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# A SPORTING TRIP

THROUGH

## ABYSSINIA

A NARRATIVE OF A NINE MONTHS' JOURNEY FROM  
THE PLAINS OF THE HAWASH TO THE SNOWS  
OF SIMIEN, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE  
GAME, FROM ELEPHANT TO IBEX, AND  
NOTES ON THE MANNERS AND  
CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES

BY

P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON

F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP*

LONDON

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1902

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TO

**The Empress Taitu of Ethiopia.**

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED,

WITH HER MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS PERMISSION, BY THE AUTHOR, IN  
GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF A PLEASANT SOJOURN IN THE  
CAPITAL OF HER ILLUSTRIOUS HUSBAND, THE EMPEROR  
MENELIK, AND OF SPLENDID SPORT AMONG THE  
SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF HER NATIVE  
COUNTRY, SIMIEN.

የተካከ፡ ክእላት፡ ግዴታ፡ ብርሃን፡ ዘኢትዮጵያ፡  
ዲዌሊሱ፡ ክምሰት፡ ጳውሎስን፡ ።

( ስካም ፡ ላኛት ፡ ዲሁሃ ። )

የሐዘን ሰረርህ ተረክ፡ በደ ስም፡ ለማስመረቅ  
እገደወደደህ፡ ሰማሁኝ፡ እኒም እጁን ይሱሉ  
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በሐዲሱ፡ አባግ፡ ከተማ፡ ተዲረ።



THE EMPRESS TAITU'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE DEDICATION  
OF THIS BOOK.

*Free Translation by Colonel W. F. Pridoux.*

From the Empress Taitu,  
the Light of Ethiopia,

To Mr. Powell-Cotton.

Salutations be unto you.

We learn that you would like to dedicate to us your book of travel in Abyssinia.

It gives us much pleasure to grant you permission to do so, and we thank you for your kind thought.

Written on the 1st of the month of Yekātīt in the year of grace 1893.<sup>1</sup> At our city of Adis Ababa.

<sup>1</sup> 7th February 1901.



## P R E F A C E

WHEN I started from England in the month of October 1899, nothing was further from my thoughts than writing a book on Abyssinia. I intended to join a sporting expedition, whose goal was the newly discovered game-country round Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie. Circumstances altered my plans, with the result that after some weeks' stay at Adis Ababa, I found myself engaged, without a single white companion, on a journey through regions which no European foot had trod for generations. Having kept a careful record of the sport I enjoyed and the chief incidents of my wanderings, and brought back numerous photographs of the scenery, people, and game of the little-known districts through which I passed, I have thought that the narrative of my experiences, though containing no accounts of hair-breadth escapes or records of gigantic slaughter, might be sufficiently interesting to be published. In this opinion I was encouraged by Mr. Rowland Ward, to whom my thanks are due for undertaking the publica-

tion, as well as for the care he has bestowed upon the printing of the book and the reproduction of the illustrations. The delay that has taken place was mainly caused by my absence—on garrison duty—at Malta.

I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to all those who helped me on my way during my Abyssinian journey, or who have contributed in various ways to improve and adorn the present work. Chief among the former I reckon the Emperor Menelik himself, without whose leave and protection I could neither have undertaken my expedition nor brought it to a successful issue. Next comes Lieut.-Col. Harrington, H.M. Agent and Consul-General for Abyssinia, who, besides obtaining that leave for me, received me most hospitably at Adis Ababa, and materially aided me at a time of great trouble and perplexity. Important aid was also given by Lieut. Harold, British Consular Agent at Zeila, Mr. J. L. Baird, the Secretary, and the Staff of the British Agency, and Major Ciccodicola, H.I.M. *chargé d'affaires* at Adis Ababa. Lastly H.E. the Governor of the Italian Colony of Erythrea, Captain Cavaliere Mulazzani at Adi Quala, Major Filippo Baldini and the Officers of the Italian Garrison at Adi Ugri, and particularly Major Vittorio Elia, Chief of the Staff, who not only gave me a cordial reception at Asmara, but



---

supplied me with much useful information and a number of excellent photographs. My special thanks are due to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, who kindly undertook the classification and description of the specimens of Mammals shot during the trip. This section will give to the volume a value, in respect to the Natural History of the country traversed, which it would not otherwise possess. For the identification of the seeds collected at Adua I am indebted to the officials at the Royal Gardens at Kew. The photographs of the Abyssinian letters, arms, curios, and heads of beasts, which appear among the illustrations, are by G. M. Powell-Cotton.

To all those contemplating an Abyssinian trip the "Hints to Sportsmen" given in the Appendix will, it may be hoped, prove acceptable.

P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON.

QUEX PARK,  
*January 1902.*



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## CHAPTER I

How I came to visit Abyssinia—Departure from London—Detain the mail steamers at Marseilles and Aden—Zeila—Enrolling our followers—Difficulties with men—Camel inspection—Captain Harrington's caravan leaves—The native town.

A SERIES of chances led to my journey across Abyssinia, and enabled me in the course of eight and a half months' wanderings to traverse the dominions of the Emperor Menelik, from the extreme south to the extreme north, covering some 1500 miles in that most interesting land.

Since 1895-96, when I made my first shooting-trip through Somáliland to the Webbe Shabéleh, it had been my wish to arrange for a similar journey in Portuguese East Africa, but no opportunity offered, and I had to content myself with a tour in the Central Provinces of India, and two years spent across the Himálayas, for the purpose of completing my collection of Kashmir and Tibetan game. However, in May 1898, I determined to bestir myself, find a companion, and make a start for Beira. Inquiries among friends led to the collection of valuable information from a traveller who had recently shot in those regions, and who also placed

me in communication with the sportsman who had arranged the trip which it was thought likely he would accompany. But time went on, and as no reply came to my friend's letters, the proposed trip came to nothing.

It was at this time that Mr. J. J. Harrison proposed that I should join the party he was organising to go from the Somâli coast across the north of Lake Rudolf, and through the unexplored country between the point where the Omo runs into that lake and Fashoda. At first I feared there would necessarily be more exploration than sport, owing to the transport difficulties involved in this tour, but being reassured on this point, I decided to join the expedition.

We intended to strike inland from Berbera and thence by way of Ginea, where Dr. Donaldson Smith, the American explorer, had been turned back by the Abyssinians on his first attempt to reach Lake Rudolf. But owing to the activity of the Mullah Abdullahi—generally known as the Mad Mullah—in the Haud, Colonel Sadler, the Consul-General for the Somâli coast, did not think it safe for us to venture by that route, and finally decided that we must go *viâ* Zeila and Harrar, or not at all.

Our party finally consisted of Messrs. J. J. Harrison, W. Whitehouse, A. E. Butter, and myself. We had also with us D. Clarke (chartographer), Perks (taxidermist), and Daniel (Butter's servant). As I was the only member of the party who had had any experience of Somâliland shooting, the preparation of the first rough lists of all requirements for the trip fell to me; this meant a good deal of work, as it involved looking up old lists



and bills, working out quantities, loads, etc. As the question of tinned supplies and of tents is of the greatest importance, I may state, for the benefit of future travellers, that the former came from the Army and Navy Stores, and the tents from Edgington. We each got our rifles and ammunition from our own particular gunmaker. My battery consisted of—

1. .256 Männlicher with telescopic sight.
2. .400 cordite D.B. ejector.
3. 8-bore D.B. hammer, taking 10 drams  
(these three by Jeffery).
4. 12-bore Paradox (by Holland).

After the usual rush to collect things forgotten or not delivered, at the last moment, a small group of our respective relations and friends saw Harrison, Whitehouse, and myself, accompanied by Clarke, off from Charing Cross on the morning of Wednesday, 25th October. Butter, his servant, and Perks, had already gone on by sea. We had with us a collection of small parcels, including several instruments lent by the Royal Geographical Society. At Boulogne, although we showed our tickets to Aden by the P. & O. sailing next day, the Customs officials made a great fuss over our impedimenta, but finally let us off, after weighing and charging for a fishing net and some cotton soles. We continued our journey by ordinary train, having decided that the P. & O. so-called "train de luxe" was a fraud. When we arrived at Marseilles, none of our registered baggage was to be found, and after hunting everywhere for it, and interviewing every possible and impossible official, the only information

forthcoming was, that it had probably missed the connection in Paris and would arrive by the next train, due half an hour after our steamer, the *Victoria*, was timed to sail. Having driven to the docks with our hand-baggage, Harrison interviewed the captain, and showed such a good case, that the latter agreed to await the arrival of the train. We arranged for a special 'bus to meet it and to drive to the ship as quickly as possible. Luckily the baggage did arrive in time, and as the port-manteaux were bundled on board, the hawsers were cast off and the usual shipboard life began. Except for an annoying wait of a day at Port Said for the Brindisi mails, the voyage to Aden had nothing to distinguish it from my eleven previous trips through the Red Sea. We landed at Steamer Point at 11 P.M. on Sunday, 5th November, and heard that the Zeila mail steamer was due to sail early next morning. As we did not want to wait a week for the next boat, we arranged (by paying the rather high sum of Rs. 300, in addition to passages and freight) for the vessel to wait for us until the evening. The following day some of us collected such personal stores as rice, flour, onions, potatoes, etc., bought cotton-cloth, and such like, for purposes of barter, and counted out bags of Maria Theresa dollars; whilst the rest called on the Resident and received his permission to buy Snider rifles and ammunition from the Arsenal. We then interviewed headmen, cooks, boys, shikaris, and syces, taking the most likely with us to Zeila for final selection. This necessitated much discussion and arrangement, besides long journeys from Steamer Point to the Residency, and from there to the Arsenal and the

Treasury and back again, so that when we embarked at 8.45 P.M. we were all very tired. Just before putting off, Clarke had to take two or three astronomical observations, which seemed to puzzle the Somâli boatmen and coolies considerably. After a calm night we ran into a rainstorm, when I, the worst sailor of the party, suffered severely, and landed in a very limp condition, after a sail of two miles in an open boat. A crowd of expectant retainers met us at Zeila, and by degrees all our endless packages were carried up to the old Residency, where in 1895 I was one of a hungry band who descended on Lieutenant Harrington from the I.M.S. *Mayo* and devoured everything he had in the larder for our tiffin. We were lucky in securing this house, instead of being obliged to live under canvas, as the building is a relic of the Egyptian occupation, and has some fine large rooms. Captain Harrington, H.B.M.'s agent at Menelik's capital, had reached Zeila a few days previously with Mr. Baird, the newly appointed secretary and assistant to the British Agency at Adis Ababa, and both were busy getting their caravan together to start. In the evening, Harrison and I went over to the new Residency, a two-storied stone house, which forms part of a little cluster of buildings to the east of the town, and on its wide verandah endeavoured to catch what sea-breeze there was. Zeila, I may mention, is not one of those places where one would live for pleasure. Here we made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Harold, the Vice-Consul, and talked over our proposed journey with Captain Harrington, who gave us some valuable hints, and informed us that

Menelik had sent his permission for us to travel to Adis Ababa by Gildessa and the Hawash Valley.

Most of the next day was taken up in discharging useless men who had been engaged for us, and in taking on more suitable candidates, in inquiring into characters, settling duties, rations, etc. I was kept pretty busy, being the only member of the party who spoke a little Hindustani, which most Somális understand better than English. When it came to discussing the question of wages, the trouble began, since all the men combined in demanding half as much again as we were prepared to give. The four "boys" marched off in a body, but, when they found I was making active inquiries for others, came back and accepted our terms. On the 9th, Harrison and myself went to Warabileh, a two hours' ride, to inspect the sixty camels which had been bought for us at Berbera. We found some rather young and a few with rubbed backs, but on the whole they were a very useful lot, far better than the animals I got together at Berbera in 1895. The rest of the day I spent in seeing that the numbers of camel-mats, ropes, etc., agreed with the quantities paid for, and that all were serviceable. Meanwhile the others were unpacking tents, rifles, cooking-pots, and the hundred and one items of camp-kit which would be in daily use. We had also to catalogue and pack the parcels of beads of all shapes, sizes, and colours, bars of iron, brass rods, copper and brass wire, little bells, and various odds and ends which were to delight the hearts of the natives round Lake Rudolf and towards Fashoda, and to be bartered for food.

The next morning we marched the men to the Vice-Consul's office to register their names and tribes. These particulars, together with the date of engagement, etc., were duly duplicated, one copy being kept in Lieutenant Harold's office and the other handed to us. This saves endless misunderstanding and worry, and prevents the desertion of one's men. In the evening we went round the bazaar, but except for a few Esa spears and shields, the rather curious round work-boxes of the women, made of plaited grass and ornamented with shells and beads, and amulets sewn in leather-work and worn round the neck, arm, or chest of every Somāli man, there was little interesting to buy.

On the evening of the 11th Captain Harrington and Mr. Baird started for the capital with their immediate followers. The horses and dogs sent by Queen Victoria to the Emperor were under the charge of an English groom named Bradley. Sections of this caravan had been going forward all day. Among them were the escort of Indian Sowars, Soudanese police in charge of the treasure, carpenters to build the Residency, cooks, tailors, and washermen. These, with their loads of every kind—from a steel safe in sections to a phonograph, from a 4-bore rifle to a case of Mauser pistols, from window-glass to a grindstone—made an imposing array. The diversity of articles necessary may be easily understood, since it was necessary to take up everything required to build and furnish a house in which to live and entertain all and sundry, from the Emperor to the sporting globe-trotter. It was a wonderful sight, and to appreciate the forethought and organisation

necessary for the work, one must oneself have had the fitting out and collection of such a caravan.

While strolling through the native town, we visited the "cloak-room," where every native, as he enters the town, has to leave his weapons, receiving a numbered ticket in return, to be exchanged for them when he departs. Some of the spears and large Esa knives we saw were handsomely bound and ornamented with brass wire. We tried to buy some, but, as the owners were absent, could not do so. In this store-room we saw a few rifles and revolvers, which had been purchased at the French port of Jibuti, where, in defiance of the Brussels Convention, any and every native who has the wherewithal can procure both arms and ammunition. We next went to the camping-ground, where caravans halt on arrival, dispose of the hides, butter, gum, ostrich feathers, etc., from the interior, and collect the return loads of rice, dates, iron, cloth, salt, and beads. On reaching the coast, the caravan camels are usually sent to a distance to graze, but there are always a number of these animals wandering about the camping-ground. While waiting here, the caravan people generally build themselves temporary huts of bent-wood, which they roof in with the mats used to make the camel pack-saddles. These mats when placed in position on the animal in layers three and four thick are roped so as not to shift or rub.

All Somâlis dislike being photographed, and although men accustomed to take service under Europeans unwillingly submit to the ordeal, the free man does his best to keep clear of the camera. We found the easiest

method was for one of us to pretend to take a photo, while another snapped the group watching the process. We actually paid one woman to allow us to photograph her small daughter, but the youngster cried so piteously, in spite of Daniel's efforts to console her, that it was hardly a success. As we passed the mosque, we found a great crowd gathered round one side of the building, watching a group of elders discussing a tribal dispute. At the moment things were going badly, for the rival parties were sitting in solemn silence, with their faces almost covered with their tobes. The only people who seemed anxious to sell us anything were some Jew ostrich-feather dealers, with shaven heads and greasy ringlets, who, with the usual volubility of their race, kept pressing their goods on us. As we returned to camp, the open-air restaurants were doing a thriving business, their clients squatting on benches or low string-seated stools, eating messes of rice, ghee, and hot condiments, washed down with copious draughts of coffee or tea.

## CHAPTER II

Start for the interior—Too much kit—First head of game—Headman sent back for more camels—A night alarm—Native wells—Early marching—We are weighed—Higher ground and a pretty camp—A trying march kills camels—Camel-post station—Lesser Kudu ground—Beira antelope—A run of bad luck—Travellers from Jibuti.

ON Sunday morning, 12th November, all our people were drawn up before Lieutenant Harold. After the roll had been called and the covenanted pay, together with all the advances, officially confirmed, the Vice-Consul lectured the caravan men on their duty to us, and warned them of the probable result of not serving us faithfully. First and foremost came Mahomed, the headman, to whom the success of Captain Wellby's journey from Adis Ababa round Lake Rudolf to Fashoda was greatly due. Then followed in quick succession Jama, the second headman, four personal servants called "boys," two cooks, four first shikaris, four second shikaris, four syces, four skimmers, three donkey-boys, and forty-five camel-men, making a total of seventy-two men. When this parade was over, all were set to work to get the loads tied up, while we completed our personal packing and finished our letters home.



After tiffin with Lieutenant Harold—our last taste of civilisation—we were assailed with questions as to how and where a large amount of our baggage was to go. Already fifty-nine of our camels, together with sixteen hired animals, had been loaded, but there were still a lot of things lying about unpacked. After piling up all we could, there were still three full loads which had to be forwarded later.

Unfortunately only three ponies, instead of the seven we wanted, had been collected, so that we had to take it in turns to ride. As we passed through the native quarters on our departure, the inhabitants made pointed remarks about Englishmen who could not afford to ride, and chaffed our men about their sahibs. It was a distinct novelty for a white man to start for the interior on foot.

The first beast killed was a jackal, which H. and I spotted, and he bagged—not an imposing start.<sup>1</sup>

On our first night out we experienced the usual discomfort of not being able to lay our hands on anything we wanted, but somehow we got a meal of sorts and turned in. Early next morning W. and I started out towards the plain of Manda through Heron-thorn scrub into Kulun bush, amongst which there was a good deal of grass. On the way we saw an aul (*Gazella sammerringi*), which W. tried for without success, while I, after an unsuccessful long shot at a gazelle, returned to camp to overhaul my battery, and, finding that

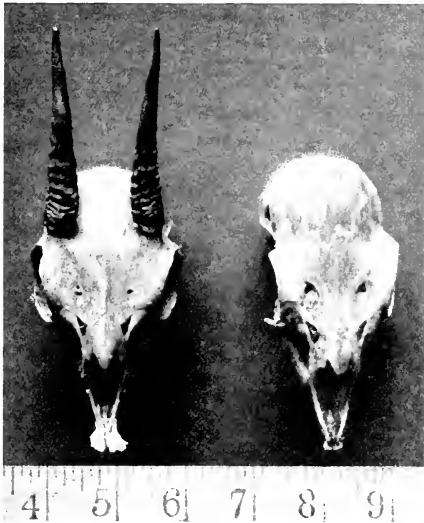
<sup>1</sup> For the sake of brevity I have in this and the following chapters indicated the various members of the party by their initials only, viz., H. for Harrison, W. for Whitehouse, and B. for Butter.

the clips would not fit the .256, had to file them down. When I had finished, the others came back, having shot an aul and a lowland gazelle (*G. pelzelni*). After breakfast, we decided to send back eleven loads of rice packed on eight camels, and instructed Mahomed to buy fifteen more camels to bring on these and the other three loads left behind. In the afternoon we marched, and I managed to knock over a pair of aul out of a herd of fourteen or fifteen. The moon was shining brightly when we reached camp, at Ashado with the skins and meat. In the small hours the camp was aroused by a blood-curdling yell; the sentries sprang towards the tent from which the sound proceeded, the camels broke their knee-ropes and started to stampede, and affrighted natives seized their rifles. Being a light sleeper, I was the first to turn out, only to find that the commotion was caused by B., who had given a view holloa while dreaming of galloping lions to a standstill.

After marching to Arrhi Halleis we employed part of the next afternoon in cutting each other's hair, and a poor job we made of it. In the evening H. got a wart-hog (*Phacochoerus athiopicus*), which we all lent a hand in skinning, as the second shikaris, although Mingans, refused, declaring that, if they handled the hog, the other Somâlis would not associate or eat with them. Next morning, H. decided to make a longer march, and, as the last day's journey had been too hot and trying for the camels, a much earlier start; so, just as a cool breeze was following a stifling night, we turned out at 2 A.M., had a cup of cocoa, and, after much bustle of men and beasts, started at 3.15, marching till 8.40, when we

halted by some trees at Duddarp. I had a long mid-day tramp following a gazelle which, after wounding with a longish shot, I eventually reached. Fortunately the day was cloudy, and nothing like as trying as the previous one.

Next morning, a still earlier start, and a seven



SKULLS OF MALE AND FEMALE DIK-DIK.

and a half hours' journey through grass and thorn bush, brought us to Hensa. I saw a few dik-dik (*Madoqua saltiana*) and bagged one on the way. In the wide, sandy river-bed here there were some circular funnel-shaped water-pits. The native method of raising water from these is for one man to stand at the bottom

and scoop the liquid up in a han (a grass-woven, ghee-plastered vessel), and throw the vessel up to a man standing above him, who catches it and passes it on to the next, who finally empties it into a skin trough supported on a few sticks. Sometimes, if the well be deep, this living ladder would be composed of three or four men, besides the "scooper" and "emptier," and, as may be imagined, a good deal of water is spilt on the way. As a rule the Somâli is most particular not to be seen naked, but at the wells it is customary to work without any clothing. It is a curious sight to see the flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle and camels, all drawn up in regular order waiting for water, herded up and kept separate by small boys armed with long sticks. Each well is the property of a family, and throughout the day their flocks and herds file past the skin troughs until all have had their fill. Cattle and horses must be watered every day, sheep and goats will go two or three days without hurt, while camels do all right with a weekly or fortnightly drink, according to the state of the grass. In a waterless country it is therefore possible to roughly estimate the distance of the wells, by noticing the kind of beasts being grazed.

At mid-day we were all weighed; our heaviest white man was W., who turned the scale at 172 lbs., our lightest H., at 140 lbs. My skinning-man, at 131 lbs., was the heaviest black weight, and Ali Burali, my first shikari, at 114 lbs., the lightest. In the afternoon we tried walking up dik-dik and hare, but bagged none of the former and only five of the latter. At this point it was decided that Daniel should return to the coast, as

he did not seem to be getting on well. The following night was the first cool one we had so far experienced, and instead of lying sweltering under a mosquito net, I was able to sleep with a thin rug over me.

Next day, the 17th, a trying march of six and a quarter hours over a rough uphill road brought us to Lasman, a bare and stony camping-ground, with a few wells, at an altitude of 1850 feet. During this march one of the camels had to be abandoned on the road and another destroyed. At Lasman we saw, for the first time, some gerenuk (*Lithocranius walleri*) and also a number of dik-dik, of which we bagged five. The next march to Somadu (2800 feet) was a delightful change, for after a little while we dropped into the Daga Hardina Nulla at a place called Elan, where there is a water-hole, surrounded by fine trees of considerable size and dense underwood. Both dik-dik and gerenuk were numerous. I was unsuccessful with my gun, but the others got an aul, a wart-hog, and some dik-dik. Somadu is one of the stations of the camel-post Captain Harrington has established between Zeila and Harrar, which does the 180 miles in 3 days and 7 hours.

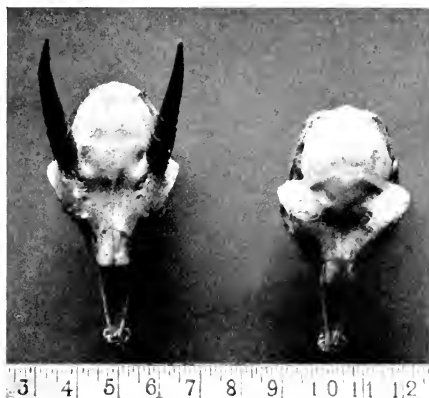
The next march to Arroweina promised sport on the way; so, after starting the caravan at 4.10, we went off with the shikaris, calling a halt at intervals, and at dawn spread out on either side of the valley. I drew an outside station and saw nothing but dik-dik, till we approached the camping-place, when a female lesser kudu (*Strepsiceros imberbis*) appeared, followed by her calf. We did some careful stalking in the hope of seeing a bull, but were unsuccessful. When I reached camp,

I heard that W. had wounded a good lesser kudu bull, which, after being hit, had run towards H., who then fired and hit; W. again cut in, and this time dropped his quarry. H. at first thought there were two beasts, but eventually it was proved that there was only one, and as W. had hit first, it was of course his head.

Later in the morning a man herding the camels came and reported that he had seen a kudu close by. Without delay I started in pursuit, and followed the tracks of a bull and two cows, but no sooner caught a glimpse of them than they dashed off. I followed, the shikari tracking just in front of me with the rifle over his shoulder, but towards me. Presently I saw the bull broadside on at 60 yards, and stretched out my hand to seize the rifle, but, as I did so, Ali turned to see what I wanted, and, jerking the rifle away, lost me the shot. Shortly after I came on gerenuk, and dropped a male standing behind a bush at 150 yards, and wounded a female at 250 yards, which after a short chase we recovered.

We had decided to remain a couple of days at Arroweina, as the camels were much exhausted and needed a rest; so next morning we all struck off in different directions to look for game. I climbed the cliff 1500 feet high, just opposite camp, by the dry bed of a torrent, where the natives said greater kudu were to be found, and, after a time, we struck some old tracks. These were succeeded by fresh ones, but unfortunately they were only those of cows and calves. Near the summit I spotted, through the glasses, a couple of beasts which I could not identify. Ali said they were beira,

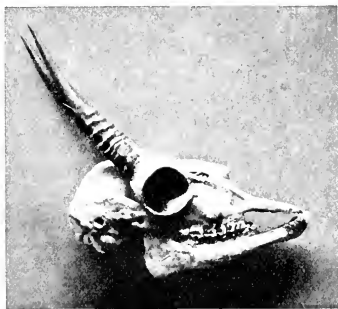
but I thought this too good to be true, as I had not heard of their being found in this region. The ground being very open, we made a *détour*, just below the crest of the ridge, so as to try and get near the animals; but they saw us first and bolted, we after them. I got a shot, but missed, whereupon I ran forward and saw them grouped together a little way down the hill.



SKULLS OF MALE AND FEMALE BEIRA.

Taking aim, I dropped the first through the shoulder, hit another rather far back, and with a long shot bagged a third. They proved to be beira, but two of them were females. The horns are thin and scarcely noticeable at a little distance, even when the animal is standing still, much less when on the move. After photographing, measuring, and weighing them all, I sat down and watched the men skinning. Presently, with the glasses, I saw B. top the ridge opposite to me, and,

after a look round, lie down under a tree and send two of his men along to search for game. Though they passed just opposite to us, these men never discovered my party. A little later, one of my men reported a couple of beira close by; after a short stalk I found the male lying down, and dropped him as he stood up to look at us. His horns measured  $4\frac{5}{8}$  inches, being better than in



3. 4 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11.

SIDE-VIEW OF MALE BEIRA SKULL.

the one I had previously bagged. As we started towards camp, we saw at a distance three greater kudu, but on getting closer they all proved to be cows, so we continued our way down over very rough ground.

At the foot of the hill I came upon a herd of gazelle, and shot what Ali pointed out as the buck, but which proved to be a long-horned doe. On reaching camp I found that H. had a 42-inch greater kudu, W. a fine lesser kudu and a gerenuk, and B. a beira and a gerenuk, so that we all had a good day, though H. was rather put out at not getting any beira.



On the 21st, I started out early and soon came on fresh tracks of lesser kudu, but it turned out to be a cow and a nearly full-grown calf. We shifted our ground, but again came on the same animals; and, as I wanted a specimen, I decided to shoot the cow, which turned the scale at 161 lbs. I tracked another, which had been scared by a leopard, and, after it had led us in nearly a complete circle, was just upon it, when the pony neighed and four and three-quarter hours' work was undone in a moment. After a rest, I tramped back to camp and spent the afternoon in looking to skins, writing up my diary, mending a camera, and doing various odd jobs. W. had got a couple of beira, but the others experienced no luck, so we determined to move on. The camels started at 3.10 next morning, but I snoozed by the fire till 5.45. Just outside camp I picked up the track of the previous day's kudu, and, after a short stalk, saw him moving slowly off. As he got on to the open ground, a distance of some 80 yards, he stood and looked back. Twice I cocked and pulled the trigger, and then put in a fresh cartridge, but still with no result; and, as if to emphasise his contempt for us, the kudu slowly turned and walked away. On examining the rifle I found that the second shikari, whose duty it was to clean it, had let a lot of sand accumulate, so that the striker did not get home. After a long follow, I got a snap-shot at the animal at 150 yards in dense jungle, and missed. At the close of a weary and disappointing day, I reached our new camp at Biya Kaboba. My luck with lesser kudu seemed hopeless. During the four months my previous trip lasted I worked hard for them, but one easy shot

(which I missed clean) and a snap-shot at long range were the only chances I got.

We were now in another dry watercourse, having crossed a low rocky pass of 3750 feet and descended only some 50 feet. Here we came upon a small square Abyssinian guardhouse, with a flag flying from the top, garrisoned by half a dozen men. It is situated at the junction of the Zeila-Gildessa and Jibuti-Gildessa roads, and is just a little over 100 miles from Zeila. During the night we were disturbed by shots fired by a party which had just arrived from Jibuti, and had camped opposite us. It seems to be the custom here for French travellers to fire a few shots on arrival at a camping-ground, just to let any one within hearing know they are armed.

Next morning B. and myself lounged by the fire till daybreak, when we went over and made the acquaintance of the party whose arrival had disturbed our night's rest. It consisted of two priests and a civilian, with their caravan of mules and donkeys, bound for Harrar, where there is a large Catholic Mission. After exchanging a few remarks about the road and weather, we left them packing up. On passing a strip of jungle I got a snap-shot at a lesser kudu, but with my usual luck. The day's march brought us to Gel-Dabbal, which proved a windy and dusty camp.

## CHAPTER III

Drilling the escort—The devil's mountain—Hot springs—Gildessa—The Shùm calls—We try our mules—French rifles for Menelik—A country of running water—Camels dying—A red-letter day with lesser kudu—H. bags an ant-bear—The first klipspringer—Protecting our camp—Bad shooting.

NEXT morning, the 24th, I had a long tramp after gerenuk, but only succeeded in wounding one slightly, which I had to leave after following for a long time. I reached Dori Dabas soon after midday, and spent the afternoon doctoring the sick and drilling the men. During my long tramps of the last few days I had managed to rub both heels, and so was obliged to ride during the Saturday morning march to Bosa. The latter part of the journey to this place, which is on a plateau with an altitude of 4025 feet, was up a steep, rough ascent. In the afternoon we did  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles to our next camping-place at Garasleh, a very pretty spot on the bank of a stream, amid trees and green grass. Here, after settling our kit, and while tea was being made ready, I did some doctoring, not forgetting my own feet.

Sunday morning saw us off on the last march into Gildessa, over undulating ground with a good deal of

scrub. As we crossed a ridge, I saw a hare and was going to shoot it, when the men stopped me, saying that no one was allowed to use firearms on that hill. When we reached camp, I inquired about this prohibition, and was told that, if a gun was fired there, it disturbed a demon living on an adjacent hill-top, who would retaliate by throwing stones at the intruder. Whether this superstition arose from the hill having been an active volcano within the memory of man, I cannot say, as I had not time to investigate the matter further, but it is at least possible, as the whole region is volcanic. In the bed of the Gildessa stream, for instance, there are several hot springs, much resorted to by the natives, who have great faith in their healing powers. We twice crossed this stream before reaching the village, which is a collection of mud and straw huts with a few superior structures of stones set in mud. It is situated on the hillside overlooking the stream, and contains some 500 inhabitants. We pitched our camp on a spot among some trees opposite the village and near some good water, and were soon revelling in eggs, milk, fowls, and bananas, luxuries to which we had been strangers since we left Zeila. Shortly after our arrival, the Shûm, attended by his clerk, an escort of a couple of soldiers, and followed by much riff-raff, called upon us, and was received with a salute of ten rounds of blank cartridge, which appeared to please him. Having provided him with a seat under our verandah tent, I mixed him a drink of brandy, lemon-powder, and water, fizzed up by a sparklet, which pleased him still more. As a present he brought us a couple of goats,

some barley, and a few eggs. He did not impress us by his intelligence, but seemed anxious to help in any way he could and to carry out the Emperor's orders to that effect. H. took his portrait; and, after a visit of an hour and a half, he left, rather to our relief. Later on, a man arrived from Mr. Gerolimato, the British consular agent at Harrar, with two mails, and also four mules he had kindly purchased for us, so that we should not have to do quite so much tramping in future. The rest of the afternoon was spent by our Somâli syces and ourselves in trying the mules. One was an excellent goer, but bolted at the least rustle of paper or the opening of an umbrella, thus causing endless amusement to our followers and a crowd of villagers.

As four of our camels had died and eight others were sick or had sore backs, we spent the next day in re-adjusting loads, some of which we intended to leave for Mahomed to bring on later. In the afternoon the Shûm paid another long visit, and got through several brandy-lemon fizzes. The more liberal I was with the brandy, the more often I found his glass wanted replenishing. We tried to find out what he would like as a present, but, whether it was his native modesty or some other cause, could get no expression of opinion from him; so we finally gave him a watch, of which he thought so little that he handed it to his clerk, under the impression—so we afterwards heard—that it was intended for him. The real governor of this place spends most of his time at Harrar and leaves his deputy to administer Gildessa, which, owing to the Hawash route to the capital being unsafe for merchants, is only

important as the station where caravans from the coast change their transport from Somâli camels to Harrar donkeys, while those from the interior make the opposite exchange. Nearly all the inhabitants of the place are Somâlis, dressed in the usual dirty white sheet or tobe; the married women with their hair done up in a dark-blue cotton bag, the girls with theirs arranged in hundreds of little plaits, which stand out like a string-mop. We purchased four donkeys as bait for lion, and five goats to supply us with milk for porridge and tea. Our collection of skins was being so much damaged by constant tying and untying, that I spent a morning in making a couple of large boxes for them with material I picked out of a pile of hundreds of rifle-cases lying in the custom-house courtyard. These, I found, had held Gras rifles, sent up from Jibuti by the French Government for Menelik, but, being too large and heavy to be carried by donkeys, had to be unpacked here. While I was working at these, the camp was besieged by owners anxious to sell us their donkeys. The Shûm, who came to bid us farewell and to get a final drink and a testimonial we had promised him, gave us an escort of a couple of soldiers, as an indication that we were travelling with the Emperor's sanction.

At 1.40 the caravan started, and we followed at 3. After two and a-half hours' march we reached Odah, and found our camp on a pretty stretch of green grass by a running stream. The country here was broken up into small wooded hills, intersected by clear rippling brooks, that often fell in miniature cascades and rapids between banks clothed in vivid green. Next morning,

the guides took us a short cut over the hills, where they said we should find greater kudu. However, we saw none, and had to ride back some way, as the caravan had been compelled to halt short of the intended camping place, one camel having fallen by the way and many of the others being dead beat. In the afternoon we had a little rifle-shooting, when I got excellent practice out of my Paradox, but found the telescope of the .256 wanted adjusting, as it shot low. The following day I lost my way in thick low jungle, and did not find camp at Gurgura for some hours. On arrival, I found that H. had a greater and a lesser kudu, W. a lesser kudu, while B. was bewailing his luck at missing one. Four more camels had died, making a total of ten since we started.

The 1st of December proved a red-letter day for me, my bad luck with lesser kudu at last changing. At 6 A.M. I started off through thin jungle towards some low hills, at first passing herds of camels, goats, and sheep belonging to neighbouring villages; then, as the jungle grew denser, the beasts vanished, and tracks of game began to appear. Suddenly the guide stood still and gave a low warning whistle: I crept to him, staring in all directions, but could see nothing till close to my attendant, when he pointed out a porcupine in the bush, just disappearing into the mouth of a hole. I fired and dropped it dead; another immediately came up behind, shuffled past it and disappeared, without giving me a chance. The one I had killed was a male, and weighed 28 lbs. Although in many places they are common enough, one very seldom sees porcupines, and

in ten years' shooting this was only the second I bagged. Soon after, I saw a lesser kudu standing in a little clearing in the jungle, with his side towards us; a quick shot, and he rolled over dead in his tracks. His head proved a fair one, the horns measuring over 29 inches. Leaving the men to skin and cut up the meat, we went on. As we passed round a tree, I saw a kudu facing us, but Ali did not stop quickly enough, and we had a long follow, until at last Ali made out his horns above a bush, when I judged the position of his body and fired, but without success. I then sat down, while Ali went back for the mule and men. When he rejoined me, he reported that he had just seen another kudu. We at once went back and took up the tracks, and, after jumping the animal once, I got a long shot, but hit a little too far behind the shoulder. A long chase he gave before we found him, when a shot, as he struggled to get up, rolled him over. He turned the scale at 283 lbs. and had rather a better head than the first. After a lazy time in the shade, we started back to camp, coming on a small herd of gerenuk on the way. They were walking rapidly from us, the buck leading. Quickly I got the telescope-sight to bear on him, and, waiting till I had a clear view of his hind-quarters, fired at 150 yards, the bullet raking him from end to end and dropping him stone-dead. Before we reached camp, I killed a *guley*, the Somáli name for a beautifully black-and-silver marked jackal, which was sniffing about on the track of the mule that had carried in our meat. All the luck that day had been mine; H. and W. had nothing to show; B., who had shot a



porcupine, had left it in its burrow, not knowing how seldom they are bagged; and, when he returned for it early in the morning, nothing was left but a few quills.

Next day we moved into more open country, in a wide valley, with a steep cliff to our right. We had hired ten camels to lighten the loads of our feeble ones, and to carry water across the desert ahead of us. H. had the luck to find an ant-bear asleep above ground. He was snoozing in a tunnel through an ant-hill, open at both ends, and was soon bolted with a stick and shot. In the afternoon I climbed the cliff in search of greater kudu, but only found some old tracks. On the way down I saw a couple of klipspringer, bounding from rock to rock. They were rather far off, the light was bad, and a strong gusty wind blowing; but my luck held good, and the first shot knocked one over. The descent was very steep, and we had in one place to bodily lift the pony down.

On Sunday morning I started off towards the cliff where I had shot the "sassa" (to give the klipspringer its Abyssinian name), intending to work along the top, while the caravan moved down the valley. On the way we found a lesser kudu, which I wounded twice before bringing to bag. Before reaching our new camp at Orthar, we passed the body of one of our camels surrounded by jackals, vultures, and great marabout storks. I tried a couple of shots at the latter with no effect, and then killed a guley. The camp was a pleasant one, pitched under some fine trees and by the side of a good-sized river. Here, for the first time since we started, we had a zariba or thorn-tree barricade built round our

camp, as we were now approaching the notorious Tom-baccas country.

Soon after starting next day, I saw some lesser kudu and wounded the bull. Although there was a heavy blood-spoor, he led us a long chase by waiting behind a thick bush till we were close to it, and then breaking away before we saw him; at last a shot through the neck proved fatal. I rode into camp at Ufula at six, and found I had just missed a dance executed by the



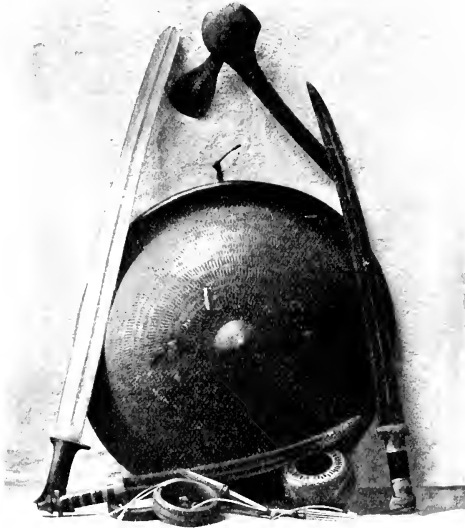
LESSER KUDU

neighbouring villagers. W. was a bit off-colour, and had done no shooting, while the other two had had no luck. During this day's march we noticed a fine example of the Galla mode of sepulture. In the centre was piled a large cairn; round this were arranged a number of rough stone-blocks, forming a complete circle on every side but one, where a small opening of about 9 feet in width was left. From the centre of this space, and pointing directly to the cairn, a line of short

monoliths ran outwards, each of which represented a foeman slain by the dead warrior.

The next day my rifle performed one of the most extraordinary bits of bad shooting I have ever seen. We had just left the caravan, when my syce saw a cow kudu, which Ali, who was a little ahead, had failed to notice. I jumped off my pony and ran forward, in time to see a bull just topping a ridge. A snap-shot missed it, and the pair then circled round us, we running along a slight depression in the ground to try and cut them off. Twice I fired, once at the head and again at the ridge of the back, as it showed just above the ground line, but each time struck low. Then, to our surprise, the animals turned and came leisurely towards us, and I fired two shots with the telescopic sight, but without the least apparent result, beyond a slight start as the beasts heard the shot fired. I then tried the Lyman sight, and had three miss-fires running. By this time the beast was not 60 yards off, and I began to think myself bewitched. At last one more shot dropped it, and running up I gave it the quietus. We found two bullets had gone through the chest into the body, and another had broken a hind-leg, yet the animal must have received at least one of these without showing the slightest sign of being wounded. While the men were skinning, I stuck up a mark, and found the rifle was shooting 9 inches too low at 100 yards. Soon after noon we reached camp on the river Herrer, a pretty stream with well-wooded banks. In the evening I stalked some oryx, but quite failed to bag one, my shikari having been playing with the sights. H. had shot what he took

for a wild ox, but which proved to be a tame one belonging to a village, and nearly got us into trouble. Early morn saw me set off to try and wipe out yesterday's bungling over the oryx. After some searching,



GALLA ARMS AND ORNAMENTS.

we found a solitary bull standing on a hillside. A careful stalk brought us within 300 yards, but beyond this we could not get. However, the beast turned and slowly walked past us; a steady shot and he rolled over. As we ran up, we were surprised to find the

distance so short. A glance at the head explained it; it was only a three-year-old!

The beast being solitary, the flat ground, and the early morning light, had all combined to deceive us, and we had with infinite care compassed the death of a young one. We made our way back to camp, feeling very small, and were unmercifully chaffed by every one.

## CHAPTER IV

Tombacca, chief of the Oderali—Does France, Russia, or Italy rule England?—Blackmail—A rifle bent by the sun—Our shooting stopped—Tombacca's village—His treatment of French travellers—Great demand for soap—Insolence of natives—A banquet and after-dinner speeches—Wanted, a son and heir—Unprincipled conduct of four European travellers—An anxious night—A narrow shave—An exhibition shot—A plain covered with flocks and game—A hot climb rewarded—Ordah lake—A duck shoot—A lovely camp.

SITTING under the verandah I found an exceedingly dirty savage, his woolly hair long and matted, his only clothing a filthy tobe flung round him, and his repulsive face rendered still more hideous by a large quid of tobacco and wood-ash stuck within the lower lip, which from this constant practice was enormously distended. Beside him sat two older men, if possible even more in want of a scrubbing than himself. This was none other than Tombacca, chief of the Oderali, a powerful border tribe, and one so situated that even Menelik has thought it diplomatic to propitiate rather than attempt to crush them. He had never even heard of Englishmen, and was full of questions as to where we came from, and whether France, Russia, or Italy (the only three powers he knew by name) ruled over us. He further asked:

What did we want in his country, and what were we prepared to pay to pass through? The size of our caravan and the number of our men evidently impressed him with an idea of our wealth, and as he sat drinking coffee and impartially squirting tobacco juice all round him, it was clear that he was discussing with his followers the value of our goods, and for how much they thought we could be squeezed. He insisted that next day we should move nearer to his village, so that he might bring us goats and milk, and do us honour. Finally, saying it was late, he got up to leave, and remarked that he would wait for his present till we had unpacked our loads on the morrow, but would like to take away with him a couple of silk dresses for his two men, so that he might show his people what great strangers were visiting his country. We said it was a good idea, and gave him a couple of calico prints on account.

While all this was going on, I was overhauling my .256, and found that the great heat had shrunk the wood of the fore-end, thereby drawing down the barrel and of course making the rifle shoot very low. By filing the fasteners and cutting away the wood, wherever it caught the fittings under the barrel, I brought the muzzle back to the right level. This had happened to me once before during the hot weather in the Central Provinces of India. So it is worth bearing in mind, that the fasteners to a long fore-end of a single-barrel rifle should have plenty of play. Presently W. came in to tea and reported that he and his men had almost got up to a lesser kudu, when some Oderali people saw them and at once commenced shouting. W. was naturally furious,

and not much appeased when the natives came up and explained that they had shouted for the express purpose of driving the beast away, as W. had no business to be shooting in their country. The Oderali are great sportsmen, and ride down both kudu and oryx.

Next morning, while the caravan was starting for Gurto, near the chief's village, I worked down the banks of the Herrer, but saw no game. When I reached camp I found the other three had gone off after reported elephants; they came in later, having seen nothing but old tracks.

Tombacca's village was nearly a mile distant. It consisted of the usual collection of mud-daubed straw huts, surrounded with a thorn-fence, the whole place teeming with children, goats, sheep, and dogs, not to mention smaller game. On our arrival, Tombacca came and talked the greater part of the afternoon, boasting of the big presents he had extracted from French parties which were traversing his country, the number of rifles he possessed, and so on. We were rather in his power, as we had to hire camels from him, to replace the ten we had taken from Gurgura, whose drivers would go no further, knowing full well that if they did they would certainly be robbed of everything they possessed on their return. Tombacca, being a bit of a humorist, would look on it as an excellent joke, that they should have done the work while he captured the money—to say nothing of the camels. I should also mention that Mahomed and our fifteen other camels had not yet caught us up, as we had travelled faster than we had intended (H. being so anxious to push on), and for their



sake it was necessary to keep Tombacca as friendly as possible. That gentleman, however, was inclined to be insolent; he declared we were to shoot nothing in his country, and that, if we did not pay him \$300 a load of rice, half a load of tobacco, and so many pieces of cloth, he would not let us proceed. Jama, our headman, had a merry time describing to the wily Tombacca the might of England, how Menelik was our friend, what great men we were, and the awful consequences that would befall him, if he gave us trouble. While this palaver was going on, I noticed that more and more of his armed Oderali followers had come into our camp, and were strolling about, asking for various articles, including soap. When this praiseworthy, though surprising request had been complied with, they next demanded that our men should wash their dirty clothes. Now this was a downright insult to a Somáli, who considers it a degradation to do such women's work. As things were beginning to look rather serious, I quietly collected our men in little groups at different points of the camp, and then told Tombacca that, with the exception of his immediate followers, his men must be kept outside our zariba. A hint that a big feed of rice was being prepared, and that, if so many remained, there would not be enough to go round, helped matters considerably, and the chief himself turned out some of the most recalcitrant individuals. After a tremendous banquet of rice, with plenty of melted ghee over it, and very sweet coffee to drink, he became more friendly; for with savages, as with children, the short cut to the heart is through the stomach. Handfuls of tobacco-dust

and wood-ashes to chew were then handed round, and as darkness set in, Tombacca became very confidential, and finally asked if we could not give him a charm or medicine to ensure his wife bearing him a son! He promised that if we would do so, there should be no difficulty in finding fresh camels, and that he would gladly accept just what we chose to give him to let us pass, and further that we could shoot what we liked. So we put our heads together and, after much talk, told him that in the morning we would give him a little of some very precious medicine we happened to have with us, and thus dismissed him in a happy frame of mind.

That night was rather an anxious one. Not knowing what the Oderalis had in contemplation, we made the zariba as strong as we could, posted sentries all round, lighted great fires, and all lay down with our loaded rifles ready to hand. The night, however, passed quietly, and next morning Tombacca was back with a larger following, and bringing a present of four goats. Then, with great secrecy and solemnity, we presented him with the precious nostrum, to wit, a few tabloids of quinine, each carefully wrapped in silver paper. Afterwards, but more openly, we handed him a small packet of dollars, three bundles of cloth, and half a bag of his beloved tobacco. To two or three of his headmen we also gave coloured cloths. Still he seemed to think that he had not received enough, and he and his men kept wandering round the loads, as they were being arranged, asking for everything they saw. Unfortunately H.'s bull-skin,

which was not yet dry, attracted the attention of one old fellow, who recognised it as being the hide of his lost ox! He said the beast had left the herd and run wild since last rains. He was at first inclined to make a fuss, and wanted to be paid its value—I must say not without reason. However, in the end Jama gave him some tobacco, and as his chief did not back him up, the matter dropped.

We did not march till the afternoon. As the caravan moved off, I saw that there was an altercation in progress between Jama and a small group of Tombacca's men, who were gathered together under a tree, where the four goats presented to us had been tied up. My syce ran after us, shouting that the Oderali would only hand over two of the goats, whereupon I, being the nearest, turned and cantered back to the tree. As I approached, the group of natives moved off, but one big savage stood guard over the remaining two goats with uplifted spear. I was quite unarmed and had outdistanced W. and B., who were galloping after me, followed by a crowd of our riflemen. The Oderali were standing about in several small groups, eagerly watching our movements. There could be no drawing back, so, kicking up my pony, who was already excited by the others galloping behind him, I went straight for the man. When I was almost upon him, he shortened his arm to stab, but for some reason or other, his nerve failed him, and as I pulled up, my pony almost touching him, he moved behind the tree. In a moment W. and B. were beside me, and our men had surrounded us. The goats were untied and led off by the Somâlis, who

roared with laughter at the incident. We then turned and cantered after H. and the caravan.

Camp that night was pitched at Toluk, close to a large party of Abyssinian soldiers, who had been on some sort of mission to Tombacca, and were returning to Adis Ababa. As we moved off next morning, we saw a jackal sitting on the top of a conical ant-hill some 120 yards from the track. I proved that the .256 was all right again by rolling him over, shot through the heart. We crossed a big plain and saw large herds of aul, but they were very shy. H. and W. tried after one lot, but without success. We camped that night at Gumleh, near the foot of Frugdeha, a solitary rocky hill which rises 1000 feet above the plain. B. and W. accompanied Clarke to the summit, where he got the bearings of various other peaks, and mapped in the country round. On their way down they saw some sassa. In the evening an unsuspecting aul came and fed close to the camp, H. bagging it with a couple of shots. Just at dusk Mahomed rejoined us from Bulhar, where he had to go to buy camels, none being procurable at Zeila. He reported that he had made it all right with Tombacca, who had promised to send on our men and camels in charge of a guide, as soon as they should arrive.

Next morning, while the others started on their journey, I climbed Frugdeha, and with the glasses soon located three sassa, but unfortunately they also located us, and moved off before I could get a shot. A long, hot scramble along the rocky hillside was followed by a crawl to the edge of a precipice, when I saw one

standing sentinel on a rock below, some 225 yards off. A steady rest on a boulder and the telescopic sight proved fatal; he fell in a heap, shot through the heart. After photographing, measuring, and weighing him (he pulled the scale down to 18 lbs. when clean), we picked up my pony and started after the caravan. About the plain were scattered endless flocks of goats and sheep, for rain had recently fallen there, and the natives had driven their beasts in from all sides to feed on the green grass. It was curious to see how, wherever there was a fairly big stretch of unoccupied ground, there would be a herd of aul grazing, but keeping a watchful eye on the herdsmen. Further on, as we entered thin bush, we saw little family parties of gerenuk feeding on the young shoots. Very funny they look, as they stand upright on their hind-legs, with their fore-legs stretched above them to bring some tender sprig within reach. On the slightest noise they will drop motionless behind the bush, with their long necks stretched out to discover the cause. If they think it means danger, off they go at a long swinging trot, their long necks held low in a line with their backs, then again pull up with just the head showing in the thin part of a bush, to see if they are followed or not. The jungle gradually became thicker, till we reached the marshy bank of a fair-sized stretch of water called Lake Ordah. On the way I shot a fine aul with very thick horns,  $19\frac{1}{5}$  inches in length, and also a gerenuk. After skirting the lake some way, we formed camp on the slope of a little hill abutting on its shores.

After tea a party went out duck-shooting, and

bagged five different kinds, but only after a great expenditure of cartridges. At sunset the view from the hill-top was lovely. At our feet lay the lake, stretching away with its fringe of tall rushes; the flights of duck which had been disturbed were returning to settle down; great birds of prey, stately cranes, bustling guinea-fowl, and brilliant-plumaged birds of all sizes were flying down for their evening drink. Away out on the plain the flocks were being driven into zaribas for the night, leaving the herds of antelope in sole possession of the pastures. In the far distance, the rugged summit of Frugdeha, lit up by the setting sun, stood out like a giant sentinel keeping watch over the plain. Immediately below us lay the busy camp, in its ring of felled thorn trees, with our green tents pitched on one side, and on the other groups of camel-men arranging their loads and mats, so as to form low huts round the fires, on which great copper pots of rice were already boiling. From outside strings of camels were being driven into the zariba, and then made to lie down to have their legs shackled, a process which was never got through without many plaintive grunts. In the centre of all, safe from the prowling leopard, was a tiny zariba for the goats. As night settled down, the camp dropped off to sleep, and the croak of the frogs in the lake, the occasional grumble of a camel, and the tramp of the sentries were the only sounds to break the stillness of the African night.

## CHAPTER V

An imaginative shikari and the dance he led us—A good game country—  
Two of us stalk the same herd—A waterless plain—Hartebeest,  
ostrich, oryx, zebra, and aul—The Hawash valley—The hot spring  
of Bilen—A great hunt for buffalo—They outwit us—A large herd  
of elephants—I turn a charge—A great waste of meat.

THE men we sent out yesterday to verify a report of elephant returned late in the day, with a very circumstantial account of the presence of a small herd in some dense jungle on a hillside. They had seen their footprints round a pool, at which the elephants went to drink every night, and declared that there was one large bull among the herd. On receiving this encouraging report, we started, and, after four hours' riding, reached the place, but only to find no pool, no dense jungle, no fresh footprints—only an open hillside and the tracks of four or five elephants which had passed ten days before! The second shikari, a Midgán, who was responsible for the lying report which reached us, was roundly abused, not only by us, but by every one of the party. It was a grilling day, and none of us were very sweet-tempered on our return to camp after our fruitless journey. Next day I was somewhat recompensed by getting an aul and a couple of gerenuk, one with re-

markably thick horns. Our next camp was at a place called Mullu, among fine trees and at 3750 feet elevation. It was a bright moonlight night, during the early hours of which we put out some meat as bait and bagged several of the jackals which were skulking round.

Noon next day saw us camped at Duncaga, on the edge of a waterless plain stretching away to the Hawash valley. After tiffin, Ali being seedy, I started out with my second shikari and soon found a herd of oryx. I brought off a successful stalk, and was just picking out the largest bull of the herd, when a loud whistle from the shikari, whom I had left a couple of hundred yards behind, made me put down my rifle to see what was the matter. He was gesticulating wildly—why I could not tell, until I espied W. behind an ant-hill. I then found that he had stalked the same herd from another direction, but had not got so close as myself. As he had not bagged an oryx, and I had killed eighteen on a previous trip, I decided to let him take the shot. This, however, did not suit my shikari, and although I signed to him to keep quiet, he kept whistling and gesticulating till he attracted the attention of the oryx. The animals, which had been slowly moving towards me, on being disturbed threw their heads up, and turned to bolt. W. who was some way off, at once opened fire; but they circled round him, and he knocked one over. He had seen me and could not make out why I did not take my shot. H., who meanwhile had gone out into the plain, had seen some hartebeest and also a few zebra-tracks.

W., B., and I were very anxious to camp half-way



across this plain, which seemed full of game, and so get a couple of days' shooting, but H. thought it best to push right across, if possible—though, as a measure of precaution, he took enough water for one night. The caravan accordingly started at 3 A.M. Three hours later I struck off to look for game, and soon saw a large herd of oryx, but at too great a distance to shoot. Suddenly a movement in a patch of thin bush attracted our attention, and we made out a little flock of ostriches. We spent a long time trying to get a shot, but 500 yards was our shortest range, and as we had a long march in front of us, were reluctantly compelled to leave them. Soon after, we came up to a small lot of oryx, and shot one as it stood looking at us. The animal proved to be a cow, with the longest horns I have ever bagged ( $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches), and weighed when clean 260 lbs. Later on I got another, which we were sure was a bull from the thickness of its horns, but it likewise proved to be a cow. As the pony had as much as it could do to carry the two heads and skins and a little meat, I tramped on foot from the time I left the caravan till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we found our camp at Bilen, situated at the foot of the steep descent from the plateau to the valley of the Hawash. During the day B. had bagged a zebra and W. an aul.

Bilen, where we spent four days, is the name given to a celebrated hot spring, which bubbles up from the mud at a temperature of 110 degrees, and forms a pool some 25 yards across and 4 feet deep in the centre, with a soft muddy bottom. In this pool the water is cool enough for the natives to bathe, and all day long parties of them came

down for that purpose, and also to wash their clothes. The country round is thickly populated, and, before we left, a big chief arrived for a course of baths with a following of two or three hundred. The overflow from the pool forms a small stream, which runs into the Hawash some four or five miles off. Our camp was pitched among trees a couple of hundred yards from the hot spring, and on rather higher ground. As we looked across the valley from our camp, the first thing that caught the eye was the vivid green of a reed-brake, which commenced close to the hot spring and was shaped like an isosceles triangle, with the base lying across the valley and the apex up-stream. Beyond the reeds the country was fairly wooded, and further off a thick belt of larger trees marked the course of the Hawash, as it flowed on the further side of the valley, close under the cliff.

When we parted with Captain Harrington at Zeila, he had impressed us with the desire to decide the question whether buffalo existed in the region between the rivers Herrer and Hawash, as reported by French travellers, and if so, whether they differed from those found on the White Nile. Once or twice we thought we had got news of them. The natives said they would show us *gessi* (the Somáli name for buffalo) but they only took us to the tracks of waterbuck, which it seems are here called *gessi*. Finally we showed the natives the picture of buffalo in Rowland Ward's book, and learned that the native name for these animals was *gush*, and that they were to be found among the reeds at Bilen.

H. having stuck to the camels all day, was the first to get there. He at once started to coast round the reeds, hoping to find the buffalo grazing, but, coming on tracks of a lion, returned to camp and ordered a shooting zariba to be built on the spot, in the hope that the lion might return and fancy donkey for supper. In the Sunderbunds of Bengal there are great stretches of reeds surrounded by rice-fields, on which the buffalo feed at night; on the first sign of dawn they retreat into the reeds. There I have stalked and shot them, by following along the narrow water-lanes, paying special attention to the muddy water and the splashes on the reeds caused by the animal's retreat, and I was of opinion that this place should be worked in the same way. However, as H., who had shot buffalo in South Africa, said we should be sure to find them in the morning feeding outside the reeds, it was arranged that he and W. (who were to sit up for the lion) should, as dawn broke, work round the reeds in opposite directions, while I devoted myself to the further end of the area. Next morning at 4 o'clock I turned out with B., who intended to go back to the plain to try for ostrich. After keeping along the foot of the hill for half an hour, I struck out into the valley in the direction of the reeds. As dawn broke, I found that the reed-patch ended in a point, and that this was an hour's journey from the foot-hills. I soon saw that H. had already been along all the further side, where there was a good deal of jungle and long grass. It was evident that in one glade of luxurious vegetation the buffalo had been feeding during the night, and I found well-trodden paths leading into the reeds, where the

water was knee-deep. W., who followed me back to camp, said that he had found his side of the reeds was a high-road used by the flocks coming to water, so he had struck further up the valley and then followed the tracks of two waterbuck back to very near the place where the buffalo had fed, and luckily had bagged them both. In the afternoon the local headman came to see us, and over a drink told us that this was the only place where any buffalo were left. He added that they were very shy, and only fed at night, and that so far no white man had shot one. I feared that W. having shot the waterbuck on the edge of the reeds, and H. and his man having been potting small birds all round camp, would have put the buffalo on their guard, but as H. thought no harm had been done, three of us went off in the evening and sat at different points; still nothing showed itself. I then climbed on to a platform I had caused to be built in one of the trees in the glade. It was full moon, so if anything had come my way I should have had a fair chance. When I got back to camp for breakfast I found that B. had brought back an oryx, but had not seen a single ostrich out of the dozens we had passed the day before. We then had a great discussion as to how to get at the buffalo. I wanted to give the place a couple of days' rest and then try to stalk them, but H. decided to drive them. Anyhow, I spent another night in the tree, being almost eaten up by mosquitoes, which took no account of either dogskin gloves or thick putties. Soon after dark we heard the splashing of the buffalo as they began to feed towards us, and I was in high hopes, but suddenly they plunged off back to the centre

of the reeds, and the night's result was nil. The beating next morning also proved a dead failure, the place being much too big for the number of men we had at our command. I then tried tracking the beasts by myself, but they were by that time far too scared, and although I stuck to it till 3 o'clock, I never got within sight of one. Next day we tried taking up posts inside the reeds, with the hope that the buffalo, when disturbed, might pass within shot, but no such luck! Once more I tried tracking, and succeeded in nearly reaching a couple, but they led me into such deep water that I had to give up. Eventually I returned to camp, and had scarcely had tea before we started on a three hours' march, after which, as soon as my bed was up, I took a stiff dose of quinine and turned in, feeling very tired after so much wading, and almost expecting an attack of fever.

The ground we had passed over was flat, with plenty of grass and many villages scattered about, but the next day's march took us into a lovely country of low, well-wooded hills, with plenty of grass, which extended to Arda Arto, on the bank of the Hawash. Shortly before reaching that point, while leading, I came on the tracks of a small herd of elephants which had just crossed the road. I cantered back to stop H., who was stalking a gerenuk, and he sent a couple of men to see where the herd had gone, while the caravan continued on its march and camped a mile further on. Very soon one of H.'s men returned, with the news that the herd was close by, feeding in a strip of jungle. H. then went out and at lunch time returned, having killed two. He was very anxious for me to go back with him and kill some more,

as the herd numbered a hundred or so, but as he said both those he had killed had poor ivory, I thought it a pity to shoot any more. However, he over-persuaded me and ultimately I went. He said he had found the elephants in a belt of thick jungle, about 5 miles long by less than half a mile wide, lying at the foot of some low hills, on the other side of which was the river, and that the herd were moving nearer camp when he left. We then started out; and, while H. returned to the point where he had fired, to look for a wounded animal, he sent me to the centre of the belt, and B. to my right. W., who came in just as we were starting, with two fine lesser kudu, he sent still further to the right. I started off for my place and went right across the belt, but saw nothing save old tracks. When I got into the open again, I saw several natives standing by the foot of a tree talking to two of their number perched up in the branches. They could apparently see something away in H.'s direction. Soon after, we heard several shots. A little later B. joined me, having found his part of the jungle as bare of elephants as I had mine. More shots were heard in H.'s direction, and then the natives in the tree began gesticulating wildly, and we could see the jungle waving about, as part of the herd stampeded towards us. As B. had never had a shot at an elephant, I insisted on his taking my chance and going after the tuskers; so he ran in, cut off the herd as it passed, and succeeded in getting a bull, with very large tusks for this part of the country. Meanwhile I started for camp, but, seeing that some of the elephants B. had gone after had again turned and were coming back, I decided to

try and intercept them. We ran along a narrow path, the dense jungle on either side preventing our seeing anything 5 yards off, towards the spot where we heard the crashing. Heading three elephants, I picked out the largest and fired the .400 at his right temple, whereupon the beast staggered and turned half round, enabling me to get in the other barrel at the ear. I then seized the 8-bore and aimed for the shoulder, and as the brute moved past me, rolling from side to side in a dazed state, I pulled both triggers in succession, with no result! On opening the breech I found that the second shikari, who only a few minutes before had assured me that the rifle was loaded, had not put in any cartridges. While Ali was reloading the rifles, I spent a minute punching the culprit's head, for his carelessness might easily have cost one of us our life. Then we followed the elephants as quickly as we could and came up with the herd, numbering about a dozen, but they were jostling each other so much in their endeavours to escape down a track only wide enough for one, that I was unable to pick out the wounded beast. Forcing our way through the jungle to the right, we again headed them, and I got a shot at the temple of one and the shoulder of another, but I was considerably blown and very unsteady. Soon we overtook the animal I had hit in the head, standing behind a tree, with its trunk raised and endeavouring to get our wind. The foliage was so dense, and the beast kept swaying about so much, that I was some time trying to see a vulnerable spot, and when at length I did fire, my aim was not accurate, and the first shot only made it stagger a little. A second, however, aimed at

the root of the trunk, brought the animal down with a crash, breaking a good-sized tree in its fall.

We took up the blood track again along a narrow path, when we heard a crashing in front of us, and a moment after saw the heads of two great elephants appear above the jungle, as they charged straight down the path for us, at a point where the thorn trees were so dense that there was no getting off the track. I therefore fired at the head of the leading one when 8 yards from me, and jumped into a bush on my right. The shot made the beast swerve from the path and crash into the jungle to our left. I swung round to get the shoulder-shot, and, as I raised the rifle, found the muzzle pointing at Ali's back. By the time I got clear of him it was too late, and the bullet struck the elephant far back. While we were following our prey, we heard a noise behind us, and presently W. with a string of excited followers joined us. After getting him to dismiss all but his shikaris, we followed the herd till we sighted them. Then I left him to get his shot, which he did, killing a large-bodied beast with small tusks. Some of the herd now broke back towards us, when I fired at two of them. One pulled up at once, and, as it staggered about and looked too sick to go far, I ran on after the other, which I found swaying about under a tree. Hearing our approach, it turned towards us, but a shot in the forehead dropped it. I then went back to the other wounded animal, which I found had remained in the same place but it was then so dark that I had to leave it. The net result of our hunt was, that H. killed five elephants, and W. and B. one each, while I had also



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seen two drop. As none of the natives here eat the flesh, it seemed a pity to have killed so many for the sake of such small ivory, and I was sorry I had taken part in the hunt. However, as B. and W. were naturally pleased at each bagging their first tusker, I was the only one dissatisfied with the day's work.

## CHAPTER VI

Cutting out ivory—Game of all sorts—Hippo shooting—A fine waterbuck  
—Christmas Day—Our respective kits—A band of Galla horsemen —  
Fording the Hawash and the Cubanoar—A refractory camel—A  
Christmas dinner.

NEXT morning, as soon as it was light, we started off to cut out the ivory. It was by no means easy to find the carcasses. W.'s shikari had taken the precaution to mark the track of the elephant, with the result that the natives had been there before him, and cut off the tail, which they greatly prize. B. and his men were hunting for his share for over two hours. I found my first elephant easily and took a photo as it lay. In addition to the tusks and a tooth, I removed the forefeet, the tail, ears, and a roll of skin. While hunting for the second animal, I found another carcass, but whether it was one I had wounded or not, we could not tell. The spherical two-ounce ball, with ten drams of black powder, had, I found, in each case pierced the skull just between the eyes and at the root of the trunk. I do not think the .400 bullets, even if accurately placed, would have penetrated to the brain. I had not seen my ammunition before it was packed, and, on opening it, was surprised

to see that the cartridges I had specially ordered for elephant-shooting had nickel-coated, soft-nosed bullets. These, fired into such a mass of bone, were bound to expand before penetrating far.

I tried following one blood-stained track, but the beast had crossed and recrossed so often that it was impossible. On reaching camp, the whole place was strewn with portions of elephant, and every one was engaged in cleaning and pegging out the trophies. My companions had each saved a complete head-skin, intending to have it set up with the large ivory we hoped to get near Lake Rudolf. On a previous trip I had taken one home, and therefore did not care to save another until I had actually shot the big tusker.

Later in the afternoon, as the work was going all right, I took one man and went along the belt of jungle by the side of the Hawash. The river is here a muddy stream, some 40 yards across and 6 feet deep, flowing between sandy banks rising to 30 or 40 feet, often shaded by fine trees, with their branches touching the water. In many places the jungle was so thick, that the only approach to the river was by tunnels made by the hippopotamuses. Except a few crocodiles in the river, the only thing I saw was a kudu cow, though there were numerous tracks of zebra, oryx, and elephant. Next morning we all crossed the river in the Berthon boat, three at a time, taking in all forty minutes to ferry. We then separated, I myself going a little up-stream and then climbing a hill, from the top of which we had a fine view of the great bend of the Hawash, at the lower end of which we had camped. A "sassa" gave us a long

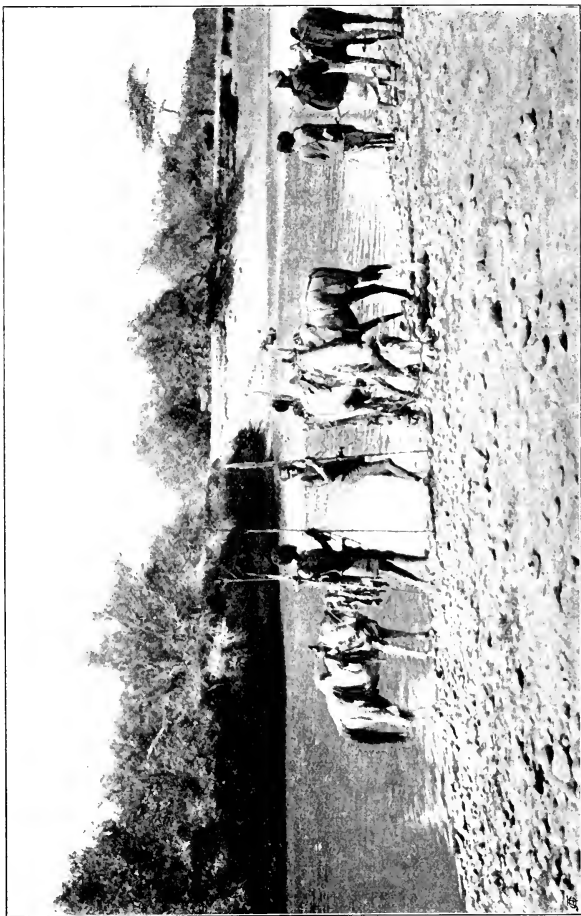
climb, before I shot it. We had seen numbers of greater kudu tracks about, but although we found two lots of cows, and searched carefully with the glasses, we could see no bull. On the way back we came on both oryx and pig, besides the tracks of lion, leopard, buffalo, and hippo. We reached the river bank just at dusk, and had a fearful job in getting through the belt of thorn-jungle outside. We shifted camp next morning—an hour's journey up-stream. I spent the day looking after and labelling skins, getting out fishing tackle, etc. After an early dinner, we all went off and took up our positions in different zaribas, in the hope that a lion might pass, as there were several fresh tracks about. The first part of the night was very hot, but luckily there were no mosquitoes. After breakfast in camp, H. and W. went off to see if they could make anything of the buffalo tracks, while I walked up-stream till I found a school of hippo in a pool. These beasts come to the surface to breathe merely for a few seconds at a time, and then only show some 3 inches of the head above water. The brain is very small, so that shooting has to be quick and accurate. The first one I fired at rolled and splashed about like a porpoise, coming right into shore and then dashing out again, meanwhile throwing itself half out of the water. Another shot missed, but the next hit the monster in the head, when it sank. Further up the river we found some others, one of which sank at once when the bullet struck. As we repassed the pool where I had first fired, I saw a hippo floating, with two crocodiles swimming round! A bullet drove them off. After lunch, we all set out for the dead hippo, sending two men along

the river in the boat, to see where it had floated. When we reached the pool, we found a big carcass towed ashore, which my men said was floating by a sunken tree when they arrived. H. said hippo seldom rose under a couple of days, and that probably my wounded one had stirred up the dead bodies of those they had shot two days ago. With much exertion the body was got partly out of the water, and the men set to work to get the head-skin off. Meanwhile those in the boat had seen nothing of the first carcass which had floated downstream, so after prodding about in the pool, to see if any more dead ones were about, I set off in the boat and soon found the body, caught by a bough which projected into the water. We towed it ashore and got it partly up the bank. After a hurried dinner, I went off to the zariba, but saw no game all night. Next morning, without returning to camp for breakfast, we started upstream for some way, seeing nothing but a small pig. The buffalo appeared to have crossed the river to the other side. While we were lying in the shade, two men whom I had sent on ahead, returned to say they had seen some waterbuck. We soon sighted the herd, but it was some time before we could find the buck. Suddenly we came upon him, and with a hurried shot wounded him. Then began a stiff chase, for the river here flows close to the hills, and there were endless rough spurs to climb. Once more I wounded the animal at long range, as it stood under the shade of a tree, and eventually came up and finished it off. It had a fine head, and a splendid coat of long coarse hair. By the time we had tramped the 8 miles back to camp,

we were all pretty well done up, for the day was oppressively hot, and we had been without food. On the way I shot at a big hippo, which rolled over twice and sank.

As next day was Christmas, we three wanted to spend it where we were, and I was anxious to get the big hippo, which I felt pretty sure was dead; however, H. decided to march. That night I again sat up in the zariba, but except for a hippo which landed close to us, and seemed inclined to investigate matters, we heard and saw nothing. On Monday, 25th December, Christmas Day, I returned to camp at 6 A.M. and the caravan left an hour later. It took just three hours to cut across the big bend of the Hawash. As soon as we had left the belt of trees by the river, we found a sandy open plain, sparsely dotted with thorn trees, which continued till we drew near the stream again.

Long before this we had adopted the clothes and head-dress which we each found suited us best, and a queer-looking lot we must have been. H. generally rode in shirt sleeves, with a silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, and a felt hat on his head, supplemented in the heat of the day by a large white umbrella, the putting up of which was invariably the signal for his mule to bolt straight for the nearest timber. Thin boots, cloth gaiters, and dog-skin gloves, completed his costume. B., finding his breeches tight about the knee, had cut off the ends with a knife, turning them into shorts. These, with thick stockings, shooting-boots, a flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, a silk neckerchief, and a felt hat, made up a kit which, at first sight, seemed



GALLAS WATERING HORSES IN THE HAWASH RIVER.





hardly suited to a country of burning sun, thorns, and snakes ; but when his face, arms, and knees had become a fine mahogany colour, the contrast was not so great. W. did not court the sun, and affected a coat, with cloth gaiters and a khâki umbrella. I stuck to putties, as offering more resistance to both thorns and snakes than loose gaiters or stockings, and at the same time not rustling in the grass, as leather does. I also wore a khâki coat with a good spine pad inside, and a pith helmet (as being less trouble than an umbrella). A pair of red braces which I wore (for I think braces cooler than a belt) were always the subject of much chaff. H. was the only member of the party who shaved, and that only at intervals.

While we were waiting for the caravan in the shade of a fine mimosa tree on the banks of the Hawash, a body of Galla horsemen arrived on the scene, galloping up in little groups. At first we were a bit uncertain as to their intentions, but, on questioning the first arrivals, our interpreter learned that they were off on a big elephant-hunt. They were a fine-looking body of men, naked except for a loin-cloth, and perhaps a leopard skin hanging loosely over one shoulder. Their arms were a throwing and a stabbing spear, besides a curious large knife which is common to the Esa tribes. They were mounted on strong, wiry, unshod ponies, accustomed to picking up their living anywhere. These animals were decorated in a remarkable manner. The harness was gay with brass discs, and their saddles covered with the skin of the swiftest or most ferocious animal the owner had killed. Round the pony's neck and about his head

were fastened the tails of beasts, or (most prized of all) the mane of a lion slain with the spear. A few of the men had ivory bangles, which denoted that an elephant had been laid low by the wearer. After watering their ponies, many of the people came and sat round, taking the greatest interest in us and our belongings. Probably not one of them had ever seen a white man before, and they plied us with all sorts of questions. Among other things, they asked why we wore boots, and were astonished to hear that we had toes like theirs, and that we were white all over. Next to our clothes, our rifles and field-glasses interested them most. The smallness of the bullet of my .256 made them sceptical of its killing powers, and when the use of the telescopic sight was explained, their wonder knew no bounds. Meanwhile the caravan had been crossing the ford, which was nearly a hundred yards wide, with the muddy water waist-deep. Clarke was the first to wade over and have a bathe from the far bank. I followed, and took some snapshots of the others as they arrived. An hour's journey brought us to the steep banks of the Cubanoar, a tributary of the Hawash, a narrow, rather swift stream, with a bad ford much obstructed with tree-trunks. We had a good deal of difficulty in getting the laden camels up the further bank. One beast fouled a stump, and without more ado quietly sat down in mid-stream, whence no amount of blows could make it budge; so, amid much shouting and swearing, a very miscellaneous load had to be undone and carried ashore, where it was at once repacked, while the refractory beast was dragged and pushed up the bank. We camped a

few hundred yards from the river. Tiffin over, I got out the ingredients for our Christmas dinner and then repacked store-boxes—a job which often fell to my lot—after which I went for a stroll up-stream with the rifle. It was a pretty scene, the river twisting about between grass-covered sloping banks, overshadowed with trees. Here and there lay a silent, reed-encircled pool, followed by a bit of rushing, broken water, where the channel narrowed. Kingfishers darted about, and on the further bank we watched a bushbuck and its kid grazing. I reached camp at dusk and found the others ready for dinner. The toasts—"Absent friends" and "Success to the trip" were drunk in champagne-cup.

We had originally intended following the unexplored course of the Hawash to Zoquala, making a flying visit to Adis Ababa, either from that point or from where the bridge crosses the river, on the main road from Harrar, but H. decided that this would take too long, and that we must push on towards the capital by double marches, leaving the caravan at the last place where good grass was to be found, while we rode up to Adis Ababa and back to our men in the shortest time possible.

## CHAPTER VII

A park-like country—I stay behind for lion—No money or meat—Mule and donkey stolen—An awkward dilemma—A friend in need—A night near lions and elephants—I pursue the caravan—The main camp—The others gone to the capital—I overtake them—A polite official—A long march—Mahomed finds a friend—Shoa men and women—A message from the palace.

WE turned out before 2 A.M., and in the dark marched past several large villages and into country resembling an English park. Fine single trees, mostly mimosas, little copses, bramble-thickets, and open grassy glades reminded me of the scenery of the New Forest. Although I had no guide, and was very doubtful about the direction in which the caravan was going, the prospect was too tempting, and, as soon as it became light, I struck off to the left, till I found myself on the banks of the Cubanoar, which was here a wide, shallow stream flowing over a stony bed. We saw both lesser kudu cows and waterbuck, besides tracks of elephant and bushbuck, as we made a *détour*. Eventually we again struck the road, but the caravan had not passed, and we had to retrace our steps for some distance before we found it, then pitching camp at

Laminifun. As all my white companions were out, I took another turn and presently came on the fresh track of a lion, which I followed for some way; but the spoor proved to be "out," not "home." During tiffin some villagers came in and said they could show us elephants close by, on the other side of the river, adding that, two nights previously, lions had killed some sheep in an adjacent village. H. accordingly decided to stay the afternoon and try for an elephant, while I determined to try my luck by sitting up for one or two nights for lion and afterwards overtake the others. Lions seemed to be the only game which we might not get near Rudolf, so I was very anxious to secure one, and this seemed the most likely place we had passed so far, as according to the natives there were frequent kills. The others came in late from their elephant-hunt, having seen nothing but tracks. Later on, I started for a little zariba on the river bank, past which the lions appeared to have a regular ford. Although we heard them roaring in the distance, during our night-watch, nothing came our way—always excepting the mosquitoes—and what with these and the disappointment, we had not had a pleasant night, when they came from camp to let us out of the zariba in the morning. On the way back to camp I looked about for bushbuck but saw none. On reaching the tents I found that my companions had started some hours earlier and, through some mistake, had taken a little portmanteau of mine with them, containing all my drugs, note-books, and money. However, my boy discovered the loss in time to send a man to overtake the caravan to bring it back. During

breakfast, I was so fascinated by the lion stories which an old villager was telling in camp, that I decided to have another try, more especially as my men declared they had heard roaring during the night. Just about lunch-time, the syce came in to say that three men had driven off my only mule and donkey. This was pleasant—left in the jungle, apparently among a lot of thieves, with nothing to ride, without money, but few cartridges, with only two day's food for my men and myself, and with the caravan going away from us at the rate of two marches a day. The old villager, however, proved our friend; he declared he knew who the thieves were and where they lived; so, arming Ali and two other men, I sent them off in pursuit. I was now left with only one camel-man and my boy in camp, for the man sent after the money had not yet returned. In the evening a little herd of aul came in sight, and although firing on lion-ground is a bad thing, still, as I had no meat or anything to buy it with, I went out and shot one. Just at dusk my men returned, having tracked the thieves to a village a long way off, where they found the mule hidden in a hut, and the donkey grazing outside. After a good deal of threatening, the people gave them up. Immediately on their return I started for the zariba, which we did not reach till seven o'clock. Four times we heard lion roaring, but none came within half a mile. A herd of elephants were feeding in the jungle close by, and the noise they made as they broke off branches effectually spoiled our chance of any lion. At 5.30 next morning I packed up camp and started after the main caravan. In about three hours' time we struck

the telephone line beside the Harrar-Adis Ababa road, and an hour after, to my surprise, found the main camp pitched at Tadechamalca, a rather dusty place between the high-road and the rocky bed of the river Kassam, which at this season consisted of little more than a few large pools.

Clarke and Perks told me that, when they arrived on the previous day, they had heard there was no grass ahead, and that Mahomed had gone on to the nearest telephone station to inform the Emperor of our arrival. The others had started that morning with the mules and ponies, and the hired camels carrying their personal kit and the ivory intended as a present for Menelik. A note from H. told me that they hoped to reach the capital in two days, spend two more days there, and be back inside the week, so that unless I arrived in camp that day it would not be of much use for me to follow them. I here found the man who had been sent to recover my portmanteau, who excused himself for not having returned to me by saying, "the old sahib," as they called H., had told him he need not do so, as I should be coming in immediately. I sent him back with a present for the friendly old villager. After having some food, I started in pursuit of the others and reached Choba at 5.30. Here I found them bivouacked, the camel-men having refused to do more than one long march in the day.

Choba is perched on the top of a cliff, sloping away down to the Kassam, which flows 3 miles away. Here is a little collection of the usual type of circular Abyssinian huts. These are some 20 feet in diameter,

well thatched to a point, with the outer wall of wattle and the inner one of stouter wood, plastered on either side with clay, the circular passage between the two being filled with great urn-shaped coroubins of wicker-work, covered with sun-baked clay, besides wood and all sorts of stores. Here was a Custom-house and a telephone station, also a watch-tower, built like an overgrown nest, where a sentry was continually posted to watch the highway below, which was barred at night by a strong, high gate. The telephone clerk, a Shoan, had been very civil and had given the visitors his best hut. The floor and mud couches were spread with carpets and skins, and round the walls were hung rifles, a shield, an elephant's tail, and other trophies of the chase. He had also provided them with water, which had to be brought all the way from the river. H. said that, owing to the refusal of the Oderali camel-drivers to go on to Godoburka that day, we should be delayed on the road for twenty-four hours longer, but every one else said it was at least another four days' journey.

After dinner we lay down in the open, no tents having been brought, and at 3.40 next morning started with the intention of reaching Balji. The path was a rough one, strewn with boulders, over which our mules stumbled painfully in the dark. The country was undulating and gradually rising, much of the ground being cultivated. Godoburka lies at the foot of a high, steep cliff, on one side of a rocky gorge, down which in the rainy season there rushes a torrent, but when we saw it a mere trickle fed two much befouled pools. Up the side of this gorge winds a well-made zigzag path



constructed by the Italian prisoners. At the top of this gorge is a plateau, which stretches to the capital and beyond. Close to the edge of this cliff is Balji, the seat of the local governor and a telephone station. We reached this at 1.20 in the afternoon, having been nine hours and forty minutes on the road. The governor was away, and no one seemed inclined to bestir himself for us. However, Mahomed found a friend and got us some *injerra*, thin, flat cakes of native bread, about 18 inches across, and a few eggs. The air was very cold, and we were glad to lie round a fire under a tree. This was the first good-sized Abyssinian village we had visited, and we wandered round it with interest. The houses were all of the same type as those at Choba, each with a very dirty little yard, divided off by a dilapidated fence. There was no order or method in the arrangement of the huts. The intervening streets were sometimes wide and sometimes narrow, but always the recognised dumping-ground for all refuse, solid or liquid. The men for the most part wore tight-fitting short trousers of dirty white cotton cloth, rather a long-tailed shirt with very tight sleeves, and a *shamma* or cotton sheet wrapped round their shoulders. They wore no boots, and their legs were bare almost to the knees. The men were short but mostly of sturdy build, their features generally good, with straight noses and not very thick lips; in colour they varied greatly, from very dark brown to quite a light olive, and all had their curly black hair closely clipped. The women are, as a rule, by no means well-favoured. Sometimes you see a young girl with

a good-natured, smiling face and good figure, but they seldom have the regular features so common among the men. They wear their hair either clipped short like the men, or parted into narrow bands and tightly plaited close to the head, the ends tied back in a bunch. Both men and women dearly love to place a large pat of butter



A LADY OF SHOA AND HER ATTENDANT.

on the crown of their heads, and sit in the sun until it melts, saturating their hair, and trickling down their shoulders. The women wear a single garment, made like a long loose chemise, reaching to their ankles, and bound round the waist with a scarf. These garments, among the more wealthy, are often elaborately embroidered round the neck and on the

sleeves, which are very tight and long, so that when drawn on they somewhat resemble the fashionable rucked sleeve of a few years ago. When riding, which they do astride, they wear tight cotton drawers embroidered from knee to ankle. The feet are bare, and the great toe alone is thrust into the stirrup. The *shamma*, or white cotton shawl, which even in

Shoa generally has the broad red band across it that was originally peculiar to Tigré, is thrown over the shoulders, and wrapped tightly round them. Every Abyssinian wears round the neck a blue silk cord, the symbol of Christianity, and on this is usually hung a thick silver ring, or a cross, and occasionally an ear-pick.

At 5.30 in the afternoon, one of our men came in with some plates, knives, and forks, and set to work to cook some recently purchased fowls. A little later we heard that the camels had arrived at the foot of the hill, and that the men had unloaded, refusing to come further, as they already had done more than double an ordinary camel-march, and that over rough and hilly ground, to which they were not accustomed. Mahomed proposed carrying up the loads that we stood most in need of, but H. was most anxious to get the camels and their drivers up the hill that night, and ordered him and the other Somális to go down and fetch them. At 8.30 all the camels, except one, arrived; they had done over fifteen hours' continuous travelling and were quite used up. Mahomed had concocted a story, and told the Oderali that one of us was terribly ill, and if he were to die it would be on their heads. The Abyssinian who had proved our friend lent us a tent and brought us bread, eggs, fowls, and honey, so that we had quite a fair meal before turning in. The night was a very cold one; as I had no bed, and the tent was of the usual Abyssinian pattern (a pal with the sides well off the ground), I slept outside, thinking it would be less draughty. The next morning we tried to collect mules to take on our baggage,

but found great difficulty. H. spent the time at the telephone, trying to get a message to Captain Harrington at Adis Ababa. At first he was told to wait where he was, till the receipt of further orders from the Emperor, who was away. But later a message came that we could go on, and would probably meet the Emperor on the way. We left at three in the afternoon with a sorry collection of mules, ponies, and donkeys, and after passing many villages and scattered huts built on black and very fertile soil, we camped two-and-a-half hours later at Shankora near a small stream. The night was very cold, with heavy dew.

## CHAPTER VIII

A Russian officer and his wife—M. Ilg, Councillor of State—Leontieff and his doings on the Omo—Vexatious travelling—We reach the capital—The British Agency—The Italian Residency and a New Year's dinner—Captain Harrington's reasons for our going to Rudolf.

ON Sunday morning, the last day of the year, H. had us up at three o'clock, though the muleteers had said they could not load till daylight. They proved as good as their word, for no amount of threats or promises would induce them to start before seven o'clock. After a march of an hour and a half, we halted at Duhatta, on a patch of rough grassy land, by a small stream, and close to a farmstead. Here a Russian officer and his wife, an Abyssinian lady, passed us, on their way to the coast. Of the lady we could see nothing, because she was completely muffled up in wraps, as is customary among the wives of the high officials of the country. We exchanged greetings with the officer, who told us that M. Ilg, the Swiss adviser to the Emperor, was also on the road a short distance behind him. We heard afterwards that this Russo-Abyssinian marriage had caused much comment among the European community in Adis Ababa, this being the

first time that one of their number had gone through the religious ceremony with an Abyssinian. The lady, who was the daughter of one of the Empress's household, was said to be very light-coloured and with regular features. When the bridegroom, an officer in the Imperial Russian Guard, asked Menelik's permission to marry her and take her to Russia, the reply was, "Certainly, if you have your Emperor's leave to do so." Soon after this couple had passed, M. Gattiker, the brother-in-law of M. Ilg, rode up, and, after mutual salutations, gave us some very interesting information about Count Leontieff's expedition on the Omo, in the direction of Lake Rudolf. This Russian officer had, it appeared, found a great drought, as the result of which the cattle were dying and the crops burnt up. M. Gattiker added, that Leontieff and his men boasted of having shot natives down at sight for the sake of the ornaments they wore, that they raided every village they came to for ivory, and that, if the natives did not fly at their approach, they poured volleys into them till they did. All this augured ill for the success of our expedition. The water-supply being always the great difficulty between Rudolf and Fashoda, the prevalence of drought would make the journey almost impossible. Game would naturally have left the country, and with their cattle dead and no crops to speak of, the remaining natives (even if we could find them and assure them of our good intentions) would have no food to sell. While we were thus talking, M. Ilg and his wife rode up, with a large caravan, including some fine horses covered with highly ornamented trappings. He was on his way to Switzerland, having

obtained a year's leave from the Emperor. This gentleman, an engineer by profession, has spent some twenty-six years in Abyssinia, where he originally came to seek his fortune. By hard work, and a natural capacity for adapting himself to his surroundings, he has proved himself so useful to the Emperor that no affair of State is decided upon without his advice. He is Councillor of State for Foreign Affairs; and all matters affecting Menelik's relations with European powers pass through his hands. Rumour says that, when the Emperor was inclined to give way to Italy's demands, M. Ilg, being convinced that this would mean the entire subjugation of Ethiopia, counselled Menelik to fight, in the belief that he could successfully meet the troops Italy had in the field. Although M. Ilg has obtained some valuable concessions for himself, notably the railway from Jibuti to Harrar, and another for gold mining, I heard on all sides how well he guards the Emperor's interests, and how fairly he exercises his influence, considering the difficult position he holds. We had a few minutes' conversation, in the course of which he told us that the Emperor was expecting us, and that we might rely on receiving his permission to go to Rudolf to shoot; on the other hand, he confirmed the news of the drought and famine on the Omo.

After a halt of nearly two hours, we moved on to Chaffé Dunsä, which is one of the regular stopping-places for caravans to and from the capital, where we rested at mid-day under some trees. I felt very seedy, the result of the sour native bread and a chill. We marched again in the afternoon, and, long after dark,

struggled into Rogge, a wind-swept and stony valley, with a small stream running through it. The air was very chilly, and it was a long time before any wood could be got for cooking purposes; and so we had to sit, shivering and impatiently waiting for dinner. During the night we had a smart shower of rain, of which I got the full benefit, as my waterproof sheet was employed in keeping dry my dress-clothes and white shirts.

*Monday, 1st January 1900.*—I crawled out of my wet blankets, feeling seedy and cold, after a most uncomfortable night. We got away at 7.30, and, pushing ahead of the baggage, came in sight of the outskirts—if there can be said to be any—of Adis Ababa at 10.45. We had now entered a basin of undulating, rough grass-land almost surrounded by hills, on the top of which, and nearly facing us, was Entotto, the former capital of Shoa. Nearly in the centre of the basin, and rather to our left, was a small hill covered with trees, among which we could make out, first, one conspicuous white building, and as we drew nearer, many others. This was the Gebi or Emperor's palace. Dotted about the plain were clusters of huts, many stockaded enclosures—large and small—and several camps, but all very much scattered and more resembling a collection of villages and farmsteads than the capital of a great empire. In reply to our eager requests to Mahomed to point out the British Agency, he said, "Other side, see by and by." We were now coasting round a projecting spur on our right, along a villainous path of deep ruts and quagmires. At last, on the slope of a hill, we espied a large white-washed, thatched building, not unlike an



old-fashioned row of cottages at home ; this, Mahomed informed us, was the Russian Embassy ; he added that Captain Harrington's compound was a little nearer to us, but as it lay in a dip of the ground we could not yet see it.

The British Residency is situated on a kind of terrace, at the foot of a steep hill, a narrow but steep ravine separating it from the Russian Embassy a quarter of a mile off. A turf wall some 4 feet high encloses about 10 acres of land, which space is again divided by another turf wall into two unequal portions. In the upper part of the larger enclosure were two *tuculs* of the usual Abyssinian pattern, but with European doors and windows. These were the private dwellings of Captain Harrington and Mr. Baird, his secretary. Slightly nearer the entrance, and to the left, were the two large reception-tents side by side. The first was luxuriously furnished with arm-chairs and lounges, the tables piled with the latest papers and periodicals from home, and with files of Reuter's telegrams, which are forwarded by camel-post from Zeila to Harrar, and thence by telephone. The second and larger served as the mess-tent, where, when seated at a perfectly appointed meal, it was hard to realise you were in the heart of Abyssinia. On the further side of the large tents were other *tuculs* for Mr. Beru, the interpreter, Mr. Wakeman, the doctor, Bradley, the groom, and the cook-house, while behind these were yet others which contained the stores and the treasure and ammunition, guarded by Soudanese police. The smaller half of the compound was divided into four

sections—one a narrow strip at the back, where the Soudanese with their households lived in little huts, next to this a large grass field, in which the ponies were tethered and where the dhobie spread his washing. Adjoining this came the stable-yard, which contained a long, pent-roofed building, supported down the centre by poles, and capable of holding thirty horses; in front of this structure were other tuculs, comprising a harness-room, fodder stores, and quarters for the men of the Aden troop. The last enclosure, lying nearest the city, was filled with tuculs for the Abyssinian servants and their wives, in the largest of which grinding corn and baking the native bread was continuously going on.

Captain Harrington had ordered tents to be pitched for us and our men at the lower end of his own compound, and insisted on us all being his guests during our stay. After tiffin, of which we stood much in need, we heard the first news that had reached us of the Boer War—of the battle of Talana, the siege of Ladysmith, and the reverses at Magersfontein and Colenso; later a fresh mail from home came in, and between reading letters and news, and discussing our future plans, we were busy till it was time to dress and ride over to the Italian Legation. It took nearly an hour, over a rough path which crossed two ravines with steep sides, and slippery boulders strewn along their muddy bottom, to reach Captain Ciccodicola, who has built himself the most luxurious dwelling in Adis Ababa. As he was anxious to have a suitable place for the Italian Residency as soon as possible, and the

collection of timber for a large house in Adis Ababa is a matter of much time and difficulty, he decided to buy an existing compound with two houses. These he converted into dining- and drawing-rooms, connected by passages with a circular reception hall, from which the sleeping apartments and offices opened out. The whole formed one of the most picturesque yet comfortable dwellings I have ever seen. Entering through a gatehouse into a courtyard, we left our mules and attendants, and then proceeded through a second gate; on either side was a raised open tukul, in one of which the sentry on guard beat a gong to announce our approach. We then found ourselves in a second courtyard encircled by a covered way and with beautifully laid out flower-beds in the centre. At the further end was the reception hall, hung round with leopard skins and trophies of arms; in this Captain Ciccodicola received us and led us to the drawing-room. This apartment, with its Persian carpets, couches covered with polar-bear skins, statuary, pictures, precious curios and works of art, its shaded lamps and candles, was pervaded by an atmosphere of luxury and refinement which contrasted strangely with the rough camp life of the last two months.

Our host had staying with him two Englishmen, Messrs. Lane and Wetherall, who had come up to the capital before the arrival of Captain Harrington, and as they were soon to leave him, he had determined to give an exclusively English New Year's dinner-party. And a very merry party it was that sat down to a menu worthy of Paris or London. How it could have been

carried out was a marvel to us. After toasting King Humbert and Queen Victoria, we adjourned to the reception hall, where three Abyssinian musicians played and danced, or rather strutted about and recited. Then a number of the Tigré soldiers of the Italian Embassy guard danced and sang. After a most enjoyable evening, we left at eleven o'clock and set out for our quarters. It was cold work riding through the pitch dark night, with a drizzling rain falling. As we wound our way along, headed by one of the Aden troop with a lantern, and shouting to each other to keep in touch, our beasts kept slipping on the greasy mud and getting left behind, till W.'s mule finally fell with him on the steep descent of one of the ravines. However, no material damage was done, and we reached home safely, though rather damp.

Next morning the Emperor, who had been away for some days, unexpectedly returned. We had had several talks with Captain Harrington about the practicability of carrying out our original plans. He was of opinion that the reports of drought and famine were much exaggerated, and believed that if sufficient food was carried, it would be quite possible to journey to Lake Rudolf and thence on to Fashoda. It was, however, quite clear that the zigzag route from the Omo to the White Nile and back was out of the question, and that it would be necessary to march steadily each day and not stop in any one place on the road to shoot. He was most anxious that we should at all events go as far as Rudolf, as so much had been heard of our expedition, which, with the exception of Captain

Wellby's, was the first English one to go by that route to Lake Rudolf. If it were abandoned the reason was sure to be misrepresented, and this might injure the reputation which our countrymen had acquired of keeping their word, and doing what they said they would do. Moreover, the party were to be entrusted with British flags to replace those torn down by Leontieff, and with the delicate mission of trying to show the unfortunate natives of those parts that all white men did not come to loot ivory or to shoot down defenceless villagers to gain possession of their personal ornaments. However, all these questions had by this time ceased to have any personal interest to me, for I had secured Captain Harrington's good offices in obtaining permission from the Emperor to travel northwards by myself, in search of ibex. He told me he was practically certain that he could get me leave to go and shoot where I liked. At the same time he very kindly asked me, on my return from the main camp, to come and stay with him till I had got my caravan together, and, as will appear later on, a very pleasant month I spent as his guest.

## CHAPTER IX

Topography of Adis Ababa—A circular tour—Situation of the embassies and the chief public buildings—The telephone station and post office—The Custom-house—The Gebi—Selassee Hill—The arsenal—Visit to the Russian and French embassies—M. le duc d'Entotto—A triumph for British interests—Selassee Church—The Russian Medical Mission—Weighing ivory—A religious marriage—Abyssinian marriage customs.

BEFORE I proceed with the narrative of our doings at Adis Ababa, it will be as well, for the sake of clearness, if I preface it with a short sketch of the topography of that capital. When I say that the British Agency is two miles from the Gebi, that buildings extend quite that distance on the other side of the latter, and yet that within that area one finds stretches of half a mile with hardly a hut, it will give some idea of the size and scattered nature of the "city," which resembles a collection of villages rather than what we understand by a town. The market-place lies almost due west from the Agency, and, as the road leading to it, and returning by the palace, passes nearly every place of interest in the capital, I propose to take the reader on a circular tour along its extent.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When I use the word "road," it must be understood that I do not mean one either paved or macadamised, but a rough track across a hilly country, and in the same muddy state as an English field-path in winter time.

Starting from the British Agency, we cross the stream that runs past the side of the compound, and, leaving the Russian Embassy, and a little further on the hospital, on our right, we descend by a rough and slippery path to the bed of another shallow stream, and ascend again by an even worse track on the further side. We next approach a stretch of rough grass-land, with little huts and enclosures scattered over it, many of which are



CAMP ON WAY TO CAPITAL.

inhabited by men whose chief occupation is weaving. The looms are extremely primitive, consisting of stakes driven into the ground. On these they weave the loose soft Abyssinian cotton into shammias.

Proceeding on our way, past the group of weavers, we come to the telephone office. This is a large circular tukul, the roof supported inside by a ring of posts, on which are hung the rifles and shields of the guard. Here we are lucky enough to find M. Mühle, the Swiss engineer in charge of the line. A curious spectacle is afforded by the mixture of science and barbarism that

characterises the place. Thus the visitor will find the latest invention in telegraphic and telephonic apparatus lying on tables made of rough packing-cases, side by side with a few *amolé* or salts and a pile of cartridge-cases (both empty and full), which have been received in payment of messages sent. Besides the instruments in use, materials of all sorts are scattered about—cells, insulators, receivers, call-bells, and so on; for here are



AN ABYSSINIAN WEAVER.

kept the supplies for the smaller stations between this and Harrar. The doubling of the line of copper wire is now nearly completed, which will add greatly to its usefulness, for at present a message from the capital to Harrar can be heard at all the intermediate stations and is, more often than not, interrupted by a message between the latter. In order to prevent such interruption in the early morning, each station is guarded while the official messages go through, but after this time the ordinary mortal has to take his chance, and, as the Abyssinian official has always plenty of time on



his hands, he likes nothing better than to sit at the instrument and chip in with any message he hears going through. In the same building is also the post office, where the mails, under the concession granted to M. Vidailhet, are despatched and received from Harrar every ten days. I bought some of the stamps and post-cards, and had others sent to Harrar, as the unused ones sold in Europe are Abyssinian only in name, being despatched straight from the engraver in Paris to the dealers, and those on letters sent abroad are carefully removed before they quit Jibuti.

Leaving the telephone office, we cross the road to Entotto and the French Embassy; then, skirting the stockade which surrounds the Abuna's residence, and a farm, where some black pigs were generally grubbing about in the track, to the disgust of my Somali followers, we plunge down a deep gully between walls of clay and rock and cross another tributary of the Hawash. On the further bank we pass between the tuculs and enclosures of a large village, which nestles against this side of the hill crowned by St. George's Church. Going up the slope beyond the village, we reach the open ground on which the market is held, and, looking across it, see before us the strong palissade of stone and wood surrounding the Custom-house, the roof and cross of St. George's appearing above all.

The entrance to the Custom-house is above the stretch of ground where the horse and mule fair is held, in the western portion of the market. A strong wooden gate gives access to a yard, with a large building in the centre, where the officials sit in an open verandah, re-

ceiving dues and granting receipts. Opposite them lies a long range of buildings, in which the merchandise has to be stored until it has been valued and the Customs are paid. Lying about in odd corners are elephant tusks, some whole, others sawn in half, while outside the verandah are piles of forty and fifty each, among them some splendid specimens. A mile and a half to the west lies M. Savouré's, the chief French merchant's new house and shop, and a little further on is the Italian Embassy. Looking south-east from just below the market, where all the Greek and Indian merchants' shops are situated, we get the best view of the Gebi enclosure, the new Aderash or great hall being its most prominent feature. As we descend the hill of St. George's in the direction of the palace, we pass M. Ilg's house on our right, then cross a muddy ford and slippery ascent, to descend again to a ditch, which borders on the palace stockade, and arrive just opposite the principal gate. Keeping the Gebi on our right, we cross first the line of pipes which supply the palace with water from a spring close to the French Embassy, and next a single line of rail used to convey the stone for the new building from the quarry. We now turn north-east, cross a small bridge, and then pass between Selassee Hill and an expanse of fairly level turf lying at its foot. On the left, close under the hill, are some gardens belonging to the Emperor, in which *geshu* is grown. This is an evergreen plant, the leaves of which are used in making tej, to increase the intoxicating effect of the beverage. At the further side of this grassy plain are Menelik's store-houses and arsenal, protected by the

usual stockade, viz., a stone wall supporting a line of high and rather thin poles; these are tied together, and set with a number of sharp sticks pointing outwards, like "chevaux de frise," with thorn bushes filling up the intervals between the latter. Still proceeding north-east, we now cross another stream, on the banks of which are the royal quarries, traverse a stretch of rough grass-land that borders the main branch of the river, pass a camp of Abyssinian soldiers with little grass-and-rush shelters, or pent-shaped tents for the men and round, mushroom-like ones for the officers, and thus reach our starting-point, the British Agency.

On Tuesday, 2nd January, we paid a formal visit to the Russian and French embassies. At the former we merely sent in cards, as General Vlassow's wife, an Englishwoman, was lying seriously ill. The chief building of the Russian Legation was a long structure with white-washed walls, raised on a platform and surrounded by a large, untidy compound, with the camp of the Cossack guard in one corner. The French Legation, a much more imposing edifice, was some distance away on the road to Entotto, the old capital. Here, after passing through a couple of enclosures, we found ourselves in front of a gatehouse, in which is the office of M. Kouri, the Consul, who received us. After a short chat, he left us to the enjoyment of our cigarettes and took our cards to the Minister, who sent word that he would be pleased to receive us. We were then led through two more enclosures to the semicircular end of a large, oblong tukul, with no visible windows, where it was so dark that at first we could hardly see the chairs we were invited to take. As our

eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, we found that we were seated in an apartment draped throughout in red and blue, and decorated at intervals with gilt stars and shields which displayed the tricolour of France. In the centre of the straight wall, facing the semicircle in which we sat, stood a gilt throne, raised on a kind of platform and surmounted by a canopy flanked by curtains. On either side, on the lower level of the floor, a small chair was set. The whole effect—added to the dim, religious light—was distinctly weird, and when, after some little time, a door behind the draperies opened, we felt almost disappointed at seeing, instead of the expected magician, a dapper little Frenchman, in white trousers, braided tunic, and military cloak, enter the room. After we had each been formally presented by the Consul, the Minister, M. Lagarde (for it was he), seated himself on a chair just in front of us. Formerly he used to receive visitors seated on the throne, but, since some chaffing remarks on the subject were repeated to him, he reserves this more majestic form of reception for natives, and descends to the same level when he receives Europeans. The conversation was carried on in French, in which language B. proved much the most proficient of us. An apology for our rough riding-clothes led to a discussion on the state of the roads about the capital and the best way of making the journey to the coast, when we learnt that M. Lagarde travels in a mule-litter, in which he can lie at full length, and sleep or read, as he feels inclined. Whilst sipping a glass of sweet champagne, we next chatted on sport, of which our host is very fond. He told us

that he paid frequent visits, for the sake of small-game shooting, to the estate which the Emperor bestowed on him, when he created him Duke of Entotto, and which lies a short march from the capital. In consequence of the aforesaid unusual distinction, M. Lagarde is said to have had his visiting-cards engraved with a ducal coronet and the words "Le duc d'Entotto," but these cards are rarities, and I tried in vain during my sojourn in the capital to procure one.

Next morning, Messrs. Lane and Wetherall called at the British Residency to say good-bye, on their return to the coast. They were taking with them gold-mining concessions, duly signed and sealed by the Emperor, which was considered a great score for British interests, especially as some other parties had, from selfish motives, being doing their best to thwart their aims.

In the afternoon we went over Trinity (Selassee) Church. This we found to be a thatched, circular building, of the usual Abyssinian pattern, surmounted by an elaborate gilt cross. A raised, open verandah surrounded the sacred edifice, the wall of which was hung with coloured chintz. Several large doors led into the interior, the centre of which was occupied by a square structure reaching to the roof, thus leaving but a narrow space outside it for the worshippers. This is the holy of holies, in which the ark containing the holy books is kept, and may only be entered by one of the officiating priests. The whole exterior of this shrine was covered with highly coloured religious prints, pinned on to the wall. Among these were two

or three European paintings on canvas and a few specimens of native art. The most interesting portion of the church was the vestry, situated in a sort of crypt. Here were piled in open chests, hung on nails or cords, or stacked in corners, the most extraordinary collection of gorgeous-coloured vestments, mitres, crutches, umbrellas, sacred books, sistrums, drums, incense-burners, processional crosses, and all the properties used in the elaborate ritual of the Abyssinian church, in fact a perfect museum of curiosities, but all apparently in hopeless confusion. How I should have liked to spend a week turning over and examining these treasures! but no such luck: the priests hustled us out, after permitting us only a hurried glimpse at them. Later on I discovered how very difficult it was to view these things, for, although I often tried, there was but one other occasion—at Adua—when I succeeded in getting a sight of a similar store. In the evening Captain Ciccodicola dined at the Agency, and we did our best to console him for the departure of his friends, but he was much depressed.

Next morning some of us took out three of the four greyhounds which formed part of Queen Victoria's present to the Emperor, and tried one or two courses after jackals; the dogs ran well, but the jacks were too quick at getting to ground.

In the afternoon, five Russian doctors, in gorgeous but dingy uniforms, and all wearing Abyssinian orders of various degrees, came to call. They are members of the medical mission, which Russia maintains in Adis Ababa at an expense of some £7000 a year, as a means of

ingratiating herself with the natives, and showing how dear is their welfare to the white Czar. They live together in some wretched-looking tuculs and tents, in a very untidy compound, some little distance beyond the Russian Embassy. Among the Europeans they have not a very high reputation for medical skill, but they have done much useful surgical work for the natives, especially those wounded in the late war with Italy. After them M. Lagarde and his Consul came into the Residency. Each party was accompanied by a crowd of armed followers, as is usual in Abyssinia with all persons of any consequence, whether European or native. Among the *élite* of Adis Ababa, a person is esteemed according to the number of his retainers, quality being quite a secondary consideration. When Captain Harrington first came up to the capital he decided to reverse this order of things, so, whenever he rides out, he is only accompanied by a couple of Indian sowars; but their dress and accoutrements are the perfection of smartness.

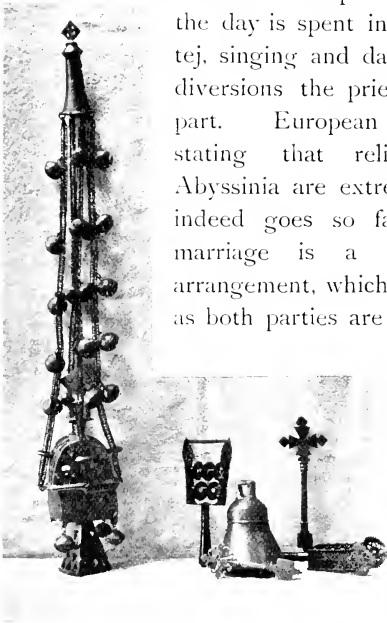
In the course of the day we weighed the ivory of eight of the elephants we had killed on the journey up, but the total amounted to only 134 lbs. This we sent up to the Emperor, for he is entitled to the first tusk that touches the ground of every elephant shot; but it has become the recognised thing for English sportsmen to send in all their ivory, unless the Emperor gives them permission to keep one or two pairs of tusks.

In speaking of Selassee Church, I might have mentioned that, a few days later, I witnessed there a religious marriage ceremony, which, however, consisted merely in the parties concerned taking the sacrament

together. This simple function, nevertheless, is considered binding for life, and what is more, it is the only one that forms such a bond. At its conclusion, the whole of the wedding-party usually adjourn to the house

of the bride's parents, where the rest of the day is spent in banqueting, drinking tej, singing and dancing, in all of which diversions the priests take a prominent part. European travellers agree in stating that religious marriages in Abyssinia are extremely rare. Ruppell indeed goes so far as to assert that marriage is a purely conventional arrangement, which subsists just as long as both parties are satisfied with it, and

is dissolved by mutual consent, and without any interference of the authorities, as soon as this is no longer the case. The only exception he allows is in case of disagreement with regard to the parti-



CENSER, BELL, AND SISTRUMS.

tion of the common property; but even here he does not think that the decision of the judge appealed to is always binding. This is, I think, going a little beyond the facts; and having made special inquiries into this subject from men well acquainted with the



customs of the natives, I think the following may be taken as a fair statement of the case.

Abyssinian marriages are but rarely religious, being generally of a civil character. They are solemnised before a court composed of seven elders. The intending bridegroom having sent his father or other elderly male relative to the girl's father to ask if the latter agrees to the proposed union, inquiries are made into the financial condition of both parties. For this purpose the worldly possessions of the pair are lumped together and made common property, but in the case of a wealthy man and a girl with no dowry, the bridegroom estimates the beauty and virtue of the bride at a certain sum, and reserves the rest of his own fortune for himself. Should the husband subsequently wish to get rid of his wife, he can only do so by allotting to her one half of the combined fortune in the one case, or of the sum set aside as the equivalent of her virtue and beauty in the other. Should there be proof that the wife is unfaithful, the injured husband can turn her out of the back door in her dress only, stripped of her jewels and literally without a salt (*i.e.* a sou). Theoretically the wife can claim divorce from her husband for misconduct with other women, but generally for the first offence the court merely remonstrates with him. Should, however, the husband have communicated disease to his wife, the latter is entitled to a divorce and half his fortune. In Shoa about one quarter of the marriages are life contracts; the remainder are really annual arrangements with concubines, the agreement being renewable year by year for a stipulated sum. The children of either of

these unions are equally legitimate, and bear the father's name and share his goods. However, should a man have children by a concubine, and then marry for life, it is usual for the bride's father to stipulate that the man shall set aside a certain sum for the concubine's children, and that the latter shall have no share in the remainder, nor in the money which the bride brings into the common fund. Daughters can have no share in their father's land, but share equally with the sons in his personal property. In the case of a man possessing only land, the sons have to provide for the daughters. Although a man can legally have only one wife or concubine at a time, this rule is broken by officers on active service at the front, who maintain a concubine privately, but do not enter into any agreement before witnesses. Of this the wife is supposed to know nothing. A child is its mother's property till three years old, when the father has complete control over it. In the case of a divorce, or of a concubine's agreement having lapsed, the father is responsible for the mother's maintenance until a child is eighteen months old. From that age until the child is three years old the father has to pay for the child's food.

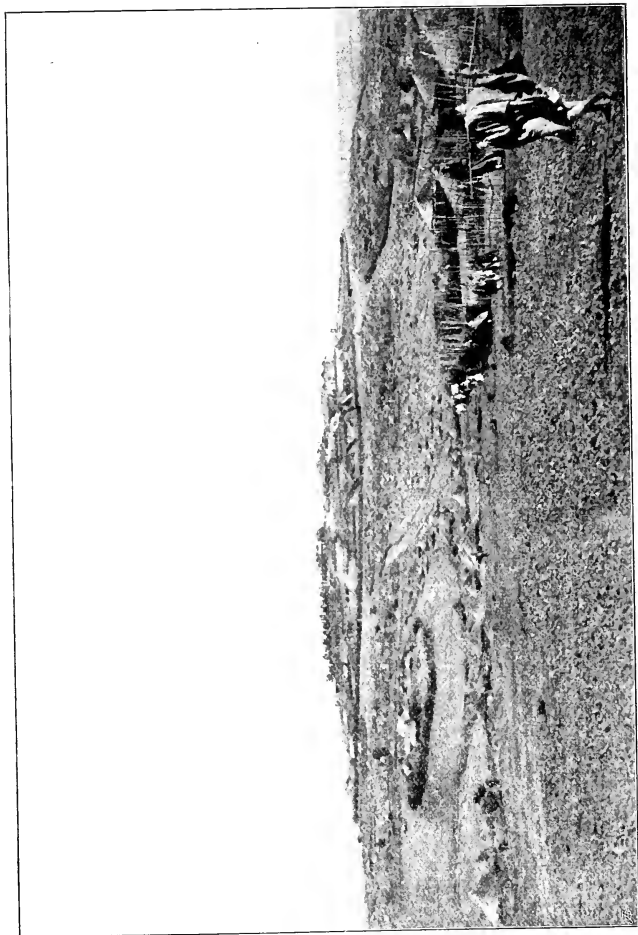
## CHAPTER X

Menelik's palace—The Emperor receives us—He grants us leave to travel  
—A natural history book—His military power—His attention to  
details—How he snubbed a braggart—English and French visitors  
The Empress.

FRIDAY, 5th January, was the day on which the Emperor had consented to receive us; but before I proceed to describe what took place on this occasion, it will be well to make the reader acquainted with the locality and distribution of the Imperial premises. The low hill on which the palace buildings stand is entirely surrounded by an unclimbable stockade, consisting of a dwarf stone wall, with upright poles built into it and laced together. The whole of the lower part is protected with thorn bushes, in addition to a row of sharply pointed stakes projecting outwards. There are six principal gates, but the one to the north-west, facing the market, is that in everyday use, and when the Emperor is in the capital is thronged from morning till night. The short, steep ascent to this gate is roughly set with large blocks of slippery stone, the door-sill consisting of a tree trunk, which has to be climbed over; within, a pathway paved with flagstones runs down the middle of a narrow muddy

yard, reminding one of a street in Peking. It is flanked on either side by a range of low, thatched buildings, while at the further end a narrow door gives access to a larger yard lying to the west, and across which the paved road runs diagonally to another door leading to a third courtyard. After crossing this, one dismounts and leaves one's pony and escort in the shadow of the Hall of Justice, where the Emperor or the Affar Negus (Lord Chief Justice) sits as supreme judge of appeal. A doorway in the wall of the courtyard, close to this building, leads into a small, neatly kept court; to the right is the Saganet, or clock-tower, from the side of which a short passage between high walls leads to the Aderash or great hall. Facing the clock (which has long ceased to go) is the hall of audience, the open front of which is raised some height above the ground and approached by two wooden staircases.

The room is about 20 feet square. Towards the back, on the left, a private exit opens on to a flight of steps; at the bottom of this a path leads past several terraces, which were being laid out with flower-beds and fountains, to the private apartments of the palace. In general aspect this building resembles a Swiss chalet, while the ornamentation—more especially the wood-carving—is distinctly Indian in style. It is of octagonal form, and two storeys high; round the upper one runs a partly closed-in balcony, which, towards the east, is connected by a covered gallery with an unfinished stone tower. The Empress's apartments are situated on the southern side of the main portion and include a square summer-house, built upon an artificial mound, so as to be on the



ADIS ABABA AND THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.



same level as the first floor ; the privacy of this part of the palace is ensured by high stone walls built out from the main building.

Returning to the main entrance gate, and turning to the north-east, we pass on the left a series of yards, in which are situated the different workshops, including the blacksmiths' and carpenters', also stores of all sorts ; next these comes the brew-house, where all the tej, tala, and araki are prepared for the royal household. Close to this stands the largest store-house—a stone building of two floors, roofed with tiles ; in this are kept the Emperor's more perishable treasures. Beyond lies the woodyard, filled with beautifully built stacks of fuel and thatching-grass, besides piles of building timber. On the right lie the royal gardens, containing many European fruit-trees and vegetables of all sorts ; in these, it is said, the Empress takes a special interest. It is, presumably, the narrow steep paths of this garden that an imaginative French writer described as the Emperor and Empress's favourite bicycling ground ! Lying next the woodyard is a paddock, which is entered by a gate in the main stockade ; from its further end a lane leads to the Emperor's private chapel.

There had been a heavy fall of rain during the previous night, so there was every prospect of a wet ride to the palace. Menelik usually grants audiences at an early hour in the morning, but having heard that Captain Harrington does not, as a rule, rise before dawn, he now receives English visitors in the afternoon. We were a party of six : Captain Harrington, H.B.M.'s Agent at the court of Menelik, and Mr. Baird, his

secretary, in spotless khâki uniform, mounted on two fine grey ponies; we four travellers in dress-clothes and pumps, with felt hats and ulsters, riding four sorry mules, which required much beating to get them along. Accompanying us were Mr. Beru, the Abyssinian interpreter to the Agency, and a Dr. Martin, who had been taken as a child by our troops from Magdala after the siege, was brought up and educated in India, and is now a civilian surgeon in Government employ in Burma. He had come here on leave, to see if he could get employment in the land of his birth. Leading the way were two smart Indian sowars, while two more brought up the rear of the little calvacade. We left the British Agency compound at 3.20 P.M., and, pushing along as quickly as possible (for we were rather late), reached the outer stockade of the Gebi just before four o'clock. After passing through the three muddy and untidy courtyards, filled with loafing crowds of followers, we dismounted at the gate of the last enclosure and left our great-coats in charge of our servants. The day was cold and windy, and we shivered in our thin dress-suits, but were not kept waiting long, His Majesty having the reputation of great punctuality. In a few minutes a court functionary came to summon us, and following him, we entered the inner court. When we arrived at the audience hall described above, we filed up the left-hand staircase. At the back of the room we now entered, we saw a dais, that occupied about half its breadth, and was raised some four feet above the general level. It was covered, like the floor in front of it, with gaudily coloured European



carpets. On this elevation sat, or rather lounged, His Majesty, in a half-reclining attitude, his body supported by two large pink satin-covered cushions and his legs tucked on one side under him. In the chamber there were some twenty attendants, mostly congregated round the door on the Emperor's right. We were each introduced in turn, and in my case my name had to be repeated twice, as Menelik could not catch it at once. To each of us the Emperor gave his hand and smiled as he half bowed in return to our obeisance. His Majesty does not look his fifty-eight years. His very dark, but by no means black face, pitted with smallpox, is full of strength and shrewdness. His features, quick in altering expression, are lit up with a pleasant smile. Frequently he laughs with great heartiness, displaying a row of even, but not very white teeth. He wears a short greyish beard and whiskers.

As I sat facing the Emperor, I noted that his head was covered with a piece of white muslin drawn tightly over the skull and with many folds on the forehead and at the sides. A fine rose-cut diamond stud in the left ear betokened that elephants had fallen to the royal hand. This, together with a plain gipsy ring on the little finger of the right hand, was the only jewellery he wore. White trousers, a coat of green and yellow striped silk, a black satin cloak with gold braid and lined with pink, completed the Imperial costume.

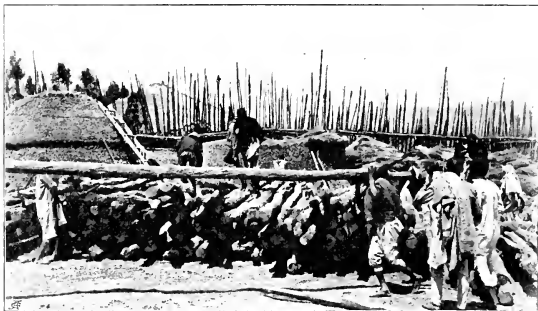
After a few words of welcome, he asked us to be seated on the cane chairs which had been placed for us in a semicircle in front of him. Then, as he listened to the interpreter, his eyes moved from one to the other,

taking in every detail of our appearance. On Captain Harrington saying that Whitehouse was an American, Menelik asked what part of America he came from, and then remarked, "Ah! you have come by far the furthest to see my country." After we had expressed our thanks for leave to visit his dominions and for the good sport we had enjoyed, we asked for leave for three of us to go to Lake Rudolf, a request which he readily granted, and in addition promised a guide. I next asked for permission to travel north for ibex, but as the interpreter did not know the name for ibex he described it as a wild goat. The Emperor, however, corrected him in a moment, saying that the Abyssinian name was wala, and that it was only to be found in Simien. Menelik then asked which one of us was going north, and looked hard at me, when the interpreter said I was going alone. He then smiled, said I could go, and promised me letters, guides, etc. Meanwhile, he had sent for a natural history book, and without any hesitation turned up a picture of an ibex, which he showed me and asked if that was not the animal I wanted to shoot? I assented, and Butter then offered to send the Emperor a pair of dogs, an offer which he at once accepted, at the same time jestingly asking, "Who would be his guarantee?" according to Abyssinian custom.<sup>1</sup> To this Captain Harrington replied that Englishmen required none, their word being as good as their bond; which was followed by more chaff and repartee, the king laughing heartily. He next asked when we pro-

<sup>1</sup> For in Abyssinia it is a universal custom, when a man gives a promise of this kind, for a third party to give a guarantee that he will fulfil it.

posed starting on our journey, and on our saying, "At once," retorted, "What! without lunching or dining with me?" and promptly invited us all for the following Sunday. The conversation then turned on coursing, and Captain Harrington told Menelik of our recent attempt. He was much interested, asked about the different dogs, and finally decided to come himself to see a course. During this conversation he was turning over the leaves of a book sent him by Lady Meux—a reproduction of an old Abyssinian bible. The pictures and the binding were in exact facsimile, and so excited his admiration that he remarked on it several times. Dr. Martin also had some conversation with the Emperor, and the word "Magdala" caused him to look serious for a few minutes. Shortly before leaving, we told him that we had brought no present, as we wished first to find out what he would like. He replied that any kind of new rifle was his greatest joy. Captain Harrington then made some excuse for the smallness of the tusks we had sent him, declaring that he had been angry with us for shooting animals with such small ivory, but asked for permission for W. and B. to keep theirs, as trophies of their first elephant-hunt. Menelik replied that all the ivory was small on the Hawash, but that we should find large tuskers towards Lake Rudolf; he also said he would be very glad for W. and B. to keep their first ivory, and hoped that each of us would take back to England a pair of the largest tusks we killed, in order to show what came from his country. We then shook hands and departed, much impressed with his shrewdness and affability.

During my stay in the capital I heard many little anecdotes related of the Emperor, which go to prove both his sense of humour and how much trouble he takes to see that his orders are obeyed. As the personality of a man who can put 500,000 rifles in the field, together with 100 pieces of mountain artillery—to say nothing of innumerable swarms of spearmen, mounted and on foot—cannot fail to be of interest to English



WOODYARD AT ADIS ABABA.

readers, I will insert one or two anecdotes here. On one occasion I went up to the palace to see the beams selected, which the Emperor had promised Captain Harrington for the Residency building. When Mr. Beru and I got there, the keeper of the king's woodyard was away, so we directed the sorting out of suitable timbers. Presently the man arrived, and, to my surprise, rejected several of the balks, as not being good enough. On asking the reason of this great solicitude for Captain Harrington, I was told, that last year Menelik had given orders that a certain number of

poles were to be sent for the construction of the Residency stables. The keeper of the woodyard thought this a fine opportunity for getting rid of an accumulation of bad material ; but, unfortunately for him, the Emperor met the coolies who were carrying away the stuff. In a moment the royal eye detected the little game ; back went the men, and the overseer had such a *mauvais quart d'heure*, while Menelik himself selected the best beams in the yard, that he is never likely to forget it, and has become exceedingly critical in consequence.

Another story, which amused us much, relates how Menelik effectually took the conceit out of a braggart. A certain officer had obtained leave from the Emperor to shoot four elephants in the Hawash valley, not very far from the capital. By adopting the Abyssinian method of firing volleys, he managed to slay two, and returned to Adis Ababa much elated by this valiant deed. He had his ear pierced, and made arrangements for a party of drums to proclaim his triumph, after his audience and receipt of the coveted ear-ring from the emperor. With a self-satisfied smile he strutted up the great hall, clicked his heels together and saluted, exclaiming, "Sire, I have had great good fortune : I have killed two elephants !" only to be met with the chilling reply : "How is that ? I gave orders for you to kill four." The courtiers smiled, and the discomfited swaggerer turned on his heel and passed out of the hall, *sans* ear-ring, *sans* roll of drums, and even, so unkind rumour says, *sans* paying the drummers.

While I was at Adis Ababa, a French adventurer arrived with a cinematograph. He had spent almost

his last sou in getting his apparatus to the capital, but he was most sanguine that, when once he had given an exhibition before the Emperor, his fortune would be made. He obtained the latter's sanction to erect his machine in the Aderash, and all was nearly in order, when, by some unlucky chance, Menelik learnt how inflammable the films were, and, fearing for his grass-thatched hall, ordered the apparatus to be at once dismantled. At this point the unfortunate man fell ill, and a fund was started among the European colony, in order to tide him over his difficulties, which was eventually done. It was while discussing this man and his affairs that the French Consul remarked to Captain Harrington, with a sigh: "Ah! you only have sportsmen or capitalists to present to the Emperor, while nearly all the Frenchmen that come here now are adventurers, showmen, or vagrants seeking a fortune."

Although I saw the Emperor several times during my stay in Adis Ababa, I caught no glimpse of the Empress, who never receives Europeans, unless they have some special mission. Captain Harrington, knowing this, asked Menelik if he would take Her Majesty the presents Queen Victoria had sent for her, and was rather surprised when the Emperor replied: "No, you must present them yourself." A few days after, Queen Taitu received him most graciously, and seemed particularly gratified with a signed portrait of our Queen, over which she bowed low, as she received it. Her Majesty has the name of being an extremely clever and far-seeing woman, who, while she is quite aware of the good that her country can derive from European capital

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and commerce, suspects—and with reason—the often repeated assurances of disinterestedness of some of the self-styled friends of Abyssinia. When young, she is said to have been a strikingly handsome woman, even among the Princesses of Simien, famed for their beauty and fairness of skin; even now, although somewhat too stout according to our ideas of ideal feminine proportions, she still retains good features and an imperious carriage.

## CHAPTER XI

Markets I have seen—The market-place of Adis Ababa—The chief's tribune — Live-stock — Jewellery — Lion skins — Swords — Cloth— Money - changers — Butter — Beer — Knives — Bamboos — Horses — Mules—A thief thrashed—European shops—Indian merchants—A veteran curio dealer.

IN the course of my wanderings I have seen a good many markets, and they have always had a peculiar attraction for me. It is in the market-place that one has the best chance of noting the characteristics of the middle classes of a country, and when the market you visit is situated in a foreign land, you will, if at all observant, be quickly able to form an opinion of the manners and disposition of the people and the way they are likely to receive the stranger.

I have strayed, for instance, through the lanes of the curious annual fair held at Khajaro, among the ruins of some of India's most famous temples. In the native state of Chutterpur, in the Central Provinces, far removed from the railway, I have, during the market-week, seen hammered-iron bullets, queer-shaped axes, elaborately ornamented shoes, and wonderful sham jewellery for sale, side by side with the cheap European



umbrella, Birmingham padlocks, and gaudy Lancashire kerchiefs. I have jostled my way through the main street of Leh, in Ladak, during the daily market held in August and September, and have witnessed Yarkandis, Tibetans, Afghans, and Kashmiris rub shoulders with the plainmen of India, and barter wool and gold, numdas and silver, brick-tea and copper, hemp and



BUTTER-MARKET, ADIS ABABA.

precious stones, rare skins and quaint tea-pots against goods from Manchester and Birmingham, Germany and America. I have bargained for a knife in the market-square of Burgos and bought hobgoblin-looking toys at a Burmese fair. I have counted cash off a string to a Chinese market-woman, and paid a Balti with copper coins at two a farthing. But of all the strange emporiums I have inspected, I think the great marketplace of the Emperor Menelik's capital is the most interesting. There one obtains a truer notion of the productive powers of the country, both in raw material and

manufactured articles, and can learn better what foreign goods find a ready sale among the people, than in any of the many markets I have seen in the four continents.

To the market-place at Adis Ababa come grains and spices, peppers and condiments from every corner of the kingdom, coffee from Harrar and Lake Tana, cotton from the banks of the Blue Nile, gold from Beni Shongul, and civet from the Galla country, while salt from the far north of Tigré is the current change for a dollar. Fine cotton shammās, heavy burnouses of black, blanket-like cloth, jewellery and arms, saddlery and ploughs, all are here. In fact here you can feel the commercial pulse of Abyssinia, gain some insight into the present state of her civilisation, and gather what she wants from the foreigner and what she has to offer in exchange.

The market-place of Adis Ababa is situated on the upper slope of a hill, and lies opposite the palace in a north-westerly direction. Just above it, on the crest of the eminence, stands the Custom-house (formerly Count Leontieff's quarters) surrounded by a palisade. The market is held every day, but the largest gathering takes place on Saturdays, and when the Emperor is resident in the capital. The market-place is quite open, the only permanent features being two little thatched sentry-boxes perched on poles, where the Nagadi Ras, or chief of the merchants, and his assistants sit on market-days to settle disputes, punish thieves, and generally superintend the fair, and the rows of big stones on which the sellers squat and display their goods and which serve as stalls.

Just as I took the photo, a dispute about a donkey had been settled, and the successful litigant was striding off with the animal, while another case about some grain, in which a priest in the white turban was a witness, was being heard at the other tribune. The photo on p. 107 shows the arrangement of the "stalls."

Having dismounted—for no one may ride in the

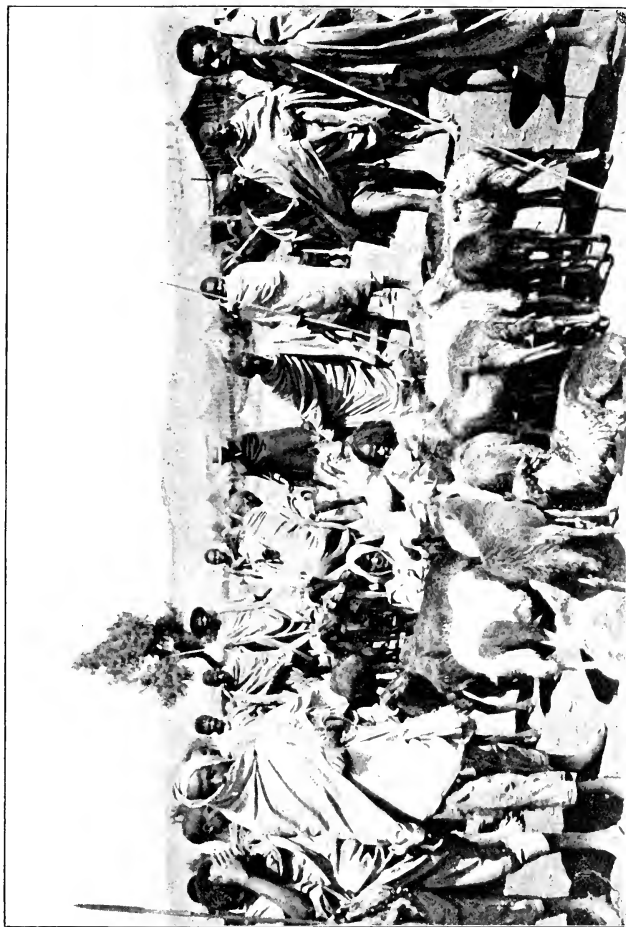


TRIBUNES OF THE JUSTICES OF THE MARKET.

market—and handed your beast over to the syce to take to a particular tree, which by custom has become the rendezvous for all the servants from the British Agency, you plunge into a busy and odoriferous crowd. The sellers of each commodity are always to be found congregated on the same spot; for instance, on the outskirts, near the Nagadi Ras, are tethered the bullocks for draught and slaughter, milch cows, and little flocks of sheep and goats.

In the picture on p. 111 a man who has purchased a sheep is leading it away by a fore-leg, while the head of a Galla girl in charge of the flock, just visible in the foreground, shows how the young women dress their hair.

Towards the centre and on the north side of the sentry-boxes is the jewellers' row, where the vendors are nearly all women. They ride in from the villages round, very little jewellery being made in the capital itself. The chief commodities in this section are thick silver rings, which are threaded on a blue string and worn round the neck, women's ear-rings in the form of highly ornamented solitaire studs, generally gilt, and curious ear-rings worn only by men who have killed an elephant, which are fashioned like elaborate finger-rings, sometimes with little chains pendent from them. There are also hair-pins with filigree heads, like those used for women's hats at home, tiny ear-picks in the form of spoons with handles of variegated shapes and patterns, bracelets and rings, necklets of fine chain, and little charm-boxes as pendants, as well as crosses, plain or of filigree-work. None of these articles give evidence of great ingenuity in design or skill in workmanship, and, if any more highly finished article is met with, it is almost certain to be of Indian manufacture, or to have come from Tigré. Next to the raw-hide market, where you may usually find some leopard skins and occasionally a lion's pelt, are established the vendors of imported dressed and dyed leather, coloured to bright reds and greens for the decoration of saddles, bridles, and cartridge-belts. There also are for sale the large, soft sleeping-skins which every Abyssinian loves to possess, and leather sacks for holding personal luggage while travelling by mule. In the crowded corner devoted to the sword-sellers you may see a petty chief, with one or two trusty followers, testing the blades of the big, straight swords taken from the Dervishes,



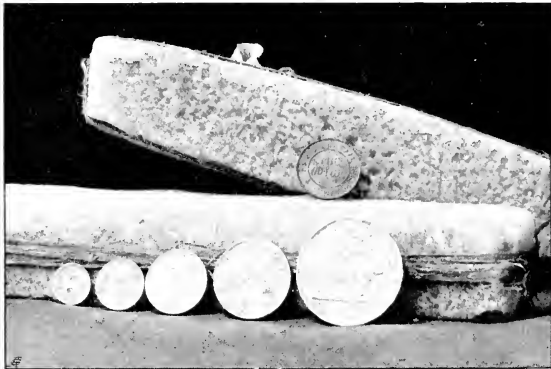
A MARKET SCENE, ADIS ABABA.



which fetch as much as ten to fifteen dollars. Close by, other purchasers are examining the curve of an Abyssinian sword in its bright red scabbard, or perhaps choosing one from a pile of French blades made for the Ethiopian market. I was lucky in picking up good specimens of the different kinds—among them one from a soldier of Leontieff's, who was boasting of the men and women he had cut down with it, and another brought by Marchand's force from the White Nile. Near by, at another stall, are exposed for sale circular convex shields of black buffalo hide, those for the populace ornamented by geometrical figures stamped on the leather, while those carried by officers are decorated with strips and bosses of silver, or of silver-gilt for the higher ranks. One of these shields may be seen in the portrait of Balambaras Giorgis on p. 119.

Near the top of the hill one long alley is devoted to cotton goods from America, India, and Manchester. Lancashire, I regret to say, supplies by far the smallest quantity, for the English manufacturer will neither make the quality nor supply the lengths required in Abyssinia. The money-changers' quarter is perhaps one of the most striking, for instead of piles of copper coin and cowries, as in India, one sees here little stacks of amolé—the Abyssinian currency. These are bars of crystallised salt, some 10 inches long by rather more than 2 inches square in the centre, with slightly tapering ends bound round by a band of rush. In the capital, four of them are equivalent to the dollar, but their value varies in different parts of the country. Further north it gradually decreases, till at Adua I obtained fifteen for a dollar.

Changing a dollar is not the work of a moment; each bar has to be examined and sounded, for if it be not of the right size, or is chipped or cracked, or does not ring true, the first person to whom it is offered will be as indignant as a London cabby when tendered a bad shilling. These crystallised salts come from Assal, a salt lake in the north of Tigré. The red pepper and



CURRENT COIN.

the butter bazaars were not places in which to linger, the former on account of the particles getting into one's eyes and nostrils and acting like pungent snuff, and the latter on account of the strong, rancid smell. The Shoa woman was bargaining for the butter in the little gourd ornamented with shells on the ground before the Salla peasant when I snapped the photograph. Before I had finished fitting out the caravan for my journey north I knew every corner of this wonderful market, and whether I required a burnous (a black, blanket-like cloak with a



hole for the head and red leather edges), a native rope for the mule-loads, an iron sickle, matches, or native cooking-pots, I could go straight to the place where each was to be obtained. Besides all the commodities I have named, there were to be found, each in its own market, coffee-beans, sugar, wax and honey, tej and tala (mead and beer), stored in great jars called gombos, large shawls called shammas, iron ploughshares, knives and spear-heads, rhinoceros-hide whips, bamboos for tent-poles, bundles of split wood 10 feet long for building huts, little bundles of long, tough grass for thatching or larger ones for fodder, overgrown faggots for fuel, tobacco for chewing and in the form of snuff (for the Abyssinian does not smoke), every kind of grain for bread, and condiments for flavouring. On a flat stretch of ground on the southern side of the market is the mule- and horse-fair; here may be seen horses galloped by wild-looking men, with their shammas streaming behind them and the cruel rhinoceros-hide whip in full play. Presently the owner espies a likely purchaser, and instantly the horse is stopped and thrown back on his haunches by the terrible bit. Mules are being examined for traces of old sore backs, and the air is filled with the shouting, wrangling, and bargaining inseparable from the buying or selling of a horse. The Abyssinians have an excellent rule, that, before a bargain is complete, the vendor and the purchaser must together lead their beast before an official, who registers their names, witnesses the paying over of the money, and exacts a fee from both parties to the contract. No horse may be sold for more than fifty dollars.

but a mule may go up to three hundred. In doing my marketing, my usual plan was to ride down with Mr. Beru, and, with his assistance, hunt for curios or whatever I wanted, while taking snapshots of anything that struck me as characteristic of the market, my camera often exciting a good deal of curiosity. One girl, I remember, when her attention was drawn to the fact that I was taking her portrait, called out, as she ducked her head out of sight, "By the Holy Trinity, tell me, what is he doing?"

In purchasing mules, after my men had selected such as appeared to be suitable animals, we used to go over and see them tried, and then arrange the price. Then we crossed to the meeting-tree, where the head syce would report his purchases for the stable, and the head woman show us the stores she had bought for feeding the numerous retinue. All around the rendezvous were piled up fuel, forage, and provisions for a week's consumption at the Agency, all of which had to be loaded on mules and carried the five miles to the Residency.

In the palpitating life and varied scenes of the market one might see more of the people and their ways of life in one morning than in a week's wandering about the capital. There were to be seen the Galla girls staggering under loads of wood or grass; the priests in their white caps (like a tall hat with the brim cut off), and carrying in one hand a grass-plaited umbrella to shield them from the sun, and in the other a fly-whisk of short horse-hair dyed red; women of the better class muffled up to the eyes and attended by their

maids, often Soudanese slaves with their bosoms half bare ; officers, with diminutive slave-boys carrying their shields and rifles. All these sights helped to make a picture of such interest that one forgot the heat, the flies, and the smell.

One day we heard much shouting in the market, and saw the people flocking in one direction. Pushing our way through the crowd, we beheld a thief, caught red-handed, taken before the Nagadi Ras, who sentenced him to a dozen lashes on the bare back, and then to be thrashed through the market. The culprit, with his hands tied in front of him, holding the salt he had stolen, was held by a rope round his neck, while his jailer flicked him with a long lash, the thief shouting out meanwhile, "See, I have stolen this salt and am being punished for it." After he had made the circuit of the entire market-place, the salt was taken from him, and he was set at liberty.

We were much disappointed with the European shops, where we had been led to believe we could purchase many things we required. There are four or five French merchants in the capital, their *doyen* being M. Savouré, who has been many years settled in Adis Ababa, and undertakes most of the Emperor's commissions for Europe. The greater part of the ivory export trade also passes through his hands. He seems to have been fairly successful, judging from the fine new house he had just completed for himself, and the style in which he and his family set out for the coast, shortly before I left for the north.

Among other nationalities, there are a good many

Greeks, but with one notable exception to be mentioned presently, these deal chiefly in liquors and scents. The foreign traders also included a few Armenians (one of whom is a baker) and a Swiss watchmaker.

The latest arrivals are several Indian firms from Harrar, who followed Captain Harrington here. Owing to their thrifty habits they are rapidly taking the trade from both French and Greeks, and are finding a ready sale for articles for which it was thought there would be no demand. Instead of sending cash to the coast they lay it out in ivory, civet, and gold, and so secure a double profit.

Hitherto there has been so little demand for goods by Europeans, that all these merchants get their stock simply with a view to supplying Abyssinian wants, and such articles as wine and spirits, sugar, scent, soap, swords, rifles and ammunition, wide-brimmed felt hats, cotton cloth, silk burnouses and scarfs, cheap watches and clocks, can be bought in any quantity. But when, in view of my solitary journey north, I wanted a kettle, a pair of pliers, a thick suit or cloth from which to make it, woollen underclothing, a cap, and such-like things, all of which would be readily procurable in any fair-sized Indian bazaar, none could be got for love or money.

Soon after my arrival in Adis Ababa, I was introduced to the only curio-dealer in the capital, namely, Balambaras Giorgis, a most picturesque old Greek, with a long, flowing white beard. He had served in Menelik's army with distinction, and was the only European who fought with the Ethiopian forces in the

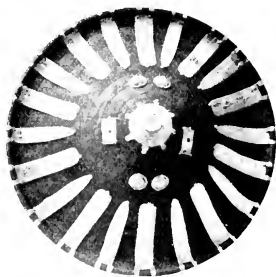
battle of Adua, where the Italians were so disastrously defeated. I paid several visits to his house, and persuaded him to let me take his photograph in Abyssinian military dress, wearing the cloak which denoted his rank of *Balambaras* (commandant of a fortress), and on his left wrist the silver-gilt armlet presented to him for valour in the field. Although the best part of his stock had been bought up by the various Europeans on their way home, he still had a number of interesting curios left. Amongst other things I bought several Galla weapons and ornaments, a curious shield, much larger and of a different pattern to the Shoan buckler, ivory bracelets weighing several pounds each, a straight, double-edged sword with an ivory handle, like an ancient Roman gladius, a spear with a very long and tapering head, hair-pins and combs of bone, and wooden pillows differing in shape from these used by the Somális. He had also several illustrated books, but as these were not very good specimens, and I was told I should be able to get much better copies in Gondar and Tigré, I did not buy any. This I much regretted afterwards as, although I tried my utmost throughout my journey, I did not succeed in finding a single illustrated book for sale. Once I was told of one, and waited some hours while it was being



BALAMBARAS GIORGIS.

brought to me, but found on inspection that its illustrations consisted of a small coloured print stuck inside the cover.

There is one man in the market who makes church brass-work, and sometimes has some old pieces for sale; from him I got an incense-burner, a bell, a processional cross, and a crutch for the head of the wands which the priests carry. But curios are hard to find, as directly anything good is for sale it is snapped up by one or other of the foreign embassies.



AN OFFICER'S SHIELD.

## CHAPTER XII

The Emperor—Gorgeous vestments—Dancing before the Ark—The Emperor's courtesy—The private chapel—The audience chamber—The great hall—A royal lunch—12,000 guests—Mighty drinking-horns—An Abyssinian band.

SUNDAY, 7th January, the second day of the Abyssinian Christmas, was the day on which we were invited to lunch with the Emperor. We left the British Agency compound at 8.15 in the morning under a dull, cloudy sky, Captain Harrington in infantry levee kit and Mr. Baird in full diplomatic dress, while we four travellers were in evening dress, muffled up in wraps and coats, for the air was raw after heavy rain. We had been invited to lunch at the Gebi at ten (or, as the Abyssinians reckon time, at four o'clock), but Captain Harrington, knowing the Emperor's great punctuality, decided to be there an hour earlier.

After half an hour's ride, during which we crossed several gullies and streams, we were approaching the plain at the foot of Selassee Hill, when we saw the Emperor coming from the palace enclosure, surrounded by his officers and a large following. Mounted men, blowing shawms, preceded his immediate body-guard, the

members of which carried their rifles in red cloth bags. We at once dismounted and saluted, but were uncertain whether to follow him or not, as we had not been invited to any function except the lunch. But our doubts were soon set at rest by a master of the ceremonies, who approached, and, making a way through the crowd, conducted us, past a large circular tent pitched on the plain, to the Emperor, who received us with a gracious smile and placed us on his left, next to the Chief Justice, who, owing to gout, was seated on a rug on the ground.

The Emperor was installed in a small state-chair, with a carpet spread at his feet. He was dressed in white trousers, brown, clocked socks, very large patent-leather dress-shoes without laces, a long coat of green silk with yellow stripes, and a black satin burnous embroidered with gold down the front and the hood lined with pink silk. In the left ear he wore a rose-cut diamond stud. His head was bound with a piece of white muslin, drawn tightly across the scalp, with the edges rolled up and tied behind. On the top of this was placed a large-crowned, broad-brimmed straw hat, covered with gold leaf, the band dotted round with rubies and sapphires. On the little finger of his left hand gleamed a gipsy-set diamond ring and another set with a miniature watch. Over the Emperor was held a red silk umbrella, heavily embroidered and fringed with gold. On his right was seated the Abuna (archbishop) Mathios, dressed in a black burnous, over whom an attendant held a plain, red silk umbrella, which later on was replaced by one much the same as the Emperor's,



but mauve in colour. Next him was Petros, the Abuna in the time of the Emperor John, attired in a splendid black velvet robe thickly embroidered in gold, the gift of that Emperor; over him glittered a magnificent red silk and gold umbrella. Most of his time he spent playing with the large amber beads of his rosary. Those taking part in the ceremony were now arranged in the form of a square, of which the tent already referred to formed the south side. The Emperor, ourselves, and the principal spectators filled the east side next to it, while the remaining sides were kept by a line of priests and their acolytes, holding long sticks with crutch-shaped heads of brass. Just before the commencement of the ceremonial, a messenger arrived in hot haste with a chair for Captain Harrington, who, in addition to the Emperor and the two Abunas, was the only person seated during the ceremony. The proceedings commenced by a group of some sixteen priests and attendants, with gilt or silver mitres on their heads, emerging from their tents, chanting. The vestments of these ecclesiastics were most varied, including one of yellow brocaded velvet and another with large green flowers, lined with pink and white striped silk; a third was of purple velvet with flowers in gold, lined with green, while the lesser dignitaries wore burnouses of brown silk, with green, yellow, or blue stripes, or of plain yellow or green. Some carried crutch-sticks with silver or brass heads, others bore brass incense-burners, or large perforated crosses of silver or brass, highly ornamented and decorated with long red and yellow ribbons and mounted on staves. During the chanting, three

men advanced, bearing on their heads the three sacred books—the Gospel, the Bible, and the Psalms. Each book was rolled in rich brocade of green and gold, or blue and gold, so that no part of it could be seen. The ends of the cloths reached to the men's elbows and produced a curious effect, their heads and shoulders appearing as in a deep frame. A large Bible, with highly ornamented silver-gilt cover, was next produced, and after a short portion had been read, was kissed by the two archbishops and the Emperor. Then the chief priests retired to the tent, while the men placed on the two sides of the square commenced a chant, and, led by priests, waved their crutch-wands in time to their voices. To the accompaniment of the shaking of sistrums the chant grew louder and louder, and as the chief priests returned from the tent, the drums, including a very handsome one of pierced silver-work, joined in the symphony. The higher dignitaries were now grouped beside the tent, with the three sacred books in their midst, and, at a given signal, the others, while still chanting and waving their wands, began a slow and rythmical dance. It was something like a quadrille: four of the performers faced the Emperor, while behind them another group of eight, four facing four, set to each other. This is believed by the Ethiopians to be the identical step danced by David before the Ark. After each bar, those in front of the Emperor bowed and retired, whereupon those immediately behind turned and took their places, while a fresh set was formed.

The chanting and dancing became faster and faster, until, on a sign from the Emperor, it suddenly ceased.

The performers retired with low obeisances, the tent was rolled up, and the whole assemblage, led by the priests, set out for the palace.

The Emperor, preceded by his body-guard and with his great officers about him, rode a gaily caparisoned mule. We moved in a parallel direction on his left, while behind came mounted officers, who kept back the soldiers and the crowd. As we approached the outer gate of the palace enclosure, the Emperor saw that there was much crowding, and, knowing that directly he had passed through it would be worse, sent a message for us to go first. Once inside, we turned to the left into a large grass-court, where, on the further side, carpets and chairs were arranged. Here the Emperor took his seat, and we Europeans, including the five Russian doctors, who had also been present at the previous ceremony, arranged ourselves on his left: the two archbishops carrying on an animated conversation a little to his right. As soon as the Emperor was seated, the chanting and dancing recommenced and lasted some half hour. At the conclusion, the Abuna pronounced the blessing in Arabic, which was immediately translated into Amharic for the benefit of the many who did not understand the former language. The crowd, which had by degrees approached too near to the Emperor's group, was driven back by officers armed with sticks. These were used unmercifully, but the soldiers seemed in no way to resent their action. We then again moved off in the same order as before, threading our way through narrow lanes, courts and gardens, to the Emperor's chapel, a circular building with an open passage running

round it, approached by flights of steps. The large double doors gave access to a rather narrow space,



MARTYRDOMS.

surrounding a high screen, which nearly filled the interior and enclosed the Holy of Holies, where the sacred books are kept, and can only be entered by the officiating priests. The outer sides of the screen were in course of decoration. Many of the pictures, with which it is to be entirely covered, were oil paintings done in Europe; others were frescoes by native artists, and included a number of placid-looking saints mounted on fiery steeds, prancing on unfortunate sinners, who were spouting blood in all directions. Another favourite subject was the martyrdom suffered by Christian saints at the hand of the unbelievers. In these pictures all good people are painted white and full face, while the evil-

doers are black and drawn in profile. After we had walked round the screen, the holy books were brought in and deposited in the Ark, the priests

changed their vestments, and another ceremony commenced.

Meanwhile we were conducted, past a half-completed observatory and the new palace stone buildings, to the main audience chamber. Here we met Captain Ciccocola, the Italian representative, M. Lagarde, or le Duc d'Entotto, as he prefers to be called, and his Consul, and Captain Bulatovitch, the Secretary to the Russian Embassy. After a weary wait of nearly an hour, we were ushered into the great hall or Aderash and conducted to a dais, the centre of which was taken up by a very handsome throne, covered by a canopy 18 feet square, made of velvet with an M in gold surmounted by an imperial crown, and supported by pillars of gold picked out in red and green, the present of the French Government to Menelik. The Emperor was half-reclining on a settee in front of the throne, supported by pink silk cushions, and surrounded by court officials and attendants, who ministered to his wants from a white-clothed table bearing an enormous pile of the thin cakes of native bread called injerra, with a vase of flowers as its only ornament. To the right and left of the front of the dais were two small silver candelabra, each holding eight very long thin tapers of the national colours, yellow, red, and green. The dais was curtained off from the rest of the hall by thin, flowery-patterned chintz curtains. Passing behind the throne, we took our seats at two tables laid on the Emperor's left—the eleven diplomats at one, and we four travellers at the other. The Rases and chief generals were divided into two groups, to the right and left of the Emperor. Our tables were laid in

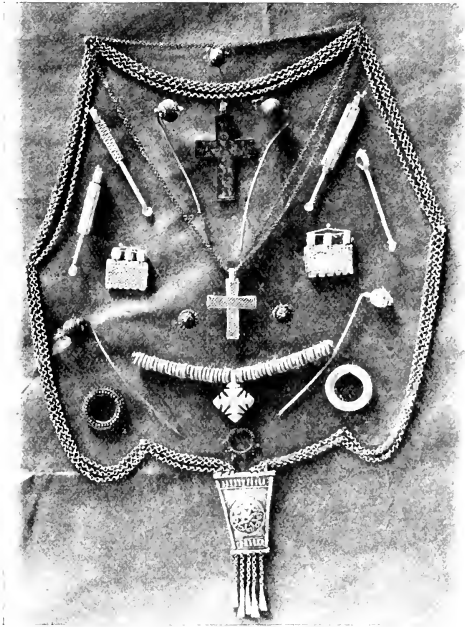
European fashion, with massive silver-handled knives and forks, bearing the royal cypher. The service was of Sèvres porcelain, emblazoned with the Lion of Judah. As soon as all were seated, the following menu was excellently served by Abyssinian attendants: milk and rice soup, kabobs of meat and potatoes; omelette and herbs; mince and artichokes; fillets of beef and radishes; kabobs and cabbage; fried brains; fried mince and macaroni; smoked beef and lettuce; rolls and flat cakes of wheat bread. For drinks we were given, tej (mead), French claret, araki (a strong, native spirit rather like sloe-gin, drunk neat as a liqueur), and, as after-dinner wines, old tej (twelve years, a sweet dark-coloured liquid, looking and tasting like a syrupy port), and champagne (Épernay). While we were being served, a continuous stream of dishes were carried in for the Emperor's table by female slaves. The chief woman of the Emperor's kitchen stood by the opening in the curtains, and, as each slave came in and knelt down, she tasted the food to show that it contained no poison. After this the stewards took it and placed it on the Emperor's table. Many of the dishes he just touched and sent on to the chief officers sitting round him, which is considered a great honour. One, a sort of rich stew, covered with chilly sauce, he sent to our tables, but it was a dish to be approached with caution by any but an Anglo-Indian. Beside each group of officers stood an attendant, holding shoulder-high a great piece of raw beef killed that morning, from which, with a small sharp knife, each officer cut thin slices, and, placing a small portion in his mouth, cut off the remainder close to his

lips. Each had his decanter of tej, covered with a piece of silk, by his side, from which he took long draughts. When the Emperor drank, those round held up their garments to screen him from all chance of the evil eye. During the meal, a priest stood on the Emperor's left, a quaint survival of a custom mentioned in the oldest annals of Ethiopia, his duty being to tell his royal master when he has eaten and drunk enough. When lunch was over, the curtains were drawn back, disclosing to view the fine hall. This is 163 feet by 97 feet. The walls are covered with blue paper and gold stars, and the roof-timbers, which are supported by two rows of sixteen lattice-work pillars painted white, are picked out in the national colours. The attendants were busy setting out round baskets, piled with flat cakes of bread, in rows on the floor. The great double doors at the end of the hall were then thrown open, and the hall soon began to fill with guests, who, as they advanced towards the Emperor with their right shoulder bared, bowed low and took their places in little groups of ten or a dozen round each basket. In the side aisle, next our left, were seated the escorts and servants of the Europeans present. Very smart were Captain Ciccodicola's Tigréans with their tartan head-dresses. Our Somâli syces caused us much amusement. Being Mohammedans, they could not touch food prepared by Christians, so sat and looked on. They were evidently in a state of terror, for the Somâli's only experience of the Abyssinian is when the latter raids into his country and exacts heavy taxes, killing all who resist or do not pay up quickly enough. Our men looked as though they thought that,

when the feast was over, they would, as likely as not, be seized by their hereditary enemies and finished out of hand. The centre aisle nearest the dais was reserved for priests, while the officers sat on either side of them. The soldiers filled the remainder of the hall, until over 4000 guests were being regaled. An Azajs (or steward), holding a great piece of raw beef and a handful of small sharp knives, placed himself by each group of priests and officers, while, to save time, the soldiers were served with portions already cut. To each was handed a horn cup, nearly a foot long, filled with tej. Meanwhile, an Abyssinian brass-band played a selection of music, including the national airs of France, Russia, and England. The band had been trained by a Russian in 1897, and, as at that time Italy was not exactly popular in Abyssinia, the bandmaster did not teach the band the Italian national hymn. For the latter, on this occasion, they substituted the "La Marguerite" waltz, and wound up with the Ethiopian national air composed by their former instructor. To each of these we drank standing, all turning and bowing to the Emperor after the last. While we sat looking down at the strange scene around us, cigars and cigarettes were handed round. When it is remembered that in the reign of King John the punishment for smoking was the cutting off of the lips, this consideration of His Majesty for his European visitors speaks well for his liberal spirit and kindness of heart. As the first detachment of guests finished their bread and meat, they were each given a small glass of araki and ushered out by great doors at the end of the aisles, on either side of the dais. The bread-baskets



were borne away to be replenished, the tej horns fitted into each other and carried off in piles resembling great tusks, and in an incredibly short space of time all was rearranged. The doors at the far end were again thrown



SHOA JEWELLERY.

open to admit another 4000 hungry guests. While they were being served, it being some three hours since we entered the room, and there being still a third equally large body to follow, we bade adieu to the Emperor and were escorted to the spot where our mules were in

waiting, close to the audience chamber, and rode home, arriving at 3.30. So ended one of the most interesting ceremonies it has ever been my luck to witness. I had heard and read so much about the disgusting sight of men gorging themselves on huge lumps of raw meat crammed into their mouths, reeling about in a state of intoxication, and the general orgie which ensued at these feasts, that I went prepared for a curious though far from edifying spectacle. I came away, having seen nothing to which the most sensitive spectator could object, and filled with wonder that such a vast number could be entertained with so little fuss and kept in such perfect order.

## CHAPTER XIII

How the Queen's present of horses and hounds travelled to Adis Ababa—  
Hounds die—The first coursing-meeting attended by the Emperor—  
“Gucks” the national game—Menelik entertained at the British  
Agency—A dog's escort.

WHEN Captain Harrington returned to Adis Ababa in the autumn of 1899, on the conclusion of his leave in England, Her Majesty the late Queen sent with him, in addition to a hackney stallion and mare, two leash of greyhounds, a couple of fox-hounds, and two fox-terriers, as a present to the Emperor. The horses began their adventures off Zeila, where it was found impossible for the native sailing-boat, into which they had been transferred from the steamer, to approach the pier. As the tide sank the boat heeled over, and, although a gangway was built, the horses became frightened and refused to move. Slinging them was found to be impossible, and to avoid any further delay and risk, Captain Harrington ordered the side of the boat to be sawn down, when the animals were induced to walk ashore. From that point their journey up country, though not unattended with difficulties, was successfully accomplished, and their condition on arrival spoke well for

the care which Bradley, the English groom, had bestowed upon them. The hounds' troubles commenced immediately on landing, and the hot journey over the Maritime plain, and again in the Hawash valley, specially tried them. The stony ground so cut their feet, that little leather boots were tried, but were not a success. During the worst marches the dogs were carried in baskets, which were slung on camels, and subsequently on mules. A celebrated mongrel belonging to Mr. Baird, and called the "Gudda," accompanied the Queen's dogs, and amused every one by the way "he bossed the show"; when he found that the others were being carried, he promptly shammed being lame in order to be put up too! This dog was the son of a fox-terrier bitch which Captain Wellby took with him to Adis Ababa, by a Beni Shongul dog. He was born just after Captain Welby's start from the capital, and travelled with him round Lake Rudolf to Fashoda and down to Cairo, where his owner presented him to Mr. Baird. His second journey to Egypt was *via* the Blue Nile, so he is likely to become a much-travelled animal. None of the dogs reached the capital in good condition, and Captain Harrington decided, before sending them to the palace, to keep them at the Agency, until they had picked up and got accustomed to their new surroundings and food. One of the greyhounds, which had received some injury on board ship, instead of improving, gradually got worse and died; but the other three dogs, when they had got over the fatigue of the journey, soon recovered and had been taken out for a run or two, as already said.

Tuesday, 9th January, was the day the Emperor

had appointed to witness his first coursing match, and, after coffee and biscuits, we got on our ponies or mules and set out at 5.30 in the morning for the trysting-place by the stream below the Residency compound. The meet was to be at six, but, when we arrived on the ground, Captain Harrington and Mr. Baird were already there, the former riding a horse named "Fitaurari" (leader of the vanguard), given him by Ras Makunnen, while the latter was first mounted on the Queen's hackney stallion (in order that the Emperor might see how the new animal behaved), and then changed to Ambalai (white horse), a present to Captain Harrington from Menelik. The Emperor, with his usual punctuality, was just approaching with a large retinue as we arrived. He was mounted on a fine brown mule, with a purple cloth spread over the high pommel and cantle of the saddle, with rather longer stirrups than usual, and a very broad and much-embroidered green leather bridle. There was a large field, and among the high Abyssinian officials present were Ras Walda Giorgis, Dedjatchmatch Abata, Dedjatchmatch Webi, and Dedjatchmatch Beratu, nephew of Ras Makunnen. Besides these, numbers of Shûms and officers with bands of armed attendants were present, and, as most, if not all of these had a spare led horse, the crowd soon swelled to a huge gathering of over 500 mounted men, besides many hundred spectators on foot. Captain Harrington having arranged with the Emperor that two parties of fifty mounted men should be extended on either side as beaters, Menelik and the Rases moved along in the centre while the remainder of the field were ordered to

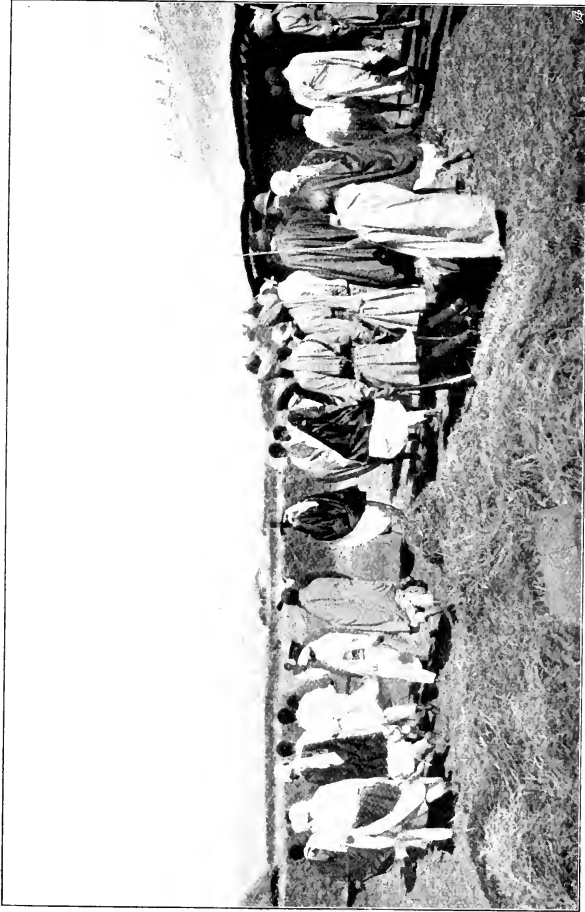
keep a quarter of a mile in rear. The Emperor soon exchanged his mule for a good-looking brown gelding of fourteen hands, carrying handsome trappings of bright red leather ornamented with discs of gold, while the collar was studded with little pointed nails of the same metal, thus closely resembling the collar supposed to be worn by the ideal watch-dog. The Negus was clad in the same clothes he wore on the day he first received us, except that his feet were now shod with brown canvas sand-shoes over bright green socks and that a wide-brimmed felt hat protected his head from the sun. For arms he carried a very light, well-polished spear, with a cedar shaft; while close behind him an attendant on a mule bore his shield, contained in a large, brown silk bag, and a single-barrel Martini-Metford carbine slung over his shoulder. After some half mile of rough grass-land had been traversed, a hare was put up, getting a good start of the greyhounds. Running in a big circle to the right, he was headed twice by over-keen sportsmen, and finally run into and killed by the black dog Zulu. During the course, owing to the numerous cracks and holes in the ground, the hound turned a complete somersault, just as he made a turn. Many of the field also took tosses from the same cause. The quarry having been brought up by Mr. Beru, was duly examined by the Emperor, who was much pleased with Zulu's performance, saying it was the first hare he had ever seen killed by a dog. Meanwhile a nondescript dog belonging to His Majesty, and the "Gudda," had a great hunt by themselves after a second hare, which, needless to say, outpaced them. The line

moved on and soon put up a jackal, which gave a good run but went to ground. A move was then made home-wards, the whole field forming a long, irregular column. Every now and then little parties of the Abyssinian officers would gallop to the front of the cavalcade and give an exhibition of the national game of *gucks*, which consists of one horseman pursuing another and throwing a light spear-shaft. Very dexterous they are in guiding their horses and swaying their bodies to avoid being struck.

When the British Agency compound was reached, the Emperor entered, accompanied by a few of his principal chiefs, and, having dismounted, was escorted by the Indian sowars to the reception tent, in front of which the British and Ethiopian flags were flying. While Captain Harrington entertained this party with champagne and coffee, we dispensed hospitality to the lesser officials in the next tent, and were much amused by their anxiety to get as much gas as possible with their champagne. Indeed, they were so keen on it, that I think they would have preferred drinking out of the bottle. After a while, the Emperor asked to be conducted round the stables, to see some twenty ponies, which were being tried for polo, and in fulfilment of an old promise made to the Negus were being groomed by Abyssinians. It was while walking from the tents to the stables that the Emperor remarked to Ras Wolda Giorgis, "Englishmen are curious people, quite unlike any other nation I have seen; for they build a house for their horses, before they have a roof over their own heads." The custom of the country is to give a horse the very roughest rub-down

and that only on rare occasions, but, with his usual quick perception, Menelik had noticed how rapidly Captain Harrington's ponies improved in appearance. He asked the reason, and, when he heard of their daily grooming, sent some of his own syces to be taught, and said he would himself come and see the operation some day. After having the whole process explained to him, and asking many questions of detail, he went across to the harness-room and looked over the Indian sowars' equipment and some Egyptian cavalry saddles which Captain Harrington had brought from Cairo. A visit to the kennels followed, and then the Emperor left, saying he must see another course soon. Unfortunately, a run of bad luck prevented this, as both greyhound bitches became very ill and only recovered after long and most careful nursing. There seems to be something in the climate of Adis Ababa most trying to canine life, for both of the fox-hounds died, and one morning, about a month after the coursing meeting, Zulu was found curled up dead. The Emperor was most anxious to have at least one of the dogs at the palace with him, so the fox-terrier was sent up, and the Empress, who shares the Negus's love for dogs, made a great pet of him, allowing no one to feed him but herself. One evening, shortly afterwards, a number of men were seen approaching the Agency from the palace. The party proved to be the Empress's Master of the Horse, carrying the dog on a cushion and escorted by sixty men. He said that Queen Taitu, believing the dog to be ill, had ordered him to carry it immediately back to Captain Harrington, and threatened him, as he valued his right hand, not to let the dog be disturbed or





THE EMPEROR VISITS THE BRITISH AGENCY STABLES.



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touch the ground on the way! In spite of all the care possible, he succumbed to cold in the kidneys in a few days. When I finally left the capital for the north, only three of the eight dogs brought from England were still alive.

We heard afterwards that the Emperor was much pleased with the day's sport and his reception at the Agency. The way Captain Harrington and Messrs. Baird, Butter, and Beru sat their ponies, while going full gallop over the rough ground, was also commented on with admiration.

## CHAPTER XIV

Journey to Tadechamalca—We despatch our trophies to the coast—I return alone to the capital—My farewell interview with the Negus—His concern for Captain Harrington—His interest and knowledge of shooting and travel—Native troops in India—The Transvaal war.

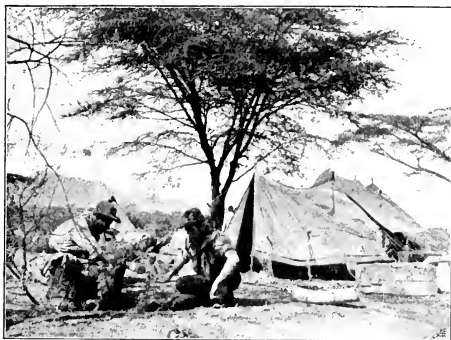
As soon as the Emperor and his suite had left the British Agency, we sat down to *déjeuner*, and then packed our belongings for the journey back to our base-camp at Tadechamalca. Then began the usual dispute with the *nagadis* (literally, merchants) or carriers. Every load was either too heavy, too bulky, too long, not equally divided, or something that made it impossible for it to be carried. However, after several hours' talking and explanation by three interpreters and several headmen, a start was effected at 3 P.M. That night Captain Harrington gave us a shake-down, and early on Wednesday, 10th January, we set out, Mr. Baird being one of the party, as he was to accompany H. and the others to Zoquala, in the hopes of getting some shooting. At the ford at Akaki we passed a young Frenchman dressed in a sort of uniform and mounted on a white horse. Our attention was especially drawn to him by the number of weapons hung about his person. These

included a rifle, a sword, and a couple of revolvers, besides a hunting-knife; on his saddle were packed innumerable wallets, bags, cooking-pots, and impedimenta of all sorts, so that altogether he presented a striking appearance. We heard afterwards that he had been an armourer in the French army, who had come to seek his fortune in Abyssinia and hoped to be employed by the Emperor to command his artillery, but up to the time of my departure he had met with no success.

On the face of a sheer cliff, just below the ford, are a number of cave-dwellings, which looked as if they would repay investigation; but ropes and ladders would be required to get at them. That evening we camped at Chaffé Dunsā. The night was cold with a heavy dew, but, thanks to Captain Harrington's loan of a couple of tents, we were in luxury compared with the journey up. Next day we reached Godoburka at the foot of Balji Hill. Here the nagadis struck, and said we were overworking their animals, although they had agreed to take us down in five days. That night was made hideous by the growling and laughing round our camp of numbers of hyænas, who frequent this place in bands and often attack both mules and donkeys. At noon on 12th January we reached Minebella, and spent the day under some trees. During an evening stroll, we saw some monkeys in the valley of the Kassam. As we were anxious to push on, we made a moonlight march and reached Mantecura tanks at 6.10 on the following morning. These tanks are two in number, each some 35 yards square and 10 feet deep in the centre. Although supplied by springs, they often run

dry. Up to ten years ago, when all this country was thickly populated, the people round were obliged to fetch water from the Kassam river, to fill these tanks, when the springs gave out ; but, since the great famine of 1890, this custom has fallen into disuse. On our journey up they were dry, but on our return the recent rain had partly filled them. After breakfast H. and I pushed on to Tadechamalca, where we found Clarke and Perks eagerly expecting us, after our absence of seventeen days, instead of the six H. had intended to be away. We found that several of the men were suffering from fever ; so one of my first duties was to do some doctoring. Those in charge of the base-camp had not been idle, for Clarke had diligently worked up the map of our journey, and Perks had added many fresh specimens of birds to H.'s collection. I was glad to find all my skins in good order and free from beetle, my men having looked after them well. The other shikaris, to my surprise, had, according to their own version, been doing a lot of shooting, though not with very grand results. Clarke experienced a narrow escape from a venomous snake, which had curled itself up on his bed among the straps and cases of some of the instruments. Fortunately, as he was about to pick one of them up, it moved, and he was just in time to draw back before it struck. During one of his surveying ascents, he had discovered the ruins of an ancient city, known to the natives as Hallam, where the Emperor Zaracob was defeated by Granya. The ruins cover a large area, and regular streets can be traced among the piles of fallen and overgrown masonry.

For four days we were all hard at work numbering our trophies, making the skins into bales, boiling and taking the horns off skulls, and packing them in barrels for transport to the coast. In view of my new programme for a solitary journey to the north, provisions and stores of all sorts had to be sorted out for me,



DESPATCH OF TROPHIES TO THE COAST.

lists made, and everything repacked and arranged in loads of equal weights.

Although the rest and grass had much improved the condition of many of our camels, there were still several unfit for work ; so application was made to the local Shûm, to endeavour to procure others. One evening a Galla came and offered three for sale, but H. thought he asked too much ; however, on the following day, the Shûm arrived, bringing the identical beasts, and said the price was half as much again as the owner had originally demanded on the previous day, and this H. had to pay, much against his will. We then arranged

that our second headman, Jama, accompanied by a dozen men whom we were discharging, should take a caravan, consisting of the three new camels, three old ones, and twelve hired mules, with all the skins and horns of the animals shot up to date, to the coast. I wanted to ask for a special permit for these to pass through Harrar, but H. thought it unnecessary. They started on the evening of the 17th, but returned next morning to exchange the three old camels, which had already broken down. On the 18th I was up at 4.30, and after three hours' wrangling with the mule-carriers, got them started, by agreeing to pay for an extra and quite unnecessary camel. Then came good-byes, many of the natives following me and insisting on shaking hands many times over.

I set out on my return to the capital, carrying with me a young oryx, which Mr. Baird's men had caught alive; but unfortunately it died before evening. Owing to the fact that I was not with my mules when they passed the Custom-house at Choba, my men were delayed and had to pay toll. On the morning of the fifth day from Tadechamalca, I decided to leave my baggage behind and push on to the capital. On my way I passed innumerable men, women, and beasts, laden with camp equipment and supplies of all sorts. As I saw that many of the loads consisted of parts of the royal tents, I knew that the Emperor was leaving the capital, so pushed on quickly. I reached Captain Harrington's at tea-time, and found him just recovering from an attack of influenza and feeling very weak. I was much disappointed to find that my agents had only been able to get three mules out of the twenty-two I wanted, so that



there seemed no hope of my getting off for some time. On the evening of my arrival, an English mail came in, and we all sat up late, reading letters and news of the Boer War. On the 23rd, Captain Harrington, who was still confined to his bed, sent Mr. Beru up to the Gebi, to ask the Emperor to have the promised letters to the Rases prepared for me, as Menelik was leaving that day. Just after eleven o'clock Mr. Beru returned, with a message, asking me to come up to the palace to bid adieu. The Negus was surprised at my early start. He had first asked if I should be in the capital on his return in a month's time, and, when he heard that I wished to start as soon as possible, said he should like to see me and say good-bye. On receiving the Emperor's message, I hurried into dress-clothes and, mounted on "Ambalai," cantered over to the Gebi with Mr. Beru, escorted by two of the sowars. While I waited in the audience hall the interpreter sought the Emperor, whom he found giving a breakfast to his soldiers in the Aderash, before setting out on his journey. On being informed of my arrival, his first regret was that he had no European dishes prepared for me, but was reassured on hearing that I had already breakfasted. On my way to the great hall, I passed the Emperor's body-guard and his mule, ready saddled, waiting to set out directly after the entertainment. I was conducted into the Aderash, on the floor of which some 2500 soldiers were seated in little groups round the baskets of bread. On the dais was the Emperor, with his Rases and chief officers grouped around him. In view of the impending departure of the Court, the canopy and gilt

pillars were covered in dust-sheets. After greeting me with a smile and a hearty hand-shake, the Negus signed to me to be seated on a chair to his right, and an attendant brought me a large tumbler of tej, covered with a silk handkerchief. The Emperor's first inquiries were about Captain Harrington. "Was he seriously ill? Was he in pain? Did I think he would soon be well? He must be careful not to expose himself to cold." All of these remarks he made in a voice of real concern, and evidently not from mere politeness. I thanked the Emperor for the passports promised me, and specially for according me permission to cross the frontier into Erythrea. I explained that my reasons for wishing to leave by Massowah were, that the rains would have commenced, and that I heard I should cross a good country for lions and hoped to shoot some, as last time, in Somáliland, I had only got two, and those not very big. "But," said he, "two lions are always two lions." Then I told him how anxious I was to bag the Abyssinian ibex, as great interest was taken in England in the question whether it was the same as the Arabian species, and that so far no complete specimen had been brought to Europe. He replied that he believed I should find plenty of them in Simien, but that the cold there was very great and there would be much snow. I said that I had at different times shot over twenty ibex in the Himalayas, and had spent three winters there, so that I did not fear the cold. "On which side of the Himalayas were you, and is the altitude greater there than here?" was the immediate inquiry. I replied that I had shot on both sides of the great range, and went on

to describe the deep snow of the Kashmir valleys, the marches along the frozen Indus, and how, while after *Ovis ammon* and yak on the Tibetan plateau, at 18,000 feet elevation, I had seen no running water for a month. In all of this he seemed much interested, often turning to his officers and asking questions, which showed his knowledge of the geography and zoology of the countries under discussion. "How many yak had I shot? What was the size of the beast, and did the wild ones have white tails?" These were but a few of the questions he put to me. To my inquiry if His Majesty could tell me anything of a beast called *bodar*, which I heard was to be found in Simien, and which from its description I thought must be a bear, Menelik, after asking several of those about him, remarked that he knew nothing of such an animal, and then added, "You must remember that you go to explore Simien and tell us what is there, for the remoter parts of that country we never visit." Then the conversation turned on weapons for game-shooting; Menelik asked me about the paradox gun, one of which Captain Wellby was sending him as a present. I described how useful I had found it both in India and Africa for shooting small game for the pot, as well as big game. This led to his asking me what countries I had visited, what was my age, how long I had been travelling, and what part of England I came from? It was evident that, if he could safely leave his country, nothing would give him greater pleasure than travelling. "Had I been in Russia?" "No," I replied. "Ah!" said he, "you should go, for it must be a great country." This seemed to open up a fresh train

of thought, for the next question was, "Does England allow the native princes in India to have as many soldiers as they like of their own?" My reply was, "Yes, and the Government does all it can to encourage them to make them as efficient as possible." This seemed rather to surprise him, and his astonishment was great, when I added, that none of these Indian princes I had seen had such large retinues continually about them as he (Menelik) had. At this he smiled, and exclaimed, "These are nothing, you should see one of my war expeditions!" I then referred to the Transvaal War and the reverses we had suffered, as I knew these had been made the most of in certain quarters, and was anxious to hear what the Emperor would say. "But," said he, "these reverses are only what are to be expected. Your troops are far off; when you get them there it will be different." I asked that I might be allowed to shoot on the way to Simien. "Certainly," he said, "you may shoot wherever there is game." I then bade adieu, the Negus sending kind messages to Captain Harrington and wishing me God-speed in the words, "May God take you safely through your journey back to your own country."

## CHAPTER XV

Collecting a caravan—Passports from the Negus—An Irish resident from the time of Theodore—Building the Residency—The Emperor's forest of Managasha—Lovely scenery—Bushbuck—Black and white monkeys—Reedbuck—Duiker—Return to the capital.

FOR twelve days I endeavoured to collect mules for my journey, but only succeeded in adding seven to the six I already possessed. Of these, two strayed while out grazing, and one only was recovered, so the net result was the collection of twelve mules. Meanwhile I had been making boxes to carry stores, buying all sorts of things for the journey, such as liquors for Abyssinian guests, burnouses for my men, pack-saddles and raw-hide ropes for the mules which I still hoped to procure, leather sacks for flour and rice, and, in short, getting ready all my impedimenta for a start. Five letters, prepared by the Emperor's Secretary, and bearing the seal of the Lion of Judah, enclosed in envelopes with the royal cypher in gold, came in from the Emperor's camp. These documents were addressed to King Tecla Haymanot and the Rases through whose territory I was to pass. They stated my name and nationality, set forth that I had the Emperor's permis-

sion to shoot in Simien, and to travel to Erythrea. The countries I was to pass through were definitely named, and the Rases were requested to give me guides, to afford every assistance, and to see that I was allowed to pass freely ; in fact I was generally commended to their



McKELVIE.

care. As there was no mention of my being allowed to shoot on the way, Captain Harrington directed the interpreter to write and point this out. By return messenger came a general passport, worded much the same as the others, but addressed to all Shûms, and with the additional words, "where there are wild beasts on the way, show them so that he may hunt." Having got these important concessions, I collected all the information I could about the country I was to pass through, receiving valu-

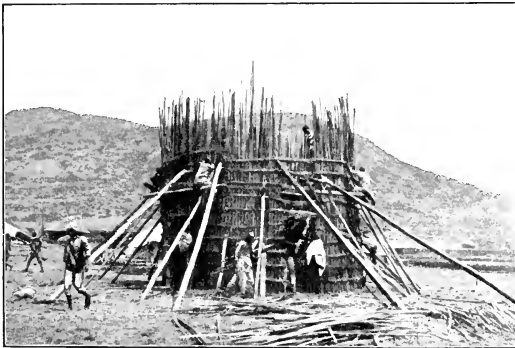
able help from a man named McKelvie, who has spent thirty-five years in Abyssinia. His story, if he could only be induced to give it in detail, would be an interesting one. Imprisoned by King Theodore, he was one of the Englishmen we went to Magdala to release. No sooner was he brought safely away, than he returned to the capital, and when, on Captain Harrington's first arrival in Abyssinia, he was attached to the British Agency, he was an Abyssinian in speech, habits, and costume. So much was this the case, that at first he

could hardly recall his mother tongue. He still wears the Abyssinian dress and prefers to travel barefoot, but when I left was trying to take to boots again. Among the natives of the country he is looked upon quite as one of themselves, and is very popular and much esteemed. On the funeral of his late wife, an Abyssinian, many hundreds of natives showed their sympathy by attending.

One morning he awakened me early to say Ras Walda Giorgis had called, and that Captain Harrington, who was still confined to his bed, wished me to receive him. I hurried into my clothes, went over to the reception-tent, and found awaiting me a very intelligent-looking, middle-aged man. He inquired about Captain Harrington's health, and, after a little general conversation, expressed a strong desire to see him, if possible, to deliver some messages from the Negus. So I took him over to Captain Harrington's tukul, where he had a talk on affairs of state. This chief, who is Menelik's nephew, being the son of his sister, rules the country below the Sobat.

Captain Harrington, who had devoted much consideration to the form in which the new Residency should be built, was anxious to get it covered in before the heavy rains in June. It was settled that the long, elliptical-shaped Abyssinian hut would be the most convenient form, but it required a number of stout timbers for the roof and supporting pillars, which are difficult to obtain, as they have to be carried in by men from the forest of Managasha, over 20 miles distant. Many more than the thirty beams already given by the Emperor would be required for the purpose, and this would cause such

delay, that Captain Harrington decided to build the new Residency in the form of eight large circular *tuculs*, connected by short passages. On January 30th the foundations were begun, and I was able to watch the building and get a series of photos. These particular huts were made larger and higher than usual, and extra strong, but the general plan remained the same and is as



BUILDING THE BRITISH RESIDENCY.

follows: a circle, usually 18 feet in diameter, having been marked out on the ground, a narrow trench 8 inches wide and 18 inches deep is dug, the earth being loosened with iron-shod poles, and scraped out with the hand. Into this are inserted, close together, split wood poles, 18 feet high, the whole being kept together by two bands, made of withies on the outside and of laths of wood (torn from larger pieces with the teeth) on the inside, lashed together with grass-rope. The reason for the laths inside is, that they lie closer to the uprights



than withies. When I suggested that knives would do the splitting quicker and better than teeth, I was met with the reply, "But knives cost money." The first band is about one foot from the ground, the others two feet apart, and the two topmost close together. As the bands get higher, scaffolding on an original native plan is erected. The poles are sawn off evenly round the top,



THATCHING A TUCUL.

and a temporary post, the height of the roof, erected in the centre of the circle, on which rests a cap of plaited grass. The rafters are then arranged; at first as many as the small circumference of the cap will take are placed in position and tied, then, as the circle grows larger, others are inserted, till the whole conical roof is formed of rafters fitted close together. These are secured in the same way as the walls, with bands inside and out well lashed together and attached to the top of the walls, the temporary centre-pole being taken away

when this is completed. The inside bands are often covered with coloured cotton, red, white, and blue, which gives the ceilings an artistic appearance. The rafters are then sawn off even all round, and the roof thatched with bundles of fine grass tied to the rafters and finished at the apex with a bunch. The thatching is much thinner than what we should consider necessary, being not over 6 inches thick, but when well done, and at a good pitch, it is wonderfully waterproof. Then comes the fitting of the door and window frames. The walls, inside and out, are daubed with a mixture of puddled mud and chopped grass. The great secret in preparing this is to have it made some time before and left in a pit to ferment. It used to amuse me to see the workmen carrying little pats, not over five or six pounds in weight, of this compound over 200 yards from the pit, hand it over to the "dauber" and leisurely saunter back. It reminded me of the pleasing nonchalance with which the British workman sets about his task at home. This mixture was then daubed on both sides of the wall, till the bands were covered, and the surface left quite smooth. A hut built in this way would last twelve to fifteen years, but required repairs after each rainy season. In the picture on page 155 may be seen what the completed hut looks like. While some men were building, others were bringing in piles of grass-rope, withies, thatching grass, and little bundles of the split-match-like poles, so that the compound presented a busy scene all day long.

On the evening of the last day of January Mr. Baird rode in, having left Zoquala at early dawn. He told me

that on the day I had left Tadechamalca, one of the shikaris had suddenly gone mad, but was luckily secured before he had done any damage, put in charge of a relative, and sent with Jama to the coast. On the way round to the Hawash the caravan had visited the ruins of Hallam, but I could gather no additional information to what Clarke had already told me. They had seen a good deal of game, but travelled too quickly to spend much time in shooting. Mr. Baird had, however, bagged oryx, reedbuck, klipspringer, and oribi. The Gallas on the way proved friendly, and had done their best to show the party sport, besides selling them sheep and curios. While the caravan halted a day's march below Zoquala they went up to see the monastery, also the sacred lake which fills an extinct crater on the top of the mountain. Although interesting, it seemed hardly to have come up to their expectations. The final letters and instructions, with presents for different chiefs, sent down by Captain Harrington, having safely reached them, Messrs. Harrison, Whitehouse, and Butter had, I was informed, set out for their journey to Lake Rudolf.

On 5th February, finding it hopeless to try and collect sufficient mules in the capital, I determined to go off on a short shooting expedition, while I sent my Abyssinian headman, Nasser, to the neighbouring villages, to see what animals he could get there. It took over three hours to load nine mules, for no sooner were two or three loaded up than they set to work and kicked the lot off again. My road lay nearly due west. Leaving the palace on the left and the market-place on

the right, I struck across a ford close to the only fair-sized bridge near the capital. This I found blocked up with thorn trees, for it is only allowed to be used when the water is too deep to wade. After mounting three ridges, I arrived at a place called Jumo in the evening, and found that my four Somâlis and six Abyssinians had only just begun to arrange the camp. They had been continually repacking thrown loads all the way, the result being a good deal of damaged property and much delay. Next morning, while the caravan proceeded through a gap in the hills, I struck off straight for the range, and in a couple of hours was skirting the base of the forest of Managasha itself. From the jungle which covers these hills all the wood-supply for Adis Ababa is drawn. The waste of timber is so great that not 25 per cent of the trees felled ever reach the market, and although some measures have now been taken to mend matters a great quantity is still lost. The forms of timber that fetch the largest price are the poles 25 feet long by 6 inches diameter, with a fork at the end, employed as roof-timbers, and the split spars 7 feet long used for the walls. The former are cut from the straightest young trees of the required thickness, while for the latter the finest conveniently situated tree is selected, and a notch cut some four feet from the ground and enlarged, till the tree falls, damaging much good timber, and as likely as not splitting itself. A 10-foot length is then chopped off the butt end, in which operation 2 or 3 feet are lost in chips. The next process is to drive in wedges to split the wood, and, if this does not come out evenly, the whole piece of timber is abandoned, and another tree

felled. Even if it proves a straight-grained tree, all the rest of the trunk and limbs are left to rot where they lie, for suitable trees are now only found so deep in the forest, that it does not pay to carry the wood away for fuel.

On some cultivated ground at the edge of the jungle we came on a big band of monkeys, and, as I wished to secure specimens of all the animals I met with, I shot a couple of males. Just after this a man came on the scene, and was most anxious for me to accompany him up a rocky hill-top to shoot some beasts, but whether they were klipspringer or not we could not make out. At any rate we set off, and climbed for one and a half hours, but without seeing anything. On the way down, an old Galla brought me a great bowl of fresh milk and refused all payment, but, in return for his kindness, I persuaded him to let me give his small daughter a Menelik two-anna bit to hang round her neck. It was amusing to see how the people standing by examined this coin, evidently never having seen one before, although only a day's journey from the capital: so little does Menelik's new coinage circulate, except at Harrar and in Adis Ababa. We then returned to the spot where I had shot the monkeys, and, while the men were skinning them, I spent the heat of the day under a tree. Just as we were starting down, a goatherd came and pointed out to me a couple of bushbuck creeping about in the undergrowth, close to where his goats were feeding. It took some time before I could make out which was the buck, but as soon as I did so, my first head of this Abyssinian species was rolling downhill. As soon as this was skinned, we began our descent,

past fine African pines, under great cotton-trees with lichen-hung branches, through tangled undergrowth of privet and brambles covered with blossom. Below us was a clear, running stream, its rocky banks covered with ferns and moss, and dotted with flowers. Orchids hung from many a dead forest giant, which was only kept by cable-like creepers from falling to the ground. It was a delightful change from the endless hot dusty plains round the capital.

Evening was coming on when we heard a bird-like cry in the trees close to us; *Goraza*, whispered my syce. *Goraza?* I repeated in astonishment; for that is the Abyssinian name for that rare animal the black-and-white monkey, which I had specially come for. "Surely," I said, "that is no monkey-call." "Yes, for no other beast cries like it," replied my man. Leaving the mule, I stole quietly forward, but saw nothing, till from the top of a giant cotton-tree there was a flash of black and white as a monkey leapt down and disappeared in another tree. We marked one down, and then tried to make it out as it sat motionless watching us. Surely, I thought, an animal with a coat of such contrasting colours should be easy enough to see; but the white was so like the lichen hanging from every bough, and the black merged so well into the deep shadows, that it was some minutes before I could distinguish the monkey with the glasses. I then picked it out with the rifle; there was a crack, and a mass of long, silky black-and-white hair crashed through the boughs to the ground. Another little chap was so curious to see what had happened to its companion, that

it forgot prudence and proved an easy mark. Adding these to the mule-load, I pushed on to the foot of the hill, well pleased at securing three fresh species for my



SKIN OF GORAZA MONKEY.

bag in one day. It was now nearly dark, and as we got clear of the trees we eagerly looked about for signs of the camp. Some fires glimmering in the distance caught our attention, but proved to belong to a party

of wood-cutters. After a rapid exchange of question and answer, my men said that the caravan had gone over there—pointing away into the blackness. A long scramble across country ensued, we being often challenged both by man and dog; but at last, after two and a half hours' wandering about, we found camp, close under a circular detached hill called Ekdo. When questioned as to why they had gone there, the only satisfaction we got was that my men thought they were to go to the right, not to the left, so that they had moved camp to a spot as far as possible from the shooting-ground. On the 7th February, camp was moved to the foot of Managasha, and pitched on the edge of the great grassy plain of Turkogogo, which stretched right away to the Hawash. Here I spent five days hunting on the plain and in the forest. The plain is covered with long coarse grass growing in tufts, and divided by three little streams, which took their rise in as many swampy places and had then cut deep channels for themselves. Along these were thick belts of jungle, but so much below the surface of the plain, that at a little distance nothing showed to break the level. In these both *madoqua* (duiker) and *baroufa* (reedbuck) found shelter. I tried beating them up, but they broke so far ahead, and at such a pace, that I could do no good, and had to give it up. By marking them down and stalking, I got, before I left, four reedbuck and one duiker, besides four more of the goraza (the last two with one bullet—the first time, I believe, I have done such a thing) and one other bushbuck, making a total of fifteen for six days' shooting.



I was much pleased at finding the black-and-white monkeys in such splendid coat, since, besides being rare, they are only found in special and widely-separated localities; for in all my long journey through Abyssinia and Erythrea, I only saw or heard of them in one other place, and there they seemed but very few.

Close to my camp was a shapeless pile of lichen-covered, squared stones, while many others were lying about. What they were I could not make out, nor did any of the inhabitants seem to know anything about them.

On Monday, 12th February, we returned to Adis Ababa in one march. My mule bolted with me on the way, and both of us came a cropper down a steep bank, but beyond a few bruises no damage was done.

## CHAPTER XVI

Collecting dollars—A sick mule and a native vet—Entotto the old capital—St. Mariam's—The ruined fort—St. Rague's—An angry priest—Curious pictures—A thunderstorm—The tent wrecked—Compound swamped—Loss of life.

ON my arrival in the capital I found that Captain Harrington had quite recovered, and with Mr. Baird had been training the polo ponies. Nasser had collected eleven useful-looking mules, so that at last I had enough animals to start with, but now another serious difficulty presented itself. I had calculated that I must take at least 1500 dollars with me for the journey, and this sum could not be collected. There is never a large supply of coin in the capital, but now there was even less than usual, as the various Europeans who had lately started for the coast, including M. Ilg, the Russian minister and doctors, M. Savouré, the French merchant, and others, had between them carried away a large sum. Moreover Captain Harrington needed all his spare cash, as his weekly expenses for building operations were heavy. Although Captain Harrington and Captain Ciccodicola both enlisted the services of the chief merchants to collect dollars for me, the absence of the Emperor and

all the great officers and their followings made this very difficult. Meanwhile I was not idle, as I filled up the time by mending the stock of my .400, which I found had been cracked, cleaning the skulls of the game I had shot, and packing up the trophies and the curios I had collected in readiness to go down to the coast with Captain Harrington on his return to England. I was also able to puzzle out the putting together of the steel safe and some stoves, the manufacturers of which had neglected to enclose any instructions. I likewise spent a day in the hills behind the compound, but only saw a wild cat, which I missed.

To add to my vexations, one of the mules fell sick, apparently through eating some poisonous weed, and we tried doctoring him, but without effect. One night he broke out of his stable and was found rolling in a mud-hole. While leading him home past some soldiers, one of them came up and said he knew a man who had some medicine which would cure the beast at once. "Very well," I said, "let him bring it, and if he cures it he shall have a handsome present." While the mule was being cleaned, the medicine-man arrived, and with great care undid a little bit of cotton-cloth and took out what looked like a thin shaving of wood. I asked how it was to be administered, and was solemnly informed that it was to be tied round the mule's neck with a bit of cotton. The man seemed hurt at my laughter, and proceeded to tell us of the number of cures he had effected by this remedy. Evidently my men quite believed in it, so it was tied on, and we made the poor beast as comfortable as we could for the night. Next

morning it was dead: so possibly my unbelief had prevented the charm from working. I have heard of such cases in England.

On Sunday, 18th February, Mr. Baird and I rode up to Entotto, the old capital abandoned in 1892, to see the churches. The way lay past the French Embassy, and along the old main road from the hills to the plain. The track, which wound up the steep face of the hill, was in places worn deeply into the red rock, which was very slippery from the recent rain. On reaching the summit, after pausing to look back on the new capital below us, with far-off Zoquala rising in the distance, we crossed a short stretch of nearly level ground to the gatehouse in the outer wall of St. Mariam's. Just outside was a little cluster of poor huts, the sole remains of what, not ten years ago, was a populous city. The gatehouse, the usual evil-smelling, dark tunnel-like building, was guarded by strong doors and provided with recesses on either side, the abode of mendicant priests, who beg of the worshippers. In the churchyard, rank grass and a few stunted trees flourished. The Abyssinians seem to have no idea of a tombstone; to bury their dead within the wall surrounding the church, where the grave is safe from the prowling hyæna, is all they seem to wish for, and only in rare cases is any special mark set to indicate the spot. The church was of the usual circular form, built on a raised platform of rather roughly laid stones, between which and the steps leading to them the grass was allowed to grow, and, now that there were but few feet to tread on it, flourished luxuriantly. The windows were originally filled with little

panes of glass (here a rare and costly article, which had to be brought hundreds of miles on mule-back); but now many of them were boarded up, and only a few of the remaining panes were whole. The roof, however, had been newly thatched, and in fact was hardly yet completed. It was crowned by a fine specimen of the Ethiopian cross. Before the great doors of the entrance to the Holy of Holies were spread some rugs, and on



ST. MARIAM'S, ENTOTTO.

these were what I took to be three low seats, until the priest raised the covers and we then saw that they were the sacred drums, such as had been used at the Christmas festival. One was of wrought silver, partly gilt, the other two of pierced silver-work, shining beneath which were portions of red and green coloured wood. These drums are barrel-shaped, about 30 inches long, one end being generally rather larger than the other. The doors, as well as the walls of the inner enclosure, were

covered with pictures, some Italian, others evidently done by natives after European copies, but the majority and the most curious were of purely Abyssinian design. Of the Italian, the two best examples were the Descent from the Cross and the Mount of Olives. These works were on canvas, and were presented to the church in the days when Italy and Abyssinia were friendly, and when many valuable Italian gifts found their way to Ethiopia. The native pictures are done in water-colour on coarse cotton-cloth, pasted to the walls. They may be divided into two classes, Scriptural and historical. Of the former, martyrdom is the favourite subject, such as the beheading of John the Baptist, while the deeds in battle and in the hunting-field of the monarch in whose reign the picture was painted, or portraits of his assembled courtiers, are the usual type of the historical works. In this church is a large picture of the Court of Menelik the first, son of the Queen of Sheba and Solomon.

Three-quarters of a mile further on, along the ridge to the south, stands the church of St. Raguel, which shared with St. Mariam's the honour of being the chief place of worship of Entotto. Going from the one to the other, we passed the ruins of the old capital, for the most part shapeless heaps of stones, all the wood-work having long since been removed. The fort alone still had many of its massive walls standing, and gave one an idea of its ability to withstand all attacks except those of artillery. Surrounding it was a deep trench, cut out of the solid rock, nearly 20 feet wide, now partly filled with rubble, which must have been a formidable

obstacle to any besieging army. The path seemed to lie along the top of a ruined wall, and we climbed down from it into the churchyard, where we found a few fine trees growing.

I saw no other church in Abyssinia exactly like this one in shape, resembling as it did a very large squat octagonal pagoda, four stories in height. Apparently the Holy of Holies had been built first, with a window piercing each face close up under the eaves. Outside this came the main wall of the church in a larger octagon, not carried quite so high as the sanctuary, which reared itself above the roof. This wall had also one little window far up on each side. Surrounding this again, was a still larger octagon, formed by two tiers of open arched cloisters, the roof starting from below the windows of the church and overhanging a stout wooden gallery, which ran completely round the building above the first story. The priest and the small crowd of hangers-on who accompanied us round St. Mary's having left us, we could find no one to let us into this church. After shouting for some time with no result, we sent off two of our men to hunt some one up, and ascended the broad stone steps leading to the first story, which was apparently used as stables and fuel and fodder-stores. Some outside wooden steps, much out of repair, took us to the gallery, which was in a very dirty state from the number of pigeons and birds of all sorts that nested among the timbers of the overhanging roof. Entering the outer passage of the church by one of the open arches, we found one of the double doors ajar, and were able to go in and wander round, looking

at the pictures on the outer wall of the innermost enclosure.

Shortly after this the priest arrived, apparently in a towering passion, and, so far as I could make out, accused us of church-breaking. McKelvie, who was with us, took up our defence very vigorously, and it looked as if they would shortly come to blows, but the present of a dollar soon smoothed things over, and the irate priest led us round the building and explained the subjects of the various pictures. My men were chiefly impressed with one of the present Emperor and his Court, and they carried on quite an animated debate with the priest as to the identity of some of the personages. I was most struck with a quaint picture of St. George and a wonderful dragon. It is only during one or two festivals in the year that these churches are crowded by worshippers from Adis Ababa ; at other times they are almost deserted.

Before leaving the ridge, McKelvie pointed out the road to the north I should have to follow, which went past Salali to the Blue Nile and Gojam. We were now in the midst of the winter, or light, rains, which commenced when we first came to the capital.

On the evening of 20th February we had a very heavy storm, an amusing account of which, written by a member of the Embassy, and wherein he makes merry at my expense, gives an excellent idea of what we went through, though of course one must allow for a little picturesque exaggeration.



## THE LIGHT RAINS AT ADIS ABABA

Last night at 6.15 we were sitting, three of us, in the large Cawnpore reception-tent, reading by the last few minutes of light. The usual evening thunderstorm raged round the neighbouring hills, but seemed disposed to pass to the south of us. Suddenly the wind, which had been blowing from the east, changed round to due south, bringing with it torrents of rain. The usual "light rains," we thought, which at this time of the year fall daily at Adis Ababa; but this time more than usually disagreeable, as the doors of our tents and tuculs are turned to the south, to avoid the prevailing east or north-east wind. The Honorary Attaché was told off to hold the tent-door together, until the lightning increased and struck so near, that Harrington feared the pole might be struck, and the staff diminished in consequence. The door was tied together as well as possible, and we sat in the darkness and waited. The wind continued to increase and the rain turned into hail; water streamed under the walls of the tent, the trench proving insufficient to carry it off, and the floor became a crimson marsh, all the colour coming out of the carpet at once.

From time to time the Honorary Attaché shot anxious glances through the door at his small green tent, which was pitched at the far end of the compound. Some light-hearted persons had last night loosened the pegs, and it was held by one corner, waving like a green pocket-handkerchief in the storm.

The thunder, which now crashed and rumbled without intermission, added to the noise made by the hailstones—the size of pigeon-eggs—driven by the terrific wind against the canvas, produced a deafening din. Every second the lightning flashed, and we kept well away from the tent-poles, wondering which would go first, and where. The Honorary Attaché—a militiaman, and consequently military minded—explained to us that the upper part of a broken tent-pole, falling with jagged end to the earth, impelled by the weight of a tight wet tent, would be, if it hit you, almost as pleasant as a bursting shell. Presently the end pole toppled over, without however cracking, so that we were still forced to only imagine its similarity to a bursting shell. Harrington and I rushed to support the centre-pole, which was tottering. The Honorary Attaché had disappeared. Presently frantic yells arose from out the tangled mass of waving wet canvas which filled the upper end of the

tent, where the fallen pole had originally stood, the mass seemed to be convulsed by a strong extra gust, and the damp and dishevelled militiaman crawled out of the débris, where he had gallantly dived to the rescue of a new cookery book. We then decided that it would be useless to stop till the other two poles fell; it was better to bolt through the hail and flood to my tucul, which stood some 20 yards behind the tent. So piling the books and papers on the chairs, we accordingly did so, getting soaked to the skin on our journey. After banging at the door, we were let in by my Egyptian servant, Abdel Aal, tarbouchless and bootless, with some slight indication of surprise on his India-rubber face, who was engaged in baling out my bedroom. Here the water was coming through, as if there was no sign of roof; on the floor a large canvas ground-sheet with turned up edges had been spread, and here a lake was formed, some 18 inches deep. It was only by constant baling that the water was prevented from overflowing and filling the main tucul. In this part of the building there were only a few legitimate leaks, considering the downpour, and these were easily kept in hand with buckets, baths, and basins, spread on the floor.

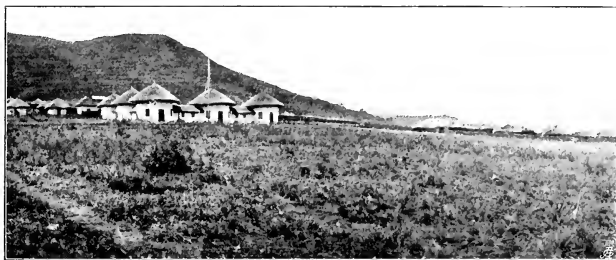
The storm showed no sign of abating. Harrington made a dash for his tucul, and the Honorary Attaché (his head tied up in a towel), for the spot where his green tent was last seen waving in the wind. Abdel Aal continued to bale, and I sat over an oil-lamp. Presently Harrington and the Honorary Attaché returned, drenched. Harrington's tucul was leaking at every point, and his bed was sopping. The Honorary Attaché's tent hung by one peg, and a stream, 6 inches deep, rushed through it. Having piled his rifles inside the bed, seized a suit of khaki, and tilted his boxes on one end, he waded back to my tucul.

Here we all waited till 7.30, when the rain stopped, and we went out to survey the damage. The partially fallen tent stood as we left it with a large rent in the roof, through which the middle pole projected. The large mess-tent mercifully had stood firm; its fall would have been a serious catastrophe, for there were stored the whole of the plate, glass, and crockery. This had no doubt been saved to a great extent by the permanent house in course of construction immediately in front of it. The half-finished building had suffered little; it only looked a little more grotesque than before, a collection of matchwood Martello towers.

We got out a dozen boys and had the tent-pegs driven in, and the

fallen tent partly put up. Then we visited the stables. Only two horses had got wet, but the Honorary Attaché's mules stood outside in nearly a foot of water. We made room for them under cover.

It was during the hammering of the tent-pegs, and the setting up of the fallen tent, that we were struck with the usefulness of Powell-Cotton, and decided to add him to the staff. Assuming a commanding attitude, a lamp in one hand, and the other waving like a semaphore, tirelessly, he issued his orders in a firm, sharp English voice, to a crowd of shivering Abyssinians; the words they did not all understand, but the attitudes, the *je ne sais quoi* of the militiaman on the job, left no



THE BRITISH AGENCY, ADIS ABABA.

Photo by Lieut.-Col. Harrington.

doubt in the minds of the poor savages as to the intentions of the terrible officer, should they fail to carry out his orders quickly.

The kitchen fires had, of course, been put out, and a pond, inches deep, held the place of the floor. One of the store-room doors, padlocked through an iron hasp, had been blown in by the force of the gale. The whole compound had become a swamp.

At nine o'clock we dined off tinned soup, sardines, and cold plum-pudding. Afterwards we assembled in my tucul, and consoled ourselves with hot toddy. Five grains of quinine were served out to all hands. By this time the storm was over, but the roofs continued to drip, and outside all was marsh.

This morning we heard that the following casualties occurred:—

Two men who tried to cross on mule-back a small trickle, which separates the palace from Mons. Ilg's, were carried away and drowned, mules and all complete.

One of our workmen, returning home, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. A woman was struck in her house, and now lies partially paralysed.

These were merely the "light rains," nothing at all, a mere shower, compared with what happens during the real rains in June, July, August, and September.

ADIS ABABA. 21st February 1900.

## CHAPTER XVII

Abyssinian tents—Pack-saddles—The trade-dollar of Africa—Letters to the Governor of Erythrea—A lieutenant of Leontieff's—News of the Boer War—The Russian Legation are refused permission to travel to Massowah—"Intelligence" of Abyssinia *vis à vis* Europe—My caravan, its composition—I leave the Agency and set out on my journey north.

THE day after the storm was spent in spreading things out to dry and repairing the damage. The reception-tent was badly torn and had to be struck and patched. My Abyssinian servants were busy making little pent-shaped tents for themselves and the Somâlis, and others, in which to shelter the stores. These were made of double coarse cotton-cloth called "Americana" in Somâli, and "Abu Jadid" in Amharic, and were quickly run together. The ridge has a short sleeve put in at either end for ventilation, and through this a stout bamboo passes to support the tent, this being held up by two slighter sticks which fit into notches cut in the thick ridge-pole. Round the bottom are sewn loops of cloth, which are pegged down, leaving a gap of five or six inches between the tent and the ground. In the door, which hangs loose, a small triangular hole is left, through which by

stooping low you can enter. To make a tent to hold six persons, 24 yards of material are required. On the march the men carry the poles, while the tent, spread over the light and simple but rather inefficient Abyssinian pack-saddles, makes a useful additional protection. These pack-saddles rest on two or three untanned but softened sheep-skins. The actual saddle consists of a double leather mat, which is sewn across to form pockets, attached to a V-shaped piece of wood. The pockets are stuffed with fine grass, the saddle is strapped on, and the mule is ready for the load. This is divided into two packages slung together by a softened raw hide-rope, and another, drawn tightly round the mule and load, is supposed to keep beast and burden together, but that greatly depends on the mule! While the men were busy with these, I was making a rough gun-rack for Baird to keep his rifles in.

On 25th February, the last of the 1500 dollars came in, and it was arranged that I should start on the Tuesday morning. The dollars were packed in rolls of 120 and distributed among all the locked and screwed-down boxes, a plan I always follow, for, if you keep all your treasure together, a theft or an accident might leave you penniless in the jungle. These dollars all bear the head of Maria Theresa of Austria and the date 1780, although they are coined up to the present day. They are exported to Africa, where, north of the equator, they are current over a great stretch of country from the east, through the Soudan, to the west, in much the same way as the Mexican dollar circulates in Eastern Asia. The natives are very particular about the look of these coins;

the further you get from the capital the more difficult to please they are. Every piece offered is carefully scrutinised, two or three friends being often called in for their opinion. A new one, or one that is much worn or on which the ornaments of the neck, especially the points of the star, are not clear, is at once rejected. I have had as many as thirty of these coins refused out of fifty, but fortunately no two men agree as to what should be accepted and what not, so that when I reached Asmara there were only some 25 of the 1500 that no one would look at. Mr. Baird and I rode over to Captain Ciccodicola, who showed me the maps of the country from Adua to Asmara, and advised me as to the best road to follow, and the places where I was likely to find the most game. He gave me a letter to the Governor of Erythrea, and said he was also writing to him about myself and my proposed journey, so that I should have no trouble on reaching the frontier. At the Italian Residency we met M. Seljan whom, when he returned penniless from Count Leontieff's expedition to the Omo, Captain Ciccodicola had kindly received and sheltered in his house. He was busy sorting out the curios he had brought back with him. They mostly consisted of bracelets of iron and ivory, and other personal ornaments of skin and bead-work, the largest being the state-cloak of a petty chief composed of the skins of different animals. We left the Italian Residency late, and, trying a short cut, got mixed up in a stone quarry and had to go a long way round. On reaching our compound, we found that Seljan had sent some of the curios to Captain Harrington who, knowing that most of them had been collected by

the shooting of the owners in cold blood, refused to receive them. That night, letters and telegrams from home arrived, bringing the news of the relief of Kimberley and the driving back of Cronje. This was indeed good news, for to have nothing to report but continual reverses and failures, when asked by the other European representatives in the capital how the war was going on, had been most disheartening. To me it was especially welcome, for we looked on it as marking the turn of the tide and the speedy termination of the war. When we first arrived in the capital, and heard how badly things were going, I had debated the question with Captain Harrington whether, as a militiaman, I ought not to return at once. He pointed out that it would take me a couple of months to get back, that as soon as the reinforcements arrived things must change, and that probably the war would be all over in a very short time, to say nothing of the fact that I had not been recalled. On my return from Managasha we again talked it over, but he told me he was most anxious I should undertake the journey to Massowah, as I was the first European to receive the Emperor's permission to do so. The Secretary to the Russian Legation had asked Captain Harrington to obtain leave for him to travel *via* Metemmeh to Khartoum, but although Harrington was most anxious to get it for him, the Sirdar did not think that part of the Soudan settled enough for foreigners to travel in safely. Captain Bulatovitch then asked the Emperor to allow him to go north, past Lake Tana and into Erythrea, but this also was refused. The Russian Minister likewise made the same request, but the Negus replied that the road to



Jibuti was shorter and safer, and that supplies were more easily obtainable there than on the long route north, which was not suitable for such a distinguished Minister and his suite. As my leave had not been stopped, it seemed more than ever desirable that I should carry out my plans if possible. The same mail brought the news from Europe that the Emperor Menelik had left the capital with a huge army, his destination being unknown, but it was believed that, after being joined by his vassals from the north, he intended striking a blow beyond the frontier. This is the usual style of intelligence that it apparently pays some persons to telegraph home about the Emperor.

On the day arranged for my start half my muleteers did not turn up, and those that did had not brought their flour, which they said was being ground and would be ready that evening, so that my start had to be put off another day. On this day a division of the Abyssinian army, some 3000 strong, marched in and camped on the plain not far from the Agency. They had been quartered in the new provinces towards the Omo, but, finding it impossible any longer to draw food from the country owing to the famine, their commander had decided to return to Adis Ababa and report to Menelik that, if he was to continue to occupy the territory, he must raid the neighbouring tribes for supplies. By bringing the greater part of his army with him he ensured a favourable hearing. They were a motley looking lot, quite as many women as men, for no Abyssinian army will travel without its women. The commander's circular, umbrella-like tent, made of thick

black cloth, was pitched in the centre of the camp. This was surrounded by the tents of his chief officers, which were of similar shape but of cotton cloth; behind each of these stretched those of the soldiers under his immediate command. Some had little pent-shaped cotton-cloth tents, others built themselves rough grass-huts, or contented themselves with a humble screen covered with grass. Ponies and mules were tethered indiscriminately about the lines. It poured nearly all that night and was raining steadily next morning, so that starting was impossible. At last, Thursday, 1st March, saw us busily loading the twenty-one baggage-mules. After the experience with the mules on the way to Managasha, I expected to be half the day at it, but, to my surprise, three and a half hours saw the work finished and the men bidding last adieux to their tearful wives and sweethearts. It was evident that they looked upon the journey as little less dangerous than the one Captain Wellby made, when, in addition to those who died on the march, several on their way back succumbed to fever contracted at Fashoda. However, the thought of the pay increasing month by month, as they got further from home, evidently weighed heavily, and I had no difficulty in selecting eighteen men, among them several who had been with Wellby, to accompany me to Asmara. They came from all parts of Abyssinia; two or three were Gallas, some were Shoans, others came from Gojam, some from Tigré; several had served under the Italians and been taken prisoners or escaped after the battle of Adua. The headman, Nasser, had been a small merchant, but an unfortunate speculation

and an epidemic among his mules had ruined him. Adarar, who was told off as assistant to my Somâli cook, spoke Arabic well and was my chief Amharic interpreter. Omer, an ugly but hard-working lad, whose portrait may be seen holding my mule on the left of the photograph on p. 264, was my syce, and he and another man, told off from day to day, always accompanied me on the march and when shooting. In addition to these eighteen men, I had my four Somâlis, the chief of whom was Ali Warsama, who, besides acting as headman, cook, and boy, was my interpreter. He spoke English, Hindustani, Arabic, and a little Italian, and soon picked up a good deal of Amharic. Ali Burali, my head shikari, had been with me before. Hyde Hirsi, a camel-man, I had promoted to second shikari, and Hussein Hadji did the skinning and took care of the trophies. For arming the escort I had five Snider rifles, which, with my own battery of four, were all the firearms I took, except some magazine-pistols as presents. Several of the men carried the curved Abyssinian sword, and others spears. The loads were made up as follows :—

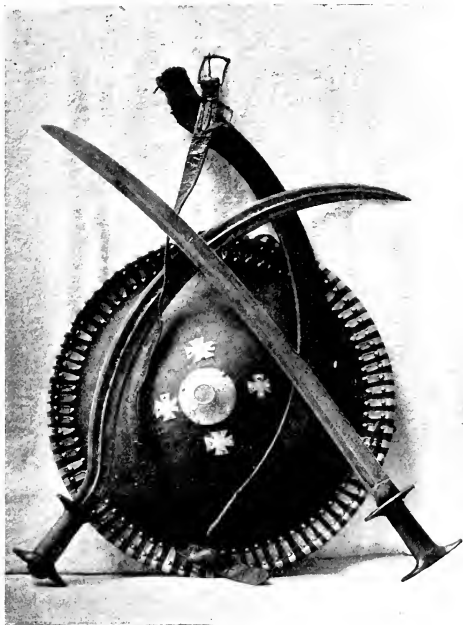
Tent, bedding, clothing, personal effects . . . . .	2
Drug-box, 8-bore rifle, etc. . . . .	1
Galvanised tub (to boil heads) in basket cover, filled with tools, etc. . . . .	1
Ammunition, liquor, cotton-cloth, and a pair of water-tanks, each made a load . . . . .	4
Cook's box and sack . . . . .	1
Flour, rice, sugar, potatoes, onions, etc. . . . .	2
Boxes of stores, presents, and photo-plates . . . . .	4
Rice for Somâlis, men's kits, and barley for mules, made one load each . . . . .	3

Food for Abyssinians . . . . .	2
Various . . . . .	1
	—
Total . . . . .	21

The average weight of a load was 155 lbs., but some were as light as 120, while the ammunition pulled down 171 lbs. The great thing was to get the loads on either side of the animals as exactly equal as possible.

Soon after the mules had started, the Negus's chief steward came to pay a visit to Captain Harrington, and, after a drink, watched me trying a .400 express and a .303 for Mr. Baird. I got good shooting out of the first, but the sights of the latter wanted a lot of altering. Then everybody joined in a sort of irregular rifle-match, the old gentleman and several of his followers having a try, but making shocking bad practice. After tiffin I bade adieu to Captain Harrington, my host for over a month, without whose advice and active assistance the journey would have been impossible and I should have been stranded penniless in the heart of Abyssinia. To Mr. Baird, who threw as much energy into learning Hindustani and translating the Ethiopian book of laws from Italian into English, as he did into big-game shooting or polo, it was also hard to say good-bye, and indeed every member of the Agency had done all they could to make my stay among them pleasant, and to help me in my plans. To Mr. Beru, the interpreter, Dr. Wakeman, Mr. McKelvie, and Bradley, I wish to record my thanks for the many acts of kindness each rendered me in his own department. The last word

said, and my home letters handed over, I set out at 3 P.M. on my long journey north.



ABYSSINIAN WEAPONS.

Passing the Italian Embassy, I struck out for the hills to the west of Entotto. Two hours' ride took me to the top of the ridge, from which I got my last glimpse of the British Agency. A short distance down the other side brought me to the little stream called Salultar, along the bank of which I shot a goose and put up several duck. At a quarter to six, round a bend of the stream,

I found my camp pitched close under the hills. The little white tents of the men, with the fires burning brightly before them, the cooking-pots steaming, and the tinkle of the bells, as the mules were driven in for the night, all helped to convince one that camp life had begun again in earnest.

## CHAPTER XVIII

A curious ruin—One man's meat is another man's poison—The head-waters of the Moguer—Grand scenery—I weigh my men—Somális' acute sense of smell—Crossing Salali—Shoot a couple of klipspringers and foil a leopard—Long-haired monkeys and hyrax—Trouble with my Abyssinian servants—A rich country—A natural fortress—A petty headman—The Blue Nile—A splendid panorama.

NEXT morning the mules were so fresh that quite half the number took four to five men each to hold and load them; but when once the packs were secured only one animal succeeded in getting free from his burden. For two hours we were crossing a grassy, undulating plain, and while we were doing so a mounted man overtook us with the news that Nasser and Adarar, who had stayed behind in Adis Ababa, would catch us up that evening. The horseman, having delivered his message, tried to sell me his mount. He exhibited its paces, and Hyde gave it a turn; but when I had the saddle taken off we found the poor beast's back in a shocking state, and so declined the deal. Soon after, we reached a highly cultivated plateau and passed a large square enclosure, divided and subdivided, the outer walls 6 feet high and 8 feet thick, built of stone without mud or

mortar. In form it was like an immensely strong cattle-pen, but as to what it was, or by whom built, I could get no information, except that it was very old and probably was erected by the Gallas. We camped by a stream at the foot of this plateau, Nasser and Adarar coming in later. Next day our route lay over a great undulating grass-plain with very little cultivation. With the glasses I spotted two reed-buck, and after a long crawl bagged them both. My shots brought a crowd of Gallas together, who seemed very much interested in me and my rifle. Meanwhile, my mule had bolted, and led us a long chase before it was recaptured. I told Ali to cut the throat of one of the reed-buck, to make it lawful food for the Somâlis, and Nasser, that of the other, thinking that this would make its meat acceptable to the Abyssinians. I soon heard that many of the men would not touch it, as they said Nasser was not a real Christian, because he ate meat which Ali had hallaled. This food-question proved a continual source of trouble. If a beast fell dead at once, or if I hallaled it, only two or three of the Gallas would eat of it; if one of the Gallas cut its throat, none but Gallas would touch it. Only when a Somâli hallaled one beast, and another received its *coup de grâce* from one of some half a dozen Abyssinians, whose orthodox Christianity was above suspicion, did every one get fresh meat. Now nothing causes so much discontent among one's followers as a long deprivation of meat, or for one half to see the others feasting while they have none, and so I often had to shoot game for meat alone.

We were approaching by a series of easy slopes the



tongue of land between the river Wenza, Kowart or Moguer, as different natives called it, and its tributary the Gora Goba, which drains the Entotto range. Both of these run in deep, rocky valleys, with sheer cliffs on either side. That day camp was pitched close to the edge of a deep precipice above the Moguer, just below the point where its five head-waters meet. It was a grand bit of scenery—the rolling grass-plain, dotted about with trees, abruptly bounded by the bare rugged cliffs; while, far down in the valley, the glistening threads of water, with great trees and clumps of bamboo along their banks, showed indistinctly through the haze, till one wondered if it was reality or mirage.

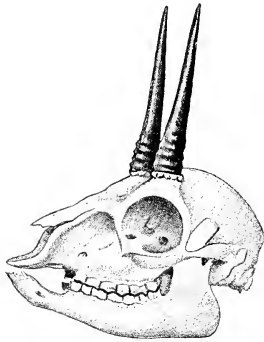
On 4th March, while the mules were being loaded, I went to the edge of the cliffs, watching the light of the rising sun as it caught ridge after ridge of the spurs below me. Suddenly I saw a head bob up close to me, and, moving a little, I beheld a troop of monkeys working along a ledge of rock. The king of the troop was a splendid old fellow, with a mane and coat of hair which swept the ground. Although I wanted a specimen, it was useless to shoot, as to secure the body would have taken hours. The mules were now ready, and we began the descent of a series of rough zigzags, to negotiate which took three-quarters of an hour, the going being very bad in some places, though fortunately the path was dry. A long, easy slope and another zigzag brought us in an hour and a half to the shade of a great tree close to the Gora Goba. The difference of temperature between the breezy plain above and this shut-in rocky valley had to be felt to be believed; the

heat was so great that I decided to put off the climb up the opposite side till the cool of the next morning. A caravan of merchants from Gojam, on their way to Adis Ababa, halted under our tree in the afternoon for a rest and a chat with my men. I showed them my rifles and some illustrated papers. Portraits of the Queen, as a girl and at the present day, and of our generals in South Africa excited most interest. Later on, I weighed myself and most of the men. In breeches and shirt-sleeves, without boots, I pulled down 158 lbs. Warsama, at 121 lbs., was the lightest, and Hussein, at 140 lbs., the heaviest of the four Somâlis; while Adarar, 102½ lbs., was the light-weight among the Abyssinians, and Destar, 151 lbs., a Galla, the heavy-weight. After this the men did various tricks, of which, I think, standing with the feet close together and picking up a stick from the ground in the teeth, was the most agile. Then Hussein Hadji gave us an exhibition of his sense of smell; first telling which of three stones had been touched, and then, which of four of us had touched a particular stone. He and the other Somâlis said this was nothing, and that some could tell which man in their own tribe had handled a spear belonging to another, and went on to recount instances, which, if true, proved these men to have a keener sense of smell than a dog.

Early next morning I crossed the stream of clear water—only some 30 feet wide and knee-deep—before the caravan, and worked along some scrub, but saw no game. Half way up the cliff, from a little cultivated plateau, I took some photos of the valley before commencing the long climb to the top. Running along the

steepest part was an ancient wall, 4 feet high and 7 feet wide. built by the Salali Gallas to defend their country against the inhabitants of Metta. It still marks the boundary between the two provinces. At the top of the cliff was a farmstead with a fine stretch of green grass, watered by a little stream running through it. It was very hot, the place tempting, and as I was told that the next water was a long way off, I gave the word to pitch camp. After tiffin a man came in to say he had seen two klipspringers close to the top of the cliff, and I seized a rifle and ran in the direction indicated. Just as I reached the edge, and looked over on some broken jungly ground, I saw two klipspringers dash up a little rise and stand 40 yards off, but for a second only. A snapshot and they disappeared. Running after them, I heard one call, and saw it standing almost hidden in long grass below me; I fired, and, as it fell to the shot, I saw a leopard, which had evidently been hunting them, sneak off through the underwood, but could not get a shot at him. While I sat still, hoping he would show himself again, first one and then another hyrax, or dassie, as they are called in South Africa, came out from a crack in a rock close to me, and, as I kept perfectly still, gradually the whole family assembled and watched me intently with their beady black eyes, till, getting tired, I moved, when all vanished instantly. My men afterwards found both the klipspringers. The first I fired at had rolled into a bush, and the second lay where it had fallen. It shows how much luck enters into sport, that, during the whole of this trip, great part of which was in leopard country, this was the only occasion on

which I saw one; while, in my previous shooting expedition in Somáliland, I bagged three and saw nearly a dozen, though, I think, I only had a shot at one other. Next morning my men came to tell me that a dog had carried off both my klipspringer skulls, and as I had warned Hussein to be careful (one being the



SKULL OF MALE KLIPSPRINGER.

largest head shot so far), I was very angry. While camp was being struck, I went along the top of the cliff and found a big troop of the long-haired monkeys. I clean missed one big male that was dodging about looking at us, but knocked another off a ledge stone-dead. His companions seemed fairly astonished, and ran about to different points of vantage, craning their necks to gaze

down at the place where he had fallen. At first they did not see us, but when they did they showed their teeth and seemed to fairly shake with rage, while their language, if we could only have understood it, was, I am sure, more forcible than polite. Some six or seven dassies came out and solemnly gazed at the monkey's body. They seemed on the best of terms with the monkeys, sitting side by side with them. I picked out one other very large male and rolled him down close to his companion. It took a long time for Hyde and another man to go round and down, in order to bring the skins back. We passed a good deal of

cultivated land and saw numerous herds of cattle, besides horses, mules, donkeys, sheep, and goats. Near one village, a long line of men were beating out with green boughs a grass fire that threatened to envelop their huts. The headman ran after us and, shaking me by the hand, insisted on my waiting till a great bowl of fresh milk was brought me to drink. I reached camp at five, in a heavy downpour of rain. After tea the Abyssinians came to me in a body and asked for salt, chillies, and clothes, and requested that they should not have to carry skins. I told them that the wages and conditions of their service had been settled before we started; that if they did good work they would be well rewarded, but that, if they were dissatisfied, they could leave at once, as I could not agree to make any further concession, or say that they should not do this or that. I then had an inspection of the mules, and found six sore backs—a bad beginning.

As soon as dawn broke, I sent off a man with the Emperor's letter to Ras Dargee, governor of Salali (an uncle of Menelik), as my direct road to Gojam, whither I was bound, lay to the west of Futchey, at which place Dargee was lying ill. The country we passed through was highly cultivated and rich in cattle and flocks. In the evening my messenger returned. He said that the Ras had conversed with him through a sentry at the door of his apartment, and given him a letter to the headman of the village through which the main road from Gojam passes, and which commands the ford across the Blue Nile. Next day, after the first two hours' march, we passed a little village perched

on a gently rising hill, the sides of which were one great field of ripe barley. From the number of valleys we could see running away to our right (north-east) it was evident that we were skirting the heads of small tributaries of the Blue Nile. Rising in the centre of a broad valley called Mutey Chalunco, some six or eight miles from the road, I noticed what looked like a great square fort; the natives, however, said it was a mass of rock called Karoder. I heard afterwards that it is nearly forty paces square, with high, precipitous sides, flat-topped, but without water. The Gallas climb up by means of sticks thrust into clefts in the rock, this being rather a favourite refuge of theirs when they are especially wanted, as no one can follow them. We halted close to the village of Wohardow, at a place called Jarso, where a big weekly market is held, much produce and merchandise changing hands between merchants from Gojam and the people of Salali and Metta. The headman was away, but his subordinate arrived, and read the letter from Ras Dargee and also the general passport from the Negus, over which he bowed low. The head priest from the church at Wohardow, built sixteen years ago, came over with a present of a fowl, some bread, fodder and fuel, and begged me to put right an American clock which Menelik had presented to the church some time ago, but it was worn out and beyond repair. Later on the headman, who had returned, brought a sheep, two jars of tej, and two of fresh milk, besides piles of the thin cakes of bread, and bundles of fodder and fuel. He was full of apologies for not

having been present to receive me and for the smallness of his gift. I gave him a drink, and was much amused at the way he covered his head with his own burnous, besides getting one of his men to assist with his, while he drank. The dread of the evil eye must be great here, for he was the first man, with the exception of the Emperor, whom I had seen do so. After dinner, two Gallas appeared, and, throwing themselves on their knees, with their foreheads touching the ground, said they had been ordered to bring me the fuel. Would I, in my graciousness, give them a present? When I ordered them to be given a salt they wanted to crawl up and kiss my boots! Next morning the headman was back early, and, while the caravan started by a circuitous route, he took me to the top of a mass of rock that overlooked the valley of the Abbai or Blue Nile. It was a splendid panorama that lay before us, the river making its great bend, as it came from Lake Tana in the north, away towards the west. To the east Ras Dargee's summer residence, perched on the edge of a great cliff, stood out against the sky. Away to the north-east, so far as the eye could reach, was the great fold in the ground in which the Blue Nile flows; other lesser folds—the sides sometimes jungle-clad, sometimes standing out in naked rock—showed where its numerous tributaries joined.

Immediately below us the ground fell away in a line of precipitous cliffs, at whose foot there nestled—on a narrow plateau—a little village; below this a long, steep stretch of jungle led to a second rampart of rock, to be again succeeded by steep, broken ground, partly clothed

with scrubby trees, till near the water's edge these gave place to grand spreading giants. Just over against us the river lay in a great silent pool : but both above and below this it whirled tumultuously down a series of rapids and broken water, the roar of which reached us where we stood. To the west the eye could follow the great valley of the river, till in the far distance it turned again towards the north, when an intervening ridge hid it from view. Across the river in the dim haze of the horizon towered Mount Agiasfatra, from whose rugged sides radiated ridge upon ridge, like spokes from a hub, till the Abbai meeting them cut them short and bound them like a tyre within Gojam. The guide pointed out the valley of the Mogga, along the sides of which wound the road I was to follow to Debra Markos, the capital of the province. As I said good-bye to him, I slipped into his hand a little packet of dollars, and by a steep short cut started after my caravan.



## CHAPTER XIX

An obstinate guide—A path only fit for monkeys—"Tota"—shooting—A devil's home—Hippopotamus-shooting—Two walk ashore, another sinks—A busy day—Firing a mule—Fording the Abbai—Crocodile-shooting—A dangerous crossing—Great heat—Racing a jungle-fire—A picturesque village—Herds of bohor—The Abyssinian wolf and field-rats.

ON reaching the first level ground below the cliffs, I was surprised to find the mules unloaded and my tent partially pitched. On inquiry, my men said this had been done because the guide had told them there was no other place to camp; but, being dissatisfied with this excuse, I had the loads replaced, and gave orders that the beasts were not to be unloaded till the river bank was reached. I then went on ahead, the guide protesting every ten minutes that we had arrived at the last stream of water on the way. When he found this excuse of no avail, and saw that I went steadily on, he declared that it would be impossible for the mules to reach the river before dark. Passing through a little village of six or eight huts, the path entered thick scrub, in which we put up a bushbuck, but the jungle was so thick I could not catch sight of it. The guide

now led us to the top of the second line of cliff, down which the path was so bad that my men described it as "only fit for monkeys." It was really practicable enough for men with bare feet, but it was trying work obtaining a foothold with boots. However, I sent the mule back to join the others and eventually got down safely. On the broken ground below I saw some white-



1. *Cervicapra redunca bohor*.  
 2. " intermediate between *C. r. bohor* and *C. r. cottoni*.  
 3. " intermediate between *C. r. bohor* and *C. r. wardi*.

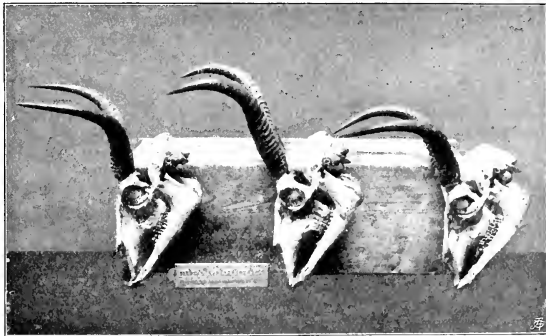
FRONT VIEW OF SKULLS OF REEDBUCK.

fronted little monkeys, known as "tota," feeding on berries, and managed to bag a couple with solid bullets, fortunately without much damage to the skins.

We then pushed our way through a dense, tangled jungle to the shade of some fine trees by the edge of the river, which was here some 70 yards wide and of a dirty brown colour. The point we had reached lay a little distance above the ford, which skirts the edge of some broken water; this being, according to the natives,

safer from crocodiles, which abound in this spot, than the parts where the water is still.

While I was going up-stream towards the path by which the mules were to descend, a hippo showed his head above water, and I fired three shots without any apparent effect. We could see the mules still loaded standing under some trees in the distance, and suddenly



- |                                     |   |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|
| 2                                   | 1   | 3 |
| 1. <i>Corvicapra sedunca bohor.</i> |   |   |
| 2. " "                              | intermediate between <i>C. r. bohor</i> and <i>C. r. castoni.</i> |   |
| 3. " "                              | intermediate between <i>C. r. bohor</i> and <i>C. r. scardi.</i>  |   |

SIDE VIEW OF SKULLS OF REEDBUCK.

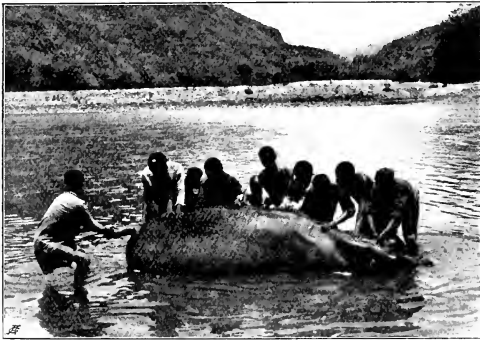
heard two shots fired, which had the effect of disturbing the herd of hippo, which were close to us at the time.

When I reached the caravan, I did a little forcible talking to my men for disturbing the game, but they said that they fired the shots as signals, not knowing where I was. After tea I walked some way up-stream and saw numerous hippo and bushbuck tracks, but nothing else. Late in the evening the headman of the little village we passed on our way down, followed by a procession of

most of its inhabitants, brought in a sheep, jars of tej and tala, sour and sweet milk, and a mess of red pepper which the natives eat with their thin cakes of bread.

At about nine o'clock two hippos came and snorted opposite camp, and, as I saw one starting to walk ashore, I seized the .400 and crawled down to the water's edge, but something disturbed them and they went off. The night was very hot, and I was glad to lie on my bed with the tent wide open at either end. Only the night before, at Jarso, I slept under eight thin blankets and with the tent laced up! The country I was now in had an evil reputation. My Abyssinians said that a devil lived here and would give them headaches, and, as a measure of precaution, they smeared their heads with butter. The only satisfactory feature was the total absence of mosquitoes. Next morning, before the sun was up, I was off down-stream past the ford, and on rounding a bend of the river heard the snort of a hippo and saw the head of one floating in a big pool. Keeping out of sight among the trees on the bank, I reached the spot and found a herd of seven or eight; sometimes three or four heads would be visible at once; then there would be a long pause, followed by one beast after the other rising for a few seconds in quick succession, but never quite in the same place as before. There appeared to be three or four full-grown animals, so, waiting my chance, I ran across the shingle to the water's edge and sat down. I was just ready when two came up, and aiming for the orifice of the right ear of the largest, I fired. The animal rolled and kicked about, churning the water into foam all round it, sometimes making for one

bank, sometimes the other, and finally began to walk ashore close to where I was waiting. It was rolling like a drunken man, throwing its head from side to side, champing its tusks, and altogether looked such a ferocious object, that, as soon as its body was clear of the water, I fired again at the brain, and it rolled over dead. Almost immediately after, two others rose, and



DEAD HIPPO.

one of these I hit. It behaved much as the first one had done, but was not so violent, and when it staggered out of the water on my side, I went up close and put a bullet into its ear. The school had now moved a little up-stream, and I followed. As one rose to breathe I fired, but missed, the bullet striking the water just as it sank. However, shortly after it showed again, and I fired at the eye. This time it threw its head out of water and sank at once. The two I had first killed were soon rolled ashore, and by the time reinforcements from camp arrived, the third had floated in mid-

stream, just forty minutes after being shot. In spite of the crocodiles which the blood had attracted, the men swam out to the carcase, and soon towed and rolled it ashore. I took some good photos of the landing of the three beasts, which proved to be a bull and two cows, all full-grown. The bull was curiously marked with white, especially about the legs and feet, several of the toe-nails being cream-colour. We all worked hard and by four o'clock had the head-skin and jawbones, besides two feet, the tail, and some skin for a shield, taken off the bull; while I took the whole skull of one of the others and the tusks and tail of the third. I was much pleased with the day's shooting, for three hippos shot in twenty minutes, and all recovered within the hour, is as good a result as any one can wish for. In each case we found the brain-pan smashed to atoms, while, except for minute pieces of nickel, no trace was left of the solid .256 bullets. I think it is therefore pretty certain that, if the bullet is fairly placed in the brain, the animal will float within the hour; if this does not take place it is the shooting which is at fault.

On Sunday, 11th March, we were busy boiling skulls, cleaning and drying the feet and bits of hide, repairing camp-kit, etc. During the day we saw hundreds of people, who had been attending the Saturday market, ford the river on their return to Gojam. The men for the most part stripped and tied their clothes round their necks in a bundle, while the women shortened their skirts and then waded across, the water coming up to their waists as they crossed over hand in hand or clinging to one another's clothes.

Two of the mules had rubbed backs, and as a great swelling had appeared above the withers, I decided to "fire" them. In this operation the beast is thrown, his legs tied together, and, while he is held down, five or six strips, 9 inches to a foot long, are burnt with a specially made iron deeply into the flesh on either side, close up to the backbone. The operation is a nasty one to watch, the smell of the burning flesh being especially repulsive. I do not think the animal suffers very much; at all events nine mules out of ten, directly they are released, trot off to their companions and begin feeding. Moreover, the process is generally successful, the swelling disappearing and the wounds rapidly healing up. In one case, however, in which the animal sweated terribly under the operation, and afterwards swelled up all over, it never recovered, and died a few days later. At dusk we saw a hippo land on the other side of the river, a little below camp, and walk along the shingle with its nose close to the ground, just like a huge pig. I took a rifle and went down, but darkness came on before I could locate it among the scrub on the opposite bank.

Next morning, as we had to cross the river, I turned out at 4.30, and by 6.30, three-quarters of an hour after daybreak, every load was ready, strapped as high as possible on the mules' backs. Half an hour saw the whole caravan safely over, our only loss being a skin of honey, which had been carelessly tied and come undone, covering the rest of the load with its sticky sweetness. The water, which had fallen a little in the night, was 3 feet deep in the centre. An hour's journey along

the bank of the river brought us opposite the carcasses of the three hippos, by which a number of crocodiles were basking, having gorged themselves on the flesh. Two shots with the telescopic sight, and one of them gave a convulsive shiver and then lay still, while another snapped his jaws, but had apparently lost the power of moving his body. While the caravan went on, I and four men started to cross the river to secure one of the skins. The water was swift and came above the waist, while the stones in the river-bed were very slippery. Being unaccustomed to go barefooted, I suffered considerably, continually damaging my feet in my efforts to prevent myself being swept away, and, had it not been for my men's assistance, I should never have got across without swimming. The thought of those dozens of crocodiles a little way off did not add to my ease of mind. However, we all got over safely, and, after spreading out most of my clothing to dry, soon had the beast dragged into the shade. It was 9 feet long and just about as much as the four men could lift. While we were skinning it, some little animal attacked the felt cover of my water-bottle and devoured a great patch of it. Having secured the crocodile, we recrossed the river and set out after the caravan. We crossed the Mogga, a finely wooded side-nulla, with a stream of clear water 5 yards wide, the whole place a network of hippo-tracks. The heat was great, and after walking for an hour, we halted under the shade of some trees. While we were lying here half asleep a man passed, with all his clothes carried in a bundle on his head. Behind him came a cow and a calf, driven by another



man whose sole article of attire (if it could be so called) was a parasol. They halted just beyond us, and, after putting on some clothes, came and had a long gossip.

The valley of the river was more confined here. The red-coloured cliffs were 600 to 800 yards apart and 30 feet high. Immediately below them lay some 150 yards of steep, rock-strewn ground, thinly clothed with sun-baked jungle, then a slope of 30 yards, bordered by fair-sized trees. A drop of 10 yards on one side brought us to the water's edge, while on the opposite bank a sloping stretch of shingle 40 yards wide separated the trees from the river. The water averaged 6 feet deep or a little more, and 50 yards in breadth. The lower line of rocks was brown, and the shingle composed of large brown and white stones. Having learned from our friends with the cow that we had overshot our path, we turned back and then climbed up the steep side of the valley. Although the path was shaded, the heat was oppressive and the rocks too hot to touch. At the top we passed along a narrow path through dense jungle, and then up another slope. Half a mile to our left, fanned by the breeze which blew towards us, was a great belt of flame, extending from the edge of the cliff above the river to the top of the second slope. As evening came on, this jungle fire was a grand sight—the flames, as they seized on some dry patch of underwood, shooting up in masses with a triumphant roar, while every now and then, as a larger tree fell, a shower of sparks would be thrown in the air and blown towards us. At one time it seemed doubtful if we should outflank it, before it overtook us. Our way lay over rocky

terraces, covered with a deposit of lime. It gave one the impression that a great caldron on the hill-top had boiled over and the contents had trickled down the side, leaving behind the little furrows of scintillating crystals, which at this moment caught and reflected the glow of the flames. In other places one might imagine that miniature waves of cream had been turned to stone. We were all tired, and the air, filled with sparks and dust, was stifling. However, pushing on as hard as we could, we at last had the satisfaction of seeing the flames behind us instead of at the side, and an hour after dark reached camp at Dedgem. This was a little village of a dozen huts or so perched on the steep side of the valley of the Mogga, and only remarkable as being the first village on the Gojam side of the Abbai.

Next morning, our road still led us uphill past a most picturesque little village crowning an almost isolated bluff, the top of which was so tiny and the sides so steep, that it looked as though any inhabitant who had indulged in a little too much tej might easily fall out of the village into eternity! Close to the side of the road was an outcrop of pentagonal shafts of stone, averaging 6 inches in diameter. An hour and three-quarters brought us to the plateau, which had the usual great stretches of grass, interspersed with patches of cultivation. Soon after, the guide from Jarso wanted me to camp, as we were entering another Shúm's district, and the next water was quite half a day's journey off. But I went on, till a watchman came up and asked to see my passport. After satisfying myself that he was entitled to make this request, I produced Menelik's letter, before taking which the man

bowed till he touched the ground, and then again, as he opened it. After he had read it, I apparently went up considerably in his estimation, and no difficulty was made in finding me a guide to continue my journey at once.

We pitched camp close to the rocky head of the Betket Nullah, a little tributary of the Abbai. Just as I had finished lunch, my men reported reedbuck close by. I pulled on my boots and had just left camp when a thunder-storm broke, wetting my khâki clothing through in a few minutes. Nearly all the grass had just been burned, and there was no cover, so, when I reached the reedbuck, I tried the old dodge of slowly walking round the beast in a narrowing circle; but he was much too wide-awake to be taken in by such a simple trick, and I had to try a long shot, which missed him clean. I then discovered a gentle sloping valley, where the new grass had just begun to show, dotted with bohor in every direction. At one time over thirty were in view, and I decided to try for four, feeding on ground which looked fairly easy of approach. On getting up to them I wounded one badly, which Omer ran down. Leaving the men to skin it, I started after another herd, when suddenly a fine old buck came dashing through some long grass by the stream straight towards me. It apparently saw me, but only slackened its pace, and turned a little to one side. I stood quite still, till it was almost past me, when I fired, the bullet tearing a great hole just over its heart. To my surprise it walked on into a patch of reeds, as if nothing was wrong. We afterwards found it lying down, and after a short chase secured it.

That night we had heavy rain, and next day, all the tents being wet through, we made a late start. On the way, I saw a solitary bohor, and, after a long crawl over the stubble of burnt grass interspersed with sharp stones, wounded him with a long shot and dropped him with



ABYSSINIAN WOLF.

one still longer. He proved an old, very heavy beast, with horns much worn down. The same day I shot a duiker and a "cuberow" or Abyssinian wolf, a handsome, chestnut-coloured animal, which lives on field-rats. This animal was first discovered by the German naturalist Rüppell during his travels in 1835, since which date little or nothing has been heard of it. A specimen procured by Rüppell is in the British Museum, but since that, I believe, no skins have reached Europe,

except those I have been fortunate enough to bring back. This was the first time I had seen these beasts; they are most amusing to watch, when hunting. The rats, which are brown, with short tails, live in big colonies and dart from burrow to burrow, while the cuberow stands motionless till one of them shows, when he makes a pounce for it. If he is unsuccessful, he seems to lose his temper, and starts digging violently; but this is only lost labour, as the ground is honeycombed with holes, and every rat is yards away before he has thrown up a pawful.

I did not reach camp till five that evening. During the day we crossed a steep ridge and three wide grassy valleys. In the evening two men, whom I had left behind at Jarso to buy mules and donkeys, turned up with only a couple of the latter, having, they said, missed me in some way.

## CHAPTER XX

Debra Markos, capital of Gojam—The market—We excite much interest—My men are feasted—I visit the palace—Italian cannon—The governor of the city—A relative of the king calls—Freed captives from Khartoum—I resume my journey—A friendly high-priest—A beautiful valley—Dembatcha, capital of Damot—A picturesque town—Duiker-shooting.

NEXT day the guide said we should reach Debra Markos, more often marked on the maps as Moncorer, the capital of the province of Gojam and the headquarters of King Tecla Haymanot. Four hours' march over a series of grassy valleys and across a narrow, but deep, muddy stream, brought us in sight of the town, which crowns a ridge running from north to south and about a mile and a half long. The palace buildings are at the north end and consist of six principal tuculs and innumerable smaller huts, the whole enclosed by a fine stone wall, ten feet high and two feet thick. The whole of the eastern slope of the hill on which the capital is built is covered with huts and little enclosures, and the buildings being much less scattered than at Adis Ababa, the place looks more like a town than does Menelik's capital. After crossing a small stone bridge (or rather a stone dam pierced with

water channels), which spans the stream running at the foot of the hill, we were met by two or three men, who came to conduct us to the camping-ground, which was fairly level and close to a water-hole. Taking five of my servants with me, I went straight to the market, which is held every Thursday on a large open space to the south of the town. We got there at one, just as it was in full fling, and were at once surrounded by a good-natured crowd, which must soon have numbered a couple of hundred or so. The guide kept the small boys from getting too near, and the older people always made way when I wanted to move, but my men were kept busy explaining that I was an Englishman who had come to shoot, and that I had nothing to sell. Before I left Adis Ababa, I had been warned that I should probably have to put up with derisive shouts of "Ali," and that as I got further from Shoa, I might even be greeted with mud and stones. It seems that "Ali" is the name the Italian soldiers gave to the Abyssinians, and, after the defeat at Adua, the victors used to shout it mockingly at their white prisoners. The custom soon grew, till every European was called "Ali" by the common people. When the British Mission visited Menelik in 1897, it was a common occurrence for the members to be assailed with cries of "Ali," but now the custom has quite died out in the capital. Having these warnings in my mind, I was rather surprised to find that the crowds of buyers and sellers at Debra Markos received me so well. One man came up, and bowing, said, "Salaam Ali"; I glanced sharply at him, to see if it was meant as an insult, but it was evident from the man's expression and manner that

he intended it as quite the reverse. During my visit to the market I found no mules for sale, and only secured one good donkey, for although there were plenty on hand most of them were small or in bad condition. There was a good supply of cattle, not so many sheep, plenty of grain of all sorts, potatoes, onions, limes, apricots, raw cotton (grown near the Abbai), jars of ghee, tej, and



MARKET-PLACE AT DEBRA MARKOS.

tala. Manufactured goods, with the exception of the cotton shammias, with and without the red stripe for which Gojam is famous, were very poorly represented. Cheap printed calicoes, leather cartridge-belts, coarse American sheeting, a little silver jewellery, and brass and iron crosses were about all I could discover. Five salts was the exchange for a Maria Theresa dollar here. For the donkey I gave \$11; half a salt would purchase sixteen limes, while four little iron crosses could be bought for a whole salt.

On approaching the town, I had sent off my head-



man and Adarar, attired in their best, with the Emperor's letter to Tecla Haymanot, and to announce my arrival. On my return to camp, while awaiting my messengers I looked over the skins, and found that Hussein had been neglecting his work. When I came on one skin, which had turned green from not having been spread out, I fairly lost my temper and threw the skin at the offender, who, muttering something, snatched up a spear, when the other Somâlis sprang on him and disarmed him. I was for handing him over to the authorities to send back to Adis Ababa, but his tribesman, Ali, begged so hard for him, that, in consideration of his faithful services on a previous trip, I forgave him. Presently, my headman, Nasser, returned from the palace with the news that both King Tecla Haymanot and Queen Wisseron Lacutch were away, the former being still in the field against the Gallas to the west, while the latter was then on her way back to the capital, and was expected in a couple of days. Fitaurari Notoro, the civil governor of the town, had however sent the letter on to the king's camp, and asked that I would come and see him in the morning, as his orders were not to quit the palace compound. Later on, his steward came down with a string of female slaves carrying the usual provisions, including four thin wax candles, 22 inches long, and several jars of tej. I sent them all away delighted with the present of a salt each. At night-time my men had a great drinking-bout, and the noise they made, added to the attack of a legion of fleas, gave me but little chance of getting any sleep.

Soon after nine next morning, some men came down

to conduct me to the palace. A short distance up-hill, along a miry lane, brought me to the entrance of the enclosure. A pair of massive doors, three inches thick, which were flush with the wall when shut, led into a small gate-house. Great pivots, cut out of the solid wood, let into the sill and the lintel, formed the hinges, while heavy bars, sliding into holes in the masonry, closed the doors on the inside, and gave the appearance of great strength. Once inside the gate-house, I dismounted in a courtyard some 50 yards across, with a quite unlevelled surface, on which rocks cropped out in every direction. Opposite me was a large stone-built tucul, with a very ragged roof, having on the right an Italian field-piece partly covered by a Dervish prayer-carpet. A six-foot stone wall ran from either side of this tucul, till it joined the main wall right and left. Overlooking the top of this inner wall was the open front of a tucul, hung with carpets and cloth, in which two men were seated. Below them, drawn up along the wall in an irregular line, were some eighty soldiers, with their officers in front. On reaching the outer gate I was met by some officials of high rank, who led me past the escort to a little door in the left-hand corner of the courtyard. As I passed, the men attempted a weird present, but I kept my countenance and acknowledged the salute. Then the officers at the window bowed; I returned the compliment by raising my hat, while my Abyssinian attendants bowed to the ground.

A rough stone external staircase led to a matting door, which being pushed aside, I and my three chief men were admitted to a circular room some 14 feet

in diameter, the window-sill and floor of which were covered with European rugs. Seated with his back to the window was Fitaurari Notoro, the civil governor, an old man of sixty-five with grey hair and beard. His face was intelligent, but he had a careworn expression, as if he found the burden of office heavy. Next to him was Fitaurari Iman, the military governor, a much younger man, with his head bound up in a piece of white muslin. Beyond them in the corner stood an old priest, leaning on an ivory-headed crutch-stick. Among the crowd which almost filled the room I also noticed a dwarf and a very old lady. Two pages, holding the Fitauraris' rifles, were on duty in the apartment. The wall was decorated with their shields of office ornamented with silver and gilt-work. After shaking hands, I was given a carpet-covered stool facing the two Fitauraris. Having inquired after the king's health and their own, I thanked Notoro for his present of provisions, and said the Negus Negusti had given me another letter in addition to the special one for King Tecla Haymanot. I then unwrapped the letter, every one standing up, and handed it to Fitaurari Iman, who tried to read it but did not get on well with the task. A fat little man thereupon bustled out of the crowd, and bowing, took the letter and read it aloud. I had to help him out over "Cotton" and "English," the former seeming specially difficult for him to pronounce. When the reading of the Emperor's letter was concluded, all bowed, and a murmur of "Ische" ran round. Having resumed our seats, I explained the object and route of my proposed journey, and showed them Rowland Ward's book of horns. As

I turned over the pages, they named the different beasts shown in the pictures. It evidently interested them, for, when I had done, they took the book and went all over it again, asking the names of those animals foreign to them. They said buffalo were scarce and that I should have to go a long way for them. I then produced the magazine-pistol I had brought for the king, and



FITAUURARI NOTORI AND SUITE.

explained its working. At first they could not understand the dummy cartridges, and edged away, as if half expecting me to shoot some one, but, when I finally fired five shots in rapid succession in the air, they were full of admiration for the little weapon. I then made my excuses for bringing no present for Fitaaurari Notoro and begged his acceptance of a bottle of brandy and one of absinthe. As I rose to go, they pressed me to stay and take some refreshment. A cloth was then solemnly let down over the window to shut out the evil eye, and a bottle of absinthe produced. Before any of us drank, a

few drops were poured into the palm of a little slave-boy, who put it to his lips, to show there was no poison in it. I then poured a glass of the fiery spirit down my throat and tried to look as if I liked it. As I took my leave, I asked to be allowed to photograph my hosts, and arranged them in a group on the steps, afterwards taking a picture of some of the escort with their French, Italian, Egyptian, and Russian rifles. They examined the camera with great curiosity and wanted to see the results at once! So impressed were they with my performance that I was asked to repair a watch that would not go; this I soon cleaned and put right. In the evening another supply of provisions arrived, this time from the king's house.

After a night of heavy rain and high wind, which drove right through the end of my tent, the morning broke clear and fine. I was hardly up before the old lady whom I had noticed during the proceedings of the former day arrived with a basket of little cakes of teff. I was told that my visitor was a cousin of Tecla Haymanot, but that did not prevent her pocketing a dollar with every sign of satisfaction. A little later two other women arrived, the younger of whom was decidedly good-looking. They told me they had been carried off by the Dervishes fourteen years ago, during their raids into Abyssinia, but after the battle of Omdurman the Sirdar had released 200 of these captives, and had given them clothes and money, sending them back to their own country, *via* Kassala. When they heard an Englishman was in the place, they had come to salaam. They brought me some fresh eggs, refusing any return

present, and really seemed grateful for what had been done for them. After they had talked to me, they sat for a long time chatting to my men, and asked how many Englishmen there were in Adis Ababa, what we did there, and how Menelik treated them. Meanwhile, the news of my arrival having spread, the sick and the maimed began to crowd in on me, and I had much ado to satisfy their claims to be doctored. A wandering Greek, who had arrived from the north with some merchants, also came to see me, but, except for a few words of Amharic, we could find no language that we mutually understood, though we tried some half dozen.

Early next morning, the 18th of March, I heard that the king's answer to my letter had arrived during the night, but, as it was Sunday, they wanted me to put off my start till the following day. However, the weather was fine, and I was anxious to get on with my journey, so, while the mules were being loaded, I went up for a farewell interview with Fitaurari Notoro. I found a numerous body-guard thronging the courtyard, but not drawn up in order. Notoro, who was in his everyday attire of dingy white clothing, received me very affably. After saying the king had given orders that I was to go and shoot where I liked, that guides were to be given me, and that I was to be passed from Ras to Ras, who would see that I got all I wanted, he remarked that it was Sunday, and that the necessary arrangements could not be carried out that day. I replied that I had far to go, that the rains were drawing near, that the weather was fine, and that, as I travelled slowly, a messenger could easily overtake me on the following day. Seeing

that I was in earnest, the Fitauraris agreed, and, after showing them my rifles and field-glasses, I started.

We circled round the northern end of the ridge and then struck almost due west across two wide valleys, through the second of which flowed the Godiah stream, forming the boundary between Gojam and Damot. On the road we passed a man with a fine buffalo head, which he said he had brought from the banks of a big river beyond Walkait. He could not tell me the name of the river, but most probably it was the Gash, as the Mareb is called in the low country. Here we turned almost north again till we reached the Musslar Hawash, where we camped close to Armanuel Suffra.

Some of my men did not come in till late. They reported that while I was at the palace, and they were finishing loading the mules, a man had seized a salt and run off. They had chased and captured the thief, but, when they returned to the old camp, the cleaning rods for my .256 had disappeared. Although the thief was known, he refused to hand them back, and they had to appeal to Fitaurari Notoro, who soon recovered them.

In the evening, a charming old gentleman, Chess Dumerpagernut Walda Giorgis, chief priest of the local church and governor of the district, came to visit me. He brought me endless presents of provisions, among them a great jar of fine honey and a number of unripe peaches. He had been in Cairo twenty years before, and proved most chatty, taking great interest in Ward's book of horns, and telling me where I should find the different animals. At

parting, I gave him a packet of wax candles for his church, and a few dollars for the poor; he seemed much pleased with the candles, and said he should use them at some approaching ceremony. As it had grown quite dark, I sent him back to his house at the top of the hill on my mule, with a lantern to light him on his way. A little later, he very kindly sent further provisions, consisting of gombos of tej, piles of bread, and red chilli cakes.

Next day's march took us over the Gourlar stream, and later on we crossed the Tamchar valley, the sides of which were steep and covered with luxuriant vegetation, palms, creepers, ferns, and orchids being in profusion. A three hours' journey brought us in sight of Dembatcha, the chief town of the province of Damot. It is a large place, situated on the lower slopes of Mount Agiasfatra, which rises steeply behind the houses. Our approach lay over a wide stretch of meadow-land, till we came to the market-place to the south of the town. It was market-day, and there was the usual big crowd of country folk, buying and selling. I became at once the object of much curiosity, and was apparently looked upon as a huge joke, people going into shrieks of laughter on catching sight of me. My two guides and escort seemed much concerned, and feared I should resent not being treated with proper respect, but when I laughed too, they also joined in, and we became the centre of a huge crowd all laughing hysterically. There was hardly such a large selection of goods for sale as at the Thursday market at Debra Markos, but I bought a good mule and a donkey, besides ghee for the Somâlis.



I saw a number of skins of freshly killed bushbuck, reedbuck, and duiker, besides well-tanned hides. Through the centre of the town runs a paved lane, eight feet wide, the walls on either side being overhung with bamboos and creepers, often meeting overhead. The little enclosures and orchards, and the winding of the lane along the hill-side, all reminded me of the villages near Nikko in Japan. In the evening, the Shúm brought me a sheep and other provisions in the name of Queen Wisseron Lacutch, to whom the town was presented by Tecla Haymanot, when he was created Negus. Next day, after passing through the town, we descended the ridge and crossed a wide valley, after which we entered dense jungle, where I saw a good many duiker and reedbuck, but did not shoot any. We crossed four streams and camped at the fifth, called Toukorrahar. Much of the country traversed was uncultivated and covered with grass and jungle.

In the afternoon I went out, hoping to find waterbuck, but saw no sign of them. When in a jungle-path some way from camp, we came on a woman carrying a baby and followed by a small boy. I was rather astonished that they showed neither fear nor surprise, though I and my two Somális must have been a very strange sight for them. In nearly every wild country in which I have shot, if I met any of the women-folk unexpectedly, their first idea seemed to be to bolt into the bush.

Next day, marching through undulating country, with a good many patches of jungle, we crossed three small streams and camped just below the village of

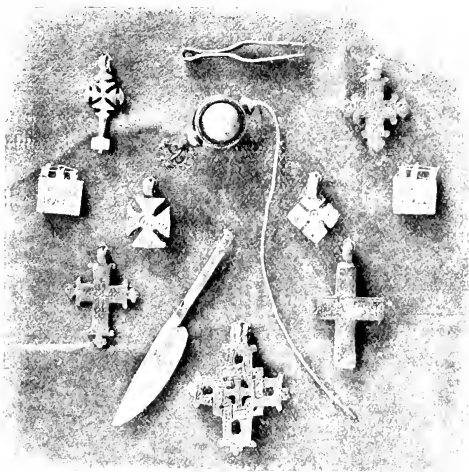
Monkosar. On an open place beside the church was a great gathering of people, come to attend the funeral of an old villager. In the afternoon, a local shikari took me to the other side of a detached hill, called Wuz, to look for waterbuck, but although we saw four, I did not shoot any, for all were cows. I now despatched one of the guides to inform Ras Wurgay, governor of Damot (who in Gojam ranks next after King Tecla Haymanot), of my arrival. In due course the Shûm brought the usual provisions, but refused a glass of brandy, because my man Adarar had forgotten to go through the form of pouring a little into the palm of his own hand and first sipping it!

Next day, leaving Wuz Hill on our left, I struck into the jungle and soon bagged a couple of duiker, the first I had secured since I left Adis Ababa. Under the skin of the chest we found a number of little white sacs, the eggs of some fly or other, looking like little bits of coarse cotton.

Having crossed the Gusar stream by a bridge, and forded two other rivers (over which there were only foot-bridges), we camped close to the village of Wun. Here I doctored several people for itch, a disease which seems very prevalent in this country: whole villages suffer from it, and apparently the natives know of no efficient cure.

In the evening, a tremendous quantity of provisions and drink arrived. These had been sent by Ras Wurgay, who, I heard, was camped close to me, but did not wish to see me till he could receive me in state at Burey. The bread, which formed part of the present, was packed

in neat little litters made of bamboos and leaves. From the men who brought in the food I tried to get some information about shikar, but was met with the reply that they could tell me nothing until I had seen the Ras.



GOJAM JEWELLERY AND RAZOR.

## CHAPTER XXI

A load goes to the bottom of a stream—A large escort—Ceremonial reception by the Governor of Damot—He asks about London and England—My men have a great feast—A token of honour—The Ras questions me about the Queen and the Royal family—The Soudan and Fashoda—The Dervishes and the French—Our church and clergy—The Ras and his new church—I bid him farewell—A fine mountain view—A handsome old man—The Abyssinian plough.

NEXT morning, our start was a good deal delayed by the number of people who turned up to be doctored, several having patches of white skin which seemed to distress them very much, though I could not learn that they caused any pain. A narrow but deep stream that we had to cross gave a lot of trouble, the bottom being very slippery. One mule fell, its load going right under water ; it consisted—as luck would have it—of the case of magazine-pistols I had brought as presents, a large open tin of biscuits, and all my ginger-beer powders, besides many other odds and ends that water did not improve. Letting the rest of the caravan go on ahead, I remained behind and got everything unpacked and spread out to dry, after tipping the water out of the boxes. In a couple of hours the hot sun dried everything, and, hastily repacking, we started after the others. After an hour's

march through bushy country, we reached a small patch of open grass, on which we found some two hundred soldiers drawn up in line on either side of the road, to act as my escort. They were a fine, useful-looking body of men, dressed in their best shammas, all armed with rifles, and many carrying swords and shields in addition. Their four officers received me, dismounted, in front of their men. When I reached the centre of



ESCORT SENT BY RAS WURGAY.

the line, the officers mounted their mules, and the men fell in anyhow, in two bodies before and behind us. In this order we proceeded to my camp, half a mile distant, four men blowing shawms at intervals. While I put on a more presentable suit, the escort drew up in line opposite my tent, and I managed to get a snap-shot of them. Then, with the addition of all the available armed men of my own caravan, we moved off again up-hill, and soon reached Ras Wurgay's stockade. It was roughly built and not very strong. The gate, which looked like a drawbridge upside down, was supported by two poles, which, when removed, let it fall and so closed the opening. Just inside the entrance a number of armed men were ranged on either side. Passing the

courtyard, the local court-house and a large tucul filled with people, I dismounted at the gate of an inner enclosure and was conducted into another large tucul, the door of which was guarded by a group of soldiers. They drew aside and allowed me to enter the tent: but the interior was so dark that at first I could make out but little. I was led across to the far side, where I found the Ras seated on a divan. He rose to greet me and motioned me to a chair beside him. As my eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, I saw that the hut was circular in shape, some 24 feet across, with a ring of posts four feet from the wall supporting the roof. Ras Wurgay is a man of five-and-forty years of age, with closely clipped hair and beard. His face, when in repose, has rather a stern, impassive look, but directly he is interested in a subject it becomes animated, and he can laugh heartily. Over a fine red and white shamma he wore a black silk burnous edged with gold braid; his head was bound in the usual white muslin, while his feet were bare. On the third finger of the left hand I noticed a curious ring; it looked like two writhing snakes, their heads formed of pale rubies close together. Behind the Ras stood an attendant bearing a beautiful shield, covered with purple velvet nearly hidden with an intricate design of pierced silver-gilt work, and a double-barrelled .450 express rifle by Reilly, with silvered barrels. A good many attendants stood round the walls. After the usual compliments, I produced the Emperor's letter, which was received and read with every mark of respect. The Ras said he had heard from King Tecla Haymanot of my intended

journey, but that, if I stuck to the road, I could not expect to shoot much. I replied that I had no wish to travel by the direct road to Simien, and asked on which side I should find most game. The Ras then said that the Emperor's letter to the king only gave permission for me to shoot at Simien, and not on the road. I agreed that that was so, but that in the general passport given me later Menelik had said, "where there are wild beasts on the way show them so that he may hunt"; however, this hardly seemed to convince the Ras, who evinced no special desire to help me. When I got out Rowland Ward's book and began talking about shikar, all his indifference to me and my affairs at once vanished, and he became much interested over the pictures and in the question of where I should find the different animals. He told me I had passed a good lion-country lying to the west of Dembatcha, that all the buffalo which used to be found near here had died of rinderpest, and that I should have to go towards Metemmeh from Lake Tana to find any. He asked why Englishmen sought so hard and far for shikar. I tried to explain to him that, besides the pleasure of slaying big game, we took great interest in collecting specimens of all the different kinds of animals and learning about their habits and place of abode. I told him of the great collection at South Kensington, about which he asked many questions. When he had finished looking at the pictures, he remarked that he had been present at my first audience with Menelik, and had heard that I was coming north alone. He then asked me how long it would take me to reach London from Massowah,

concerning the size of England, and how many days journey it was from end to end. This led to my describing steamers and railways, the size of London and its houses, and the difference between England and the British Empire. My .256 pleased him very much; the telescopic sight eliciting many ejaculations of wonder and approval. He gave me some excellent old tej to drink, and, after a visit of nearly two hours, I returned to camp.

Soon after, a host of slaves and servants came down the hill, leading a fat bullock and carrying provisions of all sorts for man and beast, including eggs and fowls, five hundred cakes of bread, both wheat and teff (*i.e.* white and brown), messes of chilli, ten great gombos of tej, besides sacks of barley, and faggots of wood. Then came the usual difficulty, as to who was to cut the throat of the bullock, for if one of the Christians dispatched it in the orthodox fashion (*viz.* in the name of the blessed Trinity, with the beast's head turned towards Jerusalem), then neither the Somális nor several of the others who called themselves Mohammedans would touch it; while if the latter hallaled it, with its head towards Mecca, and murmuring Bismillah, the Christian would have none of it. I settled the matter by taking a poll, and, finding that the Christians had the majority, gave them the bullock, while the followers of the Prophet had to content themselves with a couple of sheep. The beasts were immediately slaughtered and cut up. One or two of the men I saw eating portions of the meat raw, but all the others roasted or stewed theirs. All night the feast went on, and it was well I did not intend marching



next day, for by morning, what with gorging and drinking, scarcely a man could move!

At half-past ten the Ras sent for me. I found him in the same place, but with a smaller escort and fewer attendants. When we had inquired after each other's health, he presented me with his fly-whisk, made of long horsehair died red, with a rhinoceros-horn handle. This was a great mark of favour, and it was often recognised by different Shûms on my journey through Gojam. I then produced the magazine-pistol, and had great trouble in making him understand its working. I fired five shots into the ground just at the tucul door, and he seemed pleased at the way it shot and made the dirt fly up. Putting his hand into the folds of his shamma, he took out a small four-chambered French revolver fully loaded, and asked me which was the better weapon. Next he showed me a new church he was building, of which I got a photo, and I then suggested I should take my leave; but he would not hear of that, led me back to the tucul, and called for more tej. He asked me who was our Negus Negusti, and when I told him about the Queen, he wanted to know her name, age, how many sons and daughters she had, and if they were all by one husband, how long she had reigned, and finally, why we obeyed her! To answer all of these questions to his satisfaction, through two interpreters, took me some time. Then the conversation turned on the Soudan: What was the name of our general who had conquered the Dervishes? How long had we been at Khartoum and Kassala, and who commanded at those places now? Was it true that we had told the French to leave Fashoda,

and that they had done so without fighting? Were they a stronger nation than the Italians? It struck me, that some of these questions he could answer himself, and that they were put merely to see if I spoke the truth or not.

He then asked me the size of London as compared with other capitals, how many churches and clergy we had, how they were supported, and what were the names of English churches. "Did the people go to them as the Abyssinians did, and had we an archbishop?" were some among the numerous questions put to me. Many of the answers seemed to surprise him, and I think in the end most of those present were convinced that I must be a Christian, though not quite up to the orthodox standard of Habesh.

After this, there was a long talk as to where I should find shikar on my road, and it was finally arranged that I should come up for a farewell interview next morning, after the mules had left. That evening a further supply of provender arrived.

On the morning of 25th March, as soon as the caravan was started, I went up the hill, and, skirting round the stockade to the left, crossed some rough ground in order to visit the new church which the Ras had been building for the last three years. The Holy of Holies was a massive square structure of stone, set in mud and bound together with heavy wood ties. The outer circular wall of the church was built in a similar manner, with very massive door- and window-frames. Outside this was a ring of pillars to carry the beams, forming the usual verandah. The Ras, who was attend-

ing service in a small church close by, soon joined me, and took me round, pointing out the solidity of the building, and drawing attention to the fact that all the woodwork exposed to the sun was thickly smeared with fat to prevent its cracking. A large retinue accompanied us round and returned with us to the reception tucul inside the enclosure. The town itself was situated



RAS WURGAY AND HIS SHÔMS.

between the church and the stockade, but it was comparatively small, for most of the soldiers live in an encampment, and accompany the Ras on his journeys. Before leaving, Basha Kassa, the man who was told off to be my guide, received many instructions, and was also handed a written order bearing the impress of the Ras's great silver seal. The Ras himself presented me with a Gojam barbed-headed spear, and bade me farewell, saying that, although I should return to my people and forget him, he would ever remember me and my visit.

After taking a photo of the Ras and an attendant, holding his beautiful shield of office, and surrounded by his Shûms and escort, I thanked him for his kindness, and hoped that one of these days we might meet again, possibly even in England. Then, escorted by a number of his followers, I set out, striking due north through a hilly forest country. At mid-day I crossed the river Fudem, flowing in a clear narrow stream along a wide stony bed, one of the tributaries of the Abbai, which never runs dry. Early in the afternoon we crossed the little stream of Jackome and found camp pitched on its banks at Agasar. From this camp we had a fine view of the Argomedes range, with its great peak of Askuner piercing the clouds like a huge domed tower. Next morning I started with the mules soon after eight o'clock along an ever rising path, through country dotted with small wooded hills. After an hour and a quarter's going, we struck off to the right to Zinguinea, a marshy lake some four miles long by a mile wide. Here we saw some reedbuck, but all were does. After travelling for three hours, we found we had overshot camp and had to retrace our steps. Although it was a hot day, my men had carefully pitched my tent in the open, despite the fact that a fine shady tree was close by! I had now crossed into the province of Argomedes, and, on reaching camp, found that a number of people belonging to Masfin, the local Ras, were waiting to receive me. They had come down from Anjavera, a village perched on a hill-top, a little to the north. Here I was quite overwhelmed with presents, among them a hundred and fifty eggs, which the Somâlis, on being offered some,

refused, on the ground that fowls didn't grow in Somâli-land. I could not help remarking that neither did rice nor dates, their staple food on the coast. The gombos, or large jars, in which they carry tej and tala in this district, are of a quaint shape, with their single handles, and long, wide necks, in which a tuft of grass is stuck to strain the liquor.

Next day the route lay through thick jungle and up a low pass. I had just reached the brow of the hill, when Fitaurari Iman, who was in charge of the province during Ras Masfin's absence with King Tecla Haymanot, met me with a large following. He was a fine-looking old man with good features, and hair and beard turning white. After a little talk, and having shown him my rifles and glasses, I took his photo and went on my way. We passed close to Jirrehe, one of the curious detached masses of rock found almost all over Abyssinia, which serve as landmarks for several marches on every side. After a rather short march of 10 miles, we camped at Bunjar, by the Guar stream, having come nearly due north. In the afternoon I saw an oribi, the first since passing Chaffé Dunsä, on the road between Tadechamalca and Adis Ababa. The natives say there are plenty to the north, but none to the south of this place. A good many duiker were running about in the bushes, and I managed to shoot three. Here I found the people busily tilling the bare and blackened land but recently cleared of jungle. The ploughs and hoes employed were peculiarly primitive. The former consists of a long and not very straight pole attached to the yoke, in the thick end of

which a hole is bored at an obtuse angle; through this a stake is passed, forming at once the handle and the plough. The iron ploughshare may be bought at nearly all the markets; it weighs from four to ten pounds and costs from one to two and a half dollars. It is made like an elongated lozenge, a socket at one end fitting on to the pointed end of the stake. While the ploughman guides the plough with one hand, he wields with the other a short-handled whip, with a long lash made of twisted gut. The yoke is of heavy wood, with four pegs through it, fastened under the beasts' necks by bands of plaited tendons. It is for this purpose that the natives are always anxious to secure tendons from the larger beasts shot. While oxen are usually seen in the yoke, I have come across mixed pairs of cows, horses, mules, and donkeys doing their turn of tilling the soil. The Abyssinian is not a believer in a long, straight furrow, for, even where the absence of big stones and tree-stumps—which are generally numerous—would permit of it, he prefers a short length and many headlands.

## CHAPTER XXII

I hear of big game—Evasion—Orders that I am not to shoot—A dilemma—Send a messenger to Menelik—A long wait—A friend in need—Despatch letters to Ras Mangasha—Attempt to burn me out—Small buck-shooting—The upper waters of the Blue Nile—Bushbuck-shooting—A fine waterfall—Native fishermen—My men attacked—Trial by elders—Verdict—Reconciliation ceremony—A large market—A party of hunters—A fool of a messenger—A curious request—Doctoring the natives—Former trade with the Soudan—Professional beggars.

ON 28th March I started ahead of the mules through a well-wooded country, which had lately been fired; and in one little copse of large trees, the boles of which had only been licked by the flames, I saw a solitary goraza or black-and-white monkey, the only one I had come across except at Managasha. After two and a half hours' march, we came to a great stretch of open country, on which the new grass was just sprouting. Here a number of bohor were feeding, but I could see no good bucks. We were two hours crossing the plain, before we came to the first water, where in the bed of a little stream, at a place called Dungoler, there were two pools, beside which camp was pitched on some unburnt grass, near a few scrubby thorn trees. The local Shùm, Ledj Desster, came to visit me, bringing provisions and a

bottle of absinthe. We had a long talk, and I showed him my rifles and inquired about big game in the neighbourhood, but on this subject he denied all knowledge. During the last few days many men met on the road, or in the villages, had told my servants (but only when their headman and the guide sent with me were out of hearing) that big game was to be found a little to the west of the road we were then following, that is to say, according to the map, not far distant from the Soudan. After I had dined and dismissed with drinks the procession of villagers bringing in bread and tej, I had a long talk with my men, the result of which was to remove all doubt from my mind, that, as a result of instructions, I was being marched along the highway, and that except for small game on the road, the authorities had no intention of letting me shoot. I called my guide, Basha Kassa, and told him that the Emperor had granted me leave to shoot where I liked on the way to Simien, and had moreover given me an order to that effect; that I heard there were both elephants and buffalo to be found only two days' march from here, and that I proposed starting for the place next morning. After much hesitation, he evaded my proposal by saying that beyond Dungulbar on Lake Tana, which forms the boundary of Gojam, I should find plenty of big game; but on being pressed, he admitted that Ras Wurgay had given strict orders that I was to be taken straight along the road, and not to be permitted to go off it, the Emperor's orders being that, while I could shoot in Simien, I was to do so nowhere else. I was furious at finding I had been sent off from Burey by Ras



Wurgay under the impression that I was to be taken to good shooting-ground; so, telling my guide that in the morning I would get some one who could read, I dismissed him.

Next morning the Shûm came and read the letter, of which this is a free translation by Colonel W. F. Prideaux :—

The lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered, the second Menelik, the elect of God, King of Kings of Ethiopia.

We have delivered this our letter to Mr. Cotton, a subject of the English Kingdom.

While passing through Gojam, Dembia, Simien, and Tigré, we command you to regularly supply him with food, and let him pass without hindrance on his journey, and also where there are wild beasts along the road show them, so that he may hunt.

Written on the 1st of the month of Tarr in the year of grace 1892.<sup>1</sup>

At the Camp of Safety.<sup>2</sup>

This letter had already been seen by the two Fitauraris at Debra Markos and also by Ras Wurgay, but not by the King of Gojam, and as the Emperor's letter to him only mentioned shooting at Simien, there now seemed no doubt that Tecla Haymanot had sent instructions in the terms of the letter he had received, and that his officials would recognise no orders but his. Thus, after coming eighteen days' march from Adis Ababa, it seemed certain that, while I and my men would be well fed and escorted safely to Simien, I should get no sport worth mentioning! I discussed with my men every plan I could think of for evading these restrictions, including that of going off on our own account, but this, they said, would

<sup>1</sup> 8th January 1900.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* The Royal Camp.

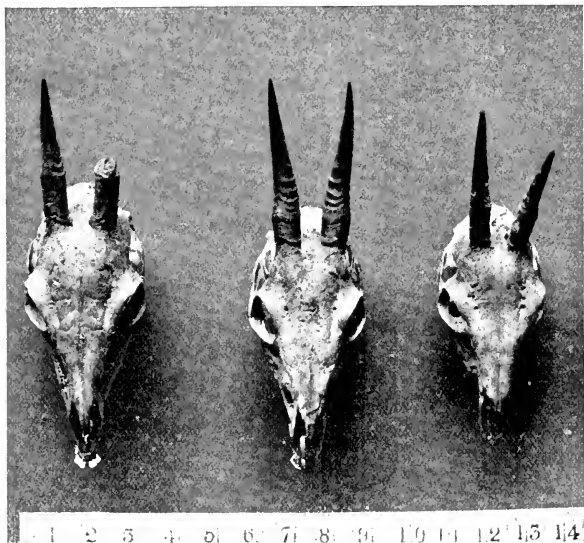
be hopeless, as in a few hours the local Shûms would collect several hundred men and drive me back. Eventually, I decided to write to the Emperor and to Captain Harrington, and wait where I was for an answer. For this purpose I made choice of Beyener, a wiry, intelligent man, who had been a merchant's muleteer all his life, as my messenger. I gave him the packet of letters and a bag of dollars, told him how matters stood, and ordered him, if possible, to get through to Captain Harrington at Adis Ababa. The whole camp turned out to see him start at eleven o'clock, mounted on my best riding mule, a rifle slung across his back, and a rhinoceros-hide whip in his hand. He was in high spirits and, as he galloped off, said he would do the journey in seven days! We all felt a little down-hearted after his departure, wondering if we should ever see him again, and what might happen in the meantime. Round Basha Kassa's little tent all the local headmen and their attendants were seated, discussing in awestruck tones what would befall a man who thus defied Ras Wurgay and refused to continue on his journey, and how they personally would be affected by the matter.

Later on a merchant from Gondar, named Falukka, who had a house here, came to visit me. He proved a friend in need, as he could read and write Amharic, had travelled a lot about the country, and stood in no awe of the local officials. He read Menelik's letter, which, he said, might be construed as meaning that I was only to shoot actually on the road and not off it. I then got him to write a letter to Ras Mangasha at Gondar, asking if I might shoot from Dungulbar; with this I enclosed

the Emperor's letter to him, and a copy of the one in dispute. Early next morning I sent a man off with these letters, while I skirmished round for small game, seeing a good many oribi, duiker, and reedbuck. The camp was a very hot one, and the flies were terrible. In the course of the morning, we saw a large grass fire rolling up the valley towards us; the air was filled with clouds of sparks and smoke, above which hawks and kites were circling and swooping down just in front of the flames, to pounce on the rat-like rodents on which the cuberow or wolf lives. These were running from their burrows, trying to escape being roasted. We all turned out and fired a strip between our camp and the grass fire, and when we had cleared a belt broad enough to prevent the big fire jumping to the long grass on the other side, eventually succeeded, by the aid of green boughs and sheep-skins dipped in water, in extinguishing the smaller fire we had created before it grew beyond our control. After all danger to our camp was over, the men came and danced in front of my tent, and received as a reward some money, with which to purchase tej. In the evening another grass fire broke out, and for some minutes it was touch and go, whether we should save the tents or not; as it was, many of us got badly scorched, before the flames finally swept by only a few yards to our left. We could not doubt that these fires were lit on purpose to drive me from the place; but who instigated the villagers to start them I could not find out, as each accused the other.

On the slope of the hill which rose just above camp

was a small village, while on the flat top lay the district market-place, shaded by some dozen large trees. As the position was in every way more favourable, I next day moved up to this place, and pitched my tent under a splendid tree, the one furthest removed from the centre of

*Turkogogo.*

## DUIKER SKULLS.

*Dungoler.**Gagay.*

the market. On the branches of these trees my Somális found a quantity of fine gum, of which they collected half a sackful. For sixteen days I remained camped on this spot, spending the time in exploring the country round, sometimes remaining out all day, but more frequently coming back to the shade of camp for the hottest

hours. I succeeded in keeping my men fairly well supplied with fresh meat, and seldom returned without one or two bohor, oribi, or duiker for the larder. The first day I went out, Basha Kassa started to follow me ; I stopped and asked if he intended to interfere with my shooting, to which he replied that his orders were not to prevent me, so long as I did not move my camp from the road. I found the villagers at first most anxious to show me where game was to be found, but soon a change was apparent in their demeanour. This puzzled me, as I had always rewarded them either with money or meat, till one day, as a man was guiding me to some bohor ground, I saw a horseman suddenly leave a cavalcade which was passing along a road close by and gallop up to us. Drawing my guide apart, the stranger spoke to him, whereupon the man turned and left us. The object of this was clear, and I learned that orders had been sent to every hamlet within three hours' journey, that I was to be shown no game. After this the only people from whom I got any help were an old Mohammedan, who lived close to a big grassy plain which stretched to the bank of the Abbai, east of our camp, and the priests of a church situated north-east of us. They were most anxious that I should shoot some wart-hog which destroyed their crops, but these only fed at night, and although I spent several days on the ground, both early and late, I never caught sight of them. It was here that I saw an ingenious trap for catching duiker, made of a heavily weighted wattle hurdle, the support of which was released by the victim pulling at threaded beans attached to a trigger.

The Abbai, where it flowed past the old Mohammedan's village, was a clear stream, some 10 yards wide and 18 inches deep, with stepping-stones across. Further down, in the direction of Lake Tana, it ran through thick jungle, a place I often went to after bush-buck, but without much success.

One day, when hunting on this ground, I went some three miles further down stream than usual, and came upon a fine waterfall some 150 feet across and 90 feet high, facing due north. For some distance above, the river is deep and sluggish, and I could not make out where the roar came from, till close to the fall. On our return, a man offered me a number of fish 12 inches long, which he said he had caught with line and hook in the river below the fall. Another fisherman we saw casting a long fine net from the bank and drawing it in; in one cast he took four small fish. In several places the river had been partly dammed across, and wicker fish-traps set.

In anticipation of the receipt of the Emperor's letter, I sent off a couple of men towards the shooting-ground, to see if the reports of elephant and other big game were correct: but they came back on the following day, saying they had been stopped and asked for their passport. They told the officials some yarn about hunting for strayed donkeys, and were sent back with a caution. That night, after dusk, another couple of my men were brought to my tent, both terribly bruised and knocked about; one had a 3-inch cut on the head, the bone being laid bare; the other a smaller cut. They said they had taken a sack of red chillies to be pounded at

an adjacent village, that some women had agreed to do it for two salts, and that they were quietly sitting down and chatting while the work went on. Presently a man named Argaferry Tobedgee, who ranks next to Ledj Desster in the neighbourhood, arrived and began abusing them for being my servants. This led to a quarrel, in the course of which Argaferry attacked my men with the butt-end of his rifle, calling on the villagers to do the same. However, the latter rather sided with my people, and after separating the conflicting parties, tied up my men's heads and brought them back to camp. I dressed the wounds and summoned Basha Kassa, telling him he was answerable for the proper treatment of myself and my men, and that he had better take steps to ensure our safety, or take the consequences.

Two days later, Ledj Desster came to inquire into the case. I said I left the matter entirely to him, and that if my men were in the wrong I wished them to be punished according to the custom of the country. They then adjourned to a neighbouring tree, and I went out shooting. When I returned to camp in the evening, I heard that my men had been awarded twelve salts as compensation, and that Desster had said he was going away, leaving Argaferry in charge, and that I had better keep my men in camp! Next morning Ledj Desster returned with the five village elders who had tried the case, and, after an egg-cupful of neat absinthe and a piece of cake, he gave me a full account of the trial. He recited how he had called five men full of years and wisdom to try the case, and related in detail all they and the witnesses had said, with the result that

they had found Argaferry guilty of being the aggressor and of having struck the first blow. The court then condemned him to provide the wounded men with money for food till they recovered, and then to make them a final present. On hearing this sentence, Argaferry Tobedgee himself came forward and, addressing the court, admitted that he had lost his temper and was to blame; that he was sorry for his conduct, and now wished to perform the ceremony of reconciliation. All present then stood up, forming a circle round the culprit, at the side of whom stood one of the elders. Gabreohanis and Dustar, the two injured men, were then led forward, one at a time, while a new salt with the rush band still round it was produced. Argaferry held one end of this, while one of the wounded men held the other, whereupon, with a smart blow from a stick, the elder broke the salt in two. The aggressor then took both pieces in his hand and threw them violently on the ground, exclaiming: "If I ever strike this man again, may God break me and cast me to the ground, as I do this salt." Then stooping, he picked up one of the pieces and bit off a portion, crunching it with his teeth, and finally, spitting it at the injured man, said: "May this quickly heal your wound." The curious ceremony was then repeated with the other man, after which the aggressor embraced both the injured men in turn, taking them by the right hand and kissing them, with the words: "As we were friends before, so let us be now." The whole proceeding was treated with the greatest solemnity, the oath being considered a most sacred one. I asked afterwards, what was done with



the broken salts, and was told they were given to the mules and donkeys, because they were bad for horses, and that if a man ate them, his teeth would drop out.

I now heard that, on the same day I had sent off my messenger to Menelik, Basha Kassa had sent one to Ras Wurgay, to ask for instructions. The reply to this request came six days later, and was to the effect that he could not give me permission to go off the road, but that I could either continue my journey or wait for a reply from the Emperor, in which latter case I was to be supplied with all I wanted. This I refused, as it meant that the wretched villagers were to be heavily taxed for my support. I said all I wanted was that no difficulties should be put in the way of my purchasing supplies, but, as the people made a lot of bother, saying they would be punished for not carrying out the Ras's orders, I had to send away the provisions two nights running, before I could convince them I was in earnest.

Monday was the day appointed for the weekly market, and a very large one it was, by far the best I had seen since leaving Adis Ababa. At first I told my men to remain close to the tents and not to allow too many men to collect round them, as I felt a little uncertain what the temper of the people might be. However, I found them the same good-natured, curious crowd as they were at Debra Markos and Dembatcha, and I and my men used to stroll about without the slightest interference or rudeness on the part of the villagers. There were not many mules offered for sale, and what there were fetched high prices; on the other

hand, plenty of good donkeys were generally to be had. I bought four, at prices varying from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 9 dollars. Besides grains and condiments of all sorts, butter, honey, potatoes, cotton (both raw and woven), swords, and shields of buffalo-hide were all to be had, of good quality and cheap. The district is most famous for its tanned leather, which is either left in whole skins, for sleeping on, or made into sacks. Instead of the empty cartridge-cases I had seen so far used as the small change for a salt, the people here gave handfuls of raw cotton. Among the hides exposed for sale were those of roan antelope, tora, defassa, bohor, oribi, and duiker, all of which had been recently killed.

One market-day a party of hunters returned from the low country ; many were accompanied by their dogs and armed only with spears. They had slain a buffalo, the tail of which they carried stretched on a framework of wood to dry.

The only curio I found during my visits to the market was one of the large horn tumblers, ten inches high, from which the people drink tej or tala.

Ten days after my messenger had left to take the letters to Ras Mangasha, he returned. He reported that, owing to the west side of Lake Tana being infested with robbers, he had gone by the east bank. At Chelkar he saw Dedjatch Cubudda, son of Ras Beettiwadad Mangasha, who was laid up with a severe gun-shot wound in the leg. He told my man that, while on a shooting excursion to the west, he had ridden down and tried to capture a baby elephant ; its cries had brought the herd back, and his men, alarmed for his

safety, fired a hurried volley, when unfortunately one of the bullets struck, and lodged in, his left shin-bone. He had been carried back to Dembea, where he lay in great pain; for they had not been able to extract the bullet. Both Menelik's letter and my letter to the Ras he had forwarded to Sinter, where the Ras was staying, but without reading them, as they were not addressed to him. By the hand of two of his men he sent me a letter, asking me, if I were a doctor, to come to him; if not, at all events to send him some medicine, to get the bullet out! My man had proved himself a perfect fool, for not only had he returned without any answer to the letters addressed to the Ras, but his mule having broken down on the way, he hired a man to help drag it to Chelkar, at which place he had left it, along with a saddle I had borrowed from Falukka, the Gondar merchant. In reply to the Dedjatch's request I sent some antiseptics and a letter, telling him how to use them; but for myself there was nothing to do but wait.

Besides shooting for a few hours every day, I filled up my time looking after and labelling my trophies, writing up my journal, and in doctoring the natives, who, I found, came in ever-increasing numbers as my name as a great "medicine-man" spread, till my little stock of drugs was being rapidly exhausted, and I was reduced to all sorts of expedients in order to give them something that at all events would do no harm, and, by the exercise of faith, might even do good. It was the hottest season of the year here, the natives said; and my camp being pitched on the market-place,

the flies, which were in swarms, spent their time, while waiting for the next market, in attacking me and my men. In the evenings I had long talks with Falukka, who often came up for a glass of brandy and a chat. He told me how the trade with the Soudan had entirely ceased, since the Dervishes raided all the country round Gondar. How in Ismail Pacha's time caravans were constantly passing through here to Metemmeh, which is only twenty days' easy marching, with water at every stage and no dangerous rivers to cross. These caravans would carry coffee, wax, civet, ivory, and gold, and barter these commodities for cloth, cotton-sheeting, and manufactured goods of all sorts; for in those days none came from the coast. A deaf uncle of Ledj Desster's was also a frequent visitor to my tent, and a shocking old beggar to boot. I amused the people very much once, by telling them that in England we talked to deaf people on our fingers, instead of seizing them by the ear, as they were doing to the old man. One day I secured a photo of one of the parties of beggars who wander about the country, living on the charitable. This group consisted of four men and a woman, all more or less sick and sorry; one had stumps for feet, another was blind, and a third a mass of sores. They carried their property on three donkeys, and were provided with all sorts and sizes of empty calabashes and jars, to carry off contributions of any kind. I gave them a couple of salts, with which they seemed by no means satisfied.

## CHAPTER XXIII

News at last—My messenger's adventures—Robbed and beaten—A friend in need—Escape by night—Forced marches—His mule dies—Tramps to Adis Ababa—Reception by Menelik—The Emperor chastises his secretary—Triumphant return—The Emperor's orders—I determine to start—More obstruction and an insolent message—How to travel in comfort—Two oribi in one shot—We descend to the Soudan—My escort assembling—The first day's shooting—Natives hunting.

ON 15th April the first rumour, since he started, reached me regarding my messenger to Menelik. It was reported the mule had died on the journey, that Ledj Desster had gone to Debra Markos and not to the jungle to shoot, as he had told me; that the Emperor's uncle, Ras Dargée, was dead, and consequently there might be great delay in the answer to my letter reaching me. This was cheerful news, after waiting here for eighteen days! However, next morning, just as I was superintending the packing of some skins, Beyener rode in safe and sound, this being the nineteenth day since he left us. As soon as he was sighted, there were shouts of "Beyener"! "Beyener"! and every one in camp rushed up, embracing or shaking him by the hand; then he was led up to me, and we all sat down, he and the interpreters in front, and the men

making a circle round us. As soon as he had answered a few of the numerous questions asked him, he began the story of his journey :

The day I left I let the mule graze a little at the first water, and then pushed on till evening, passing the night at a little village near Angavera.

Next morning, as I was sitting on the bank of the Fudem drinking, my rifle across my knees and my mule beside me, a party of ten men rushed on me from behind, took away my rifle, mule, and the packet of letters I had in my cummerbund, and led me away a prisoner. I recognised them as some of Ras Wurgay's soldiers. After accusing me of having fought with the Italians against them, and of now being in the service of an Englishman, they beat me and kept me for two hours tied up ; then, releasing me, they returned the rifle and mule, and ordered me to go back to my master and say they had taken the letters. I started on my way back to where I had slept on the previous night ; there the owner of the tucul where I lodged told me he would show me another road, which avoided Burey, Ras Wurgay's place. So I waited till it was dark, and then set out, he guiding me for half the night, till we reached a road I knew, when he left. As day broke I hid myself in a patch of jungle by some water. For three more nights I travelled like this—sometimes riding, sometimes walking,—always avoiding the big villages ; but on the fourth night, when going down a steep hill, the mule fell, and we both rolled down the slope. On regaining my feet I found the mule had injured itself, but I led it along to the bank of the Abbai, which I reached the night after the accident. Here, just after the animal had a drink, it fell dead ; so I took off the saddle and bridle and crossed the river. Once on the other side I knew I was safe, and travelled openly, saying I carried news from my master to Captain Harrington, and that my mule had died on the way.

On the third day after crossing the Abbai, I reached Adis Ababa at noon, but found on arrival at the British Agency that Mr. Beru was away and McKelvie ill. I went on to the Italian Embassy, and thence on to M. Savouré, the French merchant, hoping to find him, but did not catch him till he returned to the Agency, when I told him all I knew. He at once took me to Captain Harrington, who, when he had

heard my story, was very angry, saying: "Is this the way Englishmen are treated, after I have obtained permission for them to travel in the country!" He told me he would write down my story and send it to the Emperor, and that I must tell the exact truth, and not two different tales. Next morning, Mr. Beru took me to the Gebi, and after Captain Harrington's letter had been read to the Emperor, I was taken before him. He asked me if I was the man who had been robbed of his letters, and then inquired how my master had been treated at Debra Markos. I told him King Tecla Haymanot and the Queen were away when he was in their town, but that the Fitauraris had given us plenty of food and supplied us with guides to Ras Wurgay, who had received my master with every honour and given him lots of provisions. I added that, when we left, the guide, who was a Basha, continually told us that there was plenty of shikar ahead, till my master got tired of these empty promises and said that he had not gone there to hear lies. Then they told him that he would only be allowed to shoot at Simien, and nowhere else, whereupon my master said he would go no further, and forthwith wrote letters and told me to take them quickly to Janhoi. Menelik then asked me how it was that his letters had not been obeyed, and I told him that the people said that the letters ordered that my master was only to shoot at Simien, and on the road there, but not off it. At this the Emperor grew very angry and asked me many questions. The Secretary who wrote the letters was next sent for, and Janhoi asked him how he dared write letters about which there could be any mistake; and, pulling the man towards him, boxed his ears. He then ordered that a general letter should be written in such terms that no one dare disobey it, and prepared another order to Ras Wurgay, both of which were to be ready on the next day, for me to take back to my master. I told the Emperor that, having been robbed and beaten once, I feared the Ras's soldiers might again molest me, and that I should be left to return to my master empty-handed. The Emperor replied, "Do not fear; you too shall have a letter to show, and the man who stops you or does not feed you on the way shall answer for it." Next day Mr. Beru bought another mule for me, and gave me the three promised letters. I heard it reported that the one to Ras Wurgay had many bad words in it, asking how it was that his man had disobeyed the Emperor's commands, and ordering that the culprit was to be sent in chains to Adis Ababa for punishment. I left the capital eight mornings

ago, and although many people stopped me, I only had to show the order with the Emperor's seal, when they not only brought food for myself and mule, but hurried me on my journey, for fear any ill befell me while in their district.

As my messenger finished his story, he unbound his cummerbund and took out a packet containing the letter from the Emperor, others from Captain Harrington, Mr. Baird, and from home, besides the packet for Ras Wurgay, which, despite Menelik's orders, he had feared to deliver. I sent for Falukka and got him to read to Basha Kassa my letter from Janhoi. It was evident that it made a great impression on all who heard it, and, as it was market-day, the news soon spread far and near, doubtless with many embellishments. I then handed Basha Kassa the letter for his master, Ras Wurgay, but he at first refused it, saying that it had been given to my man to deliver. I said, "Quite so, but your master's men have beaten and robbed my man once, and I do not intend sending any one near him again." Putting the letter in his hand, I called every one to witness that he had it, and that on the morrow I started for the low country to shoot. He then begged and prayed me to send some one else with it, saying, if one of his men took it, and it contained a reprimand from the Emperor, the messenger would probably lose his hand. I refused, and I believe some unfortunate villager carried it, but what reception he met with I never heard. It was most amusing to see my men, with their best shammas on, and their rifles well polished, swaggering about the market; little groups of villagers collecting around them





to hear, no doubt, a highly coloured version of the Emperor's letter.

That afternoon, Shùm Belat Wurgie of Atchefar called on me, to try and persuade me not to go to Shimerler Jowee, the native name for the low country, to which I wanted to travel. He said that the rainy season had begun, that we should all get fever, and that, moreover, the road was bad and the place full of robbers. I said: "All right, I will go and see!" As soon as Argaferry Tobedgee, the man who had assaulted my servants, heard of Menelik's letter, he disappeared, and my men nearly created a disturbance, as they had not received the sheep and various other things this man had promised them. In the evening, a messenger from Dedjatch Digsow arrived, who, after giving me his master's compliments, said that the latter had sent him to say, that, as I had many mules and much baggage, I had better not come his way, since the road was bad and infested with robbers. I assured him that my men and mules were accustomed to bad roads, and that, being well armed, I had no fear of robbers. He then got up and said, "The Dedjatchmatch told me to tell you, if you come to Tumma, he will not allow you to go any further!" My men were for kicking him out of camp, but I ordered them to leave him alone, telling him, when I reached his master's village, we would see if he dared detain me. Basha Kassa then came in and said that I could not start till he had Ras Wurgay's order for me to do so. I laughed at him, and told him that, now there was no doubt about the Emperor's orders, I intended going when and where I liked; that I would report any

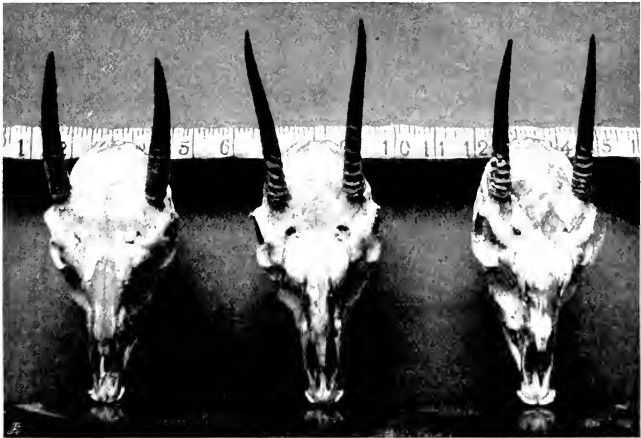
one who obstructed me, and that, no doubt, they would be suitably rewarded! Poor man, I really felt sorry for him; he was indeed between the devil and the deep sea. If he disobeyed the Emperor's orders, punishment was certain; if he guided me to the shooting-ground, before he heard from the Ras that he was to do so, it was almost as sure, but, after my long wait, I was in no mood for further delay. All this proved the truth of the old Gojam proverb: "The dog knows not its master's master." Nothing angers the Negus Negusti so much as to find that his orders are obeyed only by his great officers, and not by those under them. But this is just what I found to be the case, and the further I got from Shoa the worse it became, until finally, unless an order had come down through every stage from the governor of a province to the headman of the village I was in, I could neither get supplies nor guides. If I came across the Shùm of a big district, he would do what he could for me, but the headman under him knew that no commands from the Dedjatch, or whoever was the Shùm's immediate superior, had come, and would disobey his orders in consequence. If time were absolutely no object, a traveller having obtained the Emperor's permission would find no difficulty in getting about in any part of Abyssinia. On entering a fresh country he would merely have to camp at the first village, till Menelik's letter had been taken to the governor, when he would be conducted to him, treated with every hospitality, and sent on his way, orders being issued to all he might meet regarding the treatment he was to receive. But if, on the other hand, he had not

time to wait while his messenger made a journey of possibly 150 miles to the governor, and then perhaps had to go himself 100 miles out of his way, why, he must put up with the consequences, and get on as best he may.

Next morning, after our long delay, we were loaded and off by 7.30, many touching farewells taking place between my men and the fair ones who had helped to make their long stay here less dreary. Basha Kassa remained behind, evidently having had peremptory orders from the Dedjatch, for, soon after I left, I met the messenger of the previous evening, who stopped to say that his master heard I had received a reply from the Emperor, and that of course his word was law. He then hurried on to Basha Kassa, who caught me up at a gallop, his face wreathed in smiles. We proceeded along a path winding among scattered hills. Our general direction was N.N.W. till we camped on the border of Argomedar, at a place called Amba Giorgis. As at last there seemed some chance of seeing big game, I had a little practice with my .400 cordite rifle—the 8-bore I knew well, and target-practice with a two-ounce ball and 10 drams of powder is not an unmixed joy.

Besides the provisions the villagers brought, Belat Wurgie also sent some food, although I was not yet in his district, but Dedjatch Digsow had sent nothing. The village headman said that the robber band, which had their headquarters at Quarra, had stopped two men the other day, to inquire about me and the date of my arrival.

Our next march led us at once into Atchefar and along a tongue of high land, running nearly due west. On the way, three oribi dashed across our path and scampered down hill, stopping, one below the other, some 200 yards distant. I sat down and took a



FRONT VIEW OF ORIBI SKULLS.

*Dungoler.*

*Dungoler.*

*near Metemmh.*

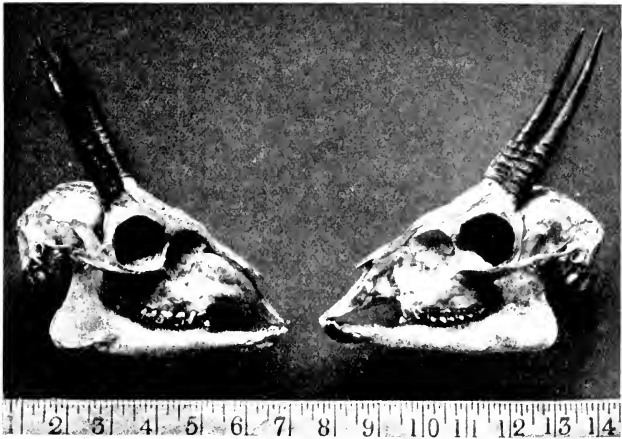
steady shot, and was a good deal surprised to see two of them fall.

In an hour we reached the edge of the Abyssinian plateau. Below us was the steep, forest-clad slope of the hill, succeeded by many well-wooded ridges and little valleys, which, as they got lower, gradually merged into one vast plain, with great stretches of bamboo, which from this height looked like the greenest of grass. To the west, some 25 miles off, rose the flat top of Mount

Belaire. To the south we could see the hills bounding the plain, while to the north the landscape gradually widened out till its boundaries were lost in the horizon. The flat-topped Quarra Mountain, the haunt of the robber-chief Kidarnar Mariam and his band, cut the sky-line in the far distance to the north-west. We began the steep descent by a good path through a forest of fine trees, the atmosphere getting perceptibly warmer as we descended. Passing, on the lower slopes, various little villages, surrounded by patches of cultivation, we kept on till we reached Mungut, a somewhat larger village, encircled on three sides by hills, but with a good stretch of level, cultivated ground in front of it, containing several pools of water. All the villagers turned out to gaze at me and my belongings, for I was the first white man they had seen. Later in the day, Belat Wurgie arrived with a large following, and asked me to remain for one day, while he collected enough men to guard me from the robber band! As he already had over fifty men with him, armed to the teeth with every description of weapon, from an Italian magazine-rifle to an ancient muzzle-loader tied to the stock with string, I thought he was joking. But no: he explained that it was evident I was a person of consequence, or the Emperor would not have sent such a letter to me; that if anything happened to me in his district, his villages would be laid waste, and he and the headman marched to Adis Ababa in chains.

Next morning I was off soon after five, over a long, low-lying ridge of hills to the north-west; from the top of this I searched the country with the glasses, and far

out on the plain made out what I thought was an animal, but it stood so still that both I and Ali concluded we must be mistaken, when at last it moved. We hastened on over the sun-cracked plain, dotted with thorn-trees and patches of long grass, but when we reached the place found that the creature had moved on. We took



SIDE VIEW OF ORIBI SKULLS.

*Dungoler.**near Metemneh.*

up its tracks, and soon after I saw a lot of animals in some thicker scrub to our left, and with the glasses determined that they were tora hartebeest. Unfortunately, the men leading the mules, instead of following us, made a short cut and disturbed the game. Leaving the rest of the men, Ali and I started after the herd and had nearly got within shot, when suddenly they all bolted. Then we heard a pack of dogs barking, and, directly after, saw

them in full cry followed by six natives armed with spears. We went after the intruders, and gradually all the dogs gave up the chase and came back, while the men looked at me in absolute bewilderment, as if I had just dropped down from the clouds. However, seeing that all chance of sport was gone, we returned to the mules and moved on over the plain, till we came to a pool of water in the rocky bed of a stream. On the far side, close to a bamboo-clump, I saw seven roan antelope, but they became suspicious and made off. I fired at the largest and, after breaking its foreleg, apparently hit it again twice, but although we traced it for a long time, and tried twice to cut it off, it outdistanced us and got away. I was much tired on my return to camp, which was not to be wondered at, after the enforced laziness of the last three weeks; for it was very hot, and I had done seven and a half hours' walking and one and a half hours' riding since morning.



## CHAPTER XXIV

We move on to the plain—The first head of big game—Beehives—The camp at night—Elephants feeding in a bamboo-brake—A great day with tora—My guide an ex-robber chief—Tracking buffalo—We nearly run into a bull elephant asleep—A native's idea of elephant-shooting—A fine roan—A night out—Fears for my safety—A rescue party—A monster tusk—The course of the Balarse—An ancient monastery—Flocks and cattle at liberty—Growing corn for monkeys—A robber stronghold—A pugnacious roan—A ruined village—An old priest.

BELAT WURGIE, having collected nearly two hundred men, seemed satisfied that I should be safe from the robber chief, and we started off next morning. We had not gone far when I found five tora standing in the shade of some trees, but, while working round to get behind them, we disturbed a bohor, which ran their way and put them on the alert. However, I had got nearly up to them, when a shot from the place where I had left the mule sent them off at a gallop. My men said this had been fired some distance behind them, by whom they did not know, but I suspected some of my numerous escort. We then moved on, I some way behind the others, when I saw a roan come slowly out from behind some trees and pass in front of them; but my men, despite my warning whistle, blundered on without seeing it. The

beast, however, saw them and bolted, followed by two tora. I was furious, for during the last two days, time after time, somebody's stupidity had lost me a shot. We found camp at Salaba Suncassa on Balarse stream, pitched in a nice clump of trees. Belat Wurgie's men had put up huts of dried grass and bowers of green boughs, under which to shelter themselves. All day long fresh parties came trooping in, till I began to wonder how any big game could be expected to stay in the neighbourhood. Two heavy thunder-showers broke over camp soon after mid-day; the afternoon I spent in darning socks and doctoring some sick men, and started out about three. At last luck changed, for a tora, although it had heard the noise of camp and was very suspicious, let me get near enough for a long shot. Two other bullets finished the beast, which proved to be a fine bull, weighing 401 lbs.

In many of the tree-tops I had noticed beehives, which in the distance looked curiously like huge nests. When resting under a tree with several of these in its upper branches, I examined them, and found them to be cylinders of plaited rushes, 30 inches long and 18 inches across, the ends closed with movable partitions. The hives were nearly always put in the topmost branches, which were too slight to bear a man unless he tied several of them together, and they were thus protected to some little extent from theft.

That night the camp presented a curious sight, for there must have been nearly two hundred and fifty of us all told, and the fitful light from the numerous watch-fires lit up the faces of the men and shone on their arms,

as they sat round, eating their evening meal and telling their exploits in past hunting expeditions. The mules were tethered in two long lines well in the centre of the camp. Every one was very much on the alert, too much so for sleep I found, as they talked all night. Next day, soon after we had seen some tora, we heard elephants feeding in a bamboo-brake. The Abyssinians begged me not to go in, for fear the beasts should bolt towards us, as it is not easy to get away along a path blocked with fallen bamboos, which of course offer no obstacle to elephants. Taking the 8-bore and the .400, Ali, Hyde, and myself gradually worked towards the spot where the noise indicated the elephants were tearing down the bamboos. The herd was a good deal scattered, and it took a long time getting up close enough to inspect their tusks without letting the rest wind us. At last we made sure that there was nothing worth shooting, as the herd consisted of one bull with small tusks, five cows, and two calves. We got to within 12 yards of one of the brutes, and were watching the way it just scrunched off the juicy part of each bamboo, when another winded us, and there was a stampede all round; fortunately we were not in the route of any of them, and they all crashed by us safely. Camp had now been moved further towards Mount Balaire, and was pitched in a very hot, sunny place. On reaching this I had to remonstrate with Belat Wurgie for letting his men shoot and disturb the ground, but I promised them that, if they left me alone to do the shooting, they should have all that fell, except the skin and head.

On 22nd April, the Abyssinian Easter Sunday, my men were most anxious to get some meat, so I started early and soon found a solitary tora, but he saw us, gave a cry of alarm, and bolted. To my surprise, when a



SKULL OF TORA.  
*Thimerler Jewee.*

long way off, I saw him stop, turn round, and slowly walk back towards us. As he approached, I saw that he would pass us rather wide, so I tried to get nearer, while a tree hid him; but he spotted me at once, and turned towards me, his head only showing above the high grass. Judging where his body should be, I fired, and ran up to find him shot dead through the chest. Leaving some of the men to skin the carcass, I went on, and soon saw a small herd of four tora on the

move; we followed them into six-foot grass, which was cut up in every direction by elephant and buffalo tracks made in the heavy rains, and for a time lost them. At last, from a little hill-top, near which some oribi were feeding, I saw them on an open patch of shorter grass. I crawled to the shelter of a bush and lay watching them, for they were too far off to shoot; suddenly they gazed into the distance,

and then came straight towards me. I dropped two dead, and wounded the other two. Starting after the one which seemed hardest hit, I missed a shot, but brought it down with a second, and I returned to where the first two lay and after a short rest started on the tracks of the other wounded one. This led us into the long grass, where we had to be careful not to fall into the deep holes made by elephants, which were hidden in the grass. After going some way I saw the beast's head and fired, knocking it over; Ali ran to it, and then came back to me for a knife; while he was doing so, the beast got up and again stumbled off, giving us a long chase, as for some time we lost its tracks on hard ground. Eventually we found it lying down in a big bamboo-brake, where it was finished with another shot. I had thus killed five tora in one day, and there was enough meat for every one to feast on. On reaching camp at four o'clock I heard that fresh buffalo tracks had been found some way to the west of camp.

While chatting with my men that evening, I heard the story of my guide Basha Kassa. It seems that he had at one time been Shùm of a district, but had a row with his chief about some taxes, for which they said he had not properly accounted. In a fit of anger he left his post and joined the robber-band, who gladly welcomed such a promising recruit, and soon gave him command of a troop, which he led on several very successful looting expeditions into the country he had formerly governed. He was, however, finally captured, loaded with chains, and taken to King Tecla Haymanot,

by whom he was kept a prisoner, but after some time released, on promising to reform. Since then he had been acting as a petty officer among Ras Wurgay's troops, and it was owing to his intimate knowledge of the ground, as well as of every inhabitant, whether



BASHA KASSA AND SOME OF MY FOLLOWERS.

law-abiding or otherwise, that he had been selected as my guide.

Next morning we were off at dawn, travelling with the rising sun behind us, till we found the buffalo tracks already reported. No less than twenty-six men were with me, and as each of the twenty-six thought that he ought to be in front, and acted up to his opinion, there did not seem much chance of my seeing the game. Although Ali judged the tracks to be at least two days old, I decided to follow them. They took us south through thick bush into a bamboo-brake, where the herd had spent the night, then through more bush to the bed of the Balarse, the banks of which were covered with thick jungle. After wandering about feeding for

a time, the buffalo had struck across the river, going due south. We followed till late in the afternoon, but as the beasts were evidently bound for fresh feeding-grounds, I had reluctantly to give them up. We saw several skulls lying by the river, belonging, the natives said, to beasts which had died of the rinderpest a few years before.

Next day I made a later start, for I think we were all a bit tired. From a little hill-top I soon saw some tora, and then a fine herd of roan, round which we started to circle, but they moved on to very open ground, and approaching them was slow work. While lying by a tree watching them, a fine bull came from behind us and followed the herd. We ran towards him whenever a tree or mound hid him, but I had eventually to fire at very long range, hitting a foreleg. We started after him, but unfortunately jumped him in thick bush without being able to get a shot. While slowly following the track over hard ground among some big trees, one of the escort, who joined in, suddenly pulled my coat, and, looking up, I saw standing not 20 paces from us an elephant. His head was slightly turned away from us, a large tree being between me and him. The native offered me his rest to fire from, and as I declined it, he put up his own weapon, a Gras, but Ali stopped him. The slight noise had attracted the beast's attention, and as he slowly turned his head towards us I saw that the tusks were but poor. I signed to the native to fire, which he did through the branches of the tree, aiming for no special part of the animal. As he fired he turned to bolt, but not wishing to have the elephant

down on us, Ali and I seized him. The huge beast, a full-grown male, moved slowly off, while the Abyssinian, getting in another shot, ran after him. Ali and I meanwhile stuck to the tracks of the wounded roan, which took us over broken ground, at the foot of Belaire Hill, and along the Quarali stream which flows to Quarra. In the distance we heard many shots, the reports of which gradually grew fainter, as we got further away. We halted for a couple of hours, being very tired and thirsty; then, taking up the tracks, again pressed on past two water-holes to a fine stretch of green grass, in which the roan suddenly got up. A steady shot at 200 yards found his heart—a short gallop and he rolled over dead. It took us an hour to get his skin off, for it was very thick and tough. Putting this and the best part of the meat up a tree, we went back to the nearest water and kindled a fire by rubbing two sticks together, for we had no matches. After a meal of roast meat, we lay down, the loaded rifles beside us. Nothing disturbed us during the night but the buzz of the mosquitoes and the croak of the frogs. At the first sign of dawn Ali started back to camp, while I cautiously approached the carcass, hoping to find that a lion or leopard had been feeding, but not even a jackal had been near it! I had skinned the head and was doing the hoofs, when Ali returned, accompanied by two Somális, Basha Kassa, and four of my Abyssinians, whom he had met on the big plain coming to search for me. After some food, I started back to camp with them, none the worse for my long day and night out. My non-return last evening had greatly alarmed the camp, for



every one had been so taken up with the elephant that no one noticed the way I had gone. They feared that I had been carried off by the robber-band, and that the camp would be attacked. A lantern had been taken to the top of the highest tree, great piles of dry grass and branches lit, and shots fired, all with the idea of guiding us back, if we were lost, and of letting the enemy know my people were wide-awake. After taking these precautions, they had spent the night in little groups round the tents and mules. On my return Belat Wurgie came out to greet me; he and his men seemed really glad to see me back safely, much more, of course, for their own sakes than for mine. They explained that they had agreed that Basha Kassa should go and look for me with only a few men, for if I had been taken prisoner, and the outlaws had seen a large body approaching, they would have hurried me off to some inaccessible mountain. My people told me they had not got the elephant yesterday, though he was so sick when they left him—that they returned the first thing in the morning with axes to cut out the ivory, only to find that it had gone.

I spent the afternoon in making some notes on the distances and bearings of the different places round, and asking about shikar. I was told that lions here were very rare, that nearly all the elephants had small tusks, but that a couple of months ago, one had been shot here with a single tusk seven to eight feet long, which was sent to Tecla Haymanot.

Next day camp was moved across the plain to the north-east and pitched among the foot-hills on the Dungulbar

road, by the north bank of the Balarse, opposite Wogadar Mariam. This stream, as it flows from the watershed on the west of Lake Tana, forms the boundary between Gazgay and Atchefar. Its course, till it reaches the foot of a high conical hill on the edge of the plain, is almost due west. This hill and the northern end of the flat-topped mountain of Belaïre are almost due east and west, and some 20 miles apart. The Balarse stream washes the southern foot of this conical hill, flows south-east across the plain of Shimerler Jowee, and then runs in a westerly direction till it joins the Abbai.

At Wogadar is one of the most ancient monasteries in Abyssinia, which at one time sheltered many monks, but now the numbers have dwindled to six or eight. They dress in skins, go barefoot, and their clean-shaven heads are uncovered. The brethren own large flocks of goats and herds of cows, which have absolute liberty, wandering where they like without let or hindrance. Large droves of monkeys have taken up their residence in the rocks near the monastery, for they find that they are never driven from the fields. Consequently the monks have, every year, to bring more land under cultivation, so that, after feeding their ever-increasing, self-invited guests, they may have just enough grain left for their own sustenance. They have a great reputation for charity, and no one applies to them for food and shelter in vain; the outlaws respect their flocks and granaries, and the people employ them in arranging the tribute they have to pay to the robbers in order to be left in peace. These good monks sent me over some bread and milk, which had to be fetched from their side of the

stream, as, it being a feast-day, they said they could not cross the river.

Next day we continued our journey up the valley of the Balarse. I shot the first duiker I had seen since I left the Abyssinian plateau, for, unlike oribi, these antelopes are never found in the low, hot country. In a little green valley, far off the track, Ali spotted three



DUIKER SKULLS.

*Turkogogo.*

*Gazay.*

animals, which he said were tora, but when we got there, to our disgust they proved to be reedbuck. We crossed the Balarse and passed the deserted village of Emalar, at one time inhabited by Belat Wurgie's people, who had been compelled to move further south owing to the heavy toll exacted by the robbers. I had been told that greater kudu were to be found in these hills, and I was most anxious to bag a specimen, not having had a chance this trip. Opposite our camp was a large, flat-topped hill known as Kucharmerer, the slopes of which looked most likely ground; but the people seemed

very unwilling to take me to it, as they said one of the bands of outlaws had taken up their quarters there, and that it would be a grand stroke for them to capture me. Twice during the time we were at Shirmerler Jowee the robber spies came at night, and prospected the camp, but decided we were too strong a party to be interfered with. My people talked at first of taking one hundred and fifty men; however, eventually only Basha Kassa and six of the best-armed men accompanied me next morning to the ground. We first saw three female defassa waterbuck climbing a steep hill among arid thorn bush, rather spoiling the picture of dense, marshy vegetation, called to mind by the name "waterbuck." Next, a solitary roan antelope jumped up and dashed up-hill, but paused long enough for me to take aim and bring it down at 200 yards. I sent off an Abyssinian to cut its throat, and was both astonished and angry to see him slash off the left ear with a sharp knife and endeavour to get hold of the other; but the roan, which was hit too high up, and, although partly paralysed, still had full use of its fore-quarters, gave a toss of its head and ripped open the man's arm, at which I was not altogether sorry. The poor beast, in its struggle, rolled down-hill into a deep narrow gully, where, after an ineffectual attempt to rope it, I had to give it a finishing shot. Photographing, measuring, and weighing took a long time, and when the animal was finally skinned and cut up, my men begged for a few minutes' rest while they made a little meal off the unwashed, raw paunch! It was late before we reached camp, which had been moved some four hours up-stream to Belin. Basha

Kassa told me that he had seen two men on the hill-top to-day watching us, and that a village close to this had been lately looted.

Next morning, I worked the northern end of the same hill. We first saw a bushbuck, but I couldn't get a shot; then an old wart-hog with poor tusks went off, grunting and looking most indignant at being disturbed. Soon after, two roan antelope came in sight, making their way up-hill after a morning drink in the river. We tried to cut them off, but they quickened their pace and headed us. After a sharp scramble and run up-hill, I managed to bring one down, which proved to be a rather small-horned bull. Although we all examined any likely ground, we saw no tracks of kudu, and I can only suppose that, if they ever existed here, the rinderpest has killed them all off. We found camp at Asharmar, a pretty spot among trees, with some cultivated ground close by, and little wooded hills in the distance.

Next day I worked along the hill-tops to the south of the Balarse, keeping a sharp look-out on either side for greater kudu. We had a mid-day halt at the ruins of what was once a big village; for all this part of the country is very fertile, and formerly was thickly populated. A church, with the terrible name of Karnarnowastatuos, and a few huts for the priests and their servants are all that is left. The people brought me some good tej and excellent white bread for lunch. I had a long talk with the head priest, a very old man, whom Basha Kassa greeted by dropping on one knee and kissing the hem of his shamma, after which the old man raised him to kiss the

cross and his hand. It seemed he had known Basha Kassa from childhood. He told me it was thirty-three years since the village was first looted by the outlaws, and although it had been rebuilt several times, no sooner did it show some signs of prosperity, than they came down and robbed it afresh. He said he had hoped to see the power of the outlaws broken and the country once more cultivated under a settled government before he died, but he was an old man now, and he feared it was not to be. He then asked me about the Soudan and how we had defeated the Dervishes, and if the country was now safe and the people could till the soil. After nearly three hours' chat we bade the old man good-bye, and continued our way over the hills, where we saw two bushbuck; but although I hunted about after them for some time, I could not get a shot. We reached camp at Degbassa in Atchefar at tea-time, having passed through quite a stretch of cultivated ground. I was told that the villagers here paid heavy blackmail to the outlaws to be left in peace.

## CHAPTER XXV

I reach Lake Tana—Fertile soil—How chillies are grown—Fine cattle—Where the Abbai falls into Lake Tana—A primitive ferry—An unwilling host—The lake and its isles—The curious course of the Blue Nile—Hippo-hunters and their arms—Hippos at play—A queer bird—Fear of robbers—Ruined villages—A rich country laid waste—Signs of the Dervish raid—A bone-strewn battlefield.

NEXT morning, 1st May 1900, leaving the track, we hunted over the hills till we crossed the main ridge and descended the eastern slope of the watershed. We soon came upon one old kudu-track and a few fresh ones of pig; but the first animal we sighted was a bohor, which I shot, and from the raw flesh of which all the Abyssinians who accompanied me made a light meal. We were now on the edge of a great plain stretching as far as the eye could reach, only broken by a few of those rough masses of rock which look as though they had been dropped accidentally when the mountains of Abyssinia were raised. We halted close to the foot of one of the largest, called Denar Ambassa, by the little village of Assenara, where the people brought us milk and tala. Then on across the plain, grass giving place to cultivation, till we reached an almost continuous succession of

little villages and homesteads. Here Basha Kassa met so many friends, and they had so much to tell each other—for this was his first visit since his captivity—that I began to doubt my reaching camp that night. From what they said it appeared we had come too far south, and now had to turn north-east. At last, on an open stretch of grass, beyond the village of Wundee, we found our camp pitched close to the edge of Lake Tana. A fringe of bush clothed the bank of the lake, and as the ground was quite level the water was hidden from view. I made my way to the edge of the lake, but it was a dull, misty day, and, except a great expanse of water, there was nothing to be seen—neither the further shore nor the islands being visible—so I returned rather disappointed with my first glimpse of Tana. Belat Wurgie was fulfilling his own prophecy by having a sharp attack of fever, so I gave him a strong dose of phenacetin and saw him warmly rolled up. A large present of provisions arrived later, and over some egg-cups of rum I had a chat with the headmen. They informed me that the lake was full of fish and hippo, but that there were no crocodiles, that mosquitoes only troubled them during the rains, and that at no time of the year did they suffer from fever. All the ground along the western shore of the lake used to be as highly cultivated as it was round our camp, but the outlaws had gradually driven the villagers away, till the latter had all congregated in this south-west corner.

Next morning I started off to examine the place where the Abbai runs into the lake. I was told that the water was at its lowest, and consequently all along



the shelving beaches, which are washed when it is high, the inhabitants were busy laying out chilli-beds. As soon as the seed is sown, it is covered with cut grass, which is lifted every morning, for the bed to be watered, and then replaced. When the plant is two inches high, a frame of branches a foot from the ground is built and covered with grass to shade the plants. Between these strips of cultivation and the bushes and rushes by the water's edge was beautiful short green grass, on which herds of fine big cattle were grazing. These water meadows were seamed in every direction by hippo-paths, which were evidently used every night. We circled round a great bed of rushes and, turning east again, reached the bank of the Abbai. Here the river was very different from what it was where I shot bohor and bushbuck near Dungoler; steep mud-banks led down to the water, which was some 80 yards across, over 10 feet deep, and of a thick mud-colour. The spot where we reached the river was called Johannes; here were a few huts and a ferry, which consisted of a very primitive raft made of reeds and propelled with a piece of wood tied to the end of a bamboo-stick. The further bank of the river, opposite the ferry, was formed by a strip of alluvial soil, which gradually narrowed from 400 yards to only a dozen or so. This belt of land, which is over three miles long, runs northwards into the lake and then turns towards the east. We followed down the west bank for a couple of miles to where the Abbai divides into two and flows round the little island of Abbaider,<sup>1</sup> which is half a mile across, to meet again and enter

<sup>1</sup> Stecker applies the name Abaidar to the whole district.

the lake in one stream. On this island was a little cluster of herdsmen's huts, built of rushes, from which one of the men paddled over in a boat-shaped raft of reeds.

After taking some photos, we returned to a village we had passed, where a local Shúm met us with a band of followers. They all sat down in a semicircle round me; we exchanged the usual compliments, and I was asking some questions about the Abbai, when one of his men brought up a big bowl of fresh milk, which he had taken from one of the huts. This was given to me as coming from the Shúm, and no sooner had I accepted it, than the headman of the village, evidently in a towering rage, dashed up and attempted to carry it off. In a moment a first-class row was on foot; the man was seized and held a prisoner, while others of the party searched all the huts. Dogs barked furiously, women ran about screaming, and children cried. Meanwhile, however, several jars of milk and ghee were discovered and brought out. These were ranged before the Shúm, and the man, who had suddenly recovered his temper, was released; he unwound his cummerbund and tied it round his left arm, then, handing the end to his captor, he was led before the court. The Shúm now made some scathing remarks about his selfish and unseemly conduct in objecting to his superior helping himself to his, the headman's, goods, especially when they were intended for the entertainment of a distinguished stranger. The man said he did not for the moment realise who had ordered the milk to be taken, and apologised for his behaviour; his arm

was untied, and he sat down in the circle and was soon talking away with every one, as if nothing had happened. At my suggestion, all the other jars were returned to the owners, and we all parted the best of friends.

On the way back, I struck a little more inland and climbed a hill, on which stands Estomete Mariam, a small church surrounded by the usual grove of trees. From this point I had a fine view of the lake, and could clearly see the curious alluvial formation of the tongues of land, on either side of the river-mouth. The land on the side we had followed runs out in a long tongue pointing north, and thus forms a deep and narrow bay between itself and the mainland, while another shorter tongue at its northern end bends to the west and thus forms a second bay. It was curious to see how sharply the stream of mud-coloured water contrasted with the deep limpid blue of the lake, reminding me vividly of the Rhone, where it pours its muddy glacier waters into the bosom of Lake Lemman. There is, however, this difference between the two cases, that the Rhone flows in at one end of the lake of Geneva and out at the other, whereas the Blue Nile, or Abbai (as the native name is), after rising some 60 miles south in the hills round Sakala, flows into the south-west corner of Lake Tana, and, curving round the southern shore, leaves it again on the same side at a point 25 miles to the south-east, so that the two streams flowing in contrary directions pass each other within about 20 miles. On leaving the lake the river first makes a wide sweep south-eastwards, then curves south-west and west, passing

50 miles to the south of its course, and finally flows for some hundreds of miles in a north-westerly direction, till it joins the White Nile at Khartoum. So far as I know, this is the only river of any size which runs into and out of the same side of a lake, instead of through it, besides flowing round its own source.

Seven miles off the river-mouth lies the group of islands called Derke, the largest of which is about 6 miles long by 4 miles broad, and, besides containing a good deal of cultivated land, is celebrated for its fine herds of cattle. Now on all the maps of this part of Abyssinia which I had with me, the name assigned to the largest of these islands is Derke or Dek, and it was only after inquiring the names of the villages on it and that of the rocky hill-top, that I began to doubt this being correct. The villagers told me they called the whole group Derke, but that this name really belonged more particularly to the small island lying to the east of the larger one, which from its bold, rocky outlines is a much more conspicuous object from a distance than its larger neighbour. Several people from different villages confirmed this, but as I find the statement is directly at variance with Dr. Anton Stecker's, who visited these islands in 1881, I have not altered the usual names in my map, but hope that this note may induce the next European who visits those parts to ascertain the true facts of the case.

As I stood on the hill of Estomete I could see the high mountains of Kuratar rising on the eastern shore of the lake, while in the far north the dim outline of the Gurgorer peninsula could be made out. Various little

islands dotted the blue surface of the lake, while its shores presented a series of grassy bays, each set, as it were, in a horse-shoe of well-wooded highland, the heels running out into the water in the shape of promontories which separated one bay from another. The background of the whole panorama consisted of magnificent rocky peaks. I think the scenery of this lake among the most beautiful I have seen, not excepting the Pangong in Tibet, Chusan in Nippon, Ontario in Canada, and the Wular in Kashmir, all so justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty.

On the way back to camp I shot a bohor, which was grazing close to a bed of reeds. After lunch a party of hippo-hunters came to see me; they were armed with poisoned harpoons and heavy spears. These harpoons are made of wood 18 inches in length, with a barbed iron head  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches long by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches broad; for  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches below the barb it is thickly coated with a black-coloured poison made by boiling the root of some tree. The shaft is of heavy wood 8 feet long and 4 inches in circumference; one end is split and a hole bored in it, into which 6 inches of the harpoon are let, and kept in position by a binding made of twisted gut, which can be quickly tightened or loosened. For safety, except when in sight of their game, the barbed head is always kept covered by a sheath made of rush. The spears are  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet long, and have heavily made blades 12 inches in length by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in breadth, with a 7-inch socket. The natives generally hunt hippo when they land to feed on the vegetation at night, but also do so in the daytime, if they can approach a school in

shallow water. When the barbed harpoon is plunged through the thick hide of the animal, it becomes detached from the shaft, and the poison soon begins to work. They seldom use more than one harpoon to an animal, unless it has been badly placed and has only penetrated slightly. If the harpoon has been properly thrown, they follow it up by trying to plunge the heavy spears into the animal behind the shoulder, before it can take to



HIPPO-HUNTERS ON LAKE TANA.

the water, which it always attempts to do the moment it is wounded. Then a sharp look-out is kept till the body floats, a process which takes from four hours to three days, according to the position of the wound. The only part of the animal they value is the skin, every part of which is used for making whips, plaited bridles, mule-hobbles, etc. They value the tusks so slightly, that they sold a fine set from an animal they had recently killed, for a dollar, to one of my men. They were very reluctant to have their portraits taken, and

in the accompanying illustration one of my interpreters, Warsama and Adarar, may be seen laughing at the left-hand man of the group, who feared the camera devil so much that he is covering not only his mouth but his nostrils in order to keep him out. I bought from these men a couple of whips and one of their spears, and, after much persuasion, a harpoon with the poison on it, but not till they had nearly palmed off on me the one they had used for the last animal killed, from which all the poison had been absorbed.

The phenacetin I had administered had worked wonders on Belat Wurgie, and he was so much better that he announced his intention of leaving for his home next day; so I presented him with a roll of cotton-sheeting and a little bag of dollars, with which he seemed much pleased. Late in the afternoon I went out to the end of the little rocky promontory which formed the northern boundary of the bay we were camping on. This was densely covered with bush and was said to hold pig. The only paths were those formed by hippo, across which pits had been dug in every direction, and planted with sharp stakes, but I noticed that all of them were out of repair. The natives said the hippos had grown too cunning, and they no longer caught any in the traps, unless it might be a wounded animal, blinded with pain and fear, while bolting back to the water. We saw no pig, but basking in the sun in shallow water were a school of eleven hippo. We lay and watched them, and very curious were the gambols of two calves, as they tried to scramble on the old ones' backs, who would quietly roll over and send them plump back into

the depths. They gradually came in nearer, and I had great hopes of getting a shot, but something or other alarmed them, and they returned to deeper water. When it was getting dusk, they began to come ashore again, but although I crawled out on some rocks, it was too dark, and I had to return to camp without getting a shot.

While thus engaged I had repeatedly noticed a pair of curious-looking birds flitting along the shore: it seemed for all the world as if each had a couple of attendant butterflies always fluttering just a little above it. At last, when I was lying motionless, half in, half out of, a puddle on the rocks, one of them came and hovered about close to me, and I then got the solution of the puzzle: the butterflies were two streamers which ended in a feathery tuft, the fine connecting-wire quills being quite invisible at a little distance in the dim light. The bird, I have since ascertained, was the pennant-winged night-jar (*Macrodipteryx longipennis*).

Next morning we started along the western shore of the lake, accompanied by some twenty armed men from the neighbourhood as escort. On the rocky ridge to the north of the third bay from Wundee we passed the ruined stone houses of Dungulbar, once a flourishing place and still the boundary between Gojam and Gondar territory. In the bay just beyond were some fine trees, among which I saw some reedbuck, and managed to bag one of them. Camp was pitched on the next bay to this, called Balesse, and here quite a number of people collected, to take advantage of our escort in journeying to the north of the lake, as the outlaws regularly rob



all travellers along this road. I made use of this halt to overhaul my collection of skins, and had a busy time among them, as I found the rains had brought out their greatest enemy, the bacon-beetle. In the evening I heard many tales of the robbers and their doings, opinions apparently being divided as to whether they would look on me as a nice fat prize, or too dangerous to meddle with, even if they could overpower my party. One of those present had some beautifully plaited bridles and whips with very fine lashes, made from pure white hippo-hide, of both of which I secured samples.

An hour's journey next morning brought us to Abanu, a large village in the midst of much cultivated land, which was looted last year, when the church and many of the houses were burnt, the wretched inhabitants deserting their ruined homes and seeking shelter in Wundee. After this the country became wilder and more bush-covered, so we struck off the road and saw three defassa cows, but could find no bull. Ali also caught sight of a bushbuck, but I was not quick enough to get a chance. I took some photos of the different bays, and one of the peninsula of Maskelly Exsost, and Desette Isle lying off it. Three and a half hours from Abanu we reached Targosar, where we found a little camp of cattle-herds, evidently friends of Basha Kassa's. Here, while drinking sweet new milk, I sat and watched the men weaving on the ordinary rough loom of the country. With them were two old priests, whose church had been burnt; from these I learnt that the herdsmen paid a heavy tax to be allowed to graze their cattle

here, but the outlaws so often came and demanded to be fed in addition, that the game was not worth the candle, and so they could stand it no longer, and were going to strike and move north. Besides a large herd of fine cattle, they had some good donkeys, one of which I bought. Two hours more brought us to camp at Dagussa, close to some large huts, which had lately sheltered a party of the robbers. All day we had been passing numerous little bays mostly from half to a mile and a half across, nearly all with signs of abandoned cultivation and ruined houses round their shores. In the evening my men got up a row with some of the escort over a log of wood, which each said the other had carried off from them; in a moment the whole place was in a turmoil, and for a short time matters looked threatening; fortunately, however, the disputants were dragged apart before they came to blows, when I instituted an inquiry, decided that my men were in the wrong, and saw the coveted log restored.

Next morning, after going a few miles, the escort asked leave to return to their villages, as we should reach the northern shore and be in safety before the evening, while, if the robbers heard of so many of them being absent from their homes, they might attempt to loot them. We passed the walled church of Delgee Mariam, burnt by the Dervishes when they raided the country twelve years ago; next, a place called Gohel, where the Gojam forces, under command of Ras Tecla Haymanot, as he was then, met the Dervish hordes after the looting of Gondar and utterly defeated them. Many skulls and bones were still to be seen

strewn about among the grass over a wide area. We marched round a solitary hill at the north-west corner of the lake, and camped in a great water meadow called Guvit, which stretched uninterruptedly to the water's edge.



MADONNA AND CHILD.

## CHAPTER XXVI

Gorgora and the sacred isles—A courteous priest—Dedjatch Cubudda and his unlucky elephant-hunt—An unwelcome “present”—My ex-robber guide in danger of punishment—The governor of Gondar—Refusal to let me enter the city—A game of bluff—The bluffer bluffed—The legend of St. Tecla Haymanot—A ruined church and fortress.

AFTER a night of heavy wind and rain, we started along the northern shore of the lake towards the rocky promontory of Gorgora, which runs south for some four miles. It was here that the first Jesuit churches and monasteries were built during the reign of the Emperor Socinos (1605-1632). The peninsula, which is hilly and well wooded, has three islands lying close to its southern extremity, the first of which, called Biheet, is little more than a massive rock and is uninhabited. Jebberar, the second and largest of the three, is not so rocky, and has several patches of cultivation, on the produce of which, in addition to her flock of goats and sheep, a hermit nun lives. The third and furthest south is called Gelleiar; the greater part of this is taken up by a barren hill, but its solitary tenant, an aged monk, finds enough soil to till, and grass for his flock, to keep him alive. Both these personages, who are looked upon with much reverence by all the inhabitants of the northern shores of the

lake, are under the special protection of the Emperor and King Tecla Haymanot.

An hour's march took us to the foot of Gorgora, where the headman of the village of Bichien met me with an offering of fresh milk. I did not wish to halt, as I had found by experience, that if I once got left behind the caravan, its rate of progress immediately fell off fifty per cent; but he was very pressing, and, as I did not wish to offend him, I dismounted and sat down under a tree which he pointed out. I had not been seated a couple of minutes, when I found myself invaded by an army of fleas, which were swarming up my legs, not by ones and twos, but by tens and hundreds. At the same moment my men became equally aware of their presence, and for the next few minutes we were all hopping about in concert, vainly endeavouring to shake off the little pests. Refreshments under such conditions being out of the question, I mounted my mule, and, turning a deaf ear to the headman's entreaties, resumed my journey. Poor fellow, he followed me some way, loudly protesting that he knew nothing of the fleas; but my only reply was that he ought to have known, as it was his own ground.

Just below the village of Changar, a man met us with a message that I had better camp there, as it was on the road to Gondar, and that I could easily ride over to Chelkar and back, see Dedjatch Cubudda, and then continue my journey on the morrow. So we camped on a hot, open plain, some distance from the lake. The head priest, to whom this village belonged, came down to see me, bringing with him some milk and honey. He

was a fine, well-made man, and much above the average in intelligence. We had a long talk about the Dervishes and how they had devastated all this region, and from him I learnt something of the splendid ruins I might expect to see at Gondar. As I never expected to visit this part of the country, I had taken no trouble to read it up before leaving home, and, beyond some information concerning the obelisks at Axum and the snow-clad peaks of Simien, knew very little about it. He apparently took a fancy to me, for twice he went off to fetch more provisions, returning first with a fat goat, and then with bread, barley, etc. I gave him some wax-candles, the whiteness and smoothness of which much pleased him, since they were so different to their own, which are made of unrefined wax poured over a cotton wick. After admiring them for a moment or two, he closed his eyes and offered up a prayer for my safe return to my own country.

Late in the evening, a message came from the Dedjatch asking me to bring my whole caravan to his village next day. After another night of heavy rain a two hours' march took us to Chelkar, where we pitched camp at a little distance from the Dedjatch's compound. An hour later a guard of honour of fifty men came to fetch me, nearly all of whom were armed with Italian magazine-rifles. I was conducted through two courts with weak bamboo-fences, and through one tucul to the door of another. Here every one, except myself and my two interpreters, with the chamberlain who conducted us, was stopped. As I entered, the smell of an undressed wound and of rancid butter was almost overpowering.

On a bed, surrounded on three sides by a screen of cotton-sheeting, lay a young man of two or three and twenty, with good features and very light-coloured complexion, his fine eyes looking the larger and more brilliant by reason of the thinness of his face. The floor of the tucul was spread with carpets; in the centre were the remains of a fire, while close to the bed a large and gorgeous silk cushion had been placed for me to sit on. He insisted on being raised to shake hands with me, although the effort evidently gave him considerable pain. After a little conversation, I handed him the magazine pistol for his father, Ras Beettiwadal Mangasha; he took much interest in its working, and soon grasped the method of handling it. Then he insisted on my firing it into the earth beside him; the carpets were rolled up, and, selecting a place that seemed free from stones, I emptied five cartridge-cases in quick succession. He seemed greatly pleased and much impressed with the penetration of the little bullet. Next we talked about shikar, and I showed him my rifle; he soon understood the telescopic sight, and had a door opened, that he might see the country through it. I now requested him to tell me about his accident. It appeared that, while out hunting, he had distanced his followers, and headed off a baby elephant from a herd. It began to squeal, and the herd, which till then had been in full retreat, suddenly wheeled round and came back: still the Dedjatch would not leave his prize, and his men, fearing for his safety, fired a volley, when unfortunately one of their bullets struck, and lodged in, the shin-bone of his left leg. Great difficulty had been experienced in carrying

him back up the path to the Abyssinian plateau. The elephant-calf, the cause of all the trouble, had also been brought back with them, but had died on the third day. They had, foolishly, used none of the antiseptics I had sent, and as the rancid butter had been the only dressing, the state of the wound may be imagined. I asked why they had not taken him to the Italian frontier and got a doctor to attend him, but they said that was quite out of the question, for he might be poisoned or suspected of having dealings with their former enemy. I then persuaded him to go to Adis Ababa, saying he would never get well if the wound were not properly attended to. I got them to take off the filthy, rancid dressings, when I found the leg in a terrible state; a European would, I believe, have long before died of blood-poisoning. They were very averse to letting me dress it, for fear it should heal up before the bullet was extracted, but I assured them they need be under no apprehension of its doing that just yet. Before I left, I managed to get the wound a good deal cleaner, and saw the rancid butter cloths burnt; then, obtaining a promise from him that he would leave on the morrow for the south, I returned to camp after an absence of two hours. Two sheep, bread, etc., were brought to me later on, likewise a present for Basha Kassa, who felt himself deeply insulted at not having been admitted to the interview in the morning. Later still, a man insisted on presenting me with a fat bullock, and in the end I had to accept it and give him twenty dollars in return—a form of donation which I hoped might not be too frequently repeated.



After dark Basha Kassa came to me and informed me he had orders to return to Burey at once, and that he was to be sent to Adis Ababa in chains, in order to be punished for not allowing me to shoot where I liked. As he had already been convicted once for rebellion and looting, things were likely to go hard with him, and he therefore begged me to write to the Emperor on his behalf. I had by this time ascertained beyond doubt that he had only carried out his orders, and that it was the Gojam officials who had misinterpreted the Emperor's letter. It was therefore quite contrary to my ideas of justice that Basha Kassa should be punished. Accordingly I wrote to the Emperor and to Captain Harrington, explaining the matter as I understood it, and saying that, far from being displeased with Basha Kassa, I had given him and his men presents on parting from them. These letters, together with one for England, I did up in as imposing a packet as possible, which was to be taken by the Dedjatch to the Emperor. I also wrote out duplicates of the ones concerning Basha Kassa, and these he sent off by a man he could trust, as he feared the others might not arrive in time. And it was well he did so, for when I met Captain Harrington in London on my return home, I learnt that these letters only overtook him after he had started for the coast, and just in time to prevent Basha Kassa being publicly flogged in the streets of Adis Ababa, a fate which had quite lately befallen the governor of a district, who had stopped Majors Bright and Austin in their survey-work for the delimitation of the western frontier. Early next morning a younger brother of the Dedjatch

came to my tent with the pistol, saying he was taking it at once to his father, the Ras, and would I explain it to him? I found him by no means as intelligent as his brother, but eventually he managed to fire it off all right. I then went over to see the wounded man, and found that, although the leg had given him some pain at first, he had had a better night than for some time past. He gave me the names of



DEDJATCH CUBUDDA'S  
SEAL.

different likely places for elephant, buffalo, lion, and giraffe, and an order for the shikari who had accompanied him to go with me. He asked for a note to Mr. Wakeman, the doctor to the British Agency, which I gave him, and then said good-bye.

I have heard since that he reached Adis Ababa safely; the wound having been kept dressed on the way, was no worse than when I left him; the bullet was extracted, and he was on the fair way to complete recovery.

We marched towards a place called Sufran, situated on the ridge to the north, and due north-east of the village of Bichien, near which we had crossed Gurgorer. Here a fool of a guide took us the wrong path, and considerably out of our way. We had an hour's heavy rain before we found the camp, or rather all the loads under waterproof sheets, close to Azzazo. It cleared up later, and I was able to get the tents pitched and the things more or less dried. Learning that the governor of the town of Gondar, called the Canterbi, was camped close at hand, I sent and asked him to come and see me, as I

was going to Gondar and heard he was leaving the place. The reply I got was: "He was sleeping and therefore could not come." Next morning, just after I had left camp, he rode up and, without dismounting, asked where we were going; so I simply stared at him in reply, till he got off his mule and came forward, holding out his hand, saying, "Salaam." I gave him Menelik's letter to read, over which he bowed and then said he was going to see the Dedjatch, that on his return he would see about a guide for me, and that meanwhile I had better remain camped where I was. I replied that I had no time to waste, and that all I required was a man to acquaint whomsoever he had left in charge that I was to be allowed to see the ruins of Gondar and go where I liked. He then said he had no one to send with me, and that if I went unaccompanied by one of his men I should not be permitted to enter the place, much less be shown anything. This was a novel experience for me, and the first time an official had dared to be insolent to my face. So I turned short round, left him standing, and ordered my men to proceed towards Gondar. After a minute or two he sent two men after me, of whom I took no notice; he then galloped up, and, dismounting behind me, ran up and apologised, saying he only wanted me to wait, because he could ensure my comfort so much better if he was there himself. Evidently he had fancied it a good opportunity to show off his importance at my expense. Now he gave me a guide, with orders to his subordinate to assist me in any way I required, and promised to return himself on the morrow.

We then proceeded on our journey, and were shortly approaching the hill on which stands the ancient church of Tecla Haymanot.

This is the most celebrated of all the forty-four churches in and around Gondar, and takes its name from an Abyssinian saint who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century. Needless to say, the legend of this worthy's life, as told by the native hagiographers, is a mass of prodigies and miracles, each making more exorbitant demands on the credulity of the pious worshipper than the last. The opening incident is not devoid of a tinge of romance, and reminds one of the story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid. A certain Abyssinian maiden was, on the very day of her marriage, captured and carried off by the Gallas; but the transcendent beauty of their Christian captive soon distracted the whole pagan host with love akin to madness. The Galla king, hearing that a poor slave had bewitched his stoutest warriors, ordered the sorceress to be brought before him for condign punishment. No sooner, however, were her seductive charms unveiled, than the prince himself fell violently in love with her; but for many months she repelled his suit with meekness and dignity. At last she apparently became reconciled to her fate, and the day of the royal nuptials was appointed. All was joy and merry-making in the royal city, except in the poor bride's chamber. In her misery and distraction she called for help to Mary and all the other saints her memory could recall; but no help came. Borne on the shoulders of laughing slave-girls, she appeared in the flower-decked temple: already the priests, arrayed in

costly robes, had commenced the ceremony, when suddenly the roof was cleft asunder from above, an angel in gorgeous apparel descended, and, raising the trembling victim on his outspread wings, bore her off, back to the land of her birth and the home of her desolate husband. Some time after, the virtuous pair were blessed with a son, whose birth was heralded by extraordinary signs and wonders. They called him Tecla Haymanot, and he grew up a pious, clever, and beautiful youth, whose fame as a preacher spread far and wide, while his handsome person wrought havoc among the hearts of the fairest and most noble ladies of Ethiopia. When great ladies in that southern clime are "deeply smitten," there is apt to be a lack of reticence and maidenly reserve about their words and actions—as witness numerous examples in Bruce and Rüppell—which must have been singularly embarrassing to the youthful saint. Finally, in order to escape the amorous advances of one of these love-lorn damsels, whose suit was favoured by his mother, he retreated to the monastery of Delva Damo and assumed the skull-cap of the monk. After years spent in the greatest austerity, during which he made more than one pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he went to preach to the Gallas who had held his mother captive. The idea of returning good for evil was so novel to those idolaters, that his efforts were blessed by the conversion of hundreds of thousands. On his return to Delva Damo, the Arch Enemy of Man, who naturally looked upon these missionary triumphs with disfavour, determined to cut short a career which proved so hurtful to his interests. Accordingly, as the

saint was being drawn up to the monastery in a basket, the Evil One severed the rope, but had the mortification of seeing six wings miraculously unfold themselves from under the holy man's garments and bear him safely aloft. Tecla Haymanot's passion for still further mortifying the flesh at length induced him to leave the monastery and take up his abode in a small lake in Shoa, in the waters of which he spent seven years, when, owing to one of his legs dropping off, he was compelled to return to dry land. The leg thus lost became a most sacred and wonder-working relic, even the water with which it was washed being an efficient cure for all diseases. On the further career of Tecla Haymanot, and the miracles and miraculous cures which he and his severed leg respectively performed, we need not dwell. Suffice it to say, that of his final exit from this sphere two different versions are given by his biographers. The more modest ones are content with relating that, "he at last in the odour of sanctity died," while, according to the others, he was wafted up to heaven in a chariot with horses of fire. At all events he is venerated to this day as the greatest saint of all Ethiopia, and his name is so popular that numerous emperors and chieftains have been christened after him.

Let me now revert to the description of the church which occasioned this long digression. The steep, grassy slope, scattered with the débris of a ruined village, was crowned by a still massive outer wall, nearly 600 feet in circumference and 15 feet high, from which three towers stood out prominently. In the centre of this enclosure rose the church, built in two tiers, the Holy of Holies rising like a citadel within a fortress.

In fact the whole place had far more the appearance of a fort than any church I had ever seen, and no doubt in the old days the strife of battle had often raged round its walls, for it was here that the people left their treasures in the keeping of the priests, and doubtless more than once made their last stand against an enemy. On the same ridge, but further to the east, lay the little village of Azzazo, the path which led up the hill passing



THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE EMPEROR FASILDAS.

between it and the church. At the top two priests and several of the villagers met me and took me over to the church. As this was the finest example of the usual Abyssinian style of church architecture which I saw in all my journey, some account of it may be interesting. It was built by the Emperor Fasildas, who had a country seat close by, about the year 1645. Although it had seen many changes of fortune, it was not till the Dervishes laid waste all this part of the country, twelve years ago, that it was sacked and burnt. The entrance-gate was in a square tower, measuring 15 feet each

way; beyond this we came upon a large, untidy court, overgrown with jungle and weeds. In the middle of this court stood the church, the stonework still nearly perfect, though only a few blackened beams remained of the roof. The holy books and a few of the chief treasures had been taken to the strongest of the three towers, which the priests had managed to defend successfully against the assaults of the enemy. Passing by the stone pillars which had supported the roof of the outer circular cloister, nine feet in width, we entered a second passage, 15 feet across, by one of its eleven doors. This again gave access to the space round the Holy of Holies, where service used to be performed, and the chief worshippers congregated. The sanctuary itself measured 18 feet across the eastern wall, in front of which the ark had stood, and 21 feet from north to south. The lower walls, 3 feet 6 inches thick, were built of squared, dressed stone, while the upper part, supported on corbelled arches, was circular in form and built of rough stone. This upper part was pierced by a single small window facing the east, while below each of the other three sides had a wide doorway, the panels in which, as well as the outer wall of the sanctuary, had been covered with pictures. I noticed several stones carved with a circular design of sixteen rays, but whether this represented the sun or not none could tell me. There were two other carvings of a figure like a trident. When I left, the priests brought me a little bottle of native spirit, saying they were very poor and that this was all they had to offer. I accepted their kindly gift, and, giving them a small present in return, started on my way to Gondar.



## CHAPTER XXVII

We reach Gondar—Its history and situation—The effect of the Dervish invasion—A miraculously preserved church—Curious pictures—The *Gimp*—Splendid palaces and castles—Bruce's description of past magnificence—Lions' dens and harems—Dungeons and banqueting halls.

THE nearer we approached Gondar the more numerous became the ruins of villages, farmsteads, and churches; the massive piles of ancient masonry, one could see by the jungle which grew over them, were relics of long-past days; but many ruins were of more recent date, being attributable to the raids of the Dervishes. The best account that I know of Gondar, as it used to be when it was the seat of Government, and before its ancient splendours had entirely departed, is given by James Bruce of Kinnaird in the narrative of his travels (from 1768 to 1773), which was first published in 1790. He journeyed through all this part of Abyssinia and lived for some time at Gondar his statements concerning which are in the main trustworthy, though one wishes he had gone more into details in his description of the buildings as they existed in his day. According to him its history was as follows:—

Gondar was an obscure village up to the time of Socinos, who reigned from 1605 - 1632. His son

Fasildas (1632 - 1665), who banished the Portuguese from the country, had the palace called after his name built by Indian masons and such Abyssinians as had been instructed by the Jesuits in architecture, without embracing their religion. Hannes or John I (1665-1680) added several splendid structures, and his son Yasous I., "The Great" (1680 - 1704), continued his father's bounty to the town, thus making it the largest city in Habesh.

In 1736 Yasous II. built and decorated a new palace. When Bruce visited the city in 1770, he gave a description of it, from which I extract the following :—

Situated on a flat-topped hill, Gondar is surrounded by a deep valley with three outlets. That to the South faces Dembea, Maitsha, and the Agows; the one to the north-west leads to Sennar, over the high mountain of Debra Tzai, or Mountain of the Sun, at the root of which is Koscam, the Queen's palace, and so to the low country of Walkait. The outlet to the North brings the traveller to Woggora over Mount Lamalmon, and through Tigré to the Red Sea. The river Kahha comes from Debra Tzai and covers all the South of the Town, while the river Angrab, falling from Woggora, surrounds it on the N.N.E. The City contains ten thousand families.

On the west end of the town is the king's house, formerly a structure of considerable consequence; it was a square building, flanked with square towers; it was formerly four storeys high. . . . Great part of this house is now in ruins, having been burnt at different times; but there is still ample lodging in the two lowest floors of it,

the audience-chamber being above 120 feet long. A succession of kings have built apartments by the side of it of clay, only in the manner and fashion of their own country.<sup>1</sup>

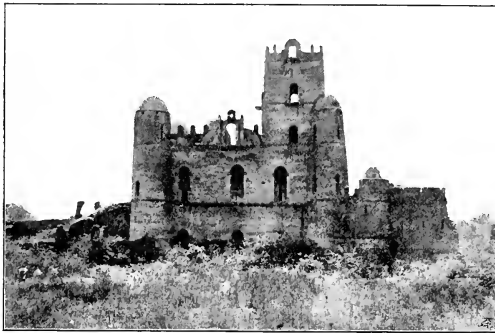
The palace and all the buildings are surrounded by a substantial stone wall 30 feet high and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in circumference. A parapet roof between the outer battlemented wall and the inner wall forms a gallery, from which missile weapons can be discharged. On the other side of the rise is a Mohammedan town of one thousand houses, the inhabitants of which are mostly employed in the care of the king's and nobility's baggage and field-equipage. They load and conduct the mules and pitch camp, but do no fighting on either side.

Up to the Dervish invasion in 1887 under Abu Angar, Gondar, although no longer the capital of an empire, was still a considerable place, being, as it is, the natural centre to which traders converge from what is now the Italian colony of Erythrea, the salt-mines of Assal, the Soudan, and both shores of Lake Tana. Many rich Nagadis lived there, who despatched their caravans in every direction, but nearly all of these lost, not only their wealth, but their lives as well at the hands of the Dervishes. Now there is only one large merchant remaining in the place, and so low has the state of trade fallen that only five to six salts go to a dollar, whereas at Dungoler, which is eight marches further from the mines, seven was the rate of exchange when I was there. However, under a settled government, with the Soudan

<sup>1</sup> This passage is reprinted verbatim from the 1st ed. vol. iii. p. 380.

re-opened to trade, and the suppression of the robber bands who now infest the caravan route to the west of Lake Tana, I believe Gondar will again become a thriving commercial city.

As we climbed by a steep short cut to the plateau on which the town stands, I took a photo of the Mohammedan camp-followers' village mentioned by Bruce, of



THE CASTLE OF THE EMPEROR FASILDAS.

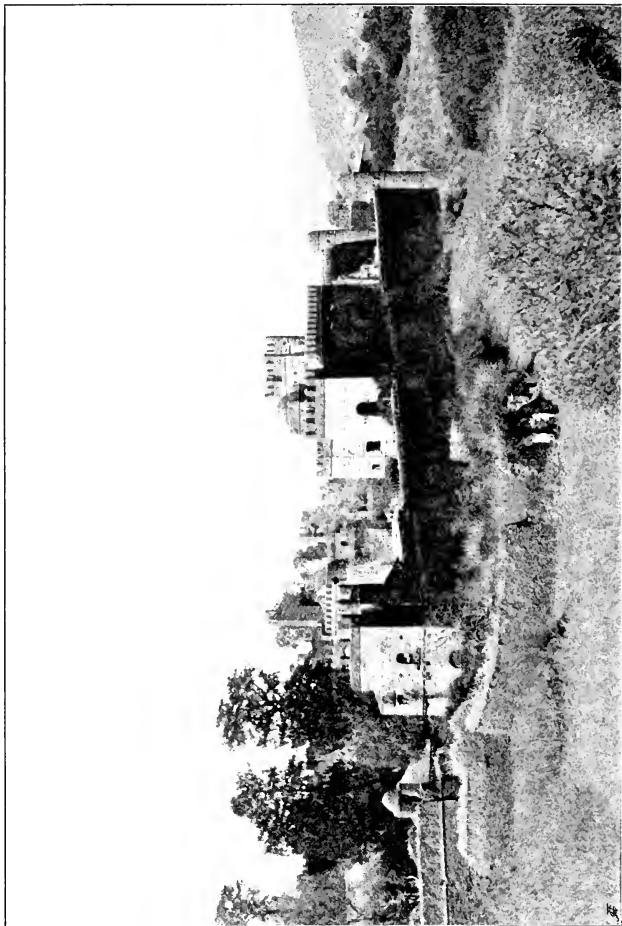
which little but the encircling wall now remains. When we reached the edge of the plateau, we found ourselves among fallen stone walls on every side. Passing through these to an open space like a village green, which was formerly the great market-place, I caught sight of the grand old feudal castle built by Fasildas, which much resembles those on the banks of the Rhine, and struck me all the more after the everlasting mud-and-wattle structures of Abyssinia. It was Bruce's description of this castle, which was so different to what was then known of Abyssinian architecture, that his

detractors held up as the strongest evidence of his want of veracity. Except for the daylight which showed from within through some of the windows, proving that part at least of the structure was roofless, the building from this distance looked as perfect as the day it was completed. Leaving this on our right, we passed through the narrow streets of the present town, bordered by high stone walls on either side, till, at the other extremity, we descended an easy slope to a wide valley, where camp was pitched, to the north-west of the palace. It was raining heavily, but between the showers I spent the afternoon in sorting out stores and cartridges in preparation for the flying trip I intended making towards the Soudan. It poured nearly the whole night, and there was no mistaking the fact that the rains had commenced in earnest.

Next morning, I started early to make a tour of the various ruins, to which I returned many times, till I had secured measurements and plans of the most important, besides a number of photographs. We first went to see Medhan-al-Alem, the only church in all the district round which escaped being destroyed by the Dervishes. The chief priest told me that ten times did the enemy try to fire the thatch, but although it was dry as tinder—no rain having fallen for a long time previously—it miraculously refused to take fire. This church is picturesquely situated on the top of a small hill, surrounded by a stone wall and shaded by fine trees. The inner wall of the cloister was originally covered with pictures, of which only some fragments now remain. Those on the sanctuary wall are almost intact, only a few

of the lower ones having been torn down by the Mahdists. They are nearly all the work of two celebrated Ethiopian artists, Alahar Ingidar and Alahar Far, and are decidedly better drawn and coloured than those I saw either at Adis Ababa or at Entotto. Among the most noticeable are St. George and the Dragon, The Last Supper (with a little blue devil sitting on Judas's head), a curious representation of The Ship in the Tempest on the Lake of Galilee; a saint (who, according to local tradition, was St. Michael) holding the scales of judgment, while below him, amid piles of heads and limbs, squatted a monster eating human flesh.

On the other side of a narrow valley, separating it from the church, stands the *gimp* or castle, a building which recalls an English church, with a square tower and a very short nave. The castle is two stories in height, the square tower and nave having battlemented walls, built of undressed stone and mortar over four feet thick. A pair of round towers, with domed tops rising but little above the roof of the main building, protect the two corners furthest from the castellated square tower. An outside staircase, strongly defended by a high wall, leads to the top storey, where the principal rooms are situated. A circular stair in one of the round towers gives access to the roof, which, as well as the floors, is of concrete laid over saw-cut beams. The windows and doorways are arched and enriched by red-brown bricks, which are as good now as the day they were put up. Except where some of the beams have given way, and for the absence of doors and windows, the castle is still as strong as ever. The natives told me that a large amount of treasure and



THE PALACE OF YASOUS II., GONDAR.





supplies had been stored in the castle in the belief that it could resist all the efforts of the Dervishes; but its defenders tamely surrendered, and everything was looted.

From this place we crossed over to the great wall which encircles the principal group of royal dwellings. The wall here was, I judged, some 16 feet high, flanked on the east by a square guard-house, and on the west by a pepper-box tower. Its total length was about 200 feet, a third of which, in the centre, forms part of the main wall of the palace of Yasous II.<sup>1</sup>

Concerning the decoration of this building, Bruce gives the following details:—

In 1736, Yasous II., who was engaged in building himself a palace, welcomed to his capital a party of Christians, who had fled from a massacre at Smyrna and were on their way to India, but, missing the monsoon, had landed nearly penniless at Massowah. Twelve of them were silversmiths, very excellent in that fine work called filligrane. . . . By the hands of these and several Abyssinians whom they had taught, sons of Greek artists, whose fathers were dead, he finished his presence-chamber in a manner truly admirable. The skirting, which in our country is generally of wood, was finished with ivory 4 feet from the ground. Over this were three rows of mirrors from Venice, all joined together and fixed in frames of copper, or cornices gilt with gold. The roof, in gaiety and taste, corresponded perfectly with the magnificent finishing of the rooms; it was the work of the Falasha,<sup>2</sup> and consisted of painted cane, split, and disposed in Mosaic figures, which produces a gayer effect than it is possible to

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<sup>1</sup> It was the attention which this emperor paid to the erection and decoration of this palace that made his subjects christen him Yasous "The Little." They were so disgusted at his devoting all his time to the arts of peace, that some of them composed an elaborate satire (afterwards copied out on vellum), which described his peaceful journeys to Koscam and Azzazo as though they had been warlike and triumphant exploits. The sarcasm so enraged the unfortunate monarch, that he immediately fitted out and started on the disastrous expedition against Sennar which cost him his life.

<sup>2</sup> This is the name given to the Jews resident in Abyssinia.

conceive. This chamber, indeed, was never perfectly finished from a want of mirrors.

The king had begun another chamber of equal expense, consisting of plates of ivory with stars of all colours stained in each plate at proper distances. This too was going to ruin; little had been done in it but the alcove in which he sat.

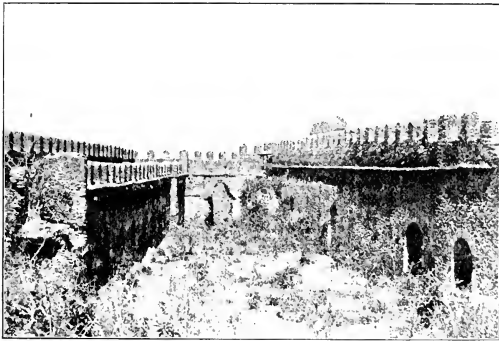
Bruce goes on to tell us that the palace had already been much damaged, and many of the mirrors destroyed by fire in the time of Joas (1756-1769), before he visited the capital. On 1st May 1771, in the reign of Tecla Haymanot II., after the defeat of Ras Michael, the great Tigré general, a band of rebel Gallas burst into the palace and the presence-chamber, where the king, attended by Bruce, was seated in an alcove. These barbarous tribesmen, who had never seen a looking-glass before, enraged apparently at beholding their own reflection, and possibly attributing it to magic, began forthwith to slash and demolish the mirrors, without taking any notice of the king and his companions. The crash of the falling glass brought a loyal chieftain and his followers to the spot, who drove the rebels from the chamber and the palace, but were too late to prevent the destruction, of which the signs are still apparent everywhere.

Going round the pepper-box tower on the west, we followed the wall, as it turns at right angles for 60 feet, before again continuing in a higher castellated form for another 130 feet in a westerly direction, where the corner of the enclosure is dominated by a larger round tower. We passed through a doorway in the angle made by the lower wall with the embattled one,

and found ourselves in a large courtyard, the outer wall of which bore signs of temporary structures having been built against it. I examined this wall carefully, but could see no signs either of battlements or of a platform having existed behind it. The main building itself was three stories high; its outer walls presented some curious ornaments, probably intended for the Abyssinian cross. The elaborate upper portion of these figures was cast in a solid piece of terra-cotta raised work, the sunken surface of which was covered with plaster, in order to set the lines in bolder relief. A circular stone staircase led us to the first floor, where the two chief rooms were 66 feet by 18, and 24 feet by 18. In many places the floors had fallen in owing to the beams rotting, and examining them was rather a risky undertaking. They bore some trace of having been fired, and one could still see where the mirrors described by Bruce had been fixed; though, needless to say, no fragment of glass or copper-frames remained. The south-west corner of the building was carried up in a square tower, the top of which was castellated, as were also the main walls; behind this was a second square tower, but with a domed roof; it was in this that the staircase was placed. A little to the south-east was a small building in which, my guides said, prisoners of importance were incarcerated; but the place was in a ruinous state, and although I climbed into one of the rooms, I could see no evidence of its having been used for this purpose.

I then went across to a long courtyard, measuring 130 feet by 24, which lies to the west of Yasous'

palace. On either side were high, narrow buildings, the flat roofs of which served as platforms between embattled walls, the outer one to the north being the main wall before described, and the only portion of it which I found to agree with Bruce's account already quoted. The building on this side had doorways at irregular intervals facing the courtyard, and was said to



THE HAREM OF YASOUS II.

have been used as a storehouse for the Emperor's ivory and other valuables. The opposite side had been divided into eight narrow rooms, where the Emperor's concubines are supposed to have lived. At the west end was a guard-room with a kitchen next to it, but the wall at the eastern extremity of the court was in ruins.

Leaving this building, we made our way southwards, past numerous piles of masonry, some so much shattered that their original form could no longer be made out, while others were still in good repair. Among the

latter were three dens in which the imperial lions used to be kept. We now approached the oldest and most striking of all the buildings in Gondar, which is the castle built by Fasildas in the middle of the seventeenth century, and described by Bruce as "the king's house." This castle is two stories in height, and almost square, the sides measuring 90 feet by 84; circular-domed towers protect the corners,<sup>1</sup> while at the south angle the main building is carried up in a square, castellated tower, which dominates the rest to the height of two stories, and against which the nearest circular tower rests, as though it were a huge buttress. This tower, which is of great strength, was probably intended, like the donjon-keep of a feudal castle, to be the last refuge of the garrison in cases of emergency. The walls, which are 6 feet 6 inches thick, are embattled, the centre of the south-west front and the square tower each having a stone arch where a bell had been hung, from which the call to arms must often have rung out. An inclined plane of masonry, little more than a yard wide, leads directly from the courtyard to the first floor, on which there are three principal rooms, the largest being 60 feet by 18, while the two others are each 42 feet by 18. These are lit by spacious openings, in many of which the double doors of solid Sankar wood still remain. The three on the south-west side opened on to a wooden balcony, which ran the whole width of the castle, and from which the Emperor used to address his soldiers and subjects. One of the round towers was

<sup>1</sup> Bruce makes a curious slip in calling these corner-towers square (1st ed. vol. iii. p. 380).

used as a kitchen, while others had been guard-rooms and prisons; all had cow-horns built into the walls, as pegs on which to hang swords and utensils of all sorts. The staircase to the roof is in the square tower; opposite this, upon the platform, and close to the southern corner-tower, stands what appears to have been a small chapel with a vaulted roof, the structure of which distinctly reminded me of the domes of some South Indian temples. An outside stair, springing from the roof, reaches half-way up the large tower, the top of which was gained by a wooden stair, of which only fragments remain clinging to the wall. The roof and floors, as in the other buildings, are of concrete laid on beams, which in places have given way. I could not see the least grounds for supposing, as Bruce states, that the building had ever been higher than it is at present, nor could it have contained a room 120 feet long, as the whole structure is only 90 feet in length. These inaccuracies can only be accounted for by a lapse of memory on the part of the writer, similar to that which made him describe the round corner-towers as square, or else he included in his estimate the two upper stories of the "donjon," and by the audience-chamber meant a separate building, which I describe below. From the terrace on the roof of the castle I had a splendid view. On the north-west lay the buildings of the palace of Yasous, which I had just visited, and beyond, but further north, the sloping heights of Debra Tzai, while far in the north-east rose the giant peaks of Simien. On the south lay in the immediate foreground the groves and tuculs

of the city, entwined by the two rivers spoken of by Bruce. Beyond its limits stretched a verdant plain, along which the eye travelled till on the southern horizon it caught a glimpse of the silver surface of Lake Tana.

Behind the "king's house" to the north-east is another large building, 54 feet in length by 24 in



YASOUS THE GREAT'S CASTLE.

width; it is attributed to Yasous the Great, who built it for his wife, and presents several remarkable features. The ceiling of the upper storey, instead of being flat, as in all the other buildings, is vaulted with brick ribs filled in with concrete; this storey is approached by an inclined plane of very shallow steps, which winds up the outside of a circular tower; a platform, now fallen, led from this tower to another at the north-west corner of the building, inside which a staircase gave access to the roof. The upper floor

is divided into two chief rooms, the larger of which is 33 feet long by 18 feet wide. In the walls are cavities, which I believe served as flues, heated by fires on the ground floor, for I could find no trace of fireplaces in the principal rooms. To the north-west of Fasildas's castle are the remains of a great hall, the entrance arch of which is the largest fragment



THE PALACE OF HANNES I.

still standing. This, I fancy, must have been the audience-chamber mentioned by Bruce, though his description would certainly lead one to suppose that it was part of the main building. Still further to the north-west is a square structure, the battlements of which rest on an elaborate pattern of open brickwork. This, my guides said, was built by Hannes I., son of Fasildas. A short distance from this, further to the north, is the much-ruined court-house and guard-room with the watch-tower still standing, though a large part of



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one corner has fallen in. Behind the house of Yasous's Queen, further to the east, were some curious protected bridges which spanned a lane ; and still further along in the same direction lay many other ruins, including those of a church.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

A destitute Arab from Khartoum—A descendant of emperors—A horse's mausoleum—Curious absence of wells—Canterbi's change of manner—Start for the Soudan—An ill-mannered young ruler—The Emperor's letters treated with disdain—Intimidation and obstruction—The grain supply of Metemmeh—Jokes at England's expense—A cool request—An ineffectual start—I return to the ruler—A stormy interview—I win—Within sight of the Soudan—A fine view—A steep descent—The last village.

IT was long after mid-day before I got back to camp from my first visit to the old castles, to find that there was no wood in camp, and that my men had been unable to procure any, so I made my lunch off bread and jam. While I was eating this frugal meal, an Arab came up and salaamed, who had just arrived with some Abyssinian traders from Khartoum. There he had lived for eight years, and kept a small shop, the Dervishes leaving him in peace, until we started on the final expedition to Omdurman, when they looted his store and tried to sell him as a slave; but, as there were no bidders, he was turned loose to starve. When the British arrived, he had been given clothes and money and started on his way to Aden, where he said he had a brother. On his arrival at Gondar, hearing

there was an Englishman in the place, he had come to announce his intention of joining my caravan. This he did, and remained with me off and on till I reached Asmara, where he found work.

Later in the afternoon the Shùm in charge of the town came down with a small present of bread, and sat waiting a long time for other provisions which he had ordered to be brought me. He was a handsome old



A HORSE'S MAUSOLEUM.

man, with a fine cast of features, and seemed to feel deeply the way in which his commands were neglected. During my stay at Gondar we became great friends; he traced his descent from Yasous "The Great," and used to recount to me tales of the past greatness of the palace of his forebears. Close to my camp, and just outside the walled enclosure of one of the ruined churches, was a small circular domed building, which reminded me of the mausoleums round Delhi. The Shùm told me it was built by the emperor Fasildas

over the remains of a favourite horse which had carried him all through his campaign in Sennar; during this it was wounded, but lived till its return to Gondar. The building had two entirely separate walls, the outer one, which was 30 inches thick, having a space of 4 inches between it and the inner one of 33 inches. It was built of rough stone plastered over; six brick-arched doorways led to the interior, which was 15 feet in diameter. A tree had taken root in the walls, part of the dome had fallen, and, with a neglected church enclosure for background, it had a most picturesque appearance. There was one circumstance about the ruins of Gondar which puzzled me greatly: I could find no traces of wells, or indeed of any large tanks for the storage of water; those whom I questioned said it had always been fetched from the stream below. It seems curious, that a place on whose fortification a long line of powerful rulers had expended much treasure should thus have been at the mercy of any enemy who was clever enough to divert the water-supply, for this could easily have been done at some distance from the city.

On the third day of my stay the market was held, but it was a very poor one, and I could not get half the supplies I wanted for my men. At sundown on the same day the Canterbi, who had been so arrogant on the way, came to see me. He clasped my hand in both of his, and, raising it to his lips, kissed it, pressed me to move up to his house, and, when I said I had only been waiting for his return to start for the Soudan, announced his intention of coming with me. This was indeed a change from his manner at the last interview!

a change which I put down partly to a lecture from Dedjatch Cubudda, and partly to plentiful libations of tej. Under his immediate supervision, and with much mystery, two of his men brought into my tent a large heavy jar, which, when uncovered, proved to be full of honey. He said that the people of Gondar would not obey his orders to bring me provisions, and begged me to accept this from his own house.

Next morning I was up before dawn, sorting out the loads which were to go with me, and giving directions to the men who were to remain in charge of the skins and stores, mules and donkeys which I did not require for the trip. The Canterbi came to see me off and brought a guide, who seemed by no means willing to come. A fourteen-mile march over hilly country in a W.N.W. direction brought us to Gundo, where my cook discovered that he had left behind a fowl intended for my dinner and a basket of eggs. A search among the neighbouring villages produced no meat, and an afternoon stroll with the rifle was not more successful. In the evening, a very old Shúm, mounted on his mule, and conducted by his sons, came to visit me; he found my brandy too strong for his palate, and after the first mouthful literally gasped for breath; but his sons, far from being inconvenienced in a similar manner, took to the liquor kindly, and would have gone on emptying egg-cups as often as I had them replenished.

For the last thirty-six hours we had hardly a shower—a pleasant change from a deluge recurring every eight hours. Next day we made a long march to Chilgar,

and camped on an open spot at the foot of a small hill, crowned by a brand-new stockade of stone and poles. Dedjatch Merrit, a younger brother of Dedjatch Cubudda, who was in command of the fort, sent a message soon after my arrival that he would like to see me. Although not particularly pleased at being disturbed after a long march, I went up at once, as I wanted a guide to take me on towards the Soudan. About the gate of the enclosure a number of soldiers were standing, who barely made way for me to pass. Close to the entrance was a large circular black tent, to which I was conducted. I found it filled with men standing; at the further side, seated on a carpet spread over some mule-saddles and grass, was the Dedjatch, a youth of nineteen. He received me without rising, and, there being no place for me to sit down except on the dirty floor, I remained standing, until, on a remark from one of the older men present, he made way for me beside him. I handed him the Emperor's letter, which he received without any sign of respect, and having read carelessly, tossed it back to me, and asked why I had shown it to him? He plied me with questions and wanted to see everything I had. He said that there was a large band of robbers on the road to Metemmeh, and that he was now collecting a force to attack them. He added that the country would be dangerous to travel in with the few men I had with me. After two hours, I got away and back to camp, he promising me a guide on the morrow.

In the morning, after all the loads were packed, the man who had "presented" me with a fat bullock

at Dedjatch Cubudda's village, turned up and told me he did not think I should get a guide that day, as the local Shúm was away and Dedjatch Merrit had no intention of helping me. There was therefore nothing for it but to unpack and pitch camp again. Later on, however, a message was sent to my headman that the Dedjatch wanted a magazine-pistol. Other messengers were also sent to say he wished to see me, but I made excuses till the evening, when, on the third summons, I once more climbed the hill. On my asking why no guide had been sent, he said none of his men knew the way, and that he was a military commander and not a Shúm (civilian governor); however, one should be provided without fail next day. He then asked me in a mocking tone if I intended getting provisions for my men at Metemmeh, at which there were roars of laughter from his followers. It was not till long after that I understood the point of this exquisite joke, when I learnt that the garrison at Metemmeh were short of grain, and were themselves dependent on the Nagadis from Gondar for a supply. Merrit had been amusing himself by stopping every caravan he could lay hands on, under the mistaken idea that, if he could cut off the supply, the garrison at Metemmeh would have to be withdrawn. Both Britain and Abyssinia claim this place, but, till the settlement of the frontier line, it was mutually agreed that the Egyptian troops should garrison the fort over which the British and Egyptian flags fly, while the Abyssinian flag is planted a little way off. As the Abyssinians have no commissariat arrangements of their own—every man in

the field providing for himself—they consider it a great sign of weakness if troops have to purchase food brought from a distance. Various cheap jokes at the expense of the English and their supposed feebleness in this matter were bandied between master and men. The former then remarked he wanted a pistol such as I had sent to the Ras, his father. I replied that I had only brought enough to present to those great officials for whom the Emperor had given me letters. He asked if I still intended to go down to the Soudan and shoot, to which I replied, "Certainly; what was to prevent me?" "Was I not afraid of the robbers?" I said I had heard of them before, but had seen none, and if any harm befell me so close to Metemmeh, it was likely to be a serious matter for those who were the cause of it, to say nothing of the account the Emperor would require at the hands of those he held responsible for my safety. This caused a murmur of assent from among the older men present, which was evidently not to the liking of their young leader. I now rose, and, reminding him of his promise to have a guide ready for me in the morning, returned to camp.

After a night of high wind and heavy rain, I again went up to the Dedjatch's tent as soon as the loads were packed, and asked for the guide, when, after keeping me waiting some time, he informed me the man had gone on with the mules. So I took my leave and soon caught up the caravan, but found no guide with them. Shortly afterwards, however, he overtook us, and led us from the path we were following on to another, but a little later calmly told me he did not know the way; and we sat



down, while he sent to a neighbouring village for a man who did. Meanwhile, he amused himself by telling my men tales of how the outlaws shot down people from ambush, waylaid them close to camp, and other such-like yarns calculated to frighten them. A villager happening to come along the path, we made inquiries and found we were on the wrong one, so I offered him a dollar to show me the way to the next stage, which he gladly agreed to do, when the guide peremptorily ordered him to go about his business, and then coolly proposed we should camp where we were. To put an end to this deadlock, I ordered Nasser to pitch the tents by the first water he came to, took my two interpreters with me, and started back to interview Dedjatch Merrit. The guide ran after us, and, meeting on the way a lad who was leading a horse, jumped on, and galloped ahead of me to the stockade, but returned a little while after, before I had time to reach it, and assured me he would take me anywhere I wished. While he had been away, my friend of the fat bullock episode had come up and told my men that, unless I showed a bold front to the Dedjatch, the latter would do nothing for me. I took the hint, and, telling the guide briefly that I intended to see his master myself, I rode up to the entrance of the stockade, ordered one of my men to announce my arrival, and, having dismounted, strode up to the tent. The place was so packed with armed men that it was with difficulty my two interpreters could make a way for me. Refusing the Dedjatch's proffered hand or a seat, I asked him what he meant by his treatment of me? Did he think that I, an Englishman, who had been

received with courtesy by the Emperor himself, was to be made a fool of and insulted by a beardless youth like him? Did he intend to obey the Negus Negusti's commands and find me a guide or not? As my words were translated, first into Arabic by my Somâli, who could hardly repress his rising anger at the insults offered to his sahib, and then into Amharic by Adarar, I saw the Dedjatch's colour rise and his fingers twitch convulsively, as he half rose from his seat. When Adarar had finished, no one spoke for a few seconds, then a low murmur ran round the tent and was taken up by the group of soldiers crowded round the door.

I kept my eyes fixed on the Dedjatch, who glared as if about to rush at me; but when two of his advisers began to whisper to him, his gaze faltered and fell: I had won. After hesitating for a little, he made reply that he only wished to obey the Emperor, and had no intention of angering me. At these words a sigh of relief made itself heard, and was the signal for every one to begin talking at once. The Dedjatch ordered the man to go back with me, but this proposition I met with a prompt refusal, saying I had already had more than enough of his guidance. The man excused himself by saying that, though he knew the path well, he could not find it on account of its being hidden by the grass. As the latter was nowhere four inches high, my two men broke out into derisive laughter on hearing this lame excuse. Dedjatch Merrit then said if I would wait a few minutes another guide should be found; to which I replied that I would wait outside the stockade

till he was fetched. The soldiers now made way for me at once, and a shamma was brought for me to sit on. Our friend of the fat bullock "gift" came and congratulated my men on the success of the interview; but I cannot say it was an experience that I should like to go through frequently, for with a young man suffering badly from swelled head, in command of a large party of soldiers, far removed from the control of any superior officer, it is difficult to calculate to what lengths his injured sense of self-importance might carry him. In about half an hour a guide was found for me, and I started off, much pleased with myself, for the camp, which was pitched not far from where I had left my party, but got a thorough drenching on the way. That afternoon two of my men returned with a mule which had bolted three days before, and, considering that its load included all my flour and rice, the Somális' blankets, food for the Abyssinians, and two tents, it may be imagined that we welcomed the return of the vagabond with pleasure. The beast had been discovered by some villagers, who were with difficulty persuaded to hand over the things, which they already looked on as their lawful prize. Though everything had been unpacked, I found that only a tin of vaseline was missing: apparently the idea of an entirely new pomatum for the hair had proved too tempting for the natives to resist.

Next morning, the way lay up-hill and then along an undulating breezy plateau, the Tana shining like a sheet of glass far to the south of us. Gradually the tongue of high land we were on grew narrower, and we had a

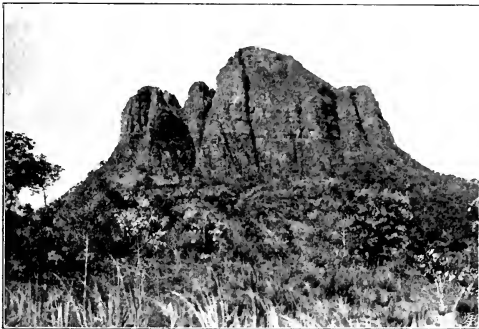
grand view of a maze of broken cliffs and hills lying on either side, the finest bluffs being to the north. The country, as one looked away out to the Soudan, was much more hilly and forest-clad than it had been further south, where we had first descended to it, while



GALLAMIDER.

in the far distance, although we could see stretches of more level ground, none of the vivid green of the bamboo caught the eye. The track led to the edge of the cliff and descended by a rift in its side, more like the bed of a torrent than a path; this it took the mules half an hour to scramble down, doing indeed no injury to the baggage, but a great deal to their backs, as I afterwards discovered to my annoyance. Next, a long easy slope took us past two curious domes of rock, and afterwards by a larger mass called Aurer Masarres, which forms a landmark for many miles round. On the way I heard a rustle in the grass and fired at the indistinct form of an animal, which fell, and proved to be a duiker; as I had no meat

for dinner, it was very welcome. As we descended lower and lower, the landscape presented the appearance of a series of forest-clad hills, interspersed with well-watered dales. In a little clearing on the slope of one of these hills, we found, close to a clear rivulet, Gallamider, the last Abyssinian village and our present destination.



ROCKS NEAR GALLAMIDER.

## CHAPTER XXIX

Hunting for kudu—Jewel-strewn ground—Heat and mosquitoes—A troop of lions—A wounded lioness—A brace of waterbuck—Nearing Metemmeh—A herd of elephants—A magnificent sight—Native sportsmen—Buffalo-hunting.

As the caravan halted, just below Gallamider, I think every inhabitant of the village came down to welcome us and to stare at the "red man" (as they call a European), for it must have been many a long year since one was seen there. The headman and local shikari, to whom Dedjatch Cubudda had given me a letter, fraternised with my men round my tent-door and discussed shikar, while I made a leather pouch for a magazine-pistol, which I was determined to have *en évidence* and to use, if I met with any interference from outlaws or others. The people told us that there were plenty of buffalo, tora, roan, and kudu in the district, as well as herds of elephants, but that none of the latter carried large tusks. They also said that lions and leopards were to be met with occasionally, and that I should find numerous reedbuck and oribi for the pot. While we were talking, one of Dedjatch Cubudda's followers, armed with a Berdan rifle, joined us, and informed us that he had been in the recent disastrous elephant-hunt and had drawn

first blood of an animal which had been killed, but that a greater man than he had claimed it, and so had robbed him of the honour and glory that were his due, and of the privilege of wearing an ear-ring, which only an elephant-slayer is allowed and which it is the dearest wish of every Abyssinian to possess. He begged to be allowed to accompany me, promising only to shoot when I permitted him. At first I suspected him of being a spy, but I ended by giving him leave to come. Soon after we had started next morning, my men pointed out a greater kudu skull by the wayside, calling it *agazin*, which proved that this was the name for the larger species of the kudu, and not for the lesser, as I had been led to think, and also that the animal really existed in the district. We passed several water-holes with a good many oribi standing near them, and twice disturbed bushbuck. We intended to camp that night near a large pool called Chuowkar, but pushed on beyond, and finally halted at the edge of a hill. Here I sat down with the glasses and soon espied across the valley a tora, one of a herd of fourteen; but, to my disgust, they shortly afterwards bolted. A heavy shower of rain drove us to seek the shelter of some large boulders with which the hill-side was strewn, but, when the weather cleared the shikari made out a kudu cow feeding on a distant hill-top. We started off for the place, but as the herd proved only cows, with but one young bull, we marched back to camp, by the pool, where I heard that during the rain-storm my men had allowed five of the mules to stray. These were not recovered for two days, having made a bee-line back to the higher ground.

For the next four days I hunted through a country of low, bush-covered hills with very little green grass, seeing little but tora hartebeest and kudu cows. I shot one of the latter for meat, but not once did I catch sight of a bull. We were now working our way along the Gurmarzer, a tributary of the Ghindoa, which flows to Metemmeh, and in a deep hole in its rocky bed we saw a huge crocodile, the first I had met since we crossed the Blue Nile at Jarso. One morning, just at dawn, I saw an almost white hyæna, and, judging by the tracks which I found next day round the remains of the dead kudu, there seemed to be numbers of these animals in the district. Much of the ground over which we were now travelling was covered with brown-coloured stones like large cannon-balls, which when broken showed a hollow encrusted with white crystals. All around, too, lay great masses of milk-white quartz, red amber, and pinkish-coloured crystals, also a dark stone set as it were with turquoise, all of which had been washed by the rain, and, lying on the short green grass with the sun shining on them, looked like a collection of huge jewels. The heat was great, not only in the day but also at night, when swarms of mosquitoes kept up a continuous buzz; I found it so stifling in a tent, even with the walls and ends open and nothing over me but a mosquito-net, that I tried sleeping in the open, but, after getting wet through twice in one night, gave it up as being too risky. On two different days I stalked a solitary roan bull, but could not get near him; he seemed to bear a charmed life, for after baffling us for hours on the last occasion, he allowed the whole caravan to pass him at short range,



while he stood gazing at it. During these four days we made three short marches, the last one over a low pass into the watershed of the Shunfar. *En route*, we passed Maharbra Selassee, a hill and church, to which the Abyssinians make pilgrimage once a year to attend a festival.

On 23rd May we continued our way down the valley, crossing recent tracks of elephant, buffalo, and roan, to the banks of the Shunfar, where the water lay in large pools on a shingly bed. Just as we reached the water's edge, I saw a tawny-coloured animal spring up the opposite bank into long dead grass. "Lion! Libah! Ambassa!" came from our lips in chorus, as I made a rush for a rifle, but I was only just in time to see a lioness dash away from behind some trees. Leaving Omer with the mule, I crossed the river-bed with Ali, Hyde, the local shikari, and the would-be elephant-slayer, and found the tracks of a troop of five lions in the sand on the opposite side. Telling the two Abyssinians to keep well behind us, I took the .400, while Ali shouldered the 12 B. Paradox and Hyde the .256. The beasts, which had scattered when we disturbed them, soon collected again, and walked up a sandy little nulla, along which we followed for a quarter of an hour, till we reached a patch of long grass. Suddenly Ali touched my arm and pointed to the foot of a tree, where, through my glasses I made out a lion crouching with its head framed by the water-washed roots of the tree. The animal looked to me to be only a cub, but as Ali muttered "big one," I took aim at where I thought its head should be and fired, just as I caught sight of a lioness walking

towards us to the left. Swinging round at once, I fired the second barrel at her, as she was retreating into the grass. Then my men more or less lost their heads: Ali, instead of handing me the loaded paradox, kept pointing at something, forgetting that to load a rifle in a hurry, without taking one's eyes off a spot, is almost impossible, Hyde, to make matters worse, was pulling at my arm to try and make me see what they saw, while both the Abyssinians began to talk. All this, of course, only took a few seconds of time, but I expected a charge every moment, and, when at last I had shaken my arm free from Hyde and loaded the rifle, I was only in time to see a young lion bound away into the grass. Running forward, I saw the lioness limping off with a broken shoulder. Another shot, however, brought her down, and, pushing on cautiously (for I did not know what had become of the first beast fired at), I reached the other side of the grass without seeing anything. So I turned back, gave the lioness a finishing shot, and then went to the spot at which I had first fired; here I found my bullet had embedded itself in a tough root of the tree, showing that I had missed my quarry by a couple of inches! Meanwhile Ali had been adding insult to injury by asking why I had not fired at the lion, when he stood looking at us, and seemed rather surprised when I rated him and Hyde for not carrying out my orders, which were to exchange my rifle for a loaded one as soon as I had fired, so that I could keep my eyes always on the game. Leaving the two Abyssinians with the carcass, we followed on the tracks, but these soon separated and we lost them on stony ground. We next made a cast

and picked up the spoor of one of the remaining lionesses, but, although we heard her call once, we never caught sight of her. We crossed two stony ridges and then lost the track altogether. Accordingly I sent Hyde back for the mule, and we unsuccessfully tried a cast forward, but on the way found a waterbuck, which I wounded. It led us up-hill, and I had just brought it down with another shot, when a second, followed by two cows, came in sight and fell to my first shot. They had both fine heads, though they hardly made up for the loss of a second lion, which I ought to have bagged.

We found camp at Shunfar Ambu under some fine trees, lower down the river than where we had seen the lions. I spent the afternoon in superintending the preparations of the skins and making inquiries about the country, but my guide flatly refused to take me to Metemmeh, though he said it was only a few hours off. Next morning we followed the river to the furthest point Dedjatch Cubudda had reached and from which he was carried back wounded, and saw several buffalo skulls lying among a number of grass huts put up by his followers. As we had seen no tracks, and there was no green grass here, we circled round to the east, and within a short distance of camp found fresh lion-pugs, which must have been made since we had passed in the morning. These led us away to the hills, where we lost them; on our way down again I had a long shot at a waterbuck and missed, but was more fortunate with a tora directly afterwards. That night we had a tremendous rain-storm, the water running through my tent in a stream, and soaking everything on the floor.

Sleep was rendered more difficult by the fact that the lions, equally discomposed by the weather, kept up an almost continuous roaring. Next morning, the river



SKULL OF TORA HARTEBEST.

was a torrent of muddy water instead of a chain of clear pools. I spent the day hunting for buffalo but could find no fresh tracks, and as there was no new grass lower down the valley, it seemed useless to go further in that direction. The ground was not suitable for lion-tracking, and as these animals did not seem to have gone near any of the meat I had shot, I decided to return to the Gurmarzer valley.

As we retraced our steps up the side valley on the following morning, we heard an elephant trumpet away to our left. We at once struck off from the path and made our way up a steep ravine, where we saw three elephants cross the ridge at the top: as no others followed them, we hurried along and discovered the herd scattered about a hill-side feeding. We moved about from one group to another, examining the animals, but I could see no large tusks; then, as the herd slowly ascended the hill, we ran round and headed them. We had just taken up our position on a little rocky hillock, when the leading elephants came into sight under some big trees, where they stood fanning themselves; they had been bathing in some rocky pools on the hill-top, and we could hear the others still blowing the water over their backs. The trees were less than a hundred yards from where we sat, the ground between being open except for a few thin-stemmed trees. Gradually the whole herd assembled, their great ears flapping and their trunks waving. All seemed unaware of our proximity, for some pulled down branches to serve as fly-whisks, and mothers fondled their calves. Unfortunately, although there were several large-bodied males in the herd, none had good ivory. One old cow stared for some time in our direction, but we kept still, and, the wind being favourable, she did not detect us, but turned her attention again to keeping the flies off. After a little, the whole herd began slowly moving in our direction. How I longed for my camera! for it was just one of those chances that only come in a lifetime—a herd of forty-seven elephants on open ground, the sun

shining full on them, not 60 yards off and gradually coming closer! I had taken the 8-bore on my knee, and Ali, who was sitting on the top of a rock, was slowly lowering himself, when, just as they drew abreast of us, 30 paces distant, they winded the tainted air, and in a moment the whole herd stopped dead, ears were thrust forward to catch the faintest sound, while the air was filled with waving trunks. It was a magnificent sight for the few seconds it lasted; then with one accord they turned and moved off at a quick pace, trumpeting loudly. The Abyssinians, whom Ali had been preventing from firing—had they done so, the herd would probably have charged and pounded us to a jelly in a few moments—now sprang to their feet, and, as I told them they might shoot, began firing wildly into the “brown.” Then, with a yell, they started running after the herd, which began to scatter, one small group, including two cows and their calves, which were unable to keep up with the rest, falling behind the main body. The Abyssinians fired at and wounded one of these unfortunate calves, which they eventually slew with four bullets, the cow charging several times, but in a half-hearted way. They then followed, to try and kill the other calf, but its mother was made of sterner stuff, and leaving it with the bereaved cow, charged them in such a vicious manner that they had to bolt for dear life. I now left the hillock, from which I had such a fine view of all that had passed, and went over to the carcase of the calf, round which the valiant elephant-slayer was executing a *pas de seul*, singing what I presume was a song of triumph, and evidently thinking himself

a very fine fellow indeed. After they had cut off the ears and the tail, with the greater part of the skin of the back attached, to make it appear the larger, we set off to cross the main ridge. It was very hot, and as I lay in the shade during the mid-day rest, the shikari pointed out the position of Metemmeh, hidden by a hill in the distance, and named the different hills and streams, while he cleaned his old Remington. Half the wood-work of this weapon was worn away, and the block so loose, that it had to be fastened with rope when he fired to prevent it from blowing open.

In the afternoon we continued our journey and reached camp at six o'clock. All next day we vainly searched for buffalo, but on the morrow were rewarded by finding the fresh tracks of four, which we carefully followed till evening. Early morning saw us back in the spot where we had abandoned the tracks on the previous night, in a narrow valley filled with thick bush. We climbed a hill-top, but could see nothing; I wanted to keep along the high ground, since stalking such suspicious animals as buffalo in dense jungle seemed to me a hopeless task, but the shikari said they were evidently changing their feeding-ground and might keep going for another day; so we descended and slowly followed the track, only, after an hour's time, to come on a place from which they had just bolted at our approach. We scrambled up-hill as quickly as possible, but they had too great a start of us, and we never caught sight of them, though we heard afterwards that they had passed close to my syce and mule. On the way down, we passed a tunnel-like hole in the rocks, apparently

crowded with bats and porcupines, for we could hear much squeaking and rattling of quills in the distance. When I got back to camp every one was sick at our lack of success; the shikari wished to return home and dig his ground, my Abyssinian servants wanted to get back to the villages and their beloved tej, the Somâlis were tired of the work, for, like all natives, dogged perseverance against ill-luck is not their strong point, while all of us were short of food. Added to this, the hard work, the great heat by day and night, the attentions of the ubiquitous mosquito, and the constant drenchings, were beginning to tell on us, and I feared I should be having all my men down with fever. However, I cheered them up with the promise of a great feast on our return to Gondar, if I should prove more successful. I told the guide he could go if he liked. Meanwhile, I ordered Nasser to start off at dawn for Gallamider and purchase all the food he could get there, as I intended to follow the buffaloes down the valley again. He returned in the evening with ten days' supplies; also with the shikari's dogs, which kept us awake all night and made such a row that I sent them back the very next day.



## CHAPTER XXX

Carpets of flowers—Ill-luck —A plucky boar and a near shave—A long fast—More bad luck—An awful storm—Starvation Camp—The evil eye—My last day after buffalo and how it resulted in failure—Return to Gondar—Spoilt trophies—Relics from the churches—My Abyssinians strike—A change of governors no improvement—I set out for Simien—A fine waterfall.

THE rains were now beginning to alter the whole aspect of the country : instead of the universal khâki colour of the ground and all that grew on it, the light verdure of young grass was visible everywhere ; thorns were flowering and trees bursting into leaf, while beds of different coloured lilies formed bright carpets in the valleys. Of the four most common species of the latter, one (*Crinum scabrum*) was a large plant, which stood some 18 inches high, carrying from six to eight handsome white blossoms striped with mauve ; another (*Crinum abyssinicum*) had a single pure white star-like flower, with a sweet scent ; a third presented a little cluster of white blooms, and a fourth kind had a single mauve-coloured blossom, which grew close to the ground and only just showed above the new grass. Another result of the rain, which I did not so much appreciate, was the appearance of numbers of snakes, of which my

men despatched several every day. Although we saw numerous roan, tora, waterbuck, bushbuck, and oribi, it was not till the third day that we found some buffalo



THE WISE VIRGINS.

tracks, which we followed for four hours. At last I caught sight of the herd lying right out in the open, and, crawling up behind a bamboo clump, I counted a bull, two cows, and a two-year-old. Soon the animals got up and moved across our front, a cow as usual taking the lead. Fearing that she would discover us, I had to fire at the bull, who was partly hidden in a little dip of the ground, and, of course, missed clean! In a moment the herd were out of sight and, by the time I had sprung to my feet, had gained the shelter of an-

other bamboo thicket. Any one who has worked for weeks for one special kind of big game, and has at last had a fair chance, and missed it, can appreciate my feelings and language at the moment. I think I can recall five such occasions within a period of ten years, each of which will live in my

memory far longer than will any red-letter day of success.

Next morning, after four and a half hours of continuous rain, I started along the river bank and came on a sounder of wart-hog. Having watched them for some time, I decided to shoot the boar, a fine old fellow, but he was far too cautious a hand to expose himself, always feeding in long grass or under a bush. At last I got a chance and fired, when away he dashed, leaving a heavy blood trail behind. After following for some distance, I sat down for a hour to give him time to rest and grow stiff, and then again took up the trail. Presently we found two pools of blood, where he had lain down, and finally Ali spotted him, stretched out at the foot of a bamboo clump, dead—at least so we thought—but he soon undeceived us by springing to his feet and bolting. I got a hurried shot through the bamboos, and the guide dashed after him, Ali and I following. The next thing I saw was the boar charging down-hill for all he was worth, and the guide running for dear life. As soon as he caught sight of me, the beast altered his course and came down the path, straight as a die. I waited until he was only 15 paces distant, and then fired and knocked him over. The guide came up panting and pulled out his knife to cut its throat, but the blade proving blunt he turned aside to whet it, and while he was doing so, the boar showed such unmistakable signs of vitality that we moved off about ten paces up the hill and sat down on some stones, Hyde and another man joining us. The pig seemed at its last gasp; blood was flowing from its

mouth and from two great holes in its side, and, after a little, it seemed almost to have ceased to breathe. To try if it was now really dead, I threw a stone at it, when, like a flash the beast was up and on me. I sprang to my feet, rifle in hand, but there was no time to raise the weapon to the shoulder, so I fired from my hip. The bullet passed through the brain and the boar fell dead, its ugly head and gleaming tusks not a foot from my leg. I brought away the skull and skin, to have set up as a reminder of the gamest animal I have yet met.

Next day we again had an unsuccessful hunt after buffalo, for, although we found the herd in the evening, a mule, which followed in our wake contrary to my orders, disturbed them, and they bolted. I was so far distant from camp that I decided to sleep on the trail. Fortunately very little rain fell during the night, but the mosquitoes were awful. At daybreak I again started after the buffalo, and four hours later found them under a tree on an open plain, but once more, while I was crawling towards them, they suddenly dashed off; they had again heard my wretched caravan advancing. I ran to the top of a spur, and was in time to see them walking slowly through some bush. Full of hope, I had almost got within shot, when one of my muleteers shouted to the others that he had found water, and again off they bolted. I fired a long shot and followed for some distance, but there were no signs of any of the beasts having been hit. At eleven o'clock my men brought us some much-needed food and water, for it was just thirty hours since we had had a square meal, and fourteen since a drop of water had passed my lips.

The next two days we spent tracking the herd back to the valley in which the first four buffalo had given us the slip. On the evening of the second day we got caught in the heaviest thunderstorm I think I have ever seen. Every dry watercourse was turned into a torrent, which swept away stones and trees; the water stood two inches deep on the ground, along which the lightning played continuously, while there was a never-ceasing rattle of thunder. I feared every moment that one or other of the rifles would be struck, and had them piled against one tree, while we vainly endeavoured to shelter ourselves under another. When the storm abated a little, we waded back to camp, which we reached long after dark, our teeth chattering, and our limbs so benumbed that we could hardly drag them along. After getting into a change of clothes and drinking some hot coffee, I had a long talk with my headmen over what was to be done. It was now twenty-five days since I had left Gondar, intending to return in fifteen; several of the men had fever, and all had been on the lowest of rations for the last three days, while I managed to subsist—and so far keep well—on a small tin of potted meat and a little bread. I doubted, however, whether I could endure much more of this sort of work without an attack of fever. The Abyssinians attributed all my ill-luck to the evil eye, which some one had cast on me, and declared that, try how I might, it was useless—I could not break the spell: if I persisted, we should all lose our lives from fever. It would have been waste of time to argue with such dolts, so I did not stop to point out to them that the “evil eye” was mainly the

own folly and disobedience to orders. Eventually I decided that, while the camp went round to Gallamider next day, I would have a last try for the buffalo and rejoin my men by taking a short cut over the hills.

Next morning, after impressing on every one the necessity of using the greatest caution, we started off to where we parted from the trail on the previous night. Here I left my mule, and soon found the spot where the buffalo had been grazing at the entrance of a narrow side-valley. Up this we made our way very slowly, keeping along the opposite slope to the one they had taken, when I suddenly saw a tree move, as though a beast were rubbing against it, but the foliage was so thick that we could see nothing of the cause. However, I felt certain that we were near the game, so, telling the guide to follow the track slowly, I went on up a steep bank to the head of the nulla; but as I saw no signs of the herd, was about to return, when I heard a crashing in the valley below me, and, running forward, was just in time to see two bulls climbing the opposite slope, 300 yards off. I squatted down and fired four shots in quick succession with the .256, with the result that one animal stumbled to the second shot, but recovered itself, and both dashed down towards the larger valley. Running round the hill I could see only one beast, which was standing by the junction of the nulla with the main valley. While I had three shots at it at very long range, Hyde tore down the hill-side to cut the throat of the other animal, if haply it had fallen. When I reached the bottom of the valley I found my syce had deliberately disobeyed my orders by following us with my mule and

two other men, and that this had caused the beasts to bolt. More "evil eye"! The wounded animal had gone into long grass, and had then moved on to a dense patch of jungle, at one end of which I posted myself, while my men threw stones into it from the other side, but without avail, as the beast broke back and got away. After following the track for some way, we had to give up, and reached camp at 5.15. The first news with which we were greeted was that a mule, which had been fired two days before, was dying, and that the skull of my wart-hog had been lost. I sent off two men to look for the latter at once, although, fortunately, I had removed all four tusks.

Most of next day I spent in looking to camp-kit and repairing my clothes. A native shikari brought me a splendid kudu head, shot near the place where I had killed the young one, the very day I had left. In the afternoon two men returned from following the buffalo, which they said were still going hard. Next morning we climbed the cliff to the plateau, the mules being driven nearly mad, and covered with blood, from the attack of a sort of gadfly, like a faded wasp in colour, whose bite is like a red-hot needle and draws a fine flow of blood that runs for some time. When we reached the top, I strolled along the edge and shot two out of three klipspringers, which I saw running along a little below me. That night I was glad enough to have my tent closed and to sleep under three blankets, instead of tossing about under a mosquito curtain, as I had been doing for nearly three weeks.

In two long marches we reached Gondar once more,

after an absence of just thirty days. My men, who were all right, had moved camp to a spot where there was better grass, and we spent the afternoon in settling down. I heard that Dedjatch Merrit and the Canterbi had left Gondar, in fact that all Ras Mangasha's people had been recalled, to make way for those appointed by the new Ras who was to succeed him. Next day I had all the skins out and found many were damaged by beetles; I was especially annoyed to find that some bohor heads, which Hussein had been ordered to boil, had been put away with the flesh on, the result of which was that the beetles had even attacked the softer parts of the horns.

In the evening, a man who had undertaken, after much persuasion, to try and get me some church paintings and relics, brought several wood-panels and a long roll of coarse cotton-cloth painted with Biblical subjects. These things are now extremely difficult to procure, as sacrilege is severely punished; but I had no compunction in buying these fragments, which, after escaping the hands of the Dervishes, had been thrust away into dusty corners, where they were rapidly going to decay. In this way, besides the panels and several pieces of cloth, I was able to secure a sacred drum, some old books, a large brass cross, and a pair of sistrums, besides several smaller things.

Next morning my Abyssinians turned up in a body to say that four of their number were sick, and that they proposed waiting where they were till these had recovered. I noticed that those who had stayed at Gondar all the time were the spokesmen, and suspected that temporary *liaisons* and tej had more to do with



their decision than concern for their comrades ; however, I answered that, if the men were unable to travel, I would see what could be done. Later on the Shûm, for whom I had sent, made his appearance ; he said, in answer to my questions, that he could give me no guide



A REREDOS FROM GONDAR.

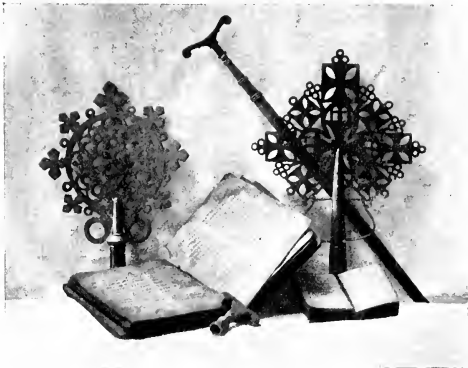
to Simien, but that if I waited till Sunday—it was then Thursday—the new governor of the town would have arrived, and no doubt would do all that I required. Next day, when I was ready to march, the Abyssinians refused to stir ; and, after a heated debate, I had to give in, as without help from the authorities I could get no other men. On Saturday the new governor arrived, but did not visit me ; and I had to send to him three times before I got the promise of a guide for next day.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning, as soon as the caravan was ready to start, I went up myself to ask for the guide, but, to my surprise the governor, Gerazmatch Tesumer, refused to see me or to give me any assistance. As he had come straight from Adis Ababa, and was perfectly aware of the Emperor's orders, it was evident the air of Gondar has a most pernicious effect on the official mind. However, as time did not permit of my sending another messenger to the capital, I determined to do without his help; so, making the best arrangements I could for three of the sick men who had decided to stay behind, I started on the journey. The only person I had succeeded in engaging in their place was a petty trader named Mongusser, whose chief possessions were an inordinately long sword and a worn-out white pony laden with a marvellous collection of odds and ends. He was confident he knew the road to Adua *via* Simien, and, whether he did or not, I had to take his word for it, as I could get no one else to guide me.

It was long after nine o'clock before we finally got clear of Gondar. We crossed the steep valley of the Angrab to the north-east and, looking back, had a fine view of the ruined castles backed by high mountains. An hour later we passed over a stone bridge, 12 feet wide, which spanned a mountain torrent, called the Modetch, on three well-built arches. This structure was still in good repair, but the road on either side was the steepest of rough tracks. Soon after mid-day it began to rain, and everything was very damp before we found a suitable camping-ground at 1.30. The local Shûm came to visit me, and informed us that we had now reached

the border of the country belonging to the Empress Taitu, and that the governor, Balambaras Mineywab, had given orders that every attention was to be shown me in his territory, practical proof of which was forthcoming later, in the form of a sheep, piles of bread, jars of beer and milk, eggs, etc. ; so my men were once more in the land of plenty and content. Unfortunately this pleasant state of things did not last long ; for the next day, after a short march, the guide wanted me to halt at the chief village of the next little group, and as I refused he left us to our own devices, so that for the following four marches we had to find the way as best we could. It was now so cold in the mornings that I could not get the men to load before sunrise, and as the rain regularly began about noon, we did not cover much ground in a day. During these four marches the path lay over undulating uplands with plenty of good grass ; yet comparatively few flocks and herds were to be seen. On the second day—a Tuesday—we passed through the market-place of Dara, just as the people were collecting. We camped that afternoon near one of the colonies of rats that I have spoken about, and divided our time between trying to secure a specimen and examining the skins, which I found were being much damaged by the bacon beetle ; unfortunately, as it rained nearly the whole of every afternoon, it was impossible to open more than one or two sacks a day. Two of my men, who had remained behind on a drinking-bout at Gondar, rejoined the caravan this evening, and, as we were very short-handed, I could only venture on a mild rebuke. On the third day our way lay up a steep rocky valley, beside a

mountain stream which formed a series of cascades. Leaving the solitary mountain of Wukkan on our left, we passed into a more bushy country, in which I got a couple of duiker and wounded a wolf, the only one I had seen for a long time. We camped close to a field of ripe barley, adorned with the most elaborate system of "scaring" which I have seen in any country. Besides



PROCESSIONAL CROSSES, MISSAL, AND PRIESTLY CRUTCHES FROM GONDAR.

the ordinary scarecrows dotted about, there were several raised platforms, from which, by means of strings supported on props, the occupant could jiggle long lines of rags. This sentinel was armed with a sling, as were likewise a number of boys posted on little mounds round the edges, so that any bird that was bold enough to attempt to settle in the field would be within range of one or other of the watchers—in fact, if the barley had contained grains of silver, it could hardly have been more carefully guarded. On the fourth day, the path

lay through large patches of jungle and across several streams, as we completed the *détour* necessary to get round the heads of the Gomier and Amgober streams, tributaries of the Takazzé, which lower down flow through deep rocky gorges. The mules were so done up, that we had to camp on very uneven ground, just above the spot where the river Amgober makes a sheer leap of over 300 feet down the face of a precipice. All round was splendid rock-scenery, and I spent the afternoon climbing to the various summits and enjoying the view. A Shùm, who was passing down the road, stopped to visit me, and being much put out to find that I had no guide, sent off a messenger to the nearest headman to procure one, and also to inform Balambaras Mineywab of my approach.

## CHAPTER XXXI

A fertile valley and a flight of locusts—Inchatkab, capital of Simien—The governor lives at his palace gate—An early call—Big ibex—Sunday morning—Queer trees and legends—A trying march—A great troop of mantled baboons—Lost in the clouds—Among the Simien mountains—Strange scenery—Sight ibex—An awkward shot—Success—A splendid trophy—A native meal—Ibex haunts.

THE night before eight mules had strayed, and it was late in the morning before six of them were recovered, when, without waiting for the remaining two, I climbed to the path above and continued my journey in a south-east direction. Away to the S.S.W. rose a pinnacle of rock strangely like Westminster clock tower. In an hour I reached the side of the wide and fertile valley of Balaguz, with many villages, surrounded by cultivated land, dotted about; across the valley, to the south-east, towered a steep and barren hill, crowned by Inchatkab, the capital of the province. In descending the hill-side, we passed some giant cactus trees and soon after encountered a flight of locusts; at first there was only about one to every blade of grass, but soon the ground was deeply covered with them, and the whole sky darkened by their swarms. We crossed the stream and turned to our left up the course of a tributary—the Serracum; then struck



ON THE MARCH TO SIMIEN.





up-hill, past a pretty little village surrounded by green crops with its church nestling in a fine clump of trees. The path was bad and very steep, the lower part extremely hot, as it wound about the face of the hill ; when at length I reached the top, at 3.30, instead of being on a ridge, which it looked like from beneath, we found ourselves on the edge of a great plateau. Fortunately, the usual rain held off for another hour, and we were able to get camp pitched and everything arranged before it commenced. No one having come from the Balambaras, I sent to ask when I could see him ; the answer was brought by a headman, who arrived with a sheep, bread, beer, and a message to the following effect : My arrival had not been expected so soon, or I should have been met on the way, that I must be very tired after my long march, and that the chief would visit me on the morrow, when I was rested.

We pitched camp on a level stretch of grass to the south of the town, which covered the slope of a hill ; the latter was crowned by a stockade which surrounded a number of large buildings. I was told that Balambaras Minyewab, who governed all the country from near Gondar to the Takazzé, besides one half of Walkait, on behalf of the Empress Taitu, did not live in this big enclosure, as he had not yet been promoted to higher rank on his appointment as governor, but resided in a small tucul near the foot of the hill, which was pointed out. The stockade and all its fine buildings were left empty, except on feast days, when the Balambaras entertained there. At seven next morning, just as I sat down to breakfast, the governor, with a large following,

suddenly arrived on the scene without any previous warning; I hurried through my meal and had rugs spread on the ground in front of the tent for his followers, while the Balambaras occupied a chair just in the doorway. He was rather a fine-looking old man, tall, with good features and a neatly trimmed white beard. After the usual compliments and the reading of the Emperor's letter by one of his suite, I inquired if there was a road that would take me quickly down to Walkait, where I had heard that buffalo and giraffe were to be found. He replied that it was a bad time of year to go, because of the fever, and that, as in sixteen days or less the Takazzé would be impassable for three or four months, I should not have time to go and return. I then asked about the *wala*, which he said were to be found only one day's march from Inchatkab; adding that their horns were two to three arms long, and much sought after for the purpose of making into tumblers. As in Abyssinia an arm means the length from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, or about 18 inches, this equals from three to four and a half feet. I opened a bottle of champagne, but it was evidently an unknown drink to the governor, who seemed very suspicious of it, and after merely sipping its contents, passed on the tumbler to his followers, who were nearly as distrustful. I showed my rifles and Ward's book, in both of which he merely took a polite interest. It was settled that I should rest here this day—the mules being much done up, and having to make a long march on the morrow. We had no rain all day, so that I was able to have every skin unpacked for examination,

when I was glad to find there were fewer beetles than before.

The two mules which had been left behind were brought in, and I had a busy time generally, inspecting and rearranging camp-kit and loads.

Next morning—Sunday, 24th June—I got the caravan away at 7.30, and went over to the new church, where the governor and a large suite met me. I took several photos, many of the people carefully covering their mouths as a precaution against evil. The Balambaras accompanied me for some little distance and then took leave; I commended to his care three of my men who were sick, and gave him as a present various small articles for which I heard he had expressed a wish.



GIANT LOBELIAS.

We steadily ascended till 12.45, a cold wind blowing in our faces. Below us, on our left, lay the Serracum valley, the head of which was our immediate goal. The ground over which we passed was covered with short coarse grass and dotted with most curious trees, the like of which I have seen nowhere else. The natives call them *Gibarrar*, and the species has been identified from my photographs by Dr. Maxwell Masters as *Lobelia rhynchopetalum*, a giant member of a genus in which the species are usually small, and one hitherto but little known. It has the appearance of a dwarf palm, with a stem from

four to six feet high and crowned by a bunch of leaves, from the centre of which the seed-cone grows in a long spike sometimes as much as 5 feet in height. When this spike has ripened, numbers of birds may be seen plucking out the seed, and the tree gradually decays and dies, seedlings soon springing up around the place. If the stem or leaves are cut, a thick, white, sticky fluid exudes, which is used by the priests for writing charms to ward off the evil eye. The dead trunks are almost useless for fuel, as, when dry, only a thin bark and a little fibre remain. Plants in every stage of growth may be seen at all seasons. The natives gravely informed me that this tree invariably gave headaches to strangers who saw it for the first time, although it had no effect on the inhabitants—a popular explanation of the effect of the high elevation and rarefied air on a man coming from a lower level. A few days later, when I was photographing some ibex heads, I slashed off the top of a short gibarrar, and was surprised at the evident displeasure of a native standing by. Thinking the juice might be poisonous, I questioned him through the interpreter, and learnt that they believe each tree to be the abode of an evil spirit, who has been cast out of a human being; that he will do no harm so long as the tree is left uninjured; but, if his retreat be assailed, the spirit will revenge himself by once more taking possession of a human being, and most likely the perpetrator of the outrage or some one dear to him.

For an hour we marched over fairly level ground, passing round the head of the Serracum. To our right

lay a great expanse of rock and valley half hidden in cloud; from this blew an icy blast, which seemed to cut through my khâki clothing like a knife. The ground was thickly strewn with locusts, which had tried



MANTLED BABOON.

*Simien.*

to cross and had perished by the cold. The Somâlis were ashy-blue with cold, every one was shivering, and even the mules could only with difficulty be made to face the freezing wind. Fortunately, we soon began to descend by a steep but fairly good track, with a wall of ragged cliffs on our left, and an apparently bottomless pit filled with clouds on our right. In a little grassy

bay, between sheer cliffs, we came upon a troop of nearly three hundred baboons; they were busily tearing up and eating the grass or something that grew amongst it. At first they paid but little attention to us, merely moving a little higher up, but when they saw me begin to climb towards them, there was great commotion, and all took to the rocks. I had a good opportunity of noticing the despotic way in which the old males rule the others: I saw one old fellow seize an apparently unoffending youngster, cuff it violently, and then deliberately chuck it over the cliff. As I approached, the whole troop began to move across the face of the cliff; at one place there was a gap in the ledge they were following, and while each individual scrambled slowly across, I picked off two of the largest males with splendid coats, but unfortunately in their fall the skulls of both were smashed to fragments. When we began to descend, we found ourselves enveloped in thick clouds, and very nearly missed the tiny patch of level ground where the tents had been pitched, among which the mules were being kept huddled together for fear of losing them in the mist. After a long delay, strange noises came through the clouds below us, and slowly a straggling line of odd-looking figures, half-clad in shaggy skins, with exaggerated night-caps on their heads, but with bare legs and feet, appeared as it were from the depths of the earth, bearing logs of wood, some bread, milk, and barley. The natives of Simien during the colder months wear one or two goat-skins across their shoulders, and a cap made of the same animal's hair, woven in patterns similar to those the Baltis in Little Tibet use for their sleeping mats;

but throughout the year they go bare-legged and unshod, even when snow lies on the ground.

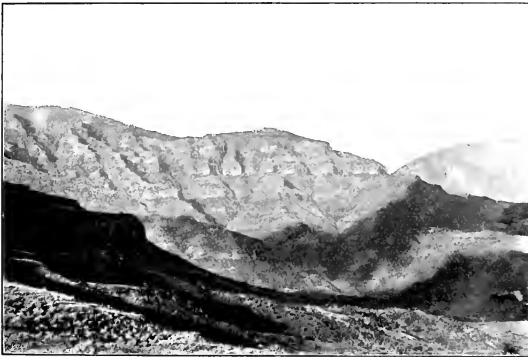
The guide reported that the headman of the village was away, but he had "collected" these things in the meantime, and that the Shùm would arrive the first thing in the morning to hear my commands. I was up as soon as it was light next day, and found we were camped on one side of an amphitheatre of hills. Opposite were the Buiheat mountains, with a great wall of broken cliffs, as it were a girdle drawn tightly round them and kept in place by knife-edged ridges running down to the valley below, in which lay the scattered village of Lourré amid its cultivated ground. Away to the north, where the cliffs ended, was one of those vast fields of fantastic rock-scenery to be seen nowhere but in Abyssinia; one might imagine oneself to be gazing on the playground of a race of giants, who had vied with each other in setting up as many huge buildings of every sort, as close together as possible, and had then run off and left the lot unfinished. Minarets and domes, castles and cathedrals, sphinxes, obelisks, and pyramids, all seemed to be there in endless profusion—small wonder the old writers more than half believed Simien was an enchanted land! Behind us lay a steep grassy valley sloping downward to join a larger one at the foot of Ras Detjem, a great sugar-loaf hill in the far distance. Breakfast done, and no headman having appeared, I sent the guide off to the village to look for him, while I searched the foot of the cliffs opposite with the telescope, in the hope of seeing a herd of the wala I had come so far to shoot. After a good hour had gone by, the guide

returned accompanied by the Shùm and a train of villagers bringing a sheep and some other presents. He said he had received a letter from the governor, ordering him to show me wala, but that there were very few now, and he could not promise that we should see any; he then asked if I was going in boots, and, on my answering him that such was my intention, he seemed to expect my return on a shutter, or whatever may be the local equivalent for that article.

At last we started, two villagers leading the way, followed by my two Somâli shikaris, shivering in all the clothes they could wind round them, and myself, clad in one khâki suit over another. Having been told that taking a mule was quite useless, we walked back nearly two miles along the road down which we had stumbled the previous day; then, while we turned off to skirt the base of the cliffs, two men went to the top with the idea of driving down any ibex they might see. The wiry grass which grew in tufts gave good foot- and hand-hold, and I had no difficulty in following the guide, who led us along the steep sloping ground below the main line of cliffs. By a little stream of water he pointed out some tracks and said, "Wala," but Ali and myself agreed that they looked more like klipspringer than anything else; and this conjecture proved correct, for one of those antelopes appeared soon after, perched on a rock above us, and uttering its cry of alarm. We climbed round the next shoulder and sat down to search the ground; Ali, who was a little ahead of me, said, "More klipspringer," and directly after "No! goats!" I crawled over to him at once and caught sight of three ibex, a fair-sized male



with horns about 35 inches, and a smaller male and female; they were about 400 yards off, moving up through some thin scrub and watching the ground below them. Ali at first said there were four, and that one had lain down; however, as he could not point out the place or find the animal again with the glasses, I doubted the statement. The three ibex in sight kept working up and



MOUNT BUIHEAT, THE HOME OF THE IBEX.

away from us, the larger male and female going over a ridge, while we lost sight of the third altogether. We started to follow them, and had gone some distance when Ali stopped me, saying he had found the big one which he had first seen; and, after some little time, I made him out quite 180 yards off, lying in deep shadow under an overhanging rock, and half concealed by a bush which grew in front. It was an awkward place to get at; in fact I could see no point that commanded it, except the one we were on; and as the creature had his head turned our

way, and, by the movement of the one horn we could see, was evidently very much awake, I feared his "spotting" us at any moment. Taking a rest on a tuft of grass, I got the telescope-sight to bear on the spot which I calculated I must aim at in order to reach his heart, and



WHERE THE FIRST IBEX FELL.

waiting till he moved his head, and consequently the horn, out of the way, I pressed the trigger. He got up and moved slowly out! Had the shot missed him or was he badly wounded? Another shot, as he moved into a dense clump of undergrowth, seemed to strike home, but two others fired into the bush failed to produce any visible effect. I turned to question Ali and found

him fumbling with the focus (like all Somális he is quite useless with the glasses). How I wished I had my Kashmiri, Satara, by my side! No need to have questioned him, for, as I fired each shot, I should have heard its billet hissed out beside me. Just then a female ibex dashed away, and my next concern was to prevent the guide tearing off to see if the beast was dead, and, if so, to slash its ears and throat. By the time this little matter was settled, every one had lost sight of the place in which the ibex lay, and, try as I would, I could not pick it up again, till the animal moved out on a little patch of grass. It did not need a second glance to tell that he was badly hit, for a great blood-stain showed on his side, as he staggered forward and lay down on the edge of a rock some 20 feet high. Presently he lost his balance and rolled over, but with a great effort regained his feet and stood for a minute, then pitched forward and fell headlong down out of sight. The noise of falling stones and breaking sticks was succeeded by a dull thud, and a chorus of different tongues murmured the words "horns broken." My memory pictured a black day in 1898 at Braldo, in Baltistan, when the largest ibex I had ever shot rolled over in a similar manner, and all we gathered were a few fragments of horn and some bits of bone. We set off to scramble down, and found him lying in a watercourse with his horns apparently uninjured; but a thirty-foot cliff barred our near approach, and we could not be certain. At last we found a way down and were able to admire our prize, and indeed it was one worthy of all the long journey and delays I had suffered. The upper part of his thick coat looked at a little distance almost

black in the shade, while in the sun it appeared a deep chestnut colour ; this gradually merged into silver grey at the side, which in turn was separated from the white of the belly by a brown line. The chestnut-coloured head marked with grey was strikingly noticeable from the great frontal lump, which distinguishes it from all other species of ibex, and was in keeping with the massiveness of the long sweeping horns, over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and more than 11 inches in circumference, which



SIMIEN CAPS AND A MONEY BAG.

luckily had escaped all injury. When the work of photographing, measuring, skinning, and weighing was over, we all had a rest, the Abyssinians falling to on a few choice bits of still warm tripe and flesh. I found three of the four shots had struck the ibex ; the first, just missing the heart by the left, had gone through him, broken up on the rock and cut the skin with the fragments.

We had a long climb back to the path above, which ran close to the cliff, and was partly sheltered by the débris falling from above and forming a bank at some little distance from its face. The ibex appeared

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to regularly use these partly concealed runs in moving from one part of their ground to another, and where an overhanging rock gives more space they lie up in the middle of the day. Several times we came on the remains of fires and bones, with beds of grass beside them, where the natives had lain concealed to get a shot at the wala, as they moved from place to place or came to drink. The men who had been along the top of the cliffs reported having seen ibex, which had bolted in the opposite direction. I reached camp at five o'clock, well pleased at having been so successful the first day, and half wondering to how many heads I should limit myself.

## CHAPTER XXXII

A useless shot—A red-letter day with ibex—Find the herd—Plan the stalk—A worthless guide—I take the lead—A difficult bit—The crawl up—A splendid sight—The clouds shut down—An anxious wait—The shot—Four rolled over—Rain, sleet, and hail—Men refuse to move—A chilly march to camp—A search for missing ibex—Try fresh ground—Descent from Simien—A terrible road—Splendid scenery.—An excited Shûm.

NEXT morning I was ready early, but had to wait for a mule to be brought up from the valley, where I had sent all the beasts and the men not actually wanted, as it was a good deal more sheltered than our camping-place. I rode back along the path for an hour, with my hunters, and, leaving the mule, turned to the right along the top of the cliffs, where we met a caravan and saw the men of another amusing themselves by rolling stones over the edge in the hope of starting a herd of ibex; this, I learnt was a common custom, as the cliffs were too high to shoot from. With the aid of the glasses we soon discovered two bucks with good heads, and, in order to get to their grazing-ground, we followed the edge of the cliffs, in the hope of finding a path down, but could see no way possible, nor did the guide know of any, except the one I had been along yesterday, which branched off from where I had left the mule. For some time I

lay on a spur of rock which commanded a good view of the valley, but, failing to see any game, I began to work back, and at length discovered a herd of fifteen does and a good-sized buck feeding in a narrow dell below. After a little while I also made out the larger of the two we had seen in the morning, and as there appeared to be no possible means of approach, tried a long shot, which did no damage except scattering the herd. Immediately after this the clouds rolled up, blotting out the valley, and enveloping us in mist. The march back to camp against a cutting wind and driving sleet lasted two hours, and made my Somâlis shake with cold. Next morning the hill-tops were white with snow, and the lowering clouds still clung to them, when I began searching yesterday's ground with the telescope, and soon found the herd in the valley next to the one where I had fired. After a while the Shûm and his followers came up, and I questioned them about the place they had told me of as being a short day's march from here towards Adua, and where, they alleged, there were many more wala. To my surprise they now denied all knowledge of the ground, declaring that the villagers there would not obey this headman, that their own Shûm was absent, that the place had been lately driven with a lot of dogs for a big Shûm, who had shot all the wala, and, in fact, that the only available sporting ground was the one which I had been over. So I scribbled a note to the Balambaras, desiring him to send fresh orders, which being despatched we (the guide, Ali, Hyde, and myself) started down a fairly good path, passing numerous flocks of sheep and goats just released from their pens, which are merely

natural caves with the mouths walled up by means of stones and wattles. We crossed the foot of the valley in which the ibex were grazing and began to work up the slope on the far side. Scattered clouds kept blowing about and impeding the view, and altogether it was anything but an ideal day for ibex stalking. Once, as a cloud rolled suddenly aside, I found the guide was taking us up in full view of the herd; after this we changed places, and I took the lead. A dip down and a scramble over bad ground brought us higher up the slope, which much resembled the edge of a saw, sheer rocks representing the jag of the teeth, while the steep shelving ground, covered with coarse grass, giant lobelias, and patches of bush, took the places of the slant. Four villagers had followed us in the hopes of coming in for a share of the spoil, in the shape of meat, but these I ordered to stay behind near a ruined hut, while we four worked our way up to a pile of massive rocks, from which I hoped to see the ibex; in this, however, I was disappointed, for the clouds proved too thick. Here, for a time we came to a deadlock, being unable to make our way beyond the bluff; first we tried a narrow ledge of rock on the right, but found that it ended abruptly in a precipice, and when we turned back with difficulty to try the left side, the clouds all at once lifted and disclosed the herd, lying in full view under a rock about 400 yards off. The sulky guide could or would give no help, so, trusting to our own acumen, we tried another line, and, first working downwards, after several futile attempts reached a higher tooth of the saw, where Hyde and the native were told to wait.



Ali and I now made our way round the cliff by an ibex-run, and under cover of the clouds got safely into the bed of a small rift. Working up this very slowly and carefully, so as not to dislodge the loose stones, we



MY FAVOURITE SHOOTING POSITION.

crawled round the base of a bluff to the neck of a small projecting plateau. Here we paused to take breath, and as I peeped over the side the clouds lifted a little, and to my joy I saw the herd all lying close together on a ledge some 70 yards off and slightly below us. A moment later the clouds shut down again, and I got into my

favourite shooting position, sitting, elbows resting inside knees, and a stick grasped between thumb and barrel. What an age it seemed, waiting in that murky gloom! Every moment I expected to hear a cry of alarm and the rattle of descending stones, as the herd dashed off, and all chance of a shot was lost. Once it grew bright enough to make out shadowy forms, next the wind seemed to blow right in their direction, and I made sure they must scent us, but fortune favoured us: the clouds cleared away, and I saw the largest male standing stern to us. There was no time to lose, so, aiming rather far back, I fired, and saw his legs collapse under him, as he slid partly off the ledge, stone-dead. As the others dashed down past us, I hurriedly fired two shots at the second male, and then tore my way through some under-wood to the edge of the little plateau. At first we could see nothing, then a few ibex appeared, following one of their runs close to a cliff below our right, among them the second large male, at which I got a shot before the next rocky shoulder hid them from view. We then saw three females far below us, bolting in the opposite direction; a shot fired at them found no billet, but a fourth doe, as she followed the others, stood looking down long enough for a bullet to reach her and send her crashing through the scrub. By this time, the others to our right were in view again, but at long range; Ali said, "A buck leads," and I tried a shot and was just taking aim at another which was slowly bringing up the rear, when it lay down. A hurried shot, as the last female rounded the far corner, and she also rolled down the slope. We went up and measured the big buck, and

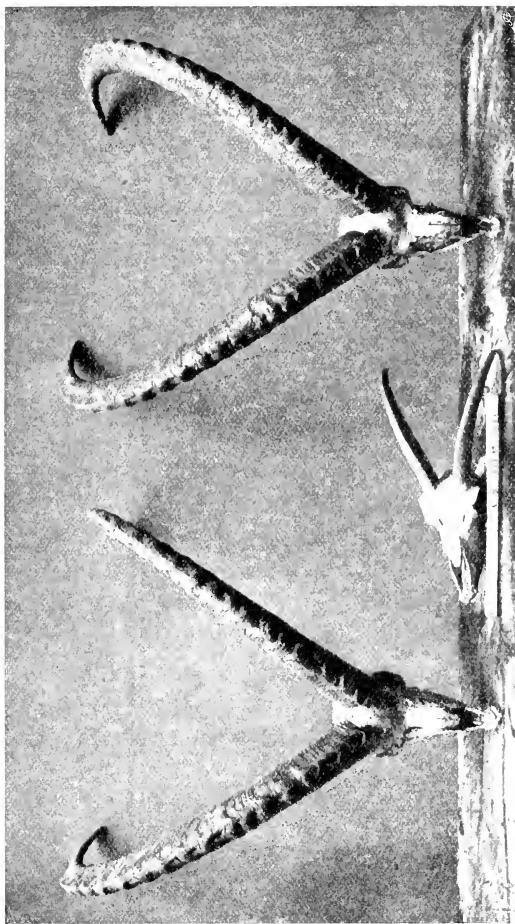
then, leaving Hyde to skin it, went on to the second, which we found quite dead.

Meanwhile, the other men had failed to discover the doe which fell first, so Ali went to help them, while I looked after the skinning and weighing; by this time rain was falling in torrents, with occasional bursts of hail and sleet as a change. As soon as Hyde joined me with the head of the large buck, I started off to look for the second female; the track it had made as it rolled down was plain enough, and this we followed till it came to the edge of a precipice. After failing to find a road down we returned to where the second buck had fallen, and found all the men sheltering under the ledge of a rock, where they proposed to spend the night. My clothes were dripping, my teeth chattering, so, catching hold of one of the men—for talking had no effect whatever—I told him to lead me down to camp. He started off to the place where we had already proved there was no path, so I took the lead myself, struck off down the hillside, and in an hour found a track which led us round the hills and up to camp, where we arrived at 7.30. The final climb up-hill with an icy wind blowing in our faces tried me very much, after the month spent in the steaming Soudan; however, some hot soup and a roaring fire soon revived me, though I burnt the foot off one sock without feeling any warmth in my toes.

Early next morning the men arrived safely, with the three ibex-heads; they had wisely moved down to one of the caves used as sheep-pens, and there spent the night. After photographing the heads, I started off to look for the second female, but although I searched the

ground thoroughly, not a sign of her was to be found, after the track ceased at the edge of the cliff. A crowd of villagers, who were sitting gorging themselves with raw and half-cooked meat, offered no other help than advising me to return to camp. On the way back, a cuberow showed, but I missed it, which was vexing, for it proved the only one I saw in Simien. Much heavy rain fell in the evening and at night, so that next morning the peaks were thick in snow, which reached almost to our camp. I decided to search the slopes of Ras Detjem, the camp being moved down some way to meet me on my return, while Ali was to have a last look for the missing ibex. It was a cloudy, cold day, with sleet-squalls every now and then; and, beyond a few old tracks, all we saw was a big troop of baboons. In the evening, round a roaring fire, Ali told me of his unsuccessful search, and the Shûm protested both his anxiety to help me, and his absolute ignorance of any other ibex-ground, assertions which I knew to be equally false. The following morning, I sent off the messenger from the Balambaras and one of my men to interview the villagers all round, and offer a reward for any information about other herds of wala, while I went back to the old ground; but the clouds were so dense that we only got occasional glimpses of it from above, and, except a family party of three klipspringers and a solitary monkey, saw nothing.

*Sunday, 1st July.*—As yesterday's messengers had returned with no news, and there apparently was nothing left on Buiheat but one small buck—being, moreover, unable to discover any other ground, and the Takazzé



IBEX - SKULLS.



likely from all accounts to be soon impassable, I decided to move down to the Attabar valley. The path was one of the most villainous I have ever tried to take beasts along, the greater part of the road lying in the bed of a stream strewn with steep and slippery rocks, where the mules kept falling and loads getting astray. At one place the way led through a pool, between the foot of one and the head of another waterfall, where, in my endeavours to keep a donkey from being washed off its legs and down the fall, I lost a cape. The scenery, during this toilsome march—when I had time to turn and glance at it—was one which for stern and rugged grandeur I have never seen surpassed. We were wending our way down a deep valley bounded on either side by a seemingly endless range of dark basaltic rocks, whose craggy, snow-crowned summits were half hidden in the clouds. As we descended further, the cliffs gradually became less steep and bare : grasses and shrubs, finding some soil to root in, began to clothe the hill-side with verdure, while the streams gathered volume from tributary rills, till they became foaming torrents, which rushed down the mountain side in a succession of cataracts and rapids.

We camped on the first level bit of ground we came to, just before heavy rain began. I found, on examination, that the ibex-skins had hardly dried at all owing to the continual cloud and mist we had lived in, so, to save them, I took them into my tent, the atmosphere of which by morning I leave to be imagined by any one who knows the smell of fresh wild-goat skins. Next day we descended through luxurious vegetation of almost

tropical growth, having to force a way for the laden mules along the narrow path by the river-side, a path overgrown with bush and blocked by dead tree-trunks, which a network of creepers often kept suspended in mid-air. Big cactus trees, orchids, and ferns grew everywhere in profusion. Before we reached the borders of the



THE ROAD FROM SIMIEN.

cultivated ground, after two and a half hours' march, we saw a big troop of grey-haired monkeys travelling along the opposite bank, at which I tried, though unsuccessfully, to get a shot. The villagers had been anxious for us to halt as soon as we reached the first hamlet—I think in order to report my arrival—but I kept on for another half-hour, and then camped on a bit of level ground below the terraced village of Abbinar, where the barley was six inches high, while at Lurey they were only just beginning to plough the land. Soon four head-men gathered round me, full of talk, and bringing various



presents : I went through the usual routine, giving them an egg-cupful of rum each, showing them my rifles, etc. It kept fine till four o'clock, and we were able to sun all the loads, and get the raw skins partly dry. While thus occupied, we were provided with much amusement by an old Shŭm, who worked himself up into a frantic state of excitement over the refusal of some villagers to obey his orders to bake bread for the stranger. The rum, added to tej, had gone to his head, and, as he waved about an ancient rifle, while beating his breast with his other hand, tearing his hair and showering curses on the heads of his rebellious subjects, he looked as mad a figure as one could wish to see. I should dearly like to have secured a photo of him in his tantrums, but feared that it might turn his wrath in my direction. At last they quieted him down and, acting on my advice, took him to bed, which was clearly the best place for him.



MALE AND FEMALE IBEX-SKULLS.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

A local chief—A somewhat cool request—We cross the Takazzé—Our guide deserts us—Lose our way—A Tigré chief and his village—The Khalifa's letter-bearer—A buried church and its legend—A fever-haunted, lonely valley—Ruined villages.

FOR three hours next day we continued our march down the valley, the vegetation, strange to say, gradually getting more and more scanty, and the hill-sides looking bare and parched. We passed many villages, with cultivated terraces rising high above them, but saw even more deserted sites, the result, we were told, of so many of the inhabitants being killed in the war with the Italians. Camp was pitched at Attover, a little plateau by a side-valley, which, I learnt, was the furthest point on this side to which the Italians had penetrated before the war. In the afternoon Dedjatch Zerefer, the local governor, came to visit me, with a following of some thirty men. Just as he arrived, a storm burst, and, while I sheltered the Dedjatch and one or two of his chief men, the others sought cover in the servants' tents. After the usual compliments and drinks, he presented me with a sheep, tej, eggs, and bread, which had been carried down from his village. I then tried to get some

definite information about the extent of the ibex-ground, but found it most difficult to extract from them anything save the vaguest answers, every one in Simien appearing—for some reason—most reluctant to tell me exactly where the wala were to be found. After much wandering from the point, I gathered that Talumph, Hi, and Cherassé were the favourite hunting-grounds, that there would now be three months' heavy rain and snow, during which they considered getting-about impossible, but that when the weather cleared up they would have great ibex-hunts.

While showing the governor my rifles, I was disgusted to find the stock of the .400 snapped short off, the result of our rough march two days ago. The governor stayed for three hours, and it was evident his visit had some special object in view, though I could not get at its nature. At last he left, to put up in the village, saying he would see me in the morning. Before 6 A.M. he appeared again, and, after much beating about the bush, said an Englishman had presented him with a field-glass twelve years before, but that one eye-piece was broken, and as I was now going home and could easily get another, would I exchange the glass for mine? As the one was absolutely useless, and the other a first-rate Zeiss, I did not see it in the same light, and told him so: however, we parted the best of friends. I gave him various little things he wanted, and promised to send a field-glass one of these days, while he presented me with a pair of wala horns and offered me lots of shooting, if I should come again.

It was market-day, and on our march we met crowds

of people coming to attend it, besides strings of donkeys carrying bars of salt. Each load consisted of sixty to seventy Amolé, packed in three layers, with cotton-sheeting between. For hours we marched down-stream, till we reached the point where the path known as the Amhalaney road leaves the Attabar valley, when, crossing the river, we pitched camp. The cliffs close to the river were yellowish red sandstone, while the main hills of the valley consisted of grey basaltic rock. Next morning, just after some of the mules had started, the men sent word back to me that a big troop of the grey-haired monkeys was close by. I at once pushed on ahead, and found some two hundred of them feeding on the hill-side. Singling out a large male, I pressed the trigger; but the cartridge missed fire, and I found the bolt had stuck. Naturally, by the time it was clear, the troop had departed. When I examined the gun, the striker proved to be a mass of rust, the result of the continual wet combined with the laziness of my Somâlis. After scraping it clean, we followed the troop, but with no success.

We passed one large stretch of cultivated ground, and then crossed two valleys into that of the Mader, which we followed down to the Takazzé, a red mud-coloured stream some 60 yards wide, the water of which came half-way up the saddle-flaps. The valley was not so confined as I had been led to expect, and there seemed no immediate prospect of the river becoming impassable; nor were there any crocodiles to be seen, although we had been assured they swarmed hereabouts. The tents were pitched under the shade of

some trees, at the mouth of a wide, sandy valley, which seemed very hot after Simien; and it appeared to have received little rain so far, since hardly any new grass was to be found for the beasts.

Next day we decided to rest the mules, after their long march. I went up-stream a little, but only saw a few hippo-tracks on shore, and three crocodiles in the river, which latter had fallen quite 3 feet since the previous day. In the afternoon I took some photos, and spent the time looking over the skins and camp-kit.

We effected an early start next morning, and were soon over a ridge and descending a long, waterless valley, across the foot of which flows the Ghiva, a stream 20 yards across and knee-deep; this is said never to run dry. Here the guide wanted us to camp, but as we had only done two and a half hours' march, I refused, and, after much talk, he went off, saying, that as we did not take his advice, we might shift for ourselves. This we did, and, climbing the ridge on the opposite side of the river by a very bad path, reached a highly cultivated plateau, where, having now marched a total of four and a half hours, we halted under a fine Wanza tree. The rain began at 4.30, which seems the regulation time at this season, east of Simien. The villagers brought us some bread and milk, but although I gave them drinks and a present, and showed them my letters, and although Adarar wasted many honeyed words on them, they absolutely refused to provide a guide for the morrow. So our next march was rather a haphazard one, various countrymen giving us different directions, evidently with a view

to keep us as far from their particular villages as possible. We were now skirting the base of Ambara, one of the solitary, flat-topped mountains formerly used as prisons for political offenders, and such as the ruler for the time being thought it best—for his and their country's good—to keep in safe custody. We marched for four and a half hours, passing many villages separated by broad belts of thick thorn-jungle, but not a duiker or any other sort of beast did we see; in fact, since we left Simien, the two troops of monkeys and the three crocodiles were the only "game" we met.

Next morning, a little over three hours brought us to the picturesque red sandstone hills on which Abbi Addi, the capital of Tembien, is situated. Then I knew that we had come far out of our way to the south of Adua, our destination. Just behind camp was an irregular line of red cliffs, their face broken by a number of caves; and near them stood the ruins of a church, which the Mohammedan inhabitants of the villages round had asked Menelik's leave to dismantle, as its presence was obnoxious to them. On this day, a thunderstorm burst over us before the usual time, and the tent-pegs flew from the sandy soil in every direction, all of us getting wet before the flapping canvas could be secured. As soon as the weather cleared, I received the visit of Kanyazmatch Gubberu, the acting ruler of Tembien during the absence of his superior, who had gone to meet the new governor of Tigré. He was a native of Tigré, a man of fine olive complexion and clear-cut, intelligent features, but with a mouth suggestive of temper. At the outset he was evidently distrustful of

me and my intentions; the Emperor's letters, however, seemed to reassure him a little, and he gradually became more civil, though my coming without a guide still excited his suspicions, as was evidenced by his frequent references to the fact. A small brother of his, who accompanied him, seemed a very sharp youth, and constantly put in a few words of advice. They both handled my rifles in a business-like way, and their questions were to the point. After they had left, a man of the name of Abdar Hamman came to see me, and we had a long talk, in the course of which he gave me much interesting information. Among other things, he told me that he was a native of this place, and had been made a prisoner by the Dervishes and carried to Khartoum thirteen years ago. There he had gained the confidence of the Khalifa, and was sent by him with letters to Menelik, who received him and his followers well, and gave them mules and a tent for their return journey. After the fall of Omdurman, he had apparently proved useful to our intelligence officers, and, when things had quieted down, he set out for his own country, but had twice to abandon the journey through sickness.

That evening, a present of fowls and eggs, bread and milk, limes and "turengo" (shaddock), a fruit I had not seen previously in Abyssinia, in addition to bundles of fuel, arrived from the Kanyazmatch. He also came to see us off next morning, and said it was only a short march to the foot of the Sabandas range, where the guide he was sending with me would be relieved by another. After some persuasion, I got them to sit for a group; but it was evident they did not like

the proceeding. A priest, who accompanied them, protected himself with my field-glasses—on the principle of devil fight devil, I suppose—while the other chief men carefully covered their mouths and nostrils with their shammas.

In less than an hour we reached Mariam Izzeto,



GROUP OF TIGRÉANS.

where I was informed another guide would be found. While waiting for the latter, I examined a small dome-shaped sandstone hill, in which my men seemed to be taking a great interest. They told me the tradition was that the hill enclosed a magnificent church, to which once upon a time a great lady came on a pilgrimage. The people began to prepare a feast for her inside the church, when St. Mary appeared and forbade them, as it was not a feast day. Just then the great lady arrived at the church door and ordered the feast to be carried inside, she and all her retinue following; immediately St. Mary caused a great slab of stone to fall and close the entrance, and there it is to this day. A



natural stone archway, with a perfectly smooth stone backing it, on which a cross has been roughly cut, and which appears to bar an entrance into the hill, attests the truth of the story to the native mind, which is not prone to scepticism. The scoffer would probably remark that here, as in so many other places, the physical phenomenon was the cause, and the legend which accounts for it the effect.

After nearly an hour's delay the old guide returned and said that all the men were away at work in the fields, so we moved on a little to where a group of them were hoeing, but they refused to find a guide and advised us to turn back and camp. I proposed going on, but the guide said: "If you do, you will be outside the district, and we shall be powerless to get another guide." So I gave orders to camp where we were, among the fields. This, however, did not suit them at all, and two or three ran off to find the Shùm; meanwhile some of the mules strayed into the barley and thus precipitated matters. The Shùm arrived, and there was a terrible row, the guides, with most emphatic oaths, handing me over to his care, and he, in still more forcible language, refusing to have anything to do with me. At last, getting weary of this wrangling, we moved on for another three-quarters of an hour, and pitched camp between the Sadnampar and Sabandas hills, where the guides left us, declaring that their duty was at an end.

Next morning, we started in a drizzling rain, the villagers, after first refusing all help, finally providing a couple of guides, who led us in one and a half hours to a well-worn path, which they said was the Negus's road

to Adua. Here they left us to our own devices. In two hours more we had reached the top of the ridge and began to descend into the valley of the Gedgudda through thick bush and luxuriant grass. After crossing the usual red-coloured stream, some 15 yards wide and not knee-deep, we camped close to the bank among high rank grass. It looked rather a fever-haunted sort of spot, but the mules simply revelled in the luscious fodder. Just before we started next morning, a big caravan arrived, on their way to Adua, carrying loads of coffee, dried chillies, and burnouses; they also had with them a few oxen and some sheep and goats, which gave them plenty of trouble to get across the river, for the latter had swollen considerably since the previous night. We had to cross it twice more to avoid some bluffs, whose foot it washed: and in the height of the rainy season it must be a formidable obstacle to travellers. An hour's journey brought us to the banks of the Warey, a stream of about the same width but less depth; we next ascended a long, waterless valley and crossed a ridge, at the foot of which we camped. There was plenty of grass here, but for some time we could find no water. For a great part of the day before, and all of this, we had seen no signs of human habitation. I heard afterwards that this jungle was formerly notorious as a haunt of robbers, and is considered far from safe even now, which possibly accounts for the unwillingness of the villagers to find us guides. We saw no game on the way, though we came across a few tracks of bushbuck and pig. In many places there were numbers of a thorn-tree bearing tassels of white

and mauve blossom, which made a pretty contrast to the green of the other trees. The caravan of nagadis came in later and camped close by—an attention we could have dispensed with, as they and their beasts kept up such a din all night that sleep was impossible.

The next march, we hoped, would take us to Adua, which lay among the cone-shaped, rocky hills in the distance; but it was all up-hill, past numerous ruined villages, and when, after five and a half hours' toil, we learnt that it was still another hour off, I decided to halt. Camp was pitched beside two or three deep pools of water, into one of which a mule managed to tumble, and it took sixteen of us to haul him out again, the banks being so steep and slippery. Three of my four Somâlis were sick, and several of the mules had sore backs owing to the hilly roads, so I had plenty of doctoring to do.



TIGRÉAN RED-PEPPER BOX.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

We reach Adua—A Greek trader—Adua market—King John's interpreter—A tantalising episode—Battle and sporting pictures—Ledj Marcha's house—An Abyssinian trial—My passports discussed—The battle of Adua.

IT was as well we halted where we did, for next day it took over two hours to reach Adua, where we camped on a nice stretch of grass to the east of the town, and close by the market-place. The town is built on a hill round two large churches, and, with the exception of Gondar, is the most substantial-looking place I have seen in all Abyssinia. A Greek who trades between here and Asmara came to see me and gave me various items of news, in return for which I tried to sell him some lame mules, but without success. My next visitors were a group of men, who came to inform me that I had no business to camp where I was, as the place was reserved for persons of high degree. This seemed greatly to tickle my men, and they chaffed them unmercifully, till I had to interfere, and sent off Adarar with the Emperor's letter to show their master. The Saturday market was being held, so I went across and got a number of photos, as well as a collection of samples of the different kinds of grain for sale. Of these there

seemed to be a fair supply, but much dearer than in all the country we had come through. Besides food-stuffs, I saw a good deal of cotton-sheeting, mostly of Indian manufacture, a few ploughshares, and some Italian soap, but no jewellery or leather-work; not a single curio was to be found, a couple of leopard-skins and a big snake-skin being the only things that interested me. After lunch I was told that an Englishman was coming to see me: I was naturally eager to know who he was, where he had come from, etc., but before these questions could be answered, a little group of people approached, and a card was brought me inscribed, "Ligee Marcha Workee of Abyssinia." I went out to meet an old man, who seemed bent down with age and trouble, dressed in what were once handsome clothes, but now showing signs of wear.



AN ANCIENT PICTURE.

He greeted me in English, and with an old-world politeness that was in pleasing contrast to anything I had lately experienced. When he was seated and had recovered a little from the exertion of his walk, I gradually learnt something of his history, and afterwards, during my stay in Adua, as I became better acquainted with him, I obtained a fair summary of the whole. I was told that, born in Adua, the son of an Armenian by an Abyssinian wife, he had been sent to Bombay to be educated; there he had learnt English, and, on his return, had become interpreter to King John, by whom he was held in high esteem. In

1884 he was sent by that king on a mission to England, where he was received by the Queen; then, when his master had fallen at the battle of Gallabat, fighting against the Dervishes, in 1889, he transferred his allegiance to Ras Mangasha, and was sent by him, after the battle of Adua, on a mission to Lord Cromer at Cairo. When the town of Adua was looted by General Baratieri's troops in 1894, Ledj Marcha lost nearly all his portable property; but worse was to befall him when Menelik deposed Ras Mangasha from the governorship of Tigré and took him away a prisoner to Shoa. Under the new rule, Ledj Marcha received no rent for his land, and had gradually to sell the few things of value that remained to him, in order to buy bread for his household. He had seen no English papers or books since Mr. Wylde had stayed in his house in 1896, and was delighted with a pile of old papers and magazines which I presented to him. After he had gone, I picked my way through mud and slush, along narrow lanes shut in by high stone walls, to the church of the Holy Trinity, which we found closed. Luckily, just outside we met the head priest, who greeted me effusively, and, unlocking several doors, led me up to a room in which were stored all the vestments and church treasures. These he began to show me, much to my delight; but the pleasure was short-lived, for suddenly he bundled some things back into a box, locked it, and, taking my hand, led me out. He had apparently been dining, not wisely but too well, and the tej consumed caused him to be somewhat vacillating both of purpose and gait.

On my return to camp, I found the Shùm in charge of the town waiting for me; he informed me that he could not let me cross the frontier till he had communicated with the Dedjatch, who had gone to meet the Ras, and that this would take four to six days. I answered that I could not wait so long, and that he must act on the Emperor's letters, which were explicit; but he went away shaking his head, and apparently with no intention of letting me go forward till he got a reply from his immediate superiors.

Next morning I returned to the church of the Holy Trinity to see the pictures; among the most interesting were several representing Abyssinian victories over Egyptian troops, in which, while the few survivors of the enemy's forces were fleeing for all they were worth, dripping with blood, not a casualty was to be seen among the Abyssinians—I thought of Æsop's fable of the lion and the picture. An elephant-hunt, in which the intrepid sportsman has just ridden up and plunged a spear through the animal's shoulder, while a fox-terrier is springing at the elephant in front, and an attendant, with a beautifully placid countenance, is hugging a huge blunderbuss a few paces in the rear, is one of the most striking sporting pictures. Another work of art depicts the Emperor John spearing lions on foot; he is repre-



FRAGMENTS OF A REREDOS.

sented as encumbered with a voluminous cloak, standing on the hind-foot of a very diminutive lion with huge mane and claws, one spear sticking through the loose skin of the shoulder, while the king is just about to plunge another into it. Looking over the back of the first is another lion, with teeth like a hay-cutter. Outside the church the Shúm met me, and we went down to Ledj Marcha, who received us all in his house, where, while we waited for the Emperor's letters to be fetched from my camp, the Shúm tried a case. The prisoner was accused of loading his rifle and threatening to shoot another man. The whole scene was very dramatic—the Shúm seated with his scribe and advisers round him, while the prisoner and his accuser, with their witnesses and friends, formed two little groups opposite. There seemed to be no rules as to examination and cross-examination of witnesses. A man, with his right shoulder bared, would state what he knew of the case, gradually dropping his voice as the climax was reached, and then raising it to a yell, as he violently struck the palm of his hand on another man's to emphasise the oath, "I speak the truth, he lies." Immediately the other side replied in the same strain, and so on it went *ad infinitum*. I asked Ledj Marcha when the trial would be concluded: he said both parties were wealthy, and so it was likely to go on for weeks. The room we were sitting in was shaped like a Latin cross, with a mud-floor, a lofty ceiling supported by huge beams, and walls of stone set in mud. The four rooms which filled the angles between the arms of the cross were used respectively as a mule-stable, cow-byre, store-room, and a pantry from which the servant girls



brought tala and coffee. Cats, dogs, and chickens ran about among the stools and bedsteads on which we sat. The courtyard outside, which was so deep in mire that stepping-stones were dotted about it, led on one side to the women's house, and on the other to the gate-house, with its massive door giving access to the street.

When my messenger came back, Ledj Marcha read the Emperor's letters aloud, and I explained how the second passport came to be written. A great deal of discussion now ensued, the Shúm finally deciding that, if the Dedjatch did not return in three days' time, I was to continue my journey. He was evidently in considerable fear of getting into trouble with his superior officer by letting me pass, but the Emperor's letter was very plain, and there was no quibble or pretext to be found on which he could detain me; so a copy was taken and attested by several seals, and I returned to camp.

As soon as the afternoon rain had stopped, I started to go over the battlefield of Adua, and had the positions of the different corps pointed out to me. I have heard a good many accounts of the battle from those who took part in it on either side, and putting all these together I gathered that the main facts were as follows: General Baratieri, with about 25,000 troops, including native levies, held a very strong position at Enticho, to the north-east of Adua. The Abyssinian army, consisting of nine camps or divisions from as many provinces, which, according to different estimates, numbered in all between 100,000 and 200,000 was encamped in a well-chosen position, of which Adua was about the centre. Negotiations had been going on for some time between

the two forces; the Abyssinians had nearly exhausted their supplies, had no intention of taking the offensive, and in a few days' time must have begun to melt away in search of food, there being no sort of commissariat for feeding the army in the field. This was the position of affairs when General Baratieri on 29th February 1896 received private information from friends in Italy that in a few days time General Baldissera would land at Massowah with orders to supersede him. Calling his generals together, he told them that as the Intelligence Department reported the Abyssinian force had diminished to less than 40,000 rifles in the field, that their ammunition was scanty, and that a good deal of dissension existed among the chiefs, he proposed to quit his position and attack Adua at once; to this they all assented. That night, leaving some 3500 men to garrison Enticho, the Italian army set out in four divisions on a twenty-mile march to Adua. The attack was to be delivered at daybreak by three columns simultaneously. The two wings and the reserve were each about equal in strength, while the centre division had approximately only half as many rifles. As day broke, the two flank-columns had reached the positions they were to take up, but the centre, with which were General Baratieri and his staff, was still five or six miles to the rear, although it had had considerably less ground to cover than either of the wings. On the right, General Dabormida, though meeting with considerable opposition, had pushed boldly forward in the attempt to outflank the Abyssinian left, until, as they found they could spare more and more troops from harassing the other two

columns, the enemy gathered round him in ever-increasing numbers. After a stubborn fight lasting well into the afternoon, during which nearly half his division had fallen, he himself was shot, and the remainder surrendered. General Albertone on the left was the first to get into touch with large bodies of the enemy, his artillery doing considerable execution among them, as they advanced to the attack. However, he also was gradually surrounded by overwhelming numbers, the ammunition began to give out, and to avoid a useless sacrifice of life, the few unwounded survivors surrendered shortly before noon. Meanwhile the centre, under the command of General Arimondi, had halted in a narrow, confined valley in which they could not extend, General Ellena with the reserves being in the same valley some distance to the rear. There the two divisions remained, till they were attacked by hordes of Abyssinians on three sides, when they began a desperate attempt to cut their way back, before they were completely surrounded. General Baratieri, seeing the straits his forces were in, had already retired on the base camp at Enticho. Soon the retreat became a rout, guns were abandoned and rifles thrown away, as the utterly disorganised troops made their way back to Enticho, hotly pressed by the pursuing Abyssinians. After the battle was over, the latter found they had taken 2000 Italian prisoners and rather more than that number of native soldiers. It was then the order was given, that every Abyssinian who had been taken fighting against his king should have his right hand and left foot struck off. This sentence was carried out on the spot by their captors, by far the greater number of the poor

wretches bleeding to death. While one cannot but deplore the barbarity of this punishment, it must be remembered that for centuries it had been the law in Abyssinia that he who raises his hand against his sovereign should lose not only that hand but a foot as well; and that after the taking of Makallé, when the garrison was allowed to go free, the native soldiers were warned what would happen to them or any other Abyssinian, if caught again fighting in the Italian service. A good deal has been written about the mutilation of the dead and dying, and it is undoubtedly the fact that some of the Southern Gallas did carry out their usual practice on a fallen enemy; but Menelik and many of the other leaders did all they could to prevent it, and those caught red-handed were severely punished. Over 50 mountain guns, 15,000 rifles, all the transport and the camp equipage at Enticho, besides quantities of personal loot, fell into the hands of the Abyssinians. The scattered remnants of the Italian army gradually collected at the forts of Adi Ugri and Asmara, there to await reinforcements from Italy and the dispersal of the hostile forces. The failure of the Italian government to inform Baratieri that he was to be superseded and that in the meantime he was not to make any forward movement, want of correct information, and the failure to carry out the concerted attack simultaneously, were the successive causes of the disaster. From all I have heard, the troops, both white and native, appear to have fought splendidly; the Ascaris remained by their officers till the last, and many, when their leaders had all fallen, instead of attempting to save themselves by

flight, fought to a finish. The Italian prisoners, although they had a rough time of it, were not unkindly treated, the somewhat novel line being followed, that, if a prisoner complained with good reason of the man he was billeted on, the latter was punished.

It was an hour after dark before I made my way back to camp in a drizzling rain.

## CHAPTER XXXV

A visit to Axum—The oldest monolith—The stone of King Aeizanas—Other relics of the past—The governor receives me—The great church—Service—The bell-towers—A mausoleum—The King's seat or coronation stone—The largest obelisk—Sacrificial altars—A curious ornamentation—Jewellery and coins—Colonel Prideaux on Axumite coins—The evidence of the bilingual inscription—Historical dilemma.

NEXT morning I was up at daylight, but the guide promised by the Shùm to take me to Axum was not to be found, so I went over to Ledj Marcha, who advised me to take an escort of half a dozen armed men and set out, saying I could easily see all that there was and return that evening.

Our road lay nearly due west for 14 miles across a rough plain, with the cliffs of a high tableland on our right. Within two miles of Axum we passed on our left a venerable sycamore of stupendous size, under whose shade all travellers, from the Emperor downwards, make a halt before entering the sacred city. The most striking object we saw as we pursued our journey was the convent of Abba Pantaleon, perched on the highest point of a crag that jugged out from the plateau upon our right into the plain. A quarter of a mile further, as we skirted the base of the cliffs,

we came in view of the first monolith, a roughly hewn shaft of granite measuring some 24 to 30 feet in height, with flat sides of 36 by 22 inches, and a rounded top.<sup>1</sup> This is the only one left standing of a whole group which once fringed the foot of the eastern hill; the rest are lying prostrate on the ground. It is entirely plain and without a vestige of sculpture.

About a hundred yards to the south-west stands the upright stone with the celebrated bilingual inscription of King Aeizanas, first correctly described by Salt. It probably dates from about the beginning of the fourth century of our era, and bears on one side a Greek and on the other a Semitic inscription. It is



THE OLDEST MONOLITH, AXUM.

about seven feet high, from three to three and a half broad, and on an average about eight inches in thickness. For some reason, probably connected with the nature of the soil, the stone has fallen out of the perpendicular and inclines considerably to the northward, owing to which the Semitic inscription on the south side has suffered so much from exposure to the weather that the greater part is now obliterated. The same cause, however, has

<sup>1</sup> I am aware that Mr. Theodore Bent, in his interesting book, *The Sacred City of the Ethiopians*, to which I refer again in the course of this chapter, describes this obelisk as pointed, but I must differ from him, as will appear from the photograph.

operated in favour of the Greek inscription, which, having thus wholly escaped the destructive action of the torrential rains, is in a wonderful state of preservation for a monument nearly sixteen centuries old. It seems a strange thing that Bruce, in his account of Axum, should have omitted all mention of this remarkable stone, an omission on which Salt does not fail to comment, with his usual unfairness to the older and more distinguished traveller. Not so strange perhaps is the fact that the Jesuit fathers<sup>1</sup> of the sixteenth century, who were acquainted with this monument, should have been unable to make anything of the Greek inscription, and have erroneously described it as a mixture of Greek and Latin letters: for even in the middle of that century a knowledge of Greek was by no means a common accomplishment among the Catholic clergy of Western Europe. I shall return to the subject of these inscriptions at the end of this chapter, when speaking of the coins found at Axum.

In immediate proximity to the stone of Aeizanas lie a number of mounds consisting of débris, which would certainly repay a thorough search. In one of these, so Rüppell tells us, were found a few years before his arrival, and quite by chance, three slabs of limestone, each about 4 ft. by 1 ft. 8 in. and 5 in. thick, covered with more or less imperfect inscriptions in Sabæan characters. These stones were, at his instance, removed to an outhouse in the abode of one of the priests, where he copied the inscriptions.

Making our way along the foot of the eastern hill,

<sup>1</sup> e.g. Padre Tellez in Ludolf, p. 251. Salt inadvertently speaks of them as being in Abyssinia in the fifteenth century.



we now approached the town, which lies partly in, partly at the mouth of, a valley running up in a north-easterly direction into the plateau behind it. The most prominent feature of the scene before us was the sacred enclosure occupying nearly the whole breadth of the valley, and filled with thatched tuculs and groves of sycamores, from the midst of which rose the church. Here I sent two of my men on to the Dedjatch Nebrid Weldu Giorgis, to announce my arrival; for Axum is a territory by itself, subject to no one's commands but those of the Emperor in person.

Meanwhile I curiously examined some of the great stone pedestals or altars which stretched in a long line along the right side of the road. These have evidently once been the bases of monoliths or statues, more probably the latter, as in the majority the places cut to receive the feet are still easily recognisable. Each of them consists of a huge slab of granite some two feet thick and about six feet square, topped in the centre by a solid block fifteen inches in height and three feet square. On three sides the upper surface of the latter is grooved by runnels or gutters placed parallel to the edge, which is formed by a stone coping three inches high. On the side which has no runnel appear the hollows spoken of above, in which no doubt stood the feet of the statue or idol to whom the sacrifices were offered, the runnels serving to receive and carry off the blood of the victim. The altar nearest to Aeizanas' stone seemed to contain the remnants of a long Semitic inscription. Behind this row of pedestals, I noticed a curious rock-terrace which looked almost like a causeway

cut out of the base of the hill ; but whether it was indeed the work of human hands, as Bruce and Rüppell contend, or merely a natural stratum of rock, as Salt insists, I could not determine.

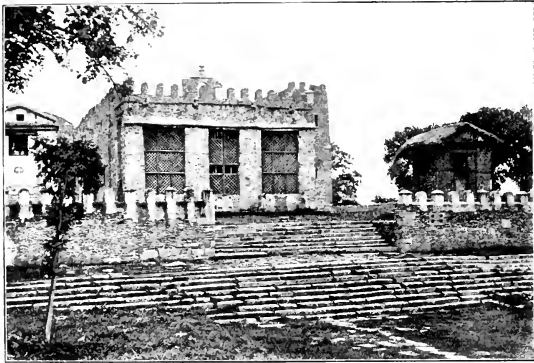
A large military camp was just opposite us, and, as soon as we were observed, a couple of soldiers came over and ordered me peremptorily to move on. I refused, and they remained to watch us. My messengers now returned and conducted me into a walled enclosure at the south side of the church, where, after passing through a large tucul, I found the Nebrid holding a court in the open. Seated in a chair, with rugs spread on the ground before him, was a good-looking Tigréan of about forty, his head enveloped in the priestly turban of twisted muslin ; for although he is the military governor of Axum, after the death of his first wife he took a vow of celibacy. His features indicated both shrewdness of judgment and force of will in no common degree, so that, when I reached the Italian frontier and learnt something of his career, I was not surprised to hear how quickly he had carved out his own fortunes. He was one of Tecla Haymanot's officers when that king and Menelik fell out, and was taken prisoner by the latter. When subsequently Menelik had to submit to the Emperor John, he laid all the blame of the quarrel between himself and the ruler of Gojam on this man. John threw him into chains and kept him a close prisoner, but by degrees he won his liberty and fought well against the Dervishes. After the death of John he asked Menelik to take him into his service, and gradually rose to his present

position, equal in rank to the Abuna and second only to the Emperor himself. As military leader, diplomatist, and ecclesiastic, he has a great reputation for ability.

Grouped round him were a number of his officers, priests, and attendants. As soon as he had motioned me to a chair, I unfolded the Emperor's letters, which, when he had read, he returned with a deep bow, saying there was no shikar here. I replied I was aware of that, but that I wanted his permission to visit the church and the other sacred objects in Axum, of whose fame I had so often heard. He immediately gave orders for one of his officers to take me round and show me all the chief objects of interest. I then expressed my regret that my time was so short, as, thinking Axum was nearer Adua, I had brought no camp-kit and must return that evening. To this he replied: "We cannot allow you to run about the country like a common soldier: remain as my guest to-night, and I will give you a house to sleep in and food for your men and yourself." Thanking him, I bowed myself out, and was led by a side-door into the south side of the sacred grove. Here we had to leave all our rifles, for no one may carry arms inside the sanctuary: nor can any criminal be taken from its precincts, no matter what the crime may be; if he can once gain the *ghudem* he is safe from justice, so long as he remains there.

The original church, which guarded the true ark brought from Jerusalem by Menelik, son of the Queen of Sheba, was destroyed in 1526 by Muhamed Granye, King of Adel, when he overran and nearly conquered Abyssinia. According to Alvarez it was very large, and

had five naves or aisles of a good width and great length, besides a choir, and was vaulted above. The present church, built after the fall of Granye and the expulsion of his hordes by the Portuguese, shows unmistakable traces of European influence in its style. It stands on



AXUM, THE RESTING PLACE OF THE TRUE ARK.

a raised platform surrounded by a low wall, and is approached by two flights of steps, the lower one consisting of ten steps, 180 feet in length, the upper one of eight steps, 36 feet in length, with an interval of 16 feet between the two; on either side of the upper flight there runs a low, battlemented wall, dividing off the space immediately around the church from the rest of the enclosure. The building is oblong in shape, measuring 48 feet across the front and 108 feet in length; the walls are of rough stone, 35 feet high and castellated along the top; a small, square tower leads to the roof, which is flat. Across the whole width of

the front runs a kind of portico, or open vestibule, the roof supported by four square stone piers; the openings between these, and at one end, had just been filled in by dwarf walls, built almost entirely of old carved stones, the rest of the space above these being closed in by wooden trellis-work. Within the portico three doors lead into the interior; the wall between them was mostly hung with coloured chintz, but without any regard to the pattern meeting. Here we waited while they fetched the key, a huge instrument 18 inches long; the big central door was then opened, and we found ourselves in the interior, dimly lighted by a few small and narrow windows. The flat roof was supported by great beams resting upon two rows of solid square pillars, which divide the church into three aisles of equal height; at the third pair of these a screen stretched across from side to side, shutting off about two-thirds of the length of the building. The walls were adorned with the usual pictures; a quantity of drums and other church gear were piled in a corner, but it was so dark that details were hard to make out. Just as we entered, the curtains were drawn apart in the centre, and service commenced. A small boy advanced, carrying a large processional cross with coloured ribbons hanging from it, and began to recite in a high, shrill voice at a great pace. Then, from the gloom in the background a priest slowly took form, waving a censer, and repeated a short prayer, which was apparently quite irrelevant to what the boy was reciting, as the latter never stopped. Two acolytes now took their places; while one read—very haltingly—from a large book, and the

other held a long wax taper, the priest again appeared and walked round them, still waving the censer. As I was informed that the service would last for a couple of hours longer, I said I would look in again later, and went to examine the two little belfrys, which stand on the platform on the south side of the church. In one of these are hung two bells, the first of which is very old, with an inscription running round it; the other was presented by King John, as was the only bell in the second tower. Beside the church, in a spot where the building material for the recent work had been collected, were several pieces of pillars, carved and wrought stones, but I saw nothing bearing an inscription. They then took me round several detached buildings, in one of which were stored all the vestments—which, however, could not be shown without a special order—to a small chapel built over a grave, the domed upper room of which had the walls entirely painted with battle-scenes and the sufferings of martyrs.

We then descended the two flights of steps leading down from the platform and proceeded, along a causeway paved with large blocks of square stone, to the entrance of the inner enclosure. Among the stones used in making this pavement are many carved ones, and among others a fragment of a broken obelisk, decorated with a representation of spear-heads, of which two other examples occur among the fallen monoliths higher up the valley. This fragment, as Rüppell rightly remarks, proves that the causeway—and probably the whole platform it leads to—is much more recent than the erection, or rather the destruction of the obelisks.

On the other hand, there are almost equally cogent grounds for believing that the causeway, staircase, and platform are of far more ancient origin than the church which has been built upon the latter, or even the first Christian edifice that occupied the spot. For before turning back to look at the whole structure, it was at once apparent that the church does not stand in the middle of the platform; nor does its chief entrance correspond exactly to the middle of the great staircase, but lies somewhat more to the south. Moreover, the terrace is throughout constructed of neatly squared stones, whereas the church, as mentioned above, is built mainly of rough-hewn blocks. I should be inclined to conjecture that the obelisks belong to the oldest, purely Ethiopian period—possibly influenced by Egyptian models—while the staircase and terrace, as well as the inscribed slabs and sacrificial altars, are the work of a later Græco-Ethiopian dynasty, when probably the platform was occupied by a temple, to which the road, lined with altars and statues of the gods, provided a magnificent approach.

We left the inner enclosure by the gate-house, in the corners of which live many beggars and fugitives from justice. Immediately outside this we came upon eleven stone bases, or pedestals of peculiar build, lying almost in a line and close to one another. Each consists of a large slab, some nine feet square, and the less imperfect ones have—as was probably the case with all the others—a raised central block. At the four angles are four solid stone cubes, in which square-cut holes are sunk: in these stood pillars that once supported a stone canopy.

These pillars, which Ruppell calls octagonal, are really square, with slightly truncated corners, in each of which is a rectangular notch. Under these canopies, no doubt, stood formerly statues of gold, silver, and bronze, as the places where the feet were let in are still clearly

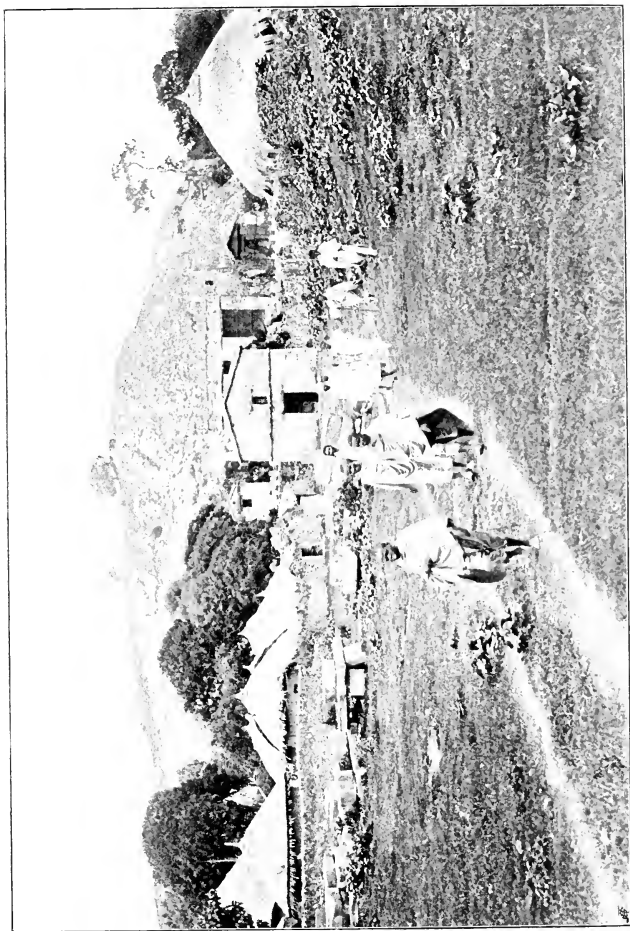


THE LARGEST STANDING  
MONOLITH, AXUM.

visible. On only one of these pedestals do the four pillars still remain erect, though the canopy has gone: this is the "King's Seat," on which the emperors of Abyssinia are crowned. Without this ceremony many would refuse to recognise them as such. I was told that, directly after the battle of Adua, Menelik visited Axum privately for the purpose of his coronation, which was performed hurriedly and shorn of all its ancient splendour.

Just before reaching the entrance to the outer enclosure, which is now by no means continuous, as it appears to have been in Salt's time, we passed a number of other broken pedestals. Proceeding up the valley towards the north-east, we now came to the most important group of monoliths I had yet seen. These stand close to the bank of a stream, which separates them from the hill of grey granite from which they were hewn, and among them was the largest obelisk still





ANCIENT ALTARS WHERE THE KINGS OF ETHIOPIA ARE CROWNED.



standing. This I judged to be 55 feet high; at the base it measured 105 by 45 inches. The whole of the front and sides are carved, the lower portion to represent a door, and above it storey upon storey, as of a high tower. The back is plain, except at the extreme top. Formerly, and even so late as the days of Ruppell (1832), there stood immediately behind it, forming a splendid background for the monument, a giant sycamore, which has unfortunately disappeared. At the base of the obelisk is an altar, with the surface worn nearly flat, except for four deeply sunk holes, in one of which a woman was pounding some condiment. Near by is another altar, lying no longer horizontally but tilted at an angle, on which are cut four shallow basins in the same position as the deep holes on the first altar. The latter, I have little doubt, were originally as shallow, and have been deepened by centuries of pounding. On these altars were slaughtered the sacrificial victims, when Axum was in the height of its power and one of the richest cities in the world. Many more fallen obelisks lie around, some of which, to judge by their fragments, must have been considerably taller than the largest now standing; over one has been built a house and wall. All the highly decorated columns apparently had a plate of metal attached to the face of the extreme top; and it is just possible that among those which have fallen one of these might yet be found. Ruppell imagined, from the form of the bolt-marks, which are still plainly visible, that the object attached to the top had been a crucifix; and on this purely fanciful conjecture he bases a theory as to the age of these monuments, which is not

only disproved by every fact we know about them, but stands in direct contradiction with his own remarks about the broken obelisk built into the causeway. As to the object of the erection of these splendid monuments I will not venture to give an opinion, the more so as the subject is fully discussed in the above-mentioned work of Mr. Bent. A different and less abstruse problem is the question of what led to their overthrow. There appears to be a native tradition that one at least, the largest, was purposely thrown down by a certain Ethiopian queen, newly converted to Christianity: it would be interesting to know how she set about it, and why she spared the rest. The majority of European travellers are agreed in attributing this widespread ruin to the agency of earthquakes, which are by no means unknown in Abyssinia, though personally I never experienced any but very slight shocks. But here the same objection seems to occur: why should some have been taken and others left? I am inclined to seek the cause—at least so far as the monoliths of the upper valley are concerned—in a subsidence of the soil undermined by the stream on whose bank they stand; but this again would not account for the downfall of those in the main valley.

I spent some time photographing, sketching, and measuring the more important bits, and then went to the house which had been prepared for my reception. It was a good-sized tucul, and had been swept out and garnished with carpets; but they had forgotten the fleas, which were awful. Half-way up the wall there was a curious decoration consisting of sixty-two empty

absinthe bottles hung in a row, and below them several coloured Italian cards of animals and soldiers, of the kind sold for children to cut out and paste together. Knowing that Axum was the great storehouse where not only the people in the surrounding provinces, but many from great distances, came to deposit



SILVER CROSSES FROM AXUM.

their most precious treasures for safe-keeping, I let it be known that any jewellery, coins, or curios would be well paid for, and gradually quite a little crowd collected with trinkets for sale, bargaining with whom filled up the time while the usual afternoon rain descended. In answer to my interpreter's mild inquiries after any illuminated books or pictures, all shook their heads in horrified silence at the bare idea of any one selling such

sacred objects to a foreigner. The two most interesting things I secured are, I think, a hollow cross, which, when opened, discloses a tiny figure of Tecla Haymanot, and the insignia of the Order of the Cross and King Solomon's Seal, which was instituted by the Emperor Theodore, especially to honour Mr. Rassam and the members of his mission. The Order consisted of three classes, the respective insignia of which were to be in gold, silver with gold centre, and plain silver. I made particular inquiry about any other inscribed stones, and a priest told me that, next to the ark, the most jealously guarded treasure in the church was a stone covered with writing, which, however, had been seen by very few, and never by any foreigner. They also brought me several copper coins, but all in a very poor state of preservation, and, as a former English visitor to Axum had, according to them, paid \$5 to \$6 each for these, they had acquired such an exaggerated value in their eyes, that I finally bought none.

With regard to the coins which have at different times been found at Axum, Colonel W. F. Prideaux, who has made a special study of this subject, gives the following description of them, which I quote in a condensed form from an article contributed by him to the *Numismatic Chronicle* of 1884:—

The Axumite coins may be divided into two great series; the earlier bearing Greek inscriptions, while those with Ethiopic legends belong to a later period. In the first series all the inscriptions are in Græco-Coptic character of a debased type. Of all the gold coins known, only one bears a fairly written, intelligible Greek inscription; the others are either misspelt or are unintelligible. They belong to two classes; those struck before Christianity was introduced into the

country, and those minted after that event. The pagan pieces bear on the margin the symbol of a crescent and globe: the earliest known of these is attributed to King Aphilas, but his identity and date cannot be traced. In the Christian coins the crescent and globe are replaced by crosses, which are generally placed at the four cardinal points, and interrupt the legend in an arbitrary way, adding to the difficulty of interpreting it. The coins of King Okhsas are the first inscribed with the cross. It was probably to his sons, Aeizanas and Sazanas, that the Emperor Constantius II., 337-361, addressed a letter in 356 which is still extant. There are coins of Aeizanas, both when he reigned in conjunction with his father, and as sole monarch after Okhsas's death. He was the author of the inscribed stone discovered by Salt in 1805.

These conclusions, so far as the evidence supplied by the coins alone is concerned, seem clear and satisfactory, but when examined by the side of the bilingual inscription found on the stone of King Aeizanas, they present serious difficulties. Of the two inscriptions, the Semitic or Sabæan one is much the longer, but, as stated above, the greater part is so much obliterated, that only about one-third of the whole can now be deciphered. Salt copied it to the best of his ability; but, as he was totally unacquainted with the language, his transcript was of no practical value. The Greek inscription he transcribed correctly, and the interpretation by Dr. Vincent, which he gives in the third volume of *Valentia's Travels* (p. 184) leaves nothing to be desired; nor have the conclusions he draws from it been upset, but rather confirmed, by subsequent research. It was not till 1893, when Mr. Bent took some careful impressions of the Sabæan inscription, that Professor Müller of Vienna was able to decipher and translate that part which still presents coherent words and sentences, proving that the

opening lines are an exact rendering in Sabæan of the Greek text of the obverse. Both recount the titles, exploits, and conquests of King Aeizanas, and the narrative is of no special interest in itself: nevertheless the two inscriptions, taken in conjunction, are of great importance, inasmuch as they prove that there flourished at one time at Axum a powerful Ethiopian dynasty, which had extended its sway over nearly the whole of Abyssinia and part of Southern Arabia, and whose kings had a considerable acquaintance with Greek language and art. Further, both these and the inscriptions unearthed in the time of Rüppell, and now likewise interpreted by Professor Müller, prove beyond doubt that the kings who set up these monuments in order to relate their exploits were pagans; for each of them styles himself, "son of the unconquered god Ares" (in Sabæan, Mahrom), an appellation which no Christian king could possibly have used. At the end of the Greek inscription, Aeizanas speaks of statues of gold and silver and bronze, which, in gratitude for the victories vouchsafed to him, he had erected to the unconquered Ares "who begot me"—no doubt the statues crowning the pedestals or altars, which I have described as lining the road from Adua. The other Sabæan inscriptions, found in the same locality, and regarded by Professor Müller as somewhat later than the bilingual one, tend to the same conclusion, namely, that King Aeizanas and his immediate successors for at least two generations were pagans. I have not the ability to solve the dilemma, but it seems clear from the above, that either the Aeizanas of the inscription was not the same king as the Aeizanas



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of the coins, or that the crosses on the latter are not necessarily to be regarded as emblems of Christianity. I incline to the latter view.

In conclusion, I can only refer those of my readers who are interested in historical research to Mr. Bent's book *The Sacred City of the Ethiopians*, and especially to Professor Müller's admirable essay on the Axumite inscriptions contained in that volume.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

I take leave of the Nebrid—Discover an inscribed stone—A previous visitor and his reception—Return to Adua—Embroidery—I am allowed to leave—A sign of mourning—The valley of the Mareb—Ant-bears and their ways—A battlefield—An attempt to dig out an ant-bear—A flooded camp—A night vigil—An ant-bear's rendezvous—I wound one—An arduous dig rewarded.

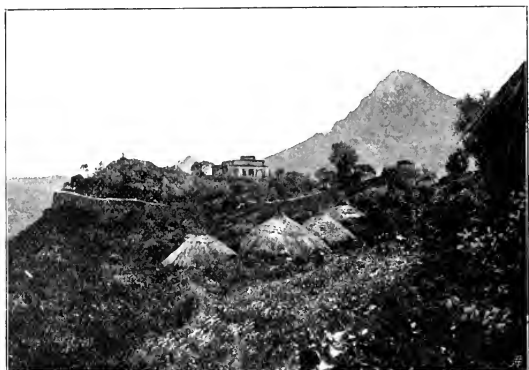
IN the evening, the Nebrid sent a present of a sheep, two hundred cakes of bread, a gombo of tej, four of tala, ghee, chillies, milk, and wood, so we all did well. It proved a chilly night, and I was glad to turn out at day-break and take a sharp walk to the church, where I sketched the conventional pattern on one of the old carved bits of stone built into the walls. I then went to bid good-bye to the Nebrid and to thank him for his courtesy, but he had just gone to service; he, however, received my messenger and sent his blessing in return. While waiting, I found near the rock-terrace under the eastern hill a large stone, beneath which some beast had burrowed; an examination showed it bore an inscription apparently still in good order, which, however, I had not time even to attempt to copy. My short visit to Axum was at an end, and I left the place with regret; but it

was not till I reached Italian territory that I found how lucky I had been to see so much ; for there I learnt that the last European to visit the sacred city before me had been totally unsuccessful in his object. He was an Italian, who brought a strong letter of recommendation from Ras Maconnen, then governor of Tigré ; but the Nebrid received him with scant civility and, after keeping him closely guarded for a couple of days, had him escorted back to Adua without his having seen anything : so that I was specially favoured in every way.

The road back to Adua was in a terrible state from the heavy rain, the mud being so deep that it was impossible to get out of a walk. Before leaving Adua I wanted to get some specimens of the silk embroidery for which the place is famous throughout Abyssinia ; but the art has much declined, and only two or three old men still carry it on. I succeeded in getting a burnous, but could not obtain a woman's complete dress, except of very inferior quality.

The Dedjatch returned in the evening, so next morning the caravan was once more on the march, while I called to say farewell to Ledj Marcha, and presented him with various little delicacies I could spare, as well as a mule which had fallen lame. This last gift he hardly seemed to appreciate, so that I regretted not having accepted the \$20 which a merchant had offered me. Passing a big camp of soldiers, part of the forces of the new governor of Tigré, we climbed a steep hill and found the Dedjatch, with a crowd round him, attending to various business in the open. On my approach he had a carpet spread, and expressed

his regret at not having been here on my arrival, and the hope that everything I wanted had been done. I gave him the Emperor's letter to Ras Makonnen for him to return to the writer, as the Ras had left Tigré, and got from him an order for all my caravan to be allowed to pass the frontier sentry at Daro Tuckey. Just beyond the spot where we were seated, on a spur



A CHURCH NEAR ADUA.

of the hills running out into the plain, was a walled enclosure, with a large, square building in the centre; away to our right rose one of the conical hills dotted round Adua, which, with the plain at our feet stretching away into the distance, made up a typical Tigréan landscape.

Daro Tuckey crowns the edge of the plateau towards the valley of the Mareb: there is no water near the village and very little level ground. The man in charge of the post seemed to levy blackmail on all travellers; the only distinction he made between them

being to exact a double amount from those who had no passport, though I, of course, was exempt. I noticed that nearly all the women about the place had deep scratches on their temples, and asked my interpreter if they had all been fighting. "Oh no," he replied, "a big man of the village is dead, and they do that to make tears come." Afterwards I was told, that to rend the forehead with the nails is a regular sign of mourning among Tigréan women, and old scars may often be noticed. That evening, being near their long journey's end, the Somâlis and Abyssinians must needs fall out and come to blows over a skin of honey which had been given me, and which each accused the others of eating. Having impartially punched the heads of the two chief disputants for taking the law into their own hands, I restored quiet.

Next day we took an hour descending into the hot, bush-covered valley, notorious for both malaria and robbers. Here I found endless tracks of ant-bears, the place being apparently one huge colony of them. I spent some time following up the midnight rambles of one: it was curious to see how the animal had zig-zagged about, now climbing half up an ant-heap and tearing a hole in the outer crust with its powerful claws then turning short back in its tracks to sink a trench in search of ground-ants. I had always fancied that, when they dug the big holes one finds in white-ant hills, they ate their fill; but this one was clearly a bit of a gourmand, for although he had sampled quite a dozen different hills he had dug double as many trenches, in search of some sort of deep-burrowing ant, which he evidently preferred.

A six-hours' march brought us to the banks of the Mareb, with fine trees and dense bush growing right down to the edge of its muddy waters, which, as we forded it, came just over the knee. An hour later we passed Sadacar, the scene of King John's defeat of the Egyptian expedition in 1875. Here we found the first sign of Italian occupation in the form of a solitary native sentry, posted from Gundet, two miles off, where there is a small, irregular force. We soon after camped at the lower end of the Gundet valley, having safely accomplished over 20 miles, through a country with an especially bad reputation, such as many frontier-regions have. I had noticed a few ant-bear earths on this side of the river, and determined to have a try to dig one out; so next morning I sent to the nearest village for a guide to show us the best place. Although I had promised a couple of dollars reward in case of success, the only reply I got was: "Go the other side of the Mareb, none this side," so we started off on our own account. I soon picked up a fresh track in the moist ground, and, in rather under an hour, traced it to a new burrow, in which we could hear the beast moving. Then we started digging, our only tools consisting of a small ploughshare at the end of a stake, another pole with a pointed end, two axes, two wooden bowls, and a tin bucket. Enlarging the burrow was no good, for we could hear the beast steadily burrowing ahead; one cross trench we failed to sink quickly enough, another he avoided by turning off at right angles, a third one we abandoned, as it was evident the animal could outdig us easily. An attempt to smoke him out was a failure, as

he practically filled up the tunnel behind him as he went, so that in the end we got far more of the smoke than the beast did.

Getting disheartened by the ill-success of our tactics, I left two men on guard and returned to camp, where I had my hair and beard trimmed, and looked out my most presentable garments, with a view to a speedy return to civilisation. I had just started on an early dinner, when a hurricane of wind and rain burst over the camp. Warned by previous experience, I began throwing all the things I could into boxes, but it was too late: a sudden gust tore all the pegs out at one side and the tent toppled over. With the help of two men I prevented its blowing away altogether, and, by degrees, as more and more men came to our assistance, we got it up again, rescued a leg of mutton and a loaf of bread, floating about among a collection of miscellaneous properties, and baled out the water. Every tent was laid flat, the camp presenting the appearance of a pond, with a torrent running through it. Ali and I then started off across the flooded fields to the scene of our futile operations, and sat over the burrows for three hours; but although, after the first two hours, we heard the animal move once, nothing happened for the next hour, and, as it was raining sharply, we returned to camp, which smelt like a marsh, and where everything felt damp.

As soon as the sun rose next morning, all hands were at work striking tents and spreading everything out to dry. One man, sent to inspect the ant-bear's earth, reported that the beast had come out, and during

his travels had started, and in turn abandoned, several new tunnels, till his spoor was finally lost in long grass. In the afternoon I went out to have a look round, and soon found a fresh track, which led us back towards camp. At one spot three ant-bears seemed to have met; so we decided on following the spoor that seemed to trend nearest to camp, and traced it to a burrow, which showed no signs of the beast having left. After going back for a hurried meal, Hyde and I, with rifles, water-proofs, and lantern, returned for a midnight vigil. Taking up our quarters on a point of land where two river-beds met, and some four yards from the mouth of the burrow, we lay down. The night was clear, but there was no moon, and, as the place lay in thick bush, there was no sky-line to show up the animal, should it appear. An hour after we had lain down, the ant-bear began to move, and suddenly thrust its head out and back again. Thereupon, dead silence for ten minutes, except for the thumping of my heart, as I kept finger on trigger and tried to pierce the darkness. Then, as it came out again, I fired, and we heard the beast scuttle back and dig violently for a minute or two and then stop. Was it the death-struggle? Lighting the lantern, we examined the ground, but there were no signs of blood. We lay down again and heard nothing for two hours but the hum of the mosquito; then a rustle in the grass warned us that something was approaching our right front. Swinging the rifle round, I made out a shadowy form in the brushwood and fired, as it stopped six or eight yards off. Then came several thumps, as of a great frog leaping, a cracking of under-



growth, and it was gone. Rather less than two hours later, another creature approached our right rear. Rolling half over, and getting the rifle to bear, I waited till it should be quite close, when suddenly it sprang backwards ten or twelve feet, raised itself on high like a huge lizard, and then, as I fired, blundered away as though it had been hit. Two hours later the original ant-bear began to move again, but at the same moment Hyde, who had gone to sleep, rolled over noisily, and another long hour dragged on before the beast very slowly and cautiously crawled out. Waiting this time till it was almost clear of the hole, I fired, when there was a hurried scramble, followed by an irregular, thumping noise, as it made off. The lantern showed a heavy blood-trail, and one bit of bone. After following the spoor for a little way we turned back to camp, which we reached at two A.M., I feeling rewarded for the seven hours which I had spent lying in a cramped position.

Next morning, after following the other two tracks for a little way without result, we took up that of the wounded ant-bear and found it had gone to ground, in an old tunnel close by. At first it was easy work enough, digging in the earth softened by the rain, but as the tunnel got deeper we found the hard clay very difficult to manage with our inefficient implements. After following it for a length of 11 feet, during which it kept sinking deeper, we found that the burrow made a sharp turn back on itself. Here a stick thrust down was seized and nearly bitten through, which rather surprised me, as I thought the ant-bear's teeth were

rudimentary. We found the beast was still burrowing on in the loose earth, while we, having to enlarge the tunnel in the hard clay, were left hopelessly behind. Judging by the sound how far it had got, we started a cross-trench but failed to strike the old burrow, and as the beast now kept quiet we were nonplussed, till with a long stick forced down the burrow I located the spot again, and from the cross trench soon knocked in the side of the tunnel. At once a cloud of dust arose, and we could see a lizard-like animal writhing about and scratching desperately. Every one began to shout advice, the gist of which was that I should fire, for none of them had seen a *Saherar*, as they call an ant-bear, and, from the noise and the glimpses we got, he seemed quite a formidable beast. The dust made it impossible to tell what part of the creature I was firing at, so that it took three solid .256 bullets before it rolled over, and, after crying piteously, died. Having enlarged the hole, we hauled the body out, and found it measured 5 ft. 7 in. from tip to tip, and weighed 116 lbs.; the close, bristle-covered skin, the long snout with a tuft of coarse hair at the end, the thick, lizard-like tail, the powerful hind-limbs armed with enormous claws, all made it the most weird-looking beast I have shot so far. My bullet of last night had broken a fore-leg, which had prevented the animal digging beyond the extent of the old burrow, the end of which it had reached. The total length of the tunnel was 25 ft., the end being 5 ft. 5 in. below the surface, and almost under the entrance. The rest of the day was spent cleaning the skeleton and pre-

paring the skin, which, during my journey through Erythrea, excited more interest than anything else I carried. It was not really dry till after we had passed Port Said, but eventually both it and the skeleton reached home in perfect condition, being one of the very few specimens that did so.



A DEAD ANT-BEAR, OR AARD VARK.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

The Italian frontier station—A hearty welcome—Civilisation again—News of the world—Return of a lion-hunter—Adi Ugri fortress—Hospitality of the garrison—Intelligence of my journey—My reported massacre—Simien and its snow—Arrival at Asmara—Major Elia—The governor—The club—The gold-mining company—Selling off the caravan—Asmara, new and old—The road to the plains—Rail-head—Massowah—Aden—Marseilles—Home.

EARLY next morning we marched up-hill into the wide valley of Gundet, where Fitaurari Arier, in charge of the irregular frontier-guard of the Italians, came to meet me, bringing a bottle of fresh milk, a luxury I had not seen for days. He was very anxious for me to go to his house to rest, but as I wanted to push on to Adi Quala, he sent a man in advance to give notice of my arrival. A long climb to the head of the valley brought us out on a flat, muddy road; here a sentry joined us, and a little later Mohamed, the Arab who had attached himself to the caravan at Gondar and had disappeared three days before, came out to meet us. At ten we reached Adi Quala, the first large village in Italian territory, on the main road from Adua to Asmara. It is the headquarters of an Intelligence Officer, whose duty it is to watch the frontier and to report all that

goes on across the Mareb, but beyond his immediate staff and a small native guard, there are no troops stationed there. After passing through the village, I found Captain Mulazzani, the frontier officer, and his lieutenant, Teodorani, waiting to receive me at the gate of the compound. What a thing it was to see a white face again and to be surrounded by neatness and order! for everything in and about the compound was as bright as a new pin. After greetings exchanged through our interpreters, I was led to the tucul prepared for me, and told *déjeuner* would be ready immediately. From my window I espied a telegraph-wire, and went over to a hut near by, which proved to be the telegraph-office, but was unable to discover from the clerk whether I could wire to England or not. So off he went to fetch Captain Mulazzani, who, when he arrived, was delighted to find I could speak a little indifferent French, which language neither of us had thought of at our first interview. Having sent off my telegram home, we sat down to a meal which will long live in my memory, not only on account of its *recherché* quality, but also from the fact that here, for the first time since leaving Dungoler, I obtained news of the outside world. I need not say that in the course of the repast I plied my hosts first with questions about the war, and next about the affairs of the world in general. The taking of Pretoria, the flight of Kruger, the Queen's visit to Ireland, the reported massacre of the embassies in Peking, the huge armies preparing to enter China, and the siege of Coomassie, all was news to me.

Just after *déjeuner*, a native soldier returned in

triumph from Walkait, having shot a lioness. His head was tied up with red and blue silk, and a fringe of hair bound round his forehead to represent the lion's mane; a fiddler led the way, followed by a crowd of men, who chanted the hunter's prowess, while the hero of the doughty deed pranced about in the middle, waving his rifle and letting off blank cartridges at intervals. Close behind him the lion-skin, partly stuffed with straw, was borne along on a pole, while half the village followed in an admiring throng.

After a capital dinner, I turned into bed, under a roof for the first time since I left Zeila over eight months ago. A six-hours' march next morning, along a good camel road, brought us to the fort of Adi Ugri; Godofelasie having been left a little to our right. Passing the lines of the native troops I ordered camp to be pitched at the foot of a hill, in a spot which commanded a good view of the parade-ground and the fort above. On my way to visit the officer in command, I was met by his A.D.C., who had not expected my arrival so early. He insisted on my things being taken to a house that had been prepared for me, while we entered the fort and I was introduced to Major Baldini, commanding the 1st regiment of native troops, which formed the garrison. Being pressed to accept an invitation to dine at mess, in spite of my rough attire, I rather reluctantly did so, and then returned to "my house" to write letters. Fortunately, some time before the dinner hour, Lieutenant Talamonti arrived in spotless white tunic and breeches to fetch me, when I discovered that my watch was twenty-five minutes slower than their time. We went up to the

mess, which consisted of a large dining-room, supplemented by a card-room and reading-room built alongside. Here I was met by Major Baldini, who formally introduced me to each officer present. We sat down fifteen to dinner, the conversation turning principally on my journey and the reception I had met with in Abyssinia. Most of the officers spoke French, and were



NATIVE GUNNERS.

most patient in listening to my attempts at explanation in that language. I had often been astonished at the accurate knowledge the different native chiefs had of my movements, but it was evident that here also my every action before and since I left Adis Ababa was known, the only blank being the period occupied by the march from Gondar towards Metemneh, when it was reported that I and all my caravan had been cut up. I gained much information about the people I had met, and the curiosity my journey had excited, for none could believe I made it for sporting purposes only. They asked me many questions about Simien, and whether the patches of white were caused by ice or crystals, and seemed

hardly to credit my statement that it was snow. The Mad Mullah and his doings were discussed, also the question whether the combined movement of Abyssinian and British troops would succeed in crushing him. Making the excuse of an early start, I at length tore myself away from my kind hosts, and was conducted to "my house," where I learnt that all my Somâlis had left camp to fraternise with their countrymen in the Italian service, while most of the Abyssinians had done the same; so I thought it best to roll up my bedding and return to the tents to watch over the safety of my property.

In the morning it was some time before I could collect my servants, for most of the Abyssinians were fuddled with tej, their excuse being that they could get no food the night before. The first part of the cart-road was well metalled and drained on either side, but it rapidly degenerated into a series of mere tracks through liquid mud. In five hours we reached Debarroa just as a cloud broke, which fairly damped everything before we could get the tents up. This place had apparently been a large village at one time, but had fallen upon evil days, and prosperity had not yet returned.

At daybreak an escort of four men arrived, and a six-hours' march, during which we crossed several of the small streams which go to make the Baroa, brought us to the outskirts of Asmara, under the hill on which Fort Baldissera stands. Here I had expected one of my men, sent on in advance, to meet me and point out the camping-ground. Half an hour went by without any



signs of him; then the rain began; so, finding an Italian non-commissioned officer, I asked his permission to stand the mules in a military stable hard by, which was readily granted. As soon as the rain slackened a bit we pitched camp, and had just got the tents up when it came down in sheets. During this downpour Major Elia, the chief of the staff, rode up, and very kindly insisted on my accompanying him to the club, whence, in spite of my travel-stained appearance, he took me to the official residence of H.E. the Governor of Erythrea; to him I was introduced, and we had a short conversation on the subject of my journey.

While we were walking across to the Military Club-house, my head muleteer, who had stayed behind on the road, came up with the body of a long grey-haired monkey, which he had shot on the way, knowing I had been so anxious to obtain a specimen. He told me the police had stopped him and taken away his rifle and cartridges. Major Elia explained that no native, unless a soldier, was allowed to carry arms in Erythrea, and gave my man a note to the police sergeant, directing him to return the weapon. This was only one of the many instances I noticed of the sensible lines on which the Italian Government rule their colony—a pleasing contrast to the French methods at Jibuti.

Major Elia was so good as to offer me a house to put up in, but I thought it best to remain by my caravan, which he advised me to break up here, instead of marching to Massowah. I dined with him and several other officers of the staff at an excellent restaurant, where their mess was temporarily housed during some re-

building operations. At the club I met Mr. Nathan of the Erythrean Goldfields Company, who have started work not far from the capital, and also Mr. Hornibrook, a mining expert from New Zealand, who had come over to give them his advice. I saw some specimens of ore, said to be very rich, but did not succeed in learning much about the mine.

Next morning was occupied by selling off all my



MAJOR ELIA AND HIS ORDERLY.

mules, donkeys, and camp-kit. There was very little demand for anything, except good riding mules, but, as the only two I possessed had died on the way, this did not benefit me. Finally, after much bargaining, I sold all the beasts in a batch to the agent of a transport company, who ship baggage-animals to Mombassa, where they fetch large prices. The Gold Company took over most of the camp-kit and what few stores I had left.

That afternoon I had hard work to sprinkle all the skins with turpentine and pack them in boxes ready to

go to the coast ; in fact I had to leave some unfinished till next morning, when everything was ready by 6 A.M. to go down to the rail at Sahati, loaded on two transport-waggon<sup>s</sup> kindly lent me by the military authorities. After I had seen these away, and three of my Somális with them, at 7.30, I spent the rest of the morning writing letters, including one to the Emperor, to thank him for the courtesy shown me in his country. I also wrote out *chits* for my men, and settled up their accounts. In the afternoon I heard that Mr. Beru, interpreter to the British Agency at Adis Ababa, had arrived, and went to see him at the house of his sister, who is official Amharic interpreter to the Italian Government. We had a long talk, he telling me the news since I left, how Mr. Baird had gone to Khartoum, how my former companions had abandoned the journey to Fashoda and turned south to Mombassa, and about the plague that had been raging at Aden. Next morning I paid off my men early, saw the tents and camp-kit handed over to their new owners, and the few personal belongings that I had kept with me carried up to the posting-station. When all was done, I felt a little saddened by the thought that another chapter of my nomad life was closed, and that soon its mixture of freedom and responsibility, its joys and hardships, would have to be exchanged once more for prosaic civilisation with its trivial round of duties, pleasures, and annoyances.

Under Mr. Beru's guidance I set out for a tour of Asmara, which seems destined to be a large and important place in the near future. My camp, as I have

already mentioned, had been pitched just below the fort named after General Baldissera, situated on a hill to the south-west of the town; it is well planned and covers a large area. Close to me were great stacks of government fodder and ranges of stabling now empty. A short walk brought us to the governor's house, built in the style of an Italian chalet, a small ornamental garden separating it from the club premises *vis-à-vis*. These two buildings lay at a little distance from the business quarter of the town, where numerous fine blocks of stone houses were quickly replacing less pretentious structures. There seemed to be a fair number of shops, besides several cafés and restaurants, also workshops occupied by skilled mechanics. On the further side were the Roman Catholic Mission buildings, and close to the native bazaar the shops of a number of East Indian merchants. Beyond this stood what was left of the original village, and the better-class houses, which were nearly all flat-roofed, surrounded by their little yards. Close by stood the old church, built like a log-hut, with massive timbers in its walls, the interstices filled with stones. In the churchyard still hung the three old flat stones used as "bells," so often described by former travellers; they seemed like the landmarks of a bygone age, beside the modern metal bell that has usurped their place. The low, flat-roofed building with its tiny door reminded me strangely of some of the village mosques in Kashmir. Behind us, on a steep hill, stood the old residence of Ras Alula, the ablest general Abyssinia has seen in modern times, and the man who so long withstood the advance of the Italians.

After lunch a little group of my friends saw me off by the post-cart, which started just before three o'clock. There was only one other passenger in the little waggonette drawn by three mules. We drove at a gentle pace down a well-made road, with easy gradients curving down the hill-sides, till the low country was reached. The road compared very favourably with those leading to our Indian hill-posts, but the slow pace and dawdling at the changing-stations made one wish for the native driver and cantering ponies of the Indian mail tonga. We reached Sabargouma, at the foot of the hills, at 8.30; here the only available dining-place was a very indifferent restaurant, whose most striking features were heat and flies. Within an hour we were off again with two additional passengers, whose room we should, literally, have much preferred to their company.

At 2.30 A.M. we reached Sahati, having been eleven and a half hours doing the 53 miles! The railway station was some distance from where we stopped, and when I got a coolie to carry my things across, I found the place in utter darkness. By the light of some matches I found a carriage and piled my things in it, but discovered later that a cape had been abstracted. The train left at 4.15, and took an hour and a half to Massowah, where I went to Messrs. Benetfink's office, to whose care my baggage had been forwarded. From here I was directed to the steamboat agents, where I found that a pass was required for my Somâlis to leave the colony. This necessitated a further long walk in the sun; but at last all was arranged, and, sending

my men on board in charge of the baggage, I set out in search of breakfast. This time I enjoyed a pleasant meal, during which I chatted to the proprietor, learning his views on Erythrea in general and Massowah in particular, which were not very rosy.

Next I proceeded on board the little mail steamer *Palatina*, which makes a weekly voyage to Aden and back with the European mail for the colony. The news of the assassination of King Humbert had just been received, and every one was discussing the sad event. We sailed sharp at eleven and had a smooth run down the coast till next morning, when there was too much sea to suit me, and I postponed attempting a meal till we called at Assab in the afternoon.

At 8.30 on 1st August, we anchored at Aden, where I had a busy two days, trying to discover what the native agent had done with my baggage and all my letters, for my last news from home was nearly six months old. The plague and contradictory instructions, since I had separated from the party, appeared to have completely muddled him: my kit for the voyage had been despatched home long since, and my letters, as they arrived, had been forwarded to Mr. Harrison in England! so I had to collect some scratch garments, and, as for home news, just possess my soul in patience. I heard that the whole of our trophies sent from Tadechamalca had been impounded by the Custom-house authorities at Harrar, as no pass from the Emperor had accompanied them, and that when they were eventually released, the plague prevented their getting further than Aden, where they had lain till just before my arrival.



TROPHIES OF THE TRIP.





The P. & O. *Caledonia* came in a couple of hours before she was expected, and I had to hurry on board. I found a few old acquaintances, and we made a pleasant voyage to Marseilles, where we arrived on Sunday the 12th, the day on which President Loubet visited the city. The place was filled with soldiers and a moderate crowd, but the amount of enthusiasm displayed by the latter was distinctly meagre, about the only cries heard being *Vive l'armée!* Next day I reached home, where I had a short three weeks' rest, before joining my militia regiment in Malta for garrison duty. Before leaving, I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my Tadechamalca skins unpacked; all of them were badly damaged, while of some little remained except the feet and a tuft or two of hair.

Before these pages appear in print, I hope to be again on my way to the Dark Continent, to explore some fresh part of its vast extent and add to my collection of its big game.



TRANSPORT WAGGON.



## APPENDICES



## APPENDIX I

### NATIVE TROOPS

IN my journey through the Italian colony of Erythrea, from the river Mareb, which forms the southern boundary, to the Port of Massowah, I had a good opportunity of studying the organisation of the native troops.

Since then Major Vittorio Elia, chief of the staff of the Italian royal troops in Africa, has kindly sent me a number of details and photographs of the different units, in the arranging and revising of which, together with my notes, Major Leather of the 5th Fusiliers has helped me greatly.

The strength of the force is as follows:—

*Cavalry*.—One squadron of native cavalry, with a considerable reserve of irregular horse, well mounted and available in case of war.

*Artillery*.—Two native batteries of mountain artillery and a company of garrison artillery.

*Infantry*.—Three companies of Italian infantry. Six battalions (four companies each) of native troops.

*Engineers*.—One company of 200 men, half Italian and the other half native.

Medical, veterinary, commissariat, and armourers' duties are all performed by Italians, and are in the usual proportion to the above.

The Royal Colonial Corps is commanded by a colonel appointed from Italy. Count Tronebi, a distinguished staff-officer, well known to many British officers, at present holds this position. This officer acted as military attaché on the staff of Lord Kitchener during the recent expedition to Omdurman. He is assisted by a chief of the staff (with the rank of major) and a few officers. The headquarters are situated at Asmara.

*Cavalry*.—The squadron of native cavalry is 130 strong, and is

commanded by a captain with two subalterns under him, all Italian. There is no lack of irregular cavalry, the natives being, as it were, born to the saddle, and their horses capable of splendid work across the rough ground of the plateau, which no doubt explains the weakness of the establishment in this arm.

*Artillery.*—The two batteries of mountain artillery consist of six guns each; there are a captain and three subalterns (Italians) to each battery, assisted by two Italian N.C. officers and a farrier. The remainder of the men are natives, and are carefully selected from the Mohammedan recruits, who are chiefly Somális. The commanders of guns are natives, and the whole working of the gun, such as laying, graduating the fuse, etc., is performed by natives. There are more guns kept in store, also a battery of quick-firers, which would be mobilised in case of war.

*Infantry.*—The three Italian companies are each 200 strong, with a captain and three subalterns. The men are volunteers from the Italian army, and are enlisted for two years.

The native battalions were formerly seven in number, but the sixth battalion, which was composed chiefly of Mohammedans, and was quartered at Kassala, was disbanded when that place was handed over to the Anglo-Egyptian Government, and many of the men took service under that Government.

The unit of the native battalion is a buluc, or section consisting of twenty-eight ascaris or soldiers, and one muntaz or corporal, under a buluc bashi or native sergeant. Three bulucs go to form a half company, under a native officer (jusbashi), who acts as second in command to a white subaltern officer. The whole company is commanded by an Italian captain.

A major (or lieutenant-colonel) commands each battalion of four companies, and is assisted by an adjutant-major, a medical officer, and a supernumerary officer.

A few mounted infantry (on mules) are trained with each battalion to act as scouts.

In each company two bulucs are composed of Somális and four of Tigréans, so that a regiment has two-thirds Christians to one-third Mahommedans.

Jusbashi is the only officer's rank to which a native can aspire. He carries an officer's sword, but is not allowed to give orders of any kind to a white soldier.

The pay varies from a minimum of one franc for newly enlisted ascaris to a maximum of five francs for a jusbashi.

The men enlist for two years, but can renew their engagements for as many subsequent periods of two years as the recruiting committee think fit to accept them, having in consideration their age, fitness for service, and conduct.

A gradual increase of pay is attached to each re-engagement.

The only pension paid is one franc a day to soldiers disabled during the last wars.

A gratuity is granted on discharge according to service.

All discharged men are passed into the reserve, and are periodically called out for training. In case of war this reserve would be called up and used in filling gaps in the fighting line, and in garrisoning the lines of communication.

*Uniform.*—Officers wear khâki uniform, with putties or leather leggings of very much the same pattern as is used in the British army. The head-dress consists of a sun helmet or white cap. The full dress and mess dress are of dark cloth on the plateau, and white drill on the coast or in the plains.

The Italian troops wear khâki.

The badges of rank are :—colonel, three gold stars ; lieutenant-colonel, two gold stars ; major, one gold star ; captains, three silver stars ; lieutenant, two silver stars ; and second lieutenants, one silver star.

The native troops are dressed in white, as are the ordinary inhabitants of the country, the Mohammedans in their wide, baggy trousers, and the Abyssinians in their short, tight-fitting ones. The only items of uniform they have are the tarboosh with a tassel, and a woollen sash tied round the waist, of a distinctive colour for each battalion, a dark blue cape similar to that used by the bersaglieri for the cavalry and infantry, and a gray capote for the artillery.

These are served out on enlistment, and have to last, or be made good at the man's expense, during the whole of his service.

Cavalry men wear an eagle's feather and silk band round the tarboosh.

If a man leaves his lines without his head-dress, he is severely punished.

All the troops are armed with the magazine small-bore rifle or carbine, carrying six cartridges, in use in the Italian army. Free

ammunition is served out ; but the empty cases must be returned, as a voucher that it has been expended, not sold. As a point of fact, the empty - cartridge case passes as small change. The cartridges are carried in clips, which fix into a square pouch made to receive six of the latter.

N.C.O. and cavalry carry a revolver.



## APPENDIX II

### LIST OF GRAINS PURCHASED AT ADUA MARKET, 14TH JULY, 1900

For the identification of these my thanks are due to the authorities at the Royal Gardens, Kew,  
who kindly undertook the examination and naming of them.

Scientific Name.	Common Name.	Native Name.	Use.
<i>Amomum korarima</i>	Korarima Cardamom	Cororimee	Grind with chillies and salt, boil with ghee, and eat with bread.
<i>Carum copticum</i>	Ajowan fruit	Admut	Do. do. do.
<i>Cicer arietinum</i>	Gram or Chick Pea	Shombura	Roast, grind, and boil with chillies.
<i>Coffea arabica</i>	Coffee bean	...	...
<i>Eleusine coracana</i>	Ragi	Dargusa	Grind for bread.
<i>Eragrostis abyssinica</i>	Teff	Teff	Do.
<i>Guizotia abyssinica</i>	...	Nurg	Roast, grind, mix with ghee, and eat with bread.
<i>Hordeum vulgare</i>	Barley	Gubs	Grind for bread; brew tala; usual corn for mules.
<i>Triticum sativum</i>	Wheat	{ Sindy In Tigré, Sirnar }	Grind for bread.
<i>Lathyrus sativus</i>	...	Guire	Mules eat without bad effect. In men these seeds produce cramp in legs; and if eaten in excess paralysis (hemiplegia).
<i>Linum usitatissimum</i>	Linseed	{ Tilbar In Tigré, Antarter }	Roast, grind, and drink in salt and water.
<i>Nigella sativa</i>	Fennel flower seeds	Abusodar	Grind, boil with chillies, eat with bread.
* <i>Ocimum basilicum</i>	...	Sassad	Grind, boil with salt and chillies, eat with bread.
<i>Phaseolus vulgaris</i>	French bean	Ardogree	Roast, grind, mix with ghee, and eat with bread; or boil and eat.
<i>Pisum sativum</i>	Pea	Incatta	Boil and eat.
* <i>Rheum</i> sp.	...	Mocco	Used in boiling ghee to clean it.
<i>Sesamum indicum</i>	Seeds of sesamum	Sacde	Roast, grind, mix with chillies and ghee, eat with bread.
<i>Sorghum vulgare</i>	Guinea corn	{ Machelar In Tigré, Laquar }	Grind for bread.
<i>Trigonella fenum-græcum</i>	Fenugreek	Abargey	Boil in milk, let cool, and drink.
<i>Vicia faba</i>	Bean	{ Bockella In Tigré, Attu-ba- harey }	Boil and eat.

There is some uncertainty about the identification of these.



## APPENDIX III

### MAMMALS<sup>1</sup>—BY THE HONOURABLE WALTER ROTHSCHILD, PH.D., F.Z.S.

IT was owing to the interest aroused by the question of the identity of Rüppell's reedbuck, that I undertook to write this appendix on the mammals collected by Mr. Powell-Cotton. He brought back specimens of thirty-five species, and in this paper I have enumerated thirty-seven species more or less in detail. At the end I have also added a few rough notes by Mr. Powell-Cotton on certain other animals. Although there were no new species or sub-species in the collection, it was of the greatest interest, and the task of zoologists in working out the species sent to them from abroad would be infinitely easier, if all collectors brought together such magnificent series and made such careful notes. The collection is essentially that of a hunter and explorer, and not such a one as a professional zoological collector might have got together, for there is an entire absence of the smaller insectivora and rodents, and many well-known small mammals of other groups are missing; but the collection is undoubtedly one of the finest ever brought out of Abyssinia. The most interesting species are certainly the ibex (*Capra walie*), the "wolf" (*Canis simensis*), and the mantled baboon (*Theropithecus gelada*), of all of which the fine series sent quite cleared up the history, so far as their appearance and

<sup>1</sup> Measurements in inches; weights in pounds.

Height.—In a straight line from a stick placed perpendicularly at the withers to the heel of the fore-foot.

Girth.—Taken directly behind the fore-legs.

Length.—Along curves from muzzle, to a line drawn across front edge of horns (or ears, in the case of hornless animals), to root of tail, to end of tail.

Weight.—Taken with Salter's spring balance; as the animal fell, if it did not exceed 200 lbs., if heavier, then cut up and the portions weighed.

development are concerned. Many zoologists will find fault with the nomenclature I employ, but not only do I consider it the only right one, but I also wish, by drawing attention, by the use of trinomials, to the existence or possible existence of well-defined local races in large mammals as well as in small ones, to the fact that there is much work still left to be done among the well-known larger mammals for those who cannot hope to get many such startling novelties to describe as the *Okapia johnstoni*. I have, therefore, in every case where I thought it might be of use, introduced key-lists of the various races of the given species, described from other parts of Africa. In other cases I have given lists of all the described species of the genus found in Africa, so as to induce sportsmen and others to hunt for them all over that continent, and so enable us to form a correct and final opinion as to the relationship of each of such species.

*Guerza guereza* (Rüpp.).

(Native name, "Goraza.")

Rüppell was the first to describe this exceedingly handsome monkey in 1835, and it has since been divided into three races as follows:—

1. *Guerza guereza typica*.—Abyssinia.
2. *Guerza guereza occidentalis*.—Congo and Unyoro.
3. *Guerza guereza caudata*.—East Africa.

Total shot. 6.—4 ♂, 1 ♀, 1 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
53 ♂	1	6.2.00	16	27½.57	...
54 (young)		"			
55 ♀	1	7.2.00	15	26½.51	18½ lbs.
56 ♂	1	"	15½	28.59	24 lbs.
61 ♂	1	10.2.00	15½	25½.53	...
62 ♂	1	"	16	25½.55	23 lbs.

1. Managasha forest.

Mr. Powell-Cotton says: "Extremely local; I shot these in the forest of Managasha, from which the wood-supply for Adis Ababa is drawn. I found them in high cotton-trees, whose branches, clothed in white lichen, cast deep shadows; the colour of the animal corresponding so well with its surroundings, that unless it moved it was very hard to make out, even with glasses. It has a peculiar, bird-like call which guides one to the place, but when once it has sighted danger it is silent, and hides itself in some deep shadow, where it will remain motionless for some time. Only in one other place, one march south of Dungoler, did I see or hear of any other colony of them, and here they appeared to be very few."

*Cercocebus ethiops* (Linn.).

(Native name, "Tota.")

Mr. Powell-Cotton got two of this mangabey. Little is known about this species, and therefore it does not call for much discussion here.

Total shot, 2.—♂, ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Girth.	Length.
71 ♂	I	9.3.00	11	21.47
72 ♀	I	"	9	18.44

1. Jarso.

These little monkeys are called "tota" by the Abyssinians. They were seen at Managasha forest, Jarso, and towards Metemneh. At the first-named place they were very tame, as the natives never interfered with them. Those shot at Jarso were feeding on the berries of a tree.

*Theropithecus gelada* (Rüpp.). Mantled Baboon.(Native name, "Gomaro.")<sup>1</sup>

There seems to be considerable confusion in connection with this and the following species, and only a large series of all ages from every part of the range of the genus can settle whether there are five species of *Theropithecus* or only two. I think, however, that Mr. Powell-Cotton's specimens are referable to typical *Th. gelada* and *Th. obscurus* only, though he mentions what may be a third to the east of Lake Tana.

Total shot, 2.—♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Notes.
165 ♂	I	24.6.00	Skull smashed.
166 ♂	I	"	"

1. Buiheat, Simien.

*Theropithecus obscurus* (Heuglin). Black Gelada.

(Native name, "Gomaro.")

It was described by Heuglin in 1863, and was mixed up by Schimper with the small race of gelada.

Total shot, 2.—♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.
69 ♂	Gora Goba	6.3.00
70 ♂	"	"

<sup>1</sup> The natives are very loose in the name they apply to any large monkey, as often as not calling them promiscuously "jingero," though, strictly speaking, that is the common native name of the *Charopithecus doguera*. They also called *Hamadryas hamadryas* indifferently "gilada" or "gomaro," but the former only is correct, while the "gomaro" is *Theropithecus obscurus*.

The "lion-monkeys" (*Th. gelada* and *Th. obscurus*) were seen only at these two places, in each case in large troops on the face of steep cliffs. They are said to be much more common east of Lake Tana. Those at Simien seemed smaller than those by the Gora Goba. The old males enforce their authority in a very rough way. Besides beating and biting an offending member, one was seen to seize a youngster that got in his way and throw it over the cliff. At Simien they were apparently pulling up grass and feeding on the roots.

*Charopithecus doguera* (Puch. and Schimp.).

Abyssinian Chacma.

(Native name, "Jingero.")

This fine baboon takes the place in Abyssinia of *Ch. porcarius* of the Cape, and was long thought to be found all over East Africa, but the East African race proves to be distinct, and has recently been described under the name of *Char. neumanni*.

Total shot, 2.—♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Weight.	Girth.
50 ♂	1	6.2.00	32.53	62 lbs.	...
51 ♂	1	„	29.52	70 lbs.	25

1. Managasha forest.

These baboons glean the cornfields in large troops: the males retreat slowly, and often stop to bark as they are driven off.

Seen also by the Gora Goba and near Chilgar.

*Hamadryas hamadryas* (Linn.). Arabian Baboon.

(Native name, "Gilada.")

The Abyssinian and Central East African specimens of *Hamadryas* are very much larger than the Arabian ones, while Somáli ones are generally very small and darker grey. I think this species ought to be divided up into three separate races or sub-species, and I suppose the only reason Drs. Matschie and Noack have not yet done so, is that it is difficult to decide where Linné's type came from.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Notes.
♂	Near Asmara	26.7.00	Shot by one of my servants.

Two large troops were seen in the Attabar valley, leading from Simien to the Takazzé, but nowhere else. A specimen of the same sort was shot in Somálliland, 21st March 1896, in the Golis range.

*Leo leo somaliensis* (Noack). North-East African Lion.  
(Native name, "Ambassa.")

This race of the lion (*Felis leo*, Linn.) is distinguished from the other races by its very large ears, very long tail, and pale grey tinge to the fur. It was described from Somäliland, but I consider the Abyssinian lions to belong to the same race. Mr. Powell-Cotton shot one female out of a troop of 5 (1 ♂ juv., 3 ♀, and 1 cub) on 23rd May 1900, towards Metemneh. He says the only place where they appeared to be numerous was at Laminifun.

The lion has been divided into the following races:—

*Leo leo typicus* (L.) Yellowish-red, with dorsal and pectoral mane, but no thoracico-abdominal mane. Habitat, Africa.

*Leo leo barbarus* (Fischer). Very large, dusky ochraceous; the mane very thick and long, extending to the middle of the back; a thick and heavy thoracico-abdominal mane. The female has the inside of fore-legs white. Habitat, North Africa.

*Leo leo capensis* (Fischer). In this race the colour was dusky yellow, the mane enormously long and thick, quite black; a thoracico-abdominal mane present also; long and thick ears; larger than in the preceding race. Habitat, Cape Colony. Extinct.

*Leo leo senegalensis* (Fischer). Medium sized; reddish-yellow in colour; the mane feebly developed, absent from the shoulders, running to a point on the withers. Habitat, Senegal.

*Leo leo persicus* (Fischer). Pale, creamy yellow in colour; small mane, short; no thoracico-abdominal mane. Habitat, Persia.

*Leo leo asiaticus* (Jardine). Uniform fawn colour; size small; mane scanty, pale yellow tipped with gray, covers the shoulders; a thoracico-abdominal mane is present. Habitat: Bassorah, on the Lower Euphrates, and Babylon.

*Leo leo goojrattensis* (Smeek). Very large; colour, dull yellowish brown; mane short, only on head and neck; no thoracico-abdominal mane; tuft of tail extraordinarily developed. Habitat, Guzerat. Nearly extinct.

*Leo leo somaliensis* (Noack). Rather small; has very large ears; a very long tail, pale yellowish-grey in colour; the mane does not cover the shoulders; a thoracico-abdominal mane is absent. Abyssinia and Somäliland.

*Leo leo kamptzi* (Matschie). Colour, ochraceous, dun underside, up to top of thighs yellow, not white. Cameroons and Adamowa.

Many modern zoologists, more particularly English ones, deny the existence of more than one race of lion, asserting that all the given character-

istics are individual and not racial. This view, moreover, is much strengthened by Mr. F. C. Selous, the famous hunter, assuring us that, in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, dark lions with heavy manes and pale-coloured lions almost maneless occur together in a single troop. This, I consider, when analysed, is not conclusive evidence; for we almost always find in countries on the borderland between the areas inhabited by two geographical races of one species, that there occur not only typical examples of each race side by side but also every intergradation. This, however, is no reason why we should blind ourselves to the fact that outside such central areas there are large tracts of country only inhabited by one or the other of these races.

One of the points made by those who separate the lion into different races which has tended most to give the supporters of the opposite view an advantage in argument, has been the too great insistence on the *colour* of the mane. Except in the Barbary lion and the extinct Cape lion, which certainly always had dark, or even black manes, I do not believe that the colour of the mane is at all material to the question.

*Leopardus pardus* (Linn.). Leopard.  
(Native name, "Nebere.")

Zoologists have split up the species leopard into several races, but at the time of writing I do not know if later workers have properly diagnosed these races, so I will not name the African race, but treat of it binomially. I will only mention that, as a rule, African leopards are smaller than Indian ones, though I believe the smallest adult leopards have been shot in Asia. The largest leopards are those found in China, Siberia, and Corea.

Mr. Powell-Cotton only saw one leopard on the Gora Goba, although, judging from the number of skins in the markets, they were doubtless fairly numerous. The black variety was considered a great prize.

*Zibethailurus serval* (Schreb.). Serval.  
(Native name, "Anner.")

The serval is found all over Africa, and varies enormously; the two skins I have examined for this work are as different as possible, so I have headed this paragraph with the name comprehending the whole species, but the serval has been divided as follows:—

*Zibethailurus serval*.—North and East Africa.

*Zibethailurus galeopardus*.—Senegal and Sierra Leone.

*Zibethailurus togoensis*.—Togoland.

*Zibethailurus capensis*.—South Africa.



No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Length.	Weight.
131 ♀	Shimerler Jowee	24.4.00	26½.37½	15½ lbs.

“Also bought at Adua the skin of a serval, killed near there.

“Saw one in the hills just behind Adis Ababa, another on Turkogogo plain, and one near Chilgar, but bagged none of them.”

*Canis simensis* (Rüpp.).  
(Native name, “Cüberöw.”)

This very interesting animal was described by Rüppell in 1835; he and most subsequent observers treating it as a wolf or wild dog. Mr. Oscar Neumann, who has just returned from Abyssinia, most emphatically declares it to be a large fox, and says all its habits, its gait and actions, show it to be only an exaggerated fox.

Total shot 5.—4 ♂, 1 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length. <sup>1</sup>	Weight.	Notes.
81 ♂	1	14.3.00	23	18	8½.35.49	29 lbs.	{ Length in straight line: nose to root of tail, 31"; to end of tail, 45".
83 ♂	2	19.3.00	22½	17½	7.36.49	29 ..	
86 ♀	3	26.3.00	21½	17½	8.37.50½	32 ..	
99 ♂	3	2.4.00					
109 ♂	3	7.4.00					
	1. Betket.			2. Dembatcha.		3. Dungoler.	

Mr. Powell-Cotton remarks as follows: “I first noticed this animal on 14/3, on the highland just north of the Abbai, in Gojam; I saw two separately on that day, shooting one. Between this point and Dungoler, and while camped for three weeks at that place, I saw and shot: 19/3, one; 26 3, one; 2/4, three together, and shot another (I fancy a bitch in heat had drawn the dogs to the place); 3 4, one; 7 4, saw two and shot another. I found none in the low, hot country or along the west of Lake Tana, or the high ground round Gondar, or to the west of it. Near Mount Wukkan I saw one; the natives said they were very rare there: I also fired at one near Buiheat, where it was evidently looked upon as a great rarity. Except on the one occasion they were always single, and in the neighbourhood of large colonies of brown rats (?) (hind-quarters light-coloured, and short tails), on which they seemed to chiefly feed. I have watched them standing motionless over the mouth of a burrow waiting for rats to show; if they

<sup>1</sup> Length of head.

Length of head and body.

Length of head and body and tail.

are unsuccessful for long, they start digging hard, but I never saw one succeed in digging out a rat. Those I saw were generally observed in the very early morning or late in the evening."

*Lupulus anthus variegatus* (Cretzschm.). Gray Jackal.  
(Somáli name, "Argonley.")

This jackal was first distinguished by Cretzschmar when studying Rüppell's mammals in 1826; but it cannot be treated as a good species, for we find every gradation between it and true *C. anthus*. I therefore here deal with it as a sub-species.

Dr. Noack has described Somáli specimens which vary from almost typical *Canis a. variegatus* to almost *C. mesomelas*, as a new species under the name of *Canis hagenbecki*. From what I have seen of these Somáli specimens, however, I consider some to be small, dark aberrations of *C. anthus variegatus*, while others have an aspect similar to what a hybrid would have between the former and *C. mesomelas*.

Total shot, 3.—1 ♂, 2 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length. Straight Line.	Weight.	Elevation.
21 ♂	1	22.11.99	..	12	25.39	12½ lbs.	3750 feet.
27 ♀	2	2.12.99	17	14	26.40	15 "	4600 "
35 ♀	3	9.12.99	...	...	...	...	4100 "
	1. Biya Kaboba.			2. Gineble.		3. Gurto.	

*Lupulus mesomelas* (Shreb.). Black-backed Jackal.  
(Somáli name, "Goley.")

This is a widely spread species, found all over Africa, except on the west coast and in the forest region.

Total shot, 3.—all ♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length. Straight Line.	Weight.	Elevation
26 ♂	1	1.12.99	17	13	26.41	...	4150 feet.
30 ♂	1	2.12.99	18	14	27.42	15 lbs.	4600 "
31 ♂	1	4.12.99	...	...	...	...	4250 "
	1. Gineble.						

Both kinds of jackal, argonley and goley, are often found feeding on the same carcass.

Some jackals were seen between the Gora Goba and Jarso, but none shot.

*Bubalis tora* (Gray). Tora Hartebeest.  
(Native name, "Worobo.")

This antelope was first mentioned by Heuglin in 1863, though he confounded it with the bubal *Bubalis buselaphus* (Pall). It was first recognised to be a distinct species by Gray in 1873. Messrs. Sclater and Thomas, in *The Book of Antelopes*, give among the localities for this species Upper Nubia and Kordofan. I believe this to be entirely erroneous, the so-called "tétel" of those regions being *Bubalis leliwel* (Heugl.), and *Bubalis neumanni* (Rothsch), while *Bubalis tora* is entirely confined to Abyssinia and the valleys of the southern portion of the Blue Nile.

Numerous at Shimerler Jowee, and towards Metemneh; single bulls and herds of four to fourteen; a favourite position in the middle of the day was under the shade of a few trees out in an open plain; they were extremely wary, and far harder to approach than roan antelope.

A broken leg did not appear to hamper a tora much, as several hours were spent in pursuit of one which had been thus crippled before it was brought to bag.

Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
127	15.18	11.90	5.57
149	15.28	11.55	5.00

Total shot, 7.—4 ♂, 3 ♀. Nos. 124 to 130 were shot about 30 miles west of the south end of Lake Tana; No. 149 was shot about 60 miles west of Gondar.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
124 ♂	1	20.4.00	19½ × 9½	18½ × 9½	11½	54½	54	21.83.113	401 lbs.
126 ♂	1	22.4.00	17½ × 9½	18½ × 9½	10½	52½	53	19.81.103	
127 ♀	1	..	15½ × 7½	15½ × 7½	7½	49½	51½	18½.82.105½	
128 ♂	1	..	17½ × 10½	18½ × 10½	10½	48½	54	19½.83.90½	
129 ♀	1	..	14 × 7½	13½ × 7½	7	47	48½	17½.72½.93½	
130 ♀	1	..	14½ × 7½	14½ × 7½	6½	49	50	18½.82.105	298 lbs.
149 ♂	2	24.5.00	19½ × 10½	19½ × 10½	12½				

1. Shimerler Jowee.

2. Towards Metemneh.

*Cephalophus madoqua* (Rüpp.). Abyssinian Duiker.  
(Native name, "Madoqua.")

This antelope was first discovered and described by Rüppell in 1830. Mr. Oldfield Thomas has suggested the name of *abyssinicus* for this species, stating that the name proposed by Rüppell, viz., *Antelope madoqua*, was

preoccupied, as Hamilton Smith had already assigned the name to Salt's antelope. I do not agree with this innovation; for although the name *Antilope madoqua* has been applied to two very different antelopes, we now find that they belong to two separate genera, and I maintain that they must stand as follows: Salt's dik-dik, *Madoqua saltiana*, and the Abyssinian duiker, *Cephalophus madoqua*.

Mr. Powell-Cotton's magnificent series of twenty-seven specimens shows immense variation in the colour of the hair and shape of skulls, but it would require many more skulls from every part of Abyssinia to determine if there are several local races.

"First seen at Turkogogo, and then more or less throughout the highlands of Gojam and away north to near Simien; occasionally in pairs, but far more frequently single; only once three together, a pair and kid.

"If the sportsman is indifferent as to sex, he will not find them difficult shooting, as they do not usually go far when disturbed, and soon begin to feed again, if not followed immediately.

"The upright tuft of hair on the forehead of the females and young males is so prominent that, at a little distance, it can hardly be distinguished from the short horns of the old bucks, placed, as these are, close together; in them the tuft of hair has almost gone. I shot a female on 14th May 1900 that carried an unborn kid about eight or ten days from birth.

"No. 133, shot on the foot-hills west of the ridge that divides the Lake Tana basin from the low hot country towards the Soudan, was the one killed at the lowest elevation. I saw none actually in the plains, either here or towards Metemmeh."

## Total shot, 27.—17 ♂, 8 ♀, 2 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tups.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Notes.
64 ♂	1	11.2.00	3½ × 1½	1½ × 1½ (broken)	...	21½	18½	6½-34½-41	29 lbs.	
82 ♂	2	14.3.00	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½ (broken)	2	21	16½	6-32½-39	28 lbs.	
84 ♂	3	22.3.00	2½ × 2 (broken)	3½ × 2	1½	...	...	...	29 lbs.	
85 ♀	3	"	2½ × 1	3½ × 1	...	20¾	17½	5½-35½-41½	27 lbs.	
87 ♂	4	26.3.00	1½ × 1½	...	1½	...	...	...	...	Young, tuft hair very long.
89 ♀	4	27.3.00	...	...	...	20	18	7½-34½-40	29 lbs.	
90 ♀	4	"	...	...	...	20½	19	6½-37½-43	...	
91 ♂	4	"	3½ × 2	3½ × 2	1½	20	18½	6-32½-38	...	
92 ♀	4	29.3.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
95 ♀	4	30.3.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
96 ♂	4	1.4.00	3 × 1½	3 × 1½	1½	19	17	6-32½-39	25 lbs.	
102 ♂	4	3.4.00	3½ × 2	3½ × 2	2½	20½	17½	5½-33½-38½	27 lbs.	
104 ♀	4	5.4.00	4½ × 2½	4 × 2½	1½	...	...	...	...	Longest horns.
105 ♂	4	"	3½ × 2	3½ × 2	2½	...	...	...	...	
110 ♀	4	8.4.00	2½ × 2	2½ × 2	2	20	18	6-33-39	...	
112 ♂	4	10.4.00	3½ × 2	3½ × 2	2½	...	...	...	...	
114 ♂	4	"	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	...	...	...	...	
115 ♂ (young)	4	11.4.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	West of Tana, foot-hills by hot country.
133 ♂	5	27.4.00	3½ × 1½	2½ × 1	2	...	...	...	...	
141 ♀	6	9.5.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
142 ♀	7	14.5.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
143 ♀	7	17.5.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
160 ♂	6	18.6.00	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	2½	...	...	...	...	
161 ♂	6	"	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	...	...	...	...	
162 ♀	6	"	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
163 ♂	8	20.6.00	3½ × 2½	4 × 2½	1½	...	...	...	...	
164 ♂	8	"	3½ × 2½	3½ × 2½	1½	...	...	...	...	

4. Dungoler.  
8. Near Wukkan.

3. Monkosar.  
7. Chitgar.

2. Bekket.  
6. Gondar.

1. Turkogogo.  
5. Gazgay.

## Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
64	5.62	3.23	3.03
104	5.62	3.23	2.98
133	5.21	3.00	2.72
150	5.55	3.28	2.87

*Madoqua saltiana* (Blainv.). Salt's Dik-Dik.

(Native name, "Dik-Dik" or "Inshu.")

Salt's antelope was discovered by Henry Salt in Abyssinia at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Total shot 6.—2 ♂, 3 ♀, 1 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
4 ♀	Lasman	16.11.99	...	...	14½	12½	23½, 25½	8 lbs.
6 ♀	"	17.11.99						
7 (young)	"	"						
8 ♂	"	"	2¼	1½				
9 ♂	"	"	2½	1½				
10 ♀	"	"						

"One dik-dik was shot at Tadechamalka ; after this I did not see a single specimen all through my journey."

## Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
6	3.50	1.90	1.87
8	3.18	1.75	2.07

*Ourebia montana* (Cretzschm.). Abyssinian Oribi.

(Native name, "Fäckō.")

This oribi was first discovered in Semmar by Rüppell's collector Hey in 1823, and described by Cretzschmar from specimens now in the Senckenberg Museum in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The type specimen was obtained at Fatzogloa, or Fazokl, on the Blue Nile.

Total shot, 15.—9 ♂, 6 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Notes.
93 ♀	1	30.3.00	...	...	...	21½	20	7½.39½.44	37 lbs.	
94 ♀	1	"	(young).							
97 ♂	1	1.4.00	31½ × 1¾	31½ × 1¾	2½	22½	20	5½.40.44	38 lbs.	
100 ♂	1	2.4.00	31½ × 1¾	31½ × 1¾	2½	21	20	5½.40½.43	38 lbs.	Darkest skin.
101 ♀	1	"	...	...	...	23½	19	6½.38.41	32 lbs.	
108 ♂	1	7.4.00	3½ × 1¾	3½ × 1¾	2½	23½	20	5.37½.41½	34 lbs.	Short, wide skull.
113 ♂	1	10.4.00	4¼ × 2	4¾ × 2	2½	...	...	...	...	Longest horns.
118 ♂	1	13.4.00	3¾ × 1¾	3½ × 1¾	1¾					
119 ♀	1	"								
122 ♀	1	18.4.00								
123 ♂	1	"	4 × 1¾	3¾ × 1¾	2½					
150 ♂	2	27.5.00	4 × 1¾	4½ × 1¾	1¾					Lightest skin, long narrow skull.
151 ♂	2	"	31½ × 1¾	31½ × 1¾	2½					
153 ♀	2	31.5.00	4½ × 1¾	4½ × 1¾	2½					
154 ♀	2	"								

1. Dungoler.

2. Towards Metemneh.

## Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit of Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
108	5.53	3.25	3.15
113	5.75	3.42	3.00

Mr. Powell-Cotton says: "I first saw them near Rogge, on the road to Adis Ababa. I noticed none at Turkogogo, but they are found at Zoquala, in the Hawash valley, due south of the capital.

"After I started north, the first place they were met with was one march from Dungoler on 27th March 1900. The natives said there were none to the south, but that I should find many more to the north, which proved to be the case.

"They are found in both the highland and low, hot country; the coat being lighter in colour and naturally much shorter in the latter.

"Most often in couples, generally two females, though sometimes a pair; little groups of three, four, and five fairly frequent.

"Nearly always among bush; have a trick of sneaking off when they first catch sight of danger, and lying down in the first little bit of cover available, where they could often be made out lying with the head close to the ground.

"Wilder and more difficult to get near than duiker."

*Oreotragus oreotragus* (Zimm. . Klipspringer.  
(Native name, "Alakud"; Somâli name, "Sassa.")

Zimmermann in 1783 described the klipspringer under the name of *Antelope oreotragus*, while, unfortunately, Sir William Jardine employed the term *Oreotragus* as a genus, adopting Boddaerts' specific name of *sallatrix*. Now, as *Oreotragus* is thus the oldest generic and the oldest specific name of the klipspringer, I, as a strict adherent to the rules of priority in nomenclature, am obliged to call the klipspringer *Oreotragus oreotragus*, in spite of my genuine disgust for the reduplication of terms in scientific nomenclature.

Total shot, 7. — 4 ♂, 3 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
28 ♀	1	2.12.99	...	...	...	19½	19	6.32.37	26 lbs.	5000 ft.
36 ♂	2	10.12.99	3 × 2	2¼ × 2	2	21½	18½	4¼.32¼.37	18 lbs.	4800 ..
46 ♂	3	21.12.99	3½ × 1½	3¼ × 1½	2½	21	17¼	4¼.33½.37½		
67 ♂	4	5.3.00	3½ × 2½	3¼ × 2½	1½					
68 ♀	4	..	...	...	...					
156 ♂	5	10.6.01	3½ × 1½	3¼ × 1½	2¼	20½	23	4¼.35.39½		
157 ♀	5	..	...	...	...	22	20	6.35½.39½		
	1. Gineble.	2. Frugdeha.	3. Dofat.	4. Gora Goba.	5. Gallamider.					

They were generally to be found in the cliffs of the river valleys and of the high plateaux; the last seen were in Simien, on Mount Buheat. Largest number noticed together, three. Also met with above Biya Kaboba.

*Cobus defassa* (Rüpp.). Abyssinian Waterbuck.  
(Native name, "Defassa.")

This, the finest of the waterbucks, as regards size and length of horns, was described by Rüppell in 1835, but has been confounded very often with *Cobus ellipsiprymnus*, the true waterbuck. It is found from German East Africa in the south, to Kordofan and Sennar in the north. The following are the species of waterbuck described:—

*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*.—South Africa from the Limpopo northwards through Nyassaland, and East Africa to South Somâliiland.

*Cobus unctuosus*.—Senegal and Gambia.

*Cobus cratashayi*.—Lake Meru.

*Cobus penricci*.—Angola.

*Cobus defassa*.—Abyssinia, Soudan, and Uganda.

*Cobus maria*.—Bahr-el-Gazal and White Nile region.

*Cobus smithemani*.—Barotzeland.



*Cobus nigroscapulatus*.—Bahr-el-Gebel.

*Cobus leucotis*.—Upper Nile, Bahr-el-Gazal, and Gobat.

*Cobus thomasi*.—Kavirondo and Uganda.

*Cobus kob*.—West Africa from the Gambia to the Niger.

*Cobus vardoni*.—Chobe and Zambesi valleys and Rhodesia.

*Cobus senganus*.—Barotzeland and Nyasaland.

*Cobus loderi*.—Habitat? Founded on skull and horns, possibly = *C. smithemani*.

*Cobus lechae*.—Zambesia and Barotzeland.

*Cobus*, sp.—Nigeria.

Total shot, 3.—♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.
48 ♂	1	24.12.99	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	45	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	12.81.98
147 ♂	2	22.5.00	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$			
148 ♂	2	„	29 × 8	29 × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$			

1. On the Hawash.

2. Towards Metemneh.

They were also seen near Burey, Shimerler Jowee, and along the west bank of Lake Tana; several times among thorn trees or dried-up hill-tops, very different to the dense riverside vegetation where they were found in Somâliland on a previous trip.

*Cervicapra redunca bohor* (Rüpp.). Abyssinian Reedbuck.

(Native name, "Bohor"; Galla name, "Borufa.")

This antelope was described by Rüppell, but its identity seems afterwards to have been lost, for the name *bohor* has been applied in later times to several other species and races of reedbuck such as *Cervicapra arundineum*, *C. wardi*, and others. Dr. Günther, in the *P.Z.S.* 1890, identified the East African reedbuck as *C. bohor*, and it is due to Mr. Oldfield Thomas, who pointed out Dr. Günther's error in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, 1900, pp. 303, 304, that the confusion was cleared up; though it still remained for Mr. Powell-Cotton's material to prove that true *C. r. bohor* was confined to Abyssinia, and that the forms from the White Nile and Lake Rudolf were yet again two further undescribed races.

Mr. Powell-Cotton says: "I have counted as many as thirty at a time feeding in groups of about four, but herds usually number from four to twelve.

"They generally lie down among the long grass by a stream during mid-day. I tried walking them up, but they always broke too far ahead for

a shot, and, if you went forward, they would drop into the water-course and get away. If they sight danger at a good distance when feeding in the open, they will lie down by any tuft of grass, so it is as well to mark the place very carefully before starting a stalk, and even if they have disappeared



SIDE VIEW OF SKULL OF NILE REEDBUCK.

(*Cervicapra redunca cottoni*.)

go right to it. On very open ground I once or twice had them moved successfully to me. I saw them down in the hot country at Shimerler Jowee, but only shot a small one, which I did not keep. They are found at Zoquala, below Adis Ababa. Whenever they are near a trade route or large town, they are much shot at, and consequently very hard to approach."

In order to make the relationship of *bohor* quite clear, I append the description of the White Nile form, which I name in honour of Mr. Powell-Cotton. I have not used Heuglin's name of *Cervicapra? adrob* for this form, as the description of the horns is such as to make it impossible to



FRONT VIEW OF SKULL OF NILE REEDBUCK.  
(*Cervicapra redunca cottoni*)

identify this antelope with a *Cervicapra*. Heuglin says: "Horns not annulated, blackish, rising perpendicularly from the skull for half their length, then curving forward, the points curved slightly backwards."

I also give a somewhat brief diagnosis of the Lake Rudolf form, which I have named after its discoverer, Dr. Donaldson Smith.

The chief differences between *Cervicapra redunca bohor* and *C. redunca*

*cottoni* is that in *cottoni* the horns spread outwards much more abruptly from the base and are directed much further backwards and upwards, and the points of the horns turn outwards or are bent straight forward and hooked right over, while in *bohor* the horns rise much straighter from the base, and the points either curve forwards and inwards or are directed straight upwards. We seem to have here a series of definite forms, but owing to occasional intermediates occurring, I am of opinion that we cannot treat them other-



FRONT VIEW OF SKULL OF ABYSSINIAN REEDBUCK.  
(*Cervicapra redunca bohor*.)

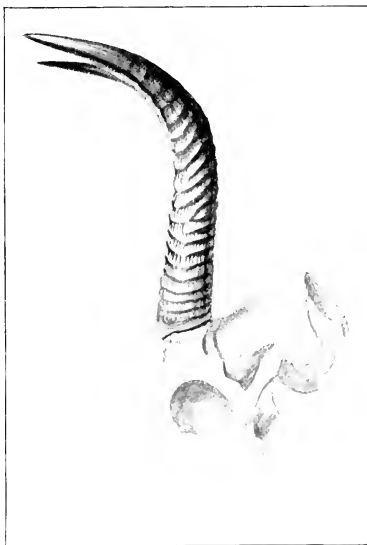
wise than as subspecies of the one widely spread species *Cervicapra redunca*, and they would be as follows:—

*Cervicapra redunca redunca*.—West Africa, north of forest region. Horns short and stout, very thick at base, curved in front, points turned inwards.

*Cervicapra redunca cottoni*.—Kordofan, White Nile, and Isle of Meroe. Horns long and thin, much curved outwards and backwards, with the points curled straight over or directly outwards.

*Cervicapra redunca bohor*.—Central Abyssinia. Horns long, stouter, and not so curved as in *cottoni*.

*Cervicapra redunca donalisoni*.—East of Lado and Western Somáliland. Horns long, slender, curved outwards, and points much turned inwards.



SIDE VIEW OF SKULL OF ABYSSINIAN REEDBUCK.  
(*Cervicapra redunca bohor*.)

*Cervicapra redunca wardi*.—Uganda and East Coast of Africa. Horns short, stout, curved outwards, and the points much turned inwards.

The type of *Cervicapra redunca cottoni* was obtained between the Bahr-el-Zerafe and Bahr-el-Jebel, and I have seen two others from Ferik Mabyin, 15 miles north of Achmed Agar.

Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
106	9.0	5.40	4.45
107	9.55	5.85	4.43
140	9.07	5.57	4.45

## Total shot, 26.—20 ♂, 3 ♀, 3 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Note.
57 ♂	1	8.2.00	5½ × 4	5½ × 4	3½	33	28½	8.55.63	89 lbs.	
58 ♀	1	"	(young)	7½ × 5½	7½	32½	29½	8.54.64	94 lbs.	
59 ♂	1	9.2.00	7½ × 5½	7½ × 5½	6½	32½	29	7½.52½.62	105 lbs.	
60 ♂	1	"	7½ × 5½	8 × 5½	4½	32½	29	7½.54½.65	93 lbs.	
65 ♂	2	3.3.00	7½ × 5½	7½ × 4½	6½	32½	29	7½.54½.65	96 lbs.	
66 ♂	2	"	7½ × 4½	6½ × 5	4½	32½	29	7½.54½.65	107 lbs.	
78 ♀	3	13.3.00	6½ × 5	6½ × 5	8½	32½	31½	7½.54½.65	130 lbs.	Heavy, old, solitary; horns much broken.
79 ♀	3	"	6½ × 6	9½ × 6	8½	32½	34½	7½.55½.66	...	Kept neither skull nor skin.
80 ♂	3	14.3.00	8½ × 5½	7½ × 5½	8½	35	34½	7½.55½.66	...	
80 ♂	4	27.3.00 (young)	(young)	...	...	...	...	...	...	
98 ♂	4	1.4.00	10½ × 5½	10½ × 5½	6½	35½	30	7½.49.58	85 lbs.	
103 ♂	4	5.4.00	9½ × 5½	9½ × 5½	8½	35½	33½	7½.54.64	121 lbs.	
106 ♂	4	6.4.00	10½ × 5½	10½ × 5½	6½	...	...	...	...	Very pronounced hook.
107 ♂	4	"	10½ × 5½	10½ × 5½	8½	34½	32½	8.55.66	120 lbs.	Old, points worn, horns very flat.
116 ♂	4	12.4.00	7½ × 5½	7½ × 5½	4½	...	...	...	...	
117 ♂	4	"	9½ × 6	9½ × 6	4½	33	30½	7½.55.64	...	
120 ♂	4	13.4.00	8½ × 5½	8½ × 5	8	...	...	...	...	
121 ♀	4	15.4.00	...	...	...	31½	27½	9½.52½.60	80 lbs.	
125 ♀	4	20.4.00	(young)	...	...	...	...	...	...	
134 ♀	5	27.4.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
137 ♂	5	1.5.00	9½ × 5½	9½ × 5½	7½	...	...	...	...	Kept neither skull nor skin.
138 ♀	5	2.5.00	9½ × 5½	9½ × 5½	8½	...	...	...	...	Skull and head-skin.
139 ♂	5	3.5.00	8½ × 5½	8½ × 5½	8½	...	...	...	...	
140 ♂	5	4.5.00	10½ × 5½	10½ × 6	11½	...	...	...	...	
158 ♀	6	12.6.00	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	
159 ♂	6	15.6.00	10½ × 5	10	7	...	...	...	...	White hind hoofs.

1. Turkogogo. 2. Metta. 3. Bekket. 4. Dungleter. 5. West of Lake Tana. 6. Gondar.

*Gazella spekei* (Blyth). Speke's Gazelle.  
(Somâli name, "Dhero.")

This gazelle, which was described by Blyth in 1856, inhabits the highlands, while *Gazella pelzelni* is a lowland species. Apart from other differences, the sportsman is at once struck by the exaggerated folds and ridges on the nose of this species as opposed to the ordinary smooth skin on the nose of *G. pelzelni*.

Total shot, 2.—♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
<sup>1</sup> 3 ♀	1	15.11.99	...	...	...	24½	21½	5.37.46	28 lbs.	
<sup>2</sup> 19 ♀	2	20.11.99	7¾ × 1½	...	3½	...	26½	6.38½.45½	34 lbs.	3200 ft.
			1. Duddarp.				2. Arroweina.			

*Gazella sammerringi* (Cretzschm.). Soemmerring's Gazelle.  
(Somâli name, "Aul.")

This species of gazelle was another of the discoveries of the indefatigable traveller Rüppell, who sent specimens to Frankfort, where Cretzschmar described it in 1826.

The North Somâli form, *Gazella sammerringi berberana* of Matschie, is larger, and darker, with differently curved horns.

Total shot, 5.—3 ♂, 2 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
1 ♀	1	13.11.99	14½ × 2¾	14¾ × 2½	8½	31	27	7½.44.54½		
2 ♂	1	"	19½ × 5½	19¾ × 5½	4½	34½	29½	8.41.53		
37 ♂	2	10.12.99	19½ × 6¾	19¾ × 6¾	4½	36	31½	8½.50½.67	109 lbs.	3900 ft.
39 ♂	3	12.12.99	14½ × 4½	14¾ × 4½	4	35	32½	8½.53½.66	126 lbs.	3750 ft.
49 ♀	4	27.12.99								
			1. Arrhi Halleis.	2. Gumleh.		3. Ordah.	4. Laminifun.			

*Lithocranius walleri sclateri* (O. Neumann). Sclater's Gerenuk.  
(Somâli name, "Gerenuk.")

Herr Oscar Neumann first pointed out in 1899 that the Somâli and Abyssinian gerenuk is somewhat different to the East African or Waller's gerenuk. The northern form is larger, has much finer horns, a longer neck, is less rufous in colour, and has not got the black knee-tufts; the white markings of the tail are also different. Sclater's gerenuk has been treated as a distinct species both by its describer and Messrs. Sclater and Thomas, but I feel sure it is more reasonable to treat it only as a northern race or sub-species, and have therefore recorded it trinomially.

<sup>1</sup> A single one with a kid.

<sup>2</sup> One of a herd of five or six.

## Total shot, 6.—5 ♂, 1 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight. (clean)	Elevation.
13 ♂	1	19.11.99	13½ × 5¼	13¼ × 5¼	2½	...	...	...	84 lbs.	3200 ft.
14 ♀	1	"	...	...	...	56½	30	8½.55.67½		
25 ♂	2	1.12.99	13¼ × 5¼	13¼ × 5½	4¼	38	30	6.54½.67	92 lbs.	4150 ft.
38 ♂	3	10.12.99	13 × 4¾	13 × 4¾	4¾	39½	30½	7.56.69	101 lbs.	2625 ft.
40 ♂	4	12.12.99	13¼ × 5½	12¾ × 5½	3½	40½	31½	6½.56.67	109 lbs.	3750 ft.
41 ♂	4	"	13 × 6	13½ × 6¼	3½	39	30	6½.54½.67½	97 lbs.	3750 ft.

1. Arroweina.                      2. Gurgura.                      3. Ordah.                      4. Mulla.

"No gerenuk seen after crossing the Hawash. Is this river the western boundary?"

*Dorcotragus megalotis* (Menges). The Beira.  
(Somâli name, "Baira.")

This rare antelope was described by Herr Menges in the *Zoologische Anzeigen*, vol. xvii. p. 131 (1894).

Mr. Powell-Cotton obtained four adult specimens and a kid.

This antelope is most remarkable on account of the semi-globular pads on the underside of the hoofs, of which, however, no mention is made by Messrs. Selater and Thomas, and Sir Edmond Loder found in his specimens the hoofs much hollowed out.

Only seen at Arroweina. At Jarso, where Mr. Powell-Cotton crossed the Blue Nile, they were unknown, though the Lovat expedition found them numerous lower down.

"They are difficult to spot among the jungle; unless there is time to use the glasses the males cannot be distinguished; owing to their large ears and general appearance they much resemble overgrown dik-dik."

## Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
16	5.50	3.55	3.07
17	5.52	3.23	3.09

## Total shot, 4.—2 ♂, 2 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
<sup>1</sup> 15 ♀	1	20.11.99	...	...	...	...	20	7.36.42	30 lbs.
16 ♂	1	"	4¾ × 1¾	4½ × 1¾	2½	22¼	19¼	5¼.36½.41	22 lbs.
<sup>2</sup> 17 ♀	1	"	"	...	...	23	19	7.36½.41	28 lbs.
18 ♂	1	"	4¾ × 2	4½ × 2½	2½	21¾	20½	5.33½.38	24 lbs.

1. Arroweina.

All shot at an elevation of 4700 feet.

<sup>1</sup> Had unborn young weighing 2½ lbs.

<sup>2</sup> Had unborn young weighing 4 lbs., nearly covered with hair.



*Hippotragus equinus bakeri* (Heugl.). Baker's Antelope.  
(Native name, "Wunderbee.")

This fine antelope, which Thomas considers only a sub-species of the roan antelope of South Africa, was described by Heuglin in 1863.

The species of *Hippotragus* are as follows:—

*Hippotragus leucophaeus*.—Cape Colony; extinct.

*Hippotragus equinus typicus*.—South and Central Africa.

*Hippotragus equinus gambianus*.—West Africa.

*Hippotragus equinus bakeri*.—Soudan and North-East Africa.

*Hippotragus equinus langheldi* or *rufo-pallidus*.—British and German East Africa.

*Hippotragus niger*.—East Africa; from North Transvaal to German East Africa.

"They seemed to prefer a more bushy country than the tora; I also found them on much higher ground than the latter, having shot two while looking for greater kudu on the hills. A wounded one ripped a man's arm badly while he was trying to cut its throat. The skin is very thick and tough. Tora are often found in company with them, when they are much harder to approach. The largest herd seen was twenty-five."

Total shot, 3 ♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
132 ♂	1	24.4.00	25 $\frac{3}{4}$ × 9 $\frac{1}{8}$	26 $\frac{2}{8}$ × 9 $\frac{1}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	63	14 $\frac{1}{2}$ .92.120 $\frac{1}{2}$	
135 ♂	1	28.4.00	24 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 8 $\frac{5}{8}$	24 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{4}$	59	63	13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .91.122 $\frac{1}{2}$	620 lbs.
136 ♂	1	29.4.00	17 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 8	18 × 8	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	13.85 $\frac{1}{2}$ .112	

1. Shimerler Jowee.

*Oryx beisa* (Rüpp.). Beisa Antelope.

(Native name, "Salar"; Somali name, "Bhide.")

This fine antelope is found as far south as the river Tana, but is replaced to the south of the river by the allied *Oryx callotis*, Thorn.

The horns of the two females shot by Mr. Powell-Cotton seem to be rather short.

The genus *Oryx* contains the following species:—

*Oryx leucoryx*.—North Africa, from Dongola to Senegal.

*Oryx beatrix*.—Southern Arabia and Persian Gulf.

*Oryx gazella*.—South Africa and Angola.

*Oryx beisa*.—North-East and British East Africa, north of the Tana.

*Oryx callotis*.—British East Africa south of the Tana river, and German East Africa.

Total shot, 3.—2 ♀, 1 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
34 (young)	1	6.12.99								
<sup>1</sup> 42 ♀	2	14.12.99	$34\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$	$34\frac{3}{8} \times 5$	$13\frac{1}{2}$	46	$55\frac{1}{2}$	14.80.92	260 lbs.	3700 ft.
43 ♀	2	..	$31\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$	$31\frac{1}{2} \times 6$	7	$45\frac{1}{2}$	51	15.72.97		
			1. Herrer.					2. Meaduga.		

“Numerous between Herrer and Tadechamalka. I also saw them on the hills west of the Hawash, when looking for greater kudu.”

*Tragelaphus scriptus decula* (Rüpp.). Abyssinian Bushbuck.  
(Native name, “Dūcūlar.”)

This form of the bushbuck was first described by Rüppell in 1838-40, in his *Neue Wirbelthiere Abyssiniens*. Mr. Powell-Cotton brought home two females. He says: “I first saw this antelope at Orthar, then at Tadechamalka, and at Jarso, Shimerler Jowee, and along the west side of Lake Tana. I never found more than two together. Towards Metemneh I saw one ♂ with a very well-defined longitudinal white stripe along the side.”

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.
<sup>2</sup> 111 ♀	1	10.4.00	...	...	...	$26\frac{1}{4}$	$24\frac{1}{2}$	8.43.54
<sup>2</sup> 152 ♀	2	31.5.00	...	...	...	$25\frac{1}{2}$	$23\frac{1}{2}$	$8\frac{1}{2}$ .43.53
			1. Dungoler.					2. Towards Metemneh.

*Tragelaphus*, sp. Bushbuck?

Mr. Powell-Cotton obtained a pair of this form in Managasha forest, and Major Sanders also got it on the White Nile; it is extremely dark in colour. Herr Oscar Neumann tells me that on the Erlanger-Neumann expedition they got this form also, and that it undoubtedly belonged to an hitherto undescribed race. He also mentioned that there was a third form in Abyssinia, which I am inclined to believe is the one mentioned under *T. scr. decula*, with a white lateral stripe. I, however, do not wish to name either of these forms, as Baron Erlanger and Herr Neumann have more opportunities of comparing large series from all parts of Africa than I have, so I leave the question open for them to decide.

<sup>1</sup> Without heart and liver.

<sup>2</sup> Striped; bank of Abbai.

<sup>3</sup> Almost stripeless; hot country.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
52 ♂	1	6.2.00	11½ × 4½	11½ × 4½	4½	32	29½	6.45.55	86 lbs.
63 ♀	1	10.2.00	...	...	...	28½	25	9.43.53	58 lbs.

1. Managasha forest (cottonwood).

*Strepsiceros strepsiceros* (Pall.). Greater Kudu.

(Native name, "Agarzin.")

The greater kudu was undoubtedly the animal described by Pallas in 1766 as *Antilope strepsiceros*, and it is also clear that Hamilton Smith used the term *Strepsiceros* in 1827 in a generic sense: we find *Strepsiceros* therefore to be both the oldest specific and the oldest generic term for the greater kudu, which is rather unfortunate. I object most strongly to the reduplication of terms in scientific names of animals and plants, but I also feel that unless we adhere to the strictest rules of priority in nomenclature we shall rapidly drift into hopeless chaos, therefore in all cases like that of the kudu I accept the reduplication.

Total shot, 2.—1 ♂, and 1 ♀, young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.
144 ♀	Chuowkar	19.5.00
145 ♂	"	"

Specimens were seen in numerous places, but none of them were large bulls, though a native shot two at Chuowkar.

They were seen at Arroweina, Biya Kaboba, Garara, and on the Hawash.

*Strepsiceros imberbis* (Blyth). Lesser Kudu.

(Somali name, "Godir.")

Blyth was the first to point out the existence of a second species of kudu, which he described under the above name in 1869.—*P.Z.S.*

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Total shot, 6.—5 ♂, 1 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	Elevation.
20 ♀	1	21.11.99	...	...	...	40½	35	11.58.71	161 lbs.	4700 ft.
23 ♂	2	1.12.99	29½ × 6¾	28½ × 6¾	12½	45	40½	10.67½.95½	4150 ft.	
24 ♂	2	"	29½ × 6¾	28½ × 6¾	10½	44½	40	9½.66½.92½	283 lbs.	4150 ft.
29 ♂	3	3.12.99	28½ × 6¾	28 × 6¾	14½	43½	39½	9½.65.80	204 lbs.	4600 ft.
32 ♂	4	4.12.99	25½ × 6½	25½ × 6½	8	46½	39½	10.66.82	212 lbs.	
33 ♂	5	5.12.99	27 × 6½	27 × 6½	10	46½	39½	10.70.85	226 lbs.	4100 ft.
	1. Arroweina.		2. Gurgura.		3. Gineble.		4. Orthar.		5 Ulfula.	

The last seen were at Tadechamalka.

*Capra walie* (Rüppell). Abyssinian Ibex.  
(Native name, "Wālā.")

The most important result, zoologically, of Mr. Powell-Cotton's expedition was undoubtedly the procuring of a fine series of this magnificent wild goat, which had hitherto only been known from one immature male (the type) and another skin and a few traded horns.

It was described by Rüppell in 1835, and has remained practically unknown until 1901. At the meeting of the Zoological Society on 18th June 1901, I made the following remarks on this species:—

When Mr. R. Lydekker wrote his great work *The Wild Oxen, Sheep, and Goats of All Lands*, in 1898, this fine species was only known from the type specimens in the Senckenberg Museum at Frankfort. Since then a few pairs of horns have been unearthed, collected at various times by Herr Menges, the wild-beast trapper, but it has remained for Mr. Powell-Cotton to clear up the history of *Capra walie* by the fine series he has collected of this fast-vanishing form.

Rüppell's original description is as follows:—"Front and upper side of head, neck, and back beautiful chestnut-brown; muzzle, a curved streak between eye and ear, sides of neck, body, and rump reddish umber-brown. Region under the eye and ear, the chin, throat, chest, and inner surface of the thighs and belly dirty white. Outer side of thighs and legs and sides of belly dirty gray. Feet whitish, with a large spot at the fetlock and a stripe down the legs black. Root of tail chestnut-brown, tip black. Inner side of ears white, with a reddish border, outer surface red-brown. Iris of eye pale brown, pupil dark blue."

The principal differences separating this ibex from *Capra nubiana* were the shorter beard and the horns, which are thick and stout and more like those of *Capra sibirica*. It differed from all other forms of ibex in the bony protuberance on the forehead.

Rüppell's type had the horns only 25 inches long, measured over the curve; but Mr. Powell-Cotton's largest adult male had horns  $43\frac{1}{2}$  and  $43\frac{5}{8}$  inches, while his smallest had them  $41\frac{1}{2}$  and 41 inches.

Mr Powell-Cotton's notes on the habits, etc., of this fine animal are as follows:—

"This ibex is called wālā by the Abyssinians, and is said to exist only in the mountains of Simien. I shot four specimens at the commencement of autumn (end of June), just at the beginning of the rutting season. There were slight falls of snow and hail, and it was very cold at night. There are said to be two feet of snow on the hill-tops in August. On 25th June I saw two males and one female; later, on the same day, I saw a larger male by

itself and shot it. On the 26th, I saw two large males feeding by themselves, and later on found them with thirteen females. On the 27th, I found the same herd and shot the two large males and one female. These were the only three large males on the ground. I searched a good deal of country round but only saw old tracks. The natives hunt these animals persistently for their flesh, skins, and horns (which they use for tumblers), and now that they are so much better armed, I believe in a very few years the animals will be extinct. I was told of some other hunting-ground farther to the north-east, but had not time to visit it. The three male specimens shot and a head, which I found, all have the points of the horns turned inwards; but a pair of horns, presented to me by Dedjatch Zerefer, which he said were obtained on Mount Hi, had the points turned outwards.

“I found the ibex on the eastern slope of Mount Buiheat, one of the highest in the Simien range—in the French maps it is marked as 4510 m. in elevation. The top is undulating grass-land, with a much frequented path running along close to the edge of the cliffs, at the foot of which is the ibex-ground.

“The cliffs being too high for a shot, and, so far as I could discover, there being no direct path down, it seemed to be a favourite amusement of passing caravans to roll over stones in the hope of seeing a herd disturbed. At the foot of the first line of cliffs, and below several lesser ill-defined lines lower down, are the runs and lying-up places of the ibex and klip-springer. The earth and stones dropping from above have formed banks some little distance from the face of the cliffs, while here and there an overhanging rock forms a roomy shelter under it. The ibex appear regularly to use these partly concealed runs in moving from one part of the ground to another, and it was in them that I found numerous traces of where native shikaris had lain up to get a shot at them, generally overlooking a drinking-place or a favourite shelter.

“The steep ground between the different lines of cliffs is covered with long coarse grass, along which the curious Tree-Lobelia (*Lobelia rhynchopectala*) grows, besides firs, birch, and many scrubby bushes, the whole reminding me very much of the kind of place where I have shot thar in Kistawar, Kashmir, and being quite unlike any ground where I had previously seen ibex.

“Even when the animals were feeding in the early morning and late afternoon, it was by no means easy to make them out amongst the undergrowth. At the foot of the mountain large flocks of sheep and goats were grazing, being sheltered at night in caves, the openings of which were protected by stone walls and wattles. Lower down there was a large stretch of cultivated land, and several groups of huts forming the village of Lurey.

"Although I had a special letter from the Emperor Menelik to the governor of Simien, and from the latter to the different headmen, they placed every sort of passive obstruction in the way of my shooting ibex, and one and all seemed most anxious to get me out of the country as quickly as possible, in spite of their receiving all the meat killed, besides presents and liberal rewards."

## Total shot, 4.—3 ♂, 1 ♀.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	R. Horn.	L. Horn.	Between Tips.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
167 ♂	1	25.6.00	40 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{3}{4}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	9.59.69	276 lbs.
168 ♂	1	27.6.00	43 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	43 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{8}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	42	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ .66.75	
169 ♂	1	..	41 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	41 × 11	19 $\frac{3}{4}$	41	48	11.65 $\frac{1}{2}$ .75	254 lbs.
170 ♀	1	..	13 × 5	13 $\frac{3}{8}$ × 5	7 $\frac{1}{4}$				

## Found or Presented.

000 ♂	1	25.6.00	37 $\frac{5}{8}$ × 11 $\frac{1}{8}$	38 $\frac{3}{4}$	18 $\frac{3}{4}$				
000 ♂	2	..	43 $\frac{1}{8}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	Horns only.				
000 ♂	3 (young).		Horns and frontal only.						
			1. Buiheat.	2. Hi(?)			3. Detjem.		

## Measurements of Skulls.

No.	Basal Length.	Orbit to Muzzle.	Greatest Width.
167	...	...	5.95
169	10.60	7	5.95
170	8.90	6	5.05

*Hippopotamus amphibius* (Linn.). Hippopotamus or River-Horse.  
(Native name, "Gomarre.")

The hippopotamus has been known from the earliest ages, and has always excited wonder and admiration on account of its strange appearance and unwieldiness. At present we have living only three species or races of the genus *Hippopotamus*, all confined to Africa, namely:—

*Hippopotamus amphibius*, from East, Central, and Southern Africa.

*Hippopotamus senegalensis*, from Senegal and the West Coast of Africa

*Hippopotamus liberiensis*, from Liberia.

This latter is most interesting, for it is only the size of a domestic pig, and is thus a representative of the pigmy fossil species found in the caves at Malta.

In former geological epochs, however, river-horses were much more numerous, and fourteen species were spread over Europe, Africa, and Asia, as far east as Java.

Total recovered, 4.—1 ♂, 2 ♀, 1 young.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Curved lower Tusks.	Straight lower Tusks.	Height.	Girth.	Length.
47 (young)	1	23. 12. 99					
<sup>1</sup> 73 ♂	2	10. 3. 00	R. $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{5}{8}$ L. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$	R. $7\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ L. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	54	107	26. 114. 128
<sup>2</sup> 74 ♀	2	„	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$	54½ 100 27. 120. 130
75 ♀	2	„	$5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	102 24. 109. 125
		1. On the Hawash.			2. Jarso.		

Numerous in the Hawash, Abbai, and Lake Tana (in which they are most hunted); tracks of a few were seen where the Takazé was crossed.

Of the three shot on 10th March 1900, two walked ashore after being shot in the brain, and the third floated and was towed ashore forty minutes after sinking to the shot.

*Potamocharus hassama* (Heugl.). Abyssinian Bush-Pig.  
(Abyssinian name, "Assame"; Argo name, "Askarmar.")

Mr. Powell-Cotton, though he hunted diligently for it, failed to find this animal.

Much confusion seems to exist as to the number of species of bush-pig and river-hog, but, so far, I think the following table shows the number and distribution of the species of *Potamocharus*.

*Potamocharus larvatus*.—Madagascar.

*Potamocharus cheropotamus*.—West Africa, south to Angola.

*Potamocharus capensis*.—South Africa.

*Potamocharus johnstoni*.—North-West Nyasaland.

*Potamocharus nyassæ*.—Lake Moeru and South-West Nyasaland.

*Potamocharus demonis*.—Uganda and German East Africa.

*Potamocharus hassama*.—North-East Africa.

*Potamocharus porcus*, "Red River Hog."—West Africa.

*Phacocharus africanus* (Gmel.). Ethiopian Wart-hog.  
(Native name, "Kurkerrow.")

This animal was described by Gmelin in 1788, and it is most unfortunate that the South African wart-hog had been named *Sus aethiopicus* by Linné in 1766, for this has led to endless confusion between the two species. I here give their distribution as a future guide to sportsmen and collectors.

*Phacocharus africanus*.—East, Central, and West Africa. From the Soudan and Abyssinia to the Zambesi on the east, and from Senegambia and the Soudan to Ashanti on the west.

<sup>1</sup> Kept head-skin, feet, and jaws; feet and legs marked patches of white.

<sup>2</sup> Kept skull complete.

*Phacocharus aethiopicus*.—Southern Africa, south of the Zambesi.

Total shot, 1.—♂.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Out of Gums.		Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.	
			R. Tusk.	L. Tusk.					
155 ♂	1	3.6.00	7 × 4 $\frac{2}{3}$	7 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	34	40	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ .	56.76	212
1. Towards Metemneh.									

Charged three times when wounded; a very plucky beast.

Were seen at Somadu, Gurto, on the Hawash, at Shimerler Jowee, and towards Metemneh. The Abyssinians are very fond of the meat.

*Diceros bicornis* (Linn.). Two-horned Rhinoceros.

(Native name, "Ora-rish.")

Mr. Powell-Cotton never found rhinoceros during his entire trip, but remarks that they are said to exist south-east of Kassala. This species of rhinoceros was formerly divided into two species, *Rhinoceros bicornis* and *Rh. keitlou*, the former having the front horn much longer than the back one, while the latter had the back horn equal to or longer than the front horn. It has since been proved that these differences in the horn are individual and not specific differences, but it is curious that some years ago a considerable number of whole skins, and skeletons, and loose skulls, and horns of rhinoceros, came to England from "Abyssinia," and they all were of the *keitlou* type.

*Elephas africanus oxyotis* (Matsch.). Soudanese Elephant.

(Native name, "Zohon.")

Although for many years past it was noticed by such keen observers and hunters as F. C. Selous, A. H. Neumann, and others that the elephants in different parts of Africa showed marked differences, zoologists have hitherto chosen to consider these differences as purely individual, and that there was only one race of African elephant. It remained therefore for Dr. Matschie, with his usual energy, to go into the question from an unbiassed point of view, and on the 16th of October 1900, at a meeting of the "Gesellschaft naturforschender Freunde" in Berlin, he separated four races of elephant as follows:—1. *Elephas africanus capensis*, Cuv., from Africa, south of the Zambesi; 2. *Elephas africanus cyclotis*, Mtsch., from Kamerun and West Africa; 3. *Elephas africanus oxyotis*, Mtsch., from North-East Africa; and 4. *Elephas africanus knochenhaueri*, Mtsch., from East and South-East Africa. At the same time Dr. Matschie said that he was sure, if more material could be collected, that the Congolese and Angola elephants would prove yet a different race, and also that there would be found two or three other races in other parts of Africa.

The differences of the four races are as follows:—



*Elephas a. capensis* has the forehead falling off towards the temporal cavities, so that it appears much arched; the ears are enormously large, and are shaped like a square, with rounded corners, to which is fastened a small, sharply pointed angular process.

*Elephas a. cyclotis* has the ear also very large, but of quite a different shape; it is oval, with the attached process in the shape of a half-ellipse. The skin is finely tessellated, and the colour a paler grey than in the following race.

*Elephas a. oxyotis* has the ear considerably smaller and in the shape of a semicircle, to which is attached in front a very sharply pointed angular lappet.

*Elephas a. knochenhaueri*, finally, has the smallest ears, and these are triangular, with an angulated pointed lappet in front. All these forms also show cranial differences which, however, cannot be adequately dealt with here. Mr. Powell-Cotton found elephants on the Hawash, at Shimerler Jowee, and towards Metemneh, but none with big tusks.

*Hystrix africe-australis* (Peters). African Porcupine.

The utmost confusion used to prevail in connection with the existing porcupines of the genus *Hystrix*. Some zoologists assert that they are all one species, while others divide them into twenty-seven different species. At present twelve forms are generally recognised as distinct species, of which three inhabit Africa. *Hystrix cristata* is confined to North Africa and Egypt proper in Africa, though found also in South Europe and Western Asia; *Hystrix galeata* is confined, as far so we know, to Eastern Africa (Lamu); while the species of which I am here treating has a rather curious distribution, occurring all over East Africa, in Central Africa, from Zanzibar to the Cape Colony, Angola, the Gambia, Senegal, and the Western Soudan, but being absent, so far as I can ascertain from the Congo region.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Weight.	Elevation.
22 ♂	Gurgura	1.12.99	28 lbs.	4150 feet.

One of a pair seen going down a burrow; this was the only time any were encountered, though their tracks were often observed and their burrows found on several occasions.

*Lepus berberanus* (Heuglin). Somâli Hare.  
(Native name, "Chintel.")

The species of hare are still somewhat in confusion; for while older authors were inclined to increase the species indefinitely, English zoologists have been disposed to "lump" too many together, and are only

just beginning to distinguish the races more carefully. The following are the African forms :—

*Lepus aegyptius*.—North Africa and Egypt proper.

*Lepus isabellinus*.—Senaar, Kordofan, and Western Soudan.

*Lepus habessinicus*.—Interior of Abyssinia.

*Lepus somaliensis*.—Interior of Somáland.

*Lepus berberonus*.—Abyssinian and Somáli coast-lands.

*Lepus tigrensis*.—Abyssinian mountains, from 8100 feet upwards.

*Lepus microtis*.—Bahr-el-Gazal, and North Abyssinia.

*Lepus capensis*.—South Africa and Mozambique.

*Lepus ochropus*.—Zambesia, Angola, Congo, and Central Africa.

*Lepus whytei*.—Nyasaland.

*Lepus victoriae*.—Victoria Nyanza region.

*Lepus crassicaudatus*.—Cape Colony proper.

*Lepus melanurus*.—Natal.

*Lepus saxatilis*.—Mountain regions of Cape Colony, Natal, Zambesia, and Mozambique.

*Lepus salic*.—Benguela.

Total shot, 2.—1 ♂, 1 ?

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.
5	Hensa	16.11.99
11 ♂	Lasman	17.11.99

*Orycteropus aethiopicus* (Sundev). East African Ant-bear.

(Native name, "Saherar.")

This is the eastern representative of *Orycteropus senegalensis*, from which it differs in several points : but if the skull is examined, an obvious difference is that the last molar but one of *O. aethiopicus* is the same size as the last molar of *O. senegalensis*. There are four species of *Orycteropus* living.

*Orycteropus capensis* (Gm.).—South, Central, and South-East Africa.

*Orycteropus aethiopicus* (Sundev).—North-East Africa, Sennar, and Kordofan.

*Orycteropus senegalensis* (Less.).—West Africa, north of Gold Coast.

*Orycteropus haussanus* (Matschie).—Togoland.

I append Mr. Powell-Cotton's notes in full.

"Saw tracks of them at Gineble, Ordah, and Bilen, but nothing like the number found on the south side of the Mareb.

"The rains having commenced, it was easy to track them. They do not seem to feed much at any one ant-hill : one we followed had visited

several in a night, tearing off a large piece half-way up and then moving on. They seem to prefer a species of ant that lives in the ground but throws up no hill, for we found numerous trenches where this one had found and followed up an ant-tunnel.

“They will also dig into old, deserted ant-hills, re-excavate and lengthen an old burrow, or drive a hole into a bank, and in each case after a good deal of labour work out again and move on.

“For their home-burrow they generally drive a sloping tunnel till they reach a depth of four or five feet, and then dig along through the soft earth or sand below the stratum to which the rains penetrate. In this they can burrow far quicker than any number of well-equipped men can follow them, having to dig through the hard-baked layer of soil under which the animals drive. A large number of men might cut a circle round, but it would be a difficult and tedious task. I tried digging one out, but as soon as we sank a cross trench ahead of the beast, it turned off to one side.

“Eventually, one evening I lay out near a hole one had entered the night before. I missed it the first time it showed. Two others came close to us during the night. They move very close to the ground, until alarmed, when they raise themselves like a lizard. One appeared to spring backwards four or five yards, and then stopped, head raised towards us. The beast in the burrow showed again, and I wounded it. Next morning I found it had gone down a burrow, in which it was able to move the old soft earth, but could not dig into the hard earth at the end. It cried piteously when wounded by a second bullet.

“The shape of the burrow was an irregular oval, the longer diameter being 10 feet 7 inches and the shorter 7 feet 3 inches; the end where we found the animal was 5 feet 5 inches below the surface, and almost under the entrance.

“None of the Abyssinians with me had seen a ‘saherar’ before, and it excited much interest on the road to Asmara.”

Total shot, 1.

No. and Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Height.	Girth.	Length.	Weight.
171 ♂	N. bank of Mareb	22.7.00	21	29	11.42.67	116 lbs.
	At $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from end of snout			girth was $7\frac{1}{2}$		
	“ 3 in. “ “ “			$7\frac{3}{4}$		
	“ $6\frac{1}{4}$ in. “ “ “			$13\frac{1}{4}$		
	Girth by eyes, $9\frac{1}{4}$ in. ; girth just in front of ears, 16 in. ; girth base of tail, 19 in.					
	Colour—eye, brown ; inside mouth, dirty white ; tongue, pale pink.					

Wild Ass, *Equus africanus*, “Badahiya.”—“Said to be fairly common in Erythrea.”

Buffalo, *Bos coffer aquinoctialis*, “Gush.”—“I spent several weeks after

them at Shimerler Jowee and towards Metemneh; saw tracks of small herd at the former place, and followed a herd of seven at the latter, but had a run of bad luck and failed to bag. Very few now left; said to be plentiful in Walkait."

Giraffe, *Giraffa camelopardalis*, "Gerata," "Kutchen."—"Said to be plentiful in Walkait. I saw no traces of them in any of the country where I was."

Hyæna, *Hyæna striata*, "Gib."—"Numerous; shot none."

Hyrax, *Procavia abyssinica*, "Askoko."—"Saw numbers on the cliffs above Gora Goba and in Gondar."

Bear.—"I had a description given me of a beast said to be found by a lake in the north-west of Simien, which agreed only with that of a bear. I asked the Emperor if he could give me any information about it, but he could not, saying they knew little about the remoter parts of that country. On my journey I heard of the animal several times, but at Simien the natives denied all knowledge of it; however, as they did this about everything which they thought might prolong my stay amongst them, it does not count for much. If I return to that country, I shall certainly search for the bear."

## APPENDIX IV

### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ABYSSINIAN TRAVELS

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## APPENDIX V

### HINTS TO SPORTSMEN IN ABYSSINIA

1. How to enter Abyssinia. The caravan and its composition—2. Battery and cartridges—3. Tents and camp furniture—4. Camp kit, tools, etc.—5. Cooking utensils—6. Stores—7. Drugs—8. Clothing—9. Money and presents—10. Care of skins and heads—11. General hints, and notes on probable expenses of trip.

#### 1. HOW TO ENTER ABYSSINIA. THE CARAVAN AND ITS COMPOSITION.

1. Without the Emperor's permission an expedition into Abyssinia is pretty well impossible, and is sure to come to grief sooner or later; so that, unless this can be procured beforehand for the intending traveller, he must visit the capital and get it himself.

For the Englishman, Zeila is at present by far the easiest and best starting point; later, when the rail from Jibuti to Harrar is completed, that port may be preferable.

If it is intended to shoot in the highlands of Abyssinia, it will be best to follow the usual routine of hiring camels from Zeila to Gildessa, donkeys from there to Harrar, and mules on to the capital. At the capital, wherever that may be, mules and everything else likely to be required must be purchased for the expedition. Do not leave the capital till all ropes, leather bags, etc., required have been collected; for I experienced great difficulty and much delay in attempting to purchase them in the provinces. Should it be intended to make a *détour* for shooting purposes on the road up, and then either continue in the low country or go up to the highlands, camels must be purchased on the coast, and either kept for the whole trip or returned to the coast with the trophies obtained up to date.

If camels be employed, all the personnel should be Somális, except local guides, engaged in the actual part of the country you are shooting in—if mules are selected, Somális are useless, except as shikaris and personal servants, and then the fewer taken the better, as they are much more difficult to feed, and feel the cold very much.

2. For the composition of a camel caravan, the intending traveller should read Major Swayne's *Seventeen Trips through Somáland*.

The caravan should consist of a headman, cook, personal servant, two shikaris, skinman, a syce for each riding animal, a donkey-boy to drive donkeys and sheep, and a camel-man to each two baggage-camels; these men also carry rifles and form the escort, besides performing all camp duties.

A Somáli's daily ration is 1 lb. of rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of dates, and 2 oz. of ghee, the two former must be carried from the coast. Casks, to carry at least one day's water-supply for everyone, should be taken. Tents are not expected by Somális, but a blanket a-piece is much appreciated, and prevents a great deal of sickness; in any case, these should be provided for the personal servants, shikaris, and sentries.

In a mule caravan two men must be allowed for every three baggage-animals. There will be less friction, if the Abyssinians are allowed to select their own headman; they should each receive a burnous costing 2 dollars.

The caravan is subdivided into groups of six men to a tent, each of which groups elect one of themselves as chief, who is responsible to the headman for his men, beasts, and loads.

Each man receives a monthly sum for rations, and it is as well to settle how many mules you will allow them to carry their food and kit; one to each tent is ample, but unless the loads are examined every now and then, this number will be found to be constantly exceeded.

Two felt-covered water-tanks, holding 5 gallons each, will be found ample to fetch water to camp; for since mules cannot travel in a waterless country, you must never be very far from it.

Not less than two riding-beasts for personal use should be taken, and one baggage-animal and attendant should always accompany the sportsman to bring in the trophies and meat.

It will save much trouble, if two or three spare baggage-animals are taken to relieve sick ones of their loads, or to carry trophies, if these accumulate faster than the stores decrease.

The following is a list of camp-kit, etc., which, after twelve years spent in travel and shooting in all sorts of climates and with transports of every kind, I should select for myself if going another eight months' sporting expedition in Abyssinia.

Most of the following will of course appear self-evident to the old hand, but may be of some help to the beginner.

## 2. BATTERY.

Of eleven different bores of rifle I have used on game, besides a good many more I have handled, the following are, I think, the best and most useful all-round weapons :—

.256 Männlicher-Schonauer fitted with long stock, telescopic, Lyman, and leaf sights.

Foresight high, so that the base of it does not interfere with the view through the Lyman.

Sight protector, high and hinged on one side, to allow (except in bad light) aim to be taken through it.

Fore-end, the fasteners should allow of the wood shrinking without drawing the barrel down.

Telescope should be very rigidly attached to rifle, only to be removed for cleaning at rare intervals.

Use split bullets for every sort of game except elephant, rhino, hippo, buffalo, lion, leopard, and crocodile.

Solid bullets for hippo and crocodile, also for the other animals in the above list, if you can get a pot shot and afterwards have time if necessary to change to a heavy rifle.

Never follow dangerous wounded game with the .256 rifle.

.400 cordite D.B. hammerless ejector, leaf and Lyman sights.

.600 cordite D.B. hammerless ejector (taking the place of an 8 B.

12 B. paradox for shooting for the pot, and with ball at night, or in snap-shooting in jungle.

Have the catches of these arranged not to return automatically to safe; all should have the same action (under lever snap is the strongest and at the same time quick), and the triggers the same pull off.

Every rifle to have spare foresight and striker.

The .600 and .400 should be carried in cases, as in some parts of the country they will not be required for weeks at a time.

All should be fitted with good English leather sling covers, well greased to keep out rain, and made to fit loosely, so that the rifle slips out easily.

Cleaning rods :—

- .256 two steel rods, covered wood, two brass brushes, four bristle.  
 .400 }  
 .600 } two do. to take a similar set of brushes for each.  
 12 B. one wood-jointed rod, jag mop, and wire brush.

Four yards flannel, 1 lb. tin vaseline,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  pint tins rifleline,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  pint tins rangoon.

### Cartridges.

It is difficult to advise what number to take, for in nothing do men vary so much as in the expenditure of ammunition.

Here is the summary of a carefully kept record of every shot fired during my trip through Abyssinia which may be some guide. I never shot a beast unless wanted either as a specimen or for meat, nor did I shoot at a bird unless for the pot.

Cartridges.	Number taken.	Number I should take for a similar trip.	Number fired:	At targets.	At game.	Beasts killed.
.256 split . . .	600	500	343	23	320	133
.256 nickel-covered .	200	100	53	8	45	16
.400 soft-pointed .	200	100	12	4	8	2
.400 nickle-covered .	50	50	13	6	7	0
12 B. Paradox tube.	50	25	4	1	3	1
12 B. do. solid . . .	50	25	2	1	1	1
S Bore . . . . .	100	50	12	3	9	2
Do. S.S.G. . . . .	25	25	(in case of attack by natives or lions at night).			
12 B. Shot						
No. 4 . . . . .	100	50				
No. 5 . . . . .	100	50	54	3	51	16
AAA. . . . .	25	25				
	<hr/> 1500	<hr/> 1000	<hr/> 493	<hr/> 49	<hr/> 444	<hr/> 171

This would be replaced by the .600 for which, having a longer accurate range, I should take 25 soft pointed and 75 nickel covered.

About 220 days were spent on shooting-ground, which gives an average of 2.25 cartridges expended per day.

Approximately it took 2.6 cartridges for each kill.

All cartridges should be packed tightly in air-tight tin or zinc boxes, holding not more than 50 each, and closed with a band that can be torn off.

Contents of each box to be plainly stamped on it.

Have a leather cartridge-bag, with web-sling, for each rifle, divided lengthways into two, for soft and solid bullets, stamped on both sides with the size of cartridges, such as 4 (for 400), M. (for Männlicher), etc.

Personally, I invariably keep all the rifles in use loaded, except when they are cleaned. On being brought into camp, they are taken straight to my tent and tied to the tent-pole next the head of my bed. I adopted this practice contrary to all usual precept, from having lost many shots through a rifle not being ready, and after twice being nearly shot by shikaris loading hurriedly in face of big game, and touching the trigger in doing so.

*Arms for Escort.*

Snider carbines, 10.

Ball cartridges, 300.

Blank cartridges, 300.

Permission may sometimes be obtained to practise these at the Arsenal, Aden.

3. TENTS.

The English makers turn out good work, but they sacrifice too much to extreme lightness, and their tents have not the many little dodges an Indian tent has.

If you want a house for six months or a year, you generally look at it before taking it, but a man often orders a tent, as if there were but one pattern, and discovers when too late, that he, at all events, has not got the right one.

If an English tent is taken, it should be of green rot-proof canvas, with double roof quite 6 inches apart, the outer fly nearly touching the ground. One 7 feet long by 9 feet wide is a good size for a man to live and sleep in, or it will accommodate two and leave a good passage down the centre. A verandah 8 feet out, to lace on so that either side can nearly touch the ground while the other is some way off it, makes a good dining-room. For one man only to sleep in, a tent 6 feet 9 inches square is sufficient, and where much rain and cold is not to be encountered, the addition of a verandah, on the same plan, but smaller than the last, will make it all that is necessary. If the sportsman will look after the following points, I think he will not regret it:—

Cords: stout, along the ridge and top of walls to hang things on.

„ thin, to tie up sides, etc., ends to be worked, not lashed.

Doors: to fasten with toggles outside, tapes inside.

Ends: to be lined, to keep out sun and driving rain.

Outer ply and verandah: to be lined, to keep out sun.

Ground sheet: of rot-proof canvas full size of tent.

Hood: a small one at either end.

Loops: to peg walls down by, are often left too long.

Overlap at corners should be 3 inches wide ; lace down corner, and toggles inside.

Pockets : all along each wall.

Pegs : galvanised iron, 10 inches long.

Mallet : iron.

Poles : jointed, ridge-pole bayonet-socketed, otherwise it will be found, as the material stretches, the pole parts and the tent collapses when being pitched.

Runners of  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch thick hard wood—they are often made too thin, and become useless after a little wear.

### *Camp Furniture.*

Chairs : an "Ibea" green canvas seat and bent wood arms. A fairly light deck chair.

Bedstead : compactum, 6 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 6 inches.

Bedding : a green canvas sheet 9 feet by 5 feet ; coloured blankets (in the highlands of Abyssinia frost will be encountered) ; a khâki twill bag, the width of the bed, carries your clothes and does for a bolster. A small pillow (do *not* take air or wire) with khâki cases.

Mosquito-curtains : of khâki-coloured net, pent-shaped, to hook up over bed in tent ; or, when sleeping outside or in a room, to be supported by two sticks.

To pack : make the bed, fold the canvas over the sides, and lift on to ground, fold bedstead and roll in centre of bedding, put 2 broad straps round, roll into loose sacking cover. The bed can then be made ready in a very few minutes on arrival in camp ; no small advantage sometimes.

Basin : tinned iron, *not* enamelled.

Bath : a galvanised iron one, with a light basket fitted inside to carry tools, skin-curing materials, etc., outside a strong basket, covered with leather and wooden lid. The chief use of this is for boiling heads ; tubbing and washing clothes coming second.

Lantern : a square, well-made, tin candle-lantern, with talc slides, in wooden box with rope handle.

A folding lantern weighs more, is troublesome for natives to set up, and unless space is an object, has no advantages.

A tin box gets bent and useless. An oil lamp for camp I abominate.

Table : I have never yet found a really satisfactory camp table—simple, strong, light and rigid ; the "Uganda" table fulfils the first three of these conditions, but is not firm, 36 inches by 20 inches is a good size.

Pole-strap: "Securem" pattern, without the lantern-holder. See that it fits the tent-pole.

Kit-sack: for clothes, spare boots, etc., with bar and padlock. A short end of rope to tie round keeps the things together, even if the bag is half empty.

#### 4. CAMP-KIT, TOOLS, ETC.

Saddle: well stuffed pony-saddle, with short girths and large stirrups, to take a shooting-boot easily.	Water stone.
Bridle: plain snaffle; an improved Abyssinian bit can be got at Adis Ababa, without which it will be found difficult to manage some mules.	Emery stone.
Blankets: for men.	Screws: assorted, 4 doz.
Canvas sheets: rot-proof, for throwing over baggage, etc., 9 feet square, 2.	Nails: Japanese, wire, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Canvas sheets: rot-proof, for loads, if travelling in rains, 66 inches by 36 inches, 1 for each baggage mule.	.. wire, 4 inch for skins, 50.
Axe: 5 lb. head, spare handle.	Copper wire, stout, 2 lb.
Wood chopper.	Brass wire, fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Saw: cross-cut, folding.	String: thick, 2 balls.
.. small tenon.	.. fine, 4 balls.
Screw-driver.	Labels: linen, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ , 500.
Bradawls, etc., in holder.	Needles: packing, 6.
.. 1 small.	Blue lights, 6.
Number punches: small, for brass, 0 to 9.	Rockets, 6.
Wire pliers.	Paint, black enamel, and brush, for painting numbers on loads.
Spoon: iron, narrow, long handle, for removing brains.	Looking-glass: small, in case.
Butcher's knives: small, 9d. to 1s. each, 24.	Sponge and bag.
Butcher's knives: stouter, 4.	Hair brush and comb.
Clasp knives: common two-blade, for skinning heads, 6.	Tooth brushes, 4.
	Soap box.
	Bath towels: medium size, 2.
	Housewife: plenty of buttons, large needles, strong cotton and thread, tape, pins, safety-pins, bodkin, etc.
	Scissors; pair ordinary and pair nail.
	Alarm clocks: small, 2.
	Watch and leather guard.
	Whistle: good shrill.
	Measures: spring tape, with ring to take lanyard, 2.
	Spectacles: smoked glass.
	Field-glasses: Zeiss $7\frac{1}{2}$ night marine for choice.

Telescope : if Ibex shooting.  
 Thermometer.  
 Aneroid Barometer  
 Prismatic Compass.  
 Camera : (hand) No. Binocular,  
 with Zeiss lens, is very portable  
 and satisfactory (all the views in  
 Abyssinia were taken with one).  
 Plates in air-tight tin boxes.  
 Ruby cloth lantern.  
 Foreign note-paper and envelopes.  
 Crested note-paper, a few sheets.  
 Pocket note-books, 8.  
 Penny account-books, 8.  
 Diary, larger MSS. books, 2.  
 Ink bottle, travelling.  
 Blotting paper.  
 Pen-holders, 2, and 8 nibs.  
 Pencils, 8.

*Camp-Kit to be purchased at Aden.*

Khâki jackets for men, 4.  
 Cartridge belts, 10.  
 Copper plates and pots, each 2.  
 Scales (for Somâli rations), 1.  
 Buckets : tin, 4.  
 Mugs : tin, 12.  
 Strainers : tin, 6.

Drums for ghee.  
 Water casks.

*To be purchased at Berbera.*

Cotton sheeting for native tents,  
 packing skins, dusters, etc., etc.  
 Native axes.  
 Ropes additional, half a load.  
 If camels are to be purchased, mats  
 and ropes will be required.

*To be got at Adis Ababa.*

Burnouses : one for each man and  
 a few additional.  
 Pack-saddles.  
 Sheep-skins : three for each saddle.  
 Raw hide ropes, one to a mule.  
 Ropes : 2 to a mule and an addi-  
 tional load.  
 Leather bags : for carrying skins  
 and skulls, etc., etc.  
 Sickles, 6.  
 Firing irons, 6.  
 Copper cooking pots, iron plates,  
 and wooden bowls, one of each to  
 a tent.  
 Iron hoe for trenching.

5. COOKING UTENSILS, ETC.

Bellows.  
 Cook's knife.  
 „ fork.  
 „ spoon.  
 Chopper.  
 Tin openers, 2.  
 Cooking pots (aluminium), 3.  
 Kettle (aluminium).  
 Frying-pan (aluminium).  
 Small mincing machine.

Berkefeld filter and extra candle.  
 Sparklet bottles covered thick felt, 3  
 Milk jug.  
 Tea-pot.  
 Soup-plates, 2.  
 Ordinary plates, 2.  
 Dish, 1.  
 Pie-dish, 1.  
 Cup and saucer.  
 Tumbler.



Egg-cup.	Butter-pot.
Small forks, 3.	Sugar-box.
Table-spoons, 2	Salt-box.
Dessert-spoons, 2	Pepper-box.
Tea-spoons, 2.	All except the knives to be alu-
Small knives, 2	minium.

## 6. STORES.

All stores should be packed in hinged wooden boxes, if for mules not to exceed  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches long by 14 inches deep by 14 inches wide, outside measure, and 75 lbs. in weight.

For camels they should be 27 inches long by  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep by  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and not weigh over 112 lbs. each.

If each box is numbered on all sides with some distinctive mark, such as a circle or triangle, much trouble will be saved in disturbing loads, for a native will recognise a mark while he cannot a numeral.

Distribute each sort of store over as many boxes as possible, so that, in case of loss, it will be less felt.

Exact lists kept up to date will save much useless trouble and loss of temper to all concerned ; my store list is set out like this :—

Article.	Total No.									Weights.	Nos. on Boxes.
		1 73	2 72	3 75	4 75	5 74	6 79	7 75	8 76		
Peaches . . .	1	2 lb. T.	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...
Pears . . .	3	2 lb. T.	1	...	...	1	...	...	1	...	...
Pepper . . .	1	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. P.	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Potatoes . . .	4	1 lb. T.	1	...	1	...	1	...	1	...	...

When an article is moved to the dispense-box it is crossed out, and if the last of its kind, in the total column as well. If store-boxes are entrusted to the care of natives, endless breakage, loss, and theft must be expected, besides never knowing where anything is, or how much of it is left.

I generally keep two boxes for dispense stores and miscellaneous small articles in daily use.

Have a tight-fitting lid made for each sort of tin, such as jam, milk, and oatmeal ; this saves much trouble and waste from opened tins upsetting ; pack all bottles in corrugated paper covers. Remember to keep the two boxes of a load as nearly equal as possible, and always as much out of the sun as may be.

Personally I have found the A. & N. Stores most satisfactory in fitting out my various trips—they enter into the carrying out of one's ideas, and the manager of the Export Department takes great personal interest in everything proving a success.

*Provisions to take from England.*

Apricots, dried, 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 Apricots, 1 lb. tins, 3.  
 Apple-rings, 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 Arrowroot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tins, 2.  
 Baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. boxes, 4.  
 Beef, corned, A. & N., 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 „ pressed, A. & N., 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 „ roast, A. & N. 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 „ essence, Brand's, 4.  
 Biscuits, whole meal, plain, 7 lb. tins, 5.  
 Butter, Irish,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tins, 16.  
 Candles, Belmont, 6s. packets, 24.  
 Cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins, 8.  
 Coffee, 1 lb. tins, 3.  
 Curry-powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins, 6.  
 Egg-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. tins, 6.  
 Jam, apricot, 1 lb. tins, 3.  
 „ black currant, 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 „ raspberry and black currant, 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 Jam, red currant, 1 lb. tins, 4.  
 „ strawberry, 1 lb. tins, 3.  
 Lemon fruit powder, 30 tins.  
 Meats, potted, Blanchard's (no fish or devilled), 4 doz.  
 Milk, ideal,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins, 24.  
 „ powder, packets, 3 doz.  
 Mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins, 2.  
 Oatmeal, medium, 2 lb. tins, 16.  
 Onions, dried,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. tins, 3.  
 Peaches, 2 lb. tins, 1.  
 Pears, 2 lb. tins, 1.  
 Plum-pudding, 1 lb. tins, 1.  
 Potatoes, preserved, 2 lb. tins, 2.

Soups, Brand's Erbswurt, pint packets, 16.  
 Soups, Edwards', 3 pint tins, 4.  
 „ Lazenby's,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint packets, 18.  
 Soups, Maggi, pint packets, 12.  
 „ Nelson's pint packets, 24.  
 Sago, 2 lb. tins, 3.  
 Salmon, 1 lb. tin, 4.  
 Salt, farina, 1 lb. tins, 3.  
 Sardines, small tins (2 sets Hors d'Oeuvres), 12.  
 Saxin tabloids, 2000.  
 Soap, Sunlight, packets, 6.  
 „ Windsor, tablets, 4.  
 Sparklets, 60 doz.  
 Sugar, Demerara, 3 lb. tins, 4.  
 Tea, 1 lb. tins, 6.  
 Vegetables, compressed, Cholet & Co.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tins, 8.  
 Vinegar essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  bottles, 4.  
 Worcester sauce, small, 4.

*Provisions to be got at Aden.*

Flour, Trieste, 150 lbs.  
 Matches, boxes, 3 doz.  
 Rice, 50 lbs.

*Can be purchased at most large markets.*

Coffee.  
 Flour, coarse (requires time to grind).  
 Potatoes.  
 Salt.

## 7. DRUGS.

For one without any special knowledge the following will be found a useful list:—

Phenacetin, 5 gr. tabloids, 200.	Cotton-wool, $\frac{1}{8}$ lb.
Quinine, 3 gr. tabloids, 1000.	Lint, $\frac{1}{8}$ lb.
Chlorodyne, 2s. 6d. bottles, 2.	Bandages, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, 6.
Lead and Opium, 4 gr. tabloids, 2 bottles.	Clinical thermometer.
Ipecacuanha, 5 gr. tabloids.	Glass syringe.
Blue Pills, 200.	Lancet.
Calomel, 2 gr. tabloids.	Prick and tweezers for taking out thorns.
Castor oil, 4 oz.	Bromo paper, 4 packets.
Elliman's Cattle Embrocation, re-bottled in 2.	Alum, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pieces (to clear muddy water), 12.
Laudanum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Tooth-powder, 3 boxes.
Permanganate of Potass, 2 gr. tabloids.	Plaster of Paris, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Carbolic acid, pure, 2 1 lb. bottles.	Ink, small bottle.
Boracic acid in powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Seccotine, 1 tube.
Iodoform, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Turpentine, 2 drums of 5 gals. each Aden.
Caustic pencils, 2.	Burnt Alum, 4 parts to one of saltpetre in 1 lb. tins, 10 lbs.
Vaseline, 1 lb. tin.	Naphthaline in 1 lb. tins, 5 lbs.
Sulphur ointment, 1 lb.	Champagne, 6 pints.
Insect powder, 2 tins.	Brandy, 3 pints.
Cough lozenges, 4 oz.	A.B. Pack all bottles in corrugated paper covers.
Sulphonal tablets, 1 bottle.	
Adhesive plaster, 1 inch, 1 roll.	

## 8. CLOTHING.

Dress-suit complete, with three or four shirts, collars, etc., for wear at the capital.

Blue serge or flannel suit for ditto.

Green "Burberry" shooting-suit.

Two khâki cotton drill shooting-suits.

Neutral coloured cloth shooting-suit.

} These to consist of knickerbocker breeches and Norfolk jacket.

The breeches to fasten below the knee with a band and buckle, a strip of loose material meeting round the leg is sewn to the band, and caught by the top of the puttee being wound round it. Small waist-pockets, with flaps, to carry a compass, watch, and spring-tape. The jacket to have roomy side pockets (to button), the usual handkerchief-pocket, and an inside pocket on the left to carry a pocket-book (with flap to button), straps, to draw in the wrists, and, most important of all, bandoliers sewn on in exactly the same place in every jacket. A few minutes in an old coat with

some strips of linen tacked on, will soon show where they come handiest, and sometimes a few seconds lost or gained means a life.

I have my own arranged thus:—On the right, just above where the belt would be, six paradox cartridges, the flap to button up or down. Just below this, but nearer the centre of the body, a pocket to take a clip of five Männlicher-Schonauer cartridges, also with a flap to button. Diagonally across the left breast, ending opposite the paradox cartridges, a bandolier takes 4 .400, and 2 .600.

All these should hold the cartridges tightly, but not so as to prevent their being readily withdrawn.

Before leaving camp, see they are filled with the cartridges for the rifles you have out.

Flannel suit, old for camp.	Shooting boots, brown, cotton soles,
Knitted waistcoat with long sleeves.	2 pairs and 2 pairs extra soles.
Ulster and cape, long waterproof	Boots for wear in capital, 1 pair.
cape, both of khâki colour.	Laces, 6 pairs spare.
Cholera belts, knitted, 3.	Easy shoes for camp, 1 pair. ( <i>N.B.</i>
Vests, thin sleeveless, 4.	heelless slippers invite scorpions.)
„ medium, 2	Putties, cotton drill khâki, 3 yards
Flannel shirts, thick grey, 2.	long, 2 pairs.
„ „ thin grey, 3.	Pith sola hat, khâki cover.
Drawers, medium merino, 2 pairs.	Double Terai hat and pugari.
Socks, 6 pairs.	Caps, cloth, 2.
Stockings, 2 pairs.	Mosquito veil.
Sleeping-suits, dark grey, 2 (in case	Khâki umbrella, lined green.
of night-attack, a dark colour is	Handkerchiefs, 8.
almost invisible).	Neckerchief.
Braces, 2 pairs.	Ties, 2.
Shooting boots, brown, “Scarfs’”	Kid gloves, old, 2 pairs.
soles, 2 pairs.	Dogskin gloves for mosquitoes, 2 pairs.

#### 9. MONEY.

The currency in British Somâliland is the rupee; throughout Abyssinia it is the Maria Theresa dollar. The rupee at present = 1s. 4d.; 10½ dollars = £1. There is often a dearth of coin in Adis Ababa, and therefore at least half the money likely to be required should be taken up in cash, the remainder in orders on the Indian merchants there. If the silver is all carried together, a special guard must be told off and made responsible for it; but I prefer distributing it among all the locked boxes. It should be put up in paper rolls of twenties or so, and packed securely, so as not to shake about.

## PRESENTS.

*For Native Chiefs and others.*

Rifles, pistols, swords, field-glasses, watches, clocks, umbrellas, burnouses, felt-hats, coloured and plain cotton sheeting, coloured silk, handkerchiefs, scissors, scent, pomatum highly perfumed, soap, matches, candles, pencils, beads.

From 200 to 300 cartridges should be given with any firearm, which is equally appreciated whether new or not, so long as in good order.

In any case, for the governors of provinces and large districts presents must be taken; for all others money will do, but I found they much appreciated some small article at the same time.

Drinks for Abyssinian guests are indispensable; I found absinthe and rum were the most appreciated. These can be got at the capital, and if served with discrimination and in small quantities, eight bottles of each will be enough.

## 10. CARE OF SKINS AND HEADS.

*Skins.*—Should the sportsman intend to bring home the skins of the game he slays, especially entire ones of the larger animals, he must make up his mind to personally watch over them from the moment the beast falls till they reach the hands of the taxidermist. Of course this entails a considerable amount of trouble, but to my mind the satisfaction of owning a well-mounted beast or head, of which you know that the skull belongs to the skin, is well worth it, and so is the habit of keeping a record of every beast slain, as this enables you at any future time to refer in a moment to every detail of its stalk and death. It is of special importance to mark the skull and skin of each animal with the same mark, so that they can easily be identified by the zoologist, *odd skins and skulls being of no sort of use for purposes of zoological research.*

As soon as a beast falls—if I have time—I take its height in a straight line from a stick thrust vertically into the ground at the shoulder to the heel of the forefoot, girth behind forelegs, length taken along curves from muzzle to a line drawn across the front edge of horns (or of ears in the case of hornless animals), from root of tail to end of tail, distance between tips of horns; lastly, its weight as it lies, if it does not exceed 200 lbs.; if heavier, then cut up and have the portions weighed. These particulars, with the sex, place, date, and the further measurements of horns taken after they are removed from the skull, together with any special notes, such as elevation, are all entered in a book kept for the purpose, each animal as it is killed is numbered consecutively, irrespective of its kind, and receives

a label with this number punched on it. The label is simply the flattened out top of an empty cartridge case, with a hole ready drilled through, and string attached. Five of these will be required for each large horned animal; if the sportsman grudges the trouble of making them, and does not mind a little additional weight, they can be taken out ready stamped, a good size being  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch by  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch, with rounded corners.

Somális are, as a rule, excellent skinners. Abyssinians are not so good, and require more watching. See that whoever cuts the throat of the beast makes only a small hole in the skin close under the jaw, and beware of any stranger armed with a knife, or by the time you reach the carcass of some rare specimen you may find both ears slashed off, the head nearly severed from the body, and the belly cut open to get at the warm liver. If it is intended to keep the whole skin for mounting or for a museum specimen, begin the longitudinal cut at the point of the breast-bone, and make those down the upper part of the legs on the inside, where they will show least when set up. Make the cut at the back of the neck only long enough to get the skull out. As soon as the skin is freed as much as possible from all flesh and fat, paint the head, feet, and the edges all round with preservative,<sup>1</sup> then spread it, fur-side-down, in the shade, stuff the neck lightly with dry grass, and support it and the head by a stick thrust into the ground. The edges must be watched or they will curl up; a little cold wood-ash, dry sand or earth rubbed in, and a bit of stick or stone laid on it will put this right. The mouth and ears must also be watched and propped up to ensure their drying. Before the skin gets too dry (a little experience will soon show when this occurs, while no amount of explanation can) turn the neck hair-side out, replace the stick, but not the grass, and spread the skin hair-side up. While the skin can still be folded without cracking, flatten out the neck and head, ears uppermost, double the neck back into the skin, and the head forward again, double the sides of the belly in, and fold the legs so that the feet will not be in the way of the head-skin, then fold the whole across once or twice, when the result should be a flat symmetrical oblong bundle. It will be some time before the skin is dry enough to pack away, but it should be folded and tied up every evening, or it will be impossible to make it into a neat flat packet. When quite dry, sprinkle a little naphthaline on the head, and cover it in a loose cotton bag to prevent its rubbing. The hoofs should have some paper or grass wrapped round them and be sewn up, or they will gradually rub great patches of skin bare of hair.

If only the head skin is to be saved, cut it right back on the shoulders and well down between the forelegs; remember more skin is required below

<sup>1</sup> See Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Hand-Book to Practical Collecting*, etc.

than above, and that the native invariably proceeds on the contrary supposition. Cut the skin all along the back of the neck, as the head being hung up when mounted, the cut does not show. If the skins are intended for mats, stretch them out on the ground and pin them down with the long wire nails brought for the purpose, but see that the spot selected is not infested by white ants. Pack the skins in the leather bags of the country, but never leave a bag for long without taking the skins out for examination and airing; if, on inspection, any beetles are found, sprinkle the skins with turpentine, and examine again in two or three days' time. Directly the rains commence, redouble your vigilance, for it is then that the beetle holds high carnival. There is no skin so large or thick but what can be dried and brought home, provided you are prepared to give sufficient time and care, and have the necessary transport. Never put a green skin in the sun, and if a place does get a little tainted, use strong carbolic at once.

*Skulls.*—As soon as most of the flesh has been cut away, and the brain scraped out with the special spoon, tie one of the brass labels to the socket of one eye, the lower jaw, and each horn. When a few skulls have been collected, boil them in the tub full of water, but only till such time as, with a strong firm pull, the horns can be got off. See that the tub is kept full of water, and that the fat is skimmed off the top, or it will darken the horns. Have the remaining flesh scraped off the skulls, and then put them out to dry in the sun, saw off the horn-cores, leaving  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 inches, according to size, to carry the horns, after which pack the smaller ones in empty store boxes, the larger in leather bags with lots of grass.

Tusks of hippo and wart-hog, and the teeth of lions and leopards, should be covered in wax, or they will split; only boil the heads of these animals very slightly. The tusks of hippo and wart-hog will come out in course of time; do not try to boil them out. I have found that boiling any skulls does them no harm if not carried on for too long, while getting the horns off, which it renders possible, makes a tremendous difference in packing, and saves the latter from injury. Most important of all, boiling keeps away that pest, the bacon-beetle. Never put skulls and skins in the same load, and in camp keep them as far from each other as possible.

If possible see the trophies packed at the coast yourself, all skins being well drenched with turpentine, and the skulls put in separate boxes with plenty of packing; then, if they go in the same ship as yourself, they should reach home without further injury. Large horns carried separately should have the bases stuffed with grass, and sewn over with green sheep-skin, or they will get badly chipped. It saves a lot of trouble in loading and risk of loss if they are kept tied in bundles, but this is not easy to do.

Many sportsmen now rely entirely on naphthaline crystals in place of turpentine.

#### 11. GENERAL HINTS AND NOTES ON PROBABLE EXPENSES OF TRIP.

Inspect your baggage animals yourself every now and then, especially their backs, and see that the tail-ropes are padded, so as not to cut them. All loads should be as equal as possible in size, shape, and weight, and where an article is so large that it has to be put across the animal's back, make it as light as may be, and put soft bundles on either side to support it, and prevent it swaying from side to side.

Arrange the loads so that each belongs to one place; for instance, the cook's two boxes and his sack of potatoes, etc., will form one, while your tent, bedding, table and chair make another, and so on. Of course, the fewer that have to be undone every halt the better.

While you have camel transport, the thick mats are used in camp to shelter the loads, which are themselves arranged so as to form shelters for the men. When mules take the place of camels you should have one or two spare tents made, which are pitched near your own, and in which all the loads are stored.

Always have a trench dug round your own and the store tents, and if the soil is loose and sandy, the four main pegs at least should be weighted with stones or a bag of sand.

Settle all disputes yourself, and if any one's head has to be punched do it yourself. Never give an order you do not intend to be obeyed, and inflexibly carry out what you have said you will do, and you should have no trouble with your Abyssinian servants.

The probable cost of a trip is often one of the most important points, and at the same time by far the most difficult to determine, since no two men agree as to what are and what are not necessary expenses. At the present time I should expect a sportsman to do a trip similar to the one I have described for from £700 to £800, which would include everything (kit, passage out and home, etc.) except the battery.

The rate of wages and prices of beasts, etc., vary so quickly that those quoted in books of travel are often most misleading. The following are the rates I should expect to pay per month:—

(a) Somâlis.

Headman, Rs.70 to Rs.100: cook, Rs.50 to Rs.70; head shikari, Rs.50; second do., Rs.40; skin-man, Rs.25; camel-men, Rs.20.



*(b)* Abyssinians.

Headman, §8 to §10; boy, §6 to §9; muleteers, §4 to §6: all of these rising by §1 a month till the end of the journey. Allowance for rations §2 a month each. For the return journey, if they do not accompany the sportsman, full ration money and half wages.

At Adis Ababa baggage mules cost §40 to §50; riding do., §50 to §60; donkeys, §7 to §15; pack-saddles and ropes, §4 to §5; leather sacks, §1 to §2½.

Much depends on a good interpreter. If a Somali-speaking Amharic cannot be found on the coast, take one that speaks *good* Arabic: for even if no one can be engaged in the capital who can translate the language of the country direct into one the traveller understands, there will be no difficulty in securing an Abyssinian who speaks Arabic fluently.



## APPENDIX VI

### THE ECONOMIC CONDITIONS OF BRITISH SOMÂLILAND, ABYSSINIA, AND ERYTHREA.

#### I. BRITISH SOMÂLILAND.<sup>1</sup>

THE British Coast Protectorate, though of small value in itself, is a useful possession as a distributor and entrepôt for the hinterland. It is especially of great and growing importance as affording the readiest means of access to Southern Abyssinia.

The Ports of the Protectorate are three in number: Zeila, Berbera, and Bulhar. The population of these in the trading season (October to March) may be roughly estimated as follows: Zeila 15,000, Berbera 30,000 to 35,000, Bulhar 10,000 to 12,000. In the slack season (March to October) it sinks to something like half these numbers.

Zeila labours under a great disadvantage in the matter of its harbour, the entrance to which is rendered dangerous by sunken reefs, while the water is so shallow that goods can only be landed or shipped at high and half tides, and vessels of 100 to 200 tons have to anchor a mile from the pier-head. Berbera, on the other hand, has an excellent natural harbour, in which vessels of almost any draught can lie with safety in any weather. Of late years, however, the approach to the pier, alongside of which vessels of 14 feet draught used formerly to lie, has been rendered difficult by an accumulation of silt, due to the action of the sand-laden winds which blow from the interior during the summer months. Local resources have failed to cope with this evil. Bulhar is, strictly speaking, not a port, but an open roadstead, in which only vessels of shallow draught can find shelter.

<sup>1</sup> The facts and figures contained in this abstract are mostly taken from the Foreign Office reports of 1898, 1899, and 1899-1900. The opinions expressed are my own.

The trade of the Protectorate is considerably handicapped by the want of direct communication between its ports and Europe. While Jibuti, 30 miles distant, is regularly visited by the French mail-packets, besides being connected by telegraph with Marseilles, Zeila and Berbera are entirely dependent on one small local steamer belonging to Messrs. Cowasjee Dinshaw and Bros., which calls at Zeila once a week and then returns via Berbera, to Aden. Thus letters from Europe take five days from Zeila to Aden, a distance of 120 miles. Telegraphic communication there is none. The only ocean-going steamers which touch on the coast are the few bringing rice direct from Calcutta. A new line of smaller boats has lately begun running from Busrah (Balsorah) in the Persian Gulf with cargoes of dates. With these exceptions every article of import or export has to be transhipped at Aden.

Nor are the ports of the Protectorate any better off, compared with their French rival, as regards communication with the interior. The French are constructing a railway from Jibuti to Harrar (a distance of 200 miles) which is already open for traffic as far as Lassarah (163 kil.). The length of the caravan-route from Zeila to Harrar is 180 miles, from Berbera to Harrar 243 miles. Both routes are mere camel-tracks, wheeled traffic being unknown in the Protectorate. The principal feature of the Zeila trade is the export from the fertile region of Harrar, the Galla country and the adjoining districts of Abyssinia, and the import of European and American goods to the same. It is clear that as soon as the French railway is completed to Harrar, a great deal, if not the whole, of this traffic will be deflected to Jibuti. The trade of Berbera being mostly with the interior of the Protectorate and the native tribes beyond, is consequently not subject to this outside competition. During the past two years Zeila has profited by the outbreak of tribal disturbances in the French protectorate, which made the Jibuti-Harrar route unsafe for caravans; on the other hand the trade of Berbera with the hinterland has been injured by the temporary insecurity caused by the rising of the Moslem fanatic popularly known as the "Mad Mullah."

The chief articles of import are: cotton piece-goods, grey shirting (locally known as "Americani"), silks, rice, and dates; the bulk of the export trade consists of coffee, skins, gums and resins, ivory, mother-of-pearl, salt, ghee, and live stock.

I. Total value of duty-paid exports and imports from 1897-1900.

	1897-1898.	1898-1899.	1899-1900.
(a) Zeila. Imports	£122,700	£174,500	£226,600
Exports	172,700	196,000	153,100
(b) Berbera and Bulhar			
Imports	169,000	198,000	205,800
Exports	151,500	179,900	166,400
Total Imports	£291,700	£372,500	£432,400
Total Exports	324,200	375,900	319,500
Grand total	£615,900	£748,400	£751,900

Taking the three ports together, it will be noticed that in the last year there is an increase of imports and a decrease of exports which nearly balance one another. The decrease is due, for Zeila, to the decline of the coffee-trade with Harrar, owing to the low prices ruling in European markets, for Berbera and Bulhar to the diminished export in skins and live stock, owing to political unrest and drought in the interior. The rise in value of the imports is due to a large increase in the importation of American grey shirting, of silk piece-goods and of rice.

II. Table showing comparative value (in rupees) of chief articles of

(a) IMPORTS.

European white long cloth	Rs. 1, 53, 997
American grey shirting	.. 24, 05, 403
Silk piece-goods	.. 1, 12, 392
Rice	.. 19, 23, 859
Dates	.. 5, 29, 653
Various cotton goods, mostly coloured	.. 5, 77, 461
Miscellaneous (leather goods, enamelled and glass ware, sweets, scents, soaps, etc.)	.. 3, 18, 597

(b) EXPORTS.

Coffee { Harrari } (Zeila only)	.. 9, 17, 025
{ Habashi }	.. 0, 24, 436
Skins (sheep and goats)	.. 22, 83, 592
Hides	.. 0, 24, 182
Live-stock	.. 3, 27, 496

Gums and resins . . . . .	Rs. 3, 0, 609
Ivory . . . . .	„ 4, 72, 654
Ostrich feathers . . . . .	„ 1, 3, 605
Ghee (clarified butter) . . . . .	„ 0, 87, 643
Mother-of-pearl . . . . .	„ 0, 71, 387

Harbour dues are levied only at Berbera. The import duties at Zeila have of late been considerably reduced. They now vary from one per cent (silks), and two per cent (cotton goods), to five per cent (wines). At Berbera an *ad valorem* duty of five per cent is charged on all imports; at both ports an *ad valorem* duty averaging one per cent on exports. Specie and live-stock are admitted duty free, specie and gold are exported without tax. The importation of arms is strictly prohibited. The import and export duties levied constitute the entire revenue of the Protectorate, as there is no other taxation.

It is satisfactory to find that in spite of many adverse circumstances, such as political unrest, drought and cattle disease in the interior, the prevalence of plague in India and Aden, and the above-mentioned fall in the price of coffee, the trade of the Protectorate reached its highest figure in 1899-1900. Less satisfactory is the circumstance that this is due, not to the enterprise of English merchants and manufacturers, who, up to the present, seem to have ignored this country and its possibilities, but to the push and energy of foreigners. The Americans practically monopolise the two chief branches of trade (which together account for a good half of the duty-paid commerce), viz. the importation of grey shirting, and the export of skins and hides. Of the former H.M. Consul-General in Somäliland says in his last report: "In this shirting America has hit off the exact requirements of the country. I have had a few inquiries from British merchants, but they have led to nothing. The value of the imports in American grey shirting has risen during the last three years from Rs. 16, 61, 424 to Rs. 24, 5, 403." The Bombay manufacturers have introduced an imitation of "Americani," of which the consul speaks as follows: "Country grey shirting (made in Bombay) has never taken a hold on the market. The cotton is inferior to the American, the article is over-sized and does not wear. The importation has almost ceased."

These, and similar statements about the trade in skins and hides, are poor reading for the patriotic Briton, who likes to see his country ever foremost in the race for power and wealth; but they are amply borne out by what I saw and heard on all sides during my journey in Somäliland and Abyssinia. And, what is worse, they tell only one-half of the unpleasant truth. The other half, which is not likely to find expression in an official publication, is that the apathy of the British merchant, who confines

himself to mild inquiries, while his rivals secure the trade of the country, is merely on a par with the supineness of the British Government. Having allowed the French to establish themselves at Jibuti, and handed over the fertile province of Harrar to the Abyssinians—part of that policy of “graceful concessions” which gave Port Arthur to Russia, and the Western Soudan to France—Lord Salisbury’s Government have made the further mistake of letting the French forestall us in establishing railway communication with the interior. While the latter are straining every nerve to complete the line between Jibuti and Harrar, and thus secure a monopoly of the Abyssinian trade, our rulers, though frequently urged to do so, have made no effort to secure the same advantage for the British ports. Unless they change their attitude of “masterly inactivity,” it needs no prophetic insight to foretell that the French will attain the object they have in view, and the Abyssinian trade with its possibilities of almost indefinite extension be lost to us for ever.

The disadvantages which the British Protectorate labours under are threefold. First, the wholly unnecessary trans-shipment of goods at Aden, adding greatly to their cost and to the difficulty of competing in European markets with the produce of other regions, *e.g.* American coffee; secondly, the growing insufficiency of harbour accommodation owing to the gradual silting up of the port of Berbera; thirdly, the want of cheap and rapid transit to Harrar and Abyssinia.

The remedies suggested by a perusal of the Blue Books and personal observation are: first, the establishment of direct communication with Europe by arranging with (and, if necessary, subsidising) one of the existing lines of British steamers to call regularly for freight at Berbera and Zeila; secondly, the systematic dredging of Berbera harbour; thirdly, the construction of a light railway running from Zeila or Berbera to Harrar, or better still to Tadechamalca, at the foot of the Abyssinian highlands, which would do away with the loss of time and money involved in the re-loading of goods at Gildessa and Harrar. It is to be hoped, now peace is restored in Eastern Somáliland, that the Government will see its way to carrying out at least the third of these works before it is too late.

## 2.—ABYSSINIA <sup>1</sup>

The peculiar formation of the Abyssinian plateau, which rises like a wall of rock from the surrounding plains, and the wide waterless region

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<sup>1</sup> The facts and figures contained in this abstract are taken from the Foreign Office Blue Book (Nov. 1900), containing the interesting reports of Mr. J. L. Baird, attached to the British Agency at Adis Ababa, and Mr. J. Gerolimato, British Consular agent at Harrar.

which separates it from the sea, have always restricted the external commerce of the country to a few outlets, through which the great trade-routes have passed from time immemorial. The produce of Shoa and the Galla countries finds its natural *débouché* by the road, which leads from Adis Ababa, over Harrar to Jibuti, Zeila, or Bulhar; that of Gojam, Amhara, and Tigré passes by Metemmah to the Soudan and Egypt, or is carried through Adua to the port of Massowah. In the interior of the country the traffic is carried on entirely by means of pack-horses, mules, and donkeys, as most of the roads are merely rough tracks that only admit of animals walking in single file. On the hot sandy plains, which stretch to the coast, camels are the ordinary means of transport.

Owing to the fact that no records are kept at the custom-houses either of Harrar or Adis Ababa, it is impossible to obtain any accurate data about the commerce of the country. The following statistics of the relative value of the various exports and imports of Shoa and Harrar must therefore be taken as merely approximate. They were supplied by the most prominent merchants at Adis Ababa and Harrar, but a comparison with the official statistics of British Somáliland leads me to think that the estimates are, generally speaking, too low. Of the trade of Tigré, Amhara, and Gojam, no reliable information is to be obtained.

#### A. ADIS ABABA.

##### *Estimated Value of*<sup>1</sup>

##### (a) IMPORTS.

	United Kingdom and India.	Germany.	France.	America.	Austria- Hungary	Total.
1. Cotton goods	£123,500	£400	...	£100,000	...	£223,900
2. Silk goods	1,000	1,920	£8,700	...	...	28,900
3. Woollen goods	10,500	...	..	...	...	10,500
4. Arms . . .	...	...	21,500	...	...	21,500
5. Miscellaneous	2,500	8,200	1,700	...	£500	12,900
Totals	£137,500	£27,300	£31,900	£100,000	£500	£297,700

<sup>1</sup> I have reduced the estimates, which in the Foreign Office Blue Book are in dollars, to sterling, taking \$10 = £1.



*(b) PRODUCE.*

Gold	.	.	.	.	.	£85,600
Coffee	.	.	.	.	.	60,000
Civet	.	.	.	.	.	7,500
Ivory	.	.	.	.	.	60,000
Salt	.	.	.	.	.	12,500
Total	.	.	.	.	.	<u>£225,600</u>

*B. HARRAR.**Estimated total Value of**(a) IMPORTS.*

Cotton goods	.	.	.	.	£286,275
Woollen goods	.	.	.	.	10,800
Silk goods	.	.	.	.	55,320
Miscellaneous	.	.	.	.	29,870
Total	.	.	.	.	<u>£382,265</u>

*(b) EXPORTS.*

Coffee	{	Harrari	.	.	.	£84,000
	{	Habashi	.	.	.	6,500
Gold	.	.	.	.	.	54,000
Civet	.	.	.	.	.	5,400
Ivory	.	.	.	.	.	43,000
Skins	.	.	.	.	.	72,400
Gum Arabic	.	.	.	.	.	1,400
Wax	.	.	.	.	.	2,400
Total	.	.	.	.	.	<u>£269,100</u>

By a peculiar enactment, the *raison d'être* of which is not obvious, the 10 per cent *ad valorem* duty levied at Adis Ababa on all articles of import and export is reduced at Harrar to 8 per cent. Naturally, therefore, the majority of the merchants prefer to pay at the latter place, and thus the bulk of the Shoan trade necessarily passes through it. The remainder goes by an alternative route from Adis Ababa, which, leaving the Harrar track near Tadechamalca, passes north of the boundaries of Harrar province direct

to Zeila or Jibuti. This was the one by which our caravan travelled. It may be mentioned here, as an example of the good sense of the Emperor Menelik in dealing with trade, that, on the representations of the Harrar merchants, he consented last year to abolish for the present the export duty on Abyssinian coffee.

It will be noticed from the above figures that, both at Adis Ababa and Harrar, the value of the imports considerably exceeds that of the exports. Mr. Baird accounts for this by the supposition that during the unsettled times which in Abyssinia preceded the accession of Menelik, a great deal of treasure was buried; this, now that the just and orderly government of the emperor has made such concealment unnecessary, is being gradually unearthed, and made available for the purchase of European goods. The chief articles of import are the same which have already been mentioned in speaking of British Somâliland; and here also the natives everywhere give preference to the American grey shirting or sheeting, which they use for making tents, shirts, and trousers, over that manufactured in the United Kingdom or India. Manchester, however, holds its own in chintz, twill, doria (striped white cloth), and muslin (known locally as "shash"). Turkey-red from Glasgow, used chiefly for saddle-cloths, is preferred to the cheaper quality made in Germany. The principal buyers of the silks, satins, and velvets imported from France and Germany are the Emperor and the Rases. The supply of arms and ammunition is entirely in the hands of the French from Jibuti, but the market is overstocked with out-of-date military rifles, such as Gras, of which, as I know on good authority, there are quite 500,000 in the country at the present time. There is, however, a demand for Express and Lee-Metfords, which find a ready sale. The main exports of the country are gold, civet, ivory, coffee, salt, and wax. To these products must be added iron-ore, cotton, and tobacco, which as yet are not exported, though there is no reason why they should not be. Gold is brought from Wallega in the form of dust, from Beni Shongul in rings, and from the other provinces generally in nuggets. The export of ivory is increasing, owing to the new provinces conquered by the Emperor Menelik, north-east of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie, where large herds of elephants still exist. Most of the ivory and gold is in the hands of the emperor, the great and small vassals paying their tribute in these two commodities. Moreover, of each elephant killed only one tusk belongs to the sportsman, the other going to the emperor. Civet is a secretion extracted from certain glands of the male civet-cat (*Iviverra*); it is principally exported to France for the manufacture of scent. Salt is produced by the region round Arho, in the north-east of Tigré. Wax comes chiefly from the Galla country, the natives of which are in the habit of placing wicker-baskets in

trees, where they are filled with honey and wax by the wild bees. It may be noted that the national drinks, tej and araki, are both distilled from honey.

The Abyssinian (*Habashi*) coffee is indigenous in Kaffa (whence the name), Gomo, Ennarea, and a number of other districts. It has a fine flavour, and, if better cultivated and not handicapped by heavy duties and expensive freight, might again become the staple export of the country. At present it is considered inferior in aroma to that produced in Harrar, which is of excellent quality, and is even preferred by connoisseurs to the real Mokka. Cotton grows wild in Harrar and many parts of Abyssinia, especially in the region bordering on the Blue Nile (*Abbai*). It is also largely cultivated throughout the Abyssinian uplands, where it is woven into blankets and the "shammas," which form the chief part of the national costume. These shammas of native manufacture are preferred by the people to all European imitations which have hitherto been put upon the market. Tobacco likewise grows well in Harrar and the Galla country, and is of fine quality. It is extensively smoked by the natives of these provinces, but little used by the Abyssinians except in the form of snuff. None is exported, though it should find a ready sale in Arabia and the eastern coasts of Africa. Iron-ore abounds in Damot, Agomed, and Harrar, and is smelted locally, and manufactured into spears, knives, tools, and agricultural implements.

It will be gathered even from this brief sketch that the natural wealth of the country is very considerable—the soil in many regions, and particularly in Harrar, being of extraordinary fertility—and that with improved cultivation, a settled government, and the removal of the heavy disabilities by which trade is hampered at present, the agricultural exports at least might be almost indefinitely increased and a corresponding rise take place in the value of imported goods. The drawbacks are the long distances over which goods have to be carried, the primitive means of transport, the frequent reloading, and the consequent heavy freight and interminable delays. As stated above, goods are generally carried by camels from Zeila or Jibuti to Gildessa, there reloaded on mules, which carry them as far as Balgi (or Harrar), where they are transferred to donkeys, and thus taken to Adis Ababa. A camel caravan takes from twenty to thirty days between Zeila and Harrar, and thirty to forty-five days from there to Adis Ababa. The journey from the capital over Debra Markos to Metemmah occupies some thirty-two days; that by Debra Tabor, Makalle, and Adua to Massowah, about fifty-six. Goods can therefore come from the coast to Adis Ababa in about two months, but no reliance can be placed upon this estimate in any commercial venture, for the delays owing to the transfers

are so great and frequent, that the caravans often take three or four times as long. The cost of transit from Zeila to the capital is from \$41 to \$46 per camel-load of 504 lbs. To this has to be added the 10 per cent import and export duty, besides the tolls to be paid on the road, which amount in the aggregate to another \$3 per load. In the matter of tolls, however, the Zeila route compares favourably with the one leading to Massowah, on which they are collected no less than five times between Adis Ababa and the sea. All these causes contribute to enhance the cost of merchandise and thus to depress trade, in some cases proving absolutely prohibitive. The British consular agent at Harrar, for instance, states that the imports of coffee from the interior are now next to nothing, the sale price of \$4 per faraslah (40 lb.) not covering even the cost of transport from the Abyssinian districts to Harrar.

I can only repeat my conviction that the readiest means of removing these disabilities, and developing the trade with Abyssinia, as well as securing the transit to ourselves, would be the immediate construction of a light railway either from Berbera or Zeila to Harrar and Tadechamalca. Even if it were necessary to guarantee a private company a certain rate of interest for a few years—as was done in the case of the Canadian Pacific—I feel sure that the surplus revenue would in a short time be sufficient to make the guarantee merely nominal, while in a very few years the wisdom of such a measure would be as apparent to all as it has been proved to be in the parallel case I have cited. My own experience leads me thoroughly to endorse the opinions expressed by Messrs. Baird and Keyser on the great possibilities of Abyssinia as a field for commercial enterprise. Everywhere in the interior, where I passed on my journey from Adis Ababa, crowds of people gathered round my men at the various markets, asking if I had nothing for sale. With a vast population only beginning to realise its wants, with the standard of comfort rapidly rising and leading to an increased demand for European goods, with a settled and just government such as it has never known before, Abyssinia has a great commercial future before it, and the nation whose merchants and manufacturers first realise this and grasp the opportunity will reap a golden harvest.

### 3. ERYTHREA.<sup>1</sup>

The Italian colony of Erythrea is divided into three great climatic zones, each of which may be again subdivided into an upper and a lower region. Starting from the coast line they are:—

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted for most of the facts and figures contained in this sketch to Major Vittoria Elia, chief of the staff of the Italian forces in Erythrea. The Italians spell, as they pronounce, the name Eritrea; so likewise Etiopia, etc.

1. *Quolla*.—Elevation below 1500 m. (ca. 5000 ft.) above sea-level.

(a) Lower region. Temperature min. 28° to max. 48° C. (82° to 118° F.). This is the district called the Samhar, outside Massowah. The soil is arid and sandy; trees are few, except in the neighbourhood of water. Products nil. The fauna comprises lion, hyæna, jackal, many kinds of antelope, and along the coast, ostriches. Reptiles abound; many venomous snakes, python, and crocodile are found.

(b) Upper region. Temperature min. 22° to max. 28° C. (72° to 82° F.). Flora: tamarisk, mimosa, euphorbia or *quolquol* tree. Products: incense and gums, ebony, cotton, and maize. Fauna: lion, leopard, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotamus, antelope, and gazelles.

2. *Usina Dega*.—Elevation, 1500 to 2500 metres above sea-level (ca. 5000 to 8000 ft.).

(a) Lower region. Temperature min. 22 to max. 25 C. (72 to 77 F.).

(b) Upper region. Temperature min. 13 to max. 17 C. (55° to 63 F.). Flora: numerous trees and shrubs, e.g., sycamore, terebinth, lemon, orange, banana, coffee. All kinds of cereals grow well. Cattle, good horses, and mules are plentiful.

3. *Dega*, on the Abyssinian plateau. Above the altitude of 2500 metres (ca. 8000 feet).

(a) Lower region. Temperature, min. 10 to 13 C. (50 to 55 F.). Vegetation scanty. Plenty of cattle and long-haired sheep. Fauna: leopard, hyæna; eagles and falcons, a few guinea-fowl, two kinds of partridge.

(b) Upper region. Temperature from a maximum of 10 C. (50 F.) to a minimum in winter of several degrees under 0. The vegetation consists almost exclusively of lichen and *geborne*—and in Tembien the *koussô* tree.

The total population of Erythrea is about 330,000 souls. The figures below are taken from the census of 1900, as forwarded by H.E. the Governor to the Italian Foreign Office. They are fairly reliable, though as far as the native population is concerned they cannot be regarded as absolutely correct, for the reason that a good many of the latter are nomadic in their habits—particularly in the Bata country and the Habab and Hadendowa tribes.

*White Population.*

Italians (exclusive of the troops)	1,356
Greeks	359
Other Europeans	26
East Indians (Banyans)	177
Armenians, Egyptians, Syrians, Turks	96
	-----
Total	2,014
Native population	327,502
	-----
Grand total	329,516

There are only two towns of any importance in the colony, Massowah on the coast, and Asmara on the Abyssinian plateau. Massowah, which has the best harbour anywhere between Port Said and Bombay, is built on three small coral-islets joined to each other and the mainland by causeways. Formerly, *e.g.* in the days of Ruppell, travellers had to cross by boat to Arkiko on the mainland. The town has a population of about 6000 and a large number of shops kept by Europeans, where almost every article necessary for travel in the interior can be procured. The population of Asmara, the capital, and residence of the Italian Governor, consists of about 800 whites and 5000 natives. Within the last two years the opening of the gold mines and the construction of the railway have caused an increase of the white population, while the security of the frontier and light taxation continue to draw more natives across the border. The pay of unskilled native labour is from 1 to 3 francs a day; skilled European workmen command a daily wage of 7 to 8 francs. The taxes used to be paid in kind (corn or cattle) by the indigenous population; they are now collected in cash, a system which the natives themselves prefer. The latter pay from 2 to 3 per cent on the annual value of their crops and cattle. This small tribute has been paid willingly, no coercion being required, for it represents but a fraction of what was exacted under Abyssinian or Egyptian rule. Other taxes are levied in the form of licenses for selling liquor, carrying fire-arms, and pursuing various trades.

In 1899 the total value of the imports was 9,009,000 francs (equal to about £360,360) of which nearly a fifth came from Italy.

The monthly mail-steamers direct from Italy imported in the course of the year . . . . . 3669 tons.  
 The weekly Italian packet-boat from Aden imported a total of various goods from Europe and India amounting to . . . 3403 ..

Ten British and three other European cargo-boats imported . . . . .	5489 tons.
Thirty-four Khedivial Company steamers from Suez and Aden imported . . . . .	1642 „
One British boat from Cardiff imported coal . . . . .	4500 „

Italy, like England and unlike France, forbids the importation and sale of fire-arms to natives.

The total value of the exports for the year 1899 was 1,628,000 francs (equal to about £65,120). The natural products of the colony are much the same as those of British Somáliland and of the Abyssinian highlands, namely, maize, dhurra, cattle, skins, cotton, and coffee. The latter grows well in several districts of the colony, and has been planted by order of the Government in others, where it is beginning to give good results. Cotton also thrives in several districts; tobacco has been planted experimentally near Keren, and as it has prospered, plantations will be tried in other districts. The experiments made with the vine and olive have been less successful. It is said that the prospects of gold-mining are promising, but during my short stay I could obtain no definite information on this point. The distance from Massowah to Sahati at the foot of the mountains, being the only portion of the railway opened for traffic in 1900, is 27 kilometres, or 17 miles; on that from Sahati to Asmara (85 kil. = 53 m.) the Italians are constructing an excellent road, which in 1900 was finished as far as Sabargouma. The distance from Asmara to Adi Quala, the last Italian station before reaching the Abyssinian frontier, is 95 kilometres, or about 60 miles. The boundary here is formed by the river Mareb; on the coast line the Italian territory extends from Rarat on the north to Raheita on the south, where the French territory commences; but the southern hinterland of the colony and its boundary line towards the region claimed by France are ill-defined, and may in the near future prove a source of considerable trouble.





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