near Daba Dalól was a mullahs' village named Kob-Fardód, with a little cultivation. These people told us that the Mahamud Gerád were out against the Arasama, another sub-tribe of the Dolbahanta, and that there had been a fight, two days' march ahead on our route.

Here we had a scare among the camelmen. At noon, while the camels and horses were watering at the well, two miles from camp, under a weak guard of three riflemen, one of them ran in to say they had been attacked and the camels looted. E— went out with a portion of our escort to search for the missing camels; but they had only gone half a mile when fifteen horsemen, the supposed enemy, cantered up and shouted that they were Arasama, and that they had come three days' march to welcome us into the Dolbahanta country. They told us that more than a dozen caravans were in their country, afraid to go to Berbera on account of the Mahamud Gerád. One caravan had even gone round to Berbera by way of the Haud, preferring to go through waterless country and carry ten days' water on the camels, rather than run the risk of being

looted. They also declared that we were the first Europeans in this country, and denied all knowledge of some Italians who were reported to have already come to Bur Dab. Here we met gum-pickers, wandering about the jungle, collecting gum in sacks.

The Arasama, to whom we had given presents at Daba-Dalól, followed us through the Ain Valley, giving great annoyance by loud-voiced demands for more. Wherever we halted we were at once surrounded by a crowd of elders, clamouring for tobés. They were dragged from hand to hand, with a chorus of angry shouts, the bald-headed old chiefs looking like human vultures.

We halted at a steep, flat-topped hill called Kabr Ogádén, or the Ogádén graves, where a great Ogádén army once perished at the hands of the Dolbahanta. The whole country was dotted with Gállá cairns, one of these curious structures being visible on every hilltop. From the summit of the hill we got a splendid view of the broad Nogal Valley, and chose our theodolite station at a Gállá cairn on the highest point.

Next day, followed by the Arasama headmen, still clamouring for tobés, we marched to their great watering-place, Eil Dab (rocky well). The tribe was here in strength, with enormous droves of camels and ponies and flocks of sheep. For a mile round the wells there were clouds of dust, kicked up by the thirsty animals. The water in the wells, which are caves in gypsum rock, was very foul. Vulturine guinea-fowl abounded. We marched due south, crossing to the south side of the Nogal, but could not shake off the Arasama, who followed us on their ponies, continually demanding presents and refusing to be satisfied with what we gave. One old chief presented us with a sheep, but not liking my return present of two tobés, he crept into our zeriba at night and stole his sheep back, while a friend of his engaged the attention of our sentry.

At our Biyo Ado camp more elders from other tribes joined the Arasama, and while E—— and I were up the hill with the theodolite, they issued forth and looted some camels of the Allegiri tribe which were seen passing four miles out on the plain. They also took three men prisoners, but we eventually forced them to release both camels and prisoners. The Allegiri brought us news of a fight between the Arasama and Barkad Gerád on one side and Mahamud Gerád on the other, in which the latter were successful.

Next day, while we were away watering our ponies, the Arasama issued from our camp, and chasing two Allegiri, whom

they had seen from the hill, brought them in as hostages for exchange with some looted camels. Finding the prisoners on our return we released them, and after turning all the Arasama elders neck and crop out of camp, we gave out that we intended to be friends with all tribes and would not be mixed up in their quarrels.

Followed by a large number of avaricious elders, we marched north-east to Badwein, where we found more wells, and a large tank of water, four hundred yards in circumference, with perpendicular sides forty feet deep, supposed to have been excavated in the limestone rocks by ancient Gállas; but the water was utterly unfit for human consumption. Ruins, which rise half smothered from among a tangle of aloes and thorn-jungle close by, cover an area of forty thousand square yards, and in some of the houses the walls are still ten feet high. E—— rode into a large house or temple, to find it two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, divided by a number of partition walls. They are built of limestone, much decomposed by rains, and are supposed to be the work of the Gállas, but no one knows who built them. Some of the Somális say they date back to the time of a race before the Gállas. The people at Badwein had just come from Gosaweina, driven from there through fear of the Mahamud Gerád, and we were assured we should certainly be attacked by that tribe if we held to our determination of going to Gosaweina. We were further told that the plains were very open and the horsemen "as numerous as the sand," and that some years ago a force of natives armed with one hundred matchlocks had been completely wiped out there by a night attack.

Marching eastward, we soon entered the open grass plains, where we saw the smouldering zeribas of the Arasama and Barkad Gerád sub-tribes, which had fled before the Mahamud Gerád. The next day we held across the open plains to Gosaweina, and had scarcely started when a party of horsemen was seen halted on some low hills to the north! We, however, kept straight on, and the horsemen, constantly increasing in numbers, followed, moving parallel to us on the higher ground.

Without halting the camels, we whistled the men up, and they formed line, and moved out to protect the caravan. The horsemen came towards us at a gallop, but pulled up on our running with a few men towards them. On getting up to them my men were greatly relieved in their minds to find that instead

of the terrible Mahamud Gerád, they were a detachment of the Arasama and Barkad Gerád, who had been out protecting their flocks and herds at Eil Dab and Badwein by scouting for the Mahamud Gerád. They followed us to Gosaweina, clamouring for cloth, and hobbling their horses, they made a bivouac on the plain with us at night. We did not light fires, not wishing to attract the Mahamud Gerád. The horsemen told us that rain had fallen in the plain to the north, below Bur Dab, and that at Waredad there was a pool full of water.

We had now mapped the Dolbahanta country to the head of the Nogal Valley, and the time had arrived for our return to the coast. We ran the gauntlet of the begging Arasama elders back to Eil Dab, and then struck due south, crossing Bur Dab Range by a pass called Laba Gardai, which descended into the Waredad Plain below. While we were in camp at Eil Dab some of our escort, losing patience, began firing with blank cartridge at the excited mob of Arasama who were pressing round camp demanding tobies. The elders brought in what they declared to be a wounded man, and made the occurrence the text for a further demand that we should pay blood-money or fight the tribe; but we found it was only an old half-healed scar, and laughed at them.

A trading caravan, anxious to go to Berbera, but fearing the robbers who infest Bur Dab, took advantage of our protection for the next few days. In this caravan the women were to the men as six to one, and had it been attacked when alone it would have fallen an easy prey to a small party of raiders. To place so much valuable property almost entirely in the charge of defenceless women is putting temptation in the way of the robber bands, and often the owners have only themselves to blame.

We reached Arregéd, a deep ravine in the middle of the Bur Dab Range, and during the night two men were seen skulking in the bush near camp. On the 20th, taking three men and a theodolite, I ascended Bur Dab, and choosing a station for star observations, spent the night on the top of the hill. In the morning before descending to camp we explored the interior of the range, and found that all the plateaux of which it was formed dropped sheer down into a large basin seamed by watercourses and tunnelled everywhere by caves. The regularity of the strata and their water-worn appearance led us to believe Bur Dab to be composed of limestone, and not a volcano, as stated

by some Italian travellers. Possibly they confounded Bur Dab and Bur Dáb, the former meaning "rocky hill," and the latter "hill of fire." The caves inside afford a retreat for robbers, who are said never to leave the mountain.

On going down to camp I found that E—— and his followers had been kept on the alert throughout the night by men prowling round. They were visible in the moonlight, but E—— would allow no firing, as they made off whenever he went to see who they were. On our return to Berbera we heard that fifty robbers had reconnoitred our Arregéd camp, and had made off westward for Kirrit, thinking we had come to Bur Dab to look for them. Having been severely handled in their attack on Colonel Paget's party, they did not care to come into collision with Europeans again. Further native information was given us regarding this attack, it being reported that the robbers had lost three killed and ten wounded. As we did not visit Colonel Paget's camp, we could hear no reliable account of what happened.

Marching through the Habr Toljaala country, we reached the eastern continuation of Gólis Range and descended by the Huguf Pass. Near Huguf we divided our caravan into two parts; I marched to Berbera *via* Karam, while E—— ascended Wagar Mountain, two days' march to the west of Huguf, to take observations. He marched over steep rolling ground, gradually ascending, and then through a narrow gorge to Sisai, at the back of Wagar. Sisai is a grassy hollow between the two principal peaks of Wagar, which are called by different names, the peak to the east being Bakáwa, and the one to the west, and highest, Tawáwur (nearly seven thousand feet). Everywhere the hills are clothed with thick vegetation, and the grass is succulent and green, and many fat cattle of the Mahomed Esa were seen. The trees are chiefly mountain cedar and *hassádan*, a kind of euphorbia, affording a dense shade. The party ascended Tawáwur from Sisai by a good path, passing through heavy timber of cedar and *hassádan*, the soil everywhere being hidden by the rich vegetation. About half-way up the party reached a long glade of green grass two feet high, which wetted them to the knees as they walked through. At the side of this glade the cedar-trees were straight, and starting with a girth of from ten to fifteen feet, rose to a height of ninety to one hundred feet, the *hassádan* trees attaining a height of about seventy feet. Opening out from this glade in



all directions were excellent paths through the forest made by elephants, and plunging into one of them, they reached the top of Tawáwur. They climbed on to an enormous boulder capping the top. Looking over a vast expanse of white clouds, they waited for them to clear away, but after four hours a fog came up and necessitated a retreat. E— saw countless varieties of birds, and heard the voice of a panther in the valley, and at times koodoo could be heard crashing through the jungle as the party advanced. About thirty varieties of flowers were gathered, of great beauty.

E— made two ascents of Tawáwur and one of Bakáwa, and working down the spurs of Bergéli, he reached camp at Asseil. It was very cold at night at Sisai, and the temperature throughout the day was 70°, except at noon, when it rose to 78° Fahr. E— then descended again with his caravan to the plain below Huguf, and marching to the coast, reached Berbera a few days before I arrived by the coast route from Karam.

The expedition to the Dolbahanta country was followed by a second to the Jibril Abokr sub-tribe of the Habr Awal, living in the hills north-west of Hargeisa and in the open plains near the Harar border. We took twenty-three men, of whom sixteen carried rifles, and twenty-four camels. The caravan left Berbera on 21st May, going south-west. We made a moonlight march to Nasíya tree in the Maritime Plain. Next day we came upon an immense cloud of locusts, which were seen daily till the 26th, often darkening the sky.

On the 28th we ascended a plateau under the crest of Gán Libah,<sup>1</sup> which is the farthest west of the Gólis bluffs, and a conspicuous landmark; it was on the highest point of Gán Libah, at an elevation of six thousand feet, that we chose our theodolite station. We climbed the mountain to a point some four miles south of the edge of the bluff, and camped; and next morning I made an exploration through the cedar-forests to the highest point, from which the whole of the low country to the north can be seen, including Berbera and Bulhár. I found, however, that owing to the steep nature of the ground, it would be impossible to get the theodolite uninjured to the station we had chosen. We subsequently found the three points, Berbera, Bulhár, and Gán Libah, nearly formed an equilateral triangle, with a side of about forty-two miles.

The distance covered by the exploration was only eight

<sup>1</sup> Literally "Lion Hand Mountain."

miles, but it occupied five hours, as the mountain was cut up by deep ravines, while the high trees, growing close together and festooned with creepers, obstructed the path. At the edge of the bluffs are cliffs on every side, and a beautiful jungle with a great variety of flowers and plants, especially luxuriant maiden-hair fern, and mosses. We struck camp and made for the lower plateau, losing ourselves among a network of steep ravines, but eventually reached a plain from which stood out a rounded rock called Dagah Kaburáleh, and we camped in a grassy hollow at its foot.

Later on we struck south through the *khansa* jungle to Bér in Khansa. E— saw a lioness, but she bounded into the long grass before he had a chance of getting a shot. Leaving him at the Bér camp, I made a reconnaissance into the open prairie of Toyo, sleeping out two nights without a tent, and shooting for the first time two hartebeests, afterwards described by Dr. Sclater as Swayne's Hartebeest (*Bubalis swaynei*). Returning to Bér, and finding E— gone, I followed in his tracks, and halted for the night at a pasture called Taláwa-yér, among the karias of the Kásin Ishák, Habr Gerhajis. As I was riding ahead of the caravan, towards sunset, looking out for a dead tree near which to camp, and so save labour in collecting firewood, some karia people came running to report that a panther had just struck down a goat, and been driven off by the herd-boys. I ordered the men to pitch camp and walked over to the body of the goat. We built a screen of boughs two feet high, taking ten minutes over the work, and then, with the setting sun scorching our backs, I sat down with my two hunters behind the screen, and only five yards from the goat. Several men, who had helped us to make the brushwood screen, then walked away towards camp, purposely talking aloud to lead the brute to suppose we had all gone together; when they were only a hundred yards away I looked towards the goat and saw the panther standing over it, his tail towards me. I fired, and hit him high on the left side, the bullet raking forward, when he rolled over. On looking under the smoke I finished him with a second shot as he lay twisting and growling in the grass; and we carried him to camp and skinned him by firelight. This was the first panther I bagged, though I had seen many. At dawn I continued the march, and arrived at my brother's halting-place before noon.

We made several marches westward, and on 8th June

reached Hargeisa. This town is built some five hundred yards from the right bank of the Aleyadéra nala, and at an elevation of thirty or forty feet above it. Round the place is a patch of *jowári* cultivation, two and a half miles long and a quarter of a mile broad. Quantities of live stock of all kinds graze on the low undulating hills for half a mile from the Aleyadéra nala on either bank. Hargeisa is situated on two important caravan routes, one from Ogádén and the other from Harar. There are good direct camel-roads to Berbera and Bulhár. Supplies of rice, tobacco, and dates can sometimes be bought here in the trading season. Some four hundred people are employed looking after the *jowári* fields, and may be seen sitting on platforms, shouting and throwing stones to scare birds from the crops. There is abundance of good water in the bed of the river, and a masonry well has been built, and is kept in order by an Arab from Aden. The town is full of blind and lame people, who are under the protection of Sheikh Mattar and his mullahs. The soil is red alluvial earth with a thin layer of fine sand on the top, and is no better than what we had seen in the Tug Dér valley, at Bér, and in the Haud. *Jowári* crops flourish here as they would in most of the higher tracts of Somáland, if the people were not in a chronic state of petty warfare, and cared to cultivate.

At the time of our visit great anxiety was felt because the Abyssinians occupying Harar had threatened to attack Hargeisa, and had already exacted tribute of cattle from some clans of the Jibril Abokr, Habr Awal. Sheikh Mattar told us that he thought if the Abyssinians came down they would choose the time of the harvest, six weeks later.

From Hargeisa we continued our journey westwards, camping at Abbárso. Our tents were pitched five yards apart at this camp, and as I was sitting outside in the balmy air, enjoying the quiet moonlight scene, I observed a panther crouching under the outer fly of E——'s tent, evidently stalking something in the centre of the camp. Diving quickly into my own tent for a loaded rifle, I came out again, only to find the panther had sprung into the centre of the camp and seized a milk-goat. There had been a crowd of men sleeping round the goat, and to get at it he had leaped over them, placing his paw upon the face of my brother's cook, without, however, injuring him. On the sentry running towards him with the butt of his Snider rifle raised to strike, the brute dropped the goat and discreetly sprang over some men and out of the zeríba, and then sneaked

away. The same goat was killed by another panther springing into camp a few nights later.

We separated our caravans on 14th June, meeting again at Ujawáji on the 17th, among the karias of the Rer Yunis Jibril, Jibril Abokr. The great subject of conversation among the natives here was the expected approach of an Abyssinian force, mounted scouts having been thrown out by the tribes, and news coming in daily.

Near Ujawáji the country gradually became more grassy and open, the thorn-bushes being only thinly scattered about the plain. We passed a tree called "Mattan," which was a conspicuous landmark, and two miles beyond a long hazy yellow line marked the commencement of the *ban* or open grass plain, called the Marar prairie. It was first crossed by Burton, and is mentioned in *First Footsteps in East Africa*. A conspicuous rock, called "Moga Medir," or "Jifa Medir" (Moga's eye-tooth of Burton), lay ten miles to the west of us on the edge of the bush. On the evening of our arrival at Ujawáji we went out to shoot hartebeests to provide meat for the men. As we left camp the bushes gave place to low scrub, and this soon ended also. Then a curious scene presented itself. As far as the eye could reach was an unbroken plain of rolling yellow grass, rising gradually toward the north, and bounded twenty miles off in that direction by a waving blue line of hills running along the horizon, and here and there disappearing below it.

The plains were covered with the camels and ponies of the Rer Dollol and Rer Yunis Jibril sub-tribes, the number of animals giving one the idea of a swarm of locusts moving over the ground. Everything showed up dark against the background of yellow grass, and single bull hartebeests, knee-deep in grass, were wandering between the droves of camels, looking like black dots in the distance. Beyond the masses of domestic animals we could see, far out on the plains, long dark lines, which, by using the glasses, we made out to be vast herds of hartebeests, beisa, and Sømmerring's gazelles. The rich soil, of a reddish brown colour, is here and there undermined by burrowing animals and caved in, making galloping dangerous. The white ants had built up the earth into ant-hills, whose spires, from ten to twenty feet high, were dotted over the plain. We shot two hartebeests, both good bulls, and returned to camp with the meat and trophies, being caught by a heavy downpour of rain on the way.

Early next morning we had to witness a great equestrian display by the Rer Dollol and Yunis Jibril horsemen, given in our honour. After the *dibáltig* they told us there had been fighting at some wells near us the day before, the Gadabursi having attacked them from the west, killing one man and wounding another; and also that an elephant had been killed, not far away, by Midgáns, with poisoned arrows.

We had promised the Jibril Abokr that we would wait at Ujawáji to hear further news of the Abyssinians, and to record the complaints of the elders, for submission to Government; meanwhile, having been told by the horsemen in the morning that lions were numerous in the Jifa bush, we resolved to go and look for them there, taking with us the camp. The Jibril Abokr lent us horsemen to help us search for lion-tracks, and we started ahead of the caravan, sitting on camels led by gun-bearers.

We got away from camp late in the morning, and besides the men we had engaged, we were followed by a crowd of horsemen, anxious to witness our shooting, and to come in for a share of any venison we might obtain on the plains between Ujawáji and Jifa. Soon we found ourselves in the open, masses of game giving way before us as we advanced. The size of the party prevented our coming within close range, but we wounded a bull hartebeest, and E—, mounting one of the Somáli ponies, gave chase, with a hog-spear in his hand. The hartebeest is known to be the most enduring of the antelopes, having a long and untiring stride, and though E— circled round the horizon, followed by two horsemen, at a great pace, it gradually increased its distance, and finally disappeared into one of the wave-like dips of the ground.

Presently a party of horsemen appeared galloping towards us, now and then hidden by the rolling ground, and arriving in front of our party they circled their ponies, and giving the complimentary "*Mót!*" came up and shook hands. They informed us that they had marked down three lions in the grass, on the plain, eight miles away in the Jifa direction; and assured us the lions would be found in the same place, as six horsemen had been placed to form a cordon round them, and they would be afraid to move from the shelter of a patch of rather high grass. The men said that these lions must have been living within the edge of the Jifa bush, prowling out on the great plains at night in order to stalk the herds of antelopes, and that they must have killed something the night before, and being gorged and lazy, the break of

day had caught them while still in the open, on their way back to the bush to lie up for the day. These horsemen had been on their way to Ujawáji from Jifa to perform the *dibáltig* at our camp, but seeing the lions, and knowing that we were keen to get at them, they had circled them in, and compelled them to sit down on the plain and wait for us. Posting six vedettes, they had then come to give the news.

It was now about one o'clock and very hot, but we pressed on, resisting all temptation to fire at any of the game around for fear of disturbing the lions; for a shot can be heard at a great distance on these plains. Towards four o'clock we saw one of the vedettes looming out of the haze, and then another. It was, however, a long time before we could make out the lions, which the men were pointing out. They were five hundred yards away, trying to take shelter from the pitiless sun in a patch of grass about two feet high; all we could see being two indistinct dark spots half hidden in grass, and on one of these moving slightly, we recognised it to be the head of a remarkably fine lion. Beyond the lions, more than half a mile away, was another horseman, sitting motionless in the saddle, and looking like a waving palm-tree, the horse's legs appearing elongated in the haze and mirage.

The Somális who had been watching the brutes said they had been in this spot all day, getting up to roar now and then, but, knowing by experience the powers of the Somáli horsemen in the open, they had not attempted to make a bolt towards the bush, which loomed up in a quivering blue line some ten miles to the north. Considering the heat of the sun, and that they had neither food nor water, these horsemen had stuck to the lions with great perseverance, and we felt that we owed it to them to crown their hard work by straight shooting.

We guessed that the brutes must be in an uncommonly bad temper after having been kept out in the full glare of the sun for ten hours: for lions like to sleep under the shade of dense bush during the heat of the day. The grass in this part of the plain was fresh and green, and looked almost like an English lawn, there having been rain about three weeks previous. We dismounted, and my brother and I, each accompanied by a Somáli, walked towards the lions.

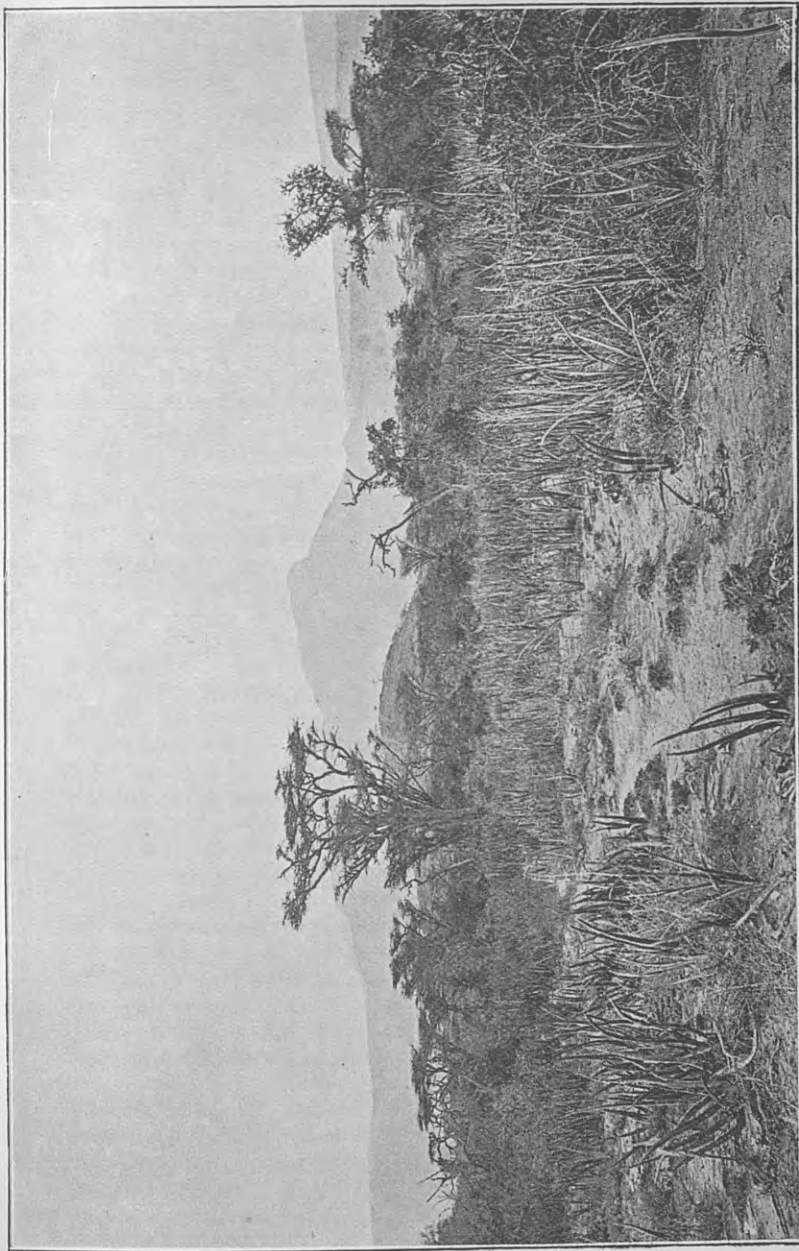
The account of what followed is taken partly from what I saw, and partly from E—'s verbal description; for, being unconscious part of the time, I was not in a condition to know all that passed.



As we approached within two hundred and fifty yards there was a commotion in the grass—a fine black-maned lion sprang out, and was immediately followed by another, nearly as large, but with a yellow mane. They both stood up and looked back at us for a moment and then trotted away. We walked after them, hoping they would lie down again; but as we passed to the right of the patch of grass where they had been lying, at about a hundred yards' distance, I saw a lioness stretched out flat, with her head between her paws. She was facing us, and as we passed she rose for a moment, and then glanced towards the retreating lions, but crouched down again, her head just visible above the grass, and never ceased growling savagely. We went straight on at the same pace, till we were between her and the line of retreat. She was growling louder and louder, and I walked across her front to get a chance at her left shoulder, while E— stood ready, when she rose, to fire at her chest. We stood seventy yards apart, the lioness being seventy yards from each of us, our three positions thus forming an equilateral triangle. The lioness moved, and E—, calling out that he could see her chest, immediately fired.

The bullet hit her too high, and, as we afterwards found out, in the withers clear of the spine, the wound causing her to spin round like a top several times in a cloud of red dust, as if hunting her own tail, so that I could see nothing to fire at. From the disturbance in the grass and the savage growls, we decided she must be mortally hit, and were preparing to walk up to her, when suddenly from the obscuring dust she came out, charging for me at full speed. She ran extended along the ground, like a greyhound, and came so fast that I had only time to raise my rifle, and when the bead of the foresight was somewhere under her chin, I fired. Quickly shifting my finger to the left trigger when she was only five yards away, I pulled again, and then jumped to one side, the rifle still at my shoulder. I remember nothing more, except that her head came through the smoke and I was half-conscious of being lifted off my feet and sent flying through the air, with the lioness hanging on to my shoulder, growling horribly!

On coming to, I found that I was standing up streaming with blood, and E— and the two hunters were helping me off with my shirt, the lioness lying dead on the grass at my feet. There were eight deep fang wounds in my right arm and



JUNGLE OF "HIG" ALOES AND "GUDA" THORN-TREES.  
Henweina Valley, Gán-Libah Mountain in the distance. (From a Photograph by the Author.)

shoulder.<sup>1</sup> My brother probed them with a bit of stick wrapped in a shred of tobe; and then we looked around for the lions, and saw that they were no longer visible; but E—— said that all the horsemen had followed them, intending to ride them to a standstill and force them to come to bay.

My wounds, owing probably to the severe shock and weakness from loss of blood, gave me no pain, and when a Somáli came galloping back and offered my brother a pony, saying that the lions had come to a standstill, I begged him not to bother, but to try and bag the big black one. I remember hearing E—— gallop away, and then I must have fainted.

When I came to again, I saw my hunter, Jáma, sitting near me on the body of the lioness, unconcernedly scrubbing his teeth with a bit of *athei* stick. He said he had been waiting for me to wake, and to tell him what was to be done next. The other "Sahib" had gone away, but Jáma had heard a distant shot, and concluded he must have come up with the lions again. But he advised me to wait for the caravan, which he could see coming over the plain from the east, and mount a camel before trying to go any farther.

When it came up, all the men crowded round, with horror on their faces, and asked which of the Sahibs had been killed, but I got up and said, "Neither," and mounting a camel, directed the camelman to follow the hoof-marks of the ponies in the turf. How I managed to sit on the camel in my weak and dazed condition, I do not know. I must have dozed, for the next thing I saw was a group of dismounted horsemen in front of my camel, and my brother standing over the most splendid black-maned lion I have ever beheld.

I attribute my not having stopped the lioness to the fact that I had been shooting with a very good .577 double rifle, but in the course of our journeys the triggers had become rather stiff, making me jerk them off; and both bullets, going low, had passed through the brute's right foot, making small clean wounds, without expanding. E——, who had his gun open and was pushing in a fresh cartridge, had been horrified to see both my shots strike the ground beyond the lioness.

Our two hunters, unlike most Somális, who are not generally a bit afraid of lions, had retired to a little distance. E—— said that after firing the second shot I had jumped to the right in a

<sup>1</sup> Although at the present time I am not much inconvenienced by the wounds, my right arm and shoulder are very deeply scarred.



perfectly collected manner, but the lioness had slewed round her tail like the rudder of a boat, and slightly changing her course, had hit me like a battering-ram and sent me head over heels. The stock of the rifle was afterwards found to be badly smashed, either against my shoulder or by falling on the ground, and a patch of skin off her nose showed where the muzzle had apparently caught her as I held the gun at the "present" after firing. There was also an extensive bruise, about the size of the recoil pad, on my right shoulder. The lioness lay on me, shaking me savagely and grabbing at my arm, and E—, finding he could not fire without the chance of hitting me, decreased his distance at a run from seventy yards to only five; she then came for him with a grunt, and he stretched her dead at his feet with a bullet in the chest.

When my brother, having left me in the care of my hunter Jáma, galloped after the other horsemen, he found them halted round a tuft of high grass, having run the lion to a standstill. The horse was the one he had ridden when chasing the hartebeest, and had become lazy from the heat of the sun. The saddle was an uncomfortable double-peaked Somáli one, and the stirrups being only intended for the big toe, were of course useless to him. Thus sorrowfully equipped, E— walked the horse forward cautiously towards the tuft of grass, and while he was still sixty yards off, the lion poked up his great head to have a look at him. E— pulled in, and, dropping the reins, took a shot into the grass where he judged the lion's chest to be. The brute promptly came on, and E— had only time to pick up the reins in a bunch, turn the pony round, and try to get him to move by belabouring him over the quarters with the barrels of his rifle, when the lion arrived! My brother escaped, however, unharmed, for before he could get into position to fire, the lion pulled up, and fell over on his side gasping; and the next moment he was dead. When we cut him open we found that the shot fired when in the tuft of grass had entered his chest, and when we held the heart up to the light a jagged hole showed where a piece of lead had passed through it. Yet he had galloped fifty yards, and nearly made good his charge before giving in.

We sent a camel for the lioness, and laying the two carcasses side by side, pitched camp close by. Some starving people, who had wandered from Harar, were glad to make a meal off the carrion. The third lion escaped, as the Jibril Abokr horsemen,

feeling that while we were in the country they were responsible for our safety, and shocked at the state I was in, refused to take my brother after him. On the day after the accident we were delayed in the morning by the bandaging and doctoring which I had to go through. The only thing we had with us was coconut oil, which we had brought for the lamps of the theodolite, and I do not think its application did the wounds much good.

In the plain round the tents, a quarter of a mile away, were brown and gray masses entirely composed of hartebeests and beisa, and nearer were a few solitary bulls, which loomed up on the swelling ground and disappeared in the hollows; their shoulders being much higher than the quarters, and the legs hidden in the grass, they appeared to be sitting up. We counted seventeen ostriches as they suddenly appeared out of the haze, and passed in single file, at a great pace, half a mile off.

In the evening, the sky being overcast and the air cooler, we marched five miles towards Bottor wells, on the direct road to Gebili. Next day we got off the open *ban* into the thorn-jungle, and descended into a grassy hollow at the head of the Bottor Valley. Here there were numbers of high birch-trees covered with kites' nests—a noticeable feature of this valley and easily seen from a distance, the upper branches being bare and the nests looking like globe signals.

The Ujawáji people, on hearing of my accident, sent several messengers to inquire how I was getting on, and horsemen came from most of the Jibril Abokr clans pasturing in the neighbourhood, to *dibáltig* to us before our start for the coast. We held a council of elders, when the complaints against Abyssinia were taken down for transmission to Government.

All these elders professed great personal friendship for ourselves. They said they had been asked for tribute by the Abyssinian leader Banagúsé and had refused it, and were now expecting that a force would be sent against them. The tribe had therefore retreated across the Marar Plain from their pastures, near the curious conical Subbul hills, which could be seen twenty miles away rising out of the plain; and they had been obliged to graze their animals on the poorer pasture at Ujawáji. The elders said that the Abyssinians had pushed out and built a fort at Jig-Jiga, about forty miles south of us, within the farther edge of the Marar Prairie.

On 21st June we passed through Gebili, and reached a spot in thick jungle with aloe undergrowth, called Armadader. On



pitching camp here in the evening we found fresh elephant tracks, and E— followed them, returning after dark, having killed a bull with one shot from my four-bore.

We continued our survey through the mountainous Jibril Abokr country towards the coast, running the gauntlet of the Rer Haréd clan, at that time very turbulent and defiant towards the British. We had several night alarms, being surrounded by Rer Haréd spies during our march, but were not attacked.

By the end of June my wounds were beginning to become very troublesome, my right arm swelling to the size of a small sand-bag, from the shoulder to the wrist, and giving me great pain. Travelling became almost unendurable, the sterile, broken hills being fearfully hot, the temperature rising to over 110° in the shade at certain places. We had now descended to the low coast country, where the south-west wind of the *Haga* season was at its height, blowing day and night with great fury. It was impossible to put up a tent at night, and the sand got into eyes and ears, and stung our faces and necks in a most disagreeable manner as we marched. The only way to obtain any sleep was to pile the baggage into a heap and lie under the lee of it.

Since leaving Ujawáji E— had sole charge of the survey, as I was unable to take observations. When we were still ninety miles from Bulhár, fearing that any longer delay in getting medical help might bring on blood-poisoning, I left E— in charge of the expedition, and mounting a camel, accompanied by a few of my servants, made for Bulhár by forced marches, reaching the village on 1st July, twelve days after the accident. Here I was glad to find a hospital assistant, a native of India, who looked after the wounds and put me in a fair way to recovery, so that the necessity of going to Aden was obviated. I was never under the care of a qualified doctor, and was able to go on with the mapping at Berbera, and to start on an expedition to the Gadabursi country on 10th September, the wounds having just healed. This record of our Jibril Abokr trip shows what an advantage it is to have another European with one in the interior, for I feel sure the lioness would have finished me if my brother had not come promptly to the rescue, and but for his unremitting care after the accident I think I should never have reached the coast.

On our next expedition for the survey of the Gadabursi country, our route, skirting to the north of Hargeisa, passed through Gebili. We crossed the path taken by a powerful force

of the Rer Haréd, Jibril Abokr, who were out raiding the Bahgoba sub-tribe, and I came upon some of the robbers in rather a curious manner.

Our caravan was marching from Gebili to a small hill called Bohol-Káwulu, while with four hunters I took a short-cut across a deep valley, the direct distance being four and a half miles. We had passed the Gebili sand-river and were working our way up some low foothills, intersected by deep narrow ravines having perpendicular sides, and choked with thorn-jungle, when I observed about fifty vultures circling over a tributary gully. Thinking a lion might have killed a koodoo, we made our way towards the place, and found ourselves at the foot of a platform of ground with nearly perpendicular sides, about forty feet high. It was above this little plateau that the vultures were circling, and climbing noiselessly up I peeped over, expecting to see some dead game.

Instead of this, about thirty yards away were some fifteen men sitting in a circle round a fire eating camel meat, which they had been roasting, the carcass of a camel lying close by. One of the men saw my head above the edge of the platform, and all of them, giving a look of horror, snatched up their spears and shields and bolted, only a few having the presence of mind to take away pieces of meat! I jumped up and shouted to them to stop, but they disappeared; and soon afterwards we obtained a glimpse of their white tobes as they topped a crag a mile away, still running hard, after which we never saw them again.

We saw vultures several times during the next two marches, and once again I came to a smouldering fire and roasting meat, which had been thrown down in a hurry. The vultures had been circling and screaming above the place, but as we approached they all slanted down one after another, wings extended and motionless, and legs hanging perpendicularly, showing, in the language of the jungle, that human beings, or perhaps a lion, had been keeping them from the meat.

Two of our men, who had lagged behind the caravan, saw another party of twenty men running along with camel meat slung over their shoulders. All these parties were Rer Haréd robbers who had been engaged in the late raid, and were retiring in groups with the stolen Bahgoba camels. The raiding tribe always attacks unexpectedly in a concentrated force, but on the return journey through the enemy's country splits up into small parties, taking to the most hilly ground, and hiding in the

deepest gullies to avoid observation. Our men were always very nervous while in the neighbourhood of these robbers; and at our night camp at Bohol-Káwulu our Jibril Abokr guide, rattling his spears together, shouted out a long speech into the darkness, telling any lurking robbers that we had guns and, being very powerful, were not fair game. The performance was gone through quite gravely, all the other men maintaining silence.

When we entered the Gadabursi country we were visited in camp at Egu by a party of elephant-hunters, who rode up and said they had taken us for looters and had come to reconnoitre. We reached the Harasáwa Valley, which was very beautifully wooded, the undergrowth of red and yellow flowering aloes harmonising with the light green masses of the *ergín* plant, the dull yellow-ochre of the dry grass, and the darker blue-green of the thorn and *hassádan*<sup>1</sup> trees. On the evening of 25th September we passed, near Sattáwa, the karias of Ugaz Núr, till lately the paramount chief of the Gadabursi tribe. This was the most suitable place we had yet seen for experimental cultivation, the Sattáwa Valley having a fertile appearance, with deep alluvial earth and very rank vegetation.

As we halted at Sattáwa, at sunset, to form camp, there appeared on the scene Ugaz Núr, his son, and forty spearmen. He stayed in camp all night, and told us not to go to Biyo-Kabóba in the Esa country, which lay ahead of us, as he said the place was full of Abyssinian soldiers, who were building a fort there, and would be likely to attack us. Núr was believed to be an arch-scoundrel, and intriguing with the Abyssinians, and we were inclined to think he gave us this advice to prevent our inspecting the fort. He was then in disgrace with the British authorities because he had captured an Italian traveller and held him to ransom. He had just been displaced from the Ugazship, and his brother Elmy had been made paramount chief of the Gadabursi in his stead. While we were in his camp we heard that his brother Elmy was marching against him with a force from Zeila; and soon afterwards I received an Arabic letter from Elmy himself asking me to help him attack Núr, or, at any rate, lend some rifles. One of the Ugaz's sons, a youth with a large shield, a mop of hair, and two shovel-headed spears, gained some importance in camp by strutting about taking frequent oaths that he would kill Mr. Sala, an Italian traveller, when he met him.

<sup>1</sup> Euphorbia.

We left the Gadabursi and entered the Esa country, cautiously skirting Biyo-Kabóba without going to the wells. We found the Esa tribes in a state of ferment because of the fort the Abyssinians were building.

At 3 P.M. on 30th September, at Arroweina, there arrived a grizzly-bearded old patriarch called Múduñ Golab, an Akil of the Odabghub, Rer Gédi, Esa Ad.<sup>1</sup> He made an impressive speech, saying, "It is a lie that any of the Esa countenance the Abyssinian occupation of Biyo-Kabóba. We all hate them and do not want them. The English and the Esa are brothers, and we are the subjects of your Government. So we ask you now to rid us of these intruders. They wish to treat us as they treated the Géri, to seize our flocks, kill our people, and burn our karias. They wish to settle in our country and oust us. We will not have it." He said that the Esa were encamped round the Biyo-Kabóba fort, and that they were holding a council, one party, consisting chiefly of young men, wishing to attack at once. He asked us to wait and hear the result of the council, and convey news to the British authorities.

On 2nd October, the council not yet having come to a decision, we continued our journey through the sterile trap country to the north, and then turning to the east, skirted the Bur Ad Range as far as Ali Maan before again turning north for the march to Zeila.

On 5th October, as we were arriving, late on a dark night, at Hemál under the Bur Ad Range, we got into very dense and high *gudá* forest, bordering the edge of the Hemál sand-river. Our camels were pushing their way through the centre of this when we heard the scream of an elephant about a hundred yards to our left, followed by that of another a little in-front. The caravan bunched up in the narrow path, and we all held our breath to listen. Our elephant-rifle was carefully packed up in one of the camel-loads; the jungle was stirring all round us as the herd moved off. They seemed to have gone away, and the camels had begun to resume their march, when we were thrown into confusion by hearing a crash, as some old cow—for it is generally these that are the most vicious—charged towards us with a scream, and then stood a short distance away behind a tree. Some of the men whispered that they could see her, but though my brother and I strained our eyes to the

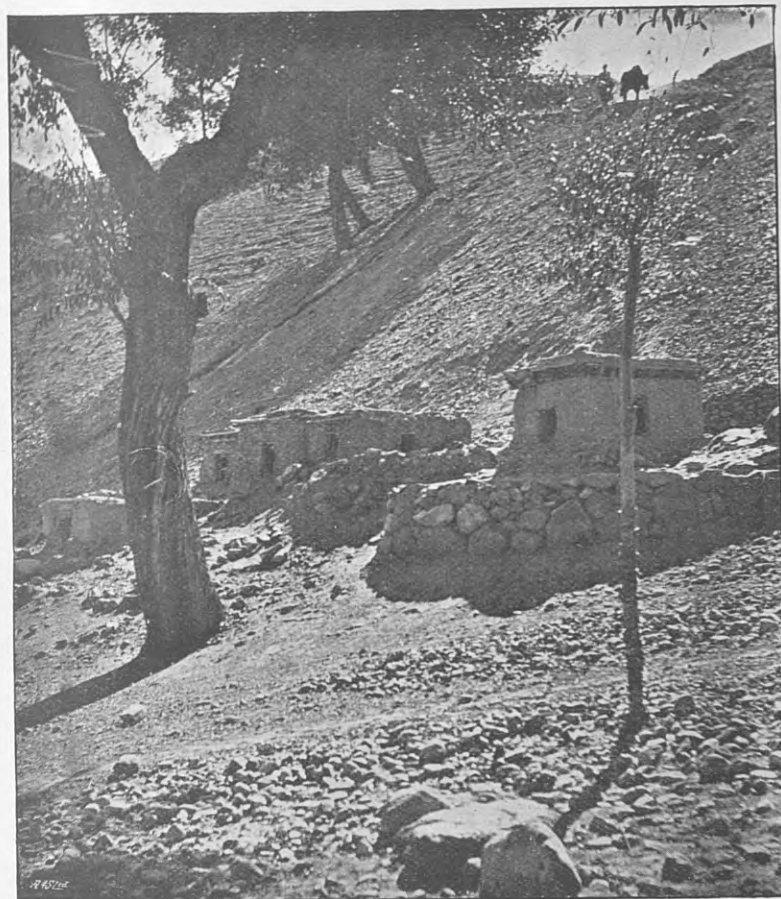
<sup>1</sup> The Esa sub-tribes are grouped into two great divisions—the Esa Ad or White Esa, and the Esa Madóba or Black Esa.

utmost, we could see nothing. At last we moved away from the uncanny spot, and as no further incident happened, we concluded the elephant which last trumpeted must have been covering the retreat of the herd, and have stolen away silently after the others.

Next day my brother went after these elephants, and stalked in amongst them by creeping through a high grass glabe, but finding they were all cows and young ones he did not molest them. Meanwhile half a dozen sword-hunters, of mixed tribes, came to our camp. One of these was a Gadabursi, another a Habr Awal, and the rest Ogádèn. Their ponies were excellent, and better than any we had yet seen among the Gadabursi. They were after the elephants which my brother had been stalking; and while in our camp they described their method of working. Like the Hamran Arabs described by Sir Samuel Baker in his *Nile Tributaries*, they ride after the elephant and hamstring him with a sword, one man keeping in front on a white horse to attract the elephant's attention. I believe the Somális use the sword while at full gallop, without springing to the ground, but of this I am not certain. The sabres we saw seemed to be light single-handed ones, an old Egyptian blade being strapped to a bone handle by means of raw hide. These men said they had killed twelve elephants during the last two months,—eleven bulls and one cow,—and that since their party began hunting the year before, two men had been killed by the elephants.

We continued our journey from Hemál to Ali Maan, where I shot a fine koodoo bull. At Ali Maan we separated into two parties. I marched to Bulhár by Kebri Bahr, while my brother marched to Zeila, reaching that port on 19th October. At Buk Gého he bagged, with one shot, a bull elephant, a fine tusker.

The record of these Government explorations undertaken between 1885 and 1891 shows how steadily British influence has been advancing. At the time of my first visits to the coast none of the routes in Guban was safe to travel on without a powerful escort, except the track along the sea-shore from Bulhár to Berbera. All this is changed now, for such is the confidence which Somális have in our countrymen, that Englishmen exploring in the interior make small payments for sheep, milk, or other supplies, by writing on scraps of paper, to be afterwards presented at the coast; and these "chits" have all the value



ON THE MULE-TRACK, NEAR HARAR.

*From a Photograph by the Author.*



of money, although they may have been given by an Englishman who is a perfect stranger, at a distance of two hundred miles inland. The possession of a bit of paper written on in English is believed to guarantee the safety of the bearer's life, and we have often been begged for scraps of paper by men who wished to go alone by a short cut through disturbed territory.

The Somális have no quarrel with the English; even should a serious cause of dispute arise, there is far too much hereditary jealousy between tribe and tribe for them to combine. It is true the Esa caused trouble a few years ago by their raid on Bulhár, but this raid was directed against the Habr Awal, and not against the British. The punishment which they received from us, by their own showing, turns out to have been greater than was at first supposed, and they now declare themselves to be our firm friends.

In the surveying trips the opposition to our progress by the tribes was practically *nil*, unless the extreme avarice and rapacity for presents on the part of a few Dolbahanta chiefs may be called opposition. In fact, the only occasion on which I have been treated with the slightest want of cordiality by Somális was on my second surveying trip in 1886.

I think there are three reasons why the British Government is so much respected in the interior of Somáland. The first is undoubtedly the possession of Aden, about half the population of which is composed of Somális, who return to their own country after a time and spread the fame of the Government far and wide. Also, a few Somális go to London as firemen in English steamers. Another reason for the rapid extension of British influence is the wise and impartial way in which our coast ports have been administered by experienced political officers from India. The third reason is constant contact with English sportsmen, who visit the Somáli tribes in their own homes.

## CHAPTER V

## A RECONNAISSANCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN BORDER, 1892

First news of Abyssinian aggression—Start for Milmil—Unfortunate Bulhár—Across the “Haud” waterless plateau—Extraordinary landscape—Sudden meeting with the Rer Ali—Their consternation and pleasant greeting—News of a raid—Water-supply statistics—Great display at Milmil in honour of Au Mahomed Sufi—Agitation against Abyssinia—Unsuccessful lion-hunt—Display in honour of the English—Interesting scene—The vulture-like elders—Success of an Arab pony—Our camp at Tüli—The “Valley of Rhinoceroses”—Two rhinoceros-hunts—Four bagged—Death of a bull rhinoceros—The Waror wells—Abbasgúl complaints against Abyssinia—First meeting with Abyssinians—Disturbed country—English sportsmen met at Hargeisa—Fresh start from Hargeisa—Incessant rains—Thousands of hartebeests near Gumbur Dúg—Scouting for the Abyssinians—Visit to the Abyssinian fort at Jig-Jiga—We approach Gildessa—The caravan imprisoned by the Abyssinians—Embarrassing situation—A letter to Rás Makunan of Harar—Exciting time at Gildessa—We retire by night—The answer of the Rás—March to Zeila.

THE capture of Harar by the Abyssinians in January 1887 was an important event to the Somális, because, under the Emir Abdillahi, Harar had hitherto been a very effective little “buffer state” against Abyssinian encroachments. When the British Government first took over the Somáli coast in 1884 there was no Abyssinian question, and the authorities had only to deal with the Somáli tribes, which, although turbulent, were in fair equilibrium as regards power. Of late years, however, the Abyssinian question has risen into some importance, as will be seen by the narrative of later trips. The Abyssinians import large quantities of breech-loading small-arms from ports west of Zeila and outside the British Protectorate, while the Somáli tribes are only armed with spears or bows and arrows, and are not allowed to import firearms, of any sort whatever, from their own coast, which is administered by the British. Hence the

equilibrium of power is affected, the Abyssinians help themselves to Somáli cattle when they like, and the owners, who are all Mahomedans, turn their eyes towards us for protection against their natural enemies. They place the most implicit faith in the British, and are persuaded that our Government will never stand by and see them seriously pushed by the Abyssinians without giving them, at any rate, moral help of some sort. They turn to us as their natural protectors, as they would have turned to the Egyptians had that Government continued to hold the coast.

As related in the last chapter, we received the first news of Abyssinian interference with the Jibril Abokr when surveying in June '91. A chief named Banagúsé had demanded tribute in cattle, and had also sent out marauding parties from Jig-Jiga, the fortified post which had been pushed out by the Abyssinians into the Marar Prairie, to lift cattle from the Jibril Abokr. This tribe, which is really a sub-tribe of the Habr Awal, who are under British protection, appealed to us for help from Aden, at a meeting of the elders held by me at Ujawáji, June '91, in front of my tent. The elders there told us that the principal authors of the trouble were Banagúsé and Basha-Basha, two Abyssinian generals, the former being the responsible person at Jig-Jiga and the latter in western Ogádén.

It appears that these two chiefs had been using the Bertiri tribe, who live in the Harar highlands, as a “cat’s paw” in making requisitions for cattle on the Habr Awal and Ogádén tribes. The tribute of cattle was always collected at Jig-Jiga and then sent up in a great mob to Harar, where the people were reported to be starving, and where the large number of Abyssinian soldiers occupying the place required to be rationed.

The fortified post of Jig-Jiga was also a constant menace to the large village of Hargeisa, within the British Protectorate, and the elders said that every year the trouble between the outlying Abyssinian chiefs and the nomad Somáli tribes near the coast would increase, unless something could be done to make the former cease their buccaneering raids.

The substance of the statement made by the spokesman at the meeting in my camp was as follows:—

“The Bertiri come from Jig-Jiga armed with rifles and demand tribute of cattle from us, and in certain cases have looted our live stock when out grazing. We cannot make reprisals on the Bertiri, as they are protected by the Abyssinians.

Ordinary feuds with our neighbours we think fair-play, but these Bertiri raids are a losing business for us all round. We are not allowed to import firearms, the only effective weapons against the Abyssinians; and we ask the British, who have occupied our ports, either to protect us, or to allow us to import guns with which we can protect ourselves."

Owing, I believe, to action from Aden, the trouble was stopped, to the lasting satisfaction of the tribes on the northern side. On the east, however, in Ogádén, the Abyssinians became more active than ever; and on another journey, in 1890, this time through Milmil, we again had to listen to complaints against them.

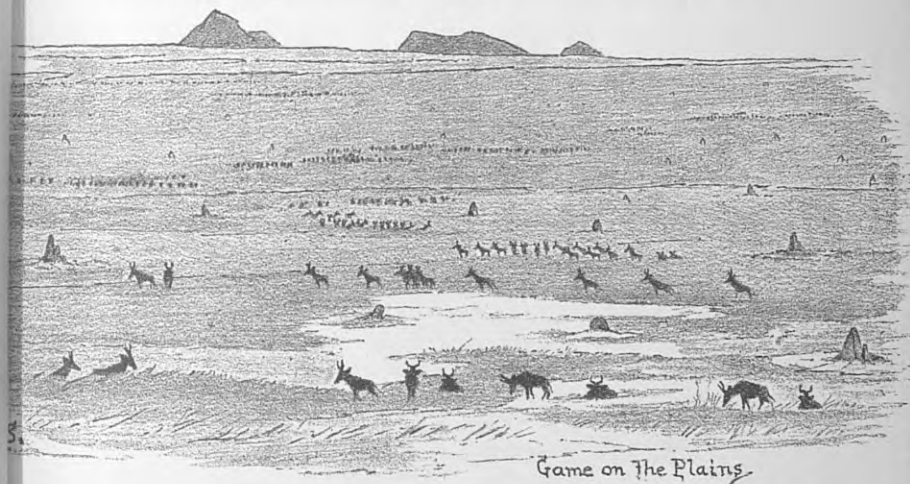
We arrived at Berbera for the Milmil trip, which was the first exploration of the eastern Abyssinian border by Europeans, on 1st July 1892. The *Haga* wind was at its height, and as nothing could be done during the first half of each day, owing to the storms, it was fully a week before we got our caravan under way. The day before we left Berbera an enormous column of black smoke, which we estimated to be over two thousand feet high, was seen to rise from the sea-level in the west, over the site of Bulhár, forty miles away. Soon the news arrived that Bulhár had been burnt to the ground. It has been burnt three times since the British occupation, and in 1892 was depopulated by cholera; and three years before that it was raided by the Esa in a dust-storm, and sixty-seven of the people killed.

We marched by easy stages to Hargeisa, by following the Aleyadéra nala, the home of the beautiful lesser koodoo, of which I managed to bag a couple of bucks the day before we reached Hargeisa, which we entered on 17th July and found deserted. Sheikh Mattar had gone to Haraf, four miles up the river, according to his custom at the *Haga* season, because of the better pasture there; he, however, came with a number of mullahs to meet us, and was very pleasant, giving us letters of introduction to the chiefs of the Rer Ali and Abbasgúl, Ogádén tribes to whose country we were bound.

For the first time we had to face the crossing of the waterless Hand plateau, there being a hundred miles between Hargeisa and Milmil without a drop of water. To accomplish this we took up two hundred and fifty gallons in the *háns* of plaited bark we had brought for the purpose. I have traversed it many times since, and the description of our first crossing will give an idea of the peculiar nature of the country. I will not give an

account of our daily sport, but I may mention that in feeding our thirty men we shot many beisa and Scemmerring's gazelles in the bush country, and hartebeests when crossing the open *ban*.

On the 20th of July we marched to the level of the plateau behind Hargeisa village, over thorn-covered rolling ground, the soil being red earth. We did eleven miles and halted at Bombós, in a splendidly grassed hollow, just beyond some Habr Awal karias. Hearing from the karia people that there had been rain



Game on the Plains

at Garabíss, near here, at about 9 P.M. we sent a camel with four *háns*, and the men returned with the water at 1 A.M.

The next day we made a morning march of twelve miles to Dobóya, over rolling ground, which is stony on the elevations and has good grass in the depressions, the whole country being covered with flat-topped thorn-jungle about twenty feet high. Near our mid-day camp some Midgáns were skinning a beisa which had been killed by a lion the night before, and at Garabíss we crossed the tracks of a number of Eidegalla horsemen, who had come north to loot the karias we had passed through the day before.

In the evening march, after going a little over five miles, we came to the end of the thorn-trees, and emerged on to an open plain of short grass called Ban-ki-Aror, about five miles across,



and stretching far away to the east and west, without a bush. Our caravan travelled through abundance of game, chiefly beisa, hartebeests, and Scemmerring's gazelles, which followed our steps while we were in the *ban*.

Our caravan had now swelled to a long procession, as a number of people had come with us from the last karias to take advantage of our protection past the Eidegalla country.

We camped on the farther side of this great plain, near some Samanter Abdalla karias. Here we heard that a lion



KIRK'S DIK-DIK (Somáli name, *Sakáro gussúli*).

roared nightly round them, and next evening, at Gudaweina, we saw his pugs in the path. Thus we had found lion, ostrich, beisa, hartebeest, and Scemmerring's gazelle, all living at least forty miles from water. The effect of thirst on our domestic animals was to make them abnormally tame. Often as I lay in my tent at the noon camp the donkeys and ponies would force their heads within the tent door, and the goats would walk straight in, putting their muzzles into every cup to look for water. As we arrived at one halting-place at dusk, a wild fox came trotting like a dog behind the caravan, a few yards from the last camel, having smelt the water which we carried in the *hás* on the camels' backs.

Travelling constantly over rolling, densely-wooded country, we were now entering the part of the Haud which is grazed over by the Ogádén from the south, and struck the Warda-Gumaréd, one of the great trade arteries between Berbera and the Webbe Shabéleh. The track here, for thirty miles at least, over red powdery earth, is so well worn and smooth that a bicycle might



WALLER'S GAZELLE.

easily be ridden at full speed on it. On either side of the path all was thorn-forest and grassy glades. The grasses were chiefly the *darémo*, growing in tufts to about a foot, and *durr*, growing to six feet, both very fattening for live stock. The umbrella mimósa, called *khansa*, grows to a height of ten feet, the bushes spreading out till their tops meet, forming shady tunnels which are the favourite haunt of lions and leopards during the heat of the day. The animals come out at night into the great plains and feed on the herds of game which live in the open. Sometimes,

when gorged and lazy, the lions are caught in the early morning returning over the plains, and are ridden to a standstill by the Somális, and killed with poisoned arrows and spears.

After passing Garodki Mayagód, an ancient clearing in the thorn-forest, we came to the usual caravan halting-place, a zeriba of thorns, occupied occasionally by the nomads or by caravans as they pass along the road. At the side of the track were shallow depressions in the soil where rain-water had rested, and round these dry pools were rows of small pits six inches deep, dug by Somális in order to stand up the water *háns* to be filled.

The jungle now began to get more open and the glades wider, the *durr* grass growing in beautiful feathery clumps. Huge red ant-hills appeared at every hundred yards or so, often twelve feet thick at the base, and with a pinnacle twenty-five feet high, looking like a giant hand and beckoning forefinger.

On the evening of the third day we got on to high ground almost imperceptibly, and camped at the southern side of an old fire clearing near Gudaweina. Looking back we could see, in the clear air of the elevated Haud, beyond the tops of the nearer thorn-trees, the various gradations of tint—yellow, brown, green, or blue—on the several bits of jungle or grass glades which we had come through; and beyond all a high rim of deep indigo blue, looking like a sea-horizon, running without a single landmark, showing the great expanse of the Haud forest stretching in every direction in everlasting dips and rises of ground. All the hills about Hargeisa had long ago sunk out of sight.

On the fourth day we marched on to Kheidub-Ayéyu. For a mile we went slowly in the dawning light through thorny jungle, and then came out into a glade of *durr* grass, the camels swinging along faster as the path became more visible. We passed a chief's grave, encircled by a stockade of trunks of thorn-trees twelve feet high. We afterwards emerged on to open rising ground, where we saw beisa and Waller's gazelles feeding, and in the centre of the path a wart-hog had been rooting up the ground.

The open pasture here was dotted with the old zeribas of the Samanter Abdalla, Habr Awal, who come from the north for a season every year. They were here six weeks before us, but the rain falling, they had returned to Aror, where we had seen them a few days previously when crossing the open *ban*. These were also the most northern pastures of the Ogádén tribes, none of

which we had ever visited, and we were doubtful as to the nature of our reception.

We entered a patch of bush, when suddenly the jungle became alive with camels and sheep, and several young women rushed at the caravan with their hands spread out and eyes flashing, screaming loudly for help, while others plied sticks and stones to drive off the flocks, in a deafening clamour and clouds of dust; and boys ran off in haste to summon the fighting men of the tribe.

I sat down in the path, trying to look as amiable as possible, for I realised what our sudden appearance must have been to these natives. Several of my men, more ready, raced forward and caught the flying messengers, and brought them back to me as prisoners. The women were sure we were Abyssinians, for we carried guns; but finding we were English, a revulsion of feeling set in, and the boys went off to tell the tribe the joyful news, and the women to get milk for our men.

The mounted guard soon galloped up, a sturdy-looking lot, some twenty of the Rer Ali tribe; they expressed their delight by circling their horses, shouting, "*Mót! Mót! io Mót!*" and coming up again and again, bending down in the saddle to shake hands with us; and their steaming ponies formed a dense circle round us as we endeavoured to do justice to the hands.

The people asked us to stop for a few hours to shoot rhinoceroses, but we were unable to spare the time, as we were carrying on a rapid survey, and also had too little water to be able to loiter in the centre of the Haud. We passed enormous flocks of fat sheep, and near camp met a pretty young woman driving her dowry of a hundred camels. Our men said this Rer Ali wealth was good to look at, and that a few determined horsemen armed with guns could have taken off ten thousand camels at one swoop.

While camped at Kheidub-Ayéyu we observed a long strip of jungle-fire creeping along the ridge of thorn-forest in our front. Clouds of smoke were floating far ahead of the fire, and it must have been driven by a strong south-west gale, judging by the pace. The Habr Gerhajis and two sub-tribes of the Habr Awal had at different times taken advantage of this solitary occupation by trying to loot the karias, but were always driven off. Although living in only two, there were a large number of fighting men in proportion to the women and children in this clan; and they were some of the best mounted of the

Rer Ali, always a warlike tribe. The chief of the clan was called Mahomed Liba.

We marched through patches of burnt jungle, with the trees still smouldering, and pits left in the ground full of white ashes, where the roots had been burnt out.

Near Yoaleh we came to stony ground, the first since leaving Aror. On 25th July we left the Haud and descended into the valley of the Tug Milmil, a sandy nala wooded with *gób*<sup>1</sup> trees about eighty feet high, fringing the river-bed and growing on islands in the centre of the expanse of sand, some seventy yards wide at this point. We found ponies, sheep, and camels of the Rer Harún and Rer Ali, Ogádén, watering at Milmil wells. One continuous stream of camels marched up and down the river-bed, and we must have seen some twenty thousand in all.

There had been a quarrel just before our arrival between the Rer Harún here and Mahomed Liba's clan we had met at Kheidub-Ayéyu, in which two men had been killed and two hundred camels had changed owners.

On the day of our arrival at Milmil, at the end of the Haud crossing of one hundred and five miles, I had still seven full *háns* in my portion of the caravan, nine having been expended, say forty gallons of water for fifteen men for five days. About fifteen gallons of this had been spilt from various causes, so that fifteen men, one Arab fast camel, and two goats drank only twenty-seven gallons, or a little over five gallons a day, including cooking water. I attribute this moderation partly to the coolness of the weather in the elevated Haud. We had crossed in five days, thus doing twenty-one miles a day; this fact will indicate the good state of the caravan track over the red stoneless soil. Indeed, as I have stated before, a bicycle might have been ridden at speed over nine-tenths of the distance.

The Haud ends at Milmil in a succession of bluffs a hundred feet high, and as one descends between these to the Milmil nala, one emerges on to the general level of Ogádén, and farther on at the wells the country opens up, disclosing several hills; two of these, called Firk-Firk, resemble the remarkable twin hills at Hargeisa called "Náso Hablod," or the "Maiden's Breasts."

Soon after we had pitched camp at the part of Milmil called Gagáb an important travelling sheikh arrived. The Somáli so-called sheikh is a mullah who has gained a great and widespread

<sup>1</sup> A large rounded tree producing quantities of edible red berries. They look like cherries, and have a stone inside, but taste like half-dried apples.

reputation for piety, and being intelligent, even among mullahs, can often read and write Arabic, although he is generally as black or brown in skin as any other Somáli.

The horsemen of the Rer Ali came down in scores, attired in all their finery of red-tasselled saddlery and red and blue *khaili* tobies, to go through the usual *dibáltig* before the great man, whose name is Au Mahomed Sufi. They formed a large crowd on the sand of the river-bed below our tent, which was pitched under some large trees overhanging the Milmil nala. The sheikh's own bivouac was on the same bank of the river, about five hundred yards to the north of us. I joined the crowd of onlookers with my brother, and Au Mahomed Sufi, the recipient of the honours of the day, came forward and shook hands with us, and gave us a place by his side.

This man was travelling through Ogádén, and was, I afterwards learnt, part of an organised plot for rousing the Somáli tribes to combine against the Abyssinians. After the *dibáltig* he lifted his spear and addressed the assembled people, beginning by himself singing what appeared to be a composition of his own.

In the evening, taking my hunters, I followed the tracks of a lion which had stolen a sheep from the Rer Ali flocks in broad daylight. Getting into broken country at the base of one of the bluffs, we put up two lions. We could not see them, although we heard them roar significantly, as though they had seen us. We found their lair, and part of the carcass of the sheep, close by, and within a yard of it was a dead vulture, which the lions had just killed, no doubt, by springing out of the ambush from which they had kept watch over the meat. Several vultures were perched on the branches of the trees around, looking wistfully down, but not daring to come to the feast. The lions eventually got on to stony ground and we lost them.

Next day a large number of horsemen came to welcome us at our own camp, and said they had come to *dibáltig* to us as representatives of the English Government. We appointed mid-day for this ceremony.

Meanwhile I went after a lion, climbing one of the bluffs, which are two or three hundred feet high; and after hunting through thick high grass for some time, sat down to rest below the edge of a bluff. While my men were wandering about, the lion got up with a low grunt, a few yards above the rock on which I sat, and made off into the grass. Following, I found



his lair, and the half-eaten carcase of a young camel, about as large as a donkey, which the lion had dragged to the top of the hill, afterwards going to sleep by its side. It was within a few yards of the sleeping lion that I had been unconsciously sitting for ten minutes. He went down the stony, bush-covered hill, and eventually escaped us.

It was during the early part of the afternoon that some five hundred horse and foot came to our camp for the promised ceremonies. Au Mahomed Sufi attended, and we gave him a place beside us. On a signal being given, the horsemen drew up in line in front of us, and the chief tribal minstrel of the Rer Ali, while sitting in the saddle, sang a refrain in honour of the English, and of myself and my brother, who had "deigned to visit their poor oppressed country." A splendid array they made, well mounted and warlike, the biceps standing out on some of the men's arms in a way that is seldom seen on these sparely-built Somalis.

On the conclusion of the song the horsemen gave a series of shrill yells, and with arms and legs flying, started off at full gallop in pursuit of an imaginary enemy up the river-bed; and the pounding of the hoofs could be heard long after they had been lost to sight in clouds of red dust. Presently they came back again, the glinting of the sun on their spears being first fitfully seen in the pall of dust; and darting up furiously, they brought their ponies on to their haunches with the cruel bit, forming a dense semicircle of horses' heads within a foot of me, the riders crying, "*Môt!*" and being answered by "*Kul leban*" and a hand-shake.

Au Mahomed Sufi began a long speech, which was heard in dead silence by the crowd, saying that now the white men had come it was time to attack the Abyssinians, and that if we would lead them with our thirty rifles, they could soon collect a large force and march on the Abyssinian chief, Basha-Basha.

We interrupted him, broke up the meeting, and retired to our tents, saying we had come to survey caravan routes and not to be mixed up in their quarrels.

In the evening we gave a performance in return, parading the thirty camp-followers in line, armed with their Snider carbines, advancing and retiring in skirmishing order, and forming rallying groups; and we fired off blank cartridge, each volley being echoed by an answering yell from the delighted tribesmen.

They said that now the English, their masters, had come the Abyssinians would leave off raiding their camels and carrying off their women. Many of the chiefs came to our tents begging for written testimonials, saying that they were sure a scrap of paper written on by an Englishman was enough alone to keep back an Abyssinian army. The women and children hung round my camel and my brother's pony in crowds, crying out, "Now it's all right; the English have come."

Then came the question of presents. The people had brought us a few sheep and a donkey, and long rows of their milk-vessels, which are prettily decorated with white shells. We picked out an *akil* to whom Sheikh Mattar of Hargeisa had given us a letter of introduction; then we put into his hands several white tobes and two *khaili* tobes, and asked him to settle with the chiefs of clans. There arose a tremendous clamour, each clan having sent an advocate to represent it in the scramble for tobes, which occurred in the river-bed below. An indescribable uproar continued until nightfall, the clamouring "wise men" squatting on the ground in circles, looking for all the world like vultures with their skinny necks and shaven skulls, clawing with lean fingers at the presents spread out on the sand. There was a scuffle down at the wells, across the river, where two men had retired to settle an old feud. After throwing their spears, they closed and stabbed at each other, the spears striking the shields with a hollow thud, which we could hear from our tents three hundred yards away; but they were subsequently parted by a posse of relations.

One of the things which pleased the Rer Ali most was my Arab pony, which I had taken from Abdul Kader's stables in Bombay to test the Somali climate. My brother mounted him and tried a friendly gallop with one or two of the tribesmen in succession, and he proved, to their great wonder, faster than any pony which the Rer Ali could bring against him. He afterwards beat many Somali ponies all over the country, and gained a great reputation, although I had only bought him as a useful animal up to weight, and he would be considered quite slow among Arab ponies of his height, which was about 14.1. I have often since been identified by Somalis as the owner of "that Hindi pony which could gallop like the wind."

By nightfall we were glad that the long dusty day of ceremony was over, and next morning, when a number of Rer

Harún horsemen arrived and asked to be allowed to repeat the show, we found ourselves obliged to decline the honour, and continued our survey westward towards the Abyssinian border.

Our men, on the night of the Rer Ali *dibáltig*, went to the karias and danced till nearly daylight, the women clapping their hands and jumping up and down, keeping up a monotonous refrain. Next day half our men were ill, having gorged themselves upon the mutton and camel-meat generously provided by the Rer Ali.

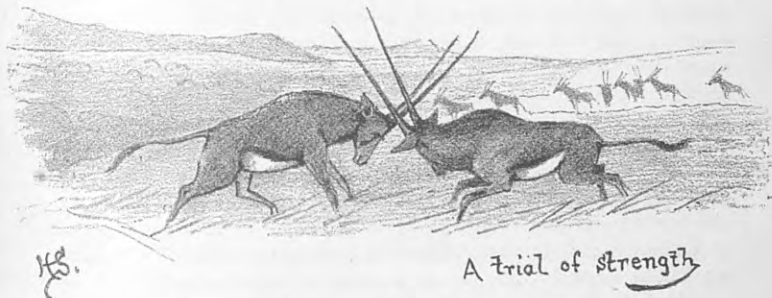
We passed the deserted village of Dagahbúr and reached a rounded grassy hill called Túli, and it was while encamped here that we shot the first Somáli rhinoceros, an animal which for many years we had expected to come upon, but which up till then had never been seen or shot by a European. We found plenty of game at Túli, and as I rode up to the rounded hill to choose a site for my camp, a troop of ostriches went racing away into the sea of bush and grass to the north-west.

To the west of Gumbur Túli lay a valley covered with dense dark mimósa forest, called Dih Wiyileh, or Rhinoceros Valley. Between Dagahbúr and Waror, an interval of fifty miles, the country was waterless at this season, and hearing that Waror was occupied by Abyssinian soldiers, I deemed it advisable to arrive there with a supply of water on the camels; so finding the *háns* rather low, I had to wait at Túli a couple of days while we sent back to Dagahbúr for more water.

The time had come when I hoped to make the acquaintance of the long-sought rhinoceroses; and I left camp in the early morning with my two gunbearers Géli and Hassan, and another man called Au Ismail, who led our one camel and acted as guide. Taking a line to the south-west across the Dih Wiyileh from Túli Hill, we presently came on fresh rhinoceros-signs. These we took up till nearly mid-day, the two beasts we were following having made a maze of tracks there while feeding in the morning. At last Géli pointed to our game—two rhinoceroses standing, apparently asleep, under a shady thorn bush. I advanced to forty yards, and opened fire with the four-bore, putting a four-ounce bullet into the shoulder of each with a right and left, making them tear away at a gallop through the jungle. I followed at best pace, putting in two more cartridges as I ran, and so finishing one of the rhinos. Passing this one, I found the other standing in thick bush broadside-on, listening and looking for its fellow. Feeling for cartridges, I

put my hand into empty pockets, the rest having fallen out in my haste, so I ran back to the camel to snatch more out of a haversack. Au Ismail saw me running back away from the rhinoceros, and jumped to the conclusion that I was running away! So he began to bolt with the camel. I ran harder and harder, shouting to him to stop, and at last I got hold of him and explained what I wanted. Then, re-armed, I returned to the rhinoceros, which had been standing meanwhile in the same place, apparently unable to make out what I was about, and too sick to charge. Another shot finished it. Unfortunately they were both cows, but I was very pleased at the result of my first rhino hunt.

I returned with the two heads to camp, and sent half a dozen



A trial of strength

men to cut off the shields, of which we obtained thirty-five from the two skins. These men arrived in camp next morning, and said that while they had been cutting up the rhinos by the light of torches, several more had come round them, and a lion had roared to the westward.

On our second day at Túli we were unsuccessful with the rhinos, and when the water came from Dagahbúr we marched to Gumbur Wedel, a small hill four miles to the north-west across the Rhinoceros Valley. Here we found beisa, ostriches, and Scemmerring's and Waller's gazelles very plentiful, and rhino tracks numerous.

At 5 A.M. on 6th August we left Wedel, and for three miles struggled through thick grass and jungle, and then struck a good path running north-west. After going a mile along this I saw fresh rhino tracks where a pair had crossed the path during the night, and so going on with the caravan, I left my

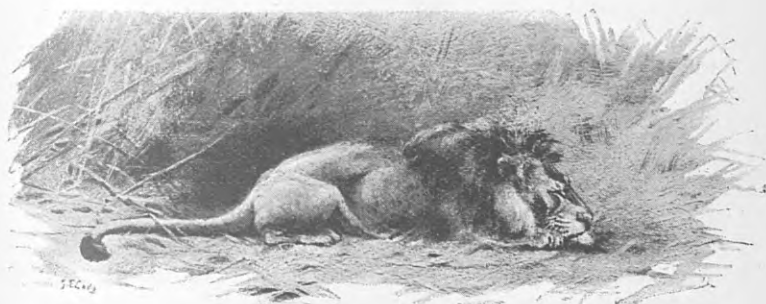
brother to take up the pursuit. At our evening camp he arrived with the heads of both, a very fine bull and a cow, and we skinned them by firelight.

On the morning of the 7th August the caravan marched sixteen miles to a karia of the Rer Gedi, Abbasgúl, sub-tribe, at a place called Haddáma. Early in the day, while walking along the path, I came on the fresh tracks of a large bull rhino, so, placing the caravan and traversing work in charge of my brother, I left the path on these tracks followed by Géli and Hassan. The rhinoceros had taken a straight line for a ridge of low hills to the south, which are a continuation of the Harar highlands, and after following for several miles through thick jungle and over burnt clearings, the sun getting hotter and hotter, we at last put him up about noon, making him rush off through the forest without our even getting a sight of him. I took up the tracking patiently for an hour more, and then we heard the trampling and snorting and smashing of thorn-trees again. Following at a run, we saw him standing broadside-on, listening, in the centre of several acres of very transparent but dense and thorny wait-a-bit cover. We at once lay down. Not hearing our footsteps any more, the rhino trotted forward, head held high, for fifty yards, and then stood and listened again. He looked decidedly vicious. We crawled up to a small evergreen shrub, and I sat up behind it, and taking a steady rest upon my knees, fired for his ear at a range of seventy yards with my ten-bore rifle. The bull dropped in his tracks, an inert mass. Going up, we found that the ten-bore bullet had hit him exactly where I aimed, entering under the left ear and stopping under the skin of the right temple.

It was twenty-five miles from camp, and as the camel was fully occupied in carrying the massive head and a few shields, I had to tramp the whole way. This, added to the hot tracking work of five hours before we got the rhino, and the fast run after putting him up, made a long day's work, and I was right glad at sunset to meet some men whom my brother had considerably sent back with water and dates to bring us on to my half of the caravan, which he had halted for me at Haddáma. He had gone on to Warer, for we never allowed shooting to delay the rate of progress, and I came up with him there next morning; as usual we re-formed the double camp, with our Cabul tents side by side. The camp was pitched near the wells in a beautiful glade, covered with green grass, kept

short by the Abbasgúl herds. We found an immense number of cows watering here, the chief wealth of the Abbasgúl being in cattle. The wells at Waror are narrow, circular funnels seventy feet deep, sunk through the red alluvial earth of the Jerer Valley. Steps were cut all the way down, and water was passed to the surface by a chain of nine naked men, standing one above the other, their feet resting on these steps, the full and empty leather buckets being passed up and down from hand to hand to an accompaniment of singing in chorus. We showed the Abbasgúl how to do it with a large bucket and a long rope, whereat they were greatly pleased.

The Waror pasture, with its closely-cropped grass, under



A CROUCHING LION.

open thorn-jungle, looked like an English orchard; and the wind blowing coldly with a leaden sky, heightened the resemblance. Round the base of a small rock called Dubbur, perched on the top of some high ground five miles from Waror, beisa and ostriches abound. At one place, near Waror, my brother found the ground pounded up, where some Midgáns' dogs had brought a beisa to bay, and in the grass the blood of the animal and a broken arrow; close by were the pugs of a lion. A lion roared at night while we were at Waror. The people said one was in the habit of showing himself about once a day in broad daylight, and that he had killed twelve men, the last of whom fell a victim the day before we halted at the wells.

The Abbasgúl headmen came and gave us quantities of milk, calling us their protectors. They said that their tribe was once rich, but was now poor, because of the Abyssinians. They were



unfortunate in being next to the east of the Bertiri, whom the Abyssinians had already absorbed.

The only Somáli tribes which may be said to be under Abyssinian influence are the Géri, Bertiri, Abbasgúl, a few of the Esa, and Malingúr. But they are all unwillingly so, and have at various times clamoured for help from the British. They all trade with Berbera. The Rer Amáden and the riverine negro population of the Webbe are well disposed to the British, though not much connected with Berbera except to the east in the Shabéleh district, whence a large proportion of Berbera caravans are derived.

These headmen said that the Abyssinians every now and then came from Jig-Jiga with rifles, and did what pleased them best; that they killed Abbasgúl sheep and cattle for food, entered the karias and used the huts; that they forced even the old chiefs to hew wood and draw water, and interfered with the women; and that many Abbasgúl who had tried to defend their homes had been shot down.

This tribe seemed utterly cowed, and quite unlike the warlike and independent people we met at Milmil. I noticed very few horses, and the tribesmen said that all their best had been taken by the Abyssinians.

The Abbasgúl told us that, three years before our trip, the Abyssinians came from Harar and overran all this country, even as far as the Sheikh Ash and Rer Ali tribes; and going into the Rer Harún country beyond Milmil, they came back by way of the Rer Amáden and Adan Khair to the far south, to Imé; here they were among the Gállas and the Adone, or riverine negro population of the Webbe Shabéleh. The Abyssinians are said to have obtained by threats or violence a tribute of camels, cattle, or sheep from every tribe passed through on this far-reaching raid. One of our men stupidly told a crowd of people at the wells that we had come to attack Banagúsé, the commander of the Jig-Jiga outpost, and it was not till we heard shouts of delight from the men, women, and children collected, that we discovered this foolishness, and put a stop to it.

An Abbasgúl *ákil*,<sup>1</sup> to whom Sheikh Mattar had given us an Arabic letter, came to our camp. He said the Abyssinians were at Jig-Jiga, about thirty miles in our front, and that there were quite a hundred soldiers and a disorderly mob of Harar

<sup>1</sup> "Wise man" or chief.

people there. So, as the object of our journey was the construction of a route map, without coming to blows with any one, we decided to defer our visit till a more fitting opportunity.

So far we had done three hundred miles of route in twenty-nine days, or ten and a half miles a day including halts, all of the road having been carefully traversed with prismatic compass, the main points being fixed by observations of the stars with a transit theodolite. We had travelled sixty-four miles without water between Dagahbúr and Waror, so that between Hargeisa and the latter place we had gone over two hundred miles of unexplored route with only two intermediate watering-places; yet all this country had been very fertile and subject to a considerable rainfall. With a proper system of tanks, involving, of course, a great initial outlay, combined with a steady, cultivating population, instead of the lazy, strife-loving Somáli nomads who now own the soil, much of this tract could, I believe, be made to rival some of the best parts of India. People who visit only the arid sandy Maritime Plain of the low coast country near Berbera, or see it from ships, get little idea of the fine soil, good rainfall, and cool, healthy climate of the interior plateaux.

About the middle of August we broke up our Waror camp and marched to Abonsa, in the Harar Highlands, the elevation being six thousand feet, whence a fine view was obtained over the distant Marar Prairie to the north. On the way, at Koran, we passed six men carrying Remington rifles, three of whom were Abyssinians, the first we had seen. They were very civil and shook hands. Our guide said this was a party going to Gerlogubi, in Central Ogádén, to get "tribute."

We had now gone as near to Jig-Jiga as we dared, and proposed to return to Hargeisa to pick up the stores left with Sheikh Mattar, and to make a fresh start for the Harar border on the Gildessa side, hoping to be able to include Jig-Jiga in the map if it should turn out to have been vacated by the Abyssinians.

The whole of the country south of Waror and Abonsa was much disturbed by a feud between the Ahmed Abdalla, Habr Awal, and the Rer Farah, Abbasgúl. We divided our camps at Dubbur in order to survey more ground, and my brother, in returning to Hargeisa across the Marar Prairie, passed through the fighting tribes, and saw many of their mounted scouts, who

were uniformly civil to him. Meanwhile I struck across the Haud bush, forty miles to the east of my brother's route.

While I was encamped on 16th August among the Ahmed Abdalla karias at Karigri, in open jungle, a surprise was attempted on them by the Rer Farah, Abbasgúl. A hue and cry was raised, and the plain was soon swarming with men, who came out of the karias with spears and shields to repulse the attack. The enemy upon seeing this retired. The affair was so sudden that the Gerád or Sultán of the Ahmed Abdalla was with his headmen drinking coffee in my camp at the time. On the first news their horses were brought up ready saddled from the karias, and they mounted without delay and rode to the south, disappearing in the clouds of red dust raised by the flocks and herds which were being driven in by the women.

We again met and formed the double camp over the wells at Hargeisa, and during the few days we were there we had pleasant company; for two sportsmen's caravans—those of Col. R. Curteis of Poona, and of Captain Harrison, 8th King's—passed through Hargeisa on their way to the Haud hunting-grounds.

The first fifty miles from Hargeisa being perfectly safe country, we made our fresh start on 24th August in two half-caravans, and as the climate during this part of our wanderings was somewhat peculiar, showing that the Haud and Marar Prairie share in the great rainfall of the high Abyssinian plateau, I will give a short account of the first portion of the journey, the facts being taken from our Diary.

*24th August.*—We had only gone three miles when a deluge of rain came on, and having taken refuge under some very thin bushes for half an hour, we were drenched through. The storm showing no signs of abating we went on again, splashing through water up to our ankles; and so on for another mile, till we came to the banks of a small watercourse, down which rushed a yellow torrent which we tried to cross, but were obliged to beat a retreat. One camel rolled over and over, and the bags of rice were scattered along the bed of the stream, and fished out by the men going breast-deep. So we looked out for a little sandy rise, and camped under pelting rain, which continued till 7 A.M. next day. By 10.30, having waited for the stream to become passable and for our kit to dry, we were able to march, reaching Dofaré at 3.30 P.M. The karias of the Rer Samanter were found all along the way from Haraf, and we met hundreds of cows

and thousands of camels. It rained all night long; and another storm, with thunder and lightning, came on at 8 A.M. next morning, just as things were beginning to get dry.

*26th August.*—We started off in pouring rain at 9 A.M. It rained more or less the whole day, and everything was soaked. My brother went on ahead with his half of the caravan towards Dubburro, but the caravan twice lost him and the guide, and he was on foot from 9 A.M. till 4.30 P.M. in a deluge of rain. Luckily we had before surveyed this ground. At last he gave up trying to find the tracks, and walked to Dubburro, where he found his caravan halted, after a march of twenty-five miles under continuous rain. I had halted some miles in rear of him, but had not the least notion where I was. The whole country seemed flooded.

*27th August.*—My brother arrived at 7.30 P.M. at my camp, his own having gone on. He had lost his caravan, so I lent him my pony, and he at last reached his men, after having gone thirty miles, all but the last two miles being on foot, in rain-soaked boots, with violent toothache added to his other miseries. The last hour was in the dark, but he was kept from falling asleep at the roadside by the roaring of a lion.

*ÉLINTA KADDO, 28th August.*—It rained during the night. We had a few days of pleasanter weather after this, but it rained, more or less, daily during the whole of this trip till we reached Gildessa. We marched across the beautiful Marar Prairie, to Gumbur Dúg, halting at several of the high conical hills which rise out of the elevated plain to nearly seven thousand feet above sea-level, as we wished to get a base from which to triangulate in points of the Harar Highlands which we were not able to visit.

We reached Gumbur Dúg on the morning of 1st September. It is a low, grass-covered hill of white limestone. Jig-Jiga was close to us. Next morning herds of hartebeests were seen on the plain, comprising several thousands; and when we shot one, the plain was covered with a line of swiftly galloping animals, a mile or two in length, half obscured in clouds of red dust and flying turf.

To the south was a karia of the Bertiri tribe, and we sent two scouts on in the evening to find out whether Jig-Jiga was still occupied by the Abyssinians. These men returned late at night, reporting the karia deserted, but that they had found men tending camels. The Bertiri karias were all at Jig-Jiga,

and the Abyssinians were encamped some miles off in the Gureis Hills, coming to Jig-Jiga every morning to water cattle and horses, and returning to their villages at night. The scouts reported that they met some Midgáns near the water, and that these men ran at them and would have attacked them, but were afraid of the two rifles. It afterwards transpired that my men had been telling a lie; they had really met a large crowd of Bertiri, who had run at them, thinking they were robbers; and my two scouts, in their fright, had fired a round of buckshot into their faces. They afterwards confessed to having knocked down a woman with a pellet in the lip. On my instituting an inquiry among the Bertiri next day, the elders said, "It is so, and she is dead; she is only a Midgán woman, and has no relations, so it doesn't matter." Asking them to show me the grave, they said it didn't matter, and that the Abyssinians would have killed fifty instead of one, and that the English were good people! Failing to get any sensible answers to my questions, I explained the heinous nature of the offence, and advised them to complain at the Resident's Court at Berbera. But no complaint was ever made, so I think that though a woman was really knocked down by a spent pellet, she was not killed; and that the elders reported her death in the hope of a present.

On 2nd September we marched over rolling and open *ban* to the Jig-Jiga Valley, and camped at the water within three hundred yards of the ill-famed Abyssinian stockaded fort, which had been such a thorn in the side of the Jibril Abokr tribe. We found it untenanted; and as the Bertiri made no objection, we went over it and took some photographs.

The Jig-Jiga post is a work pushed out by the Abyssinians into the Bertiri part of the Marar Prairie, and commands the route from Berbera to Harar. It is a strong redoubt surmounted by a rough stockade, the thin tops of the interlaced branches being about thirteen feet from the ground outside. The earth-work is a banquette four or five yards wide, rising in two steps to seven feet above the ground. The banquette and stockade are continuous round the enclosed space, which is a circle of about one hundred yards in diameter. It is strong enough against attacks by spearmen, but would give imperfect cover against musketry fire. On the outside the small branches of the stockade are bent outwards to form very flimsy *chevaux de frise*. There is one doorway, with a platform above on which a sentry

can stand. Inside the enclosure were some good circular huts, with perpendicular sides and conical thatched roofs.

A small watercourse, about eight feet deep, which would give cover for men running along the bottom, goes half-way round the stockade on the east side, at about fifty yards' distance, so that men could collect there at night, and with the help of straw and kerosene oil the place might be burnt down and the inmates stabbed while trying to put out the fire. The work stands on the southern side of the Jig-Jiga Valley within three hundred yards of the usual wells, the Jig-Jiga Valley here being merely a depression in the open grass plains of the Marar Prairie.

The Abyssinian garrison varies in strength; sometimes the work is left deserted, as on the occasion of our visit, when the garrison had gone to the Harrawa Valley for a few days, leaving the wells to the Bertiri and their cattle.

We were glad to have hit off our visit to this post so fortunately, and without having come into collision with the Abyssinians. Our men were disinclined to come, but we had been cautiously feeling our way since leaving Milmil to avoid any chance of a hostile attack. The Bertiri were very civil to us, bringing us more milk than our men, with all their great capacity, could drink. Crowds of the people came to our camp and begged us not to go away, but to stay with them, as they said the Abyssinians would never return while we were camped here. Having satisfied our curiosity, in the evening we marched to Eil Bhai wells, arriving there as night closed in during a rain-storm. Hartebeests abounded everywhere, and between Jig-Jiga and Eil Bhai I shot a beautiful wild goose, which I afterwards found common in Ogádén.

On the 3rd September, having halted for two hours to let things dry a little, we marched at 8.30 to Makanis Hill, arriving there at mid-day, the whole march being over the open grass plains. Vast squadrons of hartebeests and of Scemmerring's gazelles, and some herds of beisa, were passed by us. We also saw thirteen ostriches. It rained as night fell, and on the 4th of September a high wind blew, with rain and sleet, keeping us in camp all day. On 5th September we descended into the Harrawa Valley in the Gadabursi country, and back on to the high *ban* again at Sarir, four days later. We then marched along the base of the Harar Highlands, reaching Sala Asseleh on 13th September. We experienced heavy thunderstorms with deluges of rain daily, and found the country deserted.



At Sala Asseleh we met a few Esa Somális who had just left the Abyssinian post of Gildessa, now only half a day's march distant. They said that the Abyssinians were there in force. We could get no one to go forward to warn the garrison of our approach and peaceful intentions, the only native who knew the country being required as a survey guide.

The next morning we made our final march into Gildessa. We started early, and winding up a watercourse entered low trap-hills, and after going four miles came in sight of an Abyssinian sentry-hut, perched on the top of a rocky hillock, at a place where the path emerges from the hills and makes an abrupt turn to the right into the Gildessa Gorge, down the side of which it runs towards Zeila. On the rocks around us was a large troop of dog-faced baboons; but there was no evidence, beyond the small hut, that we were approaching a town.

I was marching a little ahead of the caravan, with my brother and five or six camelmen; and turning to the right, round a shoulder of the hill, we suddenly found, only one hundred paces in front of us, the town of Gildessa—a group of some hundred mat-huts, with a few thatched ones and stone houses. In the middle of the town is a stone zeriba sixty yards square, with walls ten feet high, having an opening five yards broad to allow of the ingress and egress of laden animals.

The hut we noticed was the Abyssinian guard-house, on a mound overlooking the two converging roads from Harar and from Abósa to Gildessa, the latter being the road we had traversed. On the west of the guard-house was the bed of the Tug Gildessa, by the side of which wound the road to Zeila, and this channel now contained a stream of running water, which flowed to the east of the town.

The village through which we walked was very dusty, and a swarm of people of mixed Eastern races blocked the way, bartering cloth, tobacco, coffee, and other articles of trade; and among the Abyssinians, Gállas, Somális, and Hararis I observed several men of the black Soudánese type. We found the assembled crowd very entertaining, and although the people looked surprised at our sudden arrival they evinced no want of friendliness. We sat down under some large shady trees on the north side of the town, and were presently joined by the elders, who were followed by several villainous-looking retainers carrying Remington rifles and swords.

Taken up with this interesting crowd, we did not at first



GREATER KOODOO (*Strepsiceros kudu*).

Length of horns on curve, 52½ inches. Straight, 37¼ inches.

notice the non-arrival of our caravan, which had been only a few hundred yards behind us during the march; at length missing the caravan, and inquiring the reason of delay, we were told that the men and camels had been seized by the Abyssinian soldiers who garrison the place, and taken into the stone zeriba; they had been made to unload inside, and a sentry put over the entrance to stop them from coming out again.

This would not do! So running to the spot, we entered a small house on the right side of the entrance; and there we found, seated on carpets, writing, one Dágo, who was pointed out to us as the Abyssinian in authority over the town. We demanded an explanation, and Dágo said that he had seen our caravan coming, and had decided that this would be a suitable spot for our camp, and he had therefore ordered our men to unload the camels.

We now strolled in to look at the place. Outside the zeriba entrance, to the left, was a barrack; and on a wheezy bugle sounding, about twenty soldiers, in white Soudánese uniforms and armed with Remingtons, ran out and fell into line. Another bugle, and they presented arms in a rather fantastic fashion. They were then dismissed, and stood loafing about outside the entrance.

We looked into the stone square and found our camels lying unloaded, our kit and boxes scattered about, where they had been thrown from the camels on to the ground. Our men were standing about, looking sullen and sheepish. The zeriba was quite bare, without tree or shelter, exposed to a powerful mid-day sun, and the ground was caked with camels' dung. We were told that this camping-ground had been chosen for our advantage, that we should be received with honour, and that water and camels' milk would be brought for the use of the caravan. We thanked Dágo for his kind intentions, but said we preferred camping under the trees by the river.

Dágo and his friends made a thousand objections, and the native officer in charge crowded the soldiers in front of the stone enclosure. Our caravan had meanwhile been quietly loading up the kit by our orders, but upon the camelmen trying to lead out the camels, they were stopped by the soldiers, each of whom carried his rifle loaded, with a few more cartridges held between the fingers of the left hand, taken out of the belt ready for instant use. One big Soudánese soldier stood across the entrance with his rifle at the "port."

We now saw the intention of the Abyssinian leader, and, as it would never do for our Somális to suppose that we could be detained against our will, we decided to take the next step; and going up to Dágo, who was still sitting on the carpet inside the little hut, I threatened to complain to Rás Makunan, the Governor of Harar, if this attempt at our arrest should be persisted in.

Dágo said that we ourselves might go where we liked, but that our Somális, camels, and property must remain inside the enclosure. We refused this separation, and told the officials simply that we were going out. Some of the soldiers became excited, and began shouting, but were silenced.

Again I walked over to Dágo, and he said the caravan could not go without the order of the Rás; that it would take till tomorrow at noon for a horseman to go to Harar and get this order, and our party must be detained in custody till then.

I stayed talking to him for a moment, while my brother quietly told off an advance and rear guard, passing the word round for each of our followers to mark his man, and to put a bullet into him should an attack be made upon us. I then finally told Dágo that we were going, and walked to the entrance, where my hunter Géli silently put into my hands the double four-bore elephant rifle, loaded in each barrel with fourteen drams of powder and fifty SSG slugs. This rifle, so loaded, scatters a good deal, and would have been quite equal to the occasion.

We had not mistaken our friend Dágo. The forces were exactly equal, not counting the Gildessa crowd, some of whom would have been for, and some against us, and seeing we were capable of carrying our point, and being afraid of the responsibility he would incur by using force, he called me back and consented to our leaving, with our men, our camels, and our baggage, provided I would write a letter to Rás Makunan, to state why we had come to Gildessa. With my brother and half a dozen men, all having their rifles ready, I entered Dágo's hut, and we sat down on the carpets in a circle, and he pushed me a reed pen, ink, and paper.

I wrote a short note to the Rás in English, stating that we had come to examine caravan routes for the Aden authorities, and meant no harm. That we had also had some shooting, and wished to go to Zeila; and I begged him to accept, as an accompaniment to my letter, a pair of rhinoceros horns, those of one of the two cows I had shot in the Dih Wiyileh.

The Abyssinian Dágo said he was sure Makunan would be pleased at the trophy, which would be a very suitable compliment, because only important Abyssinians are allowed to be in possession of rhino horns. They make sword-handles and drinking-cups of them; the latter being supposed to neutralise the effect of any poison poured into them. He sent our letter to Makunan at once by a mounted messenger, at the same time begging that we would wait encamped here till noon the next day, when the answer might be expected.

We said we could leave Gildessa whenever we chose, but that, as we wished to be on friendly terms with the local authorities, and to respect their rules, we would camp under the trees outside till the afternoon of the next day. We now marched out and camped half a mile to the north of the town, on the right bank of the river, at a spot where it was overlooked by some low hills from a distance of a hundred yards.

In the afternoon the Abyssinian officials took us into their own huts, in the town, and gave us tea, sitting on rugs. The soldiers also were very friendly, and, now that business was over, they forgot the late awkwardness, and tried to show us that they bore no ill-will, but had only tried to do what they believed to be their duty to Rás Makunan. In the evening I received them in my hut, giving them tea, which they seemed to prefer to coffee.

When the Abyssinians were gone a large concourse of Gildessa people came to camp, amongst them many Esa and Arab merchants. They carried presents, among which were three large sugar-cane stems, with spreading leaves, Indian-corn cobs, potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, and two sheep; all the vegetables having been grown at Gildessa by the Abyssinians. Some of the Arab merchants were Aden people; they came clad in their best yellow and green silks; and being versed in the tastes of the white man, heading the procession, they brought us gravely, as an acceptable gift, a bottle of absinthe carefully wrapped up in a wet cloth! Apparently this and breech-loading small-arms form the chief articles of commerce between the French port of Jibúti and Harar. Neither Abyssinians, Esa, nor Arabs would accept any return present, saying that we were their guests and not expected to give anything.

The Esa insisted, before the Abyssinians, that they were British "subjects." One old man had been to London and Bombay as a ship's fireman; he advised us to send down to



Zeila and let the assistant Resident, Mr. Walsh, know of our whereabouts, as "something might happen" if we were to try to leave Gildessa.

Next morning a score or two of young warriors, with the large Esa spear and shield, gave us a dance in honour of the British Government, but it was cut short by a mounted Abyssinian, Dágo's son, who rode up on a pony from the town and ordered them to desist. My own men all flew to arms and stood ready for a row, and Géli handed me my four-bore, suitably loaded as usual.

The Esa were silent for a moment; then, giving a derisive roar of laughter, they went on with their dance, which was the *dibáltig*, or acknowledgment of sovereignty, in our honour. The Abyssinian galloped back to Gildessa, and returned with the soldiers, marching two deep with loaded rifles; so the Esa suddenly stopped dancing. A young Esa, of splendid physique, came forward and asked whether we would like them to go on, for, as he courteously put it, "the Esa were the obedient slaves of the English." Thanking him and his comrades, we said they were under Abyssinian control here, and must do as they were bid.

They replied that they were sorry, for they felt great friendship for us. The situation was for a moment awkward. The Abyssinians and my own men stood drawn up opposite to each other near my tent, the young Esa warriors in a sullen group between the two, and a large crowd of Esa, Abyssinian, Arab, and Gállá townspeople, armed with long guns, swords, and spears, had collected on one side.

The Abyssinians were satisfied by my answer that I had no intention of insulting them, and without further word the commander marched them back to the town.

This was already the second hitch, and we were anxious to get from Makunan the answer to my letter. We could not foresee what trouble might arise with these sensitive Abyssinians if we stayed long in Gildessa. We also thought that instead of a letter reinforcements might be sent from Harar, and our camp was in a spot difficult to defend.

By noon on the day of the Esa dance no answer had as yet come from Harar; we had delayed over twenty-four hours to please the Abyssinians, but now, the stipulated time having expired, at 2 P.M. we began loading up.

Some Abyssinian scouts, who had been posted along the

road between our camp and Gildessa, reported our preparations for departure to their commander, and a crowd of Arab merchants and Esa elders came in haste to our camp to prevent a quarrel; for they said that if we went without permission we should certainly be attacked by the Abyssinians. They put our staying so much in the light of a personal kindness to themselves, that we agreed, not to stay, but to march a mile or two to a more defensible position, and camp for the night, going on in the morning towards Zeila. If a large force should by any chance come from Harar, our present camp was very unfavourably situated.

The Esa elders said they were sorry, as if they were ordered to seize our camels, and we used force, a fight would ensue; and a fight with the English was the last thing they wanted. We answered that we should also deplore this, but would not allow our free right to go to Zeila to be questioned. So we marched off, with most of the men formed into a rear-guard thrown across the camel-track and extended at about two paces.

We followed the path which goes to the north between the low hills and the forest fringing the right bank of the Gildessa stream. My brother afterwards crowned the hills with part of the rear-guard, while I kept with the remainder in the fringe of the woods covering the retreat till the caravan should be clear of Gildessa. A number of the Abyssinian and Soudánese soldiers ran out with their rifles to stop us, but when they had come a quarter of a mile they were recalled by a bugle from the barrack.

We camped after two miles, as we had promised our friends the Esa and Arab merchants. It rained as we halted, but we spent the first two hours of the night in fortifying our camp with piled boxes of stores and rough timber from the thorn-trees, so as to make them bullet-proof. We sent back word notifying to the Abyssinians that we had camped, but that we should make a very early morning march for Zeila, and asked that the Harar letter might be sent after us.

The messenger, on his return, reported that there had been high talk among the Abyssinians of punishing our Esa guides Boh and Hadji Adan, who had shown us the way to Gildessa, but the other Esa in the town had said that if a hair of their heads were touched, the Abyssinians would have to deal with them also. The Esa had then been driven out of the town by the soldiers, who had formed line and charged them.

The Esa are accounted the bravest of any of the Somáli

tribes; they seldom or never use light throwing-spears, but run up and stab at close quarters with the large, heavy, broad-bladed spear. On a certain punitive expedition which occurred in 1890, they managed to get into a zeriba full of regular troops, and, although beaten off, to leave their mark inside; and as fighting men they are by no means to be despised. But having no guns they are obliged in Gildessa to give in to the well-armed and numerous Abyssinians. My brother and I watched by turns at this camp during the whole night, and with the transit theodolite took several pairs of stars for latitude.

Sending three men half a mile back along the road to Gildessa, to keep a look-out, we loaded by moonlight and marched at 4 A.M., and by dawn had gone five miles along a good track through thick jungle. At daylight we came to Arrto, where Count Porro's scientific expedition, including nine Italian travellers, was destroyed in 1886. We crossed a wide nala to the foot of a small hill, which was the last camping-place of Porro's party. Half a mile farther we came to the Garasleh stream. The banks were beautifully wooded on both sides by large thorn-trees covered with creepers, with an undergrowth of aloes.

At dawn next day, at our camp at Warrji, where we had put twenty-five miles between our caravan and Gildessa, a number of Abyssinians came after us on mules, bringing letters from Rás Makunan of Harar. The letters were written in Amháric, and couched in the most polite terms. The Rás expressed himself glad to hear of the nearness to Harar of British officers, and invited us to come to see him. The bearer of the letter, who was the commander of the guard at Gildessa, further said that one Gobau Desta had been sent to Gildessa to arrange for the journey, and that by Gobau Desta the Rás had courteously sent his own riding mule, with embroidered state saddlery, for my use on the way. The Rás thanked me also for the rhino horns. Alluding to our affair with the Gildessa soldiers, the Rás significantly wrote, "If they have been discourteous to you they shall reap their reward."

I sent an answer to this, saying our time was not our own, but that I hoped at some future opportunity, when on leave, to pay him a visit. I said that the soldiers had naturally rather lost their heads at our sudden arrival, but had treated us with great hospitality.

On 20th September we arrived at Biyo-Kabóba fort, the

small post pushed out by the Abyssinians into the Esa country. And as we approached the guard of fifteen men fired a salute in our honour. Strict orders had come from Harar that we were to be given sheep, milk, and vegetables, that we were not to be molested in any way, and above all, that the Odahgub White Esa might dance to us if they liked. This they did, and I took



FEMALE SCHEMMERRING'S GAZELLE (*Gazella sommerringi*).

Length of horns on curve average 16 inches.

a photograph of them. I have never seen finer men in any Somáli tribe than some of these Esa. At So Madu, on 22nd September, a mail-bag arrived from Mr. Walsh, from Zeila, about a hundred miles distant. News contained in these letters necessitated my leaving my brother to finish the traverse. I started for Zeila with two attendants and my three Arab trotting camels. We slept on the side of the track for two nights, arriving in Zeila on the evening of the second day.

My brother marched down to Loyi-Ada, between Jibúti and

Zeila, to have a look at a palm-tree supposed to mark the boundary between the French and British spheres of influence. Here he had an amusing conversation in the pitch darkness with a French officer, who thought he was trying to break the cholera quarantine, the two parties of twenty men or so standing opposite each other under arms; this awkwardness was followed by explanations, my brother expressing regret that, through long absence in the interior, he had no knowledge of the quarantine, and the Frenchman apologising for having received him *en troupiér* under a misapprehension; and there followed a pleasant breakfast with this official, who said he lived at Jibúti.

A few days before reaching Zeila my brother's caravan was struck down with sickness, caused by bad water, several men having to be left at Ambós police-hut, and many more coming into Zeila strapped on camels. I rode fifty miles on a very hot day, with a native Indian hospital assistant and medicines, in pursuit of my brother, but found he had come to Zeila by another route. Arriving at Zeila, we paid off the caravan and returned to Aden. This was the last trip made in company with my brother.



SCHEMERRING'S GAZELLE.

## CHAPTER VI

## A VISIT TO RÁS MAKUNAN OF HARAR, 1893

Project to explore Gállaland—News of Colonel Carrington's party—A Bulhár feud—Start from Bulhár—Gadabursi dance to the English—Esa raid—A rival sportsman—Awálé Yasín breaks his leg—Native surgery—Adventures with leopards—Following a wounded leopard by moonlight—A plucky home charge—Exciting encounter—A beisa hunt—On the Marar Prairie again—Quantities of game—Arrival at Jig-Jiga, and visit from Abyssinians—Attempted arrest of the caravan by an Abyssinian general—Exciting adventure—Arrival of Gabratagli—Character of Banagúsé—A letter to the Rás—Interviews with Banagúsé—Bertiri complaints against Abyssinians—An answer from the Rás—Picturesque journey to Harar—Hospitality of Basha-Basha, an Abyssinian general—Enter Harar—Meet Signor Felter—First interview with the Rás in the audience-room—Entertained by Allaka Gobau Desta—My servant wounded—Meet Count Salimbeni, M. Guigniony, and the Archbishop of Gállaland—Interviews with the Rás and exchange of presents—Farewells in Harar—Leave Harar for the Webbe.

In the winter of 1892 I found myself able to undertake a project I had long formed,—that of spending my long leave in Somáliland, and penetrating through the country to explore Gállaland and the sources of the Juba, five hundred miles inland. Having thought for several years of undertaking this journey, when I was at last in possession of the opportunity I had all the arrangements in my head. It occurred to me that



Rás Makunan's invitation, received by me at Gildessa, might be very useful, because such a visit would ensure respectful treatment from any marauding Abyssinian soldiers whose path I might cross on my route to the Webbe. On the other hand, there was a chance that Rás Makunan might put obstacles in my way; but as he would get news of my journey in any case, whether I went to Harar or not, I considered it best to visit him, and laying before him my project, trust in his intelligent co-operation. I thought, moreover, Harar would be an interesting place to visit, and I knew that Rás Makunan would be glad of such a chance of exchanging ideas with a British officer. I mentioned my project to the political authorities, who, though not in a position to use my services, kindly allowed me to go in from British ports. Eventually I started for Harar, armed with eighteen Snider carbines; a letter of recommendation to "all tribes whose countries I might pass through" drawn up at the Residency, Aden; a note to Rás Makunan from Signor Cecchi, the Italian Consul-General; and a "round robin" in Arabic, from Sheikh Mattar of Hargeisa, to all the mullahs, widads, and chiefs of the Malingúr and Rer Amáden Somális, and of the Geriré Gállas beyond Imé.

The caravan, which I got together at Berbera on this occasion, was the best equipped and manned that I have ever done work with. The men were twenty-four picked Somális, all of whom had been under my command on many expeditions, and they were chosen from among some two hundred applicants for this particular trip.

In Aden I bought three Arab trotting camels and at Berbera thirty-three Somáli baggage camels. I engaged Adan Yusuf as caravan leader and interpreter, Géli and Hassan as hunters, Daura Warsama as guide, a cook, butler, and eighteen camel-men—in all twenty-four men.

To Adan Yusuf I lent a Martini-Henry carbine, my hunters carried my own spare big-game rifles, and the rest of the men carried two Martini and eighteen Snider carbines. I took one hundred and fifty rounds of ball ammunition per man, a box of buckshot cartridges, and a box of blank ones for firing salutes and signals, and for skirmishing drill. Fifty rounds per man of the ball ammunition I expended in Bulhár and during the journey in field-firing at targets.

Organising the caravan at Berbera, I marched to Bulhár, and there remained a week to drill the men and put them through

their target practice, during which time I was the guest of Mr. Malcolm Jones, the political officer. While I was at Bulhár Mr. Seton Karr arrived on a shooting trip, and left for the south-west on the same day; I also heard that Colonel Carrington of Poona was starting from Zeila into the Gadabursi country to look for elephants.

My own private weapons were a double four-bore elephant rifle carrying fourteen drams of powder and a spherical ball, and weighing twenty-one pounds; a double eight-bore Paradox, a double .577 Express, all by Holland and Holland; a long Lee-Metford magazine rifle, a Martini-Henry, and a double twelve-bore pistol.

There was a row going on among the coast people while we were at Bulhár. Near Eil Sheikh, on the shore, fourteen miles west of Bulhár, two men had fought in the jungle, a man of the Ayyal Gadíd being killed by a member of the Rer Gédi section of the Ba-Gadabursi Shirdone clan; after the duel the Shirdone man had run away to his karia.

The whole of the Ayyal Gadíd sub-tribe who were in Bulhár at once assembled to drive the Shirdone out of the town, and Mr. Jones promptly shut up five of the slayer's relatives in the lock-up to prevent their being lynched. Next day he sent half a dozen police, mounted on fast camels, to catch the murderer, and in the evening I walked out with my host to a crowd of Gadíd, who were burying the dead man wrapped up in a white tobe: we found that he had already been partly eaten by hyænas before being brought in, as one fleshless arm-bone was standing out from under the tobe.

We left Bulhár on 16th February, marched about twelve miles, and camped at Eil Sheikh, between Elmas Mountain and the sea. We took up eighty gallons of water at Eil Sheikh for the waterless march of fifty miles to Kabri Bahr. On the following day I shot an *aoul* buck with the Martini-Henry while on the march, the meat being very welcome. I saw a good many beisa and followed a pair of ostriches, but both without success, the flat-topped *khansa* bushes being very thick and thorny, and difficult to get through. We reached Kabri Bahr on the 19th, and Digan on the evening of the same day.

Here one of Colonel Carrington's men came into camp from the west, having been sent to look for elephants. I sent a note to the Colonel, whom I had met in India, giving him notice that I was on a trip to the far interior, and should not interfere with

his hunting-ground ; and I marched to Ali Maan, where I found the country much dried up, and water scarce, owing to a dry *Jilál* season and the failure of the *Dair* or winter rains. The Rer Nur, Gadabursi, gave a dance of fifty men, on foot, with spear and shield, in my honour ; and, as a return courtesy, I took a photograph of them. There were two large karias here. The men professed themselves, as usual all over Somáliland, to be English *ryots* (subjects),<sup>1</sup> and they made complaints against their neighbours, which they wished me to settle. While I was at Ali Maan the Esa attacked some Gadabursi and killed one of them, and in leaving I passed a party of young men going out to try and find an Esa to kill, and so square off the score.

In the Dibiri-Wein country, by a beautiful reed-margined river-bed, in the wet sand I found the footmarks of a herd of elephants which had passed about twenty-four hours before. Following these for a mile I discovered, to my horror, imprinted over them the uncompromising outline of a European boot ! The herd had been followed, not by Colonel Carrington, but by another traveller. I left these footprints in deep disgust, without even inquiring the name of their owner, and marching on in haste I reached Gebili a few days later.

I was riding at noon ahead of the caravan, and had just stopped to look at some old stone ruins half buried in rocks and grass, when my guide Daura ran up and reported, "Awálé is killed," and when the caravan came up it was headed by Awálé Yasín strapped on a camel, in great pain, with his leg broken below the knee, the tibia sticking out of the flesh for two or three inches. He had been fixing a loose load when the camel had fallen on him, crushing his leg. I gave him chlorodyne to try and alleviate the pain. Then as we neared the camp we lifted him off the camel, and four men bore him down the steep descent of fifty feet to the Gebili watercourse, to the south of which I pitched my tent. Following a sheep-track, we soon found a few shepherds of the Jibril Abokr, who were returning from watering their flocks. They sent a mounted messenger to their karias, lying ten miles to the south, and next morning a native expert at bone-setting arrived on the scene. I explained I was not a doctor, and that the sick man might choose between us ; and he chose the Somáli, while I stood by to help and see fair-play. I am not responsible for the following method :—

First they washed the leg with warm water. There was a

<sup>1</sup> Adapted by Somális from the Hindustáni.

gash some two inches wide, where the bone had come through. The limb was pulled violently to get it straight, and the knee was then bent till the calf pushed against the back of the thigh ; more pulling was done to get the broken bones in a straight line, and then the bandaging began.

Cutting a tobe into strips we wound it round and round the bent leg, a neat hole being made with the point of a spear wherever the bandage came over the gash in the flesh, so as to keep the wound exposed and thus allow of future inspection. The whole of the bandage was covered with *subug*, or clarified butter, as the work progressed. Over the tobe bandage was wound a final wrapping of soft *keirán* leather. The whole of this dressing was to remain on for seven days, and then to be opened ; if the bones had not joined at the end of that time they were to be reset by the aid of a wooden splint. If they had joined, a light bandage would be again put on, and in a month he should be able to walk.

Awálé bore the pain without a sound, under circumstances which would probably have caused an Asiatic or European to yell, and next day I sent him off to the Jibril Abokr karias strapped on a camel, with about two months' rations of rice and dates, and plenty of cloth to buy more ; but it afterwards transpired that the *hákim*, native-like, had bolted with the whole of this and left Awálé to shift for himself. However, he managed to get attended to by a good Samaritan from a passing caravan, in the shape of a distant relation, who took him to Berbera, where I found him four months afterwards ; he was then able to walk, but rather lame. A broken leg may not seem a great matter, but happening away from any transport except a baggage camel, and perhaps miles away from water in an uninhabited wilderness, it becomes a terrible misfortune.

I went out for a stroll on the evening of 1st March from Camp Gebili, quite alone, and walked along the sandy river-bed, which is surrounded by rocky and bush-covered country ; and here I saw a hyæna rolling about in the sand, one hundred and fifty yards away ; and pitching up my rifle I hit him, breaking his back, and walking up finished his struggles with a ball from my pistol. As I reached my tent a large panther was heard coughing in the jungle to the east, no doubt prowling round camp looking for one of my goats ; so we tied up a kid a hundred yards from my tent on the slope of the river bank, and raising a small screen of thorn-branches, I sat up with my

hunter Géli, five yards from the goat, to watch for the panther by the light of the rising moon. After an hour, just as we had begun to get tired of watching, and were nodding off to sleep, the panther charged and carried the goat away. The loop-hole we had prepared in our brushwood screen had been too small, allowing no room laterally for a moving shot.

The panther carried away the kid at a gallop, and we rushed after him in the moonlight over the rocky ground and scrub, and made him drop it when he had gone some two hundred yards from camp; we then dragged the carcase back and secured it in the same place, tying its leg with a stout rope to a stake hammered into the ground, the rope being smeared with muddy water to make it less conspicuously white. We also fastened a live goat by the side of the dead one.

After another wait of half an hour Hassan the Midgán, who sat on my left, touched me gently and pointed. Looking up I saw a panther's head five yards from the goat, gray and ghost-like, and next second in a flash he had sprung on the live goat's neck, but finding it fastened to the stake he let go and bounded on, giving no time for a shot. I searched all next day in the thick *ergin* jungle round camp, but failed to put him up, although we found a cave which had evidently been his lair.

On the next night I again went for a walk along the river-bed alone, and saw the mate of the hyæna I had killed the night before; but I held my fire for fear of driving away any leopards from the neighbourhood.

I sat up again, and at eight o'clock, while it was still nearly dark, a large leopard charged the goat at full gallop, and I fired without looking along the sights, the light being too dim to see the platinum bead. I fired a snap-shot with my eyes thrown upon the bait as the gray silhouette of the leopard pounced on to it, and pulled the trigger at random as it for a moment obscured the white form of the goat; the leopard left the goat struggling and bounded away across the river. The smoke hung heavily, and even when it had cleared away I could only make out the white outline of the goat in front, lying in its death-throes; beyond that the black silhouette of the bush-covered hill, and the white light in the sky which would soon be replaced by the disc of the rising moon. I distinctly heard the leopard spring up the hill on the other side of the river; and then she stopped, growling at intervals, and evidently badly wounded, for I could hear the cracking branches of the

thorn-bushes and the sound of displaced stones as she rolled about.

I went to camp and fetched a lantern and several men; and taking up the tracks, holding the lantern close to the ground, we found a great deal of blood and shreds of her stomach which had been dropped as she had galloped across the river-bed. We held a whispered conference, and decided that if we waited till the morning to follow her up, with this fearful wound she might die in the night and hyænas would spoil the skin. Several men then began throwing small stones up on to the hillside amongst the bushes where we thought she must be lying, but she refused to show her hiding-place.

The Somális offered to form line and drive her out by the light of the moon. I tried to show them the foolhardiness of this; but as they were bent on it, and further hesitation on my part would have been misinterpreted, I arranged a line of twelve men with Snider carbines, and placing myself at its head, we cautiously worked up the hillside. The leopard was very quiet now, and gave no sign. The moon was getting brighter, as it had risen well above the horizon clear of the hill and bushes, shining down into our faces as we ascended.

The men were straggling and would not keep proper line, in spite of my constant directions. We had made three unsuccessful casts up and down the hill, when the leopard charged down from the top, with a coughing roar, right in our faces. The men crowded up round me and I could not fire,—indeed no one had time to fire. She came down the hill in three or four tremendous bounds, and the next second her shadowy form had sprung on Esmán Abdi, who was next to me on the left, and leopard and man, locked together, rolled down the hill, brushing past my leg. Libán Gúri, the man on the farther side of Esmán Abdi, placed the muzzle of his carbine against the leopard's shoulder, actually singeing the skin, the bullet passing through the leopard and ricochetting within a few inches of my foot, scattering the gravel over me; the brute let go Esmán Abdi, or rather Esmán let go her, for he had her safe by the throat from the first; and she rolled over in her last agony, fixing her claws into everything within reach, until I fired with the muzzle against her ribs and settled her.

Esmán ran down the hill, and we all followed him, calling out to know how much he was wounded; and when we overtook him he said he wasn't running from the *shabél*, but was



very much afraid of our bullets! He was badly clawed about the arms, but having caught the leopard by the throat in the first rush, and never let go his hold, he got off without feeling her teeth, although he had several abrasions from falling among the rocks.

We took the leopard to my tent and skinned it by firelight, while by the same fire I dressed Esmán Abdi's wounds with carbolic oil. The first shot fired at the leopard as she charged the goat had taken her in the centre of the belly, and torn quite half of the intestines away, and with this wound she had waited quietly for us, and died game!

On the 3rd of March we left Gebili, and at the end of an afternoon march of three and a half hours halted at noon on the northern edge of the great Marar Prairie, at Ujawáji, near the spot where I had been mauled by a lion a few months before. A glorious view lay before us, the row of conical hills called Subbul rising out of the plain some twenty-five miles away; and another twenty-five miles beyond could be seen the long blue line of the Harar highlands, at the edge of which lay Jig-Jiga, the Abyssinian post by which I must pass before marching to the city of Harar. By the evening of the 4th of March we reached Júk, a grassy bottom in the undulating bush-covered country leading up to Subbul Odli, which is a dome-shaped hill, the top being two or three hundred feet above the surrounding ground and some six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Between Bulhár and Júk the whole country passed over had been under the influence of a very severe *Jilál*, or dry season, but at Júk we found that recent rain had fallen, and young grass was just shooting up all over the plain, the thorn-bushes being already a mass of green.

On the evening of our arrival at Júk I left the three trotting camels in camp and strolled out on foot; I found beisa abundant, and after a careful crawl through old high grass, hit two mortally with a right and left, but night closed in while I was following, and I had to leave them to die in the bush.

At dawn the next morning the caravan marched on for Subbul Odli, while I went back on foot with Géli and Hassan to look for the beisa wounded the night before. I found one, a large cow, still standing, and gave her a finishing shot; and two or three hundred yards farther I found the other, a bull, already killed and eaten by hyænas; but the skull, carrying a very fine pair of horns, I took away, and as much of the meat of the cow as we could carry.

Soon after overtaking the caravan I started a large herd, followed by what is perhaps the greatest meat delicacy, a young calf beisa; and as the meat of the cow was scarcely enough for my followers, I shot him. At noon we reached Subbul Odli and camped half a mile from the hill, in open park-like country. There was at the foot of Subbul Odli a beautiful forest of the *wádi*, a thorn-tree with an upright light gray or lemon-yellow stem, bare to about ten feet from the ground, and then spreading out flat at the top into small stems in the form of an inverted cone. It is a tree of great beauty, and covered with thorns two or three inches long. This tree gives out a gum the Somális eat. It was now the *Kalíl*, or great heat before the monsoon, and we experienced the first thunderstorm while at this camp.

Continuing our journey towards Jig-Jiga, I saw immense numbers of hartebeests on the open plains, one herd containing quite a thousand individuals, and three herds about five hundred each; also smaller herds and solitary bulls were scattered about near the horizon. All the game was rather wild, but I shot two buck Sømmerring's gazelles by a right and left, as a long line of these animals galloped past me extended at full speed, the setting sun glancing on their sleek hides. We camped where they had fallen, on the short grass of the open plains, my tent being within half a mile of Gumbur Dúg, a small rounded hillock which takes its name from the *Dúg*, or large gadfly. Four Ayyal Yunis traders came here to lay before me, as a representative of the English, complaints against the Abyssinians; and some of the Jibril Abokr tribe joined us, with their flocks, for protection while passing the frontier.

Marching into Jig-Jiga on the side of rising ground, opposite the Abyssinian stockaded earthwork, I was promptly visited by a *Shám*, or petty officer, and twenty Abyssinian soldiers, who all carried sabres and Remington rifles. Rumours were afloat that the Abyssinian leader, Banagúsé, having heard that an English force was marching up to take Jig-Jiga, was bringing an army against me from his place at Gojar in the hills. The Bertiri said that the soldiers at Jig-Jiga had been on the point of leaving in a fright, but that we had come unexpectedly early in the day, and so caught them in the stockade.

I sat up for a panther in the evening, in a wretched shelter, when it was pitch dark; and a spotted hyæna charged my goat

and took it away from under my very nose, but the light was too bad for me to fire, and I returned much disgusted to camp, picking my way home in the dark.

At midnight my caravan leader, Adan Yusuf, woke me up to say that he had received news that Banagúsé was coming tomorrow with two hundred soldiers, and had sent for a reinforcement of two hundred more; and that Banagúsé had said to his people that he would arrest me, whoever I was, and find out the reason of my coming afterwards.

Accordingly, next morning Banagúsé marched into the Jig-



HARTEBEEB (*Bubalis swaynei*).

Jiga Valley with the large escort of nearly four hundred horse and foot, armed chiefly with Remington rifles. The force was one of organised troops, so far as the Abyssinian military system goes, and the rifles were superior to the Snider carbines of my escort. I watched them for many miles as they advanced over the plain, by the aid of a large astronomical telescope, which we set up on a tripod in camp. The force halted outside the Abyssinian zeriba, eight hundred yards from my camp, a dip of open grass-land, forming the Jig-Jiga Valley, lying between us. Banagúsé went into the zeriba, the bulk of the soldiers squatting down outside, gossiping and holding the horses of those Abyssinian chiefs who had been mounted.

Soon Banagúsé's headman or *Shám*, Abadigal, came spurring across the valley to my camp, mounted on a beautiful gray

Abyssinian mare, with a message to the effect that the great man was "at home" in the zeriba, and that he had sent for me. Remembering what had been told me of Banagúsé's intention to arrest me, I sent back Abadigal to say I would meet Banagúsé half-way if he would go into the valley with a few men only; and I pointed out a conspicuous red ant-hill where we might meet. Abadigal soon returned, saying his master expected me to go to the zeriba, and that he would wait for me there.

Mounting my Arabian trotting camel, and followed by all my nineteen men, leaving only one sentry in camp, I rode out to the ant-hill, and sat there for ten minutes; but Banagúsé not arriving, being tired of the hot sun, I trotted back again; and on Abadigal coming on one of his frequent errands across the valley, I sent him to tell Banagúsé that he might go back to Harar if he liked, but that I should stop where I was, and unless he behaved civilly I should prefer not seeing him at all. Moreover, I warned him that my men were few, and that if he brought his crowd with him to my camp I should take it as a hostile act, but that if he came with only a small party I should be glad to welcome him, and give him a reception befitting a man of such rank.

I waited another half-hour, and then I saw through the telescope that the people squatting round the zeriba began to stir, and Banagúsé and his chiefs came out and formed the whole force into a long line facing my camp. The chief mounted, and the line began to cross the valley in my direction; and very picturesque they looked. I longed for a shot at them with my "Ideal" hand camera, but not anticipating such a subject I had put in no plates the night before. As they got nearer I could see the silver-mounted shields and black sheepskin capes of the men, and the rich trappings of the horses, some of the bridles being hung with rows of silver discs, glittering in the sun. Banagúsé rode in the centre on a white horse, and the line was an irregular formation about two or three deep. On my right a large crowd of Bertiri Somáli horsemen had assembled to watch the expected disturbance, and the whole picture was one of the brightest and most exciting I have ever seen in Somáland.

I was determined that if Banagúsé wanted to arrest me he would have to use force; and I knew he could not do this, because, after the attempted arrest of my brother and myself at

Gildessa the year before, Rás Makunan had given strict orders to his frontier generals to treat British travellers with courtesy; so on the whole I decided that if in the game of "bluff" I preserved a tolerably firm attitude, Banagúsé would simply have to give in, and my expedition to Ogádén would be saved from failure.

Calling my men, twenty in all, and forming them into an irregular line, I went out on foot into the valley to meet Banagúsé, hoping devoutly that he would halt his people and come on with two or three in a proper manner. But the Abyssinians continued to advance! I was intensely annoyed that Banagúsé should insist on bluffing, and we all determined not to give in. A few seconds only would decide the matter now, as the array had come to within a hundred and twenty yards, and was every moment getting nearer. I now ordered my men to lie down, and advancing with two of them I waved to Banagúsé to come forward to meet me, and to halt his people. My signs being taken no notice of, I blew a whistle, and the men ran up and formed round me into a rallying group, outer circle kneeling and inner circle standing, and a cartridge was shoved into the breech of every rifle. Several of the Abyssinians dropped down ready to fire at a word from their chief, and my Somális made ready, on the order, to aim at the little man on the white horse, riding in the middle of the throng.

Banagúsé wheeled his horse quickly and addressed his people. He had at last been beaten in the game, and a wave passed along the opposing line which we had been watching with such concentrated interest, and they all sat down. Banagúsé trotted forward on his white horse, followed by Abadigal and two others, and I walked towards him with my interpreter, Adan Yusuf, and two men. Banagúsé took the sheepskins from the shoulders of the two soldiers and spread them on the ground; and we sat down side by side on the open plain, near my original ant-hill, the dark Abyssinian force being eighty yards in front, and my camelmen ten yards behind; and about a hundred Bertiri horsemen, sitting in the saddle, formed a picturesque group on my right.

Banagúsé complimented me on my military movements, and asked the reason of them. I asked why he had advanced with all his force, against my wish, distinctly made known to him through Abadigal. "Oh!" he said, "this crowd was brought in your honour; it is the custom." So, not to be behind him

with a soft answer, I said, "This is also an English custom, to do you honour"; and so we parted, shaking hands; and I marched back my own men to my camp, and Banagúsé crossed the valley to his zeriba, followed by his little army.

In the afternoon an Abyssinian named Gabratagli came to me with a small escort, having just arrived from Daríma, a village in the highlands about a day's march distant. He was an agent of Menelek, and had been appointed to inspect routes and regulate caravan fees. He reported that Rás Makunan had just arrived at Harar after his visit to Shoa, but had not yet had time to hear of my coming. Gabratagli had, however, heard of it, and had come in haste from Daríma to bid me welcome to the country on his own responsibility, as he knew of my correspondence with the Rás at Gildessa last year, and of Makunan's wish to know British officers. Gabratagli behaved with great courtesy, and assured me that Rás Makunan would be delighted to hear that I had come at last. He said that the people on the frontier were all mad, and suspicious of the English, but that now he had come all would go well with me. Gabratagli and his friends finished my small stock of whisky and cigarettes; and cheered by the comforts of my table, became very friendly and communicative.

It appears that Banagúsé is a *Tawwari*, or "general commanding the advance guard."<sup>1</sup> He is in some ways an able man,

<sup>1</sup> The following titles were explained to me by an Abyssinian, and, though I cannot vouch for their accuracy of spelling, I jot them down:—

- Negása Negust*, the Emperor; literally the "king of kings."
- Negús*, King.
- Rás-Bitódet and Rás*, high titles ranking next to *Negús*.
- Dejasmatch*, General of Division.
- Kanyasmatch*, General of the Right.
- Gerasmatch*, General of the Left.
- Fi Tawwari*, General of the Advance.
- Balanbaras*, Commandant of a fortress.
- Turk Basha*, General of Artillery.
- Yeshi Alaka*, Chief of a thousand.

The combined camp of a large Abyssinian army is so arranged that the Emperor and various kings occupy the central camp. In front is that of several *Rás*, *Dejasmatch*, and *Tawwari*; to the right several *Rás*, *Dejasmatch*, and *Kanyasmatch*; to the left several *Rás*, *Dejasmatch*, and *Gerasmatch*.

Some idea of Rás Makunan's importance as Governor of Harar may be gained from the fact that he has under him four *Dejasmatch*, eight *Balanbaras*, four *Kanyasmatch*, nine *Gerasmatch*, and five *Fi Tawwari*.

Any of the kings has apparently a chance of becoming Emperor. The present Emperor, Menelek, is also King of Shoa.



and is setting up a place for himself at the advanced post of Gojar under Gureis Mountain, just inside the Harar highlands; it is said he wishes to found another Harar there. He has the reputation of being disobedient to his superiors and tyrannical to the Géri and Bertiri Somális. He is unpopular in Somáland, and, if all reports are true, he is not likely to forward British interests. He is the worst of those who extract cattle from Somáland without paying, under the pretence of collecting tribute for the Emperor; he has made many requisitions on the Habr Awal tribe, which is under British protection; and his raids on the Ogádén cattle are likely to damage our meat-supply at Aden in the near future.

According to a story I have heard on fairly good authority, Banagúsé's history is as follows:—A few years back, in Shoa, he somehow incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Menelek, and the latter ordered that he should be disgraced and punished. When the Abyssinians took Harar, Banagúsé so distinguished himself that Rás Makunan gave him charge of Jarso District, in which lies the village of Gojar, commanding the Hilindéra Pass; and the fort of Jig-Jiga, dominating the Karin Marda Pass, both of which lead from Berbera and Hargeisa to Harar. He appears, however, to have done nothing for the country, taking numbers of horses and cattle away to feed the troops, and exacting double road fees from Berbera caravans. The Emperor Menelek, who had in the meantime almost forgotten Banagúsé's existence, hearing the Somáli complaints, sent Gabratagli to Daríma to check the caravan fees; so naturally the two officials were not exactly friends.

Gabratagli was a cheery old man, wearing a tobe, a pair of white calico drawers, and an immense straw hat. He kept a piece of calico soaked in butter over his shaven skull, under his hat, "to keep his head cool," as he said he was a martyr to neuralgia. He rode a white mule, and had an athletic soldier, dressed in calico drawers, constantly at hand with his drinking-cup and a mysterious bottle, which did not contain water. I took a great liking to this old man.

Gabratagli had travelled much, and had often visited Aden; and he asked me concerning the health of English officers whom he had met many years before, whose names I had never heard; and on my admitting this, he remarked, "If you don't remember these you must be very young." Before he left my camp he sent a mounted messenger to Harar with a letter from me to

the Rás, and he asked me to stay at Jig-Jiga for three or four days till the answer should arrive.

It was not till nearly sunset that Banagúsé came over, bringing his whole force across the valley to my camp. I fired a salute as he came in, my men being pleased, and thinking themselves great soldiers after the morning's display. I insisted on his halting his people two hundred yards from camp, and bringing only twenty men with him; and to show him that I did not like his methods, I ordered my men to squat down in a circle round the door of my reception tent, and leading Banagúsé and a few chiefs through a lane of my men, I sat down among them with my loaded rifle leaning against a chair and my revolver on. The few soldiers whom Banagúsé brought with him were allowed to wander about the camp at will, one sentry keeping a watchful eye over them. They treat their long Remington rifles shamefully, leaning on them with the muzzles half buried in the earth. Their custom is to keep these rifles loaded while on the Somáli frontier, but not, I believe, in Harar.

I found Banagúsé very intelligent, and his features are well cut and regular, unlike those of the coarse-featured soldiers. I noticed the Somális have much better features than the Abyssinian soldiers, and smaller hands and feet. I should think Banagúsé must have Arab blood in his veins. Although polite, he was not at all disposed to be friendly to me; he knew that I had taken photographs of his stockade on my last visit while he was away, and complained of him to the British Government.

There was a report in my camp that the force he had collected at Gojar was getting ready to attack an Italian who was said to have settled down on the Milmil-Imé route at Sassamani, in Ogádén. At the time I thought of Prince Ruspoli, but subsequently found that the object of the attack, which never came off, was Colonel Paget, who had, I afterwards heard, with great justice restored some looted camels to the Ogádén while on a shooting trip in their country.

During my interview with Banagúsé, Mahomed Ahmed, the poor Gerád or Sultan of the Bertiri Somális, sat in my tent looking dejected and never daring to utter a word. It appears his dignity had suffered at the hands of the Abyssinians during the last few months, he being obliged to "trot about like a dog" between the karias to fetch cows for the soldiers to eat.

The Gerád was slightly built, and had the intelligent face and well-cut features of the best kind of Somáli, a great contrast to the coarse-featured soldiers who were allowed to hector over him. Despite his old, worn-out tobe he still looked dignified. Before the arrival of these Abyssinians, who came into the Bertiri country like a swarm of locusts when they took Harar, the Gerád had been a man of some repute. But the Abyssinians took away all his power, and he is now of little consequence.

My intercourse with Banagúsé depended on several interpreters; he spoke Amháric to Gabratagli, who passed it on to my interpreter, Adan Yusuf, in Arabic, and the latter translated into Hindustáni for my benefit. By the time a sentence reached me Banagúsé was thinking of something else, so we did not make much progress.

The Abyssinians preferred tea to coffee; and I noticed Banagúsé rather craned at his cup, and handed it to a friend first, suspecting poison. But my headman, Adan Yusuf, full of tact, said quietly, "*Majish khoff*" (No fear), and giving a short laugh, he took a long draught from the cup, and filled it again for the great man.

On 9th March, in the early morning, Banagúsé sent over Abadigal to say he was leaving for Gojar, and requesting that I would visit him in the stockade; so posting a sentry in camp I took nineteen of the men in line, rode across the valley, and drew up at the Abyssinian zeriba. Leaving most of the men outside I entered with four, passing a sentry who saluted me by presenting arms in Abyssinian fashion; and walking across the zeriba I entered Banagúsé's hut. Here I found his notables assembled, all seated on the ground. I was invited to take my place on a raised platform with Banagúsé, while Adan Yusuf and the other interpreters squatted in front. Banagúsé was polite, but having little to say, he left Gabratagli to do all the talking.

After a somewhat embarrassing leave-taking I trotted back to camp on my camel, and Banagúsé issued from the stockade; and, followed by his army, marched over the plain towards Gojar. Looking with my telescope from camp an hour later, I made them out in the far distance, and it was pleasant to have seen the last of them.

I was glad to halt at Jig-Jiga for a few days, as the plains were dotted over with game. My men were a thoroughly good lot of fellows, and I was particularly pleased with the way in which they enabled me to show a bold front to Banagúsé.

One day I went out into the plains with three or four men, and found immense herds of hartebeests and Sœmmerring's gazelles; but the day being windy, they were very shy. The gazelles were always galloping about and starting the masses of beisa and hartebeests. They would draw up in front of the larger game, appearing to know that I did not want to fire at them, sometimes giving me very easy chances. At last, seeing no chance of the larger game, and being in want of meat, I shot two Sœmmerring's gazelles right and left, one a very good buck with a thick winter coat; and on the way to camp I saw a bull hartebeest standing, as he thought, out of range, some four hundred yards away, so I lay prone and brought him down with a careful shot from the Martini-Henry.

Returning to camp, I found messengers from one Farur Gerád Hirsi, a relation of the Bertiri Sultán, who was at his karia two miles away, and had "pains all over his body," so he had sent his sons to call me. I gave him twenty drops of chlorodyne and half a dozen quinine pills, one to be taken daily. I was received with great enthusiasm by a crowd of some two hundred of his womenfolk and male relations, all calling out "*Nabad*" (Welcome). The Gerád said he would have had himself carried to my camp, but not while the hated Abyssinians remained there. The elders flocked around to lay complaints before me of the treatment they had received from the Abyssinian invaders. They said that Banagúsé was lazy, and did not administer the country a bit; that he and his mob were good neither at fighting nor governing, and that the only thing they could do was bullying the karias for the extraction of cattle, which his soldiers eat raw. The Gerád told me that ten cows were taken last month from his karia alone. Another man, Ibrahim Gúri (Rer Ali), lost seventy-six camels, two hundred sheep, and five huts in one day; and he and his wife were arrested and taken away by the Abyssinians towards Harar. These are samples of the arbitrary behaviour of frontier officials.

At night I returned to my camp from the Gerád's karia, across torrent-beds and wait-a-bit thorns, and learnt the lesson that it is much better to cross one deep ravine low down than the twenty or more tributary ravines from which it is formed. We got to camp at last, relieved in our minds, because the presence of a man-eating lion in this neighbourhood had made us feel rather uncomfortable when stumbling about amongst the ravines in the darkness of the night.

Next morning I sent a haunch of venison to Gabratagli, done up with clean white foolscap paper pinned round it, with a pencil memorandum in English conveying my compliments, as it seemed to me it would do no harm to be polite. My armed Somáli camelman who took it seemed to think it a great joke, and trotted across the half-mile of valley to the Abyssinian zeriba in pouring rain, singing cheerfully; and he returned saying my friend was delighted, but, my Somáli asked, "Why did I waste my good venison on such pigs?"

At mid-day on the 11th came news that Rás Makunan had returned to Harar from Shoa; and at eight o'clock at night Gabratagli sent over the Rás's letter, with an interpreter. The Rás expressed himself very pleased that I had carried out my promise, made last year, to visit him, and hoped I would come at once, adding that Gabratagli had received orders to make all arrangements for my coming.

On the 13th March we left Jig-Jiga, crossed the plains to Hádo, just inside the Harar Hills, and camped at Abadigal's own village. We had now left the Marar Prairie, inhabited by Somáli nomads, and crossed the border of the Harar Hills, descending by the Marda Pass into undulating country occupied by the cultivating Géri and Bertiri, whose permanent villages are clustered about everywhere, and are controlled by Abyssinian magistrates, whose title is *Shám*.

The *Shám* who was my host was Abadigal, Banagúse's right-hand man, whom I had seen lately at Jig-Jiga; he was a good fellow, broad-shouldered and good-natured, and looked very imposing in his military dress, with a black sheepskin cape and a long curved sabre. Although the Bertiri villagers detest the Abyssinian occupation as a principle, Abadigal enjoys the personal respect of those under him.

The pass by which we entered the mountains is called Karin Marda, and is very prettily wooded, the road having a greatest elevation of about 6500 feet above sea-level. A great change came over the landscape as we topped the pass. Behind us lay a thickly-wooded slope descending to the immense Marar Prairie, covered generally with short grass without a single bush, which is a thousand square miles in area, and has a greatest length of fifty and a greatest breadth of thirty-six miles, with a mean elevation of 5500 feet above sea-level. In front, at our feet, the road wound through picturesque forest for half a mile, and then the whole face of the country was

covered with *jowári* cultivation and clusters of substantial villages. Beyond, to the south-west, rose ridge upon ridge of blue hills and deep valleys, among which, some forty miles away, lay the city of Harar. To the right towered the tremendous mass of Kondurá (or Kondudo) to about ten thousand feet, and beyond Harar a similar mass, called Gara Muláta, shut out the view to the west.

At this season we found the signs of cultivation to consist only of old stubble; the land was being ploughed up to receive the new seed, the dry season being nearly at an end and the monsoon rains expected shortly.<sup>1</sup> Everywhere, in pairs or singly, oxen were drawing the primitive Bertiri plough, and the country had a peaceful look after the thorn-forests and open grass-plains of the nomad Somális, where sheep and camel paths and zeribas were almost the only evidences of human occupation.

The *Shám* kindly lent me his house, a substantial dwelling fifteen feet high and eighteen feet in diameter, made in a circular form, of stout saplings and *jowári* stalks, with a beehive-shaped roof of the same material, covered by ten inches of neat layers of thatched grass; and altogether forming as clean, well-built, and comfortable a dwelling, for the climate, as one could wish. As we got intensely cold night-winds at this elevation (5500 feet), I was glad indeed to exchange my Cabul tent for Abadigal's hut. The state of the thermometer, which sometimes goes down to 49° and 50° Fahr. in the early mornings, does not accurately describe the cutting nature of a Somáli night-wind, the more keenly felt when one has been travelling all day under a burning *Jilál* sun.

An Abyssinian soldier brought me a present of fifteen fresh hen's eggs; I offered payment, but he refused, saying that eggs were of no value, and many were daily thrown away as refuse. Somális do not keep fowls, so I was delighted at the change of food.

Mahomed Ahmed, the Gerád of the Bertiri tribe, visited me at Abadigal's hut, with the same old story; he said that the Bertiri wished for the arrival of anybody in European shape who would administer the country and save them from the Abyssinians. He said, as an inducement, that any Europeans taking over the country would make plenty of money; he added that ever since I had come to Jig-Jiga he had been kept on the

<sup>1</sup> The *Gu* or spring rains; due about the middle of April.



run, carrying messages to various villages many miles away, or looking for cattle, because the Abyssinians wanted to prevent his coming to me. He had crept to my hut stealthily by night; and of course I warned him of the danger to which he exposed himself. He said that my arrival threw the Jig-Jiga garrison into a great state of alarm. My friends the Bertiri, I found, loving to make mischief, had magnified my difficulties with Banagúsé into a great British victory over the Abyssinians! I believe that half the Abyssinian suspicion of English designs on the frontier is due to Somáli gossip.

We set out from Hádo at daylight, and leaving cultivation after an hour, descended by a road, bad for camels, into the beautiful valley of Helmók, camping by the margin of a running stream. This valley, which leads into the Tug Fáfan to the south-east, is covered with forest and dense undergrowth, where the latter has not been burnt off by jungle-fires. It has been a favourite resort of elephants and rhinoceroses, but since the Abyssinians came to Harar their numbers have diminished, and we only saw the track of one bull rhinoceros, which had come to drink at the stream two nights before.

Marching from Helmók in the afternoon, we arrived at the village of the Kanyasmach Basha-Basha, which lies on the saddle between two very remarkable hills called Eilalami, the village itself being called Bakaka. To the west of the Eilalami ridge is Feyambiro, and to the east Bursúm.

The country between Helmók stream and the Eilalami ridge is a beautiful, well-watered valley, covered with forest, uncultivated and used as pasture by the Géri and Bertiri flocks at the proper season. The ascent to the saddle on which Bakaka village stood was steep for camels, and we wound through this large village after dark, threading our way through a crowd of Abyssinian, Gállá, and Harari villagers, and yelping pariah dogs, till we reached Basha-Basha's house.

The rank of *Kanyasmach* may be described as that of General commanding the right wing of an Abyssinian army. Fi Taurari Banagúsé and Kanyasmach Basha-Basha are the two commanders who respectively lead the Abyssinian advance into the Bertiri and Habr Awal countries to the north, and the Ogádén to the east.

I was led into a large stockaded enclosure behind Basha-Basha's house, where a tent had been prepared for me. This was fourteen feet in diameter across the floor and of bell shape,

with perpendicular walls seven feet high hanging to the ground all round. The central pole was twelve feet high, of male bamboo grown, I think, in Abyssinia, and the material of the tent was a single thickness of American shirting. We waited outside a short time, among a crowd of gaping villagers and dogs, while the tent was being prepared with carpets for my reception. On entering it I met Basha-Basha, who welcomed me to his village. He was a little man, squarely built, and had lost his left eye. He had an abrupt, peremptory way of talking, but he was said to be very popular and to have a great reputation for straightforwardness, being kind to his inferiors and "very terrible in war." Fortunately I had not to test his fighting powers, but I found him everything that could be wished as a host, and he impressed me more favourably than any of the Abyssinians whom I had met. He apologised for not being in his dress of ceremony on the ground that he was in mourning; but next day he condescended to put on his cape of lion-skin and a black velvet waistcoat covered with embroidery, to show me the costume. He admired my big-game rifles, being much delighted with the double four-bore, weighing twenty-two pounds, which he said was the right gun for elephants. I heard that Basha-Basha when a child was adopted by the wife of Rás Makunan, and through this connection with the family of the Rás and his own ability he had advanced to his present post.

On the 15th I remained all day in Basha-Basha's tent, occasionally appearing at the entrance to show myself to the crowd which had come to see me. In the evening I wanted to go for a walk, so, as an excuse, I proposed to visit Feyambiro. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading Basha-Basha and Gabratagli that I was not going to choose the site for an English fort. They thought it most extraordinary that I should want to go for a walk, and Basha-Basha quietly ordered a detachment of soldiers to go with me! I carried out my intention, going four miles along a very uninteresting public path covered with people passing to and fro, between cultivated fields, when we came to a few huts belonging to a caravan of Berbera traders; this, I was told, was Feyambiro, where all caravans from Somáland unload and change to donkey transport, leaving the camels to graze at Feyambiro, as the road ahead, over the twenty-five miles to Harar, winds through deep gorges and is too rough for camels. Gabratagli asked why I should want to see Feyambiro, when I should pass it on the morrow while going

to Harar. I got the exercise, but did not enjoy the trip, because I was dogged the whole way by a hundred Gállá peasants and Abyssinian soldiers.

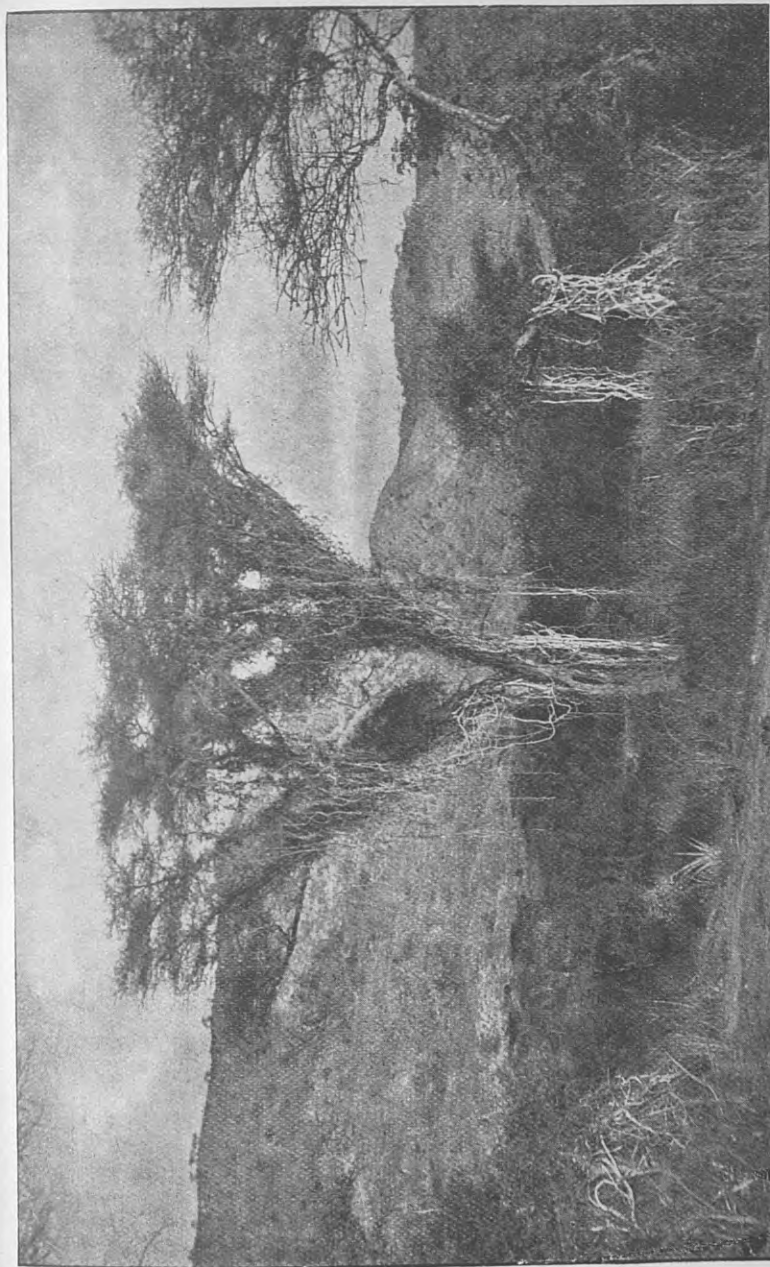
We set out from Basha-Basha's on the morning of the 16th March at seven o'clock. I left all the camels and camp at Feyambiro, taking on with me only my servants and a little personal baggage, the transport of mules and porters being supplied free of charge by Gabratagli. Passing over very hilly country intersected by deep gorges, we arrived at Harar at 2 P.M., being escorted for the last two or three miles by several companies of the soldiers of the Rás, in clean white dress, to the number of about a thousand.

As we arrived at the head of each company, the men presented arms in the Abyssinian way, and were marched off in front or in rear of the procession according to the place assigned them, the whole being under the command of a *Gerasmatch*, or General of the Left.

Near Harar I caught sight of a European white helmet, and was met by Signor Felter, an Italian merchant, who spoke French fluently, and kindly offered to come with me as far as Makunan's house. Count Salimbeni and Signor Felter and another gentleman formed the Italian community at Harar at the time of my visit. The former had represented the Italian Government, but was shortly leaving for Aden.

I had an interview with the Rás at his audience-house in the centre of the town, the members of his household and leading men of Harar being present. The audience-room or shed was decorated with carpets, a raised dais at one end being reserved for the Rás; a European easy-chair or two occupied one side of the room, while the natives squatted on their heels on the carpets. The interview was short, as is the custom on first meeting, the visitor being supposed to be tired after his journey. Rás Makunan asked me a few questions about Aden. It seems that not long ago he went to Rome, where he received a decoration. He is well informed on European subjects.

After this interview I was taken to the house of Alaka Gobau Desta. He appeared a learned man, and his position in England would have been something similar to that of a college "Don," though I think *Alaka* simply means "chief." He spoke excellent English, and said he was a native of Gondar in Abyssinia. In the trimming of his hair and beard he called to mind pictures of Spanish gentlemen about the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was



JUNGLE OF "WADI" THORN-TREES AND "HIG" ALOES; SUBUL ODLI, HAUD.  
From a Photograph by the Author.

formerly in a mission at Zanzibar, where he learnt English ; and he married a Goanese from India, since dead, who could paint in water-colours, and whose sketches were hanging on the walls of his house. My friend had furnished it as far as possible in the English style, and while there I enjoyed the comforts of an English lodging free of cost, besides good champagne and roast beef cooked by the wife of an Armenian who works for the Rás. I have nothing but pleasant recollections of the kind hospitality of the Abyssinians at Harar, and of Signor Felter and his charming wife.

My baggage not arriving on the 16th, I rode out five miles, on a mule, along the road, to look for it. When it arrived in the evening, I found my servant Ibrahim, a Somáli boy of nineteen, had met with an accident ; an angry Abyssinian, armed with a spear, had been chasing his own servant, when the latter ran to Ibrahim for protection ; the aggressor turned on Ibrahim and threw his spear, and trying to ward off the blow he received the spear through the palm of his hand. It was a bad cut, severing an important vein, so that the hand had been bleeding at intervals for nearly two days ; and Ibrahim arrived in a very weak state. I complained to the Rás, and the culprit was caught and put into prison, Ibrahim receiving the small compensation of twenty-five piastres, or about three rupees. I told the police officials that all my servants had orders to use their carbines, if necessary, in self-defence, and expressed astonishment at Ibrahim's forbearance.

On 17th March I had a long interview with Rás Makunan, when he expressed great friendship for the British ; and I conveyed to him the kind regards of General J. Jopp, C.B., Political Resident of Aden, and the Italian Consul-General Cecchi, and of other officers known to him personally or by correspondence. After the audience I met Count Salimbeni at dinner at the house of Signor Felter.

On the following day I called on M. Gabriel Guigniony, a French merchant, and Monseigneur Taurin Cahaigne, officially "Vicaire Apostolique des Gállas." He has been many years in the country, and probably knows more about Gállas history than any man.

In the afternoon I spent a long time with the Rás, and gave him a photograph-album of Indian scenes, and also a tiger-skin mounted on red cloth. He was much struck with some of the photographs which represented Indian elephants in a "khedda" ;



and he asked me whether he could get experts from India to try their hands at taming the African elephant.

I showed him Burton's *First Footsteps in East Africa*, which contains such a graphic description of Harar and a sketch of the city. Gobau Desta read Burton's historical account of Harar to the Rás, translating as he went along; and said it was true in every detail. I also showed the Rás my photo of two rhinoceros heads. He is said to have been a keen hunter, and he sent for my Express rifle, by Holland, and took down the number, saying he should like to order one like it to shoot lions with, as "he preferred English rifles for big game."

I took a ride with the Italians to Jebel Hákim and round Harar; and in the evening dined with M. Guigniony. On the 19th I called on Count Salimbeni, and in the afternoon had another interview with the Rás. Having come to the city only as a private visitor, I was careful to steer clear of politics in our conversations. But the Rás insisted on looking on my visit as partly political, and seized the opportunity of stating his ideas, through Gobau Desta, to an English traveller. After the interview I took down notes, from Gobau Desta's dictation, concerning Abyssinian ideas, which were read to the Rás and approved of. He particularly wished me to get them published in England.

It appears that during the last few years Abyssinia has imported immense quantities of breech-loading firearms, and has become, so far as the Abyssinian feudal organisation goes, a military Power; and Abyssinians are beginning to remember that once their country included parts of Yemen and the Soudán. Since Theodore's time they have been trying to gain possession of a seaport, and now they dream of absorbing the Somáli tribes till they reach the coast, either of the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, or the Indian Ocean. They declare that they will not be content till they have full control of one of the seaports to which their merchandise goes, preferably Massáwa, Jibúti, or Zeila. They hint that, now the African coast-line is being divided among the Europeans, the Africans are entitled to their share. The Abyssinians say that the expeditions which annually advance farther into Ogádén are undertaken for the purpose of exacting tribute, thus establishing the Abyssinian claim to suzerainty over the Somáli tribes; and that, if possessed of one of the northern ports, their Ogádén expeditions would cease.

However impracticable these ideas may sound, they seem interesting as showing what are Abyssinian ambitions, and what

may be the mainspring of the eastern movement which began with the absorption of Harar, formerly a buffer state between Abyssinia and the Somális.

Abyssinians regard the European Powers with mixed feelings. They say they wish for the internal improvement of their country according to European methods, and promise commercial privileges to the Power which can bring about such improvement. They are, on the other hand, shy of the word "Protectorate," and naturally wish to be recognised for ever as an independent State. Abyssinians claim to have authority as far as the confines of the Equatorial Province, and even claim lately to have done something against the Central African slave trade.

According, therefore, to my friend's statement, Abyssinia would appear to be the Power on whose progress the future enlightenment of Central Africa largely depends. My own hopes fall far short of this; for though enlightened and honourable Abyssinians, of whom Rás Makunan may be taken as the type, may have high ambitions, yet the ruck of the people, from the specimens of soldiers whom I saw at Harar, appear to be certainly no better than the nomad Somális, except in their possession of rifles.

The Rás was unwell on the 19th, and could not see any one. I received visits from the Archbishop and M. Guigniony. The medium of conversation with Europeans in Harar was French; curiously enough, the only person who could speak English fluently was Gobau Desta, the Abyssinian who generally acted as my interpreter with the Rás.

On 20th March I received a visit from Count Salimbeni, and after dinner I had a long farewell interview with the Rás, when he gave me the following presents:—The Rás's photograph, the Rás's own drinking-cup, three other cups of buffalo and rhinoceros horn, a buffalo-hide officer's shield decorated with silver, two Abyssinian spears, a gray riding mule and embroidered equipment.

The interview of the 20th March was held at 8 P.M. by lamp-light, and was the last I had with the Rás in his house. As it was a farewell visit, he had sent for his household and elders, and I amused them by showing the various English positions in use with the match rifle, several attempting them on the floor of the audience-room.

The Rás again asked me about taming elephants, a subject which appears to have impressed him. The presents for me

were laid out in front of us all amid a buzz of admiration from the courtiers. I thanked Makunan for them, and said that it would crown his kindness if he would give me a letter to his frontier generals providing for my safe passage through districts occupied by his soldiers. I had the greatest difficulty in getting this out of him, as his suspicious officers strongly advised him to put nothing on paper. By insisting, however, I at last got the letter. On 21st March I called on Wandí, chief of police, as he had sent a message to say he was sick and unable to come to me. I found him in bed with fever.

I then had the presentation mule dressed in its state satin embroidery, and, myself clothed in a canvas shooting hat, *kháki* drill coat, with a high starched collar, drill breeches, and brown leather Elcho boots, I sat on the mule and went to meet the Rás, who was leaving for Jarso on an inspection. Riding half a mile down a path, I came on the usual procession of soldiers, and found the Rás at its head. We dismounted and bade each other a final good-bye, the Rás going off to Jarso and I returning to Harar.

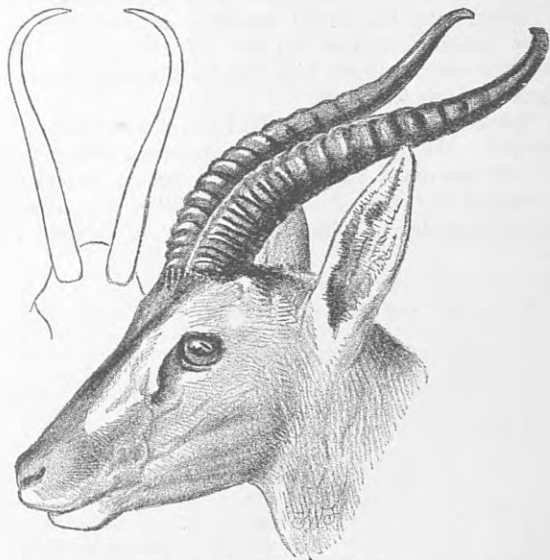
In the evening I rode out with the Italians to Jebel Hákim, and visited some wonderful caves in the limestone rock, which have their openings in the top of the hill. They are formed by rain-water collecting in natural pans on the open grass-covered summit and sinking into the hill, eroding the limestone, and producing immense well-like chasms. This water finds its way to the surface round the base of the hill, where good water is always to be found at every mile or so. This hill overlooks Harar from a distance of about a mile.

On 22nd March I called on an Armenian and his wife employed by the Rás; and after saying good-bye to the Europeans I took the road to Feyambiro, with my servants and a dozen soldiers who had been told off as porters to carry my baggage. Felter and Guigniony came some distance to see me off, the latter riding a beautiful little Abyssinian horse. These horses are very pretty and graceful, but restive; in shape they resemble the Arab, and are about fourteen hands high.

My wounded servant had to ride on a mule. Count Salimbeni had, however, by careful treatment, stopped the bleeding and put him in a fair way to recover, though he was still very weak.

I reached Feyambiro on the same day, being entertained by the *Shám*, Basha-Gisáo; and while encamped here I had a

curious adventure, probably unique in the annals of camping out. I was, as usual, sleeping on the ground inside a Cabul tent. After nightfall I was awakened by a disturbance going on outside, men running to and fro through the camp and shouting. I ran out and could see nothing at first, it being a dark night, and the only forms visible those of my men and camels, which loomed out against the sky, and they seemed to be all rushing about wildly. At my tent door I found Adan



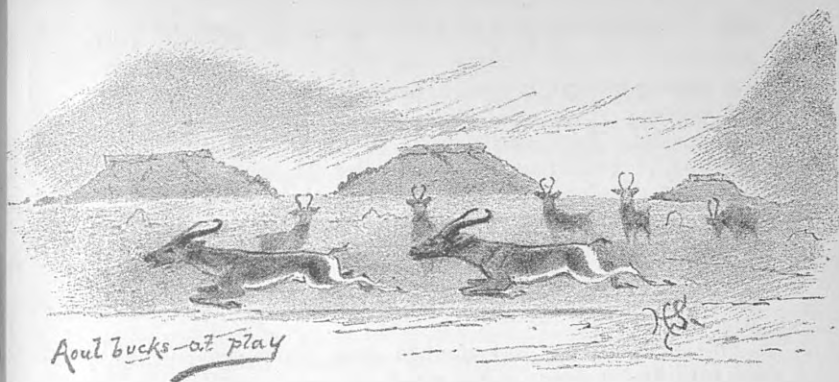
MALE SCEMMERRING'S GAZELLE (*Gazella scemmerringi*).

Length of horns on curve, 16½ inches.

Yusuf, who said a Bertiri bull had gone mad and had broken loose from a cattle-shed in the village, and was charging about through my camp knocking over everything in its way. It had already knocked over two men. Presently the bull rushed past me; I could just make it out, but soon lost its form among those of the running men. I jumped out of the way, and in another charge, having made a circle among the camels, he came straight back full tilt into my tent! All the men rushed for the tent, and I followed, and heard cries inside.

Coming up, I saw an Abyssinian soldier run at the tent door with a drawn sword, and then there was a confused jumble of shouting men and the bellowing of the bull. Some one at last produced a torch, and a curious scene was disclosed. The bull had charged through my tent and entangled his head in the closed back of it, which had been firmly laced up; Adan Yusuf had run in and caught him by the horns. The Abyssinian soldiers had then hamstrung him with sabre cuts and had cut his throat, so that he had fallen upon my bedding, a pool of clotted blood from his throat standing an inch high, covering my pillow, blankets, and all my kit. Taking hold of his hind-leg they had then dragged him out by the front door, carrying the blankets along with him.

On the 23rd I marched to Hádó, and was again the guest of Abadigal. We then marched to Jig-Jiga, where I rejoined part of my caravan I had left behind during the Harar visit. After waiting for two days to reorganise my expedition, I started for the Jerer Valley on my way to Ogádén and the Webbe.



## CHAPTER VII

## FIRST JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER, 1893

Form an ambush over the pool at Kuredelli—A rhinoceros wounded—Unsuccessful hunt after the rhinoceros—Two lions seen—Another rhinoceros wounded at the pool; three lionesses arrive; interesting moonlight scene—A lioness drinks, and is wounded—Death of the lioness—Follow and bag the rhinoceros—Exciting hyæna-hunt with pistol and knife—Abbasgúl fight—Unsuccessful rhinoceros-hunt—We march into the monsoon—Waller's gazelle wounded by me and pulled down by a leopard—Death of the leopard—Camp again at Túli—Two rhinoceroses bagged; furious charge—The Sheikh Ash, a friendly tribe—A leopard in camp—Ambush at the Garba-aleh pool; leopard and hyæna bagged—Abundance of game—First enter zebra country—Man-eating lions at Durhi—Malingúr at Durhi—Elephant-hunting in Daghatto Valley; a bull bagged—Large number of elephants—Interesting scene in Daghatto—Leopards seen—Uninhabited country—Difficulty in finding the Rer Amáden tribe—Halt at Enleh and send out scouts.

I LEFT Jig-Jiga for the Jerer Valley and Ogádén country on 26th March 1893, with the whole of my caravan, consisting of three fast Aden camels, thirty-three baggage camels, and the mule Rás Makunan had given me; and I had still my following of the twenty-one faithful Somális armed with Snider carbines. I had finished my visit to Harar; and now, armed with Rás Makunan's passport, I was free to strike across Somáland to the Webbe Shabéleh river, four hundred miles inland, and to shoot big game unmolested by Abyssinian soldiers, and, what



was more important, in hunting-grounds hitherto untouched by Europeans.

We should have started early on the 26th, but had great difficulty in getting guides to the Rer Ali tribe, because the Bertiri at Jig-Jiga were afraid that if they assisted us they would be made to regret it by the Abyssinians. But on my showing Makunan's passport to the *Shúm* in charge of the stockade, he promised the people that they would receive no harm on my account, and I marched with two Bertiri guides at 9 A.M.

We threaded our way through grass-plains and jungle to Kuredelli in the Jerer Valley, which runs south-east towards the Webbe Shabéleh; and on reaching this place in the evening, I was delighted to find a pool of water in the rocky bed of the river, the edges of which were literally covered with tracks of large game. Among other animals a lion and a rhinoceros had come to drink on the preceding night.

The river-bed was very rocky, and sunk some fifteen feet below the level of the surrounding plain, which was covered with dense mimósa jungle. Half a mile up the channel, to the west of the pool, was my camp, pitched under shady trees in a glade of good but rather dry grass. There had been, as usual, a drought during the *Jilál* season, but the drought this year had been particularly severe because the previous *Dair* or light winter rains had failed, so that Kuredelli was one of the few pools of surface water left in the whole of this elevated country, and there was not a drop to be got for many miles round. The water was covered with duckweed, and was of a bright emerald green colour throughout, and had almost the consistency of pea-soup; but, curiously enough, it was perfectly sweet and good, and we drank it for a week without harm.

The pool was not more than fifteen yards long by five wide, its longer axis pointing up and down the river-bed; and on the northern side it was overhung by a steep scarp of rock some five feet high, where the limestone had been undermined by the swirl of the river when in flood. Above the rocky scarp were thick thorn-trees, whose branches overhung the river-bed, and under these branches, on the edge of the scarp and overlooking the pool, I constructed a small bower, bearing a rugged resemblance to a box in a European theatre. Nothing could spring on us from behind because of the interlaced branches of the trees which made our roof, while the floor was a smooth slab

of limestone, and in front and at the top of the small precipice were piled thorn-branches breast-high, so that I could fire over them. The front of the box was otherwise quite open, and the field of view embraced two right angles.

We made this retreat in an hour, and I took up a position, as night fell, in the bower with my two hunters Géli and Hassan. We carried my three rifles and spare ammunition, and four more men brought my bedding, blankets for my hunters, a lamp, matches, and my water-bottle full of coffee. We did not forget a waterproof sheet each, to be used in case of rain.

My four carriers had also brought a donkey, which they tied up to a block on a slab of limestone shelving down into the pool on the farther side, for we hoped thereby to attract lions; the carriers then went off to camp, and left us squatting silently in our shelter.

I describe our arrangements thus in detail because I have in this way sat out for game on scores of nights, and one description will serve for all. There is one thing I never omit, when about to spend a night in one of these jungle shelters, or when marching by night, and that is to decorate the centre rib of each of my game rifles with a long strip of white foolscap paper, to assist the aim; for, however good the moonlight may be, it is impossible to see the tiny ivory fore-sight at night.

I sat over this pool on five successive nights. On the first three hyænas came, but no lion or rhinoceros. The hyænas invariably came silently down to drink till they saw the living bait, and then at once took fright and galloped away; on the succeeding four nights I therefore dispensed with the bait. For two hours, after the moon rose, several wild ducks kept us interested by playing about in the water and quacking, quite unaware of our presence. I then went to sleep. We saw nothing on the next evening, and I slept all night in the shelter, waking up covered with dew at daylight, and returning, rather stiff with the exposure, to camp.

On the third night I was roused by Géli, whose eyes I could see full of excitement in the semi-darkness; and still crouching below my screen of branches, I could hear the wallowing of some heavy animal in the soft mud at the water's edge. We were all on the alert as I gently felt for the four-bore which Hassan shoved into my hands. On cautiously poking my head above the screen, I saw the great form of a rhinoceros standing motionless as a carved sphinx in the moonlight,

casting a deep black shadow upon the white rock. I stood erect, and raising my arms placed the butt of the four-bore to my shoulder. The action was seen, for the beast trotted forward a few steps, and then galloped across the slabs of rock for a path which ascended the bank on my side of the river, and led behind my shelter. I fired at his shoulder hurriedly, and, sad to say, heard no answering "tell," showing that the bullet had not struck; and before I could look under the smoke I heard the rhinoceros, with a succession of snorts, gallop up the bank and trot behind my shelter; then all sound



The Pool at Kuredelli.

ceased but the animal's breathing, which we could hear distinctly, close to and above us, only separated from us by the stout interlaced branches of the back of our "box." We stood with rifles at the "charge," ready to fire and throw ourselves down into the river-bed should his ugly head and horns protrude into our bower. He did not keep us in suspense long, but after listening for more than a minute, trotted off, the sound of his footsteps getting fainter on the still night air, and eventually dying away.

On the 29th I returned to camp at sunrise, and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, which my cook, having heard the shot and divined its purport, had prepared, I took up the tracks with two camelmén, letting Géli and Hassan sleep in camp. We followed

them till noon, the sun being fearfully hot; but either through the unskilfulness of my trackers, or through the absence of blood on the track causing me to lose heart in the fearful heat, we had to leave the trail at a stony ravine; and in the afternoon returned to camp, tired out.

Swallowing some food, I took a short sleep; and towards sunset went out again with Géli and Hassan into the bush to the west. Suddenly Géli pointed, and saying "*Libah!*" (Lions) started to run across an open plain of bare red earth; and there, three hundred yards away, were a lioness and young lion reclining by the stem of a tall, shady thorn-tree, looking at us. I had been searching for rhinoceros, and was burdened with my double four-bore rifle, so when Géli started running he at once got ahead of me, and Hassan, carried away by excitement, followed suit. The brutes, seeing three men running across the plain towards them, stood up, stretched themselves, and giving a toss of the tail and a savage growl, cantered away across the sun-baked earth in full view, and plunged into the low mimósa jungle beyond. I ran up to Géli much put out, and snatching my .577 Express from his hand, and giving him the heavy rifle to retard his pace, plunged into the bush and grass after the lions, but the grass was so thick and dry that I soon overran the almost invisible tracks, and though we made several tries back on to the red soil, we eventually lost them, and I returned to camp disgusted with the afternoon's entertainment.

On the next night we all awoke at the same time, while the moon was still low, having been roused by the disturbance of the pool; and we made so much noise in throwing off our blankets and getting ready, that a rhinoceros, which had come down to the pool, heard us and made off. I fired the four-bore, and my bullet caught it in the shoulder, sending it galloping up the bank, snorting as before. The beast waited, listening close behind my hiding-place for nearly ten minutes; then all sounds ceased, and I thought it must be dead. It had, however, slipped quietly away; so there was nothing to be done, and we went to sleep. When we woke again the moon was well up, it being about two o'clock in the morning. Géli had awakened me, having seen something pass among the bushes on our bank of the river, between my hiding-place and the camp.

The moon was throwing a fine light on the limestone slabs which composed the floor of the river-bed, and as we gazed in the direction in which Géli pointed, rubbing our eyes, we saw

against the white background three large animals walk out from the bushes into the open near the pool; one glance told us that they were full-grown lionesses.

They walked quietly across till they reached the place where the rhinoceros had been standing when first hit; and then stood together snuffing at the blood, which we found next day in quantities on the rocks. I could count their twelve short and stout legs showing in silhouette against the white floor of the river-bed, as they stood motionless, heads bent over the fresh blood, appearing to consult together. I reserved my fire, as I knew they had come to drink, and would give me a better chance, nearer to my shelter, later on. The lionesses then walked slowly across the river-bed in single file, up a path which ascended the opposite bank, and then disappeared. But they had not really gone, for from time to time during the next half-hour I could see their round heads raised in silhouette against the sky-line, above the black outline of the bank; they too were watching the pool for game!

I must have dozed off to sleep again, for the moon had swung over a good deal towards the western horizon, when I noticed Géli squatting in a listening attitude, and heard a steady lapping as of an animal drinking. Géli whispered, "Now, be ready, Sahib!" and slowly raising my head above my screen, pushing the muzzle of my Express forward at the same time, I saw over the barrels the body of a lioness extended, hind-quarters flattened against the rock, shoulders high and head down towards me, lapping the water on the farther side of the pool. I did not wait long, but glancing between her upraised shoulders and lowering the muzzle till the white paper on the rib between the barrels had disappeared, I pulled the trigger. My bower was full of smoke, and I ducked under the screen as the report of the rifle was instantly followed by a roar and a splash, and jumping to our feet we just saw the lioness, after having sprung into the centre of the pool to get at us, in the act of raising her dripping body out of the water. No doubt the cold douche had damped her enthusiasm, and she had turned back. Before I could take a sight down the barrels she rushed off across the river-bed, pulling up in the sombre belt of bush on the farther side to roll about and growl. There was nothing more to be done, and though my Somalis hinted that she might be hunted by moonlight, I, mindful of our Gebili leopard, preferred to wait till morning

before following a wounded lioness into those dark evergreen bushes.

I woke up again at sunrise, and without going to camp or tasting food, at once took up the tracks of the lioness. Her line of retreat was sprinkled with blood. We drew the bushes under the opposite bank very carefully, and then began to ascend the bank by the path, the wind being with us, blowing towards the south. Before we had reached the top we heard several loud roars a few hundred yards beyond, and as we appeared on the higher level the roars were redoubled, issuing from low, gray, leafless mimósa bush. We followed, keeping to the tracks, and at last saw, eighty yards away, the head of the lioness, held vertically, regarding us intently from the partial concealment of a tuft of grass on the farther side of a glade. She seemed to be on the eve of charging, the black point of her tail twitching nervously behind her head, which bore a nasty expression. I fired, but missed the small mark. There were now eight of us, some of my men who had come to take away the blankets and other things from the bower having joined us. We stood in an irregular line, fully expecting a charge, and I fired another standing shot at the wicked-looking head, my bullet going harmlessly through the grass. Looking under the smoke quickly, I saw her still in the same place, but she was in a greater rage than ever, and kept up a steady low growling. This was my first experience of one of these animals after having been so badly mauled by one, and the situation was becoming highly exciting. I now sat down, and resting both elbows on my knees, took a careful shot. Her head dropped, showing I had killed her, and we walked up to where she lay.

My first bullet, fired at her while drinking at the water, had struck her in the left forearm and shattered it, accounting for her not having charged; and my last had touched her left cheek, and then entering perpendicularly, had expanded and carried away half the brain-pan. She was a fine lioness, the skin being in splendid condition. I told Géli and Hassan to stay and skin her, as I had to follow up the rhinoceros wounded in the early part of the night. But they begged to be allowed to go with me, so I left two camelmen to do the skinning of the lioness.

Going to camp and hastily swallowing some coffee, we returned to the scene of last night's adventure, and found the tracks of the rhinoceros plentifully sprinkled with blood. One



of the legs appeared to be injured at the shoulder, as the trail where the foot had been dragged along the ground was plainly visible.

At nine o'clock, we entered dense mimósa bushes, of a peculiarly thorny kind, called *billeil*, and under one of these saw the rhinoceros, a large cow. She saw us first, however, and charged, getting a pair of four-bore bullets in the chest at rather long range as she came on. Hassan handed me my eight-bore, and I carefully aimed at her shoulder as she picked herself up and came on again; but there was nothing in the rifle, and I had to bolt to the right, leaving her to select a victim from among my men, who, more active than I, were dancing about the bush yelling out directions to me to fire! When I had got in a couple of cartridges I fired at her right and left; and the second shot, striking obliquely through her shoulders from the front, brought her to the ground, and she died, still retaining the kneeling position after life had left her. Going up, I found that last night's ball from the four-bore had injured her shoulder. She had gone several miles, had taken three four-bore and two eight-bore bullets, and had died game, having chosen the worst kind of bush she could pick out for the final scene. I photographed her as she lay kneeling, leafless thorny mimósas spreading their branches all round her, in the strong, defensive position she had chosen as her last retreat, the sun casting a shadow in every wrinkle of her thick hide.

Returning to camp, I laid the rhino and lioness heads side by side and photographed them, making a curious and unique picture to remind me of a good morning's sport before breakfast.

While arranging the bower at mid-day for our last and fifth vigil, a large spotted hyæna came to drink; and not wishing to disturb lions by firing a rifle, I ran after him, followed by my Somális. We had no weapons but unloaded Sniders, and my knife and pistol. Running hard to cut him off, I was ahead of the men as he gained the slope of the river-bank, and fired both barrels of my pistol, missing him with one barrel but knocking him over with the second. He picked himself up and disappeared over the top of the bank, taking the path the wounded lioness had followed in the morning; we, however, gained on him, as he was crippled by my bullet, and he hid under a low mimósa. The men came up in front, and one of them shoved the butt of a Snider into his face, under the low-spreading branches. He seized hold of this and chewed at it vigorously, while I was able

to get round unobserved in his rear, and creeping behind the stems of the bush, to drive my knife mercifully into his ribs.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of this day, 20th March, my camp being still at Kuredelli, a large force, consisting of two or three hundred men, mostly naked, and all armed with shield and spear, or bow and quiver, issued from the bush north of camp and came running past, going due south. As they passed the camp they scarcely answered our hurried questions, but my men gathered that they were Abbasgúl Somális belonging to some karias a few miles to the north, and that their cattle had just been raided by the Habr Awal and driven south through the bush of the Haud. My men laughed at them for going naked, but they said they had no time to bother about their tobés; they had come light for running, and only wanted their cattle back. Party after party passed us, and men singly and in couples, all in the same state of nakedness and excitement.

I sat up, as on the four previous nights, in my favourite bower, and at about 1 A.M. these people returned with a large mob of cattle which they had recovered and were bringing home. They were talking excitedly as they approached the pool. We heard one man ask, "Where were you wounded?" and another answer, "Oh, in the leg, but it isn't bad."

The cattle were driven past with clouds of dust and a clamour of excited voices, and then they all disappeared in the distance, and I heard my sentry challenge them as they drew up at my camp half a mile away, and after another half-hour of chatter they gradually settled down to rest. I had never met this clan of the Abbasgúl before. The men flocked to camp next day from their karias in great numbers, and seeing the trophies of the lioness and rhinoceros lying on the grass outside my tent door, they said, "The Abyssinians can't do that; their guns are small, and are only good for killing women and children and old men with: you English are our friends, and all the Ogádén tribes look to you, our masters, for protection against Abyssinia."

On 31st March we made two marches to Girbi, seventeen miles eastward along the Jerer Valley, and the next day we made a short march in a heavy storm of rain, the burst of the south-west monsoon; and the red clay became so sticky that we were obliged to halt in the thick bush. When things were a little dry again, I went out towards sunset into the level thorn-forest to look for beisa. We had gone about a mile from camp when we saw a large bull rhinoceros trotting along under

the trees a quarter of a mile away, having evidently winded us. We ran at an angle to cut him off, but he changed his pace to a heavy gallop, crashing through the thick parts of the jungle as if they had been clumps of grass. We followed in his wake, but failed to get within shot, for a rhinoceros should not be fired at from a greater distance than about eighty yards; and so we settled steadily down to his tracks, hoping to catch him up before nightfall. He retreated into thick bush, and as he was going with the wind he twice winded us, and made off when we were close up, but the jungle being thick we could not see him. At last, night coming on, we left him and returned to camp after dark, tired and disappointed.

Next day, the 2nd April, we marched again. As we advanced down the Jerer Valley by rapid stages we passed suddenly from country dried up by continued drought into a world of green grass and jungle, with an overcast sky, the effect of the south-west monsoon over the lower Jerer Valley some ten days before. Nothing can be more pleasant in Somaliland than this sudden change: the camels march better owing to fresh fodder; the air is rendered cool, allowing one to travel during any hour of the day; and the thorn-trees give out a strong perfume.

At 5.30 p.m. on 3rd April we camped in the bush, without water, at Manjo-adéyu. Before camping I fired at a buck Waller's gazelle, wounding it badly, but it did not drop at once, and we had to follow it up. I was rather fagged, having done a long march on foot owing to my camel being lame; and sending on ahead my Midgán hunter, Hassan, I followed the tracks with Géli at a leisurely pace. We at last came to the buck, lying dead, and Hassan standing over it. He reported that he had just seen the buck pulled down before his eyes by a panther, which had caught sight of him after springing, and cantered away through the forest.

Sending the three camels and mule out of sight into some thick bush to the south, and ordering a camelman to overtake the caravan and have the camp pitched, I sat with Géli and Hassan by the stem of a tree on a bare patch of ground some fifteen yards from the body of the buck, the sun shining horizontally from behind our backs.

We waited for half an hour, then Géli pointed to the north-east, and the panther came gliding silently through the underbrush, straight for the body of the buck. While he was yet one hundred and fifty yards off I saw his beautifully spotted

skin and head, and marking his course chose a bush eighty yards away, aligning the sight so as to be ready to fire when he should come out into the open beyond on our side. I held the ivory foresight over this spot, and as he passed the bush and his head and shoulders appeared, I pulled, a satisfactory thud answering the ring of the rifle; and in the stillness following the shot I saw a tail violently agitated above the grass. Slipping in a fresh cartridge, I walked up and found the panther dead, shot through the neck.

I laid his body by the side of that of the *walleri*, and photographed the pair, cutting down some thorn-trees, whose branches threw long shadows over the picture; then calling for the camels and loading up the bodies, we followed the tracks of the caravan, and found camp pitched two miles from the scene of this incident.

We made two marches to Haljíd, where, hearing by night the croaking of thousands of frogs, we discovered a considerable body of water, in the form of a pool half a mile long, occupying the river channel in the centre of the Jerer Valley. There were plenty of rhino, beisa, and lesser koodoo tracks here. I remained halted all day on 5th April, shooting three beisa out of a herd; and on the evening of the 6th we marched to Túli. We lost our way while hunting at some distance from the caravan, and only found the new camp at midnight after signal shots had been fired. I remained in this neighbourhood for four days to hunt, as rhinoceroses were numerous, coming to drink at night at the pools in the centre of the valley, and going away great distances in every direction to hide in the thick mimósa forests by day. The best way to find them is to visit the pools in the early morning, and follow any tracks of the night before. In this way, after four or five hours' tracking, one is likely to come upon them feeding, or, if after eleven o'clock, lying under a shady bush asleep.

On 7th April my men found a dozen young ostriches in the thick jungle near Túli Hill. They were pretty little birds with soft yellow and black down for plumage, and beady black eyes, and stood a foot high, on sturdy yellow legs. I did all I could to get the parent cock bird: first, by following behind a camel, and then by sitting till mid-day in ambush near the nest; but all attempts were unavailing. We had these young birds for ten days or more in our camp, carrying them, when marching, in hutches made of empty beer-boxes, on camel-back; and they became very tame, but eventually, one by one, all died.

On the 8th April I rose before dawn with Géli, Hassan, my camelman Abokr, my sais Daura, and a guide. We took one camel with us, and holding due west we entered the thick mimósa forest called Gol Wiyileh, or the "Valley of Rhinoceroses." After going four miles, when we had gained the centre of the valley, in dense bush, we came to fresh tracks of three of these animals, which had passed late in the night, making for the south-west from the pools of the Jerer Valley. They led us through many miles of thick bush, but the tracking was easy owing to there being three together; and at one o'clock in the afternoon, after having left camp for seven hours, we came on them standing in the dense shade of a thick clump of umbrella mimósas. There was a full-grown bull, accompanied by a large cow and a bull calf, the big bull having a fine front horn.

I at once sank to a sitting position, holding my eight-bore, while Hassan laid down the heavy four-bore on the grass beside me to be used in case of a charge. The big bull was eighty yards away; I fired for his ear, and he dropped dead, remaining in a sitting posture and looking as if carved in stone. I fired the other barrel at one of the others, which turned out to be the large calf, and the game made off. We decided not to follow at once, but to give them time to get over their fright, as they had never actually seen us. So I took a careful photograph of the big bull, and after taking off the head and some shields, I sent Daura back to Túli on Rás Makunan's mule, telling him to bring the camp to a deserted zeriba we had noticed while tracking, not far from where the bull lay.

Leaving Abokr, the guide, and a camel by the body, I took my two hunters, Géli and Hassan, and followed the track of the remaining rhinoceroses, which was plentifully sprinkled with blood. I came upon them in thick cover, standing forty yards away, heads towards us; and at once sitting down with the rifle I was carrying, which happened to be the heavy four-bore, I fired at the nearest head through a maze of interlaced branches.

The four-bore pushed me over on my back, and the rhinos charged us at once with a volley of puffing sounds, crashing through the jungle at full gallop. As I rose to my feet the young bull passed me, and took after the two men; the big cow followed, passing at a distance of only ten yards, and I threw the rifle to my shoulder and knocked her over, making her turn a somersault with her four legs fighting the air! Giving a hurried look at her, and seeing her lying still, I rushed on after

the other; but although he had been twice hit I lost him, after another half-mile, in some high *durr* grass. Returning to the big cow, I found her still unconscious, but gently breathing, lying on her side, and finished her with a shot through the head. The young bull, I think, must have eventually recovered, as the two wounds in the head, having missed the brain, would not have injured him mortally. Leaving the men to prepare the heads and shields for conveyance to camp, I walked to the deserted zeriba and found the camp pitched inside, and dinner ready; two hours later, at sunset, the trophies came in, Daura chanting a hunting song.

We spent the morning of the 9th preparing the trophies, and in the evening marched back to Túli. I shot beisa with good horns, and a *walleri* buck, and next day we made another march of ten miles.

We reached the grazing grounds of the Sheikh Ash Ogádén, a friendly set of people, whom I had met before. The men, who were with the camels grazing in the outer pastures, ran away on first seeing us, mistaking my men, who carried Snider rifles, for Abyssinian raiders. But soon they rushed back, shouting and crowding round my riding camel, and raising scores of hands for me to shake.

Getting into the thick of the tribe later on, we camped among their karias, beside a tall red ant-hill; and while camp was being pitched, wishing to draw off the crowds of people from worrying my men at their work, I withdrew to a distance of a couple of hundred yards and, under the shade of an *Adad* thorn-tree, exhibited coloured prints from the *Graphic* Christmas numbers, and a book representing the different varieties of British soldier. The men, women, and children pressed round me in a dense mass, remarking, "You are not like the Amhára; we are not afraid of you; you don't mean any harm." They were particularly delighted with some old Zoological Society's *Proceedings* which contained coloured illustrations of a Waller's gazelle and a Somáli wild ass; and they said, "Now we have seen that the English can do everything!"

I had a serious difficulty here. One of the Bullhár men, having quarrelled with Adan Yusuf, my caravan leader, decided to leave me; and as is the custom, seven more coast men, drawn from the same tribe, although bearing no malice, joined their fellow-tribesman as a matter of principle. I called for volunteers from the Sheikh Ash tribe; and about twenty at



once offering themselves, my own followers, seeing I was independent, returned to obedience. I dismissed the two ring-leaders with ten days' rations and their back pay, and wished them a safe return to Berbera.

I gave several Korans and prayer-chaplets to the mullahs here, and they were received with real pleasure. The mullahs are the traveller's best friends in Ogádén; they are intelligent, have great social influence, and are particularly useful in giving introductions, passing a traveller on from tribe to tribe. The more intelligent among them can write in Arabic. From these mullahs I heard that at Durhi, in the Malingúr tribe, on one of the roads to Imé on the Webbe, I was certain to come upon Grévy's zebra, so determined to go there. On the 13th I broke up my camp at Yoghon among the Sheikh Ash karias, and marched along the bed of a torrent, deep cut in the red earth, to a pool called Garba-aleh.

Before striking camp at earliest dawn, just as Suleiman the cook, whom I always told the sentry to awaken before the bulk of my followers, was beginning to prepare my coffee, a leopard jumped into the middle of the camp to seize my best milch goat, which was reclining under the lee of a pile of camel-mats; but Makunan's mule, by braying at the brute, aroused the camp. The Somális rushed unarmed at the leopard, while I dived quietly under my bed and drew out my coat, which had cartridges in the pockets, and a rifle; but of course by the time all was ready the leopard had gone!

Approaching the water at Garba-aleh I saw three hyænas making off through the thorn-forest; and I sent a Martini-Henry bullet through one of them, by which I hoped to secure his eventual death, and so save some Malingúr sheep. I met an old man called Mader Adan, the first Malingúr I had seen, and he greeted me cheerily, and told me to expect lions and rhinoceroses in plenty at Eil-ki-Gabro, a march or two ahead. He said his own karia had been driven from the district by the former. The Garba-aleh pool, about twenty yards in diameter, in the bed of a deeply cut sand-river, looked promising for lying in ambush, so I constructed a shelter on the principle of that which had been so successful at Kuredelli, the back of the bower being an overhanging wall of earth fifteen feet high. As it had been a hot day even for the *Katil* season, and likely to bring game early to water, I occupied my ambush at about five o'clock, and we sat quiet.

While it was yet light a large spotted hyæna came warily up to the water, looking round to right and left, and starting nervously at every sound, and I shot him through the brain as he drank, his body dropping into the water. At dusk a beautiful male leopard walked down to the pool, and I fired, hitting him through the lungs; he stumbled away and fell in a ravine a few yards on the farther side of the pool. Fearing hyænas would come and spoil the skin, we got a lantern and went to look for him, and walking up cautiously to the ravine we found



A HERD OF BEISA.

him lying dead. With my whistle I called up three men, and bearing the leopard to camp, we skinned him by the camp fire. I then returned to the pool and missed a hyæna, and finding it was too dark to shoot, and that mosquitoes, which breed in these stagnant pools, were rather bad round our bower, making it impossible to keep still, I went to camp and turned in for the night.

On 14th April we marched to Eil-ki-Gabro, and found lion and rhino tracks at the water. Making another shelter I sat up on the chance of a shot, but saw nothing. Disappointed here, the next day we went to Náno, a small valley in the mountains, where we found plenty of game, the kinds seen being koodoo, lesser koodoo, beisa oryx, Scemmering's and Waller's

gazelles, and a rhinoceros. I had a long hunt after the last, as the men were pitching camp, but going hard for two or three miles over very broken thorny country he fairly beat us, and we gave him up and returned to camp, knocked up by the hot sun.

We made an evening march to a river-bed, choked with dense evergreen jungle and some high trees hung with rope-like creepers, and our guide, going into the thickest of this to look for water, started a cow rhinoceros and calf. He came running back to us shouting, "*Wiyil! Wiyil!*" (Rhinoceros), while the mother and her young one galloped out on the farther side of the jungle with a crash, and took away over the low stony hills. By the time I could get possession of my big rifle and run after them, they were seen quite a thousand yards away disappearing round the shoulder of a rocky, thorn-covered hill, and running up to this spot a few minutes later I was unable to sight them again, and the ground being unsuitable for tracking we lost them.

We made three more marches to Durhi; and I came upon the tracks of a herd of zebras an hour before pitching camp there on the 17th. Here we found several karias of the Malingúr Ogádén. The first people we saw were a group standing round an open grave; and on inquiring we found they were burying the body of a young woman who had been torn out of a hut from among several of her sleeping friends on the night before by a man-eating lion.

These people had never seen one of my countrymen before, but on hearing I was *Ingrés* (English) they ran at me, calling out that I must shoot the lion and drive away the Ambára. I was led some miles into the bush to the west, where I found a party of the Malingúr following the lion, armed with their spears; but the tracks led on to very stony and thorny hills, and my guides being either unable or unwilling to keep them, we gave it up and I returned to camp, which had been pitched between two large karias. We had a severe thunderstorm at night; a lion walked round my tent during the storm, as we saw next morning by his tracks in the mud only five yards away from the head of my bed. On the following day I went out and shot two Grévy's zebras, the meat of which my men finished. We also saw tracks of another lion. Next day I shot another zebra, the flesh of which I gave to the Malingúr. I tied up a camel at night, intending to sit out for a lion, but

owing to the rain I had to abandon the idea; and when we went to the camel at midnight, we found it had been killed by hyenas, an enormous number of which haunted the outskirts of the karias.

While I was encamped at Durhi the Malingúr told me that their chief, Umr Ugaz, had gone to Harar to make a compact with Rás Makunan, agreeing to pay regular tribute and acknowledge his sovereignty. The Malingúr, although demonstrative in their first welcome to me, afterwards became reserved, because they feared that civility to Europeans might get them into trouble with the Abyssinians. They are in the line of Abyssinian invasion eastward along the Fáfan Valley, and have been utterly cowed.

On the 20th we travelled two marches to Las Damel, and thence to Garabad. On reaching this place at noon, I found a large herd of beisa oryx feeding on either side of the caravan route, and shot three. On the first shot the herd, instead of running away, charged round the wounded one as they do when hunted with dogs; and reloading, by a quick right and left, I was able to bag a second and third.

The valley of Daghatto, on the Gála border, said to be swarming with elephants, was now only ten miles on the west of us. So halting at Garabad, I sent Géli and two Malingúr guides, who had joined us, into the Daghatto Valley to see what they could find; they returned at night showing pieces of freshly-chewed aloe, and reporting that they had seen an elephant. We marched into the Daghatto Valley next morning, passing between low, flat-topped hills, and camped in thick umbrella mimósas, forming a strong zeriba with felled trees, as our guides reported the country dangerous. The jungle descended gradually to the Daghatto stream, which was a mile to the west of us, its course being north and south. It has its source in the Harar highlands, and flows towards the Webbe.

Directly the camp had been pitched I organised a small hunting caravan, consisting of the three fast camels, the mule, and six men, with food for two days. We set off at once, and soon reached the Daghatto stream. We found it a beautiful little river, overshadowed by large and wild forest, with hanging masses of creeper, there being a carpet of rich grass. Footprints of elephants of different dates were everywhere visible in the earth, and stems of trees were broken, or the trees uprooted and

overturned by the herds, as they had fed along parallel to the course of the stream. Some of the tracks in the soft mud close to the stream were holes two feet deep. There was a deep and rapid current, which prevented our crossing with the camels, but we held along the eastern bank, going up-stream, towards the north.

We found evidences of a large bull elephant having bathed and fed the night before, and taking up his tracks for two or three miles, the footprints which we had been following were joined by those of several others, and soon the whole country seemed to be covered with traces of elephants, trees being denuded of the branches or overturned at various dates.

I sent Hassan Midgán and a Malingúr guide along the river-bank to reconnoitre, and ordered them to work round and join us, when the height of the sun should indicate noon, at a little hill visible above the sea of forest two or three miles on ahead. Mounting the mule I made straight for this landmark with Géli and Daura, directing Abokr and a camelman to bring on the three camels slowly behind us. Reaching the hillock I cautiously climbed to the top, and began examining the expanse of flat green tree-tops, to try and discover the game. Daura began dancing about and snapping his fingers with pleasure, and pointed to some reddish-brown spots among the topmost branches of a thorn-tree half a mile away; looking long and carefully, I saw one of the red patches move just once, backward and forward. We knew then that what we saw were elephants' ears. While we were still looking we heard the scream of an elephant, and the patches of red were raised above the foliage as the owners moved together through the jungle, pressing on one another, their course marked by the great swinging ears. Soon they stopped, and stood crowded together to listen, and we knew that they had seen or winded the two men I had sent round to the left.

This was awkward, but I ran hard for the line I thought they would take when they should resume their retreat; and getting into a thick patch of jungle, with Géli in attendance, I waited, hiding my body behind the stem of a tree, the wind blowing in our faces from where the elephants had last been seen. On they came, passing us at a great pace; and letting them go by, I fired at the ear of the largest, thirty yards away, a loud crack answering the report of the four-bore. They only screamed and redoubled their pace, and I ran on in their wake, half smothered in the cloud of dust they had raised.

The jungle was one of the *billeil*, the worst kind of thorn bush, and they soon left me far behind. I ran back to the hill to get a bird's-eye view of their line of retreat, as shown by the clouds of dust rising above the jungle, and hoped they would stop; but they made off up the Daghatto Valley in a straight line, evidently bent on leaving the country.

While I was watching their course, a Malingúr came and said that Abokr had climbed a tree which he pointed out to us half a mile to the east, and had seen elephants. I shouldered the four-bore, and followed by Géli and Daura leading the mule, went to the tree, and found Abokr among its branches. He extended his arm and pointed out the elephants, which were a fresh lot altogether.

All the elephants in Daghatto seemed to have been rolling in reddish-brown clay, which, contrasted with the vivid green background of the trees under strong sunlight, made them look a brick-red colour. The jungle in which they had taken refuge was a small grove of large trees growing together, and for about two hundred yards in front was very thorny *khansa* bush, the flat umbrella-tops nearly meeting at a height of about four feet from the ground. There was no cover higher than this except the clump of trees where the elephants were, and a few small, flimsy *adaad* bushes rising above the *khansa* undergrowth. The elephants themselves, half hidden in the foliage of the large trees on which they had been feeding, had a good view all around from the citadel they had chosen, making it difficult to approach unobserved. The passages underneath the *khansa* bushes were too tortuous and thorny to be of any use. A belt of high jungle on our left grew to within a hundred yards of the herd, and at the same distance beyond them was an extensive forest, the wind blowing over the elephants' heads in our faces.

By taking advantage of the belt of forest on our side, I managed to get within a hundred yards; and then crawling out into the *khansa* undergrowth for twenty yards, I sat on a low ant-hill which rose above it, resting my elbows on my knees, and remained motionless for some time with the rifle up, waiting for a chance. The eyes and temple of the largest elephant could be seen in a gap of the foliage, and taking a careful aim at the centre of the temple I fired, and bolted back through the *khansa* to the edge of the high trees, to receive them there if they should charge. They made off, however, up wind, all except one, a large bull with moderate tusks, which we found kneeling,



stone dead, under the trees, a crimson stream flowing from a hole through the temple where I had aimed.

Going after the others, I found they were three cows and a calf, so I gave up the chase and returned to the hillock to look round. A curious sight met our eyes. The Daghatto Valley lay before us, one unbroken expanse of tree-jungle, and we could see five or six groups of elephants making up the valley, going north. There were probably not less than one hundred and twenty in all, looking very red under the low evening sun; sometimes their backs could be seen in a shining line above the jungle, sometimes they disappeared in the thicker parts. It was now getting late, and after a search for the elephant I hit in the head at the beginning of the hunt, I gave up the chase and, collecting my people, made for camp, many miles distant.

While we were returning to camp at sundown a leopard sprang out of some undergrowth a few yards ahead and bounded away before I had time to fire. As we reached camp, with Daura, as usual after a successful hunt, taking the lead and singing, all the camp men fell into line to mark their appreciation, and crowded round me to salaam and shake hands.

On the 23rd, starting early and carrying axes and knives, we went to remove the head-skin and cut out the tusks of the bull elephant. As we walked up to the grove of trees and came in sight of the body, a fine panther, which had been quietly sleeping against it on the lee side, gave us one look and bounded away. I could not fire, as Géli's head was in the way when I first saw the spotted skin. The brute had come, no doubt, during the night to lick the blood, and had been caught taking a nap rather later than usual. I followed through thorny jungle to try and get another glimpse, but the panther had disappeared.

We had rain all day, and returned to camp with the tusks in the evening. The whole valley was practically a swamp, and we several times had to wade up to our knees, and once up to our waists, in mud and water. Only by first trying the depth of the slush with our own bodies did we succeed in getting the camels to camp.

We marched back on the morning of the 24th to Garabad, and in the evening to Denleh, where we fell in with a trading caravan of the Malingúr. On the 25th we made two marches to Segag, by a picturesque river-bed called Sullul, with running water, and a number of wells overshadowed by large camel-thorn trees. The banks were of red earth, which had been much

undermined by the river, leaving a perpendicular scarp of about fifty feet.

Until Captain Baudi, with Signor Candeo, came this way on their journey to Imé, three years before my visit, only one European had reached either Durhi, Segag, or Imé. The Rer Amáden are the Ogádén tribe next to the south of the Malingúr, and have pastures nearly as far as the Webbe Shabéleh river; on the farther side of the Webbe the Gálla country begins in the west, and that of the Aulihán Somális in the east. My coast Somális had already begun intriguing to try and get me back to Berbera, as they fear the Gálla border; and my expedition nearly came to a premature conclusion through want of information and guides.

The country for many days was uninhabited. I wanted to send a message to the Rer Amáden, whom I had never seen, to let them know that my intentions were peaceful, but the whole of the waterless bush ahead being reported empty for forty miles, my messengers were afraid to go forward, and we had no information where the Amáden were, or whether they might attack us. There was also a chance of the messengers being killed by marauding Gállas.

My leave was drawing to a close, and my idea, long formed, of going to Imé and the Webbe Shabéleh seemed fated to disappointment. The Rer Amáden were reported by the Malingúr to be a warlike and powerful tribe, who had never yet seen an Englishman; so with my small party of twenty camelmen, further weakened by our having to detach scouts and messengers, it seemed risky to make a plunge into the country ahead without information.

After several ineffectual attempts to find out the Rer Amáden, or tracks of their grazing camels, I pushed on through uninhabited country along a good path leading southwards, and on 27th April we halted at Enleh. Here I determined to make a final attempt to communicate with the Amáden, and if unsuccessful, to return by the north-eastern route to the coast, now distant three hundred miles, going through the Malingúr, Sheikh Ash, Rer Ali, Rer Harún, Habr Gerhajis, and Habr Awal tribes. We halted at Enleh from 27th April to 2nd May, waiting for the scouts to return to camp. I had chosen the two Ogádén guides, one of whom was a *widad* named Yunis, and had given them large water-bottles and dates to carry in their hands, and told them to look out for rain-water, and not to return for four days, unless they found the Amáden karias.

The whole of the country we passed over, after leaving the open Marar Prairie at Jig-Jiga, had been low and hilly, covered with thorn-forest of no great height, and since leaving the Jerer Valley it had been much cut up by ravines and watercourses. The most important of these were the Tug Fáfán, which we crossed near Náno, and the Sullul and Daghatto streams. At the seasons when it is occupied by the tribes, all this country gives excellent pasture, and supports horses, camels, cattle, donkeys, sheep, and goats; but there were no permanent settlements on this route between Hargeisa and the Webbe, a distance of about three hundred miles.

In parts of the Jerer Valley, notably at Dagahbúr, Haljid, Harakleh, and Jig-Jiga, cultivation could be extensively carried on; in fact, Dagahbúr was, not long ago, a thriving settlement, but had to be abandoned for the usual reason, tribal feuds and the absence of any strong government. The Rer Amáden do not generally send caravans to trade at Berbera, but deal indirectly through the Sheikh Ash and Rer Ali.



A *founder of Warthog.*



## CHAPTER VIII

### FIRST JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER (*continued*)

Our camp at Enleh—Success of the Lee-Metford rifle—A beisa hunt—Abundance of game—A night alarm—Attempt to catch a zebra foal—Strange voices in the bush—News of the Rer Amáden—Jáma Deria—Advance into the Amáden country—Meeting with Sheikh Abdul Káder at Dambaswerer—Friendly reception by the Rer Amáden—Decide to make a dash for Imé—Fine view of the Webbe Valley—Difficulty and expense of a Somáli outfit—Close to Imé; doubtful as to our welcome—Cordiality of the Adone or Webbe negroes—Council of the elders; desire for an English treaty—Kind hospitality of Gabba Oboho, chief of Imé—A word for British management at the coast—Invited to return to the Webbe—Shoot two waterbuck—Return to Dambaswerer—Jáma Deria at home—Gállá raids—Extraordinary vitality of a Somáli—Jáma Deria's avarice—Reputation of Rás Makunan—Beisa shot—A lion roars at night—Lion surprised stealing the carcass—Exciting hunt, and death of the lion—Sit up for lion at Durhi—Melancholy episode; Daura Warsama killed by a man-eater—Unsuccessful hunt—Clarke's gazelle bagged—Beisa bagged—Artificial tanks—Form a camp for koodoo-hunting at Mandeira.

At Enleh our camp was pitched on rising ground, devoid of bushes, but well covered with young grass, last year's old grass having been burnt off. All around, except close to camp, was thorn-forest from twenty to forty feet in height. Extensive jungle-fires had occurred here during the dry season, and patches of young grass were springing up for two or three miles on every side. This is

always the best condition of any locality for attracting game, particularly when the country is uninhabited.

I went out on the day of our arrival at Enleh and shot a zebra with my Lee-Metford rifle, the ammunition for the larger rifles having dwindled to a few cartridges. At dusk I went after a very large herd of beisa, but, losing them by the faint moonlight a little later, I opened fire on several Scemmerring's gazelles, and bagged two with as many shots from the Lee-Metford. This I found an excellent rifle, using a pin's head for a foresight, the pin being wedged into the slit which was in the old pattern military weapon. We cut up the zebra and gazelles for the twenty-five men whom I had in camp, and the meat was soon disposed of.

On the 28th of April I got a Waller's gazelle with the Lee-Metford, and in the evening I crossed a wide valley to the south of camp and fell in with beisa. We found them, a bull and a cow, in good stalking cover on the farther side of the valley, near some deserted zeribas, with open thorn-jungle and tempting young grass. On first sighting them, two hundred and fifty yards away to the east of us, grazing southwards, the wind blowing from south to north, I lay down with Geli and Hassan behind a thicket of high *durr* grass and waited. The bull walked towards me, and then grazed for about ten minutes behind some bushes, the cow standing looking suspiciously in my direction. We continued lying down, and only looked up at long intervals, each with a bunch of grass held before the face. At last the bull appeared from behind the bushes; and sitting up, resting my elbows on my knees, I hit him with the Lee-Metford, and he made off at a gallop and hid in a deserted zeriba. Following on his tracks, I was within a yard of the zeriba before I saw the tips of his horns appearing over the brushwood, only six feet away. From the position of the horns I knew he was listening, and placing the muzzle of the rifle into the brushwood where his chest should be, I fired and sprang to one side, and he rushed away in the other direction at a gallop. I ran round the zeriba just in time to see him disappear in thick cover. Following, I took a quick shot at him as he crossed a glade one hundred and fifty yards away, and missed; and after another chase I ran on to him in thick cover, standing broadside on at fifteen yards, when I gave him a shot with a Winchester .500 Express. He walked off ten yards and stood again broadside on, looking at us; and then dropped suddenly, stone dead.

A day or two later I went out shooting, and got a buck Waller's gazelle, and in the chase lost Abokr and my camel; when, after firing twelve signal shots unsuccessfully, I returned to camp. He afterwards turned up all right. In the evening I went out again, and got a pair of beisa out of a large galloping herd, emptying the Lee-Metford magazine at individual animals at ranges of from one hundred to three hundred yards.

The next morning I made for the remains of the two beisa, part of the meat of which we had not been able to take away. The spot in the bush was well marked by the vultures, which, having discovered the remains for the first time at break of day, were swooping in a slanting direction towards the place from all parts of the sky, wings extended and nearly motionless, legs stretched perpendicularly downwards. Except the vultures, and a large spotted hyaena which cantered lazily away from under a bush, nearly bursting with the banquet it had just had off the beisa, nothing had disturbed the neighbourhood.

In the evening, the game never failing, taking my two hunters and a camelman, I followed some zebra, and by mistake shot a mare, which dropped out of the herd, and after going a short way fell dead. A foal, which I had not observed before, trotted after her, and stood a few yards from the body. This occurred in very thick country; and approaching noiselessly under cover of a thicket, ten yards from the dead zebra, we quietly constructed a slip-knot, loading the noose at intervals with bullets which my men tore with their teeth and spear-points from the cartridges in my belt. Going to the edge of the thicket, a yard or two from the foal, we tried to cast the noose over its head; but kicking up its heels it made off through the jungle. On the way home I fell in with a large herd of beisa and shot three after a long hunt. We prepared the meat for transportation, covering it with bushes to keep off vultures, and marched back towards camp an hour before sunset. While still two miles from camp we heard voices hailing us from the east, but not knowing who might be calling, friend or foe, we decided to walk on to camp without answering the challenge. I had only three men with me, and, the voices issuing from several directions, we thought the sounds might possibly come from a force of Rer Amáden; so we continued walking towards camp, the hailing of the voices sounding sometimes close. They were so close that, as a precautionary measure, we four more than once grouped ourselves round the trunk of a tree, back to back, with rifles ready. The owners of





the voices had evidently heard my rifle an hour or two before, and tried to hit off our whereabouts.

Arriving at camp, I found Yunis and the other guide, and three Amáden tribesmen, waiting by my tent. It was these men's voices we had heard in the bush. Yunis had good news to tell. He and his companions had come upon some Amáden, a small party of men who had wandered from the main karias of their tribe, which was encamped two days' journey to the south. This party had come into the uninhabited country to collect gum-arabic; this they pick off the bushes, and send down to the coast tribes by small caravans, which return with cloth to the interior. The gum-pickers are always very poor, often starving, and camping without flocks and herds, they undergo great hardships while carrying on their trade. The two Amáden offered on the morrow to guide us to their tribe and put us well on the road to Iné. They said that their headmen, the most important of whom were Sheikh Abdul Káder and Jáma Deria, had heard much of the Englishmen at Berbera, and wanted to see one and shake his hand!

At night came Jáma Deria and Hirsi, his son, mounted on white ponies. They slept in my camp. Jáma Deria was a fine old fighting chief with a white beard, his features being well formed, but the complexion nearly black; he is the leading minstrel of the Rer Amáden tribe, and has composed songs which are sung on horseback in the *dibáltig*, and on other occasions, far and wide in Somáland. His great hobby is lifting cattle and fighting with his neighbours, with the natural accompaniments, love of horseflesh and minstrelsy. I found Jáma Deria, despite his failings, to be a dear old man, with splendid qualities, although his character was rather spoilt by a strong tendency to stinginess; however, I subsequently became great friends with him. He expressed himself delighted that an Englishman had at last found out the Rer Amáden; he said the old men, young men, and children would all welcome me; and that he would lead me to the Sheik (Abdul Káder) at Dambaswerer, where they hoped to keep me as long as I would stop. He said that he knew all the Iné tribes, who were afraid of him; and he hoped, now that the English were the friends of the Rer Amáden, he would be able to keep the Abyssinians in their proper place.

On the 2nd of May we broke up our camp at Enleh early and marched to Galadúr, where we camped again. Old Jáma Deria and his son escorted me, and he was delighted to have

been before the Sheikh in welcoming me to the country. He is a rival of the Sheikh, and has sometimes been his open enemy, having killed several of Abdul Káder's relations; he keeps all the neighbouring tribes in a constant state of alarm, being a regular firebrand and loving a quarrel for its own sake. As we advanced in the fresh morning air, the old man, in high spirits, would dash past me at full gallop, to display to the Englishman the quality of his pony and the red tassels on his saddle and bridle, returning after each circle to cry "*Mót!*" A Somáli, poising his spear before throwing it, does it by a sudden jerk against the palm of his hand, causing the shaft to quiver; and he claims that this keeps it straight in the air, the effect being somewhat like that of the feathers on an arrow, or the twist caused by the rifling on a bullet.

As we got into a bit of open grass I shot a Scemmering's gazelle. The buck dropped in his tracks, and old Jáma, hastily dismounting and handing his mare to his son, paused an instant to whirl the free end of his tobe from his shoulder and coil it round his waist, leaving the chest bare; and then running like a two-year-old, he raced the gazelle to perform the *halat*—that is, to sever the jugular veins with his short sword, without which operation all meat is *harám*, or unlawful, to a Mussulmán.

The youth who brought up the horses could not induce them to come near to the dead gazelle; so Jáma, mounting his beautiful young mare, which he said was "blood-shy" and required teaching, by voice and heel coaxed her up to the meat till she brought her dilated nostrils close to it. He made her jump over the buck several times before he was satisfied. The Amáden, who had perhaps never seen game shot before, examined the hole in the buck with great interest, Jáma remarking that the Abyssinians could not do that nearly so well, and that the English were good people. He said that I was to be *his* Englishman, and while in the country shoot him lots of zebra, as all the Amáden liked the meat.

During our evening march we were overtaken by a violent storm, the burst of the monsoon, which occurs very locally and at different dates in different places. We could not advance or retire, the camels having to stand loaded for over an hour up to their fetlocks in running water, with an impassable torrent a little distance off on either side, where all had been lately dry land; my cook Suleiman was caught by one of these streams while following the caravan, and was turned over and over, and

would have been drowned had we not gone to his assistance. After the storm had passed we had hard work to reach the top of the highest ground in the neighbourhood, a mile from where we had been caught, the camels slipping at every step on the sloping surfaces of soft red clay. It was the worst storm I have ever experienced, accompanied by constant thunder and vivid lightning. Lions roared in some bush round our camp at night, but luckily did not attack our horses; for the fuel on the spot being soaked, and it being too dark to send out to search for any, we could only make a small fire with a scanty supply which my cook Suleiman had wrapped in a waterproof sheet and put on a camel just as the storm came on, for the preparation of my evening meal.

Next day, the 3rd May, we made a long march and reached Gullá. A lion roared at night, but he was on the farther side of a precipitous watercourse which he could not pass without going a great distance round; so he did not disturb my camp otherwise than by the grand music of his voice, which on the clear nights after heavy rain can be heard for miles.

On 4th May, crossing a beautiful stream called Samani at Bal Balaad, we marched to the Sheikh's karia. Jáma Deria, who had been with us so far, now left. As I rode up to Abdul Káder's karia I was met by a dignified old man, who turned out to be the Sheikh himself; I respectfully dismounted from the camel and shook hands, and the Sheikh, by way of emphasising the welcome, fumbled at the brim of my hat with outstretched hands to bless me, as is the custom, by touching my forehead and mumbling a few words of the Koran over me. Asking his permission through the interpreter, I ordered the men to pitch camp among the karias of the Amáden. I was received with enthusiasm by the Sheikh's people, who are his own clan of the Amáden; his karias were also full of mullahs from every tribe. He gave me some sheep, and a camel worth twenty-five dollars, to be killed for my men, and a fat calf for myself. Lines of women came carrying large *háns* decked with white beads and full of camel's milk; and soon a long row of these vessels was set up at my tent door. In return I gave white shirting and red shawls, which were afterwards picked to pieces to make tassels for the saddlery. To the Sheikh's principal wife I gave a red and blue tartan-patterned tobe and a looking-glass, and to the other women beads. As the Sheikh, supported by a thick stick and two stalwart sons, hobbled to my tent to pay a formal

call, I blew the alarm whistle and fell in all the men two deep, when, loading with blank, we fired two volleys in the air. Then, folding some red blankets and laying them over store-boxes, I made the Sheikh and his sons and elders sit down. Abdul Káder, while sipping his coffee, his eyes wandering continually over the strange objects in my tent, and his fingers picking absently at my blankets, promised to do all he could for me, remarking significantly that he heard English people did not burn karias and murder women!

The hundreds of assembled tribesmen listened in silence to the sentences murmured in a high cracked voice by the old man, who had lost his front teeth. Some of his small children, or perhaps grandchildren, naked and dusty, clung round the poles of my tent, sucking their thumbs, and gazing calmly at the first white man they had set eyes on! A dozen horsemen of the Rer Amáden then went through the *dibáltig*, covering us with dust, and the minstrel, sitting in the saddle facing my tent, gave me, appropriately put into verse, complaints against the neighbours of the Amáden, which, as a representative of the English, I was expected to settle, this place being about three hundred and thirty miles inland.

While in camp here I set up a large astronomical telescope and turned it upon Jáma Deria's karia, a few miles away on the side of a hill. The people came in crowds to look through this at all hours of the day, with a running fire of comments, such as, "By Allah! that is Jáma's white cow. How big! like an elephant," and so forth. The mullahs flocked round my tent begging for white paper to write sentences from the Koran, which are subsequently enclosed in a leather bag and sold, to be worn round the neck as a charm to stave off ill-luck. I gave the mullahs several *tusbas* or scented prayer-chaplets made of black wooden beads and worn as necklaces. There is a superstition that a Somáli who wears a *tusba* and does not count the beads in prayer at the regular times will be choked by the *tusba* in revenge.

Late at night, in the pitch darkness before the moon had risen, a little girl of seven came over from one of the karias to my camp, begging for food, as she was starving. She had braved the terrible danger of hyænas, which swarm between the karias at night, to cross to my camp; so giving her some beisa-meat and cooked rice, I sent her back under escort to her own habitations. I suspect this poor child had no relations. "I

cannot help the child; it is not of my clan," is too often the answer given by great healthy Somális on being accused of heartlessness. This is due not to natural ferocity of character, but to thoughtlessness, what is everybody's business being nobody's business; and the little sufferers starve and die.

Abdul Káder and Jáma Deria were glad to help me on to Imé, because for some months past the Amáden had been at war with the Adone or negroes at Imé; and Jáma Deria thought this would be a good opportunity of reopening negotiations. The country between the Sheikh's karia and Imé was uninhabited for seventy-five miles, and the people told us that while passing over this tract we should be exposed to the risk of meeting Arussi Gállá wandering bands. It appeared that Jáma Deria and Abdul Káder, though jealous of one another, had settled their differences for the time being in order to assist me, and we arranged that Jáma and his son, and Abdul Káder's son and another Amáden, should guide me to Imé on the 5th of May.

There being little of my leave remaining, I decided that there would not be time to take the slowly-travelling caravan so far, and that it would be better to leave it, under command of a good camelman, encamped at Abdul Káder's karias at Dambaswerer, while with my interpreter, two hunters, and four of the Amáden, I should ride to Imé and back. The distance would be about one hundred and fifty miles, according to the natives, and with the help of my mule, two Arab camels, and five Amáden ponies, without camp equipage, we hoped to accomplish a short stay at Imé and be back at Dambaswerer within six days. A glance at the map will show the confidence we felt in the friendship of the natives of Ogádén, to be able to cut ourselves adrift from the caravan in unexplored country so far in the interior. Imé is four hundred miles from the coast, and Dambaswerer seventy-five miles short of Imé. In 1884, at the time of Mr. F. L. James's journey to the Shabéleh district to the south-east, such a ride would have been hazardous; but since then things have been changing for the better every day.

Our cavalcade consisted of seven mounted Somális and myself, four having rifles, the other four shields and spears. In the saddle-bags on the two Arab camels Abokr and I carried a few blankets and necessaries, and a bag of coffee, and for meat we depended on the game we expected to fall in with. We rode during the whole of 5th May, with a short interval to rest and cast loose the camels at noon; at 5 P.M. we halted by the side

of a pool of rain-water, hobbled the animals, lit a fire, and threw ourselves down in a circle round it to sleep, one man keeping watch over the animals. At 3 A.M. we were again on the move, and began to descend a long slope cut up by deep ravines, which falls to the Webbe Shabéleh river. We lost ourselves among impassable, precipitous watercourses several times; the guides, however, always managed, after much difficulty, to regain the path, which had been grown over with grass, and, because of the Amáden raids, had been unused for a year. We reached the Webbe Shabéleh at Imé at 1.30 P.M., having done the seventy-five miles in thirty-two hours at a moderate pace without a change of animals.

As we neared Imé the view became very fine. The Shabéleh or Haines river lay before us, flowing in a tortuous course from north-east to south-west, its banks marked by a line of tall trees, with dense undergrowth of many varieties of evergreen bush of great size and beauty. The lines of high trees, following the winding river-banks, and covering the long narrow islands, reminded me of the banks of the Seine at Rouen, the trees growing in the shape of a poplar. The tall tops of these trees are constantly waving when there is any breeze, the gray-green foliage reflecting the light and giving a peculiarly lively character to the landscape. On the southern side were two low rocky hills, rising from the alluvial plain, wooded round their base; and in these woods, which were crowned by tall graceful "toddy" palms like those of India, lay the large cluster of beehive villages of the Adone, collectively called Imé.

Most of the open flats near the river-banks are cultivated by these negroes, or are left as pasture-land, to be grazed over by the Adone cattle and the herds of water-buck and Scemmer-ring's gazelles. Behind the broad river valley, some fifteen miles to the south, rose a wall of lofty blue mountains, piled in picturesque confusion of peak and plateau to a height which I judged to be not less than eight or nine thousand feet above sea-level. The long slope of broken ground rising from the river to the base of the mountains was covered over its entire surface with monotonous thorn-jungle. The Arussi Gállas, who are camel-owning nomads like the Somális, occupy these mountainous districts. These highlands are mysterious and attractive to the traveller, for the reason that no European penetrated them until the entry of the two well-armed expeditions of Captain Bottiga and Prince Ruspoli, which, so far as I could ascertain



from the Somális, were even then fighting their way through the Gállá tribes in front.

The difficulty and expense of fitting out a Somáli expedition may be realised when it is explained that in the four or five hundred miles between Berbera and Imé, on the routes I took, there was no permanent village. The karias are merely Somáli temporary kraals, and the huts are packed on camels when the natives move for change of pasture three or four times in the year; in all my journeys, except during the week's visit to Harar, I was never able to obtain anything but occasionally milk and mutton or other meat. Rations of rice, dates, and clarified butter were carried for the men for every day we spent in the interior; also water-casks capable of supplying us for six days when crossing the Haud. All these supplies had to be carried on camel-back, making a very large caravan for four and a half months, which was the time that elapsed before we returned to Berbera, and during which we covered about one thousand two hundred miles of route. By much cutting down of weight I had managed to do with thirty-three baggage camels, each carrying two hundred and seventy-five pounds, the cost price of each camel being £2. I took no furniture, sleeping on the ground or on camel-mats laid over store-boxes, in a double-fly tent weighing eighty pounds.

As we rode over the flats near the river, I sent Jáma Deria and his son forward to the villages, hidden among the palm clusters two thousand yards away, to warn Gabba Oboho, the Adone chief of Imé, of our arrival. He took, wrapped up in the end of his tobe, an Arabic letter from Sheikh Abdul Káder. With the other five Somális I sat down under a shady *gudá* tree in the open plain and awaited developments, at the same time hobbling the animals and turning them out to graze.

This was an exciting crisis in the course of my expedition. Between my advanced party and the camp we had left behind at Dambaswerer lay seventy-five miles of uninhabited wilderness. We were eight men in all, with four rifles. A mile away was a cluster of more than a dozen large villages teeming with suspicious and ignorant negroes, who were of a different race, and had lately been the enemies of the Amáden Somális who formed my escort. The only white men they had ever seen were Baudi and Candeo, and possibly Robecchi, and the party of Italians which had lately gone into Gállaland under circumstances by no means peaceful.

While we were waiting in suspense watching the long dark masses of beehive huts, the smoke of wood-fires curling up among the palm-trees, and wondering what reception the first Englishman would meet at the hands of the Adone, a Scemmering's gazelle came along cropping at the short grass till within range of our tree. Unable to resist the tempting shot, resting my elbows on my knees, I fired, and dropped him dead. I had now given the alarm! We knew that all the villages had heard the shot, and so we caught all the animals, and tethering them to our tree, sat in a semicircle round them, knowing that if the Imé people should prove hostile we were in for it, and half expecting to see Jáma and his son come galloping to us in a cloud of dust followed by an excited, spear-throwing mob, which we might have to stop with our four rifles!

At the end of a quarter of an hour of suspense, Jáma Deria and his son appeared as two dots issuing from the forest and galloped up to us; and after circling their ponies a few times in triumph, and crying "*Mót!*" they dismounted, and shook hands with us all round delightedly, in the good old Somáli way, and the suspense was over. Two goodnatured-looking, flat-nosed negroes, who had followed behind, then ran up, laughing, and shook hands. They were naked save a piece of dirty tobe thrown carelessly across the shoulders. They explained, through an interpreter, that Gabba Oboho had told them to bid me welcome to Imé; we were to drink first at the river, and then come to his village, where he was waiting with his counsellors to receive us.

Jáma Deria said that he and his son had suddenly come on the two Adone just inside the forest, and they, recognising the Amáden saddlery, had run at him spear in hand; but circling his horse round the bushes, he avoided them, and shouted out in Somáli the purport of Abdul Káder's letter to Gabba Oboho. He had then left the letter on the ground, and retired a little way. The Adone picked up the letter, and were arguing whether this was a ruse or not, when they heard my shot at the gazelle, and knew that Jáma Deria had spoken the truth, and that an Englishman had really come. And so they had run off to tell Gabba Oboho, at his hut in the nearest village. The shot had had a very different effect in the other Imé villages, for the inhabitants ferried the women and children across the river on rafts, to a place of refuge, believing the gun to have been fired by an Abyssinian force; and when we advanced into Imé we

saw them perched in hundreds among the caves and recesses of the small hills across the water; but on seeing us enter the first village peacefully, and observing our meeting with their chief, they soon flocked down to look at the wonderful stranger.

We rode through a succession of *jowári* fields to the river. After we had allayed our thirst, our guides led us to a large *dareí*, or fig-tree, standing in a small glade, and here we found Gabba Oboho and all the elders of the Adone seated in solemn conclave on the grass, to the number of about a hundred. My advent was a great event to these negroes, whose dull lives are only enlivened by Abyssinian or Amáden raids, and who live their otherwise quiet existence on the banks of the Webbe, cultivating the ground or herding cows.

I walked through the throng to Gabba Oboho; and shaking hands with him and a dozen of the nearest counsellors, and spreading a camel-mat in the centre of the circle, I sat down with Adan Yusuf, my interpreter, sending the rest of my party away with the animals to get fodder and cook their evening meal. The greeting of the negroes was very friendly; they pressed round me, feeling my Elcho boots and admiring the leather and particularly the laces, pinching the material of my corduroy breeches; and taking off my canvas shooting hat, which was passed round with a buzz of wonder and then politely handed back to me. Gabba Oboho could not conceal his curiosity, and asked me why my arm was brown outside and white under the sleeve; so I gave a lecture on the effect of the sun on the European skin to an open-mouthed and admiring audience.

Gabba, now managing to secure silence, in the course of a long oration said he was glad an Englishman had come; that he and all the headmen wished to sign a paper with my Government, that all the inhabitants of the Webbe were "subjects" of the English, who, they had often heard, were good people; and he now wished to know at once whether I had brought the paper, so that he might make his mark. He stopped, and the expectant crowd waited for my reply. I explained that I had not been ordered to visit the country and had brought no paper; that I had come to look for wild animals and to see the great river, the Webbe, of which during some years I had heard so much; that the English wished to be friends with all people, and the officer who signed papers lived at Aden, more than twenty days' journey, as they knew,

to the north. I found it difficult to make them understand the difference between a British officer on duty and one on leave, and a subdued buzz of disapproval showed that they were not half satisfied with my reply.

An Adone elder pointed to our mule, and asked where we had got it; and on hearing it was a present from Rás Makunan, he said, "Ah! it is as we feared; you English have sold us to the Amhára!" I said the English had done nothing of the kind. I also told the elders that the English would be pleased if more caravans came trading to Berbera, and that Government would assist such caravans in every way possible. Gabba Oboho then led me, through an avenue of high palm-trees, to the nearest village, and into a dirty courtyard occupied by two cows and some goats, in the corner of which his own huts stood. He had turned out of the largest and caused it to be swept for my use; and he gave my followers a raised platform of wicker-work, outside the hut, to sleep upon.

I remained in the village all the evening, receiving the visits of the leading natives; and a dense crowd of men, women, and children constantly pressed round the hut, old Gabba now and then angrily whipping them off with a cowhide whip. The elders of Imé were very friendly indeed; and the climax was reached when one of them, pointing to his hut in the distance, said I might have it if so disposed, and his best wife into the bargain; and he patted one of the surrounding females on the head. She was by no means a beauty; and turning to him and smiling blandly, I answered, "*Labadi donei-máyu*" (I don't want either of them), much to the amusement and delight of his second-best wives.

The headmen asked me many questions about Europe; and whether I thought the Italians could conquer Abyssinia if so disposed; and which was the greatest nation in the world. To this poser I replied, "Allah knows; we are all strong;" whereat they exclaimed to one another, "He tells the truth; if he were a liar he would say the English were the strongest." It speaks well for the management of affairs on our North Somáli coast, that although these people were so far in the interior that they had hitherto never seen one of my countrymen, yet they knew and felt respect for the English name.

The Adone living at Imé have been great cultivators of *jowári*, which they eat; but they declared that the Abyssinians had been there some months before my visit, had shot several

people, and taken off live-stock; and that they sent emissaries occasionally to collect tribute. Many of the Imé people have therefore left Imé and gone to Karanleh, another large collection of villages three marches down the river to the east; and they say that Karanleh has now become the more important place. The Imé people certainly seemed poor and timid. They were afraid to go outside the palisades of the villages at night, and held Jáma Deria and the Amáden in great awe. Gabba Oboho said that if I wanted to shoot buffaloes, hippopotami, and giraffes, I must go three days' march to the south, to the Webbe Wéb, which is a tributary of the Webbe Ganána or Juba river, and that the people there were Gurré Gállas. He represented them to be "good people," and that if I were a friend of his they would be pleased to see me, if I did not loot or fight with them; and that I had better go to Berbera and return in two months' time, when our camels would be able to ford the Webbe. He said that for my caravan to cross on their clumsy rafts in the present flooded state of the river would take from four to seven days.

My leave was now coming to an end. I had already asked for an extension, but to find out whether it was granted I had to make all haste to the coast. We stayed four days at Imé hunting for the *balanka* or waterbuck, which is unobtainable anywhere in Somáland except on the Webbe. Crowds of Adone thrust themselves on us during our rambles, hoping to get meat. I found the sport in the Webbe valley very interesting, though the great heat was intensified by the high buffalo-grass through which we had to force our way. We were generally out on foot all day, often going to the river to rest in the cool, dense forest which clothes the banks for a hundred yards on either side of the stream. I shot two waterbuck, thinking, on account of their small size, that they must be a new species. But experience on a second trip proved them to be young.

We found the cotton-bush flourishing wild on the river-banks, and heard that cotton is grown farther to the east, towards the Shabéleh district. The name of this river at Imé is not the Webbe Shabéleh, but the Webbe Sidáma, which, I heard, is its Gállá name. Shabéleh appears to be the name of the district through which the river runs at the point where Mr. F. L. James's expedition struck it in 1884. The chief sources of the Juba are the Webbe Wéb, Webbe Ganána, and Webbe Dau,

in order from north to south. The Imé people call their own river simply Webbe (River).

I had now only time to ride back to the Rer Amáden karias at Dambaswerer, where my caravan was, and then to go quickly for thirty marches, occupying fifteen days, to Berbera. Bidding good-bye to our friends the Adone, we left at 2.50 p.m. on the 9th May for Dambaswerer, mounted on the same animals which had brought us to the Webbe. We rode till late at night, sleeping as before in the open, and at 3 a.m. resumed our ride, and going on with two short intervals for repose, reached Dambaswerer at sunset on the same day. The sturdy Abyssinian mule I rode came in first, then the two Arab camels, and last the five Amáden on their ponies, straggling in one by one.

Rás Makunan's mule had been a marvel of staying capacity throughout the journey, and I could never wish for a better animal for steady work. The Arab trotting camels from Aden are excellent, having both speed and endurance; and a certain amount of kit can be carried on them in saddle-bags in addition to the rider.

On the evening of 11th May we parted from Abdul Káder, and made an evening march to Jáma Deria's own keria. Here we remained one night, leaving early for our northern journey. Jáma Deria's people received me with enthusiasm, the crowds pressing round the camp. Their great delight was the coloured picture in the Zoological Society's *Proceedings* of the Somáli wild ass, which had become so dirty and so battered by handling that I had mounted it upon the cover of a packing-case to keep it together. The people fought with each other to get round me and see it; those who had not seen the picture kept besieging my camp, crying out, "Show us the picture." I showed the women, as a great favour, a coloured print from an illustrated paper of two pretty English girls skating, which raised a clamour of admiration, one stout *gabad* (maiden), with tresses reeking with butter, calling out, "Why did Allah make us black and these white?" The men beginning to crowd round, and the remarks becoming too demonstrative, I put away the picture amid deep groans of disappointment. The men of the tribe sat round my tent in a dense mass as I produced a book of engravings of the Franco-Prussian War, from the pictures of Détaille and De Neuville, and as I explained each picture through the interpreter their faces became grave at the thought of so many white men fighting with rifles together, and of the



numbers of dead. Contrary to my expectation they thoroughly understood all the pictures, liking, of course, the coloured ones the best. The snow upon the ground was the hardest thing to explain, but I had men among my escort who had been to London and Marseilles, as firemen on steamers, and I left it to them. Some of the people said, "It is all very wonderful; why are we not like the English, who have so big a name? Why has Allah given us nothing and you everything?"

Jáma's people told me the Abyssinians were sending a strong expedition into the Arussi Gállá country shortly. They said also that last year the Arussi Gállás came from the direction of Daghatto in the north-west, and destroyed ten karias of the Amáden in a single night. A nephew of Jáma Deria, an actively-built, tall young man, came to me saying he heard all white men were doctors, and would I examine him? and throwing the loose end of his tobe from his shoulder he exposed a ghastly wound. A small throwing spear had entered a few inches below the left nipple, and passing through his body, had protruded at the back between the shoulder-blades. The wound at the back had healed, but the larger wound in the breast, nearly an inch wide, was open and discharging freely. Asking when the wound had been received, I was astonished to learn that it had been in a fight with some Gállá robbers in the previous *Gu*, or heavy rains, at least ten months before. The man had lived, and had latterly been going about his business, with the wound unhealed. He seemed thin, but otherwise not much the worse. I made him a big poultice, and advised him to take care of himself and not catch cold, and he and his relations went away, believing in my treatment. I was glad to hear from Jáma Deria, on coming this way four months later, that the man was still alive, and getting well; and I feel certain that the healthy, dry air of this elevated country, combined with total abstinence from liquor, and diet consisting almost entirely of camel-milk, gives a wound a much better chance than it would have under other circumstances.

Jáma Deria begged for everything in my tent on the evening on my arrival; he very much wanted a coloured plaid, and I found out privately that he had forbidden Gabba Oboho to ask for it when I left Imé, saying I had promised it to himself. He never, however, succeeded in making me part with it. He begged hard for my revolver, and I let him fire at an ant-hill. His women-folk and all his relations begged me not to give it

to him, for they said, "If you give that dreadful old man a pistol there will be no staying in the country; he will go and murder Abdul Káder and his sons, and will then go and make war on the Karanleh people." On my shaking him off next morning, as I did after he had ridden by my side for four miles, always begging the coveted plaid and revolver, he finally shook hands with evident regret, saying he hoped I should come back and bring plenty of English with me, they would all be welcome; and I was to mind and let him know beforehand by a mounted messenger, so that he might have time to come and welcome us before his enemy, Sheikh Abdul Káder, could forestall him. A crowd followed us for quite a mile from the karias, saying they were sorry we were going; the English were their friends, and the Amhára would be afraid to do anything now.

I may here mention that Rás Makunan of Harar is the only Abyssinian whose name carries with it any respect in Ogádén. He has the reputation of trying to be just; and Somális say that if they could gain access to him the tyrannies of frontier Abyssinians would be stopped.

On the evening of the 12th May, the day I parted from Jáma Deria, we went on to a place in the uninhabited thorn-bush called Anamaleh. It having been a very hot day and the camels being tired, at an hour before sunset we halted. While the men were engaged in pitching the camp, taking my .577 Express rifle, I strolled off alone into the bush to the east to look for gazelles. Getting on to a slight rise, I found myself on the top of a plateau, and here I tried to stalk two Waller's gazelles; but, hearing the noise made by my men pitching camp four hundred yards away, they made off. I then walked through open thorn-jungle till I suddenly came on two beisa, which galloped away, but by a rapid shot as they were disappearing among the trees I brought one to the ground. Firing three more shots as signals, I brought up Géli and Hassan, and we carried the skull and haunches to camp, leaving the rest of the meat on the ground.

I always gave orders to my sentries to wake me if they heard a lion roar, because it is a sound not often heard, even in Somáland, where lions are so plentiful, and it is always interesting to hear. This night the sentry called me at 1 A.M., and at first I heard the low moans of a lion a mile or two away; then, after half an hour of silence, just as I was

falling asleep, we again heard him roar louder, and, as it seemed, at the spot where we had left the beisa-meat the evening before. He was heard again during the night; and so when I was awakened by the intense cold which precedes the dawn I roused Suleiman the cook, and after swallowing a cup of hot coffee, prepared for a lion-hunt. I told Adan Yusuf to take charge of the caravan and march about ten miles, and that we would, after the hunt, pick up the tracks of the camels; and he was to have the tent pitched and dinner ready at the noon camp awaiting my arrival.

As the sun rose I took a trotting camel, the mule, Daura Warsama, Abokr, the two hunters Géli and Hassan, and a Malingúr guide, with blankets, water-bottles, and dried meat; and we made straight for the spot where we had left the dead beisa, knowing that we should find fresh lion-tracks round the body. There was no beisa, but looking on the ground we saw last night's story: a heap of half-digested grass and stains of blood all over the ground showed where the lion had cleaned the carcase, and the trail where he had dragged it away led to the north-east over smooth red earth; and we easily followed it, dotted as it was occasionally by the broad pugs of the lion.

After we had gone a mile we came to a glade of yellow grass about three feet high, in the centre of which, a quarter of a mile broad, were three or four low, flat *khansa* mimósas growing close together. Three foxes ran out from these, going off at different angles, and looking beyond the bushes we saw the lion dragging the carcase slowly over the ground, and keeping the bushes between himself and us. He looked grayish black, and I could see over the top of the grass that he had a fine mane. The distance was about one hundred and twenty yards, and as I thought he had winded us, and there was no time to be lost, I sat down, and holding the rifle, rested my elbows on my knees to fire. But I could see nothing over the bushes, so I again rose to my feet, and seeing he was still holding on into the open, pulling along the carcase, I walked up closer, keeping under cover of the bushes, and then sat down again, holding the sights of the rifle fixed on a gap in the bushes where I expected to see his dark mane and head appear. He duly walked on, and his body was in full view in the gap when I fired. The bullet told loudly, and answering it with a short and rather dismal roar, he bounded away at a good pace, dropping the carcase of the beisa; crossing the grass he rushed

into a long, dark jungle of mimósas, and we lost sight of him for the time. The remains of the beisa lay where the lion had dropped them on being hit, and the path he had taken was visible by the blood plentifully sprinkled and smeared on the grass.

The hunt became exciting as we followed into the dense *khansa* bushes, whose flat, widespread tops, meeting at a height of about five feet, formed dark alleys, through which the lion kept on at the same pace. We skirted along a hundred yards to our right, to a thin place in the covert, and then crossing and searching the farther edge found his tracks leading out into another glade, and so, leaving the jungle behind, we held on after him. Finding he had gone into another of these dark *khansa* jungles, we made a circuit round the outside till we were opposite to where he had gone in; but we found he had not left the *khansa*, so we continued round the edge till we came to the point where we had abandoned the tracks as they entered the jungle. He was evidently in the covert, which we had ringed completely; and there was nothing to be done but to follow the blood along these alleys till we came on him. We should find one of three things: either the lion would be seen alive in the covert, where I hoped to shoot him; or we should find he had bounded away in front of us; or we should find him lying dead. Following a wounded lion into the *khansa* is exciting work, because if he charges there is so little room that it is possible one may shoot a man instead of the lion; and also when pressing through with rifle at full cock, the slightest catching of the triggers or hammers in the branches would cause an accident.

Moving into the thicket yard by yard, we found where the lion had been lying while we had been walking round on the outside; and he had got up and bounded away out of the covert, his pugs on the soft sand outside showing that he had only just gone. We followed him for nearly three miles, through glades of grass and dense strips of *khansa*, taking the precaution to "ring" each strip to ascertain whether he had gone out on the farther side, thereby avoiding unnecessary danger and loss of time. Many times he managed to sneak away without being seen when we were close to him; so, as the sun was now hot, and we were done up with the hard work, we sat down to consult; we thought that if we left him sitting in one place long enough to get his wounds stiff, there would be more chance

of coming up with him. We decided it would be best for Abokr, Daura, and the Malingúr, with the mule and camel, to follow slowly on the tracks, thus driving the lion in front of them, while, with my two hunters Géli and Hassan, I made a circuit round to the front, and sat in the grass, ready to fire in case he should sneak past us. We tried this twice without success; but the third time the party with the camel followed the tracks into a strip of *khansa* half a mile long, its length being in the direction in which we were going. Under the bushes it was so dark that sometimes we could scarcely see the sights of our rifles. The lion, if lying anywhere in this, would be certain to sneak away under covert, and if I went quickly along outside and sat down where the bushes were thin, as the covert was only about a hundred yards wide, he could not pass without our seeing him.

We ran on along the edge of the jungle, and getting to a thin place sat down to wait for the slowly-moving men and animals to drive the lion to us. I had scarcely settled down when Hassan gently patted me on the back and pointed ahead, and there was the lion stealing along in front, limping painfully. The distance was ninety yards, and sitting down and aiming over the grass I hit him again, the bullet catching him in his already lacerated forearm. We crouched to see under the smoke, which hung in the damp grass (for there had been heavy rain in the early part of the night), and heard his growl as he sprang into the *mimósas*. Hassan spied him again two hundred yards farther on, as we were running to try and keep him in sight, and bringing myself to a halt suddenly and putting up the rifle, I fired again, catching him in the shoulder. He roared and fell in the bushes. We advanced, and thought he had gone on; and were about to run after him when Daura, who had come up, pointed him out crouching in the thick bushes thirty yards away, his head between his paws. We stood still, and then as I moved sideways to try and spot him he gave a low growl. I could not see him plainly, but fired into the dark yellow mass which Daura had shown me, which I believed to be the lion. The shot told loudly as if hitting bone, and all was silent, the yellow patch remaining in the same place. We then walked round the *mimósa* bush through which I had fired, and found the lion lying on his side, unconsciously gnawing his wounded forearm. As we stood over him he showed signs of reviving, and I gave him another shot.

Allowing my men to skin the lion, which was a fine one, I retired to the shade of a spreading *khansa*, and opening a haversack brought on the camel, made a hearty lunch of beisa-meat and water. We then put the skull and lion-skin on the camel, and after another hour or two, following the tracks of the caravan, found the camp pitched and my tent ready. The skin of the lion when pegged out in camp measured nine feet six inches. He was an old fellow, with a good deal of gray in his mane.

We left Géli and Hassan to rest under the trees and watch the skin of the lion, which we had stretched to dry in the hot sun for two hours; telling them towards sunset to pick up the skin and bring it on to the evening camp, we went on to Dólababa. We made three more marches through an extensive forest of *khansa* called Dúd Libah, or the "Lion's Forest," and in this I knocked over a buck lesser koodoo.

On the 15th we again came among natives, at a place called Tállá. There were five karias here, and the people, who were Rer Amáden, welcomed us warmly. I sat up for a lion in a zeríba, but without success. The people said that lions were eating men daily to the north, at the Malingúr karias a few marches ahead. Passing through my old camp at Segag, I made a short trip into the Daghatto Valley, but bagged nothing at first, although there were many lion-tracks about. While hunting along the river on the evening of the 18th, I shot a beautiful lesser koodoo buck; and returning towards sunset, when nearing camp we detected a lioness in the grass, but she saw us first, and a hurried shot missed her as she bounded away. She had been stalking my camels which were scattered round camp feeding before being driven in for the night.

Four marches more, during which we experienced heavy thunderstorms, brought us to Durhi, the place where, on coming from Berbera, we had found the Malingúr burying a woman who had been killed by a lion. The two large karias between which we had formerly camped were deserted. I made a zeríba outside camp, and sat up unsuccessfully for lions in it on the night of 19th May. My men made a great noise, singing in chorus to attract lions; and Daura Warsama, one of my best men, led the singing, sometimes running out into the dark night and calling, "*Libaha káli, kaleiya, Sirkát-ki wa dónéiya!*" (O lion, come; the Sahib wants you!). Daura was a fine fellow, whom I had engaged at Bulhár, belonging to the Jibril Abokr



tribe. He and the interpreter, Adan Yusuf, were older than most of the men, who were almost boys, and, like many of the Jibril Abokr, in his youth he had been a great raider. He was always full of fun, danced well, led the men's amusements, and was the most popular man in camp, as well as the smartest out of a particularly good lot. Daura had been with me on five expeditions during 1891-93. On this trip, since we had left Harar, I had given him charge of Rás Makunan's mule.

Finding the lions had left Durhi, having, no doubt, followed the karias, as lions will, we struck camp next morning and made for Dagaha Madóba,<sup>1</sup> where we expected to find the Malingúr. The whole of the ground between Durhi and Dagaha Madóba appeared hidden under an unbroken expanse of *khansa* bush, covering the low hills and wave-like undulations of the country as far as the eye could reach on every side. Game was plentiful, and we saw Scemmerring's and Waller's gazelles, zebra, and beisa oryx. I shot two zebras and wounded beisa in the course of a long hunt which took me several miles to the south-east of the caravan track. When I first came on the zebras at about 9 A.M., Abokr was riding the Arab camel far behind me, and the party with me consisted of my two hunters Géli and Hassan, and Daura Warsama, while I rode my mule. I had been riding armed only with a pistol, Daura carrying my Express rifle; and when we saw the zebras and I dismounted, Daura pushed the rifle into my hands, and jumping into the saddle, took the mule away to the rear to join Abokr, and, as I thought, arm himself with one of the rifles which were on the camel, while Géli, Hassan, and I ran after the zebras.

At the end of the hunt, more than an hour afterwards, while we were cutting up the zebra-meat, Abokr came up leading the camel and mule, and looking put out. He said he had caught the mule, which he had found galloping about riderless, and thought that Daura must have come to some harm from Gállá marauders.

Carefully going back to where Abokr had caught the mule, and taking up the back trail, we met two Malingúr, the first we had seen for some days; and answering to our inquiries they first said they knew nothing, and then that they had seen marks in the ground, showing that a lion had carried away a man. Promising a reward, I took these men as guides, and they led

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* "the black rock," called after a feature in the river-bed near the wells.

us to a small ravine, where, on examining the sand, we found what had been poor Daura's fate. While he had been quietly riding along at a walk across the ravine a lioness had rushed upon the mule, which, shying, had thrown Daura upon the ground and galloped away. The lioness had sprung upon Daura, and after a struggle, as was shown by the state of the sand, killed him; his stick, broken in three places, still lay on the scene of the fight. The lioness had then dragged him away into the jungle, up a slope covered with thick *khansa* bushes; and following at a run, we saw pieces of red-bordered waist-cloth we knew to be Daura's hanging to the thorn-bushes; later on the piece of leather, enclosing a verse of the Koran, which he had worn round his neck, and the pouch, with a jag and piece of oiled rag, with which he had been accustomed to clean his rifle, and which he always carried, attached to an old luggage-strap, round his waist. On coming to some large and dense *khansa* bushes a little ahead of the men, I at last found Daura's body. Every vestige of clothing had been torn off by the bushes. There were twenty holes in his throat from the teeth of the lioness, and his right leg had been bitten off at the hip, leaving a foot of the thigh-bone protruding. His hands and cheeks were also bitten through, showing that he had fought for his life; and it seemed hard luck that he of all my men had been caught thus unarmed, for he was the best shot in the party, and would have been well able to defend himself if he had only carried the Martini-Henry which was usually in his possession. The lioness had disappeared; so wrapping Daura's body in a waterproof sheet, and roping it up on to a camel, I started the men off for camp, and cantered on ahead on the mule to give orders for a grave to be dug. I had first asked my men to help follow the lioness up, but they insisted that Daura must first be buried.

As I reined up in camp the camelmen came to me smiling to say "*Salaam aleikum*," expecting to hear that I had bagged a lion, which had made me late. Passing those in front I rode into the zeríba quietly and said, "Daura is dead." A curious change came over all the men, who stood about awkwardly, not knowing where to look; and when I told off men for the burying party, and another party to follow the lioness with me, the men moved about dreamily as if not understanding the calamity which had fallen upon them. Some one said, "Not Daura? Not our Daura?" and they only realised what had happened

when his body was brought in on the camel and laid before them on the grass.

I determined to devote the next twenty-four hours to hunting up the lioness, and having organised a party of trackers, left the remainder of the men to bury my follower, while we started off on foot for the *khansa* thicket where we had found the body. We described a circle at fifty yards' distance from the thicket, the ground being very stony and covered with bushes, when we at last came upon the track of the lioness; and following this for three miles over difficult ground, covered with dense thickets, at sunset we gave it up.

Returning to camp I chanced to look round, when my eye fell upon the lioness, her head being raised above a tuft of grass in a passage between two *khansa* bushes. Turning round I took a quiet pot shot at her; a lioness's head half hidden in grass, at ninety yards' distance and in the dusk, is not a good target, and before I could see under the smoke I knew that I had missed, for there was no answering thud of the bullet. Running up to the spot on which she had been crouching, we examined the track where she had bounded away, and holding the trail for a quarter of a mile through the thick covert, and with the greatest difficulty, the men kneeling over displaced gravel, broken twigs, and other scanty evidences of her passage, and finding no sign of blood, we gave her up and sadly made for camp, which was reached an hour or two after dark.

On the next day we again took up the signs where we had left them, slight rain having fallen in the night; but search as we would, we could never find any indication of her having stayed in the neighbourhood. All the tracks were those of the night before, and making a final circular cast of a mile round through the bush over gravelly ground, we gave up the search, and I resolved to march on towards the coast, having no more leave to spare.

Passing Daura's grave we surprised two hyænas trying to grub up the stones that had been heaped over the poor fellow, and dropping one dead, we sent the other moaning away with a bullet in his ribs. The Malingúr, who turned out to be those who had been at Durhi a month ago, begged me to remain and have another try for the lion and lioness (for there were a pair of man-eaters here), so I had a zeriba built, and tied up a donkey, and sat up all night six feet away from it, but without result. The Malingúr said that since the lion had killed the

woman a month ago, five men and another woman had been carried off by the pair, my man Daura being the eighth human victim within the month!

We resumed our journey on the following morning towards the coast. Passing through the Sheikh Ash tribe and thence by Milmil, we reached the Rer Ali at Warma-kés in the Haud Plateau, after eight marches, on 24th May. The Rer Ali turned out fifty horsemen to *dibáltig* before me, and I gave a show in return, advancing over the plain and firing volleys of blank cartridge with my twenty camelmen, and whistling them up to form rallying groups against cavalry. I refused, however, to part with any tobes, so they said I was "good but stingy." They told me that lately an English officer had been sent from Aden to Harar, and had ordered the Abyssinians to evacuate the town within a fortnight. This information turned out to be based on my own peaceful visit to Rás Makunan, and was thus distorted by passing from mouth to mouth! We made a detour to the east of several days' journey in order to come on to ground frequented by Clarke's gazelle, and I was so fortunate as to shoot a good buck of this antelope and to pick up two pairs of horns.

While marching through a jungle called Gouss in the Haud, I started about forty beisa, which galloped past us looking like a body of cavalry with sloped swords. Sorely tempted, I fired at the galloping line, and then ran up and found a splendid bull lying dead. His horns are the best I possess, being nearly three feet long, very thick, with a slight and beautiful curve backwards.

A large Somali caravan, going to Berbera, took advantage of our escort to pass through the Eidegalla tribe. I found some interesting artificial pools in the Eidegalla Haud, and the natives told me that these had been dug out from time to time in honour of well-known *Sultáns* and elders who had died. I examined them, and was glad to find that they held water for many weeks after rain had fallen, a proof that the red Haud soil will hold rain-water in suitable places, and that tanks might be made on a larger scale.

As we came to the Eidegalla tribe, the men, women, and children ran away on first sighting us, thinking we were Abyssinians; but when they recognised us they were civil enough. On the evening of 3rd June we arrived at Syk fig-tree, near the top of the Jeráto Pass, which is sixty miles from Berbera, and

leads from the high Ogo country down into Guban, the coast-district. Coming down into the defile called Aff-ki-Jeráto next day, I met some Biladiers, or native irregular police, with my mail-bag, containing four months' letters; and finding that, owing to my having received an extension, my leave would not expire immediately, I settled down steadily to hunt greater koodoo in the Gólis Range, round Gán Libah, Henweina, and Garbadir.



GREATER KODOO (*Strepsiceros kudu*).

## CHAPTER IX

### THREE WEEKS' KODOO-STALKING ON GÓLIS RANGE, 1893

Our hunting camp in the mountains—The "Rock of the Seven Robbers"—Exciting koodoo hunt; death of a splendid koodoo—My shooting costume—Triumphant return to camp—Unsuccessful koodoo hunt—March to Henweina—Unsuccessful hunt after koodoos—Bag a bull—A charming spot—Dog-faced baboons—Alarm note of the koodoo cow—Picturesque bivouac—Cedar-trees in Mirso—A leopard caught with a piece of rope and speared by the Somális—March to Armáleh Garbadir—The great Massleh Wein bull—Exciting hunt; success of the Martini; a glorious koodoo—Return to the coast.

We descended the Jeráto Pass to Mandeira on 4th June. This pass has since been improved by an engineer officer from Aden, and there is now a good road. On this day I divided the men and animals into two caravans, one-half to remain with me in the mountains, the other to go to Berbera, where the men would be paid off and the camels sold. On the following day I took the half of the caravan I had chosen for the koodoo-hunting trip, and marched three miles, from Mandeira wells to a small spring



under the crest of Gán Libah Mountain, which is six thousand feet above sea-level. The height of our camp was four thousand five hundred feet. In the morning, while the men were moving camp to the new site, I took my two hunters Géli and Hassan, and an Esa Musa guide from some karias we found at Mandeira, and searched the hills for koodoo, but only saw some females and young, so made for camp, which we found pitched in a pretty little glade on the hillside. I had no tent, but a small hut made of camel-mats, covered over with waterproof sheets, and fastened to poles cut from the thorn-bushes. To the east, just below camp, was a rocky torrent-bed, with stretches of flat sand in the bottom, and a small stream trickling through it, forming waterfalls of a foot or two in height, and flowing northwards into the Tug Mandeira. All the country for a mile or two round was very much broken and cut up by ravines from Gán Libah and other high mountains overlooking the camp; and in these ravines were long strips of the *gudá* jungle, with thick aloe undergrowth four feet high.

Three miles north-west, on the right bank of the Tug Mandeira sand-river, rises a curious pinnacle or boss of hard rock, called Dagaha Todobálla, or the "Rock of the Seven Robbers." The story goes that seven Jibril Abokr robbers came from the west on one of their periodical raids, to search for plunder among the Esa Musa flocks grazing at the foot of the Gólis Range; but the Esa Musa collected in force, and these men fled to the top of the almost inaccessible rock, where they were surrounded and finally cut to pieces by the enraged tribesmen. Rising as it does to a height of about a hundred feet above a sea of jungle of the large *gudá* thorn-trees, it forms a beautiful addition to Mandeira scenery. There are several of these rocks and hillocks in the Mandeira Valley, and the large thorn-jungles round their bases are the home of the lesser koodoo, which combines many of the beauties of both the greater koodoo and the African striped bush-buck, and is midway between them in size. There are also wart-hog, Waller's gazelle, the tiny Dik-dik, or *Sakáro*, as well as guinea-fowl and greater koodoo in the mountains.

On the evening of 5th June I went out again with the same men, holding south-west along the lower slopes of a ridge called Gol Adéryu, or the "Hill of Koodoos"; and here bagged a splendid koodoo bull. When Géli first saw him we were moving along the base of the hills, crossing several torrent-beds, all more or less hidden under *gudá* trees, with bare gravelly

ridges, or ridges covered with grass and aloe-jungle, forming the watersheds. He was about three hundred yards away in front of us, standing nibbling the young shoots of the *gudá* where a thick mass of this kind of jungle crowned a ridge. The ground where the koodoo had taken up his position was higher than the low open ridge on which we were standing when we saw him; but the wind was blowing in our faces, and was therefore in our favour. Two small torrent-beds intervened between us and the game. His body was quite concealed by the dark green foliage, only the head and shining horns being occasionally visible as he stretched to reach a branch, and it was long before I could make out at what Géli was pointing. But looking through my field-glass I saw that I had to deal with the bearer of a splendid pair of horns, the best I had seen, the whitish tips looking a yard apart.

We sank flat to the ground together where we had stood, and lay, without daring to move, fearing that some unlucky chance should cause him to come out of the bush and look towards us. We spoke in whispers, taking more precautions than were necessary at this distance because of the great size of this particular old bull, and the fear I had of losing him. We lay upon a flat, open piece of gravel about ten yards square; and so nervous did we become that we dared not creep along the ground from our respective positions far enough to tear down a branch to hold before the face, preferring to lie motionless in the open, in full view, to the chance of a movement catching his eye. We lay for probably twenty minutes watching him, and had perfected all the arrangements for a difficult stalk, when, with an abrupt movement, he turned his head towards the north, only the tips of his horns appearing above the foliage. But they were motionless, and I knew that he had seen or heard something. I turned my head round slowly to look at my companions, to see whether they had moved, but they lay as they had dropped, and no sound above a whisper had been uttered by any of us.

Suddenly the pair of horns swung round to the south, and the bull's shoulders appeared in full view as he gave a great bound forward, disappeared among the bushes, and emerged galloping his hardest up the ridge, where the jungle was thin, his tail held erect; next second he had plunged into a water-course and disappeared, and a few minutes later we saw his whole body in the far distance as he made his way heavily up the steep Gol Adéryu ridge and went down on the other side.

Of course it was of no use concealing ourselves now, so we got up and walked to the spot where the koodoo had been standing; and here, to our disgust, we met three men and two women of the Esa Musa, who had come from the Mandeira karias to pick gum. They had been walking along a torrent-bed and had come close up to the koodoo before they saw him; and one of the Esa Musa had thrown his spear and missed, sending the koodoo off as we had seen. We enlisted these people in our service by a promise of meat if successful, and then slowly took up the tracks. But we soon lost them again in the rocky ground, and extending into line and moving over the ridge where he had disappeared, we resolved ourselves into couples and searched independently for further tracks.

We must have spent over an hour doing this, and traversed about a mile of very steep, stony hills covered with dense thorn-bush, with occasional deep cañons and gullies in the limestone, when one of the gum-pickers ran up and motioned to me to follow him. Scrambling over another half-mile of steep ground we came upon the tracks of a koodoo, which by their size I concluded to be those of the bull we had lately lost. He had slowed down into a walk, the tracks leading up to a high ridge, and we took them over the top with great caution, hoping that we might come upon him somewhere in the next valley.

We were soon scrambling along the sides of the valley when Hassan pointed downwards, and I saw the koodoo rounding a spur a hundred and fifty yards away, and about a hundred feet below us; and throwing up the rifle I fired just before he disappeared, the bullet telling loudly, and my men calling out that he was hit. We got down to where he had been in a few seconds, and rounding the corner found him lying in a bush which had stopped his body as it rolled down the hill. The .577 bullet, entering behind the withers, had driven nearly through him, breaking the spine and killing him almost instantaneously. This was a splendid old bull, his massive neck being covered with scars received in fights with rivals, scratches from the thorn-bushes through which he had forced his way, and abrasions from the rocks where he had fallen. The horns measured  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches between tips, 37 inches in a straight line from base to tip, and 49 inches round the spiral.

It was getting late, and a heavy thunderstorm was coming up from the south,—always a disagreeable experience in these hills, and especially so in this instance, because I had nothing

on but a thin vest, a pair of *kháki* drill breeches, and red rubber tennis-shoes with long stockings, the day having been too hot for climbing steep hills in a coat.

It became intensely cold as the sun set and the rain poured down, so employing all our knives we soon whipped off the skin of the koodoo, and I threw it over my shivering shoulders like a shawl, hair inside. The Somális had their tobés. We cut off the head, and each of us being loaded with head, meat, or rifles, made our way over the hills back to camp, arriving an hour after dark; Hassan, who had pointed out the koodoo, being privileged to sing the hunting-song as we approached the camp-fire.

During the next six days I went after koodoo morning and evening without success, sometimes going up into the mountains before dawn and not returning till after nightfall, and shifting camp from one watering-place to another. On the sixth day I had a long hunt after a koodoo with fine horns, which we had got news of in Harka-weina in the Henweina Valley; we saw him across a gorge, and after making a long detour to get into a favourable position for a stalk, found that he had mysteriously disappeared.

On the same evening we marched five miles across the Henweina Valley, and made our bivouac at the karia of one Waiss Mahomed, of the Adan Esa, Esa Musa, Habr Awal. The people were kind and attentive, bringing me willingly goats, sheep, and milk to buy whenever I wanted supplies. The camp was pitched among large, flat-topped *gudá* thorn-trees hung with thick masses of *armo* creeper, which forms a deep and cool shade, and has a light green, heart-shaped leaf, thick and rubber-like and full of sap. At a distance of a mile on every side of the camp were the foothills of Gólis Range. The spot was pleasant, and I resolved to make a halt of several days here, looking for koodoo and making up the bundles of specimens ready to be enclosed in boxes when I arrived at Aden, and sent to London.

On 12th June I sent out two parties to look for koodoo, and waited in camp till 10 A.M. for news from these men, or from the Esa Musa cowboys who were herding cattle on the mountains. A herd-boy brought in news that he had seen four bull koodoo on the top of a mountain, about three miles away, and fifteen hundred feet above camp. After a toilsome climb, the day being exceptionally hot, the boy led us to a saddle in the hills

where he had last seen the four bulls; and as he took us with the wind by mistake, we only heard the rattle of stones as the game galloped away; we found their tracks, but never came up with them. Much disappointed, we descended by the most stony goat-track I remember to have traversed at any time, and arrived in camp much done up.

I had just thrown myself on my camel-mats to rest when Géli and Hassan came in triumphantly with news of another bull in the opposite direction, about two miles away, and not more than five hundred feet above our camp. They had seen him quietly walking over the top of a hill, picking here and there at the bushes, and without waiting to find out where he had gone, they rushed to camp to see whether I had returned from the other four bulls. I thought no more of rest, and trotted up the valley with my men, by sheep-paths winding through the thick undergrowth of aloes, and gained the base of the hill where the koodoo had been seen. There was not much time to be lost in searching for his tracks, as it was now half-past five, and the sun was nearly setting; so having lost them on stony ground near where he had last been seen, we went in different directions to search, Géli and Hassan running about on top of the hill, and I waiting below under a screen of *armo* creeper which hung from a *gudá* thorn-tree. After a long wait Géli and Hassan could be seen coming cautiously towards me down a spur of the hill close to a densely-wooded ravine, which ran parallel to the spur on my left. Gaining the level of the valley, and creeping from one thicket to another between the aloes, they at length reached me and pointed to a dense clump of bushes which grew half-way up the ravine, two hundred feet above. We made a circuitous stalk by a long detour to the right, and so round the top of the hill on the farther side, and down over the head of the ravine; but this took so long that when we stalked in on the clump of bushes from above, the koodoo was no longer there, the tracks showing that he had grazed away downhill.

As we looked down the ravine we saw that to our right the valley fell from the level of my former watching-place into a V-shaped gorge, running at right angles to the ravine. Creeping round the shoulder of the hill to the right, so as to be just above this gorge, we descended yard by yard, placing each foot carefully on the rocks and undergrowth so as to avoid making the slightest sound. The wind was in our faces as we advanced,

and whenever I could get a piece of rock large enough to stand upon, and see over the high *durr* grass below, I slowly raised myself to an erect position, expecting to see the koodoo and get a shot. This manœuvre had been repeated three times, cautiously, so that no sound or brusque movement on our part should attract the attention of the koodoo, if he should be in the gorge below. As we gained the fourth group of rocks we heard the rattle of stones and crash of bushes, and saw, from behind, the horns of the koodoo rising and falling amongst the tufts of grass as he plunged into the gorge. He paused before reaching the bottom, and we were having a whispered argument whether two objects showing motionless above the grass were the tips of his horns or spears of aloe, when they moved, and he went crashing on again.

Knowing he would have to ascend the opposite side of the V-shaped gorge, as the bushes and aloes were too thick for him to go fast along the bottom of the V to right or left, I jumped on to the rock and waited; springing across, he cantered clumsily up the other side, which was very steep. The distance was two hundred yards across the gorge, and taking a full sight I held the rifle for the withers and pulled trigger. He fell back among the rocks and bushes, and though still breathing was practically dead; but to prevent his moving and damaging his beautiful horns by rolling among the boulders, I gave him another shot. The horns measured 50 inches round the curve, 35½ inches in a straight line from base to tip, and 26½ inches between tips.

On 13th June I took a camel and a few necessaries for spending the night away from camp; and after looking for koodoo all day we arrived at a lovely little burn half buried in reeds, at the base of Banyéro Mountain, which is between six thousand and six thousand five hundred feet high. This was a charming spot, a clear stream flowing over boulders of many colours, there being occasionally narrow stretches of red sand, on which were imprinted fresh tracks of koodoo and lion. Above, on the side of Banyéro Mountain, was a precipice two hundred feet or so in height, and on the smooth, perpendicular face of this were a number of holes and cracks leading into the rock, each tenanted by a group of gray-maned, dog-faced baboons, their long tails hanging down against the precipice. The crowded clusters of baboons, of a blue-gray colour, constantly moving their heads, tails, or legs, and chattering at us, formed a curious and lively



picture against the brick-red face of the rock. There must have been three hundred altogether, including the little ones, which clung to the rocks or to their mothers' backs; and with all heads looking at us, they kept up a tremendous barking as we crossed the stream, and it continued all night close to our bivouac, so that it was a long time before we were able to get any sleep. Some of the males seemed as large as retriever dogs, with gray manes as imposing as that of the lion.

Next morning we had to pass these baboons as we ascended a gorge to watch for koodoo, and they ran round to the head of the gully in a small army, like little men determined to block our passage. They hid in the rocks across our path, chattering at us as we came on, and when we were fifty yards away still sat ferociously watching. One gray old fellow had his head looking over a stone, and pointing my Martini-Henry at it, I was amused to see him duck behind a rock exactly as a man would have done. I again raised the rifle and down went his head again. This was curious, for he had certainly never seen a rifle before. My men stormed the pass, intent on catching a young one, but they were too quick for us, and retired slowly up the ravine, disputing with their short angry bark every inch of the ground. Of course I did not fire at the brutes; and the Somalis, approving, said that they were little men, and it was unlucky to kill them.

In the forenoon we saw three cow koodoos and a young bull with half-grown horns, grazing up a patch of green meadow grass in a valley several hundred feet below; but after watching them for an hour, and seeing that no old bull joined them, we gave it up for the day, and prepared for the long journey back to the main camp. As we descended to our bivouac to pack up our blankets and cooking-pots, we gave these koodoos a slant of our wind, and one of the females stood pawing the ground and looking up at us, both of the huge rounded ears held forward. We did not move, and every minute or so she emitted a loud bark which went echoing up the hillsides.

This alarm-note is given by an old cow when she scents or sees danger but cannot quite make out its nature, and so she calls the attention of the herd. Sometimes three or four females on hearing the bark of one will throw up their heads, and joining her stand motionless, all eyes turned to the direction of danger, as if in council, and then they canter away, followed by the ruck of the herd. By remaining motionless, even if on

the bare hillside, you may keep up this performance for any length of time; but once you move, having made you out, off they go. More than once I have been warned of the presence of koodoo in a valley below by the loud echoing bark coming across from half a mile away, and arresting ourselves as if turned to stone, we have searched the opposite slopes, and have at last made out three or four brown bodies, standing under the shade of an overhanging precipice, in colour so like the background that we should never have seen them but for that warning bark. The old doe is usually a splendid sentry, but often betrays the herd in this way.

On the 14th we came back to our former bivouac at the reed-margined spring, hoping to see the herd again in the morning, perhaps accompanied by an old bull. We arrived late, and found the baboons again in force. We lit fires and threw ourselves down under a fig-tree for the night. This was a very picturesque night camp. The stream was just below us, giving out a murmuring of running water which was refreshing after the hot march of the day. An hour after the sun had gone down a crescent moon rose in the east, and just disappearing in the west, following the sun, blazing in the clear mountain air, was the *Hedig wa Galab*, or evening star.

The two goats which I had brought to supply milk for my morning coffee were standing against each other, head to tail, between the two fires, trying to keep warm in spite of a current of air which blew down from the higher gorges of Banyéro, where the mist hung white, shreds of it clinging to the side ravines and round the shoulders of the mountain. Between the fires, and around the goats, lay coiled the four natives. The camel sat alone, a little farther out, chewing the cud with regular cadence of sound and gazing into the darkness, its large eyes reflecting the firelight. The baboons kept up their barking all night as on the former occasion, and next morning were seen crossing the top of an adjacent cliff, inspecting our camp.

The next day we hunted for koodoo all the morning, but only once more saw the same family of cows with the half-grown bull; so we made for the Henweina camp, and arrived in the afternoon, very thirsty. Géli, while taking care of my water-bottle, smashed it against a projecting rock, losing the day's supply.

This march home was twice as long as it need have been; for, anxious to visit the higher parts of Banyéro, I had ascended

a thousand feet to the Mirso ledge, and walking for several miles between splendid specimens of the mountain cedar, I had again descended into the Henweina Valley near the main camp, by a sheep track which we hit upon, hitherto unknown to the guides. I continued unsuccessful during the next few days, going many a "wild-goose chase" after some bull which some one had seen, and when away after this, a splendid chance in another direction would be lost through my being out of camp. What sometimes occurred was that three shepherds would see a koodoo while out in the early morning tending sheep, and leaving one of their number to mind the sheep and to watch the koodoo at the same time, the other two would run down to camp, over four miles of mountain and valley, to bring me the news. By the time I had arrived at the spot, perhaps some hours afterwards, the man who had been left to watch would either be asleep or would have moved with his sheep to another pasture; and while we looked for the koodoo in the absence of a guide, it would catch sight of us and steal away.

One day we heard a leopard coughing among the hills, and I spent the day looking for his cave. Arriving home after dark, the first object which I saw on approaching the camp-fire was the spotted body, with a framing of natives, who had just brought him over from the Esa Musa karia quite close to us. The elders, having lost a goat the night before, had on this evening tied one up as a bait, and had prepared a running noose of camel-rope in the brushwood of the zeriba through which he must pass to get to the goat. Having sauntered boldly down from the hills in the evening for another goat, as had been his custom, he charged recklessly and got himself noosed, when the Somális waiting in ambush closed round and speared him. The body was scarcely cold when I bought it of Waiss Mahomed, the patriarch of the karia, for twelve rupees.

The koodoos seemed to have left this neighbourhood. I had heard a good deal in Henweina about a mysterious bull koodoo living in the high Massleh Wein gully, overlooking Garbadir, fifteen miles to the east along the foot of Gólis if one went round by the camel-path, or nine miles up and down if one took a short cut over the mountains. He was known to have remained in Massleh Wein, drinking nightly at the spring below, for three years. He was reported to be old and cunning, to carry enormous horns, and to be lame in one foot. Having resolved to try conclusions with this bull, I sent my caravan

round the base of a peaked mountain called Hambeileh Weina, by a camel-track, with orders to make two marches to Garbadir, and camp at Armáleh water, Armáleh to the east and Massleh to the west being two of several valleys which joined to form the district called Garbadir. The grazing grounds of Garbadir, filling a semicircle of about six miles' radius, formed a bay in Gólis Range, under Daar Ass Bluff, which is about 6500 feet above the sea. Garbadir was wooded with large *gudá* thorn-forest, plenty of grass growing in the glades, and the ground was covered with fresh tracks of the Esa Musa flocks. It was at Armáleh Garbadir that I had formed my first shooting camp in 1885.

From my Henweina camp into Garbadir there was a short cut over the mountains which was impassable for camels, and this path I took with my two gunbearers and an Esa Musa guide, ascending and descending about a thousand feet over the neck between the Hambeileh Weina pointed peak and the top of Daar Ass. At a height of about five thousand feet above the sea we found several Esa Musa cattle karias, perched on the mountains, with flat stretches of pasture. The Esa Musa herdsmen showed me the tracks of a large koodoo, which I knew to be those of a bull I had hunted once or twice during the last few days, and called the Darei-Hosei koodoo, after the name of the gully in which he was generally seen by the shepherds in the early mornings; but as he had passed by at dawn, several hours before, I held on for the Armáleh camp, leaving Massleh Valley two miles behind us on my right.

I resolved not to disturb Massleh gorge till we should hear news of the Massleh koodoo. Arriving at Armáleh a little after noon, I sent some Esa Musa shepherds to Massleh with orders to sit on points of vantage and watch the gorge for the appearance of the koodoo when he should awake from sleep in the afternoon; and if they should see him, to run and let me know. Meanwhile I sat down and waited for the caravan to come round by the road.

At about four o'clock, acting on the information of an old woman collecting firewood, I went after pig, and came to the Massleh water; we here found several women and girls filling their bark water-vessels preparatory to carrying them on their backs to their huts, who told us they had just seen a wart-hog boar come to drink, and then run away without drinking. Following on the tracks, we came suddenly on him twenty yards

away on the top of a rise in a goat-path, and I raised my rifle and covered his shoulder; but finding I could not see his tusks, and as I never shoot a boar unless they are abnormally large, I let him off. He walked round the bend of the path and I followed, but coming to the corner we found he had managed to go quietly away without leaving a track to show his whereabouts.

My gunbearer said he must be a *shaitan*, or devil, and we were just preparing to drink and go home when two Esa Musa ran up to say they had seen the lame koodoo of Massleh Wein, and they could show him to me at once! We started at a trot up the Lower Massleh Valley, and came to where there was a stretch of about half a mile, before it branched out in the form of a Y into two gorges running up steeply into Daar Ass Mountain. The natives had seen him coming out of the mass of jungle which filled the point of junction of the two gorges where they joined to form the main valley, or stalk of the Y, lower down.

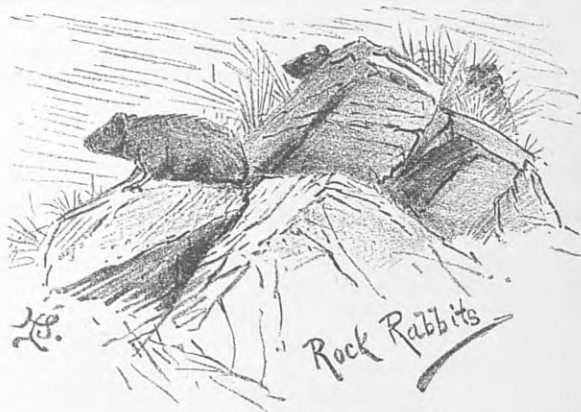
Géli and I, keeping to the right, ascended the side of the valley and sat down under the shade of a black poison-bush on a pile of rocks, commanding the nearest of the two small gorges above the junction, that is, the western one; while I stopped the eastern gorge by sending an Esa Musa across to its head, to drive back the koodoo should he attempt to retreat up it. We knew he was somewhere in the jungle below the junction of the gorges, and I had ordered Hassan and the other Esa Musa to sit under cover in the lower valley long enough to give us time to take up our appointed positions; and then, when they saw us posted, to walk slowly up through the jungle, looking for the fresh tracks.

I had been some twenty minutes at my post, when Hassan and the Esa Musa shouted across from the jungle to the men at the head of the eastern gorge to look out, and we saw the koodoo cantering heavily upwards along the bank of the torrent-bed which occupied the centre of the eastern gorge. The men whom I had posted there shouted back, and the koodoo, as I expected, made for the western gorge which was commanded by my rifle.

On the opposite side of this gully, on a level with the bush under which I was sitting, was a large *gudá* tree, the range to which I judged to be about two hundred yards across the gorge. If I allowed him to pass this tree I knew my chances of

bagging him would become slender, as the gorge widened, and there was a way by which he could get out of it, over a shoulder of the mountain, without again coming within range.

It became very exciting listening to the shouts from the jungle below and the answering shouts from the other gorge, and more so as, warned by the rattle of displaced stones and the crashing of bushes, I turned my eyes and saw the koodoo at the point of intersection of the two gorges heading straight for the one I commanded. I had in my hands a long military Martini-Henry, and pushing forward the sliding-leaf to two hundred yards I marked the *gudá* tree opposite and watched.



ROCK RABBITS (*Procavia abyssinica*).

There was suspense for a moment or two, and then with another crash he emerged from the jungle and galloped along the opposite hillside, straight for the tree. I held for the front of his shoulder, just clear of his body, and as he neared the tree fired. Looking under the smoke I observed him still galloping on, and felt in my pocket for another cartridge; but after passing the tree he suddenly plunged forward and went rolling over and over down the hill, till his body was arrested about thirty feet below by a bush, where he lay motionless. We made short time across the rocky gorge, and coming up I found him dead, the Martini bullet having passed through his heart—a wonderfully lucky shot at the distance. He was a splendid sight as he lay extended on the remains of the bush into which he



had crashed, his horns measuring 52 inches and 53 inches respectively round the curve, and 3 feet 1 inch in a straight line from base to tip, and 37 inches between tips; and his massive neck was adorned with a fine white and brown beard. There was a slight malformation in the hoof of his right fore-leg which accounted for his lameness, but did not much interfere with his speed when galloping.

We carried his head back to camp in the dusk, leaving three men to skin him; and we sent back all the Esa Musa, whom we could collect in the valley below on our way to camp, telling them to go up and scramble for the meat. Having now bagged three good bull koodoos in as many weeks, which is about the usual rate of successful and lucky koodoo-stalking in these mountains, and my leave being up, I went in three short marches to Berbera, and a week later caught a steamer to Aden.



## CHAPTER X

## SECOND JOURNEY TO THE WEBBE SHABÉLEH RIVER, 1898

The new caravan—Pass Lord Delamere's party—Captain Abud in camp at Hargeisa—Sheikh Mattar—Cross the Haud, and arrive at Seyyid Mahomed's town in Ogádén—Holy reputation—Why the Somális have no Mahdi—Scene at the Seyyid's town—Native impression of European travellers—Every European a doctor—Malingúr mission to Harar—Ruspoli's men seized—Jáma Deria's Englishman—Reach the Webbe and bag a waterbuck—Friendly Gilimiss Somális—First news of the Webbe bushbuck—Shooting a crocodile—Great beauty of our camp on the Webbe banks—Gálla raids on the Gilimiss—The crossing of the Webbe at Karanleh—Unexpected Gálla news—Entertain Gálla chiefs in camp; a defiant speech—A Gálla trip planned—Fresh hippo tracks in the reeds—A waterbuck swims the Webbe; a noble buck—Sad death of a horse—The Aulihán—A row in camp—Unsuccessful buffalo-hunting—Wounded waterbuck struck down by a lion—Starving negroes eat the carrion—Disturbed country; the Gálla trip impracticable—Recross the Webbe—Driving for bushbuck—A wart-hog bagged—A man seized by a lion; extraordinary story—A leopard bagged—A buck killed by leopards before our eyes—A row at Garbo—Success of the Lee-Metford—The Awáre pan; beautiful hunting-ground—Lions roaring at night—Unsuccessful lion-hunts—Magnificent lion shot; a surprising leap—Abundance of lions—Return to Berbera; and go to England.

DURING the first trip to the Webbe we had been four and a half months in the interior, travelling over more than eleven hundred miles of camel-track. I found at Aden that an

extension of leave had been granted, and at once prepared a second caravan, intending to go back to Imé, and taking Gabba Oboho at his word, to explore Gállaland and the Juba under his guidance.

On 30th July 1893 we landed again at Berbera with thirty-four men armed with Snider carbines and forty-five fresh camels. The coast men were much afraid of Gállaland, and insisted that we ought to have at least a hundred rifles; but fighting not being my object, I considered our party strong enough, and after explaining that I would only cross the Gállá border if the Gállas should prove peaceful, the men took a more cheerful view of the prospects of my journey.

We marched from Berbera on 31st July, and on the second day passed Lord Delamere and his shooting party on their way to the coast. Major Abud was at that time encamped at Hargeisa, carrying on political business with Eidegalla chiefs. Sheikh Mattar of Hargeisa, whom I met here, advised me not to go to Imé, but to try Karanleh, three marches farther down the Webbe; and he gave me an Arabic letter to Seyyid Mahomed, a mullah whose permanent town lay in our front. By visiting the Seyyid I should cross Ogádén by a route several days to the west of my former one through Dagaha-Madóba.

I crossed the Haud by the Warda Gumaréd, the route taken on our first crossing, when I had gone to Milmil with my brother the year before; this time I carried water for five and a half days only. About three marches out from Hargeisa I crossed the fresh tracks of seventy-five horsemen of the Abdalla Saad, Habr Awal, who had gone to loot the Eidegalla a few hours before my caravan passed over the ground.

Crossing the Rer Ali and Rer Harún tribes, always friendly, on the 16th I arrived at Seyyid Mahomed's town. It is a permanent village of three or four hundred huts, about the size of Hargeisa, its site being near the Tug Fáfán, in the Malingúr tribe. The banks of the stream, which we found dry, were dotted with thriving and extensive patches of *jowári*. The inhabitants are mainly widads and mullahs from different Somáli tribes.

Pitching camp under shady trees near the river, on the Fáfán banks, I went with the elders, through a dense crowd, to the Seyyid's hut. He was too old and feeble to walk over to camp, and had sent his son to ask if I would mind coming to him, to make his acquaintance and give him medicine. The Seyyid is

known far and wide as a holy man, even my Dolbahanta headman, Adan Yusuf, having heard of him. Adan was glad to meet such a holy man, who was said to be invulnerable. He added that the Abyssinians lately tied the Seyyid up and fired at him point blank with Remingtons, but the bullets melted; they then bound him to a *gudá* thorn-tree, and collecting all the dry branches about, lit a roaring fire at his feet, but he obstinately refused to burn; so then they gave up interfering with him!

If he were a fighting man the Seyyid would probably have developed into a first-class Mahdi, and long ere this he could have made a combined movement against Abyssinia; but his influence, like that of other Somáli sheikhs and mullahs, is almost entirely social and religious. He lives a quiet life, cultivating *jowári*, reading the Koran, and educating youths. Among the nomad tribes the fighting elders abound, but they have not the wide influence of these cosmopolitan Mahomedan priests, and there is no element of cohesion among them, each working for the good of his own clan and ignoring the general interests of the community. The Seyyid was cordial, and I gave him medicine at the door of his hut in the presence of his wives and children, who squatted on their heels in a semicircle round, whilst the townspeople collected in a mass to gaze at us through the palisades of the courtyard which separated the hut from the main street of the village. He had only seen one English party, that of Colonel Paget and Lord Wolverton, two months before, and they had left a good impression; not so the caravan under Prince Ruspoli, for he, less fortunate, experienced a good deal of trouble with the natives in Gállaland, on the Webbe, and even in Somáland.

Before we left the hut of the sick man he had written for me an Arabic letter to Hussein-bin-Khalaf and Núr Róbleh, the two Mahomedan chiefs of Karanleh. While we were halted at the Fáfán, crowds of sick people and cripples from the village constantly loitered in and about camp, begging for medical treatment from *nínki frínji wein* (the great foreigner). Every European being believed to be a doctor, they rushed to me for treatment, presenting the most complicated diseases, such as cataract in the eye and cancer. My medicine-bag containing only chlorodyne, pills, vaseline, quinine, and the simplest medicines, I treated what cases I could, and sent the worst away with a small present of meat or calico and a few comforting words, which were listened to in dead silence by the crowd of relations.

At the Seyyid's village I heard that Ugáz Umr, the Malingúr chief, had returned from Harar, after laying complaints against frontier Abyssinians before Rás Makunan. Eight men, who had either deserted from Prince Ruspoli or had been dismissed by him, said that some of their comrades and all the guns had been seized by Ugáz Umr, and were to be sent to Harar. They asked me to interfere; but for political reasons I declined.

On 22nd August, at sunset, we reached Bokhaiyer, another permanent village, occupied by the Rer Amáden tribe. Here I met many old friends, among them Jáma Deria and his sons, who had escorted me to Imé a few months before, and were in this country on a short visit. I was standing, the centre of a mob of the villagers, when Jáma Deria and six horsemen rode up, covering us with dust, and Jáma shouted that "his Englishman had come." He took jealous care of me, whipping away the crowd, and never ceased begging till I left next morning.

After several days' hard marching we reached the Webbe at Sen Morettu, a permanent village of the Gilimiss Somális, standing on the north bank, about six marches south-east of Imé, Karanleh lying half-way between the two villages.

In this journey, owing to the difficulty in getting reliable guides, we had made a detour to the east, doing fifty-two marches between Berbera and the Webbe, the direct distance being forty short marches. We actually struck the Webbe at Dagah-Yeleh on 25th August, and in the evening I went out and shot my first adult *balanka*, or waterbuck. The bucks I shot at Imé, under the impression that they belonged to a new species, I now found to be young ones.

Next day we made one long march westward, by the river-banks, to Sen Morettu. The Gilimiss Somális were strong here, and came in numbers to my camp to present their salaams. Late at night they brought for sale the skin of a *dól*, or Webbe bushbuck. This was the first time I had heard of such an animal as a *dól*, and I resolved not to leave the Webbe till I had shot one. I shot a large crocodile by moonlight; it was floating with the eyes above the water, only thirty yards from the tent, no doubt waiting for one of the milch-goats to come and drink.

This night camp on the banks of the Webbe at Sen Morettu was striking in its scenery, and will ever live in my memory. The Gilimiss who had brought the *dól* skin had left, and the camp had settled down into slumber, except for one watchful

sentry. The moonlight was so bright that everything had a distinctive colour, the sky being of a deep blue, studded with stars in the regions farthest from the moon. I went to the river-bank and looked out on the water gliding by, in streaks of silver and dark brown, across the shadows of the tall trees, which rose one hundred and twenty yards away on the opposite bank. Several of the trunks had fallen, and lay aslant upon the steep bank of the river. Now and then a gust of wind swept with a peculiar roaring sound through the feathery tree-tops, and ruffled the surface of the water with broad patches of silver as it blew across to our camp. Sometimes monkeys chattered, or squirrels shrieked, disturbed by prowling animals in the dense evergreen bush bordering the river. Each movement I made was the signal for the splash of one or two crocodiles as they regained the water.

We marched to Maaruf, a landing-stage exactly opposite to Karanleh, which was on the south side of the river. We passed through numbers of the Gilimiss people, who said they had come to the north bank for fear of the Gállas, who were out raiding. The camels had been late in getting off from Sen Morettu, so I walked on with the two shikáris. We found several of the Gilimiss elders at the landing-stage, and had a long talk about the means of getting across, while sitting under some very large trees which gave a welcome shelter from the mid-day sun. The Webbe was rather low, the width being only ninety yards. The people occupying the banks were Gilimiss Somális and Adone, or Webbe negroes.

The Gilimiss cultivate on both sides of the river when not in fear of the Arussi (Geriré) Gállas, who live in the hills ten miles away to the south, and often raid along the south bank. The Gállá name for the Webbe is Webbe Sidáma; no one calls it Webbe Shabéleh here. As mentioned on page 212, Shabéleh ("the place of leopards") is merely the name of the district farther down to the south-east. Since 1884 no Englishman had visited the Webbe till the previous spring, when my own caravan and that of Colonel Paget reached it simultaneously, as I found on my return to Berbera in June.

I sent one of the Gilimiss into Karanleh to call Hussein-bin-Khalaf and Núr Róbleh, and present my Arabic letter. The first chief was sick, but Núr Róbleh sent word to say he would come over to see me in the evening. Meanwhile I went to look for bushbuck in the thick belt of forest along the margin



of the river. On first arriving at the landing-stage I had been met by a rival of Núr Róbleh, who undertook to take my caravan across on rafts made of dried tree-trunks. But Núr Róbleh, arriving on the scene while I was away hunting, arrested the other chief and his partisans, and tied them all up at the foot of a tree, placing one of my escort on guard over them with a loaded rifle. However, when I walked into camp, much to Núr Róbleh's disgust, I set them free.

The Amáden and Gilimiss told me it would take seven days to cross; but before leaving Aden I had bought sixty fathoms of three-inch rope. This we made fast to bollards driven deep into the mud on both sides of the river, and pulling the rope taut we attached two of the native rafts to it by running loops, so that they could be easily hauled backwards and forwards; this was a great improvement on the primitive way of punting and paddling the rafts across the swift current and landing four hundred yards below the shoving-off point. By this method, instead of seven, it took us only one day for the baggage and one day for the animals, the latter swimming over. The more timid of the camels were bound and towed over by a crowd of swimming men, shouting and splashing to keep off the crocodiles, while I fired a blank cartridge now and then from the bank. I also shot two crocodiles, one a very large one. It lay dead on an island, and four boys jumped into the river, and swimming to the island, towed the carcass to the bank. The natives are in the habit of swimming their horses and cattle across when moving to better pasture. We saw one negro family, including women, children, mats, cooking pots, and all their effects, moving across on a raft so overloaded that half of them were sitting in six inches of water. Where cows drink, the natives construct brushwood semicircular fences to enclose the shallows and so deter the crocodiles from attacking the animals; yet, despite all precautions, the loss caused by crocodiles is very great.

By the evening of 29th August our camp was properly established on the southern bank, and we were on the Gálla side of the border. At night Núr Róbleh returned to me. I had sent him out to look for Dubbi Harré and Gudan Abatteri, two Arussi Gálla chiefs of great influence, to whom Seyyid Mahomed had written a letter on my behalf. He now came with news of one of these. He had given the letter to Dubbi Harré, who was now staying in a village five miles to

the south-east, owned by a rich Somáli named Yahia; and Dubbi Harré had unexpectedly said that his own tribe and all the Gállas had had serious difficulties with the Prince's caravan which was in front of me, these being the first Europeans they had seen, and they wished no more white men to enter their country, adding, if I still wished to see him, I might send soldiers to take him, but he would have gone to Gállaland. He feared to come to camp lest I should have him flogged, for he believed all Europeans were bad, and only invited people to visit them in order to make them prisoners.

Knowing that Prince Ruspoli had pushed through to the far interior of Gállaland with about one hundred and twenty rifles, and that they had lost a great many men, I did not hope that my party, consisting of a single white man, with only thirty followers and limited time, would be able to force its way through the tribes which my predecessors had already passed, should they be hostile to us. Fighting, except in self-defence, was not part of my programme, as I had promised the men at Berbera; I meant to enter the country by the invitation of the natives or not at all.

I gave Núr Róbleh some calico and a Koran, telling him to ride quickly to Dubbi Harré and give him the presents, and to assure him that if he would come to my camp he would have safe-conduct, and be hospitably entertained, and free to go when he liked. After an interval of twenty-four hours, during which I hunted unsuccessfully for *dól*, Núr Róbleh returned with better news. He had found Dubbi Harré on the point of leaving for the mountains; but, the presents softening him, the Gálla chief had promised to come to me, though he protested that it would be of no use; he had declared he would never be able to persuade his countrymen that there could be any good in me.

On the morning of 30th August six horsemen came in. There were three Somális, Yahia and two friends, and three Gállas, Dubbi Harré being one of them. Dubbi Harré was a remarkably handsome and pleasant-looking old man, clean shaven, with thin, well-cut features. Taking Dubbi Harré by the hand I led them into the tent, in which had been arranged on the right and left rows of boxes covered with folded blankets; there was also a box for myself against the tent pole, and a mat on the ground for Adan Yusuf, the interpreter. As usual, we began the conference with coffee.

Dubbi Harré said that his country had been peaceable and happy till Europeans came a few months ago; but that they and the Abyssinians had brought in rifles, and had fought; and now the people were firmly resolved to allow no one into the land who carried firearms or were escorted by men so armed. I contended that I had come as a friend. He answered, "Yes, the other white men said that too." Without going into the rights and wrongs of the case, it seemed to me that the caravan which had gone before me had been singularly unfortunate in the impression left behind, and I thought, that being the case, in the limited period of my leave it would be uphill work ingratiating myself. I did my best, however, and Dubbi Harré and I became good friends over our coffee. He said he had seen my men as he came into camp; he liked the look of them; they were well-behaved and orderly; they were clean and respectable Mahomedans and few in number, and altogether different from the rabble of Abyssinians, Arabs, and Soudanese whom the other Europeans had brought; and now, having seen us, he believed we wished him no harm. He and his two companions were no longer afraid to be with us—though he had been so at first. I told him that if I had come for war I should have brought more men, and that he, a chief skilled in fighting, had seen there were only thirty, and could judge for himself whether we looked like invaders.

Dubbi Harré spoke quietly, with a pleasant smile on his face. He looked what he was, a fighting chief, of great intelligence. I said, "What will happen if we go to Wéb, in your country?" He said his people would fight. I declared we would hurt no one. He said, "No, but they will hurt you, and I wish to prevent you going. They are looking for a white man to kill, because they are angry with your countrymen the white men, who came first and fought with them. If your countrymen had not come first we should have received you well, but now it is different. I believe you, but the tribes won't; so take my advice and don't go. You will find game in the empty country between the Aulihán Somális and the Geriré Gállas; there are elephants and giraffes; you can get Yahia here to arrange your trip. If, however, you persist in wishing to go to the Webbe Wéb, I will go on and tell my people, and will come back, and if I think it safe I will take you there myself."

Attracted by the prospect of shooting buffaloes and hippopotami, which were to be found at the Wéb, and not in the

Aulihán country, I stuck to my idea of going into Gállaland, declaring that I had not come all this way to see Somális. So it was arranged we should go to the Aulihán for eleven days; and then, returning to Karanleh, meet Dubbi Harré, and be taken by him to the Webbe Wéb.

At sunrise, on 31st August, I broke up the Karanleh camp and marched through some five miles of *jowári* plantations, near the south bank of the river, to Yahia's village, where I shot a noted man-eating crocodile. These hideous pests swarm here; once I shot a wild goose, which, falling into the stream, was immediately seized by a crocodile and drawn under while still struggling. In the evening we made another march to a spot near the river where we had been told to expect a school of hippopotami, and I shot two good waterbuck bulls on the way there. We saw fresh tracks of the hippos in the reeds, and I sat up by moonlight in the jungle overlooking them, hoping to bag one as it came to feed on shore. But at 4 A.M., finding nothing stirring in the reeds, we gave it up and returned to camp by moonlight. The Gilimiss, our guide, said that the hippopotami were scarce and wary, as the Adone negroes, during a recent famine, when nearly all their cattle had died of disease, had killed hippopotami for food, and had greatly reduced their numbers. The great epidemic of cattle-disease which three or four years ago raged in Masailand and other parts of East Africa was also felt in Ogádén, the cattle and the koodoo antelopes dying of it in large numbers. It was felt as far north as the Marar Prairie.

We made a morning march on 1st September, and another in the evening. While passing over ground blackened by fire, and covered with young grass, I shot a buck *Sœmmerring's* gazelle and a waterbuck. At dusk, coming to dense forest by the river, I ordered the men to pitch camp at the edge, and entering the jungle unattended, saw a red object standing motionless near the stem of a large tree twenty yards away. I felt certain it was an antelope, but was unable to make it out in the half-light. I put up the rifle and fired, when the animal rushed past me and fell in a ravine close by, rolling over on its side; on going up to it, I found, to my delight, it was a young buck of the *dól*, or striped and spotted Webbe bushbuck, I had been so anxious to get. Going into camp to call up the men, I shot a buck lesser koodoo. As the forest appeared to have plenty of game in it I resolved to halt for a day's shooting. The camp was in a pleasant place, at

the corner of a patch of forest looking down on the river from the edge of a steep bank.

Next day at dawn I went out and soon came upon a waterbuck. We had been making for a wide glade of fresh grass, and on emerging from the forest caught sight of him going up a bank two hundred yards away. I fired, and we ran to the spot, but his tracks leading away without any sign of blood, I knew I had missed. He took us through several thick patches of bush, the game paths sometimes forming tunnels four feet high in the vegetation; and at last, the light appearing ahead, we forced our



*Waterbuck swimming*

way through a thicket and found ourselves unexpectedly on the very verge of the Webbe, a few yards from the water's edge.

Directly we showed our heads outside the jungle my man Géli pushed me back and pointed out into the centre of the stream, which lay before us, flowing deep and swift, a hundred yards broad; out in the middle appeared the head and horns of the waterbuck swimming for the opposite shore. It was too good a prize to lose, so, waiting till he shook the water from his flanks and cantered up the slope of stiff mud, I fired, and striking him behind the withers brought him down; and another shot finished him. In his struggles he had slipped down the bank to within six feet of the water, and I was in a fright lest his splendid head should go to the crocodiles. We ran the three miles back to camp along the margin of the water, and on reaching it I set all the men to work, cutting down the trunks of dead dry trees to form a raft, and by the afternoon it was ready.

Géli and a Gilimiss guide then poled themselves across the river, and after three hours returned with the head. I was so anxious to measure it that I shouted to Géli to place the horn against his Snider rifle, while I marked another Snider which my men handed to me, and found that the buck's horns could not measure much less than twenty-four inches, a large pair for the Webbe, where waterbuck-horns are comparatively short. I anxiously watched the men come over with my specimen, and then I carried it to my tent. At night we had several alarms, caused by hyenas and lions, the camels rising suddenly together, running about camp, and stumbling over tent-ropes in the dark. I remained several days hunting waterbuck with great success.

While we were encamped here Adan Yusuf's horse met with his death in a rather melancholy way. At noon the men were lying under shady trees round camp, sleeping like hogs, and I sat in my tent writing up my journal. The camels were a mile away, browsing under the care of one man, and the horse and Rás Makunan's mule were hobbled by tying the near fore and near hind leg together, according to Somali custom. The three milch-goats and the horse and mule were allowed to wander about near camp, the man who usually looked after them, thinking I had gone to sleep, having retired to the shade of a tree to do likewise. About an hour afterwards I heard a loud whinny from the mule, and looking out of the tent saw her swimming in the middle of the stream, her head bobbing up and down in the water. She was being carried down fast, so I fired a gun into the air to wake the men, and we all jumped up and ran to the edge of the water. There was a perpendicular scarp just below the site of the camp, where the swift current had undermined the bank, and towards this she was being carried. We ran to the beginning of the steep place, and two of the men, plunging into the river, caught her head as she came on with the current, and bringing her to the bank, after a hard struggle, with all hands helping, we landed her high and dry. Examining the bank, we found several long streaks in the mud showing where the mule, while drinking, had slid in; and then we went to look for Adan's horse, and a search up and down the river only disclosed similar marks in the mud farther down stream; we never saw the horse again, and no doubt the crocodiles got him. Indeed, hobbled as she was, it was wonderful how the mule kept above water; and it was lucky she had the sense to whinny, and so attract attention to her accident.



The Gilimiss guide whom we had taken from Karanleh told me that we should be attacked by the Aulihán if we followed the river down as far as Burka, and represented the Aulihán to be dangerous people. But I found, upon questioning my own men, that the guide had lately been concerned in the killing of an Aulihán, and that tribe naturally wanted his blood; so, to avoid trouble, I dismissed him and went on without a guide. This was not difficult, because a good native path followed the course of the river, and we were never so far from the bends that we could not bring from them, in our casks, the water for camp use. On 5th September we arrived at a low precipitous hill called Burka, shooting a bull beisa on the way. We met some of the Aulihán watering their flocks, and on 6th September followed them to their karias, some distance inland. The name of this sub-tribe was Rer Afgab, Aulihán. They gave us milk and a display on horseback; and they asked us to go to their country to shoot, stating they would barter cattle in exchange for cloth, and that if I took the cattle afterwards to the Gállas in the Wéb country I should get plenty of ivory.

On 7th September, finding that the giraffe-ground was at least four days to the south of Burka, we marched back towards Karanleh, to be ready to meet Dubbi Harré on the day appointed. We made a long march to our old camp at Ellán, where I had lost the horse, and thence went to Yahia's village. Dubbi Harré had not yet arrived, so we retraced our steps down the river to shoot for a few days, halting at a place called Shendil. Our camp was pitched on open ground outside a belt of forest some four miles long by one mile deep, fringing the Webbe. On the northern bank, opposite to Shendil, was Sen Morettu, where we struck the river a fortnight before. To the south of us lay an even plain gradually rising towards the Gállá mountains, being covered in alternate patches of thick thorn-bush and glades of long, coarse buffalo grass.

On the 12th I went out shooting on a wide open plain which had been cleared by fire, only the leafless trees with charred stems being left standing above the black ground; young grass, always very attractive to game, had begun to spring up, and here I shot two waterbuck carrying good heads. In the evening, going into the high forest by the river to look for the *dól*, or bushbuck, to our astonishment we came to some large tracks, which my guide, a Gilimiss, pronounced to be those of wild buffalo. There were two old bulls. We followed

them among the glades and thick cover near the margin of the river, and found the marks where they had lain and rolled in the mud during the previous night; but it became dark before we could come up with them. My guide, a Midgán, said that four bull buffaloes had strayed from the Gállá country a few years before, and that his father had shot two of them with poisoned arrows, those which we were hunting being the two survivors; and I am inclined to think these two were perhaps the only specimens on the Webbe, for I had always been told that buffalo did not exist anywhere near Somáland.

I made a strong zeriba while we were halted here; for the Aulihán at Burka told me that the Gállas were constantly raiding down to the river, and that while on the southern side we were liable to attack, owing to the antipathy to white men which had sprung up in Gállaland. We were reminded of the insecurity of the border by passing the skeletons of two Gállas, who a month before had been promptly killed by the Aulihán "because they looked like robbers." This condition of insecurity is very uncomfortable, and it is also a great nuisance when one is out shooting, as when hunting *dól* in the thick bush one cannot hope for success if attended by more than two men, because of the difficulty in moving silently; and three riflemen, miles from camp in thick bush, would make a poor defence against a raiding party of Gállas.

I devoted one day to a buffalo-hunt, which was more exciting than successful. In the early morning we went into the forest again and came on the fresh tracks of the two buffalo, in dense bush near the river-bank, the whole jungle being composed of evergreens and a network of creepers. It was necessary to stoop and sometimes to crawl on all-fours through the tunnels of vegetation; sometimes five or six creepers clinging around arms and legs held me fast, so that it would have been impossible to shoot; I had to go bareheaded because of the tangled vines which constantly swept off my canvas hat; but this did not matter, because the density of the forest afforded protection from the sun's rays,—indeed there was perpetual twilight inside. Underfoot were the debris of all kinds of timber, almost impossible to climb over without making some noise. The whole jungle smelt of monkeys. They could be seen overhead covering the branches in clusters, their chattering giving notice of our approach as we stole along. There were two kinds: the large dog-faced baboon, different from those found in the

mountains of Somaliland chiefly in the absence of the full gray mane; and a small tree-monkey, of whose name I am ignorant.

After creeping about noiselessly for the space of two hours with Géli and Hassan, I put up the buffalo at a distance of about twenty yards, but we could only hear the heavy pounding of the earth and cracking of sticks as they galloped off, with continuous crashing through the undergrowth, and the hollow sound of the larger limbs of the trees breaking as they charged



SKULL OF CENTRAL AFRICAN BUFFALO (*Bos caffer æquinoctialis*).

ahead. We followed, in the course of the morning putting them up no less than seven times. Once we came to their lair, at a spot in the densest line of thicket close to the river, where four large banyan-trees grew together, their roots and descending branches interlacing to form a labyrinth of caves with upright pillars. The place was nearly dark; it smelt of buffalo and was full of their droppings; one of the exits was a tunnel through the thicket about five feet high. Through this they had escaped, and finding they could not pass under a branch six inches thick, which spread horizontally across this opening at a height of four feet, they had charged and broken it short off.

Following the buffalo, we put them up again, but they broke back towards the eastern part of the jungle, the original end from which we had first driven them. I had been after them for three hours, and though we heard their rush close to us many times, never obtained a glimpse of them. They were dodging about in the thickest parts of the forest and would not face us among the glades.

At last I decided to go to camp and organise a drive. I assembled all the men, and sending them in at the west end, I sat with the two hunters on a platform from which the boys were accustomed to scare birds from the crops, at the east end, and waited for the buffalo to be driven past. The platform was a flimsy structure some six feet high, and commanded a good view of the edge of the woods and the reeds bordering the river, through which I hoped the buffalo would break.

The men from the west end of the jungle were extended to form a semicircle, and moved towards me, firing guns and shouting. The buffalo now got into a patch of the thickest bush, near where we had found their lair in the four trees growing together, so to get them out of this stronghold my men set fire to the jungle. Towards evening, when the fire was at its height, they at last made up their minds, and instead of coming into the reeds broke back through the line of men, charging into them in spite of a shower of badly-aimed Snider bullets; and escaping from the forest, they cantered over a mile of open grass plain to the dense thorn-bush and high grass on the slope leading up towards the Galla mountains. They never returned to Shendil while we were encamped there, and I have no doubt they left the country altogether.

At dusk on the evening of the 13th I went out to the burnt plain and got up to a herd of waterbuck, shooting a cow in mistake for the bull, and then wounding the bull. He got away into long grass, and night coming on I lost him. Going to follow him up next morning I first made for the body of the cow. I found that a lion had discovered it early in the night, and, eating his fill, had left the remainder to the hyænas. Following up the tracks of the lion, I found the carcass of the wounded bull, which the lion had struck down, close to a thicket of thorn-bush and high grass. Part of the haunches was consumed, and the lion had apparently gone into the patch of grass to sleep or watch over the meat.

Silently sitting down behind a bush close by with my two hunters, I waited from eight o'clock till noon for the lion to

come out. Vultures were perched on the tops of all the thorn-trees, and would occasionally swoop to the ground and walk round at a respectful distance from the meat; but they always took alarm again and flew back to their perches, no doubt fearing the lion would come out. Lions often watch meat in this manner by day. So still did we sit behind our screen of bushes watching the dead waterbuck that a spotted hyæna came up to within two yards of my face without seeing me! I had to cough, otherwise he would have been right on to me, and there is no knowing what even a hyæna would do when so close. He gave one look and, the hair bristling up along his back, rushed away, coming to a halt eighty yards off to look back. Then he cantered through the jungle and I lost sight of him.

Finding the lion did not come out of the grass, we searched it through and through, and discovered that he must have heard us coming when we first found the carcase in the morning, and retired. So we gave it up and returned to camp. We had scarcely left the spot twenty yards behind us on our way home, when two Adone woman, one of them young, plump, and almost pretty, came and asked for meat. We pointed to the carcase of the waterbuck, which had been partly eaten by the lion, and although it had lain under a tropical sun all the morning, they at once set to work to cut off the meat which was left, to take home for their own dinner.

The *Dair*, or rainy season, now coming on, the river began to rise rapidly. It was long past the time agreed upon for meeting the Gálla chief Dubbi Harré at Karanleh, and Yahia now sent me word that the Gállas had looted several animals from the Karanleh people, and fighting between the Somális and Gállás had broken out, all communication with Gállaland being thus interrupted. Finding that I had not enough leave left to go into Gállaland unless Dubbi Harré came down to Karanleh to help me, I decided to march as quickly as possible through Ogádén and the Habr Gerhajis country to the coast, four hundred miles distant.

On the 15th I went to the burnt plain and shot a buck much resembling a lesser koodoo,<sup>1</sup> and in the evening, while marching to Yahia's, bagged two more waterbuck.

<sup>1</sup> These koodoo-like antelopes on the Webbe have hoofs like the South African *situtunga*, and I am doubtful whether they do not belong to the latter or some allied species. The hoofs were twice as long as those of Gollis lesser koodoo and the skin had more stripes and longer hair.

The next day we arrived at the ford at Karanleh, called Maaruf, where we first crossed the river. The stream was now in flood, the bollards which we had driven into the mud had been carried away, and it took all the evening to stretch the rope across. I had not a fathom of rope to spare, and I feared that unless we could cross next day we might be kept a week or two on the southern bank through the further rising of the river. We crossed, however, with great difficulty on the following day. During the passage a freshet came down, drowning one camel and overturning a raft, with a good deal of valuable kit and a Snider rifle: several documents, amongst which were maps, going down in thirty feet of water. The loss I felt most was that of my botanical collection. Although my men spent the whole evening diving, the things were never recovered. I did not care to halt on the northern bank and order another day's diving, because of the danger from crocodiles.

On the following day we journeyed down the river along the northern bank, and made two marches to the neighbourhood of Sen Morettu, halting opposite the forest at Shendil, where I unsuccessfully hunted buffalo a few days before. I sent men across on an Adone raft towed down from Karanleh, but they returned and reported that the buffalo had not come back from the hills. On the short march to Sen Morettu I shot a waterbuck and a *Stemmerring's* gazelle, and the next day a waterbuck and a lesser koodoo. I was anxious to get a good specimen of the *dól*, with a view to having it identified, so we had all the pitfalls in the neighbouring forest repaired by the Adone; but none of the bushbucks fell in while I was at Sen Morettu.

On the 21st I organised a beat for *dól*. I saw nothing, but one of the men in the line of beaters shot a buck with his Snider. It was in company with a doe, which broke back through the line, hopping over one of the men, hitting his forehead with her hoofs, and knocking him down! She succeeded in making good her escape, as the other men were too astonished to fire. At sunset I shot another waterbuck.

I now marched for the coast. The return journey was over ground most of which I have previously described. We passed through several Somáli tribes, all of which were friendly. On the way the natives told me that the Abyssinians had suffered a great defeat from the Danakil tribes near Obok, and that my Abyssinian friend Basha-Basha had been killed; also



that war had broken out between the Abyssinians and the Suákin dervishes.

During three days I made six marches, covering sixty miles, in a course running almost due north. The only game I saw on these marches was a wart-hog, which stared me in the face at a distance of ten feet as I was moving through long grass at dawn. The rising sun was shining in his eyes, and I knocked him over stone-dead by a shot in the chest before he had time to realise the situation.

On the morning of the 26th I heard that near a karia ahead of us a man had been attacked by a man-eating lion and was not expected to live. I made a short march to the karia and halted for the noon camp close by. At the request of the relations of the sick man, while camp was being pitched, I walked over to the karia with my hunters, carrying a bucket full of carbolic lotion, a quart of carbolic oil, iodoform, lint and bandages, and a syringe. We came to a hut, outside which was a crowd of people; and looking in I saw, lying on the ground, the bare body of a man. He was smeared over the head and body with dust and blood, and had seven or eight deep fang-wounds in the small of the back and low down in his left side. All the wounds were uncared for and swarming with white maggots! I asked to have him carried outside the hut, where it was lighter; but his relations objected, saying it would give him unnecessary pain, and it was the will of Allah that he should die. The man, however, after some persuasion consented, and as gently as we could we lifted him from the floor of the hut, where he had been lying for the last thirty hours, and laid him on a camel-mat outside. Having obtained permission to try my best with the medicines I had, I first got his wife to wash him all over, the other relations looking on at every movement of the white man with great interest. When washed, he looked more cheerful, and I made a careful examination of the wounds. There were eight deep holes in the small of the back, dangerously near the spine, where the lion had taken him up and dropped him two or three times; and a couple of wounds deep in the left side, which fortunately had not penetrated the bowel. I told the man that there was no reason why he should not recover, and he became quite cheerful, and gave permission to probe the wounds. His uncle now appeared with a piece of stick having a shred of tobe twisted round it, and with this rough instrument we probed all the

wounds, and I syringed them carefully with carbolic lotion. The wounded man, like a true Somáli, never even murmured during this treatment. At last I was able to let him sit up, clean and almost smiling, all the holes in his body neatly plugged with pieces of lint soaked in carbolic oil; I gave his relations medicine for twenty days' use, and a new tobe for bandaging, as well as a lecture on further treatment.

The story of the occurrence, which the natives told me, was interesting. This man, with twenty other men and boys, had been asleep, two nights before, in a camel-karia a few miles away. The camel-karias are merely thorn-fences round the camels, and there are no huts, the men sleeping on the inside of the fence in the open air. At about five in the morning, just before dawn, a lion sprang into the zeriba and seized this man, his companions making off, and the camels stampeding into the darkness. The man's own account of what occurred was as follows. He struck at the lion frantically with his hands, and the brute let him go, retiring to a little distance to watch. The lion came on again, taking him up a second time and carrying him a few yards to the edge of the fence. Again the man struck out at the lion and he let go. A third time he took him up, and again the man, who was nearly exhausted, drove him off; and the lion, either frightened away by the dawn of day or impressed by the spirit shown by his victim, sneaked off. The man remembered no more till his friends returned some time afterwards, expecting to find only a few bones; and they carried him to the home karia and threw him into a hut to die, the thought of giving him food or washing the blood and dust from him never occurring to them; and there he had lain for thirty hours. I never heard whether he recovered, but having seen instances of wonderful recoveries among Somális, I am inclined to think he had a very good chance.

On the evening of the same day I made another short march, and arrived at a place where a leopard had just killed a goat while the flocks were returning from pasture to a karia. We hastily constructed a shelter, and I sat two yards from one of my own goats I had tied up as a bait, with the wind blowing in my face, and the two hunters at my side with spare rifles. There was a faint moon, and at about nine o'clock a leopard charged and killed the goat. I sat quietly till the hubbub had subsided, and then, as the leopard lay on the goat sucking its blood, with its back to me and its tail twitching close to my feet, I fired for

the centre of its back, and it rolled over stone-dead, with its four paws in the air, beside its victim. We raised a cheer, and all the men coming from camp, we carried it to the door of my tent and skinned it by the light of torches.

Next morning, as I had had good sport with the leopard, before marching I gave the women at the karias a large present of beads. Directly they knew that I had given the beads to Adan Yusuf to be distributed, they rushed at him like tigresses, and in a fright he dropped the lot and fled. The women fought and wrangled till we had loaded and marched away. Several of the old men said that now I had given them the beads the women would be quarrelling with each other for days, and would neglect the cattle, and require to be well beaten before things settled down again. As we marched off through the bush I shot a prowling hyæna.

On the 28th, while I was marching ahead of the caravan with the two hunters, I saw a herd of seven Waller's gazelles and began stalking them. While we were still two hundred yards away, three leopards charged into the middle of the herd and killed a young doe before our eyes, scattering the others in every direction. We ran up to where the leopards were squatting over the carcase, in the middle of a broad open glade, but while still some distance away they saw us and made off at a canter. I think they were ordinary leopards, and not the long-legged, pale-skinned hunting-leopard (the *chita* of India). I fired at one of them and missed, and then we sat by the side of the dead *walleri* till the caravan came up, hoping to see the brutes, but they never returned.

The following day we arrived at a deep well called Garbo. As we approached this well we saw vultures swooping towards two or three dead trees which overtopped the jungle, and on searching found the bodies of a leopard and seven spotted hyænas, which had been poisoned during the night by a Midgán. He had drawn up water from the deep well and exposed it for the night in a shallow wooden bowl,<sup>1</sup> mixed with poison he had concocted from various herbs. The leopard had been half eaten by the hyænas, but I preserved the skull.

The natives whom we found encamped here were suspicious

<sup>1</sup> The various kinds of game, although unable to get at the water lying at the bottom of the deep wells, visit them at night on the chance of finding water standing at the surface, left in the excavated clay troughs after flocks have been watered.

and surly, as they had had some disagreement with Prince Ruspoli's caravan which passed through before me. As we marched in the afternoon I left Hadji Adan with four men, and three camels loaded with water-casks, to follow us with a good supply of water. We had only gone a mile when we heard several shots fired in quick succession, and running back to the wells, found my men in sole possession. The natives had refused to allow them to take water, and my men, instead of returning and complaining to me, had fired a few shots over the heads of the crowd, sending them flying, with a worse impression of European caravans than they had before. I was naturally angry and disgusted with Hadji Adan, who looked sheepish when I told him what I thought of him. On this march I fired three shots with my Lee-Metford rifle at a beisa bull galloping away. When he was already three hundred yards distant my third shot brought him down, and we camped by the body to take advantage of the meat.

Next day we made two hard marches to Daba-Jérissa, where I remained on 1st October, shooting a lesser koodoo buck. The people at Daba-Jérissa asked me to give judgment as to the amount of blood-money to be paid by another tribe for the murder of one of their number; but I said I would only arbitrate if both parties would appeal to me as a disinterested stranger, and that I could not undertake to act for the British Government, especially so far from Berbera.

On 2nd October we made two long marches to the wells at Sassamani, where guinea-fowl swarmed in tens of thousands, blackening the river-bed as they came to drink in the evenings; and I had good sport with the gun. On the way I attacked a herd of Scemmerring's gazelles with the Lee-Metford, and dropped four bucks with six shots, at ranges between two hundred and fifty and three hundred yards. I gave most of the meat to some people whom we found at the wells, instead of a present of cloth they asked for.

On 5th October we arrived at the Gagáb wells at Milmil. Here I arranged a division of the caravan into two parts, sending one to Berbera by the shortest route, so that the men might be paid off and the camels sold; while I kept the other to accompany me in a leisurely journey to the coast by way of the Eidegalla Haud, where I hoped to get lions. We left Milmil on the 6th of October and marched to a Rer Ali karia, and on the following day made two marches to a large water-pan at Awaré. As no rain had fallen for months in this locality till quite

recently, the pan was dry, but a deep well sunk through its bed contained plenty of water. The pan at Awaré is an isolated depression far out on the Haud Plateau, which contains rain-water for several weeks at a time. It is three marches to the north of Milmil, the last Ogádén watering-place on the southern edge of the Haud; and when the pan, or the well which the natives sink through its bed, contains water, the flocks and camels of the Rer Ali and Rer Harún are brought to Awaré to take advantage of the rich Haud pastures, which have better fattening qualities than those of Milmil.

The Haud in this locality is one mass of unbroken thorn-forest, sometimes light and open, sometimes very dense, with high *durr* grass. Round the Awaré pan the forest is composed of very fine *gudá* thorn-trees, which grow for about fifteen feet without branches, and then shoot up and outwards in a fan-shape to a height of from thirty to forty feet. The bark is black, and the foliage is made up of small star-shaped leaves, massed together and very green. It is the most picturesque tree in the Haud forest, and nothing can be prettier than the Awaré pan when the margin of open, flat meadow-land is covered with a carpet of fresh turf, and the trees are in foliage. On arriving at Awaré we pitched camp under a large *gudá* tree at the north-west corner of the pan, and I made my bed on the flat top of another on the eastern side, and tied up a donkey below. Lions roared in the forest a mile or two away, but did not come near the camp.

Next morning, without waiting for coffee, I got down from the tree and made straight for where we had heard the lions. About three miles from our tree we came on the fresh tracks of a large lion and lioness, and followed them. The bush was rather open, and the lioness must have been doing sentry and have seen us, for we could hear her roaring in the jungle some distance ahead of us as she roused her mate; and running on in the direction of the noise, we were just in time to see a black-maned lion bound out of a thicket and make off, followed by a lioness. The grass was rather long, only showing their heads, and owing to intervening thorn-trees and the distance I could not get a chance to shoot. We tracked these lions until a heavy shower of rain came on and lost us the tracks in the afternoon. I lay at night on the top of the *gudá* tree near camp, but did not get a shot. A lion roared several times, early in the night, in the distance, but a shower of rain coming on before

dawn, the people whom I sent out from camp failed to find his tracks.

On the 9th we moved the camp to a karia a few miles to the north-west, where lions were reported to be common. I sat all night in the top of a tree over a heifer tethered below, to no purpose. Next morning we came upon tracks of two lionesses and three cubs; but we only found them at 8 A.M., and the enormous flocks and herds of the Rer Ali had wandered about the jungle in every direction, and almost entirely obliterated the signs, so we gave it up and moved camp back to the Awaré pan. In the evening news of lions came from two opposite directions, south-west and north-east. I sent several horsemen out to verify the first, and despatched Hassan five miles to the north-east to the carcass of a camel which had been struck down by the lions, with orders to sit in a tree all night, and keep hyænas from the carcass by throwing stones at it. He had seen a lioness bound away as he came to the spot at sunset, and sitting in a *galól* tree waiting for the brute's return, spent a miserable night, for it rained heavily, and became so dark that a mob of hyænas dragged away the meat in spite of his stoning. In the morning, because of this rain, Hassan failed to find any tracks; so he returned to my camp, aching all over, for a rotten and twisted *galól* tree covered with large black ants is not a comfortable perch on a cold night. The horsemen whom I sent to the south-west reported the lion news to be a hoax of the karia people there, concocted in the hope of obtaining *bakshish*. During the day I received a visit from some Rer Ali headmen and minstrels, who serenaded me on foot while I was trying to get a little sleep at noon.

On the 12th I sent out horsemen to collect news of lions from the karias, and to make wide circles in the jungle in quest of tracks; they found those of a family of lionesses and partly-grown lions, there being seven in all; so at night we tied up a donkey three miles from camp. I was prevented from sitting up over the bait by heavy rain coming on towards evening, so remained in camp. Next morning we found the donkey killed and eaten by lions. Coming up in the half light of early dawn, and stooping under the bushes, I saw several hyænas, and among them a lioness, stealing away. The range was nearly two hundred yards, but I fired and missed. I followed at best pace, and after twenty minutes' tracking saw her head for a moment looking over a tuft of grass, as she crouched thirty



yards away, but she bounded off before I had time to look over the sight. I fired a shot after her into the grass, which missed. We again tied up a donkey in the same place, and sat up over it. But at about ten o'clock the dry *galól*, upon the flat top of which we had placed my bed, gave way, breaking off at the fork of the stem, and dropping us, with guns, water-bottles, and lantern, a distance of twelve feet, to the ground! It was very dark and a heavy thunderstorm was coming up, so we lit the lantern and trudged home through the bush. We left the donkey tied up, and coming next morning to take him away, found he had been untouched by lions, although several cowardly hyenas had prowled round all night afraid to tackle him.

On the morning of the 14th, having heard a lion roar not far from camp at midnight, I sent out horsemen, and at 9 A.M. they reported tracks of two lionesses. Almost simultaneously came news that a goat had been killed by a lion at a karia about five miles away. The men said it must have been a large lion by the tracks and by the sound of his roar as he had bounded away, quite unlike the voice of a lioness. So I walked there with my two hunters, arriving soon after ten o'clock, and taking the owner of the goat as guide, made straight for the karia where the kill had occurred. The two horsemen who brought the news followed, leading their horses, in red and blue *khaili* tobies; but I dropped these men at the karia as being too conspicuous and likely to attract the lion's attention.

We then followed the pugs of the lion from the zeriba, the parallel lines in the red soil showing where he had dragged his victim along. The trail was difficult to follow, as the ground had been overrun by sheep during the morning. At last we came to a small boy in charge of a flock of sheep, and he told us there were no more domestic animals farther on, and that the lion had gone into a dark jungle of *khansa* and *durr* grass. We entered the jungle, and as we rounded a *khansa* thicket my hunter Liban said, "There he is!" and I saw his great shock head and shoulders come from out of a black overhanging *khansa* bush twenty-five yards away, which had been his lair, and in which we subsequently found the body of the goat. I had only time to see his huge head and mane come indistinctly through the foliage, when he bounded away to my left, across a space of two yards of open, into a patch of *durr* grass six feet high. I followed him with the sight of the rifle on his shoulder as he disappeared, but, the trigger being rather heavy, I did not



A SNAP SHOT.

"As he bounded away to my left.

actually get it off till he was well inside the grass. The rifle went off, and a loud roar followed as he galloped on, showing that he had been hit. The roar died away at once into a suppressed growl, then all was silence.

Now came the work of following him up. Making a circuit to the right we examined the expanse of grass and jungle into which he had sprung; it was very thick and extensive, stretching to the right and left for several hundred yards, so there was nothing for it but to follow him through it. We first fired a Snider at the place where we last heard him, at the same time throwing sticks and shouting; and then, foot by foot, we took up his path, which was bathed in blood, straight through the high grass. From the hurried nature of my shot I did not hope to have disabled him, although the rifle I had been shooting with was a heavy eight-bore Paradox. After going another half-dozen yards, as we came to a mimósa, Liban said, "He is lying dead beyond that *khansa* bush." Peeping through and seeing a mass of yellow, I saw that Liban was right. Skirting round, we found a noble, yellow-maned lion, the finest I had seen, in perfect condition and in the prime of life. My natives called my attention to the peculiar position in which he was lying, under the farther side of the mimósa. He had bounded away from his lair, getting my eight-bore bullet obliquely behind the left lung, and out at the point of the right shoulder. He had roared and bounded on with this wound, and after going fifteen yards had taken the mimósa in one spring, falling dead in his tracks. We measured the bush over which he had sprung, and found it was eighteen feet broad and eight feet high, and absence of marks on the surrounding sand showed that he could not possibly have gone round. My idea is that the wound took full effect just as he made this supreme effort, landing him practically lifeless. The skin, when taken off, measured 10 feet 11 inches from nose to tip of tail when spread without stretching or pegging out. As I knelt looking at his head, surrounded by the men, women, and children who had flocked from the karias, I only wished for a European companion to help admire him!

In the evening I made another platform in a *gudá* tree three miles to the south of camp. From my tent to about a mile south of it there was gravel. I found that lions, in passing the camp to go to prospect some karias to the south-west, avoided the gravel, no doubt because it was uncomfortable for their feet, and invariably walked over the fine red clay a little farther south.

Hence the choice of my new hiding-place. I spread my bed on the flat top of the tree, fourteen feet from the ground. It was like a spring mattress, gently waving before a cool breeze; and we slept beautifully most of the night, hung up in the air, with a brilliant canopy of stars above us and the mysterious sea of bush around us, with lions roaring frequently during the night. Next morning I was taken off on a "wild-geese chase" to a



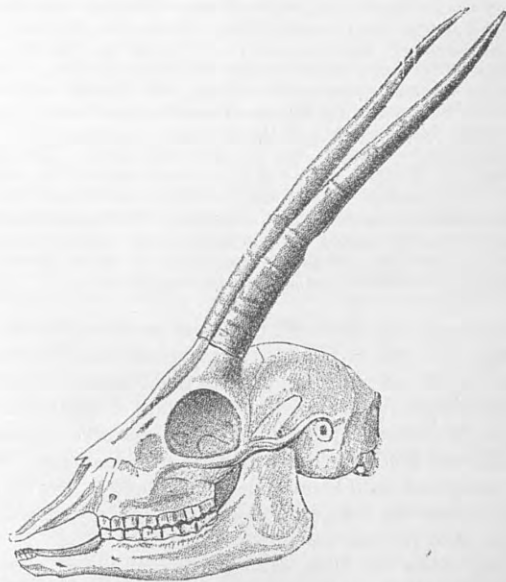
HEAD OF BAIRA ANTELOPE. (Shot by Lord Delamere.)

karia six miles distant to the north, where a lioness had seized a small goat in sight of the karia people; but the sheep and camels had since been driven over the tracks, and we lost her.

I remained in camp on the 15th to let the skin of the lion dry, and again slept in the *machán* three miles to the south of camp. The lions roared again; for there were a pair of them, the voice of the lioness being easily distinguishable from that of her mate. They never came to the donkey, and a heavy thunderstorm drenching us and our bedding, we lit a lantern

and threaded our way to camp, leading the donkey, through the darkness. Sending out horsemen next morning, the tracks of the pair could not be found, so it was decided that their roars must either have been uttered from an immense distance, or that they must have been devils! But I think that, owing to the wet weather, their voices appeared much nearer than they really were.

My leave being at an end, we marched for Adadleh, over a waterless tract of Haud ninety miles in extent. We covered this distance in nine marches, or four and a half days, the whole of the country passed over being one continuous sea of dense bush, dotted with red ant-hills, some of the spires being twenty-five feet high. We arrived at Berbera on the 31st of October 1893, and next day I crossed to Aden on the way to England.



FEMALE LOWLAND GAZELLE (*Gazella pelzelni*).

Average length of horns on curve about 7 to 8 inches.



## CHAPTER XI

## WITH THE BRITISH MISSION TO KING MENELIK, 1897

Sent to represent India on the Mission—Meeting with Italian prisoners marching down—The Italian Red Cross Mission—A forced march to Gildessa to get transport—Aito Merzha, Governor of Gildessa—Impressions of the journey up the pass to Harar—Makunan's escort into Harar—Buying mules—Sent on with Speedy—Scenery in the Harar highlands—Some peculiarly English country—Crossing the Hawash—A camel accident—Over high veldt country to Addis-Abbaba—The opening audience—Menelik's personality—Dining with Menelik and his thousand officers—The Feast of St. Raguel—Ritual in the church: the dance of King David before the Ark of the Covenant—A *feu de joie*—The scene marching home—Presents for the King and Queen—The final day—Escorted by 20,000 soldiers—A magnificent sight—The march to the coast—Daily routine—Astronomy—British and French positions for Addis-Abbaba compared—Fast marching—Political reflections—Our African frontier compared with our Asiatic one—Importation of arms by France—Abyssinian character—Vindication of Somáli character—Sport on the road—Somáland as a future hunting-ground.

It was destined that I should make yet another journey through Somáland, as I was appointed to represent the Government of India on Her Majesty's Mission to King Menelik of Abyssinia, under the leadership of Mr Rennell Rodd. Since the journey from Zeila to Addis-Abbaba and back, undertaken during April, May, and June 1897, during which we marched some 960 miles, is well described in Count Gleichen's book,<sup>1</sup> I will condense into one chapter my own impressions of this, my second visit, by invitation, into Abyssinian territory.

We left Zeila on 20th March 1897. There was little to interest us in the marches over the hot, parched Zeila-Gildessa route, the most desert part of Somáland, till 22nd March, when, soon after leaving Dadab, we entered a dense forest of brown mimosas, stretching as far as the eye could see. Suddenly, in

<sup>1</sup> *With the Mission to Menelik* (Arnold, London).

the immediate foreground, we saw approaching some two hundred Europeans, unarmed and dressed in *khaki* uniforms, escorted by a few blacks carrying rifles. The Europeans, some of whom were mounted, proved to be an instalment of the two thousand Italian prisoners released by Menelik by treaty. They were in splendid health, and glad to be getting home after a year's captivity. It was rather startling to see so many white men in the bush, where hitherto even one had been a rarity; and it made me realise how the wildest places are being opened up. At Biyo Kaboba we met another instalment, and found a camp of the Italian Red Cross Mission, under Captain Bracco.

It had been arranged that we should get our mules at Gildessa, but when we reached Gel Dabbal we received a letter from Rás Makunan to say they would not be ready, though he was doing his best; so at nightfall I posted ahead on a fast camel, with my faithful headman Adan Yusuf and one Indian lancer, mounted on ponies. We covered the intervening forty-four miles by next morning, having slept for an hour by the roadside with our saddles for pillows.

As we neared Gildessa we caught an Esa shepherd, whom we sent on to announce our arrival; and Aito Merzha, the Abyssinian Governor of Gildessa, met me, in such state as he could muster, firing volleys under the dark thorn-trees which grow at the side of the river-bed. I could not help reflecting how different were the conditions now from those of my last visit five years before, when with my brother I had to retire our little force by night, covered by rearguard and flankers, expecting attack from Dágo, the then governor.

Aito Merzha put me up in his own guard-hut, situated on the *kopje* which overlooks the town, and allowed the Indian *sowar* to sleep inside the door of the hut. An interview of some hours elicited the information that although no mules were to be had, three hundred donkeys and eighteen dark Dankali hill camels were available.

The Mission arrived next day, the envoy being received with more ball-cartridge under the trees; and the morrow found us loading our new transport animals and sending them off in batches under Aito Merzha's Abyssinian muleteers and police.

The plump condition of the donkeys enabled us to get up the passes to Harar in a little over two days, with, I think, not a single galled back—a contrast to the mule-transport we were to get later on. Of the ascent to Harar, the most lasting impressions are

of a deep, precipitous gorge near Gildessa, abounding in large fig-trees, and nearly every other variety of Somali tree, shrub, flower, and butterfly. Higher up the pass were beautiful turf-covered uplands, first steep and rounded, then stretching away in undulating meadows; and as these plains became more broken, we passed through dark green coffee-gardens, bounded by Euphorbia hedges and wild-rosebushes, till finally there appeared before us the white minarets and the broad, compact mass of flat, mud-coloured roofs of the city of Harar on its central hill. On all sides were rounded hills, commanding the city from a distance of about a mile; while Gara Mulata to the south, and flat-topped Kondura to the east, rose in deep blue to a great height at a more remote distance.

We were soon to be met by Rás Makunan, Menelik's nephew. The world had dealt kindly with him since my visit four years before; and by the siege of Makalle Fort, and the capture of the Italians in January 1896, he had considerably added to his fame as a soldier and statesman. Makunan sent quite an army to meet us. This escort appeared at Eghu, near the opening into the green plains, a day's march from Harar, and formed a procession, marching alongside of us during the whole of our day's journey. The order of the day was full dress, gold or silver-mounted black-buffalo shields, lion-skin, black sheepskin, or purple velvet capes, and modern rifles, some inlaid with gold or silver. The restive little horses carried silver discs spread in rows over their equipment. Harmonious and original in rich colouring, barbaric and mediæval in character, it was a sight which probably no other army than the Abyssinian can still show. The prevailing hue of the crowd was white, dashed with innumerable points of bright colour, where a broad stripe of crimson ran diagonally over the white woollen *shamma* of each soldier. The white cotton drawers, tight at the knee, seemed nearly universal; and many wore warm, brown hooded blankets of goats' hair.

In front, long brass trumpets blared out at intervals, echoing their single note through the hills, while in continual soft cadence there sounded a tune of four flute-notes. This music, in conjunction with the wild blaze of colour on the green turf-slopes, produced an effect charming alike to eye and ear.

Perhaps our own appearance was equally interesting to the Abyssinians. The procession was headed by the envoy riding a strong and handsome mule—a gift from Rás Makunan—in

gold-embroidered silk saddle-cloth and the green and red leather saddlery made in the country. Then followed the officers, riding two and two, in *khaki*; and behind the twenty men of the



RÁS MAKUNAN THE ABYSSINIAN GOVERNOR OF HARAR  
AND NEPHEW OF MENELIK.

Aden troop, under their Jemadar or native lieutenant. These last were typical Indian soldiers, sitting their horses gracefully, wearing high turbans of gold and *khaki*, and armed with long lances.

We camped at Dagaha-Dilal, on a rise of the plain. Parties of women brought *tej* or hydromel—the better-class drink

of the country—and baskets piled high with the enormous pancakes which pass for bread. Next day, dressed in our best uniform and half choked by dust, we entered Harar with the Rás, who himself came to meet us near the outskirts of the city. As we passed a hill, the summit of which was crowded with thousands of soldiers, we received a salute from Makunan's field-guns.

Our stay at Harar, in a camp which we chose for ourselves, was a very pleasant one, for, as may have been already learnt from this book, Makunan is a good host, with pleasant features, a quiet and musical voice, and the gentlest and most graceful manners. The time passed partly in audiences and partly in the hurried purchasing of mules, which had apparently never carried a load before, and let us know it.

As soon as the first detachment of forty mules could be got together, Captain Speedy and myself, as interpreter to the Mission and officer in charge of transport, were sent ahead. It was a relief to be clear of the city and again on our journey; and a very pleasant time we had. Speedy is an accomplished traveller, well versed in all things Abyssinian, his experience dating from a time earlier than Lord Napier's expedition of 1867, which he accompanied.

On the first evening after leaving Harar we formed our bivouac on the side of a hill, and had to picket our mules in long grass in the dark. We had a good deal of trouble with them, but nothing like that of the main caravan. Next day, passing Haramaya Lake, we reached Garsa without the loss of a mule. Here the main caravan eventually joined us. Its troubles are well described in *The Mission to Menelik*.

We marched westward over the green valleys and wooded hills of the Harar highlands, in spring-like weather, generally cold at night. We passed, in weird forests of dead pines, over the scenes of many battles for the possession of Harar (dating from the conversion of Abyssinia about 330 A.D.) between Christians from the West and Moslems from the East. All this country—elevated from six thousand to eight thousand feet or more—between Harar and the depression of the Hawash river, which divides Harar from Shoa, has a beauty of its own. In some places it looked like English park country; while in others, where the green downs were overhung by dark pine ridges, were reproduced those gems of scenery, the *margs* or alpine meadows of the mountains bordering the valley of Kashmir.

For the first twenty-five miles after leaving Harar the road passes, at about six thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, over fields of barley, in open country. After leaving Garsa there is a sudden change to Warabili, at over seven thousand feet, a really beautiful hollow in the top of a high range, looking like wooded English scenery with somewhat of a Swiss character. The weather became colder here, the thermometer falling to within three degrees of freezing-point.

Round Tyalanka, about two hundred feet lower, there was another slight difference, and we wound among open grass downs and pine-forest; the skeleton stems of dead pine-trees standing scattered in open order, very like some spots on the lower slopes of Kinchin-Junga in the Himalayas. There were also larches and firs. The cedars smelt like the wood used for lead-pencils, as do those of Gólis in Somáliland, and seemed to be of the same kind. After Tyalanka we reached different country again—perfect English park scenery—at Derru, over seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea and some fifty-five miles west of Harar. Open turf-covered rounded ridges, with large trees and copses dotted about, appeared like some of the parks which overlook the Weald of Kent; and had I been roused suddenly to consciousness after a long illness I should have believed myself in some hilly part of England.

At Burka, below six thousand feet, we entered a shallow valley between low hills, down the middle of which wound a stream with sand and pebble bottom, in which were masses of dark or bright green weed of the finest texture, with various fish darting about in it. The meadow-grass, the stream, the ridges on either side of the valley, were so English in character that the eye half expected to see a thatched cottage at a turn of the path.

Three more days of this hill and dale country brought us to Kunni, nearly eight thousand feet above the sea, and one hundred miles west of Harar. Here more pleasant surprises awaited the eye, for the mule-track wound over hills covered with heavy forest of cotton-wood, juniper, and mountain cedar. One of the trees I measured was twenty-three feet in girth, very straight, and growing to a great height, which could not be estimated. The close growth of the stems and the branches above caused a twilight effect, and the slightly buttressed stems almost recalled the aisles of a cathedral. Through miles of primeval forest of tropical luxuriance, festooned with giant



creepers, and looking like the Terai of the lower slopes of the Himalaya at Darjeeling, we descended to another abrupt change at Buoroma, below six thousand feet. Here we entered an open pastoral country, with wooded heights above crowned with the flat-topped and funnel-shaped *wádi* thorn-trees, so common in the Suwulla hills of the Marar Prairie in Somáliland. This was practically "high veldt." We passed a great lake here called Tyer-Tyer, one shore being an open meadow, the other a heavily-wooded hill. At Laga-Hardim, the western border of the Harar highlands, we began to descend over the Ito Range to the Hawash depression, and found ourselves in a country resembling the thorny gorges of Somáliland. The paths became terribly bad for the few camels we had hired to help at the Hawash crossing. Here a camel, falling a hundred feet almost sheer, and rolling two hundred feet farther through the thorn-bushes, was the cause of my having to climb down in the dark before the moon rose, helped by my comrades of the Aden troop with their puggarees. As a second climb at sunrise showed that the animal's hind-leg was broken, it had to be shot.

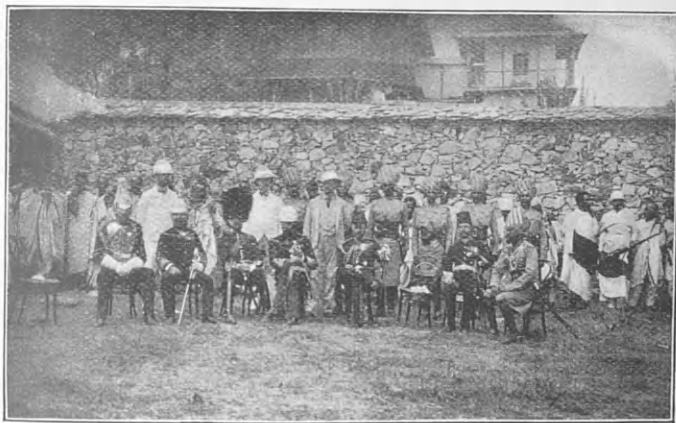
It was not till next day, after twenty-one hours on my feet, without any food except a biscuit or two, that I got in with the last loads to the camp at the gorge of the Hawash stream, out in the desert country, with the thermometer marking 107° in the shade, the road having come down to two thousand five hundred feet. It was the only real bit of hardship during an otherwise easy trip.

We crossed the Hawash depression, some sixty miles across, in appearance a veritable bit of low desert Somáliland, to Tadechamalca, and later at Godoburka climbed the abrupt western wall of barren hills, passing through the rich villages of the cultivated Balchi district, where we found oxen treading corn, and ploughing going on. Thence to Addis-Abbaba the daily marches were over the limitless veldt of Shoa—rolling yellow downs of short grass, to change to green later on as we came back, the general elevation being some eight thousand feet.

These open plains, scored by shallow depressions where the streams, torrents in the rainy season, trickled over a rocky bed, and where the horizon line was everywhere broken by the tops of low peaks, were a fine example of African plateau scenery.

At last, one morning, the 28th April, as we dipped to a slightly lower level, we could see across the plain, where the converging hills made a pale blue background, Menelik's palace

enclosure or "Gébi," the highest building of all, looking rather like a pretty modern bungalow. The enclosure, with the buildings crowded inside it, covered the whole of a low, wart-like kopje, and this commanded the undulating grassy district, intersected with gully-like streams and covered with circles of huts, which forms one vast camp, and is called Addis-Abbaba. Entotto, the old capital of Shoa, deserted in 1892, lay on a height four miles to the right, the conical roofs of the churches of St. Mariam and St. Raguel being visible on two summits of the ridge, which rises in places to between nine thousand and



SOME MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH MISSION IN THE COURTYARD OF MENELIK'S PALACE.

ten thousand feet, and some one thousand five hundred feet above Addis-Abbaba.

An officer sent by the King led us to the old compound of the *Compagnie Franco-Africaine*. Here we were grimly reminded that there had lately been war, for the Russian Medical Mission had been before us and left a souvenir of their visit when in care of the Adua wounded: a pit outside the compound being full of bandages, still attractive enough to the hyænas to be dug up and scattered nightly.

Full of dramatic and artistic interest was the opening audience given by Menelik in the audience-hall at the palace. We rode in the usual order to the doors, past seventy mountain guns

(forty-nine of which were trophies of Adua), and past the King's red negro drummers, in tall fisherman-caps, sitting in a semicircle striking the weird Abyssinian drum, which, it is said, can do all but talk. The trrp-trrp, boom-boom, of the drums will ever be remembered by us when recalling these scenes. Up the steps we walked into a great hall, the rough and simple construction of which made a good setting for the gorgeous line of feudal chiefs, bearing rifle and shield, and glittering with gold or silver accoutrements. These stood in a wide ring with their backs to the wall, each dark face and handsome war-dress making a perfect study of colour against the broken gray of the wall behind. The Europeans and civilised Indians filing in, with the other Europeans who stood flanking the King's dais, might perhaps, to the eye looking for originality, have been called slightly incongruous; but it would scarcely be exaggeration to say that nearly every native Abyssinian figure in the hall, if put on canvas by a capable hand, would have formed a picture to take the art-world by storm.

Through the open door could be seen the green, rolling, sunlit plains of Addis-Abbaba, and from the comparatively prosaic episodes (to an eye sated with Eastern *durbars*) of modern political intercourse, the attention perforce wandered to the scene round that gray wall, to the green plains, and the great red and white army waiting outside. The mind soon realised that this state of society into which we had thrust our modern personality was an ancient and original one, which after a few years of contact with commonplace civilisation must vanish for ever.

The King, his raised platform covered with silks and carpets, the silken canopy above him, the princes, *râses*, and generals on his left, his state prisoners *Râs Mashasha* (son of Theodore) and *Râs Selassie* seated on the ground at his feet, and the Europeans in broadcloth or uniform standing to one side, have already been described by Count Gleichen. The King is certainly a fine man, with no humbug or visible conceit about him. Commanding in figure, sensible and open in face, he has the dignity of a thoroughly simple man. It is said that he rises early and works till evening, giving justice to the *Shoans* and managing his empire. He has a courteous and really genial smile, and appears to be a gentleman naturally and easily, without dramatic effort. His kind treatment of the Italian prisoners, when he was in the midst of success, seems to bear out this character.

A few days after the first audience, on the 6th May, we had

the pleasure of dining as his guests. A well-appointed table was laid for us eight Europeans, the Swiss councillor, M. Ilg, making one of our party; and the dinner was excellent, and did credit to the thoughtful kindness and resources of our host. Little had we looked to sit at a spotless cloth, set with china bearing the Lion of Judah crest engraved upon it. But a wonderful sight was in store for us. It seems that every Thursday Menelik invites his high officers and officials to the mid-day meal at the audience-hall. And here I may say that the scenes were so varied, and so quickly shifted, that I do not attempt to be accurate in detail or sequence of events. When we had finished, the curtain which screened our part of the hall was drawn aside, and stewards entered with large round baskets of piled "breads," to lay them on the ground in rows a few feet apart. The doors were then thrown open, and the trumpeters standing with their backs to the gray wall raised their long gilt trumpets and blew a blast, strongly reminding one of old Bible pictures. Then fifty senior officials came into the hall, and in an orderly way seated themselves in groups of ten round the baskets, the piled breads, cooked meats, and red-pepper sauce which seemed to be the foundation of the meal. Horn tumblers of *tej* were filled from large horn flagons by the troops of youthful cup-bearers. After a quarter of an hour a change became noticeable: the serving youths carried out the empty horn cups telescoped into each other in columns reaching high above the head, to be refilled from the great *tej* horns. As each group of officers finished and had leisure to talk, they turned towards the European table and took a look at us, discussing, but not rudely, our appearance. Indeed their curiosity did not give anything like the impression of bad manners that would be noticeable in a fashionable European crowd at a society function. There was a trumpet blast, and the officers rose and filed out, each one on leaving, just as he had done on entering, looking to the right as he passed the King, and throwing the corner of his *tobe* from his right shoulder in salute. Many officers had wound brilliant-coloured silk handkerchiefs tightly round their heads; and the dress struck me as aristocratic and as civilised, if we omit the diamonds, as the native dress of an Indian prince. At frequent intervals, confidential stewards would draw near and whisper to the King, covering their mouths with the corner of the *shamma* and bowing nearly to the ground. When the King sneezed, or blew his nose, his attendants, standing round, hurriedly

held up their tobés as a screen to shield him from the public eye.

After the seniors had left the hall, the baskets were taken out and refilled with fresh breads, and five hundred officers next in rank entered and sat down. The same performance was repeated four times—a total of two thousand partaking of the dinner. The proceedings, being under the eye of the King, were decorous, and showed that whatever the outlying irregular troops on the Somáli frontier might be like, there was nothing boorish or savage about the ways of this feudal court.

A fine spectacle was the Feast of St. Raguel at Entotto, to which we were invited; this day being the one on which the King chose to show us marked favour in the presence of his army and of the other Europeans at the capital. The church of St. Raguel stands on the top of a heavily fortified hill four miles to the north of Addis-Abbaba. At a very early hour we marched up to attend the service, passing the church of St. Mariam on one of the intervening ridges. Everybody in Addis-Abbaba seemed to be either converging towards St. Raguel's or already waiting round the church.

In the course of the service a procession of priests approached us, in the full dress of the Coptic ritual. There were crosses, sacred pictures, swinging incense, and acolytes with silver-fringed tiaras. A golden cross was held before us, which we kissed.

Outside the church, in bright sunlight, stood the people and soldiers, all carrying rifles, in tens of thousands, while lines and dots of white and red, winding for miles up the hillsides from the direction of Addis-Abbaba, indicated the late arrivals.

The church itself was a large octagonal building with cone-shaped roof surmounted by a silver globe and cross. The spaces between concentric walls, inside the building, were covered with sacred pictures, painted by native artists, and not so bad considering their origin. Some few, of conspicuously better art, were presents from Russia, or painted by Italians.

At the end of the service followed a ceremony both religious and warlike in character, representing the dance of King David before the Ark of the Covenant. It was performed on a cleared carpeted space outside the church, and seemed in the din of human voice, drum, and sistrum as stirring and fanatical as anything of the kind to be seen among the followers of



AT THE FEAST OF SAINT RAGUEL AT ADDIS-ABBABA (PART OF THE CROWD DESCENDING THE HILL AFTER THE CEREMONY).



Mahomed. During the dance of David, Menelik had been sitting in the wooden gallery which runs completely round the building, half-way up, with Mr. Rodd sitting by his side and the rest of us standing round. He now shouldered a Winchester and marched, with the Mission following, three times round the gallery.

The ceremonies closed with a *feu de joie* on a grand scale, the rifles, loaded with ball, being held perpendicularly in the hands and let off. The fire, beginning at the summit, ran down the ridges for miles where the soldiers had lined the road.

Being separated from the rest of the Mission while returning to the plains through the dense mass of soldiers, and having let the royal procession, headed by the King's red drummers seated on mules, and the dusty crowd pass, I was able unostentatiously to get some good photographs. The people were most friendly, and it was curious to see the long lines and mobs of white-clad figures, looking no larger than patches of sprinkled rice, moving down over the open hillsides or threading their way through the bushes. A carpet of grass covered alike the shoulders of the mountains, the valleys, and the plains below, except where interrupted by ploughed fields and huts. Large trees were scattered singly, looking like elms at hedge-corners in England, and giving the country a homelike and tame but still beautiful appearance. The bushes and wildflowers looked and smelt remarkably English; and during our stay at Addis-Abbaba we found mushrooms and ripe blackberries.

An audience was granted by Queen Taitu, for whom we had brought a gold and emerald necklace. In return Queen Taitu committed to our care, as a present to Her Majesty, a heavy gold filigree necklace, which was a copy of one worn by all queens of Ethiopia, from the Queen of Sheba downwards.

The presents to Menelik, the looking after and despatching of which from England had been one of my duties, included a few rifles, some scientific instruments, a quantity of massive plate, and several big-game rugs. The interest in the latter was enhanced from the fact that they were the skins of animals from the remotest parts of the British Empire, unknown in Abyssinia. They included a large Polar bear, black and brown bears, snow-leopard, and tiger. With the signing of the treaty, and the investiture of Menelik with the G.C.M.G. on 14th May, was concluded the business of the Mission in Addis-Abbaba.

The day of our departure from the capital will perhaps live longest in the memory of all of us. While breakfasting with Madame Ilg, we watched, from the verandah of her house, mass after mass of troops converging towards the King's "Gébi" from the directions of their different camps. Then we rode down to the open space in front of the palace, where we found awaiting us the army of 20,000 men, with the chief officers of the Negus. We at once formed a procession: the Mission in the usual order, headed by the Imperial Guard (with rifles muffled in red cloth), and the King's drummers, the presence of the latter being an unprecedented honour, accorded to no previous mission. After having dismounted and saluted Menelik and Queen Taitu, who were sitting in the balcony of the palace, we marched for nine miles to Akaki, the host which formed our escort accompanying us for the first three miles, as far as Shola.

So numerous was the assemblage, that it was practically impossible to see the grass on account of the masses of soldiers who, clothed in red and white, with hundreds of green, yellow, and red Abyssinian pennons, marched past us, company by company, in skilfully arranged movements, all carried out at a run. The orders of the captains, given in a shrill scream, were emphasised by blows of long flexible bamboos, laid over the heads of the awkward members of the regiment.

Many of the higher officers carried shields—usually presents from the King—ornamented with strips of silver, those of the highest in rank being covered with black velvet and embossed with gold. All the officers likewise wore purple or violet silk shirts, and dark cloaks, also of fine silk. A considerable number of the soldiers had remarkably handsome leopard-skins thrown over their shoulders, the head of each skin being cut in three strips so as to hang down behind like coat-tails. I estimated that there were over two hundred head-circlets and capes of lion's mane, with or without gold ornamentation. The rifles were of nearly every make, but with scarcely any exceptions good breech-loaders. The sword-scabbers—some of which were covered in purple velvet—were ornamented with silver bands.

Altogether it was a grand sight and a splendid send-off, forming a fitting conclusion to Menelik's kindness. Indeed, throughout its stay the Mission had been royally and cordially fetted.

Most of our Somális, of whom there were over twenty, were

lost in wonder as they marched beside my mule, continually exclaiming in their own language, "Now we have seen that the Amhára are like the sand in number."

On arriving at Shola the chief officers said farewell, and the army left us to go on to Akaki alone. Forthwith we returned to the daily routine of the road, going back to the coast by Harar, the way we had come. The only difference was that the journey was faster, for we feared the break of the great rains, and were subjected to the preliminary cold winds and showers. We all had plenty to occupy us in looking after the troublesome string of mules; but to my other duties—primarily political, and secondarily looking after the transport—I had added astronomical observations; and every spare moment, while coming on slowly with the rearguard, was devoted to taking photographs, drawing, or collecting butterflies. The recording of astronomical observations was a self-imposed duty, for it had struck me that it would be a pity for seven of us to go to Addis-Abbaba without even fixing its position in the interests of geography. The busy intelligence officer kindly falling in with this idea, consented to make a route-sketch, supported by such astronomical positions as I could give him. Count Gleichen's share of this programme, carried out in the turmoil of the daily march, on a narrow path, with pushing mules constantly going by, was certainly the hardest, but was thoroughly well done.

We used to dine at seven, after which those of us who were not developing photographs in the mess tent turned in to sleep. But the astronomical work usually kept me up till midnight or even later, busily engaged with the transit theodolite, watches, and a loudly ticking "metronome"—a musical instrument for marking time which I had pressed into astronomical service. Sometimes, indeed, the two blank cartridges fired by the sentry to rouse the camp, and the first streak of dawn, surprised me at my labours. But the nights, when fine and cloudless, were so serene, the climate was so perfect, and the occupation so engrossing, that there was no real hardship in this comparatively restful work after a worrying, busy day with the mules.

It will readily be understood that on the way up, with heavy transport work, there was not much time for observations; but a few places were fixed, and they are given in an appendix to *The Mission to Menelik*. My position for Addis-Abbaba, therein published, was that of the Mission enclosure; it was obtained from observations of occultations by the moon's disc

of two stars on May 7 and 11 respectively, giving absolute longitudes taken quite independently, but differing by only half a mile. The position of the Mission enclosure, when reduced to that of the Palace, gives lat.  $9^{\circ} 0' 0''.4$  north, and long.  $38^{\circ} 44' 26''$  east.

This result was fairly well confirmed by Marchand's expedition several months later, as (according to the Royal Geographical Society's *Journal*) his Palace position, fixed by Capt. Germain and Sub-Lieut. Dyé, by two similar star occultations, is lat.  $9^{\circ} 0' 4''$  north, and long.  $38^{\circ} 42' 50''$  east, thus differing from mine by only a hundred yards in latitude and a mile and a half in longitude. Previous maps had shown Addis-Abbaba some thirteen miles from either position.

The Mission arrived again at Zeila on 14th June 1897, having first landed there on 18th March; in the interval it had completed its business and covered 926 miles of route. Though it had been arranged at Harar that a rapid march should be made to Zeila, I wanted to improve on this by two days, so as to get spare time for astronomical work at Zeila, and so got permission to take on the first lot of transport animals available, with all the spare baggage. Leaving Harar at 8.30 A.M. on 4th June, I reached Dagaha-Dilal by night, while the remainder of the Mission, having got its transport, left Harar a few hours after me and arrived at the same camp. I accordingly saw that in order to get the extra two days, it would be necessary to make a race for it. Leaving Dagaha-Dilal before dawn on 5th June, I reached Zeila at daybreak on the 12th, having done the 184 miles in seven days; the transport being donkeys as far as Gildessa and camels over the plains. The time taken from Harar to Zeila was a little under eight days—not bad going, for we had taken less than our share of camels at Gildessa, which, in consequence, were slightly overloaded. The main caravan arrived at Zeila at dawn on the 14th. I only once remember doing better time, when we marched 120 miles in four days, between Zeila and Berbera in 1886. This timing is valuable as showing what is about the limit of endurance of the Somáli baggage camel. This rapid march from Harar was entirely due to the willing help of the Somális, who wanted to get home, and whose ideas in this respect thus agreed with my own. We worked to the usual hours which natives keep when doing forced marches, namely, from 2 A.M. to 9 A.M., and again from 2 P.M. to 5 P.M. I slept generally at the roadside in snatches, being

often roused by the feet of the camels padding close to my head as they filed by. The best spots to sleep in were the patches of deep sand where the path crossed the river-beds; but near Hensa, coming up by moonlight, I was at first surprised and then overjoyed to find several stacks of compressed hay, sent from Zeila for our mules by Harrington, the Assistant Resident in charge. I was deeply grateful, and halted at least three hours extra to do full justice to them!

We certainly had a good lot of Somális on this trip, and Adan Yusuf, my interpreter, who was headman over all the Somáli followers employed by the Mission for pitching tents or any hard work, surpassed all his former services. It will be long before I forget Adan's cheerful leading of the chorus *war filláigó, war feralágát* ("Oh, pick it up, it isn't heavy, it won't hurt you," or something of the kind), which always burst out at 5 A.M., rain or fine, as the tents were struck. He first came to me from the back of the Mahomed Dolbahanta country in the Nogal; and with two fellow-clansmen and three rough ponies, sailed with me in 1888 to Mombasa, and worked in the wilds of Ukambani for the East Africa Company. He has been with me as headman on a dozen trips since, as well as with others. When not managing caravans for Europeans, he goes back to his tribe, and invests in camels; apparently leading an active life there, since he always comes back lean and fit. He is slightly lame in one foot, which does not reduce his activity in the least; and he has a grave, quiet, dignified manner, and a cheerful knack when dealing with camelmen. Without an atom of conceit, he is at present far and away the best Somáli headman I know. As regards the Somáli character I find my opinion totally at variance with that of a recent traveller, with whom the notoriously objectionable tribes of the dreary South-Eastern Haud seem to have distinguished themselves. That gentleman, of course in good faith, records, in print, a most sweeping condemnation of the whole race. Personally I am bound to say that, after many short journeys in the wilds alone with natives, spread over sixteen years, in different parts of Africa, as well as in Arabia, India, Kashmir, and Burma, I cannot recall, on the whole, having been better served, or experiencing fewer of the inconveniences of travel, than in Somáland.

In all these countries the bad was mixed up with the good; but a great deal must be put down to the superiority of camel transport over that by coolies. There is, however, another reason,



namely, that the cheerful, self-respecting, and willing service rendered by the Somális is the greatest source of comfort to the traveller who has to depend upon his servants for society.

The text of the treaty with Menelik is given in the book already referred to. The Somáli frontier was finally drawn at the line which, starting from the sea at the point fixed in the agreement between Great Britain and France—opposite the wells of Hadou—follows the caravan-road through Abbaswein till it reaches the hill of So-madu. From this point on the road, the line is traced by the Sau mountains and the hill of Egu to Moga Medir, whence it is continued by Eylinta Kaddo to Arran Arrhé near the intersection of long. 44° E. with lat. 9° N. Thence a straight line is drawn to the intersection of 47° E. with 8° N. The line after this follows the frontier laid down in the Anglo-Italian Protocol of 5th May 1894 till it reaches the sea. Tribes occupying territory on either side of the line are entitled to use grazing grounds or wells on the other side; but in their migrations they are subject to the jurisdiction of the territorial authority.

In briefly reviewing the political situation it is necessary to state that any views advanced are merely personal, and are not to be regarded as possessing any official authority.

When Egypt handed over the Somáli coast ports to England in 1884, as a sequel to the general scheme of withdrawal of the Soudan garrisons, the Egyptian garrison of Harar was likewise withdrawn; the Mahomedan Emir Abdillahi being left in charge as an independent sovereign. In those days Harar, whether Egyptian or independent, had for many generations stood as a buffer State between Christian Abyssinia and the Mahomedan Somális. Abyssinia was a distant country, of whose doings occasional rumours filtered through, but whose politics did not trouble the Somáli tribes. In January 1887, however, a great change occurred. Harar was attacked and taken by Menelik, King of Shoa, and his nephew Rás Makunan; and two or three years later, in order to secure the frontiers of Harar, Abyssinian blockhouses were erected and garrisoned at Jig-Jiga and Biyo-Kaboba by the North Somáli tribes. These forts were more than once visited by my brother and myself in 1892, and every one on the coast knew them to exist; but the garrisons were allowed to remain, and by 1897 the Abyssinians, having been unmolested so long, had established a moral claim by actual occupation to the territory on the Harar side of the posts.

Meanwhile, Abyssinian dreams of extension gradually gained strength till the ruler of Harar had come to regard Hargeisa and all Somálland, except a narrow strip of coast-line, as Abyssinian territory. Eventually the Biyo-Kaboba and Jig-Jiga forts together with the strip of territory appertaining to them, were allowed to be retained by Abyssinia in permanence, the British sphere—practically that defined by the Protocol with Italy in 1894—in other respects remaining intact.

A great safeguard to Somáli interests has been secured by the accrediting of a British Resident at the court of Menelik. Since Harar became Abyssinian the Somális had been the victims of Abyssinian foraging expeditions, and had always put forward their grievances by saying, that as the British had taken the coast over from Egypt in 1884, they should either have protected the hinterland tribes, or at least have allowed the importation of firearms so that they could protect themselves. While the Somális could not get even a single Tower musket through our ports, their neighbours the Abyssinians were freely importing breech-loading rifles in a constant stream through the French port of Jibuti. Protection will now be secured, at least for the tribes of the British sphere, by the newly-arisen friendly understanding and the more direct dealings with Abyssinia.

The far hinterland beyond Milmil, including the routes towards the Juba and Lake Rudolf (which being camel tracks might perhaps have become good alternative routes to Uganda), were given up to Italy by the Protocol of 1894; the relinquishment of that great tract dating from that time, and not from the visit of the Mission to Menelik in 1897.

It has, however, transpired that the Italian disasters have prevented the hinterland in question, though nominally remaining in the Italian sphere of influence, from being actually occupied by Italy; and it still remains a sort of "no man's land," open more than ever to the cattle-requisitions of frontier generals. But perhaps the matter will eventually settle itself by there being no more cattle to requisition! The Abyssinians are in the habit of looking upon the Somális and Gállas as the heathen custodians, for a season, of Christian cattle, allowed by Providence to be tended out in the desert till wanted—a convenient political theory, based on the former territorial expansions of ancient Ethiopia!

The astonishing reawakening of Ethiopia is due to protracted

wars having created a demand for better armament; to the merchants of another nation being allowed to supply that armament with great despatch; and also to the military successes (made possible thereby) arousing restless ambition for territorial expansion.

An important stimulus was given when, in January 1887, Egypt left Harar in such an absurdly weak state that it fell readily into the hands of Menelik, King of Shoa. In the same month there was a successful fight with Italy at Dogali, and two years later a great battle with the Dervishes, when King John was killed. Menelik, having then seized the Empire, required more arms to overawe Rás Mangasha, while the latter subsequently became involved in the military operations against Italy, which led up to the terrible battle of Adua in 1896.

During these stirring years there was given a stimulus to the demand for arms. No doubt it had existed during similar times before, but it had hitherto been fed through devious and difficult channels. France stepped in at this juncture and began to allow arms to flow in through her new Somáli coast ports, and vast stores of breech-loading rifles and ammunition thus streamed into Harar and Abyssinia through the agency of French merchants at Jibuti. In 1892 we saw arms stacked high in the custom-house enclosure at Gildessa, and passed caravan after caravan of ammunition on the Jibuti-Gildessa road. Again in 1897, when visiting the same Gildessa custom-house, I still found cases of arms nearly filling up the yard.

The result of this continuous stream is that Abyssinia, to her natural strength—the possession of a mountainous frontier nearly as impracticable as that of Afghanistan, and of a horde of tireless mountaineers living under a strong feudal system—has added the power due to the acquisition of about two hundred thousand modern rifles. Of these, Jibuti alone supplied one hundred thousand of the best, and still keeps them so well supplied with ammunition that it has become the substitute for small coin as a medium of exchange in the bazaars.

When these facts are considered, the disaster at Adua is more easily understood. The four Italian brigades, winding among little-known mountains, with bad inter-communication, were cut up in detail, in difficult ground, by a terribly effective rifle-fire; the odds being ninety thousand Abyssinians to the sixteen thousand of the Italian force. The result—namely, the defeat of the latter with a loss of four thousand killed and two

thousand prisoners—has entirely altered the map and the politics of North-East Africa.

What may be the future in store for North-East Africa it is impossible to predict. The frontiers of the restless Christian kingdom now march on the north with the Moslem frontiers of Egypt and the Soudan; and on the south with the Moslem frontier of British Somáland. Events on both frontiers will require constant watchfulness and tact; and, above all, the most amicable relations at the court of the present enlightened Negus. Much depends on the length of Menelik's life. He is a true despot, ordering everything, monopolising trade, and controlling the national resources. Although he himself is a conscientious reformer, it is impossible to say whether his successor will continue his wise policy, for the law of the strongest seems to govern the succession. When it is noticed that the two countries are nearly equally impracticable and that the politics depend on the life of the ruler, the comparison between Abyssinia and Afghanistan ceases!

In describing the characteristics of a people one has to speak cautiously, but though I desire to do my best for the Shoan, that best is not much! The average Shoan of the lower class presents about the greatest contrast in appearance to the Afghan there can possibly be. But it is not necessary to go to Asia to look for superiority; the Shoan's own neighbours, the Gállas, and certainly the Somális, have many points of superiority over him which are patent to the most casual observer. To begin with, the Shoan, though sturdily built, is rather undersized, and thick-lipped; and even the most optimistic cannot call his features pleasing. He has many negro characteristics; but his nose, often good, shows signs of a Semitic strain in his blood. The Somáli is taller and much slimmer in build, with smaller hands and feet, and thinner lips; but though possessing better features, he is, I think, darker than the Shoan.

The ordinary Shoan seems, indeed, deficient, when compared with the Somáli, in three important qualities, namely, pluck, honour, and cleanliness. That he is well led under the feudal system, tireless on his mountains, and hardy in privation, may however make up for other deficiencies. Even the wiry Somális, who can run with a letter forty miles in under ten hours, say the "Amhára" travel like horses. The Shoan appears to be a rebel by nature, almost incapable of discipline, except under the chief to whom he chooses to cling; or of comprehending the

binding nature of a contract. His manners are the reverse of agreeable, and his voice is a harsh nasal falsetto, in strong contrast to the deeper tones of the Somáli. Another contrast is in dress. While the Shoan in ordinary costume is dingy, the Somáli prefers a dazzling white tobe, if he can get one, and always washes at every well. A still greater contrast is that whereas the Shoan is terribly addicted to drink, the Somáli will cheerfully die rather than touch a drop.

To the casual observer the Christian religion, under which the Abyssinian has lived for over fifteen hundred years, seems to have done less, at least for the lower class, than has the Koran for the Somális. I could not see that the ordinary Abyssinians were any better educated than the Somáli boys, who, sharper and more emancipated, are seen crowding round the mullahs receiving oral lessons. And since the mullahs themselves are always worrying the traveller for Korans and paper, they at least can read and write.

Somális, moreover, have not been isolated like the Amhára, but have mixed freely with the outer world, as firemen in London, Marseilles, and Bombay steamers, as well as sailors in dhows and as traders at Aden. When, however, we come to the superior class the case is altogether different. In Somáland there is no aristocracy; wisdom in advanced age being the greatest claim to distinction, and in other respects all Somális living alike.

No attempt is made to compare the ordinary patriarchal headmen of the Somáli kraals, who cannot rise above a primitive nomadic life, with the Abyssinian feudal leaders, many of whom are superior in every way, living under a more complex system of society, with a kind of heraldry of titles and offices, and inequality of classes.

There can be no harm in discussing the military powers of Abyssinia as we should discuss those of any other friendly nation. Whatever one may think of the individuals of the lower classes in Shoa, which is after all only a part of Abyssinia, the Abyssinian army has shown that it has bravery enough to work satisfactorily as a military machine with modern weapons, and is capable of bringing a very effective fire to bear on an enemy. The Shoan has probably won his victories chiefly by the real dash, skill, and bravery of his chiefs; for the feudal system, if founded on real military strength and not degenerate, always produces good men at the top. In no

country probably are the upper classes in greater contrast to the masses. No doubt, also, much of the reputation for courage of the Abyssinian army is due to the charges of spearmen belonging to outlying or subject races who are probably not Abyssinians at all.

The long Abyssinian frontier which recent treaties have given us is in some respects similar to our Indian frontier, but in others dissimilar. The African mountain frontier is more fertile, not quite so impracticable, and much safer; for under the present strong government of Menelik and Rás Makunan the frontier officers may be trusted to leave our Protectorate alone. We are in many ways dealing with a more civilised system. But the Abyssinians are more numerous than our Indian trans-frontier neighbours; they have greater powers of organisation and concentration, possessing an abundance of supplies and of gold; and they are also better armed, and have organised artillery. It is doubtful, however, if they are anything like so formidable as the Asiatics for guerilla warfare; and possibly their high organisation, and the confidence of their leaders which makes them court decisive action, are sources of weakness rather than strength. On the other hand, their individual qualities are scarcely hard and manly enough for the Asiatic methods of fighting.

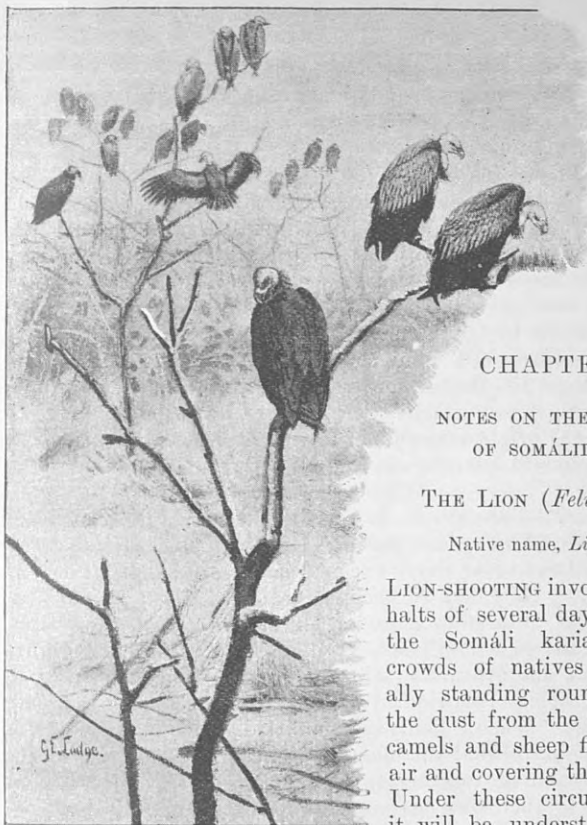
If possible, I should have liked to have closed this account of the doings of the Mission with a narrative of sport. But of this there was practically none, as we travelled too fast, and were constantly in a beaten track among a people well supplied with firearms. Some of us, indeed, got a little feathered game; but to the powerful armament I took up, there fell only a single klipspringer near Laga Hardim; and two beisa oryx and a brace of Scëmmerring's gazelles on the Zeila plains. I obtained one shot at ostriches in the bush between Fantallé and the banks of the Hawash gorge, and near the same spot saw numerous tracks of hartebeests, with a glimpse of the animals themselves, which were probably *Bubalis cokei*, or some allied species.

At Tadechamalca, where there is a *gudá* thorn-forest overshadowing the banks of the Kassan river, I tried for big game, but failed to score; there being none at the time in this part of the Hawash Valley. The reeds and jungle looked, however, very likely ground for buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros; and the country was very like some of the gullies of the Jibril Abokr district in Somáland where elephants abounded a few years ago.



The magnificent hunting-grounds of British Somáliland have lost some of their value now that so many lions have been shot and the elephants driven away. But no one who has lived long among the natives subject to their depredations can have much sympathy for the lions, whether male, female, or young; and as regards the elephants, we have only ourselves to blame for not having made the slightest attempt to tame them, which if successfully accomplished would have saved their lives, and might perhaps have solved the transport problem on many of the African routes where camels cannot go and elephant-fodder grows wild. Ancient evidence in North Africa and the modern experience of menageries seem favourable to the possibility of successful domestication.

The other game—the beautiful forms of antelope life—are likely to survive long, for the Somális possess no firearms. And when the lions and elephants have quite disappeared, there will be fewer shooting parties; so that for men who shoot for variety rather than for heavy bags, and who are chiefly attracted by the wandering life on these healthy desert steppes and fertile plateaux, the Somáli country will lose but little of its interest and attraction.



## CHAPTER XII

NOTES ON THE FAUNA  
OF SOMÁLILANDTHE LION (*Felis leo*)Native name, *Libah*

LION-SHOOTING involves long halts of several days among the Somáli karias, with crowds of natives continually standing round camp, the dust from the countless camels and sheep filling the air and covering the bushes. Under these circumstances it will be understood that

other game is scarce, and that sitting unoccupied in camp waiting for news of a lion is not always interesting. Frequently the news brought in of lions having visited karias two or three miles away, taking a sheep or a heifer, or a young camel, as the case may be, is unreliable. Yet the hunter must be ready to start on the instant, and after a tramp lasting from five to ten hours, he will return as often as not to his tent tired out, the victim of a silly hoax concocted for the purpose of wheedling *bakshish* out of him.

Every few days one of these trips will probably end in a real find, and then grand excitement will be felt in creeping among the tunnels made by the dark *khansa* bushes, looking for the crouching enemy, which may spring up from any distance

and from any direction ; and there is an additional danger in three or four men being huddled together with rifles on full cock in such jungle.

As I have been nearly always travelling incessantly and generally on duty, I have seldom had time to wait among the Somáli karias for news of lions, and when I have been on leave, and time has permitted, I have generally preferred to camp among the mountains and look for koodoo, amid fine scenery and away from the noise and dust of inhabited country. This, to my mind, is by far the most fascinating sport in Somáland. I have, however, had many shots at lions when marching, and brought home the trophies of four. To make a good bag, it is necessary to devote a trip exclusively to lion-shooting ; but to my mind the bright moments of intense excitement do not come often enough to compensate for the long monotonous days in camp.

Lions are still numerous in Somáland, chiefly in unexplored parts of the Haud and Ogádén. It is probable that many of the Haud lions never drink except when they can find pools of rain-water. They may be encountered at all times of the year at distances up to fifty miles or more from the nearest water. The Midgáns go after them a good deal, and bring their skins to Berbera and Aden for sale, but they are seldom in good condition, being often riddled with spear-holes inflicted wantonly after death. When a lion has committed so many depredations among the karias that the men living in them are roused to the point of banding together to kill him, Somális and Midgáns, according to their own account, go after him on horseback till they bring him to a standstill in the open. Then they bait him by galloping round at full speed and shouting. The lion turns this way and that, trying to face them as they whirl round ; and getting confused with the shouting and dust, he falls a prey to the arrows of the Midgáns, who mount and ride away to a safe distance with the other Somális, and wait for his death. Sometimes one of the horsemen is knocked over : an angry lion, unless too done up to make good his charge, being easily able to catch a bad or tired pony.

The movements of the native encampments seem chiefly to influence the changes of quarters of the lions, the latter following the karias as they move to fresh pastures. When a family, with its flocks and herds and its karias, moves, its attendant lions, if there should be any, accompany it, being sometimes

man-eaters and more often cattle-eaters. Last June my own caravan, while returning to the coast from Ogádén, was followed during two days, over a distance of forty miles, by a pair of hungry lions. We discovered this by chance, when some scouts of mine happened to go back along the road.

Several years ago there used to be plenty of lions in Guban, in the reeds bordering the Issutugan river, and about Kabri-Bahr, and along the foot of Gólis Range. Now the best country for them is decidedly the Haud Plateau and Ogádén, where there are still a good many. Milmil is sometimes a good place ; also the base of Bur Dab Mountain, and the Waredad Plain, where there are patches of *durr* grass an acre or two in extent, with a few shady thorn-trees growing within them. Lions make their lair in the high grass under the shade of a tree, and as the grass patches are surrounded by bare red soil or sand, the pugs are easily found, and the brutes can be driven out into the open and shot. Lions living in the Haud, where it is elevated five thousand to six thousand feet, have better coats and manes than those found in Guban or Ogádén, and the best skins I have seen have come from the elevated *ban* or open prairie. All the animals of the elevated country have thicker coats than those found in the low country, this being, no doubt, a protection against cold.

#### THE ELEPHANT (*Elephas africanus*)

Native name, *Maródi*

The Somáli elephant has within the last few years been much persecuted by sportsmen, and I am afraid that if this destruction goes on, in the near future there will be none left in Northern Somáland, for they have entirely left their old haunts. In 1884, when Egypt evacuated Somáland, elephants were plentiful on Wagar and Gólis, coming down to the southern edge of the Maritime Mountains. Driven in December by the cold from the high interior, they wandered down the sand-rivers, feeding on the *armo* creepers and aloes.

Since Sir Richard Burton's expedition over forty years ago, few, if any, Europeans entered Somáland until 1884, when two officers from Aden visited Gólis in search of elephants almost simultaneously with Mr. F. L. James's expedition to the Webbe. From that date the disappearance of the elephant

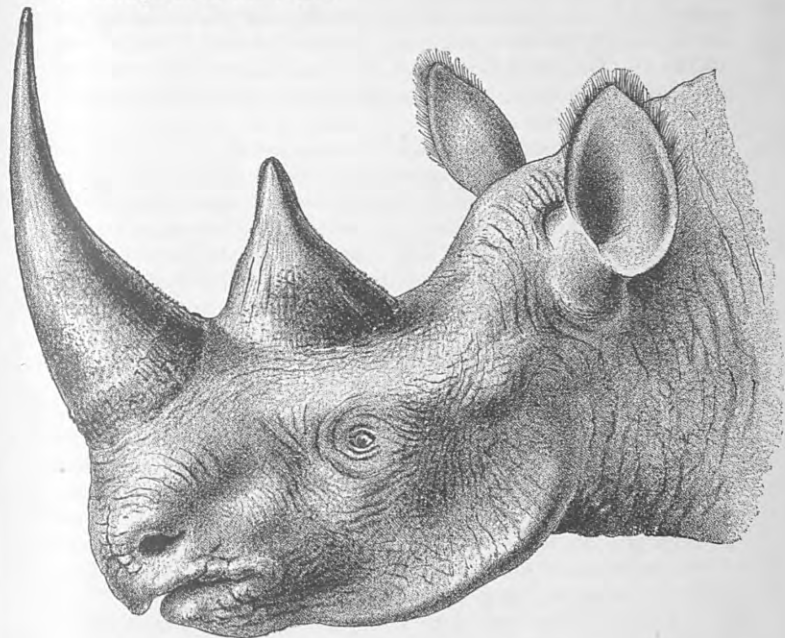
has been very rapid, and nearly all the herds have retired to the mountainous country in which the Tug Fáfan takes its rise, although a few still come down annually into the Gadabursi country. In 1884 elephants were shot at Dalaat and Digwein, places near Mandeira in the interior plain north of Gólis; but since that year I have never heard of them anywhere in this plain. In 1887 I had to ascend to Wagar before finding any, and since then they have retired from Wagar and Gólis altogether, and are now, I believe, never found east of Hargeisa, unless we except herds which wander eastward into the far interior of Ogádén from the western valleys of the Harar highlands.

The reason that elephants have been driven away to such an extent is that sportsmen have not been satisfied with the death of a bull or two here and there, but have slaughtered large numbers of cows. In the first excitement of elephant-shooting it is conceivable that a sportsman may shoot two or three cows as well as bulls, as I have done; but there is no reason, except the temptation afforded by exciting sport, why large numbers of elephants of both sexes should be destroyed in Somáland. They do no harm to the few plots of cultivation scattered at wide intervals, and very few Somális will eat their flesh. Though the elephants themselves are of the average size, this mountain ivory is probably as small as any to be found in Africa, sixty pounds being a good weight for a pair of tusks, though greater weights have been recorded in exceptional cases.

I believe the question of the desirability of training and using the African elephants for transport is one which will become more important as Africa is opened up. Provided something could be done to stop the wholesale slaughter of elephants by English sportsmen, there is a probability that the Somáli Protectorate would become restocked, for in the chaos of rugged gorges which descend abruptly from the Harar highlands into Ogádén there are still plenty. I do not think that a moderate amount of elephant-shooting, properly regulated, does much harm, but the herds are certain to leave places where they have been hunted without respite season after season, and large numbers slaughtered.

In the Gólis Range there are many of the old elephant-paths existing, but bones are seldom found; and the Somális have a theory to account for this. In 1886 I went to Digwein, where an officer had shot a bull elephant two years before, and I was shown the exact spot where it had been killed; and rummaging of

among the bushes we found the jaw-bones, with the grinders still embedded in them. The Somális said this was all that was left, because the Esa Músa cattle and the koodoo had eaten all the soft parts of the bones.



SOMÁLI RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).

THE BLACK RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros bicornis*)

Native name, *Wiyil*

For years the black rhinoceros has been known to exist in the interior of Somáland; and going farther in every year, I have been expecting to come to its ground. The first Somáli rhinoceroses were shot by my brother and myself in our Abyssinian border-trip in August 1892, and since then but few have been bagged by Europeans. They come far north of the range of the zebras, sometimes wandering as far towards the coast as the grass-plains of Toyo, a hundred miles south of



Berbera, where they hide in the patches of *durr* grass. They are common in the southern parts of the Haud; but I never found any signs of them during many expeditions in the Habr Awal, Esa, and Gadabursi countries. They are most common in the valleys of the Tug Jerer and Tug Fáfan, and thence southward as far as the Webbe; and they are also plentiful beyond the Webbe in Gállaland. Rhinoceroses are said to exist to the south-east of Berbera, but in our trip to the Dolbahanta country we never saw traces of them.

We found them to be the most stupid game animals we encountered, and easily approached if the wind was right. They were not very prone to charge, and in their blind, head-long rush seemed to see nothing, so that by stepping to one side and standing perfectly still a man would probably be safe. The transparent and thorny nature of the *billeil* bush, which is always their last sanctuary, renders a man rather helpless, and if seen and charged, and unable to find elbow-room owing to the walls of impenetrable thorns, he would probably be killed. Rhinoceros-shooting is very exciting, but it is chiefly the nature of the jungle which makes it so. I have never seen more than three of these brutes together. The ground they usually prefer is a network of stony, broken hills, covered with *galól* or *billeil* jungle, and having some river-bed not too many miles distant, where they can go at night to drink and bathe. They travel considerable distances to the river, and wander all night up and down the channel looking for a convenient pool, and making a maze of tracks in the soft sand. The Abbasgúl, Malingúr, and Rer Amáden tribes eat their flesh when hungry; and I found it good, and once lived for a week on little else.

We could usually cut from fifteen to thirty fighting shields from each rhinoceros, three-quarters of an inch thick and from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter, worth about a dollar apiece at the coast. Everywhere in Central Ogádén the caravan-tracks are furrowed in grooves a yard or more long and six inches deep, which look like the work of a plough. This is done by the rhinoceros as he walks along. A good pair of bull's horns measure nineteen inches for the front and five inches for the back one.

ANTELOPES—THE BEISA ORYX (*Oryx beisa*)

Native name, *Beit*

The beisa oryx is a stoutly-built antelope, standing as high as a donkey, and inhabiting open, stony ground, barren hills, or open grass plains. It is fairly common and widely distributed over Somáliland, and may be found in all kinds of country except the thick jungle with aloe undergrowth so much liked by the lesser koodoo, and the cedar-forests on the higher ranges. The best beisa ground is in the Haud and Ogádén.

The beisa feeds chiefly on grass, and is often found far from water. It has keen sight, and probably protects itself more by this than by its sense of hearing or scent. Beisa are found in herds of from half a dozen to thirty or forty, chiefly composed of cows. The only antelopes which go in very large herds in Northern Somáliland are the hartebeest and Sæmmering's gazelle. Bull beisa are found wandering singly all over the country, and possibly these make up in number for the preponderance of cows in the herds.

Sometimes two or three cows with calves will be found together, making up a small herd of half a dozen. It is nearly impossible to distinguish which are the bulls in a herd, and they are so few in proportion to the cows that it is best, if shooting for sport alone, not to fire at herd animals at all. The bull is slightly thicker in the neck and higher in the withers than the cow; and the horns, though an inch or two shorter in the bull, are more massive, especially about the base, and more symmetrical, whilst the cow's horns are frequently bent and of unequal length. The beisa is often revengeful when wounded



BEISA ORYX (*Oryx beisa*).  
Length of horns, 31½ inches.

and brought to bay; twice I have seen a wounded one make a determined charge into a mob of Somális armed with spears.

The Midgáns, who are armed with bows and poisoned arrows, hunt the beisa with packs of savage yellow pariah dogs; the thick skin round the withers of a bull is made by them into a white *gáshan* or fighting shield. The method of hunting, as carried out by the Midgáns in the Bulhár Plain, is as follows: Three or four of them, with about fifteen dogs, go out just before dawn, and walk along silently through the scattered thorn-trees till fresh tracks are found, which are followed till the game is sighted. By throwing stones, whistling, and other signs which they understand, the dogs are shown the herd, and settle down to their work. The dogs run mute, the men following at a crouching trot, which in a Somáli is untiring; and this lasts until the dogs open in chorus, having brought the game to bay. The beisa make repeated charges at the dogs, which they often wound or kill. If the latter can avoid the sharp horns of the mother, they fasten on to a calf, and sometimes the whole herd will charge to the rescue. The Midgáns run up silently under cover of the bushes and let off a flight of poisoned arrows into the herd, which, seeing the human enemy, take to flight. Frequently an animal wounded by a poisoned arrow takes a line of its own, and is in due time carefully followed up and found dead, or it may be pulled down in its weak state by the dogs.

It was many years ago, while wandering with my hunter, Ali Hirsi, in the Bulhár Plain, that I first saw the trophies of a bull beisa, and at once resolved that I would hunt nothing else till I had brought down a specimen of this beautiful antelope. As we were walking through a thick part of the bush we suddenly came upon a group of four Midgáns engaged in lighting a fire under a large *gudá* thorn-tree. Resting against the trunk was the head of a freshly-killed beisa bull, with a grand pair of horns, starting in continuation with the forehead and sweeping back in a slight curve to a length of thirty-four inches. On the branches strips of beisa meat were hanging, and on the ground lay the rest of the carcase and the skin, which a man was cleaning with a knife. Round the tree nine pariah dogs lay about; they were gnawing offal, and got up lazily, as I approached, to show their teeth and growl, till kicked into silence by one of the Midgáns. The group was a striking one, and although I have since, while feeding my

followers in the interior, shot numbers of beisa, none appeared to me so fine as this first one which I had not the good fortune to shoot. I haggled with the Midgáns for the head and got it for two dollars, and also engaged them with their dogs to come hunting with me on the first day on which I should be able to get away from Bulhár.

At midnight, a week later, I rode out on a camel, accompanied by Ali Hirsi, the four Midgáns, and nine dogs. We slept for a few hours at a Midgán karia on the plain, and at dawn struck due south into the heart of the bush. As it became hot, after having seen nothing but *walleri* and small gazelles all the morning, we sat down to rest, sending a boy, one of the Midgáns, up a thorn-tree to watch. The dogs lay round us panting, with their tongues hanging out, and all the men were soon asleep under the shade, except my Midgán sentry, who was softly intoning his Mahomedan prayers as he sat perched on the tree. Suddenly he stopped them with a jerk, slipped down the trunk of the tree, and came running to me snapping his fingers. We all got up, and the Midgáns, by whistling and throwing pebbles, put the dogs on to the broad path of a herd of beisa. Off we went, and after running for five minutes as fast as our legs could carry us, the dogs being well out of sight, we heard a clamour in the distance; and crouching low as we ran, came into a glade where we found the herd crowded together round a thicket, keeping the dogs back, the beisa charging repeatedly and the dogs dodging nimbly, trying to cut out the young calves. Directly the beisa caught sight of us they scattered like a bursting shell. I ran hard to cut off some of them, jumping over low mimósas and stepping on large thorns, and the Midgáns sent a flight of poisoned arrows whizzing past me at the flying herd. The Midgáns, I knew, wanted meat, so I dropped a large cow with the 500 Express as she galloped past at forty yards, rolling her over in her tracks. The Midgáns, rushing up, breathed a short prayer, slashed her throat open, and then stood clear from the quivering body, while all the dogs fastened on to a calf, which was soon lying beside the cow with its head cut off; and after half an hour spent in lighting a fire and roasting beisa meat, we loaded up the rest and made for Bulhár.

I have had several trips with these Bulhár Midgáns in search of beisa. Their camping arrangements are primitive, and many a time have I helped them to light a fire by rubbing two sticks



together. Special wood had to be chosen, and it generally took from ten to twenty minutes to get a light.

The skin on the withers of a bull beisa is much thicker than elsewhere, being about three-quarters of an inch thick. The average length of horns in a good bull is thirty-two inches, in a cow thirty-four inches. Young beisa, when caught and confined in an enclosure, sometimes show their stubborn, wild nature by charging the bars, head-down, and so killing themselves; a case of this kind once occurred in Berbera. The flesh of a calf beisa is, in my opinion, more delicious than that of any other antelope, and lions are particularly fond of it. These calves, when young, are very like those of English cattle in appearance, but smaller, with stumpy, straight horns a few inches long. They give out a peculiar half-bleat, half-bellow, when attacked by dogs or wounded. We fell in with young calves about the middle of August in two successive years. Beisa sometimes strike sideways with their horns as we use a stick. When very angry they lower them till nearly parallel with the ground, and make a dash forward for a few yards with surprising swiftness. Beisa are often seen in company with hartebeests and Plateau gazelles.

#### THE KOODOO (*Strepsiceros kudu*)

Native name, *Gódir* or *Goriáleh Gódir* (male); *Adér-yu* (female); *Adér-yu* (collective name for herd-animals of both sexes and all ages)

Koodoo are found in mountainous or broken ground where there is plenty of bush and good grass and water. The best koodoo-grounds in Somáliland are Gólis Range and the Gadabursi Hills. Koodoo scarcely exist in the parts of Ogádén I have visited. Either they never existed there, or, as my followers declared, they died of the great epidemic of cattle disease four or five years ago. Ogádén Somális constantly offer to show koodoo to a sportsman, but they appear to mean the lesser koodoo; and this they call *Gódir*, knowing apparently of only the one kind. The Ishák tribes, on the other hand, have names for both.

Sometimes a solitary old bull will make his mid-day lair close to water, in some quiet part of the hills. They are very retiring, and live in small families, two bulls and seven cows being the largest number I have noticed together. They prefer the steepest mountains, but wander at night in search of grass in

broken ground in the neighbouring plains. An old male with a heavy pair of horns seems to avoid thick jungle, where they may catch in the branches, and likes to spend the heat of the day under the shadow of some great rock on the mountain side, where he can get a good view around. His eyes, nose, and ears appear to be equally on the alert, and he is often very cunning. Although such a heavy animal, he is a good climber and is hard to stalk, but, once successfully approached, the steep nature of the ground generally yields him up an easy victim to the rifle. The alarm-note of the female koodoo is a loud, startling bark, which echoes far into the surrounding hills, and is similar to that of the Indian sambar hind. The bark is accompanied by an impatient pawing of the ground with the hoofs.

The habits of the greater and lesser koodoo correspond respectively to those of the sambar and spotted deer of Southern India. Greater koodoo live in the mountains, and lesser koodoo on the bush-covered slopes at their base. Koodoo are generally timid, but care must be taken when coming suddenly on them, as I once saw an unwounded bull make a determined charge from some thirty yards' distance at a man sent to stop the mouth of a gorge. The man jumped to one side and threw his spear, grazing the flank of the beast, which then galloped into the plain below and escaped.

The koodoo is the largest of the Somáli antelopes, a big bull standing about 13 hands 1 inch; and although an active climber, he is not fast on level ground. A fairly good pair of horns in Somáliland will measure 3 feet from base to tip, and 50 inches round the spiral of each horn. The largest I have seen measured 56 inches round the spiral. The koodoo is rare except in the mountains, and is found on the highest ground of Northern Somáliland, inhabiting the top of Wagar Mountain and Gólis Range, which rise to about six thousand eight hundred feet. It has lately become scarce even in these parts.

#### THE LESSER KOODOO (*Strepsiceros imberbis*)

Native name, *Gódir* or *Arreh Gódir* (male); *Adér-yu* (female); *Adér-yu* (collective)

This is, to my mind, quite the most beautiful of all the Somáli antelopes; the skin being more brilliantly marked and the body more gracefully shaped than that of the greater koodoo. The lesser koodoo is rather smaller than the beisa.



The lesser koodoo is found in thick jungles of the larger kind of thorn-tree, especially where there is an undergrowth of the *hig* or slender pointed aloe, which is of a light green colour, and grows from four to six feet high. This antelope may also be found hiding in dense thickets of tamarisk in the river-beds. It is not found in the open grass-plains, and I have never seen



LESSER KOODOO.  
Length of horns straight,  
27½ inches.

one in the cedar-forests on the top of Gólis. Its favourite haunt used to be along the foot of this range, and I do not think its numbers have been much diminished of late years. By far the best lesser koodoo ground I visited is the thick forest on the Webbe banks, near Imé and Karanleh. These Webbe specimens are different from those found under Gólis, as they are smaller, have shorter horns, are still more brilliantly marked, and have hoofs nearly twice as long. The hoofs of a Webbe lesser koodoo are, like those of a Webbe bushbuck, of extraordinary length.

The lesser koodoo likes to be near water, and living as it does among the densest thickets, its ears are wonderfully well developed. It has powerful hind-quarters, and is a strong leaper, the white bushy tail flashing over the aloe-clumps as it takes them in great bounds. They are very cunning, and will stand quite still on the farther side of a thicket listening to the advancing trackers, then a slight rustle is heard as they gallop away. The best way to get a specimen is to follow the fresh tracks of a buck, the sportsman advancing in a direction parallel with that of the tracker, but some fifty yards to one flank and in advance; a snap shot may then be got as the koodoo bounds out of the farther side of a thicket, but you may be months in the country before getting a really good buck. They go in herds of about the same number as those of the greater koodoos. Old bucks are nearly black, and the horns become smooth by rubbing against trees; and scars of all sorts remain on the neck, being the result of wild rushes through the jungle or fights with other bucks. The average length of a good buck's horns is about

25 inches from base to tip. The longest I have shot or seen were between 27 and 28 inches in length in a straight line.<sup>1</sup> The horns are very sharp, but I have never seen a lesser koodoo attempt to charge.

#### THE SOMÁLI HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis swaynei*)

Native name, *Sig*

The *Sig* or Somáli hartebeest was described by Dr. Sclater; his description and notes (*P.Z.S.*, Feb. 1892) being taken from specimens shot and sent home by myself. I was not the first to shoot the *Sig*, but mine were the first specimens submitted to scientific investigation.

South of Gólis Range, and at a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, are open plains from four to six thousand feet above sea-level, alternating with broken ground covered with thorn-jungle. These patches of *ban* or prairie are the only kind of country where the hartebeest is to be found. Not a bush is to be seen, and some of these plains are thirty or forty miles in extent. I first saw the *Sig* when coming on to ground which had not then been visited by Europeans, and found one of these plains covered with hartebeests, there being perhaps a dozen herds in sight at one time, each containing three or four hundred of these antelopes. Hundreds of bulls were scattered singly on the outskirts and in spaces between the herds, grazing, fighting, or lying down. The scene described was at a distance of over a hundred and twenty miles from Berbera.

The hartebeest bulls are very pugnacious, and two or three couples may be fighting round the same herd at once. Perhaps the easiest way to get a specimen is to send a couple of Midgáns round above the wind to drive them towards you, at the same time lying down in the grass. In this way a shot may be got within a hundred yards, but no one would care to shoot many hartebeests, except for food. There is no chance of creeping up to hartebeests unless the huge ant-hills, often twenty-five feet high, are conveniently situated.

Often beisa and Scæmmerring's gazelles are seen in company with these great troops of hartebeests, but the beisa are much

<sup>1</sup> These were measured by the writer on the spot soon after the animal was killed. But a few years later, after they had been exposed in a collection, they were found to have shrunk over half an inch.

wilder. The hartebeests are rather tame, and they and the Sæmmerring's gazelles are always the last to move away. Hartebeests have great curiosity, and will frequently rush round a caravan, halting now and then within two hundred yards to gaze. This sight is an extraordinary one, all the antelopes



THE SOMÁLI HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis swaynei*).  
Length of horns on curve, 20½ inches.

having heavy and powerful fore-quarters, while the hind-quarters are poor and fall away; the coat is glossy like that of a well-groomed horse. In the mid-day haze of the plains they look something like troops of lions, as the powerful head and neck are of a different shade of chestnut from the rest of the body. The pace of the hartebeest is an ungraceful, lumbering canter, but it is probably the fleetest and most enduring of the Somáli

antelopes. The largest herd I have seen must have contained a thousand individuals, packed closely together, and looking like a regiment of cavalry, the whole plain round being dotted with single bulls.

From their living so much in the open plains the hartebeests must subsist entirely on grass, for there is nothing else to eat; and they must be able to exist for several days without water. They are the favourite food of lions, and once, when out with my brother, I found a troop of three lions sitting out on the open plains, ten miles from the nearest bush; they had evidently been out all night among the herds, and on their becoming gorged, the rising sun had found them disinclined to move. The hartebeest is about as large as a donkey. The horns vary greatly in shape and size; there are the short massive horns and the long pointed ones, and all variations between. Some curve forward, with the points thrown back; others curve outwards in the same plane with the forehead, the points turning inward. I never heard of hartebeests in the whole of Guban or anywhere in the parts of Ogádén which I have visited; I have seen them on open plains in the Haud and Ogo, and nowhere else.

#### WATERBUCK (*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*)

Native name, *Balanka*, among the Adone (Webbe negroes); corrupted to *Balango* by the Somális

I believe there are no waterbuck to be found in Somáliland except on the banks of the Webbe Shabéleh, and perhaps the Lower Nogal, near the east coast. There are none on the Tug Fáfán, at any of the points where I have crossed it. They are said to be numerous all along the Webbe Ganána (Juba), the course of which lies chiefly through Gállaland.

The first important collections of the waterbuck were, I think, made by Colonel Arthur Paget and myself on two independent but simultaneous expeditions to the Webbe. I found these antelopes plentiful all along both banks of the river, from Imé down to Burka in the Aulihán tribe, which was as far as I followed the stream. They lie up in the dense forest which clothes both banks of the river for some two hundred yards from the water's edge; and feed in the open grass flats outside the belts of forest. They go in small herds of about

fifteen individuals, though most of the herds I saw consisted of only four or five, with one old buck.

The habits of the Somali waterbuck are, I believe, similar to those of the same species in other parts of Africa. They feed chiefly on grass, delight in a mud-bath, and take to the water readily; a wounded buck which I was following in thick forest tried to escape by swimming the Webbe, some ninety yards across, and we shot him as he galloped along the farther bank. The bucks on the Webbe vary much in colour, from brownish-gray to nearly black. The white lunate marking over the tail is always present; some heads have the forehead bright rufous-brown, but others are nearly black in this part. The flesh is eaten by the negroes of the Webbe, but not by Somalis. The horns obtained on the Webbe are small compared with waterbuck horns from Southern Africa; out of some fifteen heads of old bucks collected by me at different times none reached twenty-five inches.

#### SOMALI BUSHBUCK (*Tragelaphus scriptus decula*)

Native name, *Dól*

This bushbuck is somewhat larger than a fallow deer, and is common in the dense forest on the Webbe banks; it is the most wary and difficult to shoot of all the game animals I have ever encountered. I never heard of its existence till my second expedition to the Webbe. At Karanleh I obtained from the natives several skins and horns of *Dól*, which had been caught by means of disguised pits, with a stake in the bottom of each. These pits are made by the Adone, and are funnel-shaped, about eight feet deep and five in diameter at the top. They are dug in the densest jungle, in the paths most frequented by the bushbuck when going to and returning from the water. Some of these paths are long tunnels three feet high, bored through the masses of vegetation for fifty yards or more, and often I could only get to the river by creeping on all-fours through these tunnels; this may be exciting work when it is considered that many kinds of game, including the lion and rhinoceros, use them.

On my arrival at Karanleh I sent skilled negroes to repair all the pits within a mile or two of my camp, in the hope of getting a specimen. During a month spent on the Webbe banks I shot only one young buck, but organised three or four drives, in one of which my men shot a buck.

The longest horns were a pair I picked up, measuring about seventeen inches in length. The females are hornless. The young of both sexes are of a distinct reddish-brown, getting darker as they grow older, and the natives say the old bucks



SOMALI BUSHBUCK OR DECULA ANTELOPE (*Tragelaphus scriptus decula*).

Length of horns, 16 inches.

become nearly black. The hair is generally worn off along the spine. There are four or five transverse white stripes and white spots, sometimes as many as thirty, on each side, more numerous in the young animals. The neck is scantily covered with short hair, and in the two young bucks we killed was very slender.



The flesh is good eating. I am not aware that the bushbuck exists anywhere in Somaliland except the dense forest close to the banks of the Webbe.

CLARKE'S GAZELLE (*Ammodorcas clarkei*)

Native name, *Dibatag* or *Diptag*

The *Dibatag* was first shot by Mr. T. W. H. Clarke in 1891 during his trip to the Dolbahanta and Marehán countries, far



CLARKE'S GAZELLE (*Ammodorcas clarkei*).

Length of horns on curve,  $9\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

to the south-east of Berbera. Just a week after his specimens had been sent to England, I bought in Berbera two pairs of horns with the face-skins attached, and sent them to Dr. Sclater believing them to belong to a new antelope; but by this time Mr. Clarke's specimens had been examined by Mr. Thomas, who described the species.

The *Dibatag* is common enough in some parts, but is very local in its distribution. Since Mr. Clarke first discovered it, a few have been shot by sportsmen in the eastern parts of the Haud.

I have been singularly unfortunate with this antelope, never having been in the country where it is found till I went to the Nogal

Valley. At that time the dry season was at its height, and game was scarce and shy, so I never got a *Dibatag* till June

1893, when on my return journey from Ogádén across the waterless plateau I made a detour of several days to the east on purpose to shoot one.

I searched for *Dibatag* at Tur, a jungle due south of Toyo grass-plains, the distance being some eighty miles from Berbera, and was lucky in getting one good buck and picking up two pairs of horns. I saw a good many, but all were wild and shy. This is their extreme western limit, and they never, I believe, come so far south as the Gólis Range. Farther east, towards Bur'o, they are more plentiful and less shy.

*Dibatag* are difficult to see, their purplish-gray colour



matching with the high *durr* grass in the glades where they are found. The glossy shining coat reflects the surrounding colours, making it sometimes almost invisible; and at the best of times its slender body is hard to make out. I have often mistaken female Waller's gazelles for *Dibatag*, and once shot one of the former in mistake for the latter. The habits and gait are much the same, save that the *Dibatag* starts off with head held up, and the long tail held erect over the back nearly meeting the head, while Waller's gazelle trots away with its head down and its short tail screwed round. Like Waller's gazelle, the *Dibatag* goes singly or in pairs, or small families up to half a dozen.

As is the case with Waller's gazelle, the *Dibatag* is enabled by its long neck and rather long upper lip to reach down branches of the mimósa bushes from a considerable height. The shape of head and way of feeding of both antelopes are giraffe-like, and I have seen both standing on the hind-legs, with the fore-feet planted against the trunk of a tree, when feeding. I have seen *Dibatag* feeding both on thorn-bushes and on the *durr* grass. Both Waller's and Clarke's gazelles can live far from water. The country most suitable for *Dibatag* is jungle of the *khansa* or umbrella-mimósa, alternating with glades of *durr* grass, which grows about six feet high. The females are hornless. The *Dibatag* is a graceful antelope, standing higher than an Indian blackbuck, but weighing probably a good deal less.

#### WALLER'S GAZELLE (*Lithocranius walleri*)

Native name, *Gerenuk*

The *Gerenuk* is the commonest and most widely distributed of the Somáli antelopes except the little *Sakáro*, which springs like a hare from every thicket.

The long neck of the *Gerenuk*, large giraffe-like eyes, and long muzzle, are peculiar to this species and the *Dibatag*. The *Gerenuk* is more of a browser of bushes than a grass-feeder, and I have twice shot it in the act of standing on the hind-legs, neck extended, and fore-feet against the trunk of a tree, reaching down the tender shoots, which could not be got in any other way. Thus not only the appearance, but the habits of the *Gerenuk* are giraffe-like. The skull extends far back behind the ears like that of a camel.

It is found all over the Somáli country in small families, never in large herds, and generally in scattered bush, ravines, and rocky ground. I think it subsists almost entirely on bushes, as it is constantly found in places deserted by beisa and all other antelopes because there was no grass. Perhaps the Gada-bursi country is the best ground, but the *Gerenuk* is almost ubiquitous and need not be specially looked for. I have never seen it in the cedar-forests which crown Gólis, nor in the treeless plains of the Haud. It is not necessarily found near water,—in fact, generally on stony ground with a sprinkling of thorn jungle.

The gait of this antelope is peculiar, and when first seen a



WALLER'S GAZELLE (*Lithocranius walleri*).

Length of horns on curve, 15 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

buck will generally be standing motionless, head well up, looking at the intruder and trusting to its invisibility. Then the head

dives under the bushes, and the animal goes off at a long crouching trot, stopping now and again behind some bush to gaze. It seldom gallops, and its pace is never very fast. In the whole shape of the head and neck, with the extended muzzle and slender lower jaw, there is a marked resemblance between the *Gerenuk* and the *Dibatag*. The texture of the coat is much alike in both. The horns of immature buck *Gerenuk* have almost exactly the same shape as those of the *Dibatag*. The average length of Waller's gazelle horns is about thirteen inches. The females are hornless; they sometimes lose or desert their young ones, as I have now and then come on fawns living alone in the jungle. The *Gerenuk* stands a good deal higher than an Indian blackbuck, but would be about the same weight.

SCHEMERRING'S GAZELLE (*Gazella schemerringi*)

Native name, *Aoul*

When first I was staying at Bulhár, *Aoul* could be seen from the bungalow grazing on the plain. The Bulhár Maritime Plain used to be full of them, but they have been so persecuted by sportsmen that they have now retired to some distance. The bush in the Bulhár Plain is delightful for sport when not overrun by the Somáli flocks and herds.

The *Aoul* weighs about the same as the *Gerenuk*, but has a shorter neck and a more clumsy-looking head, and is altogether a coarser animal. It is a grass-feeder and lives in the open plains or in scattered bush, never in thick jungle, and prefers tolerably flat ground. The white hind-quarters can be seen from a great distance, making a herd look like a flock of sheep in the haze of the plains. I have never seen them in the cedar-forests on the top of Gólis, but in the hartebeest ground to the south they are common, and may often be seen in large herds along with the hartebeests, and they are abundant all over the Haud and Ogádén and near the Webbe.

They are, I think, the most stupid and easy to shoot of all Somáli antelopes, and their habits are identical with those of the Indian blackbuck, although they are not equal to it in beauty and grace of movement. *Aoul* often make long and high jumps when going away, presumably to look over the backs of the others. They are inquisitive like hartebeests, and will follow a caravan in the open; if fired at, they make off across the front,

stretching themselves out at racing speed, and drawing up in a troop now and then to gaze.

If much meat is required, it is easy in scattered bush for a man on foot to run into a large herd and shoot several. The bucks will often be seen fighting or chasing each other at full speed. Solitary bucks are sometimes found, and I once saw about fifteen young fawns gathered together a mile away from the main herd. The largest herd I have ever seen in the Bulhár Plain contained about two hundred individuals, but I have seen over a thousand together in the open plains of the Haud.

*Aoul* can live a long way from water. Near the coast they often come down close to the shore, possibly to lick the salt pebbles. A wounded buck does not hide, but will lie down in the most open spot he can find, and there will generally be a circle of jackals waiting round him. They can sometimes be easily shot at dusk, when they are apt to blunder close to a caravan. The horns vary in shape, and are often malformed or wanting in symmetry, being generally lyrate, the points turning inwards and forwards. The largest pair I have seen measured seventeen inches, following the curve; the average is about fourteen inches.

THE GUBAN OR LOWLAND GAZELLE (*Gazella pelzelni*)

THE OGO OR PLATEAU GAZELLE (*Gazella spekei*)

Native name of both, *Déro*.

The plateau gazelle, which has the ridges of loose skin over the nose well developed, inhabits the elevated country, commencing about thirty-five miles inland. It is found south of Gólis, in Ogo and in the Haud, as well as in Ogo-Guban, the country near Hargeisa where Guban rises gradually into Ogo. I have shot numbers of gazelles for food at various times, and have always noticed that the plateau variety has a much thicker and longer coat than the other. This is possibly the result of natural selection, as the high plains of Ogo and the Haud, where it lives, are subject to sweeping cold winds, and the nights very cold. The altitude of these plains inhabited by the plateau gazelle is from three thousand to over six thousand feet, but doubtless they go much lower towards Ogádén. The great step



of Gólis, with its prolongations east and west, which rises some forty miles inland and separates Guban, the low coast country, from Ogo, the high interior country, forms the natural line of demarcation between these two gazelles.

The short-coated, light-coloured lowland gazelle, which re-



MALE LOWLAND GAZELLE  
(*Gazella pelzelni*).

Length of horns on curve, 12½  
inches.

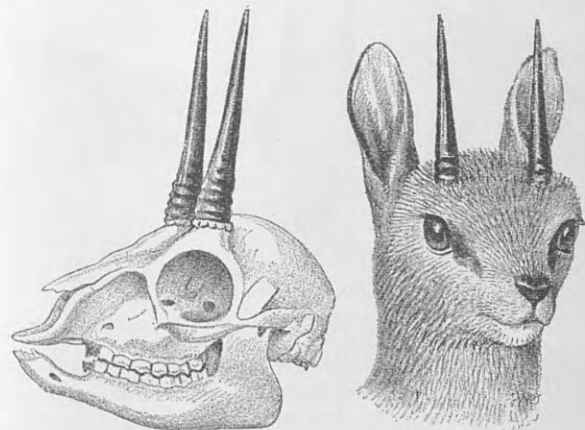
sembles the former in size, is found below in Guban, to the north of Gólis. I have generally observed that the gazelles of the low country carried rather longer horns than those of the plateau gazelle, which are shorter, thicker, more curved, and better annulated. The habits of both are alike. They go in moderate herds of from three up to about ten, and are fond of stony or sandy undulating ground and ravines, thinly dotted with mimósas.

Both kinds are fond of salt, but do not want water, and it is hard to understand what they can pick up to eat in the wretched ground frequented by them. They generally avoid thick bush, and have curiosity which amounts to impudence, but are wonderfully on the alert and hard to shoot, seeming to know the range of a rifle, and presenting a small target.

THE KLIPSPRINGER (*Oreotragus saltator*)

Somáli name, *Alakud*

These small antelopes live in the most rugged mountains, poising themselves on large boulders and leaping from rock to rock. They are neither shy nor hard to shoot. Gólis and



KLIPSPRINGER (*Oreotragus saltator*).

Length of horns, 3¼ inches.

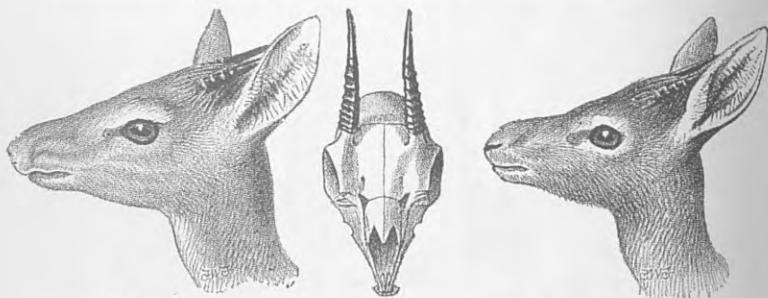
Assa Ranges, and the hills near Gebili, are the best ground in which to look for them. *Alakud* go in twos and threes. The longest horns I saw in Somaliland were about three and a half inches in length. The females are hornless. The coat is very coarse, resembling that of no other antelope; the hairs being almost like quills, and so loosely planted in the skin that it is difficult to preserve a specimen. The hoofs are also peculiar, being nearly cylindrical, and cup-shaped underneath.

## THE DIK-DIK OR SAKÁRO ANTELOPES

*Sakáro Guyu* (*Madoqua swaynei*)  
*Sakáro Gol Ass* (*Madoqua phillipsi*)  
*Sakáro Gussuli* (*Madoqua guentheri*)

General native name, *Sakáro*

These little antelopes weigh less than an English hare, and I think *Guyu* must be among the smallest of the antelope tribe. In all three the horns are well corrugated at the base, sharply pointed, and from one inch to three inches long. The eyes are enormously large in proportion to the size of the head.



*Madoqua phillipsi.*

DIK-DIK ANTELOPES.

Length of horns, 2½ inches.

*Madoqua swaynei.*

The *Gol Ass* (*i.e.* "red belly") is the ordinary Dik-Dik, found all over Guban and Ogo and in parts of the Haud and Ogádén. The *Guyu* differs in being very much smaller, and having the sides of the belly yellowish-gray instead of reddish-yellow. It appears to be found in the localities frequented by the *Gol Ass*. In fact both have been shot indiscriminately by sportsmen under the name Dik-Dik, which is the term used by Europeans, who have often noticed the great variation in the size of adult specimens. My attention was first called to the two native names only at the end of my last expedition, which led to the discovery that they represented distinct species.

I came on *Gussuli* for the first time about a day's journey south of Seyyid Mahomed's village in the Malingúr tribe, and found it to exist all over the Rer Amáden country. Its range

coincides nearly with that of the rhinoceros, and it is found, like the latter animal, in parts of the Haud, where its ground overlaps with the range of the *Gol Ass*. The *Gussuli* is if anything slightly larger than the *Gol Ass*, and of a dead gray colour, with a white belly. The female appears to be much larger than the male; and it is a safe rule, when trying to shoot the buck of a pair, to aim at the smaller one.

The *Gol Ass* and *Guyu* have short muzzles, while that of the



-Dik-Dik and Gussuli-

GOL ASS (*Madoqua phillipsi*).

*Gussuli* is very long, resembling the snout of a tapir. The two former are found in pairs, seldom more than three being seen together. They give a shrill alarm-whistle, uttered two or three times in quick succession, and are often a nuisance, being apt to disturb more valuable game. The *Gussuli* start up three or four at a time, and sometimes the undergrowth seems to be alive with them. These small antelopes are very easily knocked over with a shot-gun and No. 4 shot. They give good sport in the evening, when they are liveliest, especially if followed silently and fired at with a rook-rifle, for they give plenty of

chances when they stand to look back. The female exposes herself most, and is consequently most often shot. All *Sakáro* prefer broken ground, where there is good cover of low scrub or aloes, and they are never seen in open grass plains. They lie close like hares, and when disturbed dart out with successive hops, at a great pace. I have often seen about eighty *Sakáro* in the course of a day's march. They nibble the young shoots of the low *khansa* and other bushes; and like to be near water, going to drink at mid-day and just after nightfall.

After my second Webbe trip I collected specimens of the three kinds, which, with those already collected by Mr. Lort Phillips and other sportsmen, enabled Mr. O. Thomas to ascertain that all were new; and they were then described by him (*P.Z.S.*, April 1894), and called respectively *Madoqua swaynei*, *M. phillipsi*, and *M. guentheri*.

#### THE BAIRA ANTELOPE (*Dorcotragus megalotis*)

Native name, *Baira*

The *Baira* antelope, which my brother and I believed to be new, was described by Herr Menges (*Zool. Anz.* xvii. 1894) as *Oreotragus megalotis*. Specimens had been submitted by me to Mr. O. Thomas, who pronounced it new a few days before Herr Menges brought his specimens forward in Germany for the purposes of description.

I first heard of it near Ali-Maan, in the Gadabursi country, among very rugged hills, in the autumn of 1891, when my brother saw two, but failed to get a shot. He described them as reddish antelopes, rather larger than the klipspringer, with small straight horns, bounding away among the rocks in exactly the same manner as the klipspringer.

On my last trip the Somális assured me that I should find them on Wagar Mountain and on Negegr, which is its eastern continuation, lying about forty miles south-south-east of Berbera, and rising to between six and seven thousand feet. They said it was nearly as large as an ordinary plateau gazelle, but reddish; also that it inhabited ground similar to the klipspringer, but was shy and difficult to shoot. On leaving the coast on my last trip I sent men in to look for the *Baira*, offering a reward for a good head and skin of a male and female, and gave instructions to my agents in Berbera and Aden to pay the reward and send me the specimens.

#### GRÉVY'S ZEBRA (*Equus grevyi*)

Somáli name, *Fer'o*

Grévy's zebra, described, I believe, by the French from a zoological garden specimen, was first shot in Somáلیلاند by Colonel Paget and myself on our simultaneous expeditions early in 1893. I found these animals at Durhi, in Central Ogádén, between the Tug Fáfan and the Webbe, about three hundred miles inland from Berbera, and shot seven specimens, all of which were eaten by myself and my thirty followers; in fact, for many days we had no other food, although this was no hardship, for the meat is better than that of most of the antelopes, and is highly prized by the Rer Amáden and Malingúr tribes. The zebra was very common in the territory of these two tribes. The country is covered with scattered bush over its entire surface, and is stony and much broken up by ravines; the general elevation being about two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. Those which I saw (probably not more than two hundred in all) were met with in small droves of about half a dozen, on low plateaux covered with scattered thorn-bush and glades of *durr* grass, the soil being powdery, and red in colour, with an occasional outcrop of rocks. In such country they are easy to stalk, and I should never have fired at them for sport alone. I saw none in the open flats of the Webbe Valley, and they never come nearly so far north as the open grass plains of the Haud, Durhi south of the Fáfan being, I think, their northern limit. The young have longer coats, and the stripes are rather lighter brown, turning later on to a deep chocolate, which is nearly black in adult animals.

Zebras are very inquisitive; when we were encamped for some days at Eil-Fúd, in the Rer Amáden country, they used to come at night and bray and stamp round our camp, and were answered by my Abyssinian mule. The sounds made by the two animals are somewhat similar.

#### WILD ASS (*Equus asinus somalicus*)

Native name, *Gumburi*

The wild ass is common in sterile parts of Guban, especially to the east of Berbera. In Ogádén its place is taken by the zebra. It is a fine animal and has striped legs. It can scarcely be considered as fair game to the sportsman.



## MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

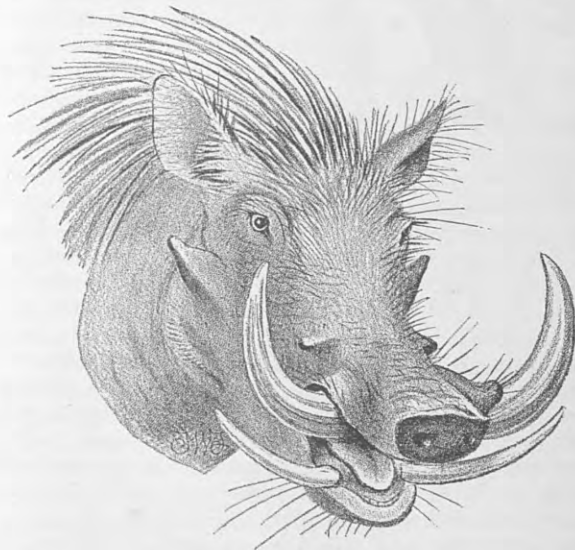
Leopards (*Shabél*) are very abundant in Somáland, and are the great scourge of the shepherds. They spring into karias at night without fear, and nearly all the losses among sheep and goats are caused either by leopards or hyænas. On Gólis Range, round Mandeira, they are especially common, and it is not an unusual thing to hear them coughing by day from the shelter of some cave in the mountains. The sound is most like that of a saw being drawn to and fro through a plank, only much deeper, and can be heard at a great distance. Leopards are so stealthy that they are seldom seen by day. The best way to kill one is to wait among the tribes near the foot of the mountain, and having found a karia particularly favoured by them, to construct a shelter and tie up a goat (preferably a half-grown one), which will bleat; if the leopard charge the goat, it is best to wait till he is quietly lying over the victim drinking its blood, offering a certain shot. Another way is to find out the cave where the leopard lives, and to tie up a goat just before dusk and sit over it for half an hour.

Leopards are found in all kinds of ground, and not necessarily in hilly country. I have had them spring into my camp more than a dozen times, and one which could not get over our zeriba in any other way, ran along the branch of a tree under which our camp had been pitched, and dropped perpendicularly down among us, close to the goats; luckily he was driven off in time by the sentry. Many goats have been killed inside my camp by leopards.

Wart-hogs (*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*), called *Dófar* by the Somális, are common, especially along the base of Gólis. Most of the ground which they inhabit is not suitable for hard riding, so when they have exceptionally fine tusks they are shot. The Somáli, being a good Mussulman, will touch neither a dead wart-hog nor the knife which has been used in cutting off the head; and if tempted by a fine pair of tusks to kill a wart-hog, the traveller must be ready to tackle this job himself. It is tough work skinning the head, and annoying to have to hang the tin box or bucket, in which the skull has been packed, daily on a camel, to say nothing of preserving the head and cleaning the skull. I have always done this work myself with as pleasant a face as possible, in spite of strong looks of disapproval from the natives; and the few wart-hog skulls I have brought home well

repaid me for my labour. It is worth knowing that a Midgán or a starving Somáli may sometimes be bribed to do this unclean work, provided no one is looking on and the matter is kept a secret.

Ostriches (*Goreigu*) are occasionally seen on level plains all over the country, especially where the bush is not very thick. They are only numerous in the open prairies; and are terribly shy. The best rifle to take in hand on seeing an ostrich is the



WART-HOG (*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*).

Outside width in a straight line across tusks, 12½ inches.

Lee-Metford. As a rule, they are seen running along at a great pace at a distance of between eight hundred yards and a mile away, having seen the human beings first. Or they stand perfectly still, with their bodies under cover and their small heads looking over the top of a bush if there is one to be found. In all our journeys my brother and I only succeeded in shooting one cock ostrich each.

In 1891, on the plain south of the Miriya Pass, my brother and I witnessed an instance of the manner in which Midgáns

hunt the ostrich. We saw an ostrich and its half-grown chick walking over the bare plain, followed by an unladen camel, behind



MALE PLATEAU GAZELLE (*Gazella spekei*).  
Length of horns on curve, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

which were stalking the Midgáns. They said that they had been after the birds since the morning of the day before, and having already killed the female, hoped to get the male bird then or on the following day, and if successful they would catch and rear the young one. Ostriches are said to be often shot by following them on horseback, the riders being placed in relays along the probable line of flight. They are kept moving by day to prevent their feeding, for they cannot see to move

or feed by night, so that in a few days they become weak and are thus easily ridden down. Midgáns often keep a few of them tame, no doubt mostly caught when very young, but I have never seen ostrich-farming on a large scale in Somáliland. The spotted hyæna (*Warába*) is very common, but the striped hyæna (*Didar*) rather rare. There is a wild dog called *Yei*, which the natives say hunts in packs, but I have never seen one. Spotted hyænas prowl round the zeriba of the traveller every night, looking for scraps of meat. I have had goats carried off when tethered to the zeriba. Among the karias they sometimes carry off children and kill women, and men found alone in the bush are often attacked by them, the face being nearly always seized and a large piece torn away. So voracious is the hyæna that it often pulls off the tail of a camel or the udder of a cow.

Crocodiles (*Jaház*) swarm in the Webbe Shabéleh river. There are a few schools of hippopotami (*Jér*), one of which had its usual

abode near Sen Morettu, but I failed to find it, only coming upon the fresh tracks.

There are giraffes (*Giri* or *Halgiri*) in the Aulihán country, three days from Burka on the Webbe, but I gave them up for the chance of going to the Arussi Gállas. This animal differs from the South African giraffe in its markings. The South African form is more spotted; the Somáli form has lighter markings, and the patches of colour are divided into more hexagonal and sexagonal shapes, as pointed out in a letter to the *Field* by Mr. Rowland Ward in February 1894, who gave a description of the first one shot in Somáliland by Major Wood.

While on the Webbe I was informed that four buffalo (*Jámus*) bulls had strayed from the Geriré Gállá country through eighty miles of bush, and had taken up their abode in the forest on the Webbe banks at Sen Morettu, four years before my visit to that spot. My informant, a Gilimiss Somáli, told me that his father had killed two, two years before, with poisoned arrows. I found the fresh tracks of the remaining two, and tried for a whole day to get a sight of them, but unsuccessfully. Buffaloes are said by the Gállas to be plentiful on the Webbe Wéb, a tributary of the Juba, four days distant from Karanleh.

Baboons (*Dáyér*) are occasionally seen in the rocks round the river-beds, especially in different parts of Guban. My first meeting with these animals was an interesting experience. It was when on my first surveying expedition, and while encamped at Aleyaláleh on the Issutugan river, with an escort of Indian cavalry and mounted police, that I first saw baboons. At this spot the river cuts deeply into a plateau, forming a gully two or three hundred feet deep. A troop of some two hundred baboons came down towards evening from the cliffs, on their way to drink at the stream. Several of the old males were nearly as large as retriever dogs, and had handsome gray manes, which at dusk gave them the appearance of lions. There were several females carrying young ones on their backs, and as the long strings of baboons climbed along the narrow ledges, they kept up a hoarse barking which sounded very like language, and could be heard from a great distance echoing among the hills. They are savage brutes, and take up positions as if to dispute the passage of any one climbing the cliffs; and I have no doubt, with his long teeth and great strength, one of the old males could kill an unarmed man.

I had given the troopers some spare cartridges to amuse

themselves with, by taking shots at marks, and the native officer, who had been strolling about below the cliffs, fired a shot at an old male baboon and brought him down. I was in camp, and on hearing a hot fire going on, ran out, thinking we were attacked by raiders. It transpired that an Arab camel-



FEMALE PLATEAU GAZELLE (*Gazella spekei*).

Length of horns on curve, average 9 inches.

man had been sent up to the base of the cliffs to get the body of the baboon, and had been attacked by the whole troop from above, having to beat a hasty retreat under cover of the fire from several Sniders, and on my joining the men, another male fell to my Express, tumbling perpendicularly nearly fifty feet down the cliffs. When at last we secured the carcasses, I was struck by their wonderfully human-like appearance, and have

never again brought myself to shoot a monkey. I have seen baboons scores of times since, and have never molested them, and as they soon get over their shyness and fear of man, I have been able to watch their habits closely.

Besides these maned baboons, we found in the belt of forest on the Webbe banks a maneless baboon and a small tree-monkey. In parts of this forest the monkeys and baboons simply swarm. They spring about everywhere above and around the traveller, and the stench is nearly unbearable.

Among game-birds the most noticeable are three kinds of the bustard tribe (*Salalmadli*), three species of guinea-fowl (*Digirin*), partridges, sand-grouse, and a wild goose in Ogádén. Birds of prey are very conspicuous, there being at least two kinds of vultures (*Gur-Gur*) and a small black and white eagle, kites, ravens, and the great black and white carrion-storks, which stand about four feet high and have very large orange-coloured beaks.

Jackals (*Dowáo*), with black and silver backs, are very common; also foxes, a small variety of hare (*Bokheila*), a badger very like the English kind, two kinds of squirrel, gray and brown (*Dabergáli*), and the little rock-rabbits (*Bauna*). There is a mouse-coloured animal of the weasel kind (*Shók-Shók*), which lives under the roots of trees and hunts in packs. Snakes are numerous, three kinds most often met with being an adder (*Abeso*), a variegated rock-snake (*Abguri*), and a black snake called *muss*, all of which are said to be very deadly. There is also a lizard nearly four feet long. Among the insects may be mentioned mosquitoes (*Kan-ád*)—they are only troublesome, however, on the Webbe and in the Esa and Gadabursi countries; two kinds of gadfly; a large spider (*Hangeyu*), which produces a web almost exactly like golden silk, to be found in any old zeriba in the Haud; scorpions, and two kinds of centipede (*Hanjagári*).



## APPENDIX I

### ON FITTING OUT SOMALI EXPEDITIONS

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

EXAMPLE I.—Calculation of six weeks' trip to Guban and Ogo—Composition of caravan, and expenses.

EXAMPLE II.—Eight weeks' trip to the Haud and the more accessible parts of Ogádén.

EXAMPLE III.—Sixteen weeks' trip to distant Ogádén and the Webbe—General notes on trips to the Webbe and Gállaland—Notes on caravan defence—Notes on preliminary steps, and how to engage and pay off a caravan.

For an English sportsman, Somáland is probably the best hunting-ground in Africa. The climate is healthy, and not too hot in the higher districts; the English are universally popular, and the natives appreciate sport. The caravan, when once properly provisioned at the coast, renders one independent in a country practically without villages or supplies. The game is shy and not too easy to get, which is an advantage from a sporting point of view. There is room for many simultaneous expeditions if they are only pushed into unexplored ground, and a great variety of game is found within a limited area. Above all, there is easy access to the Somáli coast from civilised parts.

I have been asked so often to give information to intending travellers to Somáland, that, for the guidance of those who contemplate visiting that country, I publish the following suggestions.

It is not to be expected that every traveller can share the same views on subjects connected with the fitting-out of an expedition; but by way of illustration I shall calculate a few examples of the caravans which I should myself organise for certain definite objects. Whether the intending traveller agree with me or not, he will at least gain an insight into some of the more necessary details connected with the needs and precautions attendant upon the fitting-out and conducting of caravans into the interior of Somáland.

To begin with, if there are two or more Europeans in an expedition, in my opinion each should have his own caravan complete. There are several reasons for this. Where there are two or three Europeans with a combined caravan of mixed servants, it is difficult to ensure that equal loyalty shall be extended by the Somális to each member of the party. Interests clash, and the result has, according to all I have heard, too often been a spoilt trip. In my journeys with my brother the value of

distinctly organised caravans was recognised at once, and we held to this system throughout, the result being that even our servants and camelmen pulled well together, and we had no difficulties.

It is convenient in safe country, when an increase of sport can be obtained thereby, for the different Europeans to separate. Thus A hears of a lion two days' march away; B goes three days' march in the opposite direction to search a valley believed to contain elephants; C forms a camp in the hills twenty miles away for a week's koodoo-shooting. In unsafe country, or where there is sport for all at one spot, the camps may be reunited, the dinners clubbed together, the tents pitched side by side, and the camels joined into one herd. But the distinct organisation of each caravan should be preserved, under the command of its own white leader, assisted by his Somáli headman. In this way only, with the maximum of supervision, aided by a feeling of *esprit de corps* between the different caravans, can the maximum of work be got out of Somális.

I am against taking servants from India. They require a great deal of water, and are at enmity with their surroundings in a country where there are practically no villages or bazaars, and where they are almost "put to Coventry" by the natives. Somális think them effeminate, saying they may be men in the town, but that they become women in the bush, especially in the waterless Haud! In our Dolbahanta journey the women ran after my Madras cook, who was dressed in flowing white with a large turban, and asked him whose wife he was! Sometimes when my brother was out of camp, the Somáli members of the expedition used to throw stones at his Punjabi "bearer," and although a fine fellow in his own country, among the strange surroundings he used to break down and ask to be sent to the coast. It is not necessary to take Indians; for Somális, though often rather rough as servants in a civilised household, pick up their duties quickly, and are good enough for the jungle.

In fitting out a caravan, the chief factors governing the calculation are:—

- (1) What is the minimum number of armed men that should be taken into the district to be visited.
- (2) Whether or not the district is waterless.
- (3) The duration of the trip.

As regards the first consideration, I will mention different districts, and state what escort I should take into each, assuming political conditions to be as favourable as they were in 1893. Local disturbances of course arise, but on the whole the country is becoming safer every year for Europeans. My estimate may soon be out of date; and the political authorities in Aden, who are in touch with events in Somáland, must be consulted as to the strength of the escort. Permission must be obtained from the same authorities to enter Northern Somáland at all. And certain rules have been framed for sportsmen.

At ordinary times I should ride about alone, though of course armed, within the area contained by lines joining Berbera, Wagar, Hargeisa, and Elmas Mountain; and in this area the natives may often be seen unarmed. As a matter of fact a sportsman should always have a few Somális in attendance, either armed with his spare sporting rifles or with their own spears. A European who went unarmed about the country would excite the universal derision of the natives, for it is their own fashion to go armed.

Outside this area, in the explored parts of the British Protectorate,

I think from eight to fifteen rifles should be distributed among the followers; and on the Abyssinian border, or in the Gadabursi and Dolbahanta countries, fifteen to thirty rifles. In distant Ogádén, on the Webbe Shabéleh, and on the western Gállá border, I recommend from twenty to thirty rifles, and the same in the unexplored country along the coast east of Karam. For the nearer Gállá tribes south of the Webbe, and for the Aulihán Somális, I should take from thirty to fifty rifles. For a distant exploration into the far interior of Gálláland, likely to be inhabited by hostile natives, were I going on such an expedition, I would not take less than from fifty to one hundred and fifty rifles. These estimates are necessarily very rough, for so much depends on the number of camels to be protected and the number of white men; and in the last case I have given my opinion on evidence obtained from the Somális, and not with any personal experience of the Gállá country itself. The strongest escort I have had at any time in my Somáli trips has been about thirty rifles.<sup>1</sup>

The object of these escorts in all but the last case is to guard against a possible raid by some robber band. Once, to my knowledge, in the Jibril Abokr country, an English sportsman's camp was, during his absence, sacked by some of these rascals. At night, too, the caravan of a European might easily be mistaken for that of Somáli traders, and in case of an attack it would be awkward, not to say undignified, for the caravan to be incapable of defence. It is very unlikely that the authorities at Aden would allow any traveller to go into the interior without his having made some provision of this sort.

Hostility from any Somáli tribes, as a whole, has not entered into my calculations, because only a large escort, such as I have advised for distant Gállá explorations, could stay in the country in the face of a combined movement of the natives. Even with a large escort the country would soon be rendered uninhabitable by tampering with wells and other expedients which Somális thoroughly understand, and the traveller would be forced to retreat, or advance so rapidly to a more friendly tribe that enemies would have no time to collect. It is with the consent of the natives that we travel, because the English are popular, and no hostility need be feared except the unlikely chance of an attack by robbers, made probably by mistake. No robbers armed only with spears would, as a general rule, knowingly attack the well-armed caravan of a European. There have, however, been one or two exceptions. The country is only really dangerous to a native traveller, and that it is so the daily police records at Berbera show.

#### EXAMPLE I<sup>2</sup>

We will first suppose that a single European proposes to spend six weeks travelling, purely for sport, in the explored parts of the British Protectorate, political conditions being favourable. We will assume that he does not wish to extend his wanderings far into the Haud. The above trip would be suitable for a sportsman from Aden having very limited

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, by the treaty with Abyssinia in 1897, sportsmen are not allowed to cross the border with armed escorts.

<sup>2</sup> These examples were written before the prohibition to take armed parties across the Abyssinian border came into force.

leave, as those from London or Bombay would probably go farther and try unexplored ground.

The minimum number of personal servants will be as follows:—

One body servant to look after the tent and bedding, and lay out the meals. He should also be able to interpret.

One cook.

Two hunters (*shikáris*) to track, collect news of game, carry spare rifles, clean them, and skin and prepare specimens.

One personal camelman to lead, saddle, and tend the Somáli camel which will be ridden, at a walking pace, by the European traveller. I have found this method of progression, though slow, irksome and rather uncomfortable. Whenever game is sighted it is possible to jump off for a shot, or fire from the camel's back. Spare rifles, ammunition, blankets, and food can be carried, which would be impossible where a pony is ridden. A pony requires water in the Haud, whereas a Somáli camel does not. In long expeditions, where expensive arrangements are made on a large scale, it may answer to take a good Arab trotting camel from Aden. These camels, though excellent in every way, require grain daily, and water at least every second day; while Somáli camels, though incapable of trotting, have the advantage of picking up their own food by the wayside, and can, at a pinch, march without water for nearly a fortnight. If it is decided to take ponies, they can be obtained nearly anywhere in Somáland.

For the led camel an Arab pad saddle must be bought in Aden, and as it is sometimes difficult to procure, it might with advantage be ordered beforehand.

The following articles may be carried on the camel ridden by the European:—

A pair of saddle-bags.

Haversacks containing food and spare ammunition.

Small hand camera.

A couple of spare sporting rifles.

Two or three blankets.

Large water-bottle.

Prismatic compass (if used).

It is the duty of the personal camelman to see that these are correctly packed on the camel at the beginning of a march, and safely housed in the tent on camp being pitched.

Thus we have five personal servants. The remaining servants will be camelmen for the baggage camels, and temporary servants who may be engaged for short periods in the interior, such as guides. Some of the camelmen should know something of the line of proposed travel, and be able to act as guides if local men fail.

Over all, whether personal servants or camelmen, should be placed a headman or caravan commander, who will also be interpreter and confidential adviser to his European master. He should know whichever of the three languages—Arabic, Hindustáni, or English—his master wishes to make the medium between himself and the natives. His business is to superintend the loading of the camels, select the site for the halting-place, and superintend pitching the camp; to interview chiefs and natives who visit the camp, to have military command of the caravan in the absence of his master, to arrange for the relief of sentries at night, and choose the place for the zeríba and the watch-fires.

Assisted by one of the camelmen, who will have extra pay for the purpose, he should weigh out the daily rations, and be responsible for all native food, and for any game-meat handed over by the hunters. In fact, he is responsible to his master for everything that goes on in the caravan.

On this man the success of the expedition chiefly depends. Having once chosen my headman, I allow him to suit himself as regards engaging camelmen, insisting that they shall not all belong to one tribe. I always choose my personal servants myself.

In order to calculate roughly the number of baggage-camels and camelmen required, it will be necessary to estimate the number of loads that would have to be carried if the rations and spare ammunition of the camelmen were left out. That is, we must first ascertain the number of camel-loads which would be a constant quantity in the calculation.

Whatever the number of baggage-camels and camelmen may be, the European, the headman, and the five personal servants are a constant quantity. Three natives engaged locally in the interior may be added to this number, so without counting the baggage camelmen we have one European and nine Somáls to provide rations for.

Thus we have the following camel-loads, namely,—

(a) 42 days' rations for 1 European.

(b) 42 days' rations for 9 Somáls (with percentage for guests).

(c) Baggage of the European.

(d) Sporting ammunition, spare ammunition for 9 Somáls, and extras.

We will add up these items. Let A be the resulting number of camel-loads.

By a simple calculation we can now tell how many baggage camels and camelmen we shall want. Thus—

The custom is for one camelman to look after two camels.

A camelman's rations (with percentage for guests) for 42 days will be—

Rice	.	.	.	.	.	49 lbs.
Dates	.	.	.	.	.	26 "
Ghee	.	.	.	.	.	8 "
His spare ammunition, say	.	.	.	.	.	6 "
Total	.	.	.	.	.	89 lbs.,

or a third of a camel-load.

Thus, as one camelman looks after two camels, the weight due to his rations and ammunition will put one-sixth of a camel-load upon each of them; and so to carry five of the loads A we shall want six camels. Hence divide the number A by five and multiply by six, and we shall have the number of camels we must purchase for the caravan, and the number of camelmen we must engage to look after them will be half this.

I consider 275 lbs. a fair load of European baggage for a Somáli camel, not counting the weight of the camel-mats. All compact weights, such as dates, are difficult to carry, and 260 lbs. is a full load; while loads distributed over plenty of surface, such as rice *loghs* or water in several *háns*, are easily carried, and so in such cases the loads may go up to 340 lbs.

If we allow  $1\frac{1}{2}$  camel-loads for 42 days' rations for one European, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  for his baggage (including tent, cooking-pots, spare rifles and ammunition, and so forth), 1 camel for cloth and extras, and 3 for Somáli rations, then A stands for 8, and our caravan will require by our rough calculation ten baggage camels and five camelmen.



One of these camelmen will be given a slight increase of pay, and be made *makadam* in charge of the camels and camelmen, under the headman of the caravan.

The duties of the camelmen will be to load and unload the camels, lead them when on the march, keep guard over them when grazing, and water them when necessary.

In addition to the special duties of camelmen, servants, and hunters, every Somáli member of the expedition, including the headman, should take his share of the following duties which are necessary for the common comfort, namely,—

To carry a rifle or spear and aid in defence if necessary.

Sentry duties in camp.

Collecting firewood for the watch-fires.

Water-supply for camp use.

Forming the zeriba round the camp.

If every Somáli, without exception, is made to take his share in these duties there will be no jealousy or trouble. The European, to whom the climate is strange, should be the only man exempt from such duty; but when away from camp, with only two or three attendants, I was accustomed to take my share.

There being such a small force, it will pay to arm the eleven men with good weapons, such as Martini or Snider carbines, or Remingtons. I have also generally given or lent my men the following equipment, namely, one "kháki" drill coat, with pockets; one cartridge-belt and pouch to contain an oiled rag, one brown blanket, and one cheap butcher's knife in leather sheath. This equipment is not absolutely necessary, but is desirable if the escort is to be smart and efficient. The cartridge-belt should be made to contain thirty cartridges, of which a few should be loaded with buckshot for sentry-duty at night. It is necessary to be careful that men who may accompany their master when shooting have no white about their clothing, as it drives away game.

The headman, five personal servants, and five camelmen, eleven in all, will be the permanent party engaged beforehand, who will serve throughout the trip and return with the caravan to the coast. In addition, enough food should be carried for the following temporary servants, to be engaged locally in the interior and dismissed again as required, namely,—

Two guides, one being for the white man, to accompany him and the two hunters when out shooting; the other, who may with advantage be an influential *Akil*,<sup>1</sup> to guide the camel caravan.

One small boy, to look after milk-goats, sheep, or donkeys, which it may be necessary to buy in the interior and drive with the caravan. Donkeys are useful as baits for lions.

We shall require to buy twelve camels, ten being for baggage, one for the European to ride, one a spare animal without mats or load. About 10 per cent is a good proportion of spare camels. They are not absolutely necessary, but desirable.

We will now accurately calculate what will be the loads, and whether the ten baggage camels will be able to carry them.

The loads will come under the following heads:—

(a) Rations, 42 days, for 14 Somális (with percentage for guests).

(b) Rations, 42 days, for one European.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* a "wise man," elder, or petty chief.

(c) Private baggage, tent, and instruments of European.

(d) Spare ammunition for escort, and spare sporting ammunition.

(e) Cloth for payments in the interior, a large cooking-pot for the men, and miscellaneous extras.

Although it is advisable to allow for a day's water being carried on any Somáli expedition, we will neglect water-supply in the present calculation. It is fully gone into in Example II.

The rations for a caravan follower are 1 lb. rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. dates, and 2 oz. ghee (clarified butter) per man per diem.

The dates are sold at Aden and Berbera, compressed into a solid mass. They are good eating even for a European, when fairly fresh, and they keep in good condition for a few months.

The ghee is required for mixing with the daily allowance of boiled rice. In the early days of our Protectorate the ghee-ration was fixed for Government followers at 1 oz., but as nearly all the complaints and caravan-troubles were traced to insufficiency of ghee, my brother and I gave 2 oz. in our later expeditions, and then everything went smoothly. It will be found that the ghee disappears quickly, being the most popular part of the ration; the dates come next, and the rice last. Dates often come in handy when a native has to be sent on a two or three days' errand through the bush.

It has been my custom to take into the interior a spring-balance or steelyard reading to about 90 lbs., and every fortnight to check the consumption of rice, dates, and ghee in bulk. A gallon measure and a pair of small scales should not be forgotten.

Daily at the camps several natives will appear at about meal-time as self-constituted guests. To such it should be explained politely, but firmly, that there is water in the well and grass upon the plain, but no food in camp for loafers. A present of a pinch of tobacco will turn the applicant into a friend for life.

It is desirable, however, to set aside a proportion for necessary guests, and after calculating the rations for the members of the expedition I usually add the following:—Rice,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Dates,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Ghee,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The rice-ration for 14 Somális for 42 days will be 588 lbs.; add  $\frac{1}{8}$  for guests, and we have 686 lbs. Rice is sold in bags containing each about 170 lbs.; and before starting each bag should, for convenience of loading, be broken up into three long sausage-shaped bags, called *loghs*. Two bags of rice, or six *loghs*, make a camel-load.

Thus we have, rice, 2 camel-loads. The dates-ration for 14 Somális for 42 days will be 294 lbs.; add  $\frac{1}{4}$  for guests, and we have 368 lbs.

Dates are sold by the *gosra*, weighing about 130 lbs., enclosed in a rough reed basket or bag. For convenience of transport this is divided into two parts, and two *gosras*, or four half *gosras*, go upon one camel. Thus we have, dates,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  camel-loads.

The ghee ration for 14 Somális for 42 days will be 1176 oz.; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  for guests, and we have 1764 oz., or 110 lbs. The ghee is sold by the *gumba*, a goatskin-bag closed at the mouth by a framework of sticks and a lump of clay. Each *gumba* contains 25 lbs. ghee or less. We will suppose the 110 lbs. ghee is carried in five *gumbas*, weighing with their contents 145 lbs. Thus we have, ghee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  camel-load.

It tends to cheerfulness if a small supply of native coffee, tobacco, and

salt be carried for the men. The tobacco is chewed, and the coffee drunk before early marches on cold mornings.

Next we have to calculate for the stores of one European for 42 days. I recommend that several wooden boxes be made, measuring about 1 foot 6 inches by 2 feet, and 1 foot 1 inch deep, capable of being padlocked, with the cover on hinges, and two rope handles for convenience of handling. All the liquids which have to be kept in bottles may go in one box, and all the tinned and other stores in another, the pair containing a fortnight's supply, and each loading up to about 65 lbs.

The liquids will be something like the following (a fortnight's supply):—

Whisky	2 bottles
Carbolic oil (for sores of men or perhaps camels)	1 bottle
Carbolic acid, strong	1 small bottle
Cocoonut oil for lamps	a supply
Turpentine for preparing skins	about 6 bottles
Oil for cleaning rifles	a supply
Two or three bottles of tart fruits.	
A bottle of pickles.	

The stores will be something like the following (for one fortnight):—

Tea	Pepper <sup>1</sup>	Sugar <sup>1</sup>
Coffee	Mustard <sup>1</sup>	Tinned butter
Cocoa	Salt <sup>1</sup>	Tinned soups
Sardines	Potted meats	Oatmeal
Candles	Biscuits	Flour <sup>1</sup>
Matches	Rice	Powdered alum <sup>1</sup> (for
Tinned potato powder	Jams	preparing skins)
Soap	Swiss milk	Tinned fruits

Of Swiss milk very little need be taken, as milk-goats can be bought and driven along with the caravan. Soups are most useful, and I usually take about ten tins for a fortnight. Fresh potatoes can be bought in Aden, and will last for the first three weeks of the trip. They would go in a separate sack. Onions may be taken in the same way. Biscuits and small tins of potted meats, provided salt-kinds such as anchovy and bloaters are omitted, are useful to carry in the pocket when out for a day's hunting. The salt-kinds are objectionable as they induce thirst. I seldom carried any large tins of meat. Dried game meat can always be saved, to be used in case of emergency.

I only used lamp-oil for two bull's-eye lanterns which I kept for theodolite work. They make good night referring-points if fixed half a mile away. I had candle-lanterns for camp use, and spring candlesticks with glass globes for the tent.

Four of these boxes, containing stores or liquors, will go on one camel. Thus we have—European rations and stores for 42 days, 1½ camel-loads. For private baggage, tent, instruments, cooking-pots, and bedding, allow 2 camel-loads. For cloth, large cooking-pot for the men, bags of spare ammunition for sporting rifles, and extras, we will allow 1 camel-load. The men will carry thirty rounds each in their cartridge-belts or pouches, and for such a short trip it will not be necessary to

<sup>1</sup> These stores should be sewn up in small bags, each to contain a fortnight's supply.

have more than fifty rounds per man carried in one box. A little buckshot and blank ammunition should also be carried, the latter being useful for drill and firing salutes.

Sporting ammunition should be carried in haversacks or magazines distributed about the loads, each rifle having its own bag of ammunition; and a little should be carried in a couple of haversacks on the riding camel, ready to hand. The sporting cartridges for the day's use should be carried in the pockets of the sportsman and his two hunters. If one large box of spare sporting ammunition and one box of Snider ball ammunition be also carried, we must allow—spare ammunition, ½ camel-load.

The loads for the ten baggage camels will be as follows:—

	Camel-loads.
(a) Native rations	4
(b) European rations	1½
(c) Private European baggage	3
(d) Ammunition	½
(e) Cloth and other extras	1
	—
	Total 10

The expenses of such a trip may be conveniently grouped as follows:—

- (1) Purchase of tent, rifles, and kit in London or Bombay.
- (2) Passages to and from Aden.
- (3) Hotel expenses in Aden.
- (4) Purchase of necessaries at Aden.
- (5) Passage from Aden to the Somali coast and back.
- (6) Purchase and sale of necessaries at the coast.
- (7) Purchase and sale of camels at the coast.
- (8) Petty expenses in the interior.
- (9) Pay of men of the caravan.

Only in the case of the last four items—that is, the sums which will be actually spent in Somaliland itself—can I give estimates; but it is just in these items the local knowledge is so valuable.

The currency used at Aden and the Somali coast ports is silver, usually rupees, or dollars (worth 2½ rupees); and the rupee is constant as regards purchasing power. The value of a rupee in English money can be found daily in the newspapers. When I was last at Aden a sovereign was worth about 16 rupees. A large supply of 2-anna pieces is necessary.

#### PURCHASE OF TENT, RIFLES, AND OTHER KIT

I recommend a double-fly 80 lb. "Cabul" tent. Somalis, who take shelter from rain under camel-mats, do not require a tent. I consider that in a comparatively dry country like Somaliland camp-furniture is superfluous. My tent arrangements are very simple. Between the two tent-poles five of the wooden store-boxes are placed side by side. One set of soft camel-mats (the Somali substitute for a pack-saddle) is spread over the boxes, and my blankets and pillow go over all. When marching fast I never pitch the tent at all, and in this case the boxes are piled to windward, to form a rampart about five feet high. Camel-mats are thrown over for a roof, and the bed is spread out on

the ground beneath. The mats may be thrown off when it is not raining, as in fine weather if there is no dew I prefer to have nothing to shut out the sky. This arrangement gives less trouble to the men, who may be tired after a long march, than pitching the tent; and it is much easier to load up for the early morning march. By day, when marching fast, I halt for three hours about noon, without pitching the tent, if two good trees are to be found.

When the tent is pitched the bed is arranged on the store-boxes, taking care that those which contain "expense stores" are not so used, as it is annoying if the cook is constantly disturbing the bedding to open boxes. Against one pole rests a jar of water, kept cool by the wind blowing upon the porous earthenware. This jar is carried on the camel in a framework of sticks. It can be bought in Berbera for half a rupee, and the butler may be rewarded with two rupees if it is brought back to the coast unbroken. The iron tent-pegs<sup>1</sup> should be handed to the same official, and, say, two annas given for every peg which finds its way back to the coast. The Somalis, though not naturally petty thieves, cannot resist iron tent-pegs; they are easily secreted, and disposed of to jungle natives, who make spears with the iron. All cutlery if not looked after is apt to disappear in the same way. At the back of my tent I usually stood a large bucket of water and waterproof sheet, or an india-rubber bath. Table and chairs I seldom took. In case of meeting Europeans, a substitute for a dining-table and chairs can be arranged by the help of the store-boxes, draped with different-coloured blankets.

The first thing after the tent has been pitched, two *auss*, or smooth grass camel-mats, are laid down as a substitute for floorcloth. To the right of the bed, on the ground, are laid small articles which may be required at a moment's notice, including the favourite rifle and cartridge-belt. At night this rifle is kept loaded, with a strip of white paper gummed along the central rib from the back-sight to the muzzle. When a leopard jumps into the middle of the camp, or there is a "war-scare," one or other of which incidents occurs on an average once a week in Somaliland, it is convenient not to have to waste valuable seconds in fumbling for these things in the dark. On the ground, to the left of the bed, are arranged haversacks, small camera, spare rifles, medicine-bag, instruments, a pair of saddle-bags, and other such articles; and to the right of the pillow is placed one store-box, and on it a candle-lantern, matches, and the favourite book, which is an absolute necessity of camp-life. For the spare clothing, books, spare instruments, stationery, and other articles, I recommend strong tin uniform-cases, or steel trunks, instead of leather trunks, because they can be left out in the rain without damage. Leather trunks are soon pulled out of shape by the loading ropes, and are liable to be utterly ruined by white ants in a single night. The tin cases may be painted white with ship's paint; when painted black they absorb the sun's rays and bake everything inside. Photograph plates and other perishable articles should be carefully packed to avoid damage from excessive heat, the sun's rays being so powerful; for instance, at noon in Guban a rifle barrel, if left lying exposed, soon becomes too hot to touch.

The sporting battery which I should take were I now fitting out an expedition, would be—

<sup>1</sup> The stony nature of much of the country renders these necessary.

One double .577 Express rifle (with 250 cartridges for six weeks).  
One double 8-bore Paradox ball-gun (with 150 ball cartridges and a few buckshot).

One double 12-bore Paradox ball-gun (with 100 ball, 200 shot).

One single Lee-Metford .303 rifle (with 300 rounds).

The cartridges should be filled and soldered up in tin in convenient quantities by the gunmaker. I have never taken the trouble to load rifle cartridges; a good maker will load them well, and if soldered up they will keep for months. I believe most of the letting off and wounding of game is due more to the inability to get close enough than to defects in rifle or cartridges. For the open plains, when the game is shy, the Lee-Metford will be useful. The grass is often so short that shots may be taken on the back position. Every shot knocks up a puff of dust, enabling one to correct the aim. In the case of an antelope the neck should be aimed at, so that the animal will be missed or killed; and a deadly shot is when the animal is standing head-on, so as to present the length of the body to a raking bullet. If the distance be very great, the animal will, if unwounded, stand for several shots. In this way long shots are not unsportsmanlike, and I must confess to a feeling of pleasure when an almost black bull hartebeest, whose horns have been admired at leisure through the telescope, and who has been standing four hundred yards away, drops dead. To fire at random into a herd, unless meat is urgently required, is utterly indefensible.

In buying rifles there is a choice of makers. Personally I have nearly always gone to Messrs. Holland and Holland for my rifles and ammunition, and have been perfectly satisfied with the way I have been treated. Their eight-bore Paradox ball-gun I consider the best weapon in the market for heavy game such as elephant or rhino. I had a four-bore rifle with fourteen drs. and hard spherical ball, but found that the conical steel-core projectile of the eight-bore gave greater shock and penetration.

Snider carbines are useful weapons for the escort, and it may be noted that the ammunition makes excellent practice at short ranges when fired out of a .577 Express. This can be done if the chamber happens to be of the right shape, and the knowledge has been useful to me more than once, although whether such a proceeding is good for the rifle is questionable. A revolver or pistol is a useful weapon to carry, especially if one wanders in the bush alone. I recommend, if a double *shikár* pistol be taken, that one of about .577 or twelve-bore be chosen, with one trigger for both barrels on the Lancaster principle. When after lion or leopard, and not well backed up by the gunbearer, a situation may arise where such a pistol would be handy. In a home charge the rifle would be knocked out of the hands, but the pistol, being on the belt, would always be ready. I have known two cases of a native trying to beat off a lion with his bare hands. One man was successful and the other lost his life. I feel sure that in the latter case a pistol would have made all the difference. It is worth remembering that when buying a Lee-Metford rifle of military pattern, the bayonet should be supplied with it, as it is a perfect *shikár* knife for the belt.

In disturbed country, where an attack by robbers may be apprehended, the eight-bore Paradox gun loaded with S.S.G. slugs would be a good night weapon to rely upon. I therefore recommend that a few cartridges be so loaded for this and the twelve-bore. Among the .577 Express



bullets should be about 10 per cent of hardened solid bullets. They may be very useful in finishing off heavy game.

When after thick-skinned game, such as elephant or rhino, I think the Lee-Metford would be a useful rifle, provided a quiet head-shot could be obtained with the animal standing still, both barrels of the double eight-bore being kept in reserve for use if it should get into motion. Although I have always believed in large-bore rifles, I think there is a great future in store for the small-bores of the Lee-Metford class, having a long bullet and plenty of powder. Although the section is so small, the great remaining velocity of the Lee-Metford bullet causes a considerable shock to the animal, especially if the latter has been standing end-on, and the bullet has raked forward for some distance. I consider the Lee-Metford about the best rifle for beisa-shooting in uninhabited country, and have in my latter trips had great success with it. I used the ordinary military cartridge.

With each of the sporting rifles there should be a strong magazine bag, which can be slung over any of the laden camels. Half the spare ammunition should be carried in this way, while the rest of all the sporting battery should be packed in one box, weighing about 50 lbs. Several leather or canvas haversacks should be made to carry food and small articles.

For the Snider carbines I recommend that for a six weeks' trip thirty rounds per man be carried in the belts, with a few rounds of buckshot for the use of sentries; besides this belt-ammunition, about fifty rounds per man should be in a box, and some blank ammunition for skirmishing drill and complimentary displays. If it is proposed to give the men much ball practice while in the interior, more ball ammunition should be taken. I recommend an hour of target practice once a week, in some deep river-bed with precipitous banks, if the men are to be of any use as an escort. A pair of compasses, a bundle of thin lathes, a dozen screws and a screw-driver, half a quire of cartridge paper, packet of drawing pins, and some ink pellets, are all that is required to be taken to make good targets. When the men have been well grounded in ball practice it will be interesting to pile up stones to the height of a man and bring them down with a crashing volley at a hundred yards. The men take a lively interest in the shooting and drill, and a list should be kept of good, bad, or indifferent shots, so that the fact may be endorsed on their written characters when they are dismissed at the coast.

Some form of hand camera is invaluable. I suggest that no large camera be used, nor chemicals, but that small photographs be taken with the hand camera and developed and enlarged on return to England.

When ordering clothes it should be remembered that Somaliland can be extremely hot and also very cold. I recommend that thin "kháki" drill be the usual costume, and that a good thick ulster be taken for cold night-marches or for sitting up over a "kill." A few pairs of red rubber or cotton-soled shoes are useful for stalking koodoo and other game inhabiting stony ground. Above all, a really good sun-hat is a necessity.

Information regarding the cost of passages to and from Aden can be obtained at any shipping offices, so I will merely remark that it takes about three weeks to get to Aden from London by sea, or about thirteen days if advantage be taken of the overland train to Brindisi. But in the latter case only a small hand-bag could be taken, baggage having previ-

ously been sent round by sea. There is generally great trouble about the shipping of loaded cartridges, and they should be sent on ahead.

When staying at a hotel in Aden I usually went to the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Crescent, Steamer Point. The accommodation at all the hotels in Aden is very primitive. So far as I can remember, board and lodging in Aden would come to between 7 and 14 rupees per diem.

At Aden the following articles,<sup>1</sup> if considered necessary, may be purchased or made to order:—

Coats for the men, of "kháki" or drab-coloured drill (3 rupees), cartridge-belts to contain thirty rounds (1 rupee), also pouches ( $\frac{1}{2}$  rupee), brown blankets for followers (3 rupees). Six wooden boxes to contain stores or liquors, as before described, can be made in the bazaar for between 1 and 2 rupees each, or they may be obtained in London with a fortnight's supplies in each box. If a camel-pad is required it can be got in Aden for 10 rupees.<sup>2</sup>

The two Parsi firms with which I have had most dealings are Messrs. Pallonjee Dinshaw and Messrs. Cowasjee Dinshaw Bros., both of the Crescent, Aden. The latter is probably the larger firm, and does a great deal of business with the shipping passing through Aden. But when I have not had time to get what I wanted from one I have tried the other. Cowasjee is in correspondence with Mr. Mahomed Hindi, a Hindustáni merchant permanently living in Berbera; and Pallonjee is also accustomed to do business with the Somalí coast.

All information concerning passages to and from the Somalí coast can be obtained by applying to either of the two Parsi firms named. Two coasting steamers visit the coast ports of Berbera, Bulhár, and Zeila once a week each. The usual charge was 20 rupees for one European and his baggage, and 5 rupees for each native.

Under the heading of purchase and sale of necessaries at the coast will come the following:—

	Purchase before leaving coast.	Sale on return.
	Rupees.	Rupees.
11 sets of <i>héro</i> , or camel-mats . . . . .	40	12
11 leather loading ropes . . . . .	13	3
9 native axes . . . . .	6	2
6 <i>hangol</i> , or wooden crooks . . . . .	2	1
4 knives for cutting camel-rope . . . . .	2	...
Several bundles of common loading rope . . . . .	10	2
20 iron tent-pegs . . . . .	6	...
Cloth for payment in interior . . . . .	200	...
Cash for payment on journey (in small silver) . . . . .	120	...
Rations for Somalis:—		
Rice, 4 bags . . . . .	40	...
Dates, 3 <i>gosra</i> . . . . .	24	...
Ghee, 5 <i>gumba</i> . . . . .	55	...
Extras . . . . .	12	...
	Total 530	20

<sup>1</sup> The prices given in this appendix have been corrected, as far as possible, up to 1899.

<sup>2</sup> There are two kinds of pad-saddles used by Arab coolies in Aden, a large one for

Thus we have 510 rupees expenditure after deducting the proceeds of the selling-off auction, so that 550 rupees should well cover expenses under this head; the *héro* are the sets of camel-mats which are the Somáli substitute for a pack-saddle. Three *auss*, or grass mats, and one *kibit*, or soft bark mat, make a complete set.

The axes are for cutting brushwood for the zeriba, and some of them may be made specially heavy for cutting out ivory. Good axes from England might be useful for this purpose.

The *hangol* are crooked sticks used for pulling about thorny brushwood.

The cloth required might be made up of:—

	Rupees.
3 <i>Khaili</i> , or coloured tobes, at 7 rupees . . . . .	21
8 <i>Bafta</i> tobes, at 2½ rupees . . . . .	17
56 <i>Merikáni</i> tobes, at 2 rupees . . . . .	112
	150

The purchase of twelve camels will cost about 600 rupees, and their sale at the end of the trip (allowing for one death) will produce about 400 rupees.

The petty expenses in the interior have been provided for by 200 rupees' worth of cloth and 120 rupees in cash, already included under the heading of expenses in Berbera. A common native engaged for a day's work will usually get 8 annas or the equivalent in cloth. Presents for game bagged may be given according to taste, from 40 rupees for a good bull elephant to 25 rupees for a lion, or 5 rupees for a bull oryx. The present for one animal should be distributed among those who aided in bringing it to bag, however slight their services; in fact, for a good trophy it has been my custom to reward slightly every member of my caravan. A sheep costs from 4 to 5 rupees; a heifer about 18 rupees; a camel, 40 to 50 rupees (either for the butcher or transport); a pony, 90 rupees and upwards; a goat for the butcher, 2 to 3 rupees; a milk goat, 8 to 10 rupees; a donkey, 14 rupees. The latter animal is a long way the best for tying up at night as a bait for lions, as the lion likes no flesh better, and the loud bray attracts any that may be near. A white goat, which is young enough to bleat, is the best bait for a leopard.

The pay for the men of the caravan for six weeks will be approximately as follows: <sup>1</sup>—

Rate per month. Rupees.		Rupees.
60	1 caravan leader or headman . . . . .	90
30	1 butler . . . . .	45
30	1 cook . . . . .	45
30	1 hunter . . . . .	45
	Carry forward	225

the baggage camel and a smaller and neater one for the fast camel. Neither has stirrups, as an Arab coolie presses his feet into the groove of the camel's neck, a very comfortable way of riding.

<sup>1</sup> These rates are what would be given to men highly skilled at their duties; the great thing to avoid is spoiling the market for other travellers.

Rate per month. Rupees.		Rupees.
	Brought forward	225
25	1 assistant hunter . . . . .	37½
20	1 groom, or personal camelman . . . . .	30
15	4 baggage camelmen . . . . .	90
18	1 <i>makadam</i> , or head camelman . . . . .	27
15	2 guides (engaged temporarily) . . . . .	45
12	1 sheep-boy (engaged temporarily) . . . . .	18
	Shooting presents may be paid for from the cash and cloth taken to the interior.	
	At the close of the trip a parting present will be expected by each man. Add 15 per cent . . . . .	70
	Add pay of headman, butler, and cook, for a week before and a week after the trip, to help in organising and breaking up the expedition . . . . .	60
	Total	602½

Thus, the money spent in Somáland itself for a six weeks' trip should be in round numbers as follows:—

	Rupees.
Purchase and sale of necessaries at coast, and expenses on trip . . . . .	550
Purchase and sale of camels . . . . .	200
Pay of men of the caravan . . . . .	602½
Total	1352½ say 1400

Of this expenditure, part will occur when starting and part when breaking up the caravan at the close of the trip. The whole of this money should be placed in the charge of a native merchant or banker at Berbera, and any Somáli follower may then be paid off either at the coast or in the interior by an order for the necessary sum, written on a scrap of paper.

The above estimate gives over 900 Rs. a month without counting European tinned stores, European outfit and passages.

#### EXAMPLE II

We will assume that one European is going to travel for two months, purely for sport, in the Haud and the most accessible parts of Ogádén. The distance across the Haud by the usual road from Hargeisa to Milmil is covered in five and a half days, going two marches a day, and for all journeys going far into the Haud, or crossing to Ogádén, arrangements should be made for carrying at least seven days' water. To the east of Milmil the Haud becomes much wider. From the experience of eight journeys across the Haud, I have found that a gallon per man per diem for all purposes is the proper allowance for a Somáli who is on ordinary rations, a gallon and a half for a native of India, and two gallons for a

European. Half of the water is used by the Somáli for boiling with his rice, the other half for drinking; and if his ration is of camel-meat instead of rice, he will be perfectly satisfied with half a gallon per diem for all purposes. For the purposes of our calculation, however, we will allow a gallon per diem, because an eating camel is not always to be had, and a day's halt is necessary to enable the men to cut up and sun-dry the meat. The Somáli, although he bathes at every pool where water is to be had, does not try to wash in the Haud. It is comforting, however, for a European or native of India to keep up the appearance of cleanliness so far as a damp sponge and a little water in a saucer will permit.

Somáli camels require no water for any march under ten days, and can do longer at a pinch. If water is plentiful they would be watered every five days or so. Donkeys, sheep, and goats should have a few pints every second day, and Somáli ponies should have about two gallons per diem, or four gallons every second day, though at a pinch they can go, according to the natives, from three to four days without water.

On one trip I took an Arab pony from India for three and a half months. He did excellently, and was faster and up to more weight than Somáli ponies. But he required grain and a larger allowance of water than a Somáli pony. I think we carried for him five gallons per diem. If an Arab riding camel be imported from Aden, it must be remembered that it is accustomed to drink at least once a day, and in the Haud must be given four gallons every second day.

As regards transport of water, a full load for a camel is two 12-gallon casks; a gallon of water weighs 10 lbs., and there is the weight of the casks to take into account.

In order to calculate the number of baggage camels and camelmen required, we shall have to add up the number of camel-loads coming under the following headings (see Example I):—

	Camel-loads.
Rations for 9 natives for 56 days (with percentage added)	4½
Rations, 56 days, 1 European	2
Private baggage of European	3
Spare ammunition for European and for 9 of the escort	1
Cloth and extras	1
Water for 1 European and 9 natives for 7 days (assuming no animals but Somáli camels are taken across the Haud)	3½
<b>Total</b>	<b>15</b>

The rations for 56 days for one camelman (with percentage added) will be 66 lbs. rice, 38 lbs. dates, 10 lbs. ghee; add his spare ammunition 5 lbs., and water for 7 days 70 lbs., and we get a total of 189 lbs., or about ⅓ of a camel-load.

By a calculation similar to that employed in Example I, we shall find that the number of camels required will be 24, and the number of baggage camelmen, 12.

The composition of our caravan will therefore be as follows:—

- 1 European. 1 headman. 5 personal servants.
- (3 temporary jungle servants engaged from day to day will be allowed for in the pay, ration, and water estimate, though they will not start with the caravan.)
- 12 camelmen.
- 24 baggage camels; 1 Somáli camel to ride; 2 spare camels.
- Total, 27 camels.

This is what the preliminary calculation has given us; and when the loads have all been accurately worked out in detail it will probably be found that the 24 baggage camels can carry them.

In calculating the ammunition I am assuming that every permanent member of the caravan can shoot and will be provided with a rifle. It is a good rule to go by, although not always absolutely necessary, provided suitable escorts for different districts are taken.

To those whom I know to be unused to fire-arms I issue no ball ammunition till they have had several lessons in skirmishing drill with blank ammunition, and a certain amount of target practice. The laws of blood-feuds are too serious to be disregarded, and therefore a Somáli has a wholesome fear of letting off his rifle by accident. I have found that when once they have been properly taught they can be trusted with ball ammunition.

## EXAMPLE III

A trip of four months to distant parts of Ogdén, and to the Webbe Shabéleh River. In this case we will add a pony or mule and two fast Arab camels, which it may be worth while taking on a long trip.<sup>1</sup> Unlike Somáli animals, Arab camels each require about 7 lbs. *jowári* grain per diem. It can be bought in Aden or Berbera, and costs rather less than rice. There will in this case be six personal servants instead of five, as the two Arab camels will require one man, and the pony will require a groom (*sais* in Hindustáni). I have also slightly increased the European baggage on account of ammunition and trade goods.

As a basis for our rough calculation we shall have:—

	Camel-loads.
Rations, 10 natives, 120 days	10
Rations, 1 European	4
Private European baggage	4
Spare ammunition for 10 natives and 1 European	1½
Cloth and trade goods and extras	3
Water for 1 European and 10 natives; and for 2 Arab camels, 1 pony, 1 donkey, 2 milk goats (19 gallons, 7 days)	5½
4 months' grain for two Arab camels	4
<b>Total</b>	<b>32</b>

<sup>1</sup> A disadvantage of the Arab camel is that until it has been a few months in Somaliland it may not settle down to its new climatic conditions and change of food.



A man's rations for 120 days (with percentage added) will be:—

	140 lbs. rice
	75 ,, dates
	25 ,, ghee
add ammunition	10 ,,
water 7 days	70 ,,
	<hr/>
	320 lbs.

Say 1½ camel-loads.

By another calculation similar to those previously employed, we shall find that we would want 70 camels and 35 baggage camelmen.

Thus we have our caravan composed as follows:—

1 European.	2 Arab trotting camels.
1 headman.	1 pony for European.
1 personal camelman.	70 baggage camels.
1 <i>sais</i> .	7 spare camels.
1 cook.	
1 butler.	
2 hunters.	
35 baggage camelmen.	
3 temporary jungle servants.	

Total 45 Somális, 1 European.

In my last trip to the Webbe, occupying three months, I had 55 camels and 30 men. The trip cost me about £300 altogether.

The expenses can be calculated on the lines of Example I. There will, however, be certain modifications.

Somális have a prejudice against going to the Webbe. They have fear of fever and mosquitoes, and a dread of Gállaland. They therefore expect higher pay to go to these countries. On my last Webbe trip my ordinary camelmen, who would take 15 rupees per month for trips in Guban, Ogo, Haud, and Ogádén, asked 18 rupees throughout the journey if we reached the Webbe, and 20 rupees if we reached the Gálla tribes. Circumstances have combined to place all Somáli wages at a very high figure. The pay of a body-servant in India is about 10 rupees per month, but if taken to Aden, the same man requires double pay, or 20 rupees per month. The Somáli, who is trained to domestic service in Aden, naturally says he will not take less than the Indian who does the same work. The Somáli at Berbera requires the same wages which he has been accustomed to get at Aden, and similar causes, together with intense laziness, independence, and avarice combined, tend to raise the price of labour in Somáland.

The Arab trotting camels I have recommended, could be bought in Aden, including light coolie-saddles (without stirrups), for about 150 to 200 rupees each. Great care should be taken in choosing these animals, an Arab expert who can be trusted being employed. The attendant for these camels should be a Somáli accustomed to them. There are many Somális who have served in the Berbera camel-police who have this qualification, but an ordinary Somáli knows nothing about them. Besides *jowári* and water at regular intervals, about a quart of sweet or other

suitable oil per month should be carried for each trotting camel. It is a peculiarity of these camels that a large maggot is often found filling up the nostril, and when it becomes so large as to impede breathing the nostril is drenched with oil, and the maggot, sometimes half an inch thick and over an inch long, tumbles out.

In a long trip, such as is given in Example III, a rapid survey of the route would probably be made. I recommend the following instruments:—

Boiling-point thermometer and aneroid barometer.  
Common thermometer.  
Note-books.  
6-inch transit theodolite.  
Prismatic compass and stand.  
First-class astronomical watch.  
Two common watches.

I found the theodolite infinitely more handy than the sextant, and think the traverse, often at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, too rapid for comfortable plane-table work. The tribesmen, too, would probably object to the imposing plane-table and strained square of paper. The theodolite is also an imposing instrument, but it would be most used for star observations at night, when natives would be away from camp. Of the smaller instruments, duplicates should be taken. Instructions on surveying are to be found in the Royal Geographical Society's publication, *Hints to Travellers*, and practical lessons in this and other special subjects are given under the auspices of the same Society.

When arranging for an expedition in which water has to be carried, 12-gallon casks should be taken out to Aden, or bought beforehand in Aden by letter. It will be advantageous to be able to padlock them, and for the bung-hole to be large enough for a man's arm to be passed in when cleaning the cask. I recommend common casks, for I have taken different shapes of specially-designed water-vessels suited (in theory) for camel transport; but Somális, who are good judges, say camels do well with a pair of large common casks. It is worth remembering that wooden or plaited bark water *háns*, carrying on an average seven gallons, are to be had at Berbera (costing about 4 rupees). They go four to six on a camel, and being light, twenty-eight gallons can easily be carried in one load. But owing to incessant leakage, and to breaking, through the falling of camels and knocking against trees, there is a great loss of water. On the other hand, if the casks are good, one is sure of the twenty-four gallon load, and the supply can be accurately controlled. Casks should be filled with water over-night and allowed to stand by the well-side before a long waterless journey, so that the wood of the casks may have time to swell. Casks which have lost no water by morning may be trusted, and those which have leaked should be filled again and marked, so that they may be the first to be drawn upon on the march.

In one of my long trips I took forty-four water *háns*, but they caused so much vexation through leakage and so much expense for repairs, that I resolved never to use them again when I could get casks. In buying *háns* it should be noted that drinking-water for Europeans should be carried in wooden *háns*, as they taint the water much less than the bark ones. I recommend, for water-bottles, common quart whisky-bottles, which can be slipped into a leather case provided with a sling, so that

it can be carried by one of the hunters. It is very convenient to have in addition half a dozen flat water-bottles made to contain a gallon each, of tin covered with thick leather; one of these could be carried on the camel which is ridden.

On the Webbe Shabéleh a little *jowári* grain can generally be purchased at the villages, though the natives, I believe, only grow it for home consumption and not for export. I should never count on getting either *jowári* or ghee in the interior, as every purchase of this kind means a delay, and exorbitant prices are demanded. Milk is obtainable in abundance at every karia; and, as a special favour, if it is asked for, the natives will produce fresh butter as good as that sold in England when not tainted by the wooden cup. It soon becomes sour, and should not be counted on as a supply. I always keep two goats to supply milk for my own use. Somáli cow's milk is generally allowed to get sour and much tainted by the bark vessels. Good milk may be got by having the cow milked into a clean bucket.

Besides the tobés mentioned in the estimates for Example I, the following are useful minor presents in Somáland:—

Looking-glasses.

Beads. (These should be chosen by a Somáli and bought in Aden or Berbera.)

Clasp knives.

Red shawls. (These are very much in request, and are picked to pieces and made into tassels for saddlery ornaments. They can be bought in Aden for  $\frac{1}{2}$  rupee each.)

Korans or Mahomedan Bibles, which cost from 1 rupee to 3 rupees in Aden, are good presents for mullahs.

*Tusbas*, or praying chaplets, of ebony or sandalwood,  $\frac{1}{2}$  rupee to 1 rupee, procurable in Aden.

Files for sharpening spears.

Coloured handkerchiefs.

Red blankets or coloured plaids. (These and common brown blankets make good presents for important natives, and are always useful to have about the tent.)

In choosing presents it must be remembered that Somáls will not be burdened in their nomad life with unnecessary articles, and will not be satisfied with glittering but useless things which might pass among negroes. Each present must be good and useful. A Somáli will examine a gift blanket critically.

Presents and trade articles for Gállaland can be got in Aden, and should be chosen by a Somáli or Gáll expert, who knows something of the districts to be visited. *Wiláyati* (European) cotton cloth, something similar to *Merikáni* (American), but narrower and half the price, is the most useful kind.

If it is intended to cross the Webbe, a rope (say 2 to 3 inches in circumference and 60 fathoms long) should be taken to be stretched across the river. At Karanleh the river is some 90 yards wide, except in flood time. When this rope has been stretched across the river, the native rafts can be attached to it by running loops made of bruised creeper, and the rafts pulled to and fro hand over hand. The rope enables a caravan to cross in one day, whereas without it the passage might occupy seven days. Such a rope is easily obtainable in Aden, and weighs 40 to 60 lbs.

On important and distant expeditions it may be worth while to take a folding boat, in order to be independent of the avaricious river negroes, who will strike for higher wages if they think you depend on their help.

When fitting out an expedition which may in the course of the journey have to change to mule or human transport, as would occur at Harar or in parts of Gállaland, it may be worth considering whether the loads should not be capable of subdivision. Thus the boxes recommended for holding European stores, if not very full and made a little lower, would weigh about 55 lbs. Four of these would conveniently go on a camel, two on a mule, one on a man.

"No work, no pay" should be the rule for jungle tribesmen, but in the wilder parts of Somáland it has hitherto been the custom for passing caravans to make small presents to the heads of clans for the privilege of going through the country. This payment is something similar to the Masai *hongo*. The etiquette is for a dozen horsemen or so to arrive from a distance and perform equestrian games (*dibáltig*); afterwards the performers and one or two elders are given presents, and then the caravan is free to go on its way. In the territory of tribes I know I make the present very small, say one red shawl and half a robe to each horseman, and I give a display with blank cartridge with the men formed up in skirmishing order, as a return compliment, which is always appreciated.

In expeditions to Ogádén and Gállaland I recommend that Sheikh Mattar of Hargeisa, if met with on the way, be asked to write Arabic letters of introduction to Mahomedan sheikhs and mullahs. He is widely known, and has often helped me in this way. He has also assisted me by taking care of loads which I have had, on occasions, to leave temporarily at Hargeisa.

Sometimes it may be worth while to hire extra camels (at 1 rupee per diem for a camel and  $\frac{1}{2}$  rupee for a man) for the first few days of a journey. In my calculation I make no allowance for trophies, because as a trip goes on the food-loads lighten.

As regards arrangements for the security of a caravan, I consider that unless the escort is well in hand and thoroughly up to its duties it will be worse than useless when an emergency arises. I do not believe in engaging a certain proportion of the men for the special purpose of forming the escort. If so engaged they will refuse to do all other work, and will give themselves airs over the camelmen and servants. I have tried the system, and found it lead to jealousy and the shirking of duties.

In most of my expeditions I have engaged my men as headman, camelmen, servants, and guides, having first explained that every Somáli of the caravan will take his share in the common defence. When I have been making up my caravans I have first calculated the number of servants I require, and engaged them myself, satisfying myself on the spot that each either understands the use of a rifle or is capable of soon learning it. The headman has been present, so that if he has any personal objection to any of the men he may state it. I have then told the headman to bring up for engagement the number of camelmen I require, allowing him to choose his own friends; and if I find that any of these are unfit to be trusted with fire-arms I discard them, and tell the headman to bring others in their place. To each man I explain the special duties he is engaged for, and the duties which

he will share with all the members of the caravan, and ask if he is satisfied. When the men have all been engaged at the coast I appoint a time of parade and a convenient spot on the shore, and each man fires two or three rounds of ball ammunition at a mark, under my superintendence. The ball ammunition should be brought to the spot in a bag, not served out to the men. In fact I seldom serve out any ball ammunition till the caravan has made about two marches from the coast. If it is a large amount it may be taken out for this distance on a hired camel.

After these first few shots at a mark I hold two or three parades, serving out ten rounds of blank ammunition per man at each, and practise the men in skirmishing.

The rough drill which I have always used is as follows:—

The men form up in line about half a pace apart, with carbines held perpendicularly in the right hand and close to the side (the carbine "shoulder").

On the word "Advance" all run forward steadily, keeping a fairly good line.

On the word "Halt" they drop to a sitting position (squatting naturally, as natives do, on both heels).

"Ready"—the men load with blank cartridge.

"Present"—the aim is taken.

"Fire"—the trigger is pressed.

"Advance"—the men run forward again, taking care to take out any unexploded cartridge or to open the breech.

"Halt"—they sit as before, and wait for the word "Ready" or "Advance."

It might be advisable, if actually attacked when on the march, to retire upon the camels the better to protect them; so the men should be practised in retiring steadily and sitting down facing the enemy to fire, on the words "Retire" and "Halt." The Somali should in all these practices be told the supposed direction of the enemy, and also that whenever he is given the word "Halt" he is to squat down facing the enemy. I always carry a whistle; and when the men are advancing, retiring, or halted ready for firing volleys, I sound an alarm on the whistle, and train them to run and form a rough double circle round me, outer circle squatting on their heels, inner circle standing. We then fire volleys, the idea being that the enemy is trying to overwhelm the escort by a rush to close quarters.

On the word "Advance" the men run out in a rough line facing the enemy. It is wonderful how quickly Somalis get to understand the few English words of command necessary, and how well they grasp the idea in each movement. This is because they are brought up from childhood among raids and skirmishes.

The headman, if he is any good, will soon learn to command the men at drill, and he should be often practised in this. The men take the greatest delight in these drills, especially if plenty of blank cartridge is given them, and when it is desirable to gain the firm friendship of a tribe and at the same time to impress the tribesmen with the efficiency of the escort, there is nothing like giving a display of this kind.

During the first few days' march from the coast, when in uninhabited country, I accustom the men to run out quickly to defend the

line of camels. Moving out to the front, flank, or rear, I blow the alarm whistle, and the men run out and sit down in line, facing the supposed enemy. A few of the worst shots should be told off permanently, their duty being to stay among the camels and guard and look after them, so that the bulk of the men will be free to attack the enemy. This duty of holding camels in an emergency is not popular, and this will be an incentive to the men to try and shine at the target practices.

The natural habit of Somalis when marching with a caravan is for the two or three camelmen who are required to lead the strings of camels to be with them, while the bulk of the men either lead the way or lag behind with the last camel. The camel *makadam* should be among these, and whenever a camel falls or shifts its load it is Somali etiquette for every man near to run up to its assistance. It is not generally necessary, therefore, except in very disturbed country, to tell off a rearguard, and I do not believe in constantly worrying tired men with theories when things are practically going on well.

In very disturbed country it is advisable to make only one long march in the morning, and devote the afternoon to fortifying the camp with a good zeriba. While it is still daylight every man should be shown his place in case of a night alarm, and at dusk, having first given notice to the men, the alarm whistle should be blown, and they should jump to their places and then be dispersed. When night falls it is the duty of the headman to see the watch-fires lit and to post the sentry or sentries required. The fires should be outside the zeriba, and screened by it, or by a bush, from the eyes of the sentry. If the glare of the fire is in his face he will not be able to see out into the darkness.

The relief of sentries, and all arrangements connected with them, are best left to the headman. I found that Somalis, once posted, as a rule make very faithful and reliable sentries. The usual challenge is, "*War kumá?*" (Who's there?)

By day it is not usually necessary to keep a sentry, but there are two occasions when Somalis are particularly off their guard. First, at about 8 p.m., if they are grouped together eating camel-meat and shouting to one another, so that nothing else can be heard; secondly, between 1 and 2 p.m., when they are generally all asleep, scattered under the shade of different trees outside the camp. If I had the conduct of an attack on Somalis, I should choose one of these occasions for effecting a surprise.

The zeriba can be arranged in many ways, the principle being that it should be low enough to fire over and wide enough to prevent a rush. The zeriba of the Somali nomads, which is often twelve feet high, shuts out all view of the outside ground, and is only a trap for men armed with rifles. From four to five feet high and twelve feet wide is a good zeriba. The great difficulty is where to place the camels, and Somalis are prejudiced in favour of a circular zeriba with the camels occupying the centre, which would not, I should say, be the European way. When the camels are out grazing, or a few are sent with empty casks to a distant well, enough men with fire-arms should be with them to defend them, if necessary, and one man should be placed in command.

It often occurs in bush country that men lose themselves and



guiding shots are required, especially at night. The men should have blank ammunition for this purpose, and should be fined for every ball cartridge wasted in this way or fired indiscriminately at game. Firing at game by men of the caravan, except under special circumstances, should be strictly prohibited, as it causes danger to any natives or live stock that may be about in the bush, and may land the traveller in a troublesome blood-feud. Men who are paid off and sent to the coast towards the end of a trip, or who are sent down in charge of camels, should, if they are trustworthy, be allowed to take their rifles with them, and they should be given cheques for their back pay, arrangements having been made so that the cheques will not be honoured till the rifles have been safely given up. It is not fair to expect a man to go through the territory of strange tribes without his rifle, or, at any rate, a spear and something to show that he is the servant of an Englishman.

If organising a Somali expedition I should begin by writing to the authorities at Aden mentioning where I wished to go, and asking whether political conditions were favourable, whether I should be allowed to enter the country through British ports,<sup>1</sup> and what escort I should be required to provide myself with. I would, at the same time, write to one of the Aden firms which I have named for information regarding the times of sailing of coasting steamers. The securing of a headman, on whom so much depends, may be seen to at the same time; the most reliable quarter to go to for information on this point would probably be friends who have already been a trip and can nominate a man. The name of a reliable headman, who is available, having been obtained, he should be ordered to meet the traveller at Aden on a named date.

Meanwhile all such articles as coats, cartridge-belts, store-boxes, or Arab camel-saddle, which, if wanted at all, have to be made to order, should be prepared by the Parsi firms. On arrival at Aden the traveller, having already prepared a list of the number of men, camels, and caravan kit he will require, can procure them with the help of the headman. It may be advisable, if time is limited, for the headman to be sent to Berbera (I am assuming Berbera as the starting-point) to buy camels, camel-mats, axes, and other caravan kit, and have them ready by the time his master comes out to Aden, the funds being provided for the headman through the Aden firm acting as banker.

The simplest course, and one I have generally adopted, has been to go over to Berbera, stay in camp there four or five days, and purchase camels and necessaries myself, with the assistance of the headman. If, however, more than forty camels are wanted, this may involve a delay of perhaps ten days.

When returning from the interior I have found it saves a good deal of worry to stay a few days in camp in the hills, and pay off the bulk of the caravan with cheques on the Berbera agent. The men's characters should be at the same time given them, and they should be told firmly that they

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that there are generally more sporting parties than lions near the coast, and the game is being driven farther and farther towards the distant interior every year; so it is necessary to go to unexplored tribes to get good sport. It must be remembered also that a large coast belt has been reserved for shooting over by officers of the Aden garrison; and that the last Abyssinian treaty has further curtailed the limits of the hunting-grounds.

need expect to get nothing more by coming up in Berbera. The bulk of the animals and kit should be sent down with the men, to be handed to the agent for sale by auction. Only a few necessary camels and men need be kept at the shooting camp, and during the two or three days' halt the trophies can be prepared in bundles ready for transport by steamer, small delicate specimens going in the empty store-boxes; at the same time search-parties might be out looking for koodoo. During the *Karif* wind it is pleasant in the hills, while at Berbera there are constant sand-storms, and so for half the day nothing can be done.

Both for a week before and after the expedition it is advisable to keep the headman, body-servant, and cook to assist in the arrangements at Aden and Berbera. Berbera has been named as the most convenient port, but a start may also be made from Bulhár or Zeila; and the camels, if a large number be required, may be collected simultaneously from all three places.

## APPENDIX II

## PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF SOMALILAND

WITH NOTES ON PRONUNCIATION AND MEANING OF  
NATIVE NAMES

THE Somáli country occupies the triangle known as the "Horn of Africa," whose eastern angle is Cape Guardafui. The coast-line, beginning at Gubbet Khrab, in the north-west, runs eastward for about six hundred miles to Cape Guardafui, thence southward for eleven hundred miles to Kismáyu, near the mouth of the Juba River (Webbe Ganána).

Starting with the north Somáli coast at our port of Berbera, the first natural feature we come to is the sea-beach of sand and coralline limestone, backed by the hot, semi-desert Maritime Plain, from two to twenty miles broad, its breadth varying with the distance of the Maritime Ranges from the coast. The plain, gradually sloping upwards from the sea, rises to about three or four hundred feet at the base of the Maritime Mountains, and these rise about a thousand feet higher. Beyond the Maritime Mountains stony, jungle-covered interior plains rise to the high Gólis Range, the true plateau of the interior of Africa, which is in places nearly 6900 feet above sea-level. The country from the coast-line to the foot of Gólis, some thirty-five miles inland, is called Guban. Gólis Range, with its prolongations east and west, forms the seaward face of the high interior country, which is called Ogo.

On the north Somáli coast there are harbours at Berbera and Zeila, an uninhabited creek at Khor Kulangárit, near Zeila, and the open roadstead of Bulhár, partially protected by a surf-beaten spit of sand, which runs for a few hundred yards parallel to the beach, over which at high tide small dhows can pass, but steamers have to anchor outside.

Berbera is built in two parts, three-quarters of a mile distant from one another. To the east is the native town, composed of a few Arab rubble buildings, a fort, and a large number of permanent Somáli huts of matting and poles (called *agal*). These huts are divided by streets, the different blocks of building space being allotted to the respective Somáli tribes, clans, and families. Three-quarters of a mile to the west is the new or official town, originally built by the Egyptians, the houses being of rubble masonry, in one story, with flat roofs. There is a good pier.

Berbera harbour, which is an excellent one, and the best to be found either on the north or east Somáli coast, is formed by a sand spit, similar

to that at Bulhár, but rising above high-water mark. It starts from the native town and runs west for two miles till well beyond the official town. Inside this spit large steamers are well protected. On the shore, nearly three miles west of the new town, is a lighthouse, built by the Egyptians before the British Government took over the north Somáli coast. Clearing the point of the sand spit, it marks the entrance to the harbour. The water-supply is obtained from a spring near the old Egyptian fort of Dubár, eight miles inland under the Maritime Ranges, the water being brought over the Maritime Plain in pipes.

The plain immediately round Berbera is covered with white pebbles and devoid of bushes; a mile or two inland, it becomes sandy and covered with a flat-topped mimósa (*khansa*), growing to a height of about three feet. There are also scattered thorn-bushes about twelve feet high. The plain round Berbera has been greatly denuded of bush for firewood since 1885. I have watched this denudation gradually going on year after year, and have attributed it to the increased traffic since the British have been at Berbera, and to the fact that the town is now well populated all the year round, giving the bush no chance of recovering after the trade season is over. In the Maritime Ranges there are gaps, through which can be seen the towering blue line of Gólis. At a distance of about twenty miles east and west of Berbera the Maritime Ranges come down to within a mile or two of the sea, receding again at Bulhár to form a semicircle of hills with a radius of fourteen miles; then towards Zeila the Maritime Plain widens to thirty or forty miles.

Zeila is one hundred and seventy miles north-west of Berbera by the coast caravan-track, and consists of one compact town of mat-huts, with about fifty substantial Arab buildings. There is, strictly speaking, no harbour, but vessels lying off the place are protected by small islands to the north and west. The site of Zeila is low, and at high spring-tides it is almost an island. Water for the use of the town is carried in goatskins from Tukusha, three miles to the west.

For a mile or two inland the Zeila Maritime Plain is a desert of smooth sand, then there is a strip of low evergreen bush, and behind this a great open grass plain or *ban*, intersected by many dry river-beds, fringed with tamarisks and acacias. Travelling across this plain in 1890, my brother described it in his Journal as follows: "Except one or two low hills there is nothing to break the broad sheet of dull yellow, merging into blue haze on the horizon, here and there divided into light and dark patches by the shadows of the drifting clouds."

This prairie rises to Eilo and Bur-ád Ranges to the south, thirty-five or forty miles inland, and stretches away to the north-west along the foot of the Tajurra Mountains nearly to the French settlement of Óbok. Between Óbok and Zeila is another settlement created by the French, called Jibúti, which within the last three or four years has risen into notice. The site is a promontory of coral-rock, and there is a good harbour and a pier. The French are working hard to develop the place, in order if possible to make it compete with Zeila as a trade-port.

At Bulhár, forty-two miles west of Berbera by the coast-track, the Ayyal Yunis sub-tribe of the Habr Awal settle during the trading season, from November to April. At this time both Berbera and Bulhár are surrounded by the karias, or temporary kraals of the halted trading caravans, and these karias stretch far out into the Maritime

Plain; but from May to October the town is nearly empty, a detachment of police being kept there as a guard. The Bulhár Plain is a vast expanse of bush, surrounded by blue mountains, and viewed from the sea, with the long line of white beach in the foreground, is very striking. Two very notable landmarks well known to sailors are Elmas Mountain, thirteen miles west of Bulhár, and Laba Gumbur Mado (the "two black hills"), twenty-five miles east of Berbera. Elmas rises to about 1500 feet, and is a cluster of bold peaks.

The Maritime Mountains are composed principally of limestone, and in parts are nearly as barren-looking as the volcano at Aden. Here and there they are cut through by river-beds like the *wádi* of Arabia, water percolating slowly, hidden at various depths below a glaring expanse of dry powdery sand. Sometimes water is so near the surface that the sand is moist, and it can be got by scraping out a hole with the hands, though generally it is obtained by digging the *las*, or shallow pit, through the surface sand.

However inviting these smooth stretches of sand may appear, a camp should never be pitched in the main channel. On a dozen different occasions, after heavy rain in the hills, I have seen a yellow flood, two to four feet deep and fifty yards wide, rush foaming down the dry channel of the Issutugan with great speed, rolling down in front of it a mass of branches, debris, and large boulders, and undermining the high perpendicular banks, pieces of which would drop into the river with a loud splash. At such a time the whole of the river-bed in front of the freshet has been absolutely dry, untouched by water perhaps for months. These freshets dwindle to a trickling stream in about six hours, and may cease to flow in two days. The water does not always reach the sea, as the dry loose sand of the Maritime Plain drinks it up. After one of these floods has run itself away a thin layer of mud remains deposited, which dries, cracks, and curls up into small flakes, to be swept away in a few days by the wind, leaving the surface of the sand again exposed.

At Bulhár, when there has been particularly heavy rain in the hills, the Issutugan comes sweeping down over twenty miles of river-bed and plain, and reaching the coast makes a clear cut through the high bank behind the sea-beach. When the river dries the sea-bank is again in the course of time silted up by the surf to its original height. At ordinary times the water of the Issutugan, which is a typical *tug* or Somali sand-river, loses itself in the sand at So-Midgán, twenty-three miles inland from Bulhár, and sinking deep down below the Maritime Plain, collects behind the sea-bank, where it can be reached by digging.

Vast numbers of shallow pits, which render riding rather dangerous at night, are seen at intervals along the coast between Bulhár and Zeila. They contain water which is brackish, but drinkable. After being used for some time the well deepens, striking through the layer of fresh water into the underlying sea-water, and a new pit has to be dug. Where the Issutugan cuts through the Maritime Hills, which it does for forty miles of its course, there is generally a tiny rivulet of water running along the centre of its bed, now and then sinking out of sight, to reappear again a mile or two below, the sand saturated with water held in suspension, forming awkward although not dangerous quicksands.

The aspect of the Maritime Mountains is very forbidding. Bare

precipices rise everywhere, or the hills form great rounded shoulders, having a surface of gravel sprinkled over with a wretched scrub of little brown bushes a foot high, which are generally dry as tinder. Between Berbera and Bulhár the mountains come closer to the sea, and take the form of low, table-topped plateaux of black trap-rock, with fringing precipices about thirty feet deep, and a steep talus slope of debris dropping three hundred feet to the level of the river-beds which cut through these plateaux. Hegebo, near Berbera, is a typical plateau of this kind, and on the Zeila side of the British Protectorate this sort of ground covers an enormous area. On the top of the plateaux the surface has the appearance of having been rained upon by showers of black stones. Here and there tufts of feathery grass grow in the crevices, and there is light, open jungle of flat-topped thorn bushes. Everywhere there are boulders and jagged or rounded pieces of rock, so that where there are no paths caravans cannot go. The sun beating down on the polished black surfaces causes great heat, and distresses the baggage animals, and the stones are very trying to horses' feet, even camels going better over them. The sand-rivers find their way through these plateaux from the high mountains to the sea, forming deep gullies, the expanse of sand and green bush below contrasting strangely with the black frowning heights on either side.

Between the Maritime Mountains and the great Gólis Range are elevated, undulating interior plains, intersected by river-beds and ravines running generally from south to north. These slope up in continuation of the Maritime Plain, but present greater variety of scenery: here a strip of gravel and rocky ground scantily dotted with low mimósa bushes, and cut up by torrent-beds choked with rough boulders and a tangle of savage thorns, there a wide sand-river winding through a belt of thick forest of the beautiful *gudá*, or larger thorn-tree, with a dense undergrowth of pointed aloes,<sup>1</sup> making it impossible to move about except in the sheep and game paths. Narrow strips of thorn-bushes and dark green poison-trees (*wabé*) wind down from the mountains, marking the tributary watercourses. The river-beds themselves consist of broad, flat, sandy reaches between alluvial banks, which have been scarped perpendicularly, at alternate points on the right and left, where the swirling water has undermined them with an inward sweep. Large *gudá* trees grow closely together at the edge of the steep or overhanging banks, their branches being covered with long drapery of *armo* creepers, which hang down, often as much as thirty feet, to the level of the river-bed below. Behind the jungle which fringes the banks is high grass, until the ground rises, when the red soil, exposed by the action of the rains, is worked into miniature hills and valleys. Here and there at the side or in the centre of the channel is a clump of thorn-trees, round which the sand has been washed up into a bank, and masses of drift-wood are heaped round the lower branches. Between the parallel sand-rivers of the interior plains are watersheds of stony ground, very trying to travel over, the sunbeams beating down on the stony path, glittering on the points of the aloes, and being reflected like fire from the thousands of chipped rocks, scattered pieces of quartz, feldspar, and mica which everywhere crop above the surface.

Two days' march due south of Berbera, having crossed the interior

<sup>1</sup> Really not an aloe but *Sanseveira*.



plains, we arrive at the higher mountains, rising to nearly 6900 feet. Gólis is the collective name, though Somális have a name for each flat-topped bluff, as Daar-áss (Red clay), Gán-Libah (Lion hand), Ban-yéro (Little plain), and Dig-wein (Big ears). In fact, in Somáland every watering-place, hill, or mound, and many a prominent tree, has some descriptive name known to all the local tribes.

The Gólis Range forms a gigantic step rising abruptly on the northern or coast face, and presenting to the sea, thirty-five miles distant, great scarped precipices and bold descents, long walls of perpendicular rock, red, yellow, or gray in colour, fringing the summit for many miles. The whole interior of Somáland presents the appearance of having, in some great movement of the earth's crust, been elevated from the level of Guban, an abrupt break or fault occurring at Gólis Range, which seems to have been upheaved for about six thousand feet; while at Hargeisa the country is crumpled up into a chaos of hills, Guban rising gradually into Ogo in several successive steps instead of in one great fault. On the Hargeisa side the country between the levels of Guban and Ogo is called Ogo-Guban. At the base of the fringing precipices, which are two or three hundred feet high, vast tumbled masses of rock which have slipped from the crest lie heaped together half-buried among the foliage of tall cedar-trees and a profusion of forest growth, forming caves and moss-grown recesses with great variety of wildflowers, and clumps of maiden-hair fern growing in the damp crevices of the rocks. The soil is a rich black vegetable mould.

There can be no greater contrast than that between this fine mountain country and the brown sterile shores of the Gulf of Aden. Often as one looks down from the top of Gólis the whole of Guban is hidden from view by an immense expanse of white cloud lying below, resembling a storm-tossed sea, the tops of Deimoleh-Wein and other detached hills rising like islands above it. The air is so clear in the elevated interior that from a hill in the Eilo Range, above Zeila, I have recognised each separate bluff of Gólis at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. In these hills the roar of a lion or the alarm note of a koodoo can be heard echoing up the gorges for great distances.

On the northern slope, at about a thousand feet below the level of the crest of Gólis, is a ledge of broken ground, a mile or two wide, running parallel to the range for twenty or thirty miles. It is called Mirso, or "The Haven," and is a favourite pasture of the Habr Awal and Habr Gerhajis tribes, and also good ground for koodoo. It is covered with jungle, but the soil is shallow and stony. A gigantic blue-green cactus, or euphorbia, called *hassádan*, grows here to a height of about forty feet, and gives a very dense shade. The sap is a white milky liquid, which pours from every cut in the tree, and if caught in cups and dried, solidifies into a kind of rubber. The top of the range is covered with dense jungle of mountain cedar. In the gorges some of these trees, called *dayeb*, grow tall and straight, often four feet in diameter at the foot, and over a hundred feet high; but more frequently the *dayeb* forest is of comparatively stunted growth, being about forty feet high, with the trunks and branches much bent and twisted. The best trees which I saw were under Daar-áss Bluff, near Kulméye in Mirso, and on Wagar Mountain, farther east.

From the crest of Gólis the country slopes towards the south-east,

falling gently towards the interior, the cedar-forests ceasing at a distance of about six miles inside the crest, and opening out into grassy downs or thorn-covered wilderness. Soon, as we pass through Ogo, the Haud waterless country, from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles across, is reached; and on its farther edge the ground again drops slightly, as at Milmil, into Ogádén, the broad broken surface of Ogádén finally sloping into the valley of the Webbe Shabéleh or Leopard River, beyond which is the Juba. Where the Haud Plateau drops at Milmil the limestone surface, which is covered with red soil, breaks up into flat-topped hills, which continue the level of the Haud, but cease a little farther south. They are covered with high *durr* grass, and form some of the most favourite retreats for lions. Thus the Gólis Range and its prolongations east and west are the most prominent natural feature in Northern Somáland, forming the watershed between Ogo, the high cool country, and Guban, the arid coast belt. Guban is drained by sand-rivers and ravines, which, starting at Gólis, pass through the interior plains and cut through the Maritime Ranges, the water being eventually lost under the Maritime Plain, to reappear near the surface behind the sea-shore. I consider the whole of the Guban country to be almost valueless, except as a pasture for sheep and goats, as it is only upon reaching the high country that the soil is found to be fertile.

The Haud is the great elevated wilderness which separates Ogádén and Harar from Ogo, Guban, and the coast. The Somáli word *haud* is used to describe a peculiar kind of country, consisting of thick and sometimes impenetrable thorn-jungle, broken up by shallow watercourses, and generally having an undergrowth of *hig* or *dár* aloes. The great waterless plateau generally called the Haud is really a district, and besides the variety of ground properly called *haud*, includes large strips of open, rolling grass plains called *ban*, or, to the south-east, semi-desert country called *aror*. *Ban* is the Somáli term for an open plain absolutely or nearly devoid of bushes.

In the wooded parts of the Haud dense thorn-jungles alternate with small glades of *durr* grass six feet high, luxuriating in beautiful feathery clumps, with a level red soil; ant-hills crop up at about every hundred yards, their pinnacles often rising to twenty-five feet. Some of the dead thorn-trees are half-eaten by white ants, and the debris of fallen ones is scattered about half-buried in the soil, where it has been swept along by sheets of water during the last rains. The remains of *galól* bushes attain an almost iron hardness, and many a wound have I and my followers received at night by stumbling against a *gori*, or jagged stump, half-hidden in the high grass. There is excellent pasture in the glades and between the bushes, the Haud pastures being considered better than those of Ogo or Guban. Extensive tracts of fertile soil, of good depth, are to be found at about five thousand feet elevation; and although, except at one or two nullah villages, none of them are under cultivation, owing to the nomadic life of the people, they may yet in the distant future become very valuable. The rainfall in the higher parts of the country is ample, and the water would only require to be stored in tanks to ensure a supply all the year round. Of course for three months in the dry season the whole of the soil is baked hard by the sun, but the same thing occurs in India. In June, when there is a hot wind at the coast, cool breezes blow over the elevated Haud, making it possible to

march all day long; and although in the sun it is hot, yet in a tent pitched under the shade of a flat-topped *gudá* tree it is sometimes quite chilly, even at mid-day, while it is disagreeably so in the early mornings.

The Haud was first crossed by Mr. F. L. James and his party in the winter of 1884-85, and a description of the journey is given in his book, *The Horn of Africa*. Their camels were carrying loads for thirteen days without touching a drop of water. The description of the Haud in the above-named work, although I believe it to be an accurate portrait of the country passed over by that expedition, does not give any idea of the pleasant coolness and apparent fertility of the more elevated north-eastern Haud. Mr. James's party crossed this district at almost its widest part, and in the *Jilál* or driest season. The plateau is traversed by several *warda*, or great trade routes, to the far interior from the coast, generally running nearly north and south. In the strips of *ban*, or open plain, often many miles wide, all caravan paths are lost, each caravan crossing independently of landmarks, and no impression is left on the growing grass. Once the *ban* is passed, however, all tracks will have converged into one well-worn path, or group of parallel paths. One of the most important of these is the Warda Gumaréd crossing the plateau from Hargeisa to Milmil.

The drainage from the Haud and Ogádén finds its way into the Nogal Valley, or into the Webbe Shabéleh, eventually falling into the Indian Ocean on the east Somáli coast, assigned to the Italian sphere of influence. In reality, the Shabéleh, I believe, does not actually reach the ocean, but falls into marshes near Mukdishá (Magadoxo). Farther south, beyond the Webbe Shabéleh and the Webbe Ganána or Juba, is the Tana River, rising near Mount Kenia in the Masai country and flowing east. The Somális make annual raids as far south as the Tana, to within a few days' march of Lamu on the east coast, but, so far as we know at present, the permanent Somáli country may be considered to lie well to the north of the Juba. Most of this river lies in Gállaland, and its sources have been scarcely touched by any European explorer, except, perhaps, by the Italian explorer Captain Bottigo.

I have said that some of the highest ground in Somáland is Gólis, continuations of which stretch far away to the eastward, parallel to the sea-shore as far as Cape Guardafui, forming the bold, almost unexplored coast-line visible from the decks of steamers passing along the southern side of the Gulf of Aden. But there is a still higher mountain system, that of the Harar Highlands, up to the foot of which the Haud Plateau extends. The Haud gradually falls towards the south-east, and rises ever higher the farther one goes westward, its north-west angle being occupied by the high *ban* known as the Marar Prairie. This magnificent expanse of open grass land is fifty-six miles long by thirty-five broad, having an area of nearly one thousand square miles, and an elevation ranging from 4900 feet to 6300 feet. There are a few grassy knobs like the Subbul Hills which rise singly out of the plains to nearly 7000 feet above sea-level.

In the *Jilál* season the Marar Prairie is a sheet of yellow grass, quite dried up, but still containing nourishment—the varieties being chiefly *daremo*, *díhe*, and *durr*, all three having valuable fattening qualities for horses or camels. After the first rains the young grass begins to come up in patches of vivid green, the old, longer grass falls, and soon the plains are entirely covered with a carpet of rich green turf, short and

crisp, inviting a gallop, and having almost the appearance of unlimited English pasture. The soil is red and powdery. Some of our camps on the plains were between 6000 and 7000 feet above sea-level. The country is probably similar to the South African veldt, the great elevation in a measure compensating for the nearness to the equator.

There is heavy rainfall, the Marar Prairie partaking of that of Harar and Abyssinia, but the water sinks to a great depth, so that with the exception of temporary rain-pools the surface is waterless. There are, however, many permanent watering-places in the jungle-covered hills and broken ground bordering the prairie to the north and west, and in the Harar Highlands, whose lofty summits can be seen overlooking the western edge of the plain, some of them rising to over 10,000 feet. The Somális say there is sometimes ice on these mountains, and that people die of cold.

The Marar Prairie supports enormous masses of game, and upon it I have had many a good day's sport. Although this is the largest *ban* we have actually circumscribed and measured, it may not be larger than many others in unexplored parts of Somáland, but is probably the best in quality. Some of the low-lying *ban*—as, for instance, that of the Zeila Maritime Plain—is of very poor quality, and this is partly why the Esa is not a mounted tribe. I am told by Dolbahanta tribesmen whom I took to Marar, that there are similar elevated plains at the back of the unexplored Warsingali country. There are many other fine patches of *ban* in the Haud which have been explored by us, as at Aror and Toyo.

My brother, while passing through the Esa country, wrote in his Journal: "After leaving Doleimalleh we came across a strip of plain which seemed to afford an example of the manner in which the *ban* is formed. There were miles upon miles of dead and bleached thorn-trees, about twenty feet high, evidently vigorous some ten years ago. These had either been killed by very heavy floods, as the ground is flat and water does not drain off easily, or had been destroyed by extensive fires. Among these trees were scores of red ant-hills, eight or ten feet high, and many of the dead trees were overwhelmed by them, just a branch or the part of a trunk projecting here and there. When the trees have all been eaten the termites no doubt leave, and their mounds are washed away by rain and wind, leaving behind only a vast grassy plain."

The extreme north-western angle of the Marar Prairie is marked by a hill called Sarir Gerád, and from its base the ground falls abruptly to the north into the Harrawa Valley in the Gadabursi country, and to the west into deep gorges which lead towards Gildessa. The bushes cling in a sharply-defined line to the rugged hills of denudation into which the high prairie breaks up. The main rock of these hills is limestone, much eroded in the ravines by water, and weathered into holes and caves, lined with deposits of stalactite. Some of the torrents which descend to the east of Sarir cut through deep alluvial deposits, leaving overhanging earth banks eighty to one hundred feet deep. The whole of this wild and mountainous region is very picturesque, and the more interesting to a sportsman because, together with the Harrawa Valley, it is still visited at the right season by two or three herds of elephants. The average elevation of this valley is about 5000 feet above sea-level. The vegetation is very luxuriant, the predominating kind being the *hassádan* or euphorbia, which here grows to a height of from thirty to sixty feet. There is a

great variety of flowers, and the grass is excellent in this valley, which stretches away several days' journey into the Esa country.

It can be well understood in a country of such an extended area, and varying so much in elevation, that a large variety of plants and trees exists; and in addition to the vegetation already noticed there are many bushes and trees which one learns to recognise in the course of a journey. It is of course impossible to mention all, but the following are a few of the most conspicuous:—

The most thorny of all the bushes I consider to be the *billeil*. This horrible bush grows to a height of about ten feet, and is covered with small curved hooks of great strength which cannot be disregarded. The *sockso*, *adad*, *galól*, *khansa* are other more or less thorny bushes which are met with everywhere. The *adad* produces the best gum-arabic (*hábag*), large transparent knobs the size of a pigeon's egg being visible in the joints of the branches. The *galól* is a twisted, straggling, and untidy-looking thorn-tree, growing to a height of fifteen to twenty-five feet, the root being used for hardening and making watertight the bark *háns* or water-vessels used by Somáli caravans. The branches have very little strength, and are useless for building platforms in when watching for game. There are thorns over an inch long, each springing from a white bulb.

The jungles in Ogádén chiefly consist of the *galól* and the *khansa*. The giant euphorbia called *hassádan* grows in the hills and in the Haud, seldom much above or below five thousand feet. The *derkein* is a tree allied to the *hassádan*, but is found at a lower elevation, and is very common in the Dolbahanta country, growing in thick compact groves, and within these groves it is the custom of the natives to bury their dead. Two large thorn-trees of great beauty are the *gudá* and the *wáddi*. The *gudá* has a dark stem and grows to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, spreading out to an umbrella-top and giving excellent shade. The *wáddi* has a whitish stem and spreads out like the *gudá*, but more symmetrically, and is ornamented with white thorns about five inches long. The *kedí* and the *mégag* are conspicuous trees. The *kedí* grows without a branch for about eight feet, and then breaks out into a compact rounded mass of long, green, soft thorns, growing one out of the other, in the same way as a prickly pear. The *mégag* is much the same in shape, but there are no thorns, and it breaks out into small twisted branches, matted together, with tiny blue-gray leaves. Another tree is the *garas*, having leaves like a laurel, while the roots and bifurcations of the stems contain deep recesses which often hold drinking-water after rain. The *wabé*, or dark green poison-tree, is very common in the mountains, a concoction of arrow-poison being made from the roots. The *atheí* is a small bush with gray leaves, the twigs of which form the native substitute for a toothbrush in Somáland. *Ergin* is a slender, green, grass-like bush of the cactus kind, with a milky sap, which forms dense cover and is often the resort of leopards. *Dár* and *hig*, the latter of which produces excellent rope-fibre, are apparently varieties of the aloe, and cover enormous areas. There is no ground more favoured by the lesser koodoo.

Of the larger trees the most conspicuous are the *darei*, a fig-tree, and the *gób*, a very large thorny tree growing on the banks of river-beds, with edible berries of an orange colour, the size of a cherry, and containing a large stone. In taste they resemble apples, and are delicious eating.

The *tomaiyo* is a root like a knotted swede, growing three inches below the surface in the soft red soil of the Haud and Ogádén. It is green and purple outside, and inside consists of a white watery pulp which will allay thirst. This plant is difficult to find, and has to be burrowed for. *Armo*, a vividly green creeper with large, fleshy, heart-shaped leaves, covers all the trees by the river-beds, hanging festooned like a curtain, and turning the *gudá* thorn-trees into natural shady bowers. Of the three best grasses already mentioned as growing in the Haud, the *durr* grows to about six feet, the *darémo* to about fifteen inches, and *díhe* to about four inches. All these grasses curl and twist about very much, the *durr* spreading out into branches like a bush. The favourite cover chosen by a lion is in nine cases out of ten either *durr* grass, *khansa* forest, or the reeds (*aldó*) growing at the margin of a river-bed.

The Somáli climate is on the whole very dry and bracing, and there is no malarial fever to speak of except on the Webbe Shabéleh River.

In the Maritime Hills the highest shade temperature I have registered is 118° Fahr. at mid-day, and on the cool elevated Haud country the temperature just before sunrise has often been as low as 56° in June. The lowest temperature I ever registered was 49°.

During the months of July, August, and September 1892, my brother took daily five or six observations with barometer and thermometer. The following shade temperatures, taken at random from his tables, may be of interest:—

Date.	Place.	Elevation in feet above sea-level.	Time.	Thermo- meter. °Fahr.
July 4-8	Berbera	35	8 A.M.	94½
			12.15 P.M.	99
			6 P.M.	99½
			9.30 P.M.	95
,, 17-20	Hargeisa Wells.	3938	6.30 A.M.	67
			8 A.M.	67
			Noon.	82
			5.25 P.M.	80
			9.5 P.M.	74½
,, 23	Kheidub-Ayéyu (Haud)	3841	1.30 A.M.	56
			5 A.M.	61
			Noon.	83
			9 P.M.	75
			5 A.M.	63
,, 25-28	Gagáb (Milmil)	3429	Noon.	85
			2.30 P.M.	82
			9 P.M.	68
			4 A.M.	59
			6.30 A.M.	63
August 8-10	Waror (Jerer Valley)	4161	9.30 A.M.	69½
			1 P.M.	84
			3 P.M.	85



Date.	Place.	Elevation in feet above sea-level.	Time.	Thermo- meter. °Fahr.
August 31 . . .	Harrhé . . . .	5761	1 P.M.	80
Sept. 3-5 . . .	Makanis (Marar Prairie)	6209	2 P.M.	75
„ 9 . . . .	Kalerug . . . .	6310	6 A.M.	56
„ 10 . . . .	Sarir Gerád . . .	6330	7 P.M.	65
„ 24 . . . .	Biyo Kabóba . . .	3353	3.30 P.M.	72½
„ 25-26 . . .	Hassein Gedíchi . .	2252	6 A.M.	56
„ 30 . . . .	Lehellu . . . .	10	Noon.	103½
October 4 . . .	Zeila . . . .	45	5 A.M.	67
			2 P.M.	93
			3 A.M.	84
			10 P.M.	85

## GLOSSARY OF GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

The names have been spelt in accordance with the Royal Geographical Society's system, vowels having an Italian pronunciation, *ei* being pronounced as in the English word "weight," and so forth.

The following will occur often in geographical names, some being modern terms, others having fallen into disuse in ordinary conversation:—

*Ad, Ado*, white.

*Ass*, red.

*Ban*, an open plain; as *Ban-yéro*, little plain.

*Biyo, Biya*, water; as *Biyo-foga*, distant water; *Biya-ha-gádleh*, water of the place of caves.

*Bur*, a mountain or hill; as *Bur-mádo*, the black hill.

*Daba*, foothills; as *Daba-ádo*, the white hills.

*Dagah*, a rock; as *Dagaha-dáyer*, the monkey-rock.

*Dih*, a valley; as *Dih-wiyilch*, the valley of rhinoceroses.

*Dur-dur*, a perennial spring.

*Eil*, a deep well; as *Eil Sheikh*, the Sheikh's well.

*Gad*, a headland or bluff; as *Gadki-góbleh*, the bluff of the place of the *gób* tree.

*Ged*, a tree; as *Ged-wein*, big tree.

*Gola, Gol*, a peak; as *Gola-dagah*, the rocky peak; *Gol-adéryu*, the peak of koodoos.

*Gumbur*, a hillock; as *Gumbur-ta-jifto*, the sloping hillock.

*Habr, Rer*, and the Arabic *Ayyal*, are tribal prefixes.

*Hassádan*, a euphorbia tree; *Hassadínleh*, the place of the euphorbia.

*Hedd*, or *Dád*, a forest; as *Dád-libah*, the lion forest.

*Kabr*, graves; as *Kabr Ogádén*, the Ogádén graves.

*Karin* or *Duss*, a pass; as *Karin-dagah*, the rocky pass.

*Lás*, a shallow well or sand-pit; as *Lás Anod*, milk well.

*Mádo, Mádu*, or *Madóba*, black.

*Magala*, a town; thus Berbera is called *Magala-sahil*, the "coast town."

*Nás*, a pointed breast or hillock; as *Nás-gódkí*, the hillock of the cave; *Náso hablod*, the maiden's breasts.

*Sarar*, a plateau; as *Sarar-ki-adáda*, the white plateau.

*Tug*, a sand-river; as *Tug-dér*, the long river.

*Webbe*, a large running river; as *Webbe Shabéleh*, the leopard river.

*Wein*, great; *yer*, small.

The plural is often formed by doubling the last consonant and adding *o*; as *Dubbur*, plural *Duburro*.

*Leh* is a termination constantly

occurring in geographical names, and meaning locality; thus:—

*Armáleh*, the place of *armo* creepers.

*Líbah*, a lion; *Líbahleh*, the place of lions.

*Shabél*, a leopard; *Shabéleh*, place of leopards.

*Warába*, a hyæna; *Warábileh*, the place of hyænas.

Besides those given above, the following meanings of names which are to be found in the map will be interesting:—

*Adadleh*, the place of *adad* trees.

*Alóla-Jifen*, sloping plateau.

*Badwein*, large tank.

*Biyo-ado*, white water.

*Biyo Frinji*, the Franks' watering-place.

*Bur Ad*, white hill.

*Bur Anod*, hill of milk.

*Bur Dab*, rocky hill.

*Burka*, the hill.

*Daar-Ass*, red clay.

*Dabáda Jálel*, hill of the *ja* tree.

*Dagaha Madóba*, the black rock.

*Dagahbur*, rocky hill.

*Deimoleh*, place of *deima* trees.

*Dere-gódeh*, the ravine of the cave place.

*Derin-galóto*, the ravine of *galól* trees.

*Digirin-leh*, place of guinea-fowl.

*Dig-wein*, big ears.

*Dih-bauna*, valley of rock rabbits.

*Eil Anod*, milky well.

*Eil Armo*, well of the *armo* creeper.

*Eil Birdáleh*, well of the *birda* tree.

*Eil Midgán*, bushman's well.

*Eil Sheikh*, the Sheikh's well.

*Gal Hedigáleh*, gully of the stars.

*Gán-Líbah*, lion's paw.

*Garasleh*, the place of *garas* trees.

*Gol Adér-yu*, the peak of koodoo.

*Goriáleh*, place of tree-stumps.

*Gudáweina*, the large *gudá* tree.

*Gumbur Dág*, the hillock of gad-flies.

*Hedd-Gódir*, koodoo forest.

*Hegebo*, many hills.

*Issutugan*, straight river.

*Laba-Gumbur-mádo*, the two black hillocks.

*Magala-yer*, little town.

*Marodíleh*, the place of elephants.

*Nasiya*, resting-place.

*Sarar-aver*, the camel plateau.

*Shimbiráleh*, the place of birds.

### APPENDIX III

#### FITTING OUT AN EXPEDITION FOR ABYSSINIA

It will give some insight into the requirements of travel in Abyssinia if we assume that it is intended to go by Zeila to Harar and perhaps on to visit Addis-Abbaba, the capital of the Negus, and then by permission to start for the almost unknown shooting-grounds in the interior and on the inland south-west borders of the country.

Under the new order of things, now that there is a British Resident who goes to Addis-Abbaba periodically, the preliminaries for the journey of a British subject would naturally require his concurrence; and no attempt to carry out such a journey would be successful without the permission of the Negus.

Different travellers suit their taste in the composition of their caravans, and whether they took Abyssinians, Soudanese blacks, Arabs, or Somális for their personal servants would depend on the point at which it was proposed to enter the country, and on the races the traveller's own local experience has made him most familiar with.

If I were going in from Zeila I should take a small self-contained caravan of Somáli servants, rationed for the trip, who would understand me and who could be depended upon to obey orders whatever the emergency. Whether they would be armed or not would depend on the Abyssinian authorities; but if the necessary permission could be obtained they would be trusted with rifles; and in any case spare sporting rifles would always be present in the baggage or in their hands to meet extraordinary emergencies. Even if the servants were allowed to be armed, the ammunition should be locked up at ordinary times when marching through friendly country. Travelling in an organised country like Abyssinia is totally different from going among nomad tribes under a merely patriarchal system; yet it must be remembered the people themselves are armed, and local insurrections and civil wars are always possible.

I am strongly in favour of taking a few of these dependable coast-men, for otherwise the traveller, once in Abyssinia, is absolutely in the hands of the headman told off to assist him by the authorities of the Negus, or by one of the Ráses. Not one of the Abyssinians will obey a single order given by any but his feudal superior, and even that functionary's orders are seldom paid careful attention to; generally, before the humblest muleteer will notice an order given by a white man, even, for example, if it is only to pick up a bucket or to disentangle a mule's foot from a coil of rope, it may be necessary to hunt up the headman; and the headman,

as is often the case, may be lying in his tent drunk, thus involving considerable delay. This is scarcely exaggeration.

As I am still in favour of each white man having his own small caravan complete, and the two or more white men amalgamating when together, I shall consider only one traveller, and the arrangements can easily be multiplied.

We will suppose he is to be absent from the coast for six months. Of the faithful coast-men, he will require a cook, a tent-boy, two shikaris (one of whom may be the head coast-man or confidential headman and interpreter), and two saises; that is, six Somális in all.

Thus if two white men were clubbing together, there would be twelve reliable Somális—a very useful number.

They should be rationed for the whole trip; this would not be difficult, as six Somális for six months require 1080 lbs. rice, 540 lbs. dates, and 180 lbs. ghee, which would be carried by seven camels, twelve mules, or nineteen donkeys. As the rations were consumed, the transport animals would be available for skin and horn trophies, and all kinds of collections.

The ordinary traveller who has made no such arrangement for a small permanent following, rationed for the trip, will have to live from hand to mouth; the "breads" and beer sent by the King's orders, or other arrangement, will often not be ready for him at the right point; and one cannot blame the Abyssinian muleteers and followers if, failing food, they walk away in a body and leave the European sitting at the roadside unattended, surrounded by a pile of baggage. Here the few well-rationed, obedient coast-men would come in useful. If utterly left in the lurch by the Abyssinians, the baggage could at least be got back to the coast or to more hospitable country, instead of the traveller being detained practically a prisoner till such time as he would be allowed to proceed. While outwardly polite, the Abyssinian high official can, without employing force, easily stop any traveller who lives from hand to mouth, by merely sending the "breads" to the wrong place; he will be profuse in his apologies, but he will withhold the "breads" at his good-will and pleasure; moreover some of these officials are quite capable of giving a double set of instructions.

I am allowing for two shikaris and two saises, because one of each should always be with his master, and doubling them allows for sickness. The riding mule and sporting rifle would then be in reliable hands, though an Abyssinian shikari who knew the country and language would also be necessary to secure sport. The saís also should be assisted by an Abyssinian muleteer who can interpret. In this way the traveller will always have two coast-men with him whenever he is out on his mule.

In case of desertion by the Abyssinians, the extra saís and shikari, cook and tent-servant, four men in all, could, with the aid of a few small boys, collect donkey transport and manage to get the baggage along somehow.

It will here be useful to calculate the total transport required by the traveller and his six coast followers. I am assuming that no special scientific work is to be undertaken, requiring extra transport. Mules are the usual transport in Abyssinia, so they will be calculated for; but donkeys are much used in small transport work by the Abyssinians themselves, and personally I would go anywhere in that country with donkeys. They are cheap, require less supervision, and give less trouble, in health or sickness, than mules. It is easier to replace casualties in donkeys, they are hardy feeders, picking up food at the roadside and carrying no

forage, and they stay in good condition on next to nothing, and do not get sore backs. Their only disadvantage is, that they travel about half a mile an hour slower than mules. One driver will manage three donkeys, and that driver can be a small beggar boy, whom you can pick up anywhere, and who, while of less account and importance than a grown man, will obey orders with greater intelligence. Further, donkeys are obtainable on the Somali coast, and as they can cross the Zeila plains, could be used throughout a trip.

The loads would be as follows:—

	Mule-loads.
Rations for six coast-men, six months . . . . .	12
Rations for one European, six months . . . . .	9
European baggage, tent, etc. . . . .	6
One day's water for use of men on the march . . . . .	4
Belongings of Abyssinian muleteers . . . . .	2
	—
	<u>33</u>

We shall be allowing a good margin for casualties with five spare mules, or thirty-eight in all, of which only thirty-three need saddles.

The European will require two good riding mules.

Abyssinian muleteers will not look after more than one laden baggage-mule to each man.

The composition of the whole caravan, while mules are used, will therefore be as follows:—

*Men—*

- 1 European (rationed six months).
- 6 coast men (rationed six months).
- 34 Abyssinian muleteers (of whom one looks after five spare mules).
- 2 Abyssinian followers (to help shikari and sais).
- 1 Abyssinian boy to look after milk goats and sheep, and help the cook.
- 2 Abyssinian headmen of muleteers.
- 1 Abyssinian interpreter (generally an official).

*Animals—*

- 2 riding mules.
- 33 laden baggage mules.
- 5 spare baggage mules.
- half a dozen milk goats.
- half a dozen sheep.

One of the headmen and half of the Abyssinians (or they may be Hararis or Gallas) should be engaged and paid by the traveller; the Abyssinian authorities may provide the others, or they may not.

*Expenses—*

The expenses of such a trip would come under the following heads:—

- (1) Purchase of tent, rifles, and kit, at the centres of civilisation.
- (2) Passages to and from Aden.
- (3) Hotel expenses in Aden.
- (4) Purchase of necessaries at Aden.
- (5) Passages from Aden to Zeila and back.
- (6) Purchase of necessaries at Zeila.

- (7) Hire of camels from Zeila to Gildessa and for the return journey over the same ground.
- (8) Purchase of 38 baggage mules at Harar, 2 riding mules, 33 pack-saddles, and 12 water-tins; bringing them down to Gildessa and detaining them there.
- (9) Pay of coast-men while in the interior and presents at the end.
- (10) Expenses in the interior.

For items 1 to 5 the reader is referred to the notes given for fitting out for Somaliland. The six coast-men should be given each a warm jersey, two "khaki" coats, two waist-cloths, and two blankets, as they will be in colder country than they are used to, and this outfit provides a clean change for attendance at ceremonial visits, etc.; they should have a pouch and belt each, and a sailor's knife. If more warm clothing is wanted it may easily be got in Abyssinia. The two shikaris should carry sporting rifles, and four Lee-Metford or Martini-Henry carbines would be a useful addition to the sporting battery, for arming the coast-men in case of need, that is, assuming they would be let past the frontier. A little coffee and tobacco should be bought at Zeila for the coast-men.

In making preparations for carrying water I should, throughout the journey, allow for one day's water for all the men, and for crossing the waterless part of the Zeila-Gildessa road I should double this. Eight twelve-gallon casks, going on four camels, will do for the Zeila plains, and the casks can be got in Aden, or, less often, in Zeila. During the Abyssinian journeys a day's supply would be given by twelve water-tins filled to contain from four to five gallons each, and they would go on two camels, four mules, or six donkeys. At Harar are made convenient five-gallon water-tins called *tanika*, six dollars per pair.

It must be remembered that all the other kit might conveniently be in loads of about 50 lbs., so that one will go on a man, two on a donkey, three on a mule, and five on a camel; thus there will be no difficulties when a change in the kind of transport is necessary. The mule-packages should be 22 inches by 20 inches by 18 inches, two per mule, and there should be no sharp corners.

Item 6 will be limited to the rations for six Somalis for six months, purchasable at Zeila, and possibly the camel-casks; and previous notes on Somali equipment will be a guide.

For item 7 we have:—

	Rupees.
Hire of 22 camels (to carry 33 mule-loads and 12 hired camel-men's kit and rations, and two extra loads of water besides the water provided in 33 mule-loads); hire at 2½ rupees per day, say for 8 days, for every two camels and one driver.	220
Hire of two riding ponies for 8 days at 2 rupees per day each, with driver . . . . .	32
Presents to camel drivers . . . . .	15
	—
	<u>267</u>
	2
	—
Double for return journey . . . . .	534
That is, about £36.	



For item 8 we have :—

	Dollars.
Purchase of 38 baggage mules at Harar . . . . .	1500
Do. 2 riding mules . . . . .	120
Do. 33 pack-saddles . . . . .	75
Do. 12 water-tins . . . . .	36
Conveyance from Harar to Gildessa, and care while waiting at Gildessa, say . . . . .	40
	<hr/>
	\$1771

That is, about £255.

An alternative which might be easier would be to keep the mules waiting at Harar, and bring the caravan loads up to Harar from Gildessa by hired donkeys, arranged for to be waiting at Gildessa beforehand. Of these donkeys fifty-three would be required, and the hire would be three dollars for four donkeys for the two days' trip from Gildessa to Harar; drivers, I think, included.

*Item 9.*—Very high prices would have to be paid to get the best Somalis to go for long into Abyssinia—practically double pay; for it is a cold country, has an uncongenial people, and the Somali learns to think in dollars instead of rupees.

Thus we have :—

	Dollars.
Somali head shikari and interpreter per month . . . . .	40
Second shikari . . . . .	17
2 saises (17 each) . . . . .	34
Cook . . . . .	20
Presents at end of trip . . . . .	40
	<hr/>
	151
	6
	<hr/>
Total for six months. . . . .	\$906

or about £130.

If any of these men know Amharic or Galla, so much the better; they will probably have a smattering knowledge of Arabic, Hindustani, or English.

*Item 10.*—Expenses in the interior, hunting presents, hire and presents to headmen and muleteers, purchase of mules to replenish stock, purchase of food at points on the road for the muleteers.

For all these expenses for six months I should allow \$3500 or about £500. It is nearly impossible to make an accurate estimate; the money would have, I think, to be taken up in dollars, unless agencies can be established at Harar and Addis-Abbaba. The country is rather more than twice as expensive as Somaliland.

#### PURCHASING, HIRE, AND PRICES IN ABYSSINIA

*Currency.*—There are no coins current in Abyssinia except the 1780 Maria Theresa dollars, which are used all over the Red Sea coasts; they

are worth about two shillings and tenpence, or two rupees two annas, and they run about seven to the sovereign. Rupees, useful on the Somali coast, run about fifteen to the sovereign.

In Abyssinia "salts" or *amolé* are the small change; a square bar of hard crystallised salt 10 inches long by 2½ inches square, tapered at both ends. Five go to the dollar at Addis-Abbaba, but the value varies with the distance from Lake Asal, near the Red Sea, whence the salt comes.

Three cartridges go to a salt, obtainable at any market in Abyssinia. The new dollars struck in Europe, with Menelik's head on the face, and the lion of Judah on the reverse, do not usually pass in the markets.

*Mules and Ponies.*—A pack mule costs from thirty to thirty-five dollars, and goes from 2½ to 2¾ miles an hour in the hills, 3 miles on the flat; the usual load is 160 lbs., though at a pinch, for a short distance on the flat, 200 lbs. can be carried.

The Rás of Harar keeps the selling of mules under his own supervision, as he gets two dollars on every mule bought or sold by his subjects.

As regards the comparative merits of buying or hiring mules at Harar, it pays to buy, as twenty-two to twenty-five dollars' hire are asked for each mule for the single journey from Harar to Addis-Abbaba, including the ten dollars for the man; moreover, by hiring, one would be in the hands of the owners as to hours of marching.

For carrying loads, the mules with old firing marks on the back and withers are the best, the absence of these marks denoting a young soft-skinned mule which has never borne a load, or a riding mule; both being undesirable.

It may be noted that here and there at villages on the routes in Abyssinia, the unserviceable mules of a marching caravan can be sold by auction—a novel form of sale much appreciated—and a few new mules may be picked up at the same points.

A good riding mule costs forty dollars and upwards. A riding horse costs from sixteen to twenty dollars, the price being kept down by special legislation. A pack-horse costs ten to fifteen dollars, but for this purpose horses are not so good as mules, having tender feet. Neither horses nor mules are shod.

When buying riding mules it is well to remember that the Abyssinian, wearing his sword on the right, mounts on the off side of the animal. The European will do well, therefore, at first to do likewise, otherwise there may be trouble.

*Donkeys.*—A donkey costs five dollars, and goes 2¼ miles an hour in the hills, 2½ miles on the plains; the load is from 80 to 100 lbs., and the latter weight may be allowed for in ordinary marching. For the trip of two days from Gildessa to Harar the hire is three dollars for four donkeys. Donkeys are obtainable at Zeila and ply to Gildessa along the desert road, though of course they are inferior to camels for this purpose.

*Camels.*—Somali camels are most useful for this desert journey from Zeila to Gildessa, and Dankali camels may be advantageously used as extra transport when crossing the Hawash depression between the Harar Highlands and Shoa. From Zeila to Gildessa is about 160 miles; from Laga Hardim across the Hawash depression some 60 miles. The agent who is sent to Harar to buy mules can arrange for a few hired Dankali camels with their pack-mats to be ready waiting at Laga Hardim to assist

the mule caravan over the Hawash desert journey by taking a proportion of the loads and carrying extra water.

*Pack-Saddles.*—The mule pack-saddles to be got in Abyssinia are made of sheep-skins on a wooden fork like an inverted Y, very trashy affairs, costing from 2 to 2½ dollars each. Rás Makunan has military saddles for his baggage mules, made of sacking stuffed with straw, a better pattern. Machanyas or leather ropes for fastening over the mule pack run two to three per dollar.

Donkey pack-saddles are mere bits of camel-mat or two or three sheep-skins lashed with rope.

*Miscellaneous.*—A sheep costs from two to three dollars; the "breads," a foot in diameter, supplied daily at the halting places (by arrangement beforehand) for the Abyssinian followers, run fifty to the dollar; barley, useful as extra food for mules, three to four bushels per dollar.

*Procedure.*—It would presumably be necessary first to write from England to arrange for the King's permission to enter the country, by communicating with the Aden authorities; then an agent would have to be sent up from Zeila to purchase the necessary mules at Harar, and arrange for drivers, and either bring mules and drivers down to Gildessa, or leave them at Harar and arrange for hired donkey transport from Gildessa to Harar. The camels for the Hawash can be arranged for at Harar, and at Zeila a hired camel caravan must be waiting to take the expedition to Gildessa.

We will suppose the Abyssinian official, one headman, and half the muleteers are arranged for by the Abyssinian authorities, the other headman and the other half of the muleteers being hired direct by the agent sent up. The latter would be engaged for the whole trip; but the men given by Rás Makunan would be stopped at the frontier post of Laga Hardim, and Menelik's people would there meet the caravan. So that for the hired men and coast-servants permission to cross the frontier would probably have to be obtained beforehand. It must be remembered the muleteers hang together under their feudal headman and will not be separated.

At Addis-Abbaba there would be one or more Europeans in the King's service who would put the traveller up to the ways of the place and arrange about his going farther. It must be remembered, however, that travelling in Abyssinia is rougher and more difficult and vexatious than in Somaliland; of sport, at least up to Addis-Abbaba, there is practically none near the road itself. There are, however, untouched hunting-grounds on the inland borders of Abyssinia, and in the Jimma country; and now that peace is returning to the Eastern Soudan, the glorious hunting-grounds of the Nile tributaries, which have for seventeen years been, so to speak, lying fallow, will soon be again open for the big-game hunter.

## APPENDIX IV

### NOTES ON SOMALI TRADE

THE manufactured goods which the African wants, and the raw material he can export, are much the same all over the countries of tropical Africa. But Somaliland has one great advantage as a trading country over many other African regions. Trade caravans depend for their transport upon camels, not upon human beings; and these camels, although comparatively weak, are vastly superior to those of many other camel countries, in that they cost only about £2 each<sup>1</sup> and pick up all their food by the wayside. A comparison of the cost of camel transport in Somaliland with the human transport on the Zanzibar coast will show the former to great advantage.

The calculation which follows is based on my own experience of both countries. It is some years since I was at Mombasa, so I am open to correction if the prices there have been recently reduced, which is unlikely.

The Zanzibar coast porter carries a 60 lb. load of merchandise and a few days' rations, and costs about £1 per month in pay and food. Thus six porters would carry 360 lbs. of merchandise for a three months' journey at a cost of £18.

Two camels could be bought at Berbera for £4,<sup>2</sup> and after a long journey, and allowing for a percentage of loss by death, they would fetch, if sold by the Somali owners, about £3. With the two camels would be one attendant, and his pay and rations for three months would involve an outlay of about £3:15s. The camels, if lightly laden, would carry 275 lbs. each; and the merchandise they would carry, if the liberal allowance of 63 lbs. be deducted for the weight per month of the attendant's rations, would be 360 lbs., or the same as that carried by the six porters.

The cost of the two camels and their attendant for the three months would, however, amount to only £4:15s. as against the £18 for the porters.

During one of my last journeys we carried rations of rice, dates, and ghee at 1½ lb. per man for a period of four and a half months. This could never be done by a caravan of Swahili porters, who can only carry a few days' rations in addition to the load. Serious hardships from want of

<sup>1</sup> We are here considering prices as they are to the native trader, removed from the competition obtaining among sporting caravans. These prices have probably not altered much in recent years.

<sup>2</sup> Camels have since risen to nearly £3 each.

food are practically impossible when travelling with camels. In comparing porters and camels it must be borne in mind that the Somali caravans go from Berbera to Imé, four hundred miles, in sixteen days, which is faster travelling than could be accomplished by Swahili porters for the same length of road.

Of all the Somali coast-ports by far the most promising is Berbera. Without counting the great capacity of Somaliland itself as a consumer of our fabrics, which I shall touch upon later, Berbera has many advantages which will, I feel sure, cause it to become very valuable as *entrepôt* and distributor to countries and tribes outside the existing sphere of British influence. If the resources of Central Africa are destined ever to be fully developed, I believe Berbera will be one of the chief outlets for Central African exports.

The position of Berbera is unique. The meat supplies for Aden come almost entirely from there, and freight is always obtainable. Already two, and sometimes three, coasting steamers call weekly at Berbera, to say nothing of the freights carried by dhows. Berbera is close to one of the greatest lines of shipping in the world, and when trade develops into direct communication, the proximity of Europe and India cannot fail to attract capital. Another advantage which Berbera has over the ports of the East African coast is that the long sea-voyage, with its dangerous Cape Guardafui and its uncertain currents, is avoided; and although the land distance to Uganda and the Equatorial Province is greater than from Mombasa, Somaliland has, in Aden, a base secure from all attack, and is a week closer than Mombasa to both England and India. I have already shown the advantage of camel transport in the Hinterland of the Somali coast. The route to Central Africa, at any rate as far as Imé, four hundred miles inland, is excellent, presenting no difficulties to caravans, either owing to physical causes or the temper of the natives; and the whole of the country through which it passes is exceptionally healthy.

The Gallas beyond Imé are camel-owners like the Somalis, and live much in the same way. The route is so good, for the first four hundred miles at least from the coast, that, should the trade of Central Africa ever in the far distant future be sufficient to justify it, the construction of a railway following it would be perfectly easy.

The following statistics I find published in a Calcutta paper, having been taken from Lieutenant-Colonel Stace's Official Report on Somali Coast Commerce, 1891-92: "The total value of the trade of Zeila last year was over a quarter of a million sterling, exports figuring for £151,721 of this sum. The exports consist almost exclusively of coffee from Harar (valued last year at over £100,000), skins, and hides; while their imports are piece goods (£12,508), rice (£31,827), American shirtings (£17,941), Indian shirtings (£10,057), and *jowári* (£10,000). The total value of the trade of Berbera and Bulhár last year was £280,664, of which imports are responsible for £161,112. Berbera is supposed to contain about 30,000 people during the principal trading season, Bulhár perhaps 5000, and Zeila 6000."

There are many minor imports which do not compare in importance with those named. Among the possible imports in the distant future may figure common brown blankets. They are most popular as presents, and might eventually, I should think, develop into an article of trade.

Other chief exports at present, besides those already named, are—

Gum.  
Ostrich feathers.  
Cattle and sheep (for the Aden market).

The hides, the trade in which seems capable of great development, go to America, whence most of the cotton-goods are imported.

Considering the capacity of Somaliland as a consumer of our fabrics, our countrymen's lack of enterprise in having allowed American goods to gain the ascendancy in this market seems astonishing. Among the future possible exports of value are the fibre of the *hig* or pointed aloe, certain barks for tanning leather, and other natural products. Ivory at present mostly goes to ports west of Zeila, and does not figure largely in the exports from the British Protectorate.

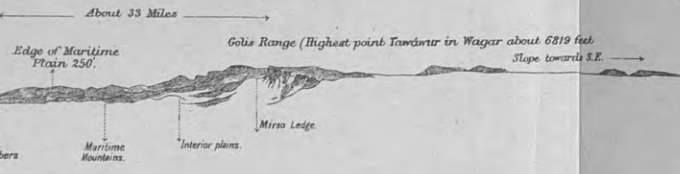
There are many kinds of resin and of gum, the best gum being that of the *adad*, a low-spreading thorn-tree, exuding from the branches of which can be seen transparent knobs of the gum of a golden hue, the size of a lemon, and pleasant to taste. It is much eaten by the natives and by gazelles. Gum-pickers take it to their squalid-looking encampments, and loading camels with the sacks, carry them to the coast for sale.





ROUGH ELEVATION SHOWING COUNTRY BEHIND BERBERA.

Scale 2 1/2 Miles to 1 Inch—Verticals 4 times Horizontal



HUNTING MAP  
OF  
NORTHERN SOMALI LAND.

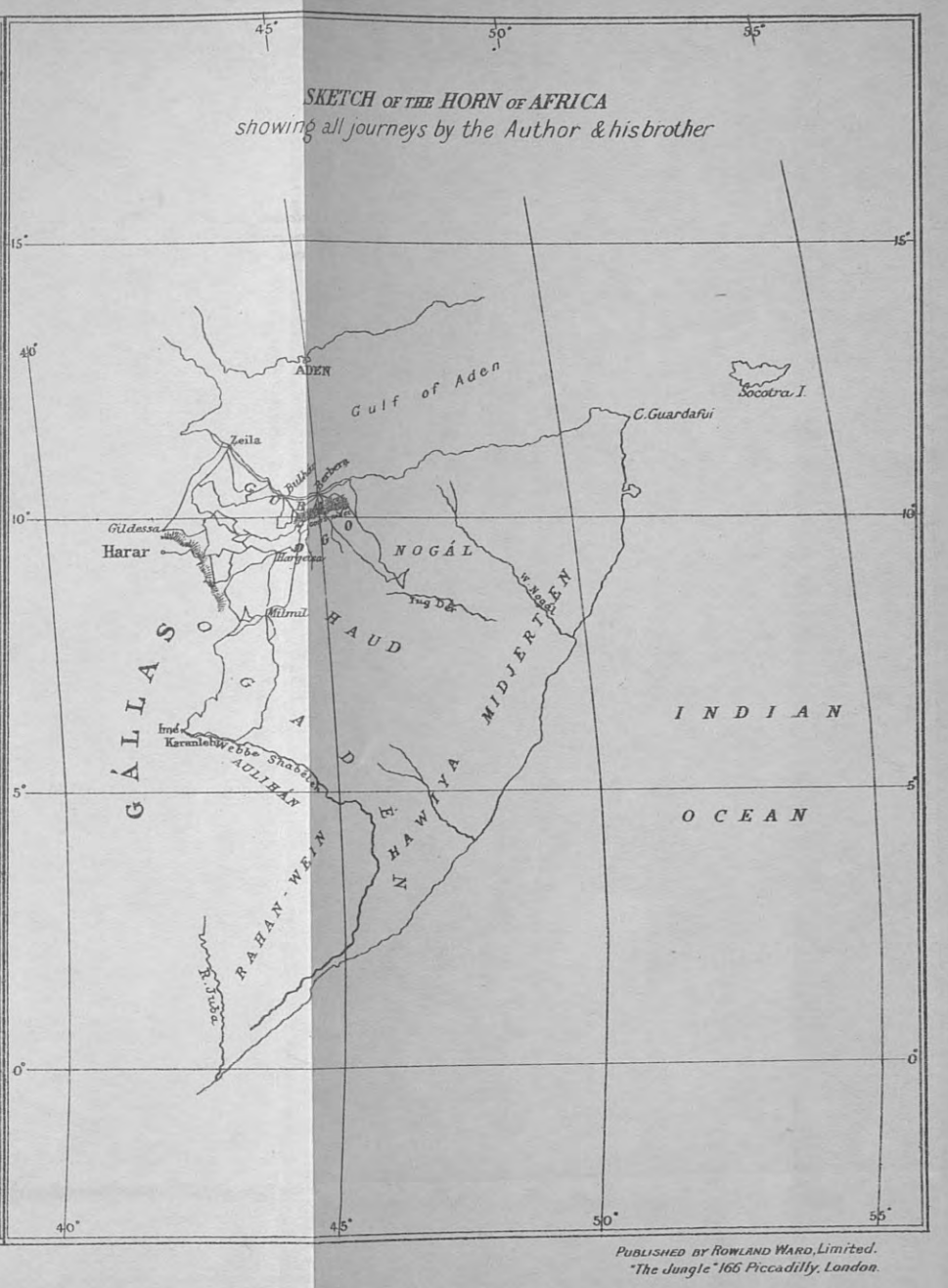
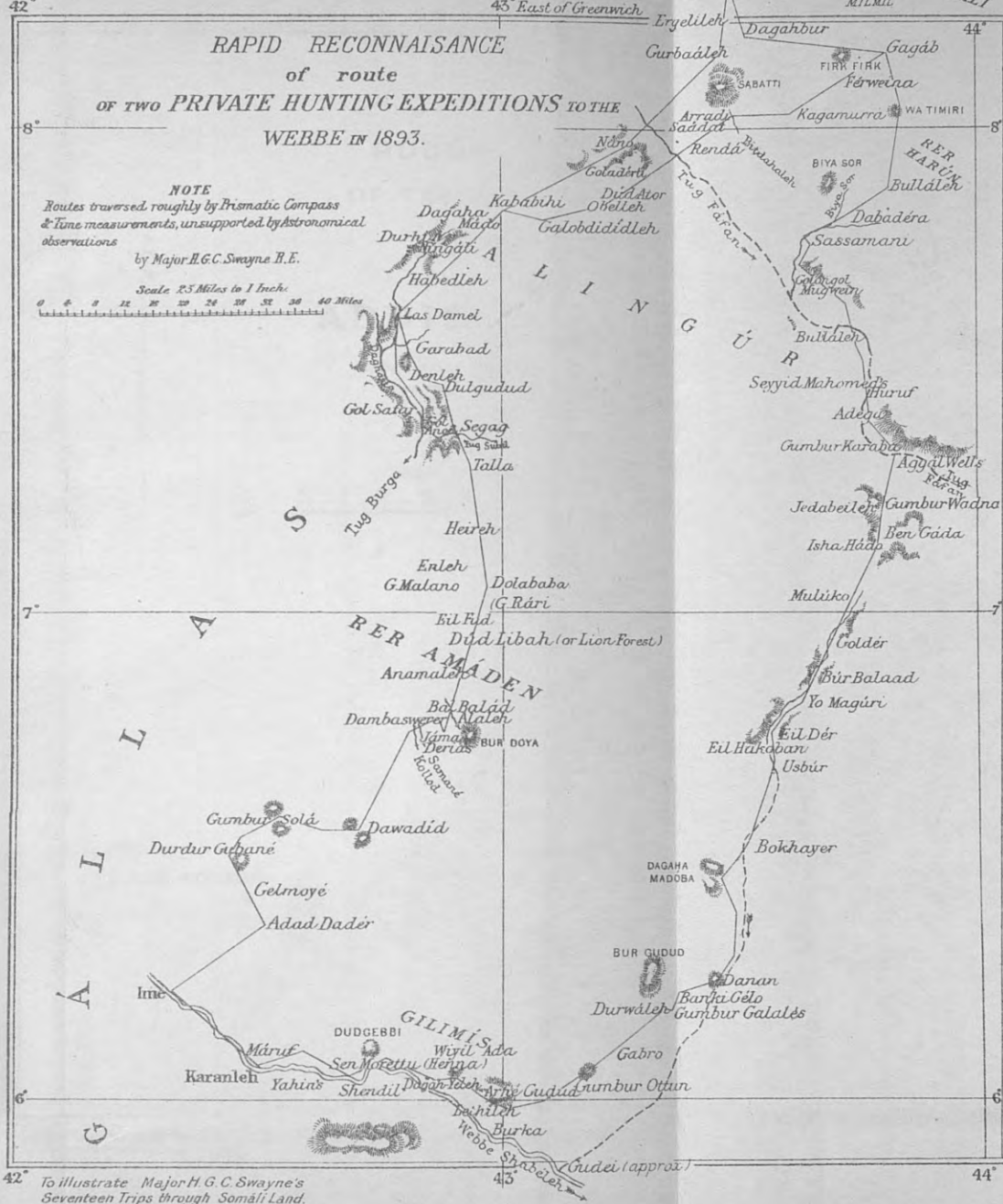
Reduced by permission of the Government of India, from the original routes of Major H. G. C. Swayne R.E. and Capt E. J. E. Swayne 16th Bengal Infantry. These routes were reconnoitred for the Government of India on a scale of 4 miles to 1 inch, by Prismatic Compass and time measurements, on a framework of fixed points obtained by triangulation or by continuous chains of latitudes and azimuths from star observations with a 6 inch transit theodolite.

Note The signs do not indicate villages but camps or stations of observation

Scale 30 Miles to 1 Inch.  
0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 Miles

----- ADEN RESERVE BOUNDARY (ROUGHLY)  
----- PROTECTORATE BOUNDARY (ROUGHLY)

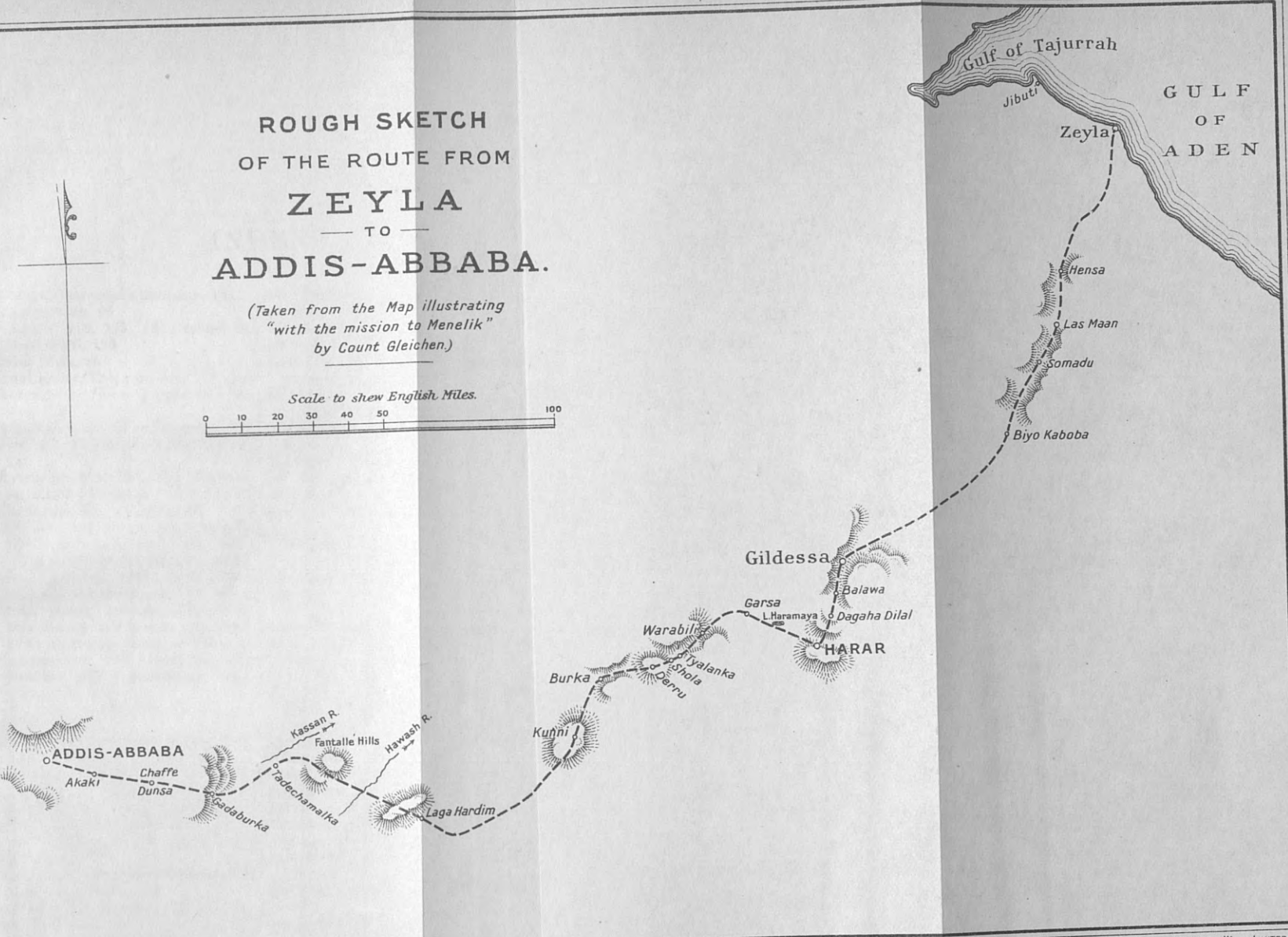
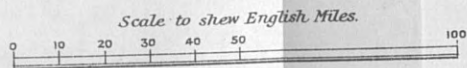
To illustrate Major H. G. C. Swayne's Seventeen Trips through Somali Land and Abyssinia.



To illustrate Major H. G. C. Swayne's  
Seventeen Trips through Somali Land,  
and Abyssinia.

ROUGH SKETCH  
OF THE ROUTE FROM  
**ZEYLA**  
— TO —  
**ADDIS-ABBABA.**

(Taken from the Map illustrating  
"with the mission to Menelik"  
by Count Gleichen.)



PUBLISHED BY ROWLAND WARD, LIMITED,  
"The Jungle" 165 Piccadilly, London.

To illustrate Major H.G.C. Swayne's  
"Through Somaliland and Abyssinia."



ETCH  
FROM  
A  
BABA.

illustrating  
Menelik"  
(then.)

ish. Miles.  
100



INDEX

- Abadigal, Banagúsé's headman, 157  
 Abbársó camp, 96  
 Abbasgúl, 116, 129, 185; raided by Habr Awal, 185  
 Abdul Ishák, 85  
 Abdul Káder, 125, 202, 205, 206, 213  
 Abonsa in the Harar Highlands, 131  
 Abósa, 136  
 Abud, Major, 15, 18; at Hargeisa, 240  
 Abyssinia compared with Afghanistan, 288  
 Abyssinians, 214, 246, 255; threaten to attack Hargeisa, 96; leader, Banagúsé, 105; scouting for, 121; soldiers seize our men and camels, 139; and the Esa tribe, 141; threaten to attack author's party, 157; general, 157; raids, 160; dealings with foreigners, 172; ambition, power, influence, 173; military display and power, 270, 282, 290; great importation of rifles and ammunition, 288; compared with Somális, 289; purchasing, hire, and prices, 370  
 Adad thorn bushes, 195, 362  
 Adadleh, 267  
 Adan Yusuf, caravan leader, 148, 156, 189, 285  
 Addis-Abbaba, 275  
 Aden, 238, 267; garrison, 75  
 Adone, 22, 207, 208, 211, 254  
 Adua, Italian disaster at, 288  
 Ahmed Abdalla, Sultán, 132  
 Ain Valley, 90  
 Aits Merzha, Governor of Gillessa, 269  
 Alaka Gobau Desta, 168  
 Alakud or klipspringer, 317  
 Aleyadéra nala, 116  
 Ali Hirsi, author's hunter, 76, 300  
 Ali Maan, 109, 150  
 Allegiri tribe, 90  
 Aloe plants, 12  
 Aloes and thorn jungle, ruins rise from, 91  
 Amáden, 212  
 Amhára or Abyssinians, 189, 192, 211  
 Amháric letter from Rás Makunan, 144  
*Ammodorcas clarkei*, 310  
 Antelopes, 299  
 Ant-hills, 97, 305  
*Aoul* gazelle, description of, 314  
 Arab salutation "*Salaam aleikum*," 9; immigrations, 20; pony taken from Bombay as experiment by author, 125  
 Arabian trotting camel, author's, 157  
 Arasama, sub-tribe of Dolbahanta, 89, 92  
 Armadader aloe undergrowth, 105  
*Armo* creeper, 46, 229, 363; food of elephants, 70  
 Aror, 120  
 Arregéd, a deep ravine in Bur Dab Range, 92  
 Arroweilo legend, 24, 25  
 Arrto; loss of Count Porro's expedition, 144  
 Arussi Gállas, 207, 214, 243  
 Assa Range, 40  
 Astronomical observations, 283  
 Au Ismail, 127  
*Aukál*, or elders, 78  
 Aulihán Somális, 197, 246, 251, 307; country, 325  
 Au Mahomed Sufi, the Somáli Sheikh, 123  
 Awalé Yasin injured, 150

- Awaré, 259  
 Ayyal Yunis traders, 155
- Ba (tribal collective prefix), 19; Awal, 19; Habr, 19; Gailoh, 19; Ambaro (or sons of Ambaro), 20; Gadabursi elders, 76, 81  
 Baboons, 136, 231, 251, 325  
 Badgers, 327  
 Badwein (Big Tank) in the Dolbahanta country, 25; march to, 91  
 Bahgoba camels stolen, 107  
 Baira antelope described, 320  
 Bakáwa, ascent of, 94  
 Baker, Sir Samuel, 110  
 Banagúsé, Abyssinian general, 115, 156; threatens to arrest author, 156; is beaten in the game, 158; his history, 160  
 Ban-ki-Aror Plain, 117  
 Banyéro Mountain, 231, 233  
 Barkad Gerád, 91  
 Basha-Basha, Abyssinian general, 124, 167; reported killed, 255  
 Baudi, Captain, 197, 208  
 Beads, 258, 348  
 Beisa, see Oryx  
 Bé, 88; return to, 95  
 Berbera, 2, 208, 238, 354; start from, 43, 240; Maritime Plain, 51; taken over by British Government, 74  
 Bergéli, 94  
 Bertiri tribe, 19, 115, 130, 135, 160  
 Billeil, 184, 195, 267, 298, 362  
 Birds on the Wagar Mountains, 94; varieties of, 327  
 Biyo-Kabóba, Abyssinian fort, 108, 144  
 Blood-feud, 14  
 Blood-money, 13  
 Boh, our Esa guide, 143  
 Boho, 79  
 Bohol-Káwulu, 108  
 Bombay Infantry sepoy, 82  
 Bombós, 117  
 Bone-setting by the Somális, 150  
 Botanical collection lost, 255  
 Bottiga, Captain, 207  
 Bottor Valley, 105  
 Bracco, Captain, 269  
 British influence, effect of, 113; mission to Menelik, 268
- Bubalis swaynei*, first shot, 95  
 Buffalo, 212, 251, 252, 325; tracks of, 250  
 Buk Gého, 110  
 Bulhár, 10, 75, 113, 300, 355; under Mr. Morrison's charge, 76; burnt to the ground, 116; march to, 148  
 Bur Dab Range, 87, 88, 295  
 Burka, 250, 307  
 Bur'o, 88  
 Burton, Sir Richard, his first expedition to Somáliland, 75  
 Burton's book, *First Footsteps in East Africa*, 97, 172  
 Bushbuck, 242, 247, 255; description of, 308  
 Bustards, 327
- Cabul tents, 175, 337  
 Cahaigne, Monseigneur Taurin, 22, 171  
 Camelman scared, 89  
 Camels, 8, 13, 27-33; varieties of, 33; buying and selling, 50, 208, 346, 369; meat, 107; killed by hyæna, 193; load for, 333  
 Camera and outfit, 338, 340  
 Candeo, Signor, 197, 208  
 Caravans, 1, 37; our caravan imprisoned, 139  
 Carrington's, Colonel, expedition, 149  
 Caves at Jebel Hákim, 174  
 Cecchi, Signor, Italian Consul-General, 148, 171  
 Cedar forests explored, 93  
 Centipedes, 327  
 Clarke's gazelle, 223, 310  
 Clarke, T. W. H., 87  
 Climate of Somáliland, 363  
 Clothes suitable for Somáliland, 340  
*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*, 307  
 Cowasjee Dinshaw Brothers, 341  
 Crocodiles, 243, 255, 324  
 Curteis, Colonel R., 132  
 Czetwertynski, Prince Boris, 5, 29
- Daar-Ass Mountain, 235, 236  
 Daba-Jérissa, 259  
 Dagaha, Todobálla, or "the Rock of the Seven Robbers," 226  
 Dagahbúr in Ogádén, 25, 131, 198  
 Daghatto Valley, 193, 196, 214

- Dágo stops our caravan, 139  
 Dáir (October, November, December), 36, 254  
 Dambaswerer in the Rer Amáden country, 202, 206, 213  
 Damel Plain, 52; sight elephants, 60  
 Danakil tribe, 255  
 Darémo, 119  
 Dárud, 19  
 Daud Gerhajis, 19  
 Daura reports death of Awálé Yasin, 150; and the rhinoceros, 188; his tragic death, 221  
 Delamere, Lord, 240  
 Denleh, 196  
 Deria Hassan, my gunbearer, 70, 188  
 Deria Shiré, son of important elder of Shiré Shirmáki, 83  
 Dhows, 36  
 Dibállig, open recognition of the authority of a sultan, etc., 14, 99; in our honour, 123, 205, 223  
 Dibátog, or Clarke's gazelle, description of, 310  
 Dibiri-Wein country, 150  
 Digan, 149  
 Digwein, 296  
 Dik-dik antelopes described, 318  
 Dímis, 86  
 Division of classes in Somáliland, 1  
 Dobóya, 117  
 Dofaré, march to, 132  
 Dol, or bushbuck, 242, 308  
 Dolababa, 219  
 Dolbahanta tribe, 19; country—reconnoitre trade routes, 86  
 Donkeys, 3, 34; killed by lion, 261  
*Dorcotragus megalotis*, 320  
 Dubár, 86  
 Dubbi Harré, Arussi Gállá chief, 244, 254  
 Dubbur, 87, 131  
 Dubburo, 133  
 Ducks, 179  
 Dúd Libah, or the "Lion's Forest," 219  
 Durhi, 190, 192, 193, 197, 219  
 Durr, 119, 189, 200; grass, 260
- E— (Captain E. J. E. Swayne), 86  
 Eagles, 327  
 Egyptians evacuate Somáli coast, 75  
 Eidegalla tribe, 15, 20, 40, 223
- Eil Ánod, 82  
 Eil Bhai, 135  
 Eil Dab (rocky well), 90  
 Eil-ki-Gabro, 190  
 Eilo, a mountain in the Gadabursi country near Zeila, 10  
 Eil Sheikh, 79, 81, 82, 86, 149  
 Elephant, looking for tracks, 46; feeding, 49; method of hunting by natives, 110  
 Elephants (*Maródi*), 44, 52, 57, 106, 109, 193; at Jalélo, 54; shooting, Hembeweina river, 57; height of one at shoulder shot at, 56, 72; sight herd of sixty, 58; death of the big cow, 62; a wounded bull, 64; feeding on *armo* creeper, 70; in the Daghatto Valley, 193; description of, 195, 295  
 Elinta Kaddo, 133  
 Elmas Mountain, 76, 149  
 Enir Abdillahi, 114  
 Enleh, 197, 199  
 Entotto, former capital of Shoa, 275  
*Equus grevyi*, 192; description of, 321; *somalicus*, description of, 321  
 Esa insist they are British subjects, 141  
 Esa tribe, 10, 19, 22, 40, 109, 145; country entered by author, 109  
 Esmán Abdi seized by leopard, 153  
 Ethnology, 1  
 Expeditions, fitting out, 329, 366; expenses, 341, 369  
 Exports of Somáliland, 374
- Faf in Ogádén, 37  
 Fáfán river, 240  
 Farur Gerád Hirsi, 163  
 Felter, Signor, 168, 171, 174  
 Feyambiro, 167; on the road to, 174  
 Fitting out expeditions, 329  
 Flowers at Tawáwur, 94  
 Fodwein Bluff, 87  
 Foxes, 216, 327  
 French sphere of influence, 74, 146  
 Frogs, 187
- Gabba Oboho, the Adone chief, 208, 210, 240  
 Gabratagli, an Abyssinian agent of Menelik, 159, 160, 167

- Gabriel Guigniony, 171  
 Gadabursi tribe, 19, 22, 34, 110; country, 23, 296; start for, 106; author leaves the country, 109  
 Gaddy, 327  
 Gadif, a man born at noon, 20  
 Gagab wells, 259  
 Gaha Pass, 40  
 Galla graves, 24; cairns, 90; history, 171; country, 197  
 Gállaland, project to explore, 147, 240, 254  
 Gállas, 8, 21, 22, 207, 212, 214, 240, 251, 254  
 Gán Libah, 94, 224, 226  
 Garabad, 193, 196  
 Garasleh stream, 144  
 Garba-aleh pool, 190  
 Garbadir, 234  
 Garodki Mayagód, 120  
 Garsa, 273  
*Gáshán*, or shield, 10  
 "Gáshánbúr," or "brothers of the shield," 20  
 Gáwa Pass, 23  
*Gazella scammerringi*, 314; *spekei*, 315; *pelzelni*, 315  
 Gebili, pass through, 105  
 Gédi or march, 20  
 Géli, author's gunbearer, 126, 148, 179, 226  
 Geographical names, 364  
*Gerasmatch*, or General of the Left, 170  
*Gerénák*, see Waller's Gazelle  
 Géri tribe, 20, 109, 130  
 Geriré Gállas, 148, 243  
 Gerlogubi, in distant Ogádén, 75, 131  
 German mission station, 21; missionaries, 21  
 Gildessa, 75, 140; exciting time at, 139  
 Gilimiss, 242  
 Giraffe, 212, 325  
 Gleichen, Count, 268, 283  
 Goats, 35  
*Gób* trees eighty feet high, 122  
 Goban Desta sent to Gildessa to meet author, 144; reads Sir R. Burton's book to Ras, 172  
 Gojar under Gureis Mountain, 160, 161  
 Golbanti on the Tana river, 21  
 Gólis Range, 3, 44, 52, 86, 224, 226, 358  
 Gol Wiyileh, or the "Valley of Rhinoceroses," 188  
 Goose shot, 135  
 Gosaweina, 92  
 Government explorations, 75  
 Grasses, 119  
 Grave of a chief, 120  
 Graves, 20, 23; description of, 90  
 Greater koodoo shooting at Mandeira, 225; description of, 302  
 Grévy's zebra, 192, 321  
*Gu* (May and June), 36, 214  
 Guban, 52, 224, 295, 307, 315; or Lowland gazelle, 316  
*Guda* timber, 52, 109, 226, 227, 236  
 Gudaweina, 120  
 Guigniony, M., a French merchant, 171  
 Guinea-fowl, 226, 259, 327  
 Gulánleh, 52, 53, 57, 68  
 Guldu Hamed, mullah village at Upper Sheikh, 23, 87  
 Gumbur Dúg Hill, 133, 155  
 Gumbur Wedel Hill, 127  
 Gum-pickers, 202  
*Gurgyi*, 2  
 Gypsum rock, 89  
 Habr (tribal collective prefix), 19  
 Habr Awal, 19, 22, 74, 85, 121; Gerhajis, 19, 20, 40, 52, 76, 83, 85, 121; Toljaala, 19, 75, 88; march through the country, 93, 197  
 Haddáma, 128  
 Hadji Adan, our Esa guide, 143  
 Hádo, a visit to, by author, 164, 176  
*Haga* (July, August, September), 36, 116; wind, 116  
 Haines or Shabéleh river, 207  
*Halal*, 203  
 Haljíd, 198; march to, 187  
 Haraf, four miles from Hargeisa, 116, 132  
 Harar, 2, 20, 208, 270, 296; captured by Abyssinians, 114, 286; visited by author, 168; scenery, 272; rapid march from, 284  
 Harasáwa Valley, description of, 108

- Hares, 327  
 Hargeisa in the Habr Awal country, 7, 16, 52, 116, 132, 198; description of town, 96  
 Harka-weina, 229  
 Harrawa Valley, 23  
 Harrison, Captain, 132  
 Hartebeest, new variety first shot, 95; vast herds of, 97, 118, 135, 155, 163; description of, 305  
*Hassádan* trees, seventy feet high, 93, 361  
 Hassan, my gunbearer, 126, 148  
 Haud, 38, 360, 299, 359; Plateau crossed, 122, 166, 267  
 Hegebo, near Berbera, 357  
 Helmók Valley, 166  
 Hemál, under the Bur Ad Range, 109; journey from, to Ali Maan, 110  
 Hembeweina river at Jalólo, 54, 56, 65  
 Henweina Valley, 229, 233, 234  
*Hérios*, or camel-mats, 341  
 Hippopotami, 212, 247, 324  
 Hug, in the mountainous Jibril Abokr country, 24  
 Huguf Pass, 93  
 Hulkabóba, shooting camp, 43  
 Hussein-bin-Khalaf of Karanleh, 241  
 Hussein Debeli, my head tracker, sees elephant, 54  
 Hyænas, 184, 191, 222, 253, 258, 262; stabbed by author, 184; description of, 324  
 Ibrahim, author's servant, speared through his hand, 171  
 Ibrahim Gúri has camels, sheep, etc., stolen by Abyssinians, 163  
 "Ideal" camera, 157  
 Ig, Mons., 277  
 Imé on the Webbe, 130, 197, 206, 207, 240; author's visit to, 206, 209  
 Imports of Somáliland, 374  
*Ingrés* (or English), 192  
 Insects, 94, 327  
 Ishák tribes, 19, 24  
 Ismail, 19  
 Issutugan river-bed, 52; river, 54, 75, 295  
 Italian sphere of influence, 75, 287; disaster at Adua, 288  
 Instruments (scientific), 347  
 Jackals, 327  
 Jalólo, 54  
 Jáma, my hunter, sitting on the dead lioness, 103; Deria, the minstrel of the Rer Amáden, 202, 242  
 James, F. L., his exploring party, 75, 206, 212, 295, 360  
 Jarso, 160, 174  
 Jebel Hakim visited, 172; wonderful caves, 174  
 Jeráto Pass, 85, 223, 225  
 Jibril Abokr, sub-tribe of Habr Awal, 22, 40, 86, 94, 115, 226  
 Jibúti, French port, 141, 172  
 Jig-Jiga, 105, 115, 156, 161, 176, 177, 198  
*Jilál* (January to April), 35, 154  
*Jilíb*, or family, 20  
 Jopp, General, Resident at Aden, 171  
*Jowári*, 96, 210, 211, 241  
 Juba river, 212; sources, 147, 212, 240  
 Júk, 154  
 Kabri Bahr, waterless march to, 149  
*Kabil* season, 36, 155  
 Kanyasmatch Basha-Basha, 166  
 Karam, 93  
 Karanleh on the Webbe, 21, 212, 240, 247  
*Karia*, or temporary village, 2  
 Karin Marda, 164  
 Kásin Ishák clan, 85  
*Khansa* bushes, or umbrella mimósa, 6, 119, 150, 195, 216, 264, 362  
 Kheidub-Ayéyu, 120  
 Khoda Bux, 76  
 Kirrit, 24; well reached, 89  
 Kites, 327  
 Klipspringer, 52, 317  
 Kondurá, 165  
 Koodoo shooting, 45, 110, 191, 224, 228; description of, 302  
 Koran, 16; given to natives, 190; price of, 348  
 Kuredelli in the Jerer Valley, 178, 185  
 Lámu, 22  
 Las Damel, 193



- Lee-Metford rifle, 200, 259  
 Leopards, 94, 151, 196; first one shot, 95; stalking a goat in our camp, 96; sport with, 152, 258; one seizes Esmán Abdi, 153; sitting up for one, 155; seizes gazelle and is shot, 186; jumps into camp, 190; killed at Garba-aleh pool, 191; description of, 322  
 Lesser koodoo, 52, 116, 192, 255; in the Jerer Valley, 187; description of, 303  
 Lions, 119, 192, 204, 256, 260; killed by the Midgáns, 6; tracks of, 52; roaring of, awakes us, 65; stalking herds of antelope, 98; wounds author, 100; fine one killed by E—, 104; haunts of, 118; sleeping ten yards from author, 124; seizes sleeping woman, 192; tracking and shooting of one by author, 216; exciting hunt, 217; attack on a man, 256; finest one shot, 265; length of skin, 219, 265; description of, 293  
 Lioness doing sentry, 260  
*Lithocranius walleri* described, 312  
 Lizards, 327  
 Locusts, 94  
 Lower Nogal, 307  
 Loyi-Ada, between Jibúti and Zeila, boundary of English and French influence, 145  
 Maaruf, opposite Karanleh, 243  
 Mader Adan, 190  
*Madoqua swaynei*, 318; *phillipsi*, 318; *guentheri*, 318  
 Mahamúd Gerád, sub-tribe of the Dolbahanta, 40, 88  
 Mahomed Liba, a chief of Rer Ali tribe, 122  
 Malcolm Jones, Mr., 149  
 Malingúr, 148, 192, 193, 197, 240  
 Mandalay, 86  
 Mandeira, 51, 86, 225, 226, 296  
 Map for Government completed, 86  
 Marar Prairie, 23, 135, 154, 198, 247, 360; commencement of, 97  
 Marda Pass, 164  
 Marehán tribe, 19  
 Maritime Plain, 51  
 Maritime Range, 51, 87, 295, 357  
 Marriage laws, 11  
 Masai raids, 21  
 Massleh Wein, 234  
 Menelik, Emperor, 160; mission to, 268; Italian prisoners released by, 269; palace of, 274; kind reception by, 276, 282; presents to, 281; treaty with, 286; government of, 289  
 Methodist mission at Golbánti, 21  
 Midgáns, 4, 69, 134, 323; method of hunting lion, 294; method of hunting beisa oryx, 300  
 Midjerten tribe, 19  
 Milmil, 116, 122, 259; caravans, 40  
 Mirso, 43, 87, 234  
 "Moga Medir" rock, mentioned by Burton, 97  
 Monkeys, 243, 251, 326  
 Monsoon, or *Gu*, 35, 208  
 Morrison, D., 76, 78, 80  
 Mosquitoes, 191  
 Mules on the Zeila-Harar road, 34  
 Mullahs, 4  
 Músa Abokr, 88  
 Mussulmans, 9, 203, 322; teaching, 15  
 Náno, 191, 198  
 Native councils, 14  
 Ngai (German mission station), 21  
 Nogal country, 90  
 Nomadic tribes, 3, 38  
 Núr Osman, my camelman, 45, 46, 50, 54  
 Núr Róbleh of Karanleh, 241, 243, 244  
 Obok, 255  
 Ogádén, 2, 7, 19, 172, 190, 254, 295, 298, 307, 315; graves, 90  
 Ogo country, 3, 40, 52, 307, 315  
 Ogo-Guban, 52  
*Oreotragus saltator*, 317  
 Oryx or Beisa, 97, 117, 129, 154, 193, 201, 223; hunting on foot, 4, 154; hide shield, 4; shoot two fine bulls and two cows, 53; tracks, 66; herds of, in the Jerer Valley, 187; at Náno, 192; description of, 299  
 Ostrich feather worn by Esa who has killed a man, 11

- Ostriches, 54, 126, 127, 149, 187; see seventeen, 105; description of, 323  
 Outfit, 341  
 Paget, Col. Arthur, 87, 88, 241, 307; threatened attack on, 161  
 Panjábis enlisted at Aden, 80  
 Panther, see Leopard  
 "Paradox" gun, 265  
 Partridges, 327  
 Photographic outfit, 338, 340  
 Physical geography of Somáland, 354  
 Plants and trees, 361  
 Plateau gazelles, 53, 315  
 Ponies, description of, 33  
 Porro, Count, expedition of, 144  
 Purchase of tent, rifles, etc., 237  
 Rabbits, 327  
 Raiding tribes, 40  
 Raids, Somáls and Gállas, 20, 40  
 Rain, deluge of, 132, 203  
 Rainy season, 36  
 Rás Makunan, governor of Harar, 140, 215, 223, 270; his orders to treat British travellers with courtesy, 159; visit to Shoa, 159; visit to Rome, 170; expresses great friendship for the British, 171; author's farewell visit to, 173  
 Rations for natives, 344, 368  
 Ravens, 327  
 Records of big game, 293  
 Remington rifles, 139  
 Rer (tribal collective prefix), 19  
 Rer Ali tribe, 12, 19, 178, 198; wealth of, 260  
 Rer Amáden, 130, 148, 198, 202  
 Rer Dahir Farah, sub-tribe, 19  
 Rer Dollol and their camels, 97  
 Rer Gédi, 128  
 Rer Guléd (family), 20  
 Rer Haréd spies, 106; robbers, 107  
 Rer Harún, 122, 130, 197  
 Rer Mattan (clan), 20  
 Rer Samanter karias, 132  
 Rer Shirmáki Adan, 20  
 Rer Yunis Jibril, 97  
 Rhinoceros, first one shot, 126; shoot fine bull, 128; horns as sword-handles, drinking-cups, etc., 141; horns given as present to Rás Makunan, 140; author's adventure with, 180, 188; drinking, 181; plentiful in Jerer Valley, 187; at Náno, 192; description of, 297  
 Rhinoceros bird, 31  
 Rhinoceros Valley, or Dih Wiyileh, 188  
 Rifle kicks and injures author, 61; '577, used to shoot lion, 103; Winchester "express," 200; Lee-Metford, success of, 201  
 Rifles, the battery to take, 338  
 Róbleh, 20  
 Rock rabbits, 327  
 Rodd, Mr. Rennell, 268  
 Ruins, 20; at Badwein, 90  
 Ruspoli, Prince, 161, 207, 242, 245, 259  
 Saad Yunis, 88  
 Said Harti, 19  
 St. Ragnel, Feast of, 278  
*Sakiro* antelopes, 60, 84, 226; description of, 318  
 Sala Asselah, 135  
 Sala, Mr., an Italian traveller, 108  
 Salimbeni, Count, 170  
 Samani, 204  
 Samanter, 19, 120; my interpreter, 84  
 Samawé ruins, 23; tomb, 23  
 Sarar-awr (camel-back plateau), 83  
 Sattáwa, halt at, to form camp, 108  
 Scenery, variety of, 273  
 Sclater, Dr., 95, 305  
 Scorpions, 327  
 Segag, 196  
 Sen Morettu, 242, 255  
 Seton Karr, Mr., 149  
 Seyyid Mahomed, 240  
 Seyyid Mahomed's town, 4, 240  
 Shabéleh, 130, 239  
 Shafai Mussulman, 19  
 Sheep, 3, 35; export of, 3  
 Sheikh, 44, 86  
 Sheikh Mattar, the chief of Hargeisa, 7, 16, 96, 116, 148, 240  
 Shendil, 253  
 Shield, 10, 298  
 Shirdone Yunis, 76  
 Shire Shirmáki, 66, 68

- Shirmáki Adan and his fifty-two children, 20  
 Shoa, 159, 274  
*Shám*, or petty officer, visits author, 155  
 Sisai, at the back of Wagar, 93  
 Snakes, 327  
 Sobát, twelve miles from Jalélo, 57  
 Semmerring's gazelle, vast herds of, 97, 117, 127, 135, 149, 155; shoot two right and left, 155; at Náno, 192; shot with Lee-Metford, 200; description, 314  
 So Madu, arrival of mail bag, 145  
 So Midgán, 82  
 Somáli tribes, 1, 19, 21; the, his character, 7, 16, 285; salutation, "*Nabad*," 9; religion, costume, weapons, superstitions, and nomenclature, 9, 10; women, wonderful powers of endurance, 12; language, 16; origin, 18; nicknames, 19; seasons, 35; trade, 373  
 Spears, 10  
 Spear-throwing, 203  
 Speedy, Captain, 272  
 Spiders, 327  
 Sporting battery, 339  
 Squirrels, 243, 327  
 Stace, Lieut.-Colonel, 374  
 Storks, 327  
*Strepsiceros imberbis*, 226, 303  
 Subbul hills, 105, 154  
 Sultán Deria, 20  
 Swahili race, 22  
 Swayne, Captain E. J. E., assists in survey, 86  
 Swayne's hartebeest first shot, 95; description of, 305  
 Sword hunters, 110  
 Syk, in the high Ogo country, 85, 223  
 Taala Gállá, or Gállá cairns, 24, 88  
 Taitu, Queen, 281,  
 Tana river, 21  
 Taurin Cahaigne, Monseigneur, of Harar, 22, 171  
 Tawáwur, 93  
 Temperature, 36, 37, 363; at Sisai, 94  
 Temple, supposed work of Gállas, 91  
 Tents, 337; Cabul, 175, 337; description of Basha-Basha's, 166  
 Theodolite station, 87  
 Thirst, effect on domestic animals, 118  
 Ticks, 33  
 Tobe, 9, 262  
 Tomal, 4  
 Toyo Plain, 40, 297  
 Trade of Somáli, 373  
 Traders, 2  
 Trading caravans, 2  
*Tragelaphus decula*, 308  
 Treaty between British Government and Somális, 74  
 Trees, 273, 362  
 Trophies, preparation of, 353  
 Tug Dér, wells, 88  
 Túli, 126; march to, 189  
*Tusbas*, scented prayer-chaplets, 205  
 Tusks of Somáli elephant, 72  
 Ugaz Núr, 108  
 Ujawáji, 97, 98, 154  
 Umr Ugaz, 193, 242  
 Upper Sheikh, 87  
 Vultures, 97, 201, 254, 327  
 Vulturine guinea-fowls, 90  
 Wa-berri (from *berri*, morning), 19  
*Wádi* thorn-trees, 155  
 Wagar Mountain, 44, 93, 303  
 Waller's gazelle, 53, 127, 189, 192, 220; seized by panther, 186; shot with Lee-Metford, 200; killed by leopard, 258; description of, 312  
 Walsh, L. P., assistant Resident at Aden, 75, 142  
 Wandí, chief of police at Harar, 174  
 Wapokómo negroes of the Tana, 22  
 Warda-Gumarád, one of the great trade arteries, 119  
 Waredad Plain, 92, 295  
 Waror, 126; description of wells, 129  
 Warsama Dugál, a chief of the Ba-Gadabursi, 82  
 Warsingali tribe, 19  
 Wart-hog, 120, 226, 235, 256; kill near camp, 61, 256; description of, 322  
 Water, method of getting, 89, 129; supply statistics, 116; wells, 223

- Water-bottles made by natives, 10  
 Waterbuck, 212, 242, 247, 253, 254; swims across stream, 248; description of, 307  
 Webbe Shabéleh river, 22, 36, 197, 307; first journey to, 176, 199, 207, 210, 212; second journey to, 239; crossing the river, 244  
 Wild asses, 54; description of, 321  
 Wild dog, 324  
 Wolverton, Lord, 241  
 Women appeal for help against the Abyssinians, 121  
 Wood, Major W., 325  
 Yahia, a Somáli, 245, 254  
 Yebir, 4  
 Yemen, 172  
 Yirrowa, 87  
 Yoáleh, 122  
 Yoghol hill, 23  
 Yunis, author's guide, 202  
 Zebra, trying to catch young one, 207  
 Zebras, 192, 200, 220; description of, 321  
 Zeila, 22, 143, 145, 268, 284, 355; under British Consul, 75; exploration into the hills, 86; march to, 109  
 Zeriba, 2, 19, 120, 188, 219; arrangement of, 351

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