

## THROUGH SOMALILAND AND AROUND AND SOUTH OF LAKE RUDOLF.\*

By H. S. H. CAVENDISH.

RETURNING from a two years' shooting and sight-seeing trip in South Africa, on the mail steamer from the Cape, I happened to see a number of newspapers and magazines in which there was a great deal of information about Somaliland and the various expeditions to Lake Rudolf and its neighbourhood. It occurred to me that somebody ought, as soon as possible, to explore the west coast of Lake Rudolf, and that, as no Englishman had yet attempted exploration in that part of Africa, it was high time for British travellers to bestir themselves in the matter. From the accounts I read, it seemed that excellent big-game shooting was to be had, and the idea grew upon me, so that by the time I arrived at Southampton I had made up my mind to start for Lake Rudolf as soon as I could get an expedition ready. As I arrived home in June, I felt that the sooner I started the more likely I should be to hit off the rainy season in an unexplored district. Thanks to Lord George Hamilton's kind advice and help, I soon had everything ready, and sailed for Aden at the end of August, 1896.

When I got to Aden I found I had only thirty rifles, and was told by Colonel Ferris that it was absolutely ridiculous to go with so few. The deficiency was kindly supplied by General Cunningham, who gave me all the rifles he could spare—about another thirty. At Aden I found a registered headman who had been with Count Teleki, and he recruited the number of men I wanted, viz. 84. Half of my troubles during the journey were due to the rascality of this headman, through whose dishonesty I had to pay more than double the usual wages.

I bought all the trade goods I required at Aden, being badly swindled over the transaction, and eventually got my men and loads across to Berbera. Just before leaving Aden I had the good fortune to meet Lieut. H. Andrew, who was then on leave; after a short conversation he agreed to accompany me, and, though without an outfit, he started at once, hoping to pick up what he wanted on the Somali coast—as he eventually did. I wish, before proceeding further, to express my thanks to Lieut. Andrew for kindly allowing me to use, in preparing this paper, his copious notes on a part of the road which he took and I did not. Captain Merryweather, a resident at Berbera, gave me great assistance in collecting transport animals, though for several reasons I had to pay pretty heavily for camels, and even then could not get good ones.

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\* Read at the Royal Geographical Society, January 31, 1898. Map, p. 464.

We relieved the monotony of bargaining for our transport animals by having daily shooting-matches. At one of these the breech-block blew out of a Lee-Metford, and the rifle burst, slightly wounding Captain Merryweather. The accident might have been a serious one.

Andrew and I left Berbera on September 5 with a party of forty men, leaving the main caravan to follow. Three weeks afterwards the whole caravan assembled on the Silo plain, about 150 miles from the coast, and this point may be said to have been virtually the starting-point of the expedition. From here to the Webbe Shebeli we travelled southwards for a month, by a route which more or less closely coincided with that of Dr. Donaldson Smith, and need not, therefore, be described again. There are, however, a few points that may be of interest. We have very pleasant memories of encountering Prof. Elliot and his caravan. In addition to giving us valuable information, Prof. Elliot very kindly supplied us with a large quantity of trading goods, baggage animals, and live stock. During this part of the journey, which on the whole was very monotonous, we had one or two of the little experiences which African travellers well know. On one occasion we camped on the bank of what was apparently once the bed of a mountain torrent. Instead of crossing this depression before camping, we camped on arriving at its nearest bank, and what was our astonishment the following morning to find that it was a roaring torrent many feet deep, which prevented any of us from crossing for two days!

On crossing the Webbe Shebeli we found a Berbera trading caravan in great tribulation, having been raided the day before by a neighbouring tribe called the Aulehans, who had killed and wounded some of the party, and carried off their trading goods and baggage animals. We immediately followed the marauders, who, finding themselves opposed by so large a force headed by Europeans, immediately came to terms. We made them pay blood-money and return the stolen goods and animals.

Continuing for another fortnight, we came to the town of Lobari. Here we found that we were in the rear of an Abyssinian war-party, which had left only the day before, after looting the surrounding villages and driving off all the unfortunate natives' live stock. The natives begged us to join them with a view to recovering some of their stolen property, but this, of course, we were not in a position to do.

For the next four days we marched through desolate country, which had been devastated immediately before by the Abyssinian hordes. The men were very nervous, and the constant alarms during the night prevented any of us from getting any rest. We therefore decided to change our route, as there are pleasanter occupations than marching in the rear of an Abyssinian war-party, with the chances of unintentionally

overtaking it—a contingency that might happen at any moment, as its progress was, to say the least of it, not rapid.

We decided to go southward and make a bee line for Lugh. On approaching Lugh after three days' march, we found the ground in every direction strewn with discharged Remington cartridge-cases, and the marks of hundreds of horses' hoofs. A little further on we came in sight of a fort, the walls of which were lined by troops. Waving handkerchiefs, we approached, not knowing, as a matter of fact, whether we were nearing Abyssinians or friends. The Italian flag was hoisted, and, on approaching the fort, an Italian officer, Captain Fernandez, met us, and jovially informed us that he had very nearly saluted us with a volley, having mistaken us for Abyssinians, with whom he had had a very sharp engagement the preceding day. This grand old veteran, we found, had held the fort, though constantly attacked by the Abyssinians, for months after the Italian forces had met with such terrible reverses in Abyssinia. There we spent a very pleasant week, entertained by the commandant and his subordinates. We went out shooting hippo and small game, but the commandant always insisted on our crossing the river into British territory, as he considered it absolutely unsafe for a small party outside the fort on his own side of the river. We were very sorry to say good-bye to this gallant officer, who, though his provisions and ammunition had run short (for he had received no supplies for months), would not leave his post.

Another two days' march brought us to the Webbe Dau river. Here we were delayed by our first real bout of fever, half the caravan being incapacitated at one time. We carried our sick on the camels, and immediately left the swampy neighbourhood of the Dau.

On December 9, four days from the Dau, we first saw fresh elephant spoor. That evening we sat up expecting to see game coming to drink, and were very nearly trodden on by an elephant. He had arrived noiselessly from the direction in which we were not looking, and was within two yards of us before we were aware of his proximity, but as he moved off we recovered ourselves and shot him.

Here we had again great trouble in getting into communication with the natives, as they mistook us for an Abyssinian force, and they have been so badly treated by the Abyssinians that the mere mention of such a force in the country is enough to make them desert their villages and disappear. For the next ten days, marching west, we had some good elephant-shooting, bagging ten fine tuskers averaging 60 lbs. a tusk. I may say that during the whole expedition we made a rule never to fire at an elephant whose tusks we calculated were under 80 lbs. a pair.

On discovering that we were Europeans, and not an Abyssinian force, the natives became reassured, and returned to their homes. We were now for the first time among the Boran Gallas, and in that particular

section of the tribe which gave Donaldson Smith so much trouble. They treated us in the most friendly manner, pressing every kind of present that they considered valuable upon us, and we had the greatest difficulty in making them accept a return present. We found these people undoubtedly the most friendly natives whom we met during the whole expedition; they besought us to stay with them, and when we refused to do so, they begged us to lay a petition before the great chief of the English, begging him to extend the protection to them which they said he had afforded to Somaliland. One sentence from my diary I may quote. It is as follows: "One of the chiefs said, 'We know your



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chiefs rule in Somaliland; the Somalis are happy, and we want to be under your chief.' " They brought us numbers of people who had been horribly mutilated by the Abyssinians, and again begged us to stay with and protect them. Abeferlato, the Boran king, though we never passed nearer to him than 100 miles, hearing that Englishmen were in his country, sent his son to us with a present of thirty oxen and the best pony we saw in Africa. The son refused to take the present we wished to send to the king, so after his departure, when leaving the country, we sent him one ourselves by special messenger. The Borans were the most industrious and thriving and the richest race we encountered; in fact, looking back on our sojourn in the Boran Galla country, I would say it was the pleasantest time we spent among natives

between Berbera and Mombasa. In spite of the fact that these people are nominally under British protection, and carry on a trade in rubber, fibre, rope, honey, gum, and ivory with the Somali coast, the Abyssinians levy tribute to the extent of half of every caravan that leaves the country.

A few notes regarding the Boran people may not be amiss here.

The Boran resemble the Somali in build and general appearance, but are, perhaps, not quite so good-looking on the average. They are nomads, and count their wealth in camels, cattle, etc. The men look upon their women as slaves, but at the same time, unlike the Somali, they do some work. The Boran man wears a big loose kind of knickerbockers, made of very coarse strong native cloth, which the Konso people manufacture near Abaya; also a long piece of the same material round his shoulders, and several ornaments, such as rings, bracelets, beads, etc. In fact, they are covered with every description of native finery, made either of ivory, copper, steel, brass, iron, rhino-horn, string, or hair. They seldom carry shield or spear, but only a long stick with a big knob. Their wives are dressed in dirty greasy skins, and do the greater part of the work. They have no hostile tribes among them such as the Somalis, and never raid amongst themselves, so that they are rich in oxen, sheep, etc. They do not know much about game except the elephant and giraffe, which they hunt on horseback with spears. They gather honey, make rope out of higloes, and a native beer (tembo), and trade in ivory. They have no religion, and, although they call their god by the name of Wak, they never seem to pay any attention to him. They eat meat dried in the sun, and drink the warm blood of any beast they kill. They also mix blood with their milk, and drink the latter thick and sour. A Boran chief does not eat camel's flesh, but the common people do. They carry a small quantity of ostrich feathers, one of which they put in their hair directly they kill a man. Each ivory bracelet worn on the right arm signifies that a man has been killed by the wearer, while for every bracelet of brass or other metal, one beast of some description or other has been killed. Ponies are very numerous amongst them, but very seldom worth having, and the only good one we had was that sent to me as a present by Abeferlato, the king of the Borans.

On January 6, 1897, we left Egder, and, diverging from Dr. Smith's route, struck a new line almost due west for Lake Stefanie. After three days' marching, we arrived at Dedesotdate, where salt is obtained from a lake in the bottom of a crater. It was near this that the Borans made their final stand against Dr. Smith, thinking that he wanted to rob them of their salt. Here, assisted by the natives, we stayed three days taking photographs, which I will show you presently. We were able to leave our caravan in camp and wander about the country, with a few natives as guides, without other escort.

Another month's marching brought us to the limit of the Boran

country, which we were sincerely sorry to leave, for while there we had been able to go about singly without fear. It was the only country throughout the part of Africa traversed by us in which we could go alone miles from the camp, knowing that any of the natives whom we met would help us in every way—a country in which we could go to any village, ask for a drink of milk and get it, the donors refusing payment. It is easy to imagine how sorry, as sportsmen, we were to leave a country where we could shoot at will without being hampered by an escort.

The old chief made the most extraordinary request we ever had from a native, and that was to give him a real English dinner—and you can imagine how he enjoyed it.

After two days' march through very mountainous and rocky country, we reached the north end of Lake Stefanie, and camped on the right bank of the Galana, which there joins the lake. Here were seven Wandorobo villages, and the people were friendly, and gave us presents. We heard that the Italians also had camped here about three months before. The water of the lake we always found drinkable, although saltier near the south end.

The Wandorobo form here a very small group of people, dwelling in seven small villages under one chief at the north end of Lake Stefanie. They cultivate "juari," viz. maize of the best quality, and live on oxen, sheep, etc., and elephant's flesh. They drink milk, coffee, and blood. They barter juari for cloth with the Konso people, and for coffee with the Harbora people. Their religion is confined to a belief in "Wak." They marry as many wives as they choose, paying for them in cattle. No camels or ponies are to be seen among them, but they have a great number of small donkeys. They are descended from the Korai tribe of Borans, one of those subject to Abeferlato, and resemble the Boran in every particular except that their features are not quite so good, the nostrils in particular being more dilated. They wear a brass band round their heads, with a flattened leaf-shaped piece, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, hanging from the centre in front. This is rather an extraordinary-looking ornament. They cultivate crops and gather honey, but do not hunt or fish. As weapons they carry a long spear and a shield made of elephant's hide.

Three days' march from the Galana brought us to the southern extremity of the lake, where we were lucky enough to find perhaps the most useful thing that has yet been found in tropical Africa—that is to say, coal, and coal in large quantities. Though at the time a couple of hundred yards from the present level of the lake, the coal had evidently been laid bare by the action of the water. The outcrop at this point was several hundred yards square. As we found elephants to be numerous, we decided to make two camps a few hours apart, and to stay there some time for the sake of sport.

On February 19 Andrew and I started together, and, coming soon upon a herd of elephants, Andrew decided to follow them and to form his camp close by. I then proceeded to the place where Count Teleki's camp had been when he touched the south end of Lake Stefanie, which, as he mentions in his book, at that time abounded in elephants. After about three hours' marching, I spied an old bull elephant with good tusks standing under a tree taking a doze in the heat of the day, and proceeded to stalk him. Getting within about 15 yards, I fired my right barrel for his heart, at which he walked forward a few paces and then stood still, when I gave him the left. He then turned right round, offering me the right shoulder, and, after two more bullets, dropped dead.

We went on to Teleki's old camp, which was marked by two large trees—practically the only trees within miles—and found that a large grass fire had burned up the whole country for miles round, and that it had been evacuated by the elephants on account of the absence of grass. As we reached the trees, a fine leopard bounded out into the open, but at the same moment we espied a large elephant out in the plain coming towards the trees, so we did not follow it. We crouched down beside a half-burnt bush, and as the elephant passed about 30 yards away, I gave him my right behind the shoulder, when he turned round and made off, receiving the left barrel through his back towards the chest. He seemed very sick, and walked slowly along the open by the lake towards some thin bush about 3 miles off. My gun-bearers then advised me to turn the elephant with the two horses I had with me, and go up to him in the open; but, thinking that it was too foolhardy, and not liking the look of this elephant, I decided to allow him to get among the bushes before attacking him again. When he had entered the bushes, I started to follow him, when yet another elephant appeared about 50 yards in front of me, and walked under a thick bush, in the shade of which he stood still. We crept up as close as we could, and got within a few yards of him, as the bush was so dense that we could not see through it at a greater distance. After a time he moved his head forward a little, and I could just catch sight of his ear; so, aiming quickly just below the orifice, I fired, and he rolled over at once, and we finished him off while he was rolling on the ground. The cartridges I had been firing this day were very heavily loaded, and the recoil of the gun quite dazed me for a few minutes, so I sat down under the bush and took a smoke, while I sent the boys to find out where the other wounded elephant was. They soon returned to say that he was about 200 yards off, so we started off to have a look at him. We saw that he was very angry, swaying his trunk above his head, and throwing up sand every now and then. I saw that he was certain to charge if I did not kill him with the first shot, and thought that we had better leave him alone; but

my gun-bearer advanced with my 10-bore gun to a little bush in the middle of the plain, at the other edge of which the elephant was standing, so, not wishing to be looked upon as a coward by any of my boys, I followed up to the bush, and took as good a shot as I could get below his ear at a distance of about 40 yards. The bullet seemed to have no effect, for the elephant just turned round facing us, and walked straight for the bush by which we were concealed. He then stopped a second, with his trunk scenting the wind along the ground, and we could see that he knew exactly where we were. Unfortunately, my left barrel had only an empty cartridge-case in it, which had



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jammed, and which I was unable to remove. My gun-bearer then said we had better make a run for it, and at that moment the elephant charged. The only way back to the bushes was over a plain about 100 yards wide, so, giving my gun to my bearer, we started off in different directions; but the elephant had caught sight of us, and made for me as straight as a dart. I was unable to run very fast on account of the terribly rough ground, which had been broken up by the elephants, the holes being concealed by the grass. I tried to dodge him, but he was too quick for me, and as I neared the thin mimosa bush, I saw him just over me with his trunk in the air, so I threw myself to the left on my face and kept still, thinking that the elephant might go on; he, however, stopped immediately, and, spinning round,



knelt down behind me with his head right over me, and took a drive at me with his tusks, which I luckily avoided by rolling in closer under his chest. He then pushed me under him with his trunk, and tried to pound me with his knees, but, as luck would have it, I was just out of his reach: I kept dodging his legs as they came down. This continued, my boys said, for half an hour; but he was very much occupied watching my gun-bearers, who were shooting and shouting from some distance off. At one moment he lay on me, and I expected every moment to hear the bones crack; but suddenly his weight was lifted off me, and I pretended I was dead, and, not wishing to see the *coup de grâce* coming, closed my eyes and remained quite still. The boys told me afterwards that he got up and backed off my body, and knocked his leg against a log of wood lying close behind. Mistaking the log for me, he vented his rage on it: he must have been badly wounded. After a time I heard the boys coming closer, and, waiting till they were fairly near, in case the elephant might not have gone far, I looked carefully round and saw him standing some 170 yards off. I got on my legs as fast as my bruises would let me, and staggered toward my pony. The boys, on seeing me get up, were dumb-founded, and my groom, who was a great hulking fellow, wanted to carry me, thinking I must have some bones broken; but, although my left leg was seriously bruised, and my scalp damaged, I was in other respects unhurt. On my return to camp I went to bed, and sent out twenty boys to finish off the wounded elephant. This they succeeded in doing after putting about thirty bullets into him; he charged in every direction, and died hard. For the next ten days I remained in bed, too stiff to move, but was carried out to photograph the elephant and superintend the skinning and decapitation. The head I have had mounted since my return, as a memento of this lucky escape.

In the mean time, a party of forty boys had been sent to the west side of Lake Stefanie, to visit the Harbora people, with whom Dr. Donaldson Smith had had to fight. There are four tribes living on that side of the lake, viz. the Wandorobo, the Harbora, the Hamerkoke, and the Galubba. Doubtless there are several more on the other side of the range of hills between Lakes Stefanie and Rudolf, in which the Galubba live. These last are cut off from the west shore of Lake Stefanie, and it is a very difficult road to get to them. The other three tribes, consisting of about 1000 individuals each on the average, live only 10 miles apart, but bear no relation to each other, and each speaks a different language. They are sometimes at enmity with one another, and sometimes on good terms. The Wandorobo and Harbora we found very friendly indeed, and very anxious to trade. The chief articles of barter were beads and cloth with the Harbora, and beads only with the Hamerkoke, for these wear absolutely no clothes, and would not put a bit of cloth on, however much you gave them.

Providence has given them the cotton tree growing wild all round them, but, strange to say, neither they nor the Wandorobo or Harbora ever make use of it, and the two last still wear clothes which they get from the Konso people. The Harbora have three large villages on the plain halfway down the west side of the lake. Here they cultivate coffee, as well as a little juari, and also collect honey. They wear clothes and trade freely, but never move from the lake. Like the Wandorobo, they believe in Wak. In dress and ornaments they resemble the Boran, except that they wear in addition a large ivory bracelet in the shape of a crown, but in feature and colour they take after the Sudanese. Their weapons are spears, elephant-hide shields, and poisoned arrows. They hunt and kill elephants with bows and poisoned arrows, but have little ivory. They are great friends with the Borans, and possess an abundance of sheep, oxen, and small donkeys.

The Hamerkoke are nomads, having no villages, but living in open zeribas among the hills at the south-west end of Lake Stefanie. They cultivate coffee and juari in the plain below, and supplement their means of subsistence by collecting honey. They resemble Somali in their good looks and their colour, but speak a language of their own. Few ornaments are seen among them, and the men wear absolutely no clothes, the women a small piece of skin with a small bundle and heavy tassel of string. The Hamerkoke were formerly under the sway of the Harbora, but are now free and as powerful as the latter. They hunt and kill elephants; their wealth consists in sheep, oxen, and small donkeys. These people, rushing down on us from the hills, deliberately attacked us when we approached their country, but were driven off with the loss of two men, and we fortunately succeeded in making very good friends with them afterwards, through the aid of the Harbora people. This tribe and the Turkana were the only people with whom we ever had any difficulty.

We heard that the Harbora were industrious people and did a great deal of trade with the natives, and as we were short of coffee we were glad to be able to do some trade with them. Although Donaldson Smith had fought with them, they showed themselves exceedingly friendly to us, and even went so far as to help us to make friends with the Hamerkoke. On the west side of Lake Stefanie there was scarcely any game. The Harbora have a curious dislike for camels, not even allowing the transport camels of a trading caravan anywhere near their villages.

On the return of our reconnoitring party on March 7, the whole camp was again re-united, and started south-west for Lake Rudolf the following day.

From here to Rudolf—a distance which it took us five days to traverse—the wells were a very interesting feature, having all been made by the Kore people, who are an offshoot of the Masai. This

tribe was at one time very strong, but at present numbered a few hundreds only, and lived on the borders of the Masai country—in fact, intermingled with the Masai.

In our satisfaction at the sight of Lake Rudolf, we immediately determined to take a few days' rest. This done, we started northwards, and, after a day and a half's hard marching, reached the mouth of the river Omo, where the Reshiat people live, on March 22.

The Reshiat people, also known as Darsonich (whom Count Teleki describes as being so rich at the time when he visited them), were now literally starving, having been looted by the Borans on several occasions, and having, besides, lost all their wealth of cattle through the rinderpest. Our introduction to them was as follows: Riding along the shore within about 6 miles of their villages, we saw four Reshiat men picking berries off a thick green bush. They were stark naked, except for a diddic skin hanging halfway down their backs, and a few strips of skin round their wrists and ankles. They each carried a bow, a quiver full of arrows, and a spear, and had with them a dog. They all had ostrich feathers in their hair, and one had long hair all plastered over with mud of a dirty black colour, which gave his head an uncomely appearance. In this topknot ostrich feathers were stuck. Two of them had, by way of ornament, cow-tails hanging from their elbows. These were supposed to increase their attractions in the eyes of the ladies. The only other ornament was a flat circular piece of ivory fixed to the centre of the forehead by a piece of hide round the head. This little party greeted us with smiles, and without the slightest fear or shyness they followed us to the camp, and appeared simply overjoyed to see a European. On the way I killed a hartebeest, and, having removed the skin, offered them the meat, whereupon they proceeded as follows: Carefully cutting open the carcase, they took out all the entrails, squeezed the green-coloured liquid from the contents of the stomach, and mixed it with the congealed blood and the berries they had collected, together with some leaves of the same bush from which they had got the berries. They then drank the concoction lukewarm, as if it was the greatest delicacy in the world. The berries I tasted myself; they had a rather hot taste, not at all disagreeable. The villages of these people are collections of huts of a low round shape, made of reeds. Wak is their god. They wear no clothes except a piece of skin down the back, the women indulging in one piece of goatskin. They are fond of trading, and extremely friendly with all the tribes in the vicinity as far as Lake Stefanie, but never move from the neighbourhood of the lake or river. They speak a language of their own. When raided and oppressed by the Borans, they fight with spears and poisoned arrows. They hunt very little game, although in the days of their wealth they used to kill elephant. Both sexes affect but few ornaments: besides those already

mentioned, they wear a piece of wire about 3 inches long, to which they sometimes attach a ring or two; this they pass through their lower lip. To guard themselves from capture, they wear a very sharp knife bracelet, and when fighting they remove the sheath. They do not bury their dead when killed fighting.

Although our caravan tried to dissuade us from attempting the passage of the Omo, which they said was impracticable, there being no canoes, I determined to make the attempt. I held a consultation with Andrew, the outcome of which was that we decided to separate; for, even though I should succeed in crossing the Omo with a few men, it would still be impossible to take the main caravan, with the loads and



SALT-CRATER, BORAN COUNTRY.

camels, across. We therefore arranged to meet at the south end of Lake Rudolf, Andrew taking the east coast, while I was to attempt the west. Before we separated I was fortunate enough to get a guide, who volunteered to come with me for some cloth. He said that he knew the road very well, as he had been with Dr. Donaldson Smith and with Captain Bottego. This man proved a most excellent guide, and accompanied us round the north end of Lake Rudolf until we entered the Turkana country. He was a Masai Liguani (chief), and came up to Rudolf with the Ligop, intermarrying there with the Darsonich.

After separating from Lieut. Andrew on March 26, I started with forty-two boys, some thirty donkeys, and a few camels, to try to cross

the river Omo, following up its left bank. During the first few days' march the donkeys were very restive, as they had never before carried loads, and galloped about in every direction, losing the loads, and sometimes requiring the whole forty men to catch them again. My progress in consequence was very slow, and I could not do more than 10 miles a day. On the second day after we started we came on some people called Legumi, who are Wandorobo, and live by hunting. They belong to the same race as the Turkana; in fact, they say they are their brothers. They lived on the south of Lake Rudolf, but came up here a few years ago to look for game and plant maize along the river-banks. Their weapons consist of bows and poisoned arrows and a long stabbing-spear. They also carry a long narrow shield, and their chiefs wear a cap made of human hair, woven and ornamented with beads and feathers, and resembling a wig placed on the top of their own hair. Every ostrich feather in this head-dress is said to denote one man killed by the wearer. The women are clothed, but the men wear only a small apron. They are a half-starved looking race. Like the Darsonich people, they drink the blood of the animals they kill. When hunting game, they roll themselves in the mud, as they say that, owing to their wearing no clothes, the game cannot scent them, and cannot see them for any distance when covered with mud. They also use traps, which they tie to trees. These consist of spikes which are fixed round the inner side of a ring, the points being free and almost meeting in the centre. The circles are of different sizes, according to the kind of animal they wish to catch. These traps are laid on the ground over a shallow hole filled with brushwood, and when the animal puts its foot in the ring, the thorns give way and allow the foot or leg to pass through, but the spikes will then not allow the leg to be withdrawn. The animal is then unable to run fast or far, in consequence of this anklet fixed round his leg.

Having come from the south of the lake, this people have never learned the language of their immediate neighbours at Darsonich, but talk a kind of Masai.

On the following day, March 28, we marched to Murle, on the river Omo. The Murle people are a regular river tribe, and have two small dug-outs for crossing the river. They sow maize on both banks in large patches. They are the enemies of every tribe around them, being a great fighting power, and enriching themselves at their neighbours' expense. Their language is absolutely different from that of either the Legumi or the Darsonich. They have not even an apology for clothes, but are absolutely naked. Their weapons consist of bows and arrows and spears, but the spear-blades are much longer than those of neighbouring tribes, being 3 and even 4 feet in length with thin blades, and a leather or wicker shield, such as is also seen among the Labuma. But their most singular weapon is the circular knife which they wear round

their wrist, similar to that described as in use among the Darsonich. When they are not fighting, this knife is covered with hide, so that they may not hurt themselves with it. This weapon they use not only for fighting, but also to cut up their meat when they are eating. It may be described as an iron bracelet with a sharp cutting-edge outside, the blade being about 2 to 4 inches wide. Another very peculiar weapon of offence, which I did not see anywhere else, consists of a very hard stick about 3 feet long. This makes a kind of battle-axe, being fitted with a wooden blade, half-moon-shaped, and about 3 inches broad and 6 inches long, sharpened and hardened in the fire. The chief peculiarity of this weapon is that the cutting-edge is covered with tightly stretched skin. These people also wear human hair caps, like those of the Legumi.

Having seen only one Swahili caravan before, which they had driven out of the country in spite of its guns, they were at first inclined to attack us; but, as we arrived unexpectedly in the country, some of the chiefs interviewed us while the warriors were collecting. Not having seen a European before, their curiosity overcame their warlike instincts, and they remained on friendly terms with us. As already mentioned, this tribe possessed two dug-outs, but being very suspicious, as they had all their flocks and large plantations on the right bank of the Omo, it required a good deal of explanation and handing over of presents before they would lend us these canoes to cross the river. Even then I had to pay my rascally headman £100 as a bribe to proceed, before he would begin to take the caravan across.

Further north on this bank, next to the Murle, is a tribe called the Bagata, with a different language. The only crop they grow is maize. Due north of them is the Ammur tribe, still further up the river-bank.

After crossing the river, I explored up the right bank, which is densely populated by a strong, rich tribe called the Murutu. The Omo flows through a plain about 10 miles wide, on each side of which, about 5 miles from the river, mountains rise abruptly. To the northward the river apparently flows through a deep gorge, with dense forests on either bank; this gorge begins at about 50 miles from the lake. The river at Murle is from 80 to 100 yards wide, and by my aneroid, 1370 feet above the sea-level.

At its entrance into Lake Rudolf the river is at least a quarter of a mile broad, with a current of between 3 and 4 knots an hour, and, judging from its size alone, there is absolutely no doubt in my mind as to its identity with the Omo reached by travellers from the south of Abyssinia, the termination of which has so long been a disputed point in African geography. The identity of the two rivers has been virtually demonstrated by Captain Bottego, although I believe he did not actually trace the whole course of the valley.

We now turned southwards, and on April 3 marched for six hours down the river, following the right bank, through many Legumi villages

(the people being friendly), and camped on an open spot near the river. Crocodiles and hippopotami were numerous, and I shot some of the latter for the natives; my own men would not eat hippo.

On April 7 we found that we had to turn north, as we had been following a promontory which stretched into Lake Rudolf. Cutting across the isthmus, we reached the lake again at the foot of Mount Narkwa. Here the people, who are a branch of the Darsonich tribe, live almost entirely by fishing, spearing the fish by the light of a torch fixed in the bow of the canoe at night. They also do a little cultivation on the shore of the lake. The whole promontory is a plateau, the edges of which descend sharply about 100 feet to the level of the present lake-shore, which is a couple of miles broad, but was evidently at a recent period a part of the lake-bottom. Game is scarce.

On April 9 we marched across an immense plain, where I saw a herd of seurgalgall, or hartebeest, and, on going closer to it, saw two antelopes of another species. I was lucky enough to shoot what I now believe to be a new species of *Kobus*, though my specimens have not yet been officially described.

The next day we reached the last of the Darsonich villages, on a little river called the Errek. The people, being very friendly, gave us much information, including the last news that I heard of Captain Bottego. They said that he had been wounded by an elephant, and with some of his people stayed on the river Omo. The other Europeans and the rest of his men had come to their neighbourhood to get food and cattle from the Turkana. They had tried to march down the west side of Rudolf, but, after five days' incessant fighting, had been obliged to retire; this occurred about four months before I was there. They also told us that as soon as we got into the Turkana country we should be attacked. Between these people and the Turkana there is a neutral ground, consisting of a small plain not much more than a quarter of a mile in width. If a party of either race crosses this plain, it is taken as a declaration of war.

The Darsonich pay a sort of yearly tribute to the Turkana, in return for which the Turkana leave them more or less in peace.

Leaving next morning, we crossed the neutral territory into Turkana-land, keeping the caravan in close order, and allowing no stragglers. We saw numbers of deserted villages, the result of the Turkana raids, and eventually caught sight of some people hiding in the reeds by the lake, but, on approaching, we found that they were Darsonich fishermen, who lived in a village built on piles among the reeds 300 or 400 yards from the lake-shore. They told us that the Turkana, hearing of our being in the vicinity, had left their villages and driven their cattle up into the mountains.

On the evening of April 11 we arrived at the foot of Mount Lubur, which is one of the landmarks of the country. After a quiet night, I

took fifteen men and ascended Mount Lubur, the ascent not being accomplished without great difficulty, as there was no path on that side of the mountain. The crater on the top must be nearly 2 miles across, and in it there is good grass growing and fresh-water springs. The natives use the crater in time of war as a stronghold and refuge for their flocks and herds. There is only one path by which even goats can ascend, the sides are so precipitous. This is a dangerous and easily defended road up to the mountain. From here I was able to see down to the second island of Lake Rudolf, and to the westward, as far as the eye could reach, were great chains of mountains covered with forests. As it looked like a good shooting country, I wished to explore



THE SALT-CRATER.

in that direction, but the native guides maintained that there was absolutely no water for many days' journey, so I had to relinquish the project. At the top of the mountain my aneroid registered 5300 feet, and here I took some photographs of the surrounding country, which I will show later.

On descending next day to the foot of the mountain, we found that the men I had left in camp had been under arms all night, as the natives had tried to enter the camp under cover of the darkness.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to describe briefly the people into whose country we had lately entered. The Turkana are a vast people of about the same strength as the Borana, and are a



perfectly united nation under one big chief, whose name is Logorinyum. He is quite blind, and a very bad old man. He pretends to be a prophet, and says that he has dreams which tell him that if his men go and fight the surrounding people they will be victorious and capture a lot of cattle and camels, so he is always sending out his men and fighting the surrounding tribes, and is thus naturally very much disliked. He lives on a river called Geriu, which skirts the northern end of the mountain chain south of the Turkwell. The men are absolutely without clothing, and wear a long mat of hair, which is woven together and added to for generations, reaching very often down to their thighs. Inside this head-gear they have a kind of bag, in which they put anything they want to carry. At the end of the hair is attached a long wire, which is bent so as to come over the head, with a tassel dangling at the end of it. Higher up they wear ostrich feathers dyed in blood, one for every man that they kill in warfare. Their faces are of a long flat shape, of the ugliest type we ever came across, and, to make them still more hideous, they cover them with red and white lines. They wear ordinary copper bracelets and iron ones, like those of the Borans. Their weapons consist of a throwing-spear, stabbing-spear, and an oblong shield, which is made either of wickerwork or hide. They also always carry a native pillow and a tobacco-box made from the horn of the oryx, and decorated with cow-tail and lizard skins. Their powers of endurance are simply marvellous, and I have measured several of their strides, made when running, which have been 84 inches from heel to toe. I think they are the fastest runners of all the tribes in East Africa, being even faster than the Masai. When on the war-path every warrior is accompanied by one or more dogs, which he uses to track his enemy, as they always fight during the night-time. They also wear a wrist-knife like the Reshiat people. Their war-cry is the same as that of the Suk, an imitation of the bark of the zebra, which is so good that it is very hard to distinguish from the cry of the true animal. The tribe which suffers most from the raids of these Turkana is a prosperous and industrious one called the Rendile, who live east of the south end of Lake Rudolf and due south of the Boran country. These the Turkana not only rob of their live stock, but also carry the people themselves into slavery. Being the strongest nation in this part, they levy taxes on all their surrounding tribes.

At Mount Lubur our faithful Masai guide Loraisi implored us to let him return, as his life was now in danger if any natives saw him. Loth as I was to do so, I allowed him to go, making him happy with a present of cloth, beads, and wire.

The next day we passed several dry river-beds, and after five hours' march came opposite to a mountainous island rising abruptly out of the lake, about 3 miles long and 5 miles from the lake-shores. The island looks an old volcano, which it probably is.

On April 16 the Turkana, who had been following us night and day during our marches, succeeded, owing to the carelessness of our boys, in driving off the troop of camels and donkeys which I had been able to take across the Omo, and so had with me. Though rapidly followed, the marauders had got such a start that they succeeded in hiding away the animals in their mountain fastnesses. My search party was attacked while following the trail, but luckily, on their way back to camp, fell in with a herd of camels in the bush, among which I found one of my own marked animals.

Though often threatened by large masses of natives for the next four or five days, we were not actually attacked until the night of the 26th. As we kept close to the lake-shore, the natives never had an opportunity of surrounding us or of attacking us except on one side. We passed numbers of temporarily deserted villages, as, this being the wet season, the greater number of the inhabitants leave the low-lying land near the lake and betake themselves with their herds to the mountains. During these five or six days we passed through country at times covered with dense patches of palm trees and various creeping plants, and anon consisting of open and arid sandy flats sparsely sprinkled with thorn and spear-grass. Several sandbanks, varying only in size, run out from the shore into the lake. They are composed of loose silver sand, the largest forming a promontory which almost reaches to what I call the second island counting from the northward.

During the march of the 26th, some of my boys were attacked by the Turkana at a little distance from the caravan, and one of them wounded. That night, as I had been doing for the last two or three days, I went out on a sandspit into the lake and camped, cutting down the bush and placing it across the shore end of the bank so as to form a boma. At one o'clock in the morning the Turkana attacked and succeeded in breaking through the boma, a few of them getting into camp. We succeeded in driving them out, and, though they again attacked several times, we kept them in check till daylight, when they retired. The custom of these people is always to attack in force in the early morning. As soon as daylight broke, we arranged a kind of stretcher-bed on several of the camels, and so carried four of the more seriously wounded men fairly comfortably. We marched for five hours, continually harassed by the natives, and then, finding another sandspit running out into the lake, formed a similar camp to that of the evening before. While building the zeriba a mass of the enemy advanced to the attack, but on my charging them with half the men they withdrew, and though we could hear them in close proximity to the boma during the night, a few random volleys discouraged them from attacking us again.

During the succeeding six days the same kind of guerilla warfare continued. The enemy never came to close quarters again, as we always camped at night on sandspits, and made strong bomas with thorns.

On May 3 we luckily captured a woman, and, with her as an interpreter, got into communication with some of her friends among the hostile natives. After much palaver and a few presents, we satisfied them that we only wished to pass through the country, and had no intention of stealing anything, nor was fighting a pleasure to us; whereupon they, probably with the hope of getting rid of us more rapidly, provided us with guides. These were most acceptable, as from this point there was some difficult country, including a range of mountains, to cross, and we had still 50 miles' journey to get to the south end of the lake. By thus providing us with guides, the Turkana made satisfactory amends for all the trouble they had occasioned us.

Here, as of course you know, we were in the country which Count Teleki had already explored. Among these mountains we had great difficulty in travelling, the wounded particularly giving us trouble, as the lava and iron-bearing rock of which the mountains are composed made the road as difficult to traverse as any I had the misfortune to attempt. Our animals for some days past had had little or no food, and in consequence were scarcely able to crawl.

On arriving at the south end of the lake, I was surprised to find that Teleki's active volcano had entirely disappeared, its place being taken by an absolutely flat plain of lava. We got hold of some Ligob men who lived at the south end of Lake Rudolf, and within a couple of miles of the volcano, who told us that about six months ago the lake overflowed, and as the waters rushed towards the mountain—the native name of which is Lubburua—there was a vast explosion, after which the waters swept in where the crater had been and put out the fire. Since that time there has been no sign of the crater in that place, and there is now only a vast field of cold lava running right down into the lake; but a new crater has opened about 3 miles due south, the native name of which is Luttur. This has only just lately become active, and some of the Ligob people, who have ascended to the edge of the crater, report that there is a fire in the inside, and even we ourselves during the night could see the glare over the mountain. The new crater is as yet not more than about 130 feet high, but the cracks and crevices in the lava did not permit of our ascending.

The Ligob, just alluded to, are a very scattered tribe, who live on the shores of Rudolf and Baringo. Once very powerful and the masters of the Masai, they are now linked with the Rendile tribe under one big chief, called Legom. Their own chief is Ladumma. They are now very poor, and live chiefly by fishing, wandering about very often in pairs up and down the lake, but we found them extremely friendly and very willing to trade. They speak the Masai language. They are the only people who live on the different islands of Lakes Rudolf and Baringo, and were it not for these little strongholds they would hardly exist. One of their biggest strongholds is an island called Elmolo,

in the south of Lake Rudolf. About thirty years ago, it is said, the lake was dry at this end, and some Elmolo fishing people, of the same tribe as those who live in Alia, happened to have their village on the high ground of Elmolo, with their sheep and goats. One morning they woke up to find themselves entirely surrounded with water, and, having no boats, have been unable to reach the mainland ever since.

Continuing round the lake and going northward by the east shore, on the third day I met Andrew with the main caravan. He had followed the east shore of the lake, which he had found uninhabited, having had excellent shooting in consequence. On one occasion he had a very narrow escape from the charge of a wounded elephant. He had fired



COUNTRY SOUTH OF LAKE STEFANIE.

both barrels without apparent effect, and was forced to run on an open plain with no cover whatever. The brute was within 20 yards of him, when he broke his fetlock and came with a crash to the ground, breaking his tusk in the fall; otherwise, either Andrew or his gun-bearer must inevitably have been caught.

On leaving the south of Lake Rudolf for Baringo, we found the country exceedingly difficult; in fact, in parts we could only succeed in doing a mile after six hours' marching, having to climb almost impassable mountains. Then our guides deserted us, necessitating our sending back to the Turkana country for others. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. While we were waiting for guides we discovered an

entirely new sheet of water, and paid many visits to it. It lies about 30 miles due south from Lake Rudolf. Its shores are very barren, entirely enclosed by mountains, and there are three islands, apparently quite barren, near the east shore. It is fed by two rivers. What water there was in this lake was exceedingly hot, and near to the north end, where a smouldering volcano was situated, was just as hot as one would like to wash one's hands in. This volcano I propose to call, after my companion, Andrew volcano. In places where the water had dried up, the lake-bed was composed of black mud, very deep and hot, but with a hard crust over the surface. One boy that we happened to send in after a wounded Spanish flamingo, sank through this crust and scalded his foot so badly that the following day his toe-nails came off. Former high-water marks were strewn with a mass of fish-bones, and skeletons of fish, large and small, evidently killed when the water was heated. The dried-up portions of the lake are crusted with salt, and on the borders there are solid mounds of salt. There were one or two wells of fresh water here, and many sites of old villages, which we afterwards found from the natives had been deserted on account of the fire mountain, which is still active.

The altitude of the lake is 1300 feet, and the height of the volcano 1600 feet. We found that, after running north and south for about 25 miles, the lake winds round in a south-westerly direction for about 10 miles. It has an arm which we did not explore. Sugota is its native name, while that of the volcano is Sugobo. Before this became active, the lake is said to have been full of water, which was good to drink.

From here we still continued our bee-line for Lake Baringo, and experienced the most serious difficulties of our trip. We had a mutinous camp and two captured guides, of whom we were never quite sure, and exceedingly little water. The route also was barely passable, and, after having to change our loads from camels to donkeys, we were finally compelled to carry them up ourselves. If it had not been for fortunate rain-showers and a lucky find of a few puddles, we should never have got through this country.

On May 24 we camped at Inuro, and stayed there two days. On this plateau the aneroid registered 4540 feet, whilst a high mountain rose abruptly from the north-east side. We had heard that the natives, a branch of the Legup or Ligob who lived in these mountains, were friendly, but we found them timid. They were shy and would not trade—in fact, were quite unwilling to leave their mountain home, the size of our caravan perhaps scaring them. Hence we followed a winding and difficult path, and at a camp called Gemos, at which we arrived on June 2, and where a tribe of Rendile used to live, our camels first suffered from sickness. No less than forty camels in one day became unable to stand, and we thus had to leave them outside camp all night. This was not caused through fly, but, as we afterwards found, through a poisonous

bush, which we unfortunately did not notice on our arrival. Ten of these camels died or had to be shot, the remainder recovered after three days.

The country about there abounds in lions, and on June 26, at a place called Bahgar, we had a most exciting time, killing a lioness and capturing her two cubs.

On July 6 we were delighted to catch a glimpse of Baringo, and to know that we now had water for certain.

Here we had an adventure with a rhino, which came near having serious consequences. We were with our gun-bearers, I being in front, when suddenly we heard a peculiar grunt, which sounded so exactly like a lion that we halted immediately. It was Andrew's shot, and I was just getting off my mule, when, instead of a lion, out of the bush charged a grunting rhino. We were in a little gully, with a rise in front of us, a hill on our left, and a bit of thick bush from which the rhino charged on our right. About 10 yards off, the rhino made several short erratic charges, and then, unfortunately, decided to go down the narrow path along which Andrew was riding. When about 15 yards distant, the sensible mule turned tail and bolted, but before he had gone 20 yards the rhino was within a yard of him. The rhino was gaining fast, so Andrew tried to turn his mule into the bush on the left, but a mule is a mule, and he would not be turned. Andrew then threw himself off on one side, hoping the rhino would attack the mule; but no, he swerved in his course so quickly that he managed to strike Andrew in the middle of the back, but fortunately the horn only ripped up the back of his coat and shirt. After the shock he knew very little, except that he remembers lying flat and seeing a mass of clumsy legs over him. When these disappeared, he had just enough sense and strength to crawl into the bush, and was greatly relieved to find that he could even crawl. I then saw the rhino standing over Andrew and showing no signs of moving. I rushed on the animal, the men following me, all shouting, as we had no guns, and the rhino then made up his mind and charged the fleeing mule, which he came up with, but, though he knocked it flying into the scrub, did it no serious damage. We brought Andrew in a semi-conscious condition into camp; he was badly bruised, and had his knee sprained, the latter injury preventing him from walking at all for many weeks.

At Lake Baringo we were pleased to get news of white men in the neighbourhood. They eventually turned out to be Mr. Jackson and Dr. Macpherson of the Uganda Protectorate, whom we saw at the latter's station on the Eldoma escarpment. We followed Sclater's road to Kibwezi, and from Kibwezi the Mackinnon road to the head of the Uganda railway, where the officials showed us every kindness, even going so far as to take our whole caravan and loads down to Mombasa by special train. This act of courtesy saved us perhaps a week's march, including the crossing of the Taru desert.

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QUEE  
MARGHEI

L. Abaya

K O N S O

R. Omo

MURUTU *Thick bush*

ADONYERO

BAGATA

Galana R.

W A N D O R O B

M<sup>c</sup> Nakua

LEBEMI

HAMERKOKE

*Cultivated*

100 yds wide

240 Yards wide

LAKE

*Dense Bush*

HABBOBA

STEFANIE

M<sup>c</sup> Libur

GALUBA

COAL  
Teleki's camp

J

Lubur

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U

Mountains

*Thick bush*

*Sand*

*Open Sand*

*Plains of  
Spear Grass*

*Marsh*

*Thick Bush*

K O R E

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1230

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QUEEN  
MARGHERITA L.

# LAKE RUDOLF

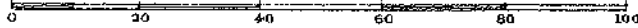
## AND NEIGHBOURING REGIONS

from a survey by

H. S. H. CAVENDISH

1897.

Scale of Miles



Natural Scale 1:2000,000 or 1 inch = 31.56 miles.

Author's route ——— Heights in feet.

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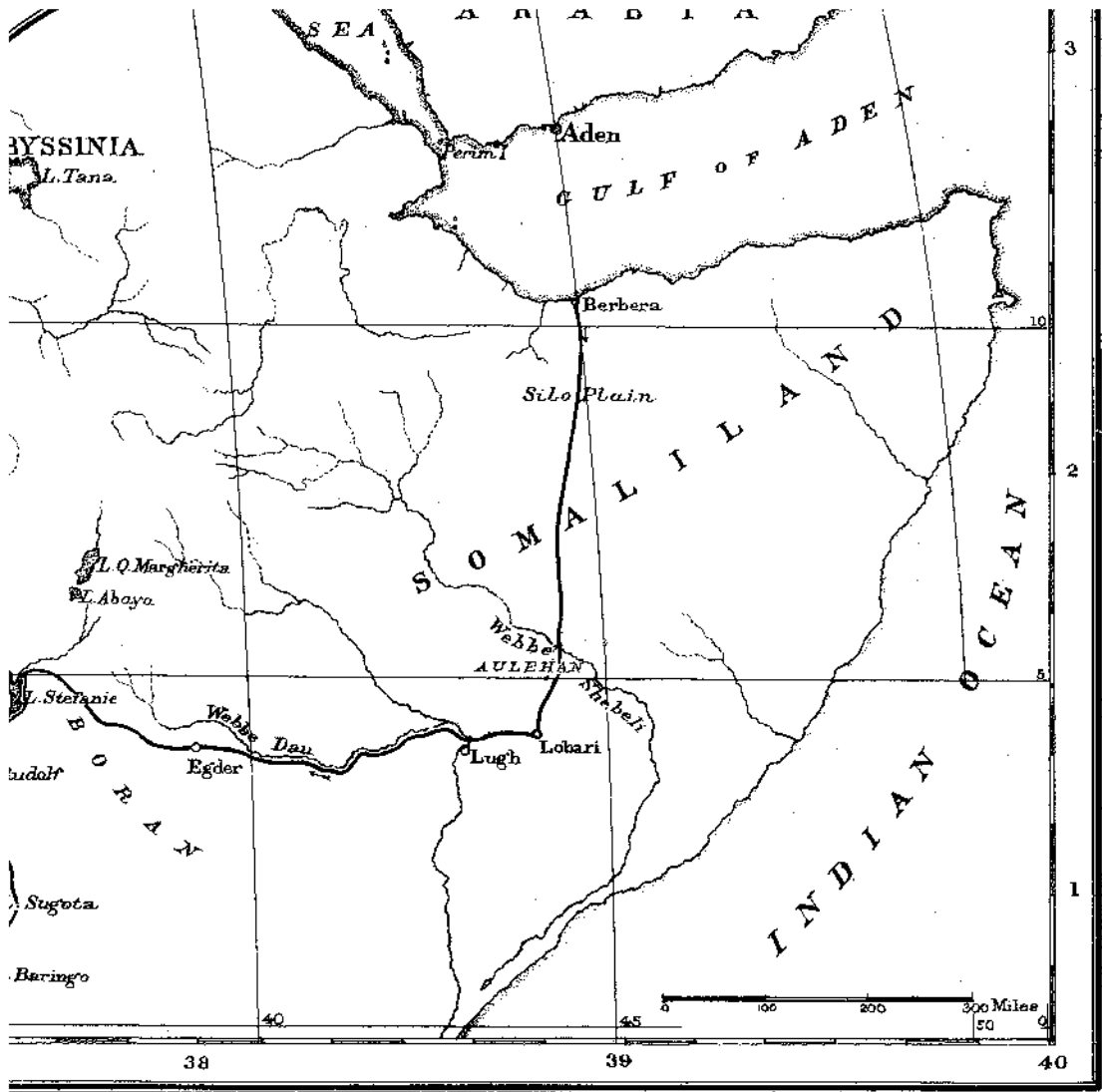
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graphical Society.