THE UNKNOWN HORN OF AFRICA
Educational Institute,
17, ROELAND STREET, CAPE TOWN.

STANDARD VI. (LOWER)

A Prize Awarded for First Place in the Examination.

Principal.
Vice-Principal.
Master.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE,
December, 1890.
THE

UNKNOWN HORN OF AFRICA.
"The year has witnessed the accomplishment of what may be termed one of the most interesting and difficult feats of all recent African travel. This is the journey of our Associates, F. L. and W. D. James, authors of the well-known book on the Wild Tribes of the Soudan, who, with three English companions, Messrs. G. P. V. Aylmer, E. Lort-Phillips, and J. Godfrey Thrupp, organised an expedition which started last December to cross the north-eastern angle of Africa from Berbera to Mogaduxo. The hostile disposition and uncertain temper of the Somali tribes who inhabit this wide region have hitherto offered invincible obstacles to its exploration by Europeans."—Extract from Annual Address on the Progress of Geography, delivered by Lord Aberdare, F.R.S., President R.G.S., 1884-85.
From a Photograph by John Edwards.
OF THE UNKNOWN HORN OF AFRICA.

By Professor J. B. S. Hakeda.


LONDON: VOLNEY & SON. 1883.
THE UNKNOWN HORN OF AFRICA.

AN EXPLORATION FROM BERBERA TO THE LEOPARD RIVER.

BY

F. L. JAMES, M.A., F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "WILD TRIBES OF THE SOUDAN."

THE MAP BASED ON SURVEYS BY W. D. JAMES AND PERCY AYLMER, AND THE NARRATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE HAKE.


WITH

AN OBITUARY NOTICE BY J. A. & W. D. JAMES.

LONDON: GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32 FLEET STREET; LIVERPOOL: 45 TO 51 SOUTH CASTLE STREET. 1890.
TO

MAJOR-GEN. BLAIR, V.C., AND MRS. BLAIR

IN

GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

OF

THEIR HOSPITALITY AT ADEN ON MANY OCCASIONS

AND

KIND HELP RENDERED TO OUR EXPEDITION.
An Obituary Notice of the Author,

Who was killed by a wounded elephant on the 21st of April 1890 at San Benito, about 100 miles north of the Gaboon river on the west coast of Africa, and within a mile and a half from the shore.

By J. A. James and W. D. James.

Frank Linsly James was born at Liverpool on April 21, 1851, and entered Cambridge University in 1869, where he took the degree of M.A. His taste for travel was fostered by the ill health of his younger brother William, which necessitated his wintering in warm climates, and the elder brother became the constant companion of the younger in these trips for health.

After spending three winters in Egypt they determined upon making an expedition to the Soudan during the winter of 1877–78. The Nile was ascended in a dahabeah as far as Korosko, and the desert crossed on camels to Abu-Hamed, from which point the caravan followed the right bank of the Nile up to the junction of the Atbara. After ascending this river and the Settite to the borders of Abyssinia, the return journey was made by Kassala to Berber and thence across the desert to Dongola and down the
Nile to Cairo. The greater part of the route from Berber to Wady Halfah was traversed seven years later by the Gordon Relief Expedition under the command of General Lord Wolseley.

The following winter was passed in India, and at the invitation of Sir Samuel Browne our brother was fortunate enough to join a detachment of troops about to reinforce him, and to march with them up the Kyber Pass to Jellalabad.

The next African journey, undertaken in the winter of 1880–81, started from Massowah, and after visiting Keren proceeded to the Khor Baraka, on the border of the Basé country, with the object of obtaining information as to the possibility of entering that almost unknown territory. It was during this journey that our brother and his party made the first, and only, ascent effected by Europeans of Tchad-Amba, a high and precipitous mountain crowned with an Abyssinian monastery. The guide was a renegade monk who had lived for many years in this monastery, and when the monks perceived the party approaching, they attempted to prevent any further progress by rolling over huge rocks, to the great danger of the travellers. After some delay, during which the object of the visit was explained by an Abyssinian servant, they were allowed to proceed, and gained the summit in safety. The immediate geographical interest attaching to this journey was the exploring and careful mapping of the upper reaches of the Khor Baraka, hitherto unknown; but it
OBITUARY NOTICE.

led to a successful exploration of the Basé country being undertaken in the following winter, 1881–82, a full account of which is given by our brother in his first book of travels, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," published by Mr. John Murray in 1883.

The country was entered by way of Suakin, Kassala, and Haikota, and every part traversed was accurately mapped by Messrs. Alymer and W. D. James—the latter of whom had been for some time under the instruction of Mr. Coles of the Royal Geographical Society. This map represents a distinct addition to the geographical knowledge of that previously little known portion of Africa.

In the winter of 1882–83, Frank James, with his brother William and three friends, visited Mexico, and crossing to the Pacific saw as much of the country as was possible in the time at their command.

The winter of 1883–84 was chiefly spent in making a short trip into Southern Arabia, and in cruising along the Somali coast in an Arab dhow, with a view to estimating the feasibility of arranging an expedition into the unknown Somali country. A short inland journey was made from Berbera, and the advantage of these preliminary inquiries was proved the following winter, 1884–85, by the extraordinary success which attended the exploration so completely and truthfully described in the present volume, and to which Lord Aberdare, in his annual address in 1885, on the Progress of Geography, referred as "one of the most
interesting and difficult feats of all recent African travel." In addition to the geographical value resulting from this enterprise, we may here note the increase of knowledge it afforded to all students in Natural History. Many, and some most interesting, specimens of unknown Fauna and Flora were collected, all of which have been submitted to experts, and are scientifically described in the Appendix of the first edition of the "Unknown Horn of Africa." The collection of Flora was presented to the Kew Herbarium, and the collection of Lepidopterous Fauna to the Natural History Museum at Kensington.

In 1886 our brother devoted much of his time to yachting, and during the last four years of his life passed many happy months, in each year, on the Lancashire Witch, R.Y.S., where it was his greatest pleasure to give pleasure to others, and to especially interest himself in all that concerned the welfare of his crew. He twice visited the Mediterranean, spent one winter in the Persian Gulf and India, staying for a short time at Baghdad and Shiraz, and another winter in the West Indies and Central and North America.

In the summer of 1888 he went to Spitzbergen, reaching the North Cape of North East Land in latitude 80° 40' N., and then visited Novaya Zemlya, and traversed the Yugorski and Matoschin Shar Straits to the Kara Sea.

At the end of January 1890 he joined the Lancashire Witch for the third time, when he discovered a new strait in the Bering Sea, and the Bay of the Western Horn of North America.
shire Witch at Lisbon, with the intention of visiting many places of interest on the West Coast of Africa, and accepted the invitation to ascend the Niger, up to the junction of the Benué and Quorra, in one of the steamers belonging to the Royal Niger Company, kindly placed at his disposal by Sir George Taubman-Goldie; a programme quite unique in the history of yacht voyages, but one which was carried out with success and enjoyment.

After returning from the Niger and spending a few days at Fernando Po and the Cameroons, he anchored his yacht in the roadstead off Bata, where a short inland expedition after elephants resulted in two of his guests obtaining a fine "tusker." The next anchorage was off San Benito, some 150 miles north of the equator, and it was here that our brother received the injury which ended a life of the greatest use, and full of private acts of self-denial and generosity.

His capabilities were far-reaching and in many ways remarkable. As a traveller and explorer his power of organising and administering was most prominent, and the success of his leading several expeditions was mainly due to a firmness and determination which was always governed by a combined sense of duty, tact, and justice. To this was added a nature quite devoid of personal fear, and often too regardless of imminent danger, but admirably fitted to conquering difficulties which might have been accepted by many as insuperable.
OBITUARY NOTICE.

His great love of literature was noticeable during early boyhood, when he laid the foundation of a library which he gradually developed during the rest of his life, and which now remains a silent witness to his refined taste and excellent judgment. Among his art collections is one of eighteenth century proof engravings, which is perhaps the finest in England, and in which he had taken particular interest during the last fifteen years. As a brother he was something more than merely lovable, and as a friend he was all that was honourable and great-hearted. Most charitable, but without the faintest spark of ostentation, he was never happier than when contributing to the happiness of others, and only the day before his death he walked three miles under a broiling West African sun, to hand a cheque to the father-superior of a mission-station near Bata.

It is almost needless to add that he has left a wide circle of devoted friends who can never cease to mourn his loss.

14 Great Stanhope Street,
London, W.
I REGRET the length of time which has passed between our exploration of the "Unknown Horn of Africa," as represented by the land of the Somal, and the publication of any detailed account of the expedition; but I hope the lapse of three years has not rendered the production of "yet another book on Africa" a superfluity.

As long as any part of inhabited Africa remains unsearched and undescribed, so long shall a certain amount of public interest attach itself to it.

The semi-civilised Somal, as met with at Aden, is familiar to every traveller who passes through the Red Sea; but his native land, with the exception of part of the coast region, had remained a sealed book to Europeans until the accomplishment of the journey which I have endeavoured to describe in these pages.
I venture to hope that an additional interest may attach itself to our journey from the fact that a part of the Somali littoral, including the towns Berbera, Bulhar, and Zeilah, are now British territory, and that we are consequently brought into more direct communication with the inhabitants of the interior than formerly; while to the south the country recently acquired by the Imperial British East African Company extends to near the sources of the River Tana, north of the equator, and not very far removed from the most southern limits of our journey; and should this Company succeed, as I have no doubt it will do, in opening up vast tracts to civilisation and commerce, direct British influence, if not territory, may at no distant date extend from the land we were the first to explore to the Company’s present southern boundary.

During the whole journey I kept careful and complete notes, and in the present work I have endeavoured to utilise from my journal what I trust may prove attractive to the general reader as well as to those especially interested in books on exploration. These notes I put together in book form last winter while yachting in West Indian and South American waters, but I only finished my book during a cruise...
to Spitzbergen and Nova Zemlia, from which I have just returned; and I fear, from the constant interruptions inseparable from such journeys, some of it may have been too hastily written.

To Mrs. Gordon Hake I owe my special thanks for the great care and skill she has displayed in the narrative illustrations. These, after frequent consultations between Mrs. Gordon Hake and ourselves, were composed from the numerous photographs of natives and native scenery taken on the spot by my brother and Aylmer, and for accuracy of detail and dramatic force, leave, I think, nothing to be desired. Indeed, they have more than justified the high opinion I hold of her talents as a faithful and realistic artist.

14 Great Stanhope Street,
London, W.
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CHAPTER I.

LIMITS OF SOMALI-LAND—FIRST PROPOSALS TO EXPLORE THE COUNTRY—FIRST ATTEMPTS AND RESULTS—LATER ATTEMPTS AND RESULTS—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SOMAL RACE.

Somali-land occupies the Eastern Horn of Africa, but its exact limits are not yet clearly defined. According to General Rigby,* it extends from Bab-el-Mandeb to several degrees south of Cape Guardafui. The same authority describes its northern limits as represented by the Danākil Itoo Galla territory, and its southern by the doubtful extent of the Suahili or Negrotic regions, lying between it and the Indian Ocean. To the west it may be roughly said to include all the country between a line drawn from Harrar to the river Jub, and to the east it is bounded by the Red Sea. Known to the ancients as Regio Aromatifera, it is now called by Europeans "Somali Country," by Arabs Bar-ajam, or the "Unknown Land," and by

* Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society for 1849.
its inhabitants Bar-as-Somal, or the "Land of the Somal."

This vast extent of territory (about the size of Spain) is thinly populated with natives, who are instinctively commercial and naturally pastoral and warlike. Its harbours export the produce of the Galla races, in addition to those of the pastoral inland Somali tribes, who, like the shepherds of Biblical times, guard their own herds and flocks against a human foe with javelins and swords, and raid upon their neighbours whenever "might" justifies such proceeding as safe enough to be "right." The habits of these inland tribes differ but slightly from those of the ancient Patriarchs, while the habits of their camels, chief among the herds, appear unaltered. As they were then, so are they now, with the advantage of being considered "clean" instead of "unclean." Alive, they carry the tents and yield milk; dead, they provide the material for tents and raiment, and represent food which, though once despised, is now highly relished. Just as in olden times, they are strange contrasts to their masters. History past and present deals with wild horses, asses, oxen, sheep, and goats; also with wild men and women; but it records no time when there were wild camels. Indeed, they have been nearly always more civilised than those who held them in bondage.

Until recently our relations with the coast have been limited to scenes of pillage and vengeance, but of the inland tribes we have been quite ignorant.

In 1825 the British brig Mary Ann was treacher-
ously seized and plundered, and broken up by the coast Somalis near Berbera, and most of the crew murdered. A sloop of war was at once dispatched by the Government of Bombay, to blockade the coast and open fire upon the people, who fled in all directions. Through the intervention of El Haji Sharmarkay, the governor of Zeila, the survivors of the *Mary Ann* were recovered, and the Somalis bound over to abstain from future attacks on English vessels, and to pay the full value of the plundered property by annual instalments; but in 1855 the practice of plundering and murdering strangers on the coast was renewed, and the tribes were again fined £3000, and the harbour of Berbera blockaded by two of the Honourable East India Company's cruisers.

In 1849 the Superintendent of the Indian Navy and the President of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain entered upon negotiations with the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company, with the view to arranging a first exploration of the "unknown Somali country, and ascertaining its productive resources." The following year a document, stating what was required to effect this purpose, was forwarded by the Court of Directors to the Governor-General of India, with a recommendation that should no objection arise, either from expense or other cause, a fit person should be permitted to explore the Somali country. Dr. Carter was offered the charge of this proposed expedition, and he accepted it, subject to his travels being limited to the maritime plain and moun-
tain range, distant inland from sixty to eighty miles. This was not sufficient to meet the objects of the Geographical Society, so in 1851 it was suggested that others should take part in the proposed exploration. For this purpose, and after consultations between Commodore Lushington and Dr. Carter, an officer in the Indian navy and Dr. Stocks, A.M.D., were warned for service on the African coast, in conjunction with Dr. Carter. Before the expedition started, however, Commodore Lushington resigned his command, and the whole project fell to the ground.

Somali-land is even now the most extensive African field open to future explorers, for though we penetrated far beyond any point previously reached, the vast territory, east and west, of that included by our line of march, remains unknown. In reviewing all earlier expeditions, it is noteworthy that the mountain range, some sixty miles from the coast, was the goal aimed at by the majority of explorers.

Of these, the pioneer was Cruttenden, a lieutenant in the Indian navy, who in 1848 gained the summit of Mount Airansit, which overlooks the broad stretch of the Tug Dayr, extending due east. Then followed Speke, Hildebrant, and Menges, but their ventures were limited to the mountain range and maritime plain. Later on Revoil made several efforts to get farther inland, but native greed and treachery, tribal feuds and tribal fights, represented an impassable barrier. As a final chance he tried Madisha for a starting-point, thus changing his line of travel from
south to north, but he only reached Géledi, a distance of about forty miles inland. Sir Richard Burton's famous journey to Harrar led him through a northern section of Somali-land, and on his return he planned with Speke, Lieutenant Herne, and Lieutenant Stroyan an expedition in which he hoped to fairly bisect the country by a route extending from N.W. to S.E. In the postscript to his "First Footsteps in East Africa" he gives a spirited account of the disaster which happened at Berbera, the starting-point. Here he describes how his camp was treacherously attacked and looted, how Lieutenant Stroyan was killed, and how Speke was captured and subsequently escaped with eleven wounds, after running the gauntlet through scores of spears. In August 1883, Sacconi, an Italian trader residing at Harrar during its Egyptian period of administration, undertook a commercial venture to the Ogadayn with an escort of twelve natives. He got as far as the Amaden tribe before he was murdered, but as he left no map or other record of his travel, geography gained nothing by the sacrifice of this life. About the same time, Panagiotos, a Greek and also a trader, was murdered while endeavouring to gain the interior, and a Frenchman was killed near the lakes west of Harrar; but another Frenchman, who travelled in the service of Bardey & Company, appears to have been more successful. He reached some part of Ogadayn and returned unharmed to his friends, but he recorded nothing of geographical interest about his journey. Herr Haggenmacher, after two months' careful pre-
paration at Berbera, entered on a search for the Webbe Shebeyli or Leopard River, reported to flow through Somali-land at some unknown point far south of Berbera before exhausting itself near the Indian Ocean. Carefully disguised as a native, he started on this expedition with thirty-two followers and fifteen camels, but was forced back, after gaining a distance of fifty miles beyond the mountain range, as all his cloth and provisions were expended, and most of his camels stolen or lost. He surveyed the country through which he passed as best he could under the great disadvantage of being often unable to use his instruments for fear of exciting suspicion. It is, therefore, not surprising that the map made by my brother and Percy Aylmer, under less embarrassing conditions, has proved that made by Herr Haggenmacher to be incomplete, and in some details inaccurate. Other inland journeys have been undertaken by sportsmen and collectors, but they have all been limited to the maritime plain, and are therefore of little geographical value.

The record of expeditions into Somali-land which followed ours seems to be no less disastrous than that of those which preceded us. Of these, the most important was that organised and led by Count Porro, who, with seven European comrades and one European servant, left Zeila on March 26, 1885, with a caravan attended by an armed escort of ten Somalis and others commanded by a Soudanee named Salem, and among the escort was Lort-Phillips' Abyssinian servant,
Later Attempts and Results.

Girghis, who had accompanied his master in our Soudan and Somali-land explorations. They reached Gialdessa on about the 19th of April, and about six days later news arrived at Aden that the caravan had been attacked and all the travellers massacred. This expedition is said to have been equipped by the Italian Government with the hope that Count Porro and his comrades would succeed in making a scientific exploration through the Ogadayn country to the Webbe Shebeyli.

Two later attempts to penetrate this country terminated with similar tragedies, though involving less loss of life; and Mr. Ravenstein, the well-known authority on East African travel, when speaking on the subject of disasters in Somali-land at the Royal Geographical Society, very truly said that “to be killed was the fate of nearly every white man who ventured into the country.” I only hope a published record of our experience may induce travellers who are not prepared to exercise the greatest caution and patience, to turn their attention to a less dangerous field for future enterprise.

As regards the antecedents of the Somal, I think Sir Richard Burton’s opinion may be taken as quite correct, namely, that by their own traditions, as well as by their distinct physical peculiarities, customs, and geographical distribution, they must be accepted as a half-caste offshoot of the great Galla race, allied to the Caucasian type by a steady influx of pure Asiatic blood. The whole skeleton is light; the forehead
high and round, the cheek-bones high, the jaw prognathous, the lips unmistakably full though but slightly protruded, the teeth large and white, and the eyes brilliant and restless. The hair of the head is bluish-black, strong and wiry; while that of the face is scanty, and usually grows in minute curls, but without any tendency to become woolly. We found the hands

and feet, in most cases, small and delicately formed among the inland tribes, though Burton's experience of the northern Somalis was the exact opposite. The shin-bones were invariably curved forwards, and long in proportion to those of the thigh. The skin pigment produced the various shades of copper ranging between the light and dark brown, the latter being more frequent the farther inland we travelled. I can thoroughly
indorse Sir Richard Burton's summary of general character, "That they have all the levity and instability of the negroes, are light-minded as the Abyssinians, constant in nothing but inconstancy, soft, merry, affectionate souls, passing without apparent transition stages into a state of fury, in which they are capable of the most terrible atrocities."
CHAPTER II.

PRELIMINARY VISIT TO BERBERA, ZEILA AND ASSAB—SHORT INLAND JOURNEY FROM BERBERA—RESULT OF INQUIRIES—EVIDENCE OF NATIVE WELCOME.

In March 1884 I first landed at Berbera, the chief Somali port. I had often discussed with my brother the prospect of reaching the interior, and now before making any serious attempt, we decided to spend a short time on the coast, and consider the difficulties we must be prepared to encounter during any earnest effort to penetrate the country. By visiting the proposed starting-point for an expedition through an unknown land, the traveller, in addition to learning something about what to take with him, and what to leave behind him, can often gauge the native feeling
towards strangers, and thus estimate fairly well a proportion of the risk he will have to face. We were anxious to conduct a scientific exploration of the country, and, if possible, to open it up to future commerce; but we also wished to avail ourselves of the opportunities it offered as a new and vast field to collectors and sportsmen. In addition to Berbera, we also visited Zeila and Assab, but were not long in deciding in favour of the first-mentioned place as the best inquiry and starting-point. At that time Berbera was garrisoned by Egyptian troops; but on our second visit, in the following November, we hailed the British flag as it fluttered over the grave of Egyptian misrule, and was stretched by the sea-breeze towards the land we hoped to open up to those advantages and protecting interests one likes to associate with the Union Jack. "Now," we exclaimed, "a large discount must be taken off any expected troubles and trials; for, with a British base of operation, coast intrigue will be avoided, and evil report cannot precede us. We shall be welcomed where we might have been repelled, and hailed as friends where we might have been feared as enemies!" Alas! these fair hopes were only shapes which shadowed what might have been, but never was.

To return, however, to the March visit to Berbera during its Egyptian administration. The Governor, Abd-er-rahman, was absent on our arrival, and no one appeared to reign in his stead; so we intrusted ourselves to a Mahomedan native of India, who acted as
British agent, and undertook to aid us in arranging a short inland journey. During this trip we gained such information as we could, and whetted our appetite for sport by finding several varieties of antelope, wild boars and wild asses, in addition to numerous game-birds. All this was in the maritime plain, limited by the base of the mountain range, the farthest point we reached. The result of our inquiries led us to expect a cool climate beyond this barrier, a native welcome "because we were English," and flora and fauna unknown to Kew and South Kensington. What more could we expect or desire? A river! Well, there was a river, the great Shebeyli or Leopard River, and within thirty days' journey too. We thought it was farther off than that, but not a bit of it; thirty days was rather over than under the mark, only we would possibly wish to stop for sport and collecting purposes. Of course we would if the opportunities were really good, but not if we had to alter our route too much. No! we should not have to alter anything—we were bound to fall in with nearly every African creature represented in the Zoological Gardens, except the buffalo. Elephants, lions, leopards, giraffes, rhinoceros, zebras, and antelopes of all sorts and sizes abounded—the difficulty might even arise how to keep the more dangerous specimens from interfering with us, and at one particular place called Gonder Liba or the Lion's Foot, we should have to be very careful, though our camp would be always surrounded with the hedge of thorns which forms the zariba. It seemed almost
a pity to ask any unpleasant question after hearing what bright prospects of uninterrupted travel and royal sport were now open to us, but at the risk of appearing ungraciously particular, I referred to the little matter of the murder of Sacconi. Well, naturally he was murdered, for he had not taken proper guides who understood the people—besides, he was mistaken for an Egyptian and a friend of the governor who had killed the Emir: another objection to him was the fact of his being a trader, and Somalis disapproved of traders almost as much as they disapproved of Egyptians; therefore, of course, he was killed, but the people who killed him would be only too glad to welcome us, who were neither traders nor Egyptians. This encouraging explanation should have required nothing in the way of confirmation added to it, yet something came. A native was seen approaching our camp from the hills, and introduced himself as the bearer of salaams from a mounted tribe encamped some few miles off. They had heard we were English, who would rid the country of the hated Turk and Egyptian, and they begged us to partake of their hospitality. We returned our thanks, but regretted having no time to visit them, as we were obliged to return to the coast. After an interval of two hours a couple of horsemen galloped up and repeated the invitation, adding there were between 200 and 300 of them in camp, and they wished to give us two cows and fifteen sheep, while we witnessed a parade in our honour. We again expressed our regrets in spite
of all entreaty, and were not surprised to hear one of the disappointed envoys say, as he rode off, that no Egyptians, unless well armed and in large force, would have dared to venture as far inland as the spot we had chosen for our camping-ground. Shortly after this we returned to Berbera, satisfied that we would not only be justified in an attempt to penetrate the country during the following winter, but that we should be bitterly disappointed if we failed, and almost surprised if we found our journey interrupted by difficulties of serious importance. Our ignorance was bliss, though we had done our best to be wise.
CHAPTER III.


Of all Governments the British is perhaps the most economical in utilising its power to assist any effort to explore unknown lands. The result of this policy has been satisfactory to the taxpayer, as he is rarely called upon to contribute to a sudden relief expedition; but, on the other hand, it has enabled countries, less scrupulous about their responsibility than ours, to open up friendly and useful relationships in the neighbourhood of our special "beats." I am aware of no case in which such action has proved to our advantage, but in more than one instance I know we have had to suffer for not being first in the field. There seemed to me political as well as convenient reasons why the whole land of the Somal should have been opened up by Englishmen to English commerce many years ago, but, until quite recently, we could not even
claim friendly relationship with the natives on the coast-line. However, I was not vain enough to think I could rouse the British lion into any exhibition of energy in the matter, and was content to feel his lack of help would at least ensure me distinct freedom from interference.

The Resident at Aden, General Blair, V.C., had expressed his interest in my proposed expedition, and his desire to assist me as far as he could personally; and I shall never forget all the courtesy and kindness I received from him and from Mrs. Blair during the many pleasant weeks they entertained me at the Residency. Major Hunter, C.B., C.M.G., the Consul of the Somali Coast, to whom I wrote on the subject of my proposed venture, was most encouraging in his reply. He offered to do all he could to help, and held the exploration to involve no greater danger than any similar undertaking in an unknown part of Africa, adding that we had chosen a most favourable time, as English influence was stronger on the Somali Coast than it had ever been before. He also gave me advice as to equipment, but referred me to Mr. Walsh, recently appointed British Agent under him at Berbera, for the best information as to transport. He ended up this letter by expressing a hope that he would see us at Aden in the winter, and would there do his best to further the success of our expedition.

In November 1884 I returned to Aden with the party who were to join me in the exploration. It consisted of my brother, William D. James, G. Percy.
Aylmer, E. Lort-Phillips, J. Godfrey Thrupp, our surgeon, and myself, in addition to our English servant, Durling, Aylmer’s Swiss servant, Anselmier, and E. Lort-Phillips’ Abyssinian servant, Girghis. All of us, with the exception of Thrupp and Durling, had journeyed together in the Soudan,* and pretended to fair experience in African travel, while Thrupp had served over a year in South Africa as a surgeon on the staff during the Galeka and Zulu wars. On the way out I was delighted to meet Sir Richard Burton, who was much interested in our venture, and thought our chief difficulty would be with the tribes on the river (Webbe Shebeyli),† but strongly advised us to announce boldly at first our intention to reach that point. Curiously enough, this advice was the exact opposite to that I received previously from Mons. Antoine d’Abbadie (whose extensive travels in Eastern Africa, especially among the Gallas, have not met with the recognition they deserve by English travellers), for he cautioned me against giving out that I even proposed to reach the Ogadyn. “Feel your way,” he said, “but never tell where you are going.” “Do nothing of the kind. Give out your goal at once, and don’t attempt to dodge niggers,” cried Burton, and I think he was quite right. Any way, we followed his advice, and had frequent reason to congratulate ourselves upon having done so.

During our preliminary arrangements at Aden we

† Marked in most maps as the Haines River.
were all the guests of General and Mrs. Blair, whose hospitality again knew no limit. Here we had several interviews with Major Hunter, who expressed his hope that we should not only succeed in reaching the Webbe Shebeyli, but in exploring the country beyond; and with this view he assisted us to obtain a reliable escort of Aden Somalis. Of these, the head-man, Dualla Idrees, was a distinct acquisition: he was active, intelligent, and energetic, with a fair knowledge of English, and a good character from Stanley, with whom he had travelled on the Congo. We relied upon him to select most of his comrades, who were then draughted on to Major Hunter for approval, and to have their names and tribes registered, so that, in the event of treachery or other misbehaviour, they could be identified. All these, fifteen in number, we intended to drill and arm with rifles; they were to act as personal escort and general utility-men. A sixteenth was afterwards specially engaged as a clerk to write Arabic letters. We interviewed four natives, who were described as priests from Ogadayn, anxious to return to their flocks, and were quite prepared to give our men the advantage of their ghostly counsel on the road. But only one of these four turned up at the start from Aden, and he mysteriously disappeared shortly after we left Berbera. When Dualla described him as a "sort of bishop," we regretted the loss, for though not recognisable in Convocation, he might have proved to possess diocesan powers extending to the Webbe,
The best method of arranging our camel transport was a difficult problem. All our previous experience in Soudan travel had made us firmly convinced that the right thing to do was to hire, and not to buy; for the camel-driver is a better friend to his own beast than to that of any one else. But there was doubt as to the possibility of hiring, and Major Hunter, who agreed it was the only safe plan, feared lest out of the numerous camel-owners who would promise to accompany their own beasts when the scheme was first put before them, only a small percentage would really keep their tryst on the starting-day. He strongly recommended me to go over at once to Berbera, and after seeing Mr. Walsh, make the best bargain I could with the camel-owners near the coast. This was excellent advice, and as an Egyptian steamer was about to leave Aden for Berbera, I applied at once for a passage, in company with Lort-Phillips and Dualla. During the voyage I was worried about my chance of hiring, but I hoped Mr. Walsh would be able to see me through the difficulty.

On arrival, he received me with a genuine hearty welcome, and there was that self-reliance and "tour de force" about him which made me feel I must have hit upon the very man who could plank the whole expedition right down on the banks of the Webbe Shebeyli. "Of course he could; the thing was as easy as A, B, C, and he had already told me so in a letter. I was not to buy camels, and I was not to hire them right out for the journey. I was simply
to depend upon their being supplied from tribe to tribe as I went along, and there I was with the whole thing lying in a nutshell!"

Now I had discarded this plan from my mind a long time ago, as one only suitable to an expedition which would be content to zigzag between a few neighbouring tribes before drifting back to the coast, disgusted with extortion and delay, and volunteering, ever after, *Punch's* marriage advice to all about to explore. But I was not despondent because Mr. Walsh had as yet no better scheme to suggest, for I knew him to be a man of resource, and one who had proved of real value during the Egyptian campaign. However, no argument of mine would bring him round to backing me up in my resolve to hire right through, if I could, and, if I could not, to buy right out. He persisted "my plan was nonsense and his the only possible one; he knew the natives better than they knew themselves, and they would not loan their camels for the whole journey; and if I bought them, they would all be stolen when we passed the mountain range, and probably before we even reached it; and then where was I!"

Well, I felt I was nowhere and nohow. Berbera is a hot place, and the superior physique of Mr. Walsh was beginning to tell; his energy and emphasis were oppressing without impressing me, and seemed to increase, as though he were receiving all I was losing. Another minute and I might have abandoned hope; but he paused for breath, and Dualla shot in to the rescue.
He knew the very man, one Mahmoud Addah, whose influence among the coast camel-owners would enable him to get all the camels and men we wanted on hire, and he had already sent for him to come and see me. I murmured "Saved" under my breath, while Mr. Walsh cried "Bosh!" out loud; but Dualla felt "he had spoken," and as "Bosh!" has a smack of applause in its sound if well delivered, he was content to acknowledge the expression by a bow.

We then fell to other matters, and I forgave Mr. Walsh for having pushed my pluck to zero when I recognised how slight had been his opportunity of gaining reliable information about other than neighbouring tribes, and how thoroughly he worked in British and native interest, and already commanded the respect due to the nation he represented.

On the following day Mahmoud Addah rode in to Berbera and presented his salaams; a small man, above middle age, with an attractive face and earnest manner, accentuated by a voice which only ranged between a husky whisper and a mezzo-croak—a voice exhausted by the strain demanded during the forty years it had been abusing lagging camels. He knew Major Hunter, and Major Hunter knew him and his reliable character. *Inshallah!* and with Dualla's help he would get us plenty of camels on hire within a short time, and plenty of owners to accompany them. Before his elaborate bow was complete I gave him the commission, and soon returned to Aden with a light heart, notwithstanding a final warning from Mr. Walsh,
that "I might take his word for it, the husky old man and his camels were all humbug!"

Having completed the remaining purchases at Aden, which included our saddle-horses and camels,* and the necessary cotton cloth and beads for barter, we said good-bye to our kind host and hostess, and packed ourselves and all our belongings into an eighty-ton dhow and set sail for Berbera.

A dhow is not the exact type of ship one would pick out for a voyage of the kind, were there another class to pick from; but there was not, so the question of selection resolved itself into finding one big enough to hold our cargo. We thought our eighty-tonner offered that essential, and perhaps it did, provided a sharp look-out was kept for stowaways. Unhappily we were off before we discovered an assorted shipload of them, and that the space left to us would only admit our lying as close as herrings throughout the whole voyage. The wind was light and the swell heavy; so men, women, and babies were rolled about among horses and camels in utter confusion. Of course, all the natives were sick, but my brother, with one or two of us, held out splendidly, till he found a large flat native foot in his mouth. The provisions got mixed up with the bales of goods, and in lieu of wine we were first handed a bottle of turpentine, and

* These were four fine specimens of the Arabian variety, each being capable of carrying burdens exceeding 500 lbs. in weight. We were unwilling to purchase more, as we were told it was very doubtful whether they would thrive on the scanty pasturage we should find in Somali-land.
then some methylated spirits. Subsequently we settled down to a basin of desiccated soup which was made from some material highly suggestive of Egyptian mummy. In fact, the whole voyage represented one ghastly thirty-eight hours' nightmare, from which we were only awakened by running on to a sandbank within a short distance of Berbera.

This was a shocking finish to a bad start, but the doctor declared it to be the one thing that saved his life, for if the ship had not pulled up short, two more rolls would have upheaved his soul. One soul on board was thus saved by the accident, and this possibly accounted for my brother's face gradually losing that look of intense anguish which had clung to it since
tasting the fragrant nigger's foot. Lort-Phillips, who is, I think, nearly related to Mark Tapley, said it "wasn't such a bad voyage after all;" and it was a pity no one backed him up, if only to have prevented his spirits being damped by Aylmer's earnest reply "that it was simply hell." I dared not speak, for I was too full of emotion. I had caught sight of the Union Jack, fluttered by the sea-breeze, and directing us, like a broad finger-post, to the very heart of a virgin soil.
CHAPTER IV.

EGYPTIAN AND NATIVE SECTIONS OF BERBERA—NATIVE CUSTOMS—ENLISTMENT OF CAMEL OWNERS AND DRIVERS—LADY-HELPS—DRILLING THE ESCORT—FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE START.

Berbera consists of two distinct settlements, distant about one and a half miles from each other. The one is a modern Egyptian town, with stone buildings, erected during the past twelve years; the other is a native village, containing a few large permanent grass habitations, and a multitude of small mat-huts, which the natives carry away with them inland during the change of the monsoon in April or May. The modern town is remarkably neat and clean, and far superior to any other erected by Egyptians on the African coast. Some of the buildings are quite pretentious, and particularly the residence of the late governor, which is connected by a verandah with an imposing tomb in the form of a mosque, built in memory of a great Somali Sheik, and adorned by a garden carefully laid out and watered by an artistic fountain, constructed from the various specimens of coral which provide the foundation for the chief portion of the town. This tomb was built by the late
governor, and to obtain the requisite funds each camel entering the town was taxed, to the great advantage of His Excellency's private banking account. There is a good-sized hospital, a prison, a post-office, several stores, and a few convenient and picturesque Egyptian houses.

To one of such residences, originally built for the governor, we were escorted by Mr. Walsh, who kindly met us at the landing-stage, and had ordered it to be swept and garnished for our reception. It was quite a Pompeian villa, with a courtyard and a fountain, surrounded by a gallery, into which the various apartments opened, and of these one was a large bath-room in working order.

The town is well supplied with good water, conveyed for a distance of seven and a half miles from the mountains by iron pipes. These are also carried into the harbour, so that the ships may take in water by warping alongside an iron pier, which has been built out with the view to their particular convenience.

Pending the arrival of the luggage from our stranded dhow, which was gradually being torn out of the embrace of the sandbank by a contingent of coast Somalis, we wandered into the native town, which fifty years ago would contain 20,000 people during fair-time, and a few weeks afterwards be represented by one or two frameworks of huts and a mass of bones, eagerly worried by hyænas, jackals, and even lions, in search of such remnants of flesh as might be left clinging to them. We were invited into a
steaming mat-hut, and then formally presented to a youthful bridegroom, who appeared as disconsolate as a fresh widower. This might have been due to the suffocating effect of the unadulterated incense which ascended from a small copper brazier placed on the floor, or to the sudden loss of a coy bride, who on our approach had taken refuge in an adjoining compartment, which was sacred.

As a prelude to the holy estate of matrimony, bridegroom and bride are confined during seven days in one of these stifling double-roomed dens, and are supposed to hold a daily levée, open to all relatives and friends, who are licensed to chaff them to their heart's content. The gentleman who introduced us was one of the native police, a representative force, inaugurated under British auspices, equipped with rifles, and told off to duties varied and comprehensive. Game and cats were among the frequent objects aimed at by these guardians of the public peace; so too were thieves, who had lately been stealing doors and shutters from the houses; but we did not hear of any animal life having been seriously jeopardised by their activity.

We returned to our dwelling to find it comfortably fitted up with our camp furniture, and surrounded by a number of applicants, represented by wounded patients for the doctor, natives with camels, horses, and mules for sale or hire, candidates for all sorts of appointments in our caravan, and beggars clamorous for "baksheesh."
During our stay at Berbera we had two chief objects to accomplish. The first was hiring the camels; the second, drilling our men in tent-pitching and in the use of the rifle. We lost no time in setting about our work, and as the number of camel-owners already sent down by Mahmoud Addah was considerable, we were soon engaged for several hours a day in arranging our bargains on solid business principles. Many of the camel-owners spoke Arabic, so with them we were able to communicate direct, which was a distinct advantage. All were at first willing to lend, and to accompany their camels for the whole journey; but numbers declined the terms we had laid down as the only ones under which we would accept their services. These were the conditions which represented the terms of our proposed contract:

(i.) Forty-five dollars for the hire of each camel for three and a half months certain.

(ii.) The journey undertaken to extend to the Webbe Shebeyli and back, and one man to accompany two camels.

(iii.) Proportionate extra pay for all time beyond the three and a half months’ original engagement.

The price we offered—which was about £18—for two camels and one driver for three months and a half, was of course high; but considering the risk of their accompanying Europeans in a new and hazardous exploration, and the chance of their camels being lost or looted, it was not excessive. All who agreed to
accept these terms had to subscribe to a form drawn up by our clerk, of which the following is a literal translation:

"The town of Berbera, December 19th, 1884. The journey is from Berbera to the Webbe Shebeyli and Baiyahow, please God the High. The contract is between the serakeel [plural of 'sirkal,' the Arabic term for gentleman] and the owners of the camels, who contract and agree between themselves for each camel $45, and they pay in advance $18 per camel. If during the first eight days' hire they see among them any sick ones, they shall be upon the heads of the owners of the camels. If after that any camel becomes ill or dies, either in going to the Webbe or in coming back, in doing the work of the serakeel, it is upon their heads; but if it dies through the carelessness of the owner, it is upon his head. And the contract is for three and a half months, and that is the amount."

This masterpiece of drafting was an outcome of the unaided intellect of our clerk; we merely told him through Dualla the terms we were disposed to offer, and alone he composed the above confusion. It gave him a high place in the eyes of all the camel-owners, and later on they elected him as a deputy priest to lead their prayers.

The contract was read out to each candidate singly, though in the possible hearing of a chattering group awaiting their turn. If accepted, the seal of the individual or that of his chief was affixed, and he
sware the usual Somali oath, that if he failed to keep the terms of the contract, made on his own behalf, or on that of the one he represented, he would *divorce his wife*. After this oath was administered Dualla addressed him thus: "*You do what you say; no nonsense. Believe what we say, go where we say; make no plot with other people.*" Then, while we held one of the man's hands, he repeated the words "Wahlahi," "Bilahi," "Tahlahi," which means "*In the name of God,*" "*In Him believing,*" "*In Him believing truly.*"

All this was very imposing, but the penalty of divorcing the wife in the event of breaking the contract did not seem to represent any strong security. None of us would probably see our way to utilising the divorced wife as a *quid pro quo* for the defalcation of her mate, while the husband might, for all we knew, see his way to obtaining eighteen dollars down, in addition to an excuse for getting rid of a bad bargain. This argument was put clearly to Dualla before he delivered his impromptu exordium to the first candidate; but he assured us the "*divorce oath*" was the one respected above all others, and therefore the least likely to be broken. This was a noteworthy distinction between the Somal and some more civilised races.

As Mr. Walsh had so stoutly declared that none of the camel-owners who accepted our contract would turn up with their camels, and as in this opinion he was backed up by the great Mohammed Sharmarkay,
son of the late governor of Zeila, and direct descendant of the founder of the powerful Gerhajis and Awal tribes, we were puzzled to know how many men we should swear in. We wanted about sixty camels, and we seemed to be besieged by about six hundred camel-owners, to judge from the noise going on outside the room open to the business of interviewing applicants. This was a matter for counsel, and we had not considered a long time before we decided that were we to engage the whole six hundred, we should see no camel in its substance, if Mr. Walsh and Sharmarkay were right. So we determined to engage the exact number we required, and to depend upon Dualla for the selection of the candidates who offered the beasts, either on their own account or on that of their relatives.

Dualla and Sharmarkay were at daggers drawn. A terrific feud had arisen between them during an interview held in the office of Mr. Walsh. Sharmarkay declared Dualla and Addah to be impostors when they stated their capabilities of finding men who would hire out their camels. "He, the descendant of the founder of the Gerhajis tribes, know it to be impossible. He had spoken!" Dualla, a humble representative of this tribe, resented the charge of imposture by telling Sharmarkay he knew nothing about the matter, because his knowledge of the Gerhajis tribe was now as much a thing of the past as was his influence among them. Sharmarkay had quashed further argument by first gathering up his robes,
then salaaming to Mr. Walsh, and finally leaving the audience-chamber, because he had been "insulted by one of our servants."

Now, Mr. Walsh could only place us on the banks of the Webbe Shebeyli by inducing me to act in a way which I felt sure would end in my believing he had mistaken the distant river-bank I aimed at for the present sea-shore I was so anxious to say good-bye to for a long, long while; therefore I urged the importance of putting our faith in Dualla and Addah, and the motion was carried unanimously.

I think there can be no doubt that Sharmarkay's father was a great man at Zeila, and a good. I also think that Sharmarkay, the son, was an honest man after his own light. That is to say, he was above petty native greed and jealousy, and had thrown in his lot with the existing power at Berbera. But he was a man of great ambition, and disposed to measure his present importance among the tribes by an hereditary standard long cast down as worthless. I think in this way he had imposed upon Mr. Walsh, hoping the British Government might restore to reality an influence which for years had been nothing more than a vain dream. Doubtless he was a useful officer in the "intelligence department;" but outside it he was, in my opinion, only a self-important cipher.

Mr. Walsh received from the Government some 1500 to 2000 rupees to distribute in monthly allowances between certain chiefs, Sharmarkay being one. Of this sum about 400 rupees was reserved for
akals (chiefs) of the Soolergoolub tribe, a branch of the Habr Gerhajis, through whose territory we expected to pass. We suggested to Mr. Walsh that we might be utilised as judges of those most deserving after we had made their acquaintance; but to this proposition he was unwilling to agree, on the ground that those most useful to us might turn out to be the least useful to him. Among many interesting experiences of native custom and impudence, he gave us one which was very characteristic. During the festival of Eed, or New Year's day, when it is a Moslem custom to distribute alms, a bad character, who had been turned out of Aden, declared he had a vision in which he was presented with forty dollars. The natives at once started a collection to prove the value of this vision, and Mr. Walsh being desirous to improve the growing English popularity, subscribed five rupees. This brought the amount to a total of thirty dollars, which were handed to the seer. He refused them with scorn, saying the vision had distinctly said it was to be forty, and he would accept neither more nor less than that sum. This clearly established his right to the ten deficient dollars, and they were rapidly subscribed.

We had brought with us from Cairo an Arab cook, who had been in our service when we were travelling in the Soudan; but he became ill with congestion of the lungs during the time we were making our arrangements at Berbera, and we were obliged to leave him behind. This misfortune placed
the Aden Somal Deria in the position of chief cook to the expedition, and as kitchen-maid under him we secured the services of a lad from the Hadramaut country, named Khamis, who proved a willing and faithful follower. The inhabitants of this part of Arabia have been called the Swiss of the East; they are a hardy race, fond of travel, and may be found in almost every part of the world.

We were surprised to find it would be necessary to include a certain number of the fair sex in our service-list, as the men declined to build their own mat-huts or cook their own food. "They would load and lead their camels, and fight if necessary; but to build a hut or to cook a meal was the work of a woman, and not of a man. The tribes through which they passed would despise them if they did this thing, which none of their fathers before them had attempted to do."

Fortunately there was no difficulty in finding the requisite ladies. So we chose out five widows or divorced wives, as it is among these social grades that lady-helps can be selected in Somali-land, and one virgin who hoped she would find a suitable husband during the march. In this ambition she was disappointed, and returned to Berbera still known to all as "Hubla" (Somal for "virgin"), the only name under which she had started. These lady-helps were neither graceful in form nor beautiful in feature, but they built excellent mat-huts, and we had no complaints about their cooking. Each presided over the
comforts of a mess consisting of about ten men, and, in addition to the duties for which they were specially engaged, would always readily assist in loading and leading the camels, and indeed seemed to know quite as much about this lordly occupation as the men. We were very anxious lest they should embitter the genial spirit we hoped would always flow through the ranks of our caravan, by internal wrangles or external jealousies, but Dualla declared they were far less likely to quarrel than the men, and we found Dualla was perfectly right. So well indeed did they behave throughout, that we often wished we had none other than lady-helps in our whole caravan.
While some of us were engaged in the wearisome task of discussing routes, hiring the camel-drivers, who were to bring their camels on an appointed day, engaging extra odd hands and the female contingent, and in purchasing the necessary mats for huts, native pots for cooking, and native vessels for carrying water, the rest, with the assistance of an Indian sergeant lent by Mr. Walsh, undertook the tent-drill and rifle-practice of the Aden "army." An old iron target fixed well out on the sands was not much injured by the early efforts of these riflemen, but they improved their practice by degrees, under the stimulus of small money prizes offered for the best daily records. Dualla was a fair shot, and Mahmoud Addah in a mysterious whisper declared himself a crack one. We asked him to give us an example of his skill one day, and at a distance of 200 yards. His first shot was an unmistakable bull's-eye, and greatly applauded. He then bowed and handed back the rifle with a grave "I-told-you-so" expression, and declined to make any further exhibition of his prowess. Of course this was a lucky shot, but Addah was at least a reasonable marksman; so we could with him, Dualla, our servants, and ourselves, now count ten rifles capable of steady practice, and a good many more who might hit a haystack distant a hundred yards, if they came across one, or might more probably miss it. Anyhow, their weapons would make plenty of noise, if they failed to do much execution, and noise is no unim-
portant factor in preventing or stopping the sudden rush of a native foe.

On the 18th our preparations were as complete as we could make them, and we now looked anxiously for the arrival of the camels and their drivers, due the following day. We had purchased one or two extra ponies, and exhausted every specimen of water-carrying vessel obtainable in Berbera and its immediate vicinity. We had arranged with Mr. Walsh to act as our banker, by cashing any money-orders for large sums given to native chiefs made payable by him, and thus we could reduce our carriage of actual coin by a considerable amount.

In Ogadayn we should have, in all probability, to pay for everything in cotton cloth and beads. Before reaching Ogadayn a money-order or "chit" on Mr. Walsh might be accepted by any tribe. Once in Ogadayn, neither "chit" nor dollars would be of any use, and we should only obtain supplies through the medium of such cotton cloth and beads as were left to us. In addition to our camp equipment and personal baggage, we had many loads and heavy ones. Implements, including numerous hatchets for cutting down the thorn branches to form zaribas; a few cases of wine, and tinned provisions of various kinds, including vegetables; sacks of flour and sacks of fresh potatoes; sacks of dates and rice, to be reserved as much as possible for the desert part of the journey; numerous bales of cotton cloth and beads, for presents and for barter; water-vessels, iron cooking pots, medicine-
chest, boxes of surgical appliances, and various scientific apparatus; and last, but by no means least in weight and value, the rounds of ammunition of all sorts, which would have to last us for the complete to and fro expedition.
CHAPTER V.


Early on the 19th Mahmoud Addah and Dualla proved to Mr. Walsh that neither the husky old man nor his camels "were all humbug;" before his very eyes stood the old man, huskier than before, surrounded by sixty-two "ships of the desert," patiently waiting the completion of their pack-saddles to enable them to get under weigh. Mahmoud Addah began by bringing in twelve of his own beasts, and more of those belonging to his immediate friends and relatives. This move had established confidence among the neighbours, and the number we contracted for was punctually delivered. Although light, and not up to a burden much exceeding 200 lbs., they were a healthy-looking lot, and free from the hideous sore back invariably associated with their Soudan cousins.

Especially trained to travel long distances without water, the Somali camel's endurance of thirst is unique; but a daily meal, however meagre, is essential to well-
being, if not to existence, if he has to carry weight. The Soudan camel, carrying 400 lbs., will go several days without food or water, but he rarely lasts beyond six days without the latter. The Somali one requires daily food, and if he gets it, will certainly last thirteen days without drinking. This reads like a traveller’s yarn, but it is nevertheless a fact we had to experience before long.

On the 21st, we gave the order to load up at 3 P.M., and within an hour the caravan was ready and the start made. Dualla was of course “Ras” or chief; Mahmoud Addah and Abdeella were appointed seconds in command; and it was a treat to witness the smart way in which, under their directions, the others fixed the numerous bales and boxes, as it augured well for our future comfort during early morning marches. In the Soudan we always had to allow from two to three hours for the process of loading up, and this meant the impossibility of getting off until the sun was well risen. We accompanied our caravan for a short distance, and then returned to Berbera for the night, and to our last sleep for several months within the four walls now known as “The Traveller’s Bungalow.”

At 8.30 the following morning we rode off to join the caravan, all mounted on ponies, with the exception of my brother and myself, who preferred mules. My brother’s particular choice was a pleasant enough mount after a rider could settle down in his saddle, but that was always a process of time. The creature had to be shackled or held by a troop of natives before
he could be bestridden at all, and then he had to go through a performance which rivalled one of those to be seen in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West." There it might have called forth applause, but in the "Wild East" it called forth something else.

Mr. Walsh bade us all good-bye, but, while wishing all good-luck, regretted we should so soon get our camels stolen. I trusted we might avoid this awful calamity, but felt I could readily forgive the man who would steal my brother's fancy-mule. One thing was very clear. Whatever opinion we might hold about
our past experience in African travel justifying the method of our present venture, Mr. Walsh merely regarded us in the light of what he elegantly called a party of "tourists" or "Johnnies," who would shortly discover how utterly foolish we were to reject his scheme, and yet expect to carry out our own with success.

Crossing the mimosa plain, we made straight for Dobar, bagging a gazelle and large grey wolf on the way. The heat was most oppressive, as the daily south-west breeze does not spring up until noon. Dobar has a small fort, now garrisoned by Indian police, and contains two large tanks, from which the town of Berbera derives a permanent water-supply. Hard by was a cheerful garden patch, in which sugar-cane, tomatoes, and other vegetables were flourishing. Leaving Dobar on our west, we entered a narrow mountain-pass, and followed a dry watercourse, which brought us within sight of our caravan's halt and a hot luncheon. It was just one o'clock, so we did not give the food a chance of getting cold; but after two hours' rest we started off again, and encamped for the night at a place called Langomara, wildly picturesque and imposing in its grandeur—a wide sandy watershed flanked by bold rocks 200 feet high, here bare, there wooded, and uniting in an apparent rocky cul de sac, from which tiny waterfalls filled natural basins. Here we saw troops of baboons coming down to drink, some curious marmots, and a "Giranook" (Gazella Walleri), which I shot. It was a fine chestnut buck,
about the size of an "Ariel," very rare and local. I subsequently learned the British Museum had not been able to obtain any specimen of this antelope. The "Giranook" is remarkable for the length of its neck, which gives it almost a giraffe-like appearance. The coat is of a bright colour, and the tip of the horns have a distinct forward bend.

As darkness came on and the camp-fires shone out, the scene was lurid and almost theatrical—the camels parked and all kneeling; the horses and mules tethered on one side, and the sheep huddled together on the other; the fancy attitudes of all our men and women, with their clean white tobes falling gracefully about their figures; the gleaming spear-heads and glinting rifle-barrels, and the unceasing babble in an unknown tongue. Then a moment of silence, while several dozen men advanced a short distance carrying their prayer-carpets. Standing in long line with Dualla a few paces to the front, they chanted an evening orison, and then kneeling on their carpets, bent forward till each man's forehead touched the earth.

During the evening we noticed the track of an ostrich, and a visitor arrived armed with a bow and arrows. He displayed some ostrich feathers, and said he had dug a hole in the sand and concealed himself in it, while a comrade had driven the birds within bowshot.

As our Somalis were all professed observers of Mahommedan rites, with which we had no desire to interfere, morning and evening prayer was a natural
thing to expect. But the privilege of being able to indulge in prayer at all times was subject to abuse, and gave our men some advantage over their employers. When you particularly wanted one for a duty he did not much like, he would often dash away to pray, and leave the job to some one else. In times of anxiety and danger, too, he would let off prayers so long and frequent, that we would be left short-handed for an emergency, and we could not help thinking many of them chose these particular opportunities to make up an average neglected during seasons of security.

In the matter of food their religious scruples were most inconvenient. What their fathers had not eaten they might not eat, and it appeared their fathers ate few specimens of the numerous antelope in which their land abounded, and that before eating any the creature's throat had to be cut during life and the "Bismillah" pronounced. On the plain, Lort-Phillips, by way of pleasing them, shot a wild ass (Equus Asinus Somalicus), as the natives prize the skin for making shields. But the animal was needlessly sacrificed, for it fell dead in its tracks, and the skin was, therefore, refused as unclean. They hoped the ass would only have been wounded, and they could have given the coup-de-grâce with their swords and cried "Bismillah!" (In the name of God). Then they would have taken its skin and thanked Lort-Phillips. But, alas! it was dead, and the skin unclean—their fathers would not have used it. Birds
were only fit for tribes of the lowest class, and our men were all descended from nobles, who never touched them.

It seemed a great pity, for there was evidence of abundant game to be shot, if they would only eat it. We had fallen in with several varieties of antelope, from the koodoo to the tiny dik-dik or sand-antelope; with wild boars, squirrels grey and white, and marmots; with bustards, the great and the small, guinea-fowls, partridges, and pigeons of many sorts. Well, most of these were good enough for us, which was a comfortable reflection, and might yet have to be good enough for them. If not, when our stock of grain, rice, and dates gave out, they would be entirely dependent for food upon such camels, oxen, and sheep as we could purchase from the different tribes.

Of course we expected at fair outlay to effect these purchases, but our stock available for barter was limited, and if exorbitant prices were demanded for the particular animal food our men required, it would soon be exhausted. However, the evil for the day was sufficient, and if evil there was to be in future, it would have to find its own remedy. To discover that a camel was missing at the end of our first day's journey was a sad blow, and a cry went up that one of the Eesa Moussa tribe, with whom we had some misunderstanding in Berbera, had stolen it. Mr. Walsh was brought into the ranks of the true prophets at once, but only to be discharged the following morning. A man of the Markal tribe walked in
with our camel, which, owing to the carelessness of its driver, had accomplished a stray of several miles, and looked about all night without finding a thief.

The noble tribe of Eesa Moussa was represented in our caravan by four hungry followers, but before nightfall forty-four equally hungry relatives presented themselves in search of a tax and a "square meal." We declared our resources to be unequal to the double strain of playing host and paying tribute; that upon the supplies we carried we might have to be dependent for many months, and being strangers in the land, we hoped to be guests rather than hosts. But to realise such expectancy was not the rule of their fathers, who required many things from all who passed through their land, while they for the moment were only demanding money-tribute, dates, and rice. Now these last commodities happened to be the very ones we were most determined to keep for ourselves, so we temporised by presenting them two out of our flock of twelve sheep, with a message that we would consider their hereditary claim on the following morning.

At daybreak we took counsel with Dualla, whose ideas of tribute were rather large. He suggested our handing over three hundred rupees, but we declined to offer more than fifty. This ultimatum was made known to the Eesa Moussa group of beggars, and received in sullen silence. To this succeeded loud and rapid babble, then came a scuffle, and out of it sprang a warrior shouting wild defiance and making swift
circular sweeps with his sword. General confusion and excitement ensued, spears were poised and rifles seized, while we looked on amazed at the result of our generosity. Then Dualla rushed upon the dancing warrior and disarmed him after firing two shots with his revolver over his head. These shots were followed by a pleasant calm, which gave us a chance of getting some explanation out of the Eesa Moussa. From it we gathered that while discussing the proposed division of our "baksheesh" (fifty rupees), for which I had written out an order on Mr. Walsh, the youth who performed the *pas seul* and defied everybody and every-
thing, had received a spear-thrust in the temple from a brother member of council, and this method of emphasizing an argument had upset him and everybody else. The wound, "neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a barn-door," was submitted to the doctor, who, after making his patient understand he had not been stabbed to death, had great difficulty in persuading him he was not even shot through the head. The sword was then handed back and "peace with honour" restored.

We now took the opportunity of getting Dualla to sound the Eesa Moussa view of our object in travelling through their land, and he discovered they "imagined all kinds of things," including "an intention to take the country if we could." We asked him whether he had disabused them of the notion about taking the country, and he said, "Yes, I explained your object clearly. I told them the British people were divided into two rival tribes. One believed the Somalis were good, and the other believed they were bad. You belonged to the tribe who thought they were good, and had come out to prove it to those who thought they were bad. When you got home, all the English would know Somalis were good people like themselves, and hundreds would come out to shoot animals and spend dollars, till the country became quite rich. They would even bring their wives, who were like you, white and beautiful." This, he added, seemed to please them very much, and all at once they began to discuss the best road they could recommend us to take.
Tug Behin.

They apparently continued for some hours, and then departed, leaving two guides selected with particular care.

Being now prepared to begin our day’s march, which disclosed an unexpected camel-way through the rocky eul de sac, we were led through a dry water-course called Tug Behin (Tug being the Somal term for any water-channel), which during the rainy seasons gives Berbera an immediate water-supply; and making a gradual ascent, passed through charming variety of scenery, with living streams, fresh grass and green bushes, and here and there fine fig-trees well laden with fruit. Under one of these we pitched our camp, and enjoyed the coolness of the temperature, while our animals revelled in the abundant pasturage. Within sight was a large pool, some ten feet deep, which served us as a swimming bath; and that rare thing to meet with in Eastern Africa, an active water-fall, with a drop exceeding two feet. Wild boars and guinea-fowl represented the only game we saw during this day’s march, but we noticed several specimens of weaver-birds, Kentish plovers, rollers, sun-birds, and bee-eaters (Merops Revoilii). The latter are peculiar to Somali-land, and were first described by Revoil in his "Pays de Çomal."

During the evening, while some of our Aden Somalis and camel-drivers were playing a rubber of whist, a messenger arrived with a letter from Mr. Walsh, stating that the Eesa Moussa chief men had complained to him that the four tribal representatives
accompanying our caravan were unknown to them, and in no way authorized to take "bakshish" from us as tribute to the tribe, and he strongly advised us to settle this "customary claim" through him. Of course Mr. Walsh had not received the "chit" I had drawn upon him for fifty rupees when he wrote, which made me feel glad I had given a "chit" instead of real rupees, and thus enabled him to hold the position he wisely suggested was best for us all. Later on, we heard from him again, to the effect that the Eesa Moussa, instead of being dissatisfied, were delighted with the tribute represented by the "chit" he cashed for us, and he kindly offered to act as our banker for any small payments which would help to make the actual coin we carried with us hold out until we reached tribes who would only be content with silver dollars or rupees. We gladly availed ourselves of this courtesy, though we feared it might entail upon Mr. Walsh a great deal more account-keeping than we were justified in expecting him to undertake, good-natured as he was.

The following morning we delayed our start several hours, so that our beasts might get the full benefit of this particular feeding-ground, and Thrupp and I left the others, equipped for our first butterfly-hunt. We had collected several specimens when the surrounding stillness was broken by a curious hum, and this, as we slowly retraced our steps, resolved itself into a clatter and confusion of distant voices from the direction of our camp. At once we hurried back, with the instinctive
feeling that something was amiss, and shortly arrived upon another "scene of action." This time nearly all the rifles were lying on the ground, but spears and shields were up, swords were drawn, and a few duels in actual progress, while those who were not fighting were gesticulating wildly and shouting they were just going to begin. One camel-driver who was waving a sword, rushed to a spear leaning against a bush, and with it made a deliberate attempt to stab Abdeella through the back. Fortunately he was seized in time by a smart Aden ex-policeman, who in another moment had bent up the sword and broken off the shaft of the spear. By adding all our voices with earnest gesture to the general uproar, we succeeded in getting a lull, and after separating actual combatants, managed to muster the men for an explanation. It then came out that the whole thing was a storm in a tea-cup. While my brother, Lort-Phillips, and Aylmer were dividing our little army of Aden Somalis into three companies, the question of selecting a captain for each led to furious jealousy and mutiny.

Believing the three captains would represent those who were to receive thirty instead of twenty-five rupees a month, the others had thrown down their rifles, and started a riot, into which the camel-drivers had either been drawn or entered of their own free will. As an incentive to good conduct, we had told our men at Aden that on our return to the coast we should select the three most deserving of their number,
and give them a reward of an extra five rupees a month during the whole time they were with us, and they thought the selection had been made unfairly and without trial when three captains of companies had been chosen. Our explanation followed theirs, and the difficulty about the "captains" was soon overcome by my brother, Lort-Phillips, and Percy Aylmer agreeing to take the duty themselves. This decision was hailed with delight, and as no serious wounds had been received, we gave the order to load up the camels, and by 2 P.M. all were in full march and apparently in good temper.

A wide, stony plain, studded with mimosa, and intersected by watersheds fringed with stronger vegetation, gave cover to guinea-fowl, bustards, and partridges, but the only antelope we saw were the dik-dik (*Nanotragus hemprichianus*). A curious feature in the vegetation here was the richness of the parasitic plants. The larger mimosa were often overladen with these growths, and assumed fantastic forms, among which those of great beasts were most remarkable; indeed, in places we seemed to be passing through groups of giraffe, elephants, rhinoceros, and lions modelled in vivid green.

We made our camp that evening in a narrow river-bed, and received our first visit from hyænas, attracted probably by the pools of standing water amongst which we had pitched our tents. After dinner we mustered our men to listen to a lecture on fighting. In it we told them we had made up our minds to
have no more of it, and that whoever transgressed this rule would be sent back to Mr. Walsh at Berbera for immediate punishment. We explained that a house divided against itself could not stand, and therefore, if they continued cutting each other to pieces on the way, the first feeble enemy we encountered would be able to finish up all who were left. This was not the kind of termination to our expedition we at all aimed at. We had no wish to see any fighting, but if we did, it must in future be directed against some common enemy and not amongst themselves. We had spoken, and wished to know if they had heard. “Yes, they had, and were now all quite ready to die for us.” Then we told them how anxious we were to succeed in our expedition, and how glad we should be to carry back a good account of their behaviour; how when they laughed we could laugh, and how when they were angry we could be angry too. They replied they were all sorry for what had happened, and it should never occur again. After this we made the camel-driver who had tried to murder Abdeella stand forward, and apologise for his cowardice before all the others, who declared he should never be allowed to fight again. On this understanding his bent sword and broken spear were returned, and the whole party dismissed to roast-sheep and boiled rice.

It was only during the early part of our journey we had serious trouble with our men. Later on a common danger made them careful in their behaviour,
and the threat of expelling from camp any who gave trouble effectually kept them in order. Indeed, we soon got to like and understand each other, and to feel sure we were free from the least risk of treachery. Every Somal carries two spears, a shield, and a short sword, and though the slightest difference of opinion may lead to the drawing of the sword or thrusting with the spear, the tribal laws are very severe against any one who takes a life. The fine for this offence consists of a large number of camels, and falls upon the offender's tribe or family, if he cannot pay it himself. Therefore, in the event of a fight, it is in their own interest that the clansmen rush forward to separate the combatants before mortal damage is done, and for this reason deaths are rare. But nearly
every Somal can point to several wounds, and appears just as proud of those behind as he is of those which are in front.

Before leaving this camp we heard a young elephant had been captured on a plateau close by. Our informants were some twenty Eesa Moussa, with their hands pointing to their stomachs. Would the elephant satisfy them if we could get it? No, their fathers never ate elephants, but dates and rice were good food for all men. We were not disposed to give them anything at all, but Dualla declared it was the "custom of the country," and begged us to offer something. So we sent out a sheep, knowing well that if we did not, they would sit down in front of our men during their meal, and hold on to their stomachs, until invited to share a repast they had done nothing towards earning, and certainly did not deserve.

The next day was Christmas, and our route lay through pleasant and picturesque country, though in parts difficult for the camels. At the end of four and a half hours' work, however, we gained a small plateau called Hammar, and rested under a great tamarind tree. The plain below was strewn with quartz of a delicate pink shade, mixed with pieces of clear talc, often as large as the palm of a hand, and the whole place was full of magnetic iron, which considerably interfered with the accuracy of our compasses. Although the country here seemed made for game of all sorts, we scarcely saw a single head. This was explained, however, by the fact of its being used
during certain seasons as a pasturage-ground for great herds of sheep and oxen. The approach from the plain led through a sandy gorge traversed by broken rocks and huge slippery boulders, over which the water flowed and our camels tumbled. The rugged mountains on either flank were well clothed with mimosa and cacti in leaf and flower, and everywhere the towering quelquol uplifted its branches like giant candelabra. The effect of the whole scene was wildly grand, and only softened when the gorge widened and disclosed the steep path leading to our platform overshadowed by the tamarind tree it had brought forth and nobly reared.

Here we remained until the 29th, and prepared for the ascent of the final heights of that great mountain range which unites the main plateau above with the maritime plain below. We were now in the actual territory of the Habr Gerhajis tribe, but as our particular spot represented a sort of neutral border-line between these people and the Eesa Moussas, we received a final visit from about fifty of the latter, whom we had now christened the "What-have-you-got-to-give" tribe. Of course they wanted money, food, and everything else we had, besides plenty we had not; but we flatly refused to make them a present of anything beyond the new title we had invented, which we told them they had fairly earned, and were heartily welcome to, as we hoped no other tribe would lay claim to it. No swords flashed out this time, but only threats. We had made our first zariba to keep
out all beggars, so this lot sneaked off with the Parthian shaft "that only a boy would have taken the present of fifty rupees paid by Mr. Walsh, and if we did not give more money to the tribe, they would not remain peace people." We told them to go and be—what they liked, provided they did go and let us look upon their faces no more.

The climate at Hammar was delightful, the thermometer rarely exceeding 74° during the day, and falling to 55° at night. The flat country below us was called "Guban" or "burnt plain," the word being derived from the verb "Gubo," "to burn," while the table-land above us was called "Ugub." Patients began flocking to the doctor, and there was a heavy run on croton-oil. One man who had colic was brought by a friend who had not. Out came the requisite dose of croton oil; but the patient hesitated before applying the cup to his lips—he lost his chance, for his friend, during the moment of doubt, seized it, and drank off the contents. Shortly after this a child was carried in by its father with a snake-bite in the leg; but as there were no symptoms beyond slight swelling, a cheering prognosis was given, and afterwards justified. Another case was less welcome. He was led in by one of our English-speaking Somalis named Moussa, who brought him up to the Doctor, saying, "Please, sir, he got it—small-pockis;" and true enough he had. It was decided he should immediately be an "out patient," and we got him as far out as we could, and as quickly too.
CHAPTER VI.

THE HABR GERHAJIS—VISIT FROM SULTAN OWD—ASCENT TO THE PLATEAU—SHEIK—OUR FIRST SCARE—THE TUG DAYR—NATIVE SUPERSTITION—ARRIVAL AT BURAO.

Christmas at Hammar was now delightful, for if there was no turkey, neither were there Eesa Moussa. We sat down to dinner surrounded by a select circle of the Habr Gerhajis tribe (Abdul Ismail Mousa Abdullah branch), who, instead of begging, had presented us with four sheep and two cows as an offering of welcome. It is true our return present took the form of a "chit" on Mr. Walsh, so perhaps we practically bought the animals; but there was a gentlemanly and Christmas-box air about the whole transaction, with a flavouring dash of Santa Claus. But Santa Claus had really been amongst us; for when we opened a special Christmas parcel, the parting gift of Mrs. and Miss Blair, out tumbled plum-pudding and crackers, and Christmas cards and separate greetings addressed to each of us and all our servants. This was as kind as it was thoughtful, and we drank in bumpers to every absent relative and friend, coupling the toasts with the names of General, Mrs., and Miss Blair.
From the tribe I have just mentioned many of our camels had been hired, and our visitors now offered ten more to help us up the weary mountain-pass we were preparing to attack. All of us had prospected it up to the most difficult point, and found it would be impossible to effect an ascent without first clearing away boulders in some places and levelling pathways in others. So for this duty we detailed a daily fatigue-party, and during two days anxiously and impatiently superintended their operations.

On the 26th the sun set behind a cloud of dust, from which three horsemen emerged, followed by a crowd on foot. Who and what were they? Nothing less than the great Sultan Owd and retinue, who, hearing we were about to pass through his country, had come to welcome us on the border-land. Very nice and civil, we all agreed, and served out blank-cartridge at once to the "army," who fired a salute. Before long the Sultan entered our zariba with two of his chiefs, and at once converted a common canvas deck-chair into a prize with a historical record and a distinct regal impression. The retinue, meanwhile, surrounded the zariba, and a few who specially clamoured for admission on the ground of distinction were allowed in, but without weapons. Dualla wisely explained "it was an English custom." Our Eesa Moussa experience led us to think it high time to initiate one, even at the risk of doing "what our fathers did not." The Sultan salaamed, so did we;
then the chiefs salaamed to us, and we salaamed to the chiefs. Lort-Phillips said, "This is very decent, isn't it?" My brother said, "Yes." Aylmer muttered, "More beggars;" and the Doctor hazarded, "Interesting cases." I alone retained my presence of mind, and drawing myself up, boldly asked the Sultan in Arabic whether he spoke that language. He looked at me steadily for a moment, then bowed, and the chiefs followed suit. We all bowed back, and looked at Dualla in despair, who, grasping the position, translated my question. The answer came back like a flash, and from the Sultan himself. It was "Ma feesh," the Arabic for "No," and was the only Arabic word he knew.

Having thus opened up the way to pleasant conversation, I waited to give the others a chance of joining it, but there was absolute silence. This was broken by the Doctor telling Dualla to ask if our visitor was quite well. The question was put, and the reply was "Yes," which settled the Doctor's chance of a live Sultan as a patient. We were not getting along at all, and it really is no easy matter to decide at a moment's notice the precise thing one ought to say to a Sultan who "happens" upon you as though he were an ordinary mortal: at least so it seemed to us then, though later on we became quite familiar with Sultans and other grandees as soon as we saw them. This particular one was a middle-aged man, rather tall and slightly bent, with a heavy expression, a dull eye, and apparently no facility for small talk.
Lort-Phillips told Dualla to say "we all thought he owned a tip-top country, where we should enjoy ourselves amazingly," and Aylmer suggested he should let the Doctor examine him at once, "as, though he said he was quite well, he was probably very ill. Somalis never meant what they said."

After this libel we left the management of the conversation to Dualla, who extracted from the Sultan an expression of pleasure at seeing us in his country, and a promise to give us camels, goats, sheep, men—everything. Aylmer would have it he meant "sell," not "give;" but Dualla stuck to the original translation, though he hinted the Sultan might expect an equivalent for the present, as it was "a custom of the country." We then plunged into politics. It appeared the great Habr Gerhajis tribe was divided into two rival factions, the one owning allegiance to Sultan Owd, the other to his cousin, Sultan Noor. Between these two the country was about evenly divided, and the border-line was an everlasting scene of wars and rumours of wars, cattle raids, and attempted murders. We therefore proposed to make our visit historical by effecting peace, if we could, between these people, and Dualla set our desire before His Majesty Owd. "Now the English were at Berbera, there would be greater safety and facilities for trade, and if they would only stop fighting among themselves, their country would become rich; should we act as negotiators between him and Sultan Noor?" His reply was a gracious affirmative, and we arranged
to send messengers to Noor without delay; but I may here confess that our mission failed.

After pitching a small tent immediately outside the zariba, we delighted the Sultan by escorting him to it, and making him understand it was for his private use while we remained at Hammar. I think there is no doubt that Sultan Owd is a usurper and not a lawful ruler. His adherents had killed Deria, who was Sultan of the whole Habr Gerhajis tribe, and Noor was own brother to Deria. At Sharmarkay's request (though made with what object I know not), we had brought Deria's son with us from Berbera, and he was now wishing himself back where he came from, and with fair reason. Only three months ago one of the men who was now outside the zariba with Sultan Owd had speared him without any provocation, and the wounds, which he showed us, were not quite healed. This would-be assassin was within a few yards of him, well backed up by friends; so he declared his life was not safe, and during the night slipped away to what he felt would be a healthier part of the country. He never returned to us, and we managed to get along fairly well without him. He was neither beautiful nor entertaining, and he never did a stroke of work; but his appetite was always worthy of his undisputed royal descent.

We were anxious to get away, and had hoped to have ascended the pass by the 27th at latest. The Sultan, however, begged we would remain another day or two, as he said he was not yet ready for our
reception. He declared he had waited a day for us, and now hoped we would do the same for him. Unwillingly we gave in, as it is very bad policy to let the people think one is in a hurry. Time is of no object to them, and if travellers show what they consider indecent haste, their motives for travelling are invariably suspected. Of course I am speaking of travelling in countries unknown or unfrequented by Europeans.

We thought it advisable to give up eating bacon at breakfast, such disgust was shown to it by the Somalis, who, of course, would not touch it, and seemed even afraid of seeing it. We had not much, but what little we had we buried, in the tins as it was. Our camp was crowded; all day long people kept coming to pay their respects to the Sultan, and to get him to settle their disputes.

On the 29th we were up before daylight to get the camels started. We had a very good day for the severe pull uphill; it was cloudy, and a few drops of rain fell, but not enough to make the road slippery. Although we had ourselves worked at the road to make it more passable, and had enlisted over twenty men to help, it was still very hard work for the camels; in fact, I never saw baggage animals attempt so bad an ascent. In three and a half to four hours we got them all up, however, camping at a place called Guldoo Hammed. This was the farthest point in our direction that had been reached by a European, although Haggenmacher, travelling by a different
road, and more to the westward, had penetrated farther south. The view was really very fine, with the great plain stretching to the sea, and the vegetation varied and interesting; giant cacti abounded, and there were many beautiful wild-flowers.

Our camp was pitched near a group of the largest cacti I ever saw, and about two miles from where we first reached the plateau. There was a range of hills on our right and left, and a vast plain before us, with two or three insignificant hills in the distance. The ground was still stony, but less so than in the plain below. It was of a red colour, and covered with mimosa bushes and short tufts of coarse grass. There was plenty of evidence of white ants—that pest of the African traveller—which we had found troublesome for the first time at our last camp. We shot several birds of kinds new to us, some partridges and guinea-fowl, and found porcupine quills and some tortoise eggs.

On our right we passed a small village near some stone mounds, said to be Galla ruins; and I believe the Gallas lived in the country a long time ago. Through the glasses we could see several stone walls, which we were anxious to visit. We sent to ask if we might do so, but were told no one could go near them except Moslems, and only Moslems who were known to be very regular in their devotions. A number of priests dwell in this village, who have charge of a large mosque-like tomb we had passed, situated on an eminence on our left. It was the only speci-
men of solid masonry we came across in the country, and we photographed it. It is built of stone with a rude attempt at ornamentation, but there is nothing remarkable about it externally. We were not allowed to go inside.

This place has been called Sheik from time immemorial, and here we found the ordinary gazelle and Walleri, guinea-fowl and partridges, and heard rumours of elephants, but came upon no spoor. We now regret not having made further search, as we know they existed there in substance, and not merely in shadow; but we had been promised such endless variety of big game on the route to Ogadayn, that the idea of delaying our progress at this point did not occur to us. We never had another fair chance. Thrupp received a letter from Lort-Phillips dated from this spot February 1888, stating that he had again heard rumours of elephants, and verified their warranty by falling in with the actual creatures, bagging two fine bulls, and losing a third through mere accident. I am never in favour of useless slaughter, nor do I think that charge could be brought against any of us, though a doctor was among our party; but one ought not to miss the possibility of finding a new variety of elephant when one has entered a new hunting ground.

The evening was deliciously cool and the dew heavy; we were high above the burning plain, on a virgin soil, and at peace with all men. My brother and Aylmer began to work the mountain range into their
map, I continued my diary, Thrupp pressed out the botanical specimens, and Lort-Phillips thrummed the banjo. It seemed we had reached Arcadia, until Dualla approached in a state of wild excitement and informed us we must serve out extra cartridges to all the men, as we were going to be attacked at once; and as Dualla spoke he pointed towards the horizon, where we clearly recognised the flames from a large conflagration, the result of a village which had just been fired.

There was a half-smothered groan from Lort-Phillips as snap went two strings of the banjo, and a cry of horror rose from my brother and Aylmer, who had been surprised into running the maritime range of mountains half-way across the Red Sea. We lost no time, however, in getting prepared for the last thing in the world we had been led to expect here, and sent out a reconnoitring party.

They soon returned with the news the enemy were not coming on to us, but had attacked some of the Habr Yunis and driven off men and cattle. Now we had several Habr Yunis among our camel-drivers—“Might they go to help their friends?” “No, they most certainly might not;” but they did, and rushed out of the zariba like an avenging avalanche, with uplifted spears and waving swords. This was a nuisance, for we suddenly found we were short of about thirty hands. However, they soon returned, and with a fresh and more agreeable report. One sub-tribe of the objectionable Eesa Moussa had attacked
another sub-tribe, and after looting their zariba, had set fire to it. The rascals had no idea of coming on to us, and were travelling away with their plunder in another direction. By way of returning good for evil, we offered to doctor the wounded, but there were only two, and these had been carried off by a reinforcement of friends. Were we ever destined, I wondered, to be free from Eesa Moussa influence? They had worried us at Berbera, pestered us through every yard of their country, and now, when we were well out of it, had succeeded in nearly ruining our beautiful map and in upsetting not only Lort-Phillips' harmony, but that of every one else as well. I lost my favourite stylographic pen over this wretched scare, but recovered it again the next morning in time to register a full record of the sins of the Eesa Moussa in my diary.

During the day we rested our camels and wandered about with the view to collecting. Our explorations carried us among what appeared to be the débris of a large town with an extensive cemetery attached to it, and from all we could gather the Gallas in bygone ages had here built up a real city. Among the loose stones Lort-Phillips picked up a flint spear-head, which might or might not have belonged to the stone age of man, but undoubtedly belonged to the pre-historic period of Somali-land.

We shot some new minar birds with bright blue and orange plumage, a couple of jackals, and missed a dark-coloured fox with curiously thick fur. This was
a pity, as the creature might have been one of an unknown genus. We then returned to camp, where the only bad news awaiting us was that a camel had been allowed to eat up a poisonous shrub. The owner wanted us to wait a day and see if the beast would recover, but this was quite out of the question. So early next morning we started off, leaving him and Abdeella behind to bring on the sick camel, if they could. During the evening they joined us, and gravely laid the tail at our feet as evidence of its decease.

We had then marched thirteen miles, and were encamped near the "Tug Dayr," or Long River, by some wells named Goolooly. The Tug Dayr is only a "river" during the rainy season, but it is always "long." How long I could not discover; but after leaving the Habr Gerhajis country it extends in a westerly direction through the Habr Tdjaleh tribe, and on through the Dolbohanti country, then through the Nogal district, and widening out, reaches the sea-coast north of Jarad. Sir Richard Burton, in his "First Footsteps in East Africa," suggests the likelihood of the Tug Dayr being misrepresented in maps as the "Wady Nogal," and the result of careful inquiry among the natives convinces me that he is quite right. Nogal is the name of a wide district to the east of the Hand, or Great Plain, we had just reached, and not a river-bed, although many maps give it as one. No river-bed is ever called "Wady" in this country, but always "Tug."
We had passed through broken, wavy land, intersected by numerous channels containing pools of stagnant water, the soil throughout being barren, and alternating between dry red earth and sand mixed with stone. Gazelles were the only game we saw, though we came upon the track of a very large antelope, and noticed marks of ostriches. Before leaving Guldco Hammed we sent messengers to see if any of Sultan Noor's people were on ahead, hoping to pass through their country after leaving Sultan Owd, as it was a shorter route to Ogadayn by at least two days. Our messenger returned to us at Goolooly, saying he had fallen in with some of Noor's people; but the only result from our overtures was that they first quarrelled among themselves, and then went off, saying if they met any of Sultan Owd's people they would probably fight. Of course they would, for it was clearly a national pastime. Even while the man was telling us this, a battle royal was going on between one of our camel-drivers and a native of the district who came to draw water from the well, but they were separated by a rush of friends before their spears had reached anything softer than the oryx-hide shields. Before leaving Goolooly we killed a large poisonous snake about four feet long, the first we had seen, though they were reported common and destructive.

Three short daily marches across the Haud, which extends due south for 250 miles, brought us to Burao, Sultan Owd's headquarters, and we made a strong zariba on the left bank of the Tug Dayr. Here we
proposed to wait several days and enjoy the hospitality of the Sultan, while extra camels and cattle were collected to enable us to attempt the great waterless stretch which lay between us and the first Ogadayn wells. Just before reaching Burao we had an example of Somali superstition. A hare was started from its form, and ran ahead of us; being on the march, we were implored not to shoot it while it ran in the direction in which we were bound; it would bring bad luck to the whole expedition. If it doubled and headed towards us, then we might shoot without danger.

Another incident during this march revealed a custom of the country bordering on the superstitious. While the Sultan was with us, thirty of his people came up from a caravan and demanded to be fed. We were not disposed to accede; but five of our Aden men, who had been grumbling about their own food and seemed to be losing heart, openly declared we would never get through the country if we turned a deaf ear to this demand for food. The matter was settled by the Sultan begging Dualla to "lend him" two sheep, so that his people might not return empty. This we permitted, and it appeared the Sultan's authority was dependent to a great extent upon the liberality he displayed in feeding the hungry.

So much black-mail is levied on caravans, that any trade between the coast and inland tribes is almost paralysed. A caravan from Ogadayn to Berbera will often have to pay out two-thirds of its stock-in-trade
on the road, before the final plundering is effected by the Ayal Achmet, who live in Berbera and act as brokers. Any effort to strike a bargain without the Ayal Achmet as middle-men would endanger the rest of the stock, and even the life of the trader who was bold enough to attempt it. These things ought not to be during our administration of the coast. The trader knows perfectly well he is being robbed by the Ayal Achmet, who are within the control of British government, and he is quite lawyer enough to understand that our non-interference proves us to be accessories after the fact.
CHAPTER VII.

RECEPTION AT BURAO—PATIENTS—MILITARY PARADE—MIDGANS, TOMAL, EBIT CASTES—CURIOUS CASES—PRIESTS—A TOURNAMENT—ARRIVAL OF THE POST AND ITS CONTENTS.

January 3rd, and we had only reached Burao. How long would it be before we found ourselves in Ogdany? No one could guess until the day of start for the desert was fixed, and that could not be until we had collected more camels, oxen, and sheep, and the necessary number of water-vessels, known in the language of the land as "huntahs." Of these we had brought all we could purchase in Berbera, and hoped to be able to buy more from the natives we met during our early marches, but had failed to obtain one. We told the Sultan our needs, and he agreed to provide us with everything we required, but it would of course take "a little time," which meant anything between a day and a year. Well, however long it took, we should have to wait, and certainly our quarters were by no means bad.

The Tug Dayr in front of us was about fifty yards wide, and either bank well wooded with the larger mimosa, which always fringe a river-course of some
magnitude. Water was to be obtained in any quantity from some twenty wells dug in the Tug to a depth of sixty feet. Pasturage was good and abundant, and altogether it was the pleasantest of all the pleasant camps we had yet made. During the day our zariba was surrounded by chattering crowds, who came to wonder at a first appearance of the "white man;" and through the night a weird chant was kept up by the natives hauling in their skin buckets at the wells, a process which was always accompanied by a grotesque mixture of dance and gesture.

No one begged from us, and we made friends with all about us. The Doctor opened his "shop," and was kept going most of the day. Indeed, so numerous were the applicants for "advice gratis" that we were obliged to limit the attendance to "special hours." Rheumatism and itch were endemic diseases, and the run on sulphur terrific. Wounds of all sorts and sizes, old and recent, were brought for daily inspection and treatment, and it soon became an acknowledged fact that the white men were "good people."

Two patients were interesting but incurable cases. Both had been picked up while asleep by lions, the part grasped being the shoulder-joint. In each case the beasts had let go their hold directly the victims shrieked, but before doing so had given a scrunch which had so smashed the bones and injured the soft tissues, that the limbs became permanently stiffened and wasted. Thrupp said it would be quite useless and possibly dangerous to attempt any exten-
sion with the view to breaking down adhesions. He was not even tempted to interfere with "Nature's utmost" after being shown a man whose rib had been destroyed, but said to have been replaced by a native rival introducing the bone of a young goat! We urged the necessity, for the sake of his reputation and ours, of capping this triumph of native surgery, but he only shook his head, as though the possibility were beyond him. We offered to get plenty of young goats, and he could try all their ribs in turn—a failure was preferable to an admission of incompetency; but our arguments were useless. The Doctor said he had the nucleus of a good general practice, and would not compete with his brother "specialist in ribs."

During our stay at Burao, the Sultan collected a great many of his people together, and twice entertained us with some well-executed and characteristic evolutions on horseback. On the first occasion some forty mounted men were collected in the Tug before our zariba; but this did not satisfy the Sultan, and he arranged a second "fantasia," in which fully two hundred warriors were engaged. It was the best and most characteristic thing of the kind I had ever seen. A procession was first formed in the river's bed, and on a given signal all dashed off, brandishing their spears and shields. Dressed in tobes of many colours, and sitting loosely on their gaily-caparisoned ponies, they engaged in mimic contest with spear and shield, reining their horses upon their haunches when at full gallop, and with wild shouts flinging their spears
into the air. Each warrior carried a short-handled whip with a broad raw hide thong, and with it lashed his steed unmercifullly. Some of the riders went through regular circus feats, leaping from their horses when at full gallop, picking up objects thrown on the ground, and then remounting. After this had continued for some time they would gallop close to our zariba, and reining up, shout "Mort, mort" ("Welcome, welcome"), to which we replied, "Kul liban" ("Thanks"). One man then delivered an oration, chanted in dull monotone. Of this I could never obtain a satisfactory translation; but Dualla said it was "poetry," and the gist of it was to the effect that they had never seen white men in their country before; that we were their friends, and they were glad to see us; that we had come from a distant land, and that they too had journeyed a long way to greet the white man, and to do him honour.

It finished at last, and now was the moment to make a solemn investiture of the Sultan, when he was surrounded by so many of his people, for, in addition to the two hundred horsemen, a very large crowd had collected on foot. As he sat on a chair placed on the edge of the river-bank, in full view of all his subjects, we girt a gaudily-hilted sword about his waist, placed a fine camel's-hair burnoos on his shoulders, and twined a scarlet silk kufiyyah round his head. Then, while a gracious smile overspread his features, I slowly transferred to his forefinger a large gold signet-ring I had worn for about three minutes. He bowed
gracefully, the onlookers gave a Somali cheer, the "army" fired a salute, and the whole thing was over.

The following day the Tug became the scene of another exhibition, interesting as illustrative of native custom. It began with a parade of some thirty or forty ostriches, followed by women and children armed with long sticks. These ostrich-drivers were the wives and families of the low-caste Midgans, who act as vassals to all the higher tribes, and are employed to hunt game and assist in raids. Next came the Midgan hirelings, forty in number, and each armed with a heavy bow tipped with a white ostrich feather, and further equipped with a hide quiver full of poisoned arrows slung over the back. The first manœuvre of these bowmen consisted in a mimic combined attack upon an imaginary enemy, in which they made short rapid advances, and during each, let off a flight of arrows. After this they spread out in skirmishing order, every man kneeling or creeping, as if anxious to take advantage of any available bit of covert, and shooting towards the foe or head of game he was supposed to be stalking whenever he thought fit. The advances were always made by creeps or short hops, and never by that extended shuffling movement so universally adopted by the American Indians.

When this representation was over we were treated to the Midgan war-dance, which consisted of the usual amount of gesticulation and contortion, accompanied by shouting, stamping, and hand-clapping, common to so many African races.
POISONED ARROWS.

We were told the best ostriches were worth fifty dollars. They are regularly plucked and their feathers sent to the coast, but European dealers do not consider them as valuable as those from Darfur and Kordofan. Bows, quivers, and arrows were then handed round for our inspection. The bows were short and clumsy, with strings of twisted gut, the quivers neatly fashioned out of raw hide, with straps of the same material, and the arrows, which averaged about fifteen inches in length, were roughly trimmed mimosa branches plumed with guinea-fowl feathers. All were either tipped with a removable iron barb, or sharpened to a natural point, which had been dipped in some viscid vegetable poison, much resembling tar; but in the specimens we handled this was so hardened and sun-dried, that it would require considerable moistening in a living tissue before it could be dissolved. The owners of the weapons declared the poison to be sure, though not quick in its action, and said that any part of the human body into which it was inserted always decayed, and death ensued, preceded by the hair from the head and body falling off in large quantities. Animals transfixed by these arrows would rapidly lose strength, and could be easily tracked and dispatched, while guinea-fowl would succumb after flying or running a few yards.*

These Midgans are one of the three pariah tribes existent throughout Somali-land. The others are the Tomal, who work in iron, and turn out bridle-bits,

* For further account of poison see Notes.
swords, and spear-heads, and the Ebir, who are tanners, and manufacture saddles, prayer-carpets, and small leathern cases for the receipt of verses from the Koran. These cases are from one to three inches square, and neatly stitched at the sides: they are prized by all who profess to be devoted Moslems, and may be seen suspended from a narrow strap tied round the neck or arm. The low-caste tribes are only distinguishable from other Somalis by their smaller stature and their weaker physical development. They own no fatherland, but are divided up between the chief Somali tribes.

Although more industrious than their employers, the Midgans are not less quarrelsome. A youth applied for surgical attendance who a few days before had his forearm completely severed by a sword-cut, and he was accompanied by a friend with a slash across the back, which he declared had been produced by the same blow. He had partially avenged himself and his youthful comrade in misfortune by driving a spear clean through the antagonist's chest, but he still lived, and was not even expected to die. Without doubt it takes more to kill a Somal, high-caste or low, by searching his inmost parts with sharp iron, than it does to kill a European, and of this we had abundant proof throughout our whole travel. A simple explanation is suggested by recognising the absence of hereditary taints, the healthy habit of life, and the freedom from climatic disease of any serious importance. So accustomed is the Somal to "feel
steel," that he entertains no dread of the surgeon's knife, and Thrupp was often implored to divide tissues which required no disunion. This peculiarity is not recorded in connection with any other Moslem race in Africa, and was in our own experience uncommon among fetish tribes. When mutilation was accepted as the *sine qua non* of life, we had all seen it patiently endured; but the constant and earnest desire to be cut with a knife is, I think, a distinctive feature of the inland Somal.

Particular methods of averting death are common to savage and civilised races; so I will be content to instance one disclosed by a member of the Habr Gerhajis tribe. This man declared he had received a terrible sword-cut on the head, and pointed with pride to an ugly enough scar; but he continued, "I did not die because I drank up all the blood that ran out of the wound," and this explanation of his survival is of course subject to doubt. We did not, however, express any want of confidence in the precaution he recommended, but only trusted we should have no personal occasion to test its value.

Two ladies, shortly after our interview with this immortal, presented themselves for advice. The first was married, and had been with child during the last three years, without the infant showing any disposition to leave the limited confines of its earliest formation. Thus she had become an object of reproach among her sex, who said that if they all took three years in begetting sons or daughters, establishing a
family would become a slow and weary process. The second lady was unmarried, but her condition was no less interesting. She had been in the daily habit of taking a bath, and on one occasion the water had been first used by a young man. The apparent result might give rise to misconception among her relatives, who were unacquainted with the true facts. Could the "white doctor" help her? But Thrupp was nowhere to be found; he had vanished before this applicant's story was complete, and did not appear again for some hours. Then he had no suggestion to make, except that we should endeavour to arrange an immediate marriage between the young lady and the young man; for having met with analogous cases in civilised lands, he always considered this advice the best possible under the peculiarity of the circumstances.

To the married lady he gave hope and comfort. "Three years being the period of gestation for an elephant, and an 'elephant' being the Somali metaphor for a strong man, she could silence all who cast reproach upon her by assuring them that when her child was born it would be the finest 'elephant' in the land, and the pride of all the Habr Gerhajis."

I have dwelt upon these two cases at some length, because they illustrate several points connected with native economy. The establishment of a family is of the utmost importance to every true patriot, for the strength of a tribe is in direct ratio with the number of its male representatives. Sons and daughters,
therefore, are anxiously awaited by all husbands, and a barren wife is as much an object of reproach among these pastoral and warlike people as she was among the Bible shepherds of olden time. The sons defend the flocks and herds, and grab those of their neighbours when they can. The daughters represent property of distinct commercial value to the parents, who, according to their position, demand one or many camels from the suitors who ask their hands in marriage. This explains the anxiety of the lady who claimed to have been three years with child, and the reason why she was an object of reproach. The unmarried lady had endeavoured to hide her shame by asking her credulous friends to believe in a miracle. Without inventing some such explanation she would have become an outcast from her tribe, for her misconduct would have prevented the parents from demanding that marriage price which, by the custom of the land, is their rightful due.

We were always most particular to make friends with the priests whenever we could, and gave Dualla instructions to always look out for them. They are the most dangerous people in the country, as they are apt to stir their flocks up against travellers, and it is hardly necessary to add they are ignorant and fanatical to a degree. There was one at Burao who was said to have great influence. We made his acquaintance at once, and presented him with a burnoos and silk kufiyyah, but we gave him besides what he valued more than anything else—a Koran.
I am afraid that missionaries would hardly approve of this proceeding; but as I do not believe in interfering with a man’s religion, and knowing that he would read his Bible when he would not look at ours, I gave him the Koran. It was a present he would value more than anything else, and showed both him and the people we had no wish to interfere with their “beliefs.” We took a small supply of Korans, and found them invaluable; and I would strongly advise future travellers in fanatical Mahommedan countries to do the same. They must, however, be only given on rare occasions, and a suitable speech should accompany the gift. This man was so pleased, that he gave us a letter, a sort of pastoral “round robin,” to his brother priests in Ogadayn, which was exactly what we wanted.

Our interview with this priest, terrible through his influence, was followed by another with a man terrible through his deeds. He was reported to be a hundred years old, and he really looked his age; but he was also said to have killed two hundred men, and on this account he dared not show himself in Berbera. Two men a year is not a bad average fall from the sword of a Somali warrior, but it was of course a mere bagatelle to the fall from the lancet of any fashionable English doctor in olden days. I did venture to say this to our visitor, but my brother told him the white doctor belonged to a tribe whose killing history was great and fearful, even as his.

Before long Thrupp had a chance of proving himself
worthy of the tribe he represented, for a tournament was organised among the natives, and he entered the lists. Being skilled in single-stick, he easily defeated every one he engaged, including our head-man, Dualla. His antagonists knew nothing about the outside wrist cut and guard; so every time a sword or spear was raised for cut or thrust, the Doctor’s weapon came sharply down on the exposed forearm, with a blow which they readily understood must mean immediate disablement if received in real combat. During the contest with Dualla the excitement was so intense among the spectators, that several rushed in to prevent what they believed was developing into a veritable battle.

So far we had got on without serious delay, and the people at Burao seemed so friendly and willing to help, that we were quite hopeful about the possibility of the Sultan providing us with the necessary extra men and beasts within a few days, and thus enabling us to commence our journey across the desert which leads to Ogadayn. We sat down to roasted sheep and guinea-fowl on the evening of the 4th, and cheerily discussed the interests and excitements of the last two days, and the chance of receiving a mail that night, forwarded by special runner from Berbera.

The map was now accurately completed up to Burao, with the mountain range confined to its exact limits; and even Aylmer had ceased to revile the Eesa scare, which had once made it display the sudden upheaval of so many miles of land and sea-bottom.
Dinner was scarcely over when the mail was announced, and among other letters I opened one from Major Hunter which made me exclaim in annoyance and surprise. It ran thus, and was dated from Berbera, January 1:—

"My dear James,—I enclose copies of telegrams received from Cairo requiring me to insist on your return. I suppose the Foreign Office took alarm at the going to Ogadayn. I hope you have got on safely so far, and will not altogether regret having made a start.—Yours, &c. J. Hunter."

The enclosed telegrams were as follows:—

(i.) Sir Evelyn Baring, Cairo, December 29th, to Major Hunter, Aden.

"You should dissuade James's party strongly from undertaking their expedition, and make it quite clear to them they go on their own responsibility. Government cannot undertake to help them if they come to any harm."

(ii.) Sir Evelyn Baring, Cairo, December 30th, to General Blair, Aden.

"Please inform Hunter that I have received instructions from Lord Granville to direct him to stop James's party by force if they persist. If Hunter has left for Berbera, please forward this to him at once."
CHAPTER VIII.

The Letters from Major Hunter and His Instructions from Government—Our Attitude—A Conspiracy to Stop Us—Letter from Mr. Walsh—Alarm of the Sultan—Departure from Burao.

Our surprise and consternation at receiving such a communication may well be imagined, and we had a long discussion as to what was to be done. The Government could well have stopped our starting on our expedition at Aden or Berbera, had they wished to have done so; but now we were away from any possible jurisdiction of our Home Government, in a part of Africa that had hitherto never been trodden by a white man. We could not imagine why they should want to stop us. We had made no secret of our intentions. Our departure had been mentioned and commented on in the English newspapers. The authorities at the Foreign Office knew where we were going, and I had dined with Sir Evelyn Baring at Cairo just before leaving, and detailed the whole project. We never asked or expected help from the British Government, and fully understood that we undertook the journey entirely at our own risk. Major Hunter, moreover, had clearly misread the mean-
ing of the telegrams, which should be read together. The first said, "Dissuade from going;" the second, "Stop, if they persist"—that is, if they persist in going; but we had already gone.

We determined, without the slightest hesitation, to proceed, and to do all in our power to hurry the Sultan to procure us camels before any fresh difficulties might arise. The only way that we feared we might be stopped was in case Major Hunter's messengers knew of the telegrams, and endeavoured to stir up the people against us. It was not until we got home that we found out that the whole thing emanated from Major Hunter. The home authorities had no idea of stopping us until he telegraphed to inform them that he considered it a most dangerous expedition.

Why could he not have told us this, instead of encouraging us in every way by letter and personal advice, as I have previously shown? We went to bed greatly disturbed in mind, having decided to keep the bearers of the letters in camp as long as possible, so as to gain time before they should know on the coast of our intention to proceed. The next morning we told Dualla to detain the messengers, telling them we had a number of letters to write which we wished them to take back. Dualla, who knew nothing of the telegrams, replied that the sooner we got rid of them the better, as they were stirring up the people against us. We afterwards found out, what we only suspected at the time, that these men had
been instructed to try and stop our continuing our journey.

Any one with the slightest knowledge of the East will readily understand what a dangerous commission this was to put into the hands of such men. They belonged to the Habr Tdjaleh tribe, and were well known as troublesome characters, one having been turned out of Aden for misbehaving himself. These men went among the people telling them not to assist the Christians, who had come to take their country, demanding why they permitted Christians to drink at their wells, where no white man had ever drunk before, and informing them we were without the support of our Government, who did not wish us to proceed any farther.

We taxed the men with endeavouring to set the natives against us, which of course they denied. They said they wanted to go to their village for a day or two, and that if we would give them our letters, they would take them to Berbera without returning to the camp, to which we replied they had better go first to their homes, and come back for the letters, which would then be ready for them.

One accordingly left the camp, but his companion still hung about, and we were not long in noticing a great change in the behaviour of the Sultan's people, and also in that of the men we had brought from Aden. They divided up into parties under the trees, and entering into long discussions, gave up all pre-
parations for our departure. Dualla did not understand the meaning of all this opposition. He thought it jealousy on the part of Mahomed Sharmarkay and Mr. Walsh's interpreter, who, not having been able to arrange that we should take camels through them, had got no baksheesh out of the expedition, as they no doubt had hoped to do. He explained to the people that we had taken no Habr Tdjaleh with us, while we had followers of many other tribes, and that it was on account of tribal jealousy they were trying to incite the natives to oppose us. He said that the messengers told him they had been given money, and had been informed they should have more if they succeeded in getting us back. He added, that men had been sent by a different road to the Baha-Wadly, the first tribe of Ogadayn we should meet with, to prejudice them against us.

It will be seen that our prospects looked gloomy, and that the danger of our journey was being indefinitely increased by Major Hunter's injudiciousness, to call it by no stronger term. I wrote to Major Hunter, saying that having left Berbera, we saw nothing in the telegrams ordering our return; that up to the date of the arrival of his messengers everything had gone well, but that they had seen fit to endeavour to set the people against us. After writing this, the Sultan came to tell us that Major Hunter's messenger had told him the same he had told Dualla as to people having been sent to Ogadayn to stir up the inhabitants. This he said he did not believe,
but that he would give us two or three men whose daughters were married to men of the Baha-Wadly tribe to accompany us.

I consequently added a postscript to my letter to the following effect:—"Coshin Gubdoo (the man who accompanied your messenger, Haji Moosa) says that Haji Moosa was told to stir up the people here against us, with a view to preventing the continuation of our journey; that he was paid to do so, and promised more money if successful. Our informant says that the people who have employed him are Mahomed Sharmarkay, your interpreter Deria, and the interpreter of the man-of-war in the harbour at the time he left; that the reason for acting in this way is because they are jealous of Dualla and the men that we have employed, and are determined if possible to prevent their carrying us through in safety. This may or may not be true; you will be able to find out whether it is or not better than any one else, and if it is true, to understand the best way of dealing with it; for a conspiracy of this kind, if it exists, may be a very serious thing for us, and it can be more easily checked at Berbera, its headquarters, than anywhere else. We are told that the Ogadayn people have been already communicated with, with a view to making them hostile instead of friendly."

On January 8th the camels arrived. We agreed to take thirty-five, for which we were to pay $9 apiece, and after great difficulty arranged that they were to send to Mr. Walsh for the money. The contract was
that the camels were to accompany us nearly to the first wells in Ogadayn, and it was impossible to find out how far that was, as the accounts varied so much. The Sultan told us, however, that they rarely went to Ogadayn except in the rainy season. He insisted on our taking one man to each camel, as he feared that his rival, Sultan Noor, might endeavour to cut them off on their return, should he get news about us. We hired an extra number of calabashes, which we filled from the wells, and went to bed at 11.30 after a very long and fatiguing day, hoping to start by moonlight. We could not get the men to load up, however, before daylight, when a note was handed to me from Mr. Walsh.

In it he said he had known nothing of Lord Granville's telegram until after it was actually on its way to us, but that he advised our return, because, he said, "The orders of Government are known in the bazaar; and in the event of your not obeying them, the Somalis will not unnaturally imagine that impeding your progress will find favour in their eyes. If once this idea reaches your neighbourhood, I think your farther advance into the interior will be positively dangerous. The akals (chiefs) here say it is simply folly to attempt it with the means at your command. I need not say I have always wished you success, and have done all in my power to aid you, and I still think that had you followed my advice you could have reached Ogadayn in safety, and with little trouble. As matters stand, you have left a wake of disaffection
behind you; this, coupled with the orders of Government, really renders your return imperative in your own as well as in other interests."

This news naturally made us very indignant, and we could not understand that Government telegrams, which were sent in cypher, should have been translated for the benefit of the Berbera bazaar. Even supposing we acted on Mr. Walsh’s advice, we were at the time in a part of Africa where no white man had ever been, and where the people might naturally think that by injuring us they would be finding favour in the eyes of the Aden officials. *I wish here to mention that General Blair was in no way responsible for the manner in which Major Hunter and the Government had thought fit to act in the whole of this matter.*

The Sultan now approached with something to say. "He could not, under the circumstances (we supposed he had spoken to the messenger, who knew all the Berbera bazaar knew), let us have his people’s camels." Why not? "He was afraid, under the circumstances, Mr. Walsh would not pay him the money." We assured him the money would be paid the moment the "chit" was presented; besides, had we not agreed the payment was to be by "chit"? "Yes, but now it was different; we must give the money in hard dollars." This we could not do without exhausting the whole supply we had reserved for Ogadayn.

I was puzzled what to say next, and the Sultan was clearly alarmed. Suddenly I recollected a letter Major
Hunter had given me, written on Government paper in Arabic, and addressed to "All Sultans and Sheiks," which I was to use in case of need. I told the Sultan to call his people about him, and to listen while an interpreter read out a letter to them all. This he did, and I handed over Major Hunter's communication. It was to the effect that Major Hunter (who was widely known throughout the Somali tribes) would be pleased, and would reward all who helped us, but would punish those who hindered or annoyed us. The effect was magical. Every one applauded, and then the assembly split into knots for counsel. The decision was favourable—we might have the camels. We then tried to get the use of men and camels right up to the first wells at extra pay, as, with the conspiracy against us, we might have to fight for the water; but this proposition was rejected.

During all these "pow-wows," our men had of course stopped loading the camels, which were now kneeling or standing all over the camp among their burdens. We gave the order to continue, and sought a fresh audience with the Sultan, carrying with us his "present." This, which took the form of dollars, included payment for his "present" to us of eight sheep and several eating camels, the latter being valued at from $12 to $16 apiece. Then we held out our hands to say good-bye; but no—he was coming a day's journey with us, and the three men who were to act as our "abans," the Somali term for guides and protectors, were already mounted and waiting. We
accepted the abans, but declined their animals: they
must all three walk, as we had no water for extra
ponies; we would pay them for the extra trouble of
walking. Now, was everything ready? Yes, every-
thing. It was the 9th of January 1885, 11 A.M., and
we were off.
CHAPTER IX.


We led the van with the Sultan and our abans for some distance, and then looked back at our caravan. What an endless string of life it seemed to be, though we had cut down our personal comforts as much as possible. About 100 men and women, 103 baggage-camels, and 10 others for food, 8 horses, 2 mules, 46 sheep, and 7 oxen. We were passing the Sultan's permanent village, and the tail of the caravan was in the Tug, nearly half-a-mile to our rear. It would
certainly be no easy matter to keep together in close country without some definite organisation; so we decided that two of us should always ride at the head, and two at the rear, while one kept up the lines of communication.

A peculiar feature of the country here consisted in the richness of the umbrella mimosa, which we saw for the first and last time; but within a short distance of the permanent village, consisting of large grass huts, we entered an open plain called Arori, which formed the grazing ground for several thousand camels. Here we encamped for the benefit of our live-stock at 1.45 P.M., and fixed the little tent for the Sultan and his four followers. We had requested him to do without any "equerries," as we told him we should be short of food from the moment of our start; but he replied he could not take less than four to uphold the dignity of his position. Conceive then our annoyance when, shortly before feeding-time, another thirty upholders of his dignity appeared on the scene, all requiring food and drink. The inconvenient "custom of the country" required us to give them the first, and for this purpose away went several sheep we wanted for ourselves; but we flatly refused a drop of water, and made them send to their own village for all they required. These unwelcome guests left us at nightfall, and, to our utter disgust, carried off all the picket-ropes belonging to our horses.

Before turning in to sleep we had a farewell audience with the Sultan in our tent, as we were
going to make a start before daybreak. He amused me by requesting a "letter of recommendation." So I sat down and wrote "good words" about him, in which I conscientiously recommended him to any one requiring the services of a Sultan, as active, willing, steady, and trustworthy. This being the first "character" I had given to any Sultan, I was very pleased to be able to write one which was so satisfactory. I then held out my hand to say "good-bye;" but something more was wanted. This was a letter addressed to Mr. Walsh, which the Sultan would forward to Berbera, or take with him if he ever went there, setting forth how well he had treated us; how willing he would be to receive other Englishmen; and how in future he would arrest any thief who escaped from Berbera, and return him to the British authorities. Of course I readily gave him this letter; then we all shook hands and parted with feelings of mutual goodwill, his last words being, "that if we could only manage to bring about a lasting peace between him and Sultan Noor, he would be delighted and ever grateful."

At 2.30 A.M. we made a hasty breakfast while our men uploaded, and were on the march by the light of a waning moon before 4 A.M. A level plain with tufts of closely cropped and very coarse grass, the exact opposite of the fine-spun glass vegetation so characteristic of Eastern Africa, the scraggiest of scraggy mimosas, live and dead trees, with none large enough to afford substantial shade. Nevertheless the
sheep were excellent eating, and seemed to thrive wonderfully on this coarse and scanty herbage. An adequate idea of the monotony and scenery of this country may be obtained by any one who should care to walk about in a kitchen-garden of dead gooseberry and currant bushes for a week or ten days. The soil was red instead of brown, and the vegetation larger and more thorny, but in other respects the greater part of the Haud was a dried-up African kitchen-garden, instead of an English one.

Through this dead stretch we kept our camels moving for eight and a half hours by dint of great effort. Men and beasts wished to stop anywhere and everywhere, but we forced them on. We must reach the wells before our water was exhausted, or we would never get to them at all. We passed numbers of beisa (*Oryx beisa*) and other antelope; but there was no covert for a stalk, and even if there had been, it would have been unwise to leave the caravan in case of an attack from marauding parties, which haunt this wilderness. We heard a pack of jackals in full cry, and saw a hyæna and a hare. It was comforting to think there was some animal life beyond such as our caravan represented in this abomination of desolation; but we wondered what attraction brought it there. It could not have been the white ants, which abounded, and even swarmed about tufts of dry grass, evidently recognising no difference between them and the dry soil they covered.

It had taken us about seven hours to pass through
the Arori plain, and the country now was all "gooseberry bush," and the only thing to do was to thread one's way through it as best one could. It was difficult to find any patch large enough to form a camping-ground, but in one place, where the white ants had been particularly busy, a sufficient number of "bushes" seemed to have been cleared. Here we unloaded, feeling tired and thirsty, and spent some time in shaking off the surplus red soil, with which our clothes were beginning to get dyed. The sun had been scorching like the blaze from a furnace all day, and the breeze had been represented by a few feeble puffs of hot air. But we were 3100 feet above the sea-level, so we could look forward to a cool night and morning, though to scarcely any dew. There was no occasion to make a zariba, as Nature had provided us with an almost impenetrable one; but by Dualla's advice we served out extra rounds of cartridges to our men in case we found ourselves surrounded by anything more lively than the spectres of a past vegetation.

We turned in early for a long sleep, but turned out before we had closed our eyes. There was something wrong with the men, who were all talking at the same time in angry tones. What was the matter now? Only all the camel-drivers had struck, and were declaring their determination to return at once to Berbera. We were thoroughly angry, and told them, without any efforts at argument, they could go if they liked, and we would drive on their camels; but if
they attempted to take one of them, we should shoot every beast down. We then returned to our tents, but not to sleep.

Wrangling went on outside all through the night between the men, but there was no sound of movement among the camels, and as long as they remained undisturbed we were content to lie still in our beds. I believe two or three of our Aden men, belonging to the Moossa Arri tribe, were the inaugurators of this mutiny. We had already traced occasional bouts of disaffection to their scheming, and warned them we were now determined to keep careful watch over their future behaviour.

We arose before daylight and gave the order to load up with all speed, and kept well together for action in case of any refusal. The drivers seemed to have arranged no concerted movement, so each went sulkily to his camel in obedience to the order, and man and beast grunted and growled in unison while the burdens were being fixed. A lion had been prowling round us during the night, and we pointed out the tracks to some of the camel-men, telling them the noise they had been making all night was worthy of the beast, but unworthy of a man. We did not move off before six, as the "bushes" were thick and high, and without full light the loads would have been torn from the camels by the thorns, which were of every imaginable size and shape, and sharp as fish-hooks. Khamis, our Arab kitchen-maid, said all Somalis were like tobos thrown over these thorn-trees. You must
pick the tobe off very gently, for if you attempted to snatch it away, you tore it all to pieces.

After circulating among these fish-hooks till 11.40 A.M., we camped near a stretch of withered grass occupied by antelope, bustard, and partridges. All were shy at the sight of humanity, but appeared more curious than frightened at the sound of the gun. Ant-hills were becoming more numerous and of greater bulk and height—several indeed affording shelter from the sun for two or three people together, which was better value than could be obtained from any thorn-tree. Here and there large dead fungi were adhering to the bases of these ant-hills, and declared to be nourishing when fresh; but on our return during the rains, we did not notice that any of our people took advantage of this chance to vary their diet. Early in the morning one of the Sultan's men was found rolling about with severe colic; but he had not been tempted by the dead fungus, though he knew "it was good for food if you could not get anything better." We fed him for the moment on croton-oil, and placed a camel at his disposal until he recovered. A journal is monotonous and tedious reading, but as this desert journey was monotonous and tedious beyond power of description, I may produce something in the way of realism by now giving a few rough extracts from my diary.

January 12th.—Off at 5.50, camping at 12.50. The camels marched well, and the day was cool with a strong wind. We observed a good many whirl-
winds,—“spirits of the desert,” according to the natives. One struck me, filling my eyes with dust, and taking my hat clean off my head. The dust was so thick that for a moment I was completely hidden from those only a few yards from me who were beyond its influence. Shot an ariel and some partridges. Yesterday afternoon, after emerging from mimosa thicket on to a grassy plain, we crossed a wide depression covered with giant ant-hills, and these tall red columns of earth assumed shapes which made us imagine we were passing through a gallery of colossal statuary in terra-cotta. Once we passed over some sixty or eighty acres of perfectly bare red earth. Before starting we sent back the sick man and another who shammed ill on two camels. We could afford to spare the camels, as the water was of course decreasing all the time. We met some people on their way to gather gum. They had eight camels, and offered to sell us a little water. The men grumbled very much at the length of the marches, which they said were too long for the camels. The water question never seemed to trouble them. The Somali camels are, as a rule, better fed, in better condition, and fully as strong looking as those in the Soudan; but they are never loaded nearly as heavily, and the people declare they cannot accomplish anything like such long journeys. They are certainly better cared for than I have found them anywhere else, and very few are seen with sore backs. Their power of going for a long time without water is most extra-
ordinary, and I very much doubt if it is equalled in any part of Africa.

We were told we should strike a regular caravan route in the afternoon, as, so far, we had been on no road whatever, and they talked a great deal about the breadth of the road we should see. It existed, however, only in their imaginations, and we only struck a very narrow track near a deserted zariba. We are so much afraid of getting short of water that we do not wash our plates, but clean them in the earth; and this afternoon, for the first time since the start, all had a wash in a little water in a basin, which did for the entire party. Almost every day accidents happen to the water supply—"huntahs" broken from being dragged off the camels' backs by the trees, or upset by the carelessness of the men. We divided all our followers into batches of ten on leaving Burao, and gave out a certain provision of water to each party to last for the journey. Noticed fresh ostrich tracks.

January 13th.—Marched from 5.20 to 12.20. Observed aloes for the first time, and the straggly cactus so common on the sides of the mountains leading up to the central plateau. Numbers of bushes bore a small sweet red-coloured berry. The Sultan's men all wanted to return to-day, declaring the arrangement was only for five days, and they wished to count the first day of two and three-quarter hours as one; but we insisted on their going on another day. Observed footprints of a lion on the path, and at night
heard one roar. Noticed two brown-coloured foxes, as well as a few antelope, vultures, and crows. How such a waterless tract supports so much life I am at a loss to understand, and our men declare that for very many miles on either side of our course there is no water whatever at this season. I can only account for it by the dews at night, which are frequently very heavy, saturating everything with moisture.

_January 14th._—The Sultan's camels left us first thing in the morning on their return. Our horses and mules had a good drink before they left, and we took all the water left in our "huntahs," except what they required on their return journey. Our Aden camels, being unaccustomed to go for long without water, were becoming weak, and we had to give them a little. They are, moreover, used to grain every day, and do not take kindly to this coarse dry grass. The camel-path was very tiresome, winding in and out in the most unnecessary manner, and so wasting a great deal of time, as though we were not getting enough of this horrible journey. We came across some incense gum-trees, but did not attempt to collect any specimens for Kew, as they were quite withered. The gum-gatherers followed us, camping with us at night. They did not seem to obtain much gum. Noticed parrots, a dik-dik, and an owl. The earth as we got more south became redder in colour, being very much like red raddle; and as we could not wash, we became horrible-looking objects. We had now reached Ogadayn, we were told; but it is only in the rains
that this part of the country is inhabited. We noticed the fresh marks of some very large antelope; its tracks were fully as large as a cow's, but we were unable to get any particulars about it. Commenced feeding our men on rice and dates, to lighten the loads and save the camels to be killed later on. We killed a whip-snake, which they said was not poisonous. One of the camels was ill and had to go without its load. Marched over seven hours.

January 15th.—The sick camel was unable to proceed; no one seemed to know what ailed it; it appeared paralysed, but looked fat and ate well. The gum-pickers were leaving us, and we left it behind with them. We managed by dint of great efforts to squeeze eight and a quarter hours out of our camels. The men wanted to stop some time earlier, but we rode ahead and said they must follow. No one seems to know where we shall get water, and yet they complain of these "long marches." Shot a very large lizard in a tree, a kind of iguana, also a very curious bird like a woodpecker, but with claws like a parrot. Lort-Phillips espied an eagle pounce on something, and found it was a civet cat, which he bagged. The lesser bustard was common, and there were plenty of tracks of the greater bustard and a few gazelles. The gum-bearing mimosa became plentiful, and we collected some very large pieces of gum-arabic, somewhat resembling ripe apricots in appearance. A considerable quantity of honey was found in a dead tree and obtained by some of the men. Our men had
for some time been amicable enough, but to-night there was a disturbance, and two of the camel-drivers ran at each other with their spears; they were separated, however, before any mischief was done, their weapons taken from them, and each fined a dollar. Our horses are getting very much worn out, and I do not think they would have pulled through at all had it not been for the dew on the grass in the early mornings.

The next morning we started off at 4.30, after distributing lanterns among the people to enable them to load up. The water will not hold out two days. Where are the wells? No one has the least idea. During eight days we have been marching through tropical heat, and have divided one pint of water between five of us for washing purposes. Into this we dipped our faces in turn, and then dipped our hands together, each scooping into his palm what he could of this rich solution of himself and four others.

Ahead we see a misty lake fringed by green trees, but the trees are upside down, so it is only a wretched mirage, with a very feeble deceptive power. As we approach this fraud, we become aware of a thin belt of mimosa, which is distinctly green and real, and we almost dare hope water may be at hand; but the hope is rapidly put aside, for the country beyond is, if possible, more dead and desolate than ever. Later on we are cheered by finding recent rhinoceros tracks, though we cannot venture to follow them, but we shot some Oryx and Walleri.
The presence of rhinoceros suggested the possibility of water within twenty or thirty miles, and we had despatched before we started two runners in the direction of Hodayu, where we knew water-pan existed; whether they still retained any water was a matter of grave doubt. We marched for seven hours and fifty minutes, and pitched our tents near a singularly tall tree, which the natives said was used as a landmark and a post for outlook. The raiding Dolbohani tribes are always on the watch for caravans stopping near the Hodayu pans, and from the way in which the branches of this tree were worn smooth, it was evidently a "crow's-nest" during anxious times.

Few caravans had probably encamped near it under more anxious conditions than ours, and we kept a man in the "crow's-nest" during the whole afternoon to look out for the return of our runners. Towards dusk he reported "two fires in the distance;" so these were clearly made by our own men, or by some of the Dolbohani marauders. Of the latter we had little fear for ourselves, but they might have caught our runners. We therefore sent out scouts in all directions, and strengthened our zariba to make up for shortness of hands. Our condition was very critical if the Hodayu pans were dry. All the "huntahs" were empty, and during the past three days our people had been limited to a pint of water a day, and were suffering in consequence. Even with this meagre allowance some of the more rigid observers of Moslem rites had made a daily pretence of washing by pour-
ing the precious fluid in the palms of their hands and then rubbing them over their limbs.

The sun went down and the fires in the distance burned brighter. The scouts began to drop in one by one, but all without news, and we became more alarmed for the safety of our morning runners. Two men who had been sent in the direction of the fires had not yet returned, and were anxiously awaited. At 8 P.M. we were rejoiced to hear a cry from the "crow’s-nest" that four men were approaching. They were the scouts and the runners. What was the news? Had they found the Hodayu pans? Yes! And water?
No! Nor sign of water? Yes! The pans were quite dry and sun-baked, but after digging down a little through the crust, the mud became soft, and that meant there would be water enough for the men by digging deep. Had they seen signs of people? No—none. They had feared Dolbohantis; and had dodged among the thorns all the way to avoid any chance of meeting them.

There was great shouting and singing with joy in the camp throughout the whole night, but we were too worn out with anxious fatigue to let it interfere with our dreams of running springs.
CHAPTER X.

DIGGING FOR WATER—DEFENSIVE DRILL—THE FIRST OGADAYN
—OUR WEAPONS DESPISED—ARRIVAL AT GERLOGUBY.

We were off the next morning, January 17th, at 4.30, having got under weigh by the light of the lanterns, which we still kept going in front as beacons of hope to all who were behind. An hour before we started, the two runners who knew the road were sent ahead with six other men to dig into the pans, so that there might be some water to refresh our caravan on its arrival. Five hours' hard marching brought us to rocky ground, and another ten minutes led us to the edge of the pan, at which our advanced-guard were digging as best they could. It was the ninth day since leaving the wells at Burao, and we all rushed across the sun-cracked mud to see the result, and timidly peered with thirsting eyes into the holes their sixteen hands had scooped out. Not a sign of water in any of them yet, but the mud was black and almost liquid. We served out every available instrument which could be worked as a spade, and soon had thirty men digging in good earnest. Within an hour twenty wells were going—that is to say, this
number had a thin surface of dark fluid overlying liquid mud. This gradually rose higher, until some of the wells contained a foot of water, if water it could be called. Any way, it was greedily sucked down, and no sooner was one well exhausted than another was started with renewed vigour. It was weary work, but full of excitement, and the result, however nauseous in ordinary times, was salvation now. Some men struck oil, i.e., oily water, within a foot of the surface, while others had to dig down to at least four feet: the lottery was like that of a miner's claim, and reaching fluid was as exciting as striking gold. The man who arrived at a thin layer was in luck, for many claims were abandoned after arduous labour as hopeless; but the man who got a foot's depth of fluid was like the miner who had not only struck a vein of gold, but "struck it rich."

This delving and burrowing had to be conducted with care, for if the sand below the mud were exposed, it immediately sucked up every drop of water collected above it. All day and all night well-digging was continued, and by degrees we were able to partially water the horses and mules and the four Aden camels.

We decided it would be impossible to attempt to recross the Haud until the rains had set in, as we could not expect to obtain on hire extra camels in Ogadayn. We remained here another day, as more water would run into the holes, and enable our men to carry a fair supply away with them in the "huntahs."
Had we been two or three days later, we might have dug down to the primary rocks in vain, for such water as we had been able to get would have been dispersed by the action of the sun. Near the pans we saw some quolquols, resembling weather-beaten Scotch firs, and all the thorn-trees were of large growth and slightly green. Koodoo, gazelles, guinea-fowl, and partridges were plentiful, and we flushed a couple of quail. We also came upon recent elephant tracks, and followed them up as far as we dared under the circumstances, but without success. Around us we heard the frequent bleating of young goats, suggesting "milk;" but the sounds were only produced by mocking-birds, whose notes of imitation were curiously accurate and deceptive.

As the Dolbohanti tribes might have had scouts who would report a possible prize at Hodayu, we made a strong zariba, and kept men on guard all night. We had arranged a simple method by which our riflemen could at the instant of alarm form a complete circle of defence within the zariba. They were numbered 1, 2, 3, and so on. No. 1 was called Mecca, which meant his position would be directly facing the Holy City, towards which every man turns for prayer; No. 2 was always so many paces (according to the size of our camp) to the right of No. 1; No. 3 a similar number of paces to the right of No. 2, and thus, at a given signal, a complete circle of defence was formed, the intervals between the riflemen being filled with the camel-drivers armed with spears.
and swords. In the event of night-attacks, we carried a large magnesium lantern, which cast a brilliant light over the whole zariba, and would enable us to watch the action of our men as well as that of the enemy, and thus bring up help to any point against which a determined attack was directed. In addition to this advantage, it would lend a supernatural effect to the whole of our manœuvres.

Of course we had a "scare" during the night, and our men turned out very smartly. The alarm was caused by the return to camp of some of our people who had gone in search of a truant camel, and their approach had been mistaken for advancing scouts of Dolbohantis. When the laugh was over, one of our Aden men carelessly laid his loaded rifle on the ground, and it went off, as he had often been warned it would, being Martini-Henry pattern. The bullet shaved past a camel-driver, and lodged in a mat-hut, which was fortunately empty.

From Hodayu to the Ogadayn wells, or Gerloguby, as the site they occupy is called, was according to Mahmoud Addah, a two days' journey when we were at Burao. When we reached Hodayu he found it was three days, and now we were leaving Hodayu, he discovered it was four. We asked him whether tomorrow he would come to the conclusion it must be five, but he declared he was right in his last calculation, and we should see the wells in four days. The first of these we marched for seven hours and twenty minutes, through much the same kind of country as
we had left behind, but in one place recognised two depressions which had evidently contained water, and from the first of these about a tea-cupful of black fluid was obtained after much digging. Before we made our camp for the night we crossed a stony tract of land, which was quite a pleasant novelty. So, too, was a hillock about twelve feet high, the first we had seen since entering the desert.

The next day’s march of seven hours began by leading us through a country with actual signs of watercourses, and ended by bringing us to pastures new and absolutely green, and we pitched our tents under a delightful natural arbour. On the way we passed three more pans, and obtained after hard digging enough fluid to give the horses and mules another drink. In one place there was a real layer of water on the surface, which was being sucked up by two Egyptian geese: a couple of shots enabled our men to finish the drink, and we finished the birds at our evening meal, later on. We noticed several graves, and fresh human footprints, which Mahmoud Addah said were made by people who had been travelling in search of an edible red berry which was growing on many of the thorn-trees about us. The graves were surrounded by rough wooden railings, and in their neighbourhood a neat hut had been erected. The days were now very hot and the nights close, so the following morning we only marched six hours and a quarter, and then selected a spot where the grass was green and plentiful. During this journey we noticed crows
Corvus affinis) perched on a distant thorn, and vultures hovering in the air above. Our people at once rushed to the front of the caravan and began stripping off their tobes and winding them round their waists, leaving the upper half of the body quite naked. This was the usual method of preparing for battle. Were they going to fight the crows or the vultures? Neither; but the crows and vultures meant people—Dolbohantis.

We had heard so much of these bugbears, that we were almost glad to think there was now a chance of seeing them; but we were doomed to further disappointment. People there certainly were near the crows and under the vultures, but only three Ogadayn women. They occupied a few huts, and had been deserted by their husbands, who had gone to Gerloguby. For seven days these wretched women had been left with scarcely any food or water, and no fire. We gave them camel’s flesh and matches, and invited them to accompany us to Gerloguby, where we would return them to their truant lords and masters; but this they declined, saying they had been told to look after the huts, and therefore could not leave them. We had scarcely moved off when we came upon a good-looking youth about twenty years of age, carrying some milk. He said his family were at a pan near Hodayu with their camels, and he was taking the milk to some women who had been left in huts close by. We told him we had already sent these ladies a present of camel’s flesh, and that if, after
delivering his milk, he cared to come along with us, he could. To this proposition he readily agreed, but during the afternoon left us, shortly after we had been joined by an Ogadayn man and his wife, who remained with us throughout the night. The evening was marked by a singular duel between two camel-men, who having no artificial weapons about them, used their sharpest natural ones. One was badly bitten through the hand, and the other in the forehead.

Before turning in to rest, we were told that a sub-tribe of the Baha-Wadly were at some wells a short distance from Gerloguby; so we despatched two of the abaus provided by Sultan Owd to interview them. Around us there was fair pasturage, and numerous camels and goats with their attendants, and we were now, doubtless, within a day’s journey of the wells. It is an Ogadayn custom during the dry season to move the flocks and herds north of these wells, as the pasturage in their immediate neighbourhood is greatly taxed by the multitude of camels brought in from all parts to be watered.

On January 22nd—the fourth day from leaving Hodayu—we were on the road early, and the nearer we approached Gerloguby the more desolate was the aspect of the country. However, we were scenting water, and could overlook the dreariness of the dry land. In front of the caravan ran the last of our forty-six sheep. When it came to his turn to die, we all with one accord decided to spare his life, and christened
him "Sultan," in memory of our friend at Burao. He became a great pet with us and with all our men, and was as tame as a dog. Directly the camels were uploaded, he would trot along in front in the most independent manner, as though his particular business was to show us all the way; and during the march he would now and then turn off and follow any guns which had left the caravan in search of guinea-fowl. We brought him back to England with us, and he is still (1888) alive and well. A friend of mine has introduced this breed of fat-tailed sheep into England and the North of Scotland, and finds they thrive well in either climate, and the mutton is of the finest quality.

After marching for six hours, we were joined by two Ogadayn natives, who said they would show us the wells, which were close at hand. They pointed to our guns and asked their use. When we said, "for killing men and beasts," they laughed, and replied "they would be no use against sticks, let alone swords and spears."

A hornbill was sitting on a tree listening to this conversation, and echoed the natives' laugh with an assenting croak of scorn. Lort-Phillips raised his despised firearm, and down fell the lifeless hornbill. Down, too, fell the Ogadayn natives, and remained for some time with their faces pressed against the ground, invoking the protection of the great "Allah."

The character of the ground had changed from dark red earth to light red sand during our last two marches;
ARRIVAL AT GERLOGUBY.

the sand now was being replaced by limestone rocks, and in a few minutes we looked down on a plateau of many acres covered with loose stones and boulders, and bordered by a dense thorn forest. In this plateau the famous Ogadayn wells were dug through solid rock. We had reached Gerloguby at last, and our baggage-camels should now be watered to their stomach's content, and enjoy the rest they had so hardly earned and so thoroughly deserved.

Since leaving Burao, they had, with bad food, carried their burdens 215 miles, travelling for thirteen days without drinking a drop of water.
CHAPTER XI.

RECEPTION AT GERLOGUBY—OUR HEAVENLY DESCENT—THE PRACTICAL RELIGION OF THE SOMAL—WAITING FOR THE CHIEF MEN OF THE DOLLOLS—THEIR ARRIVAL—THE DEMAND FOR 4000 TOBES.

I have said the plateau was covered with loose stones and boulders, but it was also well sprinkled with natives, camels, sheep, and oxen—I should say nearly 500 of the first and 1000 of the others—waiting their turn to be watered. How we were going to be received was the particular point of interest which influenced the moment, and prevented our obtaining a purely pleasurable sensation from the peculiar and striking effect offered by the scene immediately before us. One thing was soon made clear; neither our caravan nor ourselves were expected, and an expression of utter astonishment was written on every face as it watched our descent to the plateau. Evidently the present guardians of the wells were inclined to let us speak first, believing, as we afterwards heard, the white man's caravan had descended from the heavens. Some of our men were at once sent forward with Dualla and Addah to hold a parley, while the others, before unloading the camels, cut down whole thorn-
trees as quickly as they could, and in a marvellously short time established a strong zariba on an open space near the edge of the plateau. During its formation, we sat together on camp-chairs under a large tree, and with extra rifles ready and plenty spare cartridges at hand, watched the effect of the envoys, and the progress of our defensive operations.

Gradually the distant wondering mass dissolved into close admiring groups, a sure sign of deferred hostility, if not of permanent friendliness; so our camel-drivers began to unload their thirsty beasts and lead them to a neighbouring well, while we began to smoke. This established beyond doubt our individual heavenly descent, wherever our followers might have come from. "The pipe was part of ourselves, for how else could our mouths blow forth clouds, which would of course bring down rain?" As succeeding curls of smoke ascended, succeeding groups of natives approached, and followed with straining eyes the mystery of tobacco melting into space. We explained that these "clouds" were not "water-bearers," but only due to plants lighted by harmless "fire-makers," and to prove this one of us struck a match, and lit up a fresh cigarette. Further bewilderment succeeded an illustration I hoped would have ensured applause. "The match had produced lightning, and of course the clouds could produce thunder, so we were 'storm-makers.'"

"Not at all. Had we not said these things were harmless? But we all carried with us what could produce thunder and lightning, and deal death to those
against whom it was directed. Would they care to see?" They did not seem to think they would; but we felt they now understood our desire for peace, and we knew for the moment there was no cause for fear on our side. The larger trees near the plateau were thick with doves, which would add a pleasing variety to our larder. Lort-Phillips, therefore, rose up with his "thunder and lightning and death-dealing machine," and gravely inviting the nearest gaping group to follow him, advanced slowly towards a dove-laden branch.

Flash went the lightning; bang went the thunder, down fell the birds, and away flew the audience. Our own men shrieked with laughter, while Lort-Phillips first picked up his doves, and then offered to pick up some fallen shepherds who were imploring "Allah" to regard their humility and recognition of his almighty power. The continuing peals of laughter from our camp halted the general stampede, and before long were echoed by the returning crowd, in derision of their own kin who had fallen down to pray, instead of running off while they had the chance.

Such is the practical religion of the wilder Somal. If he thinks there be no chance left but prayer, or that it may increase his chance, he prays, and if he is proved to have wasted time which might have been better spent in avoiding the necessity for prayer, expects to be laughed at. Those nearest to Lort-Phillips fell down and appealed to "Allah;" those farthest from him trusted their heels would carry them beyond the immediate effect of the thunder and light-
ning, and therefore beyond the radius which required the despised invocation of their god.

Sir Richard Burton mentions a story of the chief of the Berteri tribe which illustrates the value placed on any evidence of real trust in "Allah" by the average Somal. Some unarmed pilgrims were met by this chief, who asked them why they had left their weapons at home. "We are trusters in 'Allah'!" replied the pilgrims, as they entered a hut where a good meal had been prepared for their entertainment. When they had well eaten, the Berteri chief came hurriedly to the door, declaring that his soothsayer ordered him at once to sacrifice a pilgrim to "Allah," and begging them to lose no time in selecting the victim. Aghast, they drew lots, and gave over one of their number. The chief placed him in a separate hut, and having dyed a sword with sheep's blood, returned demanding a second life. Immediately the pilgrims rose en masse, and fled so rapidly, that the chief with all his cavalry had great difficulty in recovering them. Then he laughed at them for preferring to trust in "Allah" rather than in swords and spears, and finally dismissed them with advice and liberal presents. Burton also states that the Somalis have been known to ask where "Allah" can be found, as some of them would like to catch him and spear him on the spot, for having laid waste their homes and killed their wives and cattle.

Those who pray regularly do so because it was the custom of their fathers; because it is considered respectable; and because, if it brings no good, it
ought to bring no harm. Sudden prayers are let off with great fervour during moments of anxiety, in the possibility of their affording some relief to feelings in a state of tension. In contradistinction to the prevailing custom in civilised communities, public prayer is almost confined to the male part of the population.

This is not because the ladies are in any way prohibited from taking part in such ceremonies, but merely because they rarely seem to have any inclination to do so; and it is no uncommon thing to hear them say they much prefer to let their husbands pray for them.
THE FEMALE HEAD-DRESS.

Now, in the event of bonnets being introduced in Somali-land, and becoming a representative import in its “trade of the future,” I shall expect to find the ceremony of public worship even more largely attended by the women than by the men. I am sure Hubla, the Virgin, would have proved quite irresistible in a real Parisian bonnet, instead of failing to obtain a single offer of marriage during the whole journey. She had a strongly-marked countenance, and plenty of it; and though in need of a little “lighting up,” it was perfectly capable of carrying off the requisite number of plumes and stuffed birds, which is, I believe, the most fashionable form of head-dress now in vogue.

A missionary might consider the opening offered by this country for an improved and rapidly-increasing congregation through the introduction of an article so simple and yet so complex as the European bonnet. I absolve myself from any charge of irreverence being warranted by this suggestion, when I recollect that an earnest and prominent member of a religious sect declared he would like to preach a sermon standing on his head; the novelty of this position would, he felt sure, induce a larger congregation to listen while the pearls of salvation dropped from his mouth, and some, perhaps many, would be gathered up and treasured by sinners who would never have been attracted towards them by the ordinary upright method of preaching. Before leaving the subject of the Somals’ respect and disrespect for their “Allah,” I
will quote two more examples mentioned by Burton. At one time, when he reproached some natives who were gambling, and asked them how they dared indulge in this forbidden pleasure, they simply replied, "Because we like." Another time, while encamped among the Eesa tribe, he heard an elderly female, who was suffering from severe toothache, giving forth loud lamentation, and the refrain of her groans was "Oh, 'Allah'! may thy teeth ache like mine! Oh, 'Allah'! may thy gums be sore as mine are."

So far we had no cause to complain of our reception, but the fact of our not having been expected accounted for the presence of only a few hundred natives at the wells, who were all more or less engaged in the occupation of watering and guarding the herds and flocks. The news of our arrival would rapidly spread, and we should, of course, be interviewed by a representative part of the Ogadayn population before long. During the rest of the day we remained inside our zariba, objects of untiring interest to hundreds of eyes peering through the thorn-hedge, and wondering at everything they saw, from the pitching of the tents to the laying of the dinner-cloth and the service of the table.

By way of encouraging belief in our avowed good intentions, we invited one or two natives in at a time, and allowed them to wander about among the baggage and converse with our own men before returning to their friends. As darkness came on, all drew away to their homes, driving off the camels and the
flocks to the nearest pastures, and by nightfall we were left to dispute the possession of the wells with the hyænas, who came to lap at the pools of water around their openings.

For these we lay in ambush, concealed by the shallow pits which lead to the well's mouth, and having shot several, laid their carcases near our zariba, where they could be inspected by the natives who returned the following morning. They would then realise the death-dealing power of our weapons was not confined to the slaughter of small birds; and the destruction of the hyænas would be hailed with delight, since these creatures inflict serious losses on the natives, by destroying not only numerous sheep and camels, but even children. The spotted variety of hyæna here is large, and often bold enough to attack cattle under the eyes of their keepers. One of the specimens we shot was so heavy that it required the united efforts of four natives to carry its carcase a few dozen yards.

The following day the carcases were inspected by a mixed multitude of armed shepherds, a few of whom we interviewed with the idea of inducing them to sell us sheep and oxen, but without success. They hoped we would kill all the hyænas who ate up their cattle without paying for them, but would not let us buy what the hyænas might have stolen until their chiefs arrived. Although warned against leaving the zariba, we were obliged to venture out a short distance in search of guinea-fowl, or our larder would have
been empty. We therefore sent away two guns at a time, which were protected by a well-armed escort. The chiefs would, of course, come "to-morrow;" but the "to-morrow" only witnessed the arrival of more shepherds, who, like the others, awaited the instructions of their absent leaders. This condition of doubt and inactivity lasted four days, and by that time the guinea-fowl had been driven beyond the point to which we could venture even with the strongest escort we could spare, as rumours of impending hostility were afloat in all directions.

On the fifth day a cow and a camel were sent in from one of the abans' relatives as a "present," and on the morning of the sixth the political atmosphere became very mixed. Some notabilities had evidently appeared at last, and the arrival of two cows and another camel seemed to justify the prospect of fair weather. But a cloud arose in the form of a hostile priest, who, with lifted spear, denounced us with all his might and main, and urged the people to no longer withhold their hands from slaying the strange infidels who had come to take their country.

This made the outlook ominous, for though at first the cloud was no bigger than one man's hand, it was already growing, and great groups were separating from the general throng of natives round us, until the period of earnest "pow-wow" had fairly set in. It lasted till the sun was high, and then the decision was made known to us. We were to prove our good intentions by handing over 4000 tobos, or their
equivalent, which was tantamount to a demand of our whole equipment, including camels, horses, mules, and provisions.

There was no occasion to remain long in council over the only answer we could return to this monstrous demand; the chief thing was to let it be short and decisive. So we sent back a message requiring those who insisted on the tribute of 4000 tobes being exacted to come and take it; and by way of making that task as difficult as possible, we sent out a special fatigue-party to cut down more thorns for the further strengthening of our zariba.
CHAPTER XII.

THE DOLLOLS AND OUGASS ELMI—A BLOODLESS VICTORY—
SETTLEMENT WITH THE DOLLOLS—SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS—
ABDEELLA'S MARRIAGE—DEPARTURE FROM GERLOGUBY.

A careful interrogation of Dualla, who squatted at
the tent door and drew cabalistic figures on the sand,
led to our being informed that the demand for the
4000 tobes was made by the chiefs of the Rer Dollols,
the most important of the five sub-tribes of the Baha-
Wadly. It was for the decision of these chiefs the
shepherds had been waiting before selling us any of
their herds and flocks, as when the news of our caravan's arrival first reached their chiefs, they believed the white men were only accompanied by the Ayal Achmet, who are the brokers and usurers of the coast, and had in consequence told the people to at once rise up and slay their kinsmen, but to spare us for later consideration. When, however, they heard that these followers were chiefly Habr Yunis, and that the Ayal Achmet were not even represented, and learned, moreover, that men whose names were known to them acted as our conductors, they changed the order of immediate slaughter into one apparently framed with an idea of starving us into handing over without blows the richest caravan "Allah" had hitherto delivered into the hands of the mighty Dollols. Dualla also disclosed his firm conviction that the Dollols had large reinforcements of their own close at hand, in addition to allies from the neighbouring tribe, the Ougass Elmi, who were rich in mounted warriors of great prowess, and he wound up by expressing a fear that these centaurs were even now within hail, and prepared to back up the demand for an instant delivery of the 4000 pieces of cloth or their equivalent.

I glanced from the gloom which had settled on Dualla's countenance towards Lort-Phillips, hoping to gather a gleam of sunshine from his usual radiance; but the light of pleasure had died out of his eyes, now busy searching the horizon through a field-glass for sign of Ougass Elmi. My brother, who took charge of all our precious merchandise, had slowly retired to
the door of his sleeping-tent, wherein he kept one cherished box of specially assorted trinkets, beads, and beauteous silks, and was leaning on his rifle like a dejected Ajax about to defy any plundering Dollol who might dare to touch his treasures. Aylmer, whose powers of original abuse had been I thought quite exhausted by the Eesa Moussa strain already placed upon them, proved in forcible language how very feebly I had grasped the depth of his resources; while the Doctor loudly proclaimed his capacity for operating upon the most desperate wounds with untiring zeal, as long as they might be confined to the members of the Dollol and Ougass Elmi tribe of robbers.

Old Mahmoud Addah was so hoarse with indignation that it was impossible to make out whether he was struggling with a prayer, a curse, or a mere endeavour to explain his view of the situation; while Abdeella approached me with a Mephistophelian grimace and begged the loan of four good tobos, as he wished to take to himself a bride from the Rer Dollols, and was anxious to make her father an immediate present.

This was Abdeella “all over;” in a way he was the cleverest of our three head-men, and as crafty as an American Jew of Dutch extraction. He had anxiously watched the growing of the clouds, and through the proposed alliance by marriage hoped to keep a dry skin when the storm burst. We sent him off with a curt reply to the effect that the present time was not
suitable for marrying or giving in marriage, and that for the moment he must guard the gate of the zariba as jealously as though it were his favourite wife, and see that no strangers approached too near. Our zariba was separated from the dense thorn cover by a wide expanse of ground, which was stony and only lightly dotted with small mimosa bushes; so from a strategical point of view, our position was by no means a bad one. An enemy, mounted or on foot, could not approach within fifty to a hundred yards on either side, without being exposed to the full effect of our rifles, and though we had not done much in the way of teaching our army to shoot straight, we had made them thoroughly understand the advantage to be gained by firing low.

Before long the glint of spears high above the thorns made us sound the tocsin, calling every man to his post, except those who were far away guarding the camels and horses, and these, in the event of any serious attack, would have a fair chance of saving themselves by flight. The fresh arrival of spears was borne by a mounted troop of some fifty warriors, who emerged from the distant cover in close order, and cautiously paraded round our zariba at a respectful distance, which was probably suggested by a few shots we sent over their heads by way of "salute." During this manœuvre, and under the belief that the newcomers were only the advanced-guard of a much larger force, we served out all our extra guns and rifles, with a liberal amount of spare rounds of ammunition, and
placed the elephant-guns in the hands of our strongest men, after giving them all necessary caution. We could depend upon our men not to fire without the word of command, and of course we had determined to reserve that until there could be no possible doubt as to an attack being intended.

Suddenly the advance squadron became lost in the thicket, but almost immediately charged out with the whole cavalry of the Ougass Elmi, numbering several hundreds, followed by a far greater mass of infantry who represented the warriors of the Dollols. With loud yells and wild gesticulation they galloped up to within twenty-five yards of our zariba, hurling their spears and recovering them without dismounting. Then wheeling to the right and left, they completely encircled us, as though preparing for a dash in; then, as if by sudden change of order, galloped away in sections towards the thorn cover, whooping and screaming and destroying innumerable imaginary foes, while the infantry lifted up their yells of applause, and, like a trained chorus, kept well at the back of the stage. The whole scene was earnest, picturesque, and exciting, and we were able to watch it without a too keen anxiety after the dash by section was made in the direction opposite to our stronghold.

They had evidently hoped to carry us by storm, but finding we were fully prepared to meet them, and having heard something of the effect of “fire-makers,” had thought fit to change the original programme of attack for a provisional one of “demonstration.”
Their next manœuvre made this still more apparent, for a band of gaudy warriors, mounted on gaily decked ponies, halted within a dozen yards of our zariba, and sent forward a spokesman, who called upon us to come out and witness a "fantasia" arranged "in our honour."

We did not need Dualla's urgent appeal to allow no man out or in before we decided to decline this invitation, and we shouted back our admiration at their prowess, and our proposal to at once rival their exhibition of strength by showing them that our strange weapons rendered us in effect no less mighty than themselves. They replied by asking us to postpone any return compliment until their orator had addressed all the warriors in our hearing, and also "in our honour," so that we might know how great and terrible were the deeds of the combined forces of the Rer Dollols and Ougass Elmi. This, in language not ornamented with the bows and ribbons of falsehood and deceit, meant they wanted us to be convinced they were quite capable of taking without any difficulty the tribute of 4000 tobes they had already demanded. To this arrangement we consented, and cavalry and infantry were before long collected near a neighbouring tree, under whose shelter the mounted orator started on an oration which occupied him for very nearly an hour before we decided to try and limit its duration.

This was one of the longest and hottest hours I think we ever endured. It would have been unwise
to leave our separate posts, and the direct rays of a merciless mid-day sun were playing havoc with a patience which is perhaps the most necessary requisite for success in African travel.

The oration was chaunted in the same dull monotone adopted by rival orators we had heard before, and, as usual, dealt with the deeds of awful daring accomplished by the present tribes, which made them the only invincible and ever-to-be-dreaded representatives of the great Somal race. During any particular flight in the poet's imagination which might have raised a smile of doubt among our people, a batch of warriors would dash away on their ponies, and after killing a few thousands in the air through which they passed, by way of proof or illustration, returned triumphant amidst great greetings of applause. Not a syllable was said about us, though of course the whole oration aimed at producing the effect of an intimidation; but it fell flat, for before it was half over our men were telling each other that these great invincibles would only talk the words of war, but would never dare to attack as long as they saw we were prepared to resist. We felt they were quite right, and determined to cut short the epic of the Homeric Ougass Elmi by announcing our intention to make a counter-demonstration in honour of our visitors.

The signal to "fire high" was given, and for the next few minutes we rent the air with continued volleys from our whole battery of shot-guns, sporting rifles, Martini-Henry carbines, Winchesters, and ele-
phant-rifles, while the camel-men kept up a chorus of yelling and screaming which filled any gaps occasioned by reloading. Of course every man fired in the air, but when the smoke cleared away, it seemed, for the moment, as though they had been making good practice at an enemy.

Dollols and Ougass Elmi strewed the ground between our zariba and the thicket, while riderless steeds were careering about in all directions. The tree under which the orator had vaunted the valour of the thousand unconquerable heroes by which he was then surrounded, was now casting a pleasing shade over a few prone figures, and of the host who came to enforce the demand of 4000 tobes, there were no longer within sight enough upright men to carry the bare weight of the tribute on their shoulders.

By degrees a few hundreds came back in small detachments, but only to wonder and to "pow-wow" at a safe distance; and before the sun went down the dauntless army of the Dollol and Ougass Elmi tribes had departed by the way they came, and apparently left further negotiations to the more peaceful shepherds, with whom we had done our best to make friends during the past six days, chiefly spent in that "masterly inactivity" which is engendered by mutual doubt and sense of insecurity.

Needless to say we were satisfied with the negative result of our day's performance, for we felt we had learnt what would prove of great value to us during our further efforts to penetrate the country. The
people we had just dealt with were at least as powerful as any we would be likely to meet, and their tactics were such as could be considered in fair probability to exemplify those which might be adopted by other tribes of the same race through which we would have to pass. Our analysis of these tactics resolved themselves into these three progressive stages:—

(i.) The determination to decide whether our visit was openly hostile before showing any definite front, and to depend upon the shepherds' report for information as to our apparent strength, value, and intention.

(ii.) The determination—after satisfying themselves that we were professedly "peace-people and rich in coveted goods"—to strip our whole caravan, if they could, without risking a blood-feud with the various tribes to which our followers belonged; and, if they could not, to stand the consequence of such feud, subject to the attack on our caravan involving no chance of defeat or serious loss to themselves.

(iii.) The determination to try the effect of "bounce" when they felt it unwise to venture on the chance of battle.

The decision to refuse at once an extortionate demand, coupled with our caution in being prepared to act up to that decision, had so far won for us a bloodless victory, and the opportunity was before us to follow up our action by a fair offer of peace, with reasonable proof of our honesty in desiring friendship. On the principle that those who are anxious for peace
must be always prepared for war, we arranged a special system of night-watches, and determined for the future we should do well to sleep in our boots.

While our experience had taught us to fear little by day, when a hostile force could realise we were fully prepared to resist an attack, it had also taught us to fear everything by night, if a hostile force believed we were capable of being rushed unawares with impunity—a favourite method of action among all Somalis. Therefore we arranged frequent reliefs of the night-watch, which we now increased from two to four, and ordered them to keep up a continuous chant, and to fire off a rifle at intervals of every fifteen minutes. By this means an enemy lying in ambush would be puzzled to know how many in our camp slept, and how many remained awake; and to puzzle the hostile Somali is the surest way to make him avoid risking his skin over an “off-chance.” If future explorers of this country will only make a point of accepting no overture of friendship which involves a belief in native rectitude of purpose sufficient to justify the laying aside of reasonable precaution, I believe we shall hear no more harrowing details of “another disaster during an effort to explore Somali-land.”

Up to our present experience in the Ogadayn country, we had been fairly cautious; after it, we became, perhaps, unfairly suspicious; but if so, I think we only erred on the side of safe judgment. The history of efforts to penetrate Somali-land, is (as has already been shown) full of all that makes one sad in
the thought of valuable lives sacrificed to no useful purpose. Count Porro's expedition was cut to pieces through its sense of chivalry, and Lort-Phillips' servant, Girghis, who should have known enough about the Somalis to have represented a voice of warning, was slaughtered with the rest. I am sure future explorers will do well to consider the full value which attaches to Lord Aberdare's reference to the "hostile disposition and uncertain temper of the Somali tribes having hitherto offered an invincible obstacle to the exploration of their country by Europeans." * We thoroughly endorse his remarks; but at the same time would venture to supplement them by saying our experience has taught us to believe that a European expedition, sufficiently equipped and cautiously conducted, may now explore the whole length and breadth of the land without expecting to encounter the insuperable disappointment and disasters which have attended all enterprises previous and subsequent to ours. Even Sir Richard Burton's proposed expedition was broken up by a "surprise," for which a belief in native integrity had rendered his camp quite unprepared.

"Verily fear is divided," is a well-known proverb among the Arabs; and during the night which closed upon the adventures of our first active day at Gerloguby we all remained for many hours under arms. We had no idea of the whereabouts of our demonstrative visitors, for they had vanished no less suddenly

* Annual Address on the Progress of Geography, 1884-85, by the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare, F.R.S., President.
than they had appeared; but as the thorn thicket by which we were encircled would completely hide an unlimited host of foes who might make a sudden rush under cover of darkness, we allowed the comfortable sense of "readiness" to overcome the lassitude of reaction which suggested sleep. How far it would have been obtainable under the license we had given to our men to make night hideous, I cannot pretend to say. I only know that the license was utilised to an extent which, in after days, often made sleep impossible, when we felt far more anxious to court it than we did at present.

During this particular night even "Sultan," the sheep, seemed to share our restlessness, as though he realised his future chance of avoiding the usual fate of his kind depended upon our disposition to remain awake to the dangers by which he was encompassed. But the night passed without our vigilance being rewarded by any scare, and the distant moaning of the hyænas all round our zariba made it most probable that the braves of the Dollol and Ougass Elmi tribes had retired to their various villages for such further counsel as the events of the day made requisite.

During the evening we carefully inspected the wells, which were doubtless excavated long ago by the Gallas; they are hewn out of the solid rock, and some seventy or eighty feet in depth. The present inhabitants of the country have neither energy nor appliances to sink such wells. All day long, from sunrise until far into the night, the natives draw
water by means of a long rope with a skin-bucket attached, as at Burao. The water is then poured into wooden troughs roughly hewn out of the trunks of trees, and the camels crowd round and drink it as fast as it can be drawn. They arrive in long strings, the foremost always having a roughly-made wooden bell round its neck—a custom I never observed before.

The following day the number of natives that surrounded the zariba had increased very much, and Dualla and Mahmoud Addah strongly advised our taking the initiative, and giving them something to eat. Accordingly, when we were told a sufficient number of important people had assembled to consult as to who they should give us as abans, we sent them a present of a fat camel. At first they refused the gift, saying they ought to give us a present. Mahmoud translated this by explaining that many of the people had come a long distance, and had brought no cooking-pots, and we had better kill and cook the camel, sending them some of the flesh, to which we agreed.

Camel's flesh is considered by Somalis as the greatest of delicacies. This is evidently no new taste among natives, as is evidenced by Hakluyt, who, writing as long ago as the very beginning of the seventeenth century, gives the following quaint description of the camel:—"They have many camels also, which, being young, are eaten of the people for victuals, and being old, they are used for carriage of necessities. Whose property is, as he is taught to kneel at the taking of
his load, and the unlading again; of understanding very good, but of shape very deformed; with a little belly, long misshapen legs, and feet very broad of flesh, without a hoof, all whole saving the great toe; a back bearing up like a molehill, a large and thin neck, with a little head, with a bunch of hard flesh which Nature hath given him in his breast to lean upon. The beast liveth hardly, and is contented with straw and stubble; but of strong force, being well able to carry five hundredweight."

We knew that we should have to give some of the Baha-Wadly chiefs presents, but were appalled to find that each of the five sub-tribes would expect something. Who the chiefs were I never could make out. In fact, I believe there are no great chiefs among these people, and this must always render travelling among them very troublesome, as the chief or chiefs for the time being are constantly changing. As the most important sub-tribe was the Rer Dollol, we were advised to take our abans from them. When passing through Trieste on my way out, Sir Richard Burton gave me a small pamphlet that had just been published at Algiers by Gabriel Ferrand, a Frenchman, on the Somalis. In it he states there are twelve tribes in Ogadayn; that each elects a Ugaz or chief, and that these twelve Ugaz united elect a supreme chief, and that the present man is named Omar Hosein, and belongs to the Halangoor tribe. This is not the case, as we conclusively proved by our travels.

The priests were of course the important people to
conciliate, but it was some time before we could get hold of any of the older ones; those we interviewed at first were young, and presumably only in deacon’s orders. Some asked Dualla why he, a Mussulman, had come into the country with Christians, when it was contrary to the Koran to do so. Dualla said he would fetch the sacred book, and they could point out where such a sentiment was expressed, which raised a laugh against the priests among the people. When the elders arrived a little later, we gave them Korans, and drew their attention to the fact that we were bringing them their own Bible. It seemed to please them greatly, and they muttered prayers, in which those standing round joined. Dualla declared that one old priest invoked Allah’s blessing on us, but I felt doubts as to the truth of this statement.

We next explained our good intentions and desire to be allowed to pass through their country without further delay, and before the evening the matter was settled on satisfactory terms. We handed over one out of the twenty-one bales of mixed goods left for general distribution, and divided the best part of another among the most important chiefs, in addition to presenting them with a few pieces of silk. From the moment this settlement was effected we were supposed to be free from any further risk of an attack; but though we moved about in frequent search for distant game, we were always cautious enough to take a fairly strong personal escort in case of treachery.

We now opened our gates to all patients and to
small batches of visitors, and had sheep or camels brought to us for sale or barter. We explained the use of our camp equipment, and proved that the boxes and packing-cases the natives thought were full of silver and gold and coveted tobes of special make, only contained what was of value to us, and of no value to them. We brought our collection of children's toy-books, and displayed their gaudy plates in a way which, however ludicrous to us, appeared highly satisfactory to them; and when we showed the coloured drawings of the various wild animals they were able to recognise, each beast was greeted with a round of applause most gratifying to the artist, and an effort to imitate the creature's peculiarities of cry or movement. Indeed, after receiving our first batch of more important visitors, each succeeding one requested to see the picture-books before wanting to be shown anything else.

We were told that the Dollols heard all about the effort of the messengers, sent by Major Hunter, to stop us at Burao, and that when these rascals returned to the coast, they had sent letters to the priests in Ogadayn, saying word had come from Mecca urging the people to stop us, as the English had lately killed a great many Moslems (this referred to the British expedition in the Soudan), and that we intended to take their country, and were only the advance-guard of an army that was coming to devastate the whole land.

A religious element was thus infused with their former arguments against our progress, and we were
assured that these letters had gone ahead of us to the Webbe. Indeed, one man who lived on the road to the river warned us through Dualla we must not attempt to pass his way.

We explained how these messages had been invented by the Ayal Achmet tribe, who were their enemies as well as ours, for "did they not rob all caravans sent from Ogadayn to the coast by their excessive usury?" And we did our utmost to assure them of the peaceable object in our travel, and of our desire to pay liberally for everything supplied to us; but at the same time made clear our resolve to resist every extortionate demand from other tribes, just as we had resisted theirs.

Discussions with the people were endless; sometimes Dualla was up talking to them throughout the night. All Somalis are tremendous talkers, and much given to midnight palavers, and our own men would frequently sit up talking until the most unearthly hours, and making the camp a perfect Babel. Our inquiries about the river-routes were numerous but unproductive. All that we could definitely gather was, that when we reached the Webbe we should find the inhabitants most treacherous. "They would appear friendly to your face, and would endeavour to reach your spine with a spear directly the back was turned." We were, moreover, informed that if inflammatory letters from the coast had reached them, they were not the people to miss the opportunity for treachery they invited and excused.
On this account, I thought it well to address another
communication to Major Hunter, which I gave to a
Habr Tdjaleh trader, who was travelling to the coast;
in it I referred to our anxious time at Gerloguby, and
clearly pointed out the danger his action had caused,
and was still likely to cause us. I also told him about
the messengers being the initiators of inflammatory
letters having preceded us to Ogadayn, in which the
natives had been urged to kill us all, and brought to
his notice the fact of Government telegrams sent in
cypher having been translated for the benefit of the
people in the bazaar at Berbera. I concluded my
letter in the following words:—"I think there can be
no reasonable doubt that had the Government tele-
grams been kept private, no cabal in Berbera would
have resulted in such active measures of hostility
against an English party. Of course, it is only too
obvious that our danger is the result of some official
indiscretion, which it may or may not be too late to
remedy. Still, every possible effort will doubtless be
made for your sake, as well as for our own."

During the time we had considered ourselves located
in a metaphorical hornet's nest at Gerloguby, a veri-
table hornet had been quietly building a neat little
private nest between the post and valance of our
largest tent. We watched the progress with great
interest, and were careful not to interfere until we had
to strike our camp. One day the hornet was noticed
to be particularly busy with an object much larger
than himself, and submitted to a close inspection with-
out appearing to be in the least degree put out. The occupation, which evidently engrossed its whole being, was the insertion of a stout caterpillar through the narrow aperture which formed the door of his house. Having captured the suitable grub, it had probably deposited an egg in some part of its interior, and the prospect of successful hatching was only dependent, from the hornet's point of view, upon the success of its present efforts. I think it would have given them up had it known the slip between the cup and the lip entailed by our intention to leave Gerloguby as soon as we could, and to pack up all our tents before doing so. It worked for nearly half a day before it had
hidden the last segment of the caterpillar, an appreciable slice out of the time appointed for a hornet's existence, and for this labour we knew there could be no reproductive result. But the hornet only knew it was doing its best, and, like human beings who do the same, had to leave the rest to Providence.

Everything seemed to be going on well, and we hoped to make a start on the morning of February 1st. We were told, however, that a messenger was not far off with letters from Berbera, so we decided to wait until the afternoon. Time wore on, and no one came, and the whole thing seemed a hoax. In the meanwhile we had a great disturbance with our Aden men, and the camp was one howl from sunrise to sunset.

A large deputation of "soldiers" and camel-drivers arrived, headed by Ali Magag and Dualla Owad, two men who, during the whole expedition, were constantly giving trouble. They began by saying they had left their camels, wives, &c., at Aden, entirely to please us; that their work was too hard, including as it did plucking guinea-fowl and washing cooking-pots; that the country we had passed through was bad, but that where we were going was worse. All this was to lead up to the great and general complaint—*food*, which they said was insufficient. It was all nonsense, of course, and two bullocks and a camel had been killed during the last forty-eight hours. We told them their complaint was most unreasonable and ridiculous, and mentioned Ali Magag and Dualla Owad as the two most troublesome men we had, informing these
gentlemen that if they mixed themselves up again in any more such disturbances, we should dismiss them at once, and let them find their way back to their country as best they could. We further said that any men who were dissatisfied could return at once to the coast. This rather astonished them, and brought them to their senses; but the whole day long they were divided up into groups talking noisily, and the end of it was, that instead of making a start in the afternoon, as we hoped to do, we had to defer it.

So many of the camel-drivers had remained in camp to make their complaints, that an insufficient number had gone out to look after the camels while feeding. The result was two were stolen, and one had strayed or was stolen the day before, which made us three short. It was a boisterous day, and in the evening, as though we had not had enough of it, a dispute took place between two of the camel-drivers about a tobe. The whole camp seemed to join in, and spears and swords were drawn; but the fuss soon ended in smoke, as usual, as far as fighting was concerned, although they continued to wrangle for hours.

Shortly after this Abdeella again announced his intention of getting married, and, as he explained, "entirely for our benefit," and again asked for four tobes to clench the bargain, which were now given him. He declared he was going to lead to the altar the daughter of an important Ogadayn personage, and that it would be of great aid to us in travelling through the country. He had no wish or intention
to take the young lady to the coast, and he already had three wives in different parts, but he intended returning to the country to trade, when, I suppose, he would revisit her. Before we finally quitted the country for the coast, he informed us she was in an interesting condition, which seemed to cause him much satisfaction.

We hoped the next day we should see the last of Gerloguby; but alas! our hopes were doomed to disappointment. Dualla thought that unless great efforts were made to recover the camels, the people would think we were very careless about our property, and that it would lead to fresh losses. Accordingly, we sent a number of our men, with some of the Ogadayn, to spend the day in searching for them. They returned at sunset unsuccessful, and we contented
ourselves by promising presents to some Baha-Wadly if they would find them during our absence.

The morning of February 3rd witnessed the break-up of our camp at Gerloguby; and we were all only too glad to follow in the track of our pet Sultan, who was trotting away among the thorns well ahead of the caravan, as though he knew every inch of the road, and would get us to the banks of the Webbe in less than no time, if we would only decide to "come along," and leave the making of the pace entirely to him.
CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE ROAD TO FAF—A SCENE AMONG THE LADY-HELPS—FAF—ARRIVAL OF THE CHIEF PRIEST—THE PURCHASE OF CORN—FRIENDLY RELATIONS ESTABLISHED—ON THE ROAD TO THE WEBBE.

A journey of five and a half hours through monotonous thorns, intersected by the first real watercourse we had seen since leaving Burao, led us to an open space where some natives were digging out a chocolate-coloured peat, which the camels were supposed to enjoy as an agreeable change of diet. Clouds had been gathering during the morning, and the air was charged with moisture, which made the heat most oppressive, and before we camped for the rest of the day even Sultan had shown signs of lagging. At sunset relief came in the form of a heavy downpour of rain, which lasted three hours, and was not at all relished by our natives, who preferred any amount of heat to the unaccustomed sensation of a wet tobe.

The following day we crossed a sandy prairie surrounded by zaribas. Here some wells named Tagabayn had been excavated, and as the water was good, we refilled our vessels. The country seemed, if possible, more desolate than ever, and we did not see the
faintest sign of pasturage. The ground was alive with bright scarlet ticks, and it was hopeless to remain in any spot which offered the least shade for rest and luncheon without being prepared to welcome myriads of these pests. In the distance we noticed wavy land, which here and there assumed the nearest likeness to hills we had seen since leaving Buroa. This distinction in the geological configuration of the country led us to hope we might fall in with some new game before long; but beyond bustard, guinea-fowl, and partridges, there appeared to be none.

We were approaching the district called Faf, wherein dwelt that mighty host of priests we dreaded, and were most anxious to impress favourably if we could. It was with no small satisfaction, therefore, we heard that a native coming from the neighbourhood had told some of our men we were quite expected, and might look forward to a welcome. The evening passed in the peaceful occupations of map-making, letter-writing, &c., until an interruption occurred in the form of a loud mingling of voices, which fell upon our ears as strange. Before we could leave the tent, shrieks in high trebles were only partially toned down by shouts of derision in deep basses, and we emerged upon the first quarrel scene in which our lady-helps had as yet played any part.

In this, their débüt, all seemed to be principals, and the surrounding male audience derived the utmost enjoyment from the performance they were witnessing. Our arrival acted as a signal for the retirement in
tears of one of the "leads" known by the name of "Fatty," and with her exit the curtain fell.

From such inquiries as we made, we gathered no definite information, but Mahmoud Addah remarked that "Fatty" had been having it too much her own way lately, and that "ladies should be frequently scolded, and even beaten, else they were apt to become unmanageable." We thought the same system might be more advantageously applied to men, if by "unmanageable" Addah meant us to understand "quarrelsome;" for up to the present our lady-helps had never raised their voices in anything but pleasant laughter, which accounted for the sounds we had just heard being quite novel to us.

During the day we had been passed by numerous bands of mounted men riding in the direction of Faf, and as they vouchsafed to us no greeting, we were rather suspicious of the motives of their journey. No one, however, seemed able to enlighten us, and a small caravan belonging to the abans, which joined ours during the course of the evening, reported more horsemen following in our route. Before retiring to rest for the night, Dualla paid us a special visit of warning, in which he said we were not to believe about the friendly disposition of the people at Faf, for he had received information which led him to expect the exact opposite. The priests had received the letters from Berbera inciting them to wipe us off the face of the land, and had in consequence called together the Midgan hirelings by whom they were
surrounded, who had now collected to test their bows and poisoned arrows against our "fire-makers." This was most disagreeable information, which we hesitated to accept as trustworthy; but Dualla, who was in a nervous condition, assured us we should have to be very careful in our movements, and that an extra strong night-watch was an immediate necessity. Of course we had no objection to offer to any extra precaution, though we hoped Dualla had been misinformed; but we knew how reliable his judgment and instinct had proved, and how rarely he showed signs of being unduly anxious; so we were not disposed to look upon his suspicions as representing those of a mere alarmist.

We all slept in full armour as usual, but the night passed as quietly as it could under the conditions involved by an extra guard, which included an almost unceasing chant, varied every half-hour with one or two rifle reports by way of showing "the camp was awake." The next day witnessed a five and a half hours' march, which brought us within one journey of the priests' stronghold at Faf. Before pitching our tents in an open place opposite some wells, called Marayde, we had passed through a patch of close country containing trees larger than any we had seen since leaving the Tug Dayr. The whole of this district was named Nooreh, after some six or seven wells contained in it.

We noticed hard by several tombs enclosed by fences fashioned out of boughs interlaced with mat-
fibre, which formed a sort of cemetery, with a chapel represented by a thorn hut placed in the centre of a miniature zariba. This structure was erected as a permanent house of prayer, though why in this particular neighbourhood we were unable to learn. Near this point we first fell in with the vulturine species of guinea-fowl (*Numida Vulturina*) then mingling with the commoner variety, but farther south they appeared to have the monopoly of their race.

While we remained in camp another squadron passed us, but they were no more communicative than those who preceded them. During the day Dualla received conflicting reports about the people at Faf, and now thought it quite possible they might be collecting for the settlement of some affairs of their own. We recommended, however, that our abans should be sent forward at once; so we fitted them out with new tobes to enable them to arrive in state. One was married to a daughter of the chief aban we obtained from Sultan Owd, and another was under personal obligations to Mahmoud Addah, who acted as his friend when he was anxious to visit Aden, and had difficulty in obtaining permission from the authorities to do so. We therefore felt our reputation was in friendly hands, who would do their best to remove any effect which might have resulted from the receipt of inflammatory letters sent forward by the Ayal Achmet from Berbera.

Before the abans left we had a fresh variety of dis-
turbance in camp, in which our head-men were solely involved. It was a very mixed affair, and we were quite unable to fathom its intricacies. Dualla declared Abdeella was playing the traitor by inciting the men to mutiny, and trying to tamper with the abans; while Abdeella assured us of his integrity, and merely complained that he was never consulted or taken into any confidence by Dualla or Mahmoud Addah. The upshot of the business was that we were delayed during the whole of the next day; for though the discussion of the matter was carried into the early morning hours, the trustworthiness of the abans was not a settled fact in Dualla's mind until the afternoon, when it was too late to make a start.

It was quite true Abdeella had not been consulted, as he knew nothing about the road or the tribes we should fall in with. He had joined us in the hope we should have worked from Bulbar, and struck the river by a more western route, with which he was well acquainted; and as he had now allied himself by marriage with the Dollols, I think he felt his position in our caravan as a mere passenger was diminishing his importance in their eyes, and endeavoured to improve it by telling them Dualla and Addah were really as ignorant as he was, and that our sole chance of avoiding disaster depended upon them. This formed the probable prelude to a recommendation that they should demand adequate recompense for their service in the form of innumerable tobes and other goods, which from Dualla's account was exactly
what the abans seemed prepared to do, until he had convinced them of the impropriety of any such action.

Leaving our men to spend the rest of the day in discussing the iniquities of Abdeella and the ambition of the abans, we wandered about in search of game to replenish our empty larder, but without success. We saw a few Walleri, but were unable to get within range; and we heard from some natives who were guarding flocks of wretchedly lean sheep that lions were very numerous. Six were reported to drink every night at the wells of Nooreh, but we did not discover any traces of them.

On our return to camp with an empty bag, we found some fresh people had arrived, who were proceeding to Faf; so we thought it well to let them carry a favourable report of our military strength and tactics. With this view, we sounded the alarm, and put the men through their defence drill as smartly as we could, and illuminated the display with the full power of our magnesium lamp. After this we retired to such rest as we could obtain during a night in which the whole camp seemed to take advantage of the license we had given them to sing and shout to their hearts' content.

Somalis have a much better idea of songs than any other Easterns I have met. Many have good bass voices, and there is a real amount of rhythm and go in their method of singing. One usually leads with a recitativo and the rest join in the chorus.

On the morning of the 7th we were up at 3.30
A.M., so that we might arrive at Faf before the sun was high. The first hours of our march took us through thick kittar bush, from which we emerged upon a great grass plain flanked by low hill ranges. On this plain we were informed the ruins of a stone Galla house still existed, but we were unable to find them.

Here we noticed the first efforts at agriculture we had seen in the form of patches of corn (dhurra),* of which some was standing, but the greater amount had been already reaped. We also found a quantity of wild cotton, but there was no sign of any attempt to cultivate it. We passed a group of natives, who, instead of greeting us, covered their faces with their tobes, a sign of pride which we thought well to acknowledge by a silent stare, the countersign which marks offence. Soon after this we came within sight of some temporary villages surrounded by zaribas, which were occupied by a few agriculturists, and in the neighbourhood of these we pitched our tents on a piece of ground that was comparatively free from the ticks, which during a journey of five and three-quarter hours had pestered our animals and ourselves to no small extent. The nearest wells were more than a mile distant from the encampment; so we sent our camels to water under the best escort we could spare, and kept the rest of our men under arms until we obtained some definite report as to the attitude the people were disposed to adopt towards us.

* *Sorghum Vulgare* of Linnaeus.
RETURN OF THE ABANS.

The site we had selected was fresh and picturesque. Green grass and tall green trees free from thorns formed a pleasing novelty we hoped we might be allowed to enjoy without any exciting interruption; but perched on a hill to our left frowned the permanent stronghold of the mighty priesthood, wherein we could see crowds of natives moving about like swarms of bees crawling between their hives. It was from this direction we feared the rising of a cloud which might precede a storm.

The first report we received was handed us by our camel-men and escort on their return from the wells, and it was not very satisfactory. A batch of natives had witnessed their watering the animals, and had upbraided them for having accompanied Kafirs through the land, and ended up by declaring they were no better than Kafirs themselves.

Later on, my brother and myself walked down to these wells, which were not the work of the Gallas, but had been recently dug down through the soft soil to a depth of some twenty feet. We found a few natives engaged in watering their sheep and oxen, and they were quite civil; we then returned to camp, hoping to hear an encouraging report from the abans, who had gone off to the village to interview the priests. They did not return until nine o'clock in the evening, and then told us, to our disgust, that they had been unable to reach the village, as they had fallen in with a party of Ougass Elmi, who had detained them over some dispute about a tribal raid, with which they had
no concern whatever. This was particularly annoying, as the longer we were delayed, the greater the chance of crowds collecting. The night passed without adventure, but under the enlivening influence of very active watches, and the greater part of the following morning was occupied in trying to buy corn from the natives in our immediate neighbourhood, who were peaceably inclined.

For this purpose my brother had given out among our men, during the previous night, a number of glass bangles and beads, and the trouble occasioned by the fastidious taste of the ladies, whose husbands had left them the grain to sell, was endless. The bangles were either too large, or too small, or too thick, or too thin, and the beads were either too loud in colour or too subdued, or too round or not round enough. In many cases, after a bargain had been struck and the grain delivered, the ladies would return saying they did not like their beads or bangles, and would prefer to have their grain back again; failing this, they wanted us to turn out every specimen of trinket we had, so that they might see whether our store contained anything more suitable to their wants or complexions or immediate fancies, until we could fully realise how necessary it is that all gentlemen who serve behind counters in fashionable shops should be direct descendants of Job. My brother would be a valuable acquisition to any such establishment after the training he went through at Faf, and I am afraid the rest of us were too paralysed with admiration at the
delicate finesse and untiring attention he exhibited to take any fair share of the work.

The artistic way in which he displayed the neatest things in beads, "for which we had received so many orders in Gerloguby," and the address with which he fitted the last fashion in bangles, "so much sought after at Burao," is it not all written in the legends of Faf, to be handed down hereafter from generation to generation? Glittering with beads of perspiration from every pore in his skin, from the constant hauling out of bales and unlocking of boxes in a temperature of 90° in the shade, he had still a sweet smile of
welcome for every new customer, which almost made me fear the muscles of his face had become fixed, and it was with a sense of relief that, after the last lady had been bowed out, I watched a gradual relaxation which was followed by something that sounded curiously like a terrific oath.

A few pints of fresh milk and a bushel of grain were the meagre results of a heroism and self-sacrifice we all declared at least deserved the Victoria Cross, if not the medal of the Royal Geographical Society. I am now sorry to hear that, since reading the above, he emphatically declines to receive anything less distinguished than the Jubilee Medal, if only to prove he has never undervalued the services to which I have just referred.

Our abans returned during the afternoon with the news that they had interviewed the chief priest and secured the services of two minor lights who would accompany us to the river. These gentlemen never appeared, and we managed to get along very well without them. The chief priest was reported to be friendly, and on this account we were urged to send him off at once a handsome present, which was “one of the customs of the country.” We acted up to it by despatching a messenger with a Cairene abba, a silk kunfiyyah, a tobe of the best quality, and a Koran. In return, the chief priest sent two men to spy out the riches of our caravan, and to announce his determination to pay us a visit in person the following day. This was an honour we would have preferred
THE RAINY SEASON.

avoiding, as it involved the delay of at least another day before endeavouring to make a start. We, however, acknowledged it in gracious terms, and invited the messengers to a dish of tea, which they declined with more haste than politeness. Dualla said they were afraid we should poison the beverage, so the invitation was not renewed.

The whole country included under the name of L'af becomes one vast lake and swamp during the rainy seasons, of which there are usually two in every year, each lasting for about three months, and during these periods a severe type of malarial fever is very prevalent. The Tug, or river, which is indirectly responsible for these inundations, was here represented by two dry watercourses, very narrow and quite incapable of carrying off the great body of water which would descend from the distant mountains. On this account its channel never reaches the main river, but merely widens into a marsh of great extent.

During the periods of inundation the natives retire to the hills, taking with them all their flocks and herds, to there await the settling of the waters. Melons are common in this part of the country, and the Midgans make use of them for capturing the wild ostrich, by stuffing them with poison. This the bird sucks in with the flesh of the fruit, which it is said to highly relish even in its adulterated form.

It occurred to us the following morning that we might prepare for a short march in the event of the chief priest altering his mind, but to the suggestion
our abans would not listen. They said their wives were away trying to obtain more corn, and "how could they start without bidding them farewell?" There was something quite novel to us about the idea of an affectionate leave-taking being customary among Somali lords and ladies; so we were glad to note down that our previous want of observance of such

natural desire was due to our own misconception of their "home feelings." We rubbed this note out later on when we knew more about our abans.

At 11 A.M. there was a flutter throughout the camp, and Dualla announced the approach of "His Eminence." In another quarter of an hour we welcomed him with a familiar shake of the hand, and
motioning him towards a vacant chair, instead of embarking on any theological or political discussion, expressed our sense of the pleasure we felt in being able to interest him in our assorted specimens of "Aunt Louisa's Picture Books for Young People." Gerloguby had taught us the full value attaching to Aunt Louisa's works, which in the Ogadayn had proved, if possible, more attractive to adults than they had to the youth of our own country.

"His Eminence," Haji Mahmoud Noor by name, was a fine specimen of his race, tall, intelligent, and courteous, with a thoughtful countenance, which would have been severe had it not been lightened by a natural tendency to smile, even when contracted by the efforts of grave consideration. This was particularly noticeable when he spoke of his receipt of the letter from Berbera warning him about us, and urging him to make the people rise up against us. He declared his original intention had been to prevent our farther progress by an annihilation which should be complete, and with this object he had gathered the people together. The alteration in his programme was dependent upon the report he received about us from Gerloguby, coupled with the desire to make our personal acquaintance before deciding upon extreme measures.

All this was very frank and encouraging if his mind was now definitely made up, so we thought there could be no objection in making the inquiry. We were glad to learn that it was, and instead of
wiping us off the face of creation, he was now anxious to improve our further progress on it. He felt we were "good people who had been unfairly represented to him as bad ones," and from the poetical metaphors with which he clothed his description of our merits, it was quite clear that all those over whom his jurisdiction extended had been entertaining "angels unawares."

Our pleasure at learning this was only equalled by our admiration at the complete grasp he seemed to have of our natures, which was afterwards explained by the announcement that he had visited Mecca and Aden. After this we had no hesitation in asking him to join us in the refreshment his envoys had been unwilling to risk; he readily accepted this invitation, and laughed at the doubts of his envoys, which had made them decline the allurements of a hospitality which might prove poisonous. During the gossip attending the dish of tea, we endeavoured to explain our anxiety to obtain possession of the inflammatory letter he had received from the Ayal Achmet, but he told us it had not been left in his hands, but merely placed before him for perusal, and then taken away to be submitted to other influential members of the brotherhood.

Dualla assured us the influence of this man's voice was so great, that had he merely expressed his disapproval of our proceeding farther inland, none would dare to assist us; whereas now we were certain to meet with civility throughout the whole of the Faf
HIS REQUESTS.

Mahmoud Noor bade us good-bye and mumbled a short prayer when the tea was finished; but returned again during the afternoon, requesting the present of a small quantity for his personal use, and also a little sugar if we had any to spare. Of course, we readily granted the request, which he acknowledged with another prayer and expression of good-will, and before the sun set he reappeared to beg for some seeds and a piece of soap.

We greatly regretted having brought none of the former, but we gave him a large bar of the latter. He then asked me for a letter which should state how he had befriended us, and this I gladly wrote out, while he invoked the blessings of “Allah” on my head, and hoped I would send him an old portmanteau on my return from the Webbe. This I agreed to do, and did not forget to fulfil the promise a few weeks later on.

The remainder of the day was spent in our receiving all sorts of visitors and applicants for medical and surgical relief. Rheumatism and scurvy were the chief medical complaints from which the natives seemed to suffer, and the sores resulting from tick-bites in patients afflicted with the scurvy diathesis were troublesome and numerous.

The next day we struck our tents, and after a march of four and three-quarter hours pitched them near the wells of Koobi. This journey was made through undulating country, yielding fine crops of corn. We passed numerous villages, and their inhabi-
tants were all well-disposed: one man even went out of his way to show us the best road, a civility we recognised by a small present. The wells of Koobi are excavated in the bed of the Tug Fafan, which is here about 30 feet deep and from 10 to 15 yards wide. My brother shot two warthogs, which none of us had the courage to taste, but we obtained plenty of guinea-fowl and partridges, which now constituted our only animal food. Although we were supposed to be quite free from any chance of an attack, our men would insist on carrying their rifles loaded, which was contrary to order, and the result was that a peaceful couple of natives were very nearly shot through a Martini-Henry "going off by itself."

A lady brought her child at this place to see the Doctor. She was accompanied by a goat, and when Thrupp explained the child was stone-blind, and that it was beyond the power of surgery to improve its sad condition, the mother hastily milked the goat, and offering the contents of a full calabash to the Doctor, implored him to reconsider his opinion. The poor creature evidently thought her child's sight was dependent upon Thrupp's particular frame of mind, and it was to no purpose that Dualla tried to convince her to the contrary. She begged for some of the "eye-water" which had done good to others, and was apparently rendered happy when we gave it her, though accompanied by the assurance that it could be of no service to her unfortunate child.

Her exit was followed by an agreeable surprise in
the form of a patient, who had been under treatment some days before, bearing a present of fresh milk, the first evidence of anything like substantial gratitude we had encountered since entering the land of the Somal.

Our next camping-ground was near the wells of Deberiag, distant about four and a half hours' journey. We passed numerous people, all friendly in their greetings, and our caravan was increased by extra camels belonging to the natives of Faf. They were going to be laden up with corn at the river, and sought our protection during the journey. Our own camels were beginning to show the effects of their march across the waterless Haud, and many were reduced to the position of passengers from ugly sores on their backs.

A number of our men begged the Doctor to cut a slice in their tongues at this stage of our expedition, as they declared it was good to let blood flow at certain seasons of the year. Thrupp declined to carry out their wishes, but, as they were urgent in their entreaty, lent them a razor with which they could operate on each other. This several of them did, the under surface of the tongue being the spot always selected for a deep gash, sometimes more than an inch in length, which, of course, bled profusely.

We determined to spend two days at the wells of Deberiag, hoping to purchase some food for our men, as the next march would take us among the Rer Ougass and Rer Handullah tribes, who were declared to be dangerous, and complained of not having had
their share of the merchandise we distributed at Gerloguby. A chief of the former tribe paid us a visit, and gave us the information about his people being dissatisfied. This gentleman had the reputation of being noted for treachery. Only a short time before our arrival, some Shebeyli tribes with whom he had been at war sent an embassy of peace to interview him. He at once tied them to a tree, and claimed a certain number of camel-loads of corn as the price of their ransom, which had to be subscribed and handed over by their friends.

We managed to obtain two bullocks for our men, and shot a couple of gazella Walleri for ourselves. We had just killed our last eating camel but one, and the hump of this splendid beast weighed 90 lbs. Most of it was devoured raw, the balance being employed as an unguent for the hair.

Before leaving these wells, we received information from the abans that 300 to 400 more camels were approaching with the view of journeying to the Webbe under our protection. Against this we protested very strongly, as we suspected our abans were mixing themselves up with some venture which might bring discredit on our own motives in exploring this region. They were full of dodges for delaying us, always pretending they could procure us more cattle, and, of course, we now knew the excuse about the leave-taking with their wives was one out of many. The first caravan which joined us after starting from Gerloguby, where they had also delayed us, was their
own property, the others belonged to their friends, who would *baksheesh* them liberally if they succeeded in enabling our escort to serve as a protecting force, and (as we learned later on) a force which might result in their being able to get all the corn they required for nothing. We let them know very clearly that we would countenance no effort on their part to obtain grain without paying for it in full.

They succeeded in detaining us a third day here, by which time an advanced-guard of the giant caravan with which we had been threatened arrived. During the night we were awakened by a novelty in the way of surprises. For the moment it seemed an enemy had captured our zariba, as camels, horses, and mules were stampeding and trampling over our men and tearing down our tents by catching in the gye-ropes. All this alarming confusion, which was of course accompanied by yells and screams, resulted from the efforts of a few hyaenas to work their way through our thorn fence, in the hope of being able to sup off fresh camel-flesh.

We left the wells of Deberiag behind us on February 15th, and also left with more regret our popular lady-help known as "Fatty." She was suffering from rheumatism in the hip-joint, and we arranged with some neighbouring villagers to look after her until our return from the Webbe, when we hoped she would be able to rejoin the caravan. We marched for a little over five hours through a grass plain with a gradual decline, and encamped near the wells of
Gorrahai, where the mimosas were large and fresh, the grass green, and game, in the form of various antelopes, hares, and birds, abundant. On arrival, we discovered the idiot who was in charge of the only remaining eating camel had left the creature behind.

We sent him back to recover it, but, of course, without success. He said he was very sorry; so we said the same when his comrades asked us for the camel which had been reserved for their evening meal, and referred them to the man who had been detailed to look after it. We expected to hear the clash of steel, but were disappointed. The camel had been denied them by the interposition of "Allah," and his whereabouts could be no more ascertained than those of the beast he had taken unto himself.

Before the night closed upon us we were heartbroken by a hideous rumour. This was to the effect that poor "Fatty" had been first stripped of all her clothing by robbers and then devoured by hyænas. We were exceedingly distressed at the possibility of this rumour being true, and our relief was inexpressible when we learnt what proved to be the real state of affairs. As far as the robbery was concerned the rumour was true enough, for some human hyænas, who had discovered the fact that her tobe was new, had stripped her to the skin, though not to the bone, and in this condition she was discovered by those who were to take charge of her until our return. From the arrangement we had made for her comfort,
we felt sure her future welfare would be secure, and the loss of her new tobe we could replace when there would be no danger of its proving a source of any further temptation to crime.

On February 16th we defeated the intention of our abans to delay us yet another day by starting off Dualla and the camels at 2 A.M., and leaving the abans to follow at their own time. A five and a half hours' march enabled us to reach the wells of Galdumbas, remarkable only for the filthy water they contained. Shortly after luncheon a messenger arrived, professing to be an envoy from the Sultan of the Webbe Shebeyli, who required to know the object of our visit, and was prepared to offer us two hundred head of cattle if we would help him to subdue a powerful tribe in his neighbourhood, which had forsaken their allegiance to his throne.

Mahmoud Addah said he knew all about this Sultan, whose jurisdiction extended over a very small section of the river; so we returned an evasive answer to the questions which we were not quite sure had been authorised by his Majesty. We had with us now three envoys from the Rer Hammer tribe, who were originally considered to belong to the Ogadayn, but had in some mysterious way cut themselves adrift and established an independence of their own; they told us we were now just within the borders of their country, and the people were quite willing to become our friends. During the evening we were startled by a shot which Dualla had fired over the heads of
four strange men stealing up to our zariba with no good intentions.

We got away early the next morning, and heard nothing more about the prowlers who had been so easily scared through Dualla’s vigilance, but the envoys repudiated the possibility of their being members of the Rer Hammer tribe.

During the past two days we had been making a gradual descent, and a further journey of six hours necessitated our climbing a hill which terminated in a broad table-top overlooking a broken sandy plain about two miles in width. This we traversed, and ascending a steep incline, gained the summit of another hill by a narrow mountain-pass. Here we pitched our camp, and though within a few miles of the sight of a running river, the only view before us was a monotonous stretch of flat country thinly sprinkled by dwarf mimosas: many of these exuded a gum which covered their branches like a thick coating of fresh varnish. The soil consisted of limestone rock, much broken on the surface, which rendered travelling a slow and difficult process. Before long a number of the Rer Hammers joined us, and after a friendly welcome led away our horses and mules to some wells a few miles distant from where we had made our zariba.

The next morning, February 18th, we got under weigh before daylight, and I think our men were no less excited than ourselves at the idea of seeing that day’s sun rise over the Webbe Shebeyli. It was the fifty-ninth day since our caravan left Berbera, and we
were now within a few hours of the goal which friends as well as enemies had helped to make a most difficult one to reach.

An hour and a half's travel across the stony plateau brought us near its edge, and cantering ahead of our caravan, we soon overlooked an immense valley some 800 feet below us, lightly wooded, and dotted with flocks and herds and native huts. Through this, like a bright silver streak, wound the Webbe Shebeyli, with either bank shaded by magnificent trees of vivid green with mast-like trunks. To our extreme left the river flowed through a dead flat as far as the eye could reach, while to our right it was often concealed by low hills, which gradually rose into lofty mountains. Distance, of course, lent enchantment to this splendid view, as it does to most, and so exhilarating was the effect produced upon our nerves, that I think we should have all taken headers into the bosom of the stream had we been able to do so. Any such performance being impossible, we continued to feast upon the sight we had so long yearned for, until the arrival of a camel bearing our second breakfast called immediate attention to food more substantial.
CHAPTER XIV.

THE RER HAMMERS—THE FIRST SHOT ON THE RIVER—DOLLOL INTERFERENCE—ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN—A MILITARY DEMONSTRATION—ARRIVAL AT THE SULTAN’S VILLAGE.

The descent to the river flats, though a slow and difficult performance for our beasts of burden, was accomplished without accident, and an hour after sighting the Webbe we had pitched our first tent within half a mile of its left bank, among the Rer Hammer tribe, who showed a disposition to be friendly and hospitable, and were, indeed, the first Somali tribe against whom we could have no complaint. These Rer Hammer appear to be the only Somalis who neither fight among themselves nor with their Shebeyli neighbours, though, from the fashion of their spears, any one would be inclined to think the opposite. The blades of some of these weapons were broader than a mason’s trowel, and the shafts were stout in proportion. The people are rather distinctive in type, being darker, shorter, and more heavily built than any we had seen before, while their features nearly approached those of the Suahili negroes.

Accompanied by some scores of these gentlemen, we lost no time in threading our way through a grass
jungle which led to the dense forest bordering this part of the Webbe. Here the undergrowth was so thick and tangled that it was no easy matter to work a pathway to the bank, but the vegetation, being free from thorns, was attacked boldly by an advance-guard of our Her Hammer escort, who seemed quite anxious to show us all the civility they could. We followed eagerly and closely until a dozen uplifted arms belonging to six crouching bodies warned us to stand back. Gesticulations by way of explanation followed, but the only thing we could make out of them was that we must get ready to shoot, though at what object remained a mystery. Dualla being too far behind to act as interpreter, we all followed a leader, who crept
forward with stealthy steps until we reached an opening which disclosed the Webbe flowing swiftly at our feet. A little lower down its stream was divided by a tiny island, and upon this a large crocodile was digesting its latest prize. The presence of this creature was the cause of the mysterious caution, for the Rer Hammer had heard great accounts of our "fire-makers," and here was the opportunity to test their value.

It was rather an anxious moment, and none of us were keen about the shot; for, though the crocodile was within twenty yards, unless a bullet rendered it a fixture, the natives would have despised us no less than our weapons. We all lay close, hoping Dualla would come up in time to explain that our fire would mean death to the creature, though it might live long enough to shuffle off the island and sink to the bottom of the river. But Dualla was not among the next batch of arrivals; so my brother undertook to risk our reputation, and drew a bead on the point where the head and spine unite. The report of his rifle was echoed by a prolonged chorus of "Allah," but even that failed to move the crocodile. It lay still on the island, with a stream of blood trickling from its neck, or the place where the neck ought to be, and the stillness was that of death.

Needless to say we were delighted at the success of this "gallery" shot, and felt like offering immediate congratulations, but these we wisely withheld until we were unobserved. Trivial as the whole incident may
appear, it was of no small value to us, for the Rer Hammer had merely heard of the deadly effect of our weapons, but witnessed nought. Had the crocodile, though mortally wounded, been able to shuffle off the island, no after explanation on our part through Dualla would have induced the natives to believe we had caused the death of their enemy. Now they not only recognised the personal value of weapons which were capable of destroying a foe who preyed upon their herds, but regarded all who carried our arms as worthy of the greatest consideration and respect. We were guests who could do them harm, but preferred to do them good.

It was several hours before the dead crocodile was dragged from the island by its kind to be devoured at their leisure, and during that time I think half the population of the village among whom we were encamped had visited the scene in detachments, accompanied by one or more of our escort, who acted as showmen, and described in pantomime the various details connected with this our first shot in their territory, and our introduction to their section of the river.

The report of the rifle scared away a troop of monkeys disporting themselves among the branches of the trees, and possibly induced a flight of pelicans, which shortly passed high above our heads, to take a bird’s-eye view of the new visitors to their haunts. Threading our way along the river’s edge, we came upon a number of crocodile eggs lying on a sandy
shelf well exposed to the sun's rays. These our followers destroyed with evident pleasure, and then pointed to the island supporting the dead saurian, to signify that now one member of a hated enemy and all its prospective offspring were completely wiped out.

The heat was intense and the mosquitos abundant and aggressive; so, after following the course of the stream for about a mile without surprising any more crocodiles, we struck away for the camp. We had scarcely left the thicket and entered the jungle, when a fine water-buck (*Redunca Ellipsiprymna*) dashed across our front, but without giving the chance of a fair shot. Marabout storks were numerous, and we shot
one or two at the special desire of our followers, though we explained as best we could that it was against our principles to take the life of creatures who were harmless, and indeed serviceable to mankind. The marabout stork is an industrious scavenger, and it is to be regretted that he has been given a few tail-feathers, which are now sufficiently prized to jeopardise his prospect of long survival.

Between the grass jungle and the native village was a wide tract of cultivated land, for the Rer Hammers are agriculturists as well as herdsmen, and though unable to grow sufficient corn for commerce, are independent of any supplies from the neighbouring tribes, who cultivate the open flats of the left bank of the Shebeyli.

The size of the spear-heads, to which I have already referred, led us to inquire if these formidable weapons of war were after all only implements of peace reversed, but we were assured that the expanse of iron which suggested our curiosity was only employed to divide living tissues. If this were so, the wound produced by a single spear-thrust in a human body should render a second quite unnecessary.

The greatest breadth of the Webbe in this part of the country is nearly sixty yards, and there appeared to be a fair amount of water, though we were informed that only a week before our arrival the bed of the river was almost dry. It is a singular fact that the immense volume of water it contains never reaches
the Indian Ocean, but after flowing within half a degree of the Equator, loses itself in a vast swamp a few miles from the coast.

Before returning to the camp, Lort-Phillips, at the request of the natives, followed a honey-bird which was doing its utmost to attract his attention. Flitting from tree to tree with its peculiar note of imitation, it led the way until it finally settled itself on a bough above a hollow in a tree-trunk, which yielded a rich supply of honey.

We remained in this our first camp by the river until the 21st, and enjoyed the change from the horrible plateau immensely. Water-buck were plentiful, and we shot a good many. The flesh is about the best of the different kinds of antelope we had eaten. The morning after our arrival two were shot before breakfast. We sent camels for the meat, and as some of our men had cut their throats before they were quite dead, they were delighted at the prospect of a feast, having been on rather short commons during the last few days.

When the meat arrived in camp, the Dollols, who had made a zariba close to ours, protested against their eating it, and were backed up by our abans. One of the latter, who always gave us a good deal of trouble, even suggested throwing away the cooking-pot in which some of the meat had been placed. The only reason given for not eating the flesh was the old one about their fathers and grandfathers. Our men, who really wanted the food, regretfully threw it away,
as they declared that if they did not do so the Ogadayn would be horrified, and that it might even cause a fight between them. We took what we wanted for our use, and the vultures and marabouts made short work of the remainder.

Our men were thoroughly afraid of the inhabitants of the river valley, and we took special precautions at night. This fear was also shared by all the Ogadayn people, and I thought it quite natural they should not be the best of friends, as they are undoubtedly jealous of those who can grow abundance of grain and possess good grazing and water for their cattle. This feeling constantly induces reprisals and frequent fighting. They told us we were between two rival tribes, one under the original Sultan, and the other now independent of him, although formerly owning him allegiance. Some of the Dollols who were with us sent to the latter at his village named Godahali to try and buy corn, and brought back word that a boy had told them they intended to attack us before we could join the Sultan's party, which they imagined we should try to do.

The day after our arrival, messengers came to us both from the Sultan and his seceded subjects, and on the following day his Majesty arrived in person with a considerable number of followers. He was a tall middle-aged man with a scowling countenance, and informed us that he and his ancestors, all Hawiyah Somals, had for many generations ruled over fifty-six villages of the Adone, as the Shebeyli folk are called,
and that latterly half his villages had revolted, and electing another Sultan, had separated from him. He first wanted to know what brought us to the country, and expressed the utmost astonishment at white men going through the Habr Gerhajis and Ogadayn country to the Webbe Shebeyli. We explained we had merely come out of curiosity and to shoot, but it was of course impossible to make him understand such a motive. We concluded by making a purely defensive alliance, the Sultan promising to help us if we were attacked, and in return we were to help him in case of similar need.

We set out with him for his village at 6.40 on the morning of February 21st, but not without some feelings of doubt as to his integrity. Lort-Phillips caused great excitement by starting off ahead to look for a water-buck he had wounded the evening before. They declared he might be attacked by the Sultan's enemies, and the caravan was halted while a party went after him. The Dollols travelled with us, and frequent halts were necessary to keep the camels together. As usual when marching through a doubtful country, we spread ourselves out as much as possible.

Before reaching the village our men begged to be allowed to make a "military demonstration," which they had talked about for weeks before our arrival; it could do no harm, if it did no good, and would please them, so we consented. Our "soldiers" advanced in line, firing high, and led by Abdeella and
a fat camel-driver, who performed a backward dance, while we rode well at the side. A belt of trees was pointed out on our right as concealing one enemy, while another was said to be on our left; so if this were true, we were hemmed in by hostile foes on either side. After the firing our men continued to advance in line, camel-drivers and riflemen singing and performing a war-dance, during which they hurled their spears about in all directions.

The Sultan, styled "Iman" by his followers, rode in the middle, and we advanced through fields of thick stubble to his village, which is called Barri, where we established the farthest camp formed in Somali-land. He was very anxious we should encamp in a zariba he had prepared for us, chiefly built up of the stubble and affording no protection. It was in a dirty spot, without a particle of shade, and not even in sight of the river. Another objection was that it was under the village stockade, and commanded by it; so in the event of treachery a thousand spears could have been poured into us at a given moment. We felt some doubts about our allies, and therefore such a position was not to be entertained. We told the Sultan we wished to encamp close by the river, and would look for another place. He used every inducement to persuade us not to do this, urging that our only safety lay in our immediate proximity to his own village.

After careful prospecting, we selected a site on the bank of the river where the grass was not too close. There was a shady tree and thick bushes forming a
natural hedge between us and the village, and the Webbe was here some fifty yards broad, and flowing with a strong stream. Crowds of natives greeted our arrival, some hundreds climbing up trees or on both tops of the stockade to stare at us. All were armed with spears, mostly with trowel-shaped heads, the end of the shaft being shod with an iron ferrule. Some carried long poles with short iron tips which had been steeped in poison, and were used for spearing crocodiles and other animals.

These natives are different in every way from the Somals; they cultivate the land extensively, and plant quantities of corn, as well as pumpkins and beans; cotton is also grown to a small extent, and woven by the women into a coarse kind of cloth. The soil is very rich, and capable of being well worked. Most of the natives presented strongly-marked negroid features, and though some spoke a Somal dialect it was not their own language, which is the same as that spoken on the coast between Merka and Zanzibar.
CHAPTER XV.


The camp we were now in was perfect in all respects; for if the Sultan’s people would not provide us with provisions, the river would, in the form of coarse fish, while antelope of various kinds and birds were to be found on its banks. Crocodiles were numerous, and the opposite bank was enlivened with paddy-birds (Ardea rosata), pigeons of various kinds, and the sacred ibis (Ibis religiosa). With pleasant shade, good water, and the prospects of sport, it only needed that we should be left alone to at last enjoy the goal we had been so long in reaching.

The Adone live in permanent and neatly-made villages built of dhurra-stalk, and cultivate the ground extensively. Corn, similar to that grown in Egypt, is the staple food, and attains to a height of fifteen feet. A heavy camel-load costs from two to three tobes, eighteen to twenty-seven yards of cloth, the value of
which at Berbera is about seven shillings. Like the Somal, the Adone have large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep; but all their animals are poor, and suffer from the tetse-fly in the rainy season, and from the ticks in the dry. Neither camels nor horses are much used, for they will not thrive during the rains; but the Rer Hammer, who leave the valley for the plateau in the hot season, bring numbers to graze there in the winter. All small articles are exchanged for beads, but sheep and cattle are paid for in cotton cloth, the former costing one tobe, and the latter eight. Unlike the Somals, the Adone eat fowls, and by means of empty tins and bottles we were able to obtain a pleasant change of diet.

All the chief men are Hawiyah Somals, but negroes form the mass of the population, and of these the majority are slaves. The Adone detest the Somals, but are obliged to deal with them, though they rarely allow their caravans to return from the Webbe without being attacked. All are armed with spears or poisoned arrows, and a man is not regarded with favour by the women of his tribe till he has killed another, either in fair fight or, more commonly, by assassination. Not till then is he entitled to paint the boss of his shield red or to wear the ostrich feather in his hair—signs which mark the true warrior.

The first day was passed in peaceful repose, and we received from the Sultan a present of fresh milk and jowari—a prompt and unique instance of hospitality which was very encouraging. The following morning,
however, we were awakened by loud cries that the enemy were approaching, their advent having been heralded by the sounds of their war-horns, large conch-shells, which had been blown all through the night. Barri was in a state of wild alarm and excitement, and the whole village collected in front of our camp.

It proved a false alarm; so after breakfast we wandered with our rifles along the river's bank and shot three crocodiles, much to the delight and surprise of the people. These saurians swarm in the river, and are very bold, constantly taking off sheep and cattle. Just above our camp was a place where animals were driven down to drink, and this spot was protected from the crocodiles by a zariba built out into the river. One day I saw a sheep that had got outside this zariba carried off by the current, and almost immediately seized. I fired several times without any apparent effect, for the crocodile would not leave its prey, though it must have been hit, and at last I lost sight of it altogether. The river's banks were lined with gardens, in which melons, pumpkins, beans, Indian corn, and red peppers were growing. We were delighted to get the fresh vegetables and such fowls as were not confined within shells; most of the "new-laid eggs" contained them, and although not disposed to be too fastidious, we felt bound to draw the line at feathers.

We again found the making these small purchases through the medium of beads a most troublesome
undertaking. My brother wore a necklace composed of a specimen of each kind of bead in our possession, and when the ladies brought their merchandise, they crowded into his tent, and selected the beads they preferred from his pattern necklace. A great deal of noise and laughter was the result, and it was no sinecure to satisfy them. They, moreover, would often refuse to sell anything unless the beads were strung, so we set our men to work to make necklaces for them. We visited the village of Barri, which was said to contain 1500 people. It is divided up into streets, the huts standing in separate compounds. There was a school, where we found boys reciting the Koran. Heads of dhurra were piled up in pyramids in open places, and there were huge receptacles made of sun-baked clay for the grain. I never saw uglier countenances than many of the men had, some being almost diabolical; many wore their hair like a great chignon, smoothed and rounded off. These negroes are the original inhabitants of the country; they were conquered by the Hawiyah Somals, who in turn were driven out by them, leaving a handful of people behind, who appear to be the Sultans and governing class generally. They are easily distinguished from the bulk of the population by their features. It is extraordinary that they should have driven away the majority of their conquerors, and yet that some of these very conquerors should remain and rule the country; but I was assured this was the case.

At eleven o'clock, just after I had retired to rest,
THE SULTAN'S ARRIVAL.

Dualla came to say the Sultan had arrived to pay us a visit. It was a strange hour for him to choose, but I got up to receive him. I tried to talk with him, but he was very silent and only answered in monosyllables. He brought us, however, ten sheep as a present, two of which we gave to the Dollols who had accompanied us. In about an hour he left, saying he had a sore leg, which he wished to show the Doctor next day. He arrived quite early the next morning, and with the Doctor and Dualla I accompanied him to a small extra tent we had pitched, and closed the door to keep off the crowd, for I was anxious to broach the subject of our getting to the coast by the river, and did not wish to be overheard. I soon found that we were the central figures of a political crisis, and expected to take part in what the Sultan intended to be a brilliant coup d'etat.

Within three miles of the Sultan's village was that of his rival. This man, once a subject, was now a formidable foe, for he had gathered round him a following which far exceeded in numbers and in fighting strength that of our host. No sooner, therefore, did the Sultan of Barri hear of our approach, than he determined to place us in a position from which, in order to save ourselves, we should be forced to act as his ally. His first step, as I have shown, was an invitation to his village with the promise of a hospitable welcome. His second was to send a message to his rival, saying that unless he at once tendered his submission, he would level his village and destroy his
following, and that with this object he had obtained an army from Europe furnished with weapons which no mortal could resist. Until we arrived, the Sultan of Barri had been in daily fear lest his rival should be the first to indulge in acts of open hostility, in which case, by his own confession, he would have been powerless to defend himself, for many of his own people were wavering in their allegiance, and prepared at the first opportunity to go over to the stronger side. It is needless to say that this manoeuvre on the part of the Sultan was unknown to us until we had established ourselves by the side of his village, and were surrounded by some 1500 of his people, and from their attitude it appeared more than probable that if we declined to give them the assistance they desired, their first act of hostility would be towards ourselves. Once possessed of our arms, they could easily frighten their neighbours into subjection, and the loot offered by our camels, horses, and camp equipment was tempting to people who covet all they see. However, we flatly declined to fight any battles but our own, and endeavoured to make it clear to the Sultan and to his people that if they wished to interfere with their neighbours, they would have to do so without receiving any assistance from us or from our men.

Dualla had placed two large boxes that we used to carry our sporting guns and rifles on either side of the entrance to the zariba, and both pointing in the direction of the hostile village. Tarpaulins were
thrown over them, to veil their mysteries, and he told every one they were wonderful cannon, capable of unlimited destruction. The Sultan begged we would place them on camels, and march with them against his foe, firing them into the air as a menace. Dualla explained that were we to fire them off, hundreds would be killed, and the village burnt in one great conflagration, and that they could not be used unless we really wished to kill everybody. Numbers of the natives fully believed this, and said they were not nearly as much afraid of our guns as of our cannon. The Sultan was most anxious we should take off the tarpaulins and let him examine these terrible engines of death, but it was explained to him that the machinery was so intricate that this could not even be done without the greatest danger. Had we opened the boxes, he would have seen nothing more alarming than trays containing nipple-wrenches, cleaning rods, &c.

It was unfortunate that no one we met on the river spoke Arabic, and consequently all communication had to be made through an interpreter, which is always difficult and unsatisfactory. I was constantly urging Dualla and Mahmoud Addah to endeavour to obtain information about the journey to the coast by the river. They professed to do so, and to be anxious to go, but in reality they wanted to return to Berbera, and only pretended to fall in with our plans. Our men, too, were very unwilling to proceed any farther, although some said they did not object; but with our
head-men lukewarm, to say the least of it, our success must have been very doubtful.

Soon after the Sultan had taken his departure we sent Dualla to him to discuss our proposed plans, as whenever he came to see us he brought people with him, before whom we did not think it wise to say too much. But the only information Dualla brought back was that he really believed we should be attacked that night. We were getting used to such observations, but of course felt bound to take every precaution. He had heard that the people of the hostile village had vowed to kill us, as they affirmed we were only the advance-guard of a great army that was coming from Europe to seize their country. At nightfall an immense crowd of people from Barri, headed by the Sultan, gathered outside our zariba, and slaughtered a sheep, over which they chanted the Koran. We soon had rival prayers going on, for our clerk, seated in the middle of a big tarpaulin, also intoned verses from the sacred book, while our men, joined by a great many of the Sultan's people, sat round him in admiring crowds. For hours this performance continued, and when it was all over we passed a comparatively tranquil night.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, there was a fresh alarm, and bodies of the foe were supposed to be approaching, but never came within sight; so it ended in a great war-dance by the Barri people. When this was finished, we overhauled our stock of cloth to find a suitable present for the Sultan,
and got out to be for our men to buy themselves more food. We were puzzled to understand how it was that if the position between the Barri people and the village farther down the river was so strained, there should be so much traffic going on all the time, and apparently between the two places. Fear was again divided, for clearly each was afraid to attack the other.

An intelligent native of the country, who had come to us at our last camp, again made his appearance, and warned us against buying sheep or ghee, as he said an attempt to poison us was being arranged by the hostile village. He also said that our friend the Sultan had not long ago seized fifteen men who had come to treat with him for peace, cut their throats, and thrown their bodies into the river. Probably most of what we heard was untrue; at the same time such stories did not tend to make us feel overconfident.

One morning I went out with Lort-Phillips to try and shoot some crocodiles, and suddenly came upon the Sultan seated under a tree. As soon as he saw us he covered up his face and fled. We asked him through Dualla why he did so, and expressed our surprise and displeasure at such discourtesy. His only excuse was that when we approached his people crowded round him, and he did not like it. In the afternoon fresh reports of intended hostilities reached us, even the plan of attack being graciously disclosed to us. Spies of the Sultan's were supposed to have brought this by no means uncommon information.
The enemy was to advance in three bodies from different quarters, while bowmen with poisoned arrows were to fire at us from across the river, where thick trees afforded plenty of covert. We had noticed several Midgans the last day or two creeping about in the bushes, and had felt rather suspicious of their movements; so we arranged a traverse, made of old boxes, which would effectually prevent our offering any mark for a point-blank shot.

The Sultan paid us another midnight call. I think he considered the "witching hour" surrounded his visit with an halo of mystery. He spoke in a low tone, indeed almost in a whisper, and as he repeated everything three or four times over, it took a long time to get anything very definite out of him. He informed us that he was the eighth ruler in regular succession over the country, and again begged us to help him to recover the revolted village. We explained that we should be willing to do anything in our power, by sending messengers, or even going ourselves, but that if we fought, except in self-defence, our King (the idea of a queen being impossible to convey to his mind) would be very angry with us, and punish us on our return; for that we should assuredly burn villages and devastate the entire country were we to enter upon hostilities.

In the middle of the night a dance took place by our men, in which the women joined, a thing I had never seen them do before. They always chose the most fashionable London hours for their revelries, and
as sleep was rendered impossible, we rose and went outside the zariba in full evening costume, represented by Norfolk jackets, breeches, and riding-boots. Suddenly off went the rifle of one of our “soldiers,” who was dancing with his Martini-Henry, loaded and at full cock, slung across his back. The bullet buried itself in the ground about an inch from his foot, so all laughed and treated it as an excellent joke, and on went the dance more briskly than ever. It was the second accident of the kind that had occurred in this camp, as another “soldier” had let his rifle off by accident in the direction of the town. During the entire expedition, I was really more afraid of being shot by one of our own men than of being speared by any of the natives we encountered.

I was anxious to obtain all the information possible as to the country between Barri and the coast, and I had several interviews with a Shebeyli native, who was an intelligent-looking man, who said he had been nine times to the sea; but as most of his geographical information is embodied in our map, I will only here give such as may be of general interest.

From his account it appears that Madisha is generally known on the river as Hamar. In going there from the Shebeyli country, it is usual to travel on the opposite or right bank of the river, so as to avoid the Ha Wadly, with whom the Shebeyli natives have a feud. Caravans are chiefly formed of donkeys laden with ghee and ostrich feathers, and they are accompanied by cattle and sheep, which are sold on the
coast. My informant said he had only once gone down with two camels, and there was no reason why they should not be employed in numbers. Sometimes, though rarely, a caravan of camels is formed at Madisha, and when this is the case, it usually marches up the right bank as far as Imé, in the Galla country. The Webbe ended in a large swamp called Dobay, which in Somal means "muddy place." About three days' journey above our present camp the river divided, and united again two days' journey below us, and our branch was called Huddi. Some mountains were pointed out behind which it flowed, but as many denied the truth of this assertion, it has not been entered in the map. The district above us, called the Baiyahow, was two days' journey off; a day farther on came Libawebbe, a settlement of runaway slaves; and then Bussorah, a town inhabited by priests. As a rule, the rains commenced in March, and my informant said that if they did not appear by April, they would not appear at all, by which he meant the rainy season would certainly not be delayed beyond April. During this period the tetse-fly is very troublesome, and camels and many cattle die. The rains last for five months, and the whole country becomes a marsh and very unhealthy; numerous canals are cut from the river to irrigate the fields, so several of the villages become islands in the middle of a lake.

We were determined to see something of the opposite bank of the river, which is inhabited by the Aouleehan
tribe, and to try and get some shooting there; so one morning we took Dualla and a number of our men, and crossed over. The contrivance for crossing was most primitive. There were two rafts, of the rudest construction, logs of wood of all shapes and sizes lashed together, and fastened to a rope of native manufacture, which was stretched across the stream. The river was literally swarming with crocodiles, so this system of navigation was not very agreeable, and two days before we crossed a native had fallen from the raft and been drowned, or devoured, or both.

We found a very gamey country; in fact, I never saw one that looked more promising. Any amount of covert, with quantities of grass, both green and dry, belts of thick trees, and a forest of mimosas in full leaf. Marks of hippopotami dating from the last rains, when the country must be full of them, with regular paths that they had taken to and from the river, were very numerous. At present the banks were too high and steep for these ungainly animals to scramble out, so they had migrated higher up. We saw a great many water-buck, and shot three, and troops of baboons, the first we had seen since leaving Langomara, gazed curiously at us for some moments before shuffling away, uttering short barks of annoyance at being disturbed. We also came upon the first guinea-fowl we had seen since reaching the river, and I don't think I ever saw before so many vultures and marabout storks gather directly an antelope was shot. We had to leave them most of the meat, as even the Shebeyli
would not eat it. We were a good deal hurried, for some of the Sultan’s people who were with us feared, as usual, lest their enemies should hear where we were, and overpower us by their greater numbers.

The afternoon we employed in photographing natives, endeavouring to pick out those with the most distinctive features. Some had no objection to being immortalised in this manner, but many were frightened and ran away. Towards dusk I had gone a short distance outside the zariba, when suddenly I became aware of a great commotion. Crowds of warriors in double file came running down the path near where I was, uttering loud cries and flourishing their spears. I got back inside as quickly as possible by a circuitous route through the bushes, so as to escape notice. On regaining the zariba, I found all was stir and excitement, and no one seemed to know what it all meant. Dualla soon arrived from the Sultan’s village, and reported that while talking to the Sultan the war-horns had suddenly sounded, and every man, seizing his spear and shield, had rushed out. The usual commotion prevailed in camp, guns were fired, and every one shouted at once, and dinner was delayed!

A great crowd had massed round our zariba, and before long an explanation was forthcoming. Messengers had been sent to the hostile village and had not returned. A small boy raised the alarm in Barri that they had been captured, and the people turned out en masse. After elaborate manœuvres they passed
our zariba in single file, and certainly presented a formidable appearance. Arrived at the village, a dance and song took place, with a recitation by the local poet, which was supposed to be complimentary to us; for "what did they care for the enemy, when we who slew crocodiles and lions with one shot from our weapons were there to help them!"

Dinner was ordered immediately after this, and Dualla brought us a war-horn, whose note had now become our nightly lullaby. It consisted of a large sea-shell, the *cassis cornutum* of conchologists, with a hole pierced at the narrow end, into which the performer blew, and at the same time struck the mouth of the shell with the palm of the hand; in this way an expert performer could produce sounds which were more peculiar than harmonious.

The constant feeling of uncertainty rendered shooting very difficult, and the people were always begging us not to venture far. We managed, however, to get some water-buck, gazella Walleri, koodoo, and ariel. The latter we were always anxious to shoot, as it was the only variety our men would eat.

The man that I had previously got most of my information from in regard to the country came with the Sultan, who wanted the hilt of his presentation-sword mended, and I again pumped what I could out of him. In answer to my query as to game, he replied there were at that time elephants at El Koran, an uninhabited tract two days' journey down the river on the opposite bank. They used to hunt them,
but had not done so since ceasing to be friends with the Aouleehan, to whom the country belonged. Rhinoceroses were to be found at Salsal, in Wak Mahali's country, three days off, and zebras were in the Gorasin country, on the other side of the river. There were also plenty of lions and leopards on both sides, but ostriches were only found on the Ogadayn plateau. But alas! where was the use to us of all this attractive information when we could not induce our men to go with us to any of these places? A short way down the river money was understood, and was commonly used by the Jidli people, with whom dollars, rupees, and small coins were quite common. From fifteen to twenty days' travelling would take us to the sea. Dualla obtained the following additional information from "one who knew," which I give for what it is worth.

The majority of the Shebeyli people, that is, the negro portion of them, used to live in Faf when the Barri was entirely occupied by the Hawiyahs. After a time the Ogadayn, who never employed slave-labour, drove the present Shebeyli people out of Faf, and they in their turn drove the Hawiyahs farther inland, with the exception of a mere handful, who at the present time remain masters of the country. The present Sultan and some twenty or thirty other Hawiyahs are now their representatives at Barri. Some of the slaves have been freed, and have themselves become slave-owners.

How it happens that the negroes, being first driven
away from Faf by the Ogadayn, should have been able to drive the Hawiyahs out of their own country, and yet allow a handful to remain as their rulers, is a puzzle to me. This statement was, however, corroborated by several of the older inhabitants.

On February 27th we were treated to the greatest military parade I had witnessed in Africa. In the afternoon a deputation arrived from the disaffected village, purporting to be desirous of making terms with the Sultan, and a great "fantasia" took place. The whole village turned out, and the proceedings were most picturesque and interesting. The spear-men formed in square, and advanced in four companies, waving their weapons and moving at a trot, and after this formed in line and advanced in single file. These black warriors certainly presented a formidable appearance, many of them half naked, with the white ostrich feather waving from their hair, while others displayed their shields with red bosses, in proof of having killed their man. A war-dance followed, and during this a native concealed behind a bush sprang up with a spear in either hand, and charged the line as though intending to "run a muck." This mock heroism was received with shouts of approval from the whole audience, and the women seemed especially delighted. Another part of the performance consisted in the force tramping in step, which made a noise like the advance of an army, and greatly scared some of our people who had remained in camp. After a time a half-circle was formed in front of us, and the professional
ator advanced and addressed us. "The emissaries from the enemy's village had arrived to prostrate themselves at the Sultan's feet and to make peace, for they feared the presence of the white men who had arrived from the sea, who, if they fled to the mountains, could pursue and destroy them, and from whom there was no escape, even though they buried themselves in the earth."

All this was very interesting, and the Sultan was inclined to beg us to kill a thousand or two first by way of experiment; but we were getting tired of Barri, and felt most anxious to quit. The Sultan, however, begged we would stop three or four days longer, as it was entirely in consequence of our presence that his old ally was coming back, and that if we would only stop as he desired, everything would be arranged. If, on the other hand, we left before the peace was concluded, it appeared there was nothing for him to do but to return with us to London, and there remain for the rest of his natural life. This possible prospect of everlasting royal society settled the matter, and we gave in to the Sultan's wishes at once.

During a second expedition across the river, the rope attached to the raft broke, and the "ship" floated down the stream with all its live cargo aboard. Forgetful of crocodiles in the excitement of the moment, several natives plunged into the water and soon towed it ashore.

The next day proved anything but a peaceful one,
as the Sultan declared a number of his camels had been stolen, and a great hubbub took place, while he tried to persuade us to join him in the search. This we declined, suspecting a trick, and it turned out that the camels had only strayed, after all.

March 1st was a very exciting day. In the first place a mail arrived from Berbera, bringing us letters and papers down to December 26th from England. They were brought by a Habr Yunis man via Gerloguby, where he had joined a caravan of 250 camels going to the river for grain, and spent over a month on the journey. Our men crowded round him eager for news, and he told them there had been rain north, and the Habr Yunis had moved farther south.

The noise of war-shells began at 3 A.M., and when we rose we were told a number of the people from the hostile town had halted near by, and were slaughtering sheep and reading the Koran, stimulated by their priests, who urged that their water would soon extinguish our fire. My brother and I went out shooting after breakfast, but Dualla begged us to return. He said crowds of the Sultan's people were sitting about outside the zariba in confabulation, and he noticed they were arming themselves with additional weapons. We felt anything but sure of our own Sultan, and it looked as though we were in another nest of hornets. I greatly regretted that we had not encamped between the two rivals when we first arrived. I think we might have then made friends with both, and got on down the river to Madisha.
One of our camel-drivers, an old man, who was regarded as a seer by his companions, counted his beads on this occasion, and, as they went badly for us, killed one of our sheep without asking leave. When called to account for this cool proceeding, he explained he did not wish to eat the animal himself, but that a fat and freshly slaughtered sheep was necessary as a propitiatory measure. As things looked quieter in the afternoon, Lort-Phillips and I started away in search of antelope. We had not proceeded far before we heard four shots from the camp fired in quick succession, followed by one or two single ones. Of course this was a signal, so we hurried back as fast as our legs would carry us.

In less than half an hour shouts were heard calling to us to come inside the zariba, and Dualla galloped up and urged us to make all haste. We needed no pressing, and arrived in a fearful state of heat, finding crowds of the Sultan's people outside, numbers lying in ambush in a long line behind the embankment, and evidently prepared to spring on the foe. Inside the zariba all was excitement; our men were ranged round it with their rifles and spears ready, and my brother was mounted in a high tree, scanning the country with a telescope, while Aylmer and Thrupp were in their positions for defence. Crowds of the enemy were close at hand, hidden in the dhurra stubble. Dualla and some of the men then rode out to reconnoitre, forgetting in the excitement of the moment to wait for orders, and getting within hail of the enemy,
received a volley of abuse, to which they replied by firing over their heads. This first discomforted and then routed the advance-guard, and the whole force eventually retired to their village for further counsel, and left us to enjoy a fairly quiet night.

It now seemed evident that we would have to take the initiative if we were ever to leave the Leopard River; so we arranged that the following day my brother and I should start with Dualla and some of our men, and endeavour to hold a parley with these troublesome savages, while the rest remained to look after the camp. In the morning, however, an envoy was said to have arrived to see the Sultan on the part of his rival, and all advised our waiting a little longer to see if anything came of it. Unfortunately none of us spoke Somal, so we had to depend a good deal on our men's translation of what they heard or were supposed to hear.

About noon the Sultan of Barri came into camp, and we promised him that, if matters were not settled by four o'clock, we would all go with him to the village, and take a large force armed with rifles with us. We proposed to ride ahead, and explain ourselves through Dualla, and not have recourse to our weapons unless attacked. While actually talking to the Sultan, the usual scare of "the enemy advancing" took place. Every one sprang to arms as usual, and my brother climbed the tree with his telescope.

This time it really proved to be a large body of men with the pseudo-Sultan coming to tender their
submission. In the midst of the crowd he was borne aloft on a platform of shields, and held his spears reversed in token of submission, while all his followers did the same. Company after company of warriors soon passed our zariba, amounting altogether to some hundreds, and all were greeted on their arrival at the Sultan's village with those yells of applause which can only be produced from savage throats.

It seemed as though things were satisfactory, but Dualla declared he was told only part of the people had given in, and that the remainder swore nothing would make them submit. We also heard the Sultan was invited to unite with his late adversary to make a combined attack on us, and as we never felt at all sure of his friendship, he probably would have been glad enough to loot us, if he felt he could do so safely.

I had made constant inquiries as to getting out of the country by Madisha, which was a shorter route, with water the whole way, and would have made a most interesting finish to the exploration.

We did all we could to induce our men to go with us to the Indian Ocean, pointing out how much more agreeable a journey by the banks of a river would be than one across a waterless tract, and offered each man and woman a large bribe if they consented. But with one voice they absolutely refused, urging as the reason that they had now fulfilled their part of the contract, and that no sum of money would induce them to risk their lives in the venture we proposed.

What they said was quite true in regard to the
contract, but I think Korashee was to some extent responsible for the alarm which prevailed amongst them. He told us that he alone of all our followers had travelled the route we proposed, and that there was a dangerous tribe called Koomfah who would allow no European to pass through their territory, and that we should be slaughtered to a man. These people were religious and fanatical, like those at Faf, and numerous and very powerful. He added that when we visited his country, half the tribe had determined to attack us at once, but had been withheld through his influence. We did not believe all that Korashee thought fit to advance in denunciation of our proposed journey, and I know he had mixed up a good deal of his geography, for he spoke of the Jub as though it were part of the Webbe.

We sent word to the Sultan that we meant to leave in the morning. Just before turning in for the night, I went outside the zariba, and found Rabi, one of our Gerloguby abans, talking with an old man, who was unarmed. I asked to be introduced, and discovered he was the rival Sultan, who had just made his submission. I insisted on shaking hands, which he did, though somewhat surlily, and then promptly asked for tobes. I returned with two good ones, with which he seemed pleased. We were somewhat uneasy during the night, as we had told the Sultan of our intended departure, and felt uncertain as to the attitude he would adopt.

We rose very early on the morning of March 4th, and
sent out scouts to report if any mischief was brewing, while our men loaded the camels in the dark as quickly and noiselessly as possible. Then, before the moon got up, we opened the gate of the zariba, and silently crossed the plain leading to the Rer Hammer before the Sultan or any of his people were aware of our departure.
CHAPTER XVI.

Revisit the Rer hammer—a Doolol scare—Message from the Sultan—His present—Addah’s superstitions—Lions and Hippopotami—the first rains—a lioness bagged—the return of “Fatty”—Effects of the rains—Visitors—the Abans in council.

The situation we selected for the first camp on our homeward-bound journey, was within 150 yards of the river, and in fine open country; so our zariba could not be approached by any force under cover.

Although quite prepared to believe a plot was brewing between the Sultan and his new allies, we were not anxious about being subject to any combined attack in our present position, for we knew the value of our weapons had been fully recognised. A successful night-surprise might have been effected upon our late quarters with very little loss to the enemy, but now they could not even leave their villages in any force without our outposts receiving early information, and any attempt to come to close quarters would expose them to an all-round raking fire from our zariba.

We succeeded in purchasing some sheep and ghee from our neighbours, and then wandered about the
river-bank in search of a large crocodile which had been engaged in a tug-of-war with one of the natives during the early morning. The creature had got hold of the head of a sheep which was being watered, while its owner had held on to the tail, and the struggle which ensued resulted in the crocodile winning the prize. We were called away from the object of our intended retribution by a scare about some of the Dollols attached to our caravan having been attacked while loitering behind.

A number of our men dashed off to the rescue, and we soon heard a few rifle-reports; but the upshot of the whole affair was that some Shebeyli people had set upon a solitary Dollol, and having beaten him with a stick, had stolen his sandals. Surely mountains are made out of molehills in this country! The injured man hoped we would at once return, and, after laying waste all the Shebeyli villages with fire and sword, recapture his shoes. He was hustled away by his friends before we could learn whether he required anything further than this moderate satisfaction.

Towards evening the Sultan sent his old messenger to say that he greatly regretted our unexpected departure, as it had not only prevented him from bidding us good-bye, but also from making us a parting gift. He, therefore, begged us to remain where we were until he could pay a formal visit, and obtain a letter of recommendation for the services he had rendered. We despatched this messenger with the letter his master wanted, and told him that we
were unable to delay our immediate departure, as we had already stayed too long in this particular part of the country.

The following morning our men were much excited and anxious to get off as early as possible, as they declared the Sultan had only sent the messenger as a spy, previous to arranging a large force with his new allies to venture upon an attack. What authority they had for this conviction we could not discover, nor did we at all share in the belief about an attack. We agreed, however, to the proposed early start, and rode for some distance well ahead of the caravan as advance scouts. To our disgust we learned at our first halt that the Sultan had sent a messenger with a cow and two sheep as a present, which our stupid men had declined to accept, declaring the animals had been "bewitched." Even Dualla and Addah believed in some such nonsense, although Dualla suggested they had not been "bewitched," but "poisoned." Addah, on the other hand, declared the bewitching of animals to be a constant and terrible practice among the Somals, and assured us he had seen a sheep over which some verses in the Koran had been read, "turn round and devour its own tail after its head had been cut off." Some of our men were actually afraid to look at the present, and covering their faces with the hem of their tobes, ran away to avoid the chance of meeting "the evil eye."

Later on, Addah regaled us with another solemn story of native superstition. "The Dollols and Ugas
tribes were at war, when an inspired priest of the former seized a spear, and holding it above the ground, declared that if it entered the earth of its own accord, the Dollols would be victorious. Immediately he had spoken, and without any propelling power being given, the spear buried itself in the ground, and the surrounding group of warriors at once dashed off and achieved a complete victory over their foes." This story, which Addah told in the hearing of a number of our men, was received with a grave chorus of "Allahs," as though its complete truthfulness were beyond dispute.

We had to be content with a short march of three hours, and again encamped near a Ker Hammer village, and within sight of a fine hill range in the form of an amphitheatre. Here a native reported that every day three lions approached the village, and declared he had witnessed their visit early on that morning. Taking our informer as a guide, and followed by a few of our men, we soon came upon fresh lion tracks in a dry tug, which led towards the river; the bordering bush was thick, but we had scarcely entered it when one of our men exclaimed a lion was crouching under a near mimosa. We heard the rush as the beast passed within a few feet of us, but did not catch sight of him; the grass was ten feet high in places, and it was impossible to take up any track through it. We made another effort during the afternoon, but were so hampered by a jabbering crowd of villagers, who would insist on following, that
we gave up all hopes of getting within shot. We saw several fine water-buck, and heard a number of hippopotami grunting in a marsh which emitted a most offensive effluvium. All the natives were very anxious we should not linger near this spot, which they quite recognised as a dangerous fever-bed.

On our return a negro lad (probably a Suahili) introduced himself as a runaway slave from the Shebeyli villages, and begged to be allowed to work his way to the coast with us. Dualla declared he had come to spy, it being a common practice to utilise lads of his class for such a purpose, as they mix with the people they are sent among without attracting much notice, and thus pick up useful information. We assented to the lad's request, but had him watched, and during the night he slipped away in the direction of the Shebeyli, and we never heard of him again. Also during this night two strange men were seen prowling about and watching the zariba, but they disappeared after the first shot had been fired in the air to let them understand we were awake.

On March 7th we turned our backs on the Webbe with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret, and crossing the Burrari valley, reached the summit of the mountain range by a road west of the pass by which we had effected our descent to the river plains. Although this road represented a fair caravan route, the camels of the Dollols were so heavily laden with grain that they experienced great difficulty and numerous mishaps in making the ascent. So fre-
quent indeed were ugly falls, that it became necessary to leave a large number of the sacks of grain by the wayside, and to send down a special detachment of camels to bring them up later on in the day.

During the afternoon my brother shot a fine male specimen of the greater koodoo (*Strepsiceros kudu*), the first we had bagged during the expedition. The lesser koodoo, which is rare in most parts of Africa, was comparatively abundant in Somali-land, whereas we had hardly seen any of the larger variety. Dualla and Addah tried to persuade us to remain an extra day in this camp, but we absolutely declined. The reason they advanced was the fact that some overladen camels of the abans were still at the foot of the hill. All through the expedition it was the same story of delay to suit the Gerloguby abans, and Dualla and Addah were always too ready to humour their fancies. During the night they took about a dozen of our men and made two journeys to the bottom of the hill, and actually carried up numerous bags of corn belonging to the abans on their backs.

The nearest water was at the Negada Wayna wells, five and three-quarter hours distant from our present camp, and when we reached it, we found it quite undrinkable owing to putrefactive changes. On the road my brother got a snap-shot at the first panther we had seen, but unfortunately missed it, and though we followed the beast up for some distance, no second chance was obtained. The wind was rising and the
dust intolerable, and the little rain preceding a violent wind-storm, which passed over us at about six P.M., was not sufficient to prevent our getting the full benefit of its attendant discomforts. A number of the men were suffering from rheumatism and lumbago, and one of the abans was seriously ill with congestion of the lungs. Just before going into camp for the rest of the day we met two Ayal Achmets, who were journeying towards the river: they declared a report had reached Berbera to the effect that the Rer Hammers, after combining with the Shebeyli tribes, had surprised our caravan and massacred the white men and all their followers.

We were grieved to hear about this rumour, and it made us most anxious to get to the coast with the least possible delay, lest our friends should be seriously alarmed for our safety. The main difficulty was to decide upon the best route. We were determined not to return by the way we came, though Dualla and Addah were in favour of our doing so, assuring us that as the rains were just commencing, we should find water in many parts of the hateful desert, in addition to good pasturage for our camels. The Tug-Faf was the regular caravan route, and Abdeella seemed to be sufficiently well acquainted with it to act as guide, for his information tallied very well with that given by the two Ayal Achmets we had just met and others. He said we could purchase sheep without difficulty en route, but Addah urged the importance of our obtaining a complete supply of
live-stock beforehand, if we desired to push the journey through without serious delay.

We had offered a special reward to our three head-men if we reached Berbera within a certain date, and Addah declared he was no less anxious to get home than we were, independently of his reward, as "the report of our massacre would have caused his daughters to shave their heads and besprinkle themselves with dust!" As a sure means of being well supplied with food for the whole caravan, he suggested we should proceed to Faf and there spend ten days, while he accompanied the abans to Gerloguby and then returned with the requisite number of fat camels and sheep. This arrangement, he declared, would enable us to continue our homeward journey without being at all dependent for provisions upon the tribes through which we passed.

The abans backed up Addah's programme, and as we were anxious they should remain with us until we left the Ogadayn country, it was evident they would have to pay a visit to Gerloguby and dispose of their grain first, to say nothing about the greeting and leave-taking of wives, which they again urged to be important. We therefore decided to remain at Faf while they conducted their business affairs at Gerloguby, and detailed Addah to accompany them, in the hope that he would succeed in returning with a supply of sheep and fat camels.

This being settled during the night, we rose the following morning at 2.30 A.M., and started on a six
and three-quarter hours' journey before 4 a.m. A little rain fell during the march, but when we encamped near some low hills, the condition of the ground and vegetation showed that it had here fallen in large quantities. We were glad to note these signs of the approaching rainy season, which is always ushered in by local downpours and general cloudy skies. I ascended one of the higher hills, about 175 feet, with Aylmer, and prospected a vast plain extending as far as the eye could reach, which was covered with low mimosa bushes and dry grass.

It was a very gamey looking country, and we espied a herd of ariel and an ostrich. As the latter was the first wild specimen of its kind which offered a chance, we attempted a stalk, but failed to get within rifle-range. The following day's march of four and three-quarter hours took us past our old camping-ground at Deberiag, and brought us to some wells named Welgarti, and at this point the two main routes join. A heavy downpour had cooled the atmosphere, but was followed by an unpleasant smell of rotting vegetation, which made us anxious about the healthiness of the locality. During the night we were inconvenienced by a tropical thunderstorm, which so completely soaked our tents and mat-huts that a delay for drying was absolutely necessary.

As though by way of compensation, we received news in the early morning that a lion had carried off a cow belonging to a neighbouring tribe, and our informant offered to conduct us to the spot where the
thief was most likely to be found. Having tossed up who should go, the lot fell to my brother and Lort-Phillips, who was now known throughout the the country by the name of Wil-wal, a former great chief of Ogadayn. After a tramp of some eight miles they came upon a lioness and her two cubs devouring the carcass at their leisure. The approach of the natives startled her ladyship, and she made off in the direction of Lort-Phillips, who thus obtained the first shot, which proved a miss. My brother then fired, and wounded her in the paw, upon which she charged down and nearly bagged him, as the native guide turned tail and almost knocked him over. She was stopped by a couple of shots from Lort-Phillips, which smashed her leg and shoulder. She was old and very mangy, but our men were delighted with the result of the morning's work, and brought the skin into camp with a characteristic song and dance of triumph.

We made a late start, and, after a few hours' journey, pitched our tents on a slope during a perfect deluge of rain. Unfortunately we lost a camel during this journey, for the poor beast slipped while crossing some wet mud, and in falling broke its leg; we also had a bid made for another camel by an enormous spotted hyaena, who coolly came up to the attack while we were off-loading, and actually managed to get clear away before any of us were ready for a shot. Hyaenas are known to frequently allow their curiosity to overcome a natural timidity, but for a
solitary specimen to boldly attack a camel while it was being off-loaded, was quite a novel experience to us and to our men.

We were all drenched, and disposed to be rather dismal, until a visitor was announced, who proved to be our old friend "Fatty," who greeted us with a grin which extended across her whole face, and was proportionately reflected upon ours. We were really delighted to welcome her back, and she was now completely recovered from her rheumatism and able to rejoin the caravan in her old capacity of lady-help. She was no less heartily received by her own country-folk, and an especial feu d'artifice might have been displayed in her honour had not another tremendous storm rendered it impossible and unnecessary. The most vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the surrounding country, and the thunder-claps were something tremendous. The trenches we had dug round the tents proved quite inadequate, and the whole camp was swamped. After a comfortless night and another morning spent in sun-drying, we made an afternoon start, and succeeded in accomplishing a journey of three miles, after a number of camels had been bogged and others jeopardised by severe falls. We camped above the Tug-Faf, and nearly all the low ground within sight was one vast lake and marsh. The villages had been moved up to the hill slopes and it seemed difficult to conceive that a few days' rain should have so completely changed the physical features of this portion of the country.
We sent out scouts the next day to see if the roads were at all practicable for further travel, and as the report was favourable, we ventured to start, leaving the heavily laden Dollol camels behind. At the end of two hours' slipping and sliding about the hills, we had to give up all further effort for that day, and settle down into another wet camp.

The stormy condition of the atmosphere was reflected in the disposition of some of our men, and the following morning ushered in a day of frequent rows. Khamis, our hitherto well-behaved Arab kitchen-maid, opened the ball by entering a complaint of a rather incomprehensible nature against Deria the cook, and therefore his chief. Being occupied with my diary at the time, and not sufficiently skilled in Arabic to disentangle the sentences which were poured out in great excitement, I told him to wait the arrival of my more accomplished brother. A minute later a bullet whizzed past my head, and Khamis rushed from the tent with Lort-Phillips' revolver, and dashed through the camp in search of Deria, with Aylmer and the Doctor at his heels. He was caught and disarmed before he could get a shot at the cook, but immediately afterwards nearly broke away, and seizing a spear, made a desperate lunge at his enemy, who had approached the scene of action and was endeavouring to offer an explanation. About six of our men now held on to Khamis, who was in a state of wild frenzy, and struggled with a violence which was controlled with great difficulty. When the fit was over he burst
into hysterical sobbing, and quietly submitted to being bound with ropes until judgment was pronounced.

It transpired that Deria had provoked him beyond endurance, and mistaking my incapability of understanding his complaint for apathy, had determined to take the law into his own hands and lynch Deria. With this object he had first tested Lort-Phillips' revolver by discharging one chamber into a crowd of visitors who surrounded the zariba, and being satisfied with the condition of the weapon, had then started off in search of his quarry. Of course this proved a premeditated determination to murder, but as the bullet had done no damage, and "the murderous intent" was common to all our escort, we took into consideration the previous excellent behaviour of the prisoner, and made our punishment as light as possible. The subsequent behaviour of Khamis gave us no cause to regret our clemency.

Later on in the day two of the camel-drivers engaged in a duel, and had to be tied up until we hoped the impulse of the hour was over; but no sooner were they released and their weapons returned, than they again made for each other. This time one succeeded in wounding his adversary in the back before a separation could be effected, but the injury was trivial, and the consequent blood-letting probably beneficial.

Before the sunset we received a visit from our present friend, though former enemy, the chief priest, who first implored us to remain with him for ever,
and then begged for some more tea and sugar. He informed us that within the next three months he proposed making a second journey to Mecca with some thirty or forty of his brethren, and we told him he would go with our best wishes that "Allah" would make his journey among strangers less troublesome than ours. Our next visitor was a professional beggar, the second we had met with during our whole travel. "Begging" was, of course, a national pastime, or custom, or "what you please;" but a "professional beggar" was an interesting novelty, and this particular specimen deserved encouragement as he was quite blind. The last visitor was also welcome, for he introduced to our notice a peculiar custom of the country. His advent was heralded by one of the abans bringing us a small leathern case containing verses from the Koran, and upon our asking the meaning of this "token," we were informed that it represented the card of a magnate who had intrusted a special messenger to convey his desire for some "eye-water." In such cases, we learnt, it was customary to provide an envoy with some article of clothing or ornament as an evidence of honour and a guarantee that the request was genuine.

Before despatching Addah with the abans to Ger-loguby we endeavoured to induce the latter to return with us to the coast by offering to give each of them $25 on our arrival at Berbera. Korashee, however, replied that for such services as he alone was able to render us $200 would not represent a sufficient pay-
ment; so we gave up further discussion of the subject, and returned to our favourite topic about the best road to travel. Whether as an inducement to engage his services at his own estimation of their value, or in mere illustration of his complete geographical knowledge, he replied by spreading out all his fingers and his two thumbs in front of my face, and explaining that their number represented a few of the caravans routes which would lead us to the coast.

After this information I told him that he might start away with Addah to Gerloguby at once, and that we would allow them ten days to obtain the necessary supplies, during which time we would await their arrival at Hahi; but that if they failed to appear within the appointed time, we should proceed on our journey home without them. The effect of this announcement was quite ludicrous. The three abans retired to a neighbouring tree, and rolling up their prayer-carpets in the form of giant ear-trumpets, conversed with each other a long time through the medium of these improvised instruments of secrecy before making their start for Gerloguby.

The local rains, which in places are confined to a few acres, led us to hope we should find water in abundance during our homeward marches. They brought into existence abundant insect life in the form of beetles, cockchafers, and flying ants, which made dining in the open air impossible, unless we were prepared to let these pests form the principal part of our evening meal. Even with the curtains of the
tent down, a fair number managed to season each plateful of food which was set before us.

The native who brought our last mail from Berbera gave notice to quit our service, as he did not approve of being told off for such arduous work as watching the daily measure of water we always had boiled for our own drinking. With the exception of scooping into a spoon the numerous specimens of boiled insects which collected on the top of the more impure samples of the water provided by the land of the Somal, we could not imagine a lighter berth than the one with which he had been provided. We paid him off, however, and detailed a rather troublesome person named Ali Magag for the duty. This led to a curious complication, for it appeared that Ali Magag had sworn the "oath of divorce" that nothing would induce him to undertake the work. We therefore had to interview a deputation of his particular friends, who finally persuaded us to select a substitute, as otherwise Ali Magag would have been obliged to divorce a lady with whom he appeared to be, from all his friends said, distractedly in love. We warned him, however, that during the remainder of the journey he must consider himself under the "oath of divorce" to do any other work which might be given to him, and to do it without grumbling and to the very best of his ability.

The journey to Hahi introduced us to complete change in the character of the vegetation of the country, which now was bursting into leaf and flower, and
enabled us to collect numerous specimens for presentation to Kew Gardens. The game birds were beginning to pair, and we noticed for the first time the uncommon spectacle of partridges roosting in trees.

We passed some wells named Boobi, which were hewn out of rock, and found a quantity of granite in their neighbourhood. Before reaching Hahi, we came upon a miniature zariba, containing one wretched old woman, and, if possible, a still more wretched camel, both gazing intently on a few bags of corn, as though they longed to fill their stomachs with their contents. The Sultana informed us, through Dualla, that she had been there during four days awaiting the arrival of her friends who could load the camel, and that
every night she had been visited by a lion, which she kept off by such sticks and stones as she could collect when she ventured out during the day. We lost no time in loading up the camel, and took its guardian along with us until we fell in with her friends.
CHAPTER XVII.

HAHI—DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING SUPPLIES—THE RIFLE V. BOWS AND ARROWS—A RAPID JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF WATER—DUALLA CAUSES TROUBLE AND DELAY—TRIBAL CUSTOMS—NEWS OF OURSELVES FROM BERBERA.

We reached Hahi the day after the appearance of the new moon, and were informed by the weather-wise that there would be no rain for fifteen days. As we had pitched our camp near some old Galla wells, and there were several small water-pans half full within sight, the prospect of fine weather was not depressing. The country afforded pasturage to numerous herds and flocks, but the natives who looked after them said the owners were in another part of the Ogadayn, and in consequence we were unable to effect any purchases. We were therefore left almost dependent upon our guns and rifles for food, and made daily excursions in search of antelope and guinea-fowl, and also shot a few geese and a couple of ducks, the first we had as yet come across. Leopards were said to be here numerous and destructive but though we often heard their peculiar cry and grunt, and followed up fresh pugs, we never obtained a shot. We were equally unsuccessful in
our efforts to come up to rhinoceros, though on several occasions we made the attempt. The part of the country they preferred was so densely wooded with strong mimosa, that one might at any time be within a few yards of the beasts without getting a glimpse of them; and on one particular day, after tracking three for many weary miles, they charged out from the opposite side of the close bush within a few feet of our rifles, but without giving the chance of even a snap-shot.

We were told by the natives that during the heavy dews they were in the habit of driving the herds and flocks to new pasturage many miles away from the wells, and remaining with them for several days without carrying any water, but merely depending for subsistence upon the milk their animals provided, which became rich and plentiful.

One afternoon, while I was reading a book, a native wanted to know why I looked at "the thing in my lap for such a long time;" so I explained that "the thing in my lap" was able to tell me just such a story as he was in the habit of listening to when squatting with others over the camp-fire. He shook his head, as though he could believe a good deal that was strange, but drew the line at the idea of anything like what was lying in my lap being able to tell a story, though it might have suggested a lie.

Girghis had been down with fever for some days. He never had any constitution, and like most natives, gave in at once, and Anselmier had been unable to
do anything for a long time. This threw a great deal on Durling, but he did not grumble, and worked admirably. There were representatives of no less than four Ogadayn tribes in the immediate neighbourhood of Hahi, and all seemed to possess abundance of sheep, goats, and camels, and yet would not sell them. As we killed the last bullock, we began to wonder how we should feed our people, but after great persuasion, induced some men to sell us two poor camels, for which they accepted dollars, the first time we had been able to purchase anything with coin since our arrival in Ogadayn.

On getting up one morning, we observed all hands engaged in strengthening the zariba, which was already fully as strong as we usually deemed necessary to make it, and on inquiring the reason, were told that the previous day a great many people had arrived, and Dualla had heard there was to be what he described as a "meeting;" and as he thought they might try to "rush" us for tobes, it was as well to be prepared, which accounted for the formidable zariba now in progress. The people were certainly very insolent in their demeanour, but as in no country in the world does the proverb "forewarned is forearmed" more surely apply, we were not disturbed.

We made great friends with some Midgans who were prowling about the camp engaged in snaring dik-dik. One day they made very good practice at Thrupp's hat, and Dualla was emboldened to challenge one of them to shoot a match against his rifle, a
target being improvised on the trunk of a tree. At the first shot the Midgan hit the target, while Dualla scored a miss, amidst the jeers of the crowd. We did not at all approve of this exhibition, particularly when some of our camel-drivers came to beg that we would allow them to carry the bows and arrows we had purchased from our friends, which they said they would prefer to rifles. This we of course declined to permit, pointing out that in our country poisoned weapons were not used either for offence or defence.

One day a man arrived with Addah’s bridle round his neck as a witness that he had been really sent by him. He conveyed a request for a further delay of three days, which we met with a firm refusal. Addah’s reason for the request was of course another effort to please the abans, for he urged that on arrival at Gerloguby they had found their goods and chattels had been moved some distance farther north.

When our ten days at Hahi were nearly up, we thought it well to send ahead to Harradigit, and obtain a report as to the amount of water to be found there. If plentiful at this place, we could depend upon finding sufficient farther on. By offering a present, we induced one of our camel-drivers to make this journey in company with a local magnate, said to be a most reliable person. They returned within forty hours, having accomplished a to-and-fro journey on foot of 126 miles, with what little food they carried in their stomachs and tobes. Naturally, they returned much exhausted, but rapidly revived under the
stimulus afforded by the roasted flesh of one of our
lean camels. They had found plenty of water, but, as the rains had ceased, it was rapidly being swallowed by the thirsty soil, so they urged our departure without loss of time. We needed no urging to press forward, but were delayed an entire day by an incident that, although ludicrous, might have caused us serious trouble.

It appeared that a Hahi Ogadayn, and relative of one of our troublesome abans, had been interfering to prevent our purchasing supplies. Dualla lost his temper, and snatching a sandal from his foot, threw it at him, and caught him in the eye. This constitutes the greatest insult that a Somal can offer to another, and is an offence not easily wiped out; and this Dualla confessed he knew, and declared "it was treating a gentleman as though he were a Midgan." This scene took place as we were loading up and preparing for a start. Instantly everything was at a stand-still, every one talking at once, and no one would obey orders.

About noon, Addah, Abdeella, and the abans, followed by Dualla, entered our tent, and explaining that the offence was a most serious one, hoped we would endeavour to settle the matter by paying out on Dualla's account eighty tobes or their equivalent. Seeing that unless we agreed it would mean further delay, and knowing as we did that the water resulting from the recent rains was daily becoming less, we consented, at the same time telling them that no
power on earth should induce us to remain over the following day; that we insisted on going direct to Harradigit, and not to Farfanyer. They were most anxious to induce us to go to the latter place, which lay much farther to the east, and would make it consequently easier for the caravan they were endeavouring to form to catch us up. They declared that the Ogadayn native was guilty of the first provocation, as the day before he had thrown his sandal at Dualla, but it had missed its mark. This, however, did not count for much in the way of insults, according to their view, thereby illustrating the proverb, "A miss is as good as a mile," although we were told it had been taken into account in what Dualla styled "the judgment." One of our abans declared that were such an insult offered him, five hundred camels would not suffice to wipe out the stain, and that without taking the offender's life he would "never breathe freely again." We felt disposed to reply with a paraphrase of Talleyrand's famous mot, but resisted the inclination. Fortunately, however, every Somal is not a Gerloguby aban.

Weiss, the most troublesome of camel-drivers, now approached and asked for "judgment." He had previously been fined by us for striking one of his comrades across the back with a leather whip. This, it appears, ranks almost next in indignity to striking a man with a sandal, and it had been decided amongst the men that, in addition to the fine to us, he was to pay something to his brother camel-driver. We decided
that these niceties of Somali etiquette or *code d'honneur* were beyond our powers of arbitration.

The Dualla incident led to our obtaining fresh information about tribal customs, which are always difficult to unravel. It appeared that if a man killed one of another tribe in fair fight, the fine was 100 camels, but that a woman was half-price. For lurking behind bushes and killing people engaged in caravan traffic, nothing less than tribal war was declared; were this not the case, trade would be at a complete stand-still. In these wars they are often most brutal, and Dualla told me without any feeling of shame that in the fights between Sultans Owd and Noor women and children were nearly always massacred on both sides.

Marriages, from all we could learn, were made in Ogadayn on the civilised basis of convenience, and without any pretence of being first arranged in heaven. A man was permitted to seek a wife among his own tribe, but rarely cared to do so, as by intermarriage with others he improved his foreign relationships, and this was of more value to him than any prospect of domestic happiness. The more important the position of the individual, the greater number of wives he sought out among the people he knew least about, and, having consummated the marriage, would return to his own people triumphant, leaving the newly-acquired wife among hers. In the event of war breaking out between their tribes, he obtained a free pass among her people, and not unfrequently afforded
them useful advice and warning. All Somals seem to recognise the disadvantage of intermarriage with cousins, and though known to marry their aunt's daughters, absolutely decline to marry those of their uncles.

Addah arrived within the appointed time, and brought endless reports, but no eating-camels. He declared he had collected twenty, which had started from Gerloguby for Hahi, but had returned upon the drivers hearing a report to the effect that we had already left. He assured us, however, that before the morning we might depend upon obtaining six or eight to help us on the road. His next report was to the effect that information had reached Berbera that our whole caravan had been massacred by the Shebeyli people, and that the only representative now alive was the Doctor, who had been elevated to the proud position of chief among the medicine-men of the Webbe. Another report, which might or might not have been true, was that a contingent of the Dollol caravan which had journeyed from the river in our steps had been attacked by the Sultan's people, and looted with the loss of one man killed and many seriously wounded.

On the morning of March 29, at 6.30 a.m., we broke up our Hahi camp and again followed in the tracks of our pet "Sultan," who, I am sure, knew more about the shortest way home than Dualla, Addah, Abdeella, and the three abans all put together.
The next seven days were occupied in an uneventful journey from Hahi to Darror, where we remained for two days. No sooner had we started than Addah entreated us to wait for the aban Korashee, who had not yet arrived, but we remained deaf to the advantages in the way of food which were held out as inducements for delay. When, later in the day, Korashee caught us up with a small private caravan, these advantages resolved themselves into an opportunity to purchase two or three of his camels at his own fancy prices. At first it seemed as though we should be obliged to close with a bad bargain, as two of our eating-camels bolted away and could nowhere be found; but before the evening they were recaptured, much to our satisfaction, and greatly, I expect, to Korashee’s discomfiture.

The weather was for the most part cloudy and cool, and offered no excuse for our men first washing them-
selves in a pool of very dirty water, and afterwards filling up their drinking-vessels.

During this journey we lost a great opportunity of establishing a lasting reputation for power to foretell, if not command, the course of heavenly bodies. An almost total eclipse of the moon occurred, which was duly forecast in our nautical almanacs, but which we had foolishly omitted to look up in time to make the necessary startling announcement.

The following day the rain came down in torrents, and the abans, with other Dollols, crowded into our living tent. They made themselves most agreeable; and mindful of Adam Smith, I improved the occasion by enlarging on the benefits that accrue to nations through peaceful commerce and settled government. They begged we would return to their country, when they declared we might travel through the length and breadth of the land without molestation, and they even expressed a hope that on our return we would not only build substantial stone towns, but settle all their tribal differences! They were further pleased to express entire satisfaction at our manner of eating, and one man went so far as to allege that "we really must be clean people, as we used spoons like the abans." To be "like the abans" was, we felt, a compliment indeed, especially as only lately they had made a great parade of brandishing some roughly fashioned wooden spoons at meal-times.

As we journeyed on, our men once more expressed fear of the Dolbohanti marauders, who they declared
were no doubt prowling about on the look-out for caravans, for they were "camel-lifters by occupation, and during their incursions into the territory of other tribes would live for two or three months on the roots and leaves of trees." We observed the old marks of elephants, and two lions were sighted in the moonlight, and Thrupp got close to an ant-bear, the first seen.

On April 1st we reached Harradiggit, where we had sent the messengers to look for water. The first pans we reached were dry, and we feared our envoys knew more about the license on April fools' day than we liked. However, they declared that on their arrival the water was a foot deep, but that information was of no use to us now. Every one looked anxious, and we sent men in various directions in search of water, which was soon found about three miles farther off in a fine pool some acres in extent, on which were numerous Egyptian geese and a few ducks.

All now eagerly discussed the best route to the coast, and had there been no one to consult besides myself, I should certainly have gone by Milmil and Tug-Fafan (see map). The general opinion was, however, against it, but it was decided that before passing on to Darror it would be only common prudence to send ahead and find out whether the pans in that district were empty. Just as two men, detailed for this duty, were starting off, we espied two natives of the Rer Haroun tribe under a tree, who set all doubts at rest by declaring we should find water good
and plentiful. They said the Eed-a-galleh had lately driven off a great many of their cattle near the pans, and that they had retaliated by killing two of the raiders. We found evidence of the truth of this statement in the skeleton of one, to which some of the flesh still adhered. This route was not inappropriately termed Wada Gulif, or "Camel-lifter's road."

We were surprised to come across some rock-hewn wells in the immediate neighbourhood of the pans, which had been evidently made by the present inhabitants of the country, and not by Gallas. They had been formed from fissures or natural rents in the rock, and these had been enlarged by the action of the water and air to their present dimensions. We rested one day at Harradiggit, sending back the aban Hussein with the pleasantest Ogadayn we had met, whose name was Affey. This gentleman was always polite and most obliging, and asked us to take on his son, a bright intelligent fellow of about eighteen years of age, "to see the English people at Aden," which we did. Before they left we gave each a present of dollars and tobes, and sent some of the latter to "absent friends" at Gerlogubý, to whom we had promised a present if we got out of the country in safety. Affey intrusted all his money to Dualla, charging him to invest it in Aden jewellery for Mrs., or rather the Mesdames Affey.

I was glad to hear from Dualla that although they were not demonstrative in their thanks to us, they thought we had been liberal, and were well satisfied.
They declared on parting they would be glad to see us, or any other Englishman, in their country again, and would accompany us through the territory of any tribes we cared to visit with whom they were not actually at war. They even said they would travel with us to the Indian Ocean, and I really think we might revisit their country without any serious risk or trouble. We gave Affey a strong letter of recommendation, pointing out how useful he had proved, and recommending him to the consideration of the powers at Aden, should he ever land at that port.

On quitting Harradiggit we followed for some distance the tracks of the cattle which had been driven off, and came across a large herd of oryx, from which we obtained one specimen. Only the bulls are prized; they are ridden down on horseback on the great plains, and their hides make excellent shields. We met a caravan of about fifteen camels lightly laden with tobes, and bound to Baha-Wadly, entirely escorted by Ogadayn natives. This was the first and only genuine trading caravan we had seen in the whole country. We were told that they now manage most of their own trade, taking their produce to Berbera, and with the money it brings buy tobes to trade in their own country. They have almost driven away "outsiders," although some of our Aden men had traded there, and talked of going again. After investing £50 in tobes at Berbera, a man was thought lucky if at the end of three months' arduous travel
his profits exceeded his outlay by the value of a ten-pound note.

Of course the sight of a caravan only a few days out from Berbera caused great excitement, and everyone was eager to hear the latest news. One of the men knew a little Arabic, so I asked him what he had to tell us from the coast. Without the slightest hesitation or change in his countenance, he gravely assured me "that a great battle had taken place at Berbera, and the English had killed a woman and two boys!" Clearly then we were fully a match for the wild Somal in great deeds of daring! On our arrival we found that a street-riot had really taken place, in which a woman had been unfortunately killed, in addition to a couple of men, by the native police.

These traders again complained of the usury of the Ayal Achmet, and endorsed the reports of our having been killed near the Webbe. As we more nearly approached the territory of Sultan Noor, excitement increased among our men, and we learnt there was a blood-feud between the Sultan's people and the Dollols, and that the latter dare not approach their territory unless strongly supported, and that even then they dreaded the assassin's knife. Some of our people, and notably Addah, grew extremely nervous, and used every effort to get us through Noor's country without our paying him the civility of a formal call.

On April 4th we reached Darror, which in many points resembled Harradiggit. There was a large pan with plenty of water, and, besides ducks and geese, we
here added our first teal to the bag. A conspicuous object in the landscape was a lion’s skin suspended from the bough of a solitary large tree which overhung the water’s edge, and this interesting zoological specimen was stuffed in a somewhat primitive manner by some native taxidermist.

As Girghis was still down with fever, the camels tired, and the place inviting, we remained over the whole of the next day, which we spent in photographing our men; and as we had no further use for the tobes that were left, we divided them amongst our followers. Towards nightfall a deluge of rain, which nearly brought away our tents, delayed our departing early the next morning, as we had to wait for the mats to dry, and it was after eleven before we effected a start, and even then our men seemed disturbed in their minds, and uncertain as to the best road to select. Of course we discussed rival routes ad nauseam, but with so many varying interests and fears among our men, it was difficult to decide upon a wise choice. Some were anxious to induce us to leave the fair road we were following, and which led to Berbera, to work out a fresh path to the west, in order to avoid meeting with Noor and his people. On the march a fine leopard was espied under a bush, and my brother would probably have got a shot, had not our excitable “soldiers” dashed after it with their spears, and frightened the creature into a dense thorn covert.

Tracks were now observed of two horses; so we
sent a couple of men to follow them up to try and find people and water; they returned after dark, reporting that villages and people belonging to Sultan Noor were within a few miles of us. At this news Addah's face grew so long that it was hardly recognisable, and he hopped about like an old raven, croaking something to the effect that we were between Scylla and Charybdis; for it appeared he was as anxious we should avoid Sultan Deria of the Eed-a-galleh tribe as he was of avoiding Sultan Noor.

We soon, however, made acquaintance with some of the latter gentry, whom we found by no means disagreeable, and not too inquisitive. At nightfall, our three men from Sultan Owd, with two nervous camel-drivers, started off in a new direction to avoid Sultan Noor's Gehenna, promising to join us later on, if we were fortunate enough to escape annihilation. We felt quite able to protect all who stuck to us, and told them as much, but they preferred their notions of safety to ours. The country became more open, the mimosas larger, and patches covered with small stones frequent, while the oases of thick coarse grass proved good hunting-grounds for bustard and plover's eggs, which were added to our collection. Villages and villagers were countless, and goats and sheep were browsing in a section of the country which, until the rains set in, is a mere wilderness.

The natives we met were singularly shy and uncommunicative, and seven horsemen who were watching our advance in the distance suddenly wheeled their
horses round and galloped off in the opposite direction, without giving us a chance to make their acquaintance. Later in the day we were told "a big man" belonging to Sultan Noor, and possibly his Lord Chamberlain, was waiting for us under a tree, and begged we would halt our caravan, as he was anxious to introduce himself and a friend, but afraid to go beyond the immediate vicinity of the villages, owing to their strained relationship with Sultans Owd and Deria, whose people were not far off.

Our men again implored us to give Sultan Noor a wide berth, urging we should otherwise be delayed in his territory for a week or ten days at least. This course I was strongly opposed to. In the first place, before leaving Berbera it had been decided we should go through Noor's country, and he had been communicated with, and a friendly answer received. Of course he was disappointed that we had visited his rival instead of him, as thereby he lost a good haul of dollars, to say nothing of the importance attached to entertaining so many Europeans, and we thought it best to prove we bore him no ill-will by making a point of paying him a visit. As to the delay that visit might cause, we pointed out that as we were on the homeward journey, and wanted nothing from him, it only required firmness in our determination not to be delayed a single day. Besides, explorers should always think of future travellers, who, if following in the steps of those who have been liberal and friendly, may reasonably expect a welcome rather than a rebuff.
Accordingly we left the Lord Chamberlain under the tree, and went into camp in Noor’s territory two hours’ journey farther on.

It was not long before a crowd collected, and they begged us to spend at least as much time with their Sultan as we had with his rival. We made our refusal as polite as possible, but also as distinct, and while it was being translated, about thirty horsemen dashed up, and a genuine “fantasia” in our honour was commenced. It was very much the same kind of thing we had witnessed at Burao, but the horses were decidedly better than any we had seen before, and the riders more smartly dressed. The “fantasia” terminated with a recitation from the usual poet, whose oration was not over complimentary to our men, who chiefly owed allegiance to Sultan Owd, and he described in all its repulsive details a recent raid in which they had killed 150 of Owd’s camels. This, from a civilised point of view, was not much of a feat to brag about. The animals were first captured, and about to be driven off, when a cloud of dust, which was probably a whirlwind, alarmed the raiders into the conviction that they were being pursued by a body of horsemen, so they slaughtered all the camels, and took to flight.

The orator boasted they owned the main caravan route, and that all the ghee, hides, and gum passed through their country to Ogadayn, which represented an element of truth, for though most of the trade goes by Bulhar, none at all goes by Burao. He also
claimed for Noor all the pasturage in the great Toyo plain, and wound up with the following query, which involved a compliment:—"Was it not better to be friends with the great English people now established at Berbera, than to pillage caravans?" They had heard about Sultan Owd's abans having left our caravan, but assured us they would not have injured them while under our protection, though under other circumstances they would have speared them at once. We replied we felt sure they were a great deal too gentlemanly to think of harming any one under our protection, but that as we knew Sultan Owd's abans to be tribal adversaries, we thought it might have been discourteous on our part to have brought them with us. We also pointed out what a mistake it was to have a strong tribe such as theirs so much divided, and concluded by explaining to them the fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, and emphasised the moral that if they stuck together, no one could hurt them, but that if they weakened themselves by disunion, they must eventually fall to pieces.

As the Sultan was away, probably sojourning at one of his country-seats, we wrote out a "chit" on Mr. Walsh for some dollars for his people, with a letter for his Majesty, telling him we should leave a present for him at Berbera. His people seemed much excited, and expected an attack at any moment from Sultan Owd, so their horses were kept saddled, and scouts were sent off on the look-out during the whole evening.
As we were going to bed, Abdeella came up to say letters were on the way. This we did not believe, and pointed out how a similar story had been invented at Gerloguby to keep us an extra day. At this he laughed, and told us that "once upon a time a Somal picked up what he took to be a rope, until he discovered it to be a snake, and that ever after when he saw a real rope he left it alone, lest it should turn out to be another snake." He meant the letters this time were ropes, not snakes, and they actually arrived in less than an hour. The carrier had really been to Ogadayn, and followed our track back from Hahi. He declared one of his camels had been eaten by a lion, and another with a woman on its back had been swept away in crossing the swollen Tug, and drowned.

We sat up half the night reading our letters, the latest being one from Mr. Walsh, dated February 25th, and I had only just fallen asleep when Addah woke us up with the cheering intelligence that the Sultan had arrived, but we declined to see him until the sun was up. He had travelled a long way to see us, and was attended by a numerous retinue, so we were evidently in for further delay. Morning ushered in another "fantasia," and then the Sultan approached in state.

We found him as silent as the other Sultans who had honoured us with their acquaintance. He was tall and fine-looking, and about forty years of age, and so singularly like his cousin Owd, that the chief
DEPARTURE FROM NOOR'S TERRITORY.

difference between them appeared to be that one had the itch and the other had not. This perhaps explained why they declined to shake hands with each other and make friends. An investiture took place, similar to the one at Burao, and at 3 p.m. we were again on the homeward road. I do not think travellers could have more rapidly disposed of an African potentate. However indecent our haste here, compared with our delay at Burao, Sultan Noor was no sufferer, for we gave him the same presents we gave his rival, and paid equal tribute to both tribes.

A deluge of rain drenched us to the skin while making our next camp, and caused Addah to croak louder and look more like an old raven than ever. We cheered him by saying it was surely nothing to be wetted by the rain after escaping being wetted by the spears of Sultan Noor, which he had so greatly dreaded.

On April the 12th we seemed to have quite left behind us the closely wooded flats we had found so wearisome, and travelled through an open grass plain which was well populated, and provided excellent pasture for a multitude of camels, oxen, sheep, and goats. The rains having now set in, the greater part of the population in the neighbourhood of Berbera had migrated to this portion of the country with all their possessions. We noticed but few horses, and Dualla told us that the great breeders of horse-flesh in Somali-land were the Said Yunis and Dolbohanti tribes.

A day's delay on account of the late heavy rains
was chiefly occupied by my brother in photographing our caravan and natives, a performance which brought forth considerable abuse from the surrounding Ayal Achmets. They called all who sat for their portraits "dogs and rats," and several told Rabi the aban that "they wished we had never got out of Ogadayn alive."

One member of this tribe informed Addah that Sharmarkay, Deria, & Co., had sent Haji Moosa to Burao on purpose to stop us; and Affey's son, who was listening to the conversation, declared that one of the Ayal Achmets who was still in Ogadayn, and whose name he mentioned, said in his hearing that the people at Burao ought to have listened to the advice of Haji Moosa, as we were spies who intended to take the country. Before leaving this camp several attempts were made by men and boys to steal our picket ropes and tent pegs, which was a novel experience since entertaining the retinue of Sultan Owd at our first camp on the Haud beyond Burao.

A three-hours' march brought us to the Tug-Seek, where we pitched our tents under the grandest fig-tree we had seen in the whole country, whose branches were crowded with the large green fruit-eating pigeon. It was evidently an important natural landmark, and it seemed to have been a custom for many generations for every caravan which passed it to leave a sign in the form of a deep notch cut in the trunk of this magnificent shade tree. Near here my brother just escaped falling a victim to a would-be assassin. He
was sauntering into the camp when he heard sounds of a scuffle close behind him, and on inquiring what was the matter, found that an unknown native had been observed by some of the camel-men creeping up to him, and they had seen him raise his spear with the intention of thrusting it into my brother's back. They snatched the weapon away in time and broke it in pieces, and were told that this man had sworn the divorce-oath to kill the first Englishman he met, as his brother had been imprisoned by the authorities at Berbera.

Farther on, at a place called Adardley, we struck the regular caravan route to Berbera, and here one of our camel-men came up to make a strange request. He said he was an Eesa Mousa, and that Mr. Walsh had fixed the tax which his tribe might exact for camels passing through his country at four annas a head (it used to be $5), and he desired the recognised tax should be handed over to him, on behalf of his tribe, by the owners of the Ogadayn camels! We referred him to our Dollol abans, but never learned whether they admitted the strange claim he put forward.

From the summit of a steep pass which led to the maritime plain we obtained our first view of the sea during our return journey on April the 15th, but it was too hazy to make out the position of Berbera. Here we pitched our tents for the last time in Somaliland, and began our descent at 4.15 A.M. the next morning.
For two hours the caravan wound through an imposing rocky defile, and our men exchanged frequent greetings with numerous acquaintances who were conducting their flocks to the higher pasture-land.

Before 8 a.m. we sighted a man mounted on a camel moving rapidly towards us, which proved to be Mr. Walsh, who had ridden out from Berbera to give us the first welcome.

There was a hearty shake of the hand all round, and then we drove home our spurs, and racing into Berbera, illustrated the famous Arab proverb, "God help the goer! but the return is rolling."
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SOMALI WEAPONS.

Spears or Javelins (Ouarmo).—The head or blade is made of badly tempered iron, and varies in length from a few inches to over two feet, and in breadth from an inch and a half to five inches. The shape is either that of a broad arrow, a stiletto, or a mason’s trowel. The ferrule into which the shaft fits is more often bound with gut or fine brass wire, but in some specimens it is merely concealed by a neatly sewn piece of antelope hide from which the hair has not been removed. The shaft varies in length from four to six feet, and is made from the Dibi, Diktah, and Makari trees. The wood is usually seasoned and polished with ghee or camel-fat until it assumes a yellowish-brown colour. The end is weighted with a leaden ring or button, or else shod with a blunt-pointed ferrule. These weapons are used as javelins, capable of being thrown with accuracy some twenty or twenty-five yards, or as simple spears for thrusting. Native warriors usually carry two, a light one for the first purpose, and a heavier one for the last. Special warriors carry three, and even four.

Swords (Belaou) — There is only one pattern of sword or dagger, and it is common to all the tribes. The blade is double-edged, and about eighteen inches long by two broad. The handle consists of a broad piece of horn mounted in pewter or zinc, and scooped out at either side to fit the grasp. The sheath is made of tanned hide neatly sewn, and the belt, which is of the same material, is sufficiently long to pass twice round the body. The sword is used as an ordinary carving-knife, as a hatchet, and as a weapon of war. In the latter case, the strokes are delivered from above downwards or from side to side. The “point” or thrust is never attempted.

The Club (Bud).—This, like the Kaffir “knobkerry,” is about a foot and a half in length, and made of any hard wood well
seasoned. The head is round or egg-shaped, smooth or knotted, and decorated or simple, according to the particular fancy of its owner. It is a weapon despised by those who can afford to carry a "full complement of steel," represented by the two spears and the sword.

The Shield (Gáshán).—This, the only specimen of native armour, is circular, and about eighteen inches in diameter. The most highly prized are made from rhinoceros hide; the next are fashioned from the skin of the oryx and wild ass, and the least from that of the common ox. All are bossed and artistically carved, some indeed most elaborately. During battle they are held well forward by a stout raw hide handle, and cannot be easily penetrated at their weakest point by any spear-thrust.

Bow (Kánso), Arrow (Fallád), Quiver (Gáboio).—These are described on page 69. The poison is called Wabayo, and derived from the root of the Waba plant, an evergreen not unlike our bay, and growing to about the same height. The leaves, flowers, and berries of this plant are quite harmless. The poison is obtained by boiling the root in water and adding gum, and probably sand, until the mixture is of the consistence of pitch. From the experiments made by Drs. Arnott and Haines, this poison appears to be an irritant narcotic, but with an uncertain action, probably resulting from the careless method of its preparation. A pure preparation (equal in amount to what might be conveyed by an arrow-head), with which a dog and a sheep were inoculated, caused death in about two hours. Impure samples produced modified symptoms of poisoning or none at all. An active and important alkaloid has lately been extracted from this poisonous root.

Hatchets (Fass).—These are of various shapes and clumsy manufacture. The best varieties resemble the New Zealand adze, with the substitution of iron for green jade. The straight weapon usually consists of a rough piece of iron projecting at right angles from the upper third of its wooden handle, into which it has been driven and secured by raw hide lashings.

Knives (Mindí).—These consist of short wide blades fixed into wooden or horn handles, and enclosed in a neatly made tanned hide sheath.

SOMALI DRESS.

The Tobe (Dar).—The original Somali costume consisted of two skins, the one placed diagonally across the chest, the other dependent from the waist, and we came upon several aged outcasts still wearing this ancestral dress. The present national costume is the tobe, which consists of two breadths of cotton
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cloth, about twelve feet long, sewn together. The men apply it to their figures in various fashions, according to the temperature and the amount of freedom they require for their limbs. Sometimes it will be used as a Highland plaid, at others as a Roman toga, and again as an ordinary winding-sheet. The women either knot it over the shoulder and girdle it round the waist, or divide it, using one half as a cloak and the other as a petticoat. The cotton cloth is chiefly supplied from Zanzibar, Aden, and Harrar, and consists of several qualities. It can be had plain or printed in different colours, the favourite patterns being various modifications of our Scottish plaids.

Sandals (Ashin).—These are made from pieces of hide stitched together in the form of the sole of a shoe, and fastened to the foot by two straps, one of which passes above the ankle, and the other over the instep.

SOMALI ORNAMENTS.

MALE.

Pieces of amber, real or manufactured, necklaces made of beads of various kinds, and silver boxes or leathern cases containing a verse of the Koran, are the only ornaments worn by men. On the Webbe Shebeyli one or two natives were noticed wearing rosaries made with wooden beads or berries.

FEMALE.

Necklace (Djilbet).—This is made of various beads, with amber or silver buttons, brought from Aden or Zanzibar.

Leg Bracelet (Soumoud).—Metal or glass rings.

Arm Bracelet (Bunjiri).—Wood, metal, or glass rings.

Earrings (Koured and Célancil).—Of silver, and usually of Aden or Zanzibar manufacture. Those termed Koured are attached to the top of each ear and united by a slender chain. Those termed Célancil are suspended from the lobe of the ear.

SOMALI TENT EQUIPMENTS.

Milk pots or jars, wooden (Djiija).
Milk pots or jars, wicker (Dili).
Water jar, earthenware (Dán).
Water vessel, plaited grass (Huntali).
Grease or butter vessel, wicker (Gombo).
Grease or butter skin bag (Jijo).
Water bottle, wooden or wicker.
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SOMALI HORSE EQUIPMENT.

Saddle (Korè).
But (Djeddel).
Bridle (Akama).

ROADS.

A short account of the various roads that lead to Ogadayn may prove of interest to geographers and of use to future travellers. As I have shown in my narrative, the route chosen by us was not one of the regular caravan tracks, and is merely used by the Habr Gerhajis tribes during the rainy season. Nearly all trade for Ogadayn goes from Bulhar; but we found on the Webbe that we had, as it were, reached the point at which merchants from Berbera and Bulhar meet those from Merka and Mogadaxo (Madisha) with goods, conveyed first by dhows from Zanzibar (the head-quarters of the East African trade), and thence along the river, or not very far from it, to the various villages on its banks. I should recommend future explorers to land at one of these ports, and endeavour to follow the river as far as Barri, and thence either to travel via the Tug-Faf by way of Milmil to Bulhar, or else to push farther along the river through the Karanle and Imé country, finally reaching the Red Sea or Gulf of Aden at Zeilah or Assab. This would, of course, be a difficult journey, but I see no reason why patience and perseverance should not be rewarded by success. The people through which the traveller would have to pass would be most interesting, and the country would certainly possess more water and game than that through which we passed. Almost the whole of this country is unknown, except by native report. I endeavoured to glean all the information I could from our own men, and also from the natives with whom I came into contact in the interior of the country, and I give here the substance of what I was told, which must of course be taken for what it is worth.

By referring to the map, it will be seen that besides the routes we took in going to and returning from Ogadayn, there are three traced out roughly as leading from Berbera. Of these, the most easterly is the Wadaa Arnot road, going from Burao to Gerloguby. I could not find there was anything to be gained by following this track; there is no more water than by that we selected, and it is reported to be more dangerous on account of being nearer to the Dolbohanti country, where the people have the character of being troublesome and much given to lying in wait for caravans, which at some seasons of the year make journeys into this district for the purpose of gathering gum, which is more plentiful there
than in the country through which we passed. The Wadaa Hamid road I could hear little about, but it is doubtless no better than the route we selected; it is only used during the rains. The Wadaa Gulif road is the one we returned by. That farthest to the east is the regular caravan track, and the one I should recommend to future travellers. I always regretted we did not choose it ourselves, and had we gone to Bulhar and taken men and camels from there, we certainly should have done so. I append the itinerary as given to me by Abdeella, and it is probably pretty correct.

From Berbera to Laferug (see our homeward march), Laferug via the Warrok road to Jumma-el-Sheik (water, which is also found where the first night is spent), two days. Jumma-el-Shenk to Harrer es Sagheer (see map), one long day, or one and half easy days.

From Harrer, where there is good water, the long waterless journey commences until the Tug is struck at Milmil, where there is always water. Passing by the Habbarli road, through the Eden plain by Gaylakoor, Milmil is reached in five days. All difficulty as regards water is now over, and the traveller has the choice of at least two roads (see map). He may either follow the Tug, and so join our route, or else, by branching off to the west, reach the Karanle country; and this latter would, I think, be the more interesting, and afford the best chance of sport, as it follows the mountains on the confines of the Galla country. I believe it was a mere accident that led to our not travelling by one or other of these roads. The country beyond the mountain range leading up to the plateau was, of course, practically a blank until we made our explorations, and we had little to guide us in choice of routes, while our men (with the exception of Abdeella and one or two of the camel-drivers) only knew the more eastern part of the country, and naturally did all they could to induce us to travel where they were acquainted. The information I have here jotted down of these western routes, and which is embodied in the map, was supplied me by Abdeella, and I am bound to say he stuck to what he said more than any of our men; and I find by reference to my daily journal that the information he gave me when we first reached Berbera about this part of the country (which was the only part he professed to know) tallied with what he gave me some months later in every particular, and is probably pretty accurate.

When on the river, I did all I could to learn about the roads to the Indian Ocean, but the accounts I received from different people were a good deal dissimilar, and only some of the places and tribes have been marked in the map. The following is one account (I give the places in order going down the river):—
Godahali is the name of the Sultan of Barri's "revolted village." Next comes Shein, Kolow, Helogorayo, Jugego, Gooliloo. This last is the largest town belonging to the Sultan, and was probably from twenty to thirty miles from Barri, but my informant said it took three days of travelling to reach the confines of his territory. The people beyond are called Jidli, and own allegiance to a Hawiyah Sultan named Ugaz Hirsi. The next (one day's journey beyond) come the Jeberdi, and it takes two days to pass through their country. Both peoples acknowledge separate Sultans, as do the next tribe, the Onjuran, whose territory is more extensive, as it takes from four to five days to pass through it. I gleaned the following from another inhabitant of the river, who stated he had been nine times to the Indian Ocean and knew Zanzibar. He gave me the route in days as follows:

1st day.—Camp in Shebeyli country, belonging to the Sultan of Barri.

2nd day.—Godarro, in the Jidli country.

3rd day.—Hudaloo, the end of the Jidli country.

4th day.—Mukunee, in the Djugarlee country.

So far the road follows the right bank of the river; the traveller has then the choice of three roads. One of these, a long one, and not much travelled, keeps near the river, and he did not give me further particulars of this route. Of the other two, one is called Baddi Adai, the other the Yantar Galgal road. The former is marked in Ravenstein's map, and was mentioned and pronounced by my informant exactly as I have written it, without my asking him if there was such a place. The latter is the farthest from the river and the shortest, and by taking this road the fifth day brings you to Logjaloo, passing Mererlah, where the two roads divide. It is the practice of the natives to load up twice a day, and he declared he was giving me what he considered fair days' journeys.

6th day.—Camp at Soog, taking water for the night from some wells passed, named Rangelo.

7th day.—Galemagalo, taking water from Wabho. This part of the country belongs to people called Yantar, who originally formed part of the great Rahanwayn tribe, but are now independent of them.

8th day.—El Wari, passing Kurkor.

9th day.—El Arno, a headquarters of the priesthood, passing the wells of Shou.

10th day.—Dorngumarey, where there is no water, which must be taken from El Adalaji. All the people in this part of the country are Hawiyahs.

11th day.—Burfurley, on the river, making the morning halt in the forest of Tobidey, where there is no water.
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12th day.—Adaloo, a short distance from the river.
13th day.—Hundub (wrongly spelt Hondoo in map), a town a long way from the river, but whose inhabitants obtain their supply from the Webbe.
14th day.—Addadarey, also lying back from the river.
15th day.—Dildook, in the Mowbelayn country. This town is marked in Ravenstein’s map.
16th day.—Todabah Tugar, also back from the river.
17th day.—Duni Deakhalee.
18th day.—Warambah Basah, passing Mora Medinah.
19th day.—Geledi.
20th day.—Madisha or Mogadaxo. This last march, which is, I believe, the only part of this long journey that has been traversed by Europeans, my informant called a short day. It is, however, put down at twenty miles in the maps. I elicited the following “information” from the same man. In answer to a question as to whether there was a town called Shebeyli as marked in some maps, he replied there was not; it was merely the name of a district which was also called Bodowe. We should have ten tribes to pass through from Barri to the coast.

I asked the same man if he could tell me anything of the country between the Webbe and the Jub, and he replied there were no towns between the two rivers, but there were wells, mostly brackish. The people dig pits to catch the rain, and these wells had not, at the time he gave me this information, much water. The Aouleehan, who inhabit this district, use these wells, but also drink from a branch of the Webbe, the whereabouts of which we could not hear enough about to fix in the map. He divided the Aouleehan country into three, called respectively Bun, Dull, and Bai. He could not give me an itinerary to the Jub; he said very few ever went, and that when they did, they travelled in a north-westerly direction. There was no town on the river called Gananah, as marked in some maps; it was a name given to the river itself. As to travelling to Mogadaxo, he said there was no difficulty about it; that the most troublesome people were those of the Galjal and Baddi Adii tribes, but that as they occupied different roads, it was only necessary to trouble oneself about one of them. As to game, he said there were plenty of elephants on the Web, a river beyond the Jub, and that they were to be found at El Korân, an uninhabited tract two days’ journey from Barri, down the river and on the opposite bank. People used to hunt them, but have given it up owing to fear of the Aouleehan and Gundubir tribes, the latter being a branch of the Hawiyah. Rhinoceros were plentiful at Salsal in Wak Mahali’s country, three days off; zebras were far off, at the other side of a small river called Gorasin; lions
were plentiful on both banks of the Webbe, but ostriches were only found on the plateau, and I believe they are most common in Marehan. One day a Habr Awal trader arrived in camp; he had just been in the Aouleehan country, and two months previously had quitted Marka; he declared the country was quite safe and the people friendly, and that he had accomplished the journey in fourteen days. The people in our immediate neighbourhood were, he said, the most troublesome, and once past the Sultan of Barri's domains we should have no further trouble. All agreed that on reaching the Shidli country, dollars, rupees, and small change were understood by everybody.

A few particulars of Zeilah, which we visited in an Arab dhow in 1883, may be of interest, with the information I gathered when there as to routes into the interior. It is a wretched port, steamers being obliged to anchor about three miles from the town, and when we made it in our dhow, the Arab captain mistook the wreck of a steamer, that had been a fixture for twenty-seven years, for a buoy; the result being that we took the ground, and could not land until the following day. The country about is very flat, and the glaring white town bathed in a perpetual mirage. We visited Aboo Bekr, who at that time was governor of the town. When the Egyptians took Zeilah, they found themselves obliged to keep him as governor on account of his popularity with the people, over whom his family had ruled for a very long time. Aboo Bekr died not long ago. When we saw him he was sixty-seven years of age, the father of thirty-five children, of whom the youngest was only three months old. He was a Dinakel, a branch of the great Afar tribe. We brought a letter to him from General Blair, and told him we were visiting various ports with a view to finding out which afforded the greatest facilities as a starting-point for an exploration we were desirous of undertaking the following winter. He had known personally Sir Richard Burton, Mons. Rochefort-Hericourt, Harris, and in fact all the recent travellers who had started from Zeilah. He told us we could of course go to Harrar, but could not travel from Harrar to Shoa; that the only man who had attempted it was a Frenchman, and he had been killed. We had not then decided whether to go to Ogadayn or Shoa, and were therefore anxious for information about both countries. We might go from Zeilah to Shoa direct without any difficulty, and he offered to make arrangements for us. On the way we should cross the Hawash, where there were plenty of elephants as well as other game. After striking the river Hawash, we might branch off to the right in the Adal country, but could not go very far without meeting Muhamed Hunphy and his people, with whom he was not friends. He is Sultan of Aussa, and he
and Aboo Bekr were the two most powerful members of the Afar tribe, one of the largest and most important in Eastern Africa. In the afternoon we met some French Roman Catholic missionaries with their Bishop, who is well known to those who are interested in this corner of Africa. His name is Taurin Cahaigue, and he styles himself "Evêque d'Adramythe, Vicair et Apostolique des Galla." He had lived for twelve years at Harrar, and was on his way back. From him I gathered the following information:—"In a geographical point of view, it would be more interesting to go to Ogadayn from Berbera than anything we could do from Zeilah in a few months' travel, and the shooting would be better. In order to go to Shoa, it would be indispensable to see King Menelik, who might be far away, and consequently cause great delay. We could not go from Harrar to Shoa, many tribes living in between who were hostile to both places. We must go slowly, and not display impatience, for if we tried to travel fast, the natives would suspect our motives. From Harrar we could shoot elephants in the lowlands of the Galla country; Greeks belonging to Harrar had sometimes done so. The shooting on the Hawash he did not think was very good, and we could not go very far without making friends with either the King of Shoa or the Sultan of Aussa. Without, however, either ascending to the highlands of Shoa and seeing the King, shooting on the Hawash might be combined with shooting on the fertile plains of Kumi and Thulu; in the latter district there are ruins, and elephants in both. On the way to the Hawash, Mount Azalo should be ascended, nobody having ever been to the top, owing to native superstition, the people believing there were spirits there.* There are supposed to be the remains of a very ancient Abyssinian monastery on the top. From Zeilah to Ankobar, the capital of Shoa, would be a month or six weeks' journey. After making friends with the King, we could go to the Garague country, where the shooting is very good, and we should find, by giving Ras Govarna, the chief of the district, a present, he would offer us every facility for sport. If we decided on Shoa, it would be well to send a letter to the King a month or two in advance, and this would minimise the delay in getting to a good shooting-ground. The headquarters of the Roman Catholic mission in Shoa is at Fine-Fina, lat. 9°, long. 39° (about). The last map of the country was made by a man named Caro, and published in Turin in 1876. Harrar, he told us, was a town of 30,000 to 35,000 inhabitants, enclosed in a wall with five gates. The Egyptians took it by stratagem. Raouf Pasha went there with about 500 soldiers, and told the Ameer

* For an account of our ascent of a similar mountain, see "Wild Tribes of the Soudan."
he was going on into Abyssinia. The Ameer received him very well, but one day Raouf Pasha, having placed guards at each gate, sent to say he wanted to speak to him. To his messenger the haughty Ameer replied it was not his place to go to him, and that if he wanted anything he must come himself. Whereupon the Egyptian Pasha sent soldiers after the Ameer; there was a struggle, in which they managed to strangle him, and so the Egyptians quietly took possession of the place. All the people near Harrar are Galla, and hate the Egyptians. Many are rich, and own vast tracts of land, and a good deal resemble the old Scotch clans. The Egyptians going into their country and taking possession of it meant for them the destruction of all they held most dear; they made Mussulmans of them, destroyed their independence, and endeavoured to reduce them to the position of fellahaen.

After Zeilah we started for Assab, which we took a long time to reach. First, we stuck on a sandbank about an hour after starting, and took several hours to get off; then the wind was wrong; so we anchored until the next day under the lee of a large sandy island, called Ebat, which, together with the Masha Islands, belong to Great Britain. The next day we got as far as Perim, where we remained wind-bound from March 29th until April 4th, when we started for Assab, arriving at 2.30 p.m. Assab Bay is very large, but a good deal exposed; the coast is mountainous and picturesque in the distance, but on nearer acquaintance it proves unusually barren, even for the East Coast of Africa, and is covered with black volcanic rock; the only trees seen are a few dhoni-n palms, growing near the beach. As we neared the anchorage, we noticed the steamer that leaves this Italian colony fortnightly for Aden just starting. We had hoped she would not leave for a day or two, and that we might have spent a short time at Assab, and gone to Aden in her, leaving the dhow to follow. We were very kindly received by the Italians, but were disappointed to find Count Antonelli, who for a long time has been the ruling spirit of Assab, had left for Rome. He has been a great deal in Shoa, and is friendly with the Sultan of Aussa. Count de Brazza (brother of the man who has been so much on the Congo) was in charge. I had met him before in Egypt. I made every inquiry I could as to going to Shoa from Assab, and came to the conclusion that, although the Italians seemed willing to help us, it offered no advantage over Zeilah, being longer and the difficulty of transport greater. Assab possessed some twenty or more substantially built houses, a restaurant, and actually a hotel in course of construction. Drinking-water was distilled, although there were a good many wells close to the shore. They had kitchen-gardens, and had planted both cocoa-nut and date-
palm trees, which looked flourishing. The native town consists of a few wretched native huts. The inhabitants are all Danakils, and although troublesome in many ways, the Italians said they were so honest no one had lost a thing, and declared that if goods were left on the neighbouring mountain-tops, they would be quite safe. We were told there would be no steamer for fifteen days, and as twenty-nine days out of thirty the wind blows from the south, we were talking of going across to Mocha and Hodeida, on the chance of a boat going to Suez from the latter port. Arab dhows require a fair wind, and can do nothing beating to windward. Suddenly the sky became cloudy, a drizzling rain fell, and during the night the wind went round to the north. We lost no time in starting with the dhow’s bows pointed towards Aden, but were delayed for an hour while the captain went on shore to get his papers. I took advantage of this delay to examine the monument put up by the Italian Government to the memory of sixteen Italians killed at Belool, a few miles from Assab. It is of black rock, such as is scattered over the country, and is erected on a hill. A marble slab gives the names of those killed in the ill-fated expedition, 25th May, 1881. Starting on the morning of April 5th, on our return, we found the wind gradually dropped and then headed us; so we anchored off Gobab on the Arabian coast, not very far from Perim. The next day we tried to beat against the wind, but made very little progress, and anchored for the night again near Sheik Said. This is close to Perim, and where the French tried to establish a coaling company. A house still stands on the shore, which is well known to P. & O. passengers. We landed, took some photographs, and walked to see a Turkish fort some three miles inland, where we were received with great incivility by the soldier in charge. After repeated attempts to beat through both the narrow and wide straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, we had to give it up, and, to my intense disgust, found ourselves at Perim again on April 7, where we had to stop until the 11th, when a Hartlepool collier bound for Suez put in for coal and took us off. At that time Perim had not long been known as a coaling station, and very few called in.

Before concluding these notes, it may be interesting to record the fact that our abans arrived safely at Aden with us, were lodged at Government expense, received twenty-five dollars each, and a present of some robes, and were given permission to carry their weapons in the town, a mark of special distinction only accorded to important chiefs. They were greatly pleased at this treatment, though they had unfortunately left their spears at Berbera.

Major Hunter, by way of getting their opinion of us, inquired “how we had treated them?” Korashee, who was always grasp-
ing, replied that "we had not given them enough," at which the others really looked ashamed and murmured their dissent, and Korashee afterwards apologised and admitted we had been just, and even liberal.

They were all conducted on board H.M.S. Turquoise, and shown everything by the officers, but were probably too much astonished to exhibit much outward sign of interest in what they saw.

I now append some details given me by the Aban Rabi at Aden, which I jotted down at the time, and which I think are of value, though in several points they will be found to contradict statements made by others, which I have embodied in the general narrative:

"The Galla left Ogadayn of their own accord, and all the present Ogadayn natives arrived from Menjurtain.

"The Habr Awal came from Mite, in the neighbourhood of Ras Hafoun. About 1300 or 1400 years ago a great sheik ruled over them all. There are still some Habr Yunis in Mite, a small hamlet on the sea-coast containing one stone house.

"The Adones did not come from Faf, as stated by others, which long ago was a territory only inhabited by Midgans, but they were originally all slaves from the coast, and were brought into the country by four tribes of the Hawiyahs named Kunli, Badbadan, Bajiumal, and Dajee. These four tribes represented the original masters of the Adones, who are now sufficiently numerous to be virtually masters of all the Hawiyahs.

"The Baha-Wadly Sultan was killed three years ago by the Marehan tribe, and about the same time the Habr Yunis killed the Sultan of the Rer Haroun.

"Wil-Wal was a sultan of the Berteri subdivision of the Darrode, who died some fifteen years ago, and was famous for his quickness and bravery."
NOTES.

THERMOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The following thermometrical observations were taken with instruments supplied by Casella, London, which had been regulated at Kew.

The observations taken by the wet and dry bulb were generally made in the best shade obtainable on the march.

The hour was necessarily irregular, as it depended upon the time chosen for the mid-day halt. Frequently I was unable to find any good shade in the middle of the day, which accounts for the irregularity of the observations.

The highest temperature recorded was on March 3rd, when we were on the Webbe. It was 97°; and it also gave the greatest difference between the wet and dry bulb, viz. 27°.

The lowest temperature was 47°, and occurred on December 29th, when we were at Hammar, on the hill leading to the plateau.

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From Berbera to the top of the plateau.

From the top of the plateau.

At Geroguby.
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**FEBRUARY.**

**March.**

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<td>62.5</td>
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<td>2.30</td>
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<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>1.30</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>62.5</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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</table>

**NOTES.**

- **Gerlo-guby.**
  - Cloudy, sharp showers at sunset.
  - Cloudy morning.

- **On the Webe.**
  - Between the Webe and Hahi.
  - At Hahi.
  - Leave Hahi.

- **Remarks.**
  - Cloudy morning.
  - Cloudy, sharp showers at sunset.
  - Heavy shower. Strong wind.

- **Locality.**
  - Gerlo-guby.
  - On the Webe.
  - Between the Webe and Hahi.
  - At Hahi.
  - Leave Hahi.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Hour, P.M.</th>
<th>Dry.</th>
<th>Wet.</th>
<th>Min. at Night</th>
<th>Remarks</th>
<th>Locality</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>Shower lasting fifteen minutes. Cloudy.</td>
<td>Between Habini and the final descent to the Maritime Plain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>2.15</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>70.5</td>
<td>61</td>
<td>Slight shower. Cloudy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>2.15</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>72</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>1.30</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1.30</td>
<td>86.5</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>63.5</td>
<td>Heavy rain for two hours during night.</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>67</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>2.30</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>Very Cloudy. Rain during morning.</td>
<td></td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>2.0</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>69</td>
<td>60.5</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<td>9</td>
<td>1.30</td>
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<td>71</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<td>87</td>
<td>63</td>
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<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<td>11</td>
<td>1.45</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>64.5</td>
<td>Cloudy.</td>
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<td>12</td>
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<td>...</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Heavy rain, with thunder.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>2.0</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>Heavy rain, with thunder.</td>
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