

SPORT IN THE
EASTERN SUDAN

W. B. COTTON

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SPORT IN THE EASTERN SUDAN

SPORT
IN THE
EASTERN SUDAN

FROM SOUAKIN TO THE
BLUE NILE

BY
W. B. COTTON
(INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE)

WITH MAP

LONDON
ROWLAND WARD, LIMITED
"THE JUNGLE" 167 PICCADILLY, W.
1912

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SR

DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

	PAGE
Difficulty of entering Abyssinia—Ravages of the Mahdi and Khalifa—Tariff reform—Ultimate programme—Cost of trip—Seasonal distribution of game—Courtesy of Sudanese officials	1

CHAPTER II

TRAVEL IN THE EASTERN SUDAN

The camel—Hiring versus purchase—Milk—Care of stock—Loads—Water-supply— <i>Khajawahs</i> —Boxes—Tents—Tools—Medicine—Camp-furniture—Taxidermy—Food of attendants—Landmarks—Clothes—Money—Cooking-pots—Stores	11
--	----

CHAPTER III

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

Sudan regulations—Choice of weapons—Stock of ammunition	33
---	----

CHAPTER IV

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE EASTERN SUDAN

Elephant — Rhinoceros — Hippopotamus — Buffalo — Giraffe — Lion—Leopard—Cheetah—Hyæna—Wild dog—Wart-hog—Ostrich—Wild ass—Nubian ibex—

	PAGE
African wild sheep—Koodoo—Roan antelope— Waterbuck—Tora hartebeest—Tiang hartebeest— Bushbuck—Reedbuck—Ariel—Heuglin's gazelle— Red-fronted gazelle—Isabella gazelle—Abyssinian oribi—Abyssinian duiker—Salt's dikdik	39

CHAPTER V

SHOOTING FELINES OVER BAITS

Deficiencies of native hunters—General characteristics of Felidæ—Baits—Distance—Screens—Machans— Electric lamp—The shot—Following wounded game	60
--	----

THE JOURNAL

CHAPTER VI

SOUAKIN TO KASSALA, SEPTEMBER 17TH TO
NOVEMBER 15TH, 1910

Bombay to Souakin—Kamobsana—The Akra Rabai— Isabella gazelle—Ibex—Sinkat—Desert journey to Kassala—Kassala	77
--	----

CHAPTER VII

THE ATBARA RIVER, NOVEMBER 16TH TO DECEMBER 28TH

Heuglin's gazelle—Adventures with leopards—Hippo- potamus sighted—Leopard bagged—Hippopotamus bagged	91
--	----

CHAPTER VIII

THE SETTIT RIVER, DECEMBER 29TH TO MARCH 8TH, 1911

Adventures with lions—Lioness wounded and lost— Elephants—Ariel—Bushbuck—Wart-hog—Lion	
---	--

disturbed—Kellalab island—Roan antelope—Buffalo bagged—Leopard bagged—Lion scared away—Waterbuck—Adventure with wart-hog—Buffalo stampeded—Tora hartebeest—Zuhani meshra—Circumvented by leopard—Good bushbuck—Hartebeest—Waterbuck—Roan antelope—More hartebeest—Oribi—Buffalo stampeded—Failure with big koodoo—More hartebeest—Hyænas 110

CHAPTER IX

THE RAHAD RIVER, MARCH 9TH TO APRIL 24TH

Gedarif—Hawata—Adventures with lions—Serval—Shammam—Lioness bagged—Rufifrons gazelle—Bushbuck—Lioness bagged—El Mekherim—Lions visit camp—Lion wounded and lost—Ariel at Rakuba—Buffalo seen at Malwiya—Camp visited by lions—Buffaloes stampeded—Leopard seen—Circumvented by lion—Giraffe 184

CHAPTER X

THE GALEGU CREEK AND DINDER RIVER, APRIL 25TH TO MAY 18TH

Suspicious strangers—Reedbuck—Waterbuck—Tents prostrated—Buffalo stampeded—Tiang bagged—Ras Amir—More tiang—Giraffe-hunters—Revadi—Sport with Buffaloes—Hippopotamus bagged . . . 220

CHAPTER XI

THE BLUE NILE, MAY 19TH TO JUNE 28TH

Singa—March to Roseires—Oribi—Gebel Maba—Sport with koodoo—Return to Singa—Sennar—Khartoum Port Sudan 242

APPENDIX

	PAGE
List of stores consumed in nearly nine months—Contents of medicine-chest—Contents of tool-chest—Contents of cook's chest—Table of weights and measurements of game—Game list of the Eastern Sudan for 1910-11	263
ARABIC VOCABULARY	279
INDEX	283

SPORT IN THE EASTERN SUDAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

My original object in visiting the Sudan was to cover the ground described by Sir Samuel Baker in "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," and for this purpose I endeavoured to secure an Abyssinian passport. However, although my application was very kindly supported by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and notice of my intention was given to the Government of Abyssinia more than a year ahead, my negotiations with the Chargé d'Affaires at Adis Abeba proved futile, though the final decision of the Abyssinian Government was not communicated to me until after my arrival at Souakin. In my opinion two causes contributed to this result. The first was of course the matter of the Abyssinian succession, when the death of Menelik might at any time reopen in an acute form the stand-

ing rivalry between the Shoan and the Tigrean dynasties in that empire. The present seat of government in Abyssinia, Adis Abeba, is the metropolis of the Shoan kings, who under Menelik have held undisputed sway over the entire empire since the battle of Adowa.

The part of Abyssinia which I wished to visit, however, namely Walkait, is altogether under Tigrean influence, and it is easy to understand that in the present condition of affairs a Shoan passport might prove the worst of introductions into Tigrean territory. However, there is a second cause which is likely to prove a permanent obstacle to travellers who desire to enter Abyssinia from the Sudanese border, namely, the fact that from immemorial time this borderland has been the scene of continual warfare, and is still populated on the Abyssinian side by all the bad characters who find even the mild restraints of their own civilisation too irksome. Sir Samuel Baker dwells at great length upon this aspect of affairs, and so late as 1900, Major Powell Cotton, under the direct protection of the Emperor of Abyssinia, visited the shooting-grounds through which I proposed to travel. It is clear from his book, to which I take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness, that the local authorities were most apprehensive as to his safety, and finally furnished him with such an escort as seriously prejudiced his

chances of successful sport. On the Sudanese side this borderland is now not populated at all. Indeed, from the time I left Kassala in November, 1910, until I reached Singa on the Blue Nile in May, 1911, I may say that I was travelling through the scene of the greatest experiment in Home Rule that modern times have furnished since the fall of the Zulu dynasty of Chaka. In the period of thirteen years, counting from the death of Gordon at Khartoum on 26th January, 1885, up to the battle of Omdurman on 2nd September, 1898, it is believed that the depredations of the Baggara and other tribes who acknowledged the supremacy of the Mahdi, and his successor the Khalifa, reduced the total population of the Sudan from eight millions to two millions. Since I have already heard these figures questioned by persons who make it their business to prove that no possible good can arise from the subordination of coloured races by Europeans, I can bear my personal testimony to the fact that whereas my French maps of the Sudan, compiled during the period of Egyptian occupation, prior to the Mahdi's rule, show no fewer than twenty villages on the River Rahad above Shammam, this tract of some fifty miles does not now contain a single village, settled inhabitant, or path other than a game track. Indeed, Sir Samuel Baker, writing in the year 1861, somewhat plaintively notes the extreme monotony of the endless

succession of villages along the Rahad, *en route* from Gallabat to Khartoum, where for two hundred miles he says that he saw not even a gazelle. Between Hawata and Homar ul Gizm on the Rahad I traversed nearly eighty miles of the route followed by that mighty hunter, and so far from having any cause to complain of monotony, that tract is now so infested with lions, who prey upon the countless herds of ariel, that it is an absolute necessity to build a zareba at night round one's transport animals, and highly desirable to sleep with two loaded rifles within arm's-length of one's pillow. The same remarks apply with almost equal force to the River Dinder, along whose banks I travelled from its junction with the Galegu to the local seat of government at Abu Hashim, a distance of some seventy miles. My map showed eleven villages in this tract above Beda some twenty miles short of Abu Hashim, but personal investigation indicated that Beda is now the highest inhabited point on the river. Here, however, repeated visits of sportsmen had driven away the game, and I afterwards regretted exceedingly that I had not taken the alternative route to the Blue Nile, namely, up the Dinder from the Galegu junction to a certain Slavery Post, and then across country to Roseires.

Experience has shown that a certain type of mind totally declines to believe facts that conflict with

its own preconceived theories. However, worse employment might be found for the Secretariat at Khartoum than the compilation of a map that would show concisely the actual ravages wrought by the Mahdi and Khalifa amongst the various populations committed to their care, and if a reprint of this map were furnished to every member of Parliament, its effect might conceivably outvalue the cost incurred. And here farewell to politics, save that I wish to place upon record my desire that every member of the party of Tariff Reform should have shared a portion of the pleasure which I experienced on paying to the Government of the Sudan a duty of 8 per cent *ad valorem* upon every article imported by me into the Sudan, by which transaction the Government benefited to the extent of nearly £15 upon my rifles only, the aforesaid enjoyment being heightened when I ascertained that since I was to spend more than six months in the country, no portion of the duty would be recoverable on re-export.

Having learned that the Abyssinian part of my scheme was unworkable, I made up my mind to begin business by shooting ibex in the hills behind Souakin, then to travel through the eastern skirts of the Nubian desert to Kassala, afterwards to shoot along the valleys of the Atbara and Settiti, then to cross the watershed and shoot over the valleys of the Rahad and Dinder, and finally to reach the Blue Nile, and

travel home by rail and steamer *viâ* Khartoum to London. Leaving Souakin on 1st October, 1910, by the end of April I rather expected to have exhausted the list of game that I should be permitted to shoot. However, this process proved very much longer than I had anticipated, and I finally reached the Blue Nile on 19th May, 1911, having omitted the Atbara Valley above Sofi from my programme, and without having bagged koodoo or elephant. I then had to decide between proceeding direct to London to see the Coronation of King George V, or up the Blue Nile after koodoo and elephant, and I chose the latter. My trip was thereby extended so long that I did not sail from Port Sudan until 28th June, having landed at Souakin on 30th September. During the whole of this period I may say briefly that I never felt sick or sorry, and after nine months under canvas or in the open, landed in England as fit as I ever felt in my life. For a man of thirty-nine years of age, who had already spent nearly sixteen years in India, this single fact speaks volumes for the excellence of the climate of the country. I had a well-stocked medicine-chest, but I myself needed little but quinine, Cockle's Pills, and Holloway's Ointment. Indeed, my entire establishment, consisting generally of two Hindustani servants, two Arab shikaris, four Arab camel-men, one Arab goatherd, eleven camels, three donkeys, and a small herd of goats, was almost

equally fortunate. Nobody contracted serious illness, and of the animals none but the donkeys lost condition. There are, I imagine, few parts of the world where nine consecutive months could be spent with impunity under similar conditions. Of course, my Indian experience was invaluable, in that it had taught me the rudimentary principles of the preservation of health in hot climates. Nor would I recommend a similar trip unless at least one of the party possessed some similar knowledge; and, of course, at any time I might have been called upon to dress wounds of a character familiar to those with pigsticking experience. Still, looking back as I do now upon the various incidents of my journey, and bearing in mind the fact that during a period of nine months my average bag with the rifle did not exceed two animals weekly, which includes gazelles and oribi, I am surprised that the Eastern Sudan is not more frequently visited by sportsmen, and that the itinerary of those few should include almost invariably no more than the Blue Nile and Dinder. I estimate that, excluding new rifles and the cost of my P. & O. ticket between Bombay and London, my expedition cost me £900 for the nine months spent in the country. Indeed, I spent £750 in the Sudan itself upon transport, servants, and similar objects. However, there should be plenty of sportsmen in the world, to whom money is no particular

object, who would be glad to get away from civilisation upon such terms for such a long time, and to them in particular this book is addressed, so that they may alike profit by my mistakes, which were many, and benefit by my successes, which were less numerous. Throughout my trip I did my best to note down the exact numbers of all sorts of game that I came across, and since no further railway extension in the Eastern Sudan is to be expected at present, for some time to come any sportsman who visits the country is likely to find during the particular months of which I treat the distribution of game pretty much the same as I have set down in my journal. It is, however, well to warn him that at other seasons the distribution may be totally different. For instance, in perfect good faith, I was told not to touch the numerous elephants on the Settit, owing to the poorness of their ivory, but to shoot my elephants upon the Rahad, Dinder, or Blue Nile. Unluckily, I arrived on the Dinder just as the seasonal rains were commencing, and all the elephants forthwith left the big rivers and scattered over the interior. The result of this was that a patient search of nearly three months failed to reveal even a single fresh track of an elephant, and that particular species found no place in my African bag. However, the seasons in the Sudan follow each other with such unvarying regularity that it is almost a matter of certainty that

the animals which frequent a particular locality in one month of a given year will be found in the same locality in the same month during the entire period of their lives.

In this place I should like to acknowledge the unvarying courtesy with which I was received by the Sudanese officials. I was compelled to trespass very frequently, not only upon their hospitality, which was unlimited, but upon their time, which was sometimes very limited indeed. However, in every single case I found them as anxious to promote my well-being as if it had been their own personal concern. Moreover, they were always ready to place their information of the distribution of game at my disposal, a courtesy which is by no means invariably extended to strangers in India. These officials are for the most part officers of the British Army in the prime of life, and it would be out of place were I to lavish praise upon the manner in which their duties are performed. At the same time, both as an Indian official, who, after sixteen years in the executive line, may lay some claim to special knowledge of touring conditions, and as a sportsman who during the same period has spent almost the whole of his leisure in the pursuit of big game, I do hold most decidedly that these young officers are at present called upon to perform their duties under conditions which are unnecessarily arduous. The Indian official is usually

regarded as a hard-worked man. It would, however, surprise most of my *confrères* not a little, were they called upon to subordinate their ideas of comfort in marching to those of their camels, involving a daily progress of twenty miles, of which ten should be between 4 a.m. and 8 a.m., and ten between 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. But this is only the Sudanese official's ordinary "shid," a word which will become familiar after a very brief residence in the country. Neither would an Indian official be pleased to find that a tent was by no means regarded as essential to his marching outfit, but that, if luxuriously disposed, he might sit from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. under a tarpaulin suspended from four thorn-bushes. The present arrangements are, indeed, only possible because service in the Sudan is at present only for a limited period of seven to ten years in almost all cases, and up to the age of thirty or thirty-five, with good-will most things are possible. If, however, the officials are to be recruited as a distinct service—and I understand that an experiment in this direction is being made already—it seems to me to be absolutely essential that more of the amenities of life, such as we understand them in India, should be introduced forthwith.

CHAPTER II

TRAVEL IN THE EASTERN SUDAN

THE unit of transport throughout the Eastern Sudan is the camel. In the desert the difficulty with regard to the supply of water renders the employment of any other animal impossible, either for baggage or riding, and even in the region of rivers and gum forests south of Kassala and Khartoum there are excellent reasons for preferring camels to other animals, at least for baggage purposes. There is a strong reason for not employing either horses or mules, even in a country otherwise suitable for these animals, since a kind of malignant sickness may at any time attack them, and kill an apparently healthy beast in a single night. The same objection does not apply to donkeys ; but, of course, these hardy little creatures require to be watered daily, and since three donkeys carry only the load of an average camel, and it is unlikely that any single sportsman could make an extensive expedition with less than eight camel-loads of baggage, the exclusive employment of donkeys is obviously inadvisable. For the desert journey of

some three hundred miles I myself hired transport, consisting of eighteen baggage-camels and five riding-camels, at a rate of 2s. *per diem* for baggage-camels, and a trifle more for riding-camels, plus half rates for the return journey empty. These rates included the wages of a sufficient number of camel-men, some six to wit. I also hired an interpreter at £4 10s. and a guide at £3 *per mensem*. This guide was also my shikari for ibex-shooting. I had brought with me from India a cook and a personal servant, to whom I paid £2 *per mensem* each and all their expenses, including food. As every Arab finds himself out of his wages, he of course takes a lively interest in the bag of the sportsman. This arrangement of hiring is, I think, the best in the desert, as grain is not purchasable, and no camel could carry its own grain for eighteen days or so, and a reasonable quantity of baggage into the bargain. The camels are accordingly let loose to graze on the scanty vegetation, not only during the midday halt, but throughout the night, and although they are hobbled, their recovery is frequently a troublesome business.

At Kassala I was advised to purchase the whole of my transport, and did so with the most satisfactory results, not only to my pocket, but to my personal comfort. In Kassala I bought eleven baggage-camels at rates varying from £7 to £10 apiece, and four riding-donkeys at rates ranging

from £3 to £10 apiece. I paid £113 for the lot in Kassala, and sold them for £63 in Singa when the trip was over, and may say that none of them was sick or sorry during the period of seven months during which I must have marched the camels 500 and the donkeys 700 miles.

To load and attend to eleven camels, I employed four camel-men at the rate of £1 10s. *per mensem* apiece; and a simple arithmetical calculation will show how much cheaper purchase is than hire, for a trip of any duration. In Kassala I also bought milch-goats at 10s. apiece, and although I was warned of the risk of Malta fever, I am not aware that I or mine suffered by their milk, and consider that condensed milk need only be used for the long, waterless stretches, across which it would be cruelty to drive these useful creatures.

South of Kassala it is death for domestic animals to stray by night, as even if they escape leopards and lions, they are certain to be hunted down by the packs of hyænas. Consequently a stout and long picketing-rope should form part of the outfit of every traveller. Mine was of Manilla hemp, 60 yards in length, and stout enough for mountaineering purposes. Since the camels are thus reduced to grazing by day, each of my stud received 12 lb. of dourra, the giant millet or jowar of India, on full marching days of twenty miles, and 6 lb. for half-marches. The donkeys

received, according to size, 8 or 6 lb. of dourra apiece whether they marched or not, and the milch-goats about 1 lb. apiece. This dourra is purchasable in towns or large villages ; but in small villages cannot be usually procured at all. The rates varied exceedingly. It is sold by the kantar of 300 lb. In Kassala I paid 14s. per kantar, in Gedarif 20s., and at some villages 12s. Generally it is good business to buy at large villages such as Sofi and Hawata, some distance from the head-quarters of the district. Schedules of rates, known in India as *nirick namas*, are unknown in the Sudan, and it is my impression that even European officials are slightly cheated, and other Europeans cheated exceedingly. The load that a camel should carry is also a fluctuating quantity. In India I had the curiosity to weigh the load of an average baggage-camel, and found it to be 600 lb. However, such a load is not ordinarily carried more than twice a week, when the camel is employed by a district official, and then the distance rarely exceeds twelve miles. I did not travel along the great camel-route between Gedarif and Wad Medani, but was informed that the large camels on this route, of which I saw plenty on the Blue Nile, carry 600 lb. for a week at a stretch for a daily distance of twenty miles with ease. These camels are fully equal to the best of Indian camels ; but the average Arab camel is a more greyhound-like animal,

of far inferior carrying capacity. My Hadendowa camel-men flatly refused to carry loads exceeding 300 lb. across the desert, and this though their headman had signed an agreement in Souakin to carry 400 lb. per camel. They were supported in their contention by the Mamur of Sinkat, and the final result was that I had to readjust all my loads, and send superfluous articles back by rail from Sinkat to Souakin. However, from Kassala on, I made each of my own camels carry 400 lb., and these animals were as fit at the close of my expedition as when I started, though the donkeys lost condition considerably. Consequently, if the traveller proposes to cross the desert, I advise him to make up his baggage into 150-lb. packages, but if he evades the desert by using the railway to Atbara or Khartoum, he should make up 200-lb. packages. The owners of hired camels provide ropes for tying on the loads. It will, however, save considerable trouble if as many packages as possible are provided with hooks and chains; and when one provides one's own rope, the wear and tear is considerable. Every camel should have a stout head-rope of 6 yards, and every baggage-camel two stout saddle-ropes of about 5 yards apiece. The strain on these ropes is severe when a camel lies down or rises up, and they frequently give way, to the detriment of one's effects. The Arab riding-camel saddle is a curious affair of wood and leather,

with pommels in front and behind, made to seat one only ; quite different from the quilted Indian saddle, made to seat two. The Arab saddle is convenient for carrying rifles, water-bottles, etc., but it frequently struck me that if I had brought a couple of Indian saddles from Bombay, one for myself and the interpreter, and the other for the two Indian servants, I should have saved the hire of two riding-camels up to Kassala, and could probably have sold the saddles for their full value afterwards. At the same time the Arab saddle is something of a curiosity, and I bought a couple, which I still possess, for £3 apiece. The baggage-camel saddle is a rough wood and sacking affair, which ought to cost about 4s., though I paid 6s. apiece in Kassala. The pommels are frequently breaking, and when this occurs the binding cords should be cut to pieces, and the unbroken pommels saved for future use. The sportsman should bring at least one old hunting-saddle for his donkey or pony, of course, provided with as many stout "Ds" as it can carry, also a few old bridles, headstalls, etc., as well as punches, rivets, and other tools for the repair of leather, at which business he is likely to become something of an expert.

The business of most importance in African travel is undoubtedly the water-supply, and it is unthinkable that his Arab attendants will permit the most ignorant European to be neglectful in this particular.

However, their ideas are concerned rather with the quantity than the quality of this fluid, and I recommend every traveller to make his own arrangements independently. For myself and my Indian servants I purchased two fantasses or water-tanks from Leslie and Co., Calcutta, and had them shipped direct to Souakin. They held eight gallons of water apiece, and when full weighed 120 lb. each. Moreover, I supplied myself with Nesfield's Disinfecting Tablets for eight-gallon jars, from the firm of Smith, Stanistreet, Calcutta. These last were unnecessary when I was encamped on the big rivers, of which the water seemed to me the finest in the world, even when the visible flow had ceased entirely. Their use was, however, indispensable when I had to drink from the infrequent wells of the country, and to it I attribute the practical immunity of my party from all internal disorders. I had a Berkenfeldt filter also, but the tablets proved so satisfactory that I did not even unpack it. In addition to the fantasses, I brought a first-rate waterskin of the Indian antelope from India, which, by reason of the evaporation from the surface, provided me with a constant supply of cool water for drinking. I also brought a *chagal* or leather water-bottle from India, which held nearly a gallon, and was carried either on my own camel or by an attendant when shooting; and a regulation aluminium water-bottle which I was quite prepared to carry myself

when occasion required. Likewise four *ghagras* or iron water-pots for my bath, also from India. Next to my fantasses my most useful articles of transport were, I think, my *khajawahs*, or camel-boxes, which familiar articles of Indian travel are quite unknown in the Sudan. These can be purchased in almost any large town in northern India, but for the benefit of the uninitiated, I may as well state that they are of string, stretched upon a framework of wood, and measuring some 30 inches in each dimension, and weighing about 60 lb. apiece. I strengthened them with hoops of iron, and after withstanding the voyage from Bombay to Souakin, packed with my *impedimenta*, they lasted throughout the trip, and were invaluable for the storage of heads, horns, and miscellaneous articles; one serving my Indian cook as larder and pantry. So far as I can recollect, their cost in India is less than £1 per pair, including stout hooks and chains, and their universal introduction into the Eastern Sudan can, I think, be merely a question of time.

As recommended by Baker, I carried my clothes and books in iron boxes, which kept their contents safely throughout the trip, and were still serviceable at its conclusion. My ammunition was in sealed-up tins, stamped with the contents, and carried in regulation ammunition-boxes. My more valuable rifle-cases were provided with green canvas covers,

supplemented by leather bands and rings, to prevent the annoying trick of tying the rifle-case on to its load by the handle. I also had a couple of pairs of ordinary leather mule-trunks, seated with tin underneath, and an iron travelling bath and basket—which also served as tool-chest—balanced by an odd mule-trunk. These smaller boxes proved very valuable when my hired camels left me in Roseires in June, owing to the fly, and I was reduced to donkey-transport. In the matter of tents I am inclined to think that I incurred excessive expenditure, not so much initially, as in the way of transport subsequently. My outfit consisted of a double-fly tent, weighing about 250 lb., and costing about £20, of the pattern known in India as a Swiss cottage, a single-fly tent, weighing 60 lb., and costing about £5, known as a native officer's tent, and a single-fly bell-tent, weighing 45 lb., and costing £3, known as a sowar's tent. The sun in India is far more fierce from April to June than in the Sudan, and a 250-lb. tent was an unnecessary luxury. I could have done equally well with an 80-lb. double-fly tent, and might then have dispensed with the 60-lb. tent, and saved practically a camel-load of baggage. Nor is there any market in the Sudan for 250-lb. tents, and I finally sent the large tent back to India, whereas I sold my two small tents in Roseires at the close of my trip for almost what I

paid for them. These tents were supplied by the Elgin Mills, Cawnpore, and I take this opportunity of thanking that firm for the excellence of these articles. I suppose that nowadays all tent-makers know the needs of tropical climates. Suffice it to say that the tent-pegs should be of iron, the material damp and vermin proof throughout; plenty of pockets should be provided inside, and ventilation should be considered. A mosquito dining-tent is unnecessary in the Eastern Sudan, though I am told that it is essential on the White Nile. When rain threatens, all tent-poles should be supported by storm-guys in the usual manner, preferably attached to trees, failing this to heavy articles such as ammunition-boxes, and trenches should be dug just inside the outer fly, and banked up to prevent water entering the tent. The whole of my tents collapsed one stormy evening on the Galegu, and I only got back to camp just in time to get up the 60-lb. tent for shelter before night fell.

The traveller must be continually on guard against the assaults of white ants, which prefer leather to any other article of diet, but in default thereof will eat practically everything but metal, or material specially poisoned against them. His store of sacks of grain, etc., should always be deposited on a layer of loose stones or logs, and he will soon observe that the shelter thus provided is much appreciated by scorpions.

As regards the contents of his tool-chest, the fact to be borne in mind is that ordinarily he will have to be his own carpenter, blacksmith, and farrier, though of course he will find artisans in the principal towns. He need not shoe his own donkeys, as donkeys in the Sudan are never shod, and I believe that the same remark applies to horses and mules. As I give in an appendix a list of articles actually purchased and found useful, I will say no more here on this subject.

The same remarks apply with equal force to the medicine-chest of the sportsman. He should certainly possess a copy of Moore's "Family Medicine for India," or some similar work; but he may at any time be asked to treat patients of whose language he is totally ignorant, for diseases for which he would in any case have a hesitation in prescribing, even if he were certain of his diagnosis. I have already hinted that he should have a practical knowledge of the treatment of injuries inflicted by wild animals, or the more ordinary accidents of travel. He is almost certain to have to treat cases of simple ophthalmia, possibly amongst his own followers. Malaria, diarrhoea, or dysentery, may at any time prostrate himself or any of his followers. Stings of insects are absolutely certain to call for attention, and for this purpose it is advisable to carry ammonia in $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. phials, when the contents of a phial may be devoted to each distinct case. The traveller is almost certain to suffer

occasionally from sun-headache, when he will probably find rest, starvation, and a dose of Cockle's pills sufficient to remove all traces of the malady before next morning. I assume that he will attend to the condition of his teeth before commencing his journey, though the warm climate of the Sudan does not try them so severely as the cold mountain air of Cashmere. Still, the mastication of an unvarying diet of game is certain to test the soundness of his ivory, and I hold most decidedly that, except to avoid absolute disfigurement, no traveller in wild countries ought to retain a doubtful tooth in his head.

My own outfit of camp furniture was supplied by T. P. Luscombe and Co., of Allahabad, and gave entire satisfaction. It consisted of a folding bed of the Elliot pattern, supplemented by a stretcher which could be put together in thirty seconds when my servants came in tired from marching. There was also a folding chair of the same pattern as the bed, supplemented by a folding stool. The advantage of the Elliot pattern is that any stick that breaks can be replaced from the nearest wood, whereas I believe that the X pattern, when broken, is most difficult to repair. There was a folding table of the D4 pattern, which has the advantage that one's legs can be stretched out underneath. There was a folding basin-stand and a brass basin, with a leather cover, so that it held all toilet requisites. I supplemented my iron bath

with a flat tin one, which lasted through the whole of my trip, having cost in Souakin about 2s. to commence with. The Elliot bed was, of course, provided with a mosquito-net and poles. Usually these were not required at all, but sometimes I needed them very badly indeed, and if a net exists which will exclude sand-flies, without suffocating the traveller, I recommend that it be purchased, for in the Eastern Sudan I found sand-flies far more trying than mosquitoes.

My lighting apparatus, apart from an electric battery, of which more anon, consisted of three Hinks's hurricane-proof lanterns, two candle-lanterns, and a supply of kerosene and candles. Kerosene of good quality can be purchased at all large towns in the interior, and on dark nights I usually illuminated my zareba, as a protection against wild animals. Many travellers substitute wood fires, but I did not consider the expenditure worth saving. A zareba, I may here mention, is a stout thorn-hedge, calculated not so much to keep the lions, leopards, and hyænas out, as to keep the camels, goats, and donkeys in, when not one in a hundred of the former is likely to be so bold as to venture upon an attack, though the tracks in the early morning show often enough that such an attack has been meditated. The candles are merely to supplement the stock of kerosene in case of accident.

It is almost essential that the sportsman be something of a taxidermist, as few Arabs know anything of the art. Rowland Ward's "Sportsman's Handbook"* should form a portion of his library, but as that work at present gives next to no information about the treatment of the hides of the pachydermata, I may note here : (a) that if there is no intention of preserving the epidermis, *i.e.* the hair and outer layer of skin, it will suffice to cut the hide up into convenient segments and dry them thoroughly in the shade, preferably by suspending them with ropes among the branches of a tree ; (b) that if it is desired to preserve the epidermis, as in the case of the mask of a hippopotamus, it is absolutely essential to shave off the entire thickness of the skin on the fleshy side, until the residue becomes hard and horny throughout. If there is the least feeling of pulpiness between finger and thumb, on squeezing any portion of the skin, one may be certain that decomposition is proceeding inside, and the epidermis will finally scale off. Skins of large animals, such as lions, are very liable to damage during long and continued marches, and the sooner they are sent to England the better. If this cannot be done, it is, I think, best to place one over the other in pairs, hair-side inwards, and pack them so stretched out upon a bamboo framework on the back of a suitable camel. Small skins will of

* See Tenth Edition for new instructions on this matter.

course go into the *khajawahs*, but larger skins, when very dry, are liable to serious damage on bending, to say nothing of the fact that the bacon-beetle detests air and sunlight.

Every sportsman should, I think, provide himself with a 300-lb. Salter's Spring Balance, not only in order to test his camel-loads, but also for the purpose of weighing his game; and if he has an adequate number of camels, no excuse should be allowed to serve his shikaris if they neglect to bring the whole of any animal smaller than a roan antelope into his camp upon a camel's back.

Arabs give no trouble over the "halaling" of game. They love to eat meat, and the throat of the animal may be cut when you like, and how you like. In fact, it need not always be cut at all, as in the case of the hippopotamus. Indeed, my Indian cook told me in horror that these Arab Mahommedans would eat pig! It is well known that Indian Mahommedans carry the teachings of the Prophet in this respect to a point which I have always found exceedingly annoying, and the flesh-food of my two Indian servants in the Sudan consisted consequently almost entirely of guinea-fowl. Otherwise the Arabs live chiefly on dourra, and care little for vegetables. I fed my Indian servants mainly on rice and pulse, and found that 300 lb. of rice lasted the two men and myself for seven months. I also gave them sugar, tea,

tobacco, ghi, and other small luxuries, and every European that I met in the Sudan coveted my Indian domestics, and complained loud and long of the short-comings of Arab servants.

Since a large portion of the day will usually be passed in midday halts, or in watching for game to come down to drink, a small and carefully selected library is an essential portion of one's outfit, but here naturally individual taste can be the only guide, though it is advisable that most of the volumes be small enough to slip into a cartridge-bag.

My watch and clock were put out of action very early in the trip, and it is advisable that these useful articles be duplicated. However, I found that the sun and moon served as trustworthy timepieces, and in the Sudan the normal rate of travel of the former is about fifteen degrees per hour. After the equinox, it was interesting to observe that the sun began to attain a distinct northerly inclination. However, in Africa one practically never walks the shortest distance without one's guide or shikaris, and although I always carried a compass I never actually required to use it, even when the sky was over-clouded.

Travelling on the Atbara and Settit was easy enough, owing to the deep troughs of these rivers; but on the Rahad and Dinder there are no landmarks, and I think that I never failed to lose myself on these two rivers, the Rahad in particu-

lar winding more than I had ever conceived possible. The course of the Blue Nile is generally straight, and there are also mountains in the distance, so that here travelling is sufficiently simple.

The clothing of the traveller in the Sudan should be much what he would wear for similar work in India. However, the thorny character of the vegetation on the Atbara and Settit requires to be felt before it can be understood, and, during the cold months at least, I consider leather breeches essential, and in the hot weather the cloth should certainly be faced with leather. An ample supply of boots should be taken. I had four pairs of regular stalking boots, of deerskin, with rope soles, and spare pairs of soles; also a couple of pairs of regular shooting boots for wet weather; likewise two or three pairs of Cashmere chuplies for marching. The Arab shikari is a very heavy-footed creature, and I often regretted that I had not the wherewithal to equip all of my shikaris with stalking boots or felt-soled chuplies. Gaiters should be of deerskin, but putties may be worn when marching. I wore "tropine" a good deal during the hot months, and found it cool, but its thorn-resisting capacity is practically negligible. I had fortunately provided myself with four Tent Club helmets, though these can be purchased locally. In the thorn-jungles one's hat is snatched from one's head fifty times a day, which is wearing not only to the hat but to one's

temper. During the cooler months I wore flannel shirts, but nothing under my coat save a zephyr vest during the hot weather. My Indian servants did my washing, and I carried a plentiful supply of soft soap for the purpose. Of course my coats were provided with spine-pads, and I also had blue goggles to wear when marching, and a large green-lined Marker's umbrella, to which camels objected strongly, but which saved me many a headache when marching on donkeys. These useful animals travel at the rate of three miles an hour, for fully twenty miles a day, carrying a 14-stone load, and since baggage-camels only move at two and a half miles per hour, they are good to ride, when there is nothing to be gained by riding far in front of one's caravan.

On marching days I always carried breakfast on the servants' donkeys, and was thus independent of the camels until nightfall: on my own donkey were always the rifle and ammunition, with a shot-gun on a servant's donkey as well.

I always wear thick woollen socks when shooting or marching in the hottest of weather, though a few pairs of merino with white duck trousers and cotton shirts are useful for camp. The nights in the Sudan are cool throughout the year, and two or three rugs or blankets are a *sine qua non*, with a light but serviceable mattress, which may be of cork. In India and the tropics generally one is far more apt to

contract a chill on the stomach from below than from above. There is not much chance of rain from November to March, but from April onwards heavy showers are to be expected, and a waterproof sheet and a couple of eight-feet tarpaulins are essential. Of these, if proof against white ants, one serves for the floor of a tent, or reposes by one's bed in the open, and in the Sudan I never slept in a tent, except on account of rain.

Two thicknesses of pyjamas are undoubtedly indicated, warm for the cool months and thin for the hot ones; both should, if possible, be of a colour that becomes invisible in the twilight, which will be useful for machan work, and also in case any attempt is made to "snipe" the sportsman—not an impossible contingency in the wilder parts of the country, though I am glad to say that I met with no trouble of this nature. An overcoat is superfluous, but a waterproof cape is useful when marching, and one or two decent suits of clothes, to be reserved for the head-quarters of districts. About a score of small cotton bags should be taken to carry the coinage of the country, which is entirely of silver and nickel. Notes and sovereigns exist, but I doubt whether they would be of the least use away from the shops of the Greek merchants, which are only to be found in the largest towns, such as Kassala, Gedarif, Gallabat, Roseires, Singa, Sennar, and Wad Medani. The Egyptian

pound is equivalent to £1 0s. 6d. sterling, and 100 piastres = £1 E, so that 1 piastre = 2½d. Telegraphic facilities exist for the remittance of money, so that if one banks one's cash, say with the Government, it will never be necessary to carry more than £50 or so for current expenses, and a source of temptation to bad characters will be removed, the Arms Act being so strictly enforced in the Sudan that theft of rifles is unheard of. Nor did I personally have to complain of any species of speculation.

One's cooking utensils and plates should be entirely of aluminium, when a soup and dinner plate combined will form an excellent hot-water plate. One saddle-bag should contain a small but compact cooking outfit, with which the sportsman can prepare his own breakfast on the march. I prefer enamelled cups for drinking, and knives, forks, spoons, muffineers, etc., to taste. A tablecloth is a superfluity, but napkins should not be forgotten.

There now remains the important question of stores. My own tastes are on the side of simplicity, but it is undoubtedly the worst of economy to stint oneself in the commissariat, and my object, when travelling in wild countries, has always been to provide very much what I should like to see upon my table during the cold weather in a station in India. I believe firmly in strict abstention with regard to alcohol, and extreme moderation in respect of tobacco.

However, I am not a teetotaller, and have not the least doubt that when one is feeling jaded, alcohol supplies a definite need. When in ordinary health, however, I regard lime-juice as the best drink for the sportsman, partly because the vegetable ingredient supplements the scarcity of vegetable diet upon most big-game shooting grounds. During my entire trip I believe I consumed two quarts of brandy, two of gin, and two dozen quarts of lime-juice, mostly in combination with sparklets. I also smoked a pipe, though cigars and cigarettes had been my usual practice, because I believed that thereby the temptation to indulge in excessive tobacco-smoking during many months of solitude would be largely removed; and this I found to be actually the case, and doubt whether I smoked a pound of tobacco in every two months. Most European stores can be bought in the large towns, Khartoum possessing shops equal to any in Allahabad. However, I fail to see that any economy is likely to arise from local purchase, and recommend the sportsman to follow my example and have the bulk of his stores exported from England. I attach a list of the stores that I purchased, mainly from the Army and Navy Stores, in London, and actually consumed in the country. It will be seen that I eschewed all tinned meats and fish, and if the sportsman does not turn up his nose at dried meat, stewed or curried, I advise him to follow my example and

to depend on his rod and gun for fish and flesh, though a few tins of sausages are useful occasionally. Lime-juice, sugar, flour, rice, onions, potatoes, salt, coffee, tea, tobacco, ghi, matches, and pulse should, I think, be bought locally, and can be had in most large towns in unlimited quantity. The exception is potatoes, and here one is faced with the difficulty that although the supply is most uncertain, deterioration sets in after a couple of months or so, with the result that frequently even Europeans resident in the Sudan have to do without potatoes for long periods. Stores exported from England should, of course, be packed in boxes that can immediately serve as half camel-loads of 150 lb. or 200 lb. as the case may be, and in my opinion should be provided with stout hooks and chains for that purpose.

CHAPTER III

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

THE first step that I recommend a sportsman to take, who proposes a trip to the Sudan, is to apply for a copy of the latest regulations under the Arms Act in that country. I myself was in correspondence with the Sudanese authorities for a year before proceeding to the country, and laid in my stock of arms and ammunition in absolute ignorance of the fact that Europeans were in any way more restricted with regard to the import of arms and ammunition than is the case in India. However, on applying for a permit to actually land the arms which I possessed and the ammunition which I had purchased, I was informed that no permit could be issued unless I substantially altered my schedule. The rules with regard to these articles are of course subject to variation, and I can only give a few leading features of the law as it stood in 1910.

In the first place, the import of rifles or ammunition of the .303 calibre is absolutely prohibited.

In the second place, the total amount of ammu-

dition to be imported by a single sportsman is limited as follows :—

Ball Cartridge	600 rounds.
Or if the trip is of four months' duration or less	400 „
Rook-rifle Ammunition	1000 „
Revolver or Pistol Ammunition	100 „
Shot-gun Ammunition	1000 „

A rook-rifle means a weapon to fire lead bullets not cased with nickel or any such substance of which the bore does not exceed $\cdot 300$ of an inch.

In the case of a trip of any duration it is obvious that such a meagre allowance as 600 rounds of ball cartridge practically prohibits magazine-fire. I myself refrained from shooting at crocodiles, or firing practice shots of any description. Moreover, I scarcely fired a shot at over 100 yards, and did not even possess a magazine-rifle; yet in nine months I expended 246 rounds of ball cartridge, and that although my diary will show that I had almost no wounded game to bring to bag. There is not the least doubt that the present rules totally fail to contemplate the possibility of an accident to the weapon ordinarily used by the sportsman. No prudent man would incur the cost of an expensive expedition without carrying a spare rifle to replace his usual weapon in case of accident; but this absurdly low

limit of 600 rounds compels him either to duplicate his weapons, a most annoying proceeding to the owner of two or three spare rifles of other calibres, who has to leave them behind, or else to hedge by cutting down the ammunition for each rifle to the lowest conceivable limit. No book that I have ever read suggests that in Africa 600 rounds of ball cartridge will suffice for a nine months' trip. For a similar period, in Abyssinia, Powell Cotton actually carried 1250 rounds, and recommends 850 for any successor. There is more game in the Sudan than in Abyssinia and I hold very decidedly that the maximum of 600 rounds should be raised at once to 1000 rounds.

As regards the choice of weapons, so much has already been written by more experienced sportsmen, and so many new inventions are being made almost yearly, that I hesitate to do more than actually describe my own battery.

It consisted of:—

A .350 H.V. Double Rifle by Rigby.

A .470 H.V. " "

A .500 Express " "

An 8-bore Double Rifle by Manton.

A 16-bore Double Rifle by Blanch, which carried shot well enough to shoot guinea-fowl for the pot.

A 6-shot Service Revolver.

For such a battery I now consider that the following ammunition should be carried for a nine months' trip, having regard to existing law :—

·350 soft-nosed . . .	350 rounds.
„ solid . . .	50 „
·470 soft-nosed . . .	50 „
„ solid . . .	50 „
·500 soft-nosed . . .	50 „
8-bore hardened lead . . .	50 „
Revolver . . .	50 „
Shot-gun 4, 6 . . .	500 „

If a rook-rifle is taken—and without a rook-rifle it is practically impossible to bag dikdik, cranes, or bustard, the two latter abounding in some localities—1000 rounds might be taken, and the shot-gun eliminated from the programme, or at least the allowance of shot-cartridges reduced considerably, for the most moderate shot should be able to bag guinea-fowl with a rook-rifle. This arrangement would have the advantage of securing game for the pot without alarming the neighbourhood, sometimes a considerable gain. With a battery so powerful as this it is not surprising that little game was wounded and lost, or ammunition wasted retrieving wounded animals.

The ·350 was of course the weapon which did practically all my work, and was in my hand or by

my side throughout the day. I found it an ideal weapon for all antelopes, and with it also killed three lionesses and one leopard. I have not the least doubt that any African game can be killed with it, and it is, I think, *par excellence*, the weapon for Africa.

The .470 was the weapon that I took into my hand whenever I considered that the use of a heavier weapon than the .350 was advisable. Thus I shot two hippo, three buffalo, and a wounded lioness with this weapon, which I invariably carried when tracking buffalo or wounded lions. I should also have used it had I been so fortunate as to meet with elephants. In fact, I regarded the rifle as a friend to which to turn in moments of imminent danger, and, except one hippo, all that rifle hit died.

The .500 was used by me solely for machan work, of which more anon, and for following up wounded leopards. I had possessed this rifle for many years; indeed, the grooving had almost disappeared. However, in the first place, I did not care to risk a new .350 rifle over night work; in the second place, I was so familiar with the rifle that I could almost shoot with it in total darkness, provided I could distinguish the outline of the object, and in the third place it possessed one undoubted advantage over the .350, in that it left an unmistakable blood-trail. I bagged two leopards and four lionesses with this old rifle, out of which only one leopard and one lioness gave

any trouble subsequently, and although I wounded and lost a lion and a lioness with it by night, I never but once failed to hit an animal at which I fired with it, in some place or other. Anybody with experience of night work will know that this is not a standard easy of attainment, and I attribute my success entirely to the employment of a familiar weapon.

The 8-bore was intended solely as a weapon of last resource, in case of a charge by buffalo or elephant, and I am glad to say that I never had to use it for such a purpose, though once or twice I put it into my machan, and actually shot a leopard with it.

The revolver was never actually used by myself, though my journal will show that more than once I was glad that it was in my possession.

The shot-gun supplied me with guinea-fowl whenever I required them, and more rarely with duck, partridge, and sand-grouse. There is small temptation to shoot small game for more than the pot in Africa, and it is surprising to an Indian sportsman how little of it he sees.

CHAPTER IV

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE EASTERN SUDAN

AT the head of the list undoubtedly comes the elephant, whose personal acquaintance, as already stated, I failed to make. But as I had already bagged a fine tusker in India, I have no hesitation in registering my vote with those sportsmen who declare the elephant to be the most dangerous of dangerous game. I had the curiosity to question many men in the Sudan upon this subject, and all voted for the elephant or buffalo, the majority for the buffalo. However, I can only say that having killed fourteen buffalo and bison of various species, and a single elephant, I have never been in serious danger with the former, whereas the single elephant might very easily have terminated my career. In the Eastern Sudan the elephant is generally exceedingly fierce, and carries very poor ivory, often not more than 30 or 40 lb. for the pair of tusks of a full-grown bull. There is, however, just an off-chance of meeting with a bull with good tusks, especially on the Blue Nile, and the feet in

any case make very characteristic trophies. When I was sitting up for lions at Gira on the Settit, a large herd of elephants used invariably to cross the river within 100 yards of my machan soon after dark, and I now regret that I did not make use of the moon to survey this wonderful sight through a pair of field-glasses, which show distant objects with remarkable clearness by moonlight. But I made certain of shooting elephants on the Rahad, Dinder, or Blue Nile later on, and wasted an entire week over lions that never appeared, whilst I let pass chances of shooting elephants, from a position of tolerable security, which may never recur. Of the sport itself I can only speak from hearsay, except that on the Settit River, from Gira upwards, scarcely a day passed without my seeing fresh tracks of large elephants, many of which certainly did not retire for more than a mile from the river for their midday siesta. In the Eastern Sudan I believe that the elephant is almost invariably shot either by moonlight when drinking, or by following up his tracks from the drinking-places by daylight. The head-shot is the one usually taken, and I have been told that the impact of a solid bullet from a heavy cordite rifle will often stun and floor an elephant without the brain being actually pierced. Such an elephant is certain to regain his feet in the course of a minute or two, so that I presume that it would be good

practice for a sportsman who has floored his quarry to place an additional bullet or two in vital situations for security. The brain is very small, I believe about the size of a man's head, and lies midway between the orifices of the two ears, each of which is marked by a tuft of greyish hair. In the case of an absolute broadside shot, I was told to fire two inches from this tuft, in a line towards the eye, so that presumably the centre of the brain is two inches forward of the absolute line between the orifices of the ear, and, of course, in the exact centre of the line. If, however, the elephant was somewhat facing me, I was told that there were two cup-like depressions in the exact line between the orifices of the ear and the eye, and that either of these depressions afforded the easiest of passages to the brain; the sportsman selecting the one nearest the ear if the elephant were only slightly inclined towards him, and the one nearest the eye if the elephant were facing him more directly. In case, however, the elephant faced one directly, which would naturally be the case if he were charging, I was told to neglect the brain entirely, and to fire for the centre of his chest at the junction of the neck with the view of reaching the heart. A charging elephant is to my knowledge more easily turned than most dangerous animals, and I can believe that the chest-shot might be effective in such a situation, though I would rather not have to try the experiment. The

alternative shot is the broadside one through the heart. This is the shot that I should prefer in the case of any other animal of which I have actual experience, except the hippopotamus. However, I was told that the elephant has this peculiarity, that shots through the lungs, liver, and other vital organs seem to have very little effect upon it, so that the heart-shot requires as careful aiming as the brain-shot, and that the heart lies one-third up the thickness of the body, exactly where the edge of the ear at rest touches the side.

Elephants are, I believe, always scarce upon the Rahad; but on the Dinder and Blue Nile I was told that they were fairly numerous at certain seasons, that is to say mainly in the early part of the cold weather, when they had not been much harried since the rains. I was also told that in those parts they travelled immense distances after drinking, fully twenty miles in some cases, and that it was essential that the sportsman and his retinue should be mounted. This was the more necessary as the entire herd might charge *en masse* on detecting danger, when the only chance of escape would be to ride one's hardest.

The rhinoceros is, I believe, only found upon the portion of the Dinder above the Galegu junction, which I did not visit, and as it may not be shot at all in the Eastern Sudan, I will say no more on the subject.

The hippopotamus is now very scarce in the Atbara and Settit, and should be more strictly preserved in those rivers if it is not to disappear altogether. It does not occur at all on the Rahad, but there are a few in the Dinder and a considerable number in the Blue Nile. The pursuit of this animal is unattended with danger, and the trophies are too bulky to tempt accumulation. Fortunately, I secured two entire head-trophies, with the hides and feet, and not a particle of the meat was wasted by the Arabs. As the animal invariably passes the day in the water, often within easy reach of the shore, the brain-shot is almost always taken. This lies about four inches below the centre of the line joining the eye with the orifice of the ear. Shot in the brain it sinks at once, to rise some four hours later, when the sportsman may calculate on spending fully three days attending to the trophies and drying the meat.

The buffalo is generally held to be the most dangerous of African game, and I have been accounted fortunate in my experiences, both in India and Africa. The bulls that I have measured in the Eastern Sudan were small among buffaloes, say 13 hands in height, but exceedingly massive, and of a weight of some 1200 lb. Buffalo are to be found in small parties on the Settit, from Hagar ul Zuruk upwards. None exist upon the Atbara. There are a few upon the Rahad above the inhabited tract

which ends at Shammam. However, there are still large herds upon the Dinder above Beda, and the Blue Nile above Suleil; and in my opinion the tracking down and subsequent stalking of these formidable animals affords the finest sport that the hunter can hope to enjoy. The buffalo in the Sudan drinks at night, and afterwards does not usually travel more than five miles away. Indeed, he frequently travels far less, especially if there has been recent rain, when his heavy body and short legs are a severe handicap in travelling. He is, I think, fonder of water than the African elephant, and his tracks frequently cross and recross pools in the river bed, which sometimes necessitate large detours in following him. It appeared to me by no means certain that a small herd of buffalo should contain a bull, and I was never absolutely certain from the tracks whether I was following a bull or not, though I believe it to be practically certain that a solitary specimen will be a bull. Nor is it very easy to distinguish the bulls from the cows, even when one is within sight of the herd, as there did not appear to me to be any obvious difference in size. If, however, the buffalo is directly facing one, the difference between an old bull and a cow will be at once apparent, as there is none of the helmet-like formation of the horns over the forehead in the cows which is so characteristic of old bulls, and the curve of the horns in old bulls is very

much flatter and wider. If the buffalo is broadside on, the problem appeared to me to be extremely difficult, unless one can actually make out the tuft of hair under the stomach. In the buffalo the sense of smell is just as acute as in the elephant, and the senses of sight and hearing far more so. Indeed, I have read that he has the best hearing of all animals in the bush. Buffalo appeared to me to lie up for the day, indifferently in thick bush, in high grass, or in open gum-forest. It is obvious that so long as the game is unwounded, bush-jungle gives the best, and grass the worst chance to the sportsman. However, I generally found the buffalo in the open gum-forests, where it appeared to lie down at 10 a.m. or so, and to get up again at 4 p.m. or so. Approaching it was then a very difficult matter, and I had to crawl for quite long distances like a serpent, and could not reckon on getting within less than 100 yards at the close of the stalk. Only once in my life have I had to track up and kill a wounded animal of this genus on foot. It is, however, well known that a wounded buffalo invariably takes to thick cover, and there lies in wait for his enemy, usually making a circle and watching the trail from one side. He then charges out at close range, and I have always understood that nothing less than flooring him will stop his charge. Flankers should, therefore, be thrown out when tracking a wounded buffalo, so that they may

perceive him some distance ahead, and if practicable every member of the tracking party should be armed. A dog would, of course, be of the greatest utility, but dogs in the Sudan are scarce. The rifle should be of heavy calibre, though a soft-nosed bullet will suffice, and probably inflict a more severe wound than a solid. The horns are a very characteristic trophy, small, but well-shaped and massive, with not more than an inch or so of skin between the bases. The feet make nice trophies, but the hide is worthless, although one's hunters will be glad of it, and, of course, consume all the meat. I am told that the herds on the White Nile will occasionally charge on sight, but my own experience of this class of game is that they are inoffensive unless molested, and I trust that the day of their extermination is far distant.

The giraffe is an animal that I never attempted to shoot, as it has always appeared to me to be better suited for zoological collections and museums than as a trophy for the sportsman. It is still found in small numbers on the Settit, and in larger numbers throughout the uninhabited tracts on both sides of the Dinder, between the Rahad and Blue Nile. It drinks at night, and travels long distances afterwards, so that one rarely sees it except when tracking other game, or crossing waterless tracts between the great rivers. It is totally harmless, unless one comes

within reach of its hoofs, and I cannot conceive of its affording sport except from the saddle.

The lion may be met with in any part of the Eastern Sudan, south of Kassala or Sennar. During the dry season it affects the banks of the great rivers, and is a wide-ranging animal, so that local information should invariably be sought for. A well-known hunting-ground for lions is the valley of the Atbara between Fasher and Sofi. I was unlucky in that neighbourhood, but found them numerous over the entire course of the Settit, especially near Wad Heleu. On the Rahad, from Hawata to the Abyssinian border, they were extraordinarily abundant, being attracted by the large herds of ariel. There were comparatively few upon the Galegu, Dinder, and Blue Nile. They are a heavy tax upon the domestic animals of the Arabs in inhabited tracts, and more Englishmen might very well visit the Eastern Sudan for the express purpose of hunting them down. The Arabs are totally fearless of them and will not hesitate to attack them with a spear, the *modus operandi* being to swathe the left arm in a long cloth, present it to the charging lion, and drive a spear through and through the brute with the right. At the same time they are very pleased when a sportsman will deliver them from some of these pests, and any Englishman devoting himself to their extermination will find his efforts right well seconded. I am

devoting a separate chapter to shooting the Felidæ over baits, so will not here enlarge on that subject. Otherwise, lions may occasionally be secured by fair tracking, though it is a long business, and the trackers must be first-rate. I have also heard of them being stalked up to whilst roaring, a pastime to which they are exceedingly addicted, and I know of no more thrilling sound than the call of a lion to its companion, seeming always to express to me the very soul of loneliness. They may also be met with totally by chance in the early morning or towards evening, when looking for game along the banks of the rivers. I believe that man-eating lions are totally unknown in the Sudan, and there seemed to me to be considerable justification for the dictum of Sir Samuel Baker that the Sudanese lion is deficient in courage. My own bag consisted of seven lionesses bagged, and two lions and one lioness wounded and lost; and I found the wounded animals travel very long distances, and hesitate considerably before attacking one. However, nobody can shoot lions without adventure, and my journal shows that I had my share. In the Eastern Sudan no lion carries a good mane, owing to the persistent combing of the thorn-bushes, and they are all deficient in size, possibly because they feed mainly on goats and ariel. But they make up in numbers for any lack of quality, and on the Rahad, at least, any sportsman who neglects to build a stout

zareba round his domestic animals is likely to regret it.

The leopard has practically the same range as the lion, but as it is more retiring in its habits, is less frequently brought to bag. I secured three on the Atbara and one on the Settit, but, except two chances which I did not take, did not see them anywhere else, though their tracks showed their existence. They were decidedly most common on the Atbara, less so on the Settit, and rare on the Rahad, Dinder, and Blue Nile. To bag one of these animals, save over a bait, must be a matter of the purest chance, and I believe them to be much more nocturnal than lions, as they are certainly far less vociferous. It is well to recollect that a wounded leopard is every bit as dangerous as a lion, and the Arab hunters, who fear nothing, respect a wounded leopard as much as a buffalo. The curious detached collar-bones of course exist in this animal, in common with the lion and tiger, and ought to be secured. They lie embedded in muscle, an inch below the surface, at the points of the shoulders.

The cheetah exists in the Eastern Sudan, but it is extremely rare, and I never saw it.

Hyænas, spotted and striped, are found everywhere south of Kassala in unnecessarily large numbers. Kassala town swarms with these animals from sunset to sunrise. The striped species carries a

certain amount of hair, the spotted next to none, and neither of them is to my mind a very worthy object of the chase. I have seen a hyæna snap at a dead leopard, and saw the tracks of others that undoubtedly chased a wounded lioness, so that possibly they are not so cowardly as generally reputed. It is remarkable that a cursory inspection of these animals shows no difference between the sexes.

The hunting dog exists in the Eastern Sudan, but I never saw it. A sportsman who watched a pack pursuing a wounded roan antelope told me that they had little of the dash of the Indian wild dog, but were decidedly more hyæna-like in their operations, and that the coats of those secured were so mangy as to be quite useless.

The wart-hog is common on the Settit, less so on the Atbara, and on the Rahad is not found at all below Homar el Gizm. There it reappears, and it is also found on the Galegu, Dinder, and Blue Nile, but not in any numbers. This curious animal is usually found in pairs, never in sounders like the Indian pig, and goes to earth when pursued. The boar can use his tushes to some purpose, and has very little fear of man. Indeed, more than once I expected a charge without provocation. The tushes in the Sudan are not so fine as in other parts of Africa.

The ostrich is said to exist in the Nubian desert,

and practically over the entire tract of country that I visited; but I never saw the bird or its tracks save on the Galegu and Dinder. I have never heard of the ostrich being regularly captured in the Eastern Sudan, and the particular tract of country in which I saw it is much poached by Arabs and Abyssinians alike. Consequently I can see no reason for the absolute protection of this bird against European sportsmen which exists at present.

The wild ass is said to exist in the Nubian desert, but I never saw so much as its tracks. It is absolutely protected, and in any case could scarcely be regarded as a legitimate object of the chase.

The Nubian ibex is common on most of the large mountains at the back of Souakin, and I believe that it is found on all the hills on both sides of the Red Sea. I never saw a really good specimen at Akra Rabai, near Kamobsana Railway Station, where I devoted a fortnight to their pursuit, and believe that one would have to go far from the railway to secure a fine head, say to the Wariba range, which lies between the routes from Souakin and Sinkat to Kassala. As practised in the Akra Rabai, the sport is very poor, consisting entirely of driving, and I had my best shooting when climbing among the hill-tops, after the beat was over. However, the Hadendowa Arabs who inhabit this country are an independent race of men, and it would be unwise to fall foul of local

custom, which demands considerable expenditure on beaters when practising this particular mode of sport. Indeed, I suspect that one would have to pay for beaters, whether they were made use of or not.

The African wild sheep is said to exist over most of the ibex-ground, but it is a very rare animal indeed, and one I never came across.

The koodoo is found in fair numbers along the entire course of the Settit, and to a less extent upon the Atbara above Mugatta. It does not exist on the Rahad, the Galegu, or the Dinder below the Galegu junction, but I was told that it is to be found on the Dinder in the stretch above the Galegu. It is common on the Blue Nile from Suleil upwards. A large bull of this species is generally regarded as the greatest prize for the sportsman in the Eastern Sudan; but large bulls are exceedingly rare, and I passed nearly four months in koodoo-country without seeing more than two big heads, and got shots at neither. Females largely outnumber the males, and the old bulls are said to be adepts at concealment. The usual drinking hours on the Settit were dawn and dusk, but I believe that there is very little regularity in the habits of these antelopes, and on the Blue Nile they were said to prefer to drink in the afternoon. I think that they do not usually retreat more than three or four miles from water, and believe that I might have been more successful on the

Settit if I had trusted more to tracking and less to sitting over water. However, their senses of smell, sight, and hearing are extraordinarily acute, and I believe that when once a good koodoo is alarmed he abandons the neighbourhood entirely. The horns of a good bull should make two complete turns and a half, and nothing short of this should be fired at unless the sportsman is nearing the end of his tether; and when all is said and done, luck enters more largely into the matter of securing a good bull than any amount of hard work and perseverance.

The roan antelope is common on the Settit from the neighbourhood of Hagar ul Zুরু, and is said to be equally common on the Atbara, in the uninhabited country between Sofi and Gallabat. It does not exist on the Rahad, but reappears on the Galegu. I saw no specimens on the Dinder below the Galegu junction, but their tracks were numerous, and they were also fairly common on the Blue Nile above Suleil. The roan only drinks about twice a week, and travels a long distance from water. However, they are most regular in their habits, and a shot is a certainty if a regular drinking-place is watched for three or four consecutive days. The usual hour appeared to me to be 11 a.m., and often herds of twenty and thirty came down together. It is by no means easy to distinguish the sexes, but the horns of the females are smaller and thinner, and

if a broadside view is obtained the male animal should be obvious. A solitary specimen is almost certainly an old male. They are less alert than koodoo, and occasionally seem to be excessively stupid. An old bull weighs 700 lb., and can use his horns to some purpose, so that a wounded roan should be approached with caution.

The waterbuck is common all over the Settit, and I believe equally so on the Atbara above Sofi. It does not exist on the Rahad, but is extremely common on the Galegu. I saw a few specimens on the Dinder, and more on the Blue Nile above Suleil. It is never found far from water, and drinks at any time in the day. It is the most unsuspecting of all African game, and the only difficulty is to be sure of selecting a good head among the numerous shots that will offer. Occasionally I saw herds of fully twenty-five of these fine animals, and I am unable to understand the restriction to two heads over the whole of the Kassala and Sennar provinces. The Sudanese species is the defassa, of which the weight is about 500 lb.

The tora hartebeest is common on the Settit almost everywhere, and I believe equally so on the Atbara above Sofi. It does not exist on the Rahad, but I saw two specimens on the Galegu and Dinder, and it probably occurs occasionally up to the Blue Nile. I believe that it drinks on alternate days, and it is most regular in its habits, so that a shot should be a

certainty when the drinking-place has been discovered. It travels a long distance after drinking, and I believe that it is as hard to approach in the open as it is easy to circumvent near the river. It has a curious habit of standing for an hour or so some 20 yards back from the high bank of the river, so that it is well to walk parallel to the high bank and a hundred yards or so away, when after tora, by which means a shot will sometimes be obtained. The sexes are very hard to distinguish, and the difference is much the same as in roan. The usual drinking hour was, I found, about 11 a.m. The weight of a full-grown bull was over 300 lb.

The tiang hartebeest is not found at all on the Settiti, Atbara, or Rahad, although it is excessively common on the Galegu, and exists on the Dinder and Blue Nile. I always found them grazing near water, often in herds of fifty, and do not suppose that there is any regular drinking-time. I did not find them excessively hard to stalk, though when once they became suspicious, they left at once without asking questions. The difference between the sexes is much the same as in roan, and the weight of an old bull about 300 lb.

The bushbuck is found over much the same range as the koodoo, but it is an extremely local animal, which never stirs far from water, and drinks, I think, daily, usually towards evening. It lives chiefly in

the thick fringes of nabbuk near the river, and its hoarse bark as it dashes off will be heard more often than the animal is seen. Occasionally it takes a good look at the sportsman, and pays the penalty, but more often it is a very wide-awake little animal indeed, and gives good practice in snap-shooting. It is said to charge most viciously when approached wounded, and its horns are as sharp as needles. It is always solitary or in pairs. The weight is about 100 lb.

The reedbuck does not exist on the Atbara or Settit, although it is abundant on the Rahad, from a march above Hawata, and also on the Galegu ; less so on the Dinder, and rare on the Blue Nile. It never stirs far from water, and has no regular drinking hour. It is almost as confiding as the waterbuck, so that the only difficulty should be to select good heads. It is sometimes solitary, but more often in herds of half a dozen. When disturbed, it has a characteristic whistle, and occasionally leaps about in the absurdest fashion. When heard by night, this whistle often means that there is a lion in the vicinity. Its favourite grazing-grounds are the old dried-up beds of lagoons called mayas, and the best time for stalking is the early morning. Its weight is about 100 lb.

The ariel is the largest member of the gazelle family in the Eastern Sudan, and beyond comparison

the commonest animal in the country. I first saw it two or three marches out of Sinkat on the Kassala road, but the herds in the Nubian desert were very wary, and not very plentiful. On the Atbara also, between Fasher and Sofi, it was a rare animal; but throughout the Settit it was very abundant, and on the Rahad, from a march or two above Hawata to the Abyssinian border, the ariel were to be numbered only by thousands, and their presence obviously accounted for the number of lions. There were large herds on the Galegu and Dinder, but not many of them, and on the Blue Nile I did not see a single specimen. They were easy to stalk when drinking, which they did at any time from 9 a.m. or so up to noon. It requires a little care to distinguish males from females, but the horns of the former are thicker and more regularly curved inwards. The average weight is 100 lb.

Heuglin's gazelle is found in the neighbourhood of Kassala, on the Atbara from Fasher to Sofi, and throughout the entire course of the Settit. It is never very numerous, and does not occur in herds, but cannot be called a rare animal. It never seems to travel far from water, and spends a great deal of its time in the river-bed itself, where it can easily be stalked. At other times it is decidedly cute, though the broken ground that it affects is in favour of the hunter. The drinking-time is much the same as for ariel, but

it does not arrive and leave with the regularity of the latter species, and it is a playful little creature, whereas the ariel is decidedly sheep-like. I believe that Heuglin's gazelle is closely allied to *Gazella rufifrons*, and strongly suspect that they interbreed. However, nothing resembling the Heuglin is to be found on the Rahad, Dinder, or Blue Nile. The average weight is 55 lb.

The red-fronted gazelle, I believe, occurs on the Settit, but I am even now uncertain whether specimens that I secured were this species or Heuglin. It is common on the Rahad. On the Galegu, Dinder, and Blue Nile it occurs, but is decidedly scarce. Its habits are identical with those of Heuglin's gazelle. The average weight is 60 lb.

The isabella gazelle is common in the valleys behind Souakin, and throughout the route from Sinkat to Kassala. It never goes in herds, but usually in small parties. I believe that it never drinks, and it often suffers extremely from maggots under the skin. It is usually a most confiding little beast, probably because one ordinarily rides a camel in its haunts, and it is accustomed to see camels grazing. The average weight is 45 lb.

The Abyssinian oribi occurs on the Settit, but is rare below Hagar ul Zuruk. It is common on the Rahad from Hawata upwards, and by no means rare on the Galegu and Dinder. It is also common on the

Blue Nile above Suleil. It drinks at any time in the morning, and never goes far from water. It is generally seen singly or in pairs. The small horns of the bucks are not easy to make out without glasses. On the Rahad the oribi were very confiding, but they are generally restless, suspicious little creatures, and rarely eat half a dozen mouthfuls without surveying their surroundings. The flesh is the best of the game animals of the Sudan. The average weight is 30 lb.

The Abyssinian duiker is found on the Blue Nile above Suleil. I never saw it elsewhere, though it probably occurs. It is a solitary little beast, and spends most of its time in hiding. I never made out a buck for certain, so never fired at one, and only saw some half-dozen in all.

Salt's dikdik is found in the valleys behind Souakin, the Nubian desert, the Atbara, and Settit, but does not occur on the Rahad, Galegu, Dinder, or Blue Nile. It is generally solitary, and lies up under bushes like a hare; and although not rare, is never abundant. Nor is it particularly shy, and it will sometimes gaze at the sportsman from the fancied security of a bush. The tiny horns of the bucks are very hard to distinguish, and the only specimen I secured was a female. I never saw it drink.

CHAPTER V

SHOOTING THE FELIDÆ OVER BAITS

I WRITE this chapter with some diffidence, since I am aware of the large number of Indian sportsmen who know so much more about the matter than myself. However, in the Sudan it appeared to me that this branch of sport was very little studied, and that the methods adopted were often decidedly faulty and dangerous. The total amount of game shot by me in this manner now amounts to one tiger, six lions, and nineteen leopards; and having made it quite clear that I do not wish to pose as an authority on the subject, I will give the results of my own experiences.

My first word of advice to the sportsman is that so far as in him lies he should make all arrangements for this branch of sport himself, and leave nothing to his subordinates. Not only will he receive valuable lessons from his own mistakes, but he should recollect that in all probability he is a far more intelligent man than the best of his employees. In this branch of sport the reasoning faculties have to be pitted against

the senses of the most wary of the animal creation, and the battle is rather one of wits than a struggle to be won by energy and determination. It is just in reasoning power that the subordinates of the sportsman are likely to fail him, and it is notorious that even the best of them will not do good work under the eye of an employer whom they judge incapable of appreciating their efforts. Wild animals depend for their protection upon their senses of smell, sight, and hearing, and in the cat tribe all of these senses are extremely well-developed. Their sense of smell is not so keen as in dogs and hyænas, but they are fully capable of nosing their way along a blood trail, and the sportsman sitting over a bait may be perfectly certain that if a whiff of his scent reaches his quarry, his labour will be altogether wasted. As regards their sense of sight, it is widely known that in the cat tribe their power of vision depends almost inversely upon the strength of the light to which their pupil is subjected. Cats probably see best of all by the diffused rays of the moon, and I doubt whether their instincts permit them to pay much attention to really distant objects. However, they are as sensible to the advantages of the blanket of the dark as the most crafty Indian burglar, and it is common experience that during nights of clouds and storm, when the human retina is conscious only of inky blackness, their most audacious attacks will be

perpetrated. I myself have known a couple of lions delay an attack upon a goat until the setting of the moon, and a suspicious beast is most unlikely to return to a kill until the sound of tearing flesh is the only avenue of sense by which its presence can be conveyed to the sportsman.

I believe myself that it is upon their sense of hearing that the cat tribe mainly rely, not only for the detection of their prey, but for the circumvention of their enemies. As they steal along the jungle paths, their movements appear to be actuated by the spirit of noiselessness, and I believe that they are listening with corresponding intentness for the betrayal of life in their vicinity. On the other hand, when they are stalking their prey, and anything suggests the possibility of danger, their usual manœuvre is to crouch down under a bush, probably within 20 yards of their victim, and listen intently for further developments for a space of time that may be drawn out for hours. This trick is undoubtedly the principal difficulty in the way of their circumvention by this method, and accounts for the reputation of many cunning animals of never revisiting a kill. I believe myself that kills are almost invariably revisited, as often as not in broad daylight an hour or so after the sportsman who found them has returned to his camp for the paraphernalia for an all-night sitting; but the stealthy visit goes unnoticed, and

another fruitless vigil is all that finds an entry in the diary.

Baits in general fall into two classes, live and dead, and either kind may be used with success, though there are obvious advantages in tying up live animals. Of course, an actual kill is the best of all baits, but a natural kill is seldom found, and the Indian practice of tying up a young buffalo and sitting over the kill the second night is scarcely commendable in a country where all large animals are exceedingly expensive, and a party of lions or hyænas are likely enough to completely devour the victim in the first instance. However, if live baits are not to hand, or any special reason forbids their use, it is well to bear in mind that all cats are just as ready to devour a carcase as any vulture. In such a case the bait should be securely chained or roped in a well-defined track along which the quarry has the habit of passing, and if possible the stomach should be cut open at sunset, so that the maximum of scent may be distributed. I once tried making drags up to the bait. It did not succeed, but then there were no tracks next morning in the vicinity. A dead bait is indicated chiefly, I think, in the case of a beast that is known to be so cunning as to defy temptation by any living animal that may be tied up. In Assam the use of dead baits was compulsory, as the Assamese declined to sell buffaloes to tie up as baits for tigers.

Personally I consider the use of live baits the most fascinating method of compassing the destruction of the great cats, and that even pigsticking fails to produce the same excitement as when the hunter sees the gaze of the picketed animal concentrate itself upon some particular point in the undergrowth to him invisible, where the mighty quarry has at last shown itself prior to the final rush upon its victim. Nor does the sport appear to me to be unduly cruel, for animals have very little imagination, and all felines generally kill their prey with extraordinary quickness. In the Sudan the usual baits for lions are sheep, goats, or donkeys, and for leopards kids. A dog is not at all a bad bait for a cunning leopard that refuses kids, but dogs in the Sudan are scarce, and probably valued by their owners. Also it is undeniably cruel to tie up a dog, as he perfectly understands the motive, makes every effort to release himself, and goes into perfect paroxysms of terror. Goats and kids are the handiest animals to march about with, and the prospective lion-hunter will do well to invest in a small flock at one or two dollars apiece, and engage a goatherd at a shilling a day to look after them. If the same animal is tied up night after night, it comes to accept the situation as a matter of course, and often refuses to bleat, which is annoying when one is certain that there is a lion in the immediate vicinity. It is possible to compel a re-

calcitrant goat to bleat by piercing its ear and attaching a cord. However, the result is unnatural and not sustained; and having tried the plan I gave it up as being more likely to scare away than to attract the quarry. An experienced tiger-shikari will always picket his buffalo by the forefoot, and not by the neck, alleging that the tiger will be scared by the sight of the rope. I doubt whether this objection applies to the more unsophisticated lions and leopards of the Sudan, and believe in a small but stout chain, so arranged as to hook round the animal's neck, the last link to be bound to the picketing peg by a stout rope. In calculating the resisting power of peg, rope, and chain, one should allow for the hauling power of a lion, and not for that of the goat, or the sport is likely to be brief and unsatisfactory. Also it is a mistake to allow more than a foot of slack, or the goat may easily strangle itself. A white goat is to be preferred as it shows up quite well, even by starlight. I prefer not to shoot until the goat has been actually seized, when any slight movement on the part of the hunter is unlikely to attract attention. The rifle having been previously aligned, a quick but sure aim for the heart should then be taken, and unless it is broad daylight further developments had better be left until next morning. When I used to sit up for leopards in India, I invariably measured six paces from the picketing peg

to the screen of leaves behind which I concealed myself. However, this work was always done on the ground, and if the sportsman sits up in a tree, as I think he certainly should do in the Sudan, the peg may be ten paces or so from his platform. Further than this I believe it to be impossible to shoot with any accuracy by night, and I always thought that Indian hunters were prone to offer much too difficult a shot to their employers. African sportsmen who are in the habit of shooting out of a pit, tie up their baits so near, I believe, that the muzzle of the rifle almost touches the object. I never cared for shooting out of pits, but the policy of shortening the distance is undoubtedly the correct one. On the other hand, a downward shot is always difficult, and the vital spots afford a smaller target, so that ten paces out of a tree seemed to me a good average range. The garments worn when sitting up at night, should be of neutral-tinted flannel, and boots or gaiters should be discarded. The object of this is to prevent rustling or creaking; and it is surprising how even a goat can detect the least sound made by the sportsman.

In India leopards are ordinarily shot by sportsmen sitting on the ground behind screens of branches. The sport is less dangerous than it seems, partly because one rarely sits up for more than an hour or so in the evening, and the shot is generally in broad daylight, but mainly, I think, because an unwounded

leopard will almost invariably slink off unperceived when it has detected the sportsman. However, a session for tigers or lions is usually an all-night affair, and I should regard it as the height of folly to spend a night over a bait in Africa behind no better screen than a few branches. The lion is far bolder in reconnaissance than the leopard, and will approach the concealed hunter so closely as nearly to touch him. If at the finish of this operation there were nothing but a few branches intervening, I am convinced that anger and excitement would provoke an attack which could only have one ending.

The sportsman in the Sudan must, therefore, ensconce himself in a position of safety, and this can only be done by hiding himself in a pit with a stout roof of logs, or by constructing a platform in a tree. The former is the method usually employed in Africa, the latter in India. In the Sudan I tried both, though I was told that the Indian method would not answer. The nett result was that I shot two leopards out of pits, getting into one situation that might have become serious, whereas I secured two leopards and six lionesses out of machans, as Indian sportsmen call them, and never was in the remotest danger until next morning. As regards comfort, there can be no comparison between the two modes of working. The sportsman in a well-constructed machan can sleep as easily as in his bed. In a pit,

not to mention the off-chance of snakes and scorpions, he is bound to be half stifled, and will be lucky if he ever manages to sleep at all. From a machan he can generally arrange to get an excellent view of the surroundings, whereas in a pit his range of vision will necessarily be limited to the bait. In a machan he can hear the noises of wild creatures which constitute so much of the charm of this branch of sport, whereas from a pit it is likely that he may be even unable to hear when his bait has been killed. Moreover, to an experienced ear these same noises often convey a great deal of meaning. In India the prowling tiger or leopard is challenged by practically every wild creature that sees him, and the cry is sometimes totally different from those ordinarily uttered. This is not so much true of Africa, where, save for the roar of the lion, the forest by night is curiously silent. The hoarse cough of the baboon, the whistle of the reedbuck or oribi, or the sudden bark of the bushbuck, may, however, well mean that they have sighted the common enemy, and thus warn the sportsman to be in readiness. Several sportsmen in the Sudan have had the narrowest of escapes from being dragged bodily through the apertures in their pits by a wounded lion or its companion, and have only saved their lives by firing repeated revolver shots through the roof. I myself had a wounded leopard spend the entire night till dawn within five

yards of the pit in which I was lying, and have seldom congratulated myself more sincerely than when I emerged in safety with my rifle, covered by the fire of a brother sportsman. The main advantage of a pit is, of course, the facility of concealment. A pit can be dug, and all traces of the digging removed, where the construction of a machan would be impossible. The length of the pit should be sufficient to permit the sportsman to recline lengthwise, and the roof should certainly be so much raised as to permit the inclusion of a mosquito-net with the bedding, or the situation is likely to become almost untenable. If this is impossible, mosquito-oil may be carried, but the effect is very transient. The rifle will, of course, be aligned on the bait, and there should be a revolver under the pillow, with possibly a spare rifle to the left of the sportsman. A water-bottle is an absolute necessity, preferably the leather pattern known in India as a chagal. Supper will presumably take some form that can be disposed of in silence and with celerity. The bait ought to be tied in some well-defined pathway, where tracks have been seen on previous occasions, and obviously the pit should be dug in such a situation that a creature stalking the bait will not approach it. This is less difficult than it sounds, for all felines invariably use the pathways, and one can prophesy the line of approach with fair accuracy. I preferred to dig my

pit in a sloping bank and to shoot downwards. An electric lamp formed part of my outfit, otherwise I should presumably have tried to fix the bait against the sky-line. The pit was always partially screened by bushes or driftwood, and I was most careful that the slope down to the bait should afford no shelter whatever.

The construction of a satisfactory machan has always appeared to me to be a conclusive test of the skill of the hunter. The two leading principles to bear in mind are that there must be total concealment, but no interference with the natural aspect of the locality. I am convinced that leopards, in particular, which have a more restricted beat than tigers or lions, know every stick and stone in the forests where they have spent their lives, and that a single twisted branch will be the subject of scrutiny and speculation. Extreme care should be exercised in the selection of the tree in which the machan is to be constructed, and I always think that when a satisfactory tree has been found, more than half the battle is over. Such trees are not too common in the Sudan, but it is a mistake to suppose that they do not exist. From a single tree at Wad Heleu I shot on different occasions two lionesses and two hyænas, and from another at Hawata I shot two lionesses and one serval, wounded a lion, and saw a third lioness. By far the best tree in the Sudan for a machan is, in my opinion, a

nabbuk some twenty feet high or more with a bushy top. However, I made quite satisfactory machans in willows and also acacias, and if there is much undergrowth, so that animals cannot look readily upwards, almost any tree will do for a machan. I have heard the opinion advanced that 45° is the angle of sight of a tiger which is not deliberately looking upwards, and it stands to reason that all of these animals pay very little attention to what is going on in the tree-tops, for even a leopard could scarcely hope to capture his prey there. If the watcher in the machan does attract the attention of his quarry, the only policy to pursue is to remain absolutely still, and no greater blunder could be committed than the gradual withdrawal of the head, whilst one is the subject of intent scrutiny.

A consideration for his own safety will probably prompt the sportsman to construct his machan some twenty feet from the ground. A suitable tree often overhangs the high bank of a dried-up river-bed, and if there is a long drop below, he will be fairly safe quite near the ground. If the surroundings are open, and the tree affords poor concealment, the machan should be constructed as high up as possible. Other things being equal, a solitary tree should not be selected, but rather one of a group, and it is an excellent thing to peg out the goat with an opaque screen of bushes on the far side of it, so that an

approaching animal never gets a chance of seeing into the aperture of the machan through which the shot will be fired. It is preferable to arrange the machan lengthwise, with the head pointing directly towards the bait, but of course this cannot always be done. In that case, of course, the rifle will be lying ready aligned with the muzzle projecting through the aperture in the direction of the bait, and there will be the minimum of disturbance in making ready to shoot. Even when surrounding branches hide the machan, it is always as well to construct it with screen walls of lattice and leaves raised a couple of feet, and to leave merely an aperture through which to shoot. The body of the machan should be fully 6 feet in length and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in breadth, or it will be impossible to sleep in comfort. I strongly advise a sportsman to carry a portable machan about with him. My own was made of the lids of my *khajawahs*, or camel boxes, which were made detachable, and carried large rings at each corner, through which I used to slip jointed tent-poles. With the aid of half a dozen ropes two or three men could tie this machan up in a tree with the utmost secrecy and despatch, and I slept as comfortably in it as I ever did in bed. Three *khajawah* lids in line, each $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, would make an extremely long and comfortable machan, and if the sportsman had two pairs of *khajawahs*, the fourth lid would be to spare in case of accidents. The

lids are of wood and string, and quite strong enough for this purpose. Dried grass should be spread on the machan, and over it the mattress, pillows, rugs, etc., of the sportsman. It is impossible to lie still unless one is comfortable, and absolute silence is a *sine qua non* in this branch of sport. I cannot conceive that one should wish to have a native companion in sitting up in this fashion. I am aware that it is often done, but I believe it to be the greatest mistake. The average Arab is certain to make some sort of a noise at a critical moment, and if the bait is tied up securely there is not the least objection to going to sleep, assuming, of course, that one does not snore, or has not the habit of falling out of bed. On these occasions one sleeps, as it were, on a hair-trigger, and wakes up instantaneously with all one's senses on the alert. Several times my ears told me that I myself was the object of a stealthy reconnaissance, and I was glad that nobody else was present who might have precipitated matters by doing something foolish. Mosquitoes are not generally troublesome twenty feet from the ground, but if they are it is quite easy to suspend an invisible green mosquito-net over a well-built machan. Another article with which the sportsman should provide himself is a small dry-cell electric lamp of two or three candle-power. The switch will then be under his hand, and the lamp some ten or twelve feet from the bait, probably tied

to a bush, though it may merely lie on the ground. Such a lamp at this distance gives a very clear outline, and on moonless nights is practically indispensable. I do not in the least believe in luminous foresights, or any complicated apparatus attached to the rifle. An ordinary white night-sight is, of course, essential and often forms a part of sporting rifles. Even on dark nights the disc shows quite clearly against the illumination down below, and with the above apparatus I bagged two lionesses, three leopards, and two hyænas on nights of absolute darkness, wounded and lost a lion and a lioness, and only once made a clean miss at a hyæna. It is a curious fact that the animals showed very little fear when I turned on the light, probably because they are used to seeing nocturnal conflagrations. Once or twice they trotted away, but always returned when I turned off the light. Sometimes they did not even turn round their heads.

It is another curious and fairly well-known fact that in this branch of sport a clean miss by no means scares away a beast of prey entirely. He is sure to make off for the time being, but if the sportsman sits absolutely still, he is quite likely to return. In this fashion a friend of mine in India missed a tiger three times running, and secured it when it returned to be shot at for the fourth time. I bagged one of my leopards in the Sudan with a second shot. It bolted

on being missed, but was on the goat again within five minutes. In fact, a wild animal does not necessarily associate the report of a firearm with the presence of man, though probably experience teaches him the lesson. It is quite a different thing if the watcher is himself detected. I believe that the animal that makes the discovery becomes cunning for life, and never after approaches a bait without infinite precautions.

When the shot is fired, it is the best of all signs if the animal crashes off at once through the undergrowth with two or three low growls. More likely than not he will be found stone dead next morning 40 or 50 yards off. If, on the other hand, he falls to the shot, and afterwards recovers his feet, he is probably merely stunned, and unless he receives a second barrel before he disappears, this may be the last one will see of him. If he plunges about and makes a great demonstration, my own experience has been that he is generally more frightened and angry than hurt. It seems scarcely necessary to state that one should not quit the machan by night for any consideration after firing a shot at a dangerous beast, even although camp may be quite close, and one might be tempted to return to it. Such a move would be quite likely to cost the sportsman his life, for not only the wounded animal itself, but also its companions, will often watch for hours the

point where they know that danger exists, and I have already mentioned the risk that attends shooting out of pits owing to this habit.

When one is searching the scene of the encounter next morning for some sign that the quarry is wounded, it is as well to bear in mind that extended claw-marks on the ground are nearly as good a sign as blood itself. Having found blood, and tracked it up for 50 yards or so, I generally returned to camp, had an early breakfast, and made preparations for a regular day's work. The greatest caution is necessary in following up big felines, owing to their power of concealment, and this is the time when the heavy cordite rifle is likely to be requisitioned, though in the case of a leopard a .500 Express will do all that is necessary. The sportsman must keep abreast of the trackers as they advance, and must call back anybody who shows a tendency to forge ahead. I never met with an Arab who showed the least tendency to hang back under these circumstances. One man at least should be deputed to throw stones into likely places before the trackers reach them, and another should remain at his master's elbow with a spare rifle. For the rest I can only advise the sportsman to shoot straight and to keep on shooting.

THE JOURNAL

CHAPTER VI

SOUAKIN TO KASSALA

1910.

September 17th. Left Bombay per P. & O. s.s. "Salsette."

September 21st. Arrived Aden. No incident on voyage beyond seeing three whales. Learned in Aden that s.s. "Alawi," to which my agents in Bombay had consigned my heavy luggage, would not reach Souakin until October 8th at soonest, whereas they had promised delivery about September 24th. Remained upon "Salsette," and was hospitably entertained by the Governor.

September 24th. Left Aden per Khedivial Mail s.s. "Mansourah."

September 25th. Arrived Hodeidah in evening.

September 26th. Remained at Hodeidah, a small coast town, only notable for the coffee-industry. Bought a set of Turkish stamps for A.

September 28th. Arrived Massowah, but only stopped a few hours.

September 29th. Ran on a reef at 4 a.m. and only got off at 2 p.m., apparently without damage. Captain S. much exercised. He had been very polite on the voyage, and I was sorry for this *contretemps*.

September 30th. Arrived Souakin. No news of "Alawi" or of my heavy luggage, despite wires, Aden to Hodeidah at 18s. and Souakin to Jeddah at £1.

October 1st. Engaged camel-transport, guide, and shikari. Was met at Souakin by Mr. B. and Mr. D. for Messrs Gellatly, Hankey, and Co. Made over my letter of credit for £940 to Bank of Egypt, Souakin, with which I opened an account. Paid £50 for game-licence and cleared all baggage at Customs. However, still no news of "Alawi," so left for Kamobsana with a borrowed tent, arriving at about 10 p.m.

October 2nd. Luggage arrived at 1 p.m.; subsisted meanwhile on biscuits and water, and had a splitting headache, lasting till evening.

October 3rd. Unpacked and repacked luggage, leaving unnecessary articles with the station-master, and arranged to make a short tour after ibex. Was charged £4 for bringing my luggage up to Kamobsana, and 5 piastres for one chicken.

October 4th. Marched to Akra Rabai, about ten

miles west of Kamobsana. Missed six shots at gazelles with the new .350, being very shaky.

October 5th. Decided to dispense with the telescopic sight until I knew the rifle. Bagged a $10\frac{3}{4}$ isabella gazelle (*ghazal*) in morning, which was apparently equal to the record. Fired two shots.

October 6th. Beat out the hills above camp with about 37 beaters, who were paid 5 p. = 1 shilling apiece. Was posted too low, and several large herds of ibex, including some old bucks, crossed above me. Finally I climbed up the hill, and a beater put up an ibex at 60 yards, crouching among the stones. I missed with the right barrel, and bagged with the left : 30 inches.

October 7th. Fired three shots at gazelle in morning, finally bagging one of $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Saw three dikdik and two coveys of partridges, but had left my shotgun at home.

October 8th. Beat out the Akra Rabai hill again ; a failure, as I anticipated. Only saw one herd of ibex, with two fair heads, at which I never got a shot. Was on the way home when the beaters called me up the hill again, and I put up an ibex at 50 yards from below, which I shot, and unluckily killed, as it was only a 24-inch head. I was unable to see the length of horn from below.

October 9th. Moved camp a mile south, and bagged a 9-inch gazelle.

October 10th. Beat out the reverse slope of the Akra Rabai hill, and of course saw nothing. However, my guide sighted some ibex on the opposite hill, and after a great deal of climbing, including an awkward bit, I put up a buck and dropped him at 50 yards; only 29 inches, however. Of course, we ought to have left the neighbourhood after the fiasco on the 6th.

October 11th. Bagged a 10-inch gazelle and moved camp another half-mile south. Saw three sand-grouse. Missed a gazelle previously.

October 12th. Had a blank morning beat for ibex, only seeing one buck half a mile off. Went out in evening and bagged a 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch gazelle, taking five shots over the business, including two misses to start with.

October 13th. Marched 6 miles, first east then south, round the Akra Rabai Hills. Saw no game at all.

October 14th. Had a most successful drive in the hill west of camp. Was posted near the top, and the ibex began to pass almost at once, and finally I secured a 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch head at about 100 yards. The herd had taken the way to camp, and passed me at about 15 yards, when I secured another 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch head. A good day.

October 15th. Returned to Kamobsana. Missed a gazelle right and left on the road, and then bagged one of $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Saw a hare. No news of baggage or "Alawi."

October 16th. Picked up articles left at Kamobsana Railway Station, and marched about 10 miles south to Arba, the next station down the line towards Sinkat. The head-skin shot the previous evening went bad. Saw one quail.

October 17th. Continued the march towards Sinkat. After marching some 5 miles the guide stopped the caravan for five hours; then proceeding in afternoon, saw the house of the D.T.S., at Gebet, which was my objective, a mile on, and made my interpreter give the guide a piece of my mind. Found Mr. H., the D.T.S., at home, who was most obliging, asking me to tea and dinner, and informing me that my luggage had reached Port Sudan, and would get to Sinkat next day.

October 18th. Marched about 8 miles to Sinkat, arriving at the railway station just as my luggage was being unpacked. After some delay a messenger from my agents at Souakin turned up with letters. Pitched my camp at railway station, and unpacked luggage. The camel-men then went to the Mamur at Sinkat and complained that I proposed to overload their camels. This after signing an agreement at Souakin

to carry 400 lb. per camel, and having hitherto been asked to carry about 200 lb. apiece, besides being given as much meat as they could eat. However, the Mamur sent a message to the effect that between Sinkat and Kassala 300 lb. per camel was the regular load, so it became necessary to repack all the loads, a long and troublesome business, and also to leave a few of the less important articles behind. Was hard at work all day, receiving very little assistance from anybody but the shikari and my two Hindustani servants, both of whom have done very well. In fact, everybody I meet envies my servants, and says that Arab servants are totally useless.

October 19th. Spent a long day repacking loads. Called on Mamur in evening, who was quite polite and promised to send me the rations for my servants and shikari next morning.

October 20th. Maximum temperature in tent 90°, minimum in open 60°. Wrote letters and purchased stores for servants for the 250-mile march from Sinkat to Kassala. Despatched four ibex and six gazelle trophies to Rowland Ward through agents at Souakin.

October 21st. Got off at 7.30 a.m. and halted at 10.30. Missed a plover twice and bagged a hare. In afternoon started at 2.30 and halted at 4.30. Saw two more hares and several gazelles, but would

not shoot the latter as dinner was secure and skinning at night a nuisance. Marched about 14 miles due south.

October 22nd. Got off at 6.15 and marched till 9. Missed two quail and bagged a goggle-eyed plover. Procured water from a distance, and marched again from 2 to 4 p.m., due south. Saw gazelles in afternoon, but did not shoot. Wind strong and camp exposed. Covered about 12 miles.

October 23rd. Got off at 6.15 a.m. and marched to Khorasot, arriving at 11.45 a.m. Saw numerous gazelles and tried four stalks, the first two blank, the third a bad miss due partly to wind, and the fourth a good piece of work, bagging a 9-inch gazelle. Camelmen caught young bittern. The pleasantest camp to date in bed of khor, close to well. Numerous flocks of goat and sheep: paid 5 p. for milk. Say 15 miles; minimum temperature at night 64°.

October 24th. Got away at about 6.30 a.m. and marched to 10, mainly through a very bare and ugly pass, apparently part of the Ouriba Hills, passing a well. Had to send shikari back to last camp for gazelle-skin. Saw a buck gazelle, but did not shoot. In afternoon marched from 3 to 5, through an open plain between two ranges of hills. Saw "dom" palms for the first time. No small game. Say 15 miles.

October 25th. Got off at 6.30 and marched to 9.30. Shot a female dikdik and saw a gazelle: a pretty march along the Khor Langeb lined with dom palms and tamarisk. Missed caravan and had to trot after it for an hour at midday. In the evening marched from 3 to 4, leaving Langeb Valley for low, barren hills. Saw a flight of sand-grouse at dusk. Say 14 miles.

October 26th. Was delayed by a strayed camel until 7.15. Then marched until 9.45 through the same barren hills. Tried to stalk a gazelle, but failed. In the afternoon marched from 2 to 5, the caravan not arriving till 7; all due south through the heart of the Ouriba Range, more or less along the Langeb. Saw numerous gazelles in afternoon, but did not shoot. Say 16 miles.

October 27th. Got away at 6.15 and marched to 10.15. Saw numerous gazelles, but was most unsuccessful at first, missing two standing shots at 100 yards, and a right and left running at 40. However, a good buck finally offered a standing shot at 20 yards and was secured; $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, with a large black patch on nose. Also saw three ariel, a couple of sand-grouse, a quail, a hare, and half a dozen plover. Started again at 3 and marched till 5. Say 15 miles.

October 28th. Did a short morning march from 6.15 to 7.30, and halted at well. Saw one gazelle.

Had a much-needed bath and shave, the first since Sinkat. Got off again at 2 p.m. and marched till 5. Saw a good ariel, but would not shoot. Say 12 miles.

October 29th. Started at 6.30 and marched till 10. Hills now left behind, country dead level, grass and trees scarce, and game correspondingly wild. Tried to stalk both ariel and gazelle, but failed. Saw a flock of sand-grouse, but very little in the way of game. Halted at Khor Oudi, and did not get off till 3 p.m., halting again at dusk, 5.30, and not seeing water all day. Pitched into guide for late start. Saw two gazelle in afternoon. Say 14 miles.

October 30th. Got off at 6.30 and marched till 9. Passed water at 7.15, which we should have reached yesterday. Sand-grouse numerous, but 12-bore rifle not a good performer except in the brown. However, twelve shots at this and the next water gave me six birds—apparently the common sand-grouse of India. Halted at well at 9 a.m., still on Oudi. Tried a stalk after mixed gazelle and ariel, which failed. In afternoon got off at 2 and marched till 5.30. Saw a bustard, but did not get a shot. No other game, the track being mostly over a level plain of stones. Say 12 miles.

October 31st. Moved camp at 6.30 a.m. and marched till 10. Saw fully fifty ariel, but found them very wild and did not get a shot. Also two or three gazelle

even wilder than the ariel. Saw four bustard, but got no shot. Bagged a brace of sand-grouse and a brace of guinea-fowl out of a flock of 100, firing seven shots in all. During the midday halt a herd of thirty ariel fed among the camels. Tried a not very successful, but arduous stalk, and scored two misses at 250 yards or so. In afternoon saw six more bustards, but did not shoot, and tried a fortunately unsuccessful stalk after a female ariel. Say 14 miles.

November 1st. Marched at 6.30 a.m. and stopped at Khor Fagada, a tributary of the Gash, at 8.30. Slated guide about late start yesterday afternoon. Tried several unsuccessful stalks after ariel, and bungled a gazelle stalk badly; but made amends whilst breakfast was being prepared by a good stalk, which secured a $9\frac{3}{4}$ -inch gazelle. Watered camels and got away at 1 p.m., marching till 4 p.m. Saw a gazelle and ariel in distance, but did not shoot. Treated guide for sore throat. Covered 12 miles.

November 2nd. Got off at 6.30 a.m. and marched till 11 a.m. Led off with a miss right and left at ariel. Missed two consecutive gazelles at 100 yards. Then missed a gazelle at 40 yards, and a second at 80 yards. Finally secured an 11-inch gazelle at 100 yards in Khor Gadamai, apparently a record for isabella, and halted there for midday. Went on again at 4 p.m. and marched till 6 p.m. Gazelle

very numerous, and one buck ariel gave an easy chance, but would not shoot. Halted for the night in Khor Moman.

November 3rd. Started at 6.30 a.m. and marched to Khor Tougan, halting at 9.30. The expected water not being present, two camels were sent up the khor, and found some. Gazelles numerous, but did not shoot. A herd of ariel in distance. Tougan Mountains scattered in neighbourhood of khor. Ancient report of a lion. Guide reminded me of my promise of a halt, so I employed the rest of the day in putting two iron bands round the cook's khajawah—four solid hours' hard work. Had a hot bath at night, inducing a slight sore throat next morning—not a sound thing when living in the open air. No wind since the last two days—a relief after the usual 6 to 9 p.m. gale. Say 6 miles.

November 4th. Camels stampeded during the night by a leopard, whose tracks were clearly visible in the khor 25 yards from my bed next morning. Fortunately the camels made for the camp, and I slept through it all. Off at 6.30 a.m. and halted at Khor El Kuk at 9.30. Bagged a guinea-fowl—four shots—and saw gazelle, but would not shoot. Saw ariel, but got no shot. Off again at 3 p.m., marching till 6 p.m., and halting at a well in small khor. Saw ariel and gazelle, but did not shoot.

November 5th. Was delayed till 8 a.m. by six straying camels, said to have been frightened by a hyæna. Missed a dikdik whilst waiting for them ; then missed a blue hawk, in mistake for a pigeon, which appear not to exist in the Sudan. Afterwards missed a gazelle at 70 yards three times running. Finally bagged a hare and halted at 11 a.m. Off again at 3.30, marching till 5.30. Missed a bustard and an ariel, both right and left ; the first shot being with No. 6, and the second a long shot in a bad light.

November 6th. Off at 6.30 and marched till 9.30, halting at a well in Khor Girgir. Bagged an 11-inch gazelle at 50 yards. Since Tougan the track has been along the well-defined Souakin-Kassala road with Kassala Mountain about S.S.W. Made a long afternoon march, starting at 3, and the "hamla" not turning up till 8. Saw numerous hares and gazelle and ariel in distance, but did not shoot.

November 7th. Starting at 6 a.m. reached Kassala at 9 a.m. The cultivation began as soon as we turned the corner of Kassala Mountain. Was hospitably received by Captain H., the officiating Governor, and made an honorary member of the local European mess, where I found half a dozen English officers in Sudan employ. A clean, well-looked-after town, with broad streets and avenues of young trees, but no attempt at architecture, though there must be 20,000

inhabitants. The Arabs live in "tukuls" or else mud-houses, and the European residences are of the dak-bungalow pattern, furnished with Spartan simplicity. This is not wonderful, as I hear that service is on contract for seven years, and it is rare for an officer to be left over a year in one place. Possibly the new Sudan Civil Service may induce a change.

November 8th. Being mail-day I read and wrote letters. Arranged to buy camels and donkeys outright for the future. Began to repack with 400-lb. loads.

November 9th. Continued repacking with 400-lb. loads, and bought rations for two months.

November 10th. Mainly spent in carpentering, also repacking. Only two camels and two donkeys purchased to date. Am stopping in Irrigation Bungalow—well built, but no furniture.

November 11th. Spent entire day in putting a pair of iron hoops round two khajawahs, and then did not finish the job.

November 12th. Finished yesterday's job and bought balance of camels and donkeys, making a total of eleven baggage-camels, four riding-donkeys, and two baggage-donkeys.

November 13th. Completed packing of loads, but delayed by unfinished baggage-saddles. Fitted harness on donkeys.

November 14th. Got off at 4 p.m., but two camels upset their loads, and one saddle broke, so only marched some three miles along the Fasher road.

November 15th. Had a bad headache all day, but marched from 7 to 11, and from 3 to 8. Only saw one flock of guinea-fowl.

CHAPTER VII

THE ATBARA RIVER

November 16th. Got off at 6 a.m. and reached Fasher at 11. Saw an ariel, but stalk failed, and crossed Atbara in evening. Fished without success.

November 17th. Started at 6 a.m. and marched till 10 a.m., halting at Chashm al Girba, a very pretty place. Bagged a guinea-fowl with one shot. Started again at 3 p.m. and marched till 7 p.m., all on Gedarif road. Grass considerably thicker, and kittar scrub commencing. No water.

November 18th. Got off at 6 a.m. and reached Mugatta at 11 a.m. Bagged two guinea-fowl. Saw tracks of a lion, a leopard, and hyænas on Gedarif road. Pitched camp on banks of Atbara, and put up big tent for first time. Made a machan close to camp. Saw a herd of baboons come down to drink on far side in evening, also a "tetel," or hartebeest.

November 19th. No success from machan last night, and was disappointed to hear no lions, nor see their tracks in morning. Saw a gazelle from machan, but did not shoot. Made a morning tour, and saw three

Heuglin gazelle, but the male did not give a shot. Tracks of numerous hyænas and one leopard above camp, but so far Mugatta has not come up to expectations. Bagged two guinea-fowl. Fixed up camp in afternoon.

November 20th. Spent another unsuccessful night in machan. In morning covered ground above camp; no game whatever. In afternoon went angling and caught three fish of a pound apiece. Also bagged a sheldrake and three guinea-fowl. Was broken by one really good fish, and had several bites of a most decided character. Dug a hole to sit up where I again saw marks of leopard. Was much troubled by sand-flies when fishing.

November 21st. Spent a fruitless night in hole, and was eaten up by mosquitoes. Machan far preferable if practicable. In morning went after Heuglin gazelle in nullahs behind camp, and saw fully six bucks. Provokingly alert, and never got a shot at all—a kneeling shot apparently out of the question. Bagged two guinea-fowl. In afternoon went fishing. Not a single bite by decent fish! Saw a wart-hog coming down to drink. Mugatta is decidedly not a sportsman's paradise in November.

November 22nd. Lion visited zareba in camp during night, when I was asleep. No damage done. Bagged a 9½-inch Heuglin within a quarter of a mile

of camp next morning. O. turned up to breakfast. Fitted up electric battery, and spent night in an old wooden wigwam built by a former sportsman one and a half miles below camp on the Atbara. Some animal—leopard or lion—started growling as soon as it got dark, and after a quarter of an hour tried to find out from the back what was inside the wigwam. As it crept round, the sheep detected it, and gave a great bound. Supposing the animal to be on the sheep I turned on the light, but saw nothing except the sheep straining at the cord. The animal then sniffed behind the wigwam and went off, and I spent the rest of the night in peace!

November 23rd. Next morning I strengthened the wigwam considerably, and afterwards bagged a 10½-inch Heuglin. I then roofed over the hole which I had left open half a mile below camp. In the afternoon O. and I went fishing, when I pulled out a 15-lb. barbel, O. getting a smaller one and a kinkin.

November 24th. Spent a most eventful night in the hole half a mile below the camp. Started well by falling sound asleep under the mosquito-net. Woke up at 3 a.m. or so, and heard a noise of chewing. Could see nothing, but as there was nothing for the sheep to eat, obviously something was eating the sheep. I turned on the light, and could make out an indistinct mass and an occasional glimmer of eyes.

Finally I fired, when there followed dead silence. For a quarter of an hour there were no developments, but I heard a breath being drawn occasionally, and made a serious blunder in not firing another barrel into the mass. Suddenly a tail went up in the air, and some animal moved off to the left, growling. The remainder of the night was spent in listening to growls six or seven paces off on my left, and congratulating myself on possessing a stout roof. At daybreak O. turned up, the entire neighbourhood having been roused by the report of the 500 Express, and asked if it were safe to approach. I replied in the negative, which received corroboration from another growl. I asked O. to come along the front and cover me while I crawled out of the hole. This he very kindly did, and a risky retirement in the face of the enemy was successfully concluded. Then O. and I joined forces, and our men threw stones into a thick clump of bushes whence the last growls had proceeded. An animal was dislodged, but declined to charge, and went into a thick clump of nabbuk without giving a chance of a shot. Some of the men said it was a leopard badly crippled behind. The next move was to adjourn for chota hazri, after which we sallied out with axes, stones, etc., with the intention of cutting a path into the nabbuk. This was done for some ten paces, when it got very thick indeed, and I began to try to fire the patch. However, Mahomed

Nagi, the interpreter, pointed out to me a piece of spotted hide six or seven paces off, and I fired into the middle of it. The result was a growl and a few kicks, when I fired again, after which came total silence. A path was then cut to the animal, which turned out to be a good male leopard, measuring 7 feet, and weighing 110 lb.—quite a satisfactory result for the night's work. Spent rest of day cleaning leopard-skin. O. left in afternoon.

November 25th. Spent the night in bed. Got away late in morning as I recollected that the new .350 rifle had not been cleaned for several days. Consequently only saw one male Heuglin, and got no shot at anything. Finished cleaning leopard-skin and did some carpentering. Went down before dinner to sit up in hole where I had shot previous leopard, but nothing came.

November 26th. Spent the entire night in the hole. At 9 p.m. or so the goat gave a very loud call, but I was not certain that anything had come. However, the cord was tugged at very violently, and presently there was a noise like tearing flesh. It was pitch dark, but I aligned my rifle and turned on the light, and saw a leopard eating the goat. On seeing the light, he sat up like a cat facing me, and I fired for his chest, when he disappeared with a growl. The 8-bore brass cartridge split and jammed, and I anathematised the

rifle, suspecting a miss. At last I got it out and reloaded, and the rest of the night passed without incident. Next morning I found that the 2-oz. bullet had done its work, and the leopard was lying dead 20 yards off. The bullet had passed through the right shoulder, breaking it, raking the body, and passing out through the side of the stomach. A small male, 91 lb. in weight and measuring 6 feet 5 inches. Captain H. turned up in morning. Spent remainder of day in curing leopard-skin. Bagged one guinea-fowl with three shots. Was disgusted to find that red ants had eaten a good 6 inches square of hair off the neck of the first leopard; the moral being not to leave skins pegged out over one night.

November 27th. Spent the night in bed, and the morning in a fruitless search for Heuglin, only getting one long chance. Bagged one guinea-fowl with three shots. Did some carpentering jobs. In the afternoon went down to the river to fish, giving orders to Abdur Rahman to bring my bedding in plenty of time to put it in the leopard-hole. The distance being 600 yards, of course A. R. did not turn up till dark. Meanwhile, I caught a barbel of 10 or 12 lb., and bagged three guinea-fowl. On returning to camp in pitch darkness, I found only two out of my eight goats, and the goat-boy *non est*. A search of an hour with the lantern was ineffectual. In this country it is certain death for a domestic animal to stray by night, so that I

went down to sit in the leopard-hole in a bad temper.

November 28th. Nothing showed all night, somewhat to my relief, as I had tied up a milch-goat. Next morning I saw vultures 500 yards from the camp, and found the remains of two of the six lost goats, and could no doubt have found the whole with time and patience. However, I went off on what turned out to be a fruitless quest for Heuglin, getting no real chance at all, and only seeing two unmistakable bucks. At breakfast an Arab said that he had seen one of my goats alive in the big nullah behind the camp, and a dead one also. I went out and found the live goat. The leopard had seized it by the neck and also broken a foot, probably leaving it for dead to kill another. I could not find the dead goat. In the afternoon I made a machan in a khor, where a lion's tracks are to be seen daily. At night M. returned from Tomat with dourra. No news of lions further up.

November 29th. Spent the night in machan. Believe a leopard stalked me, but gave it up. Was glad of my revolver. Nothing touched the wounded goat, which was almost a pity. Bagged an 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch Heuglin in early morning. Gave guns a thorough clean-up. Bolt came off old 16-bore rifle, and I soldered it on again. Fished in afternoon for a couple

of hours, and caught a small kinkin, and a barbel of 46 lb. My attendant grabbed the line, and broke the rod in gaffing the fish.

November 30th. Spent the night without success in the machan. Was troubled by mosquitoes, and rather think that I was stalked by a leopard, which visited the goat's peg after we had gone. Went after Heuglin without success, losing a fair chance, and getting close up to a female. Bagged four guinea-fowl with eight shots. No sign of lion, so decided to move on to Kituit. Repaired rod and spent rest of day in packing.

December 1st. Spent night in leopard-hole, without success. Marched 12 miles or so up the Atbara to Kituit. Lent a donkey to a Greek gentleman, whose mule had died in the night. Conversed with him in my scanty Italian. Was somewhat annoyed at his disturbing the Kituit camping-ground by firing at guinea-fowl, of course unconscious of offence. Missed two guinea-fowl myself on the road. Numerous marks of lion in the new ground, so made a zareba hurriedly.

December 2nd. Camp was twice visited in the night by a leopard. Fortunately no damage. Strengthened zareba first thing next morning, and also made a day zareba for camels. Put up tents, and made camp shipshape. Ground full of white ants. News of

hippopotamus. Cured A. R. and myself last night of headaches with Cockle's pills. Lent Greek gentleman a donkey to go on to Tomat. Made a small machan, and sat in it in evening without success. Machan seats made in India giving way already. Started making a hole to sit up for lion.

December 3rd. Went for morning stalk among ravines down-stream. Very bad going and only saw one female Heuglin close to camp. Bagged two common sand-grouse with three shots. Completed hole for lion, and tied up a goat in evening without success. Recharged battery with sal ammoniac. Did some repairs to reins, etc.

December 4th. Spent night in lion-hole without success. Found tracks of a leopard close by next morning, but doubt if he saw the goat. Did my morning stalk up-stream and saw seven Heuglin. Bungled a stalk after a good buck badly and got no shot at all. Bagged three guinea-fowl with one shot; 16-bore frequently miss-fires. Tried fishing above camp in afternoon. No sport, merely hooking a river-tortoise.

December 5th. Spent another fruitless night in lion-hole. No tracks at all. In my morning stalk missed a Heuglin at 80 yards, standing. Found seven hippopotamus 2 miles above camp, but got no shot. Returned in afternoon, missing a second Heuglin right

and left badly, due to walking with gun at half-cock. Got to within 10 yards of hippo, but failed to obtain a shot owing to thickness of cover. Saw a large antelope, probably a waterbuck, at 60 yards on the way home, but got no shot as the field-glasses were behind, and I was not certain until the animal bolted. Altogether a day of failures.

December 6th. Spent night in bed, and, of course, A. R. was late with chota hazri. Went after Heuglin and saw several, but no buck for certain. Again stalked up to within 10 yards of hippo, but could not see them. Cleared the cover somewhat. Shaved and had my hair cut by A. R. In afternoon went after hippo again, but although they were there, they remained under water in mid-stream, and refused to give a chance. Bagged five guinea-fowl with one shot.

December 7th. Again spent night in lion-hole without success. Camp was raided during the night by some animal which unsuccessfully tried to take off a goat. No material injury to goat. Got off fairly early for my morning stalk and bagged an 11½-inch Heuglin in consequence. A first stalk failed and the female detected me during the second. However, the buck saw nothing and curiosity prompted him to approach within 30 yards, and at that range I nearly missed, shooting him through the neck. In the afternoon I went after the hippos, but

heard them too far up the stream to be of any use. Saw no Heuglin at all.

December 8th. Spent another fruitless night in lion-hole. Again failed to see Heuglin throughout morning stalk. However, the hippos were again at home, and on the far bank I simultaneously saw a herd of ariel and a sounder of wart-hog. The hippos fed to within 50 yards of the shore, but would not show themselves. Finally, I made a man throw in a stone and up came four heads. I got a steady shot with the .470 at the nape of the neck of one, and am practically sure that I hit, although there was no result. Got back to breakfast at 12, and returned at 3, but no sign of dead hippo. Stalked up to within 15 yards of three female Heuglin and a fawn, but saw no buck at all.

December 9th. Returned at daybreak to look for dead hippo, but no sign of him. K., goat-boy, who accompanied me, succeeded in losing himself with my shot-gun. I returned with M., to look for him, but there was no sign: on the way home, by a snap-shot at 80 yards or so, I bagged a 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch Heuglin, missing him with the right barrel, but shooting him through the neck with the left, just as he disappeared. All this detained the ready-packed caravan until 9.30 a.m., and we had a very hot march to Umgarra, at the junction of the Atbara and Settit, arriving at

3 p.m. As lions were reputed numerous, we put up a zareba, and so to bed considerably tired.

December 10th. Went out in early morning to look for lion, but could find no tracks. Saw one female Heuglin and the tracks of a big leopard a mile or so down-stream from camp. The whole place eaten down by goats and cattle and not at all promising-looking for game. In afternoon made a machan in tree over meshra where I had seen leopard-track, and there caught a couple of small fish. In the evening sat up in machan. Heard some animal come along under nabbuk. After an hour or so, out rushed the leopard on to the kid. The first shot was a clean miss, and the leopard retreated under the machan. Presently out he came again and seized the goat by the neck, but let go on feeling the drag of the rope. There was a half moon, and a second shot knocked him over, growling. As he moved again after a couple of minutes I gave him another right and left from the ·350, and he lay still. Within a quarter of an hour up came a hyæna, and after sniffing the goat, rushed at the leopard with a growl, when I fired to save the skin, and made a clear miss. The hyæna vanished, but returned most persistently, and I had to shout at it several times to keep it from biting the leopard. Finally, a strong body of men turned up from the camp, expecting to find two lions at least, and we carried off the leopard—a small male of 84 lb., measuring 6 feet 8 inches.

December 11th. Although the day was mainly employed in attending to the leopard-skin, I also went out prospecting for lions, and got pretty good news 3 miles below camp. I also jumped a very fair koodoo, but would not shoot, as I was not sure of the size. Finally, we found lion-tracks in the next meshra, below the Settit junction, and returned to camp. In the evening I again sat up in the machan without success. My so-called shikari M. now confided to me the death of his wife, when I was duly sympathetic; but when he added that this would entail his return to Souakin, I became somewhat incredulous. However, the man is not worth his wages and keep, and if he wants to go I am ready to part with him.

December 12th. Moved camp to the meshra where we had seen the lion-tracks, and saw fresh ones again. Also bagged a guinea-fowl. M. appears to be more or less on strike, and gave no help at all, whereas the march is a difficult one, and a mule-trunk was upset and broken. He said that he had been engaged solely as interpreter! In fact, he has been a bad bargain. With the help of A. R. I fixed up a pretty good machan in a medium-sized fig-tree, in which I spent the evening, and subsequently the whole night. However, nothing was seen or heard, and only hyænas appear to have walked along the meshra.

December 13th. Prospected the country down-stream. Saw no tracks of lion, but fresh traces of hippo away from the Atbara. Saw altogether eight Heuglin, and finally made a good shot at a buck facing me at 100 yards; he weighed 63 lb., and measured $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Cleaned buck's head, and sat up in evening in machan, without success.

December 14th. Spent another fruitless night in the machan. No tracks at all. Went down-stream after yesterday's hippo, but no success. Saw eight Heuglin, but only one moderate buck, and got no shot at all. Fished in afternoon and caught one fish of 2 lb. or so. Then prospected up-stream and found tracks of very large leopard. Sat in the evening in machan close to camp, but saw or heard nothing. Spent the night in bed.

December 15th. Spent a long morning making machan where I had seen leopard-tracks yesterday. However, no fresh tracks. A hippo appears to leave the water occasionally in this place. Heard that I had been fined £5 for shooting one ibex too many. Tried to repair a yakdan broken by a camel on my first cross-country march on the 12th, but the job was not a good one. Sat up in new machan in evening, without success.

December 16th. Spent the night in new machan. Nothing came near the goat; but just before

dawn I heard the pebbles crunching on the opposite bank, and by the light of the setting moon could just see the hippo, whose tracks have met me in various places above and below the camp, take the water opposite, the ripples coming right across. Returned to camp for chota hazri, and from 7 to 11 thoroughly searched the thick vegetation that lined the hippo's pool for about three-quarters of a mile below the Settiti junction along the left bank of the Atbara, there being a meshra on the opposite bank. At 11 a.m. I had reached the top end, seeing nothing but old tracks, and matters seemed hopeless. However, I sat down for a last look, and detected the hippo's head close to the opposite bank, the animal having possibly been driven across by the noise made in searching. Presently he settled down to feed in shallow water at the top end of the meshra. There was fortunately a ford just below my machan, for which I made. The water was only knee-deep; but the stream very strong, and the pebbles made the passage most unpleasant, so that I was glad of a hand from my attendant. However, all went well, and by midday I was established within 40 yards of the hippo, the whole of whose back was visible, though his head only came up occasionally. I waited for some ten minutes, as he was three-quarters away from me, and I wanted to make sure of reaching the brain. At last, when his head was visible, I gave him a .470 solid,

firing behind the ear. He went under to the shot practically without a movement. I waited for some ten minutes more, only seeing one slight ripple, and could distinctly see him lying just under water, so returned to camp at 1 p.m. for breakfast. By 3 p.m. I was back again, with a camel, ropes, and attendants, including my two Indian servants, Abdur Rahman and Amir Baksh, to see the new "janwar." There was his side above the water in the identical spot. We were soon in the water, I with my gun for fear of crocodiles; but it was not more than 4 feet deep, and we soon dragged him into shallow water and cut off his four feet, with which I returned to camp by dusk; leaving the hippo fast moored with a long rope, and two attendants with my gun to keep guard all night.

December 17th. Spent an exhausting day skinning dead hippo, a fine bull of 12 feet 7 inches. Had a bad headache all day into the bargain. Shot a guinea-fowl and went to bed early. Caught three kinkin on hand-line.

December 18th. Spent another long day in cleaning mask and skin of hippo.

December 19th. Completed the cleaning of hippo trophies.

December 20th. Spent a fruitless night in machan close to camp. Have heard that lions have killed fifty

sheep and goats between this and Kituit, but have seen or heard no sign of them. Bagged a Heuglin in morning stalk. Hit him first time in stomach at 60 yards. He ran some 300 yards, and gave some trouble to track him. However, Fadl ul Maula, a camel-man, worked out the trail, and spotted him lying down at 30 yards, when a second shot finished him.

December 21st. Spent a fruitless night in hippomachan. Then started packing my trophies for Mahomed Nagi, my interpreter, to take back with him to Souakin. Received a post from Gedarif and wrote letters.

December 22nd. Bagged one sand-grouse in morning in nine shots! On the way back to camp killed a $7\frac{3}{4}$ -inch Heuglin, jumping it out of a bush, when it foolishly stood at 20 yards. Completed arrangements for marching.

December 23rd. Marched 5 miles to Tomat, bagging one sand-grouse with two shots on the road. Saw three Heuglin, but no buck, and two small wart-hog. Discharged Sadh, one of the camel-men, who is always ill, paying his wages to the end of the month. Engaged Labab at Ps. 150 *per mensem* to replace him. Fished the whole afternoon without a bite. Tomat not a promising place for shikar. Found the hippo hide, left undressed under the advice of M. N., showing unmistakable signs of going bad.

December 24th. Marched 10 miles to Sofi, finding the first decent road-bungalow I have seen in the country. Hippo-hide quite bad, and smelling abominably, so that it had to be thrown away. Wrote letters, and killed a guinea-fowl with one shot in evening.

December 25th. Engaged Mahomed and Ahmed of Sofi as shikaris, each on Ps. 10 *per diem*, to feed themselves. Went out with them to prospect for lion-tracks, and found them, apparently a pair, in the Till Khor, where I selected a tree for a machan, to which I returned in the evening, and tied up a goat, sitting up without result until dark, and leaving the goat there all night.

December 26th. Examined the goat, which was untouched, owing possibly to the fact that goatherds had been camping all round. Bagged four wood-grouse with eight shots. Returned in afternoon, and completed machan with lamp, etc., taking cold supper.

December 27th. Spent fruitless night in machan. Bagged one sand-grouse and one guinea-fowl with eleven shots, including four miss-fires. The old Cashmere 5's are past work, being three years old. Found Captain O. C. in the bungalow on my return, on his way to shoot for ten days on the Settit, so that we shall to some extent clash. Returned to machan in afternoon, with cold supper again.

December 28th. Spent another fruitless night in machan, and dismantled it. Missed a couple of sandgrouse on the way home. Very little game near Sofi. Interviewed the Sheikh of Sofi, who knew Baker. Started off M. N., interpreter, with £5 advance, for Souakin *viâ* Wad Medani with one hippo mask, skull, four feet, and a strip of hide, three leopards' skins and skulls, eight Heuglin gazelle-skins, masks, and skulls, and two puff-adder skins. This man is of no use except as an interpreter, and I think the parting has been a relief to both of us, though how my Arabic will carry me further is problematical. I also gave Ibrahim, camel-man, £3 advance and the auction price of M. N.'s donkey, to bring a consignment of goods from Gedarif.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SETTIT RIVER

December 29th. Marched 8 miles to Wad Heleu on the Settiti. Fired four shots at guinea-fowl, bagging one. Saw a gazelle, but had not my rifle handy. Found fresh tracks of lions in the approach to the river, and made a machan in the afternoon, intending to sit up for half an hour or so in the evening, and leave the goat out all night. However, the goat had hardly called for more than ten minutes before it stopped calling, and began to stare fixedly to the right of my machan, and after some ten minutes more a lioness made a spring, killing the goat instantly, and attempting to drag it off by the nape of the neck. However, a .500 Express bullet through the shoulder stopped the operation, and as she lay sprawling, a second bullet through the side stretched her dead beside the goat. Another lion started calling some twenty minutes later, and as I had no electric lamp I came down from the machan, whistled up my men, sent for a camel to the camp, which was only 500 yards off across the Settiti, and

carried off the dead lioness, leaving the dead goat *in situ*. The lion called once more at 8 o'clock or so, but not again.

December 30th. Visited the dead goat in the early morning, which was untouched, and found no track of lion on the road for about half a mile. Did not enjoy the walk, as my donkey had deposited me in the Settiti by stumbling. Returned to camp and skinned and cleaned the dead lioness, which taped 7 feet 11 inches, and weighed 194 lb. The spots showed clearly, and I put her down at three years old, though the shikaris called her fully adult. Returned to machan in evening, but the goat refused to call, and, to wind up with, the electric battery went wrong. I got back to dinner at about 9 p.m.

December 31st. Spent most of the night in the machan, hoping to do something with a magnesium light. At 10 p.m. the lion started calling half a mile or so down-stream, and worked right up to the machan, calling every twenty minutes or so, obviously seeking his mate; finally, I heard him in the grass 20 yards off, but the goat remained mute all the time, and he took the wrong turn and never saw the goat at all, continuing to call up-stream. His last call was at sunrise, I judged nearly a mile up-stream. I went after guinea-fowl in the early morning, and bagged a couple with four shots, and

then followed up the lion. His tracks were to and fro all over the place, and I finally made a perch for the evening up in a tree, near where I judged that I had heard him last, and got back to breakfast by 11 a.m. Put the electric lamp in order. Apparently all that was wrong was that the sal ammoniac had dried up. Started re-soleing a pair of rope-sole boots. Spent the evening without success in the perch made in the morning, and found on return to camp that since sunset the lion had been roaring in the piece of cover where I had already shot the lioness, and the machan was all ready! So much for trying to mark down a lion by its roars. Went to this machan after dinner, but the lion had gone, and was heard no more.

1911.

January 1st. Felt a bit headachy, so spent a quiet morning fishing. Tried a spoon for some time without success, and then changed for the heart of a sheldrake, which I had bagged with four shots in the morning, and speedily caught a barbel of 20 lb. or so. Returned to camp with a bad headache, having been hung up, and lost a flight of hooks and trace. Slept off my headache, and returned to fish for an hour in the afternoon, without success. Sat over goat in lion-machan in evening. Heard one lion call nearly a mile down-stream, and returned to dinner.

January 2nd. Spent the night in lion-machan. There was absolutely no moon, but the stars gave some light, and the lamp was working well. Went to sleep, and was awakened at midnight by piercing screams from the goat. I afterwards found that the iron chain prevented the fatal grip of the neck, and the poor brute was being practically flayed alive. I aligned my rifle and turned on the light, and saw a lion standing over the goat. As soon as he saw the light he moved off too quickly to give a chance of a sure shot, and I turned off the light again, the poor goat lying moaning. After ten minutes or so the goat gave another scream, and I turned on the light again, and saw the lion standing over it. He moved off again, but turned round, and gave a not very satisfactory shot, which, however, I was compelled to take, and the lion disappeared to the right, growling. As the goat was now dead, and there was absolute silence, I turned off the light. After a quarter of an hour, however, in the dim light I saw a dark form advancing stealthily from the right. Unfortunately my rifle clinked against a chain of the machan, and the lion was off at once, without giving a chance. After half an hour, however, I saw another dark shape on the road, and the lion again advanced most stealthily. I made a great blunder trying to align my rifle before he had seized the goat, and he bounded off and returned no more. I was almost certain that I had

made a clean miss, the only doubtful point being that once, when I was engaged with the lion stalking the dead goat, I distinctly heard a heavy body move the grass to the right of the machan. Nothing more occurred till daybreak, though I don't think I got much sleep, and a different lion roared every now and then, beyond the Settiti, behind my camp. At daybreak I came down from my machan and searched for blood. For a long time I found none, and whistled up the shikaris, my camp being within ear-shot on the other side of the Settiti. However, just before they arrived I found a speck of blood in the direction in which the lion had retreated after the shot, and further on more specks and a small piece of flesh, and after the shikaris had come we found more specks in the direction in which I had heard the grass move. At first I doubted whether the lion had not some blood from the goat on his paws or mouth, but the trail, though of the slightest, continued so far that it became certain that one lion had been hit, possibly only slightly, and that it was a second lion that had afterwards occupied my attention. I then marked the trail and went back to camp for chota hazri, returning with the big .470 cordite, the .350 cordite, and also the .500 Express which I had used at night, being more familiar with it than with my other weapons. I gave M. and A. the .350 and .500, with which M., at least, seemed totally unfamiliar, and

took the .470 myself, with soft-nosed cartridges, and we started to track up the wounded lion. Some vultures had collected on a little rising ground ahead, and the shikari seemed confident that he was dead, and described the small quantity of blood as a good sign, though I still suspected only a slight wound. However, on ahead we began to find regular drops of blood, and there were several places where the lion had obviously lain down, and marks where the shikaris said that he had clawed the ground, and finally we found a handful of foam quite wet on the ground, and it became certain that the lion was hard hit and close ahead. The trail took us to a khor with steep sides, and an open space at the bottom, and this khor my men were all descending, following the trail, when my good angel whispered a warning, which undoubtedly saved the life of at least one man. Accordingly I stopped the shikaris, and took up a commanding position over the khor, into which I began to throw large boulders. I had not thrown half a dozen into a suspicious clump of bushes before there were a stir and a growl not more than 15 yards ahead of where I had stopped the trackers, and it became certain that we had marked down the wounded lion, and just stopped walking through a tangled mass of thorns right into his mouth. We then collected on the bluff where I had stood to throw the stones, which commanded practically the entire open space at the

bottom of the khor, where the bush in which the lion lay was practically detached, and began to throw showers of stones into the bush, as the lion would have to charge uphill, through bad thorn, and could hardly escape being shot before he got home. However, the lion understood the position equally well, and was determined not to move, and finally I decided to send a camel-man as marker up a sufficiently high tree, and make a detour which would land us above the lion on the far side of the khor, where we might get a better view. This manœuvre was executed satisfactorily, and we finally got into a position some 20 yards from the bush, and well above it, which commanded a good view except right beneath us. Here we threw more showers of stones, the bush being only 5 yards long or so, and although we must have hit the lion over and over again, he absolutely declined to stir. Finally, as a last resource, I sent back to camp for my shot-gun, and when it arrived, loaded up with buckshot, and placing the .470 in readiness at my feet, fired both barrels of buckshot into the bush. The response was vigorous and immediate, as long before I had time to be ready with the .470, the lion charged out of the bush across the open space into the thick thorns under our feet, and we had the second narrow escape of the day, as there was a path behind us up which he could have advanced, and I could not see to shoot until he was within 3 yards.

However, the lion stood growling in the bushes 5 yards below us, and did not attempt to charge up the hill, and we did not lose much time in retreating further up to a safer position. We then saw the man in the tree signalling to us, and it became practically certain that the lion could be seen from the bluff which we had occupied originally. We therefore made a second circuit for the original position, and arrived there in safety, though M. did his best to induce me to take a path which would again have taken us within charging distance of the lion. No sooner had I taken breath, and come out on the bluff, than I saw the lion detect us, and stand up under a tree under the far bank of the khor about 30 yards off. The shot was not a nice one, as the lion was partially obscured, but it was obviously now or never, as the lion was full of fight, and we could never hope to engage on more favourable terms, so I aimed for what seemed to be about the middle of his body with the .470, and pulled the trigger with the knowledge that probably somebody's life depended on the shot. As it turned out, both barrels of the .470 went off simultaneously, and the recoil made me stagger back with my helmet over my eyes, and my glasses all awry. Fortunately, the result was all that could be desired at the other end, as the lion was knocked down and could be indistinctly seen lying under the trees. The shikaris said that he still had life in him,

so that I took another shot with the handy little .350, which evoked no response, and after waiting for ten minutes or so we descended into the khor, noting how unsuspectingly we were walking into the lion's mouth in the first instance, and advanced to within 10 yards of the lion. But as I saw his jaws still working, I fired another shot from the .350, which left no doubt of his final decease; and presently began to admire our dead trophy, and the two shikaris began to tell most alarming stories of the presents that they would expect from me in future, presents which on this occasion they had certainly fully earned. We sent for a baggage-camel, and returned with the lioness, as she turned out to be, to our camp, which was still only a bare half-mile away. She taped 8 feet, and weighed 250 lb., being obviously very much older than my first specimen, having no spots, and being apparently with young. The shot from the machan had obviously gone through her stomach and left her entrails protruding, which fully explained her subsequent proceedings, and possibly her disinclination for an uphill charge, though she had bounded across the flat in the most determined fashion, and as I had previously noted in the case of leopards, the springing movement would have made the shot to stop her as difficult as could be imagined. The two .470 bullets had apparently entered her side and torn her entrails all to pieces, there being no sign

of an exit hole the other side. I gave M. and A. a present of £1 apiece for each of the two lions, which seems to be the regular rate, and added a dollar apiece for each camp-servant all round, having previously given half a dollar apiece for each leopard. It is clear that Africa is not a country for a poor man, though, on the other hand, incidentals such as elephants and beaters do not have to be paid for as in India; the absence of elephants rendering the risk to life and limb very much greater. As I suspected, three fully developed cubs came out of the lioness, and I am keeping the skins. Spent the remainder of the day over the skin of the lioness, and engaged an old man at Ps. 5 *per diem* for skinning. A fair-sized koodoo bull came and stood on top of the hill right opposite the camp in the morning. Spent the night in bed.

January 3rd. Went out for a morning stalk. Jumped a female koodoo a mile above camp on the right bank, and afterwards caught indistinct glimpses of a couple of gazelles. Then sat over the meshra above camp. Four female gazelles came down to drink at 9 a.m., followed at 10 a.m. by a herd of half a dozen koodoo, including a moderate bull. The whole bank was lined with baboons, and a sounder of wart-hog in a corner completed the picture, though there was nothing that I particularly wanted to shoot. The only animal that came to drink on the right bank was a female ariel with twin fawns. I watched the

meshra until past midday, and voted the entertainment a trifle slow even when a fair number of animals showed themselves. In the afternoon I repaired the lion-machan. In the evening Captain O. C. turned up, having shot a koodoo, waterbuck, and hartebeest, and seen eight lions in broad day, of which he wounded and lost one. We had a long talk, and I did not get out to the lion-machan until nearly 10 p.m., where I saw or heard nothing all night, though a hyæna was on the prowl, having devoured the remains of the goat. I got a sight of him at 60 yards at dawn.

January 4th. Went out for another morning stalk up the Sofi road, and bagged a couple of guinea-fowl, being hard up for meat. Afterwards went to the left bank of yesterday's meshra, but only saw two gazelle, one at least a buck, but giving no chance, and hearing, I think, a koodoo which got our wind. Having seen the track of a lion in this meshra, and also noting that it had been entirely deserted by the baboons who had lined the banks the previous day, I decided to sit in my perch over a goat above this meshra in the evening. Crossing the river from my camp, I noticed some large animal on the meshra, but could not get my glasses on it before it disappeared. Accordingly I decided to send the camel with the goat along the river-bed, and to try for the chance of a shot at some kind of animal along the well-defined path above, which I had noticed was

frequently used by lions. I carried the little .350, and the .470 was unloaded, as I had no real expectation of meeting game that would require it; but on reaching the turn down into a little side khor leading to the meshra, I saw a lioness coming up this very khor, not more than 30 yards away. Although she had not seen me, there was obviously no time to lose, as she was walking right on to us, and might see us at any moment, so I knelt down and took a steady aim at the point of her left shoulder with the little .350. She dropped to the shot and rolled about, growling; but for obvious reasons I could not use my only remaining barrel on her, and by the time I was reloaded, she was on her feet again, and with her left foreleg dangling, charged right up the bank on the opposite side of the khor, on one bank of which I was standing, and disappeared in the bushes, whence some growls and sighs issued, followed by silence. I looked round for my big .470, and found A., my gun-bearer, convulsed with laughter at a spectacle which I confess had not appealed to the humorous side of my nature. I took the .470 out of its cover, loaded it, and changed it for the .350, which I gave to A., and we took up a position on the steep side of the khor, up which the lioness had disappeared. After a few minutes we threw a stone or two, but there was no response. We then went down the khor, and added M. with the .500 Express to our forces. We then

returned to the scene of action, and with some trepidation climbed up the side on which the lioness had disappeared, where there was more grass than I cared about, besides trees and thorn-bushes. We threw sticks and stones into some of these bushes, and finally went right inside one, where A. thought that the lioness had last been heard, but found no sign of her, and I doubted whether it was the right bush. By this time the light was too bad to be of any use, and searching for a wounded lion in the dark was no game for sane men, so we returned to camp, dinner, and bed.

January 5th. Returned to the spot in the early morning, and found all the baboons back, and making a great disturbance where we had last heard the lioness. We approached cautiously and found her stone dead under some thin nabbuk, with one baboon sitting in the bush right overhead. We had actually been within 5 yards of her in the evening without seeing her, though she was not in the least concealed. She was the largest of the three that had been said to haunt the Wad Heleu approach road, measuring 8 feet 8 inches, and weighing 257 lb., though much spotted. The bullet had taken her, as I expected, in the point of the left shoulder, and raked her throughout, the lungs being obviously pierced. On the other hand, the .350 had failed to deal a knock-out blow to this large animal, who might have done

endless mischief in her last moments. We looked about for more tracks, but found none, and spent the balance of the morning skinning her. In the afternoon I did odd jobs, and in the evening tied up a goat without success in the lion-machan.

January 6th. Spent a last night without success in the Wad Heleu lion-machan, which I dismantled. It had certainly done its work. Under the advice of my shikaris I gave a great dose of turpentine to the three lioness-skins, and made them over to the Sheikh of Wad Heleu against my return. Then marched 4 miles or so to Khor um Habl, where I understand that O. C. had seen and wounded a lioness across the river. The grass appeared to have been since entirely burnt on both sides, and I fear that the lions have moved on. However, this appears to be a great meshra, and I actually saw two buck Heuglin gazelle, ariel, and three female hartebeest with a fawn, while some female koodoo are said to have come out right opposite the camp. I also saw numerous fresh tracks of giraffe, and one track of an elephant—all on the right bank of the Settiti, which I did not cross—but no sign of lions or even leopards. In the evening I tied up a kid near a patch of grass above the camp, but without success.

January 7th. Slept in bed, and crossed the river on a camel in the morning to look for lion-tracks. Found

the track of one lion immediately in meshra opposite, possibly the one wounded by O. C., and spent the rest of the morning making a machan. Saw a herd of koodoo come down to drink opposite the camp, but they were too far to stalk, and I was told afterwards that there was no bull. In the afternoon I was going out to look at the meshra, and met a herd of ariel, bagging one of $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The rest of the herd scarcely moved to the shot, though fired at 40 yards, but I did not want another. Afterwards, to my disgust, S., whom I had specially retained to look after my skins, totally spoiled the head-skin by cutting away half of the lining of the ears. I discharged him in consequence, more especially as Amir Baksh had sent me an impertinent message, when I sent the head to him to clean, the moral of course being not to keep two men for one man's work. Sat over a goat in new machan in evening without success.

January 8th. Spent the night in new machan. Nothing occurred until an hour or so before dawn, when I was awakened from peaceful dreams by a rush below and screams from the goat. I aligned my .500 and turned on the light, and saw a lion standing below over the goat, facing me, but looking back over his shoulder. He did not even trouble to turn round on seeing the light, possibly because the grass had just been burned and fire was still visible occasionally here

and there. I fired for the withers, and elicited a succession of growls, the lion making off to the right. This was opposite the camp, and the shikaris say that they heard him growling in the bushes some time after the shot. At daybreak I climbed to the top of the tree, and carefully surveyed the neighbourhood before descending. There was no sign of the lion, so I brought down my two rifles and ammunition, having kept the .470 as an extra arm in case of accidents, elephants, etc. The shikaris came up pluckily, but rather foolishly, without waiting for my whistle, just as I reached the ground, and we returned to camp for chota hazri, after which we all took up the trail. There was very little blood, but the ground was mostly soft, and the grass having been burnt, tracking was not difficult. However, the lion had gone fully half a mile before there was any sign of his having stopped, which did not look like a serious wound, and we must have followed the trail for fully three miles, Fadl ul Maula doing all the work, before we got on terms. Then most unluckily someone hit against the bucket of stones in some thick grass and thorns through which the lion appeared to have been hunted by hyænas, and while in front I just caught a glimpse at 15 or 20 yards of a yellow form bounding off, giving me no time to raise my rifle, much less shoot. Another half-mile further there was a growl some 50 yards in front, but nothing

was visible, and coming up to the spot it was clear that the lion had gone off at full gallop, bounding over bushes in his path. His trail now led right across open country, and then into low thorn-bushes. It was 11 a.m., and the shikaris were obviously giving it up as a bad job, so very reluctantly I returned to camp, calling to mind Baker's dictum that ordinarily the Sudanese lion is not a fighting animal. Sat over goat in evening without success.

January 9th. Spent a fruitless night in machan, and in the morning marched about 3 miles to Gira. On the road I saw hartebeest, wart-hog, and gazelle, but would not shoot owing to the absence of transport, as A. alone was accompanying me along the river-bank. There was fresh sign of elephants all over the Gira meshra, but I found no traces of lions until the afternoon, when I went out alone, and saw the tracks of a large lion across the river, a quarter of a mile above the camp, and spent the rest of the day making a machan, the shikaris warning me that I was certain to be visited by elephants, their fresh tracks being everywhere. I spent the evening in the new machan, being relieved at 6 o'clock so as not to be cut off by the elephants before dinner, the shikaris having warned me of the impossibility of moving about if the herd occupied the ground. Nothing, however, showed up to dinner-time.

January 10th. Spent a somewhat disturbed and unsatisfactory night in the machan. No lions showed, but at 9.15 p.m. an elephant trumpeted a quarter of a mile off, across the stream, and presently the whole herd obviously came down to the stream just above my machan, crossing about 100 yards off. A few members wandered in a desultory fashion down my way, but I am not certain that any elephant came closer than 50 yards from the machan, though I was kept on the *qui vive* most of the night by suspicious rustlings, etc. However, the bulk of the herd certainly moved off up-stream, and by midnight, when the moon set, I was able to go off to sleep in some security, as the big elephant-rifle and a couple of port-fires should have kept off any but the most determined of onslaughts. In the morning I prospected up the Settiti, finding the tracks of the lion on my side, where I had heard him roar twice about daybreak, and of a leopard the other side. I saw a couple of good bushbuck come down to drink, but they kept on the move, and it was too far for a safe shot. A stalk after what turned out to be female koodoo was bungled, and wart-hog were disturbed twice. Gazelle and ariel were also seen; but on the whole I was disappointed not to see males of any of the large antelopes. In the afternoon I read up old files of newspapers, some of which were in arrears since October. Afterwards strolled out with

a rifle, mainly for the pot. Saw nothing but a couple of dikdik and did not get a shot. In the evening I sat up for lion without success.

January 11th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan, when no elephants put in an appearance, to my considerable relief. In the morning I went up the left bank to the bushbuck meshra, seeing a waterbuck *en route*, sex unknown, also a herd of koodoo, including a bull with horns a foot long, which M. obviously wanted me to shoot. So far as bushbuck were concerned the meshra was a failure. However, the following animals came down to drink on the right bank :—

8.40 a.m. ariel, gazelle.

9.50 a.m. gazelle.

10.30 a.m. ariel.

10.50 a.m. one ariel.

The meshra was then invaded by sheep, and I went home rather bored with this form of sport. In the afternoon I returned to the meshra at 4 o'clock, wasting some time over a fruitless search for guinea-fowl, as meat was short, and disturbing a herd of koodoo *en route*, but no bull that I could see. At 4.15 out came a bushbuck, but a long way off, and as I was trying to cut him off, A. gave away the stalk by stopping and pointing at the animal, which detected us, and I saw him no more. Returning to the machan

along the left bank, I blundered into a waterbuck doe and fawn drinking. I made M. and A. bring a sick and abandoned sheep to the machan, much to their disgust. In the evening I sat over a calling goat without success.

January 12th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan over sheep, with the result that I slept well and saw or heard nothing. Yet elephants must have been within 200 yards of me across the stream, and at least one lion half a mile up the river. In the morning I walked up again to the bushbuck-meshra, seeing nothing but a wart-hog on the road and arriving at 8 o'clock. At 8.30 out came a nice bushbuck, but I bungled the affair badly, finishing off with a miss right and left within 40 yards. I then went a bit further up-stream, crossing opposite a small village, and coming down the right bank, stopping at the ariel-meshra. About 11 a.m., when I was just off home, down came a herd, and this time I stalked successfully to within 20 yards, knocking over a nice buck of $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches. M. and A. did not turn up for fully ten minutes after it was dead, and then proceeded to halal it, while, to their great amusement, I went through a pantomime of the alert shikari disturbed from his slumbers. In the afternoon I brought my news up to date, *i.e.* about the middle of December. Sat in lion-machan in evening without success. Tied a dead sheep out as bait for a panther.

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January 13th. Spent another fruitless night in machan. The elephants turned up again and drank at a little after 9 o'clock, and crossed over to my side of the Settit, but took a path about 200 yards from the machan. In the morning I found to my disgust the track of a lion within 20 yards of the machan, but by bad luck he had taken the wrong turn. So much for taking chances. Decided to make another machan where only one track was possible. Went to the meshra in morning for bushbuck, but disturbed them and nothing came down but a herd of koodoo, with a moderate bull, at about 7.30. Then fixed on a precipitous bank for an all-night sitting for lion by the full moon, and spent a long and exhausting morning fortifying it with thorn-bushes, not getting back to breakfast until past one. Returned to the "labbada" in evening, and had cold tea and supper there. My men ran almost into an elephant on the road home, but fortunately were not molested.

January 14th. Spent a disappointing night in "labbada." Nothing showed at all but three giraffes, which I did not want, at 1 a.m. on the opposite bank, and I got a headache into the bargain. On top of all this I found the tracks of a leopard a quarter of a mile further up-stream in the morning. I stopped at the bushbuck-meshra until 9 o'clock, seeing three lots of koodoo and a female bushbuck, but nothing I wanted. I then dismantled machan and returned to camp.

The afternoon was spent repairing the lid of a *khajawah*, which serves as a machan, and preparing for a fresh start to Ishaga, six days of Gira having given me an ariel and a miss at a bushbuck, although I had sat up five consecutive times for lion. My four camels turned up with three ardabb of dourra, costing Ps. 150, from Sofi.

January 15th. Marched to Ishaga, which is only a mile above the island where I was encamped above Gira. Bagged a couple of guinea-fowl in early morning. Saw nothing on march. There being now no sign of lion in this neighbourhood, I went for an evening stalk, when I let off a couple of wart-hog, for which my camel-men afterwards upbraided me, as they wanted the hide to repair the baggage-saddles. However, just as it was getting dark the shikaris detected an animal moving on the right, and walking up I saw it stand at 30 yards, and enquired whether it had horns. The reply was satisfactory, so I let drive and knocked over a nice little bushbuck of 12 inches. The shikaris immediately began to talk about bakshish, which disgusted me considerably, especially as they had thrown up the chase of the wounded lion at 11 a.m., and I told them that I drew the line at bushbuck.

January 16th. Went for a morning stalk on the left bank above Ishaga. Saw four small waterbuck,

one almost fit to shoot, and a koodoo nearly fine enough to shoot. Saw also a decent bushbuck, but the approach failed. Went fully two miles up-stream, and crossed over, finding plenty of signs of elephants on both banks, but not much else on the right, though I got close to two lots of female koodoo on the left. Finally recrossed the stream, and got back to camp at 12 noon. In the evening I went to the bushbuck-meshra, disturbing two female bushbuck on the way. Nothing came out to drink, but just before dark I jumped a buck at close quarters, not getting a shot, and, I think, saw the same two females further on.

January 17th. Went over much the same ground as the previous morning. Began well by knocking over a not very imposing wart-hog at 40 yards, as my camel-men were clamouring for a skin. Then watched the meshra until 9 a.m., but nothing came out but wart-hog, gazelle, and ariel. Finally, I decided to top the ravines going home, scaring out whatever game had lain up in them. So far as causing the animals to show was concerned, this plan worked to perfection. In the very first ravine out came the bushbuck of the previous day and gave a long chance, which I refused, and did not get another. From the next ravine emerged a herd of female koodoo. In the next out came two small waterbuck, which went on and put up a large herd, including two good bucks. I stalked up to within 30 yards of this herd success-

fully, though I jumped some koodoo does on the way. Finally, I wound up by missing a steady pot-shot at 30 yards at an animal the size of a cow standing broadside-on. At least, no blood could be found. I viewed the herd again, but failed in the stalk, and got back to camp at 11 a.m., very disgusted with things in general. In the evening I went to the bushbuck-meshra. Unluckily I had to walk down wind, with the result that M. and I simultaneously detected a lion reposing on the top of a knoll some 80 yards off, but he got our wind at once, and disappeared whilst I was changing rifles, and we never saw him again. So ended a good day gone wrong.

January 18th. Shot four guinea-fowl near camp. Marched to Kellalab, a distance of some 6 miles. Saw nothing *en route* but a good wart-hog, too far from camp, five bushbuck, all females and young, and a female koodoo. Heard in Kellalab that buffalo regularly inhabit the island opposite the camp, and went out in the evening, finding fresh tracks of buffalo, but none of lion. Saw nothing.

January 19th. Went out in the early morning to search the island. Found it so thick as to be totally useless, but promising to beat, if only luck were favourable. Fixed up a shooting butt, and returned to breakfast at 9 o'clock, deciding to try the effect of a beat with mounted men on camels after breakfast.

A sentry left by me opposite said that our operations turned out a good koodoo, and two bushbuck passed where I located the butt. Beat out island at midday. Nothing showed but a small waterbuck, passing at full speed about 50 yards from the butt. In the evening I prospected up-stream along the left bank, and got a shot at rather over 100 yards at a bushbuck, scoring a miss. On the way home I saw what may have been a good koodoo come to the island, but too late to be of any use.

January 20th. Beat out island with camels in early morning, and secured a bushbuck of 12 inches, unluckily with the tip of one horn broken. He passed within 25 yards of my butt at a slow walk in the middle of the beat, and fell to the first shot, having his throat cut some half-hour after he was dead. It being still early, I decided to reconnoitre the left bank of the Settit. A female koodoo was seen as soon as we got on to the high ground, and next we saw two large horned antelopes in the meshra at the top of the island some three-quarters of a mile off. A stiffish piece of walking at a good pace, in the course of which we saw another female koodoo, brought us within some 200 yards of these antelopes, which proved to be roan. This being my first introduction to roan, unless, as I now believe, the big antelope at Kituit was one, and not a waterbuck, I was by no means sure either of the sex or of the size

of the heads, and neither M. nor A. would commit himself to a definite opinion. Almost immediately after we reached the meshra, the roan, which had already drunk, began to move off, and we had to make a circuit through some thick stuff, on emerging from which M. detected one roan about 60 yards off. He was soon joined by his companion, and both began to graze behind a bush. I took advantage of this to get within 40 yards, and when they emerged I saw that one was obviously a mere youngster, but that the other seemed to have a fair head. I therefore took the shot, and the bigger roan ran some 20 yards and dropped, his companion refusing to leave until I literally drove him away. On measuring, after M. had warned me of the danger of approaching a wounded roan, I was disappointed to find that the head, though most massive, only taped a short 25 inches. The animal's paunch was distended in an extraordinary fashion, and when he was moved to place him on the camel, which was brought from camp three-quarters of a mile away, an astonishing amount of water gushed out through the incision made in his throat. In fact, the Arabs said that he had laid in a three days' supply of water. He weighed, when clean, 518 lb. and measured 14.3 hands in height. As we were loading him, an Arab came up saying that he had seen a buffalo that very morning. However, two in a morning was a sufficient

bag, and we returned to breakfast, the remainder of the day being spent over the skinning of these two animals.

January 21st. In the early morning the island was again beaten out, and although nothing came out quite close to my butt, I saw a doe waterbuck with a fawn and three-quarter-grown youngster emerge lower down, and after we had left observed a couple of bushbuck come over much the same line. The truth is that all the grass on the left bank had been burned whilst it is still thick on the island, and so long as this continues the island will be a certain draw for some animal or other. We then proceeded up-stream to look for yesterday's buffalo, but the place seemed to be full of Arabs, and we saw nothing but a wart-hog feeding where I had missed the bushbuck. In fact, the buffalo appeared to affect the cotton-fields of Hagar ul Zuruk, and might be more easily reached from our next camp. I may add that we jumped a couple of small antelope, which the shikaris called "mora." This name, I believe, applies to both duiker and oribi, but I only caught a mere glimpse of them. In the afternoon I sewed a new sole on to a boot, and in the evening tied up a goat on the island, without result.

January 22nd. Beat out island in morning, but only saw the doe waterbuck and fawn, which

galloped right past my butt. Then stalked upstream along the left bank, but saw literally nothing except the two oribi of the previous day, and a dikdik. In the evening went up to the cotton-fields where the buffalo were reported, and found quite fresh tracks, but too late to be of any use. Saw no other game and decided to move camp.

January 23rd. Went after guinea-fowl in early morning, and bagged six, with three shots. Then moved camp to Hagar ul Zuruk, prospecting left bank. Saw no game but a sounder of wart-hog, and the usual two oribi, which appear to be mother and child. There was, however, plenty of fresh sign opposite Hagar ul Zuruk, including a lion-track. The shikaris went off to the bazaar in the afternoon, more or less playing truant, and failing in an attempt to find a suitable place for fishing, while I did a number of odd jobs, including the repair of the pole of the big tent, which had broken through a fall due to the fracture of a chain, and linking up three chains. I also developed a headache.

January 24th. The headache still continued, but I was called before daybreak, and started at dawn with M. and A. to look for the buffalo, my experience having been that dawn is the right time for these animals. After half a mile I saw tracks and droppings that were still warm, and took up the trail.

For a quarter of a mile it was plain sailing through the cotton-fields; but after this the trail led into the grass and thorn, and it became very hard to follow. Whilst A. was prospecting for it, he started pointing and signalled me up, and on arrival I found that a leopard had just walked past him about 15 yards off. At last A. picked up a straight trail, and following it for not more than 50 yards, round a corner we saw our friend the buffalo standing sideways-on 20 yards off, looking at us round a tree. We all knelt down, and as the shikaris obviously intended to fire a volley, I stopped A., who carried my 8-bore, and gave the buffalo a broadside shot with a soft-nosed bullet from the .470, whilst at the same time, without any orders, M. fired off a solid from my .350. The buffalo moved off to the left, and at the same time M. said a second buffalo went off behind it, though this I did not see. We kept quite still after the shot, and after some minutes distinctly heard a heavily shod animal breaking branches in front, and a grunt or two—say 50 yards off. Judging this to be the second buffalo come back to look for his friend, I decided to sit still and wait developments, as we had a very fair view in front. This we did for over two hours, during which my headache got no better. At last I thought it time to move, and very cautiously took up the trail. For some time we could make very little of it, but at last I saw a little blood, and we

moved slowly along it for some 100 yards, till coming round a bush I saw the buffalo's back at 10 yards sharp to the right. I expected a charge, but A. stopped me from shooting, saying that it was dead, and so it proved, and a nice bull at that, which from all accounts had been stopping the collection of the Hagar ul Zuruk cotton for weeks. Then home to breakfast at 9 a.m. Afterwards I returned and measured and weighed the buffalo, with the following results :—

Total length	11 ft. 10 in.
Tail	3 ft.
Height at withers	4 ft. 4 in.
Girth at foreleg	7 ft. 1½ in.
Foreleg to brisket	1 ft. 6 in.
Weight, clean	954 lbs.

The head only gave a beam of 28 inches, but the palm was 9 inches, and I imagine him to have been an old bull. M.'s contribution was a clean miss, and it is worth noting that with a .470 soft-nosed bullet right through the centre of the body, 6 inches behind the shoulder, this bull travelled over 100 yards, and, I believe, did not expire for fully five minutes. I next made a perch up a tree to sit up for the leopard, getting stung by a bee whose hive I disturbed in the process of selecting a tree. In the evening I sat up in this tree, but without success.

January 25th. In the early morning I crossed over to the left bank of the Settit, and examined the khor where I had seen the track of a lion. There were no more marks of lion, but a leopard had crossed the mouth of the khor, and as there was a suitable tree I spent the morning in constructing a machan. The afternoon was spent giving an edge to my various axes, billhooks, knives, etc. In the evening I tied up a goat, and sat in the machan till dinner-time without result.

January 26th. Having returned to the machan for the night, at about 1 a.m. my attention was attracted by a sniff of alarm from the goat, precisely like the well-known call of alarm of ibex. It was pitch dark, but the goat had undoubtedly discerned its enemy, for after a few seconds more there was the sound of a scuffle, a few cries from the goat, and then silence. By this time I had aligned my rifle on the white form of the goat, making a slight noise in the process, which in all probability explained the dead silence after the goat had been killed. However, I lay quite still, and after a few minutes heard a crunching noise, and at once turned on the light. The illumination was not first-rate, being partly obscured by thorns, but I was able to see a leopard crouching over the goat immediately facing me, and taking a long and careful aim amidsthips I pulled the trigger. The report of the .500 Express awoke the entire neigh-

bourhood, but there was practically no sound from the leopard, and listening most intently I was only able to catch the slightest possible growl, and was quite uncertain whether I had hit or missed, or which way the leopard had gone. In fact, I turned off the light and passed the rest of the night under the impression that I had scored a miss; this idea receiving support from the fact that some time after the shot I heard pebbles move on the bank behind me. Indeed, I drew my revolver, under the idea that the leopard was reconnoitring the machan, which was within easy distance of the ground. However, the night passed without further incident, and at dawn I descended and carefully examined the path behind the machan, up which it was obvious that the leopard had come, though there was no blood or sign of his having gone back. Finally I returned to the machan, being practically sure that I had missed, and started to join the camel and shikaris, who had already come over. Later on I examined the ground very carefully here also, and saw what looked like spots of blood dried into the sand, and a pace or two further a piece of meat half the size of a walnut. I was, however, quite unable to make out any tracks, but the shikaris, coming up, saw the piece of meat, and took up the trail without the least hesitation, showing me some large spots of blood on a rock a few paces further; and less than twenty

paces further on, in the mouth of the khor where I had seen the track of the lion, we found Spots lying dead. He proved to be a smallish male, length 6 feet 5 inches, weight 82 lbs., though none the less welcome for his insignificant proportions. The rest of the day was spent attending to the leopard-skin. In the afternoon I tried my luck with the rod, opposite the machan, but did not get even a bite, and lost a flight of hooks. In the evening I tied up a kid and sat in the machan; but, in spite of the kid calling well, nothing was stirring in the neighbourhood, though a lion roared some half-mile down the stream. I then tied the corpse of the goat killed by the leopard to the peg, and returned to dinner at 7 p.m.—a most unlucky meal as things turned out.

January 27th. On returning to the machan to spend the night I at once noticed a strong smell of flesh, and on reaching the dead goat found that whilst I had been eating my dinner some animal had literally torn the goat to pieces, nothing remaining but the head, neck, and some ribs. Further investigation showed that the animal in question was the lion, who had presumably come along as soon as I left for dinner, and was no doubt still in the immediate neighbourhood. I at once tied up the spare goat which I had brought in view of such a contingency, and got into the machan; but the coming and going of lights appeared to have been too much for

the lion, which never returned for the rest of his meal, though towards midnight he roared freely in the neighbourhood, once actually coming within 100 yards of the machan, the new goat being, however, discreetly silent. Towards morning I heard him still roaring, but further down the stream, much where he had been the previous evening. Returning to camp, I went for a morning stalk with A. and F. M., M. having succeeded in sticking my gaff into his arm the previous day. I had not gone half a mile from camp before, on the top of the ridge to the left of the Settiti, I saw within 60 yards a waterbuck, which even to my inexperienced eyes seemed to have an enormous spread of horn. As A. agreed that it was a good head—though the opinion of Arab shikaris on this point does not seem to possess much value—I fired for the heart, and by a lucky shot broke the animal's neck instead. I then sent for a camel and brought it back to camp. It turned out to be a 27-inch head with a 33-inch spread, which is within an inch of the record for spread. The rest of the day was spent attending to the mask, etc. In the evening I went to the machan with cold supper, with the intention of making an all-night sitting.

January 28th. Spent the night in machan fruitlessly, the lion having moved on. In the morning I went for a stalk up the left bank. About a mile from camp the shikaris detected a wart-hog, and said that

he had fine tushes, but I did not get the glass on him soon enough to be sure. However, we cautiously advanced to the spot where he had disappeared, and he rushed out from behind a bush and made off. I was not very quick at taking a sight with the new .350, but fired at 50 yards, just as he was disappearing, and on going up to the spot we found a particle of flesh, though the pig had made no response. We took up the trail, which soon led into grass nearly 3 feet high, and after some 200 yards began to find plenty of blood. I was leading, and must admit that I was more or less caught napping, as the pig jumped up at 5 yards and came in before I could get my rifle to the shoulder; but I got in a shot from the hip at a couple of yards, and the next instant was knocked down by a glancing blow on the left knee. However, the pig passed on, and I was up again and gave him the left barrel as he was disappearing 10 yards behind. Simultaneously A. loosed off my big .470, and the net result of all this shooting was to floor the pig for good. I was not in the least hurt, and we reloaded and went up to him. The plucky beast was still full of fight, but was disabled by two broken legs, both on the same side; and when his struggles somewhat subsided I took hold of his only sound hind leg and knifed him. So far as I could ascertain, my first shot had partially disembowelled him, and, as he charged, the second

shot passed through his snout, breaking the lower jaw, thereby putting him out of action for offensive purposes, and passing on, broke a fore leg into the bargain, and as he was going on, either A. or myself broke a hind leg. Both the rifle and my left arm were covered with blood from the pig, and no doubt I fell right on top of him, his broken jaw, however, putting mischief beyond his power. He was a very old boar indeed, almost white, and with his molars and incisors mere stumps. The tushes were of extraordinary length— $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches outside the gum for the upper, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the lower jaw. Unluckily, one upper tush had been broken, though in India I found this the rule, rather than the exception, with really good pig. He measured $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches and scaled 171 lb., being decidedly less leggy than his Indian cousin. A camel was brought from camp in the course of an hour, and the remainder of the day spent attending to the mask, as I proposed to set up the head of a beast by which I was so nearly discomfited. I also spent an hour deciphering a Hindi epistle to Amir Baksh, a batch of letters having arrived the previous day. An Urdu letter to Abdur Rahman entirely beat me.

January 29th. After dinner I proceeded to the machan and tied up a new goat, which called well. After half an hour I heard some animal approaching the back of the machan, which was not well screened

and only 10 feet from the ground. A stone fell, a twig cracked, and the animal was obviously reconnoitring the machan from immediately beneath. Meanwhile, I got my hand on to the butt of my revolver, in case he had a fancy for closer acquaintance. The brute next moved round to the goat, which went into a regular paroxysm of terror, and must have stood in full view within 5 yards of the beast, but of course I could see nothing. Finally it went off, and must have again reconnoitred the goat from below, the unfortunate animal responding in the same fashion as before. Deciding, however, in the end that the enterprise was more dangerous than it appeared, it went off, and was seen and heard no more. But next morning we found the tracks of a lion literally all round the machan and the goat, wherever it was possible to get a good view of either. As the lion obviously now knew too much to be easily tempted, I decided to try to track him up, and after chota hazri went with the shikaris and took up the trail, which was not very hard to follow, as the lion had obviously patrolled a strip of low thorn, etc., along the high bank above the machan. After proceeding about half a mile or less I noticed a number of crows on the right, and there found first of all clear footprints of the lion, and afterwards a large quantity of blood. I whistled up the shikaris, and we presently found the body of a young male koodoo, freshly

killed and half eaten, concealed under a thorn-tree. This seemed to offer a good chance of securing this cunning brute, so I decided to erect another machan over the kill. The nearest suitable tree was 50 yards off, but while the men were fetching my portable machan from camp, I sat in a thorn-tree close to the kill, in case the lion should be still in the vicinity. Nothing stirred, however, and by 1 p.m. I had the new machan ready and a bad headache into the bargain. I then returned to camp and re-charged the electric battery. At 4 p.m. I came back to the machan, with the intention of making a night of it.

January 30th. Nothing stirred until, as I judged, about 10 p.m., when I heard what could only have been the lion come along the drag of the dead koodoo, right up to its new position. So far as I was able to judge, the lion stood close to the kill for fully half an hour, and then sniffed at it; but I had previously made up my mind not to stir till he actually began to eat, as the least movement during the process of reconnoitring is almost invariably detected, and this lion was clearly particularly wide awake. The sequel was, however, disappointing, as my first intimation that anything was wrong was the challenge of the monkeys in the lion's regular path along the river half a mile off; and when another hour passed without a movement, I turned on the light, and found no trace of the lion at all. I myself was

of the opinion that the lion was a cunning animal that would not return, but M., my shikari, who came round in the morning, was positive that his behaviour was merely due to his having overeaten himself the previous night; so we concealed the dead koodoo and left the machan *in situ*, with the mental reservation that I would break camp next day if this next sitting were unsuccessful. As a mail had arrived from England, the day was spent writing letters, and sending them in to Sofi by Khojali on a donkey, with directions to hire a man at Sofi for two dollars to carry them 40 miles further to Gedarif.

January 31st. Spent a fruitless night over the dead koodoo. A bushbuck barked at sunset, but nothing stirred all night. In the early morning I bagged a couple of guinea-fowl with two shots, and then broke camp, proceeding 5 miles up-stream to Negata. Throughout the march up the left bank I was practically never out of sight of tracks of lion, buffalo, and leopard, though I actually saw no game but an oribi, which got up in thick bush. In the evening I tied up a goat, sitting in an old fig-tree, but without success.

February 1st. Made a long round, from 5 a.m. to 10 a.m., down the left bank and up the right, to look for yesterday's buffalo, but could find no trace of him. Started by jumping a waterbuck with fair

horns, but was not tempted to shoot. Afterwards came across two lots of waterbuck and one of koodoo, besides gazelle and ariel. Spent a most arduous afternoon making a new machan where I had seen the tracks of lion, and returned to camp without tying up a bait in the evening.

February 2nd. Spent a fruitless night in the machan, and as there was the track of a lion close to the goat next morning, and the goat had made no sign, the conclusion was that the lion passed whilst I was at dinner—another piece of very bad luck. In the morning I examined the nullahs on the left bank, and saw two fair waterbuck, but was not tempted to shoot, and also doe koodoo and waterbuck. I did fire, however, right and left at 25 yards at a bushbuck that I jumped among the ravines, and scored a bad miss. I found the ravines killing work in leather breeches, which was some excuse for the miss. I also saw the same herd of ariel as before on the right bank. In the afternoon I visited a meshra overgrown with rushes half a mile above the camp, but saw nothing save a couple of wart-hog. At 4.30 p.m. I went for an all-night sitting to the machan.

February 3rd. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. Nothing stirred but a bushbuck, which barked at the goat shortly after dark, and a hyæna

which called close by after daybreak. In the morning I examined the ravines along the left bank above the camp, but saw no game whatever. At 8.30 a.m. I arrived at a meshra a mile above camp, and sat over it until 10 a.m., when a hartebeest came down to drink, but too far off to be any good, though I made a great effort to get within range. On the way home I saw a female gazelle and female ariel eating the rushes in the meshra of yesterday. Thinking that a male might break out, of either species, I stalked to within 50 yards, when I saw an ariel make off. Close to the gazelle could be seen the horns and back of what I supposed to be a male Heuglin, and, firing, I killed the female ariel in error. The horns proved long enough— $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches—being longer than those of either of my two males, although, of course, the horns were thin and spidery. The weight was only 90 lb., against 125 lb. for the males. I jumped another wart-hog on the way back to camp, but was disappointed with the scarcity of game in this unfrequented part. The afternoon was spent attending to the ariel, and doing various jobs. In the evening I again went to the machan for an all-night sitting.

February 4th. Spent another fruitless night in the machan. At daybreak a lion called in the far distance up-stream. In the morning I visited the nullahs opposite camp, turning out a couple of female

bushbuck and three female koodoo. Later on I came down to the river and sat for an hour over the track of a roan antelope, awaiting his return from water, as the shikaris could make nothing of the track when it reached the grass near the river. On the way home I turned out three female koodoo, but saw nothing with horns all day, and no fresh sign of lion or buffalo. In the afternoon I revisited the meshra of yesterday. I saw a male ariel on the way, but did not shoot, and two more ariel came and left almost as soon as I reached the meshra. After half an hour a couple of oribi came down, and I could see with the glass that one was a male. As I wanted one of these animals, I proceeded to stalk, and got within 60 yards, when the female detected me, and both began to move off. I fired in somewhat of a hurry, and the bullet obviously struck the buck in the left haunch. He went off slowly, and I fear that I made three misses before he disappeared under the high bank. I went down and found a plentiful blood-trail up to the foot of the high bank, but not a drop further on. I spent two hours trying to pick up the trail, sending to camp for extra assistance, but nobody could pick it up again, and I had to give it up as a bad job. This is, of course, the one weak point of small-bore rifles. However, this is only the second animal wounded for certain and lost to date, so I ought not to complain. In

the evening I again went to the machan for an all-night sitting.

February 5th. Spent the night without success in the machan. Just before dark the goat obviously detected a movement in the bushes opposite, and a plover called, and next morning I found that two buffaloes had been drinking there. Moreover, I also heard later that a lion had killed one out of a flock of goats, encamped within earshot, the owner of which surprised and, to some extent, startled me at midnight by commencing to cough violently within 10 yards of my machan. In the morning I took up the trail of the buffaloes. The shikaris, particularly A., worked well, but unluckily the buffaloes had gone straight away to the high grass on the plateau. The result was that after 2 miles we stampeded them 20 yards ahead, without being able to see anything of them. We then followed the trail again for a couple more miles into dense grass and kittar, and again stampeded them without being able to see anything. By this time it was 10 a.m., and the buffaloes thoroughly alarmed, so we gave it up as a bad job, and got back to camp by 11 a.m. In the afternoon I went for an hour's fishing, and started by catching a kinkin of 1 lb., and followed up with a 17-lb. barbel. In the evening I went for a final all-night sitting in the machan.

February 6th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. Nothing stirred whatever. In the morning I went up the left bank for tetel, with an equally disappointing result. Saw four tetel in all, but had no chance of a shot, and was not even sure of the sex of more than one, which had a calf at foot. Saw also ariel and gazelle, but was not tempted to shoot, and decided to move from a place where I have had nothing but the worst of luck. In the afternoon I went fishing. M. insisted that pieces of fish were as good bait as pieces of meat, and I dangled them on my hook for an hour without a bite. Changing in desperation to pieces of meat, I got bites as soon as the meat reached the bottom, and finally fairly hooked a carp of 3 lb. or so, which A. knocked off by unskilful using of the gaff. I then tied up a kid in the evening without success.

February 7th. During the night, at moonset, I was much disgusted to hear a lion start roaring up-stream, and gradually come down the river apparently right past the site of the machan which I had occupied without success for five consecutive nights. However, I could not afford to stop here any longer, so broke camp and removed to Zuhani, though feeling decidedly headachy. On the way I sat over two meshras for hartebeest, without success, though gazelle and ariel literally came within biscuit range. Later on I saw a wart-hog, but the tushes were not good enough,

and opposite my new camp a couple of doe waterbuck, which seemed a good sign. In the afternoon I crossed over to the left bank, and saw no less than four lots of waterbuck, including a very moderate male, which A. wanted me to shoot; also what looked like a couple of oribi. In fact, there seemed to be lots of game.

February 8th. Heard an elephant just across the stream at moonset. In the early morning I fired a right and left at guinea-fowl, but failed to bag. I then moved up the right bank, intending to pass a long day on a celebrated meshra. On the way a hartebeest walked right across my path, and the shikaris decided that it was a buck. I could make nothing of the sex, but M. moved and attracted its attention, when I had to take an end-on shot, which took effect right in the apple of the throat. However, the tough beast ran quite 30 yards before it dropped, and turned out to be a nice bull. It weighed 325 lb., and measured 12 hands. The head measured $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with an 18-inch span, which is pretty good. In the evening I went up the right bank once more, and saw a family party of five waterbuck and a bushbuck drinking at the big meshra. They got my wind and moved off, but I kept above them on the high ground, and presently the bushbuck crossed me. It was a male, but the trees were very thick, and as I delayed it became suspicious, so that I

never got another chance. I next saw all five waterbuck, and could have shot the buck, but decided that he was too small.

February 9th. Following the advice of my shikaris, I spent the whole day on the big meshra, with the disappointing result of only seeing one bushbuck far out of shot. These men seem to know very little of their own river. Luckily, I had taken a hand-line and plenty of literature, and caught a barbel of 10 lb. and a carp of 3 lb., and afterwards brought my news of the outer world up to January 10th. In the evening I went further up the left bank, seeing an oribi, sex unknown, and the hind-quarters of some larger antelope, and afterwards came down the right bank, seeing a doe waterbuck, and a doe bushbuck and young.

February 10th. In the early morning I bagged a pigeon, in some cliffs where I had noticed them the previous evening, and also a dove by accident. I then broke camp and marched a couple of miles up-stream to Sueta, a meshra where the Haden-dowas had been complaining of damage by lions. On the way I sat over the big meshra until 11 a.m., seeing nothing but gazelle, ariel, and wart-hog. Just as the caravan appeared in sight, a very large herd of roan antelope likewise appeared at the extreme end of the meshra. A. said fifty, but I put

it down at twenty, with a hartebeest apparently doing sentry. I stopped the caravan, but whether it was the sight of the caravan, or the unfavourable wind, or the hosts of guinea-fowl that dispersed in every direction whilst I was conducting the stalk, the entire herd bolted from the meshra before I could get on terms, and, into the bargain, caught sight of me from the rear as I was walking along the high bank, and I saw no more of them, though I waited until 1 p.m. on the chance of their returning. There was the track of a lion all the way from this meshra to our new camp, and in the evening I sat up in a fig-tree for him without success.

February 11th. In the morning I constructed a machan for the lion in a likely ravine, up which I had seen his tracks. I then went on to the big meshra, and sat there from 11 to 12, but saw nothing but three oribi, including a buck, which saw me and made off, though a doe waited long enough to give me an easy chance. In the afternoon I went out at 3 o'clock and saw a Heuglin buck come down to drink just outside the camp. The horns were nothing out of the way, but I wanted meat, and made a successful stalk, securing him at 50 yards by the first shot. He was much heavier than the Atbara bucks—70 lb. to wit, against 63 lb., being the largest to date. The horns were only $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, however, though the height

was 28 inches, against 27 inches to date. The poor beast lacked an eye, which may have aided my stalk. In the evening I proceeded to the machan for an all-night sitting.

February 12th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. In the morning I prospected down the right bank as far as the big meshra. On the way I could have shot a waterbuck, but decided that it was too small. At the meshra a herd of hartebeest were drinking. I stalked to within 60 yards of them, but could not make out the bull, and as I was consulting the shikaris, an Arab came along and frightened the herd away. I made a big circuit, crossing at the ford, and went after them, but they were not to be stalked twice running, and made off. I then sat over the meshra, at the top, and a large herd of roan came down to drink at the bottom end, where I had already sat for two days without success. There was no time for a wide detour, and as I hurried down they detected me and made off. I followed them across the river, and got within 40 yards of a couple of them, but was again unable to make out the sex, and they saw me and disappeared. This concluded a most unlucky morning's work. In the afternoon I examined the ground on the right bank behind camp. It was all overgrown with grass and thorn, and quite useless for purposes of sport. I saw a couple of oribi, but could not make out

their horns. In the evening I went to the machan for an all-night sitting.

February 13th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan, half a gale of wind blowing until about 10 o'clock. In the morning I found that I had been totally defeated by a leopard, which unluckily came up-wind towards the goat, and ascended the high bank for its final stalk, when, of course, it got my wind and made off. Possibly the persistent creaking of the machan in the wind may have contributed, or I may not have been quiet enough. In the morning I examined the country up-stream along the left bank. It was full of high grass and thorn, and I saw nothing but a couple of oribi, and was unable to make out a buck. I saw a bushbuck drink at a meshra in the far distance, and sat over that meshra until 11 o'clock without seeing a sign of game, and so back to camp after midday, much disappointed with the scarcity of wild animals in these unfrequented parts. Elephants were obviously numerous, but next to nothing besides. In the afternoon I went for a short stalk in the ravines opposite camp, and my luck changed, for in the very first ravine up got a bushbuck at 60 yards, and as he chose to try to steal away quietly, instead of disappearing in their usual fashion like a startled trout, I knocked him over without difficulty. The head was a good one, of 13 inches. In the evening I again proceeded to the machan.

February 14th. Spent another fruitless night in the machan. In the morning the shikaris told me that they had disturbed a herd of tetel on the way down. I saw the trail up the bank, but could make very little of it in the grass. After chota hazri I crossed over again, and found that the hartebeest had disappeared into the interior. I then worked down the nullahs towards the big meshra. I first disturbed a female bushbuck out of shot. Then I had an easy chance at an immature male bushbuck, which I did not take. Next I disturbed a pair of wart-hog, but did not think that the tushes of the boar warranted pursuit. After this I put up in succession two couple of female waterbuck, and at the meshra itself found the regular party of five waterbuck grazing. Later I saw a roan antelope descending to the meshra, and I and the shikaris approached cautiously to within 100 yards, but decided in the end that she was a female, and with poor horns to boot. She was badly lame behind, which accounted for her having left the herd, and had probably had an encounter with a lion. Whilst we were stalking her, three koodoo does and a small buck approached the meshra, but detected us and made off. We then crossed over, and a couple of oribi descended and drank. I tried a stalk, which was spoiled mainly by the baboons. Then a gazelle came down, which I did not want. Finally, shortly before 11 the identical herd of hartebeest that I had seen on

the 12th, *i.e.* two days back, at 8.30 a.m., came to drink at the same spot. I again got to within 60 yards of them, and this time no *contretemps* occurred, and I broke the back of the bull at first shot, though it took us nearly half an hour to get round to the ford and put the poor beast out of his pain. He was a heavier bull than the last, weighing 397 lb., but the horns were a trifle shorter, being 17 inches. He was accompanied by the same three females and three fawns as before. I then returned to camp alone, leaving the shikaris on guard, and sent out a camel, which returned in the afternoon with the dead hartebeest, the rest of the day being spent attending to his skin. I may note that this morning I had seen no less than eight different species of game, and had been actually within shot of most of them. To-day I dined in camp and went to the machan afterwards.

February 15th. Spent another fruitless night in the machan. Towards midnight a lion snarled in the cliffs on the opposite bank, and at dawn the same lion moved off roaring, being also heard by the shikaris in camp. I hurriedly tied up a goat in the direction whence the last roar had proceeded, but without success, and a careful search afterwards failed to show any tracks, though the ground was unfavourable. I then moved down to the big meshra, and had the machan dismantled. To-day I saw nothing but a female bushbuck, a female waterbuck, an ariel, and

a gazelle. A pack of baboons numbering nearly a hundred provided an amusing spectacle by splashing across the ford at full gallop, obviously in terror of crocodiles, and leaping high into the air at every bound. In fact, the noise at first suggested a herd of buffaloes. On the way back to camp a couple of oribi were eating rushes, but the stalk failed, as usual with these wary creatures. In the afternoon I started by trying to find whither the lion had retreated. However, the grass and thorn were so thick in that direction as to make search perfectly useless, so I descended to the Settit Valley below camp. There I at once saw a male waterbuck grazing on the opposite bank, where the stream was not more than 30 yards wide. The glasses showed that the head was a good one, and I endeavoured to get opposite him; but just as I was getting close, two female waterbuck, who had been grazing on the near bank among some rushes, presumably got our wind and splashed across the stream, which was barely knee-deep. This roused the suspicions of the buck, who began to walk away, and was rather over 100 yards off when the stalk was completed. He was still moving, and the shikaris whistled sharply, which brought him to a standstill, and I took the shot. I had better luck than I deserved, as the shot was a bad one, merely cutting the skin above his shoulder. However, the bullet knocked up a great cloud of dust in the high

bank towards which he had been retreating, and completely puzzled him, with the result that he began to return to the river, and my next shot completely crippled his hind-quarters. He continued to slowly approach the river, receiving three more shots, all of which told, and finally sank in the water close to the edge, when we crossed and finished him with the knife. The head was a fine one, measuring $29\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the record being $35\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

February 16th. Spent the night in bed, and the early morning in attending to the dead waterbuck. We afterwards had to return to the scene of action to recover my field-glasses, which had been left behind in the dark. Later I went to the big meshra, and sat there until 11.30 a.m. Just before 11 a.m. a buck oribi came down to graze, and as I had not secured one of these little creatures I was tempted to stalk him, which, for a wonder, I did with success, though the little animal did actually detect me and moved off, but not far enough for safety. The final result was a shot at 30 yards over the high bank, when I blew his shoulders all to pieces. The horns were $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches. The effect of the bullet was such as to make it appear marvellous how the previous oribi could have gone off clean with a wound from a .350 rifle, as the total weight of the little creature was only 31 lb. The afternoon was spent mainly over the

skinning of the oribi. I took out my rifle after tea, but too late to be of any use.

February 17th. Moved camp to Turab Karuf, within 6 miles of Ombrega, beyond which one is not allowed to travel. A. accompanied me as usual along the river-bank, whilst M. directed the caravan. We found fresh marks of a good-sized herd of buffaloes, but A. could make nothing of the trail, and as I was not sure of the distance of Turab Karuf, we left them. On the road we only caught a glimpse of an oribi. However, we sat down over the Turab Karuf meshra at 9 a.m., to wait for the caravan as had been A.'s original idea, and at 10 a.m. down came a male roan antelope to drink. I stalked to within about 120 yards of it, when it became suspicious and I had to open fire, and regret to say that I missed three times running, the animal being quite bewildered and scarcely moving. However, the fourth shot made amends by breaking its back. The poor beast was still full of life, and when we went up to it was obviously full of fight also. Our sole piece of cutlery was A.'s little knife, which would barely have made an incision in the skin of this great antelope, so I had to give the *coup de grâce* with a solid .350 bullet, after which A. halaled the animal in the usual fashion. I may note that this .350 bullet, fired behind one shoulder, did *not* pass out the other side, which does not show great penetration. The horns measured 26 inches, which is

below the recorded average; but I could not afford to spend more time looking for these antelopes, which one practically never sees except for a few minutes in the day whilst drinking, their grazing-grounds being miles from the river, and their drinking-times fully three days apart. The caravan turned up in due course and encamped just opposite the carcass, and the rest of the day was spent attending to the latter.

February 18th. Went down the right bank to look for yesterday's buffalo, but could find no fresh sign. On the road we saw two pairs of doe koodoo, and a female bushbuck and young. We then crossed the stream, and came back along the left bank, which was very precipitous. A herd of waterbuck, including a male, were grazing there, but these did not interest me, and we also saw two of the koodoo and an oribi. We then sat down over the meshra where the buffalo had been. A wart-hog showed first of all, but went off before we could get near enough to see his tusks. Then a party of roan came down to drink at a distant meshra, but in these also I had now no interest. Finally a hartebeest, certified by M. to be a male, came down immediately opposite us, and drank with his back to us at 40 yards. I fired for the root of the tail, a most fatal shot with modern weapons, and he dropped with a broken back, when we crossed and duly halaled him. The horns were just 17 inches, but very thin indeed, and I had all along

believed the animal to be a female, although M. was right. The afternoon was spent attending to the tetel. In the evening I went fishing, and landed a 26-lb. barbel, but sprung my rod in striking, having had half a dozen fish come short, although not beyond repair.

February 19th. Examined the country up-stream along the left bank. Found tracks of a herd of buffalo, unluckily of the day before yesterday. Saw a couple of bushbuck, including a male, but bungled the stalk badly. Crossed the Settit two or three miles below Ombrega, and came down-stream along the right bank, and saw a family party of oribi drinking. There was a male among them, so I stalked to within 60 yards and fired, missing clean. However, the report of the rifle did not even bring up their heads from the water, which bears out a theory of mine that the Settit animals do not know what the report of a gun means. The left barrel struck the buck in the middle of the body, and flung him down practically dead, when the other two thought it time to move off. There was deep water between us and the oribi, and Ibrahim started for the ford, which was a long way off; but the oribi nearly kicked itself into the stream, so M. called him back, and despite the crocodiles Ibrahim swam across and retrieved it. I mounted guard meanwhile with my big 8-bore, and M. and A. threw in rocks, although M.

insisted that the two reports would have frightened all idea of mischief out of the crocodiles' heads. An ariel was seen in the distance on the way back to camp. In the afternoon I cleaned the oribi's head, and went fishing in the evening, catching nothing but two river-tortoises, and breaking my rod across, where it had been sprung, in striking the latter.

February 20th. Moved camp with the intention of making a long march to Kellalab, but as within the first mile I saw two-days-old tracks of buffalo, and a few miles further tracks quite fresh, I waited for the caravan to come up, taking out my heavy rifles, and then told my men to stop at Zuhani, a village 3 miles further. We then took up the trail of the buffaloes, which A. followed in first-rate fashion for about 3 miles. Then most unluckily M. moved to the front, and going over a rise in the most inexcusably careless fashion came in full view of the herd. Even then he did not see them, although I saw a large one, and two small ones over his shoulder, and heard a fourth crash off. I might have taken the shot at once, but strongly suspected that the larger one was a cow, and before I could be certain they all went off. We followed them up, but of course they had left the open country for thick grass and thorn. After a mile I saw the head of a large buffalo peering at me through the grass 30 yards ahead, but had not the least idea of the sex, so did not fire,

and they went off again. We still followed them in a half-hearted fashion for another mile, but it was obviously a forlorn hope, and at 11 a.m. I gave it up, and we caught up the caravan at midday : at 3 p.m. we started again, and got within a mile of Hagar ul Zuruk, when darkness descended on us in a rocky valley, where we spent the night. On the road I had shot four guinea-fowl in the afternoon, and seen a few ariel, a Heuglin, and a wart-hog.

February 21st. Made another early start, picking up three of my skins in Hagar ul Zuruk, which I had left with the Sheikh, and marched to Ishaga, where I had established a depot of dourra. At 10 a.m., before the caravan arrived, I went down to the big meshra below the village to watch for koodoo. After an hour a party came down, including a bull which I decided to be fair game ; but again fate interposed in the shape of a party of Arabs, who passed by and frightened the herd away from the meshra. We then crossed over, as the ford was close by, and took up the trail. A. followed it in first-rate fashion, and after a mile I saw the horns and also unfortunately the eyes of the bull over a rise some 50 yards ahead. He had heard us, and had turned round to listen. I crept a little closer, and suddenly stood up, hoping for a running shot at easy range, but the cunning bull at once bolted down into the bottom of the valley, and then down it, and I next saw his stern at

100 yards. This was too far for a running shot at midday, when I had been on my feet since 4 a.m., and a bit headachy into the bargain, and I made a very wide miss, and never got another chance, but returned to camp disconsolate. This episode and the tracks of a lion in the meshra decided me to remain in Ishaga for a few days, instead of moving further down. The villagers had all along reported that a big koodoo was accustomed to drink in the evening just above the village, on the right bank, so although somewhat incredulous as to the size, I decided to test the truth of this for myself, and in the evening proceeded up the left bank to watch the meshras opposite. Towards sunset a party of does showed themselves on the right bank, which was practically a precipice. I waited with A. for about half an hour, but could not see a bull. Just before dark I decided to move a little further up, and where the does had disappeared loomed the head and horns of an undoubtedly big koodoo bull. The shot was a very long one to risk, and as I was sighting the head disappeared and never showed again, so that the only thing to do was to return to camp with a mental resolution to come to close quarters with that bull before leaving Ishaga.

February 22nd. Was called at 5 a.m., and went to the meshra close to where I had seen the big koodoo. There were fresh marks of koodoo having drunk, but no

sign of their presence. Stayed until midday, but only saw some doe koodoo on a hill-side half a mile away, a couple of wart-hog, and the feet of a bushbuck in thick nabbuk. Returned to the place at 3 p.m., and saw three bushbuck, including two males, in the meshra above the cliff on which I was posted. Towards sunset A. reported that he saw a big koodoo where the females had been in the morning, but we could make out nothing in the thick kittar when we descended to the low ground. We then returned to the meshra below the cliff, and surprised two male koodoo in the act of descending the incline. I might have shot the larger, but took a long look through my glass, and decided that he was not the bull I wanted. Returned to camp after dark.

February 23rd. Was called at 4.30 a.m. and visited the meshra. No fresh tracks. I left M. to watch the meshra, and went on with A. to sit on top of the cliff. Returning when the sun was warm, I found M. reposing under the shade of a tree, where I satisfied myself by ocular demonstration that he could not see the meshra. I then went on to the meshra myself and saw two male bushbuck drinking, but did not care to shoot, although the incident satisfied me of the untrustworthiness of M., which I had suspected before the buffalo incident. A herd of six koodoo, including a bull, drank at a remote meshra, above the cliff, and a sounder of wart-hog near the cliff itself;

but the morning passed without my seeing any koodoo within reasonable distance, though A. saw five does in much the same place as yesterday. Returned to camp at midday as usual, but went back to the meshra for the afternoon, where we saw nothing at all. M. says that five doe koodoo drank at the meshra above.

February 24th. Returned to the meshra at 5 a.m., and was sorry to see that a large herd of koodoo had drunk there during the night. Nevertheless, I still decided to sit over the meshra, and sent M. and A. to watch on the cliff, as I was not satisfied that M. was to be trusted to watch the meshra. After half an hour I changed my mind and climbed on to the cliff, most unluckily leaving my field-glasses behind. At the top I found A. in a state of great excitement, with the news that the herd, including the big koodoo, was in sight. I accompanied him for a short distance and saw the herd, but could make out no horns without the field-glasses, so sent M. to fetch them. He was away a most unconscionable time, during which the herd moved about more than I liked, and at last I went to look for him, finding him on the top of the cliff. I took the glasses and easily made out the big bull, but almost immediately the herd took alarm, bunched together and made a bolt away from us. I am very much afraid that they saw me or M., and greatly regret the absence of the glasses. Having

stalked up to the spot, we saw a couple of does disappear into the thorns above the valley in which they had been grazing. We began to track them up, and I am bound to say that both A. and M. performed this work well for fully three hours. After a couple of hours A. saw koodoo 40 yards off, but said that the big bull was not among them. A quarter of a mile further M. signalled a couple of big horns in the bushes; but after what A. had said, I was not going to shoot at 100 yards, more or less, on spec, so took out my field-glasses, and whilst I was trying to make the beast out, he took alarm and bolted, and I was never sure of his identity. We stuck to the trail until 10 a.m., but I was uncertain whether among the numerous tracks we were still after the big bull, and as it was clear that in such country one could not hope for more than a snapshot at disturbed animals, I gave the signal for home at a little after 10 a.m., and we got back to camp much disappointed at 11 a.m. At 3 p.m. I returned to the meshra, where nothing occurred until after sunset, when, just before it got too dark to shoot, three koodoo, clearly those of the 22nd, came down to drink. I had a long look at the bigger bull, but decided that he was not worth shooting. They drank within 50 yards, and went off without knowing of their danger.

February 25th. Went to the meshra before day-break, and sat with A. for an hour without seeing

anything. Then we saw M. coming down to the meshra, and hurried to meet him, when he said he had seen the big koodoo. We climbed on to the look-out hill, and there I got my telescope, which I had left with M., on to the object, and ascertained it to be a hartebeest. So much for M.'s trustworthiness. We then moved on to the ground where the koodoo usually graze, and found plenty of marks, and when on top of a ridge I detected a doe koodoo, which unluckily detected me and disappeared. We decided, however, to follow her up, and got within shot, on some rising ground, but the bull was not with her, only a calf. A. disturbed two more does a little further on, but there was no sign of the bull. Meanwhile, the hartebeest had been working down to our meshra, and as I was satisfied that the big koodoo was nowhere near, I decided to stalk him. Unfortunately, when within 80 yards, he saw us through some thick thorns, where it was impossible to shoot, and made off. We then sat over the meshra until past 11, but the wind was variable and nothing came, though two lots of doe koodoo, presumably those seen earlier, drank higher up, and a good bushbuck lower down. We then returned disappointed to camp, and I wound up a bad morning by missing a Heuglin gazelle at 60 yards close to the tents. My only excuse was that I was feeling fairly done up, and not in the least like hitting. In the evening I went to the meshra.

Nothing came down, but at the meshra opposite two bushbuck drank, including a good buck of which I had caught a glimpse in the morning, and at the large meshra above another bushbuck came down to drink, and was followed by a herd of seven or eight koodoo, but too far off to be certain of the sex.

February 26th. Went to the meshra in the early morning. After half an hour M. came down from his look-out post, and said that he had seen the big bull. This time he actually showed me a female koodoo, so conceivably he may have been right. Nevertheless, I searched up and down the ravines from 6 a.m. until 9 a.m. without seeing a sign either of the bull or his usual herd, so much doubted M.'s information. I saw a female waterbuck and young, and put up a leopard at 50 yards, at which I might have taken a snapshot at full gallop, but did not care to risk it after what M. had said. At 9 a.m., being reduced to sausages in the way of meat, I went to the big meshra below camp for gazelle, missing a guinea-fowl on the way. After an hour down came some gazelle, and I made a successful stalk. The shot was a villainous one, taking the gazelle in the nape of the neck instead of through the heart, but the effect was satisfactory enough. I omitted to mention that just as M. came down with his news, I saw a very fair bull koodoo grazing 200 yards away on the opposite bank of the Settiti, at which I should certainly

have fired but for the big bull. The Heuglin measured $10\frac{1}{8}$ inches; its face-glands were of exceptional size. In the afternoon, after attending to the Heuglin, I went fishing at the koodoo meshra, and caught first of all a river-tortoise, and then a barbel of 10 lb. As the sun got behind the hill I knocked off fishing, and waited for the koodoo. At the usual hour, *i.e.* just before dark, there was a scuffle immediately behind me, and down came a doe, followed by a smaller one, but as there was no screen that side and I was detected immediately, she went off with a couple of snorts. At the same time A. says that he heard a third go back up the hill. If so, it is to be hoped that they were the usual three that I have already spared twice running, and not the big bull.

February 27th. Was up at 4 a.m., and sat above the meshra until sunrise. Then made a regular tour of the places where I have seen the big bull, but bar two waterbuck on the other shore saw no signs of animal life at all. Put a screen of boughs behind the ambush at the meshra and returned to breakfast at 11 a.m. In the afternoon I took my rod to the meshra above the cliff, but caught nothing, and afterwards saw nothing when I sat over the meshra in the evening.

February 28th. Again up at 4 a.m. and went to the koodoo cliff, and afterwards made the usual tour.

Saw nothing at all but a wart-hog and a female bushbuck, though the usual three koodoo had obviously drunk in the evening. I then went to a meshra higher up, where there were plenty of marks of hartebeest. At 9 a.m. a herd came to drink, and I stalked up to within 120 yards of a big animal, which very composedly lay down under a tree. I then asked M. the sex, giving him my field-glasses, and for ten minutes he would not volunteer an opinion. Then the hartebeest jumped up and cantered off after the herd, keeping the tree well between us, and at once M. exclaimed that it was a male. The chance was, however, gone, and although I followed them up, I never got on terms again. I sat over the meshra till 11 a.m., and saw plenty of gazelles and a few ariel, but nothing I wanted, and so back to breakfast by noon. At 2 p.m. I went off fishing, but caught nothing except a large river-tortoise. In the evening I sat over the meshra above the cliff, and saw two bushbuck and three koodoo drink opposite, and three bushbuck and two oribi close to me; but there was not a shootable head among the lot, even if I had not been preserving the ground, so February expired without my having secured my koodoo.

March 1st. Was called at 4 a.m. and went to look-out hill. Three lots of doe koodoo came down to drink on the left bank, two young koodoo passed within 100 yards of me, and a doe showed further

off, but there was no sign of the big bull or his harem. In making the usual round I disturbed a couple of bushbuck and three young waterbuck. I then went off at 8 a.m. to the hartebeest-meshra, unluckily disturbing a herd of hartebeest on the way. Up to 11 a.m. I saw two hartebeest, but only got within shot of an undoubted cow. A large number of Heuglin came within 20 yards, also a few ariel. In fact, there was abundance of animal life, but not what I wanted, so back to breakfast at noon. In the afternoon I fished, and caught a barbel of 10 lb., besides hooking a big one, which got rid of the hook after a run of 20 yards.

March 2nd. Went to look-out cliff at 4 a.m., and saw nothing but one of the regular koodoo does with two young ones drinking. Then moved upstream to the hartebeest-meshra, and sat there for four hours, seeing nothing but gazelle, ariel, and oribi. Leaving the meshra for camp after 11, I was disgusted to see a hartebeest coming down to drink, which saw us and bolted. Got back to breakfast at noon, having decided to shake the dust of Ishaga off my feet, ten days in the place having given me one Heuglin gazelle. In fact, no quest more hopeless than the search for a particular koodoo among these innumerable ravines and meshras could well be imagined. In the afternoon I went fishing, but caught nothing, and in the evening sat over a

meshra, and saw nothing at all but some waterbuck and doe koodoo through my telescope at a remote meshra.

March 3rd. As I got up at 4 a.m. a lion was roaring a mile off, so I tried to approach him, but his roars ceased as soon as it was light enough to see, and I had no time for a long search, as I had decided to march. I then marched to Oom Habl, following the river-bank, seeing nothing but a herd of waterbuck in the distance. The Oom Habl meshra was, as usual, alive with gazelles, and I saw three oribi and an occasional ariel; but what I wanted was a male hartebeest. One hartebeest came and stood within 20 yards of me. I could only see the horns, which were small and twisted, and whilst I was trying to make out a little more, a large herd of these antelopes came to the other end of the meshra on the left bank. I crossed over, but they had disappeared by the time I reached the spot. The camels turned up about 11 a.m., and after breakfast I returned to the meshra, where I saw nothing but ariel and gazelle. In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, I took down my rod to fish, but got no bites, and presently three hartebeest appeared on the meshra. I did a long stalk and got within easy shot, but decided that they were all females—in fact, the three that I had seen during my previous visit. Meanwhile, seven doe koodoo came and fed opposite M., who had stayed

with my rod, and I afterwards disturbed five more on the way to sit over the meshras above camp in the evening, but I saw nothing with horns.

March 4th. Was up at 4 a.m. and went off at dawn to the hill above the camp. Saw one herd of five doe koodoo, and another doe with three young ones, grazing among the ravines; but nothing came down to drink. Disturbed a wart-hog with fair tusks, and as M. and A. were making an impromptu beat, they found the remains of a 36-inch koodoo bull, obviously killed this season by a lion, which possibly accounts for the absence of any male at present. He had white points, which, according to M., means that he would never have grown bigger. I kept the head for my Hindustani cook, A. B., though not at all sure whether the Sudan Government will allow it to be exported. I then went to the meshra, and sat where I had seen the hartebeest yesterday. A herd came out on the opposite side and drank 200 yards off; and I gave the bull a right and left in desperation, but, as usual, pulled off, and saw both bullets strike a couple of feet to the right, elevation being all that could be desired. I then sat on till 11.30, but saw nothing save gazelle and ariel. I sent off A. to fetch M., who was marking on the hill-top, and started for camp along the high bank to the right of the stream, having observed that hartebeest are very partial to making a long halt

20 yards short of this bank. Sure enough, I had only just started when there was a loud sniff, and out rushed a large hartebeest from behind a bush. I gave him the right barrel at 60 yards as he ran, and the left at 80 as he stopped, but was practically sure that I had missed clean both times, and, glancing at my rifle, saw that it was still sighted to 200 yards. I reloaded and pushed down the sight, having noticed that the hartebeest had stopped behind a thick clump of bush. I approached quietly, but rapidly, and through a convenient gap could just make out his body at 50 yards. I fired, and he went off with a very different sort of rush to his previous canter, and presently lurched into a thorn-bush and fell, shot just behind the shoulder. He was a good bull, of 18 inches, and I had better luck in bagging him than I deserved. M. came up ten minutes after the last kick and proceeded to halal him. In the afternoon I recharged the electric battery, and erected a machan in the same place as before. A lion had roared there freely at 2 o'clock, and his tracks up and down the meshra were still visible. In fact, I had tried to tempt him with the carcass of a goat which had died, but he had refused to go anywhere near the fatal spot, being very likely the one wounded here before. I took cold dinner to the machan for an all-night sitting.

March 5th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan,

where nothing stirred at all. Then marched to Wad Heleu, and sat till midday over the meshra where I had shot the lioness, M. reporting it to be frequented by a big koodoo. Nothing, however, showed but gazelle and wart-hog. In the afternoon I fitted my one leopard and three lion skins into two of my store-boxes, after treating them freely with turpentine and arsenical soap. Found to my disgust bacon-beetles in some of my other skins, including a roan mask. Set up a machan in the usual place in the evening, as three lions were reported in the neighbourhood. In fact, I had seen tracks the previous day. Dined in camp, and went to the machan afterwards.

March 6th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. Suspect that the hyæna which frequents this spot came and looked at the goat, which was blissfully unconscious. If so, this same goat has been looked at by a lion, a leopard, and a hyæna. Went to the meshra in the early morning, and stayed there until past 11. Nothing showed but gazelle and ariel, though a herd of koodoo had obviously passed the stand in my absence. I spent the afternoon putting the little turpentine I had left, on some of the antelope masks, and in the evening returned to the meshra. Nothing passed my stand but a male dikdik, which I ought to have fired at, but forgot that I should see none on the Rahad and Dinder. A gazelle drank at sunset, but big fires in front and herds of cattle

behind were not conducive to sport. I went to the machan after dinner.

March 7th. Passed a decidedly interesting night in the machan. Nothing showed until 11 p.m.; but soon after, when the moon had set and I was dozing, some animal made a rush at the goat, which screamed loudly. I cocked and aligned my rifle, and turned on the light; but by this time the goat was dead, and I could see some animal, not big enough for a lion, tugging at it. I fired, and there was a scuffle, after which the animal went off rather slowly to the right, with a couple of loud snorts, which suggested a hyæna. I heard it moving for some time, and could make out that at least two beasts were on the move, one of them galloping about in a very excited fashion. I heard these sounds for fully half an hour, and then some beast came up cautiously, and began to eat the goat. I again aligned, turned on the light, and fired, when the beast went off with a growl at a gallop. After this there was silence for an hour or more, and then some beast moved up cautiously from the right and began to eat the goat. I aligned, turned on the light, and fired for the third time, when the animal dropped to the shot and never moved again. The light was insufficient to permit the determination of what I had shot, and as nothing else was on the move I went to sleep, and did not awake till dawn, when I made out a striped hyæna lying dead beyond

the goat. I descended from the machan, and started by looking for the beast which had growled to the shot, as I hoped that it was a panther. But neither then nor later could I find any blood in that direction, and had to conclude that I had missed the second shot. Finally I began to look for the first animal, in which direction was an obvious blood-trail, and 30 yards off I found a spotted hyæna dead. I was not sorry to have procured specimens of both of the African species, though disappointed over the supposed panther. It was interesting to note that not the least notice was taken of the light, and next to none of the shooting. I then went along the left bank down the Settit, where I saw nothing but a gazelle up to 11 a.m., when I got back to breakfast. In the afternoon I went to the pass over the big meshra above camp. The dikdik did not appear again; but just at sunset a herd of six koodoo came down to drink. I succeeded in cutting them off successfully whilst they were drinking, and finally all filed past me at 50 yards. Unfortunately the bull had horns of only 30 inches or so, and was thus not worth shooting, so I let them pass. After dinner I went to the machan.

March 8th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. In the early morning I saw a doe koodoo feeding on the hill above me. I made another successful stalk, getting within 30 yards of what unluckily

turned out to be five does. I then marched 8 miles to Sofi, saying good-bye to the Settit. On the road I fired five shots at guinea-fowl, without doing more than wing a couple, which A. very negligently allowed to escape. In Sofi I paid off and discharged Labab and Khojali, engaging a fourth camel-man for the trip to the Dinder. I also gave away my three goats, as I intend to do without goats for the long waterless march to Wad Medani. Paid M. and A. their wages to the end of February. Sold two donkeys for six dollars each, which I bought in Kassala for seven apiece. Got off at 4 p.m. and marched until 11 p.m., doing about 24 miles in all. Developed a bad headache.

CHAPTER IX

THE RAHAD RIVER

March 9th. Started at 6 a.m. and marched till 9 a.m. Saw no game but one flock of guinea-fowl. Got off again at 2 p.m. and marched to 7 p.m.—say 20 miles. The thorn disappeared as the Atbara was left behind, being succeeded by grass 3 feet high. Finally the country became rocky and undulating, and villages commenced. The camp was by some wells about 4 miles short of Gedarif.

March 10th. Marched into Gedarif, and breakfasted with Captain D.; where I found that it was a holiday, being Friday, but purchased some turpentine and started work killing the beetles in my skins.

March 11th. Ordered a couple of packing-cases, and soldered up and secured two cases of lion and leopard skins.

March 12th. Received £50 from the Treasury. Started lining packing-cases with tin and soldering.

March 13th. Secured one packing-case and started work on the second.

March 14th. Continued packing, tin-lining and soldering the cases.

March 15th. Practically completed my packing, having got all the valuable trophies into five wooden cases, hermetically sealed and lined with tin or zinc, and a few odd skins of no great value sewn up as a bale in an old durrie.

March 16th. Bought stores for two months, wrote letters, and made over my six cases of trophies to a Government contractor for despatch by camel to Wad Medani, and thence by goods train to G. H., Port Sudan, who will send them to Rowland Ward.

March 17th. Drew another £20 from Treasury, and paid £8 on account of cases. Started off at 4.15 p.m. and marched until 7 p.m., to the well at Abu Nagga, 7 miles. Villages all the way and no game at all.

March 18th. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched until 11 a.m. Started again at 3 p.m. and marched until 7 p.m.—say 22 miles. No water and no game except one quail and four bustard that never gave a chance. Country most monotonous, grass only, mostly burnt, with not even wood for fires; low hills at rare intervals. Spent the heat of the day under the only two nabbuk-bushes I saw throughout the march.

March 19th. Got off at 1 a.m., by the light of the moon, and reached Bela myself at 8 a.m., the caravan being an hour later—say 18 miles. Thorn-scrub began within 6 miles of Bela, which lies among a group of high hills. Saw several flocks of guinea-fowl, and managed to secure one, also saw one bustard which was unapproachable. Met Captain B., R.E., on duty in connection with wells. Had my first bath since leaving Gedarif. Watered camels, replenished fantasses, etc., and got off again at 4 p.m., marching till 6 p.m. Bagged five more guinea-fowl in the rocky hills round Bela. In the heat of the day these birds roost high up in the hills, and at 4 p.m. come down like hill-pheasants in India. Country much more interesting after leaving Bela, chiefly “thal” forest, resembling birch-woods in winter, especially when the short dried grass has drifted like snow.

March 20th. Got off at 4.30 p.m. and marched about 19 miles into Hawata, arriving at 9 p.m., the camels not coming up till nearly midday. Passed considerable cultivation on the road; also a village only inhabited in the rains. Bagged a guinea-fowl. Found that the Mamur had called my new shikari from his home, Hawata, to the head-quarters, Mafaza, a day's march away, as apparently I had been expected to travel *via* Mafaza. At 2 p.m. a man came into my camp with the news that four large lions accompanied by a smaller one had just killed and eaten

a cow close to Hawata village. I at once made preparations to put up a machan, and by 3 p.m. was on the spot. The remains of the cow formed a mere skeleton, with a few crows at work on the bones, but there was long grass close by, into which the lions had obviously retreated, so I decided to erect a machan as noiselessly as possible in a suitable babul-tree, tie up a goat, and sit up all night. I therefore sent hastily back to camp for a goat, chupatties, jam, and sardines for dinner. By 5 p.m. the machan was ready, fairly high up, but most inadequately screened with a little nabbuk, the babul being almost bare of leaves. M. turned up in due time with a young black goat, and by sunset I was up in the machan eating jam and chupatties; when, just as a piece of chupattie was on the way to my mouth, I saw a smallish lioness walk out of the grass 30 yards to the right of my machan and commence to stalk the goat. As there was no screen on this side, all that I could do was to remain quite motionless. This had the desired effect and the lioness gradually approached the goat, and as she passed under a bush I aligned my rifle on the goat, but had no time to cock it. The lioness then ran somewhat slowly towards the goat, which had its back to her, and appeared to take no notice, though it had ceased calling; but just as I was preparing to shoot, she ran back 20 yards. I thought that this was

merely a bit of play, especially when she began to advance once more ; but glancing at the goat, I saw that what had actually occurred was that a much larger lioness had stalked the wretched goat from the other side, and seized and killed it. As this lioness offered the easiest of broadside shots, I took advantage of the opportunity, whereupon she galloped off growling into the long grass. The only effect of the report on the smaller lioness was to cause her to sit down 10 yards to my right, whereupon I aligned the rifle and pulled, but had only had time to cock one barrel. Having remedied this, and fired, the second lioness bounded off to my right growling and obviously hard hit. I then resumed my interrupted meal, and all my men came running back to see what had happened. I sent them off again, and just before it got dark was amazed to see a third lioness emerge from the grass in the same place as the first one. She would not, however, approach the goat, and whilst I was aligning the rifle, and making up my mind whether to take a risky shot in the bad light, she moved off, and I never got another chance, although after dark I heard lions grunting on both sides of me. Towards midnight I awoke suddenly, and by the newly risen moon imagined that I saw a fourth lioness extended on the goat. I had no time to put on my glasses, and fired first one barrel and then the other, only to find to my disgust that I had

been the victim of a delusion, and had merely fired into a peculiar effect of the moonlight in the grass.

March 21st. At daybreak an undoubted lion roared within half a mile, but no more lions, real or imaginary, showed themselves during the night. I then descended from the machan, and easily found blood on the trail of the big lioness, which I traced for 30 yards in the high grass, and then decided to await reinforcements. I totally failed to trace the smaller lioness, even when my men arrived to assist me. At the same time crows had made a great disturbance in that quarter at daybreak, and I was absolutely certain that she had been hit. We first of all, therefore, attended to the obvious blood trail, which led through waist-high grass, until I saw the lioness dead within four yards of me, some 70 yards from where I had shot her. We then returned to the smaller lioness, and after considerable search the local shikari Abdur Rahman did find a speck of blood. We followed up the trail, speck after speck, and finally F. M. saw this lioness lying dead within four yards of him. The grass was shoulder-high, and a nastier place for retrieving lions could hardly be conceived. In fact, I congratulated myself that I had not taken a risky shot the previous evening. This second lioness illustrated the weakness of small-bore rifles. The brute had a broken shoulder and was raked fore and aft, but it

was only my certainty of having hit her that led to our finding her at all, as in no place was there blood enough to cover a threepenny-piece. We then padded the two lionesses on camels, and made a royal progress through Hawata, the women of the town singing songs in my honour, for which I paid them two dollars. The larger lioness measured 8 feet 2½ inches, and weighed 275 lb., and the smaller 7 feet 7 inches, and weighed 182 lb. I gave away over £7 on the spot in the way of rewards, with the result that some of my camel-men disappeared at once, instead of helping with the skins. The balance of the day was, of course, spent over the skins. Towards sunset I got down to the machan with a fresh goat, and tied the dead goat on to the end of the same rope, as my shikaris had a theory that the smell might attract the lions. For a long time the new goat declined to bleat, but at last it commenced, and within five minutes I heard footsteps right under my machan, and presently the head of a young male lion became just visible underneath. Instead of springing on to the goat, he appeared to be prospecting the neighbourhood, and at last looked up directly at me. I remained quite still, and he did not take alarm, but walked to the left, past the goat, without attempting to attack, and seemed as if he meant to walk right off. I was therefore compelled to lean forward and take a somewhat hurried shot just before he dis-

appeared, three-quarters away from me. He bounded forward with a growl, and disappeared in the long grass.

March 22nd. Nothing further occurred in the night except that a lion roared within half a mile. At daybreak the goat became most restless, and presently out walked a serval and proceeded to investigate the goat in the same manner as the lion. This small animal was most alert, and the faintest movement caused it to look up at me. With a great deal of care I got my rifle aligned, and it fell stone-dead to the shot. I then descended from the machan and looked for blood, but could find none until my men arrived, and then with some difficulty we found fresh blood in three places in the direction in which the lion had disappeared. Then the blood ceased altogether, and I began to have misgivings as to the result of my hasty shot, and also regretted having persistently used the small-bore rifle for machan work, the reason being that I might have wanted to shoot at 30 yards, and knew its extreme accuracy. I set to work and skinned the serval, and after more than an hour the shikaris returned with news of blood a quarter of a mile off. I saw the place, and decided to return to the village for food, water, spare rifles, and any dogs that I could lay hands on. This I did and returned by 10 a.m., and, to make a long story short,

we searched for the wounded lion without success until 3 p.m., when I shot a couple of guinea-fowl and returned to camp. In the evening I returned to the machan.

March 23rd. Passed an uneventful night, except that a couple of hyænas turned up at 3 a.m. and quarrelled over what the vultures had left of the dead goat. A lion roared in the extreme distance, and this neighbourhood has obviously got a bad name for the present. Marched 6 miles, passed a village called Khalifa, and encamped on the banks of the Rahad. Was delayed by the fact that my servants supposed that I had fired two shots in the night, so had got nothing ready! Developed a headache due to marching at midday. Found fairly fresh lion and leopard tracks in the bed of the Rahad, so decided to halt for a day or two. Did not feel equal to a fourth consecutive all-night session, and compromised by tying up a goat in the evening. Nothing appeared, and I spent the night peacefully in bed, disposing of the headache with the aid of starvation and Cockle's pills as usual.

March 24th. Searched for tracks in the early morning, but found no fresh ones. With the aid of my three shikaris, I dug a pit over some small pools of water where lions and leopards had certainly drunk some time previously. One small

ariel came and drank, which, with a few oribi, is the only game except lions I have yet seen on the Rahad, though a buffalo had crossed the river-bed some time previously. Spent the afternoon getting abreast of the news, and giving a dose of turpentine to the two lioness and serval skins. In the evening I went down to the pit for an all-night sitting, seeing a female oribi on the way.

March 25th. Spent a most uncomfortable night in the pit, eaten up by mosquitoes and seeing nothing. A machan far preferable. Then marched about 10 miles to Abdul Latif, passing Tolu *en route*. Saw numerous ariel, but too wary to be stalked. Finally missed an ariel right and left at 100 yards. Saw my first reedbuck, but did not get a shot. Found the caravan, which had gone on ahead, encamped in the village, which I detest. Crossed the river-bed in evening and found numerous mayas or water meadows on the left bank, and saw at least a dozen oribi, but could not make out a buck. Finally shot a guinea-fowl.

March 26th. A lion called towards dawn, and at intervals till 7 a.m., but did not come within reasonable distance. The caravan being late in starting, I examined the mayas of the previous evening, and saw fully a dozen reedbuck. A stalk was spoiled by oribi, and I missed right and left at 200 yards,

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afterwards missing the oribi as well. A little later I bagged the same oribi, which seemed unusually tame— $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. We then marched 6 miles to Shammam. On the road I bagged two guinea-fowl and afterwards an ariel of $12\frac{1}{4}$ inches, so was well set up for meat, of which my men had been stinted since leaving the Settit. Two lots of ariel drank close to my camp in the afternoon, but I would not shoot. Received a visit from a European-speaking clerk, who had recently bagged an elephant with a repeating rifle of .400 calibre. The tusks were only 15 lb. apiece, but it was something of a feat with such a battery. In the evening I went out after reedbuck. I saw a moderate-sized buck near the left bank of the Rahad, but the cover was too thick for stalking. Higher up-stream there were fairly fresh tracks of apparently a family of lions. Crossing to the right bank I found the country more open, and saw fully a dozen reedbuck. I got within 30 yards of a good one, but was unable to fire at once owing to the trees, and he made off. *Rufifrons* gazelle and oribi were numerous, and I also saw ariel, but would not shoot.

March 27th. Spent a quiet night in bed. A. B. claims to have heard a lion in the direction in which I saw tracks, but I heard nothing except hyænas. I sent off two men with two camels and £3 to Hawata for two camel-loads of dourra, as none is procurable in these

small villages, and after leaving Shammam we shall find no more villages until we reach the Dinder, possibly a month hence. I then went off with the three shikaris and made a machan in a likely-looking glade near where I had seen the lion-tracks. Saw half a dozen reedbuck, including a moderate male, but very wild. Also saw ariel and *rufifrons*, but did not want the former, and the latter gave no easy chances. Bought six kids as baits for lions, and agreed to pay Abdulla £1 *per mensem* for looking after them. In the evening proceeded to machan. Saw gazelle and oribi, but did not shoot. Finally jumped a good bushbuck, but was unable to get a shot. The kid did not call well, but the men had hardly been gone ten minutes before I noticed a whitish object in the grass opposite some 60 yards off. The appearance was familiar, and when a head moved round as it were on a pivot just above it, I was certain that a lion or leopard was stalking the goat, and presently I got a broadside view of a lioness. She was in no hurry to approach and the light was failing; but she gradually came on towards the goat, which did not see her, as she kept the big stake between it and herself, and finally sat down 30 yards off. I decided that a longer shot by day, even with the somewhat inaccurate .500 Express, was better than a close shot by night, and when she looked aside at some reedbuck that were challenging her, I aligned the rifle and fired, when she fell without a movement.

March 28th. The night passed without further incident. At daybreak a small male reed buck passed in front of the machan, much exercised at the sight of the lioness. I descended from the machan and found that the bullet had passed right through the brain. This was not a good shot, as I had aimed at the point of the shoulder, but as she had been lying almost facing me, it was only a few inches out. As the men came up they drove what looked like a fair-sized reed buck right past the back of the machan, but I did not get a shot owing to the grass. I returned to camp, seeing nothing save oribi and female reed buck on the way; but as I wanted meat for the men, I returned with the camel, and got within 30 yards of a buck *rufifrons* gazelle. The shot passed through the withers, and as R. was leisurely disencumbering himself of his cartridge-bag, etc., the gazelle found its feet again, and started to bolt. However, I was prepared for this emergency, and knocked it over for good with a second shot. The horns measured $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and it precisely resembled a gazelle bagged on the Settiti, except that the weight was only 56 lb. The lioness measured 8 feet 2 inches and weighed 257 lb. and although apparently mature was much spotted. She contained two cubs, male and female, just ready to be born. The rest of the day was spent over the skins. In the evening I proceeded to the machan, seeing oribi and gazelle on the way.

Just as it was getting dark the attention of the goat, which had been bleating loudly, was strongly attracted by some animal behind my machan. I was unable to see in that direction, even if it had been light enough to shoot, and the creature refused to approach the goat, recalling to my mind the fact that on firing at the lioness I thought I heard a low growl and rustle to my right rear. Finally, doubt as to the presence of some beast of prey was set at rest by a distinctly angry series of grunts 20 yards to my right, repeated further off a little later. The call suggested leopard rather than lion, but the brute went right away and did not return.

March 29th. The remainder of the night passed without incident. At dawn I saw the small male reedbuck, but not the big one. On the way back to camp I noticed only gazelle and oribi. After chota hazri I prospected along the left bank, finding that the river made a large loop practically enclosing an island. I missed an oribi at 80 yards in the river-bed, and saw no more game except another oribi. In the afternoon I put turpentine on the lion-skin, and soldered up the skins of the two cubs. In the evening I looked for bushbuck without success in the neighbourhood of the machan. Gazelle were numerous, but I did not shoot. I then entered the machan for an all-night sitting.

March 30th. The night passed without incident of

any description, and as the feline denizens of this locality had obviously taken notice to quit, I dismantled the machan. I spent the morning looking for bustard with my 16-bore and buckshot. A miss-fire lost me a fair chance, and I missed two birds, and also a gazelle at 100 yards. The reedbuck appear to have left also, and directly my dourra arrives, the sooner I leave myself the better. In the afternoon I was serenaded by the women of the village, presumably on account of the death of the lioness. This involved a present of two dollars, and ultimately I left the camp at 2 p.m. as the easiest way of getting rid of them. The afternoon round proved unproductive. I saw half a dozen reedbuck, but none worth shooting. In the evening I went out again, and saw several oribi, but did not get a shot. Finally, I wound up an unsuccessful day by missing an ariel at 100 yards.

March 31st. Spent the night in bed. A leopard roared freely in the direction of the old machan. In the morning I went in that direction to look for the big bushbuck, and just before reaching it I saw him in the reeds at 80 yards. The first shot was a miss, but he only ran 20 yards, and stood, and the second shot told distinctly. He ran 50 yards further and stood again, when I missed right and left, but all these shots were more or less obscured by the reeds. We then took up the trail and found quantities of blood.

The buck got up and went off in the first thick bit of bush, giving me a snapshot only, when I missed again. My three shikaris then did some very creditable tracking, for although the blood continued, the black cotton-soil gave little spoor. We jumped him twice at 20 yards in thick bush without getting a chance of a shot. Finally, I went on ahead on one flank of the trackers, the result of which was that when he went off for the third time I got a fair chance across an open space, and killed him at 30 yards with a bullet through the neck. He turned out to be a very good buck of 13 inches, standing 32 inches and weighing 97 lb. The first shot had gone through the lower part of his stomach far back, and torn the soft part of the further thigh all to pieces, the extensive laceration accounting for the considerable flow of blood. Returning to camp I sent off a camel for the reedbuck, and found that S. had arrived with the dourra. When the reedbuck arrived, two Arabs came in also, with the fore-quarters of an ariel which they said had been killed by a lion. I suspected a leopard, but gave them a dollar apiece to show me the place, and exchanged the meat for a corresponding portion of reedbuck. After breakfast they took me and the camel with the materials for the machan pretty nearly to the place where I had followed the wounded reedbuck, but further up the right bank of the Rahad. There at the edge of the fringe of nabbuk along the Rahad, here

only some 20 yards wide, were the remains of the ariel, and convenient stood a heglek tree sufficient for a machan. Accordingly I erected the machan and electric light, and returned to camp in time for tea at 4 p.m. I then went back to the machan and tied the meat on to a tree, so that the rope was concealed. Whilst making final arrangements a leopard roared within 200 yards, and I was more than ever sure that the culprit was a leopard. Nothing, however, occurred until it was quite dark, and I was afraid that the wary brute had again detected me; but at 7 p.m. I suddenly heard the crunching of bones, and looking down was just able to see the outline of a large animal upon the kill. I aligned my 500 Express, and turned on the light, when I saw a lioness eating the kill. She took not the faintest notice of the light, and I fired for the shoulder. She was obviously hit very hard, but staggered into the fringe of nabbuk, growling loudly. The cracking of bushes continued for 30 yards or so to my left, and then all noise ceased.

April 1st. The remainder of the night passed without incident, and I awoke with a headache. Finally I descended from the machan and went a short distance into the bushes. The tracks were clear enough, but the bush very thick indeed, so that I very soon came out again. My men came up in good time, having, of course, heard the shot, and we then took

up the trail with three rifles loaded and ready. There was a fair amount of blood, and within 40 yards we found a fine lioness lying dead, and brought her with the machan into camp on the camel, which I had ordered overnight. She weighed 250 lb. and measured 8 feet 1 inch. The bullet had passed through the front of the shoulder without breaking it, but had raked her completely, lodging under the skin of her side. She contained three foetuses, the size of rats, two male and one female. The rest of the day was spent attending to the skin.

April 2nd. Got off at 8 a.m. and marched some 5 miles to a maya where Captain D. had previously bagged a fine lion. Saw several herds of ariel and a few oribi *en route*, but did not get a shot. Shot three whistling teal and two guinea-fowl on the swamp. In the afternoon a buck ariel came within 50 yards of the camp and paid the penalty with his life—12½ inches. In the evening I went out on the edge of the maya and saw a large herd of ariel and several reedbuck, one of which I should have been tempted to shoot if I had not previously bagged a particularly fine specimen. The place looked very likely for leopard or lion, so I tied up a goat in the evening and sat in a perch on a tree, but without success.

April 3rd. Was awakened towards midnight by a succession of tremendous roars from a couple of lions

which must have approached within considerably less than 50 yards of the camp. It at once sent my two Hindustani servants to join the four camel-men inside the zareba. As the shikaris with their donkeys were the other side, I took over a gun for them. They say that afterwards their donkeys saw the lions distinctly, but there was no moon, and they were invisible to human eyes. I ignited a magnesium torch as a notice to quit, and afterwards slept with two loaded guns by my bed, and two lamps lighting up the nabbuk; I had kept a revolver under my pillow all the time, but understood that it is unheard-of for lions in the Sudan to actually raid an encampment, though on this occasion they came very near doing so. In the morning we looked for their tracks, and found them clear enough in the river-bed, but the black cotton-soil is the worst possible medium for receiving impressions. Finally I spent the morning erecting a machan behind the camp, some 100 yards off, in the hope that the lions would again reconnoitre us. In the evening I tied up a goat and sat in a fig-tree, about a quarter of a mile above camp, but without result. After dinner I went to the machan.

April 4th. The night passed without incident. I spent the early morning looking mainly for reed-buck in the maya; and stalked up to within 70 yards of the same buck as the day before yesterday, but again did not shoot. Later on I disturbed what

looked like a better buck, but did not get a shot. I saw a third buck in the distance, but did not consider him worth a stalk. Gazelle and oribi were numerous, and I finally made a bad miss, right and left, at an oribi at 80 yards. The white tip of the foresight of my .350 having been knocked off had, I think, affected my shooting. I then took to my shot-gun, and on the jheel in the maya bagged one teal, one snipe, and five whistling teal. The snipe was the first that my three shikaris had seen shot. In the evening I started to examine the Rahad River, when M. pointed out a male reedbuck within 200 yards of camp. I had fitted a new foresight to my .350, and at 100 yards standing facing me I secured him with a curious shot through the hip, which broke his back. The head was only a moderate one of $11\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Later I tied up a goat and sat over it without result. A leopard was roaring lower down the river. After dinner I went to the machan.

April 5th. My men had hardly gone before a reedbuck began to call persistently to my right rear, and I distinctly heard the grass crackle. However, the men in camp talked most persistently, and presently I heard a growl of apparent suspicion, uttered obviously by a lion. Nothing further occurred until the moon set, when the grass began to crackle once more, and finally a couple of large animals sprang into

the open space surrounding the goat. They did not at once seize it, and I was afraid to turn on the light until they had done so. After some seconds of hesitation, one of them laid hold of the goat, and I turned on the light, when it promptly ran back out of the circle, so I turned the light out again. After a minute it advanced and killed the goat outright, but when I turned on the light it again retreated some ten paces. I could still see it, and kept the light turned on while it boldly advanced and tried to tear away the goat by main force. It stood end-on facing me, a most undesirable shot, but something was bound to give way, so I fired. The result was a succession of roars and a big cloud of dust and smoke. As this cleared I saw the lion pick itself up from where it had been knocked over, and make off at a great pace, before I could fire my second barrel. Of course, its mate, apparently a female, which had kept in the background, made off too. After some ten minutes I distinctly heard at least one lion return, and for fully an hour the brute patrolled the shade of the trees in front of the machan, just out of shot. Finally it went off, and at dawn I descended, had chota hazri, and took up the trail. Blood was not very plentiful, and I was very disappointed to find that some 60 yards off the lion had lain down and gone on again—a very bad sign. After this M. and A. could make

nothing of the trail, although Radi showed himself an expert tracker, and stuck to the trail for nearly a mile, finding a little blood every 100 yards or so. I fired the grass in likely places as we proceeded, with the idea of inducing the lions to show, the tracks indicating that they still kept together. The trail was over almost as bad country as could be imagined, and one had to literally crawl in many places under the dense nabbuk. In fact, it was, I think, as well that the lions kept going, as a charge could have hardly failed to get home. Towards midday R. could make no more of it, and I took to the forlorn hope of firing as much grass as I could. I was still engaged on this when Ibrahim, whom I had sent up a tree to mark, came along shouting, and said that a lioness had crossed the Rahad under his very nose, the bed being, of course, dry. We hurried to the spot, but as I could make nothing of the trail, I decided to organise a beat in the evening and try to account for her. The beat was, however, unsuccessful though the grass was fired and plenty of blank ammunition expended. I. says that he again saw the lioness, but nobody else did. After dinner I went to the machan.

April 6th. Left El Mekherim, after a fruitless vigil in the machan, and marched about 5 miles to the next maya called Rakuba. Saw numerous ariel, and a few gazelle and oribi. On the maya I shot an oribi, an easy chance at 30 yards. Towards evening,

when I again visited the maya, I saw a few reed-buck, but none worth shooting. It is a great place for ariel, which feed there like flocks of sheep. Fresh tracks of lion in the bed of the Rahad.

April 7th. Spent the night in bed. Milk being short, in the morning I sent back I. and F. M. to fetch two milch-goats and three kids from Shammam, giving them 16 dollars for the purpose. Spent the morning constructing a machan between the maya and the Rahad. A. R. has been laid up for some days now with a swollen knee; and groans loudly whenever I am within hearing—a provoking habit of Indian domestics. I am prescribing hot fomentations and Elliman's. In the afternoon I returned to the maya, but only saw the moderate reedbuck, besides oribi and ariel. In the evening I went to the machan for an all-night sitting.

April 8th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. A leopard roared within 200 yards and a lion in the distance; but the goat declined to bleat. In the morning I prospected along the left bank of the Rahad, but saw nothing save oribi and ariel. Finally I set fire to a large reed-patch, where lion-tracks were numerous; but nothing showed except female reedbuck, a large sort of mongoose, and, I think, a serval, which did not give a shot. I then went to the maya for ariel. There were over a hundred

feeding, but the place was infested with stray human beings and in disgust I finally gave up waiting for the game to graze within shot. This maya is totally useless for stalking purposes, there being no cover but dried grass which crackles like tin boxes. In the afternoon I returned to the maya to see whether an ariel could be got by lying in ambush. However, they had drunk and fed and would not approach. An oribi came within 50 yards, which I missed right and left, and then wasted five buckshot-cartridges over bustard. In the evening I again returned to the machan.

April 9th. The night, which was cloudy and the warmest we have yet had, passed without incident. The goat called well, and it is clear that the felines find the maya as unprofitable for stalking as I did. In the morning I dismantled the machan, having only heard a leopard and a lion call once in the distance. As I was unable to march—for the milch-goats had not arrived—I prospected up-stream, finding the low land more open and better for stalking. Lion-tracks were numerous opposite some thick reeds, which I burnt without result. Meanwhile, a large herd of ariel came down to drink, led by a straight-horned gazelle. As I had more ariel to my credit than gazelle, I preferred the latter, and made a successful shot, raking him through the shoulder and flank, though he ran 40 yards before dropping. The horns measured

11½ inches, which is pretty good for this species. On returning to camp I found that the milch-goats had arrived, my live stock now totalling 11 camels, 3 donkeys, 2 milch-goats, and 7 kids for baits. The afternoon was spent over odd jobs, in the course of which I discovered that the skin of one lioness had sustained considerable damage by rubbing against the camel-saddle with the hair-side downwards.

April 10th. Marched some eight miles to Malia maya. Ariel very numerous *en route*, but I did not want them. Shot four guinea-fowl, taking crossing shots as they flew to the river. Heard at Malia that buffalo frequented the maya. Went out in the afternoon, and shot a gazelle of 11½ inches. In the evening tied up a goat without success in the maya behind the camp. A leopard roared in the distance. When I shot the gazelle, I noted that an ariel grazing 10 yards off took not the least notice. The gazelle fell dead, shot through the shoulder at 80 yards.

April 11th. Spent a second night in bed. Towards midnight a lion roared half a mile up-stream. Half an hour later ariel, etc., called on the maya, and still later we found fresh droppings of a lion close to the tree where I had tied the goat. Went out in the early morning to look for the buffalo, but found no fresh sign, and afterwards constructed a machan where I

had perched myself in the tree the previous evening. In the afternoon I examined the Rahad below camp—an utterly impossible country, overgrown with rank vegetation. In the evening I tied up a goat and sat in the machan without success, returning to it once more after dinner.

April 12th. Spent a fruitless night in the machan. In the morning examined the maya. No fresh tracks, and nothing about but ariel. I then went under R's guidance to some low ground up-stream, where I saw a very fair reedbuck, and might have had a standing shot at 60 yards, but tried to get a kneeling one, when he made off. Later saw a herd of ariel feeding in the dry bed of the Rahad, and got within 50 yards, securing a fair buck of $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches. In the afternoon I returned to look for the reedbuck of the morning, but did not see him. I tied up a goat in the evening without success, but have a suspicion that some large animal was about, possibly buffalo or elephant. After dinner I went to the machan for the night.

April 13th. The night passed without incident, and I broke camp and marched some 8 miles to Malwiya maya, crossing Khor Semsem *en route*, which is marked in most maps, though a mere drain. Guinea-fowl were plentiful, and I again took crossing shots as they made for the river, securing three. In

Khor Semsem a nice reedbuck stood to look at the caravan, and I knocked it over at about 30 yards with a shot through the withers. However, approaching it carelessly, I was caught napping, for it got up and made good its escape, though I sent a fruitless bullet after it. Tracks both of lion and buffalo were plentiful near the new camp. I spent the heat of the day fishing under a fig-tree, and although I was only angling with light tackle and a fly-rod, landed five fish in a couple of hours, including a couple of barbel of fully 10 lb. each, the cast being broken more than once by bigger fish. In the evening I returned to the maya, where at least thirty reedbuck were scattered feeding. I stalked to within 100 yards of a fair buck, when my attention was attracted by a distinct lowing, which in this country could only mean buffalo. I gave up the stalk, therefore, and prospected along the maya, when I saw a herd of seven or eight buffalo higher up. I took A. with me as spare gun-bearer, and began to stalk the herd, which seemed very restless, and soon vanished into thick cover the other side of the maya. I made a great error, following A.'s advice, in not at once approaching the spot where they had vanished, for after half an hour they again came out in the same place, and went back once more. This time I moved up towards them, but it was too late, as they all came out again before I arrived, and moved steadily across my front in a diagonal that always

left me somewhat in the rear. I had seen one bull in the herd, but among the trees and grass which they now entered on my side, and in the gathering dusk, I could not pick him out though I got within 50 yards of the herd. Finally, I had to give up the business as a bad job and return to camp.

April 14th. The night passed without incident to my knowledge. However, next day I found that by the light of the full moon a lion had walked right through the camp, passing within a measured 20 paces of my bed. The camel-men said that there were two of them, and that they roared loudly both coming and going. Unluckily nobody thought of waking me. There was not a scrap of cover within 50 yards of the camel-zareba, which probably was the saving of some of my live stock. In the morning we took up the tracks of the buffaloes, which led to some well-used feeding-grounds on the banks of the Rahad, where tracking was impossible. These I burnt and returned to the maya, when M. detected what I believe to be the reedbuck let off yesterday. This time I stalked within 50 yards, and made a bad shot, but a successful one, breaking the poor brute's back. The horns were 12 inches. I waited about an hour, with the idea that the fire might drive the buffaloes back to the maya, but saw nothing more of them. In the afternoon I first of all fished for an hour without result, and then constructed a machan on the

maya, which was not ready until dark. After dinner I went to the machan.

April 15th. Nothing occurred during the night, but at daybreak a couple of lions roared in concert some 300 yards off, but did not approach the goat. I spent the morning patrolling the Rahad, according to R.'s ideas, which appeared to involve doing all one's stalking down-wind, and got no shot at anything in consequence, seeing little but ariel. I fished in the afternoon, catching three barbel of two sorts, all of 6 or 8 lb. Later I went to the maya, and saw numerous reedbuck, but none I considered worth shooting. In the evening I tied up a goat without success, and after dinner proceeded to the machan.

April 16th. The night passed without incident, though my men heard a lion roar twice in the neighbourhood. I then broke camp, which was apparently at the old site of the Fatalob village marked on my map, destroyed by the Mahdi, with all the villages in these parts. We had a warm and monotonous march from 8 a.m. to fully midday, say 10 miles, and encamped in a nondescript spot on the banks of the Rahad. I had shot a garganey teal on the maya before starting, and killed a decidedly small ariel of $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches as meat for the men *en route*. There were signs of elephant, but the country this side of Fatalob is obviously poor sporting-ground, dense grass alter-

nating with bare black cotton-soil and scrub. I fired the grass on the left bank of the Rahad, but nothing showed, and I decided not to waste time in halting.

April 17th. Got off at 7 a.m. and marched till 11 a.m.—say 10 miles. After a mile we struck the 40-foot line between Gallabat and Senga, and marched along it. On the road I shot a guinea-fowl, and an oribi of 3½ inches. The place where we struck the road seems to be marked on my map Sangerfont, but the distances on the map are all wrong. The country still unpromising from a sporting standpoint, and totally uninhabited, there being next to no marks of usage on the 40-foot line. In the afternoon I examined the river-bed, and found it to be a regular thoroughfare for buffalo. Less than half a mile from camp there was a crash in the grass above, and away went a herd that had got our wind. We took up the trail, and when it crossed the river again, found that we were after three bulls. The grass was hopeless close to the river, where the bulls were lying, but became practicable further out, though it was unluckily impossible to move without noise. A reed-buck went off quite close to us, which R., who certainly tracked in first-class form, took to be the buffalo, and ran to get a view. This was very unlucky, as the herd were 100 yards away at the time, in fairly open ground, and we saw them next moment, all with their heads up, and fully aware of our

presence. I decided that a long shot at buffalo, on ground like this, would be next door to madness, and tried to get nearer, behind a bush some 50 yards from the three bulls. Unluckily four francolin rose one after the other as I cautiously approached the bush, and another reedbuck went off into the bargain. This was too much for the buffalo, and the next view I had was of their sterns in full retreat, and we saw no more of them. As it was nearly sunset we made for camp. R. was leading, and he and I simultaneously saw the outline of some large feline, 50 yards away under the high bank to our left. R. was greatly excited, saying "Lion," and I drew back to get a moment's breathing-time. This was unlucky, as when I cautiously descended for the shot I saw the outline of the creature's back gliding up the bank into the high grass. I sent at once to camp for a goat, but it was quite dark when it arrived, so we had to return to camp, and all that I got out of the afternoon's work was a headache.

April 18th. Spent the night in bed, and next morning returned to where we had seen the animal in the evening. The tracks showed it to be a leopard, not a lion. We then went on to look for the buffalo. I saw numerous reedbuck, but none that tempted me to shoot, and after a long search we found where a herd of buffalo had fed in the river-bed during the night. R. followed the trail for some distance, but it was

clearly not too fresh, probably of the previous evening, and we finally gave it up and returned to camp empty handed. Went out again in the afternoon down-stream, where most of the grass had been burnt. Saw numerous reedbuck, including one good one, but was not sure of his size, as he stood facing me at 60 yards, until he showed his profile in bolting.

April 19th. Again visited the country up-stream, where the tracks of buffalo had been so numerous; but no fresh tracks. Met two moderate reedbuck, but did not shoot, somewhat to the chagrin of my shikaris, who wanted meat. Oribi very numerous, and a fair number of ariel, but no gazelle at all in these parts. Saw tracks of hartebeest for the first time on the Rahad. In the afternoon I revisited the country down-stream that I had seen the previous evening. The big reedbuck was not with his does, which I watched for some time feeding in their usual place; but further on I saw another buck that I had tried to stalk the previous day, recognisable by the extreme forward rake of the tips of his horns. I opened fire on him at 100 yards, but missed three times in succession. He seemed to take no notice of the shots, and a fourth in the neck finished him—11½ inches.

April 20th. Next morning my men were particularly slow in loading up, and we did not leave

Shakit until 8 a.m. Afterwards they said that the meat of the reedbuck was unwholesome! No doubt they had been eating it half the night. I shot a couple of guinea-fowl on the road, which at a place called Homar ul Gizm left the Gallabat-Senga 40-foot track, which here quits the Rahad and runs within a degree north of due east. The going then became bad in the extreme, black cotton-soil of the worst type, and we marched until well after midday, possibly 10 miles in all, but a trying march. Our halting-place was called Bandarey, a mere pool under a steep bank, but with plenty of lion-tracks in the vicinity. In the afternoon I took to my rod, but without much success, catching a couple of fish of some ounces, and getting broken by a big one. In the evening I tied up a bed in a fig-tree overhanging the pool, to serve as an impromptu machan.

April 21st. The night passed without incident, though I never heard a goat make more noise. In the morning R. took me to a maya, which turned out to be a long 4 miles off, and bone-dry when we got there. However, vultures were collecting at one end, and we soon found the remains of an ariel that at least one lion had obviously been eating all night. These we covered carefully with branches after I had sat over them for an hour, and returned to camp. On the way I took a shot at an ariel at 120 yards, and thought I had scored a miss, as he ran a short distance and stood

under a tree; but as I watched him, he began to turn round and round, and presently fell quite dead, shot exactly behind the shoulder— $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches. At 1 p.m. I returned to the kill, with cold supper, machan, etc., for an all-night sitting. To my extreme disgust, I found that the lion had returned meanwhile, and left nothing of the carcass but the head and neck and a few particles of the stomach. I have very little doubt that my three shikaris, who had not gone down the river-bed as ordered, merely sat down some 50 yards off with the lion watching them, while I had put in my hour's vigil over the remains in the morning. Unluckily we had brought no goat. I made my machan as usual and spent the night in it, seeing nothing but a collection of ichneumons, civet-cats, large lizards, etc., which made free with the remains of the feast. This was an unlucky affair, though I must admit that I did have a hint of the state of affairs in this way. Immediately after leaving the carcass, R. found a bees' nest and rifled the contents, getting well stung in doing so. This took a considerable time, and I returned to look at the carcass, and found a few square inches of flesh exposed, but I thought this merely due to birds and covered it up more strongly. Now, however, I have no doubt that it was the lion that I drove off a second time, though he was so stealthy in his movements that we never supposed him to be so near.

April 22nd. The night passed without incident, and I awoke with a headache, and went back straight to camp. Lions had evidently been prowling round the camp all night, so my absence was doubly unfortunate. I spent the day in my aerial chamber in the fig-tree, which was cool and comfortable; and I then thought that a portable hammock would be by no means useless in this country, to be slung when occasion requires. In the afternoon my headache went off, and I went out with my rifle, but saw nothing of note, except a sounder of wart-hog and a single boar. These animals are not found at all below Homar ul Gizm. After dinner I again went for the night to the machan in the fig-tree.

April 23rd. The night passed without incident and we got off at 7 a.m., and marched from Banderey until 11 a.m., when we reached Mugdu, the starting-point for the Galegu. The going was bad cotton-soil, and I suppose we covered 8 miles, or 16 in all from Homar ul Gizm. On the road I shot a brace of guinea-fowl, and missed three easy shots at oribi, at distances of 20 to 30 yards. However, I made amends just before the march ended by killing a fair reedbuck of $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches, facing me at 80 yards, striking the apple of the throat. As our next march involved crossing the Rahad, whose banks are generally too steep for camels, we prospected up-stream in the afternoon, and found a suitable crossing, Mokedou,

which is marked on my map. There were no signs of any game for which we cared to stay.

April 24th. I spent the night in bed, and was awakened towards midnight by a couple of lions roaring loudly just the other side of the Rahad. I got my Indian servants into the zareba, but the lions moved off. In the early morning we moved on to Mokedou, where we halted for the forenoon, and I shot nine guinea-fowl, not knowing when we might next see game. At 3 p.m. we left Mokedou and marched until 6.30 p.m. over abominable black cotton-soil in a S.W. direction—say 7 miles. The camels were merely picketed that night. On the road we first saw one giraffe in the distance, and afterwards a mother and young, at about 300 yards, but I was not for shooting them at a fee of £20.

CHAPTER X

THE GALEGU

April 25th. I spent a peaceable night in bed, except for a slight shower at dawn. We got off at 6.30 a.m. and marched till 10 a.m. still S.W., for 7 miles, when we reached the Galegu. On the road we first saw six giraffes, the nearest some 200 yards, then a roan, and afterwards a tiang. I tried to stalk the tiang, but he was too cunning. On the banks of the maya, where we encamped, were fairly fresh marks of buffalo. In the afternoon I prospected in the neighbourhood of camp and saw fully fifty reedbuck, but no good heads, also ariel and oribi, and still further signs of buffalo. I spent the best part of the evening watching a herd of some twenty reedbuck feeding, hoping that a good one might show, or the buffalo come out to feed, but saw nothing that I wanted, though three small waterbuck finally came out.

April 26th. Spent the night in bed without incident. In the morning R. conducted me to three mayas in succession a mile or two south of camp. All three

shikaris were somewhat nervous of the neighbourhood of Abyssinians, and there is little doubt regarded them as hereditary foes. That men were to the south of us is certain by the grass-fires in that direction. There was very little game on the three mayas, though there were plenty of geese, whistling teal, and a few familiar duck, such as the red-headed pochard. I saw a few ariel, oribi, and reedbuck, but no sign of bigger game, and the shikaris professed to see fresh signs of human beings everywhere. On the third maya there was a good reedbuck, which allowed me to get within 100 yards, and a lucky shot broke his back— $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Owing to the suspicion of hostile neighbours, we carried the carcass direct into camp, instead of sending a camel. Close to camp I was shown the carcass of a reedbuck with only the buttocks eaten, but putrid. Obviously this was the work of a lion, which had not returned to the kill, and the vultures had overlooked it. Although in the evening the weather was most threatening, I went out to examine the maya behind camp. There were no signs of buffalo, but I saw a large herd of waterbuck, including one, if not two, good heads. Presently the wind rose, and rain came down in torrents. I returned to camp to find two tents prostrate, and one pole of my big tent broken; but before dark I re-erected a small tent, and made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

April 27th. A lion roared in the night, but did not approach the camp. Marching was out of the question, owing to the mud, but I went out after buffalo, and we found the track of a bull behind the camp. After a mile or so we unluckily disturbed him in thick stuff close to the Galegu, and he made off, passing within 200 yards of my tents. We followed the trail from 7 a.m. to fully 11 a.m., but I unluckily fired a right and left in error at an ant-hill in high grass, and we never came up with the bull, which went due south along the Galegu, until we got so far from camp that we had to give it up. On the way back we found that three men had been attracted by the shots, and were obviously making for our camp, as their tracks showed. Close to camp I saw them coming back, having reconnoitred it. As soon as they saw me, they dived into the bush in a most suspicious fashion. My servants say that they had walked right past the camp, and no doubt taken notes. In the afternoon R. went out with a donkey and fetched in the hide and head of a buffalo bull of 33 inches, which we had come upon in the course of our tracking. It was in very thick cover and had presumably died of a wound, I should say ten days or a fortnight before. The hide was still serviceable for sandals. I went out along the Galegu with M. and A., but saw nothing.

April 28th. In the morning I decided to leave Maya el Meruya, and the camels actually started. Meanwhile I fired five shots on the maya, bagging a whistling teal. Soon afterwards, I found the tracks of a herd of at least thirty buffalo, which had passed within sight of our camp the night before. I therefore stopped the caravan before it had gone a mile, and took up the trail. The tracking was, of course, of the simplest. This particular herd turned out to be on the trek, and we followed it up from 7.30 to 10.30 in a S.E. direction up the Galegu, without any sign of its having stopped even to graze, but at last gave it up as a bad job and returned. We saw two herds of waterbuck, which did not now interest me, and also noticed on the maya three tiang grazing, which I set to work to stalk. A bushbuck detected me and gave the alarm, so I had to take a longish shot, but at 120 yards, three-quarters away from me, and succeeded in raking the bull forwards, through the flank, when he ran 50 yards and dropped—a nice head of $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The remainder of the day was spent in attending to the tetel, and also to my guns, which now want a lot of care owing to the rain. I went to the maya late in the evening, but saw nothing that I wanted.

April 29th. Some rain fell during the night, and I had to go into a tent. In the morning the soil was too sticky for marching, and as we had twice seen

fresh sign of buffalo on the way home the day before, we went over much of the same ground again, but there was no fresh sign of buffalo at all, though I saw fully fifty waterbuck, which caused me to marvel at the restriction to two heads in the Kassala and Sennar combined provinces. Getting back at 10 a.m. I found the ground dry, so decided to march; and we covered 8 miles to a large lake called Ras Amir, in the neighbourhood of which were three big herds of tiang, numbering considerably above 100 in all, besides the usual sprinkling of reedbuck, and a few waterbuck. On the road one of the camels unluckily put its foot into a bees' nest, and was badly stung. As my Sudanese servants had now run out of dourra, I gave them a sack of 235 lb. In the evening I went to the west end of the lake, where a herd of some forty tiang were feeding. As the ground was quite open, I sent M. round to try to drive them, but they bolted in the wrong direction. There was a single hippo in the middle of the lake, but he would not approach the edge. The camping-ground was obviously much used, and strewn with small heads of reedbuck, ariel, etc., and here I may add that yesterday I found a skeleton of a second bull buffalo on the Galegu, with a bullet-hole through the ribs on both sides, and 30-inch horns, which the sportsman concerned had not thought fit to carry off.

April 30th. In the morning I made a complete

circuit of Ras Amir, 5 miles or so at this season. I saw little game but a herd of waterbuck, with some fair heads, and a few oribi and ariel. The tiang were feeding at the west end as yesterday, but were far too cute to be stalked. As I sat waiting for them to return to the lake, three Arab hunters put in an appearance, armed with a gun, which I had already heard that morning. When they saw my tent, two of them went to reconnoitre. We approached the third, who made off, but finally waited for us and accompanied us to camp. There were the remains of a large elephant to the north of the lake, presumably the bag of some European sportsman this season, as a small zareba still stood close by. In the afternoon I attempted to stalk a large number of tiang, upon a maya south of camp. However, the presence of large numbers of ariel, reedbuck, and waterbuck, together with the open nature of the ground, made the task an impossible one, though I might have taken shots at 200 yards, but was not sure of the size or sex of the game. So ended a month in which I was not successful in bringing to bag any animal of note.

May 1st. Heavy rain fell in the night, and put marching out of the question, but as the morning broke fine, I went out with the intention of trying to track up a lion that had been roaring towards dawn in the direction of the maya, south^{ly} of camp.

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Although I could find no lion-tracks, A. pointed out to me that a single male tiang was grazing near the edge of the maya. A considerable detour brought me behind cover within 100 yards of the game, which I believe to have been a bull that I noted two days previously, when other game spoiled the chance of a stalk. He never detected me, and as he turned broadside-on I gave him a shot which struck amidships. As he made off, I missed with the second barrel, but after lumbering along for 30 yards he stopped and lay down. I signalled to my men, but presently he got up again and walked on slowly. Remembering Baker's dictum about a wounded antelope that recovers its feet, I took a careful aim as soon as he stopped, and knocked him down for good with a bullet through the withers; a fine bull of $22\frac{1}{3}$ inches. As the day was still young, after bringing a camel from camp, I continued to look for lion-tracks, but without success, though I saw two reedbuck that I might have been tempted to fire at if I had not already secured meat. There were signs of cattle having been grazed on these mayas, and I am told that the Arabs from the Dinder regularly visit them. In the afternoon a hippo showed himself at the west end of the lake, where it was about half a mile broad. As he was feeding and moving about, occasionally showing the whole of his back, I sat and watched him from the various points where he

nearest approached the shore, but he was far too cunning to come within shot, and after sitting until it was quite dark I returned to camp.

May 2nd. Heavy rain during the night again made marching impossible. A leopard called two or three times a mile away, an hour after sunrise, but ceased as soon as I approached his neighbourhood. On the way I disturbed large numbers of tiang, fully 100, but, as usual, they kept out of shot. After proceeding south for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, I was somewhat surprised to reach the Galegu. Following its course for a couple of miles east, I saw no sign of buffalo or elephant, and then struck inland, across the maya, seeing large numbers of reedbuck, but no good heads. Then a larger tiang with two smaller ones ran across my front, and finally bolted past me within 100 yards. I said that they were a female and two young ones, but A. insisted that the larger one was a good head. Seven months' experience ought to have taught me the value of the word of an Arab shikari as to the size of the head, but I was unfortunately bluffed into taking the somewhat tempting shot, and of three rounds that I fired, two told loudly on the largest of the three tiang, but did not stop it. We followed up the trail, which was obvious enough, with lots of blood, and after a mile saw the tiang moving very slowly 150 yards ahead. I naturally assumed that the lagging tiang was the wounded one, and

made a most unfortunately good shot, breaking the back of one of the two small ones, which had not been touched by any of the previous bullets. This was bad enough, but worse remained, as humanity impelled me to follow up the wounded one so long as there seemed to be a chance of stopping it. Half a mile further A. detected it lying down in long grass. I approached within 10 yards, when it bolted, and was of course killed, turning out to be a miserable female of $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the young one having measured $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Thus did I provide my men with nearly 500 lb. of meat which they did not require, and become the possessor of two heads which I should be ashamed to exhibit. Needless to say that I returned to breakfast in a very bad humour with things in general, and with A. in particular. On the way home I saw feeding in the open within 300 yards one hen and two cock ostriches, but these birds are on the list of animals that may not be shot at all. I went out in the evening with A. only, and was somewhat surprised to see a tora hartebeest; and later a herd of about a dozen waterbuck, including a fair male, allowed me to walk past in the open within 50 yards.

May 3rd. Got off at 7.30 a.m., and marched till 10.30 a.m., covering 8 miles, and halting under a couple of large fig-trees 2 miles below the junction of the Galegu and Dinder. I was rather for trying the

Dinder up-stream, but R. was against it. Since leaving El Meruya we have seen no traces of buffalo or elephant, but R. says that we shall find both on the Dinder. This agrees with my information, but I rather fear that the Dinder has been overshot. On the march I shot a sand-grouse, but saw little game. There were fresh tracks of two lions, but the weather now puts machan-work out of the question. In the afternoon I made a circuit round camp, and saw a flock of six male ostriches and one hen, also a couple of tiang, and a few reedbuck and ariel, but nothing I wanted.

May 4th. There being no sign of buffalo or elephant, I moved camp again, marching some 8 miles along the bed of the Dinder. I decided to definitely give up the idea of Roseires, mainly for lack of time, as I did not want to be caught by the heavy rain 100 miles or so from the railway. I saw no game on the march but one or two oribi and reedbuck, and no tracks of buffalo or elephant; but at the pool where I halted, a fairly good tiang moved off, and I scored a miss among the trees at 150 yards. I had to treat A. for sore eyes, and R. for boils. I may mention that a couple of lions were roaring all last night, but not within a mile of camp. I had seen their tracks close to camp in the evening, but the wide grassy plains along the Rahad did not lend themselves to machan-work. I had seen another tora the

previous evening. In the early morning I shot a black partridge; and in the evening I made a circuit round the camp, but saw nothing save three or four oribi and half a dozen reedbuck. One of the latter seemed to have a fair head, but made off incontinently. All the game I have yet seen on the Dinder have been very shy, and the country has undoubtedly been overshot.

May 5th. Moved camp again, and marched downstream about 8 miles, from 7.30 to 10.30 a.m. All the game that I saw consisted of a sounder of wart-hog, and half a dozen reedbuck and oribi. I followed the river-bed, and, saving one lion, did not even see fresh tracks of big game. Having questioned various natives as to buffalo and elephant, I learnt that elephant are said to exist lower down, although it seems problematical whether buffalo occur at all on the Dinder, below its junction with the Galegu. It is amazing that a practically uninhabited river-bed, at the driest season of the year, should attract so little game. In the early morning I shot a guinea-fowl; and in the afternoon made a circuit round the camp. Half a mile away I found a score of Arab hunters with four young giraffes they had lately captured. The giraffes were quite tame, but one was badly rope-galled, and in the evening I had the head-men of the expedition round to my camp and gave them $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of vaseline for the gall, and an old piece of felt for cold-

water compresses, as there was considerable swelling of the affected leg. The men seemed grateful and gave information of elephant and buffalo on the Dinder, which will, I hope, be useful. Later I saw three lots of wart-hog and half a dozen reedbuck, besides fresh tracks of lion and leopard and the usual giraffe. In fact, hereabouts the country looks more like game than for the past 24 miles.

May 6th. Left Ras el Fil, which appears to be the name of this sharp double-curve in the Dinder, and marched some 10 miles across country to Revadi, 7 to 11 a.m., cutting off the bend in the river. This camp is on a high bluff, with more water below it than I have yet seen in the Dinder. I shot a guinea-fowl on the march, but saw little game, as was indeed to be expected away from the river. There was a slight fall of rain last night, and my small tent was put up in a hurry. A mile short of camp we passed a maya with fresh buffalo-tracks, and I take it we are now in the neighbourhood described by the Arab hunters. In the evening I examined the country round camp, and found innumerable tracks of buffalo, and a few of hippo on both sides of the river, but saw no game.

May 7th. Left camp at 6 a.m. and found fresh tracks of buffalo at 7 a.m. R. followed them up very well, but not until 9 a.m. did we run into the animals

themselves, when they were unluckily lying down. A. or M. ought to have seen them, as they were right out in the open where there was no grass, at a distance of about 70 yards. As it was, the buffalo saw us first, and immediately bolted—three of them, including what looked like a good bull. R. still stuck to the trail in the most persevering manner, carrying it on until 2 p.m., fully 10 miles in all, fortunately all round the neighbourhood of camp. In fact, the three buffaloes once ran up against my camels. At 2 p.m. the buffalo still seemed to be going strong, so I gave the word for home. After going a mile, R. suddenly noticed a herd of buffalo 100 yards off, nearly in our path. We at once crouched down, and although they were alarmed, they did not locate the danger, and passed us at 60 yards, six large ones with a calf. There was a suspicious sameness about the horns, but one was larger than the rest, and A. and R. insisted that it was a bull. M. had stopped behind on some business of his own. I allowed myself to be persuaded, and gave the biggest a bullet from my .470, which obviously told, and the wounded buffalo dropped after running some 40 yards. To my surprise the rest of the herd stood by their fallen comrade, and I stalked up to within 60 yards. A. and R. were in the wildest excitement that I should shoot another, insisting that each in turn was a large bull. Nevertheless I was sure that I had killed the biggest of the herd, and was quite

certain that there was not a bull among those left. After nearly a quarter of an hour the herd drew off, and I approached my quarry, and found to my disgust that I had killed a $26\frac{3}{4}$ -inch cow. In fact, there had not been a bull among the lot. So much for the professional Sudanese shikari, who has abundance of pluck and energy, but whose opinion of the sex of an animal or the size of its horns is literally worth less than nothing. I got back to breakfast at about tea-time, and did not go out in the evening. The only small game that I saw in the course of the day was an anteater hard at work, which I should have shot had I not been tracking buffalo, and a herd of ariel.

May 8th. In the morning I went over the same ground again. We found fresh tracks of a buffalo in much the same place, but I decided that they were too small. Further on were more tracks, also small, but as the shikaris insisted that they belonged to a bull, we took up the trail. After nearly two hours, they conducted us to the trail that I had originally discarded, and R. was decidedly angry when I declined to pursue them further, the hind slots being no bigger than those of roan antelope. I then followed the course of the river for some distance, with an idea of happening upon buffalo or hippopotamus, but saw nothing except two female oribi and three doe waterbuck, though spoor of buffalo was plentiful enough. In the afternoon I fished for

an hour, but caught nothing save a river-tortoise of some 15 lb., which gave a meal to some passing Sudanis. In the evening I looked for buffalo in the direction where I had killed the female. Tracks were numerous, some of the night before, but the only game seen were eight or ten exceedingly shy oribi.

May 9th. Passed a very wet and uncomfortable night, not getting to sleep until the small hours. In the morning I took the same direction as yesterday evening, but turned down-stream on reaching the next bend of the Dinder. I had not gone more than a mile from camp when I suddenly observed the head of a hippo in the Dinder within 20 yards—no doubt the animal whose tracks I have seen all round camp. It went under, but did not seem alarmed, and I changed my .350 for the .470 with solid bullets. Next it came up a little down-stream, and I took up a position on the high bank as soon as it went under. It then came up within 20 yards, and turned its head completely facing me, when I gave it a bullet half-way up the face. It sank without a movement and we waited for half an hour without its reappearing. Presuming it to be dead, we returned to camp, and after breakfast returned at 11 a.m. with camels, ropes, and all available human labour. The hippo was floating dead where I had shot it, and R. swam out with the picketing rope and we hauled it in to a convenient spot—a full-grown female of 11 feet

5 inches. The rest of the day was spent skinning and cutting up the carcase, not a particle of flesh being left for the vultures.

May 10th. Spent an exhausting and uninteresting day attending to the trophies of the hippo, *i.e.* the four feet, mask, hide, and skull. My live stock was increased yesterday by a young reedbuck or oribi, which I bought from a boy for a dollar.

May 11th. At 11 p.m., the moon being near the full, I heard a crackling in the reeds on the other side of the Dinder, and with my glasses was able to see half a dozen buffaloes feeding. In the early morning we took up the trail, which showed that the herd consisted of fully thirty animals. The tracks led mainly through open ground, and after a couple of hours we saw the buffaloes among the trees a quarter of a mile ahead. The ground was most unfavourable for stalking, there being no grass or undergrowth, and a possibility of cutting across the front of the herd in the direction in which it was travelling was spoiled by six or eight giraffes, which at once detected us and made off, causing the buffaloes to take a new direction. We then followed the herd until it halted for the day at 11 a.m., in a place where there was literally no cover but two or three uprooted mimosas and a few other small trees. To make matters worse the herd was much scattered, while a few individuals, all,

I think, cows, persistently stood sentry. Nevertheless, I decided to try a close approach, under cover of a fallen mimosa, which would have brought me within 100 yards of the herd; and was successful in getting within 25 yards of the tree, by first proceeding on my knees, then on hands and knees, and finally crawling like a snake. I might indeed have fired a long shot, but could not make out a bull, when just as we were near a fallen tree, the sentries detected us, and the whole herd made off at once, leaving us to trudge disconsolately back to camp—some 5 miles—which we did not reach till after midday. Of smaller game we had only seen two or three oribi, and a herd of ariel in the distance—all as wild as hawks. In the evening I visited the pool above camp, where buffaloes usually drink at night, but there were no fresh tracks, and I saw no game at all.

May 12th. In the morning I made the complete circuit of the bend of the Dinder below camp, as far as the pool where I shot the hippo. There were plenty of tracks of buffalo, but none fresher than the night before last. There were tracks of another hippo about the pool, which is nearly a mile long, and also of a baby hippo. I saw no game at all but half a dozen oribi, also a colony of fully fifty tiny greyish green monkeys. In the evening I went to the pool above camp where buffalo frequently drink at night, but saw no game, though a large herd had drunk there after my departure yesterday.

May 13th. It rained in the morning, and my shikaris at first refused to come out, although when I started by myself they followed. I visited the pool above camp, but nothing had drunk there. The going was very bad, except in the river-bed, and I returned to camp along the latter, seeing no game, though there were fresh tracks of hippo. Some men visited my camp during the rain who had seen fresh buffalo-tracks behind camp. The rain stopped at 11 a.m., and by 1 p.m. it was dry enough to travel, the black cotton-soil having caked on top. We went out and took up the trail, which was obvious enough and fairly fresh; and by 3 p.m. saw the herd lying down in open ground ahead of us, when, the wind being favourable, I stalked up to a fallen tree within 100 yards of the nearest members. I examined all the members very carefully, and made out a bull on the left, but a good distance off. I think I made an error in not retracing my steps and stalking from his side, but preferred to take the chance of the herd moving in my direction towards evening. As it was, they moved the other way, and when the bull stood up and offered a broadside shot I had to take it, and scored a clean miss, when they went off at a gallop and I had no second chance. I stepped the distance and found it 155 paces, whereas I used the 100-yards sight. Still, the target was a big one, and with a H.V. rifle I ought to have scored a hit, and as the ground

was so open a wounded buffalo could have been tackled without much risk. On the Rahad I should not have dreamt of taking such a shot.

May 14th. In the morning I commenced by visiting the pool above camp. There were no tracks of buffalo, and the whole up-stream tract was overrun by cattle, so I turned sharp back and went across to the bend down-stream, where I had shot the cow buffalo. There we very soon found fresh tracks, and following them from 8 to 10 a.m. I came up with what was, I believe, the same herd that I had seen the previous day, for the line taken to the place of lying up for the day was almost identical, though naturally after their fright of the day before they went further afield. After following the herd at a distance of a quarter of a mile for half an hour, I found them lying down for the day, and with the aid of my glasses made out that the best bull was nearest to me and on the left of the herd. Then commenced the usual toilsome approach, first on hands and knees, then crawling like a snake. Since, however, the country was fairly favourable for an approach, owing to the presence of a good amount of dry grass and dead fallen trees, finally I reached a fallen tree within 100 yards of the bull. Although he lay directly facing me, with a rest I thought I ought to be able to score a hit, but, after taking a long and deliberate aim, I missed him clean. Away went the herd up the wind to my right, with

the bull at the tail of the rest, when, by a most lucky shot with the second barrel, fired in a desperate hurry without rising from my elbows, I caught the bull within a foot of the root of his tail and broke his back. The rest of the herd waited for him 100 yards further on, and but that I had now secured my quotum of buffalo I might have taken a long shot at a second bull. As it was, we let the herd clear off, and then approached the wounded bull and finished him—a fine old specimen of the Abyssinian type of buffalo, with 30-inch spread, and 9-inch palm. His height was 4 feet 5 inches, whereas that of my first bull had been 4 feet 4 inches. This I note, as Mr. Ward gives the height of the Abyssinian type as 4 feet, which is far too little. I then returned to camp and sent out three camels to bring in the head, hide, etc. Of smaller game I saw that day one male tiang, as we were stalking the buffalo, and two or three oribi, and at a critical point in the stalk a reedbuck did his best to give the alarm by whistling at us, and actually did bring half a dozen buffalo to their feet, but we lay still and they quieted down again.

May 15th. Spent a somewhat wearisome day over the buffalo-trophies, and in repacking my other trophies for marching.

May 16th. Got off at 7 a.m. and marched until noon, some 12 miles, to a meshra called Ragewa.

Most of the way there has been a well-marked road cut through the trees, made three years ago, when, I am told, some important official visited "Dunkel" in Abyssinia. Saw two large herds of ariel, but did not get a shot. Also saw nearly a score of oribi, and made a miss right and left at 80 yards. As usual, the late march gave me a bit of a headache, but the day was cool and the weather fine. In the evening I wrote letters, as we are now approaching civilisation.

May 17th. Started at 6 a.m. and marched till 11 a.m., some 12 miles, halting at the village of Beda, the last village we have seen being Shammam on April 2nd. I saw no game *en route* except twenty or thirty oribi, which were much too clever for me. I wasted a right and left in a long shot at guinea-fowl, being short of meat. However, in the morning I went out and secured four guinea-fowl and a black partridge.

May 18th. Got off at 7 a.m., being delayed by rain, and marched until 2 p.m. to Abu Hashini, about 17 miles. Felt the cold exceedingly, due to evaporation from wet clothes, as soon as the rain stopped—a curious sensation in the tropics in May. Wasted four cartridges over black partridge and guinea-fowl *en route*. Saw no other game but one oribi. Part of the way we got off the usual black cotton-soil on to

undulating loamy ground, the first I have noticed, I think, since the Settit. Past two or three small villages, but the country is almost uninhabited. Was met in Abu Hashini by the Mamur, who was very polite. Was told by a Greek, apparently in charge of the gauge on the Dinder, that water is not to be expected in the river for a month. If so, I should be able to extend my trip to Roseires.

CHAPTER XI

THE BLUE NILE AND ROSEIRES

May 19th. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched till 1 p.m. to the right bank of the Blue Nile opposite Senga ; reputed 17 miles, but seemed considerably more, and the camels did not turn up until evening ; a monotonous march, mainly black cotton-soil, and no game but a few guinea-fowl. Visited the Governor of Sennar Province in evening, who was very polite and told me that Roseires way was my best chance for elephant.

May 20th. Read and wrote letters. Dined with Captain T., the Governor. Also bought stores.

May 21st. Soldered up a box of lion-skins, and arranged sale of stores and camels. Breakfasted with Captain T. Drew £20 from Treasury by T.M.O.

May 22nd. Spent an exhausting day collecting price of camels, which I handed over—ten for £55. Captain T. kindly promised to warehouse my spare goods until my return from Roseires.

May 23rd. Made my final preparations for departure to Roseires, but received two unpleasant sur-

prises in the defection of A. and M., my shikaris, who insisted on returning to their homes, and the failure of the men who purchased my ten camels to supply me with five on hire, which they had accepted as a distinct condition of the sale, and spontaneously ratified with uplifted hands and unintelligible oaths. Captain T. very kindly wired to Roseires for two shikaris at £3 *per mensem*, each to meet me on the shooting-grounds at Suleil, but the defaulting camel-men could not be instantaneously replaced, and although quite prepared for marching in the afternoon, I was unable to do so.

May 24th. Found my new .350 rifle much rusted, due to my having left it in the leg-of-mutton case. By the joint exertions of Mr. M., the Inspector, and the Mamur, the five camels arrived shortly after midday. We got off at 3 p.m. and marched till dark, 8 miles, to Guzair, seeing no game at all. It was a wet night, so we put up in the tukul of the Sheikh, to whom I gave a silk scarf in the morning.

May 25th. Got off at 5 a.m. and marched till 9 a.m.—9 miles, to Karkog. There was a market there, and I gave the camel-men one dollar advance apiece. Saw four sand-grouse and an oribi *en route*, but my guns were on the camels. Got off again at 3 p.m. and marched until more than an hour after dark, some 10 miles, to Khalifa. Saw four oribi, and

fired at one an ineffectual charge of slugs. Arrived with a slight headache. Cockle's pills and starvation invaluable in such cases.

May 26th. Moved camp at 6 a.m. and marched till 10 a.m., making the midday halt at Nakandi. Bagged a guinea-fowl *en route*. Started again at 2 p.m. and marched till 6 p.m., halting for the night at Sabonabi, where there is a Government tukul. Guinea-fowl still numerous, but I had forgotten shot-cartridges. No other game. Country in afternoon undulating and fairly well wooded, with trees other than the monotonous acacias.

May 27th. Moved off at 6 a.m. and marched to Mesherat, a mere halting-place near the Blue Nile, arriving at 10 a.m., having covered 10 miles. Bagged three guinea-fowl, but found sixes not so satisfactory as fives for these birds. Got off again at 1 p.m. and marched till 5 p.m.—10 miles—to Abu Zor. Country most monotonous until close to Abu Zor, which is very prettily situated on undulating and well-wooded ground, quite recalling England. Was amused in evening by a school of five hippos disporting themselves some half-mile up-stream.

May 28th. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched until 9.30 a.m.—8 miles—to Suleil. Found Mr. H. of the Forest Department absent, but was hospitably

entertained by the district engineer, Mr. L. Met my new shikari, Hassan, with his son, waiting for me; and Mr. L. very kindly lent me his own syce for a couple of days, as he knows the ground near Suleil. Got off again at 3 p.m., decidedly late, intending to march to some village in the forest, and about 7 p.m. was belated, discovering in addition that the fantasses were empty; but as the night was cool, we made the best of it. Fired seven ineffectual shots without securing a single guinea-fowl. Sixes not the size. Saw a gazelle, but the bleating of the goats spoiled any chance of a shot. Saw two very shy oribi.

May 29th. Marched at daybreak and reached the village, Douema, in less than an hour. There was an excellent Government well, the water-level being about 30 feet below the surface; and this village would obviously be the taking-off point for sportsmen from the Blue Nile bound for the Galegu and Rahad. In my opinion Government acts much more wisely in building such wells as this than in embarking on ambitious irrigation schemes. The Sudan wants the multiplication of hamlets, and not the concentration of its inhabitants in the Gezireh. Here I shot five guinea-fowl and a francolin, and presented two of the former to the Sheikh. There was no news of koodoo, though roan and buffalo were said to be fairly plentiful. Indeed, we had seen fresh tracks of the latter.

Unfortunately there was said to be no water in Khor Mehera; and under the circumstances it appeared to be useless to follow the advice of the syce any longer, so we filled up our water-tanks and girbas, and started back for Suleil, a distance of 14 miles, of which we did half in the morning and the rest in the evening. Mr. L. and Mr. H., of the Forest Department, who had just arrived, dined with me.

May 30th. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched 11 miles to Bados, arriving at 10 a.m. and putting up in the Government tukuls. Immediately after breakfast I went off to the Meshra el Hageh, which is the great feature of the neighbourhood, so called from a small pile of rocks in the middle of the river. There were plenty of tracks of koodoo, but we saw none of the animals. I made about the worst miss of my life, right and left, at 25 and 15 yards, at a bushbuck, which finally ran past me so close that I might have thrown my rifle at it. The reason was mainly that I allowed H. to lead the stalk, and he brought me 200 yards at a fast walk, so that I had to shoot quickly when out of breath. In addition to this, want of any practice for nearly a month has undoubtedly told on my shooting, for later on in the day I clean missed an oribi at 60 yards. Later I saw four more bushbuck, including a smallish male, but H. again led and bungled the stalk. Also a herd of six or eight young male waterbuck. In fact, the game-country of the

Blue Nile may be said to begin hereabouts; there being a hippopotamus in the offing.

May 31st. Spent a tiring morning paring the hoofs of my donkey, which has been stumbling a lot lately. Even with unshod animals this operation is a periodical necessity, and has not been performed since I bought the animal in Kassala in November. After breakfast I went to the meshra, but all chance of animals coming to drink was spoiled by a sharp shower of rain. I made a circuit and saw two wart-hog, but the tushes of the boar did not tempt me to shoot. On the way to the meshra I had seen yesterday's waterbuck, which had been joined by two koodoo does and a fawn, and on the way back I saw some ten oribi and a duiker, but got no shot all day.

June 1st. Went for an early morning round away from the river. Soon got on to cotton-soil, and saw no game at all but two or three oribi. Finally shot a brace of guinea-fowl. Met Mr. B., of the Customs Department, who had breakfast with me and gave me some information about the shooting round Roseires. Went to the meshra in afternoon, but saw no game at all from midday to 4 p.m. Then the hippo turned up, and offered a fair chance, but I thought that two hippos in a season were a fair enough bag. Finally a waterbuck drank, which was the only animal to visit

the meshra, although on the way home I saw one female koodoo, and disturbed a second, as well as two or three oribi.

June 2nd. Went for a morning round along the river, and saw five lots of waterbuck, about sixteen in all, with one fair head. Also a duiker and two or three oribi, and ended by catching a buck oribi napping at 60 yards, which I secured—a 4-inch head. In the afternoon I went to the meshra, but saw no game save a wart-hog sow with two young ones. Three species of monkey came down to drink simultaneously, and the hippo was in the usual place. A diversion was created by a crocodile, which seized a cow drinking opposite, but was driven off.

June 3rd. Marched to Garif, getting off at 6 a.m. and arriving at 10 a.m.—covering 8 miles, and passing through the woods for the latter part of the journey. Saw two doe koodoo, a female bushbuck and half a dozen oribi. Found Mr. P. in Garif, organising a beat for buffalo, whose tracks I had seen in the morning. Accompanied him in case of other game coming out, but the beat proved unsuccessful. Went stalking later, but only saw some half-dozen oribi and a duiker. The only shot fired all day was an ineffectual one at sand-grouse.

June 4th. Got off at 7 a.m. and marched 8 miles to Magangani. Shot two guinea-fowl at starting. Took

the forest-track, and had a chance of a bushbuck spoiled by H. wrongly declaring it to be a female. In the afternoon saw a couple of doe koodoo.

June 5th. Started at 6 a.m. and marched 8 miles to Roseires, bagging a guinea-fowl at starting. Saw two female bushbuck, and missed an oribi at 150 yards. Then got a chance of a second oribi at 60 yards, and bagged it the third shot, the animal practically never ceasing to feed. The horns were $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches. In Roseires my camel-men claimed their discharge, though they had agreed for three weeks; and as I was told that I could get donkeys, I paid them off. Was hospitably received by Captain P., who placed a room at my disposal, and in fact made me his guest. The donkeys turned up in the evening, although the necessary repacking prevented a start.

June 6th. Spent the morning repacking, and breakfasted with Mr. A., of the Slavery Department, who gave me a mount on a very nice pony. After repacking the loads, 60 lb. a side, I got off at 2 p.m. and marched 8 miles to Abzururi. The last half we took a line through the forest, but only saw a couple of oribi, and fresh tracks of doe koodoo once.

June 7th. Went for a morning stalk, in the course of which we saw a duiker and half a dozen oribi, but got no shot. Finally, found fresh tracks of four

koodoo, including a bull, which we followed for rather less than a mile, when we heard a koodoo call some 200 yards ahead. Two or three minutes later, to our disgust, we met a villager who had disturbed the herd, but we followed their track, and rather less than a mile further on H. caught a glimpse of them a long distance ahead, and decided that the bull was not worth shooting. On the way back to camp a bushbuck jumped up, and stood 30 yards off under a thick bush. H. said that it was a buck, and signalled me to shoot at once. There was no time to spare, and I fired and knocked it over. It got up again, but the second barrel finished it, and I was most annoyed to find that I had shot a totally immature buck of 7 inches, being my fourth and last bushbuck. In the evening I went down-stream as far as the big nullah, but saw no game at all.

June 8th. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched 12 miles past two villages, halting close to the bank of the Blue Nile, opposite a large hill called Gebel Maba. In the evening I prospected round the camp. Koodoo-tracks were more numerous than I had yet seen them, and we saw two lots of does—one of seven and one of four. Toward nightfall it began to thunder, and presently there was a deluge of rain, lasting for fully two hours, and wetting our tents through and through.

June 9th. In the morning we went to Gebel Maba, jumping a small roan antelope on the way. At the foot of the hill we disturbed a female bushbuck and two or three oribi, and then found fresh tracks of a large herd of koodoo, which finally led straight up the hill. Unluckily, when coming round a spur, one of the does detected us from the opposite slope, some 250 yards off, and gave the usual warning grunt, when the whole herd bolted without giving us a chance of even seeing the size of the bull. We then returned to the ravines, passing numerous fresh tracks of roan and a few of waterbuck. Although we twice found fresh tracks of koodoo, each time they ended by leaving the ravines and going off straight to the hill, a distance of 3 miles across black cotton-soil like dough, which we did not care to face twice in the same day on an off-chance. In the afternoon, however, we took up the tracks of the second koodoo, a solitary bull, which led us straight to Gebel Maba, and I soon realised that H. had blundered badly in not taking my advice, when I suggested that we should climb to the top of the hill, instead of prospecting round the foot, for at the extreme top of the spur nearest the river I detected the bull koodoo, a magnificent specimen of 50 inches or more. It was not at all to the credit of my two shikaris that I should be the first to see him. He was staring hard in our direction, and at a distance of

about 800 yards, and when H. finally did see him, he asked whether he was not within shot! He slowly went over the brow, and we made best speed for the place where he had vanished, but found only his tracks down the other side, and then it was time to return to camp.

June 10th. It was raining at daybreak, and I did not get off until 7 a.m., when I judged that it would be too late to lie in wait on Gebel Maba. We therefore went up-stream along the ravines, seeing the tracks of female koodoo two or three times, once disturbing a doe, and later on three. After an hour we found the tracks of a solitary bull, and took up the trail. We went along as quietly as possible, and after rather less than a mile H. pointed to the left, when I saw the bull 80 yards off among the trees, but he vanished before my rifle could reach my shoulder, and I could not be even sure of the size of his horns, although thought them smaller than those of the Gebel bull. We still followed the trail, and a mile further on H. appeared to catch a glimpse of him, but I saw nothing. Further tracking was obviously useless, as the bull was thoroughly alarmed, so we returned to camp. In the afternoon we struck the trail once more, and came upon the bull before we had gone a quarter of a mile. Unfortunately we could see nothing, though we must have been within 50 yards. We followed the trail, and found that he had been joined by another

bull. Both waited for us after a mile, until we were again within 50 yards. Unluckily, none of us saw them hiding, and all I caught sight of was a long pair of horns disappearing. On the way home we saw a duiker, and heard numerous hippos calling in the evening and most of the night.

June 11th. Paid a second visit to Gebel Maba, lying in wait where we had seen the big bull. Four young does were taking the sun on the next hill-top, a quarter of a mile off, and passed us first within 150, and finally within 50 yards. Unfortunately we saw no other koodoo all the morning, but met a roan antelope at the foot of the hill. On the way home I missed an oribi right and left at 60 yards, but had only the haunches at which to shoot, as he was hiding behind a tree. In the afternoon I went over the ravines. After an hour we saw a doe koodoo, and then found tracks of a herd which appeared to include a bull, but there they mixed with other tracks, and when we came up to the herd no bull was visible, though we saw two or three does at about 250 yards. When we tried a nearer approach, some guinea-fowl sent the herd off. On the way home we walked into presumably the same herd in fairly open ground at 200 yards, and saw distinctly that it consisted of six or seven does only.

June 12th. Paid a third visit to Gebel Maba. H.

was laid up with a cut foot, and a donkey-man replaced him. We first ascended to the lair of the old bull, but nothing showed, so at 9 a.m. we climbed the main hill itself, when we saw first of all a doe koodoo and young at a quarter of a mile, and afterwards a herd of six or seven does, which gave a good chance of a shot at 120 yards before making off. We climbed right to the top of the ridge, and at the extreme end S. showed me a bull roan lying on an ant-heap. Before it finally made off this foolish animal allowed me to walk up within 60 yards, and I consumed my morning chocolate sitting within 80 yards, and might have shot it ten times over had I not already secured my allowance of roan. Not 100 yards further up jumped a koodoo bull and made off, all that I saw being a glimpse of horn. To make matters worse, S. said that it was the big bull. He went straight down the hill and round the base, and we took up the trail more because it led towards camp than with any hope of seeing him again. After we had gone nearly a mile a male oribi walked slowly across my path at 20 yards, and being short of meat I took the shot and secured it—4½ inches. The donkey-man carried it to camp, and S. and I followed the bull, which took us three-quarters of the way round Gebel Maba, and then made a bee-line for the main forest below, when we gave it up and got back to camp at 1 p.m. On the Gebel we again saw our herd of six or seven does, and

might have had a running shot at 150 yards. It is a remarkable fact that doe koodoo never seem to consider it necessary to conceal themselves in the same manner as bulls. Late in the evening I went for a short stroll by the river, when a herd of six or eight male waterbuck passed within 50 yards of me, and I might easily have shot the biggest, with horns of about 27 inches.

June 13th. As H. was fit for work again, we went for a long round in the ravines up-stream; and found tracks of male koodoo within a mile. H. and S. disturbed them on the other side of a knoll by talking when they were within 50 yards; but I was relieved to see that the horns only looked small. Two of them halted a couple of hundred yards further, and were obviously undersized, though H. implored me to shoot the larger, which seemed to have 30-inch horns. Further on H. passed by a large bull koodoo without seeing it, whereas S., bringing up the rear, detected it, but unluckily stopped and pointed. Although it was only 80 yards off, all I saw was a glimpse of horn as it made off. We took up the trail, but it led straight across the cotton-soil towards Gebel Maba, and we judged it better to give it up as a bad job. Further on we found tracks of a second solitary bull, but these also led into the cotton-soil, obviously at full gallop. Presumably the bull had our wind, so we gave up this trail also.

We then went a considerable distance up-stream, but found no new tracks far from camp. On the way home we saw a hippo in midstream. Other game seen that day were a smallish waterbuck, a duiker, and half a dozen oribi. In the afternoon we returned with the idea of taking up the trail of the big bull, but we crossed the track of another bull, and although it was not too fresh decided to take it up instead. This bull made a large circuit over the cotton-soil, and ended by returning to the ravines, by which time the marks were so stale as to be practically indistinguishable from old tracks. We gave it up, and started for camp. Rather less than a mile from camp I heard a scuffle the other side of a mound and ran to the top, when I saw the two small bulls of the morning making off the other side. One showed two twists to his horns, and, reflecting on the date, I decided to take the shot. This bull was so foolish as to halt in open ground at 60 yards, and next moment got a .350 bullet through the ribs, when he ran some 60 yards and dropped. The head was only $37\frac{7}{8}$ inches, but pretty and symmetrical, and on the whole I was fairly pleased. We cut the head off and brought it to camp at once, and donkeys fetched in the meat after dark.

June 14th. Spent a long morning cleaning the koodoo-head, and also my rifles, which were in a sad state through damp. Then marched 20 miles into

Roseires, getting off at noon and arriving just before dark. Captain P. very kindly put me up.

June 15th. Paid off my donkey-men and shikaris, and commenced packing, to return by donkey to Singa, there being no news of the steamer.

June 16th. Nine donkeys turned up in the morning, which was spent in auctioning my tents, fantasses, and other superfluties, which sold better than I expected. Got off at 3 p.m. and reached Magangani by sunset. A. R. has been laid up all day, apparently with a touch of dysentery. Saw a duiker and two oribi.

June 17th. It rained heavily at dawn, and we did not get off until about 9 a.m., when we marched to Garif, halted for an hour, and went on to Bados. Bagged a guinea-fowl, and saw three or four oribi. A. R. professes to be dying, and has stopped all kinds of work in consequence.

June 18th. Heavy rain during the night, and we did not get off until 8 a.m. Then marched to Suleil, only 11 miles, but the donkeys did not turn up till past 1 p.m. Three waterbuck crossed my path within shot, including a moderate male. Was entertained by Mr. H., and got off again at 3 p.m., reaching Abu Zor at 7 p.m. Bagged two guinea-fowl *en route*. A. R. still *in extremis*.

June 19th. A. R. somewhat less disposed to dying. Got off at 6 a.m. and marched to Mesherat, taking the lower road through Omdurman, which is much the prettier. Saw two or three oribi, and missed one right and left during the midday halt, at 150 yards. Then got off at 1 p.m. and reached Sabonabi by 4 p.m. Did not go further as I was not sure of the location of the next rest-house. Missed a crocodile at 200 yards at Sabonabi. Can now afford to throw away ammunition.

June 20th. Pointed out to A. R. that it was useless to answer any questions addressed by me to him as if he were at the point of dissolution, whereas for fully two hours last night he was sitting 15 yards from me talking in a perfectly natural tone to the Khan-samah. The result was a miraculous recovery. Marched from Sabonabi to Abu Tiga in morning, and Abu Tiga to Karkog in evening, nearly 30 miles in all. Only saw two oribi and one covey of guinea-fowl.

June 21st. Marched from Karkog to Singa, arriving at 11 a.m. Lunched with Captain T. and dined with Captain M. Caravan did not turn up until dark.

June 22nd. Spent a long day packing and soldering up my trophies in four boxes that I had had made ready against my return. The steamer arrived in the afternoon, and all my things went on board. Captain T. very kindly asked me to a dinner in honour of His

Majesty's Coronation, and afterwards we visited a series of African dances.

June 23rd. Steamer got off at 5 a.m. and reached Sennar considerably after dark. Captain B. very kindly gave me dinner. Afterwards I had some trouble with the six camel-men who were to carry my baggage from the landing-stage to the railway station—a distance of a mile.

June 24th. Got off at 11 a.m., just after receiving a M.O. for £50, in addition to £30 handed over by Captain B. the day before. Reached Khartoum after midnight. No conveyance, and had to leave all heavy baggage in the cloak-room, riding to the Grand Hotel on donkeys at 1 a.m.

June 25th. Owing to Sunday, was able to do very little business in the town, which was pervaded moreover with the slackest, most disrespectful-looking native soldiers that I ever recollect seeing either in the Sudan or India. However, I got off some telegrams, bought a suit of pyjamas, and had my hair cut by a Greek barber.

June 26th. Sold my 16-bore and the balance of my shot-cartridges for £8. Took two cheques, received by me in Singa, to the Bank of Egypt to be cashed. Although they were both Bank of Egypt cheques, the manager declined to cash one of them, (a) because the gentleman who drew the

cheque had noted the name of his orderly on the reverse, and the orderly, being presumably illiterate, had not attached his signature; (b) because the cheque was of the Cairo branch, and this was the Khartoum branch. This same bank at Alexandria had declined to cash one of my own cheques, stating that they were unaware of my existence. That cheque bore the surcharge "Souakin," but the Alexandria branch apparently declined to recognise the existence of their branch at Souakin. The Sudanese Government ought to compel its treasurers to keep the private accounts of gazetted officers in districts where no bank exists, and thereby relieve them of the necessity for floating cheques on Cairo in places more than 2000 miles away.

June 27th. Left the Grand Hotel, where I had been quite comfortable except for the sandflies, and took the 11 a.m. express for Port Sudan. Was surprised to find that servants' tickets in the Sudan cost one-third of the price of first-class tickets. The hotel charges had worked out at about thirty shillings *per diem*. We reached Atbara Junction at sunset. I had only seen a couple of ariel from the train.

June 28th. Reached Port Sudan at about 8 a.m., and found my account and money ready with G. H., as also the spare kit that I had left behind at Souakin. The town is very scattered, and looks far less capable

of resisting a dervish attack than Souakin. Took tickets for Suez, and boarded the steamer at 11 a.m., thereby severing my connection with the Sudan. I calculate that after paying off my Hindustani servants I shall still have £200 in hand out of the £960 with which I landed, so that excluding the cost of stores and outfit in England and India, this trip of a little less than nine months has cost me £750. Including those charges, the estimate of £100 *per mensem*, which I have always understood to be the usual cost of African shooting, appears to be correct.

APPENDIX

LIST OF STORES CONSUMED IN NEARLY NINE MONTHS

Cocoa and Milk	12 lbs.
Chocolat Menier	6 lbs.
Pearl Barley	2 lbs.
Ideal Milk	15 lbs.
Sardines	10 lbs.
Cornflour	8 lbs.
Midget Cheese	2 lbs.
Macaroni	6 lbs.
French Plums	12 lbs.
Sago	6 lbs.
Tapioca	6 lbs.
Vermicelli	8 lbs.
Pea Flour	4 lbs.
Dried Peas	12 lbs.
Dried Cabbage	1 lb.
Dried Brussels Sprouts	1 lb.
Dried Carrots	2 lbs.
Dried Cauliflower	1 lb.
Dried French Beans	2 lbs.
Dried Spinach	2 lbs.
Dried Parsnips	2 lbs.
Dried Scarlet Runners	2 lbs.
Jams (assorted)	50 lbs.

Marmalade	50 lbs.
Oatmeal	12 lbs.
Golden Syrup	12 lbs.
Soup Squares (Lazenby)	9 lbs.
Baking Powder	6 lbs.
Butter	16 lbs.
*Salt	30 lbs.
Pepper	1½ lbs.
Mustard	½ lb.
Apricots (dried)	12 lbs.
Biscuits (lunch)	48 lbs.
Biscuits (sweet)	4 lbs.
Curry Powder	3 lbs.
Dried Eggs	3 lbs.
Apple Rings	6 lbs.
*Sugar	200 lbs.
Soft Soap	30 lbs.
Tobacco	3 lbs.
Potted Meat	1½ lbs.
Sausages	14 lbs.
Tea	9 lbs.
*Tea (cheap)	12 lbs.
Coffee	7 lbs.
Potatoes (insufficient)	90 lbs.
Flour (insufficient)	80 lbs.
*Rice	400 lbs.
*Onions	90 lbs.
*Pulse	30 lbs.
Pickles (assorted)	6 bottles
Gin	3 bottles
Brandy	3 bottles
Lime Juice	24 bottles

* Means also for two Indian servants.

Essences	27	bottles
Kerosene	5	tins
Saxin	5	bottles
Three Sparklet Bottles, felt covered, A size, with 30 doz. sparklets.						
Carriage Candles	9	packets

CONTENTS OF MEDICINE CHEST

- 100 Bicarbonate Soda Tablets, 5 gr.
- 12 ($\frac{1}{2}$ -oz.) bottles Strongest Ammonia.
- 2 bottles Eucalyptus Oil.
- 1 bottle Casc. Sagrada Tab.
- 4 (4-oz.) bottles Carbolic Oil.
- 100 Lead and Opium Tablets.
- 100 Ipecac. (de-emetised) Tablets.
- 1 bottle Sulphonal Tablets, 5 gr.
- 2 bottles Friar's Balsam.
- 6 large boxes Cockle's Pills.
- 1 oz. Sulphate of Copper.
- 100 Aspirin Tablets.
- 1 glass Eye-pipette.
- 1 box Corn Plasters.
- 2 bottles (100 tablets) Phenacetin, 5 gr.
- 3 bottles (100 tablets) Quinine, 5 gr.
- 2 bottles Chlorodyne.
- 8 pots Holloway's Ointment.
- 4 bottles Castor Oil.
- 2 bottles Elliman's Embrocation.
- 1 bottle (1-oz.) Laudanum.
- 1 tin (1-lb.) Potash-permanganate.
- 4 bottles (4-oz.) Carbolic Acid, pure.
- 1 tin Boracic Acid.

- 2 bottles (1-oz.) Iodoform.
- 2 tins (1-lb.) White Vaseline.
- 2 tins Keating's Worm Tablets.
- 2 tins Keating's Cough Lozenges.
- 2 tins Keating's Insect Powder.
- 1 spool Johnson's Z.O. Adhesive Plaster, 1"×10 yds.
- 1 doz. 2½" Cotton Bandages.
- 1 Splinter Forceps.
- 4 bottles Magnesia.
- 100 Chlor. Pot. Tablets.
- 2 bottles (2-oz.) Tinc. Arnica.
- 2 bottles Smelling Salts.
- 3 doz. Surg. Safety Pins.
- 1 Rubber Tourniquet.
- 100 tablets Tartar Emetic, 1/50 gr.
- 100 tablets Calomel, ½ gr.
- 1 1-lb. tin Flowers of Sulphur.
- 1 bottle Boracic Acid Tablets, 5 gr.
- 1 Ear Syringe.
- 1 Veterinary Case.
- 1 pencil Lunar Caustic.
- 1 Snake-bite Lancet.
- 1 Veterinary Syringe.
- 1 Cyclist's Pocket Case.
- 2 bottles Formamint Tablets.
- 1 Medicine Tumbler.
- 1 case Scale and Weights.
- 2 bottles Mosquito Essence.
- 2 oz. Quinine.
- 4 bottles (100) Nesfield's Water Sterilising Tablets,
8 gallons
- ¼ lb. Boric Wool.
- 2 yards Boric Lint.

- 1 yard Oiled Silk.
- Moore's "Family Medicine for India."
- Clinical Thermometer.

FOR TAXIDERMY

- 24 lbs. Arsenical Soap.
- 18 lbs. Alum.
- 14 lbs. Napthaline.

CONTENTS OF TOOL CHEST

- 1 pair 6" Compasses.
- 1 Leather Punch.
- 1 Needle Awl.
- 2 Billhooks.
- 1 26" Farmer's Saw.
- 2 Collins' Felling Axes.
- 2 Norwegian Knives.
- 1 Steel Tape, 3 feet.
- 1 Turnscrew.
- 1 Centrebit.
- 18 Assorted Bits.
- 1 Bench Vice.
- 6 Skinning Knives.
- 1 Lead Ladle.
- 1 Hercules Cutting Nippers.
- 1 Turkey Stone.
- 6 Assorted Pliers.
- 1 Universal Punch.
- 1 Boxwood Rule.
- 1 Keyhole Saw.
- 1 Shoemaker's Haft.
- 1 Clyburne Spanner.

- 2 Chisels.
- 1 Cold Chisel.
- 12 Files (assorted).
- 1 Carborundum Tool Grinder.
- 1 Henry's Patent Haft.
- 6 Butcher's Knives.
- 2 Hatchets.
- 1 Soldering Outfit.
- Rivets, Screws, Nails, Tintacks, Hinges, Hasps,
Padlocks, Staples, Bolts, Nuts, Buckles, Sail-
needles, Wire, String, *ad lib.*

CONTENTS OF COOK'S CHEST

- 1 Aluminium Gridiron.
- 1 set five Aluminium Saucepans and Frying-pan.
- 4 Aluminium Pie Dishes.
- 3 Aluminium Condiment Boxes.
- 1 Aluminium Ladle.
- 2 Aluminium Tea Infusers.
- 1 Meat Chopper.
- 1 Meat Saw.
- 6 Meat Hooks.
- 2 Meat Safes (muslin).
- 2 sets Skewers.
- 1 Cook's Knife.
- 1 Cook's Fork.
- 2 Tin Openers.
- 1 Tea Tray.
- 1 Copper Boiler.
- 1 Iron Kettle.
- 3 Aluminium Soup Plates.
- 3 Aluminium Dinner Plates.

- 3 Aluminium Cheese Plates.
- 3 Enamelled Cups and Saucers.
- 3 Enamelled Soup Plates.
- 3 Knives.
- 3 Forks.
- 3 Table Spoons.
- 3 Dessert Spoons.
- 3 Tea Spoons.
- 1 Enamelled Teapot.
- 1 French Coffee-pot.
- 1 Enamelled Milk-jug.
- 2 Aluminium Tumblers.

TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASUREMENTS OF
GAME AND THEIR HORNS

ISABELLA GAZELLE

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	$10\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
(II)	$10\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$	24	—
(III)	9	$3\frac{1}{2}$	3	—	—
(IV)	10	4	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
(V)	$9\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{3}{8}$	4	—	—
(VI)	$8\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
(VII)	9	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
(VIII)	$10\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{8}$	$4\frac{7}{8}$	—	44 lbs.
(IX)	$9\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$	—	—
(X)	11	$3\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{7}{8}$	25	43 lbs.
(XI)	11	4	$4\frac{1}{8}$	25	48 lbs.

(I)-(VI) from Akra Rabai.

(VII)-(XI) from Sinkat-to-Kassala road.

HEUGLIN GAZELLE

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	9½	4½	2½	26½	53 lbs.
(II)	10½	4½	4	26½	53 lbs.
(III)	8¼	3¾	2½	25½	51 lbs.
(IV)	11½	4½	2½	27	59 lbs.
(V)	10¼	4½	3	—	55 lbs.
(VI)	10½	4¼	3½	26½	63 lbs.
(VII)	11¾	3¾	3½	26	54 lbs.
(VIII)	7¾	4½	1¾	25	51 lbs.
? (IX)	10¼	4	4½	28	70 lbs.
(X)	10½	4½	2	27	64 lbs.

(I)-(VIII) from Atbara River.

(IX) (X) from Settit River.

ARIEL

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	12½	5	4	—	122 lbs.
(II)	14¼	5½	4½	—	125 lbs.
♀ (III)	14½	3	7¾	32	90 lbs.
(IV)	12¼	4¾	3½	32	95 lbs.
(V)	12½	5	3½	33½	99 lbs.
(VI)	13¼	5¾	2¾	32½	84 lbs.
(VII)	11½	5	2	30½	67 lbs.
(VIII)	13¾	5	4½	32	92 lbs.

(I)-(III) from Settit River.

(IV)-(VIII) from Rahad River.

RED-FRONTED GAZELLE

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
(I)	Inches. 10 $\frac{7}{8}$	Inches. 4 $\frac{1}{4}$	Inches. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. 26	56 lbs.
(II)	11 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 lbs.
(III)	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 lbs.

All from Rahad River.

TORA HARTEBEEST

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
(I)	Inches. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inches. 18	12 h.	325 lbs.
(II)	17	9	13	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.	397 lbs.
(III)	17	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 h.	313 lbs.
(IV)	18	9	18	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ h.	323 lbs.

All from Settit River.

TIANG HARTEBEEST

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
(I)	Inches. 20 $\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	Inches. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inches. 45	311 lbs.
(II)	22 $\frac{1}{8}$	8 $\frac{3}{8}$	7 $\frac{3}{8}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	320 lbs.
(III)	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	210 lbs.
♀(IV)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	46	261 lbs.

All from Galegu River.

ORIBI

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	$3\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	$21\frac{1}{2}$	31 lbs.
(II)	4	$2\frac{1}{8}$	2	$21\frac{1}{2}$	27 (clean)
(III)	$3\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$	21	28 lbs.
(IV)	$3\frac{1}{8}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	—	—
(V)	$3\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$	$20\frac{1}{4}$	27 lbs.
(VI)	4	2	$2\frac{1}{8}$	20	25 lbs.
(VII)	$3\frac{3}{4}$	2	$2\frac{3}{8}$	—	—
(VIII)	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{5}{8}$	$22\frac{1}{2}$	30 lbs.

(I) (II) from Settit River. (III)–(V) from Rahad River.
(VI)–(VIII) from Blue Nile.

DEFASSA WATERBUCK

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	$27\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{3}{4}$	33	—	341 (clean)
(II)	$29\frac{1}{4}$	8	20	47	501 lbs.

Both from Settit River.

ROAN ANTELOPE

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	$24\frac{7}{8}$	$10\frac{1}{4}$	$11\frac{1}{2}$	59	518 (clean)
(II)	26	$9\frac{1}{8}$	$10\frac{1}{4}$	$60\frac{1}{2}$	525 (clean)

Both from Settit River.

BOHOR REEDBUCK

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	13	$5\frac{5}{8}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$	32	97 lbs.
(II)	$11\frac{5}{8}$	$4\frac{5}{8}$	$9\frac{1}{2}$	32	118 lbs.
(III)	12	$4\frac{1}{4}$	$12\frac{7}{8}$	31	107 lbs.
(IV)	$11\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{7}{8}$	$6\frac{1}{8}$	33	103 lbs.
(V)	$11\frac{1}{2}$	5	$9\frac{1}{4}$	31	99 lbs.
(VI)	$12\frac{1}{2}$	5	12	31	85 lbs. (clean)

(I)-(V) from Rahad River.

(VI) from Galegu River.

BUSHBUCK

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	
(I)	12	$4\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$	27	83 lbs.
(II)	$12\frac{1}{4}$	5	—	27	101 lbs.
(III)	13	$5\frac{1}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{4}$	$27\frac{3}{4}$	102 lbs.
(IV)	7	4	$4\frac{1}{4}$	—	—

(I)-(III) from Settit River.

(IV) from Blue Nile.

KODOO

On outside curve.	Straight line.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
Inches.	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.		
$37\frac{7}{8}$	$30\frac{1}{4}$	9	27	—	—

From Blue Nile.

T

NUBIAN IBEX

	Length on front curve.	Circum- ference.	Tip to tip.	Height.	Weight.
(I)	Inches. 30	Inches. $6\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. $19\frac{1}{4}$	—	—
(II)	29	$6\frac{3}{4}$	$11\frac{3}{4}$	—	—
(III)	$33\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{5}{8}$	15	—	—
(IV)	$31\frac{3}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	10	—	—

All from Akra Rabai.

ABYSSINIAN BUFFALO

	Greatest Width.		Tip to tip.	Width of Palm.	Height.
	Outside.	Inside.			
(I)	Inches. 28	Inches. $25\frac{3}{4}$	Inches. $26\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. 9	13 hands.
♀ (II)	$26\frac{3}{4}$	$22\frac{3}{4}$	$16\frac{3}{4}$	5	—
(III)	30	$26\frac{1}{2}$	$25\frac{1}{4}$	9	13 h. 1 in.

	Weight.	Total length.		Tail.		Girth.		Foreleg.	
		Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
(I)	954 lbs. (clean)	11	10	3	0	7	$1\frac{1}{2}$	1	6
(II)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
(III)	—	10	7	1	7	6	11	—	—

(I) from Settit River.

(II) (III) from Dinder River.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

	Length.	Tail.
(I)	12 feet 7 inches.	1 foot 4 inches.
♀ (II)	11 „ 5 „	1 „ 5 „

(I) from Atbara River.

(II) from Dinder River.

LEOPARD.

	Length before skinning.	Length of skin.	Weight.	Sex.
(I)	Ft. In. 7 0	—	110 lbs.	♂
(II)	6 5	—	91 lbs.	♂
(III)	6 8	—	84 lbs.	♂
(IV)	6 5	—	82 lbs.	♂

(I)-(III) from Atbara River.

(IV) from Settit River.

SERVAL.

Length before skinning.	Length of skin.	Tail.	Weight.
Inches. 45	—	Inches. 13	22 lbs.

From Rahad River.

WART-HOG

Upper tusk exposed.	Lower tusk exposed.	Height.	Weight.
Inches. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Inches. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Inches. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$	171 lbs.

From Settit River.

LION

	Length before skinning.		Length, nose to root of tail.		Total skin.		Height.		Girth of forearm.
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.	Inches.
(I)	7	11	5	0	9	10	3	1	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
(II)	8	0	5	3	(raw)		3	1	13
(III)	8	8	5	10	10	0	3	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
(IV)	8	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	9	(raw)		3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
(V)	7	7	5	0	(raw)		2	7	12 $\frac{3}{4}$
(VI)	8	2	5	4	(raw)		3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
(VII)	8	1	5	4	(raw)		3	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	14

	Girth behind shoulder.	Weight.	Sex.	Spots.
(I)	Inches. 35	194 lbs.	♀	Distinct.
(II)	38	250 lbs.	♀	None.
(III)	40	257 lbs.	♀	Distinct.
(IV)	44	275 lbs.	♀	Faint.
(V)	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	182 lbs.	♀	Distinct.
(VI)	41	257 lbs.	♀	Distinct.
(VII)	40	250 lbs.	♀	Distinct.

(I)-(III) from Settit River. (IV)-(VII) from Rahad River.

GAME LIST OF THE EASTERN SUDAN FOR
1910-11

English Name.	Arabic Name.	Number to be shot.	Remarks.
Elephant	Fil	2	(No protection on Blue Nile south of Sennar)
Hippopotamus	Girinti	4	
Buffalo	Gamus	3	(Subject to a special fee of £20)
Giraffe	Zaraf	1	
Ibex	Wahsh	4	(Not more than two south of Souakin)
Wild Sheep	Ghanum	2	(4 more p.m. may be shot as food every month after the first three)
Koodoo	Nellut	1	
Roan Antelope	Aboruf	2	
Waterbuck	Katambur	2	
Tora Hartebeest	Tétel	4	
Tiang Hartebeest	Tétel	6	
Bushbuck	Hoos	4	
Reedbuck	Bushmaat	6	
Ariel	Ariel	12	
Heuglin's Gazelle	Ghazal	12	

English Name.	Arabic Name.	Number to be shot.	Remarks.
Red-fronted Gazelle	Ghazel .	12 each	(v. tiang)
Isabella Gazelle .	Ghazel .		
Oribi . . .	Mhor . . .		
Duiker . . .	Oom Dikdik .		
Dikdik . . .	Dikdik .	6	
Wart-hog . . .	Haloof . . .	1	
Klipspringer . . .	Mashoki . . .	6	
Crowned Crane . . .		12	
Large Bustard . . .		2 each	
Egret . . .			
Hérons . . .			
Storks . . .			
Marabouts . . .			
Spoonbills . . .			
Flamingoes . . .		No limit	
Ibis . . .			
Lion . . .	Asad . . .		
Leopard . . .	Nimmar . . .		
Cheetah . . .	Nimmar . . .		
Spotted Hyæna . . .	Murfain . . .		
Striped Hyæna . . .	Murfain . . .		
Wild Dog . . .	Kalb . . .		
Serval . . .	Git . . .		
Rhinoceros . . .	Oom Gurrin . . .		None may be shot
Wild Ass . . .	Himar . . .		
Ostrich . . .	Naam . . .		
Shoebill . . .			
Ground Hornbill . . .			
Secretary Bird . . .			

Cost of licence, £50.

ARABIC VOCABULARY

USEFUL TO SPORTSMEN IN THE EASTERN SUDAN

small axe	ferrār
large ditto	bālta
billhook	satūr
umbrella	shamsīr
lamp	fānus
kerosene	gāz
bucket	garda
field-glass	naddāra
gun-cover	kīs
stick	asāya
baggage-saddle	hawīr
pad	farda
pillow	mukhadda
bedding	farsh
shooting-pit, platform, etc.	labbāda
fishing-rod	gabbāda
spade	toriya
wood-ashes	ramād
whistle (a)	suffāra
jackal	basho
baggage	afsh
bag	kīs
slowly	bashwēsh

broken	maksūr
thorn	shōk
sand-grouse	gata
send !	irsāl
call !	indāl
flour	dagēk
salt	malh
baking powder	khamira
turpentine	zēt nift
postage stamp	wark bōsta
tail	danab
nail	mismār
hammer	sandāla
blood	dam
cartridge-bag	shanta
belt	sēr
sharpen !	sinn
make sit	barik
fat (subst.)	shahm
call !	korik
earth	turāb
thin	rafia
thick	takhīn
sandals	nelāt
ford, a	mukhada
rushes	dīs
turn over !	shagalu
droppings	bār
pigeon	hammama
dove	gumria
full	mailan
empty	khalla
gaiters	gambali

turtle	abgada
matches	kibrīt
dry	yābis
wet	lezān
solder	luhūm
sheet tin	lukh safia
tinsmith	simkari
gun-sling	sēr
castor oil	kirwi
get out!	amrūg
partridge	marhēm
gum	samukh
lightning	barrag
thunder	arade
pull!	hākun
be silent!	uskut
light!	awad
ravines	kābar (Roseires)
sheepskin rug	farwa
drinking-place	mēshra
dry lagoon	maya
dwarf acacia	kittar
wild plum	nabbuk
baobab	homar
					tibeldi (Roseires)
caravan	hamla
gun	bandūkia
cartridge	khārtūsh
camel	gamal
day's march	shid
donkey	himār
goat	maiz
sheep	ghanum

camel-saddle	mahlūfa
horse-saddle	sarg
tie !	liarbat
tired	tābān
food	akl
water	moyah
grass	hashīsh
yes	aiwah
no	la
bullet	rusās
shot	rāsh
dog	kalb
quickly	bil age
milk	labn
meat	lahm
skin	gild
knife	sakīn
hunter	seyād

The Romanised spelling is on the Hunterian system. It is essential that the sportsman should own and study Green's "Arabic Manual," Parts I and II, which include a useful dictionary.

INDEX

A
Abdul Latif, 193
Abu Hashini, 240
Abu Nagga, 185
Abu Tiga, 258
Abu Zor, 244
Abyssinian, 1
Abzururi, 249
Aden, 77
Akra Rabai, 78
Ammunition, 33
Arba, 81
Ariel, 56, 127

B
Bados, 257
Bandarey, 216
Beda, 240
Bela, 186
Boxes, 18
Buffalo, 43, 135
Bushbuck, 55, 128

C
Camel, 11
Canteen, 25
Caravan, 6, 155
Chachm el Girba, 91
Cheetah, 49
Clothing, 27
Coinage, 29
Crocodile, 258

D
Dikdik, 59
Donkey, 11
Douema, 245
Duiker, 59

E
Elephant, 8, 39, 127
El Mekherim, 205
El Meruya, 223
Expense, 7

F
Fasher, 91
Furniture, 22

G
Garif, 248
Gebel Maba, 251
Gebet, 81
Gedarif, 184
Gira, 131
Giraffe, 46, 219
Goat, 13
Grain, 12
Guzair, 243

H
Hagar el Zুরুk, 137
Hawata, 186
Heuglin's Gazelle, 57, 92
Hippopotamus, 43, 99

Hodeidah, 77

Hyæna, 49, 181

I

Ibex, 51, 79

Isabella Gazelle, 58, 79

Ishaga, 131

K

Kamobsana, 78

Karkog, 243

Kassala, 88

Kellalab, 133

Khajawah, 18

Khalifa, 192

Khartoum, 259

Khor Asot, 88

Khor el Kuk, 87

Khor Fagada, 86

Khor Gadamai, 86

Khor Girgir, 88

Khor Langeb, 84

Khor Moman, 87

Khor Oudi, 85

Khor Semsem, 209

Khor Tougan, 87

Kituit, 98

Koodoo, 52, 146

L

Lamp, 23, 73

Leopard, 49, 66, 94

Library, 24

Lion, 47, 64, 110

Loads, 14

M

Magangani, 248

Malia, 208

Malwiya, 209

Massowah, 78

Meat, 31

Medicine, 21

Mesherat, 244

Meshra el Hageh, 246

Mugatta, 91

Mugdu, 218

N

Nakandi, 244

Negata, 148

O

Officials, 9

Oom Habl, 177

Oribi, 58, 248

Ostrich, 50

P

Port Sudan, 260

R

Ragewa, 239

Rain, 29

Rakuba, 205

Ras Amir, 224

Ras el Fil, 281

Reedbuck, 51

Revadi, 231

Rhinoceros, 42

Rifles, 34

Roan Antelope, 53, 184

Roseires, 242

Rufifrous Gazelle, 58, 196

S

Sabonabi, 258

Saddlery, 15

Sennar, 259

Shakit, 216

Shammam, 194

Singa, 242, 258
 Sinkat, 81
 Sofi, 108
 Souakin, 78
 Stores, 30
 Sueta, 155
 Suleil, 244

T

Tariff, 5
 Taxidermy, 22
 Temperature, 82
 Tent, 19
 Tiang Hartebeest, 55
 Tolu, 193
 Tomat, 107
 Tools, 21

Tora Hartebeest, 54
 Turab Karuf, 163

U

Umgarra, 101

W

Wad Helen, 110
 Wad Medani, 14
 Wart-hog, 50, 129
 Water, 16
 Waterbuck, 54, 221
 Wild Ass, 51
 Wild Dog, 50
 Wild Sheep, 52

Z

Zuhani, 153

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