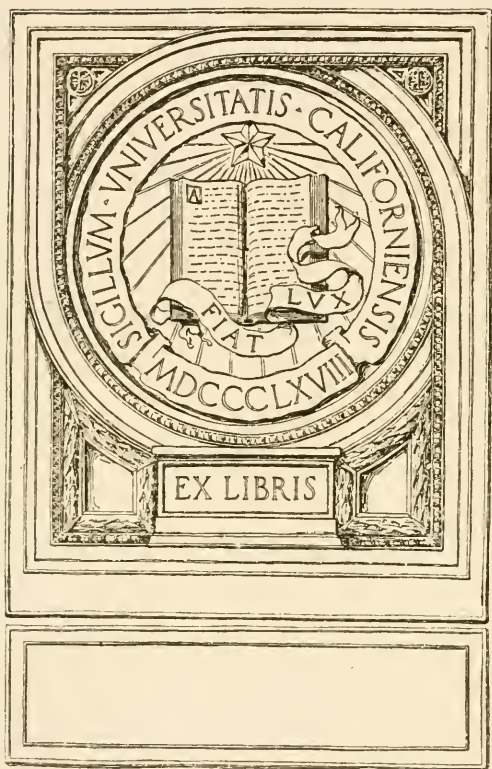


LAKE VICTORIA
TO KHARTOUM
WITH RIFLE & CAMERA
By Capt. F.A.DICKINSON
With an Introduction by The Rt.Hon.
WINSTON CHURCHILL





LAKE VICTORIA TO KHARTOUM



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THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

A REST BY THE WAYSIDE

LAKE VICTORIA TO KHARTOUM WITH RIFLE & CAMERA

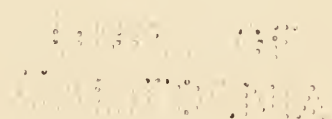
By CAPTAIN F. A. DICKINSON

D.C.L.I., F.R.G.S., WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL

AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR



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INTRODUCTION

I KNOW by experience that Captain Dickinson in person is an ideal companion and guide through the countries which he describes; and I feel sure that those who are less fortunate than myself will find his book an excellent substitute for his presence. They will realize from his manner of writing his constant cheerfulness, his stores of resource for every difficulty and emergency, and his full knowledge and understanding of every problem which can confront the traveller or the sportsman. Elephants are to him like partridges, and hippopotami like hares; and he has an eye which can identify the rarest of the antelopes by the twinkle of its tail behind a thorn-thicket at a hundred yards. All his advice on the details of big-game shooting is based on long experience interpreted by sound instinct and acute intelligence; and the only drawback to his teaching is that it will not allow his disciples the satisfaction of improving on it.

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Under a literary style which is all his own, Captain Dickinson has a message to convey. It is the interest and spirit of a genuine sportsman, who knows how to find the game, how to kill, and—much rarer quality—how to spare.

He is fortunate in the countries in which his service has lain. These great wild lands offer to the young officer not only opportunities of sport or adventure, but a contact with responsibilities and realities which is a special education in itself. Few return to the prosaic routine of peace-time soldiering in England without new qualities of knowledge and character, to compensate them for the regrets with which they look back, and often, alas, for the health they leave behind them. Reading these pages brings vividly back to me mellow and charming recollections of British East Africa and Uganda, two years ago—the stir in camp before daybreak, breakfast under the stars, the long tramp through the dripping elephant grass while the sun rose higher and higher and the thermometer bounded up in company, the oases of rest in the “bandas” with food and drink assuming totally new values, the cool of the evening, and the long sittings

Introduction

round the camp fire ; and the thrill of the stealthy prowling through reed and thicket in the rhinoceros and elephant country, when at each moment the next step might disclose the hide of some unconscious but formidable enemy.

These paths are rapidly growing less solitary. The steamers multiply, the railways extend. Important footsteps brush back the jungle. The hunter who from some secret spot watches the slow procession of the elephants, or surprises the rhinoceros grazing placidly, is surveying a threatened if not a vanishing civilisation. We approach the period of more game-laws and less game. The achievements which this book records will become increasingly rare as the years pass by, and Captain Dickinson's jaunty chronicle will one day be studied by a generation of sportsmen who will view the "good old times" with envious and ultimately unbelieving eyes.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I MUST say I believe in being as up to date as possible, so that whenever I go to a new country, usually a semi-savage one (which has happened pretty often, since I have been extraordinarily lucky ever since I joined the Service), I make a point of buying, borrowing, or stealing the very latest book about that country, and of getting myself well up in its communications and geography, and in the present-day customs, habits, and the hundred and one details connected with its inhabitants.

As others may be of like mind, I am trying another wild wield of the pen in order that my shooting (chiefly) experiences may not be locked up in my own brain and therefore wasted, when somebody in this era of big-game shooting, exploration, and travel might possibly benefit from their being put on paper.

The old-time history you can well afford to let slide for the time being, as that makes all the more interesting reading later, when you find yourself leading a more or less exciting existence, very likely in one of the places or districts where that history has been made. Then take up your

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history book and learn; the result will be that the dangers and difficulties of the old days will be brought before you in all their intensity. Moreover, your studies will be not a little assisted by the efforts of the local savage, who, on finding that the white man *does* know something about him, begins to expand and to become quite confidential, till in the end you are able, with the aid of a few hints and a little judicious pumping, to extract endless stories, anecdotes, and folk-lore out of him. All these little things are bound to do good in the long run, as they tend to improve the relations between the native and the white man. If you can show a knowledge of local geography and mention the names of some of our brave explorers who were the pioneers in these out-of-the-way corners of the globe, and who bore the burden and heat of some long-ago day to help make and then to consolidate the British Empire, the natives are immensely pleased, and proceed from story to story about them.

On the White Nile in Uganda they know all about Emin Pasha, Selim Bey, and the big Englishman with his wife—Sir Samuel Baker—as well as lots of others, and will jaw away till all's blue if allowed.

These little details are important too from another point of view, as they instil the wisdom of the white man into the minds of the savages

Author's Preface

and impress them with his cleverness and general knowledge ; with the result that they are not so apt to try and "do him in the eye," or practise their little petty deceptions and subterfuges. Moreover, when they find out that the British officer is there living amongst them not merely as a judicial officer to settle their amusing matrimonial affairs or cases of inter-tribal cattle-lifting or what not, but as a human being who is always ready for a day's sport or who appreciates a good joke, they are much more amenable and easily led. This also makes for a happy and peaceful time for the said official whose business it is to take charge of the district.

Whilst in command of the escort to the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., the then Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, from Lake Victoria Nyanza to Gondokoro, which is a journey from the bottom, practically, to the top of Uganda, it struck me that it would be as well to put some of our experiences on paper for future reference, and, when that trek was rounded off by a visit to Khartoum on Mr. Churchill's kind invitation as his guest, and a splendid shoot the whole of the 1500 odd miles back, I decided to write this book.

On my landing at Gondokoro from a delightfully happy Christmas week at Khartoum, and an excellent shoot on my way up the Nile, successful chiefly owing to the many great kindnesses

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I received from various officials of the Sudan, I related the story of my adventures and experiences, and my friends cried, "What a lucky devil you are!"

I know I am, but, good luck or ill luck, one does not secure a good bag, including a couple of lions, without much hard work and stiff marching.

The best turn my luck ever did me was when, while guarding, or helping to guard, Boer prisoners in Ceylon, I received an unexpected telegram from England ordering me on a Mullah hunt. From a sporting point of view this suited me "top hole"; and for other reasons also! It may sound strange, but a subaltern in a British infantry regiment sometimes wonders where his next "fiver" is going to drop from! If it doesn't arrive somehow, the fun begins!

Since that day the "fairy goddess" has favoured me with her smiles. Long may she continue to do so! I lift my hands in supplication!

I hope the shooting notes and experiences, as well as the description of the different varieties of big game that are to be met with in East Africa, which I have endeavoured to discuss in *Big Game Shooting on the Equator*, may have proved beneficial or at least helpful to some sportsman who is on the "hard-work" tack, and wants to make a collection of typical heads of African big game. Anyhow, I'm plunging into

Author's Preface

the vortex again. The other book first saw the light of day whilst I was on this trek with Churchill, and as I had no letters for close on three months, it was rather exciting to know what was happening to the poor dear thing!

However, "always be merry and bright" is a household phrase that is applicable to most occasions and certainly meets this one.

In the present work I am endeavouring to portray the animals that the average sportsman may meet on trek in Uganda and the White Nile district, giving their habits and habitat as nearly as is possible with photographs; much in the same way as I dealt with those of East Africa in my former book.

F. A. D.

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I

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

IN these pages, in order to avoid the confusing use of the names of the different districts into which the "Uganda Protectorate" is divided, I am going to apply the name Uganda to the whole country from Lake Victoria Nyanza, in the south, to Gondokoro, the northernmost point joining up with the Sudan. This will save the repetition of the names of the various provinces, and consequently the continual disturbing glances at a map; it will also enable the reader readily to distinguish between Uganda and the Sudan—the two countries with which I am dealing in these travels.

As regards the peculiar habitat of any particular species of game, I shall of course make a distinction where necessary, mentioning the various districts the animals are to be found in.

However, in order to give the stranger a very

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rough idea of the Uganda Protectorate, I may state that the kingdom of Uganda proper extends from the Ripon Falls in the east nearly to Lake Albert in the west. Between this tract of country and the Victoria Nile lies Unyoro, which stretches from Lake Albert on the west to Mruli and Lake Kioga on the east. Usoga we hardly touch, but this country lies east of the Ripon Falls and extends towards Mount Elgon. Travelling northwards we come to the Nile Province, lying on the right or east bank of the Nile, from Lake Albert as far as Gondokoro, peopled by the Alur, Madi, and Bari tribes, in the order mentioned, from south to north. Further east of these is the Acholi country, which we don't touch at all.

In my last book—*Big Game Shooting on the Equator*—I dealt with porters and their ways, camp equipage, and such-like things. I will not repeat what I said there, nor will I say anything about clothes or the battery which it is advisable to take out, except that it is highly important to provide oneself with a good double-barrelled '500 or '577 cordite express rifle, as this is the country *par excellence* for elephants.

By the way, now that the subject has cropped up, so many people have asked me at what spot they should aim when shooting at an elephant that it is worth while making a few remarks on this important point.

Introductory Chapter

We will suppose the herd has been located, and, what is more, that a big bull has been found which the sportsman has determined to bring to book. The savage employed as gun-bearer has with infinite care safely conducted his employer to within shootable distance, i.e. twenty-five yards or nearer if possible, without the herd getting the slightest suspicion of his close proximity ; and moreover we will presume the quarry to be broad-side on.

There are two shots open :—

(a) A small hollow can easily be distinguished half-way between the eye and the ear-*hole*. A bullet put into this penetrates the brain and kills the elephant at once.

(b) Bisect his fore-leg vertically and his body horizontally, and aim some six inches behind and below the point where these lines intersect.

This shot floors the great quadruped on the spot, and he cannot move, but has to be finished off.

I have heard this latter described as the “heart shot,” but very much doubt the correctness of the term for the following reasons. An animal when shot in the heart, though dead to all intents and purposes, invariably gallops wildly straight forward till the pumping of the blood caused by the heart’s action ceases, when he falls down plumb. An animal shot anywhere in the neck instantly drops like a log owing, I am informed, to the many nerves which run from the brain to the top

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of the heart being touched. This animal—shot in the neck—however, is not dead, and the *coup de grâce* has to be administered.

Now, I have seen an elephant shot in the heart as well as one floored with the “heart shot,” and the behaviour of each was as described above, as is to be expected of all good wild beasts. (The former was a screaming tenor!) I have asked several medical men about this, and the consensus of their opinion is that the so-called “heart shot” is in reality the neck shot in other animals, since the elephant has practically no neck to speak of; and that this shot catches the nerves in the neck and paralyses him.

To continue. If the elephant is not quite broadside on but rather turned towards you, don't shoot, wait, because your bullet may have to plough its way through inches of solid bone before reaching the brain. If he is facing slightly away from you it is possible to shoot—up the ear-hole—but advisable to wait. If he is facing you end-on, but still unsuspecting, don't shoot; wait again. Remember it is far better to make a “dead snip” of an animal that all the world is anxious to shoot, if not so much for the sport and danger attached thereto as for the monetary value of his tusks, by waiting two or three hours even, than to muddle the business by letting him get off wounded, very likely never to be met with again.

Introductory Chapter

If an elephant is facing you, the reason why it is advisable to wait is because the only vulnerable point is so very tiny, and you are quite likely to be a shade shaky whilst being "stared in the face" by the largest and most dangerous animal in the world. Under such circumstances the chances of a successful shot are not good. The place to shoot him when in such a position, however, is a small depression at the junction of the trunk with the forehead, midway between, and slightly below, the eyes.

If you are being charged this is the point to aim at, as in no other place can you kill him before he is upon you. If you hit him in the heart, for instance, he still continues his mad career, and woe betide you if he catches you! The only thing to do is to give him both barrels at once, aiming for that spot in his forehead, and "git" as hard as you can leg it, down wind from him if the grass is thin enough to permit of your doing so, always hoping for the best. Even if your aim be not quite accurate you will give him a thundering headache and probably stop him; but next morning, don't forget, that head will still be on him, and he will be very liverish into the bargain. So watch it!

It is very annoying when a bull elephant with small tusks or a cow charges you, as you may have to shoot in self-defence, and they both count on your licence amongst the two allowed to be

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killed ; moreover, the tusks of the cow are confiscated even if you are not fined for slaughtering her.

No ; it is not advisable to play any pranks with these dangerous brutes.

An unsporting shot is in the knee. If you hit the elephant here he cannot move, as his next step would bring him down, and he knows this, so he has to stand still till he is brutally done to death. As a matter of fact, this is a very difficult shot, as his knee is so low and the grass is usually so high that it is often quite impossible to make out where the knee is. This shot is not in vogue nowadays ; it has not been practised since the elephant was exterminated from South Africa in the old days.

One more piece of advice before we leave the subject. Don't ever go near a stricken elephant, even though he may be lying on the ground and to all appearances dead. Walk round behind him and put a bullet into the back of his skull, raking in towards the brain. Many a man has come to a nasty, messy end by walking up to a dangerous animal supposing it to have shuffled off this mortal coil, when in reality the said animal was only stunned by the smashing blow of the bullet, or else "foxing."

In the case of all other animals, aim close behind the shoulder and you get your victim in the heart or lungs. You always know when

Introductory Chapter

the bullet has penetrated these latter by the blood tracks being frothy. The neck shot always holds good, however, and I invariably take this in preference to any other if I am on my day and shooting straight. But in some animals the neck is necessarily a small target, and so a gazelle or oribi should be taken behind the shoulder.

A hippo one must shoot in the eye or ear, as these are about all one sees of him above water-level.

A charging rhino carries his head so low in the act of galloping that one can shoot over it into the neck in front of the shoulder.

A charging lion you must hit where you can, and be jolly quick about it, aiming usually at the head, I suppose.

About the safest place for a crocodile is in the under part of the neck, as if hit anywhere else he invariably manages to scramble down the bank into the river and is lost.

In conclusion, I would say that it has been my aim to show how each species is likely to behave under ordinary circumstances. In order to attain this object I have been careful to record faithfully my actual experiences, and, unless otherwise stated in the text, have selected cases in which the game animals acted in what I consider a typical manner.

LIFE AND SCENERY IN UGANDA

THE kingdom of Uganda, together with the provinces of Usoga and Unyoro, constitute one happy land of perpetual greenery.

O'er hill and dale, swamp and plain ; o'er the belts of elephant grass intermingling with the tall and stately forest trees, in appearance something like an English elm, whose white trunks rise high above the undergrowth ; o'er the whole verdant landscape, trembles and wavers, year in year out, a pearly shimmering haze of heat-waves. A sleepy, steamy silence, too, prevails. The only constant sound that greets the ear is the monotonous whirr of the tree-frog as he shakes his wings against their horny coverings, whilst tucked away against the rugged bark of a tree trunk.

The occasional sounds are now the harsh gabble of a flock of guinea-fowl, as the birds rise and fly out of one's way, making believe that they are dreadfully frightened at one's intrusion ; now the rush in the jungle beside one's road of a startled herd of water-buck on the way back from the morning drink ; now the crashing of a herd of elephants somewhere in the depths of the

Life and Scenery in Uganda

forest, smashing the trees to matchwood while selecting their meal of twigs and leaves. Were the solitude not thus disturbed, it would be difficult for a person to believe that he is not the only living thing in the countryside.

Very different is the aspect of the country north of Nimule on the road to Gondokoro; but of this more anon; "sufficient to the day—!"

The journey from East Africa across Lake Victoria to Entebbe, the capital and seat of Government of the Uganda Protectorate, is performed in a steamer, a spick-and-span creation of the Uganda Railway, admirably furnished with every modern comfort, and so more like a glorified yacht gliding over an azure sea to the Isles of the Hesperides than a prosaic ferry-boat.

To those on the steamer, Entebbe shows itself as a little pier with sheds and customs-houses dotted about at the water's edge, against a background of large, green, shady trees, festooned with brilliant red-violet strands of bougainvillea. Old Government House just peeps out from amongst the foliage, and beyond everything rises the hill whereon New Government House is being built, with the Union Jack waving overhead.

A short walk up the white road hedged with plumbago and hydrangea conducts us from the pier to the little stone houses, each in its pretty garden, picturesquely dotted on the slopes of a

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large green amphitheatre of grass which stretches to the reeds bordering the lake, whence the view extends to the Sesse Islands, "summer isles of Eden, set in dark purple spheres of sea," as they are so aptly described by Sir Harry Johnston, a former Governor.

The houses above mentioned are the residences of the Government officials. There are some excellent tennis courts, and a small club house well placed in a central position near by. On beyond, at the further lip of this green saucer, are the Fort and the Roman Catholic Chapel.

A beautiful scene, yet full of ravening wolves within!

That fell disease, the "sleeping sickness," and its harbinger, the dreaded tsetse fly—now, fortunately, almost totally exterminated at Entebbe, owing to the clearing of the forest land round the shore of the lake—have decimated the population here. Where are the little fairy fishing boats that ought to dot the blue waters of this inland sea, and thus complete its picture? Fish there are in plenty, but the fishermen have long since died or disappeared owing to this deadly malady. A large island which the steamer passes on the starboard bow in the course of the voyage from Port Florence to Entebbe used to boast a census of some twenty thousand people, whereas now its population numbers barely two hundred!

Behind the orderly rows of houses, pictur-

Life and Scenery in Uganda

esquely situated between avenues of solanum trees with their white and purple flowers, come the hospital, the bank, and the offices and shops of Entebbe; then, bordering the road to Kampala, twenty-three miles away, come the police lines, their little round white straw-thatched huts in perfect order, looking like the squares of an immense chessboard.

Kampala is the old capital, the home of the "Kibaka," or King of Uganda proper, and the seat of his native parliament.

One's first impressions of a new country are, I think, usually tempered with disappointment. However, none but the most obtuse or narrow-minded individual could take exception to the scenery that meets the eye on the road to Kampala. Seated in a ricksha, with one's four coolies keeping up a wild, rhythmical chant all about the "Boss" they are pushing (which is only so much soft-soap in the hope of the inevitable "Backsheesh" to come), one plunges at once into a strip of forest land. Black and white hornbills fly in and out among the topmost branches of the lofty trees which rear their heads above the dense, luxuriant tropical undergrowth, formed by an impenetrable tangle of creeper stretching from bush to bush. But, alas! fever is for ever sitting on the tip of one's nose, lying in wait to catch a delicate constitution.

The view, however, is restricted: one sees but

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a narrow belt, bordered on each side by rustling banana shambas, each plantation concealing its quota of native huts.

The broad road winds about, now rising now falling slightly, in and out between the hills and swamps, and the inhabitants in their nice clean clothes come running out at the song of the coolies to try and find out, in their inquisitive way, who it may be. For a wonder, this road does not go in a straight bee-line, because it has been surveyed by British engineers for motor traffic in the future. The relay of coolies that meets us ten miles or so from Entebbe pushes us along through the same pretty scenery till Kampala's cathedral rises conspicuously into view, and then, topping the last ridge, the town lies spread out before us.

Like the city of Rome, Kampala is built on seven hills, which have names far too long and unpronounceable for me to attempt to spell correctly. In the old days these seven hills were usually at war with one another, but now all is forgotten and forgiven, and every one is friendly and at peace.

Kampala is resplendent in greenery, and, owing to the fact that the trees and grass are picked out with broad red roads, presents a striking spectacle. Mengo, the king's hill, is more or less in the centre, and the monarch's comfortable house and buildings are surrounded by a high wattled cane

Life and Scenery in Uganda

fence of the description called "kissikati," which is very effective. Most of the houses of any pretensions in the country are ornamented with a paling of this cane-work, which helps to make them look more well cared for and tidy than any similar native abodes in other Eastern climes.

Looking out from Mengo Hill, the high-peaked cathedral of the C.M.S., on Namirembe, and the long red roofs of the Roman Catholic Mission on Rubaga, catch one's eye to the north, whilst to the right and underneath the former is the old Fort on Lugard's Hill, where he first pitched his camp when the adherents of the Church of England were at variance with the Roman Catholics.

The cathedral just mentioned is a most impressive edifice. Some two hundred feet long and one hundred wide, its walls are built of burnt brick, with lofty columns of the same material supporting the grass-thatched roof, which, running up into three high peaks, forms an imposing landmark for the country far and wide. There is a broad verandah all round, the roof of which and of the inside of the cathedral is beautifully and very neatly lined with nice clean white canes, each cane bound to its fellow in tasteful patterns of string-work. These canes lend a particularly striking finish to the otherwise somewhat gloomy interior.

Close by the cathedral is the excellent native hospital, also managed by the C.M.S., with its

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

long clean wards and rows of spotless beds—most of them happily untenanted when I was there—and its pretty view over forest and plain to the west.

Looking back again to the left of the king's enclosure, the civil and military hill is seen to rise above the Indian Bazaar, streaked with red clay roads which show up strongly against the verdure, in which houses are dotted haphazard. Beyond, in the far distance, through a little gap in the wooded hills, one can just catch a glimpse of the lake somewhere near where Kampala's port, Munyonyo, ought to be, about six miles away. Round again due south comes the Mill Hill Mission, on the occasion of our visit thickly crowded with little native boys and girls all clothed in gleaming white "kanzus," singing "Here we go round the mulberry bush." A "kanzu" is the universal dress for all ages and classes, and is a replica of the old-fashioned night-shirt!

The king, or "kibaka," as is his local title, is assisted till he attains his majority by three regents, one of whom, Sir Apolo Kagwa, the "Katikiro" or Prime Minister, paid a visit to our native shores at King Edward's coronation. All minor matters of State are left by His Excellency the Governor to be settled by the regents and their Parliament. The result of this is a very methodical and complete system of native ad-



THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA

THE KING OF UGANDA

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

KAMPALA

Life and Scenery in Uganda

ministration. Native litigants—as numerous here as in other parts of the globe—flock to the justice or injustice meted out to them at the hands of their own *confrères*.

I think that has about done with Kampala and its hills—at least, I can't remember any more, and it's almost time I began a description of other stations and scenes, as well as the aspect of the country as seen by any traveller on any road.

Uganda is all bright green! I've said as much before, but it is necessary to emphasize this fact.

We now leave behind the forest land and come into the open country.

This is a hilly land; and between each hill is a swamp, which of necessity impedes one's progress, and when that is combined with the fact that great thick elephant grass, anything from fifteen to twenty feet high, grows luxuriantly on each and every hill, you have a practically impassable country.

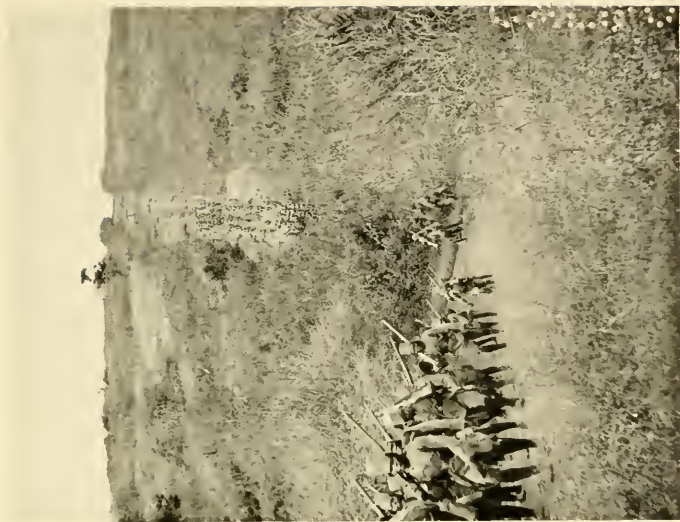
And it is so to all intents and purposes, except for the Uganda roads. I qualify them with that adjective deservedly, as there are none others like them on the face of the globe. They are all the same: dead straight, no matter what comes in the way. They are like the Ark, an old-established concern, and never dream of getting out of the way of the extreme tip of a hill, but go slap over it in the most exasperating fashion; and then, as a rule, down the other side to the uttermost

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

depths of the valley between that hill and the next. The bore of it is, there always *is* a next! In fact, the local method of judging distance here is not so much by hours' marching, as by so many "mettulahs" (hills); and in the north, near Gondokoro, by so many rivers, "river" being a euphonious name for the stagnant marshes which alone vary the monotony of the elephant grass.

These same marshes are crossed by long narrow causeways, built upon piles driven into the ground so as to form two rows: logs, reeds, grass, and earth are thrown on the top of and in between these, leaving a few little culverts underneath the road to enable the water to drain off from the stream above. A well-kept causeway on a much-used main road will have a low "kissikati" fence some two feet high on each side, which helps to improve its appearance.

At the end of the recognized march, when one reaches camp, and also half-way along the route, are to be found a few "bandas," or grass huts, built ready to shelter the belated traveller. There is usually a big one for the "Bwana" (master), one for the cook, and another two or three for boys or what-nots. This constitutes the scene of one's evening rest. If these huts are frequently burnt down and rebuilt on a new site, they are a source of great comfort, as they afford most welcome shade from the afternoon sun, and are cool and roomy to live in. If not destroyed



A TYPICAL UGANDA ROAD
The 4th Bn. K. A. Kifles route marching



TYPE OF COUNTRY IN THE GONDOKORO DISTRICT



Life and Scenery in Uganda

periodically, the creeping things innumerable which take up their abode in them are a continual plague and worry.

At intervals also—and this applies rather more to the tiny by-paths through the jungle—one bursts out of a tangle of elephant grass or bush upon a neat clearing, in which will be seen, facing a small patch of cultivation, a round beehive-shaped hut of grass, with a low door, in front of which two or three tiny brats are busily engaged in bullying the goats and chickens. You can always bet on three things there besides the dirty child—bananas, sweet potatoes, and bark-cloth trees. Each family is absolutely self-contained, so to speak ; each grows on its own patch of ground all the necessities of life. Bananas when roasted and ground up make flour (of a sort !) ; and then, besides, you can boil 'em, or fry 'em, or do anything you like with 'em ; whilst you may make “tembo ” or native beer out of the nice yellow sweet ones that you and I eat. So these simple folk can lead a quiet life, or go “on the bust ” as they feel disposed !

The sweet potato very often grows underneath the bananas, and is, together with these latter, the common food for porters in this part of the world. The sweet potato is an excellent thing for keeping land clear of weeds. Some people grow a little Indian corn as well, but it is not so often seen.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

Then round the whole show comes the bark-cloth tree, out of which the natives make the long strips of Indian-red cloth that they dress themselves in. This has a curious look of corduroy, but is poorly woven and does not wear well.

A very good way of making a hedge in Uganda is to cut a number of poles from bark-cloth trees and just stick them in the ground where you want them to grow, before the rains, and afterwards you will find that they have all "struck," and produced leaves like so many Aaron's rods.

Some "shambas," as these patches of cultivation are called, boast the presence of the papaw tree, which bears a fruit which is quite palatable when a few drops of fresh lime-juice—also grown on the premises—are squeezed over it.

These children of nature are great on chickens and eggs, and are delighted to produce them as a solace to the weary traveller, but the eggs are best poached or fried for obvious reasons. The inhabitants are a quiet, submissive people, keeping the road near their abodes carefully weeded, as much in obedience to their local chief as in accordance with time-honoured custom. They take off their hats in a most polite manner when they meet one on the road, and say "Ow!" with broad grins in return to one's salutation of "Weywully!" We taught our regimental dog, Peter, that, and he always responded with a low growl. They aren't bad porters, and they don't



THE MILL HILL MISSION, KAMPALA



IN A BANANA PLANTATION

Life and Scenery in Uganda

make a fuss, which is a great thing. I hate people who are always shouting and grumbling and asking for impossibilities.

I now propose taking our "safari" off the hard high road for a bit, and going more or less across country to Masindi; the reason being that the visitor has probably got quite bored enough with an undeviatingly straight road—though a neatly laid-out station, such as Hoima, lies many miles away at the end of it—and would wish to see something of the little-known paths and by-ways off the beaten track.

After leaving Bombo, the head-quarters of the 4th Battalion King's African Rifles, the local troops, which is situated on a long ridge, rather higher than, and overlooking, the surrounding country, we reach the Busibika plains in the course of a couple of days.

By the way, the mention of Busibika brings something into my mind that I had very nearly forgotten, one of the things for which Uganda is famous—its awful and infernal thunderstorms.

More or less regularly at a certain time daily, varying a little earlier or a little later after a four or five days' dose, the clouds bank up, heavy, black, and glowering in the south, with the lightning flashing like "Billy oh!" in the midst. A hush comes over the land—the calm before the storm. Shortly a dull roar is heard amongst the trees above the distant booming and rolling of the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

thunder, and then, heralded by a blast of wind, bending the trees in its path, the storm bursts right overhead and is upon one. Pouring, drenching rain, not falling, but being literally upset in bucketfuls, starts the programme, accompanied by the most vivid fork-lightning I have ever seen, and the banging, crashing, and volleying of the thunder. I remember years ago a thunder-storm at Jena, in Germany, which impressed me as a boy by the way in which it played round the hill-tops overhanging the town, backwards and forwards; and I have experienced several similar storms in the Himalayas, where the sight was magnificent; but I have never been so awe-struck in my life as I have by these awful storms which continually hang around the vicinity of Lake Victoria. I saw a tree struck the other day in the forest when I was out in one of these demoniacal performances. The tree was flattened straight out; and that, combined with the general atmospheric disturbance, made me think a bit!

In about twenty minutes it's all over—that is to say, temporarily, as one usually gets a “back kick” of the rain for another half-hour, which, however, is not so bad as that which accompanies the first burst of the storm. Then the sun comes out and all is at peace again, though sopping wet; and so we go on, the muttered curses gradually subsiding as the sun's rays dry one's sodden clothes. But to-morrow's repetition of



A UGANDA BYE-WAY
Note the Weaver-Birds' nests



A COSY CAMP

(see page 50)

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this daily occurrence will call them forth once more. It is said that these storms come off quite three hundred days out of the 365, round the lake, and I think that statement is well inside the mark. I should imagine that even Leap Year makes a difference!

After leaving the foot-hills, which seem to end in the Busibika district, we enter on a journey across practically flat country, with the gentlest undulations only here and there; a land where a hill is a thing to wish for as a diversion to the landscape. Winding through the short grass in country that resembles a glorified orchard, we follow the footpath, which is now a mere track, ever and anon breaking out into a scrupulously weeded six-foot road as we near the next shamba. The Waganda are a gregarious folk, and where one shamba springs up, there will others be collected together.

We are now bearing north-north-west between the Myanja and Lugogo rivers, which are some twenty-four miles apart. I should not call this a good game country, but there are a couple of large herds of elephant which will afford heaps of excitement in case our minds are bent that way. Avadavats and pretty little grass finches rise in clouds on each and every side, and the gaily-painted touracou or plantain-eater flits from tree to tree where the bush merges into forest. Lilies, white and red, flourish in their thousands for the

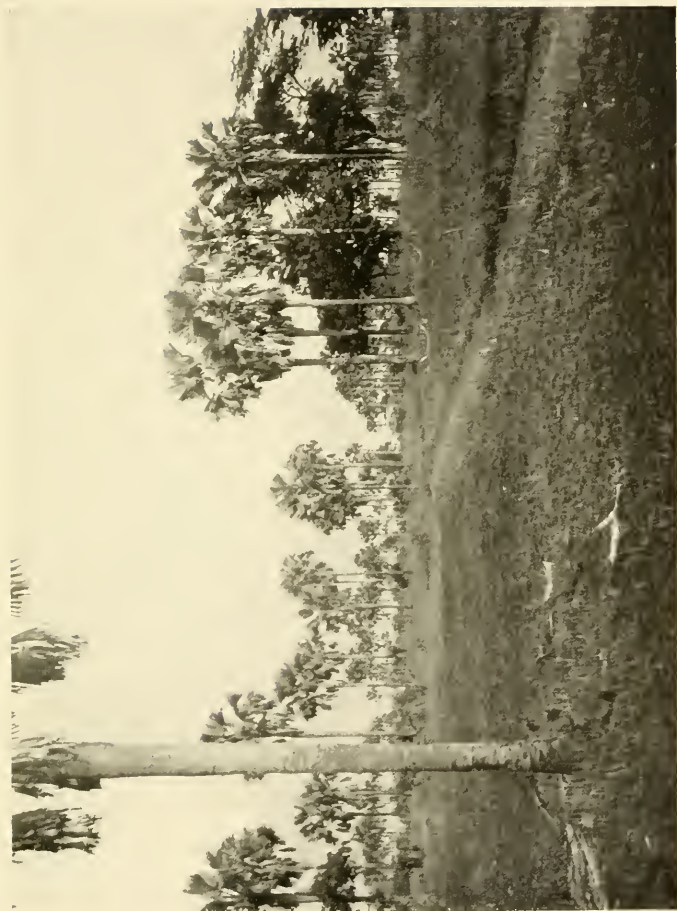
Lake Victoria to Khartoum

first fifteen miles, otherwise a continual vista of bush and glades takes us to the vicinity of the Kafu river.

Now we come to the land of palm trees, beautiful tall borassus palms, with their long straight trunks swelling out half-way up, and then narrowing again. Bunches of orange-red nuts of sorts cluster underneath the wide-spreading rustling fronds, ornamented with the nests of countless weaver birds, which dangle therefrom. This means that we are nearing the river Kafu, the boundary between Uganda and Unyoro. We cross at the end of the dry season over a withered tangle of reeds and mud, binding the roots of the floating vegetation together, and affording a somewhat doubtful foothold as one staggers over the quaking mass. Beneath this run the deep waters of the river, which flows sluggishly into the Victoria Nile at Mruli.

In the distance, towards the north, we now catch sight of the hills round our temporary goal—Masindi, still some twenty-five miles away. A long, long, wearisome march is this, through thickish bush country, all dried and decayed underneath the trees at this time of the year; till, on joining the Mruli road, we drop into a pretty valley full of native huts, cheek by jowl with their bright green splashes of cultivation, which show up to advantage against the red-brown soil.

Masindi, nestling under the shadow of the hill



BORASSUS PALMS NEAR THE KAFU RIVER



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of the same name, is (or was, I should say) tastefully laid out with avenues and groves of Cape lilac and blue gums, by that finest of gentlemen riders and best of fellows, poor Roddy Owen. Peace and prosperity are apparent on every side. The prospect from the elevated verandah of the resident official's bungalow is pleasing. Houses peep out amidst the trees, and numerous gardens and shambas, containing crops of all sorts, clothe hill and plain alike, whilst the foreground around the Government offices is brilliant with masses of red and yellow cannas, the whole scene well set off by the purple Hoima hills to the south-west.

This is a great junction of highways. From this central position one can journey along well-made roads to Mruli, Foweira, Fajao and the Murchison Falls there, Hoima the capital of Unyoro, and Butiaba.

We will take this last route, because it leads us through the great Budonga forest, which is well worth visiting if only on account of its scenery ; and also because Butiaba is the head-quarters of the Nile flotilla, which will transport us yet further north on the bosom of the Nile as far as Nimule. We bid farewell to the jungle track we have been marching along up to date, and betake ourselves to the "hard high" once more, rolling over hill and dale, now descending to the uttermost depths of a swamp, now rising over the highest spot on

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

the ridge. At first the road winds its way through a populous and fruitful country, the local savage being a shade more off-hand than the Baganda, till after some fourteen miles it plunges into a virgin forest.

One passes of a sudden from the burning glare of an African sun, from the black and yellow burnt-up grass and the stunted trees outside, trembling in the noonday heat, to a dim mysterious vista of black tree-trunks, accentuated at frequent intervals by the patches made by sunbeams shining "from above on to the place beneath."

The road through this grand forest is for the most part flat, but with two or three very deep clefts where the rivers (in the rains) run through it. One side of the road is in the Game Reserve, so that if you find elephant on that side you have to wait till they have crossed the path before shooting them. In this forest there lives a mysterious species of antelope, called *Intallaganya*, peculiar in that the males carry no horns. *M'sambia* and *M'vuli* trees rear their bare white trunks some hundred feet into the air, spreading their enormous branches for the remaining forty or fifty feet over the rubber vines and thick undergrowth that chokes the way. Beautiful butterflies in thousands flutter hither and thither; great hornbills raise their harsh screams, and, together with the pretty picturesque black-and-



THE HEAD OF THE "SAFARI"

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white Colobus monkeys, that peer at one and skip about the trees, rudely break by their discordant cries the silence of a primeval forest. Or is it that these harsh sounds impress the surroundings upon one the more emphatically?

Something seems wanting in the unnatural hush after the rustle of the lizards in the grass and the continual whirr of the tree-frog; and one welcomes the sight and sound of the scampering monkey high above, as a pleasing contrast to the sombre silence below.

Perhaps we may meet a logging camp, and become aware of the rythmical "hish" of the saws, or hear the echo—and echo carries far in these gloomy depths—of some savage at logger-heads with another o' that ilk over a sweet potato or something equally important to him. But one realizes that harsh and discordant sounds are unavoidable. They beset one's dimly lighted path through the forest, as they beset some other paths on life's highway! Light at length breaks the darkness, and suddenly we find ourselves once more in the blinding glare of the sun, and before us Lake Albert lies spread some thousand feet below—quiet, placid, and calm.

We now descend the steep escarpment and tramp for about five miles through dusty bush and sandy plain to the harbour of Butiaba. A thin hook of wind-blown sand runs out into the lake, and curling round towards the north, makes an

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

excellent natural haven for the steam-launch and steel boats which comprise the Nile flotilla. This bay is some four hundred yards across, and is fairly deep in the middle. Across the water the Congo mountains, that constitute the watershed between the Nile and Congo basins, are clearly visible, to the north-west the sugar-loaf peak that stands behind Belgian Mahagi being easily distinguishable.

We will break off here temporarily, as the voyage down the Nile is described elsewhere, and it would infringe on the copyright of another chapter to talk about that mighty river here. Besides, if she thought she was being treated with undue levity it might hurt her feelings!

If we hadn't gone to Butiaba, we should have marched forty-four miles from Masindi to Fajao and the Murchison Falls, where the Nile breaks through the steep rocky escarpment which wanders all round this side of Lake Albert. We should have taken a course due north of Masindi instead of the west-north-west point we made to Butiaba. At Fajao we should have crossed the ferry in a big dug-out canoe, taking several trips to convey the loads of tents and food across, and thence we should have had a dry, hot, dusty march for some fourteen days to Nimule by way of Fatiko, which used to be an important station, but is now abandoned, as well as Wadelai on the Nile bank.

Life and Scenery in Uganda

It seems a great pity that the old Nile province, populous and corn-growing country that it is, and extending for some 280 miles along this huge waterway, should be practically handed back to the untutored savage after so many lives and years have been spent upon it, and that it should be represented by three stations—Koba, Nimule, and Gondokoro, with only a nominal area for administrative purposes round each station.

We will resume the description of the country from Nimule onwards, whither we are conveyed in the good ship *Kenia*.

On landing there we find the aspect of the country has undergone a change. Nimule is a straggling place, each house being practically isolated on its own hill. Close to the Collectorate and the Police Guard-room there is a small native bazaar, dominated over as usual by the enterprising Indian traders. The military hill, now evacuated, is nearest the Nile, and the police lines are a short distance down the Gondokoro road. Behind, and some little way from the station, which is built on the banks of the Unyama river, rises a collection of highish hills, rocky, and almost bare of trees. Instead of the beautiful greenery of Uganda we are face to face with rugged hills and barren ground, overgrown as far as the eye can reach with thorn trees and breast-high grass. This country struck me as

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

being the counterpart of Northern Somaliland, both in its vegetation and also in the strange outcrops of craggy hills which spring up promiscuously out of the rolling plain, some of them five hundred to one thousand feet high, others a modest fifty only. Here the so-called cart-road to Gondokoro starts, though why it is so misnamed it is not easy to say in face of the abrupt nullahs, as yet unbridged, and the rivers, which when in flood make the road quite impassable both for wheeled traffic and for porters.

Our road goes north, to the east of Nimule hill, on the western side of which the Nile foams and boils down the Fola rapids. If the wind be blowing from the right direction the wayfarer can just distinguish the dull roar of the waters. After a march of twelve miles a pretty camp is reached at the junction of the Assua and Atappi rivers, over which half a dozen stately borassus palms act as sentinels, and the *frou-frou* of their broad fan-like fronds makes music pleasing to the ear.

The general trend of the ground is a gradual slope to Gondokoro, and also to the west. All the watercourses, dry at this time of the year—January—and the two or three rivers that usually have water in their beds, help in the rainy season to swell the volume of the Nile, on our left hand. The country is flat to undulating, and there are no hills to be climbed on the way.



“THE STRANGE OUTCROPS OF CRAGGY HILLS”

Life and Scenery in Uganda

The road goes monotonously on for 107 miles through grass and mimosa thorn bushes, the latter of which are now clothing themselves in their spring garb of yellow blossom, making the breeze deliciously sweet. Now and again a herd of hartebeest or waterbuck is viewed from afar, trotting off alarmed at the approach of strangers. Near the Uma river, which has also to be crossed at the fourth camp, may be seen perhaps a herd of stately roan antelope, though, on account of their almost proverbial shyness, this depends on good luck rather than on good management.

Herds of elephants, too, frequent these bush solitudes, going down to drink at the Nile some ten miles off, and are away again long before dawn, back to their jungle fortresses to sleep off in the midday sun their moonlight revels. During a march in these parts it is rarely, if ever, that one passes a day in which one does not come across the tracks of their feet dragging through the grass and scraping the evening's dew from the blades, leaving green marks amidst the pearly dewdrops.

And it can be very hot here! The force of the sun is redoubled through its rays being thrown back from the rocks and stones, till at times it is a veritable inferno.

The other river of importance, both in size and from a shooting point of view, that we cross on nearing Gondokoro, is the Kit, where we leave

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

the Madi tribe behind us and make friends with the Bari.

All the villages we have passed since leaving Nimule are much of a muchness. A thorn zeriba, strong enough to withstand the attacks of a marauding leopard or hyena on the village flocks of sheep and goats, surrounds a collection of huts, each abode made in a circular ring of stone slabs, or of wattle and daub, with a peaked thatched roof, the eaves well overlapping the walls. Dotted amongst these are the curious-shaped granaries, glorified baskets, some five feet high and four feet in diameter, perched on poles to keep the rats and mice at bay. These contain the tribesmen's worldly wealth in the shape of dhurra or millet. Little else is grown in these districts, as they are too far north of the equator, and their climate is not steamy enough for many bananas. Dhurra and a very few sweet potatoes form the staple diet of the people.

At last the tenth day's marching sees us leaving the dry thorn scrub—we have passed very few villages *en route*—and entering the sparse cultivation that betokens the vicinity of Gondokoro; and then the sight of the Union Jack gladdens our hearts as we walk across the burning parade ground to the shady trees near the officials' houses, only a few yards distant from Sir Samuel Baker's old encampment, with Belinian hill behind us on our right hand, the scene of many

Life and Scenery in Uganda

a fight between him and the now peaceful Bari.

And now our journey is done—that is to say, as far as Uganda is concerned, and I think I shall not be alone in saying that, for its varied scenery and the interesting customs and habits of its many tribes, Uganda is hard to beat.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

water—on the Nile. The Insurance Policy, if we may descend to such a business-like term, of the railway, was water—the Nile. If we had had a Nile in Somaliland the Mad Mullah would now be *non est* with few to grieve for him!

The Nile runs out of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Its precursors are therefore the streams which flow into this lake: of these the largest and longest is the Mara river, having its source in British East Africa on the Mau escarpment, flowing through German territory into Lake Victoria. May we then not speak of the Mara as the mother of the Nile? This great affluent of the lake we discovered and surveyed, when on the Anglo-German Boundary Commission. It is a pretty, rocky stream, broadening out past patches of white gleaming sand, whilst its banks swarm with every variety of game.

The Ripon Falls at Jinja mark the beginning of the Nile of commerce and geography. Between these falls and Lake Albert it is known as the Victoria Nile; after leaving the latter lake it is called the White Nile—in contrast to the Blue Nile rising in Abyssinia—or Bahr-el-Jebel of the Sudan tribes. Jebel is the Arabic word for mountain, so this name means the river that flows past the (Congo) mountains. For a hundred miles between Nimule and Gondokoro the river dissolves itself into a series of falls and rapids,

A GREAT SWIRL OF WATER



(Faint bleed-through from the reverse side)

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The Nile

through some of the finest scenery I have come across in Africa, now rushing down a narrow gorge, a white seething mass of foam and bubbles, now like a Scotch salmon river in spate, with here and there a long oily pool.

However, the flag has not yet fallen, so we must pull up and return to the post after this breakaway!

The Ripon Falls are somewhat disappointing. One has heard such a lot about their beauty, and the grandeur of the birth of the Nile, so what seems like a dam across the north end of the Napoleon Gulf—part of Lake Victoria Nyanza—with about an eighteen-foot drop, does not strike one as being over-exciting. It is necessary to be boated across from Jinja on the Usoga shore to the Uganda bank to obtain the finest view of these falls. The great swirl of water takes a sharp bend west on the very brink of the falls, and here one can get quite close down to the water's edge. Half a mile further on one faces the whole thing, which is some three-quarters of a mile across. The roar of the broad volume of the lake pouring through the different channels, combined with the spray and the tumbling and tossing of the waters rushing towards one, is most impressive.

Big fish, a kind of monster barbel called "Baggara," are to be seen perpetually jumping in their efforts to stem the torrent and reach the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

smooth waters above. Cormorants continually fly up to the very foot of the falls, settling, and being carried down, apparently half-drowned, in their endeavours to snatch their finny prey from the swirling waters. Down they come, and, on reaching the end of the tumbling waters, back they fly again religiously. Their efforts are extraordinary!

Crocodiles abound here, chiefly in the quieter water above the tumult and turmoil of the falls, where there are no sunny rocks to bask on, and where, therefore, the rifle in the hands of the sportsman seeking to while away a monotonous African afternoon in practising his cunning on the cruel brutes, cannot be brought to bear with much precision.

Some short distance below the Ripon Falls come the Owen Falls, which are hidden from view in the impassable tangle of a primeval forest; indeed, from the Ripon Falls almost to Lake Kioga, the casual traveller sees very little of the actual river. The Owen Falls, with their roaring rapids and turbulent waters, are, they tell me, finer in their way than the Ripon Falls.

For forty miles, to Kakindu, the river pursues its lonely way, winding through a virgin forest, unseen and little known, but making its presence felt in the booming of the falls and song of the water between the forest giants which raise their mighty trunks to the blue vault above.

The Nile

This part of the Nile must, unfortunately, be veiled from further description till we meet it again in the neighbourhood of Kakindu, where a curious steamy fog rises from the smooth oily surface—evidence of a greater depth of water and the cessation of rocks and rapids.

Lake Victoria Nyanza is 3720 feet above the level of the sea, and here we were forty-four miles away at the next navigable point on the Nile—at Kakindu—*en route* for Lake Kioga, at an altitude of 3420 feet, so the drop in this short distance is considerable.

I take it that this latter lake stands in much the same relation to the Victoria Nile, in the shape of swamps and spills, as the sudd country lower down bears to the White Nile; and that therefore Lakes Kioga and Kwania—which adjoin one another and really are a part of one another—make little difference in the level of the Nile between the two points—Kakindu, which we have left behind us, and Mruli, which we are fast approaching. These two lakes, in reality less than lakes and more than mere swamps, are kept going by the excess of water from Lake Victoria more than by their own insignificant rivers running into them from Mount Elgon and the east.

There is a slight but distinct current set by the Nile from Kakindu to Mruli and onwards, in consequence of the Karuma rapids near Foweira,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

and the eventual Murchison Falls at Fajao. Kioga and Kwanja are at present nothing but a miserable waste of waters. They should, however, afford a good means of communication for export of produce from the comparatively unknown tribes along their northern shores as soon as these districts are opened up. These two lakes would be invaluable as well as indispensable for a line of light-draught, stern-wheel steamers connecting a Uganda railway extension to Kakindu with another branch railway from Mruli or thereabouts, and so opening up the rich province of Unyoro as far, perhaps, as the neighbourhood of Fajao or Bugungu in the north-east corner of Lake Albert. This would mean through communication with Lake Albert and the White Nile as far as Nimule, besides opening up an artery for the export of the products of almost the whole of the Eastern Congo, from Mahagi on the east shore of Lake Albert. It will be a great day for the British Empire when all is joined up.

There is nothing like being an optimist! I came across a splendid definition of a pessimist the other day. He who has the choice of two evils and takes them both!

To continue. The great Mruli of the days of Sir Samuel Baker's untrustworthy friend—Kabarega—is “done finish!” More or less of a pestilential swamp has taken its place. A few

The Nile

miserable hovels, it is true, raise their heads above the grass and call themselves a village; but these are deserted for higher ground in the rains, when the floods come down and the water spreads itself over all the face of the land.

The road to Masindi from Mruli is banked up to a height of six or eight feet for some ten miles, for use in the wet weather.

The Nile flows north from here, rounding "Tattenham Corner" with the same left-handed bend near the Karuma Falls or rapids—which-ever it pleases one to call them—and Foweira; whence navigation ceases once more, and with placid or broken surface in turn it approaches the Murchison Falls. For some five miles or so above the latter rocks and rapids impress one with her (old Nile is always a lady) supreme power and force, till at the falls she surpasses everything seen before. From the face of the rocks at Fajao ferry, below the falls, where there used to be a fort in the Mutiny days, one can understand that the overpowering smashing force of the great volume of water compressed into a small space has gradually, through cycles of wear and tear, eaten away the rock, and thus caused the Murchison Falls to recede. They are said to be now a mile further back than in bygone ages, and at the present day present a stupendous cataract divided into two falls, one below the other.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

Above the falls the river is from half a mile to a mile broad. A short way below the falls the stream attains a width of perhaps four hundred yards. The falls themselves are scarcely twenty-six *feet* in breadth. Imagine, then, the scene they present—a swirling torrent, boiling, seething, and foaming beneath the narrow crags, broken half-way by the ponderous rocks it leaps on and over, resolving itself into bubbles and spray below; the picture is framed in with brilliant green verdure, and the same old eastern sky above.

It reminded me of Dante's *Inferno*, as, besides the grand scenery that it is impossible for me to describe in adequate terms, I saw below the shapes, dim and misty through the spray, of the gigantic crocodiles which add to the fame of the Murchison Falls. At the ferry I pictured them as so many dreadful Charons; whilst seen from the falls, they seemed like the horrid pits into which all wicked souls fall and are engulfed.

Huge, loathsome, cruel monsters, waiting for their daily bread! Shoot and never spare!

The usual means of leaving this place—where, by the way, there is a telegraph station—is by boat, as from here the Nile is navigable as far as Nimule, a distance of some two hundred miles. The first thing that strikes the observer on boarding the steam launch, or one of the steel boats belonging to the Nile flotilla, is the in-

THE VICTORIA NILE
THE WOODED BANKS OF THE WHITE NILE



THE VICTORIA NILE



THE WOODED BANKS OF THE WHITE NILE

The Nile

tenseness of tropical vegetation. Everything wears a garb of vivid green. The grass, the trees, the creepers, the reeds, all seem to be of a more violent green than one has ever seen before, perhaps because of the miles of arid stony ground, stunted trees, and burnt-up forest grass that one has passed through. It is rather startling, and looks as if the whole landscape has been steeped in *crème de menthe* !

The scenery on the left bank above the verdure is striking. The escarpment, starting on the higher level of the Murchison Falls, continues sharp and craggy against the skyline, now closer, now further off, till, on nearing Bugungu, it has disappeared altogether. The other bank rises in quieter fashion, and not in such rugged leaps and bounds as on the opposite side of the river, which itself varies very little in breadth during the twenty-five miles or so to the lake—about three or four hundred yards being the maximum ; but at its influx to Lake Albert it broadens out into a marshy expanse covered with floating weeds, until it loses itself in the vast area of this waste of waters.

Long before this the grand Congo mountains on the further side of the lake have been very much *en évidence*, more especially one sugar-loaf hill which shelters the Belgian station of Mahagi at its base.

Still continuing on our travels, which here

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

cause us to turn sharp to the north, our sturdy little craft slips along on the stream, under the wing of the mountains on the left bank, which overshadow our voyage till they are blotted out by sleep.

We awake next morning to find that the scenery has changed. On either bank beautiful woods, in which Duleil palms are occasionally seen, alternate with open places which permit a good view of a hilly country. We steam first on one side of the river and then close in under the opposite bank, according as the channel, which does not vary very much, is known by the man at the wheel. We leave Lake Albert and the banks of rolling mist, through which only the mountain-tops rise into view, shutting in the horizon on all sides, and shape our course between where the eastern bank runs into a bare, broad strip of land, and the hills on the west approach the river. Soon these latter begin to deserve the eulogistic appellation of mountains; below them are green downlands stretching to the river. Numerous large herds of antelopes, their red-brown skins blazing in the sunlight, graze near the river; small troops of elephants are sometimes to be discerned in this neighbourhood—which is a favourite haunt of theirs—moving slowly along the bank; and bands of snarling, frightened monkeys take to flight as the steamer follows the tortuous channel.

The Nile

The euphorbias are very striking in the woods along the west bank ; not the beautiful column-like tree with its candelabra-like branches, but the variety which, owing to its entanglement of leafless branches, looks like a broom turned upside down.

In all parts of the river, chiefly at the influx of the smaller khors, are to be seen baskets and weirs of wicker-work, indicating an abundance of fish. Large and small fishing boats, made out of hollowed trunks, cross and recross the stream ; their inmates, generally one person, but occasionally two or three, are very black in colour, and handle their single paddle with great dexterity. Sometimes a dusky friend of the engineer's on board will lie to in midstream, hang on to the launch as we pass, and throw on board a good supply of fresh fish of all sizes to gladden our hearts as well as those of our Swahili sailors.

The river is frequently broken by huge rocks adorned with motionless herons sitting upon them. Enormous masses of vegetation block the access to the river from the shore : these are composed chiefly of papyrus and a variety of tall reeds and river grasses ; pink convolvuluses twine themselves from stem to stem, and pistia, with other small aquatic plants, form a thick turf on the edges of the enormous growth of these impassable masses. Numberless swarms of

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

golden weaver birds find here retreats where they are never disturbed; a panting hippo plunges into the spray-crowned waves, leaving its shady resting-place at the noise of the steamer; and light, long-legged waders hasten over the broad leaves of the water lilies, picking up a few insects on the way.

We tied up to the bank of an evening, and the instant the steam-whistle sounded the tall grass started into life. Savages appeared on all sides with the bundle of firewood they are paid to cut to replenish the voracious maw of the boiler. A Madi village would be situated close by in all probability. It is usually small, and consists of rather miserable hemispherical straw-thatched huts, with their sides made of short vertical logs closely planted together, and the interstices stuffed with mud. The inevitable three-legged granaries fill the vacant spaces between the dwellings. Dhurra and simsim are largely cultivated. The men are usually "stark oh!" occasionally sporting a diminutive apron of well-worn cotton. They wear iron ornaments for the most part, though several of the presumably wealthier members adorn themselves with ivory bracelets above the elbow, and numbers have the rims of their ears pierced in which short pieces of stiff straw are stuck.

In this part of the Nile, owing chiefly to its extreme breadth—sometimes a mile to a mile



THE MURCHISON FALLS



LOOKING UP THE RIPON FALLS TO LAKE VICTORIA

The Nile

and a half—mudbanks form a kind of barrier through which the steamer slowly makes its way from one channel to another, generally casting off all the boats towed behind except one, dragging that through, and then returning for the others, taking them one at a time. The river here is all painted blue on the maps, but the actual channel on either side of the mudbanks is narrow, much of it being choked by reeds and papyrus, in which are numbers of large bays and lagoons. When the papyrus growth permits a view of the shore, you frequently see steep banks of red clay, usually dotted with houses in the midst of their cultivation.

Wadelai is still a telegraph station, but deserted as regards civil and military occupation, as also is old Belgian Wadelai over the way, some five miles further north. Here we pass Emin's old tree, still known by that name, where he sat and meted out justice; and the monotony of the scenery gives one time to meditate on the trials and troubles endured, as well as the brave deeds performed by that unfortunate man—unfortunate because of great physical affliction and his tragic death at the hands of wicked men. His name lives in every savage brain on the banks of the Nile: an undying but sorry monument to his great character.

Rising from the east bank of the river a low mountain chain is seen from a long distance,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

gradually receding from the river. Short grass and isolated tall trees adorn the otherwise bare flanks. Papyrus and yellow-flowering ambatch deeply fringe both banks. On the east bank wild rocks, towering one above the other, stand majestically up; but the level of the country gradually sinks in the neighbourhood of the perennial Unyama river, on the shore of which is built Nimule, looking over the plain sloping towards the east.

The west bank, on the contrary, presents a plain exposed to floods at places, while rather high and well-washed columnar mountains rise in a long chain, culminating at the barrier reef and rapids, and form the rocky portals of the Nile that guard the narrow approach to Nimule from the north. Closer and closer they trend towards the river, partly covered by bushes and trees, often presenting bare cliffs, rendered black by the action of sun and rain. On a still, equatorial night a distant rumbling here announces the approach of the rapids on the hither side of the Fola Falls; we are gradually nearing the narrowest part of the great river.

We have passed deserted Belgian Dufile some five miles back. For a considerable time this was one of the chief Congolese ports on the Nile; and the tumbledown ramparts of the fort, to say nothing of their well-built burnt-brick bungalows, with their broad, airy verandahs, and



WOODED BELTS ADORN THE RIVER



THE FOLA RAPIDS

The Nile

the gardens surrounding each and all, speak for the excellence of Belgian enterprise in these outlandish parts.

From peaceful Nimule a hundred miles of unnavigable river, of falls and shallows, of rapids and rushing water, break the spell until Rejaf, on the Belgian side, is reached. The river valley becomes narrower and still more narrow, the scattered boulders grow more numerous. On the banks mighty Duleil palms rock their feathery tips in the soft breeze conjured up by the swiftly moving waters ; a group of lofty tamarinds marks the place where the path suddenly deviates from the river to lead over the hilly heights of its confining valley, and the way for the most part leads over their summits, till down we fall to the Fola rapids. Thorny acacias, sharp-edged grasses, and rocky rubble characterize the descent ; and here on the western bank the great Kuku Mountains of the Congo begin.

The Rhine, beloved of tourists and renowned in poetry, is hard to beat for picturesqueness in those parts where one gets peeps of *châteaux und schlossen* amongst the trees ; but for pure, wild, appalling grandeur in the heart of a rugged, rock-bound country, with the "Peace of Africa" calling its loudest, I'll take the Nile for its next forty miles.

A series of tempestuous, tumbling rapids, through dark and gloomy gorges, clothed with

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

feathery papyrus and forbidding umbrella thorn trees, results in the Fola rapids, where the river rushes down as through a shoot ; not so very striking or impressive, till one sees that these rugged Congo mountains are just being tipped with the glory of a rising sun, whilst out of the veiled, mysterious depths comes the thunderous sound of falling waters, booming the more noisily in that Creation has hardly yet awakened out of its deep sleep.

Khor Eyu, a boiling mountain torrent, leaps and bounds down the face of the crags under the site of a long-evacuated Dervish post, erected here to keep the line of communications open through this narrow defile, under the shadow of Jebel Meto. In a series of falls and rapids, broken now and again by a calm, swift-flowing pool deep down between the rocks, or twisted into swirls and eddies, onward goes the ceaseless flow of many waters. Grotesque forms of euphorbias stand out upon the naked rocks, now with short trunks splitting up into a semicircular entanglement of leafless branches, now with high pillar-like trunks bearing only at the summit a few candelabra.

The valley begins to open out a little, though the mountains still rear their mighty crests on either hand. On the other side of the river, hills interchange with park land and patches of sand ; tall sturdy trees provide shade, and wooded belts



"A SERIES OF TEMPESTUOUS, TUMBLING RAPIDS"



"A THUNDEROUS SOUND OF FALLING WATERS"

The Nile

adorn the river. Here are the small beginnings of cultivation on the banks, with possibly a Madi or Tuktuk village squeezed in. Terraces covered with cultivated patches of green dhurra, simsim, and lubia, and at times a few huts upon the flanks of the hills, offer agreeable resting-places for the eye. If you pitch your moving camp in this neighbourhood, you may perhaps hear the hippo grumbling and "grouching" at his midnight meal ; but still the rugged escarpment towers above one, in the guise of the Akiko Mountains on the eastern bank, and the Aronzi Range in the Lado enclave.

From this point the track, still a mere foot-path, leads along half-way up between the hill-tops and the river, which is still narrow and foaming but rather less like a mountain torrent than before.

The way sinks down into deep gullies formed by the rain, only to rise again suddenly out of the swamps to lead us past small clusters of tamarinds and an occasional borassus palm. On our right the Nimule Mountains have gradually descended, in the midst of its forests and woods, first to hills, and afterwards to mere excrescences bordering the river.

As far as old-time Labore, an erstwhile Dervish stronghold of great strategical importance, the blue river foams in a thousand small cascades and rapids, rushing out of its deeply hollowed channel.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

In a lowlier frame of mind, let us look at the camps by the wayside. One's tent is pitched under the beautiful shade of a friendly tree, with waving grass on all sides down to the river's edge, relieved now and then by the stately form of a palm tree, pleasantly rattling its great fronds to the tune of the breeze. Right behind one a forest-clad hill, resounding with the metallic bell-like clang of many partridges, rises abruptly; and the view out of one's tent door takes in the swirling river, with its forest-clad islands dotted haphazard about its course, and the green woods on the other side; whilst beyond loom, tier upon tier, the red and purple Congo crags sharply outlined against the clear blue sky—the background to all.

The narrow river, broken by many a rock, still foams and roars between the hills, which completely shut out the view of the country beyond. The route, which has led over gneiss rubble and white sand sparkling with mica, continually broken with rain furrows and swamps in the bottoms, now passes through a hilly country, seamed and scored in all directions by rocks and ravines. Then the road crosses ridges of tightly packed rocks running towards the river, where they suddenly dip precipitously down till they hide their crests in the fleecy breaking surf of the rapids.

After these magnificent views, which have pursued one for the last forty miles or so, the



A EUPHORBIA



"FOREST-CLAD ISLANDS DOTTED ABOUT ITS COURSE"

The Nile

country becomes flatter and stonier, and the general aspect rather monotonous, as, though the river still bubbles and babbles its way along, in view of the path most of the time, there is not so much variety in the scenery to occupy the attention.

I think it is getting a bit hotter, too, which means that the stones and rocks are coming into play by throwing off the heat rays.

At old Fort Berkley, of which little now remains, there are no hills worth mentioning, and the river takes a sudden bend eastwards for five miles or so, where the comical little sugar-loaf excrescence calling itself Rejaf Hill sticks its nose out of the surrounding Lado plains and keeps guard over the most important Belgian post now remaining on the Nile, from which it takes its name.

And so to Gondokoro, the last post in the territories administered by the Uganda Protectorate, the scene of brave Sir Samuel Baker's adventures with the then truculent Bari and the yet more lawless slave raiders. The ramparts of his old fort still remain.

Here we board one of the comfortable stern-wheel steamers, replete with every luxury, the property of the Sudan Government. We have said good-bye to Uganda and all the picturesque portion of the Nile, and, except for some exciting navigation, little remains to be described,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

till the traveller reaches the stately ruined temples and carvings of ancient Egypt, famed in the moonlight and in romance.

Slowly we steam over the sandbanks to Lado, another Congo station which stands, neat and tidy, on the left bank. Then in some three hours we arrive at Mongalla, the southernmost station of the Sudan Government on the eastern bank. The ground here is very low and therefore swampy in the rains, and for that reason mosquitoes and fever are rife. The Governor of the province and some Sudanese troops, with the usual complement of other Egyptian officials, live here, and they manage to enliven their days by the good shooting to be obtained in the forest land behind. There is a very fine gunboat stationed here—one of the latest types, with twin screws, very comfortable as a home.

We are off again after a short stop to pick up mails for England, and pass Kiro, the most northern Belgian station in the Lado enclave, along which we have been travelling ever since we left Lake Albert behind us. At eventide we pull up at Gameiza to take wood on board.

As this is the last fuel station till the sudd country is passed, all the holds on the sandal are filled up, and every available space is piled with logs. By the way, a barge with an upper deck roofed in with corrugated iron, called a

The Nile

“sandal,” is attached with wire hawsers to the side of every steamer. This glorified barge carries baggage, troops, the post office, and extra wood when required. Although indispensable, the homely sandal has its drawbacks. It retards progress when steaming against the current, and owing to its presence somewhat of a pandemonium is for ever raging outside one’s cabin door.

Quite soon after leaving Gameiza the river bends backwards and forwards in a series of small S’s. And then the fun begins! The boat has to go faster than the flow of the river so as to keep up steerage way and enable the helm to do its work. For this reason the pace she goes when swishing round the bends is very great, and the method of procedure is as follows: The steamer is directed straight for the bank at the head of the bend and hits it with considerable force if there is solid ground in front, or runs her nose into a soft sudd bank. In either case you have to hold on tight! Then the force of the current coming from behind catches the boat in the stern and round she spins like a top, and just before she gets straight again the “reis,” or Arab pilot, rings the engine-room bell “full-speed ahead.” Occasionally, though, he misjudges his time, letting her pay off too far, and has to “stop her” at once. Where the bends are very sharp and sudden the engines lie

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quiet, and the ship goes along on her downward journey, twiddling round like a teetotum, hitting now one bank and now the other, rounding one corner by a hair's breadth, and crushing and grinding up against the reeds when the next comes in the way, till at last they are able to get her head straight again, and away we go once more. It's all right in broad daylight when we can see what is going to happen, but it's quite another matter at night—sitting at dinner, let us say.

Next day we wake up in the sudd country, of which little, if any, description is necessary. A vast sheet of reeds and papyrus, with an occasional ambatch tree raising its golden-crowned head above the swamp, meets the eye on every side, and extends far beyond the human power of vision—a waste of marsh and spills, floating on the water. They say that none of the Lake Victoria water ever reaches below this ; it is all spread out into the swamps and loses itself by sinking into the earth or evaporating into the air. The sudd roots do not touch the ground, but are interlaced and intertwined with one another, forming an impenetrable barrier to navigation ; and yet it is quite impossible to walk over them.

Nothing lives here except cormorants, darters with their long snake-like necks, and beautiful long-tailed bee-eaters, resplendent in green and

The Nile

blue above and vivid scarlet on the neck and breast. These last hover and swoop all day like swallows, and revel in a grass fire, because it stirs up the insects for them. As you sit in the bows of the boat in the evening countless night-jars flap past you on noiseless wings in their hunt for moths and other insects of the night. No mammals live here; no hippos, as there is no landing-place for them; and no crocs, as there are no antelopes for them to eat. All is given up to solitude.

Two days in the sudd is enough for most people, and with Lake No to follow! That is very little better, except that one *does* see a thorn forest now and again, with a Dom palm and a scattered village or two as one approaches the Shilluk country further east.

In quick succession on the right bank come the mouths of the Bahr-el-Zeraf—not a river, but a big overflow from the sudd—and the Sobat river. This latter is remarkable for its tremendous flooding after the rains inland on the Abyssinian border, and it, together with the Blue Nile and the Atbara, both miles further north, is mainly responsible for the great storage of water at the Assuan dam; and more especially for keeping the dam filled. The rains at the respective sources of these great rivers up-country come at different periods every year, so that each in turn contributes its share of water.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

A new post was being established on the opposite bank at Tonga Island—which is intended to be the means of ingress and egress for Southern Kordofan—in the shape of a telegraph office in the Austrian Mission House and a few storehouses.

Next we see under the shadow of a few Dom palms the military station of Taufikia, a “dust-heap” in the wilderness, dry and burnt up in December. In the rains the buildings stand just clear of the swollen river whirling past in front, and of an extensive swamp behind. Another military post, some forty miles on, is Kodok—Fashoda, as it used to be called—the administrative capital of the Shilluk District and the headquarters of the Governor thereof. Traces of Marchand’s earthworks still remain ; with a strong north wind blowing the place is enveloped in a dust cloud.

Thence the Nile, now some four hundred yards broad, winds its stately way past the Game Reserve on the eastern bank, past Renk and Jebel Achmed Aga, a small hill rising out of a dead flat plain, flowing on through sandy desert dunes edged on the river bank with dry and withered-up thorn-trees, to El Dueim, the landing-place for El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan ; till about twenty miles above Khartoum the dreaded shallows begin, and the river broadens to a mile in places.

The Nile

Then Khartoum is seen in the distance as a line of palm-trees surmounted by white minarets. Here the two Niles meet. Soon Omdurman comes into view, a mud-built straggling town some eight miles in length. It is the largest market on the Nile, and seems lost in the forest of masts of the native craft that bring down the country's produce from the fertile plains of the Blue Nile.

The river flows on, with a bluer tint in the water now, past the barracks of the Sudanese soldiers, under the crumbling walls of former Dervish forts, past Jebel Surgam, the site of the battlefield that knocked fanaticism out of time for a while.

Gradually the river grows shallower and more rocky, till, some sixty miles down, the Shabluka cataract bars navigation. Here we leave the mighty river for a time, but it still flows on.

Past Berber and Dongola, the scenes of many a bloody battle and sanguinary encounter with the Khalifa's hordes, the Nile surges on its way between black ironstone crags and billows of gleaming yellow sand, now roaring over the rocky barriers that extend across the river bed in the shape of cataracts, now washing the base of some bold precipitous cliff, now lapping the sand-strewn edge of some quiet bay.

We meet it again next at Halfa, where a still more palatial—if possible—steamer than we had met before is waiting to enable us to continue our

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journey on the bosom of the river. We are fast nearing the pylons and sculptures of ancient Egypt, older far than the Pharaohs and more aged than the ken of man. The banks are green with corn, and above the thorny acacias wave the feathery fronds of date palms standing like sentinels over the crops. A short distance only from the water's edge, sand and bold and rugged rocks still hold their sway over all creation. The creak of the "sakia," or Persian water-wheel, turned by the meek-eyed bullock, for ever wandering round his straitened circuit, makes drowsy music to the ear.

Laziness is in the air. It is catching from the sights and sounds around. Two or three men, dressed in clean white robes, are sitting on a log passing the time of day ; some dirty children are doing nothing save rolling in the dust ; a woman, with her water-pot balanced on her head, steadied by her slim brown arms, turns to watch the steamer pass ; a donkey stands with drooping head, fast asleep in the grateful shade of a tree ; the ears of corn are nodding to the zephyrs ; the sailor at the leads reports the varying depth of the water in a monotonous sing-song ; some of the crew are dozing in the bows ; the whole landscape is fast asleep, as also are the huge Colossi—gigantic figures for ever staring at the dawn—that guard the sacred portals of Abu Simbel's temple.



THE SACRED PORTALS OF ABU SIMBEL'S TEMPLE



PHILAE, WITH THE ASSUAN DAM IN THE BACKGROUND

The Nile

These statues of a dead and gone Rameses are some sixty feet in height, two on each side of the entrance to the gloomy interior whose walls are still covered with the paint and frescoes of long-past ages. These stately figures, which keep watch and ward over the mysteries within, appear weird and ghostly in the moonlight.

Soon the temple fades from view. Then, with an occasional accidental bump on a hidden sand-bank, we steam onwards past the long lines of majestic date palms. Leaving on our right hand an ancient Roman fortress towering overhead on a bold bluff, we approach the great Assuan Dam, in whose lake, formed by the pent-up waters, the temple of Philae stands placidly gazing at the iron-bound shore around. It is built upon an island, now submerged so that the waters lap its pylons and walls, covering the foundations in some depth of water. The carvings stand out in bold relief, and the capitals of the massive columns are highly decorated with chiselling, evidences of a very far-advanced civilization.

The great wall of masonry built to dam up the waters of the Nile with a view to improve the irrigation of Lower Egypt is about a mile from Philae, and its position is marked by the arms of lofty cranes, used to drop the stones and concrete into their places in the new outer wall that is being constructed to strengthen the foundations for a further barrier, sixteen feet higher, to allow

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

of the storage of yet more of the life-giving floods of the upper reaches.

The train conveys us now along the banks of the mighty river (the well-laid rails emphasizing the meeting-place of cultivation and desert) by way of Luxor, past the temples of Kom Ombo and Karnac, under the frowning cliffs that shut in the tombs of the kings in their gloomy gorge, to Cairo, a more modern city with its gleaming minarets and mosques, its palaces and gardens, and the citadel towering over all, set off against a background of the Mokattam hills, whilst the Pyramids act the part of three guardian sentinels, shielding the cosmopolitan populace from injury.

The Pyramids of Ghizeh stand on a plain, which after the inundation is bright with vegetation, and dotted all over with villages embosomed in thickets of date palms, tamarisks, acacias, and sycamores, than which nothing could well be more picturesque at the distance of a mile or two. The Pyramids have been so often described that it is needless to repeat the oft-reiterated words used to express the wonder and astonishment of every visitor to these oldest and grandest of human monuments, hoary with the age of sixty centuries. The crowds of Arabs, who inhabit the rookery near by, clamour in broken English for money and the honour of escorting the *effendi* up the vast staircase which leads to the



A WHEEL ON THE NILE BANK



“LAZINESS IS IN THE AIR”

The Nile

summit ; unkempt and unclothed children shriek for "backsheesh" as the carriage rattles across the fine bridge which spans the Nile at Kasr-el-Nil, almost at the base of these ancient monuments ; and in a couple of hours or less the visitor returns to a city of operas, theatres, concerts, hotels, and cafés. Thus the contrast between the past and present is even greater than it otherwise would be.

Yet the Pyramids of Cheops form only one group of many similar structures stretching along the western bank of the river, weird vestiges of a past that was already remote before history began.

In a hollow a few hundred yards to the south-east of the great Pyramid crouches, as it has crouched for thousands of years, continually getting buried deeper and deeper in the driving sand, the great stone figure known as the Sphinx, which, like the antique temple recently disinterred in its vicinity, was old before the idea of building his stupendous mausoleum entered the brain of Cheops. The mysterious Sphinx, carved from the solid rock, still smiles enigmatically ; a man's head surmounting a lion's body, symbolical of the power and glory of the then ruler over the land.

The Nile has now nearly finished its long journey, a wonderful voyage from the tropics to a more temperate zone, through barbaric regions. It has now but to wander through the great

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

delta extending from Alexandria to Rosetta, irrigating the country far and wide with its fertilizing mud-bearing waters before losing itself in the sea.

There is little, it is true, of a spectacular character wherewith to enliven these last hundred and fifty miles, unless it be that the traveller starts from this end first, when all the excitement of a strange country, and the great unknown lying beyond, fires his imagination as he gazes at the varying landscapes illumined by the rays of the setting sun, dyeing land and water in a blood-red glow, followed by rainbow colours of an Eastern twilight in its last despairing effort, till darkness falls on everything.



THE PYRAMIDS



THE SPHINX

IV

MR. CHURCHILL'S JOURNEY THROUGH UGANDA TO KHARTOUM

“And o’er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day . . .”—TENNYSON.

AN account of my first trek through Uganda as officer in charge of Mr. Churchill’s escort and party generally, may not be devoid of interest.

Mr. Churchill had come out in his official position as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies to spy out the land, and obtain a first-hand knowledge of its inhabitants, its customs, its resources, and its possibilities. He had travelled through East Africa, and done an enormous amount of work inspecting cotton and corn industries, sheep and cattle farms, police and civil establishments, as well as visiting outlying and newly formed stations in districts that are in their infancy as regards development. He had worked hard in receiving deputations of colonists, and in helping to settle various points that were brought to his notice, but had nevertheless found time for sandwiching in a certain amount of sport and shooting. He and his

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

party had been very fortunate in securing several of the many species of East African big game before arriving in Uganda.

After a short period of further official duty at our capital—Entebbe—he proposed to continue his journey to England, home, and beauty, via the Nile, more as a holiday than anything else, as a much-needed rest from affairs of State after his labours both at home and abroad.

Although I had previously seen him at Nairobi, in East Africa, with a view to settling the route, inquiring into ways and means, and arranging the hundred-and-one details of this unique chance for an ideal trip through a beautiful tropical country, we did not meet officially till his disembarkation at Entebbe in November.

After a few days spent in sightseeing there and in Kampala, our party embarked on the s.s. *William Mackinnon*, from Kampala's port, Munyonyo, for Jinja on Lake Victoria, which is the town perched over the Ripon Falls, the birth of the Nile. We arrived in a violent storm of rain and wind, late in the evening, but luckily found our camp had been pitched well before the rain had begun, so that all the various loads and boxes of stores were well under cover and protected from the wet.

After a farewell dinner from the Governor that night, we set forth on our first march early in the fresh coolness of the next morning.

DR. THOMPSON,

4TH K.A.R.

MR. ORMSBY

MR. MARSH

DR. GOLDIE



LIEUT.-COL. WILSON, CAPTAIN DICKINSON
2ND H.G.

THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.
R.E.

OUR PARTY "ON TREK"

Mr. Churchill's Journey

Our party consisted of the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., P.C., Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies ; Lt.-Col. Gordon Wilson, M.V.O., the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) ; Mr. E. Marsh (private secretary) ; Mr. A. G. Boyle, Sub-Commissioner of the Province of Usoga ; Mr. S. Ormsby, transport officer ; Capt. Stevenson, R.E., in charge of the Uganda Railway Extension Survey ; Lt. Fishbourne, R.E., his subaltern ; Dr. Goldie ; myself ; Lt. R. B. Knox, 4th Battalion King's African Rifles, my subaltern ; and Mr. Scrivings, valet to Mr. Churchill.

A very happy crew we were, determined to enjoy ourselves, and make the best of any difficulties that might chance to cross our path, and the most of what shooting the country that lay in front of us might afford. November, be it said, is not the best time of the year for sport. It is not quite late enough in the season as the grass is too green, and telegraphic advices had informed us that in the more sporting districts the natives had not begun to burn the long grass, as is their yearly custom. The consequence was that we saw but little game, compared with the numbers I came across on my return journey in February. But that did not deter one gallant sportsman from trying his utmost, putting himself to any and every inconvenience ; Col. Wilson worked from early morn till dewy eve in his ardour for the chase, and met with

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great success as a due reward for his severe labours.

After a twelve-mile march along a red-brown road, up hill and down dale through everlasting elephant grass, anything up to twenty feet high, swallowed up at intervals by gigantic forest trees covered with creepers and flowers innumerable, and swarming with bird and insect life, we came to a halt at our first camp—a tiny clearing on the side of the road, surrounded by a neat fence of grass work. In this clearing huts, both large and small, had sprung up as if by magic during the last day or two, erected by the local chief who held sway over that portion of the road.

There was a big hut, to be used as a sitting- and dining-room, about twenty feet high by forty feet long, constructed of acacia poles sunk in the ground and rafters of the same material bound to them with strips of bark; the whole thatched and walled in with armfuls of long grass, care being taken to leave broad ample windows all round for the free passage of air. A house of this kind is quite impervious to a tropical rain storm, provided the roof be made with a very sharp slope. All the houses were of this pattern, though of course the rest, being only bedrooms, were little larger than an ordinary tent. There was also a guard-room as well as a kitchen. All our camps were of this description. If in any of them there were not enough houses to accommodate such a

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large party, tents were pitched in a twinkling with the aid of the forty soldiers comprising my escort. There were also some 400 porters employed in carrying the various loads ; each of these latter was as compact as possible, and weighed not more than 60 lbs. The porters housed themselves according to custom. After all the loads not required by the cook that night had been piled under the watchful eye of the sentry outside the guard-room, the head men told off certain porters to fetch firewood from the surrounding jungle, others to go and draw water from the river, and a few to help generally in various ways, whilst the remainder were dismissed to build shelters for themselves and their pals on duty. It did not take long to run up these shelters. A few growing bushes were hollowed out, the remaining branches tied together at their tips with strips of bark to form a foundation for bundles of grass to be thrown anyhow on top—thus the jungle in the precincts of the camp was converted into the likeness of a colony of beehives.

Then in the evening about four p.m. came “posho” time. The natives had been warned beforehand to bring in so many loads of food to each camp on such and such a date successively, on payment ; and great excitement invariably ensued at the time when the “posho” or food was served up. One native would wrangle with another because the latter had half a sweet potato

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more than the former ; Musa would hit Hamis over the head as the latter had been given all bananas, whilst the former had only potatoes ; the quarrel would possibly terminate in Juma swooping down and bagging the lot ! The first day or two's trekking usually results in a scrimmage or two, as these men have been drawn from the whole district, and very likely have never seen one another before, much less become acquainted ; but as soon as they get shaken down and make friends with one another, and, above all, find that the white man isn't trying to steal or make his bit out of their food, they carry their heavy loads along, day in day out, quite cheerfully, having their labours rewarded with meat when master has been lucky enough to shoot an antelope or whatever it may be.

At five o'clock I usually see all the men who report themselves sick. These men are paraded and come up in charge of their different head men ; and whilst the cases of fever are few, a goodly number will be found to be suffering from coughs, and more still from pains in the "little Mary" from over-eating. To be a successful doctor amongst these people it is necessary to give them medicine that either tastes very nasty or has a severe effect. It's not a bit of good serving out to them tabloids, which do neither. To do this is to make them lose all faith at once, and those who are really ill will very likely stay

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behind—to die in any wayside village. However, Dr. Goldie was with us on this occasion, and I was saved this daily labour.

At and after dinner, jokes and merry jests, interleaved with discussions on topical subjects and the interesting reminiscences of our clever leader, made the evening fly till bedtime came, and one by one we dropped into that wholesome sleep begotten by healthy exercise.

The brazen notes of that infernal bugle would wake us next morning to dress and pack up in the dark, and put away a hasty breakfast by candle or lantern light before starting on the day's march.

Such was the daily round of life to which we became gradually accustomed, growing fitter and harder by degrees as we marched further and further on our journey.

We were all as merry as grigs and as happy as the day was long, although some of us had our noses pointing towards home, whilst others had just reappeared from leave on a new lease of life in these tropical wilds. However, in spite of stories and anecdotes, I don't fancy many of the latter were fired with a great longing to return to the gaieties of London and the pleasures thereof.

As some one has it :—

Oh ! the tales that you could tell,
Piccadilly,
(Fit for heaven, fit for hell)
Piccadilly,

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Of the folk who buy and sell,
Of the merry marriage bell,
Of the birthday, of the knell,
Of the palace, of the cell,
Of the beldame and the belle,
Of the rest of them who fell,
Piccadilly.

I think that describes it to a tick!

On our first day's march we saw no game. As a matter of fact, I was not altogether sorry, as things had to be got ship-shape, and there were countless details to be settled and heaps of work to be got through as is always the case at the commencement of any long trek. We had forgotten a few things into the bargain, and extra candles and soap had to be sent for.

A messenger produced by the local chief was entrusted with the necessary letter, and ran off to Jinja like a lamplighter, travelling to such good purpose that the missing stores arrived in the night in ample time before the next early start. The ordering of the stores, food, crockery, etc., was no small matter, as little could be obtained on the way even at the exorbitant prices which Indian traders charge at the more distant out-stations; and as we were voyaging a long distance on the Nile, during which there would not be sufficient room in the boats to take any of the porters, the food, etc., had had to be divided into halves—one for present use, and the other for the last part of the journey to be sent on before

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with a different relay of porters to meet us at Nimule.

The Nile was hidden from our view here by the dense masses of foliage and forest trees separating the road from the river. But the booming of its restless waters served as a lullaby at night.

The road continued its switchback course through the forest next morning till we got on to rather higher ground, when it emerged to a region of thorn trees and shortish grass, whilst the path itself and general conformation of the country became much flatter. Another two hours or so brought us to the region of habitations. At length, owing to our ascent to drier ground, the narrow path widened out into a well-kept broad road bounded by trees and "shambas" or gardens. The further we proceeded the more beautiful and highly cultivated grew the land. On either side were luxuriant fields of sweet potatoes, of juicy green tobacco, of yellow-flowering ground nuts, of maize and millet, of cotton and castor-oil plants—all divided from one another by cleanly-kept paths, each hedged with chili bushes resplendent in their bright scarlet seed pods, or rows of mahogo, whilst in the background there were groves of bananas and fig trees of different species, a few clusters of euphorbias to furnish the grotesque, and thickets of climbing plants.

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Many large huts lay scattered in the fields, and their inhabitants stood in groups upon the way clothed for the most part in white. "Otiano!" was the greeting we received in passing, and, accompanied by hundreds of spectators, we arrived at a large open space prepared for our reception. Bunches of ripe golden bananas appeared on the scene as a sign of welcome, baskets of large red sweet potatoes, enormous gourds full of native beer, small native fowls, two or three sheep, and, last but not least, a number of eggs in a pretty little basket. Two of the donors had, as their somewhat thick speech indicated, done all honour to the banana wine, and they were in consequence slightly elevated ; still they managed to show themselves more or less at their ease.

The banana plantations are generally very well kept, but once a year the grass in them is allowed to shoot, and after a while is pulled up and placed in great heaps around each banana plant, this being the only manure employed. When rotting is at an end, which very soon comes to pass, the grove looks like a huge and very carefully kept garden. This and the breaking off of the suckers, which grow readily, when planted, to form a new shamba is the only tending the banana requires to make it grow vigorously and produce the nice big yellow bunches of fruit dangling from under the long green fronds.



BURNING WEEDS IN A BANANA PLANTATION

Mr. Churchill's Journey

There are seldom any trees in banana plantations except bark-cloth trees, a kind of fig. As soon as the bark from which the cloth is made is stripped off, they are wrapped round with a sheath of banana leaves, in order to preserve them from insects and to promote the process of re-growth in the bark. The bark may be employed for the manufacture of cloth until the tree is four or five years old, but as a rule the same tree is not stripped more than two or three times. The first time it produces a thick coarse cloth, but the second time a much finer quality.

White-flowering, rose-tinted tobacco which attains a height of about three feet, and cucumber-like plants producing gourds for the making of various kinds of vessels, spoons, etc., are universally grown near the houses.

Banana plantations, with groups of huts, green fields, blue mountains, shady villages, and a smiling heaven, composed an enchanting picture, and merrily we continued our way over firm red clay roads right through the banana groves.

A brilliant moonlight night followed an equally beautiful day. It is a unique pleasure to sit in the deep darkness of a banana grove and watch the play of the ever-changing shadows, which the bluish moonlight throws through the thick foliage upon the dark red ground. An almost ghostly silence reigns over all; only at times the mighty leaves rustle softly as if they dreamed. The

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spectral forms of large bats flit through the air; the pennant-winged night-jar flies silently with its long feathers fluttering behind; bluish lights mark the trail of large glowworms, and buzzing moths in sombre garb are almost invisible to the eye in the darkness of the night. A deep sweet breath of peace is wafted over the face of nature.

On approaching a bigger village than usual, it is no uncommon thing for a guide to report a thorn in his foot, intimating that it is practically impossible for him to march any great distance on the morrow. Full well I know that this is only an excuse in order to obtain an opportunity for the porters to indulge in a good drinking bout of "tembo," or local beer flavoured with bananas. What can I do?

Forty miles or so from Lake Victoria brought us to Kakindu, where navigation on the Nile begins. This is rather an important little place in its way as from here broad roads branch off in all directions in Usoga, so the local steamer service has plenty of hard work to perform in the transporting of freight—chiefly produce—to and fro.

A tiny steam launch, the *Victoria*, a steel boat, the *Settima*, and several enormous dug-out canoes, each fashioned with chisel and fire from the single trunk of a forest giant, comprised the flotilla. We packed ourselves like so many

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sardines, inside and outside each and all of the boats. It was, to say the least against it, uncomfortable ; but though many of us were comparative strangers to one another, we soon found out each other's likes and dislikes, and our confined quarters were naturally conducive to *camaraderie* and *bonhomie*. One soon shook down and took one's turn in waiting and washing up. This last was reduced to a high art, as a plate or glass had only to be held out of the window at one's back and dipped in the river without the slightest exertion to emerge from the water spotless, whilst a wipe with the towel did the rest, and one was ready for the next course on the menu.

We tied up to the bank every day about four o'clock to enable us to dine and sleep ashore. This gave the cook a chance to prepare a good dinner and replenish his store of fresh (?) eggs and chickens, and to cook food that would be served up cold next day for breakfast and lunch.

Kakindu was the temporary head-quarters of a section of the Uganda Railway Survey, and here we met the escort of the King's African Rifles told off to assist them. Lieutenant Clothier and Lieutenant Harries were in charge, the latter none too fit from the results of fever contracted during his stay in the low-lying country around. Living in the vicinity of stagnant marshes for the greater part of three months is not conducive to the best of health, and a man needs to be as strong as a

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bullock, as he was, to stand it for long, no matter how energetic or how much exercise he takes. Here we dropped Mr. Boyle, who had been very seedy ; Mr. Knox and my escort remained here as well, as there was no place for them in the already overcrowded boats. They would have a nice little trek back through little-known country to head - quarters, mapping as they went.

The first part of the journey on the water was down the river, now flowing between high papyrus walls, now running out into a broad lagoon overspread with water lilies and other aquatic plants ; we passed multitudes of duck, and an occasional pelican paddling sleepily about on the look out for his meal of fish. After some two or three hours we left Pegi hill on our right and reached Lake Kioga, the entrance to which is blocked with masses of weeds and floating blocks of papyrus and reeds, detached by the force of the wind and current. These had accumulated to such an extent as to become a veritable nuisance. We had to stop the launch every two hours or so in order to disentangle the bunches of weeds from the propeller ; this would revolve more and more slowly, until, with the aid of a boat-hook and the reversal of the engines, a large lump of weeds would be detached and left behind floating astern, often causing great inconvenience by getting itself tied up with the tow rope, and extracting

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raucous sounds from the engineer, to say nothing of highly coloured expletives.

And so we proceeded on our voyage, not by any means in a bee line, as, in addition to the floating barriers before described, shallows had to be avoided where they were known to exist.

For three days we continued our watery journey, starting about six in the morning, steaming hard all day, and reaching a camp in the late afternoon. Everywhere we found houses built ready for us, and every convenience in the shape of food awaiting our arrival. This meant that the question of supplies was reduced to an absurdity and saved us the eternal fussing on reaching each camp, without which it seems impossible to get in the food loads before dark. Consequently we had more time to dive into the jungle and pick up a stray guinea-fowl or even a number of pigeons to vary the daily fare of hard, tough mutton. In these tropical countries a sheep that is killed in the morning has to be finished at nightfall, for it will be unfit for human consumption on the morrow; so that the term "mutton" serves to disguise the slabs of a boot-leather-like consistency that one is forced to swallow at the evening meal.

Nearing Mruli we leave the swampy lakes and the papyrus ramparts close in again. Just before reaching the landing-place one passes the mouth of the Kafu river, overgrown so densely that one

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would not recognize it unless it were pointed out.

Half-way up a stagnant backwater the launch was cast off, and the boats with their precious burdens were poled and pushed by savages wading waist deep in mud and slush to the low causeway which is euphoniously termed a pier. Mr. Anderson, who was in charge of this district—part of Unyoro—met us here, and there was a guard of honour of the King's African Rifles awaiting us, drawn up close by under the command of Lt. Thompson, who would accompany us till we embarked on the Nile again.

On the opposite side of the river to Mruli live a very large tribe of natives, called Bukedi. These are all divided into different sections or sub-tribes, some of whom are friendly, but the other more distant ones, never having been brought into contact with the white man, are unfriendly. Dora, the chief of one of the adjacent friendly divisions, was there to greet us, with some eight hundred of his wild tribesmen fully adorned with paint and leopard skins. They formed themselves up into a half-moon, dancing and singing alternately in honour of the great white chief who had come all the way across the seas to meet them, and them alone. The savage knows little or nothing of what goes on, or of other inhabitants, outside his own tribal boundaries, so that any visitor he may happen to meet has always arrived simply and



LANDING FOR THE NIGHT



CHIEF DORA'S FRIENDLY SECTION OF THE BUKEDI

(see page 77)

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solely to make his particular acquaintance. A few words, therefore, from Mr. Churchill put them into the wildest spirits, and a present of two or three bullocks kept them busy eating the greater part of the night.

Hence our immediate point was Masindi, some two days' march ahead. We trekked through a flat, dry, monotonous country, the road being weeded and clean as a new pin, and bordered on either side with withered grass and stunted trees. This is a very favourite elephant ground, but, unfortunately, the elephants had sought greener fields and pastures new during our short sojourn there.

We usually walked on our flat feet, though there was a mule and a carrying-chair for tired or sick people. Mr. Churchill rode a "bike"—the road, barring an infrequent hill, allowing of this all the way to Gondokoro—and, on reaching the head of the column, would dismount and march the remainder of the day's journey with the doctor and myself. This contributed not a little to our enjoyment of the daily round; the march seemed shorter, and the minutes literally flew as we listened to various stories and yarns, and discussed questions of major or minor importance. These discussions were, as often as not, continued of an evening over the sunset drink in camp before dinner. I well remember the subject of Socialism cropped up. Mr. Churchill gave us his

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party's view of it ; then, being requested to tell us about Unionist ideas of it, we had a second speech ; while a timorous request for his own private conception brought forth the most interesting, if possible, dissertation of the lot.

In this engaging manner the march was got through without any seeming exertion, and one reached camp all too soon at times, being thoroughly fit to go off shooting after tents had been pitched and luncheon finished. There was nothing to shoot here, however, as the everlasting grass was still unburnt, and, beyond bagging a few guinea-fowl and partridge, our exertions in that line went for nothing.

At last Masindi hove in sight. We had been steadily marching at a big hill all that and the previous day, so that quitting the sun-dried jungle for the luxuriant verdure of cultivation was a great relief, and it was good to find oneself in the broad, roomy verandah of the Collector's house, with its long chairs and its tables bearing cool lime squashes. We pitched our camp in an old disused garden near by, anywhere amongst the lime bushes and almond trees, under the shadow of a tall avenue of rustling, sweet-smelling blue gums. Mr. Anderson had made ample preparation for our entertainment, and here we picked up our first bag of home mails since plunging into these uncivilized wilds.

From Masindi we decided to march due north

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to Fajao, our former route having been changed in order that Mr. Churchill might obtain a view of the Murchison Falls. The natives had not, in consequence of this sudden alteration, had sufficient time to clear the roadway properly, so, on our arrival in the next two camps, the routine was varied by our having to assist to build our house. It was rather fun being one's own architect, and then seeing how one's efforts turned out afterwards. This march took us through wild and sparsely populated country. The jungle was thicker and stonier, and was given up to the large herds of elephant who roam at will in the elephant grass or the thick forest. These animals are famed for their tusks in this part of the world, and everybody comes here to shoot them. This has made them exceptionally savage, because in this exceedingly thick country a certain percentage of those shot at get off wounded and become a terror to man and beast till they are killed by some more fortunate hunter. They have got a very bad name indeed for charging on sight or smell, and are really very dangerous.

Not having been properly cleared, the road was rendered almost impassable in places by the luxurious and entangled growth of grass. Masses of reeds of imposing height and great breadth often intruded themselves between the grasses, and added not a little to the difficulties of the way. Where there is an accumula-

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tion of water in the hollows of the ground vegetation develops in overwhelming abundance; one is often compelled to use considerable strength in forcing one's way through; and it is hot to suffocation in these thickets, in which the odour of decaying plants blends with the strong perfume of the flowers.

Strange to say, all animal life appears to die out of these grass forests during the heat of the day; one rarely hears the twittering of the birds or the distant trumpeting of the elephant, so that one's heart flies into one's mouth at the occasional rush and smash in the grass on either hand betokening the passage of the heavy body of some wild animal fleeing frightened from one's footsteps; even the traveller is silent, and presses forward eager to reach some open space.

At night it is otherwise. No sooner does the moon flood its silver light upon the grass waving in the night breeze, no sooner do fantastic shadows close around the traveller, than the land is filled with ghostly life. There is a rustling and a surging; the spell is broken; the animal world awakes.

The 30th of November, the second night out from Masindi, saw us encamped under the shoulder of Gisi Hill, the highest hill in the countryside, and we made merry. Was it not the anniversary of Mr. Churchill's birthday? and had not the cook special orders to surpass himself



THE NILE AT FAJAO



CAMP IN THE LIME-GROVE AT MASINDI

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in his efforts on this night of all others? It was great fun rummaging round in all the "chop boxes" to try and unearth something extra special in honour of the occasion. Everything went well, and the cook excelled himself in not getting as "tight" as usual!

Next morning we had a lovely view from the top of Gisi, over misty hill and dale and glade and forest, with the rising sun at our backs gradually dispelling the clouds of thick mist, till at length Lake Albert burst upon our eyes—a long streak of blue some thirty miles away just faintly distinguishable.

The road from here on was dreadfully steep. We descended a series of small escarpments till we reached the rough level below, but even then we had to climb upwards and downwards throughout this march. The path itself, moreover, was very stony under foot, so the unfortunate porters had a poorish time, arriving later than usual, having straggled out somewhat.

Then we reached the very edge of the last escarpment that dropped down to the Nile itself, and, from a height of some eight hundred feet above the river, a broad panorama lay stretched before us. In the foreground the blue river—spread out like a ribbon at our feet, flecked with white foam from the Falls, whose roar arose from the right—flowing swiftly onward through its setting of green forest intermingled with park

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land. Beyond lay the hazy blue woods and plains of the Acholi country to the north, whilst now at noontime the dimly seen Congo Mountains reared their blurred ridges against a turquoise sky to the west.

Here a most palatial hut had been prepared for us under the direction of the chief, James Kago—being a Christian, as many Waganda are, he was given the name of James. The funny old thing had spared himself no trouble to make us comfortable, even going so far as to decorate the interior with feathery papyrus and large bunches of flowers. That afternoon the whole party went off to see the Murchison Falls from above. This entails an hour and a half's walk, but unfortunately I had fever and so was unable to go and see them on this occasion. Here we left Lieut. Thompson and escort number two behind as we settled ourselves for another river voyage. The fleet this time consisted of another steam-launch, the *Kenia*, slightly bigger than the *Victoria*, and three steel boats, which were towed, one behind the other, as we dropped down the Nile to Nimule. The largest boat, the *James Martin*, took most of the heavy baggage, and then there was the *Kisingiri* and the *Good Intent*; in the last Mr. Churchill and Mr. Marsh slept, towed right behind the lot, thus escaping the noise and smell of the engines in the launch. Moreover, as we were generally steaming all night, this

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arrangement prevented their being disturbed when we were awakened to take our turn at minding the engines while the engineer took a spell of much-needed repose.

We boarded the flotilla in the pearly light of an African morning, and had a slight contretemps with one of the boats which would keep on getting stuck in the mud in this backwater or landing-place.

On leaving Fajao ferry, from mid-stream one gets a most delightful view of the Murchison Falls half a mile or so away up the river, and their thunderous roar comes echoing down the gorge. A couple of hippos had been shot the evening before, so a sharp look out was kept for their huge black carcasses in case they had got stranded in the reeds fringing the river on the way down to Bugungu, at the entrance to Lake Albert, where we intended to land for luncheon.

These same boats do all the carrying trade for the Belgians at the other side of the lake between Mahagi and Butiaba; and from the latter place they ply to and fro twice a month to Nimule, conveying loads and stores for the Government.

In the evening, setting our course due north, we arrived at Koba after steaming some four hours down the White Nile. This is the first station on the Nile, and is built about a mile and a half from the river bank on the highest ground to be found here. Mr. Manara was awaiting us

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at the landing-place. We arrived about 7 p.m., and, after disembarking, enjoyed an *al fresco* dinner by the light of the moon. Directly afterwards we got on board again. We were making for a spot in which to spend a couple of days in shooting, and so we couldn't afford to waste a moment more than was needful.

With fuel replenished, an all-night journey saw us at Wadelai early next morning. This used to be an important civil and military station, till fever and consequent great loss of life caused the authorities to evacuate it. Built at first close to the river, and later at a good distance back, its bad character never improved, till now it is only used as a small intermediate telegraph station. Even that will be given up soon.

Some five miles on we passed old Belgian Wadelai, a most important Nile post in Emin's day. On, on, past gigantic forest trees, through papyrus and reeds, between down- and swamp-land, grating over the shallow mud-banks, and having an occasional shot at a crocodile, we pursued our way in the sweltering heat, till at about 3 p.m. we tied up in a little backwater and sallied forth to shoot.

We divided ourselves into three parties. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Marsh, Lieut. Fishbourne, and Mr. Bennett, the launch's engineer, formed one ; Col. Wilson and Mr. Ormsby another ; whilst the doctor and I went out together. We all



REAL STIFF WALKING



OUR SHOOTING CAMP ON THE NILE

Mr. Churchill's Journey

went in different directions, and arranged to turn to the right when the time came to make for home, to avoid tumbling into one another.

The doctor and I had walked for less than half an hour when we came across a single tusker trekking across our front on his way (presumably) to water. His tusks were not large enough to warrant the shooting of him, at least so I thought. We therefore let him off, and contented ourselves with a waterbuck for the men.

Colonel Wilson came in with the news that he had encountered a bull elephant, which had promptly charged and been knocked down, and, on regaining his feet again, had been floored a second time. But, although badly wounded, he had managed to make good his escape, and on the morrow the gallant colonel intended to follow up his tracks and secure him. The third party then arrived and related how they had seen a dozen elephant in the distance, and, on approaching to spy upon them, had stumbled upon a rhinoceros in the thick grass, and, as it was getting late and neither species had perceived them, but appeared to be feeding quietly and contentedly, they had decided to return to camp and leave them till next day.

This was great news. Excitement reigned supreme in camp that night. Each party had seen elephant, so that the countryside seemed to be stuffed with them, whilst Mr. Churchill had

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come across a rhinoceros which it was strongly believed would turn out to be the rare Burchell's or white variety. Plans were made for next day ; it was determined to prolong our stay further than was originally intended ; everybody was talking animatedly at the same time ; in fact, it was very difficult to get to bed, there seemed to be such a lot to say !

Next morning the same parties sallied forth in the same direction as yesterday, so that each could have a try for what he had seen the day before. *We* had not marched far before we tumbled without any warning into a big herd of elephant, some sixty or seventy, chiefly cows and calves, however, and, try how we would in the thick grass, we could not distinguish any bulls. It was quite on the cards that they were feeding away from the herd, and the climbing of some huge trees did not throw any further light on the important question whether there were any shootable bulls or not. However, we hung on, on the outskirts of the herd, till a crashing on three sides of us gave us warning that we were being surrounded, when we thought it time to "shin out." After another hour's work we had seen nothing bigger than a small bull, and so decided to leave them and try our luck further afield. We walked and walked and did no good, so got back to camp in good time to go out again after lunch.

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Colonel Wilson arrived soon after with the news that he had shot a small bull. We were all most awfully pleased, as he thoroughly deserved every bit of luck, since he persevered day after day with untiring energy to make a collection of good trophies during his stay in Africa.

A little later Mr. Churchill turned up with his party. They had not come across any elephant, but had succeeded in bagging a fine specimen of a much more important animal, the white rhinoceros. It was feared that this enormous beast had become almost extinct in the south, numbers having been killed there years ago, so the fact of their living in this neighbourhood was a most important point to be able to clear up. Mr. Churchill had gone out in the same direction as yesterday, and, on reaching a small rise in the ground, had come across two or three of these huge animals—pa, ma, and baby, perhaps—wandering about quietly feeding. Taking everything into consideration, it was a great day; not only were elephant and rhino bagged, but all the visitors had their fair share of sport, and the highest of high-class sport into the bargain! There was great rejoicing in camp in consequence, and I won't take any oath that a bottle or two of fizz wine wasn't "buzzed," quickly followed by some of the very finest old "B.C." brandy!

Next day we all disappeared in different direc-

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

tions once more, on sport and shooting bent. The doctor and I sailed up the river for two miles or so, landing near the scene of Mr. Churchill's encounter with the white rhino, to bring in the heads, and to try to gain some small advancement with these ponderous brutes in our turn.

On nearing the spot where the animals were shot the day before, my gun-bearer tapped me on the arm, and there, sure enough, were three of them, white rhinos, not a doubt of it, wandering about perfectly unconcerned and happy. A short stalk took me near enough, some thirty-five yards, and I thought I had him plumb in the neck, but it must have been his cheek-bone, I suppose, as he was skewways on, because after waltzing round like a mad thing he fled, pursued by his alarmed companions. We followed as sharp as the thorny scrub would allow, and, just as we were topping a rise behind which I had seen them all three disappear, a whistle from the rear brought me to a standstill. My orderlies were pointing to my left and behind me. They signalled three rhino. I crept back, believing them to be the original animals, and wondering all the while how they had turned round and got back so quickly. I did not stop to inquire, however, and it was only when I saw that the bull had got small horns and was evidently not my former antagonist, that it occurred to me that I had been wasting valuable time, and that the one I had hit was some way

Mr. Churchill's Journey

off by this time, if not altogether lost. This proved to be the case, and, search how we would, we could neither pick up his spoor nor disturb him in a three-mile radius. It was sickening luck, but couldn't be helped, so we retraced our steps to Mr. Churchill's dead rhinos, which we cut up and conveyed back to the launch. One was a very nice head indeed, but the others, though good typical specimens, were nothing out of the way.

On our return to camp we found that none of the remainder of the party had come across anything very exciting, so we decided to steam down the river after dinner and land in two parties to try our luck next day in pastures new. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Marsh, Bennett, and I started together; but, though we tramped for miles and miles, saw nothing but old elephant tracks and one solitary hartebeest.

The other party returned in the evening well provided with food, having spent the day in a veritable game preserve, amidst herds of hartebeest, waterbuck, and cob. It is very strange how, sometimes, you find game congregated together, when, two or three miles away, nothing is to be seen. Our companions brought along the local chief, a nice fellow called Billali, as naked as the day on which he was born. His savage mind was much perplexed with different gifts in the shape of a kimono, a table knife,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

some spoons, and a handful of acid drops. He cast longing eyes on the meat, however, and he nearly dropped his civilized treasures in his eagerness to "collar" a leg of venison.

We steamed all night, after this our last shoot, to Nimule; down the same old river, past the same old papyrus banks, steering in and out of the floating sudd islands, and reached our destination at 5 p.m. or so. It was dreadfully hot in the sun, and the glare off the water was very trying, so we were right glad to pour down a cooling drink on arrival. Mr. Spire, the Sub-Commissioner of the Nile Province, met us, accompanied by Mr. Eden and Captain Flint, with his police guard; whilst our escort of the K.A.R., which would look after us from here to Gondokoro, was also drawn up in charge of Lieut. Reid, a first-rate sportsman and very keen man. We were royally entertained at dinner that evening. Every official in the district who could be spared from out-stations was present, and I heard afterwards it was the largest number of people who had ever dined at one time in Mr. Eden's hospitable abode.

Our stay here was not destined to be of long duration, however, as next morning saw the kit off with fresh porters and a new relay of provisions on our hundred and seven mile march to Gondokoro, the last trek we should have together. The country was rocky, with outcrops of quartz

Mr. Churchill's Journey

and ironstone, thickly covered with dried-up grass, which the natives were beginning to burn in places in readiness for the early rains to induce the short green grass to spring up and provide food for their large herds of cattle. There were hills, if not mountains, studded over the landscape, though we did not pass many close to the road, which had been carefully cleared and weeded in readiness for our march.

Some ten miles took us to one of the prettiest of all the camps we stayed at during our travels. This was on the further side of the Assua river, at its junction with the Atappi river, the water of which is ice-cold in comparison with the warm Assua water that has flowed for so many miles across the sunburnt plains.

The photograph shows the usual roomy houses, which had been so kindly prepared for us all along the route, under the shelter of some beautiful borassus palms, whilst our dining-table, a "chop box," and a bundle of bedding are on their way across this now shallow river, and Mr. Churchill is getting a leg-up on to someone's shoulder to save a wetting so near camp. In the foreground is a huge tusk belonging to a large ivory caravan we met *en route*, the property of some adventurous Indian traders who had spent the last eighteen months in the Congo, so they told us.

This is a great place for game of all sorts,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

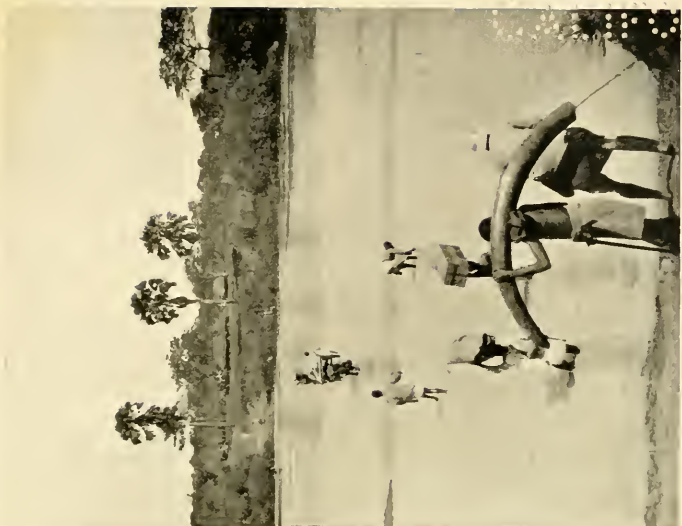
but, on account of the long grass, we met nothing on the way, though we were told to keep our eyes well skinned from here onwards.

On the march from this place to the Uma River we passed through a goodish bit of cultivation, chiefly simsim, ground-nuts, and mahogo, all of which form the staple food of the Madi tribe. Once we touched bamboo country, which seemed odd to me, as in East Africa bamboos grow only at excessive altitudes, and here we were quite five thousand feet lower than the regions where they are found in that part of the world. We saw little or no game from the road, but Colonel Wilson again distinguished himself by securing a couple of roan antelope—fine up-standing creatures with their stiff manes and long tufted ears. He had made what he described as “a short chukka round,” but which probably really meant that he had sweated blood for miles!

The Uma River is, I think, the boundary between the Madi and Bari tribes. The extent of country occupied by this latter tribe is about a hundred miles along the river bank. They are subdivided into smaller sections. The Bari is thickly inhabited. The general features of the landscape are rolling, park-like grass lands—very little actually flat, but a series of undulations, ornamented with exceedingly fine timber—forests of considerable extent, and mountains rising to about three thousand feet above their bases.



FRINGING A MARSHY KHOR



OUR CAMP ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ASSUA RIVER

Mr. Churchill's Journey

From these mountains numerous streams, which are generally dry at this time of the year, run into the Nile. The soil is poor in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro, but at a distance from the river the country is fertile. The mountains yield the finest iron ore, and the Belinian Baris are expert blacksmiths. Cultivation is carried on to a large extent throughout the country. The corn generally grown is dhurra. This is usually the dark red variety, which, being rather bitter, has a chance of escape from the clouds of small birds which ruin the crops. Baris are exceedingly neat in their dwellings, and there are villages innumerable. Each hut is surrounded by a small court composed of cement made from the clay of white-ant hills mixed with cow-dung and smeared with ashes. These courts are kept scrupulously clean. The huts are shaped like beehives. The inside wicker-work is quickly attacked by white ants, which destroy the wattles, but the clay is sufficiently tenacious to form a wall when the wood has disappeared. The granaries are also formed of wicker-work supported upon upright pedestals of hard wood or stone to resist the white ants; the inside is smeared with cow-dung, and the roof is thatched in a similar manner to the houses. Baris are a great pastoral people and possess immense herds of cattle. These are small, active animals with humps, white being the prevailing colour. Like

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

most of the tribes belonging to the White Nile, the Baris have a strong objection to sell their cattle. Thus you may starve in the midst of beef!

We marched on through the same dry scrub jungle till we reached the Kit River, another of the perennial tributaries of the Nile, now dry but for a shallow trickle. By the Kit River was a comfortable banda, at which we had intended camping for the night, but, finding our day's march had been accomplished in a very short time, we decided to double it and get along; moreover, time was pressing, and every moment was of importance. Thus the 14th of December saw us at Gondokoro.

The last part of the march was through most uninteresting and dreadfully dry country, the monotony of the scenery being broken only by the grandeur of the Belinian Hills.

There was dhurra cultivation only near the base of the mountains, as the soil was poor and sandy. We thus had a fairly clear view of the country. Cattle were grazing in herds on the distant high ground, with native boys and men tending them. The ground was perfectly cleared, as the cattle had fed off the grass till at a little distance it looked as smooth as a garden lawn. From the position we occupied, the country inclined upwards towards the base of the mountains about three miles away. This stretch abounded

Mr. Churchill's Journey

in villages. At the base of the mountains were broken hills composed of huge granite rocks, the foundations of mountains that had long since decayed. Upon all these strong positions were the villages. There were, perhaps, thirty or so situated in the vale and on the heights along the base of the mountain; but at this season only the tops of the huts were visible above the high dhurra, which was just ripening, although the general harvest had not yet commenced.

There is no covert so much in favour of native warfare as the high dhurra, which perfectly conceals the movements of those passing through it without hampering their progress.

I believe that if it were possible to convert the greater portion of African savages into disciplined soldiers, this would be the most rapid stride towards their future civilization. The enforcing of obedience, order, industry, and discipline, together with clothing and cleanliness, is all that is absolutely required to bring a savage within the bounds of good management. A savage who has led a wild and untutored life must learn to obey authority before any great improvement in his condition can be effected. A soldier must obey, and he learns to respect his officers as his superiors; thus a savage who has learnt all he knows from his officers, whom he admits as his superiors, will quickly adopt their religion as he has been obliged to adopt their mili-

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

tary rules. All the soldiers in East Africa and Uganda are Mohammedans simply because they had been taught by their officers that good soldiers should be true believers.

That's nothing to do with our travels, but I should have "bust" if I hadn't got it off my chest!

There were a goodly mob of the local black man drawn up at Gondokoro to receive us—chiefs for the most part, armed with Kudu horns on which to make nasty noises, and clothed in leopard skins. They had been got together by Mr. Wright, who, in company with Captain Garrod of the K.A.R. and Dr. Pritchard, ran the station. Mr. Wright entertained us nobly with refreshments, and related to us a gruesome tale of an elephant shoot, two days old, in which his unfortunate gun-bearer had been killed by the infuriated brute. The gun-bearer was a very plucky fellow, but unfortunately had been caught before he could escape after the animal had been severely wounded. It's strange how it's always the best man that goes out on these occasions!

We stayed at Gondokoro for lunch, and in the afternoon saw our porters paid up, and made all arrangements for their return journey with Dr. Goldie, whilst the three visitors and I had our own effects stowed away on the *Dal*, a Sudan Government steamer that had been sent up to convey Mr. Churchill's party to Khartoum.



A GROUP OF BARI TRIBESMEN AT GONDOKORO



THE KIT RIVER CROSSING

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1887

Mr. Churchill's Journey

Captains Savile and Cameron, of the Egyptian army, were on board, the former to help us on our way, the latter as Governor of Mongalla.

I have given a fair idea of a voyage down the Nile elsewhere, so the relation of a few incidents will suffice to describe the remainder of our wanderings.

We began with rather a tall order, as on landing at Lado, by special request of the Belgian Governor, we found ourselves "downing" sweet champagne at something like 6.45 in the morning! A bit steep, eh? Soon after we reached Mongalla, where Captain Cameron gave us an excellent lunch; thence on it would be some little time before we met another English face. After Mongalla we reached the sharp bends in the swamp region, where, at dinner, Mr. Marsh met with a slight contretemps. Without any warning at all the boat hit the bank, bumping with tremendous force round a corner. Before you could say "knife," the ship heeled over to such an extent that the aforesaid gentleman was shot over backwards, and everything was flung on top of him. He was overwhelmed with a horrid mess of plates and knives, roast mutton, and broken glass, soused in bottled beer and gravy mixed: on top of all this came ourselves, and the table as well, so as to make sure he had all he could get!

And he took it like a lamb!

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

At one of the landing-places on Tonga Island (a long way on near Taufikia) we stopped for an hour or two to try for Mrs. Gray's waterbuck which inhabits the marshes round here. It was all of no avail, and with the exception of a distant view of a white-eared cob or two, which we spared, we saw nothing and continued our journey to Kodok, stopping at Taufikia for letters and dinner. At Kodok we had a run on shore in the morning and called on Major Mathews, the Governor of the Shilluk Province, bringing him back to breakfast on board. He had arranged for the "Mek" or chief of the tribe to collect his men in their war paint for our inspection, but there was such a bitter north wind blowing that very few would face the cold. So I was forced to content myself with a picture of a man standing on one leg like a stork, which is characteristic of these savages. The odd-shaped head-dress which they wear is in reality nothing but their own hair plastered with grease and mud till it is matted and worn into a felt-like consistency. It is then carefully shaped like a fan.

A few miles down the river we steamed into a quiet backwater, at a place called Meshra Zeraf, where everything in the shooting line had been prepared for us. This was one of the best places on the river, we were informed, and shikaris were in readiness to take charge.

The first day, however, proved rather a failure

Mr. Churchill's Journey

to Mr. Churchill and me, who sallied forth together, for, with the exception of a tiny herd of tiang, who bolted at sight, we saw no other four-footed quarry. On nearing home, however, we became aware of the presence of thousands of guinea-fowl, and a suggestion that we should try and pick some up with our Mannlicher rifles, using solid bullets, met with due reward and ended in our potting nine. This showed that Mr. Churchill is a good shot, which was amply proved next day when, on our making a fresh excursion in the neighbourhood, we came on a small herd of white-eared cob, which bolted in astonishment as we rounded a corner in the bush. He upped with his rifle and knocked down two stone-dead, right and left, whilst they were going full burst. This was quickly followed by a nice roan bull which we ambushed, and a second also at full speed, right and left again. Not so dusty!

Mr. Churchill had always been a little inclined to hold the big-game shooter up to ridicule, and I well remember on this occasion he flung his rifle down and said, "*Now* I begin to see the fascination of the sport!" He would make a "top-hole" shot if he had the time to spare. Colonel Wilson and the others had also had their fair share as usual, bagging in addition tiang and waterbuck; so our last two days' shooting in the jungle was well worth the pains that had been taken for us.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

I shall leave a description of Khartoum to another chapter, and close this account of my first memorable march down the Nile. We had had a most enjoyable trip from every point of view. Everything had gone right; we hadn't had a single storm or a drop of rain; the whole party had taken the rough with the smooth, with never a harsh word or the semblance of a grumble—for which I must thank every one. Short-comings there were, as indeed there always are, even in the best-regulated families—for it was a little bit awkward to order the stores and legislate for a long trek with little to be obtained *en route*.

Into the bargain, we had all been singularly free from illness of any description till the very day of our landing at the Palace steps at Khartoum. A few short words are necessary in memory of Scrivings, Mr. Churchill's valet, who had served his master faithfully for some years, and who, when all the dangers and hardships were over, succumbed to a sudden attack of ptomaine poisoning on the very last night of the trip. It was extremely sad, and put quite a damper on our enjoyment. Though he had sprained his ankle some little time back, he was always cheerful and never uttered a complaint.

This was indeed a sorrowful ending. But I have never enjoyed a trip more or had more pleasant companions to work with.

May their shadows never grow less!

V

UGANDA COB

COBUS THOMASI

SUDANESE: ARIEL

WE can't leave Uganda without first having our say about this pretty antelope. At first sight he looks very like an impallah, but he is not of quite so bright a red, and he is more coarsely built than the latter. The red shades to white on his belly, and the patch round his eyes is light fawn instead of the dead white of his closely allied cousin—the white-eared cob of the Sudan. The horns are lyre-shaped, sweeping backwards and outwards, and bending well forward again at the tips.

Being a cob, he is of course very closely related to the waterbucks, so that he is no connection at all of the impallah, and it is a strange thing that nature has planted him in Uganda to take the place of the pretty impallah next door in East Africa.

You will find him with three or four does, or by himself, in wettish marshy ground at no great distance from water; and when alarmed, off they

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

go bounding over the high grass, now and then halting for a moment to spy upon one and see what is taking place behind them.

This species is distributed all over Uganda, and is quite the commonest animal in the Protectorate. I have come across several very nice heads indeed up the Kafu river, some way from Mruli, where they run pretty big; and again up the Nile by Wadelai. They struck me as being fairly easy to stalk, since they are neither very wideawake nor ultra-suspicious.

They have a *penchant* for standing on the very top of an ant-heap, if there is one anywhere near. The other day I saw one walking along, and, notwithstanding excited clamours for meat on the part of my followers, had made up my mind to let him off, as his head did not seem particularly big. He quietly wandered on, climbed up to the top of a mound, and perched himself like a statue against the red of the setting sun, watching us. This was too much! Not even St. Anthony could have resisted the temptation. One convulsive bound into the air, and he lay dead in the long grass below.

Twenty-three inches or twenty-four inches is a nice head, for it does not grow very much bigger than that. Individuals of this species are often deceptive in appearance: one is never quite sure if one is shooting at a really very big one, and it is often most difficult, even with the aid of



A CORNER OF THE PALACE GARDENS
(see page 120)



UGANDA COB

Uganda Cob

glasses, to decide which is the best head in a herd.

A telescopic sight is, in my opinion, a most useful thing, as, after having located the whole herd with one's glasses and made one's stalk to within shootable distance, one is able by means of it to pick out the best head whilst the rifle is in a position to be fired and shoot at once, without the double movement of putting down one's glasses and taking up one's rifle, which may mean losing sight of the animal amongst the remainder of the herd.

There is another yet more important advantage gained by the use of a telescopic sight. When one fires at an animal one wishes to kill him and make sure of securing him. This instrument enables one to aim more accurately than it is possible to do when using the open V sights.

I met a large herd of cob recently on the shores of Lake Albert, in the middle of a very open piece of short grass. There wasn't a stick or a stone to hide behind. All we could do was to walk steadily past them in single file, all talking hard as we did so. Their heads went up as we got closer and they stood still, watching us and not attempting to move; from our apparent disinterestedness they must have thought we were natives. We were talking so as to deceive them, and arguing which I should shoot at, as it was

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

most difficult to determine which of these carried the biggest head. We swung in a bit and stopped before they got our wind, and I managed to secure one of the herd. Uganda cob are pretty animals and excellent eating.

VI

ELEPHANT

ELEPHAS AFRICANUS

SWAHILI: TEMBO.

ARABIC: FIL.

I THINK the story of the bagging of my first Uganda elephant is rather amusing, because he behaved distinctly improperly and was a cause of great annoyance to me, besides boring one of my men to bitter tears.

When I was on the march north, whilst still in Uganda proper, I got news of a big herd of about eighty elephants, with two good bulls in it. The remainder was made up of females with their young ones and half-grown bulls. Large numbers of elephants visit this part of the country at the breeding season, because the grass being nowhere higher than a man's shoulders, the little ones can get about with greater ease than in the tall elephant grass described elsewhere. The country here is plentifully sprinkled with small trees and stunted shrubs, so its general appearance gives one the impression of an English apple orchard on a large scale. It is a "top-hole" shooting-ground, as it is very difficult to be

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

ambushed by elephants. One can easily see through the tips of the grass. But, of course, if one stumbles into the middle of a herd unexpectedly, things are apt to be a little too exciting!

Well, the savages who had located the elephants, self, my orderlies, who were soldiers from my regiment, a porter carrying my food-and-drink box, and one or two others with axes, etc., made an early start from my camp, and at about 8.30 a.m. came up with the rear-guard of the herd, consisting of about twenty cows and young. One of the cows had somehow perched herself on the top of a tree-grown ant-mound, not as a sentry though, for she was quietly feeding. We shifted off down wind so as to keep well clear of them, when suddenly they took alarm—what at I can't think—and bolted. Then we came across a single bull, out by himself, but we voted him too small, and so allowed him to wend his way in peace to join company with his destructive harem.

On we went in the tracks of the main crush. The great quadrupeds by trampling down the grass had made a regular high road for us along which walking was easy. As we progressed the changing colour of the dung informed us we were gaining on the herd. At last we made the huge brutes out, moving slowly along in two or three parties, feeding as they went.

We hung on and hung on, now on one side,

Elephant

now on the other, as what little wind there was was dreadfully shifty at this hour of the morning. There was still plenty of time to spare, and we did not want to get too close to them until we had "spotted" the two big customers. Then we lost them. They suddenly disappeared altogether, and we couldn't hear any sound in the jungle, although we knew they must be somewhere quite close by. Now came the ticklish time, as on account of the shifting wind I was afraid of dashing at it and finding myself slap in the middle of the whole boiling; which is what actually happened. They had spread out a bit, and we went straight ahead, until suddenly we found ourselves in the thick of them. But still we could not catch a glimpse of either of the two big bulls. It is quite a common thing, by the way, for the old breeding bulls to separate from the herd in the spring of the year, feeding very often as far as one or two days' journey away from them, accompanied by an old cow or two, or else by a young bull, and rejoining the herd after four or five days of this hermit-like existence.

I had begun to think the two bulls were a myth, till, all of a sudden, one of my orderlies pointed out one tremendous great fellow about eighty yards ahead on the other side of a clearing. I was at once taken charge of—one man seizing me by the arm, the other pushing me in the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

back. It was all done in good part. One's attendants get so excited at the mere thought of an elephant that they are apt to take charge of the whole show and jabber away at one another in whispers as if one wasn't there. Never mind! There are not many flies on them! *Now* it was a case of "needs must when the devil drives," and I got in the most awful funk at being shoved and pulled pell-mell into the middle of the whole push. I clamoured for a rifle—my Mannlicher—and they gracefully allowed me that, but they didn't care a twopenny curse for anything else. And then that veering wind! It was a sort of Balaclava! Cows to the right of us, cows to the left of us, and the big 'un in front! *And* they were volleying and thundering, i.e. making the rumbling noise that denotes contentment and happiness—talking to the little ones, so the natives say.

I had got half-way across the fateful zone, ably backed up by the orderly with the heavy rifle—all the time wondering what would happen if a single elephant got our wind and perceived us, as, let me emphasize the fact, we were bang in the middle of a straggling herd—when the worst happened, and a beastly young bull, who was thinking when he shouldn't, took it into his head to charge my drink-box from my left rear. This was more than I *could* stand, and I had to take my eyes off the monster in front, now some fifty

Elephant

yards away only, and let drive at this obnoxious intruder, as much to save the precious box as to protect the shrieking porter who was carrying it on his head. He, however, stuck to his load like a Briton, and down fell the bull, nipped in the bud with a solid .256 bullet between the eye and the ear-hole. I then seized the heavy rifle, determined to do or die in the midst of the fearful pandemonium to which the report of the rifle gave rise.

Imagine yourself surrounded by about eighty or ninety leviathans, all of whom are dashing wildly about in any and all directions, crashing and smashing through everything they come across, trumpeting all round—a most awe-inspiring noise—and you in the midst, excessively hot and very wet! Luckily, nothing untoward happened, and my blue fright subsided. All thoughts of the big bull had vanished for ever as the herd had cleared, and one could hear them still going strong half a mile away. It was useless to think of any attempt at pursuit, so I sadly retraced my steps—fifteen measured paces—to the rash idiot who had met his death in his pal's place. He wasn't so small as I had thought in the excitement of the moment, and when his tusks were cut out they averaged 52 lbs. apiece. Not so bad after all!

It is very difficult to judge of an elephant's tusks unless they are exceptionally big. In that

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

case you may take it that about two-thirds show outside, but in the case of a shortish *thick* tusk, not much more than half is visible outside the lips. The root of the tusk begins behind the eye and a little underneath it ; so, if there is no excitement on, and no beastly cows kicking about, one is able by means of a good look through field-glasses to know if one is taking on a big tusker or not.

As I have said, the old bulls often wander about by themselves some little distance from the herd, only joining up now and again for a short time. The thing is to locate them when they are away like this by themselves, for then one has not got to keep one's eyeballs continually skinned on the look-out for a bad-tempered cow, who might take one on the hop unawares, and ram one amidships ; but as they are always more or less on the move, it is very difficult for the guide to find them again after he has brought one the news of their whereabouts.

A wounded bull, if very sick indeed, will very often be helped off by his pals. One gets on each side of him, and they support his tottering footsteps, shoving him along meanwhile ; and it is surprising what progress they make through the thickest bush and grass.

A very useful shot at a bull going away from one is to aim two or three inches either side of his tail, if one is within say thirty yards ; it rakes



THE STRICKEN RUFFIAN

Elephant

him right through, and the angle upwards, if one is close enough and end on, is likely to get the backbone and paralyse him.

Recently a friend knocked a great big bull down twice with two successive shots in the head, too far forward, and saw him being helped off by two cows in the manner aforesaid; he put in another shot from behind, and even then had the mortification of losing him. The elephant got away over the border, and the natives of that part being, as usual, noted ivory thieves, could not be persuaded to give up his tusks.

On another occasion a friend, following up a bull he had wounded, was charged by him; and although hit twice in the head—too high though—the elephant got in, stuck my friend in the thigh with a tusk, and then seized him round the waist with his trunk and proceeded to use him like a pendulum, swinging him from side to side, bashing down the grass with his unconscious body. He is alive to tell the tale, however, how he was saved by a savage who dived in and rootled a spear in the animal's "little Mary." That must have been a top-hole savage! The elephant is a nasty customer, and one hears of stories galore about him, which are mostly true; at any rate, they have more truth in them than many a "fish story!"

In Uganda the Semliki elephants at the south end of Lake Albert carry long thin tusks, quite

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

distinguishable from any other tusks. North of these, as far as the Kafu river, through Uganda proper, an eighty-pound tusker is a good one—that is the local term for those whose tusks average eighty pounds apiece ; after which, going further north still, come the Unyoro elephants and those inhabiting the Nile province, which are bigger than any, running to a hundred and twenty pounds or so per tusk.

Over in the Congo the tusks also attain very large dimensions, judging by convoys of Congo ivory that are brought into Uganda for shipment home. But it is excessively difficult to obtain a licence to shoot over the other side of the Nile, where there are millions of acres of virgin forest unexplored, and swarming with our valuable long-toothed friends.

Cow ivory is of very much finer quality than bull ivory, but one is not allowed to shoot cows, and even if one picks up a cow's tusks they are confiscated by Government. They are very much shorter and thinner than those of the bull. I should think one of thirty pounds would be a big tusk.

One may not shoot a bull in Uganda or in the Sudan with tusks under eleven pounds weight each on pain of being fined and having the tusks confiscated, and now in British East Africa the minimum has been raised to sixty pounds the pair with the same penalty attached

Elephant

for bagging anything under this weight ; so it is a great bore to be obliged to shoot a tiny bull or a charging cow in self-defence, they both count on one's licence—two only are allowed on each licence—and therefore one elephant is practically wasted.

A friend, the other day, shot his bull—a seventy-pounder—then, immediately afterwards, a cow in self-defence, and went home angry. Imagine then his horror on being confronted with the news next day that a *second* cow had been found dead near the former cow. Presumably one of his shots at the charging cow had killed the second whilst hidden behind some long grass. That is the only way the death of the second cow could be accounted for.

VII

KHARTOUM AND OMDURMAN

IT will be less difficult for me to describe these two towns if I take them together and flit backwards and forwards across the river as occasion demands; and, indeed, Khartoum and Omdurman are one so far as trade and administration go, and are known to the outside world as one—the capital of the Sudan.

Before I go any further, however, it will be just as well to mention that the description which follows records my first impression of the place when I saw it as a complete stranger at the Christmas of 1907.

Certain inaccuracies must therefore be forgiven me. I know the place better now, but still would like to describe it as I then saw it, as it would be hopeless to confound to-day with two years ago.

I had long wished to visit Khartoum, and from the south—by the same route that I actually did. The fine old temples and tombs, magnificent monuments of a dead and gone civilization, would, I knew, appeal to me tremendously; but I wished to approach the historic place from the south—by the toilsome route I did actually take—and not



THE PALACE, KHARTOUM



A STREET IN KHARTOUM

Khartoum and Omdurman

from the direction of Cairo in a comfortable railway carriage, like a Cook's tourist, and have my soul vexed by interpreters, dragomans, agents of all sorts, and other annoying people who insist on everything being done in its proper order by rotation, and, worse than all, to have everything so thoroughly well explained by some walking Baedeker as to make it *banal* to hear. I like finding things out for myself and asking questions when it seemeth good to me.

Well, as we steamed in the good ship *Dal* down the White Nile, Khartoum appeared in due course: the gleaming white minarets of the mosques rose above the nodding heads of the feathery palm trees, which make of it a lovely waving green oasis amidst the sandy, burnt-up plains around.

On we steamed slowly, as the river is full of shallows here, till Omdurman hove in sight on the starboard bow—I mean the near side.

Khartoum then disappears for a moment from one's thoughts; one's attention is altogether taken up with Omdurman, the late Dervish stronghold and hotbed of Mohammedan fanaticism, which seems at first sight to be an insignificant collection of mud huts on the left bank after the junction of the two rivers, the Blue and White Niles.

It is best to take one's pleasures—and, in fact, most things—as they come, so we'll have a dig

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at Khartoum, and especially the palace there, first.

The now famous battle, of which more anon, that put an end to the Dervish rule, was fought on the 2nd of December, 1898. In those days Khartoum was nothing more or less than a mass of ruins and tumbledown houses set in a barren wilderness. All had been destroyed by order of the Khalifa. No one lived amongst the debris of the once great emblem of British might and right of poor Gordon's time. All had gone to wreck and ruin, save the palm trees which had not been included in the general destruction, and which are now one of the beauties of this city.

In those days, when the cruel Mahdi and the bloodthirstier Khalifa reigned successively supreme, their head-quarters were shifted over to Omdurman. I am told that seven short years ago or thereabouts all was chaos in Khartoum. Now what a change there is!

The great white palace, with its beautiful and tastefully laid-out gardens, stands forth, towering above the other buildings, on the original site of Gordon's palace of the old days, but larger, statelier, and more lofty than of yore. The British and Khedivial flags wave to and fro placidly in the breeze, imparting a sense of security to the town and its surroundings.

We have now reached the banks of the Blue Nile. Owing to the heavy floods for which this

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river is remarkable, a great portion of the river front here is embanked with masonry. A stone flight of steps leads from the landing-stage and conducts us up to the precincts of the palace, where a good stout British sentry is the first thing that meets our eyes—good and reliable, but not necessarily stout, by the way.

The palace faces the river, and is built with two wings running back and a garden courtyard in between. It is one of the coolest and most comfortable houses I have ever struck in the East, but that is chiefly due to the kindness and hospitality of its occupants.

On entering the cool white hall, the walls of which are decorated with lances and various guns, one gets a glimpse of the gardens beyond, and as one climbs the steps to the house above, one sees these beautiful gardens spread out before one. Very cool they seem after the hot voyage down the Nile. Nice green lawns laid out for croquet or tennis; palm trees, flowers, black wattle in bloom; different kinds of shrubs, every variety of hothouse plants and jungle vegetation meet the eye—all is green and peaceful.

Last but not least—in case I forget him again—is the whale-headed stork, *Balaeniceps rex*, the property of Lady Wingate. He seems to like having his photograph taken, for he stands quite still during the process; and he is even nicer on his way to bed. He cannot bear the cool marshy

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

corners, and never disports himself in a little irrigation channel by means of which the water is conveyed all over the garden, but prefers to walk about on the burning dry gravel. This is odd, seeing that his home is in the sudd country of the White Nile. He loves his keeper very much, and so showed his disgust on one occasion when the man was removed, that he very nearly died, and was only resuscitated in the nick of time by the said keeper's recall from durance vile or some such horrid place. The bird's manner of showing his affection is by opening his jaws—one can hardly call it beak—showing a great red throat, and smacking his mandibles at his keeper, who seems to appreciate the compliment.

However, to Khartoum again! All the river front is built over. The houses, which are occupied by Sudan officials, civil and military, are built of red brick in a picturesque but plain and substantial style of architecture, and are most comfortable within. Most of them are smothered in creepers, which give them a pretty and homely look. The wide verandahs to sit in by day, and the flat roof for one's bed by night, help to keep the occupants cool and peaceful in the worst of hot weather. Each of these houses boasts of a lovely garden, in which grow all kinds and varieties of trees, as well as masses of flowers, but of course there were not many in bloom at Christmas-time in the middle of the dry weather.



GOING TO BED



THE WHALE-HEADED STORK
(*Talaeniceps Rex*)

Khartoum and Omdurman

Last, but not least, each garden has its lawn of good English grass, kept smooth and short and tidy. Water is laid on from the Nile ; every house has its miniature system of canals and watercourses connecting it with the "sakia," or native water-wheel—a large, clumsy, creaking apparatus, continually winding up an endless chain with little buckets attached ; the whole thing turned by a bullock, who wanders round in a perpetual circle pulling up his buckets—which tip themselves into a trough as they appear one by one—slowly but surely, usually with his attendant boy fast asleep on his yoke.

Khartoum is in reality the seat of the Government, whilst all the trade in the country passes through Omdurman. The War Office, the Post Office, and the Gordon College are all in Khartoum, facing the river, whilst behind them are the European shops, owned and run by Greeks for the most part—that is to say, all the good ones are. The town is, I believe, laid out in the pattern of a Union Jack, all main roads leading to Gordon's Statue, which stands up well outlined against an Eastern sunset. The "man on the camel" is well calculated to impress the Arab mind.

The town has sprung up wonderfully in the short time it has been growing, but that is chiefly due to good land laws and the system of leases, as well as to the enterprise of the Greek trader. The Sudan without a Greek would be like bread

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without butter. Like the native of India, the Greek trader thinks only of money. Who could imagine this a mass of ruins such a short time ago, or who could wish for jollier surroundings amid which to pass some years of one's life in, till—a "haboob" comes along?

Now a "haboob," or local sandstorm, is a pretty bad thing when it appears, or rather surprises one in the middle of the night. I know these dust storms of old in my Indian days, but in Hindustan you are unlucky if they last for half an hour, whilst in Khartoum they go on for a whole day and more sometimes. You may bung up every hole and crevice, close the windows and put sandbags along the foot of the door, but it's not a bit of good, as very soon a thick film of dust will have settled over all, whilst the heat with everything shut up is stifling. Fortunately these sandstorms usually come from the south-east; if they come from the opposite direction, the dust of Khartoum North, straight opposite on the other bank of the Blue Nile, churned up by thousands of railway and dockyard feet, would make the result doubly appalling. I'm afraid, however, much as I should like to gloss over them, I can't quite consign "haboobs" into oblivion, as they are said to be particularly bad in April and May, and I experienced a tiny one that Christmas to give me an idea of what they are like.

Khartoum and Omdurman

Another thing that struck me in Khartoum was the number of donkeys. The riding donkey is part and parcel of Khartoum and Omdurman. I am quite certain Khartoum was made for the donkey, and not the other way round. Donkeys are ubiquitous. There are millions of them, all conveying someone somewhere. You meet long fellows, short fellows, black fellows, some fellows with their heels within six inches of the ground either in full war paint or in immaculate polo kit; ladies, and all and sundry, bestriding—I should say seated on—a donkey of sorts, and being carried along. All the rider has to do is to waggle his feet somewhere round the eyes or ears of the ass, and he goes like smoke. The donkey-boys keep them moving by making nasty noises behind one's back, but I wish they wouldn't beat them, as that hurts the animals, besides nearly unseating one when the poor brutes flinch under the blows.

Then, at Khartoum is the Gordon College, founded in memory of one of England's greatest heroes to educate the sons of the notables in the land, and bring them up in the way they should go.

Practically the whole of the administration is centred in the War Office, an imposing-looking red-brick building standing back from the river, situated next to the palace. Here the civil and military departments have their offices in different

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parts of the solid pile ; the guard is furnished by one of the smart Egyptian battalions quartered on the outskirts of the city. The Army of Occupation in Cairo and Lower Egypt generally sends one British regiment up here annually, as, though awfully hot, the climate is extremely dry and healthy, much more bearable than the moist, steamy heat caused by the great system of irrigation obtaining in Cairo 1500 miles north. The climate is so dry that, without exaggeration, a piece of bread cut at the beginning of lunch is like a bit of toast at the end of the meal. The British regiment—the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in 1907-8—is housed in long, low, roomy barracks a short distance up the Blue Nile, nestling under the waterworks tower.

On the opposite bank of the Blue Nile is Halfaya, or Khartoum North, a busy, noisy place, echoing with the whistling of many engines and the clang of the steam hammer driving rivets into the iron hulls of the steamboats, for it boasts the railway terminus and a dockyard. A bridge joining up the railway with Khartoum proper is in course of construction, and when that is completed Khartoum will be, so to speak, properly collected all under one roof. The dockyard goes ahead by leaps and bounds yearly. All the gunboats and other steamers are put together here, the various sections and armour plates being shipped out from home. Here is also the

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Egyptian Army Stores, where one can buy anything from a 12-pounder gun to a luncheon basket.

Dropping down the Blue Nile for some two miles to its junction with the White Nile, we see Omdurman facing us on the left bank. These twin towns are connected by a system of tramways and ferries ; most convenient and invariably crammed, and—so I was told—most profitable to those who “run” them.

At first sight Omdurman appears as an interminable collection of low mud houses straggling above a muddy foreshore, with, by way of foreground, a picturesque tangle of masts and yards of the large fleet of gyassas and nuggers, which have brought the country's produce down the Nile to this huge market ; the whole silhouetted against the everlasting blue Eastern sky. One does not realize the extent of the town nowadays, nor the huge dimensions to which it must have attained during the Dervish rule, until one has mounted one of the long-suffering donkeys and has ridden round. Everywhere is a sea of mud huts, indescribably filthy hovels, opening on to narrow streets, each successive one seeming more dingy and gloomy than the last. Practically all over the town, and more especially on the outskirts, one sees numbers of houses fallen out of repair and into disuse, washed down by the rains, till in some cases merely the bare outline of the walls,

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some one or two feet high, shows where a habitation used to be ten years ago. The masses of people that were collected here shortly before the final trial of strength under the Kerreri Hills, sounds incredible at the present day, and one wonders how such a population could possibly have been fed and kept together even for a short time.

The chief place of interest, I take it, is the ruin of the Mahdi's tomb, which, as everyone knows, was used as a shrine by the pilgrims from far and wide, till finally demolished by shells from the British guns at the closing scenes of the battle. It stood in a small courtyard, and its great white dome shone up imposingly over the bare extent of sandy plain surrounding Omdurman to the west. Over the road just opposite is the Khalifa's house—a very ordinary looking abode, built of sun-dried bricks. It has a bathroom inside with a large tiled bath, lighted by means of skylights, in order that no one might see the holy man at his ablutions. The house is now inhabited by the civil officer in charge of Omdurman.

Outside is a vast square walled in with stone, where the whole of the populace were forced to collect regularly at a certain hour daily to listen to the Khalifa's exhortations, and his expounding of the Koran. The story goes that he, being anxious to consolidate his power in the city, had



THE KHALIFA'S SQUARE, OMDURMAN



THE MAHDI'S TOMB

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sent directions for his own particular tribe, the Taaisha, to come and live in Omdurman. They had no arms, however, with which to stand up against the rifles of the remainder; so the Khalifa held a special service one fine day, that all the other tribes excepting the Taaisha had to attend. Moreover, he caused it to be notified that it would be highly improper for anyone to come to prayer armed, and that the right thing to do would be to leave their rifles and bandoliers outside the square. Well, they say he preached a specially long sermon that day, and when the unfortunate congregation were at last allowed to depart, they found the Taaisha drawn up in possession of all their rifles and ammunition. And these were not returned to their owners.

The Beit-el-Mal or treasure-house of the old days is interesting. In this used to be stored all the Mahdi's ill-gotten wealth—wealth acquired by extortion and murder when all other means failed. The amount of valuable property therein from time to time must have been worth a vast sum of money.

The corn and wood markets on the river front, as well as the bazaar containing meat, vegetables, and other produce in the centre of the town, are well worth seeing, and must have been immense in days gone by. Near these are the silver-working hovels—dark and noisome dens—the pottery market, and the small stores of the third-

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rate Greek traders, all mixed up with the carpenters' quarter, a small Indian bazaar, and the curiosity shops.

The Greek is ubiquitous throughout the length and breadth of the Sudan, and is worth his weight in gold in the shopkeeping line. They tell me that in Kitchener's march up the river to fight the battle, almost as soon as the advance guard of the army arrived at its new camp in the evening, there was the humble store of the Greek awaiting them provided with all the kinds of odds and ends necessary and dear to the soldier's heart.

An excellent rule, in actual working order in Omdurman, is that all mud houses along what are destined to be the main thoroughfares of the town, have to be knocked down ; and the owner is compelled by the terms of his lease to build a stone one in its place, on pain of cancellation of that document. The idea is going like wildfire, so that in as short a time as sufficed for the resurrection of Khartoum from a heap of ruined debris, we shall be unable to recognize the Omdurman of yore.

There is a brigade—three battalions—of Sudanese troops quartered here ; it was delightful to see their beautifully ugly faces. Black and stolid, they form part of the seasoned and splendid fighting men of the Egyptian army. The 9th, 10th, and 14th Sudanese were in Omdurman ;

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and the 1st, 3rd, and 8th Battalions of Egyptian troops—as opposed to the Sudanese “black”—were quartered in Khartoum over the river. Smartness wasn’t the word for them. I was never so much impressed in my life as I was on being present at a review of some four thousand troops the morning after our arrival at Khartoum. Cavalry, galloping Maxim batteries, mounted infantry, and two infantry brigades were on parade. The precision and exactitude with which they performed their different and varied evolutions, like so many machines, as they marched and countermarched, was little short of marvellous. A few days after, by way of adding greater emphasis to this parade, I was fortunate enough to be able to witness the pick of each regiment of these extraordinarily well-drilled troops, competing against one another in a military tournament which lasted for three days. As every man was wound up and on his mettle to try and win each different event for his battalion, the judges must, I should say, have found it extremely difficult to pick out the best of such a good lot of competitors. The men moved exactly like so many clockwork automatons; in fact, a description of that tournament in the most extravagant terms would scarcely do justice to the real thing.

On Christmas Day an almost overcrowded service at the palace—as the church has not yet been built—was followed by a delightful ride on

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camel-back, to visit the scene of the great battle under the Kerreri Hills, some six miles out of Omdurman. This was rendered all the more interesting by the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill personally conducted the trip; and as he had been attached to the 21st Lancers in their famous charge towards the end of the battle, the whole thing was rhetorically explained, and the old scene laid out before our eyes, beginning with the preliminary operations of the previous night (1st December, 1898), followed by next morning's exciting affair of outposts round the little rocky hill of Jebel Surgam, with a distant view of our victorious army's entrenchments down by the river, and "topped up" with a ride over the actual ground where the charge took place. There is a monument erected to the memory of those of the brave 21st who fell in that bold hand-to-hand smack at the vastly larger pack of Dervishes concealed in the narrow *khôr*. Strangely enough, the nice old man who was in charge of the camels we rode on this picnic had been in the battle himself, one of the Khalifa's right-hand men, and he told us, amongst other things, that he himself had been one of the keenest in the hot pursuit of Slatin in his thrilling escape from thirteen years' captivity in the Dervish camp. Now he serves the British flag with unswerving loyalty. But the real old Sudanese are just like that. They will fight like wild cats for

Khartoum and Omdurman

right and might so long as they are firmly convinced that it *is* fair and square. To give another case in point : some years ago we got a batch of recruits for the King's African Rifles, who had been taken prisoners at the storming of the Atbara zareba in 1898 by the British army in their advance on Khartoum. After some years of zealous service with his new battalion, one of the batch—a certain private—appeared at orderly room one morning with a complaint. On being told to state his case, he asked if he need be made to do his “physical drill” on parade any more as he was “so old.” On being questioned as to his age, he produced from his trouser pocket a long string of medals some of which he said he had won when serving for the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico in the “sixties”! It was perfectly true, and he was accorded the required permission; and now the dear old thing has been made regimental orderly, and sits blinking at the sun on a seat of his own, perfectly happy, stiff with medals, doing odd jobs, and smart as a new pin. He was quite prepared to serve any master or cause loyally to the utmost of his ability. Sudanese are first-rate fellows to serve with, and take the rough with the smooth and never a grumble. A joke or a bit of chaff goes down well, and they show their appreciation by opening wide their great blubber-like lips and exhibiting the white ivories in a terrible grin from ear to

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ear. They become very much attached to their British officers, and produce all their amusing little family disputes for his examination, placing implicit trust in him and obeying his "yes" or "no" like so many overgrown children. The Sudanese enlist for about twelve years, and the Egyptians are conscripted for about five years. The latter are very fine men to look upon. I believe the reason for their splendid appearance lies in the fact that out of every hundred men only three are picked, so, the choice being enormous, only the finest are taken.

Then there are the sporting and society excitements of Omdurman and Khartoum to be set forth as I saw them. First, the final match of the polo tournament. The infantry team, who in a most sensational game had beaten the cavalry in the semi-final quite unexpectedly, were to play the staff team, who were pronounced undefeatable. The latter managed to pull it off pretty easily, but it was good to watch the game once more, as the ball travelled well on the hard-baked sand surface, and the ponies' hoofs fairly rattled.

An old friend in the Essex regiment, whom I used to know in India, played a sterling game. It was a great treat to me to see so many Arab ponies together, and good-looking ones at that, especially as I had arrived from a country where horses don't grow. The Arab steed was one of

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the reasons why the cavalry looked so level and smart at the review in their trot, canter, and gallop past, with the bay troop wedged in between the outer ones of greys.

In quick succession came a ball at the palace, followed by a sand-grouse shoot in the early morning. All the rank and fashion of Khartoum took the floor and footed it hot and strong till the small hours, when we departed in peace on a steam-launch for Omdurman; the jokes and jests gradually died away to a murmur as we slipped down the sleeping river under the stars. I, with the orderlies and gun-bearers, whom I had brought with me from my battalion in Uganda for the trip with Mr. Churchill, were living with the 10th Sudanese, and a merry time they gave us! Right good fellows all! Many thanks to them for their kindness to me and mine, and may the best of luck attend them when they come to be strangers in a strange land!

We had not to get up so very early the next morning for the sand-grouse, as 7.45 a.m. was the time fixed for the rendezvous, to which we made our way each on his patient moke. Up the White Nile for about three miles we ambled, till the time came for us to take action. The mode of procedure was as follows. The guns, each with a little native boy to act as retriever, sat themselves down some thirty yards from the

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water's edge and about eighty yards apart. There is no cover available for concealment, but that does not appear to make much difference. That day there were eleven guns out on our side of the the river, and I dare say we lined about a mile and a half of the bank.

Soon the birds appeared fighting to the water, high in the air in small flocks. In a few minutes the fun became fast and furious, guns popping and banging away all around. The sky was black with the flocks of sand-grouse as they winged their way from the desert, uttering their curious harsh, metallic cry the while. And then when they settled down to drink it was only for the merest second before they were off again. I shouldn't think it worth while coming so far for such a momentary drink! Our party of five guns succeeded in picking up forty-two birds, whilst the opposition further along, bagged seventy-five to six guns. Not so bad, considering that the shoot only lasted a half-hour or so. Then back we rode to breakfast and the excitements of the coming day.

I must not forget to mention a final scene. On the afternoon before I was compelled to bid adieu to these kindly and hospitable towns there was a *levée* in the palace gardens in honour of the new British Minister in Egypt, who had arrived that morning. All sorts, sizes, and conditions of men were present. Governors and

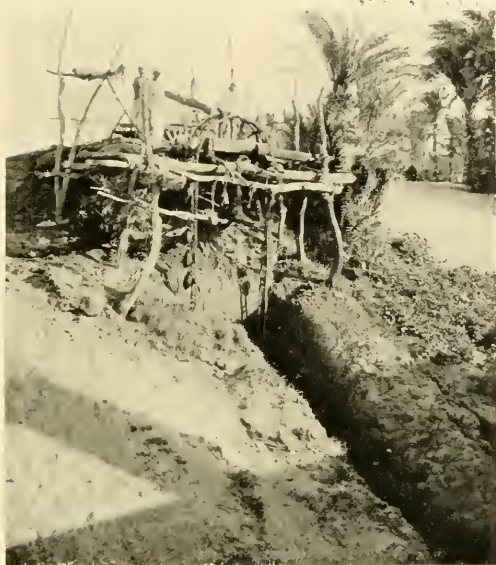
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their attendant gilded staffs ; the brutal and licentious soldiery in their smart uniforms ; civilian gentlemen in black frock-coats set off by their red tarbooshes (fez), composed the European portion, who had left their wives at home in accordance with local customs, except those who had been asked to tea by the kindly hostess of the palace to view this glittering scene from the cool verandah above. But by far the most numerous and picturesque were the various native chiefs and their retinues clothed in Eastern garb. Old Zubeir was there in a glittering Turkish Pasha's uniform, almost concealed, however, by an ancient great coat that had evidently seen service some years before. Hoary-headed old men and mere boys, tall and short, fat and otherwise, all more or less important, and all big bugs in their ways, some gorgeously, others plainly dressed, amused themselves in the cool greenery of the palace gardens. It was a most interesting and brilliant spectacle, but it struck me that the man who enjoyed it most was Slatin Pasha, who bustled about with his chest smothered in four or five rows of medal ribbons, with a smile, a nod, or a handshake for everyone. Of course, during the years of his captivity he must have met most, if not all, of these native notables ; and anyhow, he seemed to me the man who was by far the busiest, and got more amusement out of the show than anyone else.

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I was very sorry to say good-bye to the place. The varied scene of colour, of humanity, and of trade and traffic all jumbled together in a strange country was interesting in the extreme. The streets and bazaars are thronged by the dusky descendants of an old-time people, crying their wares, shouting to their animals, or squatting on the ground in clumps of threes and fours, earnestly whispering and busily concocting a plan for extracting an extra farthing a bushel for their corn from some unfortunate individual, who on being landed with the bargain would turn round and do to some other person as had been done unto him. The faint whistle of the train over the river, the swish of water churned up by the stern-wheel gunboats, and, nearer at hand, the squeaking creak of the water-wheels turned by the mild-eyed oxen, provide an abundance of sound, whilst the rustle of the trees and the glory of the flowers are provocative of slumber before the grateful evening breezes ripple across the water and render the air cool enough for an evening ride.

The journey back entailed a weary two months' trek, and although it was likely to prove exciting and interesting from a sporting point of view, I was loth to leave civilization to return by myself along a route I had just come over in congenial company. Therefore, as we steamed once more into the night it was with



A NATIVE WATER-WHEEL.

(see page 138)



LION

His mother was similarly spotted

(see page 144)

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feelings of sadness that I saw the feathery crowns of the stately palm trees fade into the northern gloom, while the slender crescent of the moon sank to bed in the west.

VIII

LION

FELIS LEO

SWAHILI: SIMBA. ARABIC: ASAL

EVERYONE knows the lion from his schoolboy days. We've all seen him in a Zoo, if not in his natural state, so I'll not dilate upon his appearance but try and describe my latest encounters with him.

On my way up the Nile, on my return journey to Uganda, I took advantage of the Sirdar's kindness in allowing me to purchase a licence at the cheap rate prescribed for Sudan Government officials; and also of the permission accorded therewith to land at Meshra Zeraf in the Game Reserve. I had "spotted" this place on my way down with Mr. Churchill, and had made a mental note of it then, in the event of my being allowed to shoot in the Sudan on my return.

I was temporarily "marooned" by the south-bound Post boat, and left behind there in the early morning—hoping for the best as regards being picked up again—to work my wicked will amongst the Sudan game animals congregated in this district at the beginning of the dry season.

Lion

My camp was duly pitched about half a mile from the river, to avoid as far as possible the unpleasantness and evil effects of the mosquitoes. I left a white flag flying on the bank of the Nile, so that anyone who knew of my being there—and I had taken the precaution of informing the necessary officials previously—could sound a blast on the steam whistle of his passing steamer, and deliver or receive communications.

Whilst my tent was being set up and all impedimenta fixed, I took a good walk in order to spy out the land, as well as to get something for the larder and make the foundations for a stock-pot. I found the country dry and parched ; the black-cotton soil underfoot was cracked and dusty ; the fringe of acacias and wait-a-bit thorn bushes, a short distance from the river, were crying aloud for want of water ; whilst inland there was nothing but dry and crackling stalks of burnt-up grass to impede walking, with the result that my putties soon became a mass of spear-grass and wild teazles. This clearly showed us that water was scarce inland, that in all probability animal life depended wholly on the river, and that creatures of all sorts were likely to come from long distances inland to slake their thirst. My walk round proved unfruitful except for guinea-fowl, with which the country swarmed, so, having taken good toll from the many flocks, I remained at home, contenting myself with getting every-

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thing shipshape and making plans for the morrow.

Early next morning, some time before dawn, I set out on my first day's shoot, hoping that, having started in the dark, I should be able to catch, on their way back to their feeding grounds about two or three miles inland, any animals that might have drunk at the river later than usual.

We had made good progress by the time it became light enough to see, and the first thing we came on were three roan, a nice bull and two cows. So I started in for a stalk. Soon, however, something startled them, and they were off down wind like a shot. We trudged along in silence, and when I picked them up again through my glasses, I found they had joined a herd of tiang. This discovery made me all the more keen, as I had never come across the latter before. I continued the stalk.

As luck would have it, I now got mixed up, *in medias res*, with a large flock of guinea-fowl, with which the country was simply teeming, and I was forced to wait so as to let them get my wind and run away, instead of making them take wing and fly in a chorus of cackling shrieks, and so giving the antelopes the office that there was danger to themselves on foot.

That took some time, but when I cautiously raised my head under cover of a bush, it was all right; the creatures I was stalking were still there,

Lion

unconscious of my presence. They were now about two hundred yards away, so I kept on more carefully than ever, having left my orderlies a long way behind to minimize the danger of being spotted by these watchful beasts. The men had orders to sit on an ant-heap, of which there were several dotting the plain, and watch for my signals on hearing a shot fired. Closer and closer I crept, by this time in a filthy grime all over from the ashes of grass fires that strewed the ground, till I reached the little bush, about as large as a billiard table, that I had marked down as my goal. Quietly and slowly I raised myself to peer over it, and as quietly and slowly up got another face to look at me!

I really don't know who was the more surprised of the two, the lion or I! I fancy he must have been in two minds whether to attack me or not—as he proved to be dreadfully thin—or else he really hadn't quite decided what strange beast it was advancing quietly upon him.

At all events, off he galloped with a “wuff!” I had just time to turn the safety-catch of my Mannlicher on, get the sights aligned, and pull the trigger, to see him upset behind a thick thorn bush. I spied upon him from a safe distance and saw he was hit in the neck, and so was as good as done for. I therefore signalled to the orderlies to advance with all speed. By the way, the roan and tiang were nowhere to be seen from the

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bush. They must have spotted either the stalking lion or myself and bolted. That is very likely what had helped to put the lion off his stroke, as far as I was concerned. The neck shot never actually kills the animal on the spot, as was proved again on this occasion ; but it renders him completely *hors de combat*.

I went up behind and gave him a prod in the neck with the rifle, and he just managed to half raise his head with a low growl, so I gave him an extra one to finish him off. He was a very big lion as regards size, but a young one judging by his teeth, and fearfully thin, poor brute. We laid him out, skinned him on the spot, took the skin straight back to camp, pegged it out in the sun, and thoroughly dressed it with dry wood ashes. It is most necessary to take great pains with a lion's skin, particularly on the part where the whiskers and mane grow, as the hair is more liable to come out than in the case of any other animal, I think. The claws also have to be carefully cleaned both inside and out.

The story of the last day of my stay here at Meshra Zeraf is also interesting, as yet another lion bit the dust. This time I was taking round two friends, W. and P., to try and show them a roan, as having spent a week here I considered that I knew the best places in which to find them. W. was on his honeymoon with his wife, shooting hard as well, and P. had joined them for

Lion

a bit of sport up the Nile. Charming people, and only too ready to be amused!

Off we started, and walked and walked, till I began to get very disgusted at not seeing anything, as we had been all over the best roan ground. At last, as we were emerging out of bush to an open bit of plain, P., who was slightly in advance, put up his rifle at something. The cartridge missed fire and gave us time to come up with him and find a lioness, totally unconscious of our close proximity,—as we were the right way of the wind—walking unconcernedly across our path.

Bang! went W.'s rifle, but he missed her clean, and then P. and I fired simultaneously, and she dropped in her tracks to the discharge. This was also a neck shot! And again she moved, like the other lion, when we struck her with a clod of earth. The neck shot usually means paralysis, and death inside of ten minutes; but there is just the chance of a lot of trouble beforehand in the case of a savage animal.

Now came the discussion as to whom the lion belonged. W. was put out of court as he had missed her, and in any case he was using a rifle of a different calibre to the Mannlichers employed by P. and myself. We all agreed that death had been caused by the shot in the neck. I was using soft-nosed split bullets, and P.'s were soft-nosed without being split; so he and I went to

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work on the mangled flesh and bone in her neck to see what we could find. All this time I was perfectly certain she was mine, and said so to the others ; but as there was a doubt we had our hunt for the fatal bullet. A bent-up piece of nickel was soon found, on which were what looked like the cuts of my split bullet, so I rose to first favourite in the betting ! We could not find anything more, so we took home to camp to be washed and thoroughly searched a heap of torn flesh and bone which had by this time got smothered in dust and dirt. At lunch-time P. came to me and said that if a bullet was found inside with the letter “ H ” stamped on the base, it would be his. Not to be outdone I hurriedly pulled one of my cartridges to bits, and found an “ H ” on the base of mine also ! At last the fatal bullet turned up with, of course, the “ H ” clearly marked, and also with the split-cuts faintly visible where it had not mushroomed. However, after a long discussion we decided to ask W.’s wife to draw the name of the lucky owner on a slip of paper concealed in her hat. P. was the winner, and, although I shall call that lioness mine till my dying day, I am heartily glad that he is the owner of the skin, both because I had shot one here before, and also as he had confided to me that to shoot a lion was the dream of his life.

Uganda is too much bushed up, and too densely covered with forest and elephant grass over the

Lion

greater part of its extent, to make it a good lion country in general. From Fajao, via Fatiko, Wadelai, and Nimule, to Gondokoro, particularly the latter part and east of it, is about the pick of the basket, and I dare say the open plains round M'barara in the south harbour a few lions ; but there are nothing like the numbers in Uganda that there are all over East Africa.

In the Sudan there are lions in the Game Reserve on the east bank of the Nile, and in the Sanctuary adjoining it, whilst down the Bahr-el-Zeraf they are very frequently seen on or near the banks of the river from the decks of the steamers. An official on an Irrigation Department steamer, three hours in front of us up the Bahr-el-Zeraf, saw two sitting on their haunches like big cats, and landed to shoot them, but had no luck.

If lions are said to inhabit a district, you will be practically certain to meet them in the neighbourhood of large quantities of game, or where the flocks and herds are most numerous.

IX

ROAN ANTELOPE

HIPPOTRAGUS EQUINUS BAKERI

SUDANESE : NIÉLI

I HAVE had several encounters with roan antelope, both on my journey down the Nile and on my way back again. These might almost be registered under the heading "Battles," since the animal is very difficult to get at, and is most tenacious of life ; moreover, if one fires at the biggest animal in the herd in the expectation that it will prove a bull, one is very apt to find oneself badly left with a specimen of the opposite sex. Hence it behoves the sportsman never to leave his glasses behind when out after roan.

They are very large, upstanding antelopes, and look one straight in the face like gentlemen. They have bright, red-roan coats, exceptionally large (for antelopes), long, somewhat drooping ears, with a small black tuft at the extremity, and thick, well-ringed horns sweeping backwards like a sickle. They are met with in thin bush country, in company with another smaller buck or two, surrounded by their harem of ten or twenty

Roan Antelope

horned beauties. A solitary roan will be a buck, and probably a big one into the bargain.

It is really excessively difficult to make out which is the big buck of the herd, because the horns of the females appear much larger than they are, owing to their thinness in comparison with those of the bull. I have a female's head now in my possession, of which the horns are fully an inch shorter than those of one of my male heads ; yet, even when the two are laid side by side, my statement that the latter is the smaller head is seldom believed. It is the thickness of the bull's horns which makes the length so deceptive.

Many are the rupee bets I've won over that head !

On my way down the Nile, at one of the places where we stopped to shoot, we suddenly fell in with an exceptionally large herd of roan antelope on their way to water, just at the time when we were wondering where to go and what to do next. The wind was in a totally wrong direction, so we hastily fled to the right, and then worked towards the herd under cover of a series of stunted bushes, making an angle with the course of their approach. Having reached a spot about a hundred yards from the place where the herd would cross the bushes, we sat down and waited. My friend entreated and exhorted me to get closer, as he thought there was loads of

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time at our disposal before the antelopes would appear from behind the line of bush which separated us from them. However, I declined to yield, for as their usually quick eyesight had failed them and given us that advantage, I felt it would be flying in the face of Providence to attempt another move.

We had only a bare three minutes in which to recover our loss of breath when they turned up, with—as good luck would have it—the big buck well in front, sloping along with his head hung down, seemingly tired of life and quite unconscious of our presence. From the sitting posture we had assumed on arrival, bang! went my friend's rifle, and down tumbled the buck plumb on the spot. The remainder of the herd stood stupidly staring for a second or two whilst we strode up to photograph the animal, and gloat over a fine head which would eventually adorn his baronial halls. This was foolish behaviour on the part of the antelope, as another bit the dust before it occurred to them that we were dangerous, and that it was high time for them to make themselves scarce.

It's good business, you know, to successfully circumvent a wily denizen of the jungle at his own game of woodcraft, be he man or beast, be he insignificant of stature or the mightiest of animals that roams at pleasure—the monarch of all he surveys. There was high revelry on the good



A BULL ROAN



A COW ROAN

Roan Antelope

ship *Dal* that evening, as my friend had been distinguishing himself as a game shot. This was a "right and left" too! It all goes to show that no animal, no matter how tenacious of life he may be, can, when hit in the right place, withstand the tremendous smashing power of the modern small-bore rifle.

My next introduction to roan was in the same place, with the same herd, but further off. In explanation of this seeming "Irishism," I may say that roan are very shy and nervous animals. If you have had a bang at them—a kill or a miss is immaterial—pursue them violently next day so as to strike a supposed position some two miles *down wind* from where they were met with before; and, strangely enough, you will find the same herd without a great deal of difficulty. That has been my experience many times in East Africa and Uganda, while at Meshra Zeraf, in the Sudan, I came upon the same herd on three successive days, each time about two miles further away down wind. At the third attempt I got my victim all right.

The special pals of that herd were tiang, who were always more or less mixed up with it, just in the same way as topi were always clannish with roan in East Africa. I don't suppose the roan necessarily suborned the tiang to do "sentry-go" for them, as they are quite cute enough themselves to dispense with the aid of any such low-

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born brutes ; it was probably a sort of mutual protection society,

My best head was only twenty-five inches, which compares very unfavourably with the enormous heads that have been shot in the Sudan ; but very likely that was because it was not late enough in the season for the big fellows to be down near the Nile. I was the first in the field in 1908, and lots of game I saw didn't mind the steamer in the least. Later on, when they have been shot at a little, they get dreadfully shy.

The roan antelope is found from Abyssinia to Jebel Achmed Aga, and thence south towards Uganda.

I am doubtful whether the roan at Gondokoro is the *H.E. bakeri* or *ruppallidus*. This may be the locality where the two races run into one another.

X

WHITE-EARED COB

COBUS LEUCOTIS

SUDANESE : ARIEL

I WAS told I should meet him in very large quantities in the Sudan, and this proved to be the case.

He is prepossessing to a degree. A fine old male, standing up black and white amongst his reddish harem, is most conspicuous. And he knows how to show himself off. His black coat contrasts well with his white belly, the white spot on his chest, and the large white eye patches; whilst the whiteness of the ears, which gives him his name, causes them to appear larger than they really are. And then his heavily ringed horns, with their graceful backward sweep, hooked forward at the tips, give him a very proud *tout ensemble*, especially when you see him, as I first did, in the early morning against a black burnt-up *parterre* of cinders. He stands with his head well up as he looks at one; not at all in the aimless sort of way in which a hartebeest seems to be looking down his nose.

When his hide is pegged out to dry, a distinct

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tinge of chestnut is visible where black meets white, and on this account the skin is very striking, and well worth keeping.

The female reminds one at once of the impallah of East Africa, and I should say there is very little difference between her and the female Uganda cob, neither carrying any horns. Barring his colour, this cob is practically the same animal as the Uganda species, but is not met with till some five hundred miles further north of where the range of this latter ends.

White-eared cob are met with in herds of from ten to forty perhaps; in the latter case the big buck has usually from three to four younger ones to help him in keeping order amongst the more unruly members. These other bucks will be very much lighter in colour, as it is only the very old ones who are almost totally black on the back.

I should not give them credit for being unusually cute, as on the two or three occasions I made their close acquaintance I was able to get up fairly near. They seem to affect the proximity of water rather more than do the Uganda cob, and, I should say, must be hunted for near it.

During my shooting trip on the Nile I came across the white-eared cob at Jebel Achmet Aga in the north, where the officers' game reserve starts, thence all the way up along the White Nile to Lake No on the left bank. On the Bahr-el-Zeraf it occurs in exceptionally large



WHITE-EARED COB



TIANG

(see page 160)

White-eared Cob

quantities, but how far down the White Nile or Bahr-el-Jebel it extends I could not ascertain, owing to the interminable sudd swamps which stretch on either hand beyond the power of human vision.

Twenty-one to twenty-two inches is a fair average head.

THE BAHR-EL-ZERAF

I MADE the acquaintance of the Bahr-el-Zeraf in the good ship *Shabluka*, otherwise known as the "greyhound of the Zeraf." She is a gunboat—a stern-wheeler, as all the old-patterned boats are—and was first used in the old days in the various fights against the Dervish hordes that took place further down the river. She gets along to some purpose, although at any moment she may begin to pant, poor dear thing, as if she was breathing her last gasp before going to the bottom.

Well, I was proceeding up the river after the week spent in shooting at Meshra Zeraf—which is on the main stream, and nowhere near the Bahr-el-Zeraf—following hard after a letter of introduction which had been despatched to her owner, Mr. Struvé, of the Sudan Civil Service, asking him if he could give me any assistance in the shooting line, and a trip on his boat if he happened to be paying a visit to the Bahr-el-Zeraf. I had not heard whether he had received my letter or not, so on rounding the bend of the Nile near Taufikia in the gunboat I had been lent at Kodok, I was somewhat disconcerted to

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

see the *Shabluka* just backing out from the landing-place. A few blasts on the steam whistle attracted her attention, and she tied up once more, as we had her owner's mails on board.

Mr. Struvé was on the point of leaving for his temporary station, Khor Attar, so I was most fortunate in catching his boat just as she had got under weigh.

I can imagine nothing nicer for a honeymoon couple on a shooting trip down the Nile than a trip on this boat. You steam where you will, you tie up when it suits you, there is room on the deck for two beds without overcrowding ; outside the indispensable "meat-safe," which is also a comfortable room for two. By the same token, this "meat-safe" is one of the most useful inventions of modern times peculiar to the Nile and the steamers thereon. It is nothing less than a mosquito-proof house. Without this one suffers the tortures of the damned.

Every ship has one, and each station along the banks of the river owns several, as much to keep the mosquitoes from biting one as to prevent bugs and flies from tumbling into one's food. Besides this, the *Shabluka* has a nice comfortable big cabin with lots of room for two to dress in and escape the icy blasts of January. It can be very chilly indeed on the Nile when the north wind is switched on at this time of the year.

After thirty-five miles' steaming west of Tau-

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

fikia, we reach the Bahr-el-Zeraf, not a river as it appears to be, but the Cloaca Maxima, or main drain, of the whole sudd district, flowing north. This is the route that Sir Samuel Baker pursued when he first steamed up to Gondokoro ; though what is known as "Baker's Passage," right up at the south end of the sudd, where he cut his way through, is now silted up and choked with the dense masses that have formed long since across it at its outlet into the White Nile.

This affluent is about forty yards wide, with a fairish current. During our voyage on it we much enjoyed the splendid effect which the dying glow of the sun, the variegated tints of the evening, and the pale light of the moon, produced on the dark water over which we glided under the shadow of dark papyrus walls.

We panted and puffed slowly but steadily up the stream. Our plan was to steam up to the first wood station, and whilst we took fuel on board, I was to sally forth and shoot. We hadn't overmuch time to cut to waste, as my host had to be back on a certain date, and I had my Gondokoro boat to catch.

I landed in a thorn forest, very dense and thick, on the western bank, and after a short trek came across waterbuck. By dint of a careful stalk (much peering between the tree trunks and under the low spreading branches was necessary to distinguish the buck from amidst the herd of females),

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

I managed to secure an old buck with nice twenty-nine-inch horns. Nothing out of the way, but a head worth keeping. Immediately afterwards I saw another, belonging to a different herd, which was on the move, startled at the report of my shot. He was rather bigger than the first, I fancy, but I wasn't out to decimate the species, and I didn't want more than one unless the second should prove to be a "whacker," so I let him off to fight another day.

Shortly after this we started down stream. The river scenery continued much like that previously described. Wide stretches of floating turf edged the papyrus growth. On the land gigantic primeval trees were so thickly interwoven with climbing plants that they presented a front of smooth foliage. Without an axe it is hard to penetrate these woods; and they are haunted by lions and leopards and beautifully marked pythons.

In an hour or two the forest became thinner, allowing of a view of herds of game—waterbuck chiefly—in the glades and clearings between the mass of trees and the river. Then for ten miles or so, as we dropped down stream, I have seldom seen such a sight of animal life, excepting on the Athi plains in East Africa, from the carriages of the Uganda railway. The banks were fairly stiff with waterbuck, from the old veterans, scarred, and bearing the marks of many

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a fight on their shaggy coats, to the little tots just able to stagger along for a few yards. That region came a very good second to the Athi plains, but in the latter you see heaps of different varieties. We were on the look out for tiang, of which there are numbers in this locality, but none had the decency to appear.

Then after tea, when the bush and forest land came to an end, we entered the white-eared cob country—a land of flat, grassy plains, with a tiny bush here and there amidst the numerous red ant-hills that break at intervals the smoothness between the shallow, swampy *khors* that wind inland from the river every mile or so.

The countryside was dotted with larger or smaller herds of this beautiful antelope. None of them seemed to object in the least to the noise of the steamer. They would even turn round and stare at it unconcernedly. They'll tell you a different tale though as the shooting season draws to a close! When they have been continually shot at by parties landing from every successive steamer and boat, you won't see their heels for dust. And no blooming fools they!

I managed to secure a real old one, with a beautiful black skin, but the head was not worth keeping, as he was so old that the horns had got worn down and stumpy. I landed well below him at a suitable spot. He allowed me to get quite close to him, going on feeding all the time



SUDD BANKS ON THE BAHR-EL-ZERAF



AT THE TOP OF THE JEBEL ZERAF

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

I was stalking him. When I thought he must soon hear me and trot off, I emitted a shrill whistle which brought his head up from the grass he was grazing on, and he stood long enough for the shot to take effect. He was unusually confiding, as the fact of the steamer having stopped so near usually startles a herd and puts it on the move.

It was nearly dark when we pulled up a second time to enable me to get another shot from the bank, so that in ten minutes I couldn't see the foresight properly, with the result that I had to give it up after two or three shocking misses.

After steaming on throughout the night, we woke up next morning to find, staring us in the face five miles off eastwards, the three rocky hills called Jebel Zeraf. We had made up our minds to land and explore these hills in the hopes of finding roan antelope round the base. I am credibly informed that this is a good locality for big roan; but alas! our hopes were dashed, and we were doomed to disappointment. Two things we saw, however, were some ostriches and a herd of giraffe. We didn't want to harm them; moreover, the latter are "off the list" of animals that can be shot, being strictly preserved, so we let them lollop off into fancied security, where they stood swaying their great bulgy-looking necks to and fro for all the world like the prehistoric peeps they are.

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The hills are a mass of piled-up granite boulders, tenanted by large flocks of guinea-fowl, millions of bats, and an enormous warrena lizard—now, I fear, no more! I hit him very badly indeed, and he lay stretched out for dead, till, such is the vitality of these creatures, the noise of our approaching footsteps—apparently—impelled him to seek refuge in a hole in the rocks, from which our united efforts, including those of two lusty Sudanese soldiers hauling at his tail, could not dislodge him.

When on top of the hill we became aware of an extraordinary squeaking sound, and after poking about nearly fell into a wide crevice in the rocks in which bats were packed like sardines. The place looked like a game larder after a big *battue*. It was literally stuffed with bats; hanging on by their eyelids to the roughnesses and irregularities of the rock. A stone thrown down sent them all off in a cloud, like so many locusts, stirring up quite a breeze with their fluttering wings. They were soon driven back to their rocky fastness by force of circumstances in the shape of countless wheeling kites and hawks. “It’s an ill wind,” etc.; the latter doubtless had a good meal that day.

Back to our floating haven of refuge we tramped, unsuccessful as regards our shoot, across the parti-coloured plain, now green, now black, according as the grass had been burnt or not,

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

pursued by a bevy of bee-eaters, catching the flies and insects we kicked up on our way.

"Once on board the lugger," and my friend surprised me by saying that he could stand my company for another two days, which meant that he was able to afford himself two extra days' leave of absence to go and visit some more villages in this neighbourhood. Overjoyed with my good luck in thus being enabled, with his assistance, to have a further try for game through the medium of the steamer, we planned a campaign to be directed against Mrs. Gray's water-buck.

Although I had never set eyes on a living specimen of this superb animal, I trust I may be pardoned for giving such description of himself and his habits as lies in my power.

This was the only beast that the hon. member for Khor Attar's reputation dwindled under! I must make amends for this statement, however, and put in a good word for him, as he took me to all the well-known fancy places in which Mrs. Gray is likely to be found—to all his own special preserves, on his own special gunboat; in short, he did me "top hole"; and the way he and I sweated and slaved for even a sight of the white spot on the withers—the sign-manual of this elusive buck—really deserves a mention in despatches. We fondly hoped to find "her" with her arms outstretched to take us in! She did the latter all

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right, as neither horn nor hoof did we set eyes on ; in fact, she was not at home !

The buck is said to be about the same size as the white-eared cob, but has not so many white markings about him ; he has, nevertheless, a large white spot on the top of his withers. He possesses very long spreading horns, which he carries right down on his back when he bounds away in alarm ; his nose in consequence sticks up high in the air.

It is said that there is no known difference in appearance and colouring between the female Mrs. Gray and the female white-eared cob. But this statement needs confirmation.

Since only one specimen of Mrs. Gray's waterbuck is allowed to be shot on one licence, and as therefore everybody naturally shoots a buck for his superb trophy, surely, in the interests of science, someone should be given permission to shoot two as a special case—a doe as well as a buck—*out of the same herd, so as to prevent confusion*, in order to have the female properly described. Often and often, when the herd is sighted, the buck will be lying down, as is the custom with all varieties of cobus, and it is only the female one sees to judge by. No one whom I have approached on the subject—and some of those I have asked ought to know—can differentiate between the two does except to say that of the two Mrs. Gray's waterbuck has less

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

hair near the hoof ; but as that part of the animal cannot be distinguished, even with the aid of glasses, in the grass, the alleged difference doesn't help one much. I am also led to believe that in every herd there are loads of females to one or perhaps two males, so that possibly at least three responsible people might be accorded the necessary permission to shoot a doe apiece.

Well, we travelled up and down Lake No in the blazing sunshine, seated on the roof of my friend's gunboat in order to attain a great enough elevation to see over the reeds, regardless of sparks and smuts from the poor panting funnel, with our eyes glued to our glasses ; whilst every now and then the remark "By Gad !" or something stronger, to wit, "Great Scott !" would give an outlet to our feelings on discovering two or three red does standing up in the grass, sundried or burnt by prairie fires, as the case might be.

Then would come the agonized question, "Where can we land?" In this part of the world all is swamp and muck, and it is only *very* occasionally indeed that a "meshra" or landing-place on firm, black-cotton soil can be found. These "meshras" are like oases in the desert. Even after landing at one of them, there are certain to be at least half a dozen "khors"—wet watercourses, the water in most of them waist-deep—to be negotiated, before one comes within

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

convenient stalking distance of the supposed Mrs. Gray, which, *horribile dictu*, in our case, invariably turned out to be female white-eared cob.

Religiously we sat on the roof throughout the livelong day, and as religiously disappeared in a cloud of black dust in pursuit, but we were always doomed to disappointment.

Now the real reason of my lack of success was this: my attempt was made much too early in the year. I am told that this species of water-buck does not come down to the Nile till all the water inland is dried up—that is to say, about April. Hence the futility of any search on the river bank in the second week in January.

This being so, I beg to acquit the hon. member, without a stain on his unflagging energies, from the charge that one part of his excellent programme didn't come off, owing, let it be supposed, to the "pubs" with drink to be consumed on the premises being open elsewhere! Otherwise his entertainment was up to concert pitch, and on all other points I am prepared to praise it sky-high in unmeasured terms.

I'm afraid my tales have rather left their sheep behind them, or the other way on, but I really know very little about the fickle jade, as I am disposed to call the animal in question, except that the non-attainment of my object gives me additional zest to revisit that part of the Sudan.

The Bahr-el-Zeraf

Well, after two days of steaming and tramping and steaming again, we found ourselves once more at Khor Attar, my host's semi-permanent station ; and whilst he busied himself in preparing his mules and stores for a short journey through his district, I amused myself shooting guinea-fowl and a rather nice oribi.

That evening we got up steam again for a short two miles up this shallow khor. The water was very low, and the channel had changed with the continual silting up of the mud, consequently we ran aground on several sandbanks before we anchored for the night, but with no direful results till next morning. A hurricane had started in the night, and although we had taken all precaution, and had moored our stern well out from the bank with a couple of anchors, we found in the morning that they had dragged, and that the steamer was stuck, hard and fast, abeam on a lee shore.

Till the wind dropped it was no use doing anything except get out a few more anchors, which we did. I had to get back to Taufikia to catch the Gondokoro boat, and began to grow desperate about noon. Eventually, after a great deal of real hard work, the sturdy fellows got us afloat, and when we turned the bend into the open Nile, there was my boat, the good ship *Amara*, steaming up about a mile away.

It was just touch and go. She was a day

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

ahead of her time, and it was sheer good luck my catching her. If I hadn't I should have been a month late—not through my fault, it is true—but what would the powers that be have said on my return? Thus it came to pass that I left the *Shabluka* in as great a hurry as I embarked on her.

I had a “top-hole” time in the ship, and I'll board her again as soon as her owner is kind enough to ask me. I hope that on some future occasion we shall have the good luck to carry through our original scheme devised for the undoing of a Mrs. Gray's waterbuck.

XII

TIANG

DAMALISCUS TIANG

SUDAN: BURÉ

THIS is an almost exact counterpart of my old friend the topi of East African fame. The topi is also to be found in Uganda in certain districts, so that where the topi proper merges into the tiang of latitude ten degrees on the White Nile I do not know.

The tiang is red-fawn in colour with purplish brindles and patches on the fore-arm and thighs. It is very closely related to the hartebeest, having the same ungainly appearance and the same long face. The horns are lyre-shaped and heavily ringed, and the head is bigger than that of the topi, over twenty-three inches being only slightly above the general average.

Of all the animals difficult of approach, from a stalking point of view, that I have met I think the tiang easily "takes the cake." The first herd of tiang that I saw numbered about forty individuals, and though I squirmed about through burnt grass, getting practically coal-black all over

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for my pains, not a sign of them did I see when I first dared to look up from the cover of a bush some two hundred yards distant from where they had been feeding. They had apparently disappeared into thin air. My orderlies knew me well enough to keep out of sight, so it couldn't have been their fault.

The next tiang I saw was a singleton, more than three-quarters of a mile away. I thought it was no use beginning to stalk before I had reached a good patch of bush another four hundred yards on, as it was only with the aid of glasses that I had made him out at all, Imagine my disgust when after moving only twenty yards—rather across him I admit—he bolted like a shot; I never set eyes on him again that day. This put me so much on my mettle to secure a specimen that I gave up all idea of buffalo, with which the place crawled, as I had shot them before elsewhere, and devoted all my time and energies to tiang. I was doomed to disappointment there, and departed much incensed against the wily beast, and vowing vengeance against any of his clan that I might meet in the hereafter. However, a kindly fate served me later.

Tiang are wilder in the Sudan than their cousins in Uganda because there is less cover in the former than in the bush land of the latter country. But to whatever branch of the genus they may belong, a herd of tiang never settle

Tiang

themselves to feed without first posting a sentinel on some high spot, usually an ant-heap, whence he can command a good view over the surrounding country. This sentinel never feeds or plays when he is on duty, but standing erect and motionless and looking somewhat ungainly, he sniffs the breeze incessantly and scans the plains in search of a possible enemy. As soon as danger of any sort is suspected he warns the remainder of the herd by a stamp on the ground and a loud sneeze. At this signal up goes every head, every ear is pricked, every sharp eye scans the grass and bushes on all sides, every nostril is distended, sniffing for the slightest taint on the breeze.

After this signal is given, lie quiet ; as on the smallest mistake of showing yourself or allowing a tiang to catch sight of the glint off your rifle barrel, good-bye to any chance of getting a shot at that herd. Immediately the whole family, awkward and angular though they look when at rest, are off in a long graceful swinging gallop, which enables them to cover the ground far quicker than seems at first possible ; and they will continue their flight for some distance. If they should meet a belt of bush on their way, don't make the mistake of looking for them in it, as they will have passed right through, and will be found well out on the open plain. But it is of little use pursuing a startled herd.

XIII

BUSHBUCK

TRAGELAPHUS SCRIPTUS BOR
TRAGELAPHUS SCRIPTUS DECULA

SUDANESE: ABENABER

BARI: CABO

FOR a long time I believed that the bush-buck was confined to the hills. So he is to a great extent, but by no means entirely.

Let me now relate how I stole a march on my companions on my return journey up the Nile to Uganda. We arranged one evening to stop and shoot next day at Gameiza, where we were going to take wood on board. Next morning I woke up to find that the boat had stopped, and on seeing my companions fast asleep, I quietly hurried on my clothes and slipped off to get ahead of them; as some four or five people tramping round the countryside, loosing off right and left, spells no sport for anyone.

Imagine my surprise when the skipper said we were just off for Gameiza, that the place where we then were was not Gameiza, as I had thought, but Malik Bor, a mission station. Not

Bushbuck

to be outdone, I remarked, with a wink, that the captain hadn't seen me, and without more ado bolted for the jungle. The result was a nice bushbuck, and on my return fiendish and awful curses from the others, who I knew couldn't continue the journey till I had boarded the boat again.

Now this took place in absolutely flat country with not a vestige of a mound, leave alone a hill ; and yet the place teemed with bushbuck, as was conclusively proved by my seeing two bucks and five does in the short two hours I was out that morning. We started on flat, sun-dried ground with not a vestige of grass, threading our way across country in and between the thorn bushes. A short way from the river-bank, where the grass was thicker, we saw and let off a herd of waterbuck with a small head in it. Then, half a mile or so further on, I felt a violent poke in the back ; on looking round I found my orderly, as stiff as a ramrod, slowly handing me my rifle, staring fixedly into the grass. It might have been an elephant, judging by the look on his face, but then he knew I was especially anxious to get a bushbuck. It was no good, however, as the bushbuck was off like a flash, having spotted us long before I was ready. A short distance further and it was time to return to the steamer, so sweeping round towards the Nile we shaped our course for home. Then we tumbled

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in amongst the bushbuck. First two does fed across our front, but they had evidently left their mate asleep in a bush as we saw no signs of him; then three does appeared with the buck feeding towards us in their rear. When he was close enough I let him have it, but hit him rather far back as he leapt into the air and sprang behind a thicket, whilst the others stood still and stared about, evidently with not the slightest knowledge of my whereabouts. A sudden report followed by dead silence often produces this effect; it is, therefore, always highly advisable to sit tight after a shot to see how the land lies before moving from one's place of concealment. In this case, the buck was still behind his bush; so, in order to try and get the does quietly away without alarming him, we whistled two or three times. When they had disappeared I advanced upon the hidden animal, who sprang up from where he had been lying in the bush, badly hit, and gave me an easy shot at close quarters.

Very pretty, striking little beasts are these—yellowish red to quite dark red in colour, with white string-marks running vertically and horizontally along their forequarters and ribs, spotted over the loins and behind. They vary tremendously both in their colour and in their markings. They have a curious kind of mane all down the back, darker than the remainder of the coat, and their hindquarters are quite shaggy in appear-

Bushbuck

ance. The females are lighter in general colour than the male, both in the “*bor*” and in the “*decula*” races, and they carry no horns.

There is a strange and erroneous idea firmly impressed in the minds of many people in Uganda that there is a certain kind of animal called the “harnessed antelope” which is quite distinct from the “bushbuck.” When one of these persons is asked to explain the difference, he replies that the two are very much alike; and on being further pressed, he admits that he knows of no dissimilarity between them. The truth is that in South Africa, and on the West Coast, where various species of bushbuck also exist in large quantities, the generic name “harnessed antelope” was bestowed upon the lot; and on the occasion of their original discovery on the East Coast, they were all labelled harnessed antelope by the books bearing on the subject. The Eastern and Western forms are both one and the same animal, *Tragelaphus scriptus*, which is in English “harnessed antelope,” or, as we call it, “bushbuck.” They all belong to the same class as the kudu, and all wear string-marks, more or less clearly defined, in this part of the world. In the Uganda region the Nile and Abyssinian races meet one another, hence the differences seen between various individuals within forty miles of one another. I have seen the yellowish kind, and a very much redder one,

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

each with his couple of does as usual, which in both cases were practically of the same hue, much lighter than that of their lords and masters.

Bushbuck are most wary and difficult of approach, and one has to keep one's eyes well skinned and remarkably wide open to circumvent the brutes. It is a very good thing when one is in good bushbuck country to carry a rifle oneself continually, as many a shot can be obtained between the bushes and grass, that is not possible when one has to snatch the rifle out of the gun-bearer's hands.

A very good plan when out after bushbuck in hilly country about 9 a.m., is to walk quietly along round the hill at a height of about two or three hundred feet above the plain, and at the same time to send a man, *along the plain below you, just at the foot of the hill, to make, not a fearful row, but a good clatter.* Bushbuck *always* run uphill at a tremendous pace, so you will have the double chance of seeing what is round you, and having those in the grass at the bottom driven up to you, and your quarry will most probably be lurking in the grass.

If you see a bushbuck and make up your mind to stalk him, take every care and be sure to finish your stalk well out. Only yesterday I made the old mistake of not doing this, because two young waterbuck got up not ten yards from where I had marked the bushbuck down. I

Bushbuck

made certain the latter wouldn't be there as the waterbuck went off with a crash and a rush ; so I stopped and shouted for my orderly, whom I had left some way behind, and, in fact, made the deuce of a row, before proceeding to walk about to see if there were any signs of the bushbuck disappearing. Quite five minutes after the man had arrived, while we were discussing what to do next, the bushbuck bolted out of the very bush he had originally been standing near, and beside which we had been sitting down talking. I lost him, as I had laid my rifle down on the ground, and had my glasses out. Bushbuck are very shy and timid indeed, and probably that one had been so frightened at my sudden and close approach, that he had lain "doggo" in the bush, sweating blood with funk.

There is, of course, in forest country the old game of going out in the evening for an hour or so, and sitting down quietly to admire nature, as well as to wait for a bushbuck to come along, but that has been described elsewhere.

Quite recently a friend of mine returned to Bombo, the head-quarters of the King's African Rifles, near Kampala in Uganda, with his company from detachment, in the Hoima district, bringing in with him, amongst other trophies, the heads of three bushbuck which he had shot. Their horns are all abnormally thick, and all of a uniform length—more or less—over $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

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Two of these bushbuck were shot on the escarpment overhanging Lake Albert near a place called Tonio, and the other at another place some sixty miles away nearer Bombo, on the banks of the Myanja river. Their skins are very light in colour, with the string-marks scarcely showing. Are they the "*bor*" of the Nile, or the "*decula*" of Abyssinia? Or is it that the good feeding that they obtain in this part of the world enables them to develop finer horns, even as the well-fed Unyoro elephant carries more massive tusks than the elephant found in the vicinity of the Semliki river? But the question is, What are they? In either case my friend has got some records, as I never saw such massive heads, but it does not seem possible to class them under either sub-species. And there are plenty more in those districts waiting to be shot by the intending visitor!

I append a photograph of the heads and skins of two of these big fellows, shown against a 29-inch white rhino horn, to give an idea of their length and thickness; also a photograph of bushbuck I shot at Bor on the Nile.



BUSHBUCK



TWO BUSHBUCK HEADS AND A WHOLE RHINO HORN
*(The horn appears to be smaller than it really is, as it is some little distance
 behind the heads)*

BACK TO UGANDA

AFTER leaving Bor, where I had landed and kept everybody waiting whilst in pursuit of a bushbuck, as before described, the post boat continued its weary way southwards towards Uganda. At intervals a few thorn trees reared their spiny stems from behind the matted bank of reeds and bulrush, entwined with purple convolvulus that fringed the river as it turned and twisted in this low-lying country.

Just before rounding a certain bend, we had been warned by the engineer to keep a sharp look out, as some sandbanks in front of us were a favourite haunt of hippos, a spot on which they used to bask in the noonday sun. Sure enough we came upon a large herd, old and young of all ages, lying about well out of the water, warming themselves on a sandbank on one side of the river. Some thirty yards further away was another similarly situated sandbank tenanted by dozens of crocodiles, also performing the same species of hard labour. The latter were the first to take alarm, as some were half in and half out of the water—sleeping, as usual, with one eye open—and thus the beat of the big wheel was conducted to

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

them by the vibration of the water. They slid quietly into the liquid element. The hippos did not take alarm till some seconds later ; when they did the surface of the water was suddenly transformed from a placid even plane to waves and spray by the rushing shapes and unwieldy bulk of these enormous creatures. Before dashing pell-mell into the depths of the pool, one or two of the younger ones paused to stare open-mouthed at our dreadful apparition. One hippo came up out of the water a mere yard from the bows of the boat, sinking again so hurriedly in his dismay at being nearly run down, that he must almost have been choked.

That day was full of incident. Herds of antelope were seen on either bank, as the grass and river growth had been burnt in places or had rotted away till it was quite short.

An hour or so further on, a sudden trumpet of alarm caused a rush to the side of the vessel, whence we saw a herd of six elephants tearing along in front. The breeze was from behind us, so our smoke was blown amongst them. They kept along the bank for some four miles, always just ahead of us, going at a very fast shamble, crashing through the high grass and bushes as if they weren't there to impede their progress. Why the herd didn't make off into the depths of the jungle was not evident. Perhaps to do so was impossible owing to swamps and mud ; but at

Back to Uganda

any rate the elephants afforded us an amusing spectacle lasting for nearly an hour. Then they got tired, presumably, and, trumpeting loudly, lay up in a clump of very high grass. We could just see the bull's tusks turned in our direction to safeguard his wives and little ones from the fearsome object fast approaching him, enveloped in a cloud of oily smoke. Nothing happened, however. He did not try conclusions with the steamer. He was not a big fellow, and the bank was swampy and unfit to land upon, so we passed on our way.

That practically brought us to Gondokoro, and another hundred miles of marching.

The country was by this time pretty dry, and the water along our old road was inadequate for our wants, and besides was only to be had by digging ; so I decided to do this march to Nimule by the Nile road which I had not seen before, and where I was assured there would be plenty of food for the porters. Moreover, I had plenty of time to reach Nimule before the steam-launch came. We were amply rewarded for this divergence of route by the scenery we passed through during the last portion.

At first we marched along the low ground, cutting across smaller streams and making long and rather tedious detours round the swamps. The grass was all burnt at this time of the year by the sun or by the fires lighted on purpose by the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

natives—chiefly by the latter. Through the ashes the fresh young shoots were already making their way. Outcrops of rocky granite ridges were very frequent. The Nile was never more than a mile or so distant from our narrow track, called by courtesy a road, and the Uganda bank for the most part is heavily cultivated, in great contrast to the Congo bank. I did not see a head of game for some fifteen miles, but food there was in plenty, both for master and for man. Guinea-fowl as well as partridges formed the *pièces de resistance* for the dinner-table; and there were lots of fresh eggs and lashings of milk for breakfast. The natives all along here are most kind and hospitable, always bringing what one wants, often without being asked to do so. And they congregated round the camp fires of an evening glad to hear the news from the outside world.

We left Rejaf hill behind on the left bank and camped on the Kit river, usually a great resort of game at this season; but owing to many brother officers from Gondokoro having spent a few days' leave shooting in the neighbourhood, most of the animals had disappeared in favour of a quieter haunt.

As we advanced the character of the country began to alter. More bushes and more trees appeared; the ridges showed signs of developing into hills, and then the blue misty outlines of moun-

Back to Uganda

tains became faintly visible far away southwards. In hush of the evening we heard a frequent murmur of waters which meant shallows on the river, if not rapids. An oribi or two formed a welcome addition to the larder. We passed several villages on either side of the path, all looking fairly prosperous, surrounded as they were by their green patches of cultivation. We pitched our camp near one of these in a beautiful spot, where a fine khor fringed with tropical vegetation flows along the bottom of a wide meadow-like clearing, covered with short succulent grass and adorned with handsome colossal fig-trees, tamarinds, and duleil palms. Close beside the village, which nestles among the crags, there is a rocky ridge. Bananas are scarce here; evidently the soil does not suit them. Tobacco, however, simsim, and even a little cotton are grown. A fat old man, named Kursi, is the paramount chief of this district, and he almost fell over himself in his frantic endeavours to show us hospitality.

One of our marches was remarkable for an awkward though ludicrous contretemps. The march had not been a long one, nor was there much water on the road, so I expected the porters to arrive very shortly after I did. When we had been some time at the halting-place without their putting in an appearance, I began to wonder what had happened. At last a man arrived with his box on his head, and on being

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questioned replied in a monosyllable, "Nyuki" (bees). This explained the whole thing, and soon a disorganized and demoralized mob shuffled into camp in twos and threes. Eyes were bunged up, noses twice their usual size, and lips thickened to an appalling degree even for a negro, and the possessors of the swollen organs were all in a beastly bad temper. Their story was that a large swarm of bees had been annoyed by the singing of the porters (they often chant in chorus to beguile the march) and had descended upon them tooth and nail, going straight for the faces of the men, who, without a moment's hesitation, threw their boxes to the ground and bounded off into the long grass and thence into the river. Then the bees, not having taken the trouble to pursue them very far, proceeded to swarm all over the abandoned loads, so that, on anyone approaching them, the insects were up in arms again and ready for another engagement. No one knew what to do, till a man who had been in these parts before advocated an attack with fire. Armed with burning bundles of dried grass the porters made a determined charge on the winged pests, with the result that the insect army was completely defeated with heavy loss. I have heard of two other exactly similar cases in which bees took charge of the loads and could only be beaten off with fire. Bees are exceedingly bad tempered if routed out of their nests, and very persistent in their attacks.



THE WATER LAY KNEE DEEP UPON THE LEVEL PLAIN



A FREQUENT MURMUR OF WATERS

Back to Uganda

The longest march on this road is to Kenyi's from the north. The road rises and falls through rocky grass country very much cut up by rocky ravines with pools of water in them. The track here keeps on an average about two miles distant from the Nile, and we camped some four miles from Bageri Hill, which was to the east and between us and our old road.

Thence onwards the road is still good, but goes up and down over a rugged country, in which stony ground alternates with cultivation. There does not seem to be very much to shoot in this district till one reaches the neighbourhood of the Karpetta river. Taking a stroll along the precipitous sandy banks of this stream, I came suddenly on a beautiful leopard, sitting up like a cat on his haunches, blinking at the sun. Just at that moment, however, a flock of guinea-fowl took it into their heads to fly away with a tremendous clatter. This signal naturally attracted the leopard's attention, and he was off before I could get a shot at him.

The hills and mountains now began to make themselves very much more *en évidence*, if not actually felt, as the road became steeper and more hilly. Polki Hill lay to our left, and the dome-like crest of Akiko Mountain loomed in front, where the Nile rages and roars in the chasm between it and the great Congo escarpment. As on the previous march, the path wound about dreadfully,

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being apparently the high road for all the villages in this part of the world, in that it seems to pass through most of them. At any rate, at the end of the day's march we had been going a long time and felt fairly tired, but we did not seem to have got very much "forrarder," judging by the bearings of the various landmarks, but we had descended from the rather higher ground three or four miles eastward of the Nile to where the Uma river runs into it. Here I spent two quite good sporting days waiting for news of elephant, which, alas! never came. I managed to secure a nice hippo on the first day, and saw him cut up and safely in camp, which was satisfactory, as so many drift down the rapids and get lost. The morning after two oribi and a good waterbuck with a 33-inch head were bagged.

The country on the Uganda side of the river was inhabited years ago by a race of men who lived in square stone houses and cultivated the land largely, judging by remains of their gardens, which were built for miles along the slope looking over the river, and in all the steeper parts formed terraces like the hill cultivation in India. The chiefs in these parts are very nice, hospitable old men, kinder than ever when they are stimulated with thoughts of hippo meat!

The mountains on either hand now began to draw nearer to each other, till it looked as though to pass between them would be impossible. The



WATERBUCK



“ONE OF THOSE BOTTOMLESS MORASSES”

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river grew more and more tumultuous ; the path became rugged and broken, winding in and out amongst the rocks and boulders, between the bushes and high grass, now up the steep side of a hill, now along the ridge joining this offshoot to the main range overlooking the river, ever mounting higher till we found ourselves on the top of Akiko Mountain. This bold rock, which stands some two thousand feet above the Nile bed, breasts the driving wind and seems to command the storm. The rushing clouds halt in their mad course upon its crest, and curl in sullen impotence around its craggy summits. The deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river foams and boils, formed by the Aronzi Mountains, is filled with the vanquished mist which sinks powerless in its dark gorge ; and the bright sun, shining from the east, spreads a perpetual rainbow upon the gauze-like cloud of fog which settles in the deep hollow.

We spent one night on Akiko, sheltered in a quiet corner which looked as if it had been made expressly for my tent, and from which the view was glorious. I sank to sleep, but, being at a higher altitude than usual, I kept on waking up, till at last I dressed and set forth to see the sun rise from the crest.

For a few moments all sounds seem to have sunk to rest, till the distant, grating roar of a belated lion warns the weary porter whose duty it is

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to keep the embers of the watch-fire going ; he piles fresh wood upon them, and the bright blaze shoots up amongst the trees, and throws a dull, ruddy glow on to the bare rocks. Morning comes at length, ushered in before night has yet departed, by the strong shrill cry of the great fish eagle as he sits on the topmost bough of some forest tree, and, at measured periods, repeats his quivering and unearthly yell, like an evil spirit calling.

A more cheering sound charms the ear as the grey tints of the morning make the stars grow pale : clear rich notes, now prolonged and full, now plaintive and low, set the example to the other singing birds, as the bulbul, first to awake, proclaims the morning. The birds indulge in wild jungle-bred songs, charming in their quaintness, not like those of our humdrum thrushes in old England.

The jungle partridge wakes up, and with his loud cry subdues all other sounds. And now the distant hill-tops far below struggle through the snowy sheet of mist, like islands in a fairy sea—a solemnly beautiful scene ; the dewdrops fall heavily from the trees as the light breeze stirs them from an apparent sleep ; a golden tint spreads over the sea of mist below ; the sun's rays dart lightning-like from the eastern sky ; the mighty orb rises in all the fullness of his majesty, recalling the Almighty's words, " Let there be light ! "

The sun has risen ! The mighty sea below

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mounts like a snowy wreath around the hill-tops, and then, as a passing thought, it vanishes. A glassy clearness of the atmosphere reveals the magnificent view of virgin forest newly awakened from its sleep; mountain and valley, hill and plain, covered with innumerable trees, stretch beneath one's feet; every dewy leaf gilded by the morning sun; every rock glistening with moisture in his bright rays; mountain and valley, wood and plain, alike rejoicing in his beams.

Then on again once more, through bush and scrub, over rock and boulder, towards Nyeri, the big peak in the Congo mountains; and thence onwards through a narrow gorge on the brink of the river which gradually widened out as we neared the village and fields encircling Nimule. The fine trees, worthy of any park, were clumped in dark green masses here and there. Tall borassus palms were scattered about the valley, sometimes singly, at others growing in considerable numbers. Near and distant hills, high and bold rocks, in between which flow the muddy waters of the Unyama, now a shallow stream, and the grand old Nile upon our right, all combined to form a landscape of surpassing beauty.

At Nimule we were able to rest awhile until the arrival of the boats, that took us further up the Nile to Butiaba. We had, therefore, ample time to make provision for our "Safari," and replenish the deficiencies in the chop-boxes. Here

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

I found that I was to travel in company with friends once more—a great relief to the monotony of the journey—as Captain Edwards, the Inspector-General of Police, accompanied by Mrs. Edwards, “blew in” from the annual inspection of his men in the north. The small steam-launch would be somewhat crowded, and an extra man would doubtless somewhat inconvenience a lady in the cramped accommodation at our disposal; but we were great friends and looked forward to a most cheery time. Captain Edwards was full of disgust with himself, as he had come across elephants on his trek, had hit a magnificent tusker, and had pursued it through swamps and jungle for two days from early morn till dewy eve, only to track it up into unfriendly country where the chief was a well-known ivory thief and had refused to aid him in its further pursuit. What annoyed him most, however, was that, just before embarking on the steam-launch, a man came in, hot foot, with the news that this hoary old robber had actually “collected” the tusks and had refused, point-blank, to give them up to the Government. This was adding insult to injury, but there was nothing for it but to journey on without them. That evening—the first out from Nimule—we tied up and landed at the old deserted Belgian station of Dufile. We found the paths overgrown with grass and weeds. Of the houses, made of brick and thatched with

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straw, only a few of the walls were standing, whilst all the roofs and the greater part of the verandahs had fallen in. All had gone to rack and ruin; all was totally destroyed. The few fruit trees, planted and tended by the devoted hands of Emin and his officers, remain in a tangled wilderness by the river bank. The beautiful avenue of lime trees and date palms has been defaced by the destruction of many boughs, while the ground beneath is literally smothered in flowers that have seeded themselves—year in and year out—and gone wild in the process.

We steamed on all through that night so as to arrive by daybreak at a favourite wood station, where we wished to put in a few hours' shooting whilst the sailors cut fuel. A three-mile walk brought us to some beautiful rolling downs studded with a bush here and there and a scanty sprinkling of trees. Underfoot it was like an English hay-field. Elephants were known to be plentiful here, so we were not surprised to come across their old tracks. In the morning we saw nothing more exciting than hartebeest and oribi, which we left to try conclusions with on our return. And it was well we did. When we sat down to investigate the contents of the lunch basket, we found that it had not arrived. Presently one of the men we had left in charge of it rushed up and informed us that he was sorry he was late, but that he and his

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companions had been delayed by being cut off by a large herd of elephants. This was great news, and we retraced our steps in search of them. The animals, not having been disturbed, had passed on quietly feeding. The large herd, however, turned out to consist of a dozen—as we expected. There did not appear to be a big bull amongst them, so we sat down to lunch, keeping our glasses directed on them from the high position we occupied. It was most interesting to watch them some three hundred yards away, packed together under a shady tree with their heads inwards facing the tree-trunk. Now and again there was a sudden slight disturbance as if one had kicked another by mistake ; then one would turn round and show his head and great ears flapping to and fro. After lunch, before leaving them altogether, we determined to go and make a closer inspection, in case one of the two bulls, which stood up much higher than the cows, should prove to have larger tusks than we supposed. It is most curious how close one can get to a herd of elephants sleeping like this, even though one is right out in the open without a vestige of cover, *provided* one approaches the herd in such a way that the wind blows from it to oneself. We crossed and recrossed their front, and on finding there was nothing worth having, came to the conclusion that it would be best to make tracks for the river once more.

On the way we met a hartebeest. My friend

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hit him very hard ; nevertheless, he went off with a rush up-wind. We started in pursuit, hardly expecting to come up with him for some time, but shortly made him out limping painfully along, going straight away from us. We followed him cautiously, rather expecting that in time he would lie down. In that case we hoped we might be able to creep close enough to give him the *coup de grâce*. The hartebeest behaved as we had expected, and we advanced warily to the spot where he was lying. But he had taken the precaution to lie down facing the way he had come, and, rising with a sudden rush, was off again. The next time—about half a mile further—we profited by our former discomfiture. Having marked the spot where he was hidden in the grass, we made a short detour to take him in flank, and—got him. Our victim had behaved in a characteristic manner. When a stricken animal bolts up-wind he faces the known danger behind, whilst his nose instantly warns him of possible enemies in front. If an animal dashes away down-wind on being hit with a bullet, he is usually only slightly hurt, as well as much frightened, and will chance an unknown danger so long as he can keep well clear of his deadly enemy—man.

Little incidents such as these, when of daily occurrence, teach a man far more than the perusal of hundreds of books ; and it is only a matter

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of time before he acquires a fair knowledge of the habits of the different species met with in whatever shooting country he may be. What a man learns in one country is naturally of the greatest use to him elsewhere. There is a story of a well-known big-game shot, fresh from the African wilds, who was invited to a friend's deer forest in Scotland which was celebrated for its quantities of beautiful heads. On the first shooting morning the host was somewhat surprised at his guest's non-appearance at the breakfast table, and when the meal was nearly finished sent the butler up to his room to remind the laggard that everybody was almost ready to start. The guest was nowhere to be found. Imagine their horror on emerging from the dining-room to find the sportsman smiling and exultant on the doorstep with two splendid heads! Of course, he had risen with the lark. He had always done it in Africa, and remarked that it was the best time of the day. Oh, no; he hadn't wanted gillies—hated the sight of them—he was accustomed to do his own stalking. Naturally he supposed that his host and the other guests were out early in some other direction, as their lines had been thoroughly explained overnight; but he had thought it odd that no one had wakened him from his slumbers. The host was really angry, and did not issue another invitation to that sportsman.

· Little of moment occurred on our voyage to

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Butiaba. We steamed along past the wooded mountains and the forest-clad hills, past the papyrus banks and lagoons, running aground now and again, cursing at the delays and getting dragged off at last. In that part of the river it is scarcely possible to avoid the shoals of weeds and mud. First the weeds collect until they form a dense spongy mass which stretches across the river and acts as a filter. Then as the water, charged with muddy particles, arrives at this natural dam where the stream is suddenly checked, it deposits all impurities as it oozes and percolates slowly through the tangled but compressed mass of vegetation. This deposit quickly creates mud-banks and shoals, which effectually block the original bed of the river.

The plant which enters most largely into the composition of the sudd blocks is the *Pistia stratiotes*. This resembles a small floating cabbage, with fine thready roots like a human beard, some sixteen inches in length. The pistias often form dense masses which are very difficult to clear. Merrily they bob along the surface of the river in batches of twos and threes, or of several hundreds, till they get broken up in the rapids, or entangle themselves in a bank of reeds, and seed themselves there.

An uneventful passage brought us up at anchor in the land-locked harbour of Butiaba at the foot of the lofty escarpment that hems in the eastern

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

shore of Lake Albert. This strip of low-lying land between the mountain and the tempestuous waters of the lake is a grand shooting ground. One may confidently expect to meet several varieties of big game for a hundred miles south of Butiaba right down to the Semliki river, and animals with good heads into the bargain, as few people come to these comparatively unknown parts in search of game. There are not many inhabitants, so that flour and sweet potatoes are at a premium, but one can depend on fish to a large extent to supply one's entourage with food.

From here to Masindi is two days' march through one of the great primeval forests which extend in all directions in these parts. An oak is a mere pigmy beside the giants of these wilds. Often did we stop to admire the prodigious height and girth of these trees. Their beautiful proportions render them the more striking ; there are no rough knobby stems such as we are accustomed to see in the ancient oaks and elms of England. Every trunk rises from the earth like a mast, perfectly free from branches for a hundred feet or so, straight as a dart, forming a grey pillar to support its share of the rich canopy above, which constitutes a roof perfectly impervious to the sun. It is difficult to guess the actual height of these trees, but I should say that often as not one would miss with a gun a bird on the topmost branches. From age to age



VISTAS OF EVERLASTING SILENCE



IN THE FOREST

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these magnificent trees remain in their undisturbed solitudes, gradually increasing in their endless growth, and towering above the dark vistas of everlasting silence.

No one can imagine the utter stillness which reigns in these depths. In the shades of the forest I have often stood and listened for some sound, but always in vain ; not a chirp of a bird, nor the hum of an insect is heard. The mouth of nature is sealed. The perpetual verdure and the freshness of each tree create an idea of eternal vegetation, and the silvery dim light adds to the charm of the enchanted loneliness. Creepers of the thickness of a man's thigh lie snakelike along the ground, and then rearing their twisted forms on high, climb the loftiest trees, and hang in festoons from stem to stem, like the cables of an old-time battleship. Each festoon extends from tree to tree for many hundred yards ; now falling to the earth and striking a fresh root, then with increased energy remounting the highest trunks and forming a labyrinth of twisted webbing among the ceiling of the forest.

A curious and little-known animal inhabits these dusky silences. The natives call him the Intallaganya, a long crack-jaw name phonetically spelt. I have never met a man who has seen a specimen alive, much less who has shot one, though the species seems to exist in fair quantities, if one may judge by the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

large number of skins it is possible to acquire by barter from the natives. The skins are very small, about as large as those of the dik-dik ; a mouse-coloured fawn in appearance with extremely silky hair. Both sexes are said to be hornless. Intallaganyas are numerous in this district, and there are a few to be found in those dense solitudes on the banks of the Semliki nestling under the shadow of Ruenzori. The natives are said to organize large drives for them, and to catch them in long nets spread from tree to tree through the undergrowth to entangle them. One never sees a shot mark on the skins, which are usually obtained sewn together in the form of karosses. These are much prized and command a very good price.

My view of the forest was considerably marred by a dose of fever, brought on in all probability by long marches in the sun and continual wettings ; but the kindly attentions of Mr. Anderson, who dispensed lavish hospitality at Masindi, soon counteracted the effects. A slight "diversion" here, caused by an elephant hunt, took us a short distance out of our way. There was news of two bulls ; great big ones ! We trekked . . . and, to cut a long story short, came upon the pool where they had drunk the previous night. The jungle was desperately thick, so one of my men, armed with a rifle, marched well ahead with the native who had been responsible for the tidings. Soon we heard an intermittent crashing as of



ELEPHANT COUNTRY



DUFIL

(see page 190)

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elephants sleepily feeding and breaking down the branches at intervals. This sound we located as proceeding from a dense clump of tall trees. Making a long detour to try and get the wind right, and at the same time reach, with as little noise as possible, the place through the dense thickets that surrounded it, we advanced upon the position. On our left was a dense, impenetrable mass of thorny tangle, and on our right a high impervious growth of reeds, tall enough to conceal the biggest elephant that ever existed. The tree was on our right front. The wind came from our left front. . . . We moved stealthily forward. A bark in the reeds told us that a bushbuck had got our wind. We prayed that the elephants would not hear that, and that our good luck will keep our end up! If the animals were *actually* under the tree, well and good; if in the reeds, look out for . . . By Gad! a crash resounded five yards away in the reeds, which bent and swayed violently to and fro, and behaved as if they were quite mad. There was a sudden stampede, but by the greatest of good luck the frightened monsters didn't break cover our way. But as the crashing grew fainter and fainter we looked at one another in hopeless disgust. Three elephants had been under the tree and one in the grass, and the bushbuck's warning was not in vain. How we cursed the wretched brute!

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

Food was now the order of the day under the spreading branches of the tree, but we had barely got the box open when another crashing, quite close by, came from the direction of our line of advance. Elephants, no doubt! As the noise grew louder and more close, we gripped our rifles, determined to do or die. In a moment they would move into our wind and we should know the worst—whether they would bolt, or whether they were out for blood and meant charging. The worst happened, and they fled. Would you believe it! They were the same animals we had disturbed a moment before. Two men, who had gone in pursuit of their tracks, came in and reported the fact. What must have happened was this: the bushbuck had given the whole show away. No animal in the jungle ever disdains another's warning signal, and although the elephants had neither seen nor heard anything, they knew that they had better make their absence felt—at any rate, for a time. After going for a short distance, however, they had probably collected their shattered nerves and headed back to continue their siesta under their favourite tree, and to investigate matters generally. Then they had got our wind. If only we had stopped fifty yards behind, where the grass was thinner, the elephants would have walked straight into us. But no one in his senses would have stopped out in the open to eat

Back to Uganda

his lunch when there was the grateful shade of a tree available fifty yards away ; still less would he have supposed the elephants would return so soon, or even at all. It was sheer bad luck: and one of them was such a big fellow, too !

I shall never forget the beauty of Masindi, and I would I could describe it in adequate terms ; but a telegram received there, hurrying up my return, forced me to leave next morning. The shooting would not be good by the shortest road, which I necessarily had to take, so I left with a heart heavy at the thought that my pleasant journey would be over all too soon, and that it would be many a long day before I should be able to obtain leave of absence to shoot in other districts.

Our first halt was at the river Kafu, a sluggish tributary of the Victoria Nile, which we reached after a stiffish march. This is a slow-flowing, muddy river, flanked by rich tropical vegetation ; graceful palms and lovely ferns overhang the water. The greens seem particularly vivid here after the burnt-up dryness of the plains, and the red young leaves of some of the trees have the appearance of autumnal tints, and form a feature peculiar to the African landscape. Game was not present in any considerable quantity. One herd of zebra, numbering about thirty, stood staring at us for so long at a distance of about eighty yards that I was able to photograph them.

Now and again we got shelter from the burn-

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

ing rays beneath the wild date palms, a very pleasing feature in the picture, varied by the fan palms, having green feather-like leaves and bright orange stalks covered with similarly coloured fruit. When ripe this fruit becomes dark brown, like the cultivated date. At intervals, a few delightful moments of repose would be passed by a marshy stream, almost hidden by its rich jungle of shade.

Then came some weary marches through an everlasting bush of mimosa thorn which rose like impenetrable walls on either side of us. Along this road there is hardly any rising ground; hence it is impossible to see anything for more than a few yards around one, unless one is willing to brave the dangers of penetrating the bush and returning to camp with tattered garments and ruffled temper, if return you can, for when only a few yards from camp it is quite possible to get hopelessly lost. The imperviousness of this jungle in some places is almost unbelievable; the bushes of wait-a-bit thorn form an absolutely impassable barrier. Every tree of every description about here seems to be armed by nature with weapons for its own defence. The naturalist can here enjoy every hour of his day. The flowers are lovely; and animal life is seen in many unaccustomed forms. Quaint spire-like ant-hills, tapering to pinnacles of fifteen feet in height, and the clustered nests of the noisy, yellow weaver-

Back to Uganda

birds meet the eye on every side. From tree to tree huge grey spiders which weave webs of silk-like material, which with the dew and the morning sun upon them look like gauze curtains suspended in the air. On the ground lurk creeping things innumerable, and deadly mambas, both olive and black varieties, whose bite means a sure and speedy death. Wherever there is a rocky *kopje* you are sure to hear at nightfall the hideous scream of the baboons.

The last night out we made for a pond, famed all the country round, in order that my men might do great things in the washing line, and get themselves spick-and-span to make their *entrée* into Bombo, the head-quarters of the regiment. It was a great disappointment to us, however, to find nothing but a muddy puddle, well trampled by oxen, who had just been watered there. Needless to say we did not stay for our proposed washing, but hurried on. After the long, flat stretch of waterless, dust-covered country we had crossed, it was a great relief to reach the hills round Bombo, where the rustling fronds of the banana trees give their pleasing shade, to attain the land of sweet potatoes and all things good that appeal to the long-suffering porter's stomach.

And so Bombo was reached. We had time and to spare to rest our weary legs there before setting forth once more on my last journey out of this unhealthy land.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

SWAHILI: KIBOKO.

ARABIC: GERUNTI

I AM going to relate a day's experience with hippo and savages in one and the same breath. The scene is on the Nile, just below the Fola Rapids, in the narrowest part of the river, where the great Congo mountains seem to try and meet those round Nimule.

I shall not stop to describe either the ponderous beast or his habits. All the world knows that by day he lives in the water among reeds, coming up to blow and snort at intervals; whilst at night he lands to take his meal of grass and make a beastly row, booming about the place like the savages I am implicating in the day's amusement.

Well, I shot one. And of course I returned to my tent, like Job, to sleep off my impatience till the carcass should get full enough of gas to rise from the bottom of the river. This usually takes about three or four hours.

Camp was pitched in one of the beautiful shady acacia groves, of which there are numbers on the banks of the Nile here, not far from a large village owned by a dear old man called Kuyu. The

Hippopotamus

roar of the rapids was in my ears, and the shadowy, purple, impressive Congo mountains towering on the far side of the river were visible from within my tent, the flaps being raised to encourage the slightest breath of air in this curious crack in the earth's floor. Hereabouts the Uganda side of the river is for the most part a series of rolling plains, small rivers, and watercourses, down to the Nile bed; whilst on the opposite bank the land rises to, say, one hundred feet, and then presumably drops into a narrow valley that ought to be stiff with game of all sorts. A little further on—a short mile from the western bank of the Nile—rises a grand range of mountains, which appears to be quite 2000 feet high from our standpoint of river-bed and grass. Beyond, the natives tell me, is plain again, but all on a higher level than ours.

A sudden shout and rush of the meat-loving porters roused me—from only a doze be it assured—and the “gup” was all about the hippo that had risen and was floating down stream, becoming now and again hidden in the rush of water. I got on some clothes and wandered down to the river bank, to find the body washed high and dry on some rocks in mid-stream.

Having sent for rope from camp to use instead of the native-made twisted creeper things to pull the monster in by, I began to explain the

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

method to be pursued in getting him the two hundred yards or so into the bank.

The savages said, "I know!"

Off some twenty went, "stark oh!" half swimming, half floating, each man on his ambatch log, towards the carcase. Meanwhile I had seen another big hippo, and having questioned them closely as to whether it was possible to secure the two, and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded to add him to my list. As luck would have it, the pack of savages who had started off after the first dead hippo were carried by the flow of the stream right in the way of the second hippo, who luckily happened to be in his death throes. However, I covered him with my rifle in case he should have enough life left in him to turn nasty, but up went his legs, and he "kufa-ed," as they say, whilst the swimmers were within a yard or two of him all round.

I turned to the savages who had remained on the bank with me, and intimated that it was a wonder that none of the people in the water had got hurt, and they said, "I know!"

Well, the swimmers tied the rope to the leg of the aforesaid dead hippo, and after a lot of shouting and shoving got him off the rocks and started him on his way to the bank.

I remarked that I hoped they had got hold of the other end of the rope, and they replied, "I know!"

Hippopotamus

I then entered into conversation with the chief, and told him how the Shilluks, further down the Nile, who are past-masters in the mysteries of a hippo hunt, always manage to have an ambatch float (made of very light wood, almost altogether pith) attached to the moribund carcase, and he answered, "I know!"

After a lot of jabber and chatter the swimmers, each supported on his own log of ambatch, reached *terra firma*. I said I hoped the hippo would soon be hauled to shore, as I wished to take a photograph of him; and they said, "Oh, no! we haven't got him!"

He had sunk again, they informed me; and on being questioned as to the method of procedure, whether they had tied the rope to his leg (Yes!), whether anyone had hold of the rope, or had attached a float thereto, they said, "No! We ought to have!"

In a white-hot rage I stormed, "You have lost him?" and I'll be hanged if they didn't reiterate, "I know!"

Grand finale! Coloured lights, and air of varied hues!

I roared with laughter and hopeless disgust! By Gad! It makes one sick to think of it! What can one do with such extraordinary wooden-headed, know-all people as savages? They are bred savages, born savages, dragged up as savages, and they always *will* be savages.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

For the best part of eight years I've lived amongst many of the different untamed denizens of these African wilds, and have thought I've known their habits and customs; nevertheless, I have not yet succeeded in arriving at the bottom of their extraordinary proclivities.

They will go on saying "I know!" till kingdom come, whilst you will go on believing them!

Well, the real wind-up of this hippo episode was on the day following the above remarks; and it gave me no reason to alter a single word of what I have said about savages.

News came in from the men who had been sent rushing off at early dawn to look out for the floating carcase—enemy—that they had found his body, and, what was more, had retrieved him, and that he was hard and fast to the bank—defeated with heavy loss. On this being sworn to with many "billahis," spears thrown on the ground, and hands raised in the air, I thought it was good enough to go and visit the scene—of the decisive battle.

And it *was* a scene! Talk about savages, hyenas weren't in it with them!

Although the teeth of the monster were to be cut out for me, as was quietly explained by the chief and universally accepted with loud acclamations, within five short minutes the whole blooming tribe were hacking, hewing, cutting, howling,



A BABY HIPPO. ON LAKE ALBERT



THE HIPPO. HARD AND FAST TO THE BANK

Hippopotamus

shouting, and squabbling (that's all the verbs I can make use of at present) without reason. They were only savages!

The bank was very steep and the stench rose, but the head did not; because every man, woman, or child was trying to secure a piece of meat, chiefly stomach. After standing this for an hour or so under a broiling African sun in the noon-day heat, you can imagine the state of my temper. One of the promiscuous bits of stomach, that were being continually hurled up the bank to no one in particular, but the whole women folk of the tribe in general, caught me in the face, and in sheer self-defence I had to figuratively wade in with a stick. The head had just been severed, and luckily my orderlies had hold of it; but a stern order for the remainder of the carcass to be shoved off and let go, so that I might obtain my small wants, met with a howl of disgust.

The animal was fast putrefying, and they had got piles of stinking meat. What they wanted with more no one knows, but I eventually succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty able-bodied men to attend to my requirements. I managed to secure the four teeth all right, though it took me till four o'clock in the afternoon before I had them back in camp.

The savages—poor devils!—must have their filthy food, and as a result, at 10 p.m. on the same evening more than half the village was stupefied

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

from overeating, and the rest tipsy—the results of “merissa” or native beer brewed from dhurra in honour of the occasion. Although they love the meat above all things, what good does a surfeit of it do them? I suppose it's like a boat-race night in town, which, being interpreted to those not “in the know,” means a gigantic bust! Equally unintelligible I hope!

Well, the tusks were good ones, so I went to bed happy ; but I will never retract any remarks I have made about savages.

XVI

TOPI

DAMALISCUS GIMELA

I HAVE just killed a topi in the Nimule district; so now I am at a greater loss than ever to decide where the line comes that separates topi from tiang.

My victim is a topi right enough. His head shows this, as do his colour, make, and shape, to say nothing of the two attendant females. I was sure they were topi when I first set eyes upon them, and I made doubly sure by again scrutinizing them for some time through glasses before I fired. They had no idea of my presence, and my orderlies sat down at once. I was then enabled to have a good look at them sixty yards away for some ten minutes, so that there was no possibility of my mistaking them.

They wore the same dark red and purple clothes in which I had previously made their acquaintance in East Africa and on the German boundary. The horns of the individual I have shot are very thick indeed, being in fact much thicker than I had expected to find them, but not so long as in my former specimen, shot five hundred miles

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

further south. These topi were inhabiting the same kind of bush country as I have described in *Big Game Shooting on the Equator*.

I was very much distressed at not being able to obtain a photograph, but it was far too early in the morning for the light, and I was handicapped by being hard pressed for time, with a series of long marches in front.

I repeat I have not the least hesitation in saying he was a topi; nevertheless, I would ask sportsmen in the Sudan Government, living on the *right bank* of the Nile in the Province of Mongalla and at the head-quarters of the Sobat river, to make careful notes as to which species occurs in their districts, in order that something definite may be ascertained as to where the line comes that marks the meeting-place between the tiang of the North and the topi of the South.

Topi are known to exist in fair quantities in the Gondokoro district, but are very much more numerous the nearer to Abyssinia that one goes—East, that is to say. They are to be met with in the south of Uganda towards Imbarara and the Semliki river, and are there found in large herds.

XVII

ORIBI

I HAVE seen a good deal of this little animal of late, both in the flesh and in the pot. He is much to be admired in either capacity, being beautiful to behold and very good to eat.

After the guinea-fowl or partridge, or anything o' that ilk, the oribi easily holds *première* place at dinner in the wilds, where one is for ever trying to throw off the shackles of interminable courses of antelope meat. There is not much of him when he's divided up, it's true, but what there is is "top hole." He is a beast after the heart of the *gourmet* if not of the *gourmand*.

Next to the dik-dik tribe, I take it he is the smallest game animal in Africa throughout its length and breadth: a sprightly light fawn-coloured little gentleman, growing two slender horns rather sloping backwards and then forwards, but almost straight, with ring marks round their bases for an inch or so up towards the tips.

One finds them in Uganda and the Sudan in almost all places not very far from water, generally in pairs, but sometimes in company with one or two others who have presumably come to pay

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

them a visit and pass the time of day. They seem to affect bush or grass country—not forests—and afford good sport if pursued with a rifle.

They may be seen feeding in the early morning, and are then more easily stalked than in the heat of the noonday sun. If disturbed when resting under the shade of a friendly bush, they jump up with a couple of startling bounds, stand for a moment to see who or what has disturbed them, and then gallop off through the undergrowth. If one does not avail oneself of the shot they afford when they stand on first being disturbed, it is useless to follow them up, as, being so small and light, they leave no tracks behind them to guide the sportsman. A standing shot is generally the only one that can be attempted. Such a shot has the advantage of showing you how steadily you are shooting; if you can manage to hold straight and bag an oribi, it means that your hand is in a fit state to try the neck-shot on any animal you may meet afterwards; and what is more, when you meet that next animal you tackle him with confidence.

If you fall in with a pair of oribi you may reasonably presume that there are more not so very far away. I have several places in my mind's eye where the sight of a pair, on a low ridge or in thinly-bushed grass country, always has, and for ever will, mean more, so long as one hunts for them in the same kind of country—



ORIBI



“CAMP WAS PITCHED WITHOUT DELAY”

(see page 227)

Oribi

following along the ridge, or persevering under the latter conditions. They may seem rather insignificant, but they're worth while adding to one's list of "game shot" for their flesh as well as their little heads, which look quite well filling up the gaps on the walls of one's ancestral halls between the more magnificent trophies on which one sets so much store.

XVIII

BOUND FOR KHARTOUM ONCE MORE

IT was on a Tuesday, the 4th of August, 1908, that I started from Bombo for my last trek through Uganda to join the headquarters of the Egyptian army at Khartoum. I set out on my journey accompanied by many a wish for good luck in the new land and service I was entering. The season was not propitious, as the rains were at their height. During the greater part of the journey the rain poured in torrents day and night; soaked us all to the skin, and added considerably in consequence to the weight of the loads on the unfortunate porters' heads. It was impossible to buy flour for them to eat, as by the end of a day's march it would have been converted into an indigestible poultice. But luckily that did not matter to them, as sweet potatoes, which they put down with equal voracity, were to be purchased in any quantity. A small escort of an N.C.O. and three men, with about thirty porters, a cook, and a body-servant for me, completed the party, which started merrily away in the brilliant sunshine of a temporary break in the rains.

Bound for Khartoum Once More

It is well to make the first march a short one if one is proceeding on a long journey, as everything is pandemonium at the beginning, and the porters like to have plenty of time to settle down on reaching camp the first day out.

We soon left the immediate confines of the civilization of a town, and that evening saw us encamped on the last ridge we should have to cross before getting out into the open country. It was a pretty camp, amongst tall forest trees and elephant grass, but, oh! how it rained in the evening, which boded ill for the morrow.

Off in the fresh early morning, the high grass sprinkling its dew upon us in myriads of glistening drops. How much my toilet was improved by this shower-bath can easily be imagined. Often enough on such marches I have envied my savages, who by hanging a broad banana leaf in front of their bodies obtained very good protection, while I was wet and shivering—a victim to my own civilization.

A ceaseless monotony envelops the traveller upon these marches, sharp and prickly grasses, isolated trees—acacias and mimosas—and reeds of gigantic dimensions often forming regular walls on either side. But the monotony of tramping is not quite unbroken. Every now and again, quite unexpectedly, one gets a blow on the shin from some hidden tree stump, or a tear from some prickly thorn, of which the most

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

destructive are purple thistles, six feet high with large leaves, white on their under side.

Presently we reached a clear flowing stream, which, journeying from east to west, bubbled along in its deep sandy bed. A little later we came across one of those bottomless morasses that exist only in Uganda, and about which one bitterly complains. One sinks up to the waist in black, thick, stinking mud ; and although in some places attempts have been made to erect a kind of bridge with the stems of the abundant Dom palm, these places are often just the most dangerous, because the stems, having no firm foundation, are apt to roll away from underfoot when one steps on them. The incidents of African travel must be experienced to be appreciated. To jump from one plank to another, to miss one's footing and fall up to the breast in water and mud, to feel the burning sensation caused by the sharp-pointed barbs of spear-grass, and above all to witness the absurd appearance presented by a whole company of people kicking about in swamp and mud—all these things are part of the day's march. However, one gets gradually hardened by force of circumstances, and ceases to care very much, till in the end one seems to forget these troubles and difficulties to a great extent ; and it is only when one's pet rifle or field-glasses are dropped into the water that the nasty little thing called temper makes itself heard.

Bound for Khartoum Once More

With all this grass about, game was practically invisible, and it was only at long intervals that one might quite by chance come across a small herd congregated in a clearing. A hartebeest now and again, a stray Uganda cob or two, was practically all the amusement to be obtained during this the first part of the march.

I was trying a new route much to the east of my last trek. Little attempt at civilization broke the everlasting monotony of swamp, water, and elephant grass. No house invited the stranger to enter and rest awhile. Groups of mimosas formed the only relief to the swampy land covered with this tall grass, in which thousands of black and white mosquitoes held their concerts. The water stood everywhere knee-deep upon the level plain thickly grown with grasses. A path some eighteen inches wide led through this chaos of water and mud. Where elephants had used it, their visits were plainly indicated by holes into which we sometimes fell. I saw at one place a small herd of buffalo at a distance from the road enjoying themselves in the mud. As our caravan approached them the buffaloes rushed madly away, kicking up the water behind them.

Very noticeable were the swarms of butterflies of all sorts and sizes which flew round us in the midst of the swamps, sometimes even alighting on our clothes.

Throughout this marsh-land small patches of

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

slightly higher ground form occasional small islands. They are thickly covered by low mimosas, and many of them are crowned with groups of gneiss blocks some ten feet in height. One wonders how it is possible for these rocks to have found their way into the middle of this level swamp-land.

So we marched on through thick and thin, and once when I remarked to the guides that they might let us halt for the day, as the porters must be tired with wading through the mud, I was told that our quarters for the night were quite near. It turned out, however, that they were at least two whole hours distant. But the porters all got there, which will give an idea of a Baganda's marching powers, when he does march, as well as the inconsequence and lack of knowledge of one's daily guide.

On nearing the Kafu river I had to work westwards, as the stream was swollen and impassable where I now struck it, and there were no natives with canoes in this low-lying expanse of swamp. It was therefore necessary to strike for the scene of my previous passage, where also I hoped to find some game for the larder in the half-cleared country amongst the shambas that I knew off. We hit off the crossing all right at Kichuya, and I was able to get meat for myself, the remainder of the party also tumbling in for their share ; but on the way we had to negotiate a large marsh

Bound for Khartoum Once More

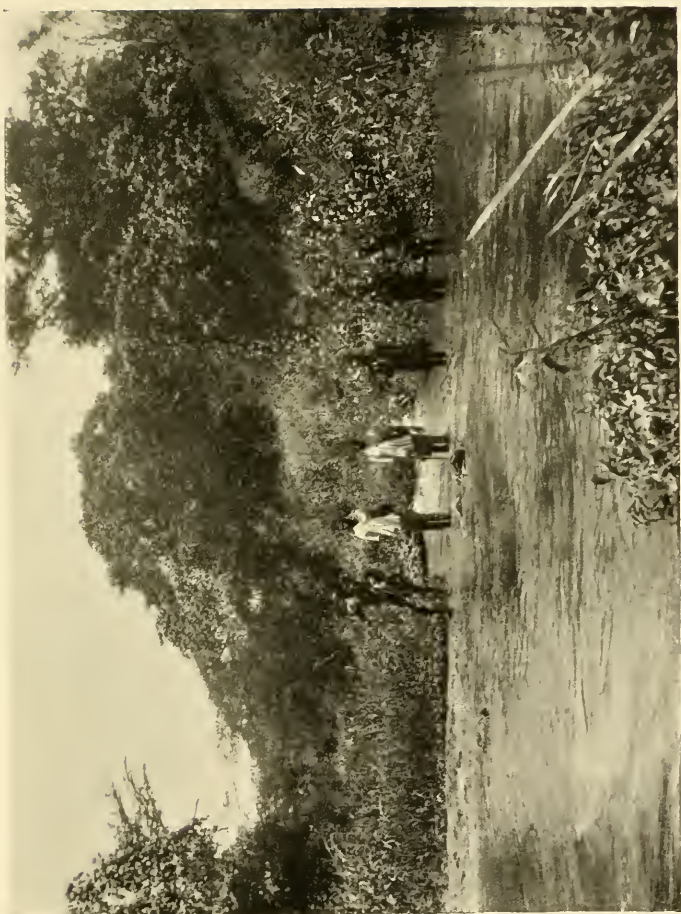
whose waters flowed into the Kafu. This necessitated a short halt in order to make our swamp toilets. All strictly unnecessary clothes, together with the hundred and one small impedimenta which a traveller requires on the road—watch, compass, aneroid, knife, etc., were made up into a bundle and carried on the head. The water reached up to our necks and was filled with decomposed vegetable matter. The rays of the sun were scorching, and clouds of mosquitoes took the opportunity of attacking us with impunity. Slowly the porters marched forward, feeling each step of the way with their spears. Their work was almost superhuman, but still no single load was dropped into the swamp, the crossing of which lasted nearly an hour. Once, some time before, a porter on emerging from another such swamp got into an elephant hole, and, stumbling with his heavy load, caught hold of a tree to save himself from falling. By evil luck there chanced to be a bees' nest in the branches, and the unlucky man brought down their vengeance not only on himself, but on yours truly and the remainder of his fellows. Luckily he was almost the last man out of the water, or the loads, which were pitched into the grass on all sides whilst their owners scampered helter-skelter away, would have been lost in the water.

If the swamp or stream is of no great depth, it is a good plan to take off one's breeches and

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putties, and winding the tail of his shirt higher and higher—round one's neck if necessary—advance upon the swamp in that fashion, because soaked breeches impede walking sadly, besides being apt to rub one severely.

The next day saw us into Masindi once again—for the last time, I am afraid—and it was a shocking day. No less than three times were we soused to the skin in deluges of rain ; three times the swear-words became milder and died away as the clothes dried on us in the sun ; a fourth time a storm caught us a short quarter of a mile from the comfortable bungalow I was making for, where I hoped to find a friend indeed on such a day as this. But alas ! the place was untenanted ; the owner was travelling round his district, and we found no servant, no nothing. To make matters worse, the porters were far behind, as this was a very long march, besides being exceptionally trying owing to the dreadful climatic conditions. Nothing but drenching, pouring rain all the evening outside, and shivering dampness inside. There are many of you, my kind friends, in town or in the country in your stately English homes, where hospitality is dispensed with lavish hand, who have no idea of the hardships and discomforts of a wandering life midst a burning tropical sun which eats up the very marrow in one's bones, till one fancies one has at last reached an earthly Hades, only to be



OUR SWAMP TOILETS

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Bound for Khartoum Once More

succeeded in the snap of the finger by black-dark sheets of tempestuous rain setting every nerve a-trembling and every tooth a-chattering. It's worst of all when one's tent has to be pitched in a partial swamp and there's no ghost of a chance of getting one's clothes—leave alone boots—dry by the morning's start after having slept (if that word be permissible) between blankets that have not been dry for a week or more.

Masindi is one of the prettiest places it has been my fortune to see in Uganda, and it was quite at its best in the brilliant sunshine of the morning after the storm. Everything was a beautiful vivid green ; houses peeped out amid the luxuriant growth of grass and trees—forced by the steamy action of sun and rain—and smoke wreaths curled up from the houses to the blue skies above. Every kind of vegetation has a chance here. The soil is wonderfully rich ; at the same time it is very easily worked. When the tall rank grass is torn out by the roots, a fine surface is exposed that resembles dark chocolate. This is a vegetable loam, resting on a bright red quartz gravel. The quartz is not rounded, and appears to be the residue of decayed rock that has never been subjected to the action of running water. With such a subsoil the country must be healthy, as the heaviest showers drain rapidly off through the gravel.

I now decided to visit Hoima, the capital of

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Unyoro, some two days' march distant to the south-west. The road is broad and carefully cleared, as there is quite a considerable amount of traffic here, and many natives own extensive shambas bordering the roadside. We marched along the usual see-saw-like road of Uganda proper, the country being much cut up by water-courses, all bubbling merrily along at this time of the year, between the ridges crowned with elephant grass and forest trees.

Hoima is a straggling place lying in an amphitheatre of high hills facing west. The Military Hill is south of the Civil Hill and the Indian Bazaar, and everything is clean and tidy. This is a great centre of trade, almost equalling Kampala, ten days away to the south-east by the cart road. The Nile flotilla, be it remembered, does, in addition to all the Nile work to and from Nimule, the carrying trade for the Belgians in the Congo across Lake Albert from its western shores to the port of Butiaba—a wind-blown sandy spit some twenty miles north of old-time Kibero, a fort in the Mutiny days.

The site of Hoima has been changed two or three times owing to severe outbreaks of sickness, but I should say it has now grown too big to move again. It is the head-quarters of the northernmost detachment of the King's African Rifles, besides having a large complement of Protectorate Police. The Sub-Commissioner in

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charge of the province was away on tour at the time of my arrival, so I passed a very pleasant evening at the house of an old Somaliland friend, Captain George Lane, R.A.M.C., where chat waxed fast and furious till long past midnight. Here I changed my plans, and instead of boarding the launch at Butiaba as was my first intention, made up my mind to trek northwards round the edge of Lake Albert and pick her up at Bugungu, spending the time in between in trying for elephant in that district. This would involve passing through the Budonga Forest Game Reserve, however, where of course shooting is barred, but at the same time the route was little known, and lay practically along the lake shore, whilst I could cross the Reserve in a day with luck. Moreover, I should not be in the forest at all, and I was led to believe that the going was good and the grass short, added to which I had great hopes of being able to secure one of the big waterbuck that I had seen in these low-lying parts.

We pitched our camp in the old spot half-way down the escarpment, some five miles from Butiaba, where a message was sent to the officer in charge informing him of my intentions, and asking for the launch and boats to put into Bugungu. There are large numbers of bush-buck on the escarpment itself, and on the flat grass lands at its foot. I managed to bag, besides a hartebeest for the men's food, a very nice speci-

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men of the species of bushbuck, with the massive horns I mention elsewhere, although not such a big one as that obtained by Mr. Murray some twenty miles south of this.

The road was very pretty : no high trees, and no more of the objectionably long grasses. The path wound in and out between sweet-smelling, golden, flowering mimosas, and was carpeted by nice soft velvety turf, picked out with quantities of pink and white trumpet-shaped lilies. We advanced very warily, well ahead of the caravan, peering round every corner to avoid startling the game, which was plentiful.

Suddenly our guide stopped dead, and pointed out the stately form of a veritable patriarch among waterbucks, with the finest horns I had ever beheld—beautiful, symmetrical, and wide-spreading. He was unconscious of our presence, but evidently had heard or suspected some kind of danger, as he stood alert with ears pricked, but fortunately looking in the wrong direction. I took hurried aim at some fifty yards, and he fell to a shot in the neck. This was good work, as his horns taped $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It was, however, useless to take his mask, as to have preserved it in the rains would have been quite impossible, because drying was out of the question, and the maggots and bugs might have got into some other more valuable skins I was using every endeavour to

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preserve. The head was a most welcome acquisition, and another mask taken in a drier climate would serve to adorn it, and make it a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Then we came to a horrid place to cross, the Waipoka river, where the Reserve begins. This took some doing. But though the water was up to our necks and flowing very swiftly, we negotiated it by making a double chain of porters—one row forming line hand in hand to withstand the force of the current, whilst the remainder transported the loads by relays leaning up against the human rope when they were carried off their legs. The meat shot in the morning would stand us in good stead until we should pass out of the Game Reserve, which we expected to do on the morrow, provided we had the good luck not to meet any unfordable stream *en route*. Oddly enough, little game was met with in the Reserve, but towards the northern end great numbers of footprints of elephants, deeply outlined in the soft going underfoot, to say nothing of the torn-down branches of the bushes, showed us that there was a large herd in the neighbourhood. Soon we arrived at the Waiga river, where the Reserve ends. Although its banks were some fifteen feet high it was a mere trickle, as there had been no rain since yesterday, which shows how soon these mountain torrents fill and empty.

Camp was pitched without delay some three or

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four hundred yards away from the river to try and circumvent the myriads of mosquitoes that would start singing on the river bank at sunset. Messages were sent to the local chief making arrangements for the purchase of food, and requesting him to come in and see me; and breakfast was got under weigh. In an hour or so some natives arrived with the news that a herd of about fifty elephants were somewhere about, and parties were despatched north and east to find their tracks. At the end of a terrific down-pour, that lasted till about three o'clock in the afternoon, some of my porters rushed in with the news that they had been held up by a mob of elephants just on the other side of the Waiga, *in the Reserve*. Out we went, armed to the teeth, and in the silence after the storm we could clearly distinguish at intervals the trumpeting and crashing of elephants as they fed in the jungle. We wandered along by the river all that afternoon, slowly keeping parallel to the elephants' line of march, hoping against hope that the notion of crossing the Waiga in our direction would enter their heads. I must own I was sorely tempted to cross and have a dig at them, and my men begged me to allow them to go and try to drive them over. But this I could not allow, as if I had sent them I should have to have given them a rifle for protection's sake, and then it might have been used—rightly or wrongly; so,

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bad luck to it, we had to continue on our journey and leave the elephants behind. They might have crossed in half an hour, or they might have remained on the other bank for two or three days, and time was pressing. The chief reported more ahead, and said that he had sent on a party of his own natives to scour the country, and order more men to go out for the same purpose all round our next camp. Henceforward we marched along a better four-foot road, betokening the presence of villages hidden in the bush a little way back. A few patches of simsim and mahogo were visible at intervals on the rising ground to the east. Of game tracks there were very few, till on rounding a sharp bend in the path we found ourselves face to face with a bull buffalo gazing intently at us to discover who the intruders might be that had broken into his solitude. Buffaloes are wonderfully quick of hearing, and as he hadn't bolted at the first sound of our approach, as his kind usually do unless previously annoyed, I was afraid he meant mischief to the caravan, which was well up with us now that the ground was drier. He had not a big head, but was of the Abyssinian species, which carries smaller horns, but is every bit as nasty as the Cape buffalo found further south. Again the Mannlicher proved its worth, as he dropped where he stood with a bullet in his brain. We gathered afterwards that he must have strayed from his

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herd, as we came on the spoor of a considerable number leading away from the lake a short way ahead. When cutting him up, we found embedded in the flesh of his hindquarters two barbed arrow-heads which had been broken off short, leaving only the iron tips inside two large festering sores. This accounted for his truculent appearance, and showed that natives had been after the herd. They pursue buffalo and elephants at this time of the year with poisoned arrows. Having noiselessly stalked them, they discharge their deadly weapons from close quarters and leave the wretched animals to die a lingering death, trusting to being guided to the corpse by the sign of the birds of prey which wheel in the sky overhead. Of course there is a law against this, but, no matter how stringent the legislation be, so long as there is no game ranger to enforce it these atrocities will continue, and the beasts of the jungle will continue to suffer. Some there are who say that the Unyoro elephant will die out, as they admittedly carry the biggest tusks in Uganda; and although there are great numbers of them, they are the more easily got at from Entebbe—with any certainty—than any other herds. On the other hand, all the herds in the neighbourhood of Masindi, near Kilianongo and Paniatoli, have been so tremendously shot at in the last few years that their tempers have been ruined, and they are thereby in more or

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less of a fit state to protect themselves ; though even *they* cannot hope to stand up against a modern powerful cordite rifle in the hands of one of the bolder spirits anxious to secure his ivory.

The elephants and buffaloes in the Reserve are protected from the white sportsman by the natives, who love to show their zeal towards Government by reporting to the authorities every case of elephant being shot in any part, either on the chance of a reward for information received, or, as I strongly suspect, because they consider these royal game their own special perquisite as in the old days of indiscriminate slaughter. I should say that the cases of a native reporting another of his own kith and kin for breaking the game regulations in this manner are extremely few and far between, whilst the numbers of important beasts who are done to death in this noiseless, secret, underhand way, would be surprising if ever they came out. Why, when one meets a party of savages busily engaged in clearing the path of weeds and undergrowth, one notices by the roadside their bundles of bows and arrows heaped together near the remains of their fires, and on examination all the arrows are found to be bright and sharp. If you question them they make no bones about the matter, but tell you straight, "This is the season for elephant hunting!" The natives do far more harm in

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a year than the white man will do in three, and trust to their cuteness to avoid detection. There is a kind of freemasonry among them where an elephant is concerned. You may send your trusted orderly out to his own village where his father and mother and all the rest of his kith and kin live, to try and buy a small cow elephant's tusk as a curiosity—money or sheep down—and he'll return with the information that there are none in the countryside. It seems odd, but, after a week's march, he will quietly remark that there were of course heaps, but they couldn't dispose of them to the white man, as he was probably offering to buy on purpose to report them and get them into trouble. By way of illustration, take the case of elephants that we have all heard of, which have got away wounded. What becomes of their tusks? They get into the hands of the natives who barter them for so many sheep and cattle, and quite rightly too. But how many in comparison do they shoot themselves, and say they found them dying of a wound by a rifle-shot? And who is to stop them so long as this freemasonry continues, except an English game ranger who goes about amongst them, and, having gained their respect, puts down the practice with a firm hand? There are game rangers and to spare in other parts of Africa for the protection of other small game; surely elephants, whose valuable ivory forms such a large portion

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of Uganda's export trade, need looking after even more, if possible, than other and lesser beasts.

On reaching Bugungu we found that the launch and boats had not yet arrived, so we were able to turn our attention to a herd of elephants which were wandering about something under fifteen miles away. Their spoor had been found and was being followed up, but two days' search failed to locate them with any certainty. As they were on trek at this time of the year, a march after them would have been somewhat of a wild-goose chase till they settled down for a bit, added to which was the fact that they had not been viewed, and so there might not have been a shootable bull amongst them. Accordingly, whilst the search parties were out, I turned my attention to the large flocks of pintail and whistling teal which frequented a marshy corner near by. When engrossed in this pastime my orderly became aware of the presence of a small school of hippo disporting themselves in a sheltered bay of Lake Albert. Having heard the report of the gun they wisely kept too far out to enable me with certainty to bring off an effective shot, so some special plan had to be formulated. We scraped a long trench in the sand well above water mark in preparation for the morrow, when we brought a lot of natives with us to try and hoax the hippo. Having got into this hole with one gun-bearer, I sent all the rest of the mob away, telling them to

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walk along the beach in full view of the animals. Some men were posted well back out of view to keep anyone from approaching our place of concealment, and we settled ourselves down to a long wait.

As the sun got hotter the hippo came closer in to the bay, and began rising to blow at intervals and falling again, partially asleep. At length they seemed close enough. I fired at one of them and heard the bullet "tell" with a loud smack on his head; this was followed immediately by a tremendous surging and boiling of the waters. Up came his head again in apparently the same spot, and he sank hit again, turning a somersault in the water, showing his little stout legs wagging hard. "And then a dreadful thing happened!" I found I had shot an unfortunate baby hippo. So little of them show when they are asleep that it is extremely difficult to know what you are shooting at, and it is only when they see you, and therefore show themselves higher out of the surface, that you are able to pick out a big one. All you have got to go by is the length of their heads. I can only conclude that my victim must have come up in the same line—bearing to me—as one of his parents. Another difficulty was that they all appeared to be sleeping with one eye lazily fixed on the shore as though they feared danger, so that they were all head on. If they had been

WINE &
CIGARETTES



MY DEAR DOGS

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in a river, they would probably be facing different ways.

However, it didn't matter so very much, as the carcase was speedily cut up and carried off by the various villagers in the neighbourhood. Next morning, when we were all packed up, the start was delayed by one of my dear dogs being missing. We found him more than half stupefied by a surfeit of dead hippo!

I started on my journey with two dogs—one the nicest bull-terrier ("Raffles") I've ever had, and the other a Borzoi ("Dick"). It was the latter who had so distinguished himself, although he was fed twice a day regularly—as they both were, to prevent jealousy—and often left a large part of his food in order to go and steal any raw bits of meat that might be lying about camp. They are awful thieves, I'm afraid, and nothing can break them of it. They both survived the trek, but alas! Dick is no more; the other is fit and happy and flourishing, not minding the climate of Khartoum a bit. Dear old Raffles!

Once aboard the launch and . . . any voyage is very much like another. We steamed by day, and tied up in the evening to give the men a chance of cooking their food ashore and to allow the engineer his night's sleep. I used to sally forth of an evening to try and provide food for the men and exercise and sport for myself, and to vary the monotony of a river

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voyage. Fresh meat was a valuable asset for one's own kitchen in a country where it was impossible to buy sheep. An encounter with a white rhino has been described elsewhere, and another with a vicious cow elephant was not at all pleasant. We had landed to cut wood to replenish the stokehole, when I came on the spoor of elephant. After a short trek my dependents came to a dead stop and swore they had heard a crashing to our left. I quite thought their nerves were on edge, as we had traversed some nasty bush country. However, these people are very rarely deceived in the jungle, so after sending a couple of men to reconnoitre the supposed position we sat down. Sure enough there *were* elephant, and they *had* bolted. This put new life into the proceedings instantanè; we set about following up the tracks, which led parallel to the Nile. Soon the herd broke up; six cows and young went one way, and about ten bulls and cows another.

Some of these children of nature, who have been brought up in these out-of-the-way spots from little tots, are quite marvellous in their reasoning powers when it comes to elephant. They said that these cows with calves wouldn't and couldn't go very far or fast, and would, by instinct, be sure to join up with the bulls near the river, although the others might go some distance round at a good hard trot in a semicircle. As

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they had not seen us, and as no shooting parties had been that way lately, they would not have been greatly alarmed by our presence. We were, therefore, to pursue the cows and let the bulls rip. It seemed a funny method, but as the natives were all agreed without any discussion, I did as they had suggested. Of course it was impossible to say how far the elephants had gone after their first wild rush, but it was easy enough to follow their tracks, as they had made our path for us. Eventually we heard a grand disturbance a short distance ahead, and a cow appeared on the scene, bearing down on us at a fast walk with her trunk well up, sniffing the breeze. It was hard to know what to do, as we didn't want to harm her, and yet she wanted our blood; besides which, there were the bulls we were working for not so very far off. Luckily she stopped and waited; we did the same. She was listening intently. We daren't move backwards or forwards for fear of making a noise, as she was in full view some twenty-five yards away with her ears cocked. She half turned round and we shinned out as quietly as possible. She heard us, and advanced again in a threatening attitude; and then we got clear. We next crept through the jungle in such a direction as to give the cows a wide berth, and at the same time cut into the remainder of the herd on the lines previously agreed upon. When we had gone some way and thought the

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coast was clear we moved rapidly. Naturally the noise we made breaking through the dry grass was considerable, move as carefully as we would, and the upshot was another crash close by on our left, caused by one of those infernal cows turning up once more. And this was some two miles from the scene of our first encounter. Now she came up with the devil in her eyes ; and we saw in a glade two more cows facing us, with three calves huddled up under them.

It was only another case of an elephant hunt having gone wrong. In our eagerness we had miscalculated time and distance ; otherwise my people were perfectly correct in their suppositions. We ran like rabbits from this awful apparition, hoping she wouldn't leave her calf, and on our way back to the boats cut into the spoor of the remainder of the herd, evidently making for a point to meet our friends the cows. Then the steam whistle began sounding violently, waking the echoes around, giving us due notice that the skipper was in a hurry to be off, so there was nothing for it but to make tracks at once. It was shocking luck, as, judging by the footmarks, I am sure there was a big bull, and this was the fifth disappointment I had had. But there always is "the biggest bull I've ever met" mixed up in any story in which the herd get away !

No further incident marked our journey to Nimule, where we disembarked and prepared for

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our walk to Gondokoro—the last trek in Uganda I expect I shall ever do. I don't know that I'm altogether sorry in a way. It's true my first march through with Churchill ended in the greatest luck I've ever had—being attached to the Egyptian army—but, barring trekking, it's the only country I have ever been quite knocked over in, as regards being ill, since I have served in the East. India everyone knows: Somaliland was beautifully dry and healthy; East Africa's climate is "top hole"—you can't wish for a better anywhere in the Highlands; but I'm afraid I don't take away a good impression of Uganda, and I think the majority of my brother officers there will bear me out. However, least said soonest mended!

On leaving Nimule, I was determined to carry out a project that I had long had before me. This was to cross to the Congo side of the Nile and see what the country there was made of. It is the piece of land [*sic*] leased to the Belgians called the Lado Enclave. As it is to be taken over by the Sudan Government when certain contingencies arise, I thought a little knowledge might be of value.

The difficulty was to get across the Nile. There was no one to say me nay over the way; but the rapids formed a serious obstacle, because there might not be canoe owners willing to cross the turbulent waters. Well, this was accomplished without any great difficulty, through the

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medium of an old chief whom I had met before, and who bargained for a whole hippo for himself—to his own cheek—and one more for his village. Rather extortionate it may seem, but I saw them floating dead before I asked him to redeem his promise! Suffice it to say that he was as good as his word. I won't state where we crossed, as the dear old man might get "hotted," since his action was not quite in accordance with the rules; but he played the game up to the hilt.

The Congo mountains had long held a great fascination for me; and what was beyond?

After a real hard day's work navigating and climbing, we reached our temporary goal, and shook down anyhow for the night. Next morning the view was splendid from a level rocky spur we had happened to strike the night before. The mountain on which we stood, elevated perhaps a thousand feet from the river bed, was a high cone that rose a little in advance of that range which stretched for miles behind us, as far as the western shore of the lake, until, meeting its sister piles beyond the water, it ran off towards the Congo in confused and broken masses of rock, thinly sprinkled with evergreens. Immediately at one's feet the west shore of the Nile swept in a broad semicircle from mountain to mountain, marking a wide strand that soon rose into an uneven and somewhat elevated plain. To the north the river stretched limpid, indented



A WOODED RANGE OF ROCKY HILLS

[illegible]

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with numberless bays, embellished by fantastic headlands, and dotted with countless islands. A few miles away the bed of the waters became lost among mountains, or was wrapped in the masses of vapours that came slowly rolling along their bosom before a light morning breeze. But a narrow opening in the crest of the hills pointed out the passage by which the waters found their way still further north, there to spread their pure and ample sheets again in the sudd country. To the south lay Dufie, lately evacuated, with its palm trees and its ruined houses. For several miles in this direction the mountains appeared reluctant to yield their dominion, but, within reach of the eye, they diverged, and finally melted into the level and sandy lands across which we had accompanied our guide. Along both ranges of hills which bounded the opposite side of the river and valley clouds of light vapour were either rising in spiral wreaths from the uninhabited woods, looking like the smoke of hidden cottages, or rolling lazily down the declivities to mingle with the fogs of the lower lands. The country had been cleared of wood for a considerable distance round, as a village lay at our feet, but every other part of the scene wore the green livery of nature, except where the limpid water mellowed the view, or the bold rocks thrust their black and naked heads above the undulating outline of the mountain ranges.

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From the woods a little farther to the south, rose numerous small clouds of dark and lurid smoke, that were easily to be distinguished from the purer exhalations of the springs, and which I marked down as evidence of another large village in that direction. The natives were, for the most part, Kuku, but there was a fair sprinkling of Moru and Makraka in the villages, owing, I think, to the fact of a large consignment of ivory having been brought from far away inland by the latter. The natives of the interior here will do anything in this underhand way to bring ivory into English posts, rather than to their own Belgian stations, so they told me, as we give them proper prices, either in coin or implements, for what they bring, instead of seizing it at a mere nominal valuation. The commodities they are most desirous of receiving in exchange are mainly sheep and cattle, but in addition to these they like a few native soft-iron hoes—malotes. The deal often takes days of bargaining before an agreement is arrived at, but that is half the battle to the natives ; unless there has been a lot of argument he considers that nothing has been properly settled.

Once beyond the mountain wall shutting down the left bank of the Nile, one enters upon an undulating land of grassy plains and woods. These evidently teem with game of all descriptions in drier weather ; little, however, was to be seen

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now, though we came across more herds than we had met in Uganda. The country is not very populous for ten miles back, those natives who could having crossed to the British sphere of influence some years ago. The few villages near the Nile are usually the property of someone who is "wanted" in Uganda, and who, having fled over the Nile, stays there willy-nilly.

We shaped our course north-west, towards a wooded range of rocky hills, whence we hoped to obtain a good idea of the configuration of the country. We marched as usual in single file, forcing our way through the tangle of grass and weeds. The distance seemed some six miles only. This was as lovely a route as can be conceived. Magnificent trees (acacias), whose thick dark foliage drooped near the ground, were grouped in clumps, springing from the crevices between large blocks of granite. Brooks of the purest water rippled over the time-worn channels cut through granite plateaux, and as we halted to drink at the tempting stream, the water tasted as cold as though from a European spring. The entire country on our left was a succession of the most beautiful rocky undulations and deep verdant glades, at the bottom of which flowed perennial streams. The banks of these rivulets were richly clothed with ornamental timber, the green foliage contrasting strongly with the dark grey blocks of granite which resembled the ruins of

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ancient towers. We travelled along a kind of hog's back which formed the watershed to the west. We ascended, until we reached a large plateau of clean granite of about two acres in extent, whence we obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the whole country. On the east we looked down upon the plains through which we had arrived, which stretched far away beyond the Nile until they melted into the grey outline of the distant mountains. Having descended from this rocky plateau we carefully made our way across a slippery channel that had been worn by the sundry torrents of the rainy season, and once more arrived at level ground. Upon our left a mass of bold ruins, the skeleton granite remains of a perished mountain, which formed a shelter from the morning sun, tempted us to halt. On our right we were hemmed in by a great wall of rock, sloped like a huge whale, some half a mile in length and fifty feet high. From the southern extremity of this vast block of rain-washed granite rose the rocky and fantastic hill of Muyu, crested with fine timber. Straight before us was a dead flat plain, the north end being marked by a curious and beautiful assemblage of immense blocks of granite and splendid groups of weeping acacia.

Two or three days spent in wandering through the country were all that could be managed, as there was a boat to be caught at Gondokoro, and

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time was on the wing. We camped at night as high as possible, for the sake of the view as well as to steer clear of the mosquito-haunted swamps. But one of the plains we traversed was vast, and the mud had clogged the feet of the tired porters, so chancing upon a clear mountain stream enclosed with shady trees we thought it good enough to stop for the night, at the foot of the last mountain range that barred our progress to the Nile. The crossing of this constituted my last march in the Congo.

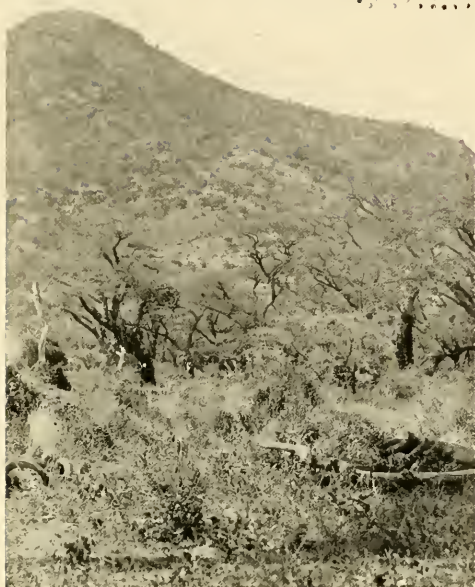
Breaking camp at 4.0 a.m., it seemed as if a vast extent of country lay buried in eternal sleep; not the least sound arising from the forest, unless it was the distant and scarcely audible rippling of a watercourse. Birds, beasts, and man alike appeared to slumber, if indeed any human beings were to be found in that wide tract of wilderness. But the sounds of the rivulets, feeble and murmuring though they were, greatly lightened the task of the guides, and towards these they made their way. The moon had already sunk into an immense pile of black clouds, which lay impending above the western horizon, when we issued from the low and devious watercourse to rise again to the high and level of the sandy but wooded plain. The path soon became more uneven, and we could plainly see that the mountains drew nigh to us on either hand, and that we were in truth entering

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

one of their gorges. The route was now painful, lying over ground rugged with rocks and intersected with ravines and deep within the shadows that were cast by the high and broken summits of the mountains. Bleak black hills lay on every side of us, compensating in some degree for the additional toil of the march by the sense of security they imparted. At length we began slowly to climb a steep and rugged ascent by a road that curiously wound its way among rocks and trees, avoiding the former and gaining support from the latter in a manner that showed it had been devised by men long practised in the arts of the wilderness.

As we gradually rose from the level of the village, the thick darkness which usually precedes the approach of day began to disperse, and objects were seen in the plain and palpable colours with which they have been gifted by nature. When we issued from the stunted woods which clung to the barren side of the mountain, and found ourselves upon a flat and mossy rock that formed the summit of the chain, we met the morning as it came blushing above the green downs of a hill that lay on the opposite side of the valley.

The recrossing of the Nile was comparatively easy, as we were able to profit by the knowledge gained during the outward journey to steer clear of the more dangerous rapids and submerged



“THE PATH BECAME UNEVEN”



ELEPHANT COUNTRY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE

(see page 253)

Bound for Khartoum Once More

rocks. Thus we reached Uganda safe and sound once more after a most delightful ten days' trip.

The next thing to be done on our forward march was to negotiate the Assua river. It was certain to be much swollen by the rains, if not in actual flood, and would in any case cause some trouble, as the swirl of the current is always great, and large numbers of crocodiles come up from the Nile to lie in wait and prey upon the game going down to drink at the river's edge. However, I was informed that there was a big dug-out canoe wherewith to transport our kit and the odds and ends which one collects on a long journey.

The worst was in store for us. We arrived drenched to the skin by a heavy rainstorm, and stood shivering and shaking on the bank whilst I let off a gun to attract the notice of the canoe men who lived on the further bank. When they appeared, it was to impart the sad news that the *only canoe* available had been washed away the night before owing to the silly owl in charge of it having neither pulled it high and dry enough to escape a flood, nor made it fast by a rope. That is the savage mind all over! The river was well above the tops of the banks, and to cross was quite out of the question. I might have swum it, and so could a few of the rest, but the baggage! There was nothing for it but to

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sit down in patience and send messengers to scour the country for another canoe. We made a clearing in the elephant grass, camped, and cursed. At about ten o'clock next morning a canoe arrived ; but what a miserable one ! It was so narrow that not a single box could be got inside, and the paddler had to sit on the top of it to wield his weapon with any hope of success, thereby rendering it more top heavy and wobbly than ever. We all agreed that it was unsafe ; but something had to be done ; whatever we did meant a real bad wetting. I stripped and lay down, straddling the thing over the top, holding a dog swimming in each hand, to see what would happen. Raffles behaved beautifully, but Dick got alarmed and upset the whole show five yards from the bank, so that method of crossing was impossible. Then I went across by myself, lying in the bottom as ballast. Even then the canoe was dreadfully wobbly, and the exertion exhausted the paddler so much that it was clearly absurd to suppose all the loads—as well as porters—could be got over in the day. So I told the man to take me over again, back to the shelter of my tent and the warmth of a big fire. Then we emptied four chop-boxes and lashed them tightly to the sides of the canoe, two abreast, so as to form a kind of outrigger to give greater stability and stop the wobbling. We gave this arrangement a trial trip with a heavy tent, myself,

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and my servant for a load, to see what would happen. The idea proved excellent, so we returned and strengthened the contrivance with stout cross-pieces of wood. Now the true value of a really good servant showed itself. The man, a Swahili, knew me and trusted me, having been in my service for four years. He took charge of one bank of the river, whilst I, on the other, saw the things loaded up and despatched. If there was any nonsense or delay on his bank the men "knew all about it," with the result that, starting at dawn, I found a comfortable camp with a huge fire, *and* dinner, ready after the last man had been got over. It was a hard day's work, and nearly spoilt by the bull-terrier jumping overboard half-way across and being washed away down stream in his efforts to rejoin his master. Bull-terriers are the most affectionate animals I know.

The other two rivers, the Uma and the Kit, were only waist high when we met them, so they were mere child's play as compared to this one.

We had been obliged to cross the Assua on the cart-road, at the place where Churchill had made the passage, as lower down near the Nile it was deeper and quite impassable. Next day we made tracks for the Nile once more, so as to hit off the village of my old friend Kuyu, the hero of the hippo incident. There might be elephant there, so they thought, but it was impossible say with

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any certainty as these animals move about in the rains and seldom stop in one place. Thus that route was as good as any other, and moreover the scenery was most impressive, and would well bear looking at a second time. We had travelled through the forest land of the uplands; we had seen the dark chocolate squares of incipient cultivation in bold relief against the green carpet at our feet; we had clambered down through forest and crag to the lower level, and were encamped, enjoying a well-earned snooze while waiting for the return of the bands of natives who were scouring the country round for spoor, when I was awakened by a rough shake and the magic word "Tembo" (elephant). The whole camp was still, and one man after another crept in like a mouse to tell me that a herd of elephants was watering on the far side of the Nile. About eighteen of the great quadrupeds had come down to drink and were clearly visible some two hundred yards away. Old ones and young ones, cows and calves, and a very fine bull with about 80-lb. tusks. But—and it was a very big but—they were on the wrong side, in the Congo. The men knew I wanted just one more elephant to fill up my licence, so made no noise, but sat open-mouthed, staring at the most interesting and impressive sight. The elephants drank and bathed themselves by squirting water over their backs, as the river was too swift and deep there

Bound for Khartoum Once More

to allow of their getting actually into it. One youngster got it "in the neck" from his mother, who beat him severely with her trunk for (presumably) being such an ass as to venture too close to the roaring flood. He retired crestfallen, squeaking dismally. There was nothing to be done but to look at them, and it is a picture I shall never forget. My porters got more and more disgusted at our inaction as I had brought them all the way from Bombo, and as they had never been so far north in their lives before, they couldn't be expected to know that the opposite bank of the Nile wasn't ours to play in as we liked, or to work our wicked will in by having a shot at such an apparently easy prey. As soon as they heard that nothing was to be done, and that there was no meat in store for them, they signified their disapproval by hoots and whistles. The peaceful picture over the way underwent a sudden change. It was like a transformation scene. The elephants trumpeted and squealed; they charged and rushed about; trees swayed violently to and fro; bushes were smashed and the grass was flattened out; the elephants fled! I had benefited by the sight, but my entourage thought me a fool. Who cares?

Little worth recording occurred onwards to Gondokoro; and as the journey thence by steamer to Khartoum has already been described, we will draw a veil over that as well.

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Uganda is a fair sporting country, first rate for elephant hunting. Shoot in the neighbourhood of Gondokoro ; it isn't worth while hunting further afield than some sixty miles from there. Don't go to Uganda in the rains. And last, but not least, watch the fever.

XIX

FURTHER EXPERIENCES WITH ELEPHANT

I WAS trekking north *en route* for Khartoum, knowing full well I was in elephant country, and that news might be expected at any moment in the shape of the return of an advanced scout with “khabar” that a herd had been located.

One day we pitched our camp under a large clump of nice shady thorn trees in a small clearing of short grass, beautifully green, and indented with the many tracks of game that nightly used the water in the Nile in this neighbourhood. My entourage were happy, and we were at peace with all the world—quite contented, in fact. In the middle of the night, whilst I was fast asleep, one of the terrible thunderstorms which are common in these latitudes burst right over the camp and woke us all. Up I jumped and shouted for the orderlies to get inside my tent and hang on to the poles like grim death, as the wind had risen and it was blowing great guns. They get used to these climatic disturbances, and know that if their own shelter is rendered untenable by

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the wet they will be allowed to curl themselves up on the floor of my tent afterwards.

All of a sudden, amidst the howling of the gale, one of them said, "Tembo!" (elephant). I said, "Rot! Mind your own job!" Sure enough, when the storm had abated—as suddenly as it began—we heard the trumpeting of a herd in the distance. This was splendid, as we had evidently stumbled quite by chance upon their favourite watering-place.

Next morning out went the scouts, and close by came across elephant tracks, one of them apparently that of a goodish bull. A bull's tracks are very much bigger and longer than a cow's, and it is said the more crinkles there are on his feet the older he is. These crinkles, which are large warts, are very clearly defined in dust, as, when he lifts his feet from the ground, the suction of the air makes little ridges of the dust round the edge of these warts.

Well, off we went; but it was evident, after some hours, that they were off too. Perhaps they had seen our camp fires; anyhow, they meant moving, as all along their tracks were no signs, in the shape of tell-tale broken trees and bushes pulled down, of their having fed. There was very little dung either, as would be the case if they had gone quietly along. These are some of the signs one learns by degrees to read when tracking game in the jungle. But our failure to overtake

Further Experiences with Elephant

the herd didn't much matter, as where that was there were probably others to be found. So I contented myself with a cob for the pot, trusting that natives would bring us in news.

After dinner that night a dishevelled savage rushed in, with his eyes starting out of his head, saying that a big herd of elephant was hard at work playing "Old Harry" with his patch of cultivation near by, and imploring me to go and shoot them. He knew, so he averred, where they lay up in the daytime, so we put him off till the morrow.

He was quite right about elephant having pulled his place to bits, though the big herd dwindled down to five, but there were two bulls in it, which put matters on a better footing. We started away hard on their tracks to one or other of two places which he said were close together, and which he would show us. Things assumed a much rosier tint when the tracks showed us that the smaller bull and the three cows had branched off and left the biggest bull on his own. I suppose he had got ill-tempered and had turned the others out. This, whatever the reason, was splendid, as there was only the one to think about. From the tracks we could see that we were gaining upon him. His dung was covered with myriads of flies and was quite warm to the touch inside, whilst it became wetter as we went along. This told us he had been to water after

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having torn up the cultivation, which meant that he was now on his way to sleep his dinner off.

Soon we heard a crash half-way up the hill-side, which here formed somewhat of an amphitheatre sloping down to the river. The guide stopped dead. "Fil!" Another tearing, rending sound. "Henak! Fok!"

Then, having got the direction, we saw, three hundred yards away, the branches of a small tree oscillating wildly to and fro, quickly followed by a smash. That was good enough ; there he was at last. But we waited for some ten minutes, carefully scanning the hill-side round this tree in case other bushes should be seen performing the same antics, which would have betokened the presence of a herd.

But no! All else was still.

I may here say that I think the only animal in the jungle that the savage is really particular about is the elephant: this is by reason of the value of the tusks, rather than because they consider him dangerous. Your gun-bearer in the presence of elephants will take the greatest possible care of the direction of the wind, and will descend to any detail to leave no stone unturned on the side of caution to bring you up to the beast unperceived.

Now the real business of the day began. We moved quietly forward in the animal's direction for a hundred yards or so, taking up handfuls of

Further Experiences with Elephant

fine dust and letting it trickle through our fingers to see which way the wind blew. There was so very little breeze stirring the leaves that this precaution was necessary. We well knew that once on the hill-side the direction of the wind might be quite from the opposite quarter, but we were taking no risks. It took us a good twenty minutes before our sweating savage, clad only in a bit of dirty rag and armed with a light throwing spear, slowly extended his forefinger and breathed, with a sigh of relief, "Aho!" He had performed his part of the operations faithfully and well.

There was the elephant—forty yards away. Now it only remained to see how straight the powder shot, or, in other words, how steady master was with his rifle. The wind was all right for us to move fifty yards either way, but the tusker was broadside on, and a fine specimen into the bargain. A few careful steps from bush to bush, and then a delightfully friendly tree trunk gave me shelter within twenty-five yards, which I thought close enough. But I couldn't get a clear shot at the hollow in his head between the eye and the ear-hole, so I waited for him to move in fearful trepidation that he would shift his position altogether. Five minutes! Ten minutes! If only he would take a single step forward to reach a branch dangling in front of his nose! He did; and thereby exposed his vulnerable point. Nerves were steady with the long long wait—it had

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seemed more like half an hour—up went the '256, and down crashed the elephant. As quick as thought my hand shot behind me to grasp the cordite rifle that I knew I should find shoved into it. [All good gun-bearers are almost treading on their master's coat-tails!] However, there was no need for it. The Mannlicher had done its work, and the stricken monarch had entered into his happy hunting grounds. Quite a nice bull too, with tusks that turned out to scale 85 lbs. apiece. Nothing very wonderful, but above the average.

My followers all rushed off to call their pals, and anyone they could raise in fact, not excluding women and children, to come and help cut the tusks out, and afterwards to join in the wild orgy that would soon take place on the field of battle. They would spend the whole night and part of the next day there cutting up, cooking, and eating as fast as they could force the flesh down their throats. I saw the tusks cut out and started off to camp in charge of one of my orderlies, having duly dispensed "backsheesh" to everyone who had had a finger in the pie.

There was still the other bull with the three cows to account for. I got into his tracks, and, as they led rather in the direction of my camp, began following them up. Soon they turned right round and led backwards rather towards the recent scene of operations. Then they seemed



A GOOD BULL ELEPHANT
I am sitting on his head, on the edge of his ear



THE PLEASING RESULTS OF A GRAND DAY'S SPORT
(see page 272)

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to have stopped altogether beneath a clump of big shady trees. Branches were broken off and half stripped of their foliage, and the grass and weeds were trodden into a pulp. On second thoughts it occurred to me that this spot was not so very far away from where I had bagged my elephant. The others might have heard the shot, as there was practically no wind. I descried both my remaining orderlies ringing round outside the trees towards home.

This was the moment for master to show he knew something, or for ever look a fool in their eyes. I at once called them up, gave them the "general idea," explained the "special idea," and lastly let myself go on the "appreciation of the situation." Of course the elephant had heard the shot, to say nothing of the hubbub that ensued, and so I informed my men that the animals had in all probability cleared straight away, and if they cared to look they would find their tracks "somewhere over there," with a gesture of the hand towards home.

"Willahi!" They rushed off, and in about two minutes I heard them shouting that master must be a sort of blooming wizard, for he was correct. It's so easy, you know! But they didn't gather how it was done.

Well, the tracks went on and on, and we followed them till we got back in a line with the camp about four miles away, and it was then

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three o'clock in the afternoon. Judging by the sun-dried edges of the tracks we were not gaining on the elephants, so it was evident that they had got the funks on board and meant going. I thought the matter over: one elephant in a day wasn't so dusty; we were not far from camp; those we were pursuing would feed that evening and probably not go very much further, as they hadn't *seen* a man; it was getting late; I was tired. So home was the order of the day, but to-morrow offered great possibilities.

To-morrow is not the worst word in the English language. It is synonymous with expectancy, and, according to the old proverb, expectation is better than realization when all is said and done. The great thing is that to-morrow is always in front of one, whilst yesterday is past and gone with its mistakes, or its joys, or its sorrows; but who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth?

Round the camp fire that evening we were all as happy as kings, measuring, weighing, and cleaning the tusks, the orderlies cracking jokes with the outside savages who were having their "tummies" filled with good food, and imbibing large quantities of "mevissa" or native beer that had opportunely appeared from nowhere in particular. My cook had surpassed himself in honour of the occasion; and talk about good will towards men, Christmas wasn't in it with my camp that night!



ELEPHANT COUNTRY. IN THE BUDONGA FOREST

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All this wild life in the open air, when everybody is content and trying to help everyone else, is conducive to peace, and sitting lazily under the stars of an African night in the jungle with every comfort that can be obtained under such conditions, begets thoughts and memories of past scenes and people in far different places and countries. I think I must write about memories—put a few on paper—and rather spread myself in the poor endeavour! Think of all those old Indian days in the hills or the plains, or the time when one was on Service and was shot at instead of being the only attacking party, as I was this afternoon! Think of a happy day in the “little village”; or an afternoon on the river, drifting home in the punt after a *recherche* dinner at some pretty waterside club at Henley; the varied excitements of big-game shooting; a galloping *chukka* at polo, or the winning of a race by a short head!

Isn't life worth living? There is no doubt!

That is all past and gone, maybe years ago; but to-morrow!—in a few hours!—and it is always those few hours that count. But I'm off the point. To-morrow came quite soon enough, and was fated to bear episodes in its train even more exciting than those of yesterday.

My plan of action as regards the second bull elephant was to set off very early towards a ridge of mountains some two thousand feet high and about three miles from camp, which was the

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dividing barrier between two big broad valleys which sloped down to the Nile, to see if we could not cut across the tracks of our intended victims on the way. This procedure would show us up which of these valleys the bull and his ladies had travelled, as they certainly could not have crossed the mountain-top.

We had found a path, and the eastern sky was just becoming tinged with the first faint flush of early dawn, when from our right front we heard a crack, and then another. I turned round and saw my men with their fingers on their lips. I simply couldn't believe our luck in finding the elephants so soon and so near—we were not yet more than half-way to the mountain. There was no wind, so we sat down and waited till there was light enough to see to shoot, whilst one of the gun-bearers disappeared into the bush for reconnoitring purposes. He was back in a twinkling with the welcome news that it was a different lot to yesterday's, namely, a big bull and two smaller ones.

What stupendous luck! A bare forty-five minutes from camp! The elephants were unsuspectingly feeding along a small watercourse on the opposite bank to me, above the reeds which fringed its rocky edge. It was an ideal place for a shot, as the khor was some fifteen yards wide only, and practically impassable to them where they then were.

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We got into position, and again had to wait, as there was a thick bush between the big one and me, and it was no use making a noise shifting to right or left on the shaky rock which slipped about at each step we took. A puff of wind came from behind us, as usual with the dawn, however, and though only momentary was enough to "settle our hash." Up went their trunks waving in the air to locate the taint of our smell, and they began moving off at a fast walk, shuffling along in the noiseless way that seems so curious considering the vast bulk of these unwieldy brutes. I covered an open space that they would have to pass through with my rifle—the heavy one now as they were on the move—and the big bull showed over the sights. The barrel was raised a shade higher, and I let him have it in the head, and down he thumped on the spot. Number two, I thought, brought to book! But not so! He staggered up again and barged off among the bushes and stunted trees, smashing everything to matchwood, reeling to and fro like a drunken man, with the other two—one in front and the other behind him—trumpeting and screaming like lunatics at having their morning meal upset.

It is best to draw a curtain over my frame of mind at having succeeded so beautifully in "botching" the whole thing; but cursing was no use, and it was better to get under weigh at once

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

and follow him up. He was very hard hit and might not be able to travel far, but on the other hand he would be in a shocking temper, and the others would be on the *qui vive* to give him a hand in warning him of the proximity of danger.

So without wasting a moment we set off towards a tree on the rising ground for which he appeared to be making. On climbing this tree our orderly could see nothing in the shape of an elephant, and we were just going to cross the valley ahead—here about a mile broad—on the chance of viewing him, when it struck me that it would be very much safer and, although slower, surer to get on their spoor and follow it up rather than dash off haphazard on his supposed line. If he was bad he might go down to the water, as they often do, or if not he might trek hard in any other direction.

It was by the mercy of Providence that we *did* strike their tracks, as they went off in quite the opposite way to that which we had supposed—up one of the valleys before mentioned. One of my gun-bearers knew the country here very well, and informed me that this valley led into a *cul-de-sac*, where the high mountain ridge fell abruptly to the river at one of its deepest places, so that there was no chance of the animals being able to wade across on the shallows and rapids as they often do. He couldn't understand it, he said, unless (and here our drooping spirits

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revived) the herd they belonged to were in this valley. In any case, it was obvious that they couldn't go so very much further, and that we should, at any rate, meet them again. Good! But we should have to keep our eyes skinned if we had to take on the whole herd with cows and little ones. Bad! However, we would trek on like smoke, and see what the gods had in store for us.

I sent an orderly to make a flank march up along the mountain-side to signal with a white handkerchief if he saw them, and with a red one if we got close to them without seeing them. This precaution was necessary, as the country here was covered with dense bush and stunted trees, and it would never do to stumble upon the infuriated monster unawares. It was not quite nice country!

The white flag went up at once, and we kept hard on their tracks, till quite soon he raised the red flag and ran to join us. This probably meant that the wounded monster was pretty sick; had this not been so we should not have come up with them so soon. We kept slowly on so as not to waste precious time, till my man met us with the information that the big one seemed very sick and was wandering aimlessly about in a small rocky depression quite close to us, but hidden from our view by the bush. The man didn't know where the other two were, which was decidedly awkward, as they might be on the look

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

out near by, and we might tumble over them unawares. We crept along, and I had just turned round to whisper a question to one of my following, when on our right I saw the elephant's head slowly topping the edge of the stony hollow, rising higher and higher as he advanced towards us, flapping his great ears to and fro, the picture of dejection, and evidently totally unconscious of our presence. Then his tusks appeared, and I knew he was the right one. Every few steps he stopped, looking first one way and then another, trying to make up his mind where to go. Then he turned broadside on and showed the vital spot in his head. There was no mistake this time, and he measured his length on the ground. I paced the distance and found it twenty-three yards, and then gave him an extra one into the back of the head to make assurance doubly sure.

This was far better than I had at first hoped for, as a wounded elephant usually goes for miles, and we had bagged this one after two and a half hours' work from camp, and about nine o'clock in the morning. Of course, my first shot had made him very sick indeed, as I found on examination that the bullet had only missed the brain by a very little, having penetrated the bony part of the head above it. It was quite enough to have knocked him down, but I don't know that he would have succumbed to the effects.

But where were his two companions of the

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morning? We heard no noise as of others rushing off. A thing to bear in mind when one is elephant shooting, is that possibly there are others about, though they may be invisible; so, when you have shot one, don't hang about in admiration, but go straight on, sending an orderly tearing ahead to see and hear what he can.

At the top of the next rise—the country was now much cut up with broad nullahs and broader ridges between—I met a naked savage with rolling eyeballs, who imparted the joyful tidings that a huge herd was blissfully feeding down below.

This was a big thing, and no mistake!

A single elephant is pretty terrifying, but a *huge* herd! Was he sure? How many? “A hundred; not counting young ones!” This meant, I expected, forty or fifty; *but* there were the nasty cross old cows to take into consideration this time. However, there was no use thinking till we got close up to them. I brought my glasses into play on the herd, and there they were, slowly feeding across our front, making a great noise the while, breaking off and stripping the branches preparatory to stuffing the leaves into their mouths. The valley seemed alive with them. We sat down on a rock and watched them through my glasses passing along half a mile away. Yes! There was a bull; and another; and then a group of four females with three young bulls;

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and then eight cows and young in a bunch. They had almost got past, and were very nearly right for us to make the wind good.

“Here’s a better bull coming now!” from my savage. And without more ado the gun-bearers took matters into their own hands, and ordered me off on the chase once more. We took infinite precautions. The savages were very careful about the elephants, as usual, that they should not get our wind. There is another thing to bear in mind. When elephants are feeding, which they do whilst slowly moving along, it will be found that the largest bulls, i.e. those carrying the heaviest tusks, always come last; and as they feed up wind, it suits one’s book to a tick to follow them on from behind in comparative safety, well in the rear of the herd, till one gets a clear shot at the biggest bull.

On this occasion, though I had been summarily ordered to move up to the herd by my men, my retainers hung about and waited for ages, it seemed, till they acquiesced in my entreaties to get closer. At last, after much apparently useless poking about, they said “Come on!” When once we had started again my head orderly turned and explained that when elephant are feeding slowly like this there might quite easily be some brute of a cow or young independent bull lagging lazily in rear or on the flanks of the herd.

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"You never know," he affirmed; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when a most appalling scream rent the air right behind us, accompanied by a crashing and smashing of jungle some short way off.

"What's that?" "An elephant . . . probably a cow . . . got our wind . . . coming for us . . . there's a bull in the herd. . . . Do you want it?" "Yes! . . . What are we to do?" "Run! . . . Don't shoot! . . . so as not to alarm the rest!"

"Run where?" "Anywhere . . . get out of her way . . . we'll separate . . . and then run round her . . . in a circle . . . so that losing our wind she won't know where we are. . . . Come on . . . run! . . ."

Run! By Gad! I've never legged it so fast in all my puff! Round bushes; through grass; jumping over fallen trees; making no end of a row; with one orderly alongside.

I stopped for a moment. "Where is she?" and looked round, and from behind the nearest bush saw a huge black nightmare, with great ears sticking out on each side and trunk waving high in the air—for all the world like an ancient three-decker line-of-battleship of Nelson's day with studding sails set—bearing down upon me, screaming, smashing, and stamping along, a veritable juggernaut on demoniacal mischief bent.

"Now jump sideways," from my faithful

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savage, and I ran gasping at right angles to our previous course, and fell behind the convenient trunk of a forest tree, whilst the infuriated monster thundered on her way between me and my orderly, stopping dead in another fifty yards or so as there was no more human smell to pursue. However, I had heard of elephants hunting one—usually only if wounded, it is true—and wasn't taking any, so, deciding that this was no place for me, turned round and fled back along the way we had come, back in the direction of the main herd, blowing a couple of blasts on my whistle as I went to attract the other men.

The heat was stifling, and I might have just emerged from a Turkish bath, as what with funk and the total absence of breeze in the grass I was wet from top to toe. Then we joined up and collected our scattered wits, and I my shattered nerves. The others took the whole thing as a gigantic jest, as I did after a bit, though I will own it provided food for thought at the time.

My followers were as keen as mustard, not wholly on account of the customary "back-sheesh" with which one rewards them for every elephant slain, but chiefly because of this late episode—being routed by a cow. One dashed off after the herd, and returned with the news that they were still peacefully feeding, and that there was quite a good bull—bigger than this morning's—at the tail of the herd.

Further Experiences with Elephant

It was now about midday, and I had recovered my breath, so we went in pursuit. There was nothing of an untoward nature to fear now, as any outlying animal would have got our wind or heard the noise made by the infuriated cow long since and joined in our pursuit.

There, sure enough, were several great big bulls, but no tusks worth having. My informant, whom I knew didn't lie, insisted that there was a topper in the herd, so we moved gradually on in their wake, in and out amongst the trees, first one elephant appearing, and then moving off quietly to be replaced by another, till the furthest of a batch of six showed himself; then I saw that the orderly had not misinformed me.

He was better than any I had shot up to date, and evidently the patriarch of the herd. It was difficult to get a shot at him, as he was so surrounded by his friends; but at last he came out broadside on and gave me the head shot, which was at once taken advantage of. He fell to the shot, and lay struggling on the ground trying to get up. Immediately pandemonium ensued; and whilst I was reloading I distinctly saw two bulls sever themselves from the remainder, and, standing one on each side of him, pick him up and help him off as he staggered along, throwing his weight first on one and then on the other. However, at about thirty yards I managed to hit him twice near the tail with my heavy cordite rifle,

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and he collapsed never to rise again, having had his spinal cord severed.

His two friends looked round threateningly for a moment, as if in seeming doubt whether to make a brilliant charge in his defence, but, probably knowing instinctively that their pal was dead, they decamped in chase of the trumpeting mob in front, now fast disappearing in a cloud of dust.

A fine old bull this, and his tusks proved to be 98 lbs. and 93 lbs. apiece.

What a day! Two good elephants shot; an exciting episode that might have ended in a most disastrous manner, but luckily didn't; and some odd experiences in their habits, particularly the last phase in witnessing a wounded bull being taken away supported by his two friends; and all this compressed into some eight hours!

This would afford endless chat over my camp fire. But the first thing was to get back there. It was far too late to dream of hacking out the tusks of either animal that day, leave alone both; so, there being few, if any, natives about in that part, we decided to leave our victims, each in charge of a couple of spearmen, that night, return next morning with plenty of people armed with axes and country knives, and bring the four tusks in together. If the neighbourhood is at all populous this is a dangerous plan, because no one knows the value of ivory better than the



THE CUTTING UP
(Notice the warts on his fore-feet)

Further Experiences with Elephant

savage, and the sound of the shooting having attracted them, they will wait till one has gone home, then set to work, and the tusks will be far away next day.

But I will cut a long story short by adding that these particular tusks duly reposed under the flag of my tent the following evening, though the extracting of them proved a hot job under the burning glare of the sun.

BURCHELL'S, OR WHITE
RHINOCEROS

I HAVE related the story of my first meeting with this redoubtable animal—antediluvian I almost called him—when on my trip down the Nile with Churchill. All the way back I tried and tried, and hunted in all the places where white rhino were likely to be encountered, and saw tracks innumerable, but never the brute himself.

On this journey I was put on to a new place where one of this species had been seen before and left alone, and had since been seen again. This sounded good enough, so I started out one fine day.

We trekked along, following a well-worn hippo-path from the water's edge, through thick bush, gradually thinning out till we reached the higher ground about a couple of miles from the Nile. As this was ideal rhino country, I had extended my orderlies well on each flank to keep a sharp look out. We disturbed numerous herds of water-buck and Uganda cob, but shortly before sundown had to turn our face towards the camp without

White Rhinoceros

having come across the object of our expedition. I had taken out half a dozen porters with axes, for use in the event of our falling in with a rhino ; they all followed us, marching some half a mile in the rear. Just as I had fired at a cob for the larder, one of them rushed up and begged me to return, as he had just seen a hippo fast asleep under a tree. I thought this very odd, as no self-respecting hippo would think of leaving his watery fastness for at least an hour or more, but on close inquiry I gathered that the supposed hippo had a very long horn on his nose.

A rhino, of course, and probably the identical animal we were in search of ! It's perfectly marvellous how little the indispensable but ignorant porter knows about any animal he may see. It was ten minutes ago, he said, but it had only just occurred to him to run and tell us !

Back I went, "hard all." The porter who had brought the news, and who returned with me to locate the tree, grew greener and greener about the gills, till at length he indicated the place where the animal lay. He then sank speechless behind an ant-heap in evident terror.

It was rapidly getting dark, but we hadn't moved many steps before my orderly pointed out what looked like a bush ; but it moved. This was, as I had expected, a veritable white rhino, with two beautiful horns, advancing on the position I at once took up behind a stout tree. I

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allowed him to come quite close on account of the rapidly failing light, and when his head went down to graze, pulled the trigger so as to hit him in the neck.

He fell to the shot twelve yards away, got up, spun round like a tee-to-tum, squealing blue murder the while, and disappeared in a cloud of dust. I must have hit him too low on the hardest and thickest part of his forehead as he faced us, and so he got off with little worse than a bad headache.

Curses? The air went blue for miles! I was, of course, a double-distilled donkey for having chanced a shot so late in the evening; but then the rhino mightn't have been there next day, you see; and he *was* so close. I honestly believe most people would have acted in the same manner, and have tried their luck, instead of leaving an animal they particularly wanted till a problematical to-morrow. There's many a slip, however; and it shows how easy it is to miss one's mark in the dusk, leave alone moonlight!

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At last! at last!! I am able to say that I have had the good fortune to bag a white rhino.

After many days' sweating and slaving; after marching hours at a time in the vain endeavour; after having been brought first-rate *khabar*; after having had the two chances mentioned before.

White Rhinoceros

At last!!! When I had long given up the idea as hopeless; imagining that I was not fated to get one of these monsters; that they had conspired amongst themselves to keep out of my way, even in their own favourite localities; that if I wounded one, he would go on and on, and thus wear out the prescribed duration of my stay. Every device had failed, even heavy bribery of the natives, to find one for me: till, as I shall now relate, in a most unexpected place, where the country round had been harried and thoroughly disturbed in my pursuit of elephant, one appeared as if by magic under my very nose.

I happened one fine day after tea to be pensively strolling along with my rifle—one never leaves it at home under any circumstances—up a small, rocky, dry khor, fringed on either side by dense thorn thickets on the tops of the steep banks. The chatter of the birds in the trees overhead and the varied hues of their plumage had kept me interested during my walk, and I was just poking about in search of the lair of a curious species of field-mouse, when crunch! crunch! round a corner in the nullah came a rhino. From the ridiculous to the sublime!

He had, I imagine, been sauntering along on his way to water with a deliberation equal to my own. Be this as it may, we found ourselves face to face some twenty paces apart. I was quite as

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

startled as he was. We stood for fully half a minute stupidly staring at one another before he realized that I was a specimen of his sworn enemy, man ; and I, that he was one of the rare white rhinos.

The great brute, after pondering the matter carefully in his dense, pig-like fashion, evidently came to the conclusion that he had little desire for further acquaintance, so turned his unwieldy carcase in the narrow way. I had by this time gathered my scattered senses sufficiently to turn off the safety-catch of the rifle, and let drive at his neck which he offered to my shot as he turned to disappear. The bullet took immediate effect ; he measured his length on the floor, and lay like a huge dark boulder on the shimmering sand. This was great good fortune, for, as I have said, all thoughts of white rhino had vanished ages before, and the luck in even setting eyes on one was little short of stupendous.

However, there he lay in all his glory. White be hanged !—grey-black in colour, instead of the plain black of his East African brother ; square-lipped like a cow—the square lip is his special sign-manual ; and the owner of two nice horns, the anterior one being $36\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A trophy to be proud of.

The hacking off of the horns took some little while, so that by the time they were ready twilight was beginning to fall. Meanwhile I had

White Rhinoceros

gone on in front, and was some way on my return journey to the river—having left the carcass to be cut up on the morrow—when I heard a crash in the bush bordering my path, immediately followed by another, and then a third!

The banks of the Nile, be it noted, are here very much overgrown with dense undergrowth. This gets thicker and gradually merges into forest as one approaches the river. I had, therefore, no notion as to what was advancing towards me. The result was an attack of funks, which became gradually worse and worse, as I expected to have an elephant, or at least another rhino, to contend with, now almost by the light of the moon.

And still the sound got closer, and I became more alarmed. Nearer and yet nearer drew the dreadful noise—sounds always appear to be louder and more frightening in the still night—and I gripped my rifle, prepared to do or die, when a good British “Damn!” broke the awful silence, and out stepped my companion of the launch—the trusty engineer!

Talk about relief to one’s feelings! By Gad! Try being out in the jungle in the twilight that is momentarily growing into darkness—not an English twilight, which lasts for more than half an hour at the least, but a gloom which will be pitch black inside of ten minutes—and see what it feels like, and what sort of a game it is, being sup-

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posedly on the verge of coming face to face with a huge antediluvian animal at that hour in his own fastnesses!

Immediately on my arrival, the news spread through the camp that there was a rhino to be eaten. My tent was besieged with eager porters, not necessarily hungry, but all anxious to get their bit, which being interpreted meant that once they could get at the carcase they would stuff themselves so full that all hope of a move on the morrow would be out of the question. During my bath I was considerably bothered by them, whilst to shave was impossible till I told them where the carcase was.

I'll defy anyone to wield the old-fashioned razor—none of your new-fangled garden rakes for me—with safety whilst a mob of savages are making facetious remarks about the operation. The savage can never make out why the white man wastes such a quantity of soap only to scrape it off again.

Well, I told these gentry that the carcase was a long way out, and that they had better wait till the morrow; but, notwithstanding this, and their customary fear of being eaten up by some nocturnal beast of prey, the camp was practically deserted that night; and on my return to the spot next morning, the sight of these savages baffles description. Suffragettes weren't in it with them!

White Rhinoceros

Meat in general appeals to their stomachs, and in spite of their all-night sitting I saw a solid mass of half-naked men flourishing long, sharp knives, yelling, shouting, and screaming at the top of their voices, tearing, hacking, and hewing at the bloody and dishevelled carcase. Great coarse pieces of gory flesh were being thrown about—the highly-prized stomach had long since vanished—knives dripping with blood were gleaming and slashing round the mangled remains in the most dangerous way in every available spot; whilst some of the company, who had not been lucky enough to retain a front seat at this delectable form of amusement, were pushing and trying to climb over or force a way under their more fortunate comrades in front. Others contented themselves with thrusting their long sharp weapons over the shoulders or between the legs of their companions who were nearest, themselves drenched in blood and “in’ards” from head to foot. Some were actually struggling manfully inside the carcase itself.

If one’s sisters or one’s cousins or one’s aunts were to witness a scene like this, I would back them to fly shrieking to the privacy of their tents, there to tie themselves up and pray for mercy at the hands of these presupposed cannibals, whose appetite for blood would, presumedly, be well whetted by the time their orgy had terminated.

WATERBUCK

COBUS DEFASSA SING-SING

ARABIC: ABU USUF.

THESE is only one variety of this beautiful buck to be found on the White Nile, the Sing-Sing. We have left the common waterbuck (*Cobus ellypprimius*) far behind us in British East Africa and far to the southwards; so there are no dreadful conundrums to be solved here as to which variety is which, or where which is found, as may be said to exist amongst some of the other animals described.

Anyone who has been out for a day with the Devon and Somerset after the red deer on Exmoor would be immensely struck at the extraordinary likeness in general colouring, as well as in build and shape, of the red deer to this glorious buck; and so at first sight he should be unmistakable to the stranger. But there the likeness ceases, as his horns are quite different, spreading slightly backwards and outwards, up and then rather towards one another; thick and

Waterbuck

heavily ringed at the bases, they run to 30 inches and 35 inches. Some are even longer. Quite recently one of the members of the Anglo-Congolese Boundary Commission told me that he had bagged one of 40 inches. I am not certain that he did not say 42 inches. This was "way down South" on the Semliki river, which wanders through the forests, reposing under Rewenjori's snow-clad peaks.

He is a beautiful animal, and his head makes a remarkably fine trophy, but his flesh, alas! is not for you or me. It is too strong for us, but the homely porter revels in it, and also in his skin, which is carefully divided up by master in camp in the evening and distributed amongst those men who have worn through their sandals. The skin is tough, and saves their feet from the thorns and stones, whilst when marching in water or on the grass these sandals are taken off and attached to the owners' belts, so as to save them for a rainy day.

He is commonly met with throughout any journey in these latitudes, and, as his name implies, never at any very great distance from water. They may be seen together in a large mob of, say, twenty or so; or, on the other hand, perhaps only five or six will be found grazing away from water at dawn in the shelter of some friendly trees under which they propose to snooze away the heat of the day, till in the evening

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back they will wander, quietly strolling down to the water again.

You will usually find they are polite and particular in always giving way to the ladies in these daily processions, for the simple reason that the ruffianly old brutes take jolly good care to send their wives and daughters along ahead to pick up any dangerous lion or what not before the danger picks up them.

They have very good eyesight and can spot a moving object a long way off, whilst a whiff of tainted wind sets them off without much chance of their stopping for some little way. However, after their first wild rush for, say, fifty yards, there is every possibility of one or other of them standing to have another look and make assurance doubly sure as to who or what you are. That is the time ; so be sure and stand quietly waiting for that chance instead of running aimlessly about and getting short of breath and therefore shaky.

If you should see a lot of females standing about grazing but no buck, have a good look all round and it's ten to one you will find him lying on the shady side of a bush till it is time to wake up. A single buck feeding along or seen down at the water will in all probability be a big one—much bigger than those with families. That fact has been corroborated times without number. This is the animal you want as your specimen—none of those half-sized, undergrown

Waterbuck

others. By the way, a waterbuck's head is apt to be very deceptive when you are trying to make up your mind which of two or three to shoot as being the biggest. They are really dreadfully difficult. A head, thick at the base only, that does not come in at the tips is too young and quite small; a head that seems big and whose tips almost touch is quite small; but the head that isn't too thick and which has slightly more than a semblance of trying to meet at the tips is the one. All this sounds difficult, but it is worth remembering. The two former heads will usually be found with the does and kids; the latter with perhaps two or three does, or more likely by himself. Another thing: you may often meet a herd of from fifteen to twenty bucks without a single doe. The smallest of these will have such tiny horns that anybody could see the owners would be quite unshootable; and the largest will (judging by the smallest) therefore appear to be carrying a tremendous head. Don't you believe it! Leave the lot alone. It is rather curious, though, what such a lot of bucks are all doing together. Probably a few old stagers have appeared to two or three herds at once and given all his younger friends the order of the boot.

He is found anywhere near any river in Uganda or on the Nile, and is met with in quite extraordinary numbers on the Bahr-el-Zeraf in the Sudan.

UGANDA GAME ORDINANCE

No. 9 of 1906

Game

1. This Ordinance may be cited as "The Uganda Game Ordinance, 1906."

2. In this Ordinance "The Protectorate" means the Uganda Protectorate.

"Hunt, kill, or capture" means hunting, killing, or capturing by any method, and includes every attempt to kill or capture.

"Hunting" includes molesting.

"Animal," save as herein expressly provided, means mammals, and birds other than domesticated, but does not include reptiles, amphibia, fishes and invertebrate animals.

"Game" means any animal mentioned in any of the Schedules.

"Public Officer" means a European Officer in the public service of the Uganda or East Africa or Zanzibar Protectorates, or on the Superior Establishment of the Uganda Railway, or an Officer of one of His Majesty's ships on the East African station, or a European Officer in the public service of the Sudan Government.

"Native" means any native of Africa, not being of European or American race or parentage.

"Settler" means a person for the time being resident in the Protectorate, not being a public officer or a native.

"Sportsman" means a person who visits the Pro-

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tectorate wholly or partly for sporting purposes, not being a public officer, settler, or a native.

“Collector” means the principal Civil Officer in charge of a district of the Protectorate.

“Schedule” and “Schedules” refer to the Schedules annexed to this Ordinance.

General Provisions

3. (1) No person, unless he is authorized by a special license in that behalf, shall hunt, kill, or capture any of the animals mentioned in the First Schedule.

(2) No person, unless he is authorized by a special license under this Ordinance, shall hunt, kill, or capture any animal of the kinds mentioned in the Second Schedule if the animal be (*a*) immature or (*b*) a female accompanied by its young.

4. No person, unless he is authorized under this Ordinance, shall hunt, kill, or capture any animal mentioned in the Third Schedule.

5. The Commissioner may, if he thinks fit, by Proclamation, remove any animal from any of the Schedules, or declare that the name of any species, variety, or sex of animal, whether beast or bird not mentioned in any Schedule hereto, shall be added to a particular Schedule, or that the name of any species or variety of animal mentioned or included in one Schedule shall be transferred to another Schedule, and, if he thinks fit, apply such Proclamation to the whole of the Protectorate, or to any Province, District, or other area.

6. (1) Save as hereinafter provided no person shall export from the Protectorate for sale or shall within the Protectorate sell, or purchase, or offer or expose for sale any head, horn, bone, skin, feather, flesh, or any other part of any animal mentioned in any of the Schedules, unless such animal has been kept in a domesticated state.

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(2) Save as hereinafter provided no person shall collect, export from the Protectorate for sale, or shall within the Protectorate sell, or purchase, or offer or expose for sale any ostrich egg unless the ostrich has been kept in a domesticated state.

(3) No person shall knowingly store, pack, convey, or export any animal, or any part of any animal or any ostrich egg which he has reason to believe has been obtained in contravention of this Ordinance.

(4) Ostrich eggs, or any animal or any heads, horns, tusks, skins, feathers, or other remains of any animals mentioned in any of the Schedules hereto shall be liable to forfeiture if they have been obtained in contravention of this Ordinance.

(5) Notwithstanding anything contained in this section any ostrich eggs or any heads, horns, tusks, skins, feathers, or other remains of any animals mentioned in the Schedules may be sold in the following cases and under the following conditions :—

- (a) If they form part of the estate of a deceased person, by the Administrator General or personal representative of such deceased person, with the consent of the Court granting probate or administration, and on payment of such fee as the Court directs, not exceeding 20 rupees.
- (b) If they have been forfeited, by order of the Commissioner or of the Court by which they have been declared to be forfeited.

(6) In any sale under sub-section 5 of this section purchasers shall in every case be given a certificate specifying the articles and declaring that they have been lawfully sold under the provisions of this Ordinance, and such certificate shall be evidence that the purchaser has not obtained the articles in contravention of this Ordinance.

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(7) Nothing contained in this section shall prevent the sale, purchase, transfer, or export of elephant ivory or hippopotamus tusks which have been obtained without a contravention of this Ordinance.

(8) When any animal mentioned in any of the Schedules hereto is killed by accident, or when the carcase or remains of any animal shall be found, the head, horns, tusks, and feathers of such animal shall belong to the Government ;

Provided that the Commissioner may waive these rights in any case as he may deem fit ; and,

Provided that the Commissioner may direct the payment to any person or persons so killing or finding such compensation as shall cover the cost of transport of any ivory to the nearest station ; and,

May direct rewards to be paid for the finding of ivory.

7. (1) Save as hereinafter provided, any person found in possession of, or selling, transferring, or exporting, or attempting to sell, transfer, or export any male elephant's tusk weighing less than eleven pounds or any female elephant's tusk, or any pieces of ivory which, in the opinion of any officer engaged in the civil administration of the Uganda Protectorate, formed part of a male elephant's tusk under eleven pounds in weight, or of a female elephant's tusk, shall be guilty of an offence, and shall be liable to a fine not exceeding 1000 rupees or two months' imprisonment of either kind, or to both, and the tusk or parts of a tusk shall be confiscated unless the Commissioner shall otherwise order.

(2) Provided that the Commissioner or any person authorized by the Commissioner in that behalf may possess, sell, or transfer within the Uganda Protectorate or may export from the Uganda Protectorate any ivory belonging to the Government or confiscated under the

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provisions of this Ordinance or of any Regulation or Ordinance repealed by this Ordinance.

(3) All such ivory possessed, sold, transferred or exported under the provisions of the last preceding sub-section shall be distinctively marked with such mark and in such manner as the Commissioner by notice published in the Official Gazette may appoint.

(4) The purchaser or transferee of any ivory so sold or transferred under the provisions of sub-section 2 of this section shall lawfully possess such ivory and may lawfully export such ivory from the Uganda Protectorate.

(5) The provisions of sub-section 1 of this section shall not apply to any ivory lawfully possessed by any person at the date of the publication of this Ordinance, provided that such ivory shall within three months of the publication of this Ordinance be produced or sent to the nearest Collector who shall mark such ivory with such mark and in such manner as the Commissioner may appoint.

8. No person shall use any poison, or, without a special license, any dynamite or other explosive for the killing or taking of any fish.

9. Where it appears to the Commissioner that any method used for killing or capturing animals or fish is unduly destructive, he may, by Proclamation, prohibit such method or prescribe the conditions under which any method may be used; and if any person uses any method so prohibited, or uses any method otherwise than according to the conditions so prescribed, he shall be liable to the same penalties as for a breach of this Ordinance.

10. Save as provided by this Ordinance, or by any Proclamation under this Ordinance, any person may hunt, kill, or capture any animal not mentioned in any of the Schedules, or any fish.

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Game Reserve.

11. (1) The areas described in the Sixth Schedule hereto are hereby declared to be game reserves.

The Commissioner, with the approval of the Secretary of State, may by Proclamation declare any other portion of the Protectorate to be a game reserve, may define or alter the limits of any Game reserve, and this Ordinance shall apply to every such game reserve.

(2) Save as provided in this Ordinance, any person who hunts, kills, or captures any animal in a game reserve, or is found within a game reserve under circumstances showing that he was unlawfully in pursuit of any animal, shall be guilty of a breach of this Ordinance.

(3) The Commissioner may by notice, to be published as directed by him, exempt from protection any animal in a game reserve.

(4) For the purpose of this section the term animal shall be deemed not to exclude reptiles, amphibia, fishes, and invertebrate animals.

Licenses to Europeans, etc.

12. The following licenses may be granted by the Commissioner or any Collector or such person or persons as may be authorized by the Commissioner, that is to say :—

- (1) A Sportsman's license ;
- (2) A Public Officer's license ;
- (3) A Settler's license ;
- (4) A Landholder's license ; and
- (5) A Bird license.

The following fees shall be payable for licenses, that is to say, for a Sportsman's license 750 rupees, for a Public Officer's license or a Settler's license 150 rupees, for a Landholder's license 45 rupees, and for a Bird license 5 rupees.

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Every license shall except as hereinafter provided be in force for one year only from the date of issue.

Provided that a Public Officer's license may be granted for a single period of 14 consecutive days on payment of a fee of 30 rupees but no other such license shall be issued to such officer within a period of twelve months from the date of issue of such license.

Every license shall bear the name in full of the person to whom it is granted, the date of issue, the period of its duration, and the signature of the Commissioner, Collector, or other person authorized to grant licenses.

The applicant for a license may be required to give security by bond or deposit, not exceeding 2,000 rupees, for his compliance with this Ordinance, and with the additional conditions (if any) contained in his license.

A license is not transferable.

Every license must be produced when called for by any officer of the Protectorate Government, and any license holder who fails without reasonable cause to produce it when called for shall be guilty of an offence against this Ordinance.

In granting licenses under this Ordinance a Collector or any person authorized to grant licenses shall observe any general or particular instructions of the Commissioner.

13. A Sportsman's license and a Public Officer's license respectively authorize the holder to hunt, kill, or capture animals of any of the species mentioned in the Third Schedule, but unless the license otherwise provides, not more than the number of each species fixed by the second column of that Schedule.

The holder of a Sportsman's or Public Officer's license granted under this Ordinance may by the license be authorized to kill or capture additional

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animals of any such species on payment of such additional fees as may be prescribed by the Commissioner.

The Commissioner may in special cases grant, at a fee of 150 rupees, a Sportsman's license to a person entitled to take out a Settler's license.

14. A Settler's license authorizes the holder to hunt, kill, or capture animals of the species and to the number mentioned in the Fourth Schedule only.

15. (1) A Public Officer's license shall not be granted except to a Public Officer, and a Settler's license shall not be granted except to a Settler, but a Sportsman's license may be granted to a Settler.

(2) The holder of a Settler's or Landholder's license may surrender his license and take out a Sportsman's license; and in such a case the sum which has been paid in respect of the surrendered license shall be deducted from the sum which such person would otherwise be required to pay for a Sportsman's license; provided that a Sportsman's license so granted shall expire on the same date as that on which the surrendered license would have expired and that all animals captured or killed under the surrendered license shall count towards the animals which may be captured or killed under the Sportsman's license.

16. Should the holder of a Public Officer's license cease to be a Public Officer during the currency of such license his license shall thereupon expire.

Provided that if the person whose license has expired under the provisions of this section alone takes out a Sportsman's license the sum which has been paid by such person in respect of the license so expired shall if such person so elects be deducted from the sum which he would otherwise be required to pay for a Sportsman's license.

Provided that in such case all animals killed under

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the license which has so expired shall count towards the animals which may be killed under the Sportsman's license, and the Sportsman's license shall expire on the same date as that on which the original license would have expired if the holder thereof had continued to be a public officer.

17. A fourteen day license granted to a public officer who has previously held a public officer's license, or a public officer's license granted to a person who has previously held a public officer's fourteen day license, shall, if taken out within six months of the expiry of the former license, authorize the holder to kill or capture such number only of animals as, with the number killed or captured under the former license, will make up the number fixed for a public officer's license.

18. When a license similar to a Public Officer's license under this Ordinance has been granted in the East Africa Protectorate, that license shall authorize the holder to hunt, kill, or capture game in the Uganda Protectorate, in all respects as if the license had been granted in the Uganda Protectorate, provided that such license shall be first indorsed by a Collector or other authorized officer of the Uganda Protectorate: provided also that any authority to kill or capture additional animals not permitted under the corresponding Uganda license shall be void.

19. (1) An occupier of land may take out a landholder's license and may also take out a similar license at the same fee for any person permanently employed by him in connection with the land.

(2) The license shall only permit game to be hunted, killed, or captured on the land of the holder of a license or of his employer who has taken out the license.

(3) The license will not authorize animals in the First

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Schedule or the females or young of animals mentioned in the Second Schedule to be hunted killed or captured.

(4) The license shall permit the animals mentioned in the Third and Fourth Schedules to be hunted killed or captured and the limitation of the number of animals to be hunted killed or captured therein contained shall not apply.

(5) Except as otherwise provided in this section the holder of a landholder's license will be subject in all respects to the provisions of this Ordinance.

20. When a person holding a landholder's license holds also a settler's license, animals killed or captured on his own land under his landholder's license, shall not count towards the animals he is entitled to kill under his settler's license.

21. Any landholder, or his servant, finding an animal mentioned in the Schedules spoiling his crops or doing damage to his holding may kill the same if such act is necessary for the protection of his crops or holding, but he shall give notice thereof to the Collector of the district without delay, and the head, horns, tusks, and skin shall be the property of the Government, and shall be dealt with as the Collector may direct.

22. Animals mentioned in the Schedules killed or captured by the holder of a license other than a landholder's license upon private land at the request of the occupier and for protection of his crops or holding shall not count towards the number of animals that person is entitled to kill under his license but in such case the head, horns, tusks, and skins of such animals shall be the property of the Government, and shall be dealt with as the Collector may direct.

23. (1) A Bird License shall, subject to the provisions of this Ordinance, entitle the holder to shoot any of the birds mentioned in the Fifth Schedule only.

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(2) The Commissioner may by Proclamation order any area in the Uganda Protectorate to be closed for any period specified in the Proclamation in respect of the killing or capturing of any or all species of wild birds.

(3) Any person who shall kill or capture or attempt to kill or capture by any means whatsoever or who shall have in his possession any wild bird captured in contravention of sub-section 2 of this section within the area to which such Proclamation is applied and within the period specified therein shall be guilty of an offence under this Ordinance.

Provided that no person shall be liable to be convicted under the provisions of sub-section 3 of this section for the unlawful possession of such wild bird if he satisfies the Court before which he is charged either that :—

(a) The killing or capturing of such wild bird, if in a place with regard to which the provisions of sub-section 2 of this section have been applied was lawful at the time when and by the person by whom it was killed or captured, or

(b) The wild bird was killed or captured in some place to which the provisions of sub-section 2 of this section was not applied.

24. No person shall be entitled to hunt, kill, or capture animals mentioned in the schedules on private lands in the occupation of another person other than his employer, unless he is duly licensed under the provisions of this Ordinance.

25. Where it appears proper to the Commissioner for scientific or administrative reasons, he may grant a special license to any person, not being a native, to kill or capture animals of any one or more species mentioned in any of the Schedules ; or, to kill, hunt, or capture in a game reserve specified beasts or birds of prey, or other

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animals whose presence is detrimental to the purposes of the game reserve ; or, in particular cases, to kill, or capture, as the case may be, in a game reserve, an animal or animals of any one or more species mentioned in the Schedules.

The Commissioner may, if he thinks fit, grant a special license to any person European or American, resident in any town situate in or near a game reserve, to kill or capture specified birds and noxious animals in such game reserve or such part thereof as shall be defined on such license or otherwise.

A special license shall be subject to such conditions as to fees and security (if any), number, sex, and age of specimens, district and season for hunting, and other matters, as the Commissioner may prescribe.

Save as aforesaid, the holder of a special license shall be subject to the general provisions of this Ordinance, and to the provisions relating to holders of licenses.

26. The Commissioner may by rule prescribe the forms of licenses issued under the provisions of this Ordinance.

Every license holder shall keep a register of the animals killed or captured by him in the form specified in the Seventh Schedule.

The Register with a copy thereof shall be submitted as often as convenient, but not less frequently than once in three months, to the nearest Collector or Assistant Collector, who shall countersign the entries up to date and retain the copy.

Any person authorized to grant licenses may at any time call upon any license holder to produce his register for inspection.

Every holder of a license must within 15 days after his license has expired produce or send to the Collector of the district in which he resides the register, and

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a copy thereof, of the animals killed or captured by him under his license.

If any holder of a license fails to keep his register truly or to produce it as required by this section he shall be guilty of an offence against this Ordinance.

27. The Commissioner may revoke any license when he is satisfied that the holder has been guilty of a breach of any of the provisions of this Ordinance or of the conditions of his license, or has connived with any other person in any such breach, or that in any matters in relation thereto he has acted otherwise than in good faith.

28. The Commissioner may at his discretion direct that a license under this Ordinance shall be refused to any applicant.

29. Any person whose license has been lost or destroyed may obtain a fresh license for the remainder of his term on payment of such a fee as the licensing authority may fix, not exceeding Rs. 5.

30. No license granted under this Ordinance shall entitle the holder to hunt, kill, or capture any animal, or to trespass upon private property without the consent of the owner or occupier.

31. Any person who, after having killed or captured animals to the number and of the species authorized by his license, proceeds to hunt, kill, or capture any animals which he is not authorized to kill or capture, shall be guilty of a breach of this Ordinance.

32. Persons in the employment of holders of licenses may, without license, assist such holders of licenses in hunting animals, but shall not use fire-arms.

In any case of a breach of the provisions of this section the license of every license holder concerned in the breach shall be liable to forfeiture, and such license holder shall be guilty of an offence.

33. The Commissioner or any person authorized by

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him in that behalf may, at his discretion, require any person importing fire-arms or ammunition that may be used by such person for the purpose of killing game or other animals to take out a license under this Ordinance, and may refuse to allow the fire-arms or ammunition to be taken from the public warehouse until such license is taken out. Save as aforesaid, nothing in this Ordinance shall affect the provisions of "The Uganda Fire-arms Regulations, 1896," or any Ordinance amending or substituted for the same.

Restriction on Killing Game by Natives

34. When the members of any native tribe or the native inhabitants of any village appear to be dependent upon the flesh of wild animals for their subsistence, the Collector of the district may with the approval of the Commissioner, by order addressed to the Chief of the tribe or Headman of the village, authorize the tribesmen or inhabitants as the case may be, to kill animals within such area, and subject to such conditions as to mode of hunting, number, species, and sex of animals and otherwise, as may be prescribed by the order.

An order under this section shall not authorize the killing of any animal mentioned in the First Schedule.

The provisions of this Ordinance with respect to holders of licenses shall not apply to a member of a tribe or native inhabitant of a village to which an order under this section applies.

Save as aforesaid, the general provisions of this Ordinance shall apply to every native who is authorized under this section, and a breach of any order shall be a breach of this Ordinance.

35. The Collector of a district may, with the approval of the Commissioner, grant a license, similar to a sportsman's or settler's license, to any native, upon such

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terms as to fees and other conditions as the Commissioner may direct.

36. (1) A Sub-Commissioner may with the approval of the Commissioner, grant to any native Chief a license to kill two bull elephants.

(2) Such license shall be subject to the conditions applicable to licenses issued under this Ordinance, and the fee in respect thereof shall be 150 rupees.

(3) The ivory obtained from elephants killed under any such license shall be taken to the nearest Government station, and there marked in such a way that it may be identified. Any person possessing, buying, or selling any such ivory which has not been so marked shall be guilty of an offence against this Ordinance.

(4) The Commissioner may make rules as to the persons by whom and the manner in which such ivory shall be marked.

37. (1) When elephants are found doing damage to shambas, and the owner or occupier thereof cannot, with the means at his disposal, drive them off, the nearest Chief may at the request of such occupier kill not more than two of such elephants.

(2) The destruction of the elephants shall be reported forthwith to the nearest civil officer, and the ivory shall be taken and handed over to him. The Chief and the owner of the shamba shall each be entitled to receive such proportion of the ivory as the Commissioner may direct. The carcasses of the elephants shall belong to the owner of the shambas.

Legal Procedure

38. Where any public officer of the Uganda Protectorate thinks it expedient for the purposes of verifying the register of a license holder, or suspects that any person has been guilty of a breach of any of the

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provisions of this Ordinance or of the conditions of his license he may inspect and search, or authorize any subordinate officer to inspect and search, any baggage, packages, wagons, tents, building, or caravan belonging to or under the control of such person or his agent, and if the officer finds any heads, horns, tusks, skins, feathers, or other remains of the animals appearing to have been killed, or any live animals appearing to have been captured, in contravention of this Ordinance, he shall seize and take the same before a Magistrate to be dealt with according to law.

39. Save as herein mentioned, any person who hunts, kills, or captures any animals in contravention of this Ordinance, or otherwise commits any breach of the provisions of this Ordinance or of the conditions of his license shall, on conviction, be liable to a fine which may extend to 1000 rupees, and, where the offence relates to more animals than two, to a fine in respect of each animal which may extend to 500 rupees and in either case to imprisonment of either kind which may extend to two months, with or without fine ;

Provided that any person who shoots, kills, or captures or attempts to shoot, kill, or capture birds in contravention of this Ordinance shall not be liable to a fine of more than 100 rupees nor imprisonment of either kind exceeding one month.

In all cases on conviction any ostrich eggs or any heads, horns, tusks, skins, or other remains of animals found in the possession of the offender or his agent, and all live animals captured in contravention of this Ordinance shall be liable to forfeiture.

If the person convicted is the holder of a license his license may be revoked by the Court.

40. Where in any proceeding under this Ordinance any fine is imposed, the Court may award any sum or

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sums not exceeding half the total fine to any informer or informers.

41. This Ordinance shall come into operation on the First day of November 1906.

Repeal

42. The following Regulations and Ordinances and all Proclamations, Orders and Rules thereunder are hereby repealed.

The Game Returns Regulations, 1900 (No. 25).

The Uganda Game Regulations, 1900 (No. 32).

The Birds Protection Regulations, 1901 (No. 1 of 1901).

The Uganda Game Regulations Amendment Ordinance, 1903 (No. 9 of 1903).

The Uganda Game Ordinance, 1903 (No. 13 of 1903).

The Uganda Game Ordinance, 1904 (No. 1 of 1904).

The Uganda Game Regulations Amendment Ordinance, 1904 (No. 10 of 1904).

The Game Ordinance, 1904 (No. 12 of 1904).

The Uganda Game Regulations Amendment Ordinance, 1905 (No. 2 of 1905).

Provided as follows:—

- (1) Where any legal proceedings have been begun under the said repealed Regulations or Ordinances the same shall be continued as if this Ordinance had not been enacted.
- (2) Any person who has before the commencement of this Ordinance committed any offence against any of the said repealed Regulations or Ordinances, or has committed any breach of any conditions prescribed on any license granted thereunder shall be proceeded against and punished as if this Ordinance had not been enacted.
- (3) Licenses issued under the said repealed Regulations or Ordinances unexpired at the com-

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mencement of this Ordinance shall remain in force for the period for which they were granted, as if this Ordinance had not been enacted.

H. HESKETH BELL,

H. Majesty's Commissioner.

ENTEBBE, 16th October, 1906.

FIRST SCHEDULE

Animals not to be hunted, killed, or captured, by any person, except under Special License.

1. Giraffe.
2. Zebra.
3. Wild Ass.
4. Gnu (*Connochaetes*), any species.
5. Eland (*Taurotragus*).
6. Elephant (female or young).
7. Secretary Bird.
8. Vulture (any species).
9. Owls (any species).
10. Whale-headed Stork (*Balæniceps rex*).
11. Saddle-billed Stork (*Epphippiorhynous Senegalensis*).
12. Crowned Crane (*Balearica*).
13. Okapi (*Johnstoni*).
14. Buffalo (female).
15. Ostrich (female or young).
16. Speke's Tragelaphus (female).

SECOND SCHEDULE

Animals, the females of which are not to be hunted, killed, or captured, when accompanying their young, and young of which are not to be captured except under Special License.

1. Rhinoceros.
2. Chevrotain (*Dorcatherium*).
3. All Antelopes or Gazelles not mentioned in the first schedule.

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THIRD SCHEDULE

Animals, limited numbers of which may be killed or captured under a Sportsman's or Public Officer's license.

	Number allowed.
1. Elephant (male)	2
2. Rhinoceros	2
3. Hippopotamus (except in the following district in which they are not pro- tected) :—	10
1. The River Nile.	
2. The shores of the Victoria, the Albert, and Albert Edward Lakes.	
4. Antelopes and Gazelles—	
Class A—	
Oryx (Gemsbuck or Beisa)	2
Sable or Roan (<i>Hippotragus</i>)	2
Kudu (<i>Strepsiceros</i>)	2
Bongo (<i>Boocercus Eurycerus Isaaci</i>)	1
Speke's Tragelaphus (male)	2
Impala (<i>Æpyceros</i>)	2
5. Colobus or other fur monkeys.	2
6. Aard-Varks (<i>Orycteropus</i>)	2
7. Aard-Wolf (<i>Proteles</i>)	2
8. Ostrich (male only)	2
9. Marabou Stork (<i>Leptoptilus</i>)	2
10. Egrets of each species	2
11. Antelopes or Gazelles—	
Class B—	
Any species other than those in Class A	10
12. Chevrotains	10
13. Chimpanzee	1
14. Buffalo (male)	2

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FOURTH SCHEDULE

Animals, limited numbers of which may be killed or captured under a Settler's license.

- | | Number
allowed. |
|--|--------------------|
| 1. Hippopotamus (except in the following districts in which they are not protected) :— | 10 |
| 1. The River Nile. | |
| 2. The shores of the Victoria, the Albert, and Albert Edward Lakes. | |
| 2. The following Antelopes and Gazelles only :— | |
| (i) Grant's Gazelle. | |
| (ii) Thomson's Gazelle. | |
| (iii) Hartebeest. | |
| (iv) Reedbuck (<i>Cervicapra</i>). | |
| (v) Duiker (<i>Cephalophus</i>). | |
| (vi) Klipspringer (<i>Oreotragus</i>). | |
| (vii) Steinbuck (<i>Rhaphiceros</i>). | |
| (viii) Waterbuck (<i>Cobus</i>). | |
| (ix) Bushbuck (<i>Tragelaphus Roualeyni</i>). | |

Five animals in all in any calendar month, made up of animals of a single species or several; provided however that not more than ten animals of any one species shall be killed during the period for which the license is available.

FIFTH SCHEDULE

Birds which may be shot under a Bird License (subject to the provisions as to close seasons).

Any bird which is not mentioned in any of the first four Schedules.

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SIXTH SCHEDULE

Game Reserves

1. An area bounded by—

- (1) By the road, skirting the Budonga Forest, from Masindi to Butiaba.
- (2) By the shore of the Albert Lake to the mouth of the River Waja.
- (3) By the left bank of the River Waja from its mouth to Kerota.
- (4) By the Kerota Masindi Road.

The aforesaid area should be known as the BUDONGA Game Reserve.

2. An area bounded—

- (1) By the right bank of the River Mpanga from its mouth to its source.
- (2) By a straight line drawn from the source of the Mpanga River to the source of the River DUKALA (Wasa).
- (3) By the left bank of the River Dukala (Wasa) to its junction with the Semliki.
- (4) By the right bank of the River Semliki from the junction of the DUKALA (Wasa) River to the Congo Frontier, thence following the Congo Frontier to a point due west of the source of the River MUPUKU (Mabuku) and then by a straight line to the source of the River MUPUKU (Mabuku).
- (5) By the left bank of the River MUPUKU (Mabuku) to its mouth in Lake RUISAMBA and thence by the northern shores of Lake RUISAMBA to the mouth of the Mpanga.

The aforesaid area shall be known as the TORO Game Reserve.

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SEVENTH SCHEDULE

Game Register

Species.	Number.	Sex.	Locality.	Date.	Remarks.

I declare that the above is a true record of all animals killed by me in the Protectorate under the license granted me on the 19

Passed 190

(Signature of Examining Officer.)

Extract from the Official *Gazette* of the Uganda Protectorate of November 1st, 1907:—

Proclamation under the Uganda Game Ordinance, 1906, Section 5.

I, George Wilson, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Acting Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate, hereby remove the name of the animal Hippopotamus from all Schedules to the Uganda Game Ordinance, 1906, in which it appears.

Provided always and I hereby declare that this Proclamation shall apply only to the area comprised in a radius of five miles from the Busiro Sleeping Sickness Camp at Bwanuka.

GEORGE WILSON,

Acting Commissioner.

ENTEBBE, October 22nd, 1907.

SUDAN GAME REGULATIONS

AN ORDINANCE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS

It is hereby enacted as follows:—

Short Title and Commencement

1. This Ordinance may be cited as the “Preservation of Wild Animals Ordinance 1903” and shall commence immediately.

Repeals

2. The Preservation of Wild Animals Ordinance 1901 is hereby repealed except in so far as it repeals former Ordinances.

Interpretation

3. In this Ordinance, unless there be something repugnant in the context:—

The words “Hunt,” “Capture,” “Kill,” and “Injure” include respectively attempting or aiding to hunt, capture, kill, and injure.

The words the “Licensing Officer” denote any Officer authorized by the Governor General to grant licenses hereunder.

The word “notified” means notified in the *Sudan Gazette*.

The words “This Ordinance” include any regulation or matter notified or prescribed under the provisions of this Ordinance and for the time being in force.

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Classification of Animals and Birds

4. (1) For the purpose of this Ordinance Wild Animals and Birds are divided into four Classes, hereinafter called respectively Class 1, Class 2, Class 3, and Class 4.

(2) Class 1, Class 2, and Class 3 shall comprise the animals and birds specified in Part I, Part II, and Part III respectively of the first schedule hereto.

(3) Class 4 shall include all wild animals and birds not comprised in the said last schedule.

(4) The Governor General may at any time by notice published in the *Sudan Gazette* remove any animal or bird from any class, or include any animal or bird in any class.

Certain Animals and Birds Absolutely Protected

5. (1) No person other than a native of the Sudan, whether the holder of a licence or not, shall kill, injure, or capture any animal or bird included in Class 1.

(2) Any person killing, injuring, or capturing any animal or bird in contravention of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 100 or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.

Issue and Provision of Licences

6. (1) Licences for the hunting, capturing, and killing of wild animals and birds included in Class 2 and Class 3 respectively may be granted by the Licensing Officer in his discretion to any person applying for the same. Such licences shall be of two kinds called respectively Licence A and Licence B.

(2) No person other than a native of the Sudan shall hunt, capture, or kill any animal or bird included in Class 2 unless he is the holder of a Licence A.

(3) No person other than a native of the Sudan shall

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hunt, capture, or kill any animal or bird included in Class 3 unless he is the holder either of a Licence A or of a Licence B.

(4) No holder of a licence shall during the currency of one licence capture or kill a greater number of animals or birds of any species included in Class 2 or Class 3 than the number specified in the first Schedule hereto opposite to the name of such species.

(5) The Governor General may at any time by notice in the *Sudan Gazette* alter the number of any species of animal or bird included in Class 2 or in Class 3 which may be captured or killed by the holder of a licence.

(6) The annual fees payable by the holders of the said licences shall be as follows:—

1. When issued to an Officer or Official of the British Egyptian or Sudan Government serving in Egypt or the Sudan or subject to approval of the Governor General to any person ordinarily resident in the Sudan or intending ordinarily to reside there.

Licence A	...	...	£E. 5
Licence B	...	...	£E. 1

2. When issued to any other person.

Licence A	...	..	£E. 40
Licence B	...	...	£E. 5

Every holder of a Licence A obtained at the £E. 5 rate shall also pay to the Licensing Officer a fee of £E. 10 for every elephant killed by him under such licence.

(7) Every Licence A and Licence B shall (except in the case of the temporary Licence B hereinafter mentioned) remain in force for one year from the date of issue and shall then expire.

(8) The acceptance of a Licence A or Licence B shall be held to constitute an agreement by the holder

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thereof that he agrees to conform to the provisions of this Ordinance. And no licence shall be transferable. If an original licence be lost or destroyed a duplicate licence may be obtained on proof of such loss or destruction and payment to the Licensing Officer of a fee of P.T. 25.

(9) All huntsmen, beaters and other assistants aiding the holder of a Licence A or a Licence B to hunt, capture or kill any animal or bird which such licence holder is authorized by his licence to hunt, capture or kill shall be covered, while so acting, by such licence.

(10) Every holder of a Licence A or a Licence B shall keep an account of all animals and birds captured or killed by him of any species included in Class 2 or Class 3 and of any other species mentioned in his licence. This account shall give the date and place of capture or killing of each animal or bird captured or killed and the sex of each such animal. Every such licence holder shall produce such account together with his licence whenever called upon to do so by any Official of the Sudan Government and shall deliver a copy of such account signed by himself to the Licensing Officer upon the expiration of his licence or upon his leaving the Sudan, whichever first happens, as also, if required by the Licensing Officer for the purpose of compiling the annual returns, upon such other day as may be specified in the licence.

(11) At any time while a Licence B continues in force it may with the leave of the Licensing Officer be exchanged for a Licence A on payment of the difference between the fees chargeable for such licences respectively, but the substituted licence shall expire upon the day when the original licence would have expired.

(12) A temporary Licence B may be also granted at

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the discretion of the Licensing Officer for one or more days at a daily charge of P.T. 25.

(13) Any person killing, injuring or capturing any wild animal or bird in contravention of sub-sections (2) or (3) or (4) of this section or refusing to produce his licence or such account as aforesaid when called upon to do so or producing an incorrect account shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 100 or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Exceptions

7. Notwithstanding anything in this Ordinance contained the owner or occupier of any cultivated land or any person authorized by him may capture, injure or kill any wild animals or birds causing serious damage to his property if such damage cannot otherwise be averted, and notwithstanding anything in this Ordinance contained no person shall be deemed to have committed an offence under this Ordinance by reason of his having killed or injured any animal in defence of himself or any other person.

Class IV

8. Any person may hunt, capture or kill any of the birds and animals included in Class IV.

Rights of Natives of the Sudan

9. (1) Licences for the hunting, capturing and killing of a specified number of animals and birds included in Class I may be issued in special cases to natives of the Sudan only. Each such licence shall be issued only with the approval of the Governor General, and shall be known as Licence C. The fee payable in respect of a Licence C shall be decided by the Mudir of the Province in which it is issued.

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(2) No native of the Sudan not being a holder of a Licence C shall hunt, kill or capture any animal or bird included in Class 1.

(3) No native of the Sudan shall employ any fire-arm in the pursuit of any animal or bird included in Class 1 or Class 2 or Class 3 whether such native shall be the holder of a Licence C or not.

(4) Subject to the above restrictions any native of the Sudan may hunt, capture and kill any wild animal or bird.

(5) Any native of the Sudan acting in contravention of sub-section 2 or 3 of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 10 or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.

(6) Any native of the Sudan who is found in possession of any animal or bird included in Class 1 living or dead, or of any part of such animal or bird shall be deemed to have killed or captured such animal or bird unless the contrary be shown.

Sale of Hides, Horns, etc., of Certain Animals

10. (1) The sale and purchase of the hides, horns or flesh or of any trophies of any of the animals and birds included in the second schedule hereto is absolutely prohibited in the Sudan.

(2) No person shall expose or offer for sale or collect or keep for trade purposes any such hides, horns, flesh or other trophies.

(3) Any person acting in contravention of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 10 or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months, and all such hides, horns and trophies so purchased or sold, or offered for sale or collected for trade purposes shall be liable to confiscation.

(4) Any person found in possession of any such

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hides, horns, flesh or trophies shall be deemed to have collected the same for trade purposes unless the contrary be shown.

Duties on Hides Permitted to be Sold

11. (1) The sale and purchase of hides, horns, flesh and other trophies of wild animals and birds other than those mentioned in the second schedule hereto are permitted in the Sudan.

(2) The following *ad valorem* duties shall be paid in respect of any such hides, horns, flesh or other trophies brought into the principal town or village of any Mudiria or Mamuria for purposes of trade or exported from the Sudan :—

On elephant or hippopotamus hides 20 per cent.

On all other hides or skins and the flesh, horns or other trophies of any animal or bird comprised in this section 10 per cent.

(3) All such hides, flesh, horns and trophies brought into any such town or village as aforesaid shall be deemed to be brought there for the purpose of trade unless the contrary be shown.

(4) The said duty shall only be paid once in respect of each article and every official receiving payment of such duty shall if required give to the person making such payment a pass which shall authorize him to take the article in respect of which duty has been paid into any other place without paying any further duty.

(5) The holder of a licence issued hereunder shall nevertheless not be liable for the said duties in respect of the export of hides, horns or other trophies obtained by him under his licence and any traveller leaving the country will be permitted to take with him free of the

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said duties not more than five in number of such hides, horns or other trophies upon making a declaration, if demanded, that they are not so taken for trade purposes.

(6) This section shall not apply to elephants' tusks or ostrich feathers.

(7) Any person failing to pay or attempting to evade the duty imposed by this section on any hides, horns, flesh or other trophies shall be liable to a fine not exceeding three times the amount of the duty and the said hides, horns, flesh and other trophies shall be liable to confiscation.

Export Tax on Living Animals

12. (1) From and after the date of this Ordinance an export tax according to the scale set forth in the third schedule hereto shall be levied on each living specimen of an animal or bird mentioned in the third schedule.

(2) The said export tax shall not be levied in respect of animals or birds exported by the holder of a licence issued hereunder in accordance with the terms of such licence.

(3) Any person failing to pay or attempting to evade the duty imposed by this section on any animal or bird shall be liable to a fine not exceeding three times the amount of the duty and the said animal or bird shall be liable to confiscation.

Sanctuary for Game

13. (1) From and after the date of this Ordinance the district bounded on the north by a line drawn from Kaka to Famaka on the east by the Blue Nile from Famaka to the Abyssinian Frontier and then by the boundary with Abyssinia to the Baro River on the

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South by the Baro River to its junction with the Sobat River and then by the Sobat River to its junction with the White Nile and on the West by the White Nile shall be a sanctuary for game within which no person other than natives of the Sudan residing in the said sanctuary and Officers and Officials stationed in the same and having a special permit endorsed on their licence shall hunt, capture or kill any wild animal or bird.

(2) From and after the date of this Ordinance the district bounded on the North by a line from Jebelein to Karkoj on the East by the Blue Nile between Karkoj and Famaka on the South by a line drawn from Famaka to Kaka and the West by the White Nile between Kaka and Jebelein shall be a reserve within which no person other than natives of the Sudan residing therein and persons having a special permit endorsed on their licences shall hunt, capture or kill any wild animal or bird. Such special permit shall be granted at the discretion of the Licensing Officer and only to persons residing in the said District, to Officers and Officials of the Sudan Government and to Officers and Officials of the British and Egyptian Governments serving in the Sudan.

(3) The said boundary lines between Jebelein and Karkoj and between Kaka and Famaka shall be hereafter more particularly defined by a notice issued in the *Sudan Gazette*.

(4) Any person acting in contravention of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 100 or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

Local Extent of Licences

14. Subject to the provisions of the last preceding section every Licence A or Licence B shall be valid

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throughout the Sudan save that no licence shall be valid in any part of the Sudan to which under any Ordinance or Regulations for the time being in force it is unlawful for the licence holder to proceed and that no licence shall be valid in any part of the Sudan to which special permission is required unless endorsed to that effect by the authority by which such permission is granted.

Ostrich Eggs not to be removed

15. (1) No person whether he is the holder of a licence or not shall remove or disturb or injure the eggs of an ostrich or of any other bird which may from time to time be notified without the written permission of a Licensing Officer.

Shooting from a Steamer forbidden

(2) No person shall shoot from a steamer either at rest or in motion at any bird or at any animal except the lion, leopard and crocodile.

Poison and Explosives not to be used on Fish

(3) No person shall use any poison or dynamite or any other explosive for the taking of any fish.

Penalties

(4) Any person acting in contravention of this section shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £E. 5 or in default of payment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month.

Special Licences for Scientific Purposes

16. (1) The Governor General or any Officer authorized by him may by special endorsement on a licence

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permit the capture of a stated number of animals and birds included in Class 1.

(2) The Governor General may dispense from the observance of such sections of this Ordinance as he thinks proper except sub-section 1 of section 13 any person who requires such dispensation for the purpose of scientific study.

(3) Any permission or dispensation given hereunder may be withdrawn at any time.

Confiscation of Cow and small Ivory

17. All cow ivory and elephant tusks weighing less than ten pounds, or such other weight as may be notified from time to time is liable to be confiscated and may be seized by any Magistrate, Police Officer or Officer engaged in the Civil Administration without adjudication of confiscation subject to a right of appeal to the Mudir or to a Magistrate of the 1st or 2nd Class against the confiscation.

Powers of Governor General

18. (1) The Governor General may from time to time by notice published in the *Sudan Gazette* exercise all or any of the following powers (that is to say)—

- (a) Notify or prescribe any matter which is left by this Ordinance to be notified or prescribed.
- (b) Declare a close time or close times during which any wild animal or bird specified in such notice shall not be hunted, captured or killed, nor the flesh thereof sold or offered for sale.
- (c) Forbid or restrict the use of nets, pitfalls or other destructive modes of capture.
- (d) Extend or limit any of the provisions of this Ordinance so as to include therein or exclude therefrom any wild animal or bird specified in such notice.
- (e) Revoke, alter or suspend any such notices.

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(2) Governors of Provinces may by public notice forbid or restrict the use within their respective provinces of nets, pitfalls or other destructive modes of capture and revoke, alter or suspend any such notice.

(3) Upon the publication of any such notice this Ordinance and such notice shall take effect as if the matter contained in such notice had been incorporated in this Ordinance.

Fees Payable by Persons Contravening

19. Persons contravening this Ordinance by hunting capturing or killing any wild animal or bird included in Class 2 or Class 3 without a licence or with an insufficient licence shall be liable for all the fees which would have been payable by them for the taking out of a sufficient licence for the hunting, capturing or killing of such animal or bird in addition to any fine or imprisonment which may be awarded for such contravention.

Court for trying Contravention

20. Prosecutions for a contravention of any of the provisions of this Ordinance may be tried by the Court of a Magistrate of the 2nd Class or by any higher Court.

Forfeiture of Licences

21. The licence of any person convicted of any offence under this Ordinance shall be liable to be forfeited.

Confiscation of Trophies, etc. etc.

22. All animals, birds, skins, horns, tusks, feathers, trophies, eggs and carcasses of all animals or birds captured or killed in contravention of this Ordinance shall be liable to confiscation and may be seized by any Magistrate, Police Officer or the Licensing Officer subject to a right of appeal to the Mudir against the confiscation.

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THE FIRST SCHEDULE

PART I

Class 1.—Animals and birds which may not be hunted, captured or killed :—

Giraffe.	Ostrich.
Rhinoceros.	Shoe-bill (<i>Ballæniceps</i>).
Wild Ass.	Ground Horn Bill (<i>Bucorax</i>).
Zebra.	Secretary Bird (<i>Serpentarius</i>).

PART II

Class 2.—Animals and birds a limited number of which may be captured or killed by the holder of an A Licence, and the number authorized of any one species—

Mrs. Gray's Water Buck (<i>Cobus Maria</i>)		1
Elephant.		2
Eland (<i>Taurotragus</i>)		2
Kudu (<i>Strepsiceros</i>)		2
*Hippopotamus		4
Buffalo		4
Roan Antelope (<i>Hippotragus</i>)		4
Oryx Beisa		4
Water Buck (<i>Cobus Defassa</i>)		4
Bush Buck (<i>Tragelaphus</i>)		4
Reed Buck (<i>Cervicapra</i>).		4
Jackson's Hartebeest (<i>Bubalis Jacksoni</i>).		4
Tora Hartebeest (<i>Bubalis Tora</i>)		4
Oryx Leucoryx		6
Addax		6
White-eared Cob (<i>Cobus Leucotis</i>)		6
Addra Gazelle (<i>Gazella Ruficollis</i>).		6

* There is no limit of the number of hippopotamus which may be captured or killed South of Fashoda.

Game Regulations : Sudan

PART III

Class 3.—Animals and birds a limited number of which may be captured or killed by the holder of an A or B Licence and the number authorised of any species –

Ibex	4
Wild Sheep	4
Pelicans	2
Egrets	2
Hérons	2
Storks	2
Marabout	2
Spoonbills	2
Flamingoes	2
Ibis	2
Crowned Crane	6
*Wart Hog	12
*Large Bustard	12
*Tiang	12
*Other Antelopes and Gazelles not before specified in this schedule (each species) .	12

* A Licence holder on a trip of more than three months' duration may shoot four more of each of these for food in every additional month.

THE SECOND SCHEDULE

Animals and birds in respect of which the sale or purchase of the hides, horns or flesh or other trophies is prohibited—

Animals and birds in- cluded in Class 1.	Hartebeest. White-eared Cob.
Mrs. Gray's Water Buck.	Water Buck.
Kudu.	Oryx.
Roan Antelope.	Ibex.

Lake Victoria to Khartoum

THE THIRD SCHEDULE

Export Tax on Living Animals—

	Each £E. 24.	
Elephant.	Rhinoceros.	Giraffe.
	Each £E 10.	
Hippopotamus.	White-eared Cob.	
Buffalo.	Hartebeest.	
Wild Ass.	Roan Antelope.	
Zebra.	Oryx.	
Water Buck.	Addax.	
Mrs. Gray's Water Buck.	Kudu.	
Eland.		
	Each £E. 5.	
Addra Gazelle.	Wild Sheep.	
Ibex.	Balæniceps.	
	Each £E. 5.	
Ostrich.	Secretary Bird.	
	Each £E. 1.	
Lion.	Leopard.	Cheetah.

NOTICE

Districts Closed to Travellers

With reference to the notice as to Passports and reporting for Europeans and Foreigners published in the *Sudan Gazette* of the 1st August, 1903, No. 50, page 99, His Excellency the Governor General has been pleased to order as follows:—

- (1) Europeans and Foreigners not being traders, travelling for the purpose of pleasure or sport South of Khartoum or in Kordofan, who have a subsisting game licence, need not obtain a pass from the Secretary General unless they enter the districts mentioned below.

Game Regulations : Sudan

- (2) No European or Foreign traveller is, until further order, permitted to enter the districts mentioned below, unless he obtains the Governor General's special permission through the office of the Secretary General, Khartoum, and any traveller who obtains such special permission must regulate his movements in accordance with instructions, which will be given to him.

Owing to the local conditions of those districts, such special permission will be granted to persons travelling for pleasure or sport under exceptional circumstances only.

THE DISTRICTS ABOVE REFERRED TO

- (a) The district South of the Sobat and Pibor East of the Bahr-El-Zeraf and North of Shambé.
- (b) The country on the West Bank of the White Nile South of a line drawn from Fashoda to El Eddeiya.
- (c) The Bahr-El-Ghazal Province.

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