



THROUGH
UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES



Lemercier-gravure

Printed in Paris

Yours faithfully
A. Donaldson Smith.



THROUGH
UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES

*THE FIRST EXPEDITION FROM SOMALILAND
TO LAKE RUDOLF*

BY

A. DONALDSON SMITH, M.D., F.R.G.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF NATIONAL SCIENCES
PHILADELPHIA

Illustrated

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EDWARD ARNOLD

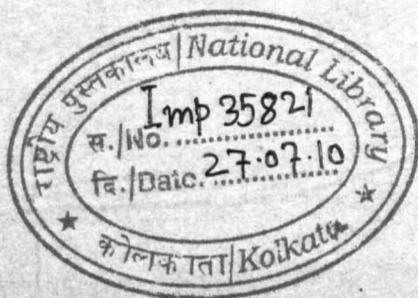
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| INTRODUCTORY | PAGE I |
|------------------------|-----------|

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|---|---|
| ARRIVAL AT ADEN — HAJI HASSAN — HIS DISCREET CHARACTER — MAKING CONTRACTS WITH MY MEN — VOYAGE TO BERBERA — THE START — DESCRIPTION OF THE SOMALIS — AN ODD MAR- RIAGE CUSTOM — TRIBAL DIVISIONS — THE HABR-AWAL | 6 |
|---|---|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|--|----|
| ARRIVAL AT HARGESA — CRUELTY TO PONIES — ACROSS THE DES- ERT TO MILMIL — THE OGADEN SOMALIS — LION-SHOOTING — A CURIOUS HAIRLESS MOLE — AT SESSABANE — RAIDS OF THE ABYSSINIANS — TREES AND FRUIT — BEAUTIFUL BIRDS — CRUEL TREATMENT OF OLD WOMEN — DRILLING THE BOYS — WE LEAVE LAFKEI — AN ANNOYING PLANT — MEETING WITH CAPT. C. J. PERCIVAL — UNKNOWN COUNTRY AHEAD | 18 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|--|--|
| TURFA TUG — SHOOTING RHINOCEROSSES — A SIDE-TRIP TO THE RIVER ERER — NARROW ESCAPE FROM A RHINOCEROS — WE ARE OBLIGED TO LIFT THE CAMELS OVER ROCKS — A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY — IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS THE ERER WITH CAMELS — RETURN TO THE CARAVAN — MR. FRED GILLET'S LION AND LEOPARD HUNT — WE MARCH SOUTH TO THE SHEBELI RIVER — THE RIVER FLOODED — DHUM PALMS — GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CROSSING THE WEBI | |
|--|--|

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SHEBELI — MULE CAUGHT BY A CROCODILE — MAN DROWNED — A MULE AND TWO PONIES LOST — FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE ARUSA GALLAS — WE CAPTURE TWO NATIVES — NEWS OF A TOWN BUILT OF STONE — I DISCOVER A SMALL RIVER — THE GALLAS ARE FRIENDLY | 29 |

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|---|----|
| THE ARUSA GALLAS — GALLA CHIEFS TELL ME OF ABYSSINIAN DEP- REDATIONS — THE COUNTRY OF THE ARUSA GALLAS — A DE- LIGHTFUL CHANGE — EXCELLENT FARMING LANDS — WE MEET AN ABYSSINIAN — AMUSING THE INHABITANTS OF LUKU — ARRIVAL AT SHEIKH HUSEIN — REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES — THE TOMB OF SHEIKH HUSIN — AN INTERESTING RECEPTION — WE FIND OUR- SELVES IN AN ABYSSINIAN STRONGHOLD — MT. ABOUGASIN — THE HEIGHT OF HOSPITALITY ON THE PART OF AN ABYSSINIAN OFFICER — MY BOYS REVOLT — COLD AND RAINY — MR. FRED GILLET'S ELEPHANT HUNT — MIRACLES WROUGHT BY SHEIKH HUSEIN — NATIVES — A KUDU DRIVE — SUMMONS FROM THE ABYSSINIAN GENERAL — GILLET STARTS FOR GINEA — A CURIOUS ANIMAL — GUINEA-FOWL JOURNEY TO THE ABYSSINIAN TOWN — MY FRIEND'S ACCOUNT | 45 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|---|----|
| THE ABYSSINIANS GIVE ME A ROYAL RECEPTION — THE TOWN OF GINEA — OFFERS OF WIVES — GENERAL WAL-DA-GUBBRA AND HIS FAMILY — THE ABYSSINIANS — FRENCH INFLUENCE — I WRITE TO EMPEROR MENELEK — AN ELEPHANT HUNT — A GREAT DIS- COVERY — A VERY BEAUTIFUL AND CURIOUS SUBTERRANEAN PAS- SAGE; THE CAVES OF WYNDLAWN — MEETING THE CARAVAN AGAIN AT SHEIKH MOHAMMED — LONG DELAYS — AN EXTINCT CRATER — BEAUTIFUL NEW BIRD — WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER — MARCH TO THE BUDDA | 73 |
|---|----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|---|--|
| SURPRISED BY THE ABYSSINIANS — THE SOMALIS SHOW THEIR METTLE — A DANGEROUS PREDICAMENT — EMPEROR MENELEK ORDERS US TO RETURN THE WAY WE CAME — GLOOMY PROSPECTS — SALAN MOHAMMED — WAL-DA-GUBBRA NOT TO BLAME — WE BID GOOD-BY | |
|---|--|

CONTENTS.

| | |
|--|------------|
| TO THE GOOD OLD ABYSSINIAN GENERAL — AN AMUSING REQUEST FROM WAL-DA-GUBBRA'S DAUGHTER — MARCHING TOWARDS SOMALILAND AGAIN — THE HAWATU AND DARO MOUNTAINS — I RECEIVE A LETTER FROM EMPEROR MENELEK SAYING THAT HE DID NOT FORBID MY GOING THROUGH HIS COUNTRY — WE TURN SOUTH — HOPES DISPELLED — WAL-DA-GUBBRA AND HIS ARMY STOP US ON THE LAGA TUG — THE EXPEDITION A HARD ONE — AT THE SHEBELI RIVER ONCE MORE | PAGE 97 |
|--|------------|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| I SEND TO BERBERA FOR CLOTH AND LETTERS — A RAIDING PARTY OF OGADEN SOMALIS — WE CROSS THE RIVER — A CROCODILE GIVES US A CHILL — A PLEASANT SURPRISE — CHRISTMAS WITH PRINCE BORIS — CHARGED BY AN ORYX — I AM FORTUNATE IN BEING ABLE TO BUY RICE — LIONS ABOUT — NEW YEAR'S DAY NOTES — LIONS AND HYENAS — A HOT DESERT — AFRICAN CHILDHOOD — REPORTS OF SMALL-POX | 109 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER IX

| | |
|--|-----|
| ALONG THE SHEBELI RIVER FROM MARAKADUDU TO BARI — DARING CROCODILES — A NATIVE COUNCIL OF WAR — BEAUTIFUL BIRDS — I SHOW A WAR PARTY OF NATIVES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RIFLE AND A SPEAR — WE ASTONISH THE NATIVES — GELEDI AND BARI — WE WAIT FOR SALAN — ANNOYING INSECTS — ONE CANNOT MOVE FAST IN AFRICA — FISHING — I HOLD A CLINIC — NATIVES BECOME INSOLENT — FRIGHTENED BY ROCKETS — MY FRIEND'S AMUSING STORY | 123 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER X.

| | |
|--|-----|
| SAD NEWS FOR MY FRIEND — MR. FRED GILLET LEAVES FOR BERBERA — I SEND OUT A PART OF MY NATURAL-HISTORY COLLECTION — THE WHOLE CAMP DOWN WITH FEVER — OFF AGAIN TOWARD LAKE RUDOLF — A CASE OF BLACKMAIL — MUCH SICKNESS — AFRICAN WELLS — GAME AND THE EFFECTS OF CERTAIN RIFLES — TRYING FOR LIONS BY NIGHT — AMONG THE DAGODI | 135 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XI.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| BATTLE BETWEEN LIONS AND HYENAS — SHOOTING A LIONESS — POISONOUS SNAKES — WE ARRIVE AT THE RIVER WEB — THE NATIVES FLEE — MARCHING DOWN TO THE JUB — COLLECTING AND SHOOTING — A FIGHT AVERIED — WE CROSS THE JUB, ASSISTED BY THE ADONES, OR NEGROES — THE DAGODI ABOUT THE RIVERS JUB AND DAWA — MY AFGAB GUIDE RETURNS TO HIS TRIBE — THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF THE DAWA — PHOTOGRAPHS AND PROVISIONS DAMAGED | 144 |

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE GREY GALLAS — FRIGHTFUL HURRICANES — AMUSING NATIVES — THE GIRLS ARE NOT BASHFUL — INTOXICATED NATIVES — MONKEYS AND LIONS — CURIOUS FISH — A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY — REPORTED LAKE — SHOOTING WALLER'S GAZELLES — EL MODU — TAME STARRINGS — I GO ON A SHOOTING-TRIP — OBLIGED TO THROW AWAY LUXURIES — MY GUN-BEARERS. YUSUF, KARSHA, ADEN AOULE, AND MOGA — DISTRESSING MARCHES TO AIMOIA — WE FRIGHTEN THE NATIVES | 160 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| I AM OBLIGED TO SEIZE NATIVE CAMELS — ELEPHANT SHOOTING — WALLER'S GAZELLES — THE NATIVES ARE PLEASED — THE SAKUYU BORAN — THE BORAN AND THEIR KING, ABOFILATO — ELEPHANTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS — CHARGED BY A RHINOCEROS — IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BORAN | 174 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE BEAUTIES OF EL DERE — ATTEMPTED MURDER — THE GABBRA AND HIS OUTFIT — DIFFICULT MARCHING — MY CARAVAN AT NIGHT — HAWAYI SOMALIS AND GABBRA — ANCIENT WELLS AT LE — THE NATIVES BEGIN TO ACT SUSPICIOUSLY — MORE REMARKABLE WELLS — SHOOTING GAZELLES IN A THUNDERSTORM — KNOCKED INSENSIBLE BY LIGHTNING — IN DANGER FROM NATIVES . | 182 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE BORAN KILL ONE OF MY BOYS AND WOUND ANOTHER — ELMI AVENGED — AN EXTINCT VOLCANO — IN DANGER FROM ABOFILATO'S ARMY — EXCITING NIGHTS — THE BATTLE — MOGA KILLED — THE BORAN SUE FOR PEACE | 193 |

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER — MOST OF MY ANIMALS RETURNED — I DETERMINE TO EXPLORE LAKE ABAYA — THE ÅSEBA AND KARAYU (BORAN) — A CRUEL PRACTICE — MY PRESENT TO ABOFILATO — THROUGH A ROUGH COUNTRY — "OLD KING COLE" — AT ARGASSA — ABOFILATO'S SON — SHOOTING OSTRICHES, GIRAFFES, AND OTHER GAME — LOFTY MOUNTAINS — THE AMARA — THE DEATH OF PRINCE RUSPOLI — I TRY AMARA HOSPITALITY — AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT | 205 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XVII

| | |
|---|-----|
| MARCH TO THE GALANA AMARA (RIVER) — SHOOTING RHINOCEROSSES AND ELEPHANTS — INEFFICIENCY OF LARGE-BORE RIFLES — MOSQUITOES AND GENDI FLIES — CAMP ON THE GALANA AMARA — THE WORK ATTACHED TO EXPLORATION — A BIG ELEPHANT — I START FOR LAKE ABAYA — TWO OF MY BOYS WOUNDED BY AN ENRAGED RHINOCEROS — DIFFICULTY IN URGING MY MEN TO FOLLOW ME — BEAUTIFUL LAKE ABAYA — MUCH ANIMAL LIFE — THE COUNTRY TO THE NORTH, AND THEORIES REGARDING THE OMO RIVER — MANY TRIBES — ORIGIN OF THE GALANA AMARA — SPORT — A HUNGRY LOT | 221 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XVIII.

| | |
|---|--|
| RETURN TO CARAVAN — NIGHT ATTACK BY A RHINOCEROS — THE AMARA DISPLEASED BECAUSE I WOULD NOT JOIN THEM IN THEIR RAID — "TIME DOES NOT COUNT" — THREATENING COUNTRY AHEAD — MUCH GAME — THROUGH DENSE JUNGLES — WE FIND | |
|---|--|

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SOME KONSO PEOPLE — THE CAMELS SHOW SIGNS OF POISONING FROM THE GENDI FLY — ON THE TERTALA PLATEAU LANDS — FORCING THE NATIVES TO TRADE — AN ELEPHANT AMONG THE CAMELS — A BORAN GIRL JOINS THE CARAVAN — OLA FINDS CLOTHES A NUISANCE | 234 |

CHAPTER XIX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| LAKE STEPHANIE IN SIGHT — THE GALANA AMARA EMPTIES INTO LAKE STEPHANIE — SIDE TRIP TO THE LAKE — FISHES AND BIRDS — SHOOTING A RHINOCEROS — DODSON AND I JOIN THE CARAVAN BY THE RIVER — THE WATU — IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS THE GALANA — ALL THE WAY AROUND THE LAKE — I AM AT LAST SUCCESSFUL IN JOINING MY LINE OF MARCH FROM BERBERA WITH THAT OF COUNT TELFKI MADE FROM THE SOUTH — CATFISH — A NEW LAKE — A DARING WARRIOR — THE ARBORE CORNFIELDS | 247 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XX.

| | |
|--|-----|
| TRYING TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE ARBORE — I FIND MYSELF IN A DANGEROUS POSITION, SURROUNDED BY DANCING AND YELLING WARRIORS — TREACHERY — DESCRIPTION OF THE ARBORE — SOUNDS OF WAR — THE ARBORE ATTACK OUR CAMP — FIGHT IN THE BUSHES — THE THREE PROUD KINGS — WE CAMP NEAR THE ARBORE VILLAGES — I FORCE THE ARBORE TO EXCHANGE MANY OF THEIR CATTLE AND DONKEYS FOR TRADING GOODS — THE LAST OF MY MULES — WE VISIT THE BURLE — OLA FLIRTS WITH ONE OF MY BORAN GUIDES — THE BURLE OR BURA — RELIGIOUS FORMS — OLA FINDS A HUSBAND — SHE DESCRIBES HER WEDDING CEREMONY | 257 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXI.

| | |
|--|-----|
| I DISCOVER A TRIBE OF UNDERSIZED MEN AND WOMEN — THE DUME ARE SUSPICIOUS — DESCRIPTION OF THE DUME PYGMIES — AMUSING INCIDENTS — THE KULI AND OTHER TRIBES — WE CANNOT CROSS THE ARO MOUNTAINS — THE BUNNO — EXCITING TIMES — A DIFFICULT ASCENT BEFORE US | 272 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXII.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE FOURTH OF JULY IN AFRICA — AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE — NATIVES ATTEMPT TO LOOT US, USING BEES AS ALLIES — THE AMAR ARE AFRAID TO ATTACK US — TWO PRISONERS — WADING BAREFOOTED DOWN A RIVER — "SLEEPY EYES" AND "ZEBRA HIDE" GET INTO A TIGHT PLACE — BEAUTIFUL MONKEYS — AFTER WADING FIVE DAYS, WE LEAVE THE RIVER | 283 |

CHAPTER XXIII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| LAKE RUDOLF IN SIGHT AT LAST — I INDULGE IN A LITTLE SENTIMENTAL WRITING OCCASIONALLY — NEAR RUSIA — A RIGHT AND LEFT SHOT — SENEGAL ANTELOPES — LAGOISI, THE MASAI — THE RUSIA ARE AFRAID OF US — A MORNING'S SPORT — NATIVES IN THEIR WAR-PAINT — ON LAKE RUDOLF — REJOICINGS — THE PEOPLE OF RUSIA — AN AMUSING CEREMONY — I START ON A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH — ELGUME VILLAGES — AMONG THE MURLE — MURLE WOMEN BADLY DISFIGURED — I GET AN ATTACK OF FEVER, AND AM CARRIED BACK TO RUSIA | 289 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXIV.

| | |
|--|-----|
| A SECOND ATTEMPT TO JOURNEY TO THE NORTH — WE ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST MEETING HOSTILE TRIBES — LARGE MURLE VILLAGES — WANDOROBBO — A SMALL LAKE — THREATENED ATTACK BY THE KÈRE — RED TAPE — HANDSOME NATIVES OF KÈRE — NETTING CATFISH — BUKI — LARGE TREES — ARRIVAL AT GUMBA — THREE HARD DAYS' WORK MARCHING THROUGH AN UNINHABITED COUNTRY WITHOUT GUIDES — MARSHES AND BLACK FORESTS, ANNOYING WEEDS AND DENSE JUNGLES | 302 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXV.

| | |
|---|--|
| EXPECTING A NIGHT ATTACK — WE FIND OURSELVES AT LAST IN A THICKLY POPULATED AND FERTILE COUNTRY — THE FRIENDLY AND INTERESTING MELA — A HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF LAKE RUDOLF — COUNTRY TOWARD THE NILE AND TOWARD ABYSSINIA — MOUNT SMITH — THE RIVER NIANAM — A SECOND TRIBUTARY TO THE NIANAM — RETURN JOURNEY TO RUSIA — ASTONISHMENT OF | |
|---|--|

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| THE GUMBA AND KĒRE AT SEEING US AGAIN — THEY BEG ME TO PERFORM MIRACLES FOR THEM — BACK AGAIN AT RUSIA — DODSON'S REPORT OF HIS JOURNEY IN THE CANVAS BOAT — HYENAS TRAPPED BY DODSON — REFRACTORY DONKEYS — JOURNEY ALONG LAKE RUDOLF — TAME ZEBRAS AND HARTEBEESTS — THE ELMOLO — BIRDS AND FISHES — SHOOTING RHINOCEROSSES, HIPPOPOTAMI, AND WATER-BUCK — TELEKI VOLCANO | 313 |

CHAPTER XXVI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| FOUR SPORTING ADVENTURES: NARROW ESCAPE FROM AN ENRAGED ELEPHANT — THE RHINOCEROSSES' PROMENADE — CHARGED BY AN ELEPHANT — SHOOTING A JUMBO | 334 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXVII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| WE LEAVE LAKE RUDOLF TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY TO THE EAST — A RISKY UNDFREAKING — MUCH SUFFERING FROM THIRST — CHARGING RHINOCEROSSES WOUND ONE OF MY BOYS AND KILL A CAMEL — MT. KULOL, AND ITS DESOLATE SURROUNDINGS — WE FIND WATER JUST IN TIME TO SAVE US FROM A MISERABLE DEATH — A LONG MARCH TO THE RENDILE — THE RENDILE — BUYING FRESH CAMELS — MARSABIT — A BEAUTIFUL CRATER-LAKE — "TRFED" BY AN ELEPHANT — JOURNEY TO LASAMIS — SHOOTING GIRAFFES — AN AMUSING REQUEST FROM MY RENDILE GUIDE — WE REACH THE GUASO NYIRO — YUSIF SEIZED BY A CROCODILE — I AM OBLIGED TO AMPUTATE HIS ARM — OUR LAST PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN — THREE BULLYING RHINOCEROSSES — CAMEL KILLED | 346 |
|--|-----|

CHAPTER XXVIII.

| | |
|---|-----|
| ACROSS A BARREN COUNTRY TO THE TANA RIVER — ON THE EQUATOR — AT LAST WE REACH THE TANA — OUR JOY AT MEETING THE REV. ROBERT ORMEROD — A GREAT CHANGE FOR US — A DELIGHTFUL JOURNEY HOMEWARD — THREE HUNDRED MILES IN CANOES — WITU AND MKANUMBI — CAPT. A. L. ROJERS — LAMU — THE LAST OF OUR AFRICAN HOME — AN EIGHT DAYS' SAIL TO ADEN — MY BOYS AND I PART | 362 |
| CONCLUSION | 368 |

APPENDICES.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| A. FISHES | 377 |
| B. ARANEÆ | 386 |
| C. SOLIFUGÆ, SCORPIONES, CHILOPODA, AND DIPTEROPODA | 392 |
| D. LEPIDOPTERA HETEROCERA | 408 |
| E. GEOLOGICAL COLLECTION | 423 |
| F. FOSSIL CEPHALOPODA | 426 |
| G. ETHNOGRAPHICAL OBJECTS | 430 |
| H. WORDS SPOKEN BY THE KONSO, DUMF, AND ARBORE TRIBES | 444 |
| I. COLEOPTERA | 447 |
| J. EMPEROR MENLIK'S LETTER (FRENCH TRANSLATION) | 455 |
| ————— | |
| INDEX | 457 |

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | PAGE |
|--|---------------------|
| A. Donaldson Smith (photogravure) | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| Elephant killed by the Author in 1893 | 3 |
| Three of the Author's Escort, with Ostrich which had been captured and plucked by Midgans | 13 |
| Lion killed by the Author | 21 |
| Heterocephalus glaber | 23 |
| The Erer | 33 |
| Lion shot by F. Gillett | 35 |
| Group of Arusa Gallas | 47 |
| The Tomb of Sheikh Husein | 53 |
| Women of Sheikh Husein | 55 |
| Objects collected at Sheikh Husein | 57-61 |
| Lophiomy's smithi | 64 |
| General Wal-da-Gubbra and Abyssinian Attendants | 75 |
| Abyssinian Knives and Mule Collar | 79 |
| A Natural Temple | 85 |
| The Caves of Wyndlawn | 89 |
| Turacus donaldsoni | 95 |
| Emperor Menelek's Letter (facsimile) | 103 |
| In Somahland again | 113 |
| New Larks discovered by the Author — <i>Alaudula somalica</i> (Sharpe) | 127 |
| Red and white Durrha | 130 |
| Somali Knife, Spearhead, Comb, and Amulet | 133 |
| Mr. Fred Gillett | 136 |
| Lesser Kudu | 141 |
| A Wounded Lioness | 147 |
| Dagodi Sling Shot | 151 |
| Natives of Buntal, with some of the Author's Escort | 154 |
| Crossing the Jub | 155 |
| Three of the Author's Boys cutting out Tusks | 179 |
| The Gabbra's Outfit | 183 |
| The Wells of Le | 187 |
| The Fight with the Boran | 201 |
| Boran Whip | 206 |
| Boran War Feather | 207 |
| Boran Bracelets | 208 |
| Near Argassa | 209 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Village of the Amara | 217 |
| A Pool of Water in the Tertala Mountains | 241 |
| Lake Stephanie from the Northeastern Corner | 249 |
| The First Appearance of the Arbore | 259 |
| Arbore Necklaces and Bell for Ankle | 261 |
| Arbore Pipe | 262 |
| Fight with the Arbore | 267 |
| Arbore War Hat | 269 |
| Dume Warriors | 273 |
| Dume Ornaments | 275 |
| Bunno Shield, Spear, and Arrows | 280 |
| Colobus guereza | 287 |
| Rusia Shield | 296 |
| Murle Woman | 300 |
| Threatened Attack by the Kēre | 305 |
| Kēre Pillow and Bells for Ankles | 307 |
| Mela Ornaments | 315 |
| Mela Basket | 316 |
| Native Bridge | 317 |
| One Hundred Miles north of Lake Rudolf | 321 |
| Along the Shore of Lake Rudolf | 325 |
| Donaldsonia stenopetala and Gillettia sepalosa | 329 |
| Near Mount Longendoti | 332 |
| Narrow Escape from an Enraged Elephant | 337 |
| A Part of the Author's Collection at the University of Pennsylvania, including the Giraffe, " <i>Camelopardalis æthiopicus</i> ," Thomas | 357 |
| Spearheads (tail-piece) | 374 |
| <i>Clarias smithii</i> | 379 |
| Lepidoptera Heterocera | 421 |
| Arbore War Horn, Sword, Fishing Gaff, and Staff | 440 |
| Burle Wristlet | 441 |

Maps.

Six Maps Illustrating the Expedition to Lake Rudolf.

THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHEN I left Philadelphia in the summer of 1893, I was by no means unaccustomed to endure physical labor and hardship. Many a sporting trip in different parts of the world had taught me what to expect under most diverse conditions. The keen love of sport and adventure that is innate in most of the Anglo-Saxon race had always prompted me to go into the remotest corners of the earth, and I suppose it was my seven years' medical training in America and Europe which taught me never to lose a chance of doing scientific work when it presented itself. An exploring expedition offered me an opportunity for gratifying all my desires and ambitions.

My good friend Dr. William Lord Smith, of Massachusetts, with whom I had just been fishing and shooting in Norway, was contemplating a shooting trip in Somaliland; so I joined him, with the idea that this preliminary journey would give me the requisite knowledge of the natives and beasts of burden that I intended taking with me when I made my exploring expedition.

We had splendid sport, killing six lions, besides many elephants, rhinoceroses, and other big game. But what I valued most was that I was enabled to form my plans for

my future expedition through the Galla countries to great advantage.

I perceived that a journey from Berbera to Lake Rudolf would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The preliminary details would require the most careful study, and no expense should be spared in preparing for every possible contingency.

Ever since the days of Sir Richard Burton, who first endeavored to explore the Galla countries, to the time of my expedition, attempts had been made from time to time by Europeans to pass through the country lying between Somaliland and Lake Rudolf, without success. From Captain H. G. S. Swayne I received much encouragement. Captain Swayne had made many expeditions in Somaliland, and on his last journey had gotten as far as Ime, on the Shebeli River, and had endeavored to go across into the Galla country. He had an escort of only forty armed men, but the Gallas would not let him enter their country because the only white men who had ever crossed their borders, Prince Ruspoli and Captain Bottego, had attacked them continually. These two Italians had gone far up the Ganana, or river Jub, taking with them large armed forces, and the Gallas had resolved to unite to prevent any other Europeans from coming among them.

The greater part of the country west of the Shebeli River to Lake Rudolf was therefore a *terra incognita* to Europeans, except in a few instances, where very indefinite native reports had been conveyed to residents on the coast, and to the two explorers, M. Borelli and M. D'Abadie, who had endeavored to penetrate the country from the north.

Dr. W. L. Smith and I got a little beyond Milmil on our sporting trip; and on inquiries from Somalis I judged

that, with a well-equipped expedition travelling through the Galla countries, there would be very reasonable hopes of success, especially if patience were exercised, and everything done to conciliate the natives. It would be necessary to provide against little acts of treachery by taking a



ELEPHANT KILLED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1893.

substantial armed escort; but as I hoped to succeed by conciliating the natives, and not by fighting my way, I resolved upon taking only about seventy rifles, — a number altogether inadequate to resist the natives, had they united to attack us.

Returning to the coast on the 1st of February, 1894, I left orders with Mohammed Hindi, a merchant of Berbera, to buy me the best camels he could find. I also engaged many of the Somalis we had had with us in our sporting trip. Mr. Malcome Jones, English Resident at Bulhar, and Mr. Charles McConkey, Agent of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., at Aden, very kindly offered to aid me in every way, so that when I came back in the summer I should not be obliged to delay long on the coast.

On my return to England I set to work to prepare myself for doing as much work as possible from a geographical and natural-history standpoint. My expedition would be successful from a popular point of view if I could reach Lake Rudolf from the east, and join Count Teleki's line of march which he had made from the south; but I valued the results I might obtain by their accuracy and scientific usefulness. A course of instruction given me by Mr. John Coles, Map Curator of the Royal Geographical Society, taught me the various methods of laying down my positions accurately, and many valuable hints given me by the staff of the British Museum showed me how I should obtain the best results in collecting natural-history specimens. I was determined to spare no expense to make my expedition as complete as possible, so I determined to engage the services of Mr. Edward Dodson, a young English taxidermist, with the idea of his being useful in helping me to collect specimens, as well as in skinning birds.

When my preparations were nearly completed, I agreed to the request of my friend, Mr. Fred Gillett, that he might accompany me, with twelve men and twenty camels, as he wished to shoot big game, and I was desirous of his company. The only material assistance I received was from the Royal Geographical Society in the shape of a loan of valuable instruments. These consisted of a six-inch

theodolite, sextant, and artificial horizon, boiling-point thermometers, aneroids, and prismatic compasses.

Much interest was expressed in London in my expedition, and my friends endeavored to give me their encouragement in every way; but at the same time it was the universal opinion, both in London and Aden, that it would be impossible to enter the Galla countries, let alone to reach Lake Rudolf, with less than two or three hundred well-drilled followers. The expression of such opinions served, however, only to increase the zeal I felt in the enterprise.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL AT ADEN — HAJI HASSAN — HIS DISCREET CHARACTER — MAKING CONTRACTS WITH MY MEN — VOYAGE TO BERBERA — THE SIARI — DESCRIPTION OF THE SOMALIS — AN ODD MARRIAGE CUSTOM — TRIBAL DIVISIONS — THE HABB-AWAL.

WE set sail from London on the 1st of June, 1894, and in eighteen days were at Aden. Almost the first boat that approached the steamer as she came to anchor contained my good friend Mr. Charles McConkey, and behind him was a grinning face I recognized at once. This peculiar, black, ugly, though amusing countenance, that seemed to be bursting with joy, belonged to a good old follower of mine named Hassan. As he had been to Mecca he was called Haji Hassan. The last time I had seen Haji Hassan was when I was leaving the wharf at Aden upon my departure for London. I could not restrain a smile at that time, for instead of the graceful folds of flowing white cloth the Somalis usually wear, Haji was arrayed in two flannel shirts I had given him, the tails waving one above the other, while below there was nothing to cover his nakedness except a pair of thick boots. His last words had been, "Hofficer must come back soon; I wait for hofficer." He had picked up considerable cockney English in Aden. It was with no slight feeling of pleasure that I saw this curious specimen of humanity once more. I had no regular head man on my previous trip, as I attended to everything in camp myself; but Haji Hassan was so quick in noticing if anything went

wrong, and in reporting this to me, that I gave him the title of head man to please him, and he has been my friend for life ever since. Like all Somalis, he is very fond of collecting every cent and loose rag he can scrape together, but he is very careful not to make his master angry.

One night when we were camped at Milmil, Haji came to my tent and tried to wake me; he did so, however, in such a gentle fashion that I did not think that anything could be the matter, and went to sleep again. An hour later I heard Hassan's voice in my tent once more. "Hother boy he kill him one."—"What do you mean, Haji?" I said, as I heard the word "kill." "Yes, sahjb, he kill him one." And as I rose, Haji opened the tent, and showed me one of my boys lying apparently lifeless upon the ground. The poor fellow had lain there for an hour insensible in the cold, without a stitch of clothing on him, and neither Hassan nor any of the other boys had thought the affair of sufficient importance to disturb me, or to attend themselves to their fellow-countryman. My boy had been knocked down by a native as he was fetching water from a well, and was severely injured.

I engaged Hassan as soon as he jumped on the steamer, telling him his work would be confined to looking after the boxes of natural-history specimens, and assisting Dodson. We were scarcely landed before many of my old boys were about me, with hosts of other friends, clamoring for positions.

We spent ten days hard at work at Aden, engaging men, buying cloth, brass wire, and beads for trading purposes. Provisions for the Europeans of the party, and the fancy articles for trading, ammunition, and all the rest of the *impedimenta*, I had shipped ahead from London. I had an agreement drawn up binding my men, in as strong a

manner as I was able, to go with me where I wished and to obey my commands, — I agreeing to pay for one month's wages in advance, and no further sum until the return of the expedition to the coast (except in certain cases where the men had families, and I arranged to pay these a small sum monthly). In case of a man's death, his heirs were to receive the money due up to the time of his death, but no more; and any deserter would lose all claim to wages. Lieutenant-Colonel Sealy, Political Agent for the Somali Coast at Aden, kindly had the agreements properly witnessed, and it was impressed upon the men that any case of desertion would be severely dealt with.

I bought two strong mules, as well as two ponies, Mr. Fred Gillett also securing a pony and mule for himself; and when we left Aden, on the 29th of June, we nearly filled the miserable little steamer that was to convey us to Berbera. Besides our fifty-five Somalis, our ponies, mules, and boxes, there were some fifty other natives with their loads of cloth, who were going back to Somaliland. I was afraid the vessel would be swamped in crossing the Gulf of Aden. It did not go directly to Berbera, but stopped first at Zeila, an old town that used to be in the possession of the Turks, and afterwards made a second stop at Bulhar; but at neither of these places could the vessel land, and we were obliged to go ashore in a chair carried on the backs of the natives through the breakers.

On the 1st of July we arrived at Berbera, all of us feeling in a most depressed state from the unspeakable voyage we had had, — my poor Somali boys having been pent up like so many sheep for nearly three days.

I was disappointed that more camels had not been procured for me; but I found that there had been such a severe drought that caravans came rarely to Berbera, as they could procure no food for their camels. About seventy camels

were ready for me, and these were in a half-starved condition, and were getting poorer every day they remained near the coast. It was intensely hot; the thermometer in the day-time registered 110° in the shade, while at night it would range from 95° to 100° Fahr. Great wind storms were raging at the same time, and the blasts of hot air, carrying with them clouds of dust and sand, seemed to emanate from a fiery furnace. All the same we were obliged to stop ten days, as we had much work to do here, buying supplies of dates and rice and ghee for my men, and dividing up the camel loads. I determined to take with me one hundred and fifty days' supply of food for my boys, in addition to my enormous stock of trading goods. The regular daily rations I allowed my boys were one pound of rice, one half-pound of dates, and two ounces of ghee, or clarified butter, per man. Forty-three camels were required to carry the native food. There were in all one hundred boxes containing copper vessels full of spirit for collecting reptiles, fishes, and batrachia; cases for collecting birds, insects, etc.; instruments, cartridges, a collapsible Berthon boat, and countless other things. It was hard work dividing up the loads and getting every man accustomed to the various positions to which he was appointed, although Capt. L. Z. Cox — Acting Resident at Berbera — and Mrs. Cox did what they could to make our stay as agreeable as possible. I engaged twenty-seven other men at Berbera, making a total number of eighty-two followers, including Gillett's escort of twelve riflemen.

On the 10th of July we resolved to make a start, although we did not have nearly the requisite number of camels, and the number that I already had were gradually becoming weaker and weaker from the lack of proper food. I had managed to buy only eighty-four camels up to the time of starting, including the twenty that belonged to my

friend, so that many of the animals were obliged to carry burdens weighing from two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, whereas they should not have averaged two hundred pounds, considering there was such a long journey ahead of us. I depended upon securing camels as I went inland to replace the number that were sure to become exhausted, and to continue buying until the total number amounted to one hundred and ten strong animals.

To have made a long march across the broad maritime plain by day, with the pitiless, scorching rays of the sun beating down upon the over-burdened camels, would have been disastrous; so I arranged to start in the afternoon, and march throughout the night, forcing the camels ahead until we had gotten well up the first mountain ranges, and into a country where they could get a little food and a more refreshing climate.

Somaliland may be roughly divided into three parts as regards elevation and climate. First the maritime plain, the evils of which it would be impossible to exaggerate; then a broad plateau extending inland some thirty miles, at an elevation of 3,500 feet, where the atmosphere is dry and not uncomfortably hot; and after this the highlands, or second plateau, embracing all the central part of Somaliland, where the aneroid will register from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level.

Our object was, therefore, to reach the first plateau before the morning sun's rays should strike us too heavily. By four o'clock in the afternoon the last camel load was adjusted, and off the caravan started.

In six hours we had reached the bottom of the first ascent. The boys, as well as the camels, were in a ridiculous state of exhaustion, being enervated by the long stay on the coast. Four of them were too sick to walk. The three Europeans, however, had an easy time of it, can-

tering up and down the length of the caravan upon strong, spirited ponies. How often we thought of those ponies months afterwards, and of our gallops along clear stretches of road in friendly Somaliland.

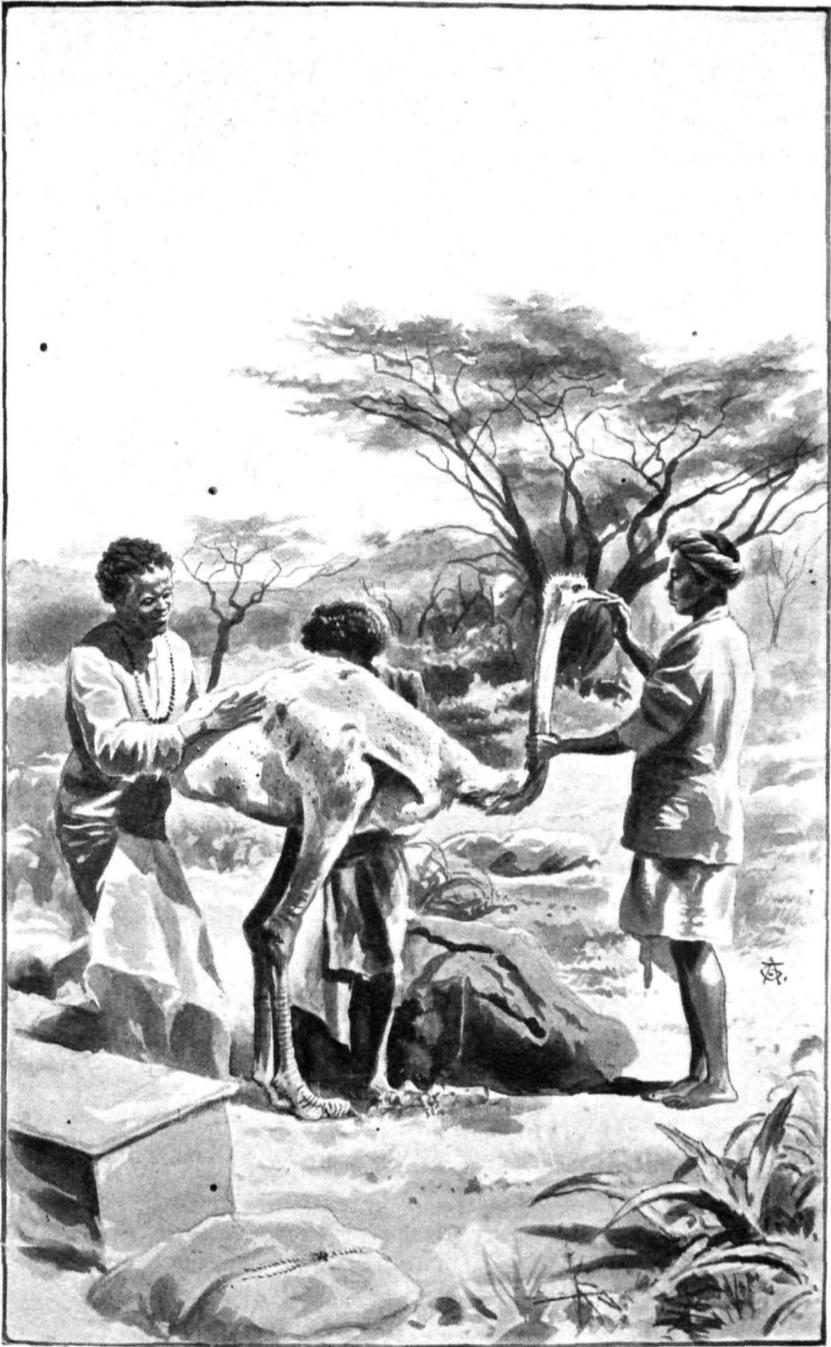
Early in the morning we ascended to Dere-godle, a spot on the first plateau where there are some water-holes. The country was absolutely barren, hilly, and uninhabited,—nothing but stones and rocks to be seen on all sides; and, excepting the numerous foxes and hyenas and a few bottle-nosed gazelles, there were no signs of life about. Here one fellow sent for me in great haste, saying he had been bitten by some venomous snake on his toe. I found the man groaning, and acting as if he were in his last agonies, but there was not the slightest inflammation in his toe. He had merely been pricked by a thorn; so I gave him a good punching to get him on his feet, and proved to him that he was all right. This is a characteristic of the race,—to make much of small injuries. The Somalis are of a comparatively recent origin. They are a mixture of the negro and Arab: light in color, with wavy or curly hair and intelligent, bright features, slight and graceful in stature, but with poor muscular development. They are unaccustomed to work of any kind, but they are unexcelled as camel-men, causing one to gaze with astonishment at the rapidity and dexterity with which they fasten the most difficult loads imaginable to the camels. They will work amazingly well in spurts, when their enthusiasm is aroused, but they are not steady at manual labor of any kind. They are described by Gobat as “constant in nothing but inconstancy; soft, merry, affectionate souls, they pass, without any apparent transition, into a state of fury, when they are capable of terrible atrocities.” To this statement I make one exception: I would never apply the term ferocious to a Somali. In all my experi-

ence with them, I found that when two of them fight with each other they will throw away rifles or spears, or any other weapon, before getting to close quarters, so that little damage can be done to either of them. They are very careful to be on the safe side; although, when they must fight, they are steady, and show considerable moral courage.

The Somalis are not the noble warriors in their native land that reports have made them out, for in their constant fights against their neighbors the attacking party invariably see to it that they have the greatest odds in their favor. A fight in which hundreds of men may take part rarely terminates in more than four or five deaths. The men attend to the camels and flocks of sheep and goats, but they let the women do all the hard part of the work in their villages. The women are regarded merely as goods and chattels. In a conversation with one of my boys he told me that he only owned five camels, but that he had a sister from whom he expected to get much money when he sold her in marriage. The women are very carefully guarded; in consequence of which they have no sense of morality of their own, taking every opportunity in their power to flirt.

Sir Richard Burton says, "As a general rule, Somali women prefer amorettes with strangers, following the well-known Arab proverb, 'The newcomer filleth the eye.'"

The first thing the native bridegroom does on marrying her is to give the Somali maiden a thoroughly good thrashing, so that she may never be "cheeky," as one of my boys put it. The Somali women can scarcely be called handsome, except for their large, expressive brown eyes, and their beautiful white teeth, which, like all natives of Africa, they are continually scrubbing. Their tooth-brush is made of a twig of a tree called the *Athei*, which they



THREE OF THE AUTHOR'S ESCORT, WITH OSTRICH WHICH HAD BEEN CAPTURED
AND PLUCKED BY MIDGANS.

keep constantly by them. The Somalis have many songs, most of which are based on love themes, and many of them have great ability in extemporizing as they sing, keeping always to the same melodious chant, about a bar or two in length, which they constantly repeat. In some of their songs there is a leader, who is followed by a chorus.

They keep themselves usually well clothed in long garments of white American sheeting; but at the wells you will see both sexes bathing together, with little regard for decency.

In no sense of the word are they hardy, being very susceptible to fevers and rheumatism; but they are wonderfully good in marching. they seem to think nothing of marching thirty-five to forty miles to the day. Though they are able to go without drink or food for long periods, they are a most voracious people when food is put before them; three men will easily eat up an entire sheep during a night.

I will not go into a lengthy description of the Somalis, as there has been so much written on this subject already. They claim their descent from Ali Bindale, cousin of the Prophet. The three great divisions of the Somalis are the Habr-Awal, Habr-Girhagis, and Habr-Toljala, which are descended from Husein, eldest son of Ali Bindale; and after them come the Dolbahanta, and many other tribes, who are descended from Hassan, the second son of the same man. Three tribes exist among the Somalis called the Midgans, Tomals, and Yebirs, who are regarded as low-caste people.

The Midgans use bows and poisoned arrows, hunt and act as butchers for their rulers, and are employed by different chiefs to aid them in fights against their neighbors. They are very cunning and treacherous, and are

never permitted to intermarry with the Somalis of better blood.

The Tomals, or blacksmiths, are also regarded as low-caste, and believed by many of the Somalis to be gifted with magical powers. They go from village to village, being regularly paid by the Somalis for the work they do. The Yebirs are like the Tomals, excepting that they work in leather.

As we progressed in our journey south we passed two water-holes lying in a "tug," or sandy bed of a stream,¹ the waters flowing freely for a hundred yards or so on the surface, and then disappearing again, leaving a delicious fringe of green grass about. There were also a few coconut-trees about the tug, that relieved the oppressive monotony of the otherwise dry and desolate country; but most of the trees and bushes scattered around looked dead and only half flourishing.

Some half-dozen of the camels I had started with were left behind before the second march, as they were too exhausted to endure the journey; we passed, however, several native caravans, from each of which I managed to buy three or four camels, the usual price being forty-two rupees each; and when we came to Lafarug, I bought eleven fresh, fine camels, besides many goats and sheep. Here four camels were stolen by Midgans. The boys whom I sent to capture them succeeded late in the night in finding the camels, and in catching one of the thieves.

The camels made poor time, having to cross great cuts and furrows in the stony ground; but the country became much more fertile, and to our great joy we began to have showers of rain.

¹ The sandy beds of streams or wadies are called by the Somalis "tugs," a name which I shall in the future use to designate them.

It was my plan in Africa to drink only boiled water, and I had two water-barrels especially made in London to contain the boiled water for the three Europeans. One of my mules now caused us much uneasiness by trying to break these two barrels; but although he succeeded in kicking them off, they were fortunately not injured.

There were a few gazelle and *Oryx beisa* about, but we did not shoot them, as the country called Habr-Awal, which extends from Berbera south to Hargesa, a distance of ninety-five miles by road, is reserved for the Indian garrison at Aden. We lived very well, however, on lesser bustards, and a variety of other game-birds, which Gillett and I shot; and I succeeded in adding many natural-history specimens to my collection, including a curious lizard with a very short tail which spread out like a fan (*Agama batillifera*).

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL AT HARGESA — CRUJITA TO PONIES — ACROSS THE DISERI TO MILMIL — THE OGA DEN SOMALIS — LION-SHOOTING — A CURIOUS HAIRLESS MOLE — AL SESSALANI — RAIDS OF THE ABYSSINIANS — TREES AND FRUIT — BEAUTIFUL BIRDS — CRUEL TREATMENT OF OLD WOMEN — DRIVING THE BOYS — WE HAVE LAFKI — AN ANNOYING PLANI — MLLING WITH CAPT. C. J. PERCIVAL — UNKNOWN COUNTRY AHEAD.

ON the 17th of July we arrived at Hargesa, — a large, important settlement of Somalis, governed by a very intelligent and friendly old chief. The caravans going to and fro from Berbera to this point are provided with an armed escort by the English Government.

Beyond Hargesa is a tract of country called the "Haud," extending south to Milmil one hundred miles, in which there is not a drop of water to be found, except in the rainy season. During the spring and fall rains this country affords fine grazing, and the Somalis from the north and south send their flocks in thousands to the Haud for pasturage. It is then a scene of many battles between the Habr-Awal and other tribes from the north, and the Oga-den Somalis on the south. But during the dry season it is only a resort of lions, and great herds of antelopes and other wild beasts.

On our arrival at Hargesa the old chief treated us to a tamasho, or equestrian exhibition. About a dozen Somalis, mounted on gayly caparisoned ponies, dashed up and down before us, throwing their spears, and giving many imitations of their accustomed mode of fighting. It was a

cruel show, as they use hard ring-bits for their ponies that cause the blood to stream from their mouths. The Somalis seem to be utterly careless of the ponies' suffering, riding them frequently when their backs are a mass of sores.

We spent four days at Hargesa to rest our camels and buy fresh ones, and I discharged here two of my boys for bad conduct, replacing them by two strapping fellows provided by the chief of Hargesa. One of these, named Goolaed Farrah, was reported as a great fortune-teller, and indeed it was marvellous how accurate his predictions were. He said that a certain boy in the camp named Dualla Farrah would not be with us very long, but that he would be the first one to meet with a violent death; and it turned out this boy was drowned in the first river we crossed. Not far from here I shot a fine specimen of a wild dog.

Fred went to the Haud for a three days' shooting trip, and came back with his camels loaded with game, after which we filled our water-barrels and started on our five days' march across the desert. At first the path ascends rapidly from Hargesa to the height of 5,500 feet, and then passes straight across the almost level Haud until it nearly reaches the Tug Milmil.

We were obliged to make long marches of nine hours daily, accomplishing in this time about twenty-four statute miles by road. Soon after leaving Hargesa we crossed an open, grassy plain, seven miles wide, called the "Bunn Seila," and extending about forty miles east and west, according to native report. But with this exception the Haud is covered with thorny acacias, and with mimosa bushes and trees. Occasionally, when a distant view is afforded on the Haud, it seems to you that you are approaching a range of hills; but as you progress you find

that these are only optical illusions, quite characteristic of flat countries in Africa. It was very pleasant travelling across the plateau, as the climate was dry and cool, the average temperature for twenty-four hours being 73° Fahr. On the 27th of July we found ourselves at Gagaap, on the Tug Milmil. We were now in the Ogaden country, the land of fat camels and good-looking men and women, the people having lighter complexions and more refined features than in other parts of Somaliland. The camels were formerly raised in large droves, but within the last three or four years their numbers have been greatly diminished by raiding parties of Abyssinians.

Most of the men understand Arabic; and you scarcely ever see a boy without his little flat board, on which are written verses from the Koran.

The natives flocked to us from the many villages about two miles distant, and treated us to another tamasho. Trading went on briskly; and I managed to secure, in the few days we were at Milmil, many fresh camels, so that the caravan included over a hundred good strong animals. Not far from here I was fortunate in shooting the best specimen of male lion that I have seen in Somaliland. The natives sent a delegation to beg me to come to one of their villages to shoot a lion which they said had eaten many of their people, and which was accustomed to jump into their zareba every few nights. I hastened to the place immediately, and had my boys build a small zareba, or bushy enclosure, just big enough for myself and another man; and in this pen I made myself as comfortable as possible, with one of my boys beside me to watch. Just before sundown a few hyenas came out and seemed as if they wanted to attack a donkey I had tethered in front as a bait. I had to keep throwing stones every now and then to frighten away these pests; but just as it got dark a



great stampede took place on the part of the hyenas, and they could be seen fleeing in all directions.

I waited breathlessly, as I thought they must have been frightened by the lion. Although I gazed intently to see if I could make out the form of the great beast, nothing could be seen for some moments. Suddenly there was a mighty thud, and down went my donkey, all of a heap, to the ground. I raised my rifle, and just as the dust cleared away, I perceived the huge form of a lion stretched



over the body of the prostrate donkey. He was only ten feet away from me, so I took aim as nearly as possible at the centre of his shoulder. There was a loud report from my eight-bore express, followed by such a terrific roar as only a lion in his native haunts will emit.

I have heard it said that outside of menageries the lion's roar is not so thrilling as one might suppose, but this is not the case. I have never in my life heard anything more magnificent or awe-inspiring than the roar of a maddened lion. It makes every fibre in your body tingle, especially

when you hear it at such close quarters as I was at this time. The beast made one mighty bound for the zareba, evidently maddened by pain. He apparently did not know that we were inside, as he did not try to break through the enclosure; but as his body touched it, the fore part of the zareba collapsed. He lay for some moments against the outside, roaring, and you can imagine my feelings, as I dared scarcely breathe for fear he should find us out. At last he picked himself up, and walked a little way to some bushes. The roars continued for at least ten minutes, and then the sounds gradually died away in low moans. I waited some time, until I heard the barking of a fox, and knew my beast was dead, and that I must save him from being eaten by the foxes; whereupon I crawled out with my gun-bearer, and built a large fire.

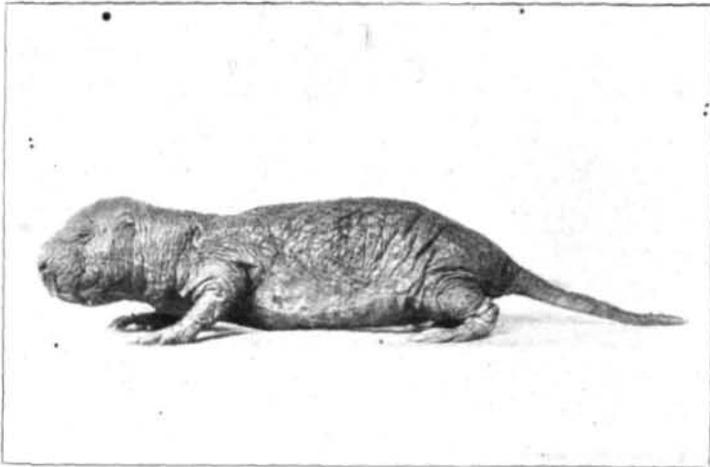
During the night I kept continually firing to frighten away the hyenas, killing one that approached too near, and at the first break of dawn I walked over to where the lion had last been heard. Sure enough, there was the great man-eater stretched at full length on the grass, dead. He had a fine black mane, which is a rare thing for lions in Northeastern Africa to possess, and measured, from tip to tip, nine feet eight inches, before he was skinned. There was great rejoicing in the villages, and crowds of natives stooped over him, clapping their hands and dancing to show the relief they felt at being rid of him.

After leaving Milmil, it was my desire to keep as nearly west as possible; but I was obliged to go a little south at first, to Sessabane, to avoid natural obstacles.

I managed to catch, in this country, one of the extraordinary hairless moles, named *Heterocephalus*, which are distributed throughout Somaliland wherever there are long stretches of soft, loamy soil. Their runs are a foot underground, and at frequent intervals they make holes to the

exterior, through which you may see the earth being kicked out in little jets, that cause one to look on in astonishment, if one does not know the origin of these little volcanoes.

When we reached Sessabane, on the 1st of August, I was astonished to find there great herds of fine cattle. I had never seen half so many cattle together before in Somaliland. The natives were most civil, and anxious to trade with me. You can imagine my chagrin when I heard, a few days afterward, that they had been raided by



HETEROCEPHALUS GLABER.

the Abyssinians, under Ras MacKonnen, their cattle driven off, the young girls taken as slaves, and the older people killed and mutilated.

There is much water about Sessabane in pools, and a luxurious vegetation. You find many superb sycamore or "durre" trees, as they are called by the Somalis, which bear a fruit resembling figs, but lacking in flavor. The "durre" trees are found pretty much all over Somaliland, in valleys where there is water. There is also a "gub," or "jujube" tree, which bears a fruit the size of a cherry,

having rather a pleasant flavor, but which is unsatisfactory to eat on account of the large stone it contains. There is no fruit in Somaliland, properly speaking, though there are many mere apologies for berries, which are eaten by the natives.

Up to the present time, with Dodson's assistance, I had collected about seventy different species of birds, many of them of most beautiful plumage. It was my purpose not only to collect specimens which might be new to science, but to get a complete series of all the birds in the different countries through which I passed, and I endeavored to do the same in all the other branches of natural history. There were many beautiful specimens of doves, some of them very tiny, and also starlings with yellow breasts, and beautiful metallic blue backs and wings. Already at Hargesa I had succeeded in shooting a night jhar, that proved to be new to science, and from that time scarcely a week passed without my having secured two or three new birds.

From Sessabane I was obliged to describe a great curve, going at first south, and then far up north again to Lafkei. There was one tract of country to cross where water was not obtainable for three long marches.

It was a hilly, stony country, covered with mimosa brush and a sprinkling of larger mimosa-trees. The Somalis call this tract of country Sibbe; another name they give it is Habr-i-erde, which means "bad for old women." This name impressed me very much, as I had too often seen the sad state in which old women roamed throughout Somaliland. The Somalis are the best savages in Africa, but they have their little ways; and one is not to trouble about a woman after she gets old, whether she be mother or sister. So many of the poor old wretches are doomed to wander about,

picking berries, or begging, until they die of gradual starvation, or are caught by lions or hyenas. Almost continually there would be some of these old women following along the caravan, doing what work they could, bringing wood or water, for the sake of a few bones our boys would throw them. These were not the only females that accompanied the caravan. Frequently younger and better-looking girls would ask me to allow them the protection of the caravan, in order to travel from village to village, and usually they contrived to make themselves useful in doing various little errands for the men.

The march into Lafkei was one of twenty-five miles. This was the last settlement of Somalis we expected to find as we journeyed west, so I determined to remain here a few days to buy all the animals possible. I previously had been paying for animals in coin, having taken along several thousand rupees for that purpose; but at Lafkei the natives did not know the value of money, and insisted upon being paid in cloth. One of the natives was caught in the act of stealing some of my sheep; and, as I had been much annoyed by repeated thefts, I ordered the man to be given a good flogging.

I had been making several stops up to this time, not only to rest the camels and to trade, but to get the camp better organized and to rate my chronometers. I divided up the men into companies of ten each, appointing a head man in each company. There were, besides these ten head men, my first head man, Haji Idris, and two second head men, splendid fellows, both of them, named Salan Mohammed and Ahamed Aden. The majority of the boys had never been on an expedition before, and knew nothing of the use of the rifle, so I had to be drilling them continually. The Somalis were very fond of being drilled, and it was not long before they learned to obey quickly the

various orders given. In case of an alarm, each company knew the position it was to take at once, and also where to find the boxes of ammunition assigned to it. In ordinary cases there would be eight sentries on duty all night, one to each company. But in dangerous countries the number of sentries would be doubled. The fifteen Winchester rifles were given to the most intelligent of the men, while the remainder of the boys were supplied with Snyders, which they were obliged to carry continually. I also supplied them with thirty rounds of ammunition apiece for their belts.

Each European was usually accompanied by four boys, Fred's boys escorting him when shooting, while the boys I gave Dodson, and reserved for myself, I trained to assist in the work of collecting natural-history specimens. They soon became very keen in their quest for insects and butterflies and anything they thought might be of interest to me. Our two cooks, Mireh and Abdulla, had been with Dr. W. L. Smith and myself upon our shooting trip, and it was wonderful what good meals they could provide from scanty resources. Often we would fare very badly on account of a lack of firewood, or being obliged to march all day; but usually they contrived to give us some soup and game-birds that we had shot, and excellent bread. They managed to bake the bread between two sheets of tin, which they rested on stones over the fire, using Eno's Fruit Salts to raise the bread. Abdulla, whose proper name is Aden Arralla, had been a cook on a man-of-war. He was one of the most faithful followers of my expedition, and exerted an excellent influence in camp.

Two expeditions, that of Captain Swayne, and the one led by Counts Hojes and Cudenhove, had passed south from Lafkei, on their way to the Shebeli River, above Ime; but towards the west nothing was known of the country,

and I had to trust entirely to native guides. As usual, I could not travel in a straight line, the guides informing me that it would be impossible to get water if I did so; so I had to march down the Tug Sillul, on which Lafkei is situated, some distance, and then travel northwest once more. In many places there was absolutely no path, and the guides led us through a very densely wooded country. The underbrush was thick; and often there would be long stretches of ground covered with aloes, and also a cruel plant known in Mexico and Texas as the "Spanish bayonet." It resembles the aloe closely, but the leaves are narrower, and the tips are armed with strong, sharp needles which make it difficult to wind in and out among them without getting injured. They are constantly piercing the animals, inflicting severe wounds. The Somalis call this plant "hig;" the Arabic name is "salab." Both these and the aloes are distributed all over Somaliland.

There was also a tree called the "kedi," which is simply a mass of spikes, and a species of acacia called "hura," bearing a reddish pod about the size of a pea, of which the Somalis are very fond; but the only satisfaction one has in eating them is to get a slight sweet flavor out of a pound of pod. It rained almost every day for a short time, and the sky was almost continually overcast. This made marching pleasanter, but it was very difficult for me to rate my chronometers. Ever since leaving Hargesa I had not been able to get a meridian altitude of the sun, owing to the clouds, and it was only occasionally that I could take stellar observations.

On the 10th of August we had a troublesome march, having to cross several tugs with steep banks, and finally to ascend a very rough path made by game, over a range of hills.

The next day we were to have the pleasure of seeing a

European once more. Capt. C. J. Percival, R. A., crossed our line of march on his way north. He was the only white man, except ourselves, who had penetrated so far into this country. He told me, when I saw him afterwards in Aden, that after he had left us in the jungle, he had been called to a village to attend to one or two natives who had been wounded by a lion. This lion had been the pest of the natives for some weeks, and they had resolved to end his life. Having gathered together in force to wait for him, they attacked him from all sides as he leaped into their village, armed, as usual, only with their spears. In the fight one of them had been killed, and two others badly cut up, but the plucky natives had killed their animal.

We now made a double march, stopping at midday on the Tug Lummo, where there is excellent water all the year round in pools. I was at the mercy of the most ignorant guides, who did not seem to know their way at all. They had led us over the worst country imaginable, where we had to chop, dig, and roll stones aside at frequent intervals.

CHAPTER IV.

TURFA TUG—SHOOTING RHINOCEROSSES—A SIDE-TRIP TO THE RIVER ERER—NARROW ESCAPE FROM A RHINOCEROS—WE ARE OBLIGED TO LIFT THE CAMELS OVER ROCKS—A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS THE ERER WITH CAMELS—RETURN TO THE CARAVAN—MR. FRED GILLET'S LION AND LEOPARD HUNT—WE MARCH SOUTH TO THE SHEBELI RIVER—THE RIVER FLOODED—DHUM PALMS—GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CROSSING THE WEBI SHEBELI—MULE CAUGHT BY A CROCODILE—MAN DROWNED—A MULE AND TWO PONIES LOST—FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN THE COUNTRY OF THE ARUSA GALLAS—WE CAPTURE TWO NATIVES—NEWS OF A TOWN BUILT OF STONE—I DISCOVER A SMALL RIVER—THE GALLAS ARE FRIENDLY.

ON the 14th of August we arrived at Bodele on Tug Turfa, where there was abundance of water, and where I was surprised to find a few Somalis. These natives said it would be impossible to take the caravan west, that the country was very mountainous, and that a river which I judged must be the Erer, which flows past Harar and empties into the Shebeli River, made its way through a deep gorge in this mountain; and they also said that a man empty-handed could not reach the waters of this stream, owing to the precipitous walls on either side. As it was wise to give the camels a good rest, I resolved to make the trip with Dodson and a few boys to the Erer, to see myself whether it would be possible to take the caravan across.

Leaving Gillett in charge of the caravan at Bodele, I started on the morning of August 15 for the Erer River, with Dodson and twenty boys. I took along only five

camels, as I was afraid of their being injured. We wound our way for nine and a half miles northwest, through thick thorn-bushes, along paths made by rhinoceroses, and reached a broad, grassy plateau called Gardubbela, where we camped for the night. Starting before daybreak the next morning, we made a long march west across this grassy plain, passing large herds of oryx, zebra, and many ostriches in groups of twos or threes.

I was far ahead of the caravan with my gun-bearer Hetsi, and had just shot a zebra, when I noticed a rhinoceros coming straight for me. I turned to Hetsi for my cartridge-bag, only to see the man's face fall as he remembered he had given the cartridges to another boy to carry for a short time, and had forgotten to get them again. The rifle I had with me was a .577 express, and I had only a single cartridge for this. I had two hundred yards the start of the rhinoceros, and now ran for the caravan as fast as my legs could take me; fortunately, just as I reached the camels, the rhinoceros stopped a few moments. The boy who had my cartridge-bag ran forward to meet me, and I grabbed the cartridge with not a second to spare, for the rhinoceros now started ahead once more. When he was about twenty yards from the camels, he swerved aside, as his attention was drawn off by some of Dodson's boys, who were not with the caravan. This afforded me a good side-shot, and as the first report rang out, down went the huge beast on his knees. He never got up, as the second shot rolled him over on his side.

The third morning found us travelling by the side of a tug running southwest, hoping that this would lead us to a point where we might cross the river. The country swarmed with rhinoceroses, one of which came very near giving me a good mauling. I was going along a path

made by the beasts, with my little caravan behind me, through an open space, when suddenly and without provocation a rhinoceros dashed out of the grass, and charged directly at us. I stepped aside from the path to get a side shot, thinking that the beast would keep to a straight course; but he suddenly turned on me when only five yards away, and charged with lowered head, puffing and snorting as only a rhinoceros can. Luckily I was carrying my eight-bore, and I had just time to give him a shot in the head, when he was within three feet of me, and drop him to his knees. But it was for a second only. The next instant he was on his legs, and at me again. This time he got a second shot in the head that dropped him long enough for me to spring a few feet to one side and run. But the beast jumped up again, and commenced to prance around in a wild, dazed fashion.

My boys ran in all directions, while the camels stampeded, tossing their loads about in confusion. As it turned out, the rhinoceros was blinded by my last shot, and soon came to a dead halt. I loaded my rifle, took a steady aim just behind his shoulder from a distance of about thirty yards, and was fortunate in dropping him stone dead with a bullet through his heart. I found on examination that the first two bullets had struck his head a little too far forward. I had to be on my guard constantly after this, as there was no slight danger of being run down at any moment by these African bullies.

We soon came to a beautiful stream of clear water, which was a great delight to us all, as we had not seen such a thing as a babbling brook in all our previous marches. We followed the stream for two miles; but what a time we had of it! The valley grew narrower, and the great boulders filling it up increased in size. After having to lift the five camels bodily over rocks several times, we were

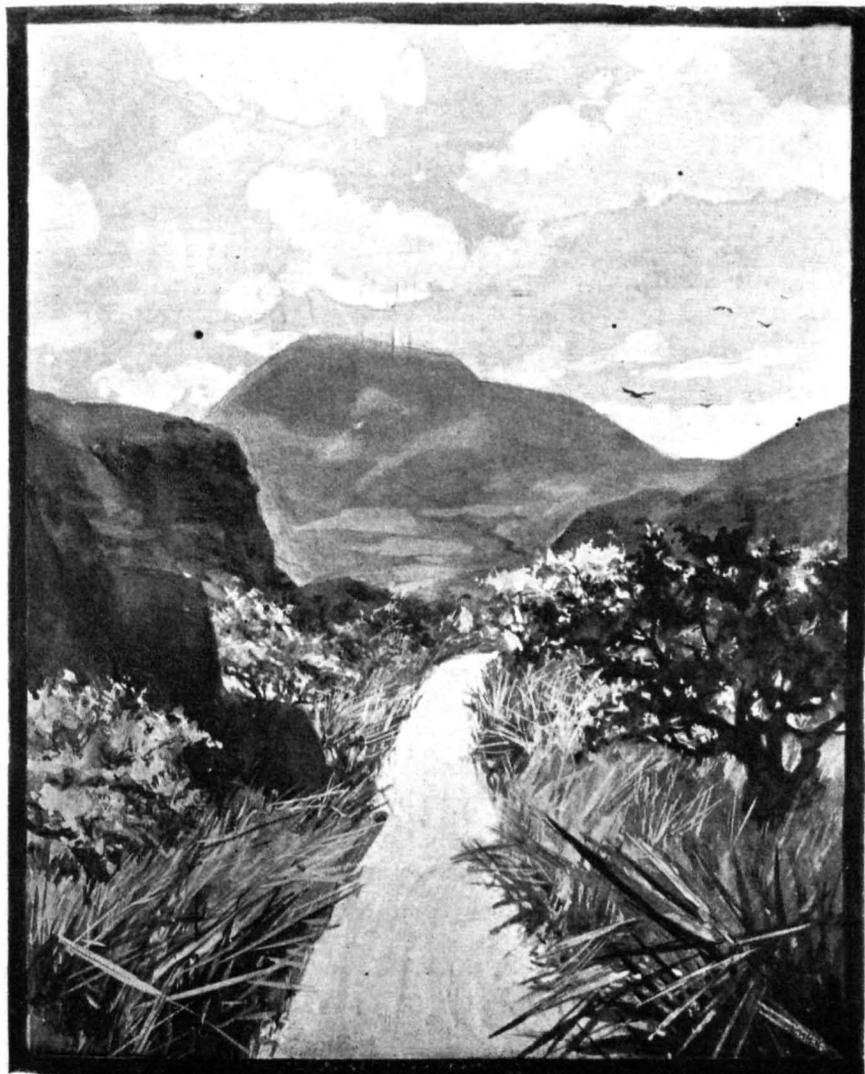
obliged to camp. In the morning I divided my boys into three parties, which I started off in different directions, leaving the tired camels to look after themselves, as I wished to find how far off the Erer River was, and to explore the country about it. Five boys and myself kept on down the brook, which, to give it a descriptive title, I have named Stony Brook, and, after two miles' hard scrambling over rocks, arrived at the banks of the beautiful, swift-flowing Erer.¹

It would be hard to exaggerate the beauties of the valley through which this river runs. The high, rocky walls on either side of the rapidly flowing stream were covered with countless varieties of flowering plants and vines; while the rugged, barren tops of the mountains, as they towered three thousand feet above the bed of the river, contrasted beautifully with the yellow reeds along the banks of the stream, and the lovely, light-green color of the shrubs. The valley was alive with animal life: countless birds chirped and sang among the trees; while among the rocks armies of conies, monkeys, and squirrels caroused, and made war upon each other.

I was greatly disappointed to find the natives' report true, and that it would be impossible to get the caravan through this country; but I was well repaid for my trip, as I succeeded in collecting a large variety of birds, butterflies, fish, mammals, and beetles, besides locating this important river.

After spending two days by the Erer, we marched back to the caravan, which we reached on the afternoon of the second day. I was delighted to find that Gillett had killed a fine lion, Fred's account of his encounter with the beast running as follows:—

¹ The Erer was eighty feet broad at this point, with a depth of only one to three feet, and a current of four miles an hour.



THE ERER.

“Whilst Dr. Smith was absent, I had a camel tied in a large patch of very thick bush, in which I found the fresh tracks of lions, but it was some days before one acknowledged the bait. In the mean time, however, I was busy following up fresh tracks, but all to no purpose. I got closer than I wanted, though, one night: I was following a wounded zebra, and the tracks led into a dense country so full of small thorn-bushes that it was with the greatest



LION SHOT BY F. GILLETT.

Photograph by F. Gillett.

difficulty my shikari and I pushed our way through it. It had become quite dark, and I was just about to turn back, when I heard a growl in the bushes to my right, not twenty yards distant. It was an impossible place to tackle a lion. ‘Shall I carry the rifle for you?’ said my boy; but under the circumstances it did not seem at all heavy, and we made the best of our way back to camp without another word.

“At last luck changed; and one morning my boys

rushed into my tent to say the camel had been killed. I was off to the spot as soon as I had had some breakfast; and as the camel had not long been dead, I sent back to the camp for some of the camel-men to come and drive the beast out of the bushes to me. The drive only took a few minutes. I stationed myself in a clearing, sent a boy back to show the heaters which way to come, and then waited; a twig cracked in front of me, then all was still. Shortly afterwards there was a yell from the men, as they caught a glimpse of the yellow skin of the lion amongst the bushes, and the next second he stood before me not thirty yards off. He saw me at once, and turned to charge back through the men, but a lucky shot through the neck ended his days.

“The real danger of the performance then began: the men were as pleased as I was at the result and, placing me by the lion, danced round us, waving their rifles in all directions; and as these were still at full cock, I began to wonder what a bullet at close quarters would feel like. Fortunately, however, there were no mishaps, and a present of some sheep made the camp the cheeriest place in the world.”

There was nothing to do now but to march the caravan south along the Tug Turfa to its junction with the Shebeli River, and then endeavor to cross that stream. The tug made many twists and curves, but our direction was, in the main, south. We found many ammonites and pieces of fossil coral along the bed of the stream. The mountains were principally of the coarsest granite.

I will give Gillett's description of a leopard drive we enjoyed on this tug:—

“We had been marching all the afternoon down the dry bed of the tug, and I was some distance ahead of the caravan, when on the opposite bank I saw a leopard listening

to the noise of the approaching caravan. He disappeared almost at once in a thick clump of bushes. Calling to my boys, I ran across to cut him off. We surrounded the clump of bushes just as the first camel came in sight. When Dr. Donaldson Smith came up, he ordered the camp to be pitched, and some camel-men to beat the bushes, while he and I took up positions on the further side of the clump.

"It was so thick that the men would not venture into the bushes to drive the animal out; and as they were unable to move him, they set fire to the bushes. A few minutes after this he came out opposite me, only a few yards off. He saw me at once, and gave a snarl before I could fire, and then darted away to my left, making for a small hedge. As he crossed the open space about forty yards off, I fired a snap-shot at him for luck, and to my surprise found him quite dead about one hundred yards further off."

After the first two marches from Bodele we came to the junction of the Tugs Sillul, Dacheto, Lummo, Bourgha, and Turfa. These tugs are here merged into a flowing stream of water, which continues for about eleven miles as the Bourgha River, until this empties itself into the Webi Shebeli.¹

Camping at this spot, called Bieusora, which means in Somali "junction of waters," I sent men ahead to reconnoitre, the guides I took from Bodele being absolutely useless. I was much afraid of a block in the Bourgha valley, such as I had encountered in trying to reach the Erer River; but my scouts returned in the afternoon with the good news that they had seen the big river, and that we could march there easily.

On the 24th of August, after a morning's march of ten

¹ "Webi" is the Somali name for any river.

miles, we found ourselves on the banks of the Webi Shebeli. But, alas! to our disappointment, we found the stream flooded. It was over eighty yards wide, deep, and flowing at the rate of over five miles an hour; so I resolved to camp, and explore the shores to find a better crossing, and if possible to secure guides. I had looked in vain as yet for Gallas; the only signs I had seen of them were on my journey to the Erer River. There were a few deserted Galla huts on the banks of that river; but now that I had reached the Shebeli, I could see no trace of human beings ever having been here, although I had expected to find a large Galla population about the river. Mountains containing much iron ore rose precipitously from the narrow valley of the river, the presence of this iron ore causing many errors in my compass bearings. The river is fringed with groves of dhum palms, those well-known trees which furnish both food and drink to so many natives of Africa. The fruit of the dhum palm is about the size of a potato, hard and pithy, and tasting like dried ginger-bread. We had considerable sport fishing, catching one species of fish resembling a mullet, which was very gamy, rising readily to a spoon bait, and which weighed from three to five pounds apiece. To show what a hard time we had crossing the river, I will quote from my diary for a few days: —

“*August 25.* We have been at work all day at a point a little below our camp, where the river broadens out to a width of a hundred yards, and where it is from two to seven feet deep. My head man, Idris, and Abdi Segard (Fred's gun-bearer) made an attempt to get a rope across from my boat. Abdi rowed, and a hard time he had to get over the swift current, just managing to reach the bushes on the other side, and grab them. Idris pulled in several coils of rope and then made a spring for the shore; but the strain on the

rope was too great for him, and he had to let go the end. This was the first failure. Afterwards we landed several men on the opposite shore, and this time Idris and Abdi managed to row across with a rope, and give them the end, which they made fast to a tree; but we were bound to be disappointed again,—the rope broke.

“The afternoon was now spent in making a raft, and in braiding a rope to triple its original size, so that there would be no danger of its breaking. When returning to camp, I was surprised by hearing a number of shots fired in quick succession at the water’s edge. I could only imagine that the Gallas were attacking us, and rushed hastily to the spot, to find that Fred’s mule had been caught by a crocodile and dragged some distance into the water, before some of my boys had rescued him by their shots. Fred and Dodson came rushing in from different directions, as they too thought the camp had been attacked. One of the mule’s fore-legs was terribly lacerated, and there seemed to be scarcely a hope of saving him. We debated for a long time as to whether we should shoot the mule or not, but Fred finally determined to give the poor beast a chance for life.¹ Owing to this incident, we dubbed the spot ‘Crocodile Camp.’

“*August 26.* The boys spent the day trying to get a rope across, and the new raft floated. They worked like Trojans, but the raft they made with so much patience was a failure. We all feel very blue. The river fell six inches the last twenty-four hours, so that the men could wade almost across the stream in the afternoon. There are many hippopotami about, but we have been unable to get a shot as yet.

“*August 27.* Fred’s mule seems to be recovering from

¹ And glad he was afterwards of his decision, as a more serviceable animal he could not have had.

his wounds. The men worked hard all day, and succeeded by afternoon in building an excellent raft, out of four eight-gallon wooden water-barrels, splicing them to logs. They also got the heavy three-stranded rope across, and made it taut; but, alas! they could not hold their raft at all by the rope when they reached the middle of the stream, on account of the terrific force of the current. We all returned disappointed, and I made up my mind that we must find some other crossing.

"*August 28.* We tried a place still further south of our camp, where the stream is narrower. The boys cut down a steep bank to gain access to the water's edge, but towards afternoon the stream rose a foot, and we could do nothing. I still have hopes of crossing in this neighborhood, but it will be a hard struggle. My boys deserve the greatest praise for the manner in which they have gone to work and for their patience. My gun-bearer, Karsha, who is an excellent shot, brought in a water-buck.

"*August 29.* I let some of the men continue their work where they left off last night, while some of us explored the banks of the river in both directions, Fred and my head man making a journey to the north, while I explored the bank of the stream ten miles lower down. I found a place six miles south of our camp, where the stream was very deep and rapid, and only forty yards wide. I thought it might be managed to pull the camels across here, so I returned to camp to prepare for the move to-morrow, and to hear Fred's report. Fred said he had gone a long way up the river, and that it would be impossible to cross.

"*August 30.* We marched down to the narrow part of the river I discovered yesterday, and after tiffin started the work of crossing once more in earnest. A huge rope was stretched across the stream, and from this another was suspended by a loop. A camel was brought down, a barrel

tied under his throat to prevent his head from going under, and the free end of the second rope tied to his neck. A third rope which was attached to the animal was dragged by an army of boys from the opposite bank. As soon as the camel was lifted into the swift current, the boys on the opposite side pulled as fast as they could. The camel held his head up as he sped down the current; but as the rope tightened, and the men commenced to haul the animal up-stream, his head disappeared under water for some fifteen seconds; but now there was a splash and a bit of floundering, and the camel was safely landed in spite of his ducking. A chorus of cheers went up, as, after all our trouble, we had at last found a plan for crossing. We landed eleven camels before dark.

"*August 31.* The work of transporting went on merrily. Sixty-five camels were taken across, and four companies landed the stores in their charge. There was much singing and shouting, but the amount of work my boys accomplished was prodigious. On occasions of this kind the Somalis are often excellent workers, but they must do everything after their own fashion. They must be kept merry and cheerful. In the afternoon, one of my poor camel-boys, Dualla Farrah, who was a bad swimmer, lost his grip on the rope while he was attempting to cross, and was swept away and drowned before help could reach him. I was surprised at the cool way his companions regarded this catastrophe. They said it was simply the will of Allah, and that they were not going to think more about it. This Dualla Farrah was the same man the fortune-teller, Goolaed Farrah, had predicted would not be with us long."

The rest of the camels, forty-five in number, and the goods, were taken over the next morning, and then came the turn for the ponies and mules. Fred's pony was landed

dead on the other side, and one of my ponies did not survive the ordeal long. One of my mules got so much water in his lungs that he died two days afterwards. We were at last across, and should have been thankful, but the drowning of the camel-man, and the loss of two ponies and a mule, cast rather a gloom over our otherwise exulting spirits. We had had no rain now since we left Lafkei, and the river valley was very hot, the mean temperature for each twenty-four hours averaging 88° Fahr.

After a night's rest I sent men in all directions to see if they could find traces of natives, while I ascended the range of hills immediately to the west of the camp, from the top of which I could see far inland, the country appearing like a vast undulating plain, covered with the usual dried-up brush one sees in Somaliland. But a short time was allowed me, however, to take compass bearings, as I soon heard a shot in the valley below me, not far off, and, on hastening to the spot, found that some of my boys had captured a youthful Galla. They had fired in the air to frighten him, so that they might stop his flight.

It was most necessary to find some native who could tell us a little of the country ahead; otherwise, if we left the river, we could not know when we might find water, or what sort of obstacles we might encounter, so I had ordered my boys to capture any native they might see, provided they did him no bodily harm. The young prisoner was too much frightened at first to give us any information, but I took him back to camp, hoping soon to gain his confidence. Here I found that some more of my boys had caught another native, who proved to be more intelligent and communicative than the first.

One party of eight of my boys remained out all night, returning late the next morning. They said they had found a small river flowing into the Shebeli, about twenty

miles above our camp. The two Galla captives told me that this stream, which is called the Darde, came from a high, mountainous country lying far to the northwest, where it was cold and wet, and that in this country the people raised cereals, wove cloth, and lived in a town where there were stone houses. They said the name of this town was Sheikh Husein. This was most interesting news. Stone houses in this part of Africa! I made up my mind to visit this Sheikh Husein if possible. The Gallas told us of great atrocities perpetrated by the Abyssinians. The Abyssinians had completely subjugated them four years previously, carrying off their boys and girls as slaves, and capturing all their cattle and sheep.

After several hours' hard work in the afternoon, we managed to get the caravan up the steep ascent and on to the level, bushy plateau, and camped near some salt springs I discovered in a river-bed, the waters of these springs tasting like magnesia sulphate, and having the same effect.

Continuing north, we passed many villages from which all the people had fled, but we had made good enough friends of the two youthful Gallas now to trust one of them to run ahead and tell their people that friends were coming, — not Abyssinians, but white people from a far-off country, who wished to travel peacefully and make friends with every one; when we wanted food, we told them, we would pay for it, as we were rich in cloth and many things the natives would find useful. Wishing to explore the Darde, I started off with twenty of my boys and Hari Berrois, the other captive, who was now free to do as he pleased, to where my boys had reported the stream emptying into the Webi Shebeli. After marching a short time northwest, we found ourselves suddenly on the edge of a rugged and picturesque canyon a thousand feet deep,

through the middle of which the small stream, the Darde, wound its way into the Shebeli. We were not long in climbing down the precipitous walls of the canyon and in reaching the Darde, which we followed for half a mile to its junction with the greater river.

We found many footprints of natives here, but none of the Gallas themselves; so after passing a restless night by the side of the stream, without a tent, and being nearly devoured by mosquitoes, I journeyed back to the caravan.

Noticing, on our way, a man and two women far off in the valley tending sheep, I sent Hari Berrois, and some of my boys, to try to bring the three natives to our camp. They came to us willingly, and told us they were the last natives left in the neighborhood, all the rest of their countrymen having fled, thinking we were Abyssinians. I persuaded them to accompany me to the camp, and then, after loading them with presents, sent them ahead to quell the fears of their people.

Marching on, we came to some water-holes, called Feji, where many natives joined us.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARUSA GALLAS — GALLA CHIEFS TELL ME OF ABYSSINIAN DEPREDATIONS — THE COUNTRY OF THE ARUSA GALLAS — A DELIGHTFUL CHANGE — EXCELLENT FARMING LANDS — WE MEET AN ABYSSINIAN — AMUSING THE INHABITANTS OF LUKU — ARRIVAL AT SHEIKH HUSEIN — REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES — THE TOMB OF SHEIKH HUSEIN — AN INTERESTING RECEPTION — WE FIND OURSELVES IN AN ABYSSINIAN STRONGHOLD — MT. ABOUGASIN — THE HEIGHT OF HOSPITALITY ON THE PART OF AN ABYSSINIAN OFFICER — MY BOYS REVOLT — GOLD AND RAINY — MR. FRED GILLET'S ELEPHANT HUNT — MIRACLE WROUGHT BY SHEIKH HUSEIN — NATIVES — A KUDU DRIVE — SUMMONS FROM THE ABYSSINIAN GENERAL — GILLET STARTS FOR GINEA — A CURIOUS ANIMAL — GUINEA-FOWL — JOURNEY TO THE ABYSSINIAN TOWN — MY FRIEND'S ACCOUNT.

THE natives near the Shebeli River are much poorer than those living farther to the west, but I was much struck by their refined features. They are very like the Somalis in their bronze color and curly wavy hair, and their voices are most musical and soft. The large round shields they carry, made of the hide of oxen, are usually handsomely decorated, and their single long thrusting spears are well made, though very heavy. The short javelin, or throwing spear, is only occasionally found among them. I was surprised also at the excellent manner in which many of their ornaments were made, — tiny needles of iron, wood, and horn, wooden combs, and little forceps for plucking out thorns, huge leaden bracelets, very prettily ornamented, and bracelets of ivory, being among the various things of native manufacture that attracted our attention at once. I found that they made

also very good earthenware, and wooden pots and jars, prettily shaped and usually having two handles to them. The men wore a loin-cloth, while the women's only clothing consisted of a short skirt made of sheepskin.

The natives, finding we were not Abyssinians, implored our protection against these marauders. They showed me ovens in their villages, in which they formerly used to make bread, buying their grain from the natives living in the agricultural districts about Sheikh Husein. Now, they said, they were too poor to buy anything, the Abyssinians having left them scarcely enough sheep and goats for them to keep body and soul together. Their rulers demanded as taxes more than half the increase of their flocks yearly.

Hari Berrois now left us, delighted with the many fancy brass ornaments I gave him. He was the first, but not the last, man that came to us as a captive and a beggar, and went away great and rich, according to native ideas.

Our next march was a very short one, as I wished to interview a Galla chief, who was the first man of importance that had yet appeared. The old man welcomed us most heartily, and brought us a present of some milk and a fat sheep. He was a tall, handsome man, and conducted himself in a very dignified fashion; the only thing that marred his stately bearing being the fact that he insisted upon tying about his neck an empty chutney bottle and the lid of a biscuit tin I gave him. He told me that neither he nor any of his people believed we had crossed the flooded webi, but that we must have dropped from the clouds, to rid the country of the Abyssinians.

We crossed, on September 9, the little river Darde, and camped at Berbadah, where the river forms a small waterfall. The country of the Gallas we had gone through so far was very thinly populated, though, from

the number of deserted villages we had passed, there must have been formerly many inhabitants. Until you get well up into the mountainous region, it is dry, like Somaliland, and suitable only for grazing purposes. Towards the north it appeared to consist of a series of high plateaus and mountain peaks, rising one above the other, while to



GROUP OF ARUSA GALLAS.

From a Photograph by F. Gillett.

the south a great extent of low-lying, bushy country, containing only a few isolated, outstanding eminences, rising to varying heights of from one to three thousand feet, spread out far below us. We now commenced to rise rapidly, reaching, at the end of the next day's march, an elevation of three thousand eight hundred feet. The weather was cloudy and cool, and we began to feel a few rain-drops.

On reaching some water-holes called Roko, a chief of a village near by, named Jilo Nubonna, rushed out to meet us, and implored us to recover a lot of sheep and cattle the Abyssinians had just carried off, and which, he said, had belonged to his dead brother. I, of course, told him it would not do for us to interfere, as we wished to be friends with everybody. Fortunately, we were able to get plenty of water at the end of nearly every march, but the country was very rough for the camels. We marched about six hours daily, but only made nine or ten geographical miles in a straight line northwest. On September 12 we arrived at a place called Furza, where two chiefs, Oushe Burde and Dardi Hari, of the Wachalli tribes, who formerly lived near our crossing-place on the Shebeli River, came to us, bringing two fine eating camels, besides spears and native ornaments, which I had expressed a desire to collect. They told the same sad tale we had heard from every Galla. They were very fine-looking men, and it was pathetic to the last degree to see them break into tears as they described how the Abyssinians were reducing them to poverty. Oushe Burde was stationed at present in this country by the Abyssinians, to collect taxes, as it is the custom of the Abyssinians to enlist many natives in government service.

Our next march, of thirteen miles, took us through a very different sort of country from that to which we had been accustomed. Here and there would be open plains covered with fine green grass up to one's knees, and dotted with trees resembling our apple-trees. But we experienced the greatest change when we descended into a broad and lovely valley, and camped by some springs of good clear water, called Gorgora. Here the vegetation was most luxurious, and the variety of trees and shrubs infinite. What a delightful transformation in

nature it was for us! The light, beautiful green of the foliage, and the balmy and moist atmosphere, reminded me forcibly of spring-time in my own country, only the variety of the flora and fauna was distinctly African. Giant sycamores, pine-trees, and euphorbias spread out their limbs over veritable flower-beds.

Fuchsias, sweet-peas, and countless other plants seemed to be trying to crush each other out. Gayly plumaged birds sang away lustily, or flitted hither or thither, seeking to devour some passing butterfly. All about were fresh elephant-tracks, as well as spoor of a few leopards and lions.

We had not seen much game since leaving the Shebeli, excepting zebra *grevii* and oryx in small herds, and Waller's gazelle.

As much, however, as we had longed for rain before this, we were now to have too much of it; for during the next two months scarcely a day passed that we did not have a shower of some kind. The next march brought us in sight of two striking mountain groups about fifty miles to the west. One of these was called Daro by the natives, while the other I have named the Gillett Mountains, in honor of my friend. Little did I think that we should not get out of sight of these mountains for over two months. The country became more open, and every now and then we passed some little brook flowing south into the Darde.

We began to hear much of Sheikh Husein, and at a village where we camped on September 15, called Darrar, we met some of the inhabitants of this place. They told us they were going to hold a religious festival at Sheikh Husein in a short time, and that we should certainly be there. These people were Mohammedans, as I shall explain later. On our next march we passed many

cultivated fields; there were hundreds of acres planted in Indian corn and durrha, in all stages of growth, as well as fields of beans and pumpkins; and it was not uncommon to see oxen yoked to a rude wooden plough. This country would delight the heart of a European farmer; for, besides the fertility of the soil, the climate is most agreeable and equable. The mean temperature for the twenty-four hours was only 70° Fahr.

On the 17th of September we met an Abyssinian who was stationed at a large settlement a short distance ahead to watch over the grain and live-stock. He was the first Abyssinian I had seen, and he impressed me most favorably: Six feet in height, and of a massive, powerful build, he was a finer specimen than the majority of the Abyssinians, although I found them generally to be large sized. The man, whose name was Gabr Amaria, told me his people belonged to Curague, which is a country to the southwest of Abyssinia, and that he had been captured by the Abyssinians when a boy, and taken to Harar as a slave. After this he had been sent to Luku as an inspector. He said that the general of this country, and his army, were far to the south, waging war on the natives, and that we would have no difficulty in making friends with the few petty Abyssinians who were left about Sheikh Husein. Accordingly we marched on, under the guidance of Gabr Amaria, to Luku, and camped. Here we found quite a little settlement of agricultural people, governed by a most intelligent chief called Sheikh Ali. They were all Mohammedans, and were far superior to the Gallas I had previously met, being a branch of the Sheikh Husein people. We remained at Luku the next day to talk to the natives and to give Gillett a chance to hunt elephants, of which there were many in the neighborhood. Sheikh Ali and crowds of natives were in the camp all

day, and were intensely amused at some toys I showed them, setting up shrieks of laughter when I produced some little white porcelain dolls. We were pointed out where Sheikh Husein lay, about thirty miles to the southwest. We could never have gone in a straight line to Sheikh Husein from the Shebeli River, owing to the rough character of the country; and as it was, we had had a most difficult time of it going far north to Luku. The natives of Luku told us that it would be very difficult to reach Sheikh Husein, but that crowds of their people would accompany us, and aid us in every way, as they intended taking part in the festival. We did not reach Sheikh Husein till September 21, or three days after leaving Luku, although all hands were working hard to clear the road.

I was astonished at the beauty of the scenery. Deep canyons twisting in all manner of curves split up the country towards the Shebeli River on the north, while to the south rose the great group of mountains I have before mentioned.

All of my boys, who were fanatical Mohammedans, were delighted at the prospect of showing themselves off in their advanced ideas before the simple natives, and as it was advisable to make friends with the natives, I did not interfere at all with my boys in these proceedings, although they made the nights hideous by their chants and prayers. My boys told me they were going to show much in the way of religious forms when they reached Sheikh Husein. The condition of the natives improved steadily as we progressed toward the holy village. Some of their houses were very large, thirty or forty feet in diameter, with thatched roofs resting on a wall of posts five feet high, and passing to a peak in the centre, which rose to fifteen feet. They raise many cereals, beans, and pump-

kins, and are well supplied with honey, besides owning donkeys, cattle, goats, and sheep. The few camels they possess are raised for eating, or for their milk, but are never used as beasts of burden in this rough country. The natives, as usual, believed we had come with our large caravan only through divine dispensation.

The first view of Sheikh Husein was from a valley a little to the southeast. As we emerged from between two high mountains we came suddenly in full view of the town, a long line of thatched houses, with the five white tombs and some stone mosques, high above us on a broad-topped hill with sloping sides. One of the white, honeycombed buildings was different from the rest,—the tomb of Sheikh Husein, that illustrious traveller and priest of whom I had heard so much lately. It was a huge square stone building, forty feet across, the walls being projected above the roof at the four corners so as to form parapets, while from the centre rose a handsome dome thirty feet high. The tomb was surrounded by a high stone wall, and this again, together with two other stone buildings, was within a square a hundred and fifty feet across, surrounded by a wall ten feet high, and having a large, handsome gateway. Everywhere the stone was covered with white plaster, so that the buildings shone resplendent against the dark green of the giant euphorbias and sycamores that grew about the hilltop; and, moreover, there was a considerable attempt at ornamentation and architecture in the various structures. The body of the saint lies in a crypt surrounded by four stone columns.

As we ascended the hill slowly and in excellent order, my boys presented a most picturesque appearance. After the little party of Europeans, with the tent boys and gun-bearers, walked Idris, in gorgeous Arab costume, very solemnly, with measured tread and head bowed low,