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GIRAFFES MOVING OFF

FAR AWAY UP THE NILE

By

JOHN G. MILLAIS

AUTHOR OF

'A BREATH FROM THE VELDT,' 'THE LIFE OF FREDERICK COURTENAY
SELOUS,' 'RHODODENDRONS,' SERIES 1 AND 2

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR, BY H. R. MILLAIS,
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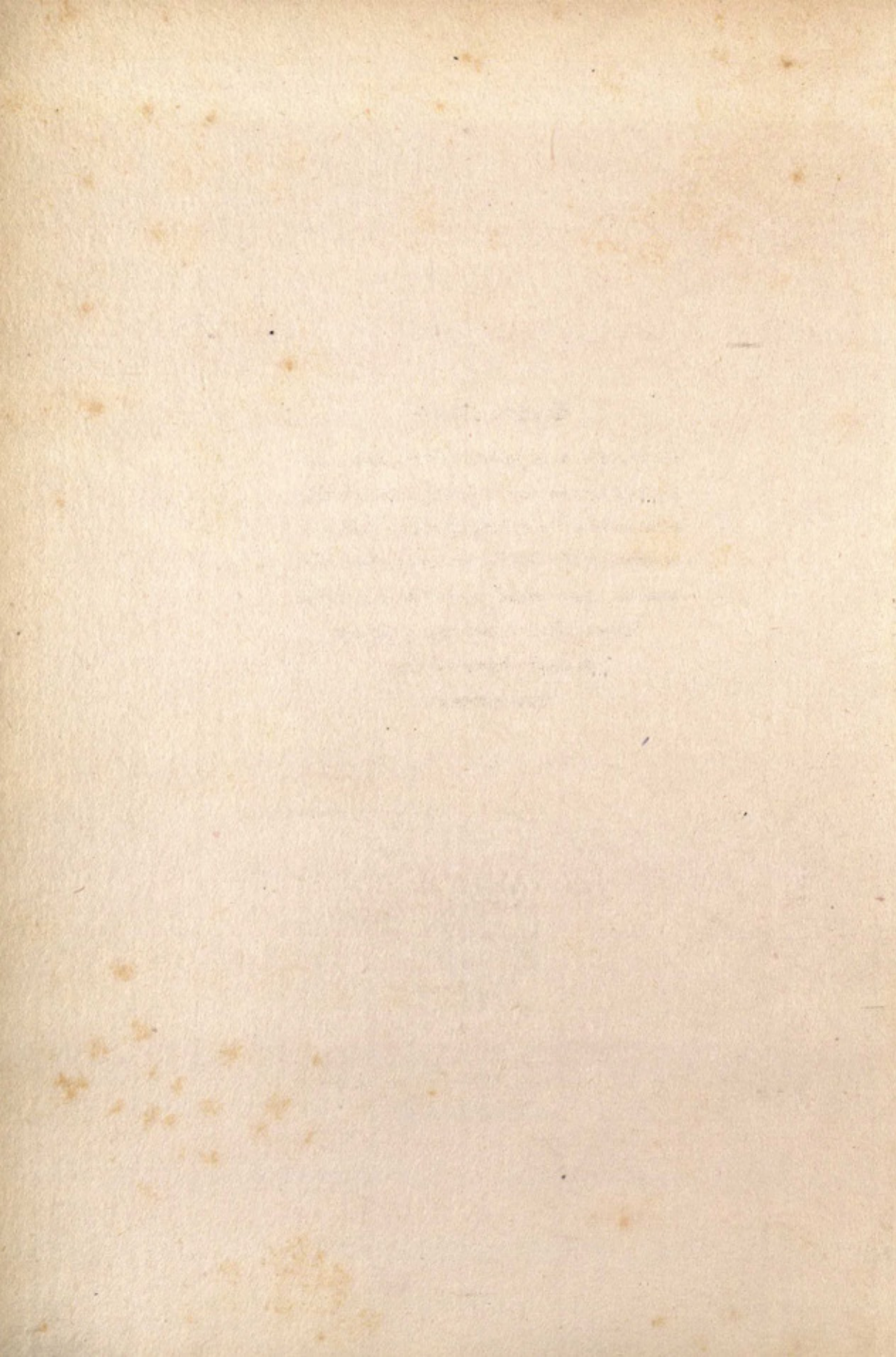
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Dedication

*Dedicated to those gallant soldiers, doctors and
District Commissioners living and travelling
between Malakal and Rejaf and the contiguous
provinces of the Nile Valley, who perform their
arduous duties amid fearful heat and flies
beneath the scorching rays of the sun
by their sincere admirer*

THE AUTHOR



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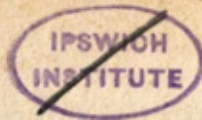
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FAR AWAY UP THE NILE

CHAPTER I

IN THE RED SEA HILLS

' He who drinks of Nile waters returns to drink.'

Old Egyptian Proverb.

AFRICA is beloved by nearly all men and a few women. The latter get all the rough edges whilst men experience only the Romance. After the first blush of novelty has worn off, women are apt to lose their complexions and health, and be separated from their children. Moreover, they seldom get away from the daily jar of housekeeping, heat, dust, and insects, and most of all do they regret the absence of shops, new hats, and Paris gowns. Wherefore this book is not so much a story as a 'warning to modern girlhood.'

For men, life there is altogether different. They have their work, which is generally interesting, and they have the supreme joy of knowing that they are 'creating,' and that is perhaps the greatest pleasure in the whole world. A new Empire is being formed, and they are integral cogs of the great machine. It is the same, too, with the African traveller. No matter where he lives, if he has once seen and smelt Africa he

will ever after feel 'The Claw'¹ hooking him back to the Sun and the Great Spaces.

It is a truism that neither ridicule nor oppression can quench a great Love.

When I was a kid I spent six days a week sucking the paint off my Noah's Ark animals and breaking up my stucco-and-wood donkeys, which I always demanded as a weekly perquisite, and then submitted calmly to an awful dose of Gregory, followed by a perfectly rotten seventh day, so it may be said I was in early days a bit of an animal-lover. The next week was generally a repetition of the foregoing, and so on till we all hied north to Scotland, where the superior charms of lovely birds lured me temporarily from my former love. Then followed a period of mutilating masses of school books with fearful delineations of birds and animals.

One day dear old Mrs. Wemyss read to us children a marvellous book. It was Baldwin's 'African Hunting.' It made a great impression on me, and, ever since, I have had that dream of vanished days when skies are dull and England is at its lowest. That book first sent me to Africa, as it did Selous and many another man.

Men go back to Africa for various reasons. Some because Phyllis has been unkind, others to escape the boredom of social conventionalities, others for health and sunshine, a few to escape their creditors, but most of all because the attraction has been insistent, and never dies as long as physical powers and the state of

¹ I think Cynthia Stockley has given us Africa, in her case South Africa, with its men, women, and fascinations, as no other writer has ever done. She is a genius of the first water.

the Royal Exchequer will permit. So when my dear old friend 'Brock' (Captain Courtney Brocklehurst), who is Game Ranger of the Sudan, urged me to come and see the game and peoples of this great district, I felt strangely moved and unsettled. There were, however, many adverse conditions to the realisation of such an expedition. The spirit truly was willing, but the purse was weak. I had to arrange the affairs of an exhibition of pictures, and pass the final proofs of a big book on Rhododendrons on which I had been at work for the last two years. However, it was the pictures and Rhododendrons that settled it, for the exacting nature of the work had made me so tired and depressed that a long holiday in the sunshine was absolutely necessary.

Moreover my good friend 'Brock' helped me in a hundred ways and spoke to Colonel George Schuster, the financial agent, so that I was enabled to obtain free passes on railways and steamers—a great help. I went to see Colonel Schuster, and he was most kind, and said I would be the guest of the Sudan Government. 'Do you want to take anyone with you?' he remarked. 'A doctor or any person of that kind?'

'No, only my son,' I replied, 'as I must have someone to hold my lily-white hand when the elephant charges, and feed me with *Pêche Melba* when the weather is hot.'

He smiled sadly and turned away, so I went home and cleaned up my old '350 Rigby Magnum.

It was all settled. Outfit was done in a day at Fortnum and Mason's, rifles and guns and ammunition sent off to Port Sudan, and we left on November 30, 1923, to join the *City of Canterbury* at Southampton on the

following day. At the old port in Hampshire I failed to prevent my reckless son from purchasing two German mouth-organs at a price of one shilling and twopence each. These high-class musicians are terrible fellows to travel with!

Here too we took in a good stock of modern books to last for four months. What strikes one to-day is the increasing number of works which are nothing more than camouflaged revolutionary propaganda or dirty novels. Their authors, who are invariably brilliant writers, always remind one of those people who live in a lovely garden and then go and sit on the manure heap. Tolstoy, a great artist but a mediocre thinker, was really the first of these. His pernicious doctrines, veiled in language all could understand, made him the real author of the Russian Revolution. Whistler too, in Art, was another rebel of the same kind, who infected the painter lads of his day with mischievous theories. I said as much in the 'Life' of my father, and he threatened me with an action for libel, but I let it slide and nothing ever came of it. 'Jimmy' was a good fighter but a bad leader. He invariably tried to teach youth to run before it could walk; but it was all a pose bred by an abiding distrust of conventionality and fostered by excessive vanity.

One sea voyage on a ship is just like another, so we need say little about it. There was a large number of passengers who spent their lives and did their arduous work in the hot regions of India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, and Japan, and were always interesting on the subject of their various professions, some pleasant passengers taking a holiday to the sunshine, and a few bores.



NUBIAN IBEX

The greatest bore of all was the Master of Ceremonies or games, or whatever he called himself. He was the sort of man who is always elected on such occasions because he is so 'jolly.' He loved talking to all the passengers, especially when they did not want him. Just as you had settled yourself to a quiet comfortable hour with *Punch* or the *Saturday Evening Post*, his adipose form, exquisitely clad in a new golfing suit of plus fours (just the thing for a sea voyage!), would loom up and start the following conversation.

'Morning, old man' (you hardly know him). 'How's the browsing and sluicing to-day, and are you feeling good? How's the tongue, housemaid's knee, leprosy, etc., etc., you are suffering from, to-day? Are you a relative of the famous Millais? It must be nice to be his son—do any of the family inherit their father's talent? Of course not. Your son looks exactly like an artist, if I may say so' (which you don't want him to). 'I thought he was an artist as soon as I saw him. He does not cut his hair short and has the "Chelsea" look' (Is it as bad as that?); 'besides, he is just like Sir Gerald du Maurier, who draws for *Punch*.' (Poor matinée girls!) 'Do you ever paint?' ('No.') 'Have you ever had the measles? Are you Bubbles?' ('Yes.') 'You're very like him. I ought to have noticed it. How did you pose for that soap advertisement? Did you sit in a bath and reach for soap? How many times did you sit or lie?' (The last is difficult to answer.) 'Was it cold doing that? Weren't you awfully pleased at what Marie Corelli said about it, "that Sir John had ruined his Art by painting soap advertisements for Pears"?' (Which he never did.) 'So you answered it—and wasn't Marie, the great writer, delighted with the answer in your book?' ('I don't think';

she was furious.) 'Where are you going? What for? Is your son going too, or is he going to work? Will he stay in Africa for good? Sorry I can't stop longer, I've such a lot of important questions to ask other people. Are you married? How many times have you been married? How many children have you got' ('28'), 'and' (sadly) 'are they all like you? When do we get to Port Said? I'll ask the Captain—he likes to tell us first-class passengers. He would not say anything to second-class passengers, they bother him so. I asked him yesterday when we got to Port Said, and why they called the left side of the ship "Port." I think it's a silly name and suggestive of wine. He was awfully delighted, and turned away at once and went to enquire—awfully good of him. Jolly fine ship this. I like those Lascars very much. They are so quick, attentive, brave and honest—besides, they are handsomer than Englishmen, don't you think? Well, I must be going, I've got such a lot of important things to arrange. When do we get to Port Said?—oh, I said that before! We're having an awfully jolly time, aren't we? Have you noticed what a wonderfully nice lot of people there are on this ship? I always think character and individuality count much in life, don't you? I always choose the right people as my friends, don't you? I like you, and I hope you like me—we're sort of kindred spirits, aren't we? It makes such a lot of difference on a "slow" ship like this—everyone is so jolly here. I just love a long sea-voyage.' (And so on for another quarter of an hour.) 'Well, good-bye; awfully sorry I must leave you—hope it's mutual—good-bye.' (Thank goodness!) Curiously enough he never turned up on the great day of the Sports, when he ought to have been the moving spirit.

The name of his murderer was never given, but I should have liked to have shaken him by the hand.

Any man in this world who thinks he knows anything about women is beyond the pale. A sweet young thing approached me one morning and asked me to put my name in her autograph book. 'They say you are an author by profession,' she murmured; 'but I confess I never heard of you.'¹

'Well, I have spoiled a terrible lot of nice clean paper in my time,' I replied. 'To be an author nowadays is scarcely a profession. It is a sort of disease.'

'You are funny!' she cooed.

'Well, I suppose that is one of my unfortunate idiosyncrasies.'

'Then you ought to see a doctor about it.'

Now I do not think it was quite fair or consistent, when I had done my best to amuse her, that she should go and tell her dearest friend, whom she hated like poison, and who, under a promise of secrecy of course, told me that she had said I was a horrid man, and had only told her a long story about an 'idiot who lived in a sink.' The kindest thought she gave me was that I was half-mad.

After wobbling through the 'Bay' in a gentle side swell, we had a pleasant run along the north coast of Africa to Port Said in perfect summer weather. This little city on the Canal was much as usual, with its exciting warm smell of Africa and its detestable touts and pimps that assail you at every turn. When you have paid enormous fees for landing and returning, and purchased a few cigarettes at Simon Artz', you feel glad when the old ship steams off south, and more so when you

¹ Rather rough, rubbing it in like this.

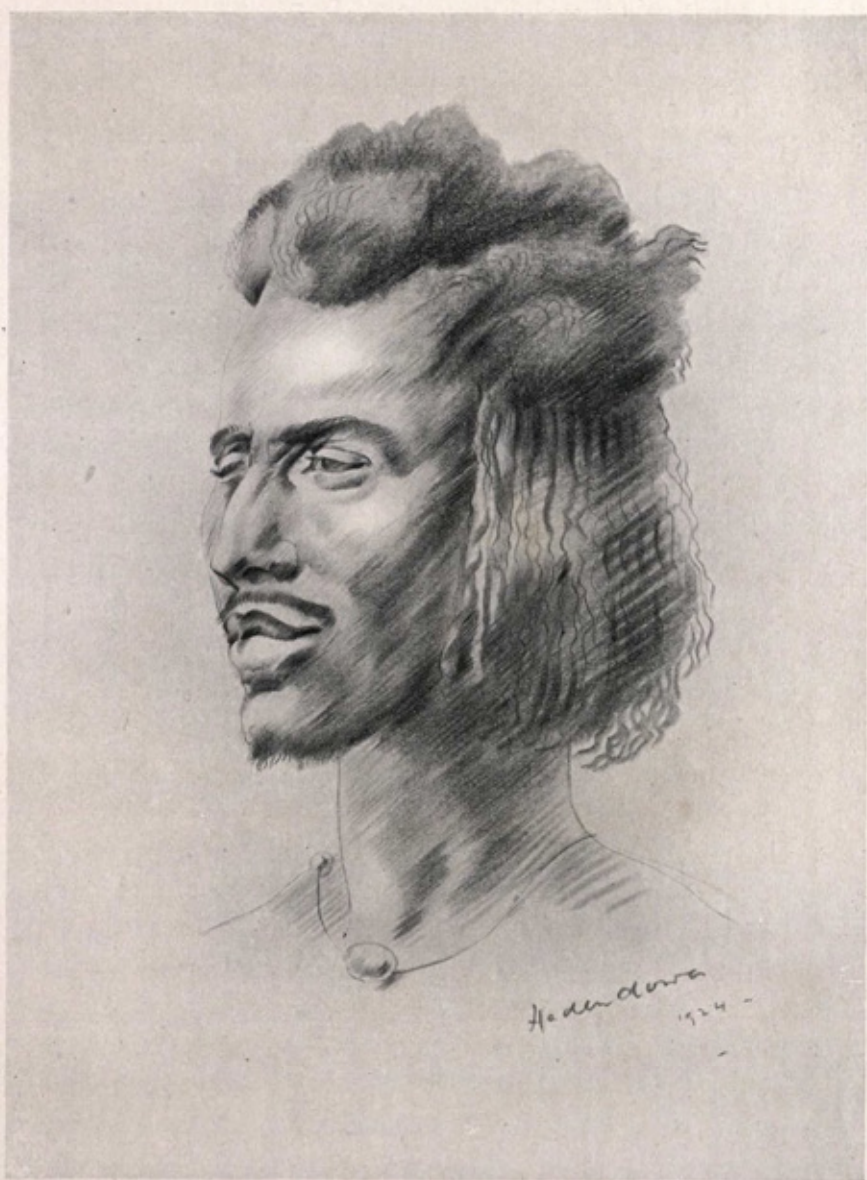
reach quiet Suez the next morning. At this time of the year the Red Sea is delightful, just a kindly 75 degrees in the shade, like an English summer, and you can take long walks or play deck tennis to keep yourself in condition. We used to do this every day with our friends Colonel Mayden and Gilbert Blaine, both old and experienced African hunters, now bound for an expedition after Abyssinian Ibex in the Simien Mountains.¹

On December 16 we reached Port Sudan, and should never have got ashore, as the place is of little importance to big liners, unless a customs officer had taken pity on us and run us up to our destination in his motor-boat.

Here we said good-bye to our friends and wished them the best of luck in their arduous journey, whilst Raoul and I took boat across the bay to the one hotel, where we had taken rooms.

Here we met an old friend, Seton-Karr, who was fishing in the sea as usual, but having poor sport, so he was now off to the Somali coast he knows so well. Next morning we spent in the customs, the most vexatious and inadequate in all Africa. To get our two small papers dealing with our rifles and ammunition (of which they had been advised) passed took three hours, during which we roasted in six rooms and interviewed ten bored officials, varying in colour from pure white to the ace of spades. Then we had a pleasant visit to Mr. H. Jackson, the Deputy Governor, and his charming wife. Jackson had charge of our expedition to hunt ibex in the Red Sea hills, and advised

¹ It was good to hear later that these hunters had shot fine specimens of Abyssinian Ibex and Buxton's Tragelaph, or, as it is sometimes called, the Mountain Inyala.



A HADENDOWA

us to go to the Buwatti mountains, which, although close at hand, were seldom visited by sportsmen.

On our return to the hotel we met one Mohamed Tahir, an Egyptian from Assouan, who was to be our cook for the next three months. He spoke a little English, and proved to be an excellent cook and servant, his only failing being a predilection for 'merissa,' which occurred at stated intervals on the advent of a town or village. Like all natives, however, he was wasteful and stupid in his management of the food supply; but this is a fault every traveller must consider when dealing with the black man. I asked Mohamed a few questions.

'Where do you live?'

'At Assouan, effendi.'

'Are you married?'

'Yes, I have a good wife.'

'Have you any children?'

'No, not yet. I have only been married a short time, seven years.'

'When do you go home?'

'Well, I like to travel always, but I have to go home for two months every three years, or my wife she get lonely.'

Later in the day the 'Chief of the Camels' turned up, and all was arranged for a start into the interior on the following day.

Punctually at one o'clock two wild-looking Hadendowa¹ savages, escorting six baggage camels and three riding camels of a higher class, appeared in front of the hotel. With them came one Ali, a Hadendowa

¹ The word Hadendowa should be pronounced with the emphasis on the *e* and not on the *o*.

policeman in the service of the Government, whose duty it was to guard our sacred persons and guide us to the hunting grounds. Ali was a splendid fellow, smart and active, and did everything, from putting up beds, waiting at table, arranging hunts, etc., to chasing gazelles and skinning heads. I never had a better servant nor one who threw himself into the work of the moment with greater zeal. For this he received no pay, and I had difficulty in making him take a present at the end of the trip, as he was a public servant. In this department the Sudan Government are fatherly in their care of chance travellers like ourselves, and everything goes smoothly, as the natives always respect these official policemen.

In a few minutes our clever packers had fixed everything, and we mounted our camels and went off to the north-west, where Great Buwatti loomed up some forty-five miles away. Camel-riding is an art that is easy, and a moderate proficiency is soon acquired. The only thing you have to watch is when the beast suddenly rises without warning. Then your legs fly up in the air, and you may make the acquaintance of Mother Africa, who is very hard and a long way off.

We left the town behind, and proceeded over the great maritime plain for ten miles, the groups of acacias becoming more frequent as civilization vanished. No travellers were met with, and, riding being easy and pleasant, there was no halt till 5 p.m., when the sharp-eyed Rama observed a gazelle lying behind a small bush at 150 yards from the path. Raoul at once got off his camel and made a lucky shot, just as the animal rose to its feet. Ali then sprang from his mount and



A HADENDOWA ON HIS CAMEL

rushed up to the fallen one to 'hallal' it before life was extinct, so we had meat for supper on the first day, always a good omen.

When camp was made a few miles further on there was no necessity to put up the tent, the climate being so perfect. So we had a pleasant meal and lay in our beds looking at the stars and listening to the night sounds of the bush.

Next day (December 19) we began the ascent of the low hills and passed many small Hadendowa graveyards. The grave itself is composed of a heap of stones, surrounded by a wide circle of smaller stones. On the east side are three or four large, flat, upright slabs pointing in the direction of Mecca.

The scenery with the proximity of high mountains now became charming and wild. The day was sunny but not hot, and the camels walked easily or tripped along at a slow trot, whilst Mohamed, the Hadendowa, marched in front with a short sword on his bare chocolate back, a dagger at his side, and a short swagger cane resting on the back of his neck. As he moved along with tireless energy, at intervals he would extract the long ibex-horn comb from his fuzzy hair, and probe in its depths for little bugs or ticks that for the moment troubled him. Having given the place a good scratch, he would pick out the offending insect carefully with his fingers, examine it closely, and then throw it away. This very necessary part of the toilet occurred every few minutes, and then as a pæan of victory he would burst into a melancholy dirge, not without charm, in which Ali and the other camelman Rama sometimes joined.

Mohamed had a nice pair of raw-hide sandals which

he invariably carried over his arm, and especially so when he encountered sharp stones or rocks. This is a regular practice of the Hadendowa, who take far more care of their shoes than of their feet, and reminded one of Charles Keane's highlander, who, whilst crossing a stream with his boots slung round his neck, stood rubbing his injured toe and making awful faces, saying 'What an awfu' dint ma pair boot would ha' gotten if a'd had it on !'

About midday Ali succeeded in losing himself and the caravan. We got lost in a great maze of tamarisk trees from which there seemed to be no outlet. However, by casting back we crossed the belt of trees and found ourselves on the banks of a lovely little river full of many small fish like trout. Here we ascended the farther bank and halted for breakfast. In a short time a handsome Hadendowa sheik, who said he was brother to the head sheik, appeared, and constituted himself our guide to the Buwatti mountains.

After a good meal we continued our journey, and emerged on a dry, rocky, desolate little plain in between high mountains. Trekking along, we saw to our right a fine buck Dorcas Gazelle (*G. dorcas*), standing at gaze, at 300 yards. Raoul got off his camel and took him as he stood, making a fine shot, which hit low and rather far back. Ali at once went in pursuit, and soon ran the fugitive to a standstill. After hallaling it, he brought the head and meat to the road, and we resumed our journey.

At dusk a Hadendowa was seen approaching on a swift racing camel. This proved to be Ali Mohamed, head sheik of the Buwatti Hadendowas, an old, cunning-looking fellow with prominent ears like those of a

charging elephant, and from the first we did not love him. He was too oily. From the moment I met Ali Mohamed he never left my side during the three weeks of our trip. In fact he was a perfect nuisance. He had been told to look after me with special care, as the guest of the Government, and I suffered in consequence. He was too obsequious for words. If my camel stumbled, he rushed up on his racing steed and enquired after my health. One day I nearly came off in the bed of a boulder-strewn wadi, and then and there he stopped the whole caravan for ten minutes to enter into a long explanation and apology for the rockiness of his unfortunate country. Whilst hunting he lay by my side, and smiled and pointed whenever an ibex was moving from any point. When one appeared he became, as all Arabs do, a bundle of nerves and excitement, seizing my rifle and waving his arms like a blithering idiot. He imagined the rifle carried three miles with deadly certainty, and that I could not miss, inviting me to try shots at females and immature males at impossible ranges. Twice I did fire very long shots at moving targets and missed, when he joyously clapped me on the back and said 'Mudrub' ('he is hit'). All the time he never ceased lying and begging, until I had to give him my old deer-stalking coat, several sizes too large for him, and with this terrible garment and a great snow-white turban he later paraded Port Sudan, to the amusement of the inhabitants. As we neared our journey's end his demands for excessive 'bucksheesh' and extra emoluments for the men became so insistent that we got heartily sick of him. He was a 'grabber' of the worst description, as most Hadendowa are.

Old Ali buzzed round me to such an extent, and told such colossal lies about the masses of giant ibex he had tied up by the leg for us, that we soon got very tired of his company.

He was about '102 in the shade,' but only admitted to 'over 70.' He must have been fairly old, as he said he fought in the battles with Graham in 1881 in the Suakin valley, where he showed us the graves of Hadendowa and British soldiers.

'On which side did you fight?' we asked.

The cunning old bird always avoided a reply to this question. Undoubtedly he fought with us in all subsequent wars up to the death of the Khalifa.

I do not know much about sheiks, and have only seen a few in North Africa, the Red Sea hills, and Sudan and Egyptian deserts. They always seemed to me quiet, inoffensive people, addicted to begging and having a distinct aversion to soap and water. But I see now that my estimate was quite wrong. Any girl to-day knows better, having been properly educated by the 'movies' and Miss E. M. Hull.

She will tell you that he is a noble fellow, given to the chronic rescue of damsels in distress. As he stands on a sandhill with his noble features outlined against the setting sun, he looks like a bronze Greek god. He walks like a panther and has the eye of an eagle. Best of all, he is strong—fearfully strong—and silent—much too silent. He never utters a word until the fifth reel. When he shows his strength and skill it is evident he is a superman. It is nothing to him to knock down a whole tribe of 'wandering nomads,' whoever they are, and it is quite common to see him fire at one with his antique jezail and empty at least six saddles with the same bullet



HADENDOWA ON HIS RACING CAMEL

in various parts of the landscape. Supermen like him are rare, but oh! what an exquisite lover he makes. He comes galloping up at full speed just as the heroine is dying of thirst 'in the grip of the simoom,' or seizes her by her shingled hair and flings her across his bright silver saddle-bow just as the 'wandering nomads' are about to carry her away into more remote deserts. Even then he has time to empty quite a few saddles and give a display of exquisite horsemanship. Then he keeps her captive for weeks in a tent (of a kind quite unknown outside the Turkish baths in Jermyn Street), and occasionally enters clad in faultless evening dress and a silk Indian turban covered with diamonds. He stretches his arms towards her just to show her how his love is growing. But he never touches her—NEVER—that is just to show what a perfect gentleman he is. She, lying on a sumptuous divan and clad in a Poiret 'creation,' which she always carries with her in a vanity case about the size of a tobacco pouch, cannot fail to respond. It is all too lovely for words, and better still when his great fortitude breaks down and he clasps her to his bosom, imprinting one burning kiss on her hot lips.

Of course she loves him madly, and then finds out that he is an English, French, German, Spanish, Italian or American duke once lost in the wilds of the Sahara or changed at birth on the top of a date-palm. They marry with some pomp and circumstance, and then go to Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Peckham, or Podunk, N.Y., to claim the ancestral estates and live happily ever afterwards.

Here I was interrupted by the advent of Ali Mohamed, head sheik of Buwatti Hadendowa Arabs. He limped painfully into my presence, spat carefully and sat down, leaning over sideways close—much too close—to me.

His cunning face wore an expression of extreme love. Would I give him a roll of sticking plaster, as he had fallen off his camel on to certain tender parts of his body? Africa was very cruel and hard, and he also wanted more Dowa (medicine) to quell certain pains in his stomach. Moreover, had I not noticed how he shivered in the early morning? No—he was a poor man and a jibbah was not sufficient to keep warm his aged body. That soft blue hunting-coat of mine was just the thing to alleviate suffering and I would never miss it. He was a poor man and could not afford to buy such luxuries.

‘Go away,’ I said; ‘I am busy writing about Arab sheiks, and I do not wish to be interrupted.’ But perhaps we had better not pursue this subject further, or I shall get into trouble with the ladies. They do not love people who shatter their illusions.¹

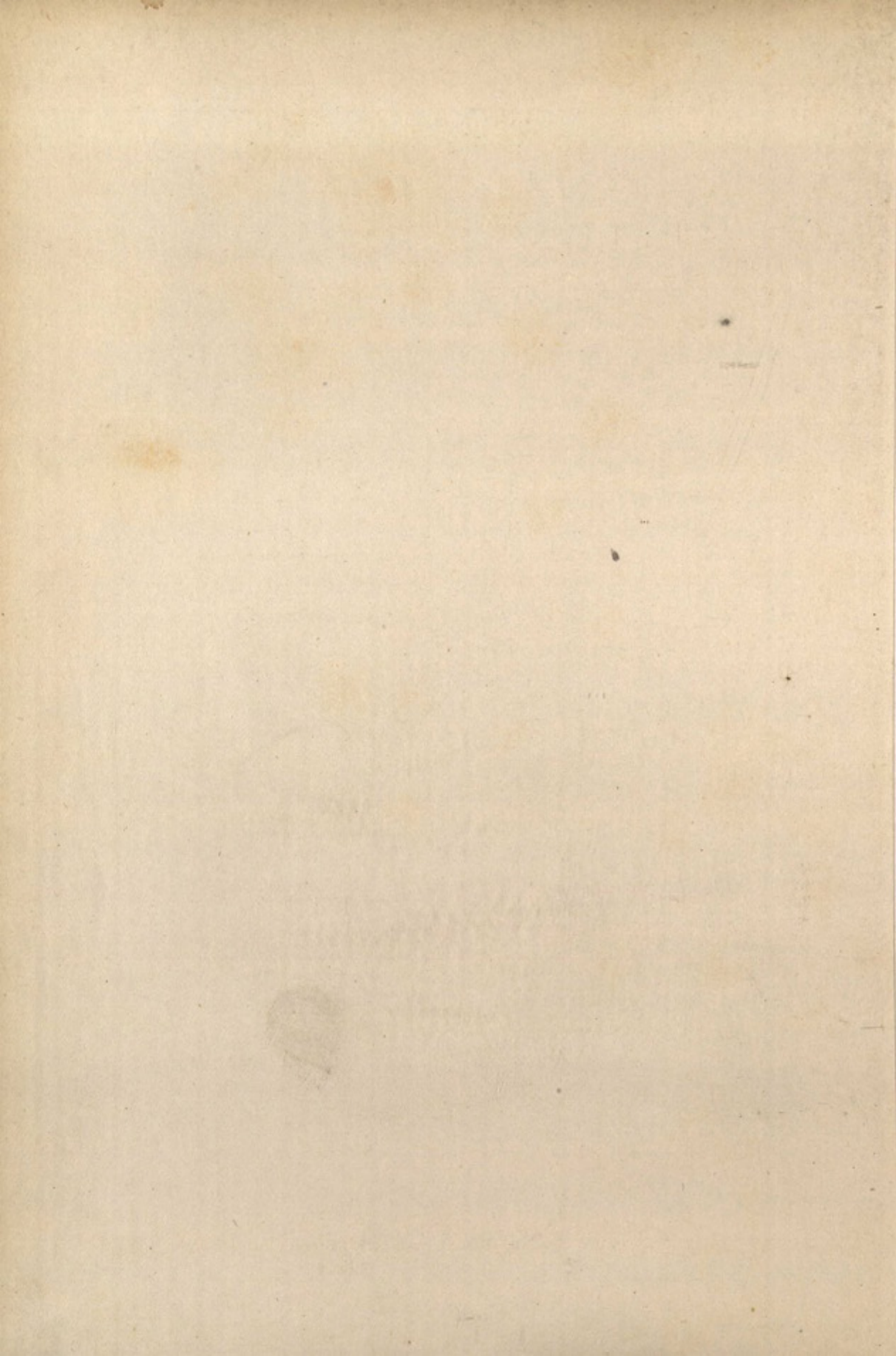
At dusk we camped in the open, under great mountains. The place was a rocky ravine, with no water, so we made an early start next day, going on foot up steep, stony hills, which, however, presented no difficulties even for the mountain-bred camels which followed us. In every bad spot Ali endeavoured to assist my progress with little shoves behind, although I was more athletic than he. Whenever we halted on an eminence to admire the view he compelled me to be seated and sent for the water-bottle. The cause of all this obsequiousness is that I am a ‘friend of Mr. Jackson,’ whose name is a power amongst these wild people.

At midday we ascended to the valley beneath the

¹ I see Mr. Ward Price, of the *Daily Mail*, also gives his opinion of the popular sheik. He says, with truth, that Romance and flea-bites cannot live together, and that the love of any English or American girl could not survive the perpetual scratching. Film-producers should give us a new picture—true to life this time—called ‘Keating’s Triumph.’



SALT'S DIK-DIK, GAZELLE, AND IBEX STUDIES



highest peaks of Buwatti, and I was somewhat distressed to see the quantity of sheep and goats and camels which dotted the highest slopes even to near the summits. This did not argue well for successful sport, as the ibex hates chronic disturbance. The whole place was nothing but a mountain farmyard. Ali then left us, but promised to assemble all the beaters on the following day.

We were now in the heart of the Hadendowa country and could study these interesting people in their homes and their mode of life.

The Hadendowa tribe of maritime Arabs are doubtless closely connected with the natives of Erythrea and the Somalis. They are as a rule not nearly so tall as the last named, but possess the same athletic frame and tireless energy. To see a wild Hadendowa fly over the sharp pointed rocks with naked feet is little less than marvellous. He is nothing but a human ibex, and with his supreme dash and bravery it is not surprising that 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy' on one occasion broke into the British squares against trained soldiers armed with good rifles. No other savages merely armed with spears have ever performed such a feat, unless we except the Abyssinians at Adowa. But that was altogether another story, and the vanquished were not British.

The Hadendowa Arab is of an Hamitic race of semi-nomadic pastoralists. He raises countless sheep and goats, which flourish and breed abundantly in the dry hillsides and wadis which constitute his home. But these animals, although his chief mainstay, are only a means to an end, for his desire in life is to possess a good herd of camels. What the ox is to the Dinka, the reindeer to the Lapp, so is the camel to the Hadendowa.

Sheep and goats are seldom sold for money, being saved to exchange for the small racing hill-loving camel, which is somewhat distinct from the large camel of the Western deserts. What a Hadendowa does not know about camels is not worth knowing, and to see the young bloods galloping about on their bareback steeds is as good as any Rodeo in the Far West of America.

In appearance the men are, as a rule, very handsome, and the women extremely plain. The former are of medium height, with a dense crop of fuzzy hair—worn ‘bobbed’ fashion. They carry a flat-bladed sword, broadened at the lower end, and slung across the back, and a small hooked knife or dagger at the side. Hair combs and a loose white ‘jibbah’ complete the dress. The men have lovely teeth, which they frequently polish with a stick. By nature they are pleasant when things go well, but are extremely passionate, suspicious, and intractable at other times. Murder is very common, and few men of maturity are without knife wounds on the back and chest. On the whole the District Commissioners are very successful in keeping order amongst this inflammable material, and the Hadendowa give little or no trouble, owing to the great respect they have for British justice. The Governor at Port Sudan knows the chiefs personally and settles all matters in dispute, generally to the complete satisfaction of both parties. We do not interfere with the rights or liberties of these Arabs in anything, but only restrain them from crimes of violence and quarrels with neighbouring tribes. So far this system works perfectly.

December 21.—All the morning the tribesmen were arriving, some coming from thirty and forty miles away. They were a splendid-looking lot of men and many were

extremely handsome. About noon a 'Holy Man' arrived on a racing camel. To this august personage all seemed to pay great deference and respect, advancing towards him in a stooping attitude and kissing his hand. But I noticed he was a true Hadendowa, and in spite of his peaceful calling did not dispense with the usual sword and dagger, without which no native of his tribe ever moves. Doubtless his temper when aroused was just as fiery and unrestrained as that of his fellows.

As the various groups and small parties came swinging in, most of them came and shook hands warmly with us, and then repaired to the bed of the rocky wadi and sat in a great circle. By one o'clock nearly the whole of the beaters, to the number of eighty, had assembled, and then old Ali got up and harangued them in a speech which lasted about a quarter of an hour. After this, bursts of conversation came from various parts of the ring, intimating, as Mohamed said, that the chief's instructions were clear and understood, and that the various parties knew the line of advance along the range from east to west, culminating on the peak of Little Buwatti lying immediately above us. The stops, flankers, and directors for passing the word of what was going on were to be posted on high pinnacles of rock commanding extensive views, and also received separate instructions.

When this was over the conference broke up, and the sheik came and apologised for the employment of two handsome boys of twelve and sixteen (his sons), but as they could run like 'Ao' (ibex) they would be as useful as grown men. Each village party then made its own little group, and settled down to the discussion of their black coffee and 'durra,' whilst

waves of sound welled up from the crannies and rocks. The Hadendowa seldom speak singly—one man begins to talk, and then all join in and shout at the top of their voices. Intelligent conversation seems to be a matter of difficulty with them, although they are unusually quick-witted.

At three we—that is, Raoul and myself, with the sheik, his brother and about twenty natives—advanced up the mountain of Buwatti, where we were to sleep the night in the open within 500 feet of the top (4000 feet). I found the ascent very easy—much more so than climbing a Highland mountain—although from below it looked terribly steep and rugged. As we slowly climbed, nothing could be seen but a few camels and many sheep and goats. Yet everywhere we must have been followed by watching eyes. Now and then the sheik and Ali ascending the rocks would shout out an order, and immediately a voice answered from somewhere, and men were seen leaping towards us over the jagged stones. At five we reached a tiny flat near the summit, and camped under an old dragon-tree.

Early next morning, whilst the stars were still shining, I ascended to my post with the sheik. The climb was stiff but not distressing, though the last 400 feet were up sheer cliff. Raoul went to the other side of the mountain with the sheik's brother.

That day we could see little of the drive, owing to the fact that our shelter behind a large rock obscured the distant view. One man on the very pinnacle at the top could obtain a sight of the operations, and he yelled down to us below when ibex were afoot. After waiting for three hours in silence, suddenly loud yells from the summit and stones being hurled downhill



THE SHEIK GIVES ORDERS TO HIS BEATERS

showed that game was approaching. Presently two male ibex of fair proportions appeared on the steep wall-face straight above me. They were going fast at over 400 yards, and my three shots at them proved unsuccessful. They went right away, being seen by Raoul only at a long distance. Shortly afterwards a young male passed at about 100 yards below me, and then broke back above. This was all somewhat disappointing, particularly as the old sheik had promised to show us two big males at close range ; but we soon discovered that he was only a talker and that there were no large males on this range.

On the following day we travelled about ten miles up the rocky bed of a stream to circumvent the valley and establish a new camp beneath the second high peak of Buwatti. At midday we reached a pleasant flat below the peak, and after breakfast Raoul and I each went separate ways to look for gazelle.

Ali informed me that it was not possible to stalk the gazelle, as it was so wild and sharp-eyed ; so when we found one up on the hills I let him have his way, just to see if he could drive a gazelle within shot. The men cleverly got beyond the little antelope, and then made an awful mess of it by appearing on the wrong side and yelling superbly, when, of course, the gazelle, who is no fool, went in the other direction, and passed me at full gallop in the bed of the stream at 500 yards, where shooting was impossible. Ali said this gazelle was possessed of the Devil, and that nice gazelles did not behave like this. The Arab method of hunting game is not our way.

There were many interesting birds here on the mountain-sides and about the water-holes. Little

bronze turtle-doves, now indulging in their gentle courtship, were extremely tame and abundant. They walked about our feet as we sat at meals or read a book. Gorgeous-hued sun-birds, like flashing jewels, drove off other males from their homely wives, and up on the hills were buzzards, short-tailed ravens, shrikes, black and white chats, and black redstarts. Butterflies, too, were abundant—a pretty orange species with black tips and spots, Clouded Yellow and Painted Lady, whites of a small kind, and a lovely little black and yellow fellow, the size and shape of our Orange-tip.

December 24.—Up the steep mountain-side for over 1000 feet before dawn. Raoul went to a position on the other side, and my place was on the edge of a deep precipice with a sheer wall of rock going down for 800 feet. Here I was in a lovely spot, and could see for seventy miles over the giant plain to Port Sudan, and also command two passes along which ibex were expected to come. The drive was in two sections, and the first beat was a failure—only a few females being seen. Three big males were, however, reported to have run along a razor-backed ridge which ends in an isolated mountain-peak, and from there Ali proposed a fresh drive, as he said these 'Ao' were certain to come in our direction.

This new movement was most successful and interesting, as I had the 'Director of Operations' lying beside me, and could notice and hear all the instructions he passed to the 'look-outs' placed on isolated peaks, and to the flankers above and below. In a short time the sheik said two of the bucks were advancing along the ridge towards us. Presently I heard Raoul, who was posted about 500 yards to my right front, fire twice

and then saw a fair male coming straight towards me. At 300 yards he stopped beneath a rock and, as I had a comfortable position to shoot from, I gave him a bullet at this distance. Immediately he dashed off straight downhill, and I saw he was hit hard. The report of the shot had not died away when a Hadendowa rushed forward and, flying over the rocks, caught and killed the wounded ibex in a few minutes.

Soon after this Raoul fired twice again. He had hit the second ibex hard, and we saw it meet its end close to my dead quarry at the hands of another Hadendowa, accompanied by a clever dog. No wounded ibex can escape on these mountains, even for a short time, as these sharp-eyed people possess dogs as clever as themselves. That is why good ibex are now so scarce. Our trophies were not remarkable, but worth keeping as specimens of the game of the country.

Back to camp at 2 p.m., and the men all excited with talk of the 'Ao' hunt.

December 25.—This has been a wonderful day, and one of the most interesting of many days spent in the hunting-fields during my life. The whole entourage and methods of these savages during the chase, the magnificent scenery, the glorious air on the high tops, the turns and twists of the game to escape its numerous enemies, were all spread before us, and though I do not pretend that ibex-driving as a sport is to be compared to stalking the same animal, yet its human interest was most absorbing and delightful. In Rome you must do as the Romans do, and in all these parts of the Red Sea hills where the Hadendowas live they will not permit stalking, but insist on driving, because they enjoy the sport and it brings to the clans more money.

Rising before dawn, we marched for an hour in the moonlight for four miles to a rocky ridge, where, at the first lightening in the heavens, our entourage turned to the east, flopped on their knees, and did their homage to Allah. Then we descended a steep ravine, which became more and more wild and stony as we proceeded, necessitating frequent drops and climbs over little iron-bound pinnacles. On a steep, jagged face we found fresh spoor of a small troop of ibex, and the men rested and cleaned their lovely white teeth with fresh stalks taken from the 'Orak' bush, which abounds in these high regions.

After this the mist came down, and we went on slowly over more difficult ground. In one bad place the sheik turned to assist me up a steep rock, when he overbalanced, and fell into my arms, rapping his long spear against my ribs. Even he had to laugh. Then over the top of another high ridge, and we were looking into a great gorge full of white clouds from which pinnacles of rock stood up like immense bayonets. Just under but within shot of the top was my post, and Raoul with the sheik's brother descended into a hidden valley, and were soon lost to view. Their position, as I afterwards found, was about 500 yards down the hill, on the side of a huge boulder.

Then a wonderful thing happened. I saw for the first time that marvellous phenomenon, 'the Spectre of the Brocken.'¹ This remarkable vision is, I believe, occasionally seen in the High Alps and the Caucasus, but seems to be very rare in other mountain areas, possibly because the atmospheric and other conditions are not coincidental.

¹ See p. 62, *Big Game Hunting*, The Badminton Library.

The sun suddenly broke through the clouds to my right, and peeped over the edge of the ridge. At the same moment the whole valley below became clear of mist, but facing a great precipice about 1000 feet high on the other wall of the great pocket was a huge bank of mist which had not yet lifted. On this screen there appeared a perfectly clear gigantic figure of myself, about eighty feet high, seated on a rock. Round the head of the shadow picture was a bright halo of golden light set against a narrow space of cobalt blue, and again round this a perfect circle of a small rainbow, with all its prismatic colours. The vision lasted for ten minutes, and then disappeared for a short time, when it again materialised, until the bank of cloud lifted and vanished. Curiously enough, my son was unable to see this strange spectacle, but doubtless this was due to his view being from a wrong angle.

In twenty minutes the whole landscape was clear of mist, and we experienced such a view of savage mountain Africa as I had never seen before. The great peak of Big Buwatti rose above us, and along its Dantesque slopes appeared numerous pinnacles, on every one of which sat a white-robed sentinel. Above my son's post rose a sheer wall of rock for 1000 feet, where on every narrow path, on which one would think only an ibex could find a footing, sat a Hadendowa with his dog. How these men reached their perilous posts I do not know, but later in the day I saw them descending with ease and certainty of foot.

The whole place was one vast punch-bowl over a mile across, but in the transparent atmosphere objects looked quite close. Soon we heard the welcome cries of the beaters, 'Ma-ha Hoh,' and this was followed by

the crash of falling rocks. Away to the left on the steep face of Great Buwatti came the welcome shout of 'Ao-ao-ao,' denoting that some sort of ibex was advancing. Soon after I espied a young male ibex ascending the slope to my right, about 500 yards away, but he was soon turned by the stops and made downhill for some cave, in which he hid for a while. After this came two females which passed close to Raoul.

The sheik then touched me and said a big male was coming forward, and I strained my eyes in every direction to catch a sight of desirable horns. Just when I had given up hope, and feared the buck had broken through the line, he appeared from behind, and far below me, going at full gallop across a small rocky flat. I saluted him at 400 yards, more in the hope that I would turn him down to Raoul than with any prospect of a successful shot. He jinked downwards, cleared a small abyss about fifteen feet wide, and dived into a little cave open at both ends. Here I saw him standing with just a bit of his rump in view. Raoul was not more than 150 yards below the spot, and as he did not fire I resolved to frighten the buck out of the cave and give my son a chance. My shot splintered the stone by the body of the ibex, which caused him to move forward, as I had hoped. The next moment he was staggering backwards with a bullet through his neck, fired from below, and then fell dead into a little chasm.

The incident was the cause of an amusing little scene quite characteristic of Hadendowa cunning. A man lying beside Raoul remarked, 'I showed you that fine buck, and you will give me good bucksheesh.'

'I do not think so,' replied my son.

A pause for a few minutes, and then :

‘ If you do not give me bucksheesh, I will say that Abu (your father) shot it.’

Raoul was much delighted with this, as the simple savage had played his trump card carefully, but could not understand that such a thing as jealousy did not exist between us. Of course the old sheik declared I had shot it when we examined the prize, and seemed much surprised when I disclaimed all right to its death or capture.

All seemed to be over for the day, when another fair-sized buck came up from below. Raoul had two at him at 250 yards, but missed, and again as he passed my front at the same distance. Some stop above, however, cleverly turned him, and he came charging straight at me, when I rolled him over dead at eighty yards. Thus ended our ibex-hunting, as we had each shot our limit. The heads were not good as Nubian ibex go, but serve as fair examples of this beautiful animal, to be placed in the museum at home, where they will recall a very happy time spent on the Buwatti mountains.

We had a long trek home, and the old sheik got me on the top of a pinnacle, from which both he and I frankly funked the descent, so we had to retreat and work round another way—a walk of seven miles over the mountains, which took us home, where Mohamed served us with an excellent breakfast, whilst the ubiquitous Ali skinned the heads.

During the next two days we travelled east for thirty miles over rocky valleys, and reached a tamarisk-covered wadi, where spoor showed that Salt’s Dik-Dik, the tiniest of antelopes, was abundant.

We took a little walk whilst Mohamed prepared

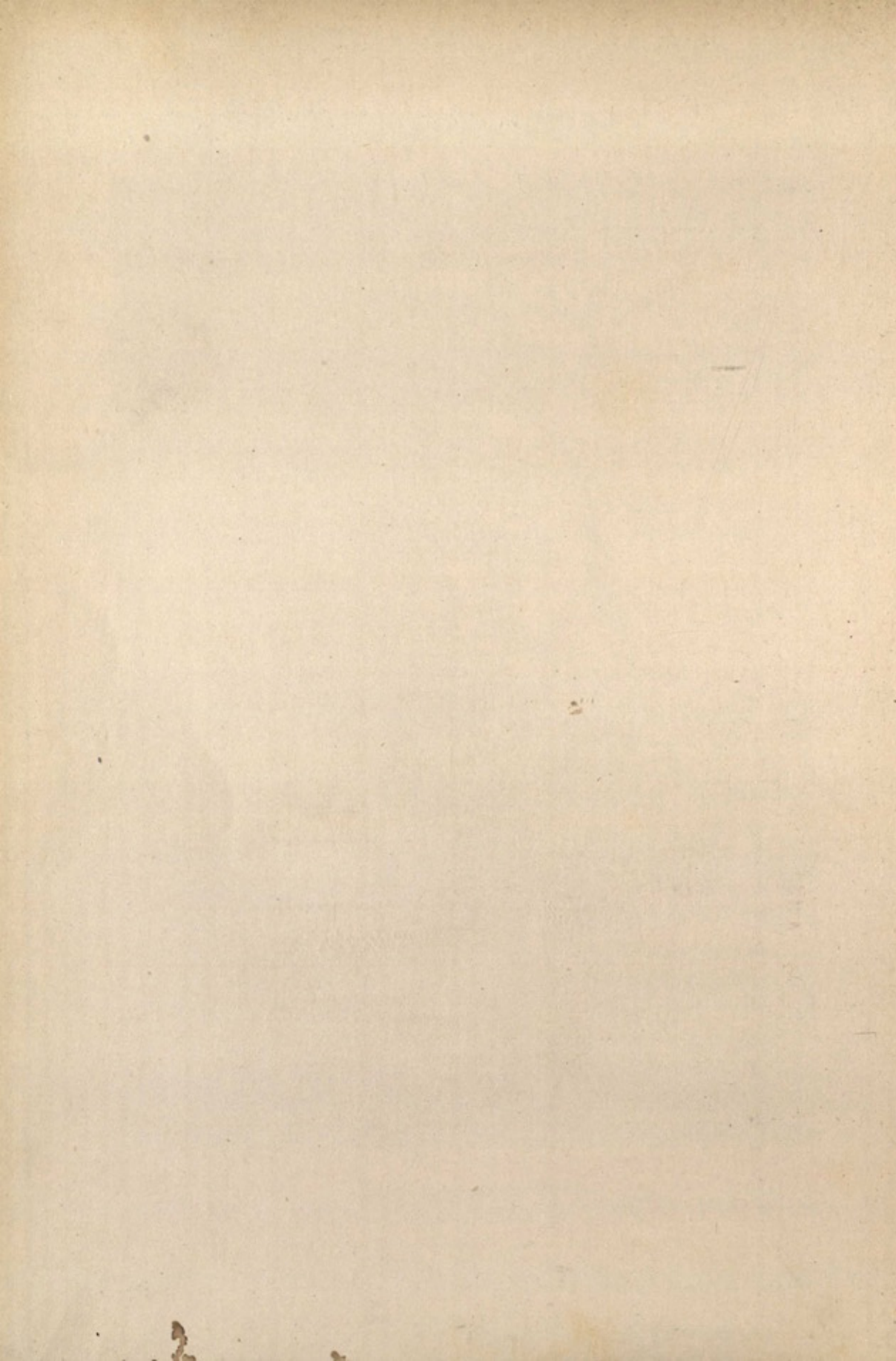
dinner, but had not gone far when we saw our cook waving his arms wildly. It was evident he had seen something. A quick return, and his information that a Dik-Dik had been seen entering a clump of tamarisk about 300 yards away caused us to seize our shot-guns and surround the place. At the first tap of the stick out came the Dik-Dik like a shot from a gun, and for a short distance, say 100 yards, I do not know any wild mammal which goes faster, except perhaps a cheetah. The distance was only thirty yards, so I rolled over the little antelope, which proved to be a good male with a lovely great shaving-brush of hair on his forehead.

After dinner, accompanied by the old sheik and two beaters, we had an exhibition of the worst driving on record, but so plentiful were the Dik-Dik that Raoul got two chances at excellent males and killed them both. One of them carried remarkable horns, three and a-half inches (immense), which is, I believe, about the record for Salt's Dik-Dik in Sudan.

Having obtained all the specimens of this interesting little animal we required, we turned south again next day, intending to make for Port Sudan through another pass in the mountains. This led us all day through rocky hills and then stony and bush plains, where Dorcas Gazelle were fairly plentiful. About an hour after starting I had a stalk at a good buck, but he saw me at 500 yards and ran. As I reached my camel, the sharp-eyed Mohamed, the Hadendowa, saw under the camel's neck another good buck on the other side of the path. Raoul did a careful stalk, and then killed it with a nice shot at 250 yards. This was the finest buck he killed. The horns measured eleven and a-half inches. The average horns of *G. dorcas* in these parts



A HADENDOWA ARAB SHEIK



we found to be nine and a-half to ten inches ; they are much shorter than Algerian specimens, which often reach thirteen and a-half inches.

Later in the morning Raoul had another shot at a buck gazelle, at a good 400 yards. I did not expect him to hit it, but he did, although it gave him a long chase ere he came up with and finished it. Raoul must have said something to ' Bubbling Bertram ' about taking some of his hairs for paint-brushes. Anyway, ' Bertie,' a bad-tempered beast at the best, and so called from the disgusting noises he made at all times, took it into his head to run away at full gallop. Eventually, just when Raoul was about to fall off, the wicked beast charged into the middle of a great bush, fortunately without thorns, and Raoul got him quieted down. Even an experienced rider finds it very difficult to sit a bolting camel, so it was lucky no accident occurred.

In the afternoon three pairs of gazelles were seen. I stalked the first lot and missed the shot, but at the second, a buck on the top of a hill at 300 yards, I made a hit. We thought we should have little trouble, as the animal was badly injured, yet Mohamed, the camel-boy, tracked it for two miles, and then lost the trail, so that we considered our game was gone for good.

However, during a halt later, when I was waiting for Raoul to appear, Mohamed again disappeared, found Raoul, and together they resumed the spoor, and came on the buck *in extremis*. This was a good day's hunting, for to kill three Dorcas males in a day is rare, as these little antelopes are extremely wild in this district, being constantly hunted by Arabs.

For two days we continued our journey through stony mountains and plains, and on December 30, when

Raoul killed another gazelle, we reached Port Sudan, and the end of our first little trip. It had been a most delightful experience and easy travelling, health-giving, and with just enough shooting to make the days pass with interest and excitement.

After lovely cool nights spent under the stars the hotel bed seemed hot and stuffy, and at any season Port Sudan is not a desirable place. The last time I was there, in 1913, was in July, when the temperature was 116 degrees in the shade, and I shall never forget the heat. That, however, was compensated for by the wonderful view of many kinds of gorgeous fish alongside the quays, and now unseen owing to muddy waters.

Next morning came the *Neuralya* with Prince Arthur of Connaught, and all Port Sudan went to welcome him on his return from South Africa.

At 12.30 we received an invitation from the Governor, Mr. Tibbets, to come to lunch and meet Prince Arthur. Now this was rather a serious matter, as I had only one pair of respectable khaki trousers, and these displayed a large diagonal rent in the seat, the result of a little argument with the rocks of High Buwatti. Nowadays an artist is nothing unless he is well dressed—but what was to be done? Brains did it. My gallant boy stepped into the breach and, plying a needle and some thick black thread, he achieved a mend that could have been seen at a quarter of a mile. He said it would be all right so long as I kept sitting down and did not turn my back on royalty. As a further concession I got him to leave the mouth-organ behind, so all was well, and we set out for the Governor's house in good spirits.

Presently His Royal Highness arrived with his two aides-de-camp, and we had a pleasant lunch, during

which all the talk turned on big game and hunting, as the Prince is a keen sportsman of the right sort. He had enjoyed recently a very successful trip near the Zambesi and obtained good specimens of roan, gemsbok, eland, and sable antelope. The Princess, too, had had the good fortune to kill a splendid sable of fifty-two inches, probably the largest ever shot by a lady.

After lunch the Prince said he desired to talk to me, so we retired to another room. I thought he wished to discuss the new Game Reserves in South Africa, near Cape Town, which I had suggested to and had some correspondence upon with General Smuts, but after touching on this topic he went into a short account of his stewardship of South African affairs, which though extremely interesting was most depressing. Things are, it is to be feared, not going well there, and General Smuts, the one sheet-anchor of British supremacy, is a sick man, who is soon likely to be ousted from his position by the pro-Boer General Hertzog.¹ Moreover it is to be feared that new British settlers are few and will be swamped by the country vote, whilst nearly all English-born settlers are becoming intensely anti-British. The outlook is far from cheering, and the new Governor-General is likely to have an even more unhappy time than had Prince Arthur, who was personally very popular with all sections of the community.

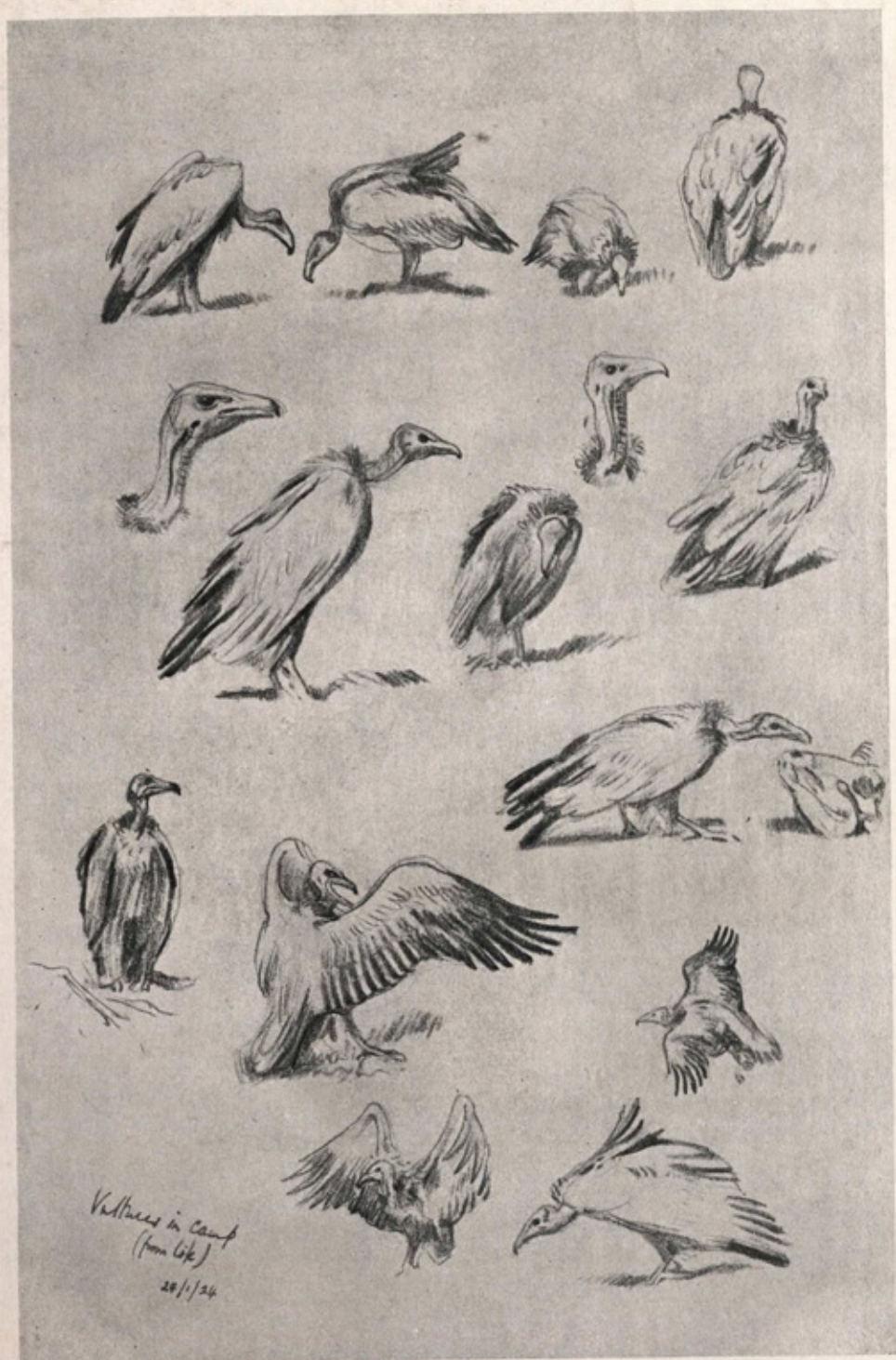
¹ This has now taken place.

CHAPTER II

SUDAN RESOURCES

THE Sudan with its great provinces, stretching from Assouan in the north to Nimule on the Upper Nile, from the Red Sea littoral on the east to the deserts of Darfur and Kordofan, and south-west to the Congo Forest, has been a long time in our occupation, although it is only within the last few years that a distinct move has been made to exploit its natural resources. This, however, is still in its infancy. Ever since British troops avenged Gordon and conquered the Khalifa a steady but sure policy of consolidation and just government of the various native races has been in force, until one by one the boundaries have been settled and the various clans have accepted our rule. The last to break out were the Dinkas, in 1922, and they, although a troublesome lot, are now, owing to skilful management on the part of the various District Commissioners, coming to understand our strength and sense of justice, which must in time result in permanent peace and the possession of all they hold dear.

It takes a long time to convince some natives of good intentions, but few races, except chronic warriors, are devoid of common sense. Never in the past have any of



VULTURES

these people enjoyed entire freedom or justice on the part of their rulers, whilst internecine strife and constant war, even between clans of the same race, reduced the whole population to such a state of nervous unrest that fighting became both a habit and a necessity if any members were to survive.

Commencing in the north, successive Sirdars—ably backed, it must be admitted, by the Egyptian Government—have, since the conquest of the Khalifa and the building of Khartoum, pursued a policy of peaceful penetration, amongst first the northern and then the more distant southern and western peoples, composed of Arabs, Nilotic and Bantu tribes, that has borne good fruit. It is true there have been small fights with the natives of recent years. Such sporadic outbreaks were inevitable. But on the whole since the year 1889 the great native tribes of mountain, plain, and forest have, after closely studying our methods and the *type of men* sent amongst them to instil law and order, accepted our rule—at first, it is true, with some distrust, then with confidence, and now even with love.

This is no hearsay statement nor interested expression, for it is impossible to travel to-day in Sudan without being astonished at the success of our native Commissioners, police, officers, and soldiers. Everywhere you go, no native, whether Hadendowa, Sudanese, Nuba, Nubian, Kordofani, Darfuri, Shilluk, Dinka, Bari, Nuer, Juer, Bongo, Niam-Niam, or savage of the Mongalla valley or hinterland, will fail to greet you with outstretched hand and a genuine smile of welcome. With tribes—even those just recently settled such as the Dinka—we see the wonderful confidence with which they

come with all their troubles and disputes to the local Commissioner or police officer. They *know*, now, they will get absolute justice, and never think of questioning a decision. I had travelled a good deal amongst savages during the last forty years, and I have yet to see a better system of organisation or a more contented lot of people than the wild races of Sudan.

The success of this excellent system is chiefly due to the policy of the Sudan Government in selecting the right kind of men to be their servants and pioneers and then leaving them alone to do their work. Soldiers, police officers, and District Commissioners are chosen not because they have taken high places in examinations, but because they are athletes of good character and high principles, possess fearless natures born of patriotic instinct, and, above all, can show by their work, stout common sense and kindness the most valuable of all gifts. Public school and 'Varsity men of fine physique are desired, and not narrow-chested, round-shouldered scholars with 'theories' of their own. Moreover, it is essential that men whose work lies among Arabic-speaking races should learn their language as soon as possible, so examinations have to be passed until they are proficient. Special encouragement, as well as extra pay, is given to Commissioners, etc., who live amongst the savage tribes of the east, west, and south to learn the native languages, since no man can understand or have great influence with savages unless he speaks their dialect.

The first and greatest natural asset for future development that Sudan possesses is her ability to grow cotton on a large scale. When it was proved that this valuable plant was such a success in the Nile valley of

Egypt, under irrigation, certain wise-heads banded themselves together and turned their attention to doing the same thing in the upper delta of the Blue and White Niles and the region of Kassala (both in Sudan). The success of these great schemes is now assured, although it will take years to grow cotton on a really big scale and reap substantial dividends. Yet in both cases sufficient capital has been assured both by the Sudan Plantations and the British¹ and Sudan Governments, and an abundance of water for irrigation purposes is there to flood rich alluvial soil, so that it is merely a question of time, and Sudan will contribute a great quantity of material to the mills of Lancashire. On such an appreciable scale, too, that eventually this colony and other parts of British Africa will lessen the expense and oust the dominating influence of American cotton from the English market.

The original scheme for the irrigation of the great plain (Gezira) lying between the converging waters of the Blue and White Niles originated in the brain of Sir William Garstin as long ago as 1899. From the first it embraced an area of some 300,000 acres, lying between latitudes 14° and 15° N., and stretching along the bank of the Blue Nile about eighty miles above Khartoum. But it is anticipated that if the scheme proves successful a total area of 1,000,000 acres will be utilised and placed under cultivation. In building the dam at Mackwar, some thirty miles above the area at present under irrigation, a great reservoir of water is formed as far as Gingo, fifty-eight miles upstream, and this will give 636 million cubic metres of water,

¹ The British Government has passed a vote giving £13,500,000 to the Sudan Plantations Syndicate.

which will be sufficient for all extensions that may take place in the future.

Below Mackwar there is a main canal sixty-two miles in length. At a point thirty-five miles below the dam, the irrigation side-channels commence, consisting of 535 miles of minor canals, 3125 miles of subsidiary canals, and 5625 miles of field channels. Most of the channel excavations, which are more or less complete, are being dug by great American Bucro excavators, working on the drag-line principle, and these scoop out the necessary hollows to the correct depth with rapidity.

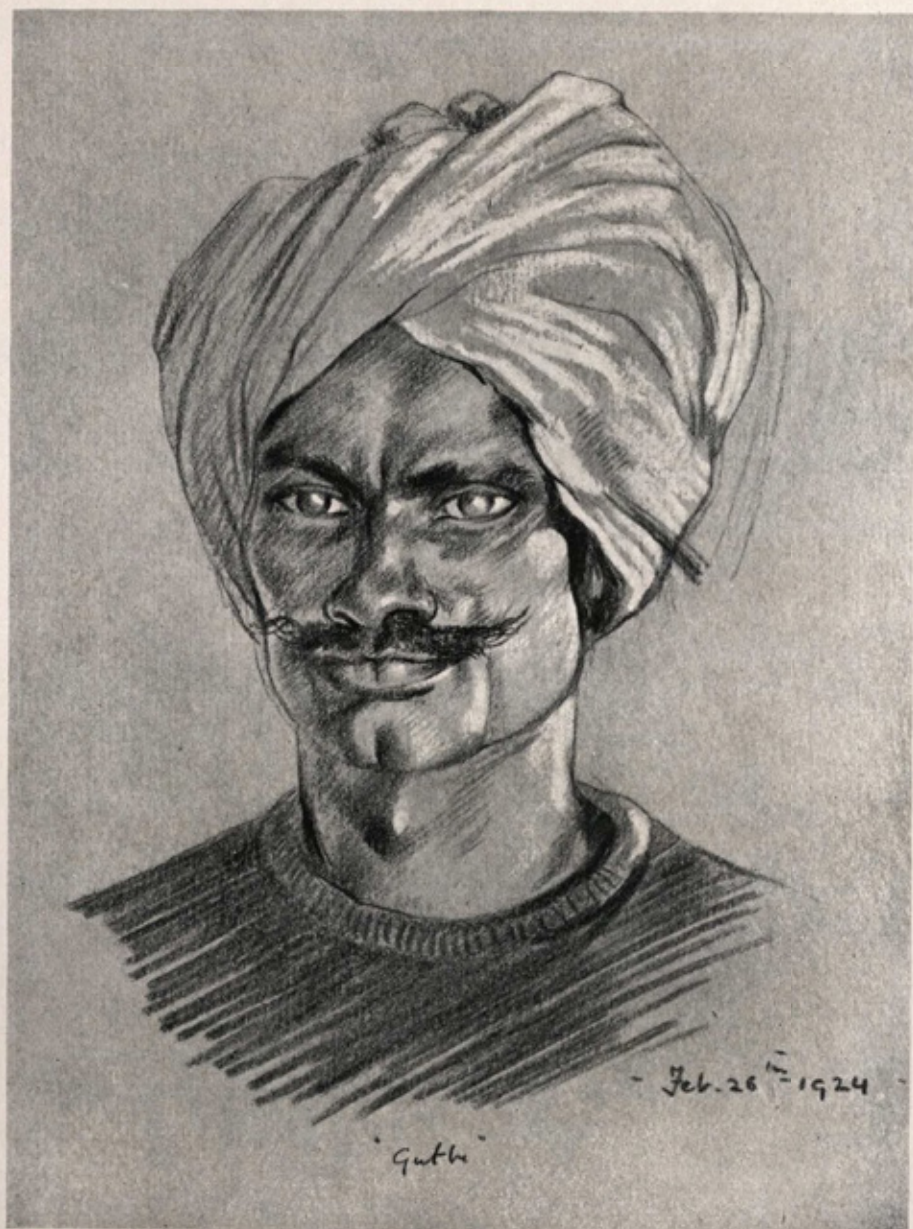
It seems certain a good cotton crop will be raised in 1925. The 300,000 acres are divided into twenty stations of about 15,000 acres each, managed by a local inspector. Ginning factories are also in course of erection on the spot. The immensity of the combination of the Mackwar dam itself is here given by an expert engineer :¹

‘The dam is a solid masonry structure of granite quarried in the neighbouring hills of Segadi, and is founded on a dyke of crystalline rock that outcrops in the river at this point.

‘It is estimated that over 15,408,000 cubic feet of masonry and 100,000 tons of Portland cement will be employed in the construction of the dam. Its length is nearly two miles, and its maximum height nearly 90 ft. There will be 80 main sluices, 27 ft. high and 7 ft. wide ; 14 canal regulator sluices, 17 ft. high and just over 10 ft. wide ; and 112 spillways. Approximately 3300 tons of ironwork will be used in the sluice-gates and operating machinery, which is being supplied by Messrs. Ransome and Rapier, of Ipswich.

‘Cement is being manufactured on the site from materials which exist in abundance in the vicinity. The up-to-date cement factory, equipped with continuous kilns and tube

¹ *The Times*, March 1924.



GUTHI
A Dongola Arab

grinding mills, is capable of an output of 100 tons a day of cement complying with the British standard specification.'

It was more than could be expected that such a vast scheme, involving as it does the taking of great quantities of water from the Blue Nile, would escape the notice of the Egyptian Government, who saw in it a scheme for robbing them of what they have always considered one of their chief assets. The subject, both now and in future, is likely to cause trouble between the Governments of Sudan and Egypt, because the latter have always claimed that the whole of the waters of both the Blue and White Niles belong exclusively to them. This claim, however, is absurd.

On the other hand, Sudan states that, without entering into such a discussion, the water for the Mackwar scheme is surplus to Egypt's requirements and that the quantity used is only that which otherwise would reach the sea and run to waste.

The other cotton proposition is on a much smaller scale, but will in time furnish quite a large supply of this valuable product. For over a century the natives (Hadendowa) have cultivated cotton successfully on a small scale, and it has paid them well to carry their crops to the Red Sea coast on camels. Now at Maganda on the eastern branch of the River Gash, which rises in Italian Erythrea and flows north-west past Kassala, the Kassala Cotton Company are carrying out extensive irrigation works. Thousands of acres will gradually be put under irrigation in this area. In time 100,000 acres can be utilised, and for 1924, 15,000 acres will be planted and a crop gathered.

Until now all this district was in the wilds, over 200 miles from the nearest railway, but owing to the energy

of Colonel George Schuster and the Sudan Government, a new railway, 216 miles in length, extending from Haiya on the Nile-Red Sea watershed to Kassala, has been built and was opened to traffic on April 24, 1924.

The new line, as well as serving the cotton fields, will tap the southern areas of the Kassala province, which are extremely fertile, and a good trade may be built up in gum, sesame, millet, and hides. In the near future the new line will circle south-west to Gadaref and the fertile area, and will be eventually linked up across the desert with the Khartoum-El Obeid line at Mackwar. When completed this line will also give easier and cheaper transport to gum, sesame, and cotton from Western as well as Eastern Sudan.

There may be a little jealousy and trouble on the part of the Italians owing to the use of the waters of the Gash, but this will doubtless be settled by mutual arrangement or possibly by some compensation.

A fairly successful trade in gum, taken from wild acacia trees, is done throughout Sudan, this product mostly coming from Kordofan and the Shilluk country, but the amount is not large. At present, other resources are small and scarcely deserve mention, except the export of hides, which could be largely increased.

It struck me that if a sufficient trade could be built up by men of capital, a very considerable success might be achieved by the sale and export of frozen meat, with a large freezing plant established at Port Sudan.¹ If it pays to export cattle from Walfish Bay, in South-west Africa, and Mombasa, where a big freezing depôt is now in course of erection, how much more would it pay in Sudan, since the home journey by sea is roughly from

¹ Or near railhead at Khartoum.

Walfish Bay and Mombasa over one month, whereas that from Port Sudan is only sixteen to eighteen days. Moreover, an arrangement could be made with the Mombasa company to allow their steamers to call and fill up at Port Sudan on the direct homeward route.

There is a vast supply of these cattle, owned by natives, between Khartoum and Kosti, and daily these herds water at the Nile in tens of thousands. These animals could be shipped very cheaply in a few days by sailing feluccas down-stream on the White Nile to Khartoum, and, if a good trade was assured, there is little doubt the Sudan Government Railways would reduce their freight charges to Port Sudan (thirty-six to forty-six hours), so that all parties could share in what would be a successful business. If properly managed, our African export of cattle would in time seriously compete with the South American traffic, which has almost a monopoly of frozen beef meat.

All indications seem to point to the fact that there is likely to be trouble between the Governments of Egypt and Sudan. Egypt claims that Sudan is only 'an integral part of the Egyptian Constituency.' Moreover, it asserts 'the complete independence of Egypt and Sudan.'

Egypt has already been granted complete independence, and is now experimenting with a monarchical government; but that she has any real claim to interfere with our presence in Sudan, or was instrumental in its conquest and settlement, we deny. At the present moment the Sudanese and more distant tribes are perfectly satisfied with the Anglo-Egyptian administration, controlled by the Sudan Government.

This false dual control, however, is not likely to last much longer, for although to-day the British and Egyptian flags float over the palace at Khartoum, and Major-General Sir Lee Stack Pasha is nominally Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, time is altering many things, and we shall see changes.

After the year 1898 England and Egypt instituted a form of government in Sudan that was essentially British both in spirit and principle, and this came as a welcome change to the Sudanese after years of cruelty and injustice. In the words¹ of a high placed Sudanese notable :

‘ For sixty years,’ he said, ‘ until we rose and drove the Egypto-Turkish officials from the country with fire and sword and teeming bitterness, they oppressed us, they tortured us, they starved us, they flogged us, they ravished our women, they inflicted upon us every pang which their unholy ingenuity could devise. Historians cannot record nor pen write the details of that bloody period from 1820 to 1880, when the population of the Soudan was decreased from ten millions to between two and two and a half millions. We drove them out, we killed them, and we killed the English who came to help them. Though to-day we would give almost everything for the sake of the English, I want you to tell your people that we would fight them again as we fought them before if they were to assume again the rôle of agents for the re-establishment of such a domination over us. Those days must not, shall not, cannot come again ! ’

It is probable that the Egyptian Government, suffering from a wave of national patriotism and the new experiment of a monarchical democracy, will oust every British and foreign officer and official from Government employment in Egypt, and that if grave quarrels arise

¹ *Morning Post*, May 3, 1924.

between Sudan and Egypt they may refuse to pay, as they have done on a generous scale in the past, the army with its mixed assortment of English and Egyptian officers as well as the rank and file. This would be a serious matter for the Sudan Government, who are not over burdened with wealth. Nevertheless we hold the trump cards if Egypt becomes recalcitrant or unjust, so that we can look forward with some equanimity to the advancement of our own colony, and our own native population, who have at all times held the Egyptians in detestation.

Briefly the history of Sudan is as follows.

During the Dynastic period it is evident through the discoveries of Dr. Reisner (see Gordon College Museum Antiquities) that Egypt both conquered the Northern Sudan and brought there her art, civilisation, and influence. Later, however, the natives of the Land of Kush retaliated successfully, until Egyptian power was wholly lost for a long period.

Then followed an era of absolute savagery, with its usual brutality and chronic wars, which lasted for 1500 years, up to the beginning of the twentieth century. Slaves represented local currency, and numbers were sold into Egypt, Turkey, and the Arabian peninsula.

In the year 1819 one Mohamed Ali, a Pasha of Egypt, whether to enrich himself or extend Egyptian influence, probably both, made a determined effort to open up Sudan to trade, and after his death his sons carried on the scheme. A memorable date occurs in 1861, when Sir Samuel Baker organised an expedition to make independent investigations concerning the sources of the Nile and its inhabitants, and his description of the Sudan, with its cruelty, military oppression,

venality and slave-raiding, makes melancholy reading. Later Ismail sent Sir Samuel Baker, and afterwards Gordon, to suppress the slave trade; but subsequent events and Baker's own experiences seemed to show that this ruffian, whilst apparently posing as a humanitarian in the eyes of Europe, was in reality reaping immense sums of money from Omdurman merchants engaged in selling slaves brought north by various routes that escaped Baker's vigilance. At any rate the slave trade was still in full swing as late as 1868 (Schweinfurth), and continued till 1880.

A crisis occurred in 1881, when a small sheik named Ahmed, the son of a boat-builder at Dongola, announced himself as the 'Mahdi,' or guide, of the Sudan people. On Abba Island, 150 miles south of Khartoum, he first raised his green standard, and exhorted all true Moslems to follow him. From the first this man with the 'strong head and clear mental vision' had a large army at his back to fight the Turco-Egyptian oppressors. Many expeditions were sent against him without success, and on January 26, 1885, he captured Khartoum and decapitated Gordon. On June 14, however, he contracted some disease and died shortly afterwards.

The Dervish army did not wait very long for a leader; his place was filled by the Khalifa, one Abdullah Ibn et Sayid Hamadalla el Taishi, a Baggari of the Taishi tribe. For many years his forces remained unchallenged, and those who wish for a history of his expeditions and rule will find it well set forth in the books of Sir R. Wingate, Father Orthwalder, Nieufeldt, and Slatin Pasha. It was not till September 2, 1898, that the Anglo-Egyptian army under Lord Kitchener completely defeated the Khalifa in the Battle of Omdurman.



BIRD LIFE ON THE NILE

For a while the Khalifa, his power gone, maintained a sporadic resistance in the deserts to the south, until he was cornered at Um Debreckat on November 24, 1899, and met his death like a man with all his principal Emirs. The subsequent Government set up provided that the British and Egyptian flags should in future be used together on land and water, and that the supreme military and civil command would be vested in one officer, the Governor-General of Sudan.

At the present day the sons of local sheiks and important persons are being educated at the Gordon College, Khartoum, with a view, perhaps, of a nationalised movement analogous to those of Egypt and India. But whether this is wise or not remains to be seen. Such a movement as yet possesses no vitality, and it will be long before the local rulers are fit to be entrusted with any management of their own affairs. The good intention to help them is there, but the material is too raw.

On January 1 we took the train from Port Sudan to Khartoum, a dusty journey over the mountains to summit at 3000 feet, then a long drop to Atbara on the White Nile, and so to our destination at Khartoum. The time occupied by the journey was only thirty-six hours, whereas in Schweinfurth's time it took forty days to travel from Suakim to Khartoum. Brock and Lady Helen met us at the station, and we were at once whisked off in a car to the palace on the river, where the Sirdar Sir Lee Stack and Lady Stack had invited us to stay. We were received most kindly by our host and hostess, and before dinner the Sirdar showed us all his pictures. There was one unique photograph of

the dead Khalifa and his principal Emirs just as they fell in the fight at Um Debreckat, when they were shot by volleys fired by the 9th Sudanese. Then followed a banquet of over thirty guests and dancing in the ball-room, a curious contrast to the desert wilderness and its peace which we had lately experienced.

The palace at Khartoum is built on a royal scale, mostly of white marble, with great rooms and galleries and winding staircases. Lord Kitchener in designing it evidently meant to impress the native mind as to the magnificence and power of our great Empire, and in that he succeeded. The palace, Gordon College, and the Gordon statue are monuments to the fact that British power can rise, phoenix-like, from the ashes of a brutal past, and that the Mahdists in killing our pioneer soldier did nothing to quench the strength and tenacity of a nation which never admits defeat. Some Labour members might say it is all a useless piece of military bombast, but then stay-at-home people do not understand the native mind, either in India or Africa, when they conceive such ideas. The savage, the semi-savage, and even the Eastern of long civilisation, is enormously impressed by pomp and circumstance. Nothing appeals to him so much as a display of splendour, aristocracy, and general gorgeousness, however little the truly wise man may value such things. To the coloured man equality and true democracy simply do not exist. He worships the rich man as much as he despises the poor one, and to lose sight of this fact only involves a Government in a loss of prestige and power to extend reforms and kindly influences. Lord Kitchener and Lord Cromer, with their subsequent followers, from long experience have

understood the native, and so Sudan prospers to-day, and civilisation proceeds apace.

Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. About 6 a.m. the following morning a dignified servant with a white turban thrust his head into the door of the miniature ball-room where I had slept, and uttered the unique word 'Hummum,' which, of course, I thought was 'Humar.' Now I had been anxiously expecting noble steeds with long ears, which I had asked Brock to purchase for me, so, dashing on a coat and a pair of slippers, I ran down vast galleries and great staircases to the hall, where the morning sun was just glinting on the wonderful golden-brass helmets of Napoleon's vanished cuirassiers. Certain Palace Guards of great stature and noble aspect looked upon me with astonishment, and then holding my pyjamas with modest mien I emerged on the outer precincts of the water front. No : no donkeys there. Then I ran all round the right side of the palace, and afterwards repaired to the guard of the Leicester Regiment for enquiry. The sergeant woke up and said he had seen mokes in quantity the day before, but not that day ; so I did another round of the palace, and then returned to the sleeping apartment. Something must be wrong. The dictionary must be referred to for a further advance in Arabic.

'Hummum,' again said a sepulchral voice in my ear. This time my cicerone led me into another magnificent apartment, and pointed gravely to a steaming bath. All was explained.

When I told Raoul of this little episode he shrieked with joy, and said it was not safe for me to be around by myself.

After breakfast we did our shopping at Capato's, where Raoul exhibited his depraved taste by purchasing a huge sack of onions, just as if he were going to give a garden-party. Then we had to have our raven locks shorn, or someone would be taking us for dirty artists; and after a visit to the 'Zoo' we returned to lunch, tennis, and an inspection of the lovely gardens of the palace.

Khartoum's water supply is excellent, so they can spray the ground, and good grass lawn-tennis courts are the result—an unusual advantage in Africa. The gardens are a feature of Khartoum, and splendid trees and flowering shrubs exist everywhere. This success is largely due to Mr. Sillitoe, who has had charge of the public gardens for many years. Lady Stack is very fond of her garden, and takes much interest in its upkeep and improvement. The collection of palms is very fine, embracing all the common African species as well as the noble Royal Palms of the West Indies and the South Sea Islands. Other fine trees I noticed were a baobab, said to have been planted by Schweinfurth in 1868, *Khaya senegalensis*, mahogany, and some fine india-rubber trees of great age, notably *Ficus pandurifolia*. Everywhere were good examples of what is, I think, the finest flowering tree in the world, namely, *Poinciana regia*, the Gold Mohur tree, looking the picture of health. It is curious, however, that this magnificent gem does not exhibit its flowers here till late April or early May, whereas I saw it in full flower in Mombasa in December. The best creeper I saw was a grand scarlet bignonia in the Zoological Gardens, and among the shrubs there was an abundance of *Caesalpinia nigra* and *Gilliesi*, frangipanni, white and pink oleander, *Ticomia ibaris*, and other nice things. Roses grow in

abundance, and flower beautifully all the winter, and great beds of them in the palace gardens give a summer effect to the whole place.

Whether it was the result of lobster salad, or the terrible effects of my linguistic failure of the early morning, I do not know, but after an almost sleepless night I dropped off into a restless sleep and had a gruesome nightmare.

First of all, a great black donkey came and sat on my chest and said the correct word for donkeys was 'Hummum.' Then the Sirdar led me to his room and gave me a lecture on the death of the Khalifa and the price of onions in Khartoum. Mr. Capato was there too, looking just like George Robey, and kept interrupting with such remarks as 'You will want a great many more stores to avoid starvation. Probably you have no previous experience of African expeditions, and had better leave it to me.' I looked for a weapon to kill him with, but could see only the brass helmets of Napoleon's cuirassiers. Brock then came in and said I would be fined £3000 for killing twenty cow elephants, and that I should be excluded from the Sudan for ever. At this point Lady Helen, wearing an exquisite Paquin creation, arrived in an aeroplane. Moreover, to complete the entrancing effect, she was jewelled by Tiffany, scented by Morny, and cloaked by Reville and Rossiter. In fact, a perfect woman, nobly planned. She was in tears, and said some horrid Niam-Niams had just stolen all her fat Niam-Niam dogs and eaten them. The circumstances were especially sad, she added, as she herself had been saving them up for a big dinner-party she had intended to give the following week.

The kindly Sirdar then began to change into a repulsive-looking individual with a bald head and a blue chin. 'I am the head jailer of Khartoum prison,' he hissed between his clenched teeth, 'and you are arrested for shooting game without a licence, and wearing insufficient clothing! Your son is already in detention at Omdurman for painting the town red and defying the liquor laws. He was arrested to-day with two ginger-beers on his person, and it is unlikely he will be released for a month or two.'

Lady Stack, with her usual kindness of heart, was just giving me some rock-cakes from portions of the Mackwar dam, as she said she could not allow me to starve, when . . .

Bang—Bang—BANG!

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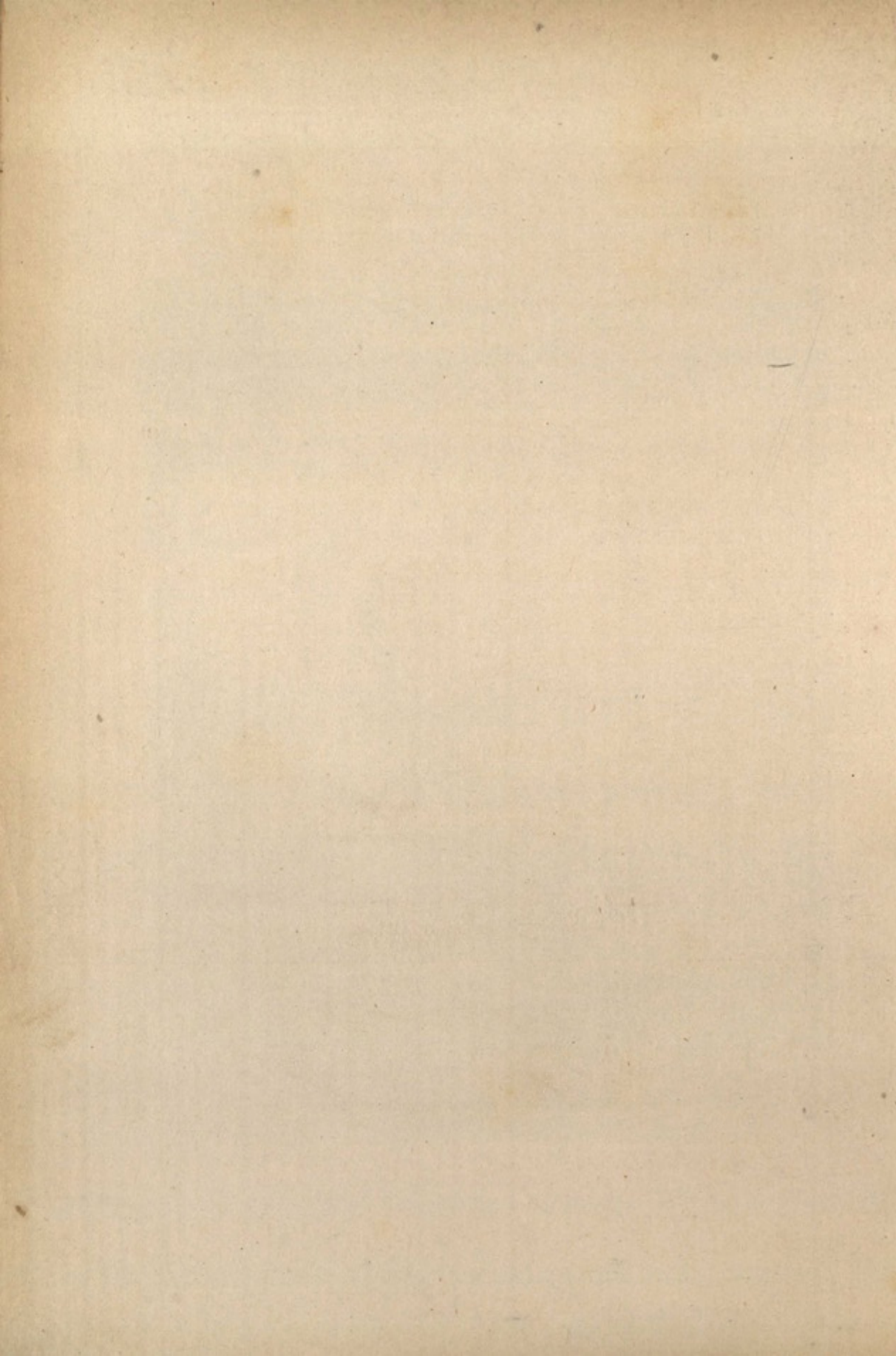
'Here, get up, you lazy devil!' (it was thus, alas! my son and heir greeted his long-suffering parent), 'or you will be late for breakfast! Your bath is ready, and remember the correct word is *Hummum*.' Dreams are lovely, ethereal things, but it is fortunate they never come true.

An Australian professor states that 'dreams are merely afferent impulses from enteroceptive, proprioceptive and exteroceptive sources,' and have 'no psychological significance whatsoever.' That being so, and the matter perfectly clear, we repaired to luscious viands with a good heart.

The four days of preparation, sandwiched in between tennis and social gaieties, soon passed, so January 6 saw us on board the river-steamer *Omdurman*, that was to take us nearly 1000 miles to the south, to far Shambe in



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the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Brock, of course, was unremitting in his kindness and help, so we had no trouble with our stores, donkeys, and personal servants. Most unselfishly he had given us his especial treasure, a desert Arab from the Dongola province, named Gutbi, who during the next three months proved to be the best servant for Africa the heart of man could desire. Gutbi was about thirty, very handsome, with a fierce moustache like a Pathan. He was all energy and pin wires, and whether out hunting, in camp, or on the march he was always the first man to set an example and do things himself. Moreover, he had a way with him that made others get a move on, and had no use for slackers amongst the porters or natives, who evidently held him in great respect. A more perfect servant for an African expedition it would have been hard to find, and any success in ease of travel which we experienced was largely due to his energy and forethought.

The bell had rung for departure before the cringing Mohamed, now full of beer and bravery, turned up. He had been having a purple night in the native quarter and was ever so pleased with himself. With him came a fat youth—called Mohamed, of course—whose duty it was to attend the donkeys and wait at table ; but before our little journey was finished, a dose of fever and long marches had reduced the adipose deposit by several stones.

After passing down the Blue Nile for a short distance, the steamer turned south into the White Nile, where a considerable current has to be met. The shape of the apex of land at the point of the two great rivers is peculiar and formed like an elephant's trunk, and it is from this that the town of Khartoum takes its name.

Our progress was slow and the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. Were it not for the wonderful bird life and the various native tribes encountered, the whole journey from Khartoum to Shambe, occupying twelve days, would be about the dullest in the world. You just plough up-stream between flat deserts or scattered acacia forest, where nothing is seen for days but endless herds of cattle, goats, donkeys, and sheep, coming to or leaving the water or resting on the banks of the Nile.

Now and then you spend hours at a wood station and get a little run ashore, and then return to the steamer for excellent meals, chatting with your fellow-passengers, or reading books. It is a nice rest and a lazy life, but after one experience no traveller ever wishes to repeat the experiment, unless he is an ornithologist, an ethnologist, or an official on the way home.

We had many interesting passengers, all either bent on work or taking a holiday : Sir John Russell, the agricultural expert, and his wife, studying African methods of cultivation ; Major Bailey, the new Commissioner for Rejaf ; Captain Warne, a merry fellow going to inspect musketry at Mongalla ; a New Zealand missionary going to work amongst the Shilluks ; Colonel Davis and Captain Grylls, of the Leicester Regiment, going to hunt big game in the Mongalla hinterland ; and a very plucky old lady named Miss Harvey, whose ambition for years it had been to see the Upper Nile and who was thrilled by everything she saw.

The most interesting passenger from the African point of view was a Mr. W. Cross, now on his way to hunt for gold in the Belgian Congo, where he had been for years in the service of the Belgians.

Cross, who did not think himself too old at sixty to face the hardships and the abominable climate of the Upper Congo, had gone through the usual pioneer experience of the inveterate gold-seeker. Like all such men, his life was Romance, and the very next time he went out he was sure to find the treasures of Golconda. There is always an Eldorado round the next corner, so every year, when Africa beckoned, he just packed up his bag and a few instruments in his little Lancashire home and went south by the first steamer. For four and a half years he had prospected in the Red Egyptian desert, and then found the only payable gold mine here—Barramida, beyond Edfu. He worked here for fifteen years till things became impossible through the hostility of the natives. Then he went to Indian gold mines, and after this for ten years he travelled in the unexplored regions of French West Africa (Ivory Colony), where he found many old gold workings made by the Gora natives, who are cannibals. He was doing well in the horizontal oxidised veins of quartz when the natives tried to kill him, so he left with regret.

After this experience Cross began exploration work on the Belgian Congo, but found that the Belgians were so jealous of Englishmen that he was unable to obtain any concessions. He was practically the first man to enter and prospect the volcanic region of Kivu. He mapped a good part of the country in company with one Innes, who died shortly afterwards of blackwater fever. Kivu he found was devoid of rich minerals, so next he took service with the Grand Lees Company, and did two and a half years' exploration for them, finding some rich veins on the Upper Congo. Later he made a successful journey to the Ituri forest, and lived for a year with the

Mombuttu Pigmies, of whom he had many interesting stories to tell. In the mountains of the Ituri forest near Kiluria-Merza he had found indications of both gold and platinum, and thinks this may prove a rich field some day.

During the Great War, Cross returned home, but of course not for long. Soon he was back in Africa, travelling through Uganda, Ruanda, and on to the Welle River, North-east Congo, to work for three years for the Belgian Government. Needless to say he reaped small reward and obtained only the mental satisfaction that all his prognostications of this rich district did come true. After this he explored new districts for the Belgians. Starting at Stanleyville, he was carried forty-five days in a chair to Kilo, and then *via* the Haut-wela and Bakongo to Boma.

Now he was off to the Welle again, *via* Rejaf, by the new route. He will work again for a poor salary paid by men who have made fortunes out of his skill and experience. It is entirely owing to his initiative that the Belgians are now gathering unlimited wealth in this district of the N.E. Congo, but they will not give him an acre of land so that he can work it or form a company. The Belgians are very resentful of English influence or property ownership, after the experience of Katanga, and intend in the future to share nothing with foreign nations.

Now that the Sudan Government has entered into an agreement with the Katanga Company, through Mr. Williams, for the sole right to prospect Mongalla and the Upper Nile countries, Cross does not know where to go. He will probably die in Africa a poor man, and be buried by the men he has made rich. Also they are sure to

charge the funeral expenses to the British Government. Such is the irony of life.

On January 7, at El Dueim, we came to the edge of the great Kordofan desert, and it was on this part of the river that the bird life began to be interesting. The Nile was alive with ducks of various kinds, mostly garganey, white-eyed pochard and pintail, with a few widgeon and one or two common teal and shoveller.

Great flocks of spoonbills sat on every sandbank, with scattered groups of small waders and greenshanks, whilst the air was dotted with immense flights of the common white stork and here and there a party of black storks.

Just as the sun set, the air was filled with the trumpet calls of thousands of demoiselle cranes, which came in great battalions to rest for the night on every available spit of land. Even after dinner, as we steamed along through the pellucid night, the continuous clanging of these pretty birds fell on our ears for hours on end. Their number in these parts must be very great, and it is curious that they are confined to so restricted an area, since we never encountered them again.

What is so fascinating to the ornithologist in the Nile Valley is that every fresh day brings its new quota of birds. When approaching Shawal wood station the dawn showed great flocks of sand grouse coming to drink at the river. They circled round a few times, uttering their curious 'chippy-wee' cries, and then popped straight down at the water's edge in a little mass, the birds almost touching one another. The banks here were lined at intervals with lovely snow-white spoonbills, engaged in feeding in wide semicircles and displaying a curious 'mowing' motion as they swept their long bills through the mud and passed it through the

laminae (frills of bone) of the bill. Other flocks grouped up for rest and preening on little sandbanks, in company with a few black and white sacred ibis (the emblem of Egypt), noisy spur-winged plover, ruffs and reeves, greenshank, glossy ibis, Kentish and lesser ringed plover. The most striking birds of this part of the river and away south as far as we went were the white-headed screaming eagles, which were exceedingly abundant and sat in pairs on every high bush or hunted the river for fish or wounded birds. As two hours were given to us to walk ashore at Shawal, Raoul and I, with Mohamed the cook, took a stroll above the river in the hope of shooting something for the pot. In the bush were thousands of bronze-ringed turtle doves and tiny little black-masked Namaqua doves, with long tails. We also saw for the first time the gorgeous Abyssinian roller (*Coracias abyssinicus*), here called 'the Oxford and Cambridge bird,' from its light and dark blue colours.

About two miles down the river we saw the long necks of a flock of white-faced tree duck (whistling teal). These handsome ducks are by far the best species to eat in Africa, being tender and juicy even when cooked soon after death, as all game has to be in this climate. Raoul made a good stalk and got a right and left, but both fell out in the stream. Mohamed then stripped and retrieved one, with which he returned just as a crocodile dashed out from the bank close at hand.

The second dead bird was rapidly drifting out when a white-headed eagle came along and, descending from the air, picked it up neatly and carried it away.

Then we had a surprise. Not expecting to see any big game, no rifle was at hand when a fair-sized animal sprang out of a bush and sat regarding us calmly at

about 250 yards. We were not a little astonished to see it was a half-grown leopard. For some time he watched us from the shade of an acacia tree, and then cantered slowly away, his long tail held half aloft.

At Shawal, where we lay all night, a Sudanese man brought a donkey down to the water and, getting it afloat, proceeded nearly to drown it. His explanation was that it was sick and now he had cured it.

Leaving at 8 a.m., we passed through the opening of the Great Kosti bridge at 9. On the right were immense marshes swarming with hundreds of white-faced tree ducks and a few crowned cranes. At midday we saw the first wild men, three Shilluks in a canoe bent on fishing, and these and the darters were the only objects of interest.

Early on the morning of the following day we reached Belli Island, where we took a long walk before breakfast; but the country was 'blind' with high grass and nothing could be seen. During the morning three Shilluk hippopotamus hunters arrived in their long dug-out canoe, made from a hollowed tree trunk. They were picturesque, agreeable-looking savages of fine physique and pleasant manners, having their hair worked up into a curious 'saddle' on the top. Raoul made several sketches of them, and they showed us their implements of the chase, long harpoon-spears with a rope and big 'ambatch' float attached. Their method of procedure is to find a 'hippo' path leading from the water to the land and regularly used. One man lies in the reeds beside it all night, and as the great pachyderm comes ashore to feed, he dashes in and drives his spear home, retreating as the animal rushes back to the water. As a rule the 'hippo' does not go far, so there is the float

in the river to show the hunters his whereabouts next morning. Then follows a hunt which may last a couple of days, till the game is worn out and it is speared with lances; but in this part of the river there is often a white man with a rifle who will go to the assistance of the hunters and kill the 'hippo' when he shows on the surface.

There are still a good many hippopotami in this part of the Nile, and we saw our first little herd of them one morning, blowing and snorting under the lee of a small island. They were very shy, but other herds, which we encountered almost every day, were fairly tame and watched us at close range, putting up their black heads with little piggy ears. Buff-backed herons and bee eaters (*Merops nubicus*) now became numerous and flew past the steamer all day.

At Gehhak, near Gebel Ahmed Aga, we took on more wood and first encountered the dreaded seroot fly. This disagreeable insect, a cattle fly about the size of a common drone, is very active and swift in its flight. It waits until you are not looking, and then pounces down on your exposed leg or arm, and in an instant has extracted 'a pint of blood.' At least that is what everyone in Sudan tells you, and I never met a Sudanese official who did not tell grievous stories of the after-effects of the seroot fly or was doubtful as to the 'pint of blood.' It certainly extracts some blood, but how an insect the size of a bee can stow away in its tiny body a pint of blood, I leave the reader to imagine. Personally, I think the statement is somewhat inaccurate; but one of our passengers, an Egyptian, who was pierced by a seroot fly, soon had a hand like a leg of mutton, and the swelling and pain did not go down for a week afterwards. Most

of us, however, were very watchful and kept killing the flies, as they settled, with 'slap-sticks' of wire, so we did not suffer from their attack.

They say it is impossible not to utter a loud yell when a seroot gets home, and a story is told of the late Lord Kitchener, who was going to inspect the garrison at Malakal when the following incident occurred.

Lord Kitchener was writing in the saloon, when one of his A.D.C.s suddenly uttered a piercing yell and danced about in considerable pain.

'What the devil is all this noise about?' demanded the great warrior.

'I have been bitten by a seroot fly, sir,' replied the young man, nursing his injured leg.

'Good heavens! has it come to this, that you, a soldier, make such a fuss and outcry over the bite of a little insect! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

The youth retired in silence; but out of the Sabbath-like calm suddenly broke a scream and roar that could have been heard at Khartoum. People from all parts of the ship thought murder was being committed, and rushed in, to find the Commander-in-Chief dancing round the saloon and knocking over chairs and tables in his agony. For days the wounded chief nursed his swollen arm, but it was noticeable that the subject of seroot flies was barred, and that in his uninjured hand he carried a powerful 'slap-stick.'

An unfortunate little episode, not without its lesson, occurred as we left Gehhak.

Two sergeants of the 9th Sudanese Regiment were left behind in the native village, doubtless oblivious to the warning bells through the charms of merissa (native

beer). The steamer moved off, when they were seen rushing wildly along the shore, calling upon the captain to stop. The incident was so harrowing that one of their pals, another sergeant of the same regiment, overcome by emotion and sympathy, took violent hold of the reis (navigator or steersman) at the wheel, and was at once placed under arrest. For nearly two hours we could see the two unfortunates trotting doggedly along in the sun on the east bank of the river, where at a jutting point the heart of the captain relented, and he allowed them to come aboard. Doubtless they will not miss the steamer again.

On the evening of the 11th of January we witnessed one of the most remarkable spectacles of bird life I have ever seen. About sunset, enormous flocks ranging from 500 to 1000 of little birds, about the size of a sparrow, came in from the acacia forest to dive into the long reeds of the river where they spend the night. I am not exaggerating when I say that in an hour several millions of these birds passed the steamer in flocks, and settled with a great roar on some favourite roosting spot. This bird is Reichenbach's weaver (*Hyphantornis taeniopteris*), and Mr. Butler, the best authority on Sudan ornithology, says that in the course of one evening he has seen 'millions upon millions' go to roost. Such an abundance of one species in one small area is not, I believe, to be seen elsewhere in the whole world. Reichenbach's weaver builds in colonies in the acacia trees, making the usual retort-shaped nest. Although the bird itself has only one type, it lays eggs of a great variety of colours—dark green, white, blue, olive-brown, or spotted (Butler).

Squacco and buff-backed herons (white at this

season) were also abundant, and immense numbers of darters. Crocodile, too, were frequently seen where resting places were available, and we noticed the familiarity and even friendship which exist between these loathsome reptiles and various species of birds, since these sit close to them, and even rest on their backs. One bird, the ziczac plover, even enters the mouth of the crocodile as he lies basking, and pecks at the remains of food secreted between the teeth. Crocodile are not popular with the crew of the *Omdurman*, because on her last visit to Rejaf one of the Sudanese sailors dived down from the ship to inspect a sunken felucca that lay alongside the steamer. He was seen being taken by a large crocodile, and never appeared on the surface again.

On January 12 we reached Malut, a clean and interesting village, mostly inhabited by Sudanese, although there was a fair sprinkling of Shilluks from inland. Millions of 'Durra birds' rose from the reeds as we approached, and in the air could always be seen screaming eagles, little egrets, the great Goliath heron, and darters, whilst, far inland, great flocks of the noble crowned crane, whose white upper wings shone in the sun, added splendour to a characteristic Nile landscape.

On the 13th we arrived at Malakal, an important station, as it is a military fort and the centre of the Shilluk country. Here we spent a pleasant afternoon, and afterwards dined with our friend Major Knapp and the officers of the 12th Sudanese.¹ It was a merry

¹ In the mess-room we wrote our names and did some sketches in the visitors' book. It was curious that the first name I saw as I opened the book was that of my dear old friend Fred Selous, who passed this way in 1911 to the Bahr-el-Ghazal on a somewhat unlucky trip. It was strange to see his familiar handwriting again, though to me his memory is ever green.

party, and we fared sumptuously on roast turkey and genuine plum-pudding, set afire in true English style. The climate of Malakal is said to be dry, but on this occasion the night was distinctly wet. The wonder of the evening, however, was the band of the regiment, with its thirty-six performers and a native conductor. These men, recently raw recruits from the wilds, played in marvellous fashion all the modern composers, such as Wagner, Puccini, Elgar, etc. After dinner, being in joyous mood, Major Knapp seized the kettledrum, on which he is a skilled performer, Raoul had the big drum, as suited to his size and strength, Colonel Davis the triangle, and I essayed the humble cymbals. We let rip on a 'Coal black mammy' with voice and arm at full strength, and something is to be said for the conductor that at the end of two encores (insisted on by ourselves) he was still alive. On adjourning to the mess-room there were supper and more atmospheric moisture until midnight, when one of the subalterns began to tell me a long story of how he was charged by a vicious giraffe. Then it seemed time to go, or we might be attacked by phantasmagoria in the shape of pink zebras and blue hippopotami.

On our way home the beach was filled with great holes and wire ropes, which not even the most sharp-eyed man could detect. There was also some discussion or hallucination as to the exact position of our ship. Raoul and Colonel Davis were in favour of the first ship we encountered, but Captain Grylls and I voted for the second, as we knew it had hundreds of barges sticking to it. Eventually we decided to go to bed on the first ship, and if no one screamed or made a noise, we would then know we had made a correct

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guess. This proved in the end to be the right course, and shows the value of tact and reasoning power.

During the past fifty years we have from time to time been treated with thrilling first- and second-hand accounts of vast unknown creatures said to have been seen and even shot at in various parts of the world, but mostly in the wilds of Africa. The present or past existence of the great marine reptile, popularly known as the sea-serpent, has figured more often than any of these, and I think that there is good reason and sufficient expert evidence to show that this saurian is rather more than a myth.¹ In this case we have dozens of accounts from eye-witnesses, several of whom were professional naturalists and people of undoubted good faith and observation, to prove that such sea monsters did exist until very recent times. In fact the only adverse evidence, as in all instances of the said occurrence of African monsters, is that no bones or parts of the skeleton of such strange creatures have ever been found either in Africa, other parts of the world, or washed up on sea coasts, which would lead scientists to presume the existence of such creatures.

We are well aware, too, of the total inability of the average man and woman to observe anything correctly. When we hear the most absurd descriptions of animals well known and living to-day, it is not surprising that any rare beast of some size is described in a perfectly fantastic manner, and endowed with features of savagery

¹ See the account of the voyage of Her Majesty's Ship *Daedalus* (*London News*, 111, 1860), when over fifty of the crew saw one at close range. Report of French officers on Devil's Island, S.W. Atlantic, where it has frequently been seen (*Paris Zool. Soc.*). Also seen by Messrs. Nicholls and Meade Waldo; from Lord Crawford's yacht *Valhalla*, etc. Also numerous articles in *Wide World Magazine*.

such as are completely devoid of truth. An old pioneer of Africa, who had spent twenty years in the wilds of the Congo and its adjacent forests and plains, solemnly assured me that the pythons of the Congo were sixty feet long, and endowed with six claw-like feet, with which they seized natives and assisted their progress up trees. Nothing could shake his opinion on this matter, and he will adhere to it to the end of his life.

Now as to African monsters. Most of them have their origin in native superstitions and native imagination, induced by the hearing of nocturnal sounds, or by seeing the spoor or ground trail of some beast or reptile with which they are unacquainted. It is, of course, difficult to eradicate from savage minds superstitions and beliefs handed down from generation to generation. As yet natives have no reasoning power, or knowledge of nature in a wide sense, so any trifling unusual occurrence is explained and exaggerated in an even greater degree than amongst so-called educated people. Wherefore in almost every district of savage Africa there is always some spook beast that roams by day or night, making fearful sounds, and killing men and women who are rash enough to approach.

At present all zoologists look with amusement and toleration on these myths, which are to newspapers as regular hardy annuals as the big gooseberry or Winston Churchill's hat. The papers hail with joy every traveller who has seen a pink dinosaur rushing wildly through Congo villages, devouring the inhabitants, and bold fellows who wish for a little cheap advertisement set off with a police dog and a .303 rifle to perform the part of a local St. George. It is all very exciting, and

the public, who know nothing of natural history, are thrilled, and up goes the circulation of the papers in the silly season.

Sometimes these tales have good authority behind them, and it is worth while to follow up any evidence given in good faith. For instance, the late King Lewanika, who was much interested in the study of the animals of his kingdom, Barotsiland, frequently heard from his people of some great aquatic reptile, possessing a body larger than that of an elephant, and which lived in the great swamps near his town. He therefore gave strict orders that the next time one was seen he should be told, and he would at once go himself and visit the place. In the following year three men rushed into his court house one day in a great state of excitement, and said they had just seen the monster lying on the edge of the marsh, and that on viewing them it had retreated on its belly, and slid into the deep water. The beast was said to be of colossal size, with legs like a gigantic lizard, and possessing a long neck. It was also said to be taller than a man, and had a head like a snake.

Lewanika at once rode to the spot and saw a large space where the reeds had been flattened down, and a broad path, with water flowing into the recently disturbed mud, made to the water's edge. He described the channel made by the body of the supposed monster to Colonel Hardinge, the British Resident, 'as large as a full-sized wagon from which the wheels had been removed.'

I have met only one practical hunter and man of observation actually believing in the existence of a great beast that is unknown to science. This is Mr. Denis

Lyall, who has written many books on the game of Central Africa. He is convinced that there is, or was till recently, some large pachyderm, somewhat similar in habits to the hippopotamus, but possessing a horn on the head, which frequents the great marshes and lakes of Benguelo, Mweru, and Tanganyka. He calls it a water rhinoceros, and can adduce good evidence for his theory.

Now one of my objects in going to Malakal was to interview a certain Sergeant Stephens, who is a firm believer in the existence of a great reptile named the 'Lau.' Stephens is an old hunter, and has done more shooting on the Upper Nile Valley and adjacent territories than most men. Moreover, he has had unlimited opportunities by living amongst the savages and indulging in sport and travel on the river and throughout the wilds, as he is in charge of a large section of the telegraph line on the east bank of the Nile.

The statement which he made to me I have written at his dictation.

'The Lau is said to inhabit the great swamps of the Nile valleys from below Malakal to Rejaf and Lake No to Shambe. The natives, whether Shilluk, Dinka or Nuer, have the same name for the great serpent.¹ It is said to be extremely rare and seldom seen by man more than once in a lifetime. Natives who are said to have seen a dead one describe it as forty to one hundred feet long, with a body as big as a donkey or horse. The colour is said to be brown or dark yellow, and not green and black like the python. On its vicious-looking, snake-like head it has large tentacles, or thick, wiry hairs, with which it reaches out and seizes its

¹ The python they know as Nyäl.



ELEPHANTS

victims. If a man sees a Lau first, the creature at once expires, but if the Lau is the first observer the human dies on the spot.

‘ In the time of Bimbashi B. (a well-known telegraph inspector), one Abraham Mohamed, in the employ of the company, saw a Lau killed near Raub, at a village called Bogga.¹ This man I knew, and closely questioned. He always repeated the same description of the monstrous reptile. More recently one was killed by some Shilluks at Koro-a-ta beyond the Jebel-Zeraf (Addar Swamps). This was also said to be a very large specimen. I obtained some of the neck bones of this example from a Shilluk² who was wearing them as a charm. These I sent to Deputy-Governor Jackson (now of Dongola province), who in turn sent them to the British Museum for identification, but no satisfactory explanation was given, nor was it suggested what species of snake they might belong to.³

‘ Abraham’s story of the size and shape of the great reptile was corroborated by one Rabah Ringbi, a Niam-Niam from the neighbourhood of Wau in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, who had also seen a similar monster killed in some swamps near that place.

‘ Dinkas living at Kilo (a telegraph station on the Zeraf) told me that the Lau frequents the great swamp in the neighbourhood of that station and they occasionally hear its loud booming cry at night.

‘ A short time ago I met a Belgian Administrator at

¹ ‘ Bogga ’ means in Dinka the Giant Eland.

² The Shilluk’s name is Bilaltut. The complete skeleton was found in 1914.

³ Mr. Jackson told me the neck bones were not unusually large, as did also Sergeant Stephens in describing them, so they might have belonged to the ordinary African python.

Rejaf. He had just come up from the Congo, and said he was convinced of the existence of the Lau, as he had seen one of these great serpents in a swamp and fired at it several times, but his bullets had no effect. He also stated that the monster made a huge trail in the swamp as it passed into deeper water.'

'Various fantastic attributes attach to it, which may be mere embellishments on the part of the Nuer without necessarily disproving the existence of some hitherto unknown serpent of exceptional size.

'Thus some say that it has a short crest of hair on the back of its head not unlike that of a crowned crane : others that it has long hairs, reminiscent of some of the mud-fish of the Nile, with which it entangles its unwilling victims and drags them into the river. In certain years, particularly during the rainy season, its belly is said to gurgle like the rumbling of an elephant. This noise was heard in the year 1918 in the Bahr-el-Arab.

'The Nuer state that it inhabits holes in the banks of rivers or swamps, and spends most of its time in the swamps. They are in mortal dread of it, and if they see the furrow in the ground that announces its presence, they run as fast as they can in the opposite direction. If a Nuer sees this serpent before it sees him, all is well, but if the serpent happens to sight even a large party of them first, all are expected to die.

'The Addar swamps extend for some 1800 square miles : those of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and its tributaries must cover an area of many thousands of square miles. Neither of these vast morasses has ever yet been explored, and many parts of them have never even been visited. It is therefore not improbable that some addition to our zoological knowledge may ultimately come from these places.

'There are so many stories current of this creature from places as far apart as the Bahr-el-Arab, Addar swamps, Bahr-el-Ghazal and Bahr-el-Zeraf, that it is difficult to dismiss as untrue the existence of some hitherto unknown serpent not

unlike a gigantic python. The existence of a bone or horn-like substance near the tail would illustrate a step further back in the development of the serpent creation, the small rudimentary legs of the python marking an intermediate stage between the Lau and the ordinary snake as we know it.

'The common factor in the various accounts given of this creature is that it differs in colour from a python, in the shape of its jaws, in its greater length and girth, and there is no doubt that it is held in the greatest dread by the Nuer. They have a definite name for it, and there seems no particular reason, if this serpent were not distinct from the python, why the Nuer should fear a twelve-foot Lau more than he does a twenty-foot python.'¹

Sergeant Stephens' account was interesting, if not convincing, and he was kind enough to say he would inform me if any other specimens of the Lau were seen, or pieces obtained. He gave us a depressing account of the giant eland, and said that success in finding one was extremely unlikely. He had been four times in pursuit of the great antelope in Bahr-el-Ghazal, and had never seen one.

On the next day to Taufikia, a barren spot with a few great dome-palms lining the banks, and infested with numerous great fruit-bats, which flew out as the steamer's smoke reached them. Here were three bearded American missionaries, with a few Shilluk natives. A merry-looking fellow, questioned by Captain Warne, said he was one of the twelve Christian converts, but did not think much of Christianity. It had, however, its advantages, for he and others received 2*s.* a month for attending prayers morning and evening. Otherwise he stated he would not go. It seems strangely useless to try and impart religion to a

¹ H. C. Jackson, *The Nuer of the Upper Nile Province*, pp. 188-189.

thoroughly well-behaved nation like the Shilluks. We admire the zeal and excellent example of the missionary, but not his common sense, since from the first these natives are not intellectually fit to receive the method of instruction in the way it is given, and so nothing results but deception, sham modesty, and conceit, induced by wearing clothes. No Sudan official will ever employ a 'mission boy' if he can help it, and this is not because of prejudice, but the result of bitter experience.

However, arguments about religion are futile, so we can only fall back on the unerring statement of a certain Winchester housemaster, who said, in discussing creeds, 'The vicious circle of argument followed by the agnostic heresy makes my whole inward soul revolt with the true subconsciousness of a Christian.'

We were now passing through the heart of the Shilluk country, and a few remarks on these people and their mode of life may not be out of place.



SHILLUK SHOWING HAIR DRESSING

CHAPTER III

THE SHILLUKS AND NILE EXPLORATION

THE tribe of the Shilluks inhabits the banks of the White Nile, over a territory roughly 200 miles long by about twenty to forty miles wide, from Kodok to Bahr-el-Zeraf. On the west bank the area occupied by them is somewhat narrow, owing to scanty water supply, but it extends in length about the same distance. When the Egyptian Government completed their subjection in 1871 a census was taken of the population on the left bank of the Nile, and this embraced 3000 villages, roughly occupied by over one million people. The whole land of the Shilluks is hardly less than 2000 square miles, and probably more densely populated than any other part of Africa, and to-day the total estimate of souls is little less than two millions, as they have increased rapidly of recent years.

Although still indulging in warlike dances, the Shilluks are very peaceful and easily managed. They are a contented and happy race, finding all their requirements in agriculture, pasturage, fishing and the chase. Agriculture is very successful, as the soil is fertile and the rainy seasons regular ; there is, too, a considerable amount of atmospheric moisture at all seasons, and

irrigation as well. Fish are very abundant in the river, and the great Nile perch is often met with in the muddy shallows. A certain number of the Shilluks, too, indulge in the chase, and do not fear, even with their rough spears, to attack the buffalo, which most natives leave severely alone.

Lord Dewar was witness to an interesting hunt in 1923, when from the deck of his steamer he watched for twenty minutes a small party of Shilluk warriors attacking an old buffalo bull. They worked him in exactly the same way as the Spanish bull-fighters, only with even greater skill and bravery. One man induced the bull to charge, and at the last moment endeavoured to bury his spear in its chest, whilst supporters on either side rushed in and made a flank attack. There were many narrow escapes, but so regular and good was the work of the flankers that the man who provoked the charge was always rescued just as he appeared to be in a hopeless position. At last one flanker got in a heart stab with his long spear, and all was soon over. Of late years both the Shilluks and other riverine tribes have taken more and more to the chase, so game near the Nile is much depleted.

The clusters of huts built by the Shilluks on both banks of the Nile are so numerous as to resemble a continuous town or a mass of mushrooms. Every village has its overseer, whilst the heads of fifty to one hundred villages are controlled by a Superintendent.

In the centre of each village is a wide open space, where in the evening most of the inhabitants congregate, smoke their tobacco, gossip, and sit in the wood-smoke to keep off the mosquitoes.

The huts of the Shilluks are built with higher walls

than those of the Dinkas, but are of smaller area and with flattened, dome-shaped roofs. Fences of straw matting similar to those used by the Sudanese run round every hut or group of huts, and there are no thorn fences bounding the village.

The Shilluk is well formed and agreeable in countenance, except when he covers himself, as he often does, with cow-dung, ashes, and the urine of cows. Like all the Nilotic races, they wash all the vessels, especially receptacles for milk, with urine, which perhaps compensates for the absence of salt. The stature of the race is moderate and not so tall as Dinka or Nuer. Away from the river they are quite nude, but when approaching the Nile they often assume clothing, which completely spoils any dignity they may possess.

As to their hair-dressing, I cannot do better than quote Schweinfurth,¹ who remarks :

' Like most of the naked and half-naked Africans, they devote the greatest attention to the arrangement of their hair ; on every other portion of the body all growth of hair is stopped by its being carefully plucked out at the very first appearance. As has been already observed, amongst the men the repeated application of clay, gum, or dung, so effectually clots the hair together, that it retains, as it were voluntarily, the desired form ; at one time like a comb, at another like a helmet or, it may be, like a fan. Many of the Shilluk men present in this respect a great variety. A good many wear transversely across the skull a comb as broad as a man's hand, which, like a nimbus of fibre, stretches from ear to ear, and terminates behind in two dropping circular lappets. Occasionally there are heads for which one comb does not suffice, and on these several combs, parallel to one another at small intervals,

¹ *The Heart of Africa*, p. 17.

are arranged in lines. There is a third form, far from uncommon, than which nothing can be more grotesque. It may be compared to the crest of a guinea-fowl, of which it is an obvious imitation.'

All these interesting forms of hair-dressing we observed, and Raoul did several drawings from life.

The women are distinctly plain and uninteresting in appearance. They crop the hair close and wear a short apron of calf-skin.

The only weapons carried by the Shilluks are spears, for bows and arrows are unknown. Many men carry a club-like crutch, two to three feet long, sometimes with a big round knob like a knobkerry, and pointed at the other end. The domestic animals are sheep, goats, and oxen, and a good sprinkling of reddish pi-dogs, which they use in the chase and consistently starve. These Shilluk dogs are said to be the swiftest in Africa, and can run down a gazelle in fair chase.

The Shilluks do not believe in any God, but have a certain fear of evil spirits. With them, however, the witch-doctor is losing his power, and will soon be a thing of the past. They reverence, however, a certain legendary hero, who is called 'The Father of the race,' and who is supposed to have led them to their present territory. The same occurs amongst the Nuers, the Dinkas, and many other African races. In case of famine or drought they call upon the name of their hero and ask him to help them. After death, the spirits of the deceased are supposed to live and help their descendants, and a certain amount of veneration of ancestors still exists.

On January 14 we passed the mouth of the Sobat river, and found many new species of birds, such as



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grey pelicans and Muscovy ducks. Terns and a pretty small stork with an orange bill were numerous.

The next morning, after taking in wood at Tonga, we entered swamp-land covered with floating blue and white *Nymphaea*, giant papyrus, and tall reeds. Masses of dislodged floating plants, *Pistia stratiotes*, like groups of brussels sprouts, passed down stream and occasionally choked the big wheel at the stern, when a stop had to be made and the obstruction pulled off. Along the sides of the river through which the main channel was cut occurred small islands of floating vegetation, and on many of them we noticed the African Jacana (*Phyllopezus africanus*) running over the lily pads. Since there are no trees on this section of the river, the white-headed screaming eagles do not find convenient resting places, as they will not perch on papyrus or reeds, so try to make use of these little islands, generally as they float in the centre of the river.

Over the papyrus swamps continuously drifted single Montagu and marsh harriers, regular visitors to Europe in the summer. They beat slowly backward and forward, looking down into the dense vegetation. Never once did I see one descend or carry any prey, so I wonder what they live on there. Another common bird in the swamp is the lark-heeled cuckoo (*Centropus monachus*), somewhat smaller than our cuckoo. It sits all day on the top of the tall reeds, and when the steamer comes near it dives straight down into the swamp plants.

On January 15 small park-like forests appeared on the east bank, and during the morning we saw a waterbuck and a scattered herd of tiang resting in the shade of some acacia trees. At eleven Raoul came down to say a herd of elephants was in sight, so we all

seized our glasses and ran to the upper deck to obtain a good view.

There were about twenty cows and one fine bull, feeding closely together about half a mile away. They kept their trunks down all the time, flicking the food into the mouth in one continuous movement. In appearance, wild African elephants are a dark, slaty blue, and they throw a very dense shadow. A flight of small white egrets accompanied them, and flew from one to another of the elephants in search of ticks. In front was a very large female elephant, with long white teeth. Occasionally she raised her head and flapped her great ears. During the evening we passed Lake No, and entered the main channel (Bahr-el-Jebel) of the sudd.

The Nile is a wonderful river; the Abyssinians away up in the high mountains at the source of the Blue Nile call it the 'Sacred River,' and attribute its birthplace to Lake Tsana. But it is in the high equatorial plateaux about Ruwenzori and Uganda that the main source of the White Nile originates, and from here to the Mediterranean the distance is 4000 miles. Every year an annual miracle takes place in Egypt when it is most thirsty. Great floods from another world come rolling down, and make the desert bloom, as Shakespeare, or Bacon, or whoever wrote those wonderful plays, tells us:

'The higher Nile swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes the harvest.'

Coming from the mountains of far Tanganyka, through Lakes Victoria and Albert, the rocky valley of Rejaf, and Nimule, and north to Lake No and the sudd region, where it is joined by the Bahr-el-Ghazal,

the White Nile is the main stream, or Bahr-el-Jebel, as it is called in the Nuer country. A short distance to the north it is joined by the Bahr-el-Zeraf (itself a branch of the main stream) and the Sobat river, which brings a considerable quantity of water from the eastern highlands.

As the Nile flows northwards, the waters are being sucked up by the desert banks and small channels. Local irrigation takes off immense quantities of water, yet this gold-bringing supply never ceases, and comes to Egypt at a season when it is most required.

In April it is possible to ford the Nile at Cairo, and then when Egypt is at its driest the water steadily mounts till July and August, when the average height of the river is twenty feet above the mean level. The rainfall of Central Africa takes about two months to reach Egypt, and that of Abyssinia about a month, yet all this great volume of water never reaches the sea at the Delta or the mouths of Damietta and Rosetta. Every drop is absorbed by men, animals, soil, or air in the course of its northward passage.¹ It is no wonder Egypt is a rich country, for, with its constant sunshine, harvest follows harvest in endless succession. Cotton is sown in the spring and picked in the autumn, whilst wheat is sown in the autumn and reaped in the spring. In the winter the green shoots of the maize and great fields of clover cover a large part of the irrigated land.

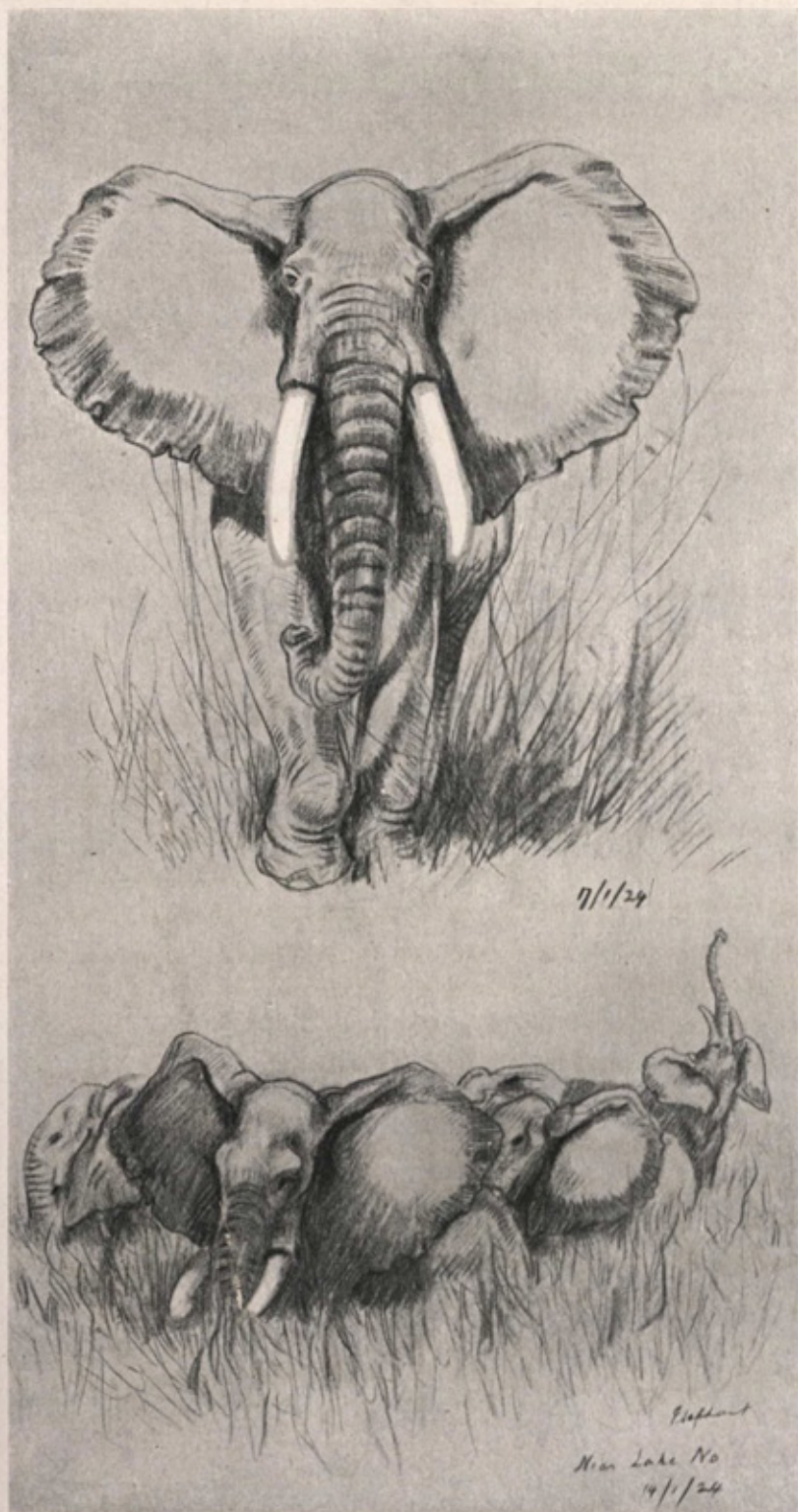
It is scarcely possible to study the great river in all its bearings without plunging into the history of the past and reviewing briefly the whole story of its early peoples and its subsequent exploitation by the Caucasian

¹ This point seems to be a matter of controversy. Some experts maintain that no water reaches the sea, and others that there is a considerable flow into the Mediterranean at a certain season.

race. It is a story full of deep interest to British men and women, since our pioneers furnished more than a half of the number whose names are written in large letters in the history of Nile exploration.

There is little doubt that two great land bridges existed in Pleistocene times over the south as well as the north end of the Red Sea, and across them came a primitive Simian type of man, in company with many animals, from their birthplace in the East, which, broadly speaking, was said to have been centred somewhere about Persia. These early men are represented to-day in the Pigmies (Mombuttu) of the Congo Forest and the true South African Bushmen. Egypt was once inhabited by Negroid Pygmies, but these were at an early date overwhelmed by branches of the Caucasian stock coming from Syria or Libya. The date of the Pigmy savages may be placed at about 9000 years ago, and they were succeeded by people from the East bearing some resemblance to the Dravidians of India or the Brahuis of Beluchistan. After this came people of a pure Caucasian stock, known to Egyptologists as the 'Kafra' race. They had aquiline features and were inhabitants of Syria or Cyprus.

The inhabitants of ancient and recent Egypt, however, were originally a composite of the original negroes, Dravidians, and a Galla race such as exists in Somaliland, Red Sea lands, and Northern Abyssinia to-day. They invaded Egypt and also moved south to Central Africa, *via* the Nile headwaters, and are said even to have reached Zululand. This Hamitic race lifted the primitive negro from his state of absolute savagery and was the main foundation of the higher types of black races in the African continent.



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Both in prehistoric times and when history begins, Egypt suffered from constant invasions from the north and west. One race of conquerors followed another. Yet these early Egyptians seem to have penetrated far up the Nile, certainly as far as the junction of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where they were stopped by the sudd. They may have traded in Bahr-el-Ghazal and worked east to Lake Chad, for we know that for thousands of years they carried on commercial relations with the Land of Punt (Somaliland), which shows that they possessed the Caucasian spirit of adventure. Ancient Egyptians knew the Blue Nile to its source in Lake Tsana, and the main Nile as far as Khartoum. They sent their political exiles to die of cold in the high mountains of the Simien range (13,000 ft.) in Abyssinia, but they seem to have had no knowledge of the White Nile beyond the sudd. The Nile they called 'Hapi' (also the Nile God) and Pi Yuma (the River).

For a time trade, consisting of gum, feathers, slaves, perfumes, gold, etc., between ancient Egypt and the Negro races flourished, and then it died away through the hostility of the savage tribes and the greater interest in trading or conquest of Syria, Asia Minor or Cyprus. Still later ancient Egypt became so mixed by the infusion of Persian, Arab, Greek, Italian, Negro, Hamitic, French, Circassian and Turkish blood, that today the old type has gone for ever and a new mongrel race, without great character or high ideals, has taken its place.

The last king of the Egyptians was Aahmes, who became King of Egypt by a soldier's mutiny, but legitimised his position by marrying a granddaughter of Psametik I. He reopened commerce with the Upper

Nile. Later, owing to his interference in Persian affairs, he was attacked and conquered by Cambyses, a son of Cyrus, who became King of Egypt.

The next great event in Egyptian history was the conquest of Egypt by Alexander, who left Ptolemy, one of his generals, in charge. At the death of Alexander, Ptolemy made himself king, and founded a Greek dynasty which lasted till the advent of the Cæsars.

Eratosthenes, a Greek geographer, who lived in B.C. 276, mapped—from various sources—the Nile as far as Khartoum and its Abyssinian affluents. He first hinted at the lake sources of the great river. At this time Greek influence was extending all along the east coast of Africa as far as Zanzibar and North Africa, whilst the Sabaen Arabs of S. Arabia, possibly in conjunction with the Phœnicians, were penetrating Zambesia in search of gold and working south as far as Delagoa Bay. In 168 B.C. Rome displaced the Greek thralldom over Egypt and became interested in the Nile and its sources.

The Emperor Nero of ill-fame seems to have possessed a certain interest in exploration. He sent an expedition under two centurions to discover the sources of the White Nile. At first with boats and afterwards with dug-out canoes furnished by the Nubian chiefs, they ascended, according to Schweinfurth and other writers, to beyond the confluence of the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the Bahr-el-Jebel, possibly as far as Meshra-el-rek. Some writers say they went as far as the Bari country, but this is doubtful. The discouraging reports given by the two centurions ended Roman exploration in this direction, but turned attention to the south-west, where in A.D. 150 an expedition under Septimus Flaccus

penetrated through the Berber kingdom south-west as far as Lake Chad. A very correct idea of the sources of the Nile seems to have been formed at this time by one Diogenes, a Greek merchant, who, penetrating from the East African coast on the Pagani river, says he 'travelled inland for a twenty-five days' journey, and arrived in the vicinity of the two great lakes and the snowy range of mountains whence the Nile draws its twin sources.' Two centuries before Christ the idea that the Nile came from great lakes was vaguely surmised, so the credit of this theory cannot be given to the geographers Marinus and Ptolemacus (A.D. 150), who are generally accredited with the first discovery that the Nile came from the snowy Mountains of the Moon (Ruwenzori).

Exploration of the Nile sources seems to have been at a standstill for many centuries, for it was not until 1625 that two Jesuit missionaries, Paez and Lobo, discovered the source of the Blue Nile in the neighbourhood of Lake Tsana. This was a great disappointment to the famous Scottish traveller, James Bruce, who thought he had done so in 1770, but D'Anville, the French geographer, was able to prove to him that, although his facts were correct, Paez and Lobo had antedated him by many years. Little, however, had been done to solve the problem of the sources of the White Nile until after the Napoleonic invasion of Egypt, which broke the power of the Moslem and opened up a new era. France, in fact, opened the door for English pioneers, and to them is due all we know of Central Africa and the sources of the White Nile to-day.

We may accept that the first great move in White Nile exploration was the second expedition organised

in 1841 by Muhammad Ali, the despotic ruler of Egypt, which travelled south as far as Gondokoro, in N. lat. $4^{\circ} 42'$. It was accompanied by two Frenchmen and a clever German named Ferdinand Werner, who wrote an interesting account of the expedition and published an excellent map of the great river from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and even beyond to Nimule. This account was attractive to travellers of various European nationalities, who followed the routes first pioneered by the Turkish and Nubian slave-dealers. Many of them gave up their lives in the poisonous climate of the Upper Nile valley.

In 1845 a Welsh mining engineer, named John Petherick, whom we have to thank for bringing the first specimens of Mrs. Gray's Kob to England, took service under Muhammad Ali, and wrote an interesting book entitled 'Egypt, Sudan, and Central Africa.' After the death of Muhammad Ali (1848) he became an ivory trader and explored the rivers Jur, Yah, and Rol, which flow through the Bahr-el-Ghazal. He was the first white man to reach the Niam-Niam country, which in 1868 was so well described by Schweinfurth. Later he was sent to relieve Speke and Grant, but seems to have been more interested in revisiting the Niam-Niam, exploration on the rivers, and in trading and studying the slave traffic.

Petherick, who came in for much criticism for his supineness in not helping Speke and Grant, and allowing Mr. (Sir Samuel) Baker to pass him (1862-1863), yet added greatly to our knowledge of the Upper Nile basin and enriched the British Museum with many new birds and beasts. After Petherick, Dr. Albert Peney did some good work in Bahr-el-Ghazal and the

Bari country, but attributed greater importance to the Yei river than it deserves. Also his view that it was a great affluent of the White Nile was incorrect. He also first visited the unknown country east of Gondokoro, and died of blackwater fever in 1861. Next came Vaudet, who was killed by the Bari (1859), and the brothers Poncet, to be followed by a clever Venetian named Giovanni Miani, who explored the headwaters of streams coming from the Niam-Niam country and first suggested the mountain barrier and a great river (the Welle) flowing to the west on the far side.

Between 1850 and 1860 Khartoum was the great slave-market of all tribes obtained by capture from the south. Here in the market, any day, could be seen Dinka, Bari, Madi, Shilluk, Akka, Pigmy, and Bongo slaves exposed for sale.

The year 1854 marks an important date in African exploration. Immediately following his remarkable journey to Mecca a young officer from India named Lieut. Richard Burton came to Africa. Having obtained leave from the authorities to try to find the sources of the Nile by a journey across Somaliland, Burton was joined at Aden by an equally outstanding figure in the person of Lieut. John Hanning Speke. The expedition, however, ended in disaster: Lieut. Stroyan, another member, was killed and Speke and Burton both wounded during an attack by the Somalis.

Burton was not discouraged by this set-back, but made up his mind to attack the Nile sources from a new point. Going in from Zanzibar, Burton, with Speke as his lieutenant, reached the Unyamwezi country in 1857, and there learned from the Arab traders that the Great Lake really consisted of three lakes (Nyassa, Tanganyka,

and Victoria). Here Burton was taken ill with constant fever, and most of the work devolved on Speke. After many difficulties they reached Ujiji, and thus discovered Lake Tanganyka. After further explorations, during which they found no river flowed northwards, the two explorers returned to Kazie, in Unyamwezi, and travelling northwards Speke reached the southern gulfs of the Victoria Nyanza, the great lake named after the Queen of England, and the true source from which the main White Nile emerges. This important discovery created a sensation in England and opened the way to further expeditions.

Speke had always been an adventurer, a lover of sport and natural history, and imbued with a fervent desire to make as good a collection of the great mammals of Africa as had been done by Cornwallis Harris and Gordon Cumming in the south. With Capt. James Grant, Speke, helped by public subscription, again set out for the Victoria Nyanza in the year 1860. Speke now had a companion after his own heart, for his relations with Burton had not been happy. Grant was an excellent zoologist and botanist, as well as a man of magnificent physique and gentle, unselfish disposition.¹ In the Unyamwezi country they first heard of the great mountain range of Ruwenzori from the Arabs, but had great difficulty in proceeding owing to the scarcity of porters, the men from South Africa which the explorers had brought north either proving useless or dying from fever. After endless difficulties, Speke and Grant entered Uganda, where, in Mumanika's country, Speke

¹ I knew him well for three years when he lived near Nairn, N.B., and had many delightful talks with him of old days in Africa. His loyalty and affection for Speke were unbounded.

discovered the *sitatunga*, a strange water antelope found also in the Nile valley and South, Central, and West Africa where suitable swamps occur.

Speke seems to have taken the shape of the Victoria Nyanza for granted at this period and was only anxious to push on and work down the Nile to its outlet at Gondokoro, where he had men, boats, and provisions awaiting him. It was not till July 1862 that Speke was able to leave the capricious and cruel King of Uganda and rejoin his friend Grant. On the 28th of July Speke stood beside the Ripon Falls, where the Nile emerges from the Victoria Nyanza, and describes it as the most interesting sight he had ever seen in Africa.

After a journey to Unyoro overland, Speke and Grant stayed for two months at Kamurasi's court, where they received the welcome news that some of their men had reached Petherick's outpost, going through Lango and Achole (N. Uganda). On November 9 the travellers set off north, descending the Kafu river to the main Nile. Soon they left the river, and partly by canoe and partly by marching through Achole came to Faloro, where Sudanese, sent by a Maltese trader named De Bono, were met with. After more delays and attacks by Bari natives, Speke and Grant at last reached Gondokoro on February 15, 1863. Speke, who had expected to find Petherick, was overjoyed at meeting his friend Samuel Baker, who, with his gallant wife, had journeyed south from Khartoum. Petherick and his wife arrived a few days later. The party then went down stream and eventually reached Cairo. Of Speke's original one hundred porters, only nineteen were left at the end of the long journey.

It is sad to think that so experienced a sportsman

and so great a man as Speke should have met his untimely death as a result of a gun accident whilst out partridge shooting. Grant and his other friends never ceased to lament the sad event and to place him in the front rank of modern explorers. Speke solved the mystery of the Nile as Stanley made known the Congo.

Another great name in Nile exploration was Samuel White Baker (afterwards Sir Samuel Baker). He was born in 1821, and like all other explorers and naturalists was a sad failure at school. After experiences in Mauritius and Ceylon, on which he wrote an interesting book, his first wife died, and he became manager of a railway on the Danube and did much big-game hunting (in Asia Minor), to which he was devoted.

In 1861 he arrived at Cairo with his brave wife, who was a Hungarian named Ninian Von Sass. She accompanied him and shared the perils and hardships of nearly all his future expeditions. Baker's intention was to get to the Victoria Nyanza, or at least Gondokoro, and meet Speke and Grant. After a short excursion up the Atbara and Kassala, so as to become accustomed to African travel and learn Arabic, he went to the Settit, where he had some wonderful hunting with the Hamran Arabs, whose skill with the sword amongst large animals he vividly described. In June 1862 he reached Khartoum. In a sailing boat, Baker and his wife then worked south to Gondokoro, the Bari, Madi, and Achole countries, and entered Unyoro. Here they met with a hostile reception and had many difficulties, owing to the desertion of porters, but at last, in March 1864, discovered a new great lake, which was named the Albert Nyanza. The travellers skirted the lake to Magungo, where it is entered by the Victoria Nile. Ascending

this river, they discovered the Murchison Falls. After many adventures and hardships, the party eventually returned to Gondokoro, and reached Khartoum in May 1868.

In 1869 Sir Samuel Baker returned to the regions of the great lakes, after being appointed to take charge of a four years' expedition to subdue and annex for the Egyptian Government the equatorial regions of the Nile basin. This resulted in constant little wars with the Bari and the slave-traders of Unyoro (Uganda). Baker can hardly be said to have made much of a success of stopping the slave trade, and it is very doubtful if his employers ever wished him to do so. Slave dealing went on just the same in Khartoum as if he had never been there, and after his departure in 1873 most of Baker's worst enemies amongst the traders were reinstated by the Egyptian Governor-General.

Sir Harry Johnston draws¹ a correct picture of Baker, whom I have the pleasure of knowing personally, and his great influence with the natives. Gordon Pasha was only a name; Emin, a retiring naturalist without influence; 'but Baker Pasha is, in the remembrance of the old people, the one heroic white man they have known: terrible in battle, scrupulously just, at all times kind and jovial in demeanour amongst friends; a born ruler over a savage people.'

As an explorer of the Upper Nile region, Miss Alexandrine Tinné deserves mention, not only for the successful expeditions she conducted to Bahr-el-Ghazal (1861) and the Sobat river, and in 1863 to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as far as the mountain borders of the Niam-Niam country, where she lost half her *personnel* by fever,

¹ *The Nile Quest*, p. 191.

but also for the fact that she took with her one Theodor von Heuglin, a great zoologist, who did splendid work in first making known to us most of its interesting birds and mammals. In a subsequent expedition to the Tuwareg country in the Sahara, this brave lady was killed by these treacherous nomads, who from time immemorial have consistently attacked all caravans. Miss Tinné is a romantic figure in Nile exploration. She was beautiful, a daring rider, a good linguist, but much too kind and trusting to venture amongst the savage marauders of the desert, who acknowledge only one thing—the power of the sword and the rifle.

Little was known of the western and southern portions of the Bahr-el-Ghazal until the German naturalist and botanist, Georg Schweinfurth, arrived in Africa. He reached Khartoum in November 1868. After some adventures on the river, notably a severe attack on his boat by bees, 'worse than any lion or buffalo,' as he truthfully remarks, he made his way to Meshra-el-Rek. Here Schweinfurth, although completely out of sympathy with the cruel slave-traders, was obliged for safety to join their companies, so as to reach distant parts of the Niam-Niam country and work at his zoology and botany. His reports did much to bring about the eventual disappearance of the abominable slave trade. Schweinfurth spent three years exploring the south and western regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and I must refer my readers to his excellent book, 'The Heart of Africa,' which remains to-day as complete and accurate a record of the country as when it was published in 1873.

In this work Schweinfurth published an excellent map of his routes, 1868–1871, and though certain parts of Unyoro were made too mountainous, the lake system

discovered by Speke and Baker was more or less correct. For this reason Speke's discoveries were criticised as not being original, which, added to the ill-natured attacks of Burton, for a time somewhat dimmed the lustre of that famous traveller's work. Yet confirmation of Speke's work was given by Stanley, who had lately relieved Livingstone at Ujiji. He made a survey of the Victoria Nyanza, confirmed Speke's work, and added much to our knowledge of the great lake.

Stanley also passed Ruwenzori and the south end of the Albert Nyanza without knowing he had touched this lake, and so went south to Tanganyka.

Sir Harry Johnston, a great authority on all things African, gives great credit to Sir Samuel Baker and later to Charles Gordon (Gordon Pasha) for their suppression of the slave trade. Without doubt Baker broke up, to some extent, the organisations of this terrible traffic in Uganda and the equatorial provinces; but if we read carefully the account of Gordon's mission to Gondokoro and beyond, he did little or nothing to check the work of the great slave-raiders in the Bahr-el-Ghazal and elsewhere, but even pardoned one, Suleiman, the son of the notorious Zubeir, the greatest slave-raider in all Africa, and appointed him sub-governor of Darfur, where he was able to continue his nefarious trade. Later this ruffian (in 1878) openly espoused the cause of the Nubian and Arab slave-traders and subjugated and harassed the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal region.

The slave trade flourished and went on as successfully as ever long after Baker and Gordon had left the country, because Islam wanted slaves, and the employment of Baker and Gordon was a pure bluff, merely to throw dust in the eyes of Europe and allow the Egyptian

Government to pose as humanitarians. It is true that after Suleiman's fall from grace Gordon employed one Gessi, an Italian, who had already solved the connection of the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas, and for which he received little credit, to suppress Suleiman in Darfur. This Gessi succeeded in doing, when Suleiman was at last captured and shot in 1879. Gessi, whose admirable work never received its proper reward, died at Suez in 1881 as the result of his privations.

Other travellers who did good work in making known the sources of the Nile and the equatorial provinces were Chaillé-Long, who travelled in the Niam-Niam country; Ernst Marno, a Viennese, who surveyed West Lado and the Yei river; Casati, an Italian officer, who travelled much in the Sudan; Dr. Gustav Nachtigal, who wandered through the Sahara, Bornu, Lake Chad, and Western Darfur; and Dr. Wilhelm Junker, who made important explorations in the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the neighbourhood of the Welle river in the Belgian Congo, as far as branches of the Aruwimi river. Frank Lupton, too, a native of Essex, explored the same region. The gallant Colonel Marchand did some good work in surveying the Jur river, the Bahr-el-Arab, Bahr-el-Hamr, the Tonj, and Rol, which all come from the west into the Bahr-el-Ghazal river. These confluents were practically unknown owing to sudd blockage above Meshra-el-Rek. Subsequent explorations of the Upper Nile basin and the great lakes were made by Joseph Thomson in 1883 and also by Emin Pasha during his numerous journeys through Uganda and the Nile-Congo watershed. He added greatly to our knowledge of these countries, and filled many of the gaps in the science

SHILLUKS AND NILE EXPLORATION 89
of geography, ethnology, and natural history of that region.

Emin Pasha governed Equatoria for four years; that is to say, he was a nominal governor, cut off from all communication with Egypt. He was quite happy making his natural history collections, and only wanted to be left alone and not 'discovered' by Stanley or anyone else. Stanley, however, made a remarkable journey by way of the Congo, and discovered the real Mountains of the Moon (Ruwenzori) (May 1888) and the complete course of the Semliki river. This river is the Albert Nile suggested by Baker, and actually first discovered by Emin Pasha. Stanley, however, knew its course to its exit from the Albert Nyanza.

Emin returned to the Ruwenzori range and the Great Forest in 1890 with Dr. Stuhlmann, a German official, and did much good work in making known the fauna and flora of this lovely region. Poor Emin then went west into the Congo forest, but was captured by slave-raiders, who cut his throat in October 1892.

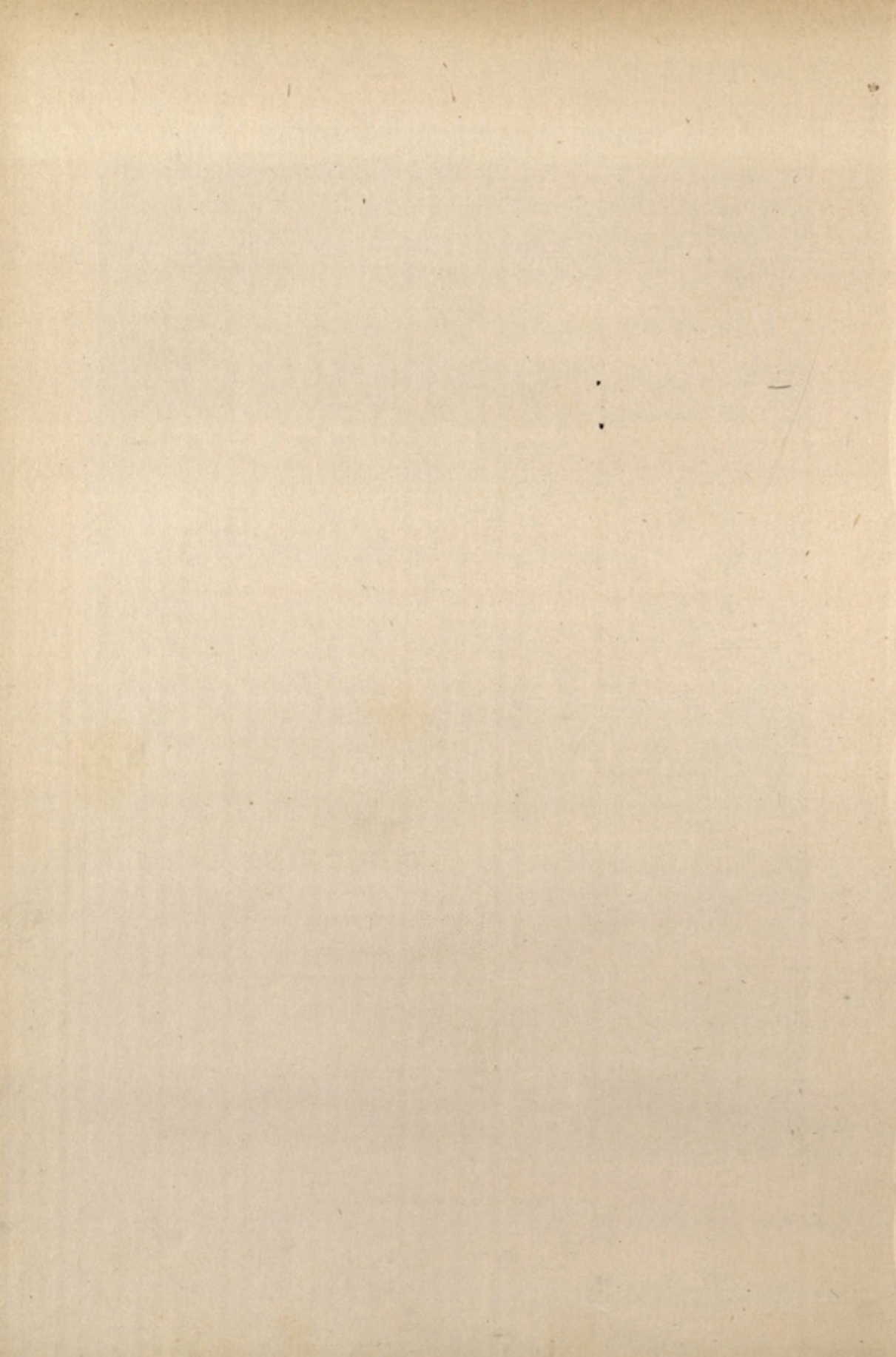
Here we may leave the Nile and the history of its explorations and discovery, although since 1893 many details have been filled in by subsequent travellers, such as Baumann, Sir Frederick Lugard, Scott-Elliot, Stuhlmann, Moore, Sir Gerald Portal, Colonel Macdonald, Sir F. Jackson, Hopley, Gedge, Majors Austin and Bright, Captain Welby, Dr. Donaldson Smith, Major W. Delmé-Radcliffe, Grogan, and Major Gibbons. A great achievement was completed in 1900, when the obstruction of the sudd from Lake No to Shambe was cut through and cleared by an expedition under Major Malcolm Peake, for to-day travel is easy from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and even to East Africa and

Uganda, whilst the French and Belgians have recently constructed good motor roads from Nimule and Rejaf down into the Welle and Congo territory. A work, too, which opened up a new epoch was Sir Harry Johnston's 'The Uganda Protectorate.' It embodies an encyclopædia of correct knowledge, historical, political, and zoological, of all that relates to that wonderful country, and no student of things African should fail to read it or admire its remarkable illustrations.



White Eared Kob
from life

WHITE-EARED KOB STUDIES



CHAPTER IV

THE SUDD REGION, BAHR-EL-GHAZAL, AND THE NIAM-NIAM TRIBE

ALL the next day we steamed on through endless papyrus, ambatch and high swamp grass, stretching on either side for miles, as far as the eye could see. On the edge of the stream were great masses of a lovely blue water convolvulus (*Ipomæa*), now in full flower. A cool breeze came from the north, and had dispersed the masses of mosquitoes that had invaded the ship the previous evening, driving us to our netted beds immediately after dinner.

Amongst the papyrus grew long reeds, twelve to fourteen feet high, the true Nile reed, or 'Shary' of the ancient Egyptians. In the Bible this plant is known as 'Soof,' a name still used by the Arabs for the common river grass, which they call 'Oom-Soof' (the mother of wool). In the swamps, too, was noticed a species of acacia (*A. verugera*), which is a large tree, reaching seventy feet in height, and these often stand out in the swamp like old Scotch firs.

This part of the voyage was very monotonous, as owing to the scarcity of open spaces in the sudd there was little chance of seeing game. However, as I stood

on the upper deck at 3 p.m., we came to some flat stretches of mud, about eighty yards broad, on the west bank of the stream. There stood, at thirty yards' distance, four female of a species of antelope I had never seen before. They were of a deep dull red colour, carried their heads very low, and walked slowly along with a certain deliberation, rather like sitatunga. Some thirty yards behind the females were two three-quarter grown males engaged in a little boxing match, and pushing one another about. These were half black and half reddish-brown, and carried horns about twenty-five inches long. This was our first sight of Mrs. Gray's Kob, an animal of great interest to naturalists.

This inspiring scene had just vanished, when on the far side of another opening, and about eighty yards away, I saw ten females of the same species, followed by a splendid male with horns about thirty inches long. They were walking slowly into the dense vegetation, when the male stopped and looked back, giving a fine view of his noble proportions. I could detect no white patch on the top of the withers, but have been told that this mark is sometimes absent in adult males.

Correctly speaking, Theodor von Heuglin, the great naturalist and traveller, was the discoverer of this fine antelope. He gave it a name in 1855, but did not publish any description of it until 1863, when he called it *Adenota megaceros*. Heuglin brought home skins and skulls of this antelope, and also a living female, which was placed in the menagerie at Schönbrunn, where it did not live long. Meanwhile, in 1859, Consul Petherick brought home heads and skins of Mrs. Gray's Kob, which were acquired by the British Museum,

and these were named and described by Dr. Gray after his wife Maria. Until 1900 the animal was known as Mrs. Gray's Waterbuck. Not being a true waterbuck, the appellation was changed later to Mrs. Gray's Kob, or Cob, which was an excellent name for it; but some recent systematist has lately called it the Nile Lechwi or Lechwee, for what reason I do not know, as it is no more allied to the South African Lechwee than it is to other kobs. In fact, from a study of the animal in the wilds, its movements and general behaviour stamp it, although a true kob, as not being very closely related to any other members of this group.

Quite apart from the important claims of priority of nomenclature, the name 'Mrs. Gray' should stand, as everywhere in Sudan that is the only name by which this much-admired antelope is known. Moreover, the Dinkas of the Nile Valley and north-west districts of Bahr-el-Ghazal know only one word of English, and that is 'Mrs. Gray.' They do not even know 'Yes' or 'No'; but say to a Dinka 'Fēn el Mrs. Gray?' (Where is Mrs. Gray?), and they at once extend a long arm, and point in the direction of the Nile or the great swamp to the north. The name 'Nile Lechwee' will not do for Mrs. Gray's Kob, as custom will kill or ignore it.

Schweinfurth, curiously enough, brought home no specimens of this noble antelope, though he saw large herds of it on his journeys up the White Nile. Nearly every subsequent traveller to the sudd and beyond has seen this animal, so it is curious that even so late as 1900 Sclater and Oldfield Thomas say that there were no perfect specimens in England. Wolf's picture (and Wolf seldom made mistakes) gives the male neck hair

as long as that of a goat, which is quite incorrect, as well as very white under-parts. Also the female, which is a dull and sometimes almost a bright deep red, is represented as blackish-brown, like the male.

Mrs. Gray's Kob is generally spoken of as a rare animal; but it is still abundant on all edges of the great swamp region, where it is not subject to molestation by riflemen on river steamers. The Dinkas and others kill a certain number, as they require the ends of the sharp horns for spear heads. There are still a few herds about Lake No and up the Bahr-el-Ghazal to Mesh-el-Rek, but now it is most abundant on the outer edge of the great swamp region, north-west from the Lao river, and about the unknown area where the Nam and the Gelle rivers break into numerous channels and empty themselves in the great marsh. At the time of our visit to the swamp between the Nam and the Lao rivers we saw but few 'Mrs. Gray,' owing to the high state of water in the marsh, where it was not possible to penetrate; but in the previous year, in May, when the water of the sudd region was at its lowest, Captain Brocklehurst estimated one herd at not less than 800 to 1000. Native Dinkas corroborated this statement, so it is doubtless correct.

'Mrs. Gray' is, in fact, a common antelope in all this part of Bahr-el-Ghazal, so that if the excellent regulations, allowing the sportsman only two specimens during his lifetime, are maintained in the future, there is no reason it should not survive long after other commoner species depart. 'Mrs. Gray's' home is, in fact, so abominable to man and dangerous to his health, that the animal is protected from all but the hardiest and keenest naturalists, who do not mind a few risks.



MRS. GRAY'S KOB ATTITUDE ON FIRST ALARM

I shall have more to say about the beautiful and swamp-loving Mrs. Gray's Kob when we come to the chase of this animal.

During the afternoon we had another interesting experience in viewing at close range two specimens of that wonderful bird the Shoe-billed Stork (*Balaniceps rex*). It is a giant amongst its genus, and quite distinct from any of them, possessing a character and appearance unlike any other bird. It is solitary and sluggish in habit, standing for hours, scarcely moving, in one spot. When alarmed it rises slowly, and seems to fly with some difficulty and a heavy flopping motion. In sunlight its colour is a lovely soft blue. One specimen was so kind as to settle down about twenty-five yards from the steamer, as it stopped to negotiate a difficult bend in the stream, so we had time to do some sketches from life.

This remarkable bird is known to the Arabs as *Aboomarkoob* (father of the slipper), from the peculiar shape of the bill. Prior to 1850 it was unknown to science, and it is curious that so striking a creature was not previously observed and described, since it is so distinct. The Shoe-billed Stork breeds in May and June, and forms a great nest of ambatch stalks close to the water. In Africa this bird is found only in the sudd region and on the Albert Nyanza.

As the Shoe-billed Stork sits on one leg in melancholy contemplation, with head sunk on its arched neck, we cannot fail to observe the curious workings of Nature in producing a similar type of structure, repose or movement amongst birds and mammals (including man) which dwell in swamps. This is known as assimilation to surroundings. The herons and storks, the *sitatunga*,

and the Nuers, Dinkas, and Shilluks all move or stand at rest in much the same attitudes.

'Nowhere in the world could a better illustration be afforded of the remarkable law of Nature which provides that similar conditions of existence should produce corresponding types amongst all ranks of animal creation. It does not admit of a doubt that men and beasts in many districts of which the natural features are in marked contrast to the surrounding parts do exhibit singular coincidences, and that they do display a certain agreement in their tendencies. The confirmation of this resemblance which is offered by the Shillooks, Nueir, and the Dinka is very complete ; those tribes stationed on the low marshy flats which adjoin the river are altogether different in habit to those which dwell amongst the crags and rocks of the interior.

"They gave me the impression," says my predecessor Heuglin, "that amongst men they hold very much the same place that flamingoes, as birds, hold with reference to the rest of the feathered race," and he is right. Like the marshers, they are accustomed for an hour at a time to stand motionless on one leg, supporting the other above the knee. Their leisurely long stride over the rushes is only to be compared to that of a stork. Lean and lanky limbs, a long, thin neck, on which rests a small and narrow head, give a finishing touch to the resemblance.'¹

Once I had a chance of seeing a male sitatunga in confinement, and noticed how similar all his movements were to that of a heron or a Dinka. The animal in question lifted high each leg with slow deliberation as it proceeded, and held its head low and forward in a snaky fashion. The effect of long assimilation is also seen amongst the mountain Hadendowa, who move over the rocks like ibex, and the Mombuttu Pigmies, who

¹ Schweinfurth, *The Heart of Africa*, vol. i. p. 33.



ATTITUDES OF MRS. GRAY'S KOB IN LIFE

are little removed from the native chimpanzees of the great forest.

In this part of the river were masses of water-plants, *Trapa* (water-nut), *Potamogeton*, and yellow *Ottelia*, as well as white and mauve water-lilies (*Nymphaea*). The seeds of the two last named are pounded down by the Nuers into a meal, and eaten by them, but they do not use the water-nut, which is equally good as food. Amongst the submerged grass, too, grows in great abundance the Ethiopian *Vallisneria*, which sends up from a fathom deep its bright blossoms affixed to spiral peduncles.

All the next day we ploughed onwards through vast papyrus swamps, seeing only a few Nuers fishing or travelling in their cranky dugouts, which they handle with extraordinary skill. Next morning, however, we were again cheered with a sight of three elephants, one a large bull with small tusks, feeding out in a swampy plain within four miles of Shambe, which we reached at noon. Our river journey of 900 miles had lasted twelve days.

The village of Shambe stands on the west bank of the Nile, on the shores of a wide lagoon. It consists of a large Rest-house, Government stores, the house and Court-house of the Mamur (resident Egyptian officer), and the usual lines of huts, inhabited by a mixed population of Dinkas, Sudanese, and hybrid races, and an Arab shop or two. On the north side of the town are a few Dinkas and their cattle and one small family of Nuers, the farthest south these people come on the west bank of the Nile.

Three years ago a big party of Nuers raided south to Shambe, and gave the local Dinkas a rough time, as

well as stealing numbers of cattle; but the police drove them north again, and they are not likely to repeat the incursion, as Major Fergusson has these people well in hand.

After getting all our baggage stored in the Rest-house, and interviewing the Mamur, who gave us the welcome news that our Niam-Niam porters were on the road and expected to appear in two days, we went for a ride on our donkeys to test their qualities. They were grand. In fact I have never seen such mokes. They ran along in a gentle trickle at five miles an hour, giving so little motion in the saddle that you might have been sitting in an armchair. We went about five miles to the forest edge, and then over a very bumpy plain, which the donkeys did not seem to appreciate. No game was sighted except a small, very red duiker, which we did not see again on our travels, and numbers of the open-billed stork. Near the edge of the forest we came on our first Dinka camp, such as they make in the 'Toge' when grazing their cattle. In the centre was a great heap of white ashes, on which lay five or six horrid-looking ghosts. On emerging these nasty freaks proved to be men. They stalked slowly up and gave us their cold, clammy hands. Shaking hands with a wild Dinka is a gruesome proceeding, and I have never quite got over the chill it gave me. A Dinka's hand is always cold, and always wet or damp, and the process of greeting is like nothing but grasping a dead fish that has just been taken out of cold storage. However, if you refuse to shake hands, as some people do, these natives are much hurt, so you are more or less forced to smile blandly, grasp the proffered hand, and say 'Salaam.'

These people had just killed an ox, or it had died, and the whole place was hung with festoons of long strips of drying flesh, eagerly watched at a short distance by a great circle of Marabou storks and small vultures.

On our return to dinner in the Rest-house we did not sit and admire the sunset for long, as Shambe is famous for one thing—the abundance of *Anopheles* mosquitoes. They came in great battalions, and drove us to bed under the nets in quick time. The Rest-house is said to contain a mosquito-proof room. It is correctly named, for mosquitoes enter in swarms, and the sleeping chamber seems quite proof against their getting out again. These vicious little insects were so cunning and swift in their movements, that often, when you put your hand outside the net for a cup of soup, several would dive in as you withdrew it. Then followed the usual hunt with your electric lamp in one hand, and the other ready for use as a killer. You must creep all round the inside of the net to slay the intruder, or you will have no rest at night. In doing so a man gets so annoyed and intense in the pursuit of the last one, that he generally upsets the soup in the bed. Raoul used to be over-joyed when this occurred to me, but when he upset his soup and I chuckled, he would remark that he saw nothing funny in spending the night on a small mountain of towels that bobbed up just where his back fitted.

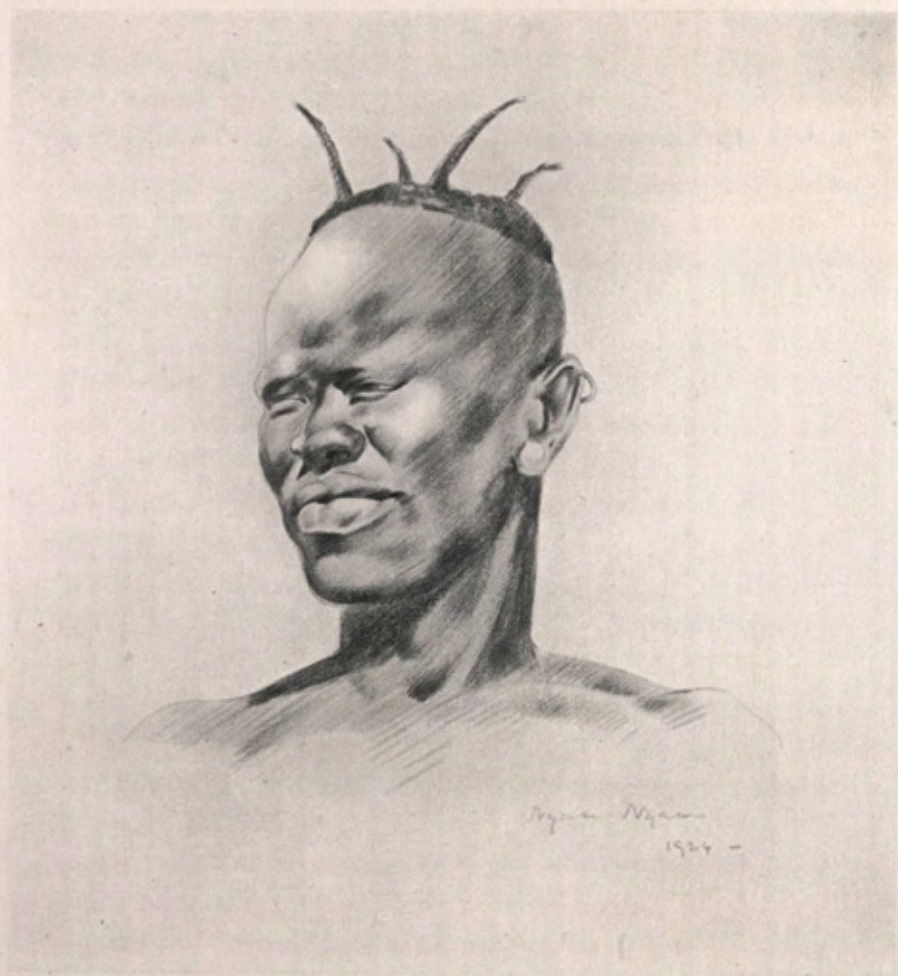
Our first night ashore in Shambe was a terrible one, and I never had a wink of sleep. Firstly, both donkeys were tied up with chains round the iron pillars of the Rest-house, and these they clanked at intervals, when they were not roaring defiance to other gentlemen

mokes of bellicose disposition. What was infinitely worse was the continuous screeching and fighting of large fruit-bats concealed in the thatched roof. This continued in an uninterrupted way from sunset till dawn. Also, the natives started singing and dancing to a tom-tom about 100 yards away, and kept it up till midnight. At regular intervals pi-dogs howled in chorus, hippopotami grunted out on the lagoon, and shrieking spur-winged plover yelled in unison as they settled on the beach some twenty yards away. It was a perfect pandemonium, and to make it worse Raoul said next morning he had had a lovely night, and was feeling particularly fresh and good.

At dawn we went for a walk up the river, to look for whistling teal. On the edge of the great swamp, and about a mile from the village, we found a flock, and Raoul, getting close in, dropped seven with two barrels, giving us a good supply of the very best duck meat for the next two days. As we picked up the fallen a perfect cloud of mosquitoes rose from the marshes and descended upon us, so that we had to beat a hasty retreat. Here, as well as for thirty miles inland, these insects attack at any time of day, and are a constant menace to the traveller.

After breakfast we heard a melancholy chant rising in the distance, until it swelled into a pleasant chorus in the wide space in front of the Mamur's house. We went to explore, and found that ninety-seven wild Niam-Niam porters had arrived from the interior, having marched over 250 miles from their native forest in a few days, with little kit except their arms and a bag of durra.

The Niam-Niam are squat, sturdy, good-tempered



NIAM-NIAM WITH HORN-SHAPED HAIR DRESSING

savages, and make far the best porters in Central Africa, with the single exception of the Unyumwezi of Tanganyika province, who excel them in strength and happy natures. Out of the total, twenty-four were allotted to us, the rest being required by the Mamur of Rumbek, who was also proceeding inland, and for the portage of Government stores to Wau. We considered ourselves lucky in obtaining the services of these excellent men,¹ as otherwise we should have had to rely on Dinkas, who are apathetic and nearly useless as porters.

With these men came two policemen, a Dinka corporal named Umbasha Kow and a Juer corporal, both excellent men, dressed in uniform and armed with rifles and ammunition. Nominally they were for 'our protection,' being supplied free of charge by the Sudan Government.

In the afternoon Raoul took a long walk into the country between the forest edge and the swamp, to look for a big bull elephant that frequented this ground. Near the Dinka encampment he met a young man, who said that the elephant had walked into the forest about an hour previously.

On the way home he put up a male Bohor reedbuck. In three running shots at 200 yards he killed it, and brought back the head, which was a good one. Men sent for the meat later found the carcass useless, as the vultures had made short work of it.

In the evening I exchanged my beautiful white donkey for a sturdy Abyssinian mule. It was with much regret that I did so, but by all accounts donkeys

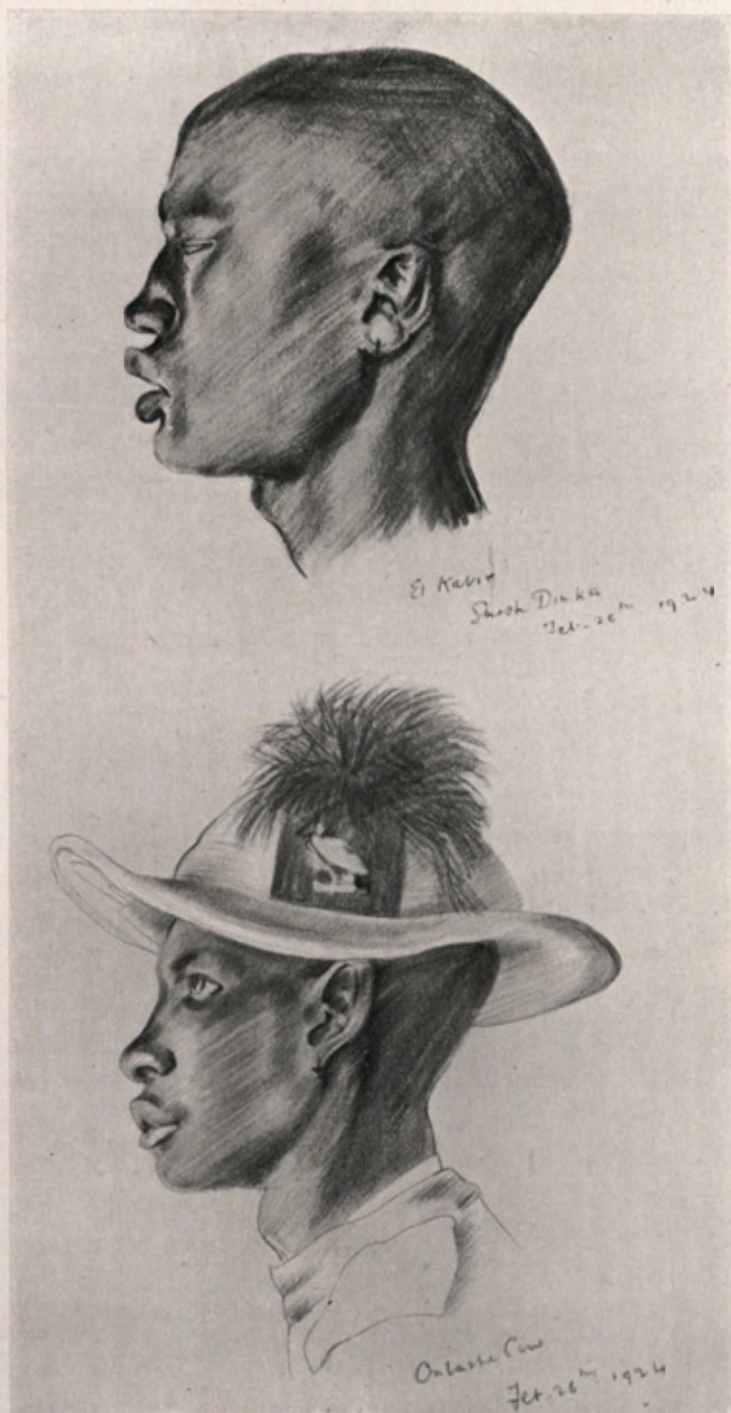
¹ Our thanks are due to Major Kidd and Capt. Brocklehurst for obtaining these porters, who are never easy to get and are indispensable on a long journey. Mr. Wheatley also helped us in our journey through the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

have a short life in the interior, owing to tsetse-fly, so it was well to have one sure conveyance in case of illness.

At 6 a.m. on January 20 we had adjusted all loads and made a start for the interior. About fifty pounds is the usual load, but one merry fellow whom we christened 'Cheery Charlie,' as he was always laughing, made nothing of my bed full of cartridges and weighing at least eighty pounds. Umbasha Kow marched in front with conscious dignity, and 'Kawbul,' the Juer corporal, brought up the rear and assisted stragglers. Every evening he reported 'all present.' The first day on trek with new carriers is always a somewhat trying one, but these excellent savages did their twenty miles' march in two instalments without excessive fatigue, and were quite merry at the end, although we had seen no game or shot meat for them.

Evening was drawing on and the porters were getting tired when, on approaching the second Rest-house, we surprised a cock ostrich quite close to the road. He opened his great wings and ran at top speed, and then squatted down on the edge of high grass, in full view at about 200 yards. Fancy an East or South African ostrich doing this! I presume he was thoroughly educated and had been reading the fact of his complete protection in the newspapers. Raoul saw a good many ostriches after this one, and none of them were wild, as they are never shot at. Apart from Game Regulations, their plumes are worthless.

It has been suggested that the ostrich will eat anything, but this is not the case. The following letter, in which an interesting suggestion is made as to the diet of this great bird, was recently addressed to the Zoological Society, London :



THE WILD AND SEMI-CIVILIZED DINKA

'DEAR SIR,—I am sending you a haggis. Some misguided and generous Scot despatched it to me that I might eat it.

'Much as I should like to honour St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, on Friday, I cannot bring myself to approach nearer than several feet. Can it be true that Scotsmen eat and enjoy this gastronomic absurdity ?

'I have heard rumours and reports regarding the ability of one of your ostriches. I plead that you should make a test of strength—Ostrich *v.* Haggis, a five rounds contest.

'Should the haggis prove less attractive than broken glass and nails (which I understand is the usual diet of your ostrich), it will prove once and for all that the Scots' claims to hardiness are fully justified.

'Eat this haggis myself I cannot.

(Signed) 'ST. GEORGE.'

A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* who witnessed the encounter thus describes it :

'In the accompanying parcel was the challenger—a large and beautifully trained Haggis in the pink of condition.

'Like many another heavy-weight event, the actual fight was a disappointment. In the ring the Haggis played a waiting game, while the Ostrich used his superior speed and secured a berth well to windward. The bird then turned his tail-feathers on his opponent and hurried back to his training quarters.'

At the second Rest-house—as usual, swarming with mosquitoes—we found a tall Dinka of pleasant countenance. He said he had been sent to meet us from Rumbek, and would conduct us to the Mrs. Gray swamp which was to be our first hunting camp. Kabir (The Big One) was his name, and he called himself a hunter, but seemed to know little of the chase or taking a spoor.

It was monotonous walking or riding along a main road, and the chances of seeing game were not great. We

were especially keen to shoot an animal of some kind to put the porters in good heart, for these Niam-Niam are essentially meat-eaters. Give them meat every day and no trek is too long or weight too heavy.

The Niam-Niam, or Zande, are a very large tribe of Bantu negroes, which for the most part inhabit the great forest of the N.E. Congo, abutting on S.W. Bahr-el-Ghazal. For a history of these people living on the Belgian side of the border I must refer my readers to the comprehensive work of the Dominican missionaries C. R. Lagae and V. H. Vanden Plas, who have published two volumes dealing with the grammar, vocabulary, legends, and history of these interesting people. Concerning the various tribes and remnants of tribes living in British territory on the Nile slopes we have excellent accounts by Schweinfurth in 'The Heart of Africa' and by Major Larken in 'Sudan Notes and Records.' Major Larken is the present District Commissioner, resident at Gambio or Meridi, and knows more about the Zande than any other living man. He has made a close study of these jolly cannibals, and loves them so much that he has already selected the tree under which he wishes to be buried in their country.

Of the early history of the Zande little is known, except that they inhabited the country between the Were and Bima rivers. The clans were as follows: Bo Kunden, Ngbuepian, Vurunze, Bamingda, Kowe, Dio, Kerenga, Vundua, Ngbaga, Vungbiri, Vundakura, Ngbaduma, Ndebiri, Bandogo, Vundima, Bagua, Giti, Nzekada, Kurunge, Bogbwengi, Mbuki, and Mbari.

All of these people speak the Zande language, and defeated and despised certain other cannibal tribes living close to them—namely, the Burambo, Basini, Ngada,



NIAM-NIAM PORTERS

Pambia, and Huma. Remnants of these races still exist in south-western Bahr-el-Ghazal.

The Bugura were once a strong tribe, but were defeated in 1850 by Bazimbi, who led a Zande army against them. A remnant still exist and speak a language of their own. They occupy the valley of the Sue river, north of Yambio, and have adopted many Zande customs.

The Pambia consist of a number of small clans living in the rocky country about Tambura and west into French Congo.

'The Pambia claim descent from a chimpanzee mother. They say that once a poor and lonely bachelor, named Rumbe, fled from somewhere in the west to the Tembura hills. He was out one day after his arrival looking for *gbara* roots to eat, when a female chimpanzee came out to him from the thick forests by a stream. He explained his poverty to her, and she agreed to marry him. They lived together, and she bore him first a son, Gbungboruko, then a daughter, Natagi, and last a chimpanzee. Rumbe gave the girl to the boy in marriage, and from their union resulted the Pambia tribe. It is averred by the Pambia that if a baby cries in the forest and a chimpanzee hears it, it will carry it off to the tree-tops for a day or two and then restore it to its mother. They look on chimpanzees as their relations to this day.'¹

In the Zambio district also live the Bangminda tribe.

'Before the Zande invasion they occupied the Congo-Nile watershed between the head-waters of the rivers Kisi and Yubo (28°30' E., 4°30' N.). They were in the usual clan stage, though some of these were so large and powerful that they were able to wage war on their own account. They had no paramount chief. They deny that they were cannibals, though they are charged with being so by the Barambo. The

¹ *Sudan Notes and Records*, Dec. 1923, by Major Larken.

latter say that a Bangminda, on a rainy day, would excavate a hole in the floor of his hut and wait for a passer-by. As soon as one came, he would be invited to enter the hut to shelter from the storm and be requested to sit on some freshly prepared leaves. As these were placed over the hole, he would of course fall in, when boiling water would be poured upon him and he would be eaten.

‘Totemism existed among them, and the custom of consulting oracles obtained. They circumcised before the arrival of the Arab slavers. Males were buried facing east, females facing west, in the usual way.

‘Somewhere about 1830 they were driven east by the advancing Zande armies, and following a line more or less parallel to the crest of the Nile Congo watershed they came to Mount Bangeze, at the sources of the Sue river. Here they found the Baka in occupation and drove them out. They continued to spread out in a north-easterly direction until they arrived at the Yiba River, which they did not cross. They had to submit eventually to the Zande yoke, and they are back again now in their old home. Their dialect, though akin in some respects to that of the Huma, Barambo and Buguru, shows a marked difference to these languages.’¹

The Barambo is another cannibal tribe conquered by the Zande on the Nile-Congo watershed. They have returned to their old homes about Mboma.

But by far the most interesting fact in the social life of the Zande is the presence in their midst of a Royal Family, called the Vungara, who long ago either adopted the nation or was adopted by them. M. Vanden Plas and Major Larken have tried to elucidate the history of how the Vungara came into the Zande country, and both have failed. If it were possible to obtain in writing some of the Vungara language the problem might be solved. But this secret is jealously guarded. The language still

¹ *Sudan Notes and Records*, Dec. 1923, by Major Larken, p. 238.



"CHEERY CHARLIE"



A NIAM-NIAM TYPE

THE SUDD REGION

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exists, but all efforts, even by Major Larken, who lives amongst them and is regarded almost in the light of a demi-god, have met with no result. Perhaps in time he will master the problem.

Legend in the Bahr-el-Ghazal says that the first Vungara to come to the Zande country was one Basenginunga. He was a man of mystery, and either dropped from heaven or grew out of the ground like a mushroom. The story of his advent, as given to Major Larken by the Chiefs Kangua and Mabiko, is as follows :

‘ A hunting party, consisting of members of the Bokundeu, Ngbwepieu, and Vurunaze, were out in the forest one day setting their game nets. They were apparently on friendly terms with each other and lived together. In the undergrowth they saw a small naked boy with one leg buried in the ground. The Bokundeu claimed to have been the first to have seen him, but this was disputed by the Vurunaze, who told them to prove their claim by pulling his leg out of the ground. The Bokundeu tried in vain to do so, and the Vurunaze succeeded in freeing him, and the party took him home. They brought him up between them. To start with he could not talk, but when he had learnt to do so, and was asked how he came to be alone in the forest, he replied sometimes that he had dropped from the sky, and sometimes that he had come out of the earth. No trace could be found of his parents, and the accepted idea was that the Almighty had made him and put him where he was found.

‘ About this time a feeling of enmity seems to have been growing between the three clans. Difficulty was experienced in settling cases that arose between their

members, and even between members of the same clan. The Bokundeu used to put their meat away until it got smelly, and then eat it among themselves, issuing no invitations to the Ngbwepieu or Vurunaze. The Ngbwepieu were equally exclusive, while the Vurunaze were even more selfish than either, as they not only refused to invite their neighbours to eat with them, but went so far as not to share their food with anybody, each man devouring his own and not lifting his head from the pot till it was empty.

‘The foundling, who is known to posterity as Basenginunga, had very different ideas, and when he had any meat to make a feast with he asked everyone to come and eat it with him, irrespective of their tribe. This open-handedness appealed greatly to the people. The young man’s system, they said, was a better one than theirs, so they elected him chief over all three tribes, and gave him a wife from among the Vurunaze, whose men succeeded in freeing his leg from the ground when he was first discovered. To start with he ruled over these three clans, but soon his fame spread and other people left their clans and came and settled under him. As his power increased he conquered, one by one, all the other clans, and the non-Zande tribes also. He died, leaving a son, Senginunga, who succeeded him. Senginunga had married a lot of wives, and from him are descended all the great Vungara chieftains. His grandson was Mabenge, great-grandfather of the late Zembura.’

Niam-Niam, whom we questioned about the origin of the Royal house, said they came long ago from the far west, where there was a great lake (possibly Lake Tchad), and the physiognomy of the race of Vungara,

which is much finer than the Niam-Niam, seems to suggest such an origin.

'They have customs that are peculiar to themselves, such as the right to marry in their own tribe (which they carry to the point of incest), a thing prohibited to all other people, and the sacrifice of slaves or slave wives on the death of one of their number (which seems to argue the existence, in the dim past, of some idea of a life after death)' (Larken).

Probably the first European traveller to gain any true knowledge of the Niam-Niam was the intrepid Italian, Piaggia, who went into their country in 1866, and resided for a year among them.¹ Then followed, in 1868, Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, who made an exhaustive study of these people and their habits, modes of life, and traditions at that date.² Niam-Niam means in Dinka 'great eaters,' and great eaters they are. 'Zande' is what they call themselves. Neighbouring tribes have other names for them. The Bongo call them Mundo; the Dyoor, O-Mad-yaka; Mittoo, Makkarakka; the Golo, Kunda; whilst amongst the Mombuttu Pigmies they are known as Babungera.

The country of the Niam-Niam lies between the fourth and sixth parallels of N. lat., and is separated by the Nile-Congo watershed. The greater part of the various tribes inhabit the edge of the Congo forest. Schweinfurth puts the whole area at 48,000 square miles.

The physiognomy of the Niam-Niam is that of a pure forest savage. It is most like the Mombuttu Pigmy: Eyes large and prominent, shaded by bushy brows; skull round and broad, and the whole expression,

¹ See *Bollettino della Soc. Geogr. Italiana*, vol. i., 1868, pp. 91-168.

² Principally in chap. 8, vol. i., *The Heart of Africa*.

especially when a man smiles and shows his sharpened white teeth, is a mixture of 'animal ferocity, warlike resolution, and ingenuous candour.' In Schweinfurth's time the hair was worn very long, in plaits or tufts flung over the shoulders down to the waist, but possibly owing to inconvenience in carrying heavy loads, the Niam-Niam now shave their heads, but always leave two or four little upright horns of hair on the top, giving them the appearance of the devil himself. In character they are a mixture of child-like trust to anyone they like—such as one who feeds them well with meat—and passionate ferociousness. There is much of the wild beast about them, and they know it themselves. Witness their mode of camping at night.

All natives when on the march with Europeans sort themselves into little friendly groups, consisting of various tribes to which they belong. They grub together in a circle round a central fire, and cook, eat, and gossip without any semblance of friction.

Not so the Niam-Niam. He is a true wolf of the wilderness. The mere possibility that a friend could reach out and touch his share of meat ('Nyama') is unthinkable, because it would mean war on the spot. Accordingly, when you camp for the night you see each Niam-Niam make his own little fire and squat over it as he cooks his long strip of meat, hung in a loop between two little crutches of wood. Twenty-eight fires in one long line showed the porters' camp every night. If a Niam-Niam, in passing with leaves for his bed or carrying water, so much as looks at the meat of another man, eyes light up with a sinister gleam and friendly gossip at once ceases.

The Niam-Niam are not tall, seldom over five feet

eight inches, and one is struck by the fact that the body is very long in proportion to the legs; but they are immensely strong and active, and are the best porters in Central Africa, with the exception of the Unyumwezi. The incisor teeth are filed to a point; some say all cannibals affect this practice, and others say it is because it gives a better grip of an adversary's arm in combat. Our porters were naked except for a strip of bark cloth made from the *Urostigma* tree, and this is fastened by a girdle and drapes about the loins. In going through heavy grass in early mornings, when there was much dew, I noticed they often covered themselves with the whole skin of an antelope (usually female bush-buck).

The principal weapons of the Niam-Niam are spears or lances, tipped of iron at the point or with antelope horns, and the 'trumbash' (an Arabic word for a throwing missile), which is shaped like a boomerang, made of wood or iron and used for flinging at hares, small antelope, or birds. Many of the Niam-Niam, being forest negroes, carry bows and arrows. The latter are contained in a small quiver, and are poisoned. Also all Niam-Niam carry a small knife with a blade like a sickle. When a Niam-Niam gets his money he at once buys only the one necessity of life; a bag of durra, the rest goes to the purchase of spears, because spears are the important trade goods in Zandeland. Forty spears will buy a very nice young woman, and all the lads save up for that luxury.

In their own land the Niam-Niam men are all hunters and the women agriculturists. Cultivation is easy, as the soil of this portion of the Bahr-el-Ghazal is very rich. Manioc, sweet potatoes, yams, maize, and colocasiae grow well, and in the east plantains.

No cattle exist in the country, so the men rely for their meat on the chase, when they attack everything from an elephant to a hare, and with great success in spite of their primitive weapons. Perhaps, now that cannibalism is fast becoming extinct, their favourite dish is the small breed of dog which for long has been a native of the Niam-Niam country. These are little pot-bellied tykes of a type found in no other part of Africa. In fact the breed is now so stamped and isolated as a district form of dwarf pi-dog, that it may be considered almost a distinct species. The Niam-Niam dog has a character all its own. It is independent, affectionate, quaint, and somewhat lovable. To the stranger it comes, and after regarding you for a few moments of careful inspection, it considers whether you are worth knowing or not. Its funny little wrinkled forehead puckers as it looks at you, with head cocked on one side. It is friendly at all times, unlike the usual pi-dog, and regards man with a spirit of adoption if it likes him. Like its master, in the presence of game it is bold and savage, in spite of its diminutive size.

Captain Richards, who owns a good one at Lake Eyirroll, told me it was impossible to restrain a Niam-Niam dog in the presence of game, as it always wants to attack anything wild on four legs. Its courage is great, and it will go for a lion if it sees one. Naturally this little warrior has many admirers, and we are glad to see that Lady Helen Brocklehurst has ventured on the experiment of introducing the breed to England. If it stands our climate, this new dog will be very popular. The Niam-Niam, like all savages, has no sentimental interest in his dog, but keeps it for purely utilitarian purposes. He lavishes much care on it until



Posho ! Posho ! (Food ! Food !)

it is really fat, and then it goes into his ever-hungry tum-tum.

The great love of meat on the part of these people induced them in the past to adopt cannibalism, and the practice is said not to be quite extinct over the border, where in the isolated forest their secret practices cannot always be observed.

'The accuracy of the report of the cannibalism which has uniformly been attributed to the Niam-Niam by every nation that has had any knowledge at all of their existence would be questioned by no one who had a fair opportunity of investigating the origin of my collection of skulls. To the general rule, of course, there may be exceptions here as elsewhere ; and I own that I have heard of other travellers to the Niam-Niam lands who have visited the territories of Tombo and Bazimbey, lying to the west of my route, and who have returned without having witnessed any proof of the practice. Piaggia, moreover, resided for a considerable time in those very districts, and yet was only once a witness of anything of the kind ; and that, as he records, was upon the occasion of a campaign, when a slaughtered foe was devoured from actual bloodthirstiness and hatred. From my own knowledge, too, I can mention chiefs, like Wando, who vehemently repudiated the idea of eating human flesh. But still, taking all things into account, as well what I heard as what I saw, I can have no hesitation in asserting that the Niam-Niam are anthropophagi ; that they make no secret of their savage craving, but ostentatiously string the teeth of their victims around their necks, adorning the stakes erected beside their dwellings for the exhibition of their trophies with the skulls of the men whom they have devoured. Human fat is universally sold. When eaten in considerable quantity, this fat is presumed to have an intoxicating effect ; but although I heard this stated as a fact by a number of the people, I never could discover the foundation upon which they based this strange belief.

'In times of war, people of all ages, it is reported, are

eaten up, more especially the aged, as forming by their helplessness an easier prey to the rapacity of a conqueror ; or at any time should any lone and solitary individual die, uncared for and unheeded by relatives, he would be sure to be devoured in the very district in which he lived.

' The Nubians asserted that they knew cases in which Bongo bearers who had died from fatigue had been dug out from the graves in which they had been buried, and, according to the statement of the Niam-Niam themselves—who did not disown their cannibalism—there were no bodies rejected as unfit for food except those which had died from some loathsome cutaneous disease. In opposition to all this, I feel bound to record that there are some Niam-Niam who turn with such aversion from any consumption of human flesh, that they would peremptorily refuse to eat out of the same dish with anyone who was a cannibal. The Niam-Niam may be said to be generally particular at their meals, and when several are drinking together, they may be observed to wipe the rim of the drinking-vessel before passing it on.

' Of late years our knowledge of Central Africa has been in many ways enlarged, and various well-authenticated reports of the cannibalism of some of its inhabitants have been circulated ; but no explanation which can be offered for this unsolved problem of psychology (whether it be considered as a vestige of heathen worship, or whether it be regarded as a resource for supplying a deficiency of animal food) can mitigate the horror that thrills through us at every repetition of the account of the hideous and revolting custom.'¹

The Fans, who claim to have come from the far north-east, and are now domiciled in the west of Africa, are very like the Niam-Niam, and are the most pronounced cannibals in the west. They also file their teeth, wear bark clothing, dress their hair in the same way, stain their bodies, wear leopard-skins as insignia of rank, and lead the hunter's life. It is possible the

¹ Schweinfurth, *The Heart of Africa*, vol. i., pp. 285-286.

Fans are of the same race as the Niam-Niam, though long since separated. To-day, the Manyema of Central Congo are the most regular eaters of human flesh, and make no secret of their preference for this above all other foods. If a porter falls sick on the march, he is at once killed and eaten, and a regular trade in the corpses of dead relations exists. The Belgians seem to have little power to stop this practice.

As a matter of fact, cannibals are the mildest people in the world. It is the vegetarians at home who are the men of brutal instinct. Just watch one pouncing on an onion cutlet in an Eustace Miles' restaurant. It reminds one of nothing so much as a Thug throttling his victim.

In Schweinfurth's time (1868) some thirty-five great chiefs had absolute power over the Niam-Niam. Each was all-powerful in his own district.

'Although a Niam-Niam chieftain disdains external pomp and repudiates any ostentatious display, his authority in one respect is quite supreme. Without his orders no one would for a moment entertain a thought either of opening war or concluding peace. The defiant, imperious bearing of the chiefs alone constituted their outward dignity, and there are some who in majestic deportment and gesture might vie with any potentate of the earth. The dread with which they inspire their subjects is incredible; it is said that, for the purpose of exhibiting their power over life and death, they will occasionally feign fits of passion, and, singling out a victim from the crowd, they will throw a rope about his neck, and with their own hands cut his throat with one stroke of their jagged scimitar.

'Fortunately this practice is now extinct, for the local District Commissioner holds the scales of justice with a steady hand.'¹

¹ Schweinfurth, *The Heart of Africa*, vol. i., chap. 8.

The marriage customs seem somewhat similar to those of many other African tribes, but, as there are no cattle, some forty spears are usually given to the father of the bride. To have many children is regarded in a woman as a claim to honour and distinction. The Niam-Niam love music, and sing and dance whenever they are happy. Their favourite instrument is a sort of cross between a harp and a mandoline. It has four strings of buffalo sinew, the supports being of bamboo, and the sound-box a tortoise-shell enclosed in shrunk buffalo-hide. On this hollow box is fixed a fresh-water mussel shell to support the strings. Raoul bought one of them for about a shilling.

In Zandeland there are professional singers called 'Nzangah,' who roam about decked in feathers and rings, and rely on charity for pay. Nearly all African tribes encourage these men, whom Baker calls 'minne-singers' and the Arabs 'hashash' (buffoons). Like most other African races, the Niam-Niam believe in evil spirits and that the soul after death enters into the bodies of certain wild animals.

The Dinkas seem to believe that their dead spirits go only into hyænas, and howl at night, but the Zande take a wider view.

Whilst Captain Richards was stationed at Meridi, a few years ago, a lion came one night and killed a woman on the high road close to the village. Early next morning, as Richards had important business, he could not go out to attack the lion, but sent word to the local chief to send men at once to surround the lion, which was lying up in a thicket close to his kill. Richards intended to go out later and try and kill the lion when cornered, but to his chagrin he found nothing had

been done and no attempt had been made to carry out his plans. Accordingly, next day he sent for the chief, who came most reluctantly, and Richards asked him why he had not obeyed his order. The reply was that neither he, the chief, nor any of his relatives would for a moment molest the lion, as it contained the spirit of his dead brother, and that to kill it would be nothing less than an act of murder. Various families of Zande are supposed to pass in spirit form after death into different animals, such as leopards, hyænas, buffalo, giant eland and other antelopes, and these animals are immune from molestation by the family whose kinship is recognised.

As we left the Rest-house, on the morning of January 1, a little Abyssinian duiker stood close to the road, on the edge of tall grass. Raoul's shot hit it, but it dived into grass ten feet high, and all our efforts to find it proved unavailing. Beautiful birds of various species enlivened the forest, whose trees grew larger and more striking as we proceeded to the west. A small black and white hornbill was abundant, as also wheatear and common redstart. Black kites hawked for mice, locusts and other insect food on the edge of every grass fire, and lovely golden-green parrots shrieked their way amongst the great 'sausage' trees. We saw, too, an interesting little black eagle, with a fine crest like a cockatoo, and all the smaller species of Bahr-el-Ghazal birds were abundant.

Another common bird was the black-crowned heron, which has a very long neck and white throat. It seems to be quite as much at home on the dusty road or native path as in the swamps. It breeds throughout this country, and as far south as the Albert Nyanza.

Trees and shrubs advanced in size and beauty as we left the Nile and reached the interior. The prevailing species were acacias of various kinds, a few just breaking into sulphur-coloured flowers. The commonest trees are the sausage tree, *Kigelia*, Seyel-acacia, hegelig, tamarind, Christ's thorn, Capparis, and the randia thorn covered with long spikes. *Albizzia sericocephala*, a common tree of fine proportions in South Kordofan, here finds its southern limit.

About 9 a.m. we passed an ivory-trader and his porters, who had come from Meridi and Yambio, in the interior. His men bore some fine elephant-tusks. One in particular must have been well over 100 lbs., for the Juer who carried it seemed literally to sink beneath the weight. It was a long march to No. 3 Rest-house, and the only incident was the appearance of a fine bush-buck ram, which stood in the forest about 120 yards from the path. Alas! he moved off just as Raoul was about to fire. After a rest of a few hours, during which we saw some Dinka women building a big house, and the men sitting wearily in the courtyard beneath, we trekked on to Lao, through great fields of guinea-corn and durra. In every direction rose the huts of the Cheesh Dinka tribe, for this part of the country is very densely populated. On the edge of the cornfields were immense flocks of egrets as well as ruffs and reeves, the latter living mainly on the fallen seeds of durra. It was curious to see these waders in such a bone-dry situation. Everywhere in Bahr-el-Ghazal you notice great flocks of these birds, as well as on the Nile itself, and their numbers must amount to tens of thousands.

As we passed the houses of the natives, built on

high platforms well above the ground, many of the inhabitants came out to greet us, for white men are not so numerous in these wilds as to be common objects. Consequently, ever since we left Shambe, there was the usual handshaking to be gone through and, if any understood Arabic, some gossip must be interchanged. The Rest-house at Lao stood on the edge of a vast plain of grass, over which a view could be obtained for eight to ten miles. In this valley was the bed of the River Lao, about a mile distant, and towards it a constant procession of women was coming and going in search of water. Here and there great herds of long-horned cattle could be seen, accompanied by immense flocks of white egrets.

A very dignified old gentleman, the head chief of the Lao Cheesh Dinkas, came to pay his respects in the evening, and asked if he could do anything for us. He was dressed in a long robe and was by far the most intelligent-looking Dinka we saw, having rather the appearance of a Baganda chief. He was accompanied by a personal servant, who carried a stool and head-rest for his master, in case he felt tired. Later he sent us some clean milk—not prepared in Dinka fashion—fowls, and lots of eggs.

Outside the compound was an immense sausage tree, now all covered with its long racemes, bearing six or more great blood-red blossoms. The whole ground, too, beneath was covered with the fallen flowers, and the tree itself was a home of one pair of kites, now nesting, and thousands of bees, which kept up a continuous hum. In appearance, the sausage tree is like a great oak in its form and bark, but the dense large leaves are more like those of the Spanish chestnut.

At dawn, Raoul was off with Gutbi to the great plain beyond the Lao river to look for kob. He returned at 9 a.m. for breakfast, bringing the heads of two very interesting kob, which I made out to be the variety of Uganda Kob known as Vaughan's Kob. (See Appendix.)

Beyond the Lao river, a walk of about four miles, Raoul found kob fairly plentiful in the open plain. Near a Dinka camp he killed one fair buck, and whilst skinning off the head he witnessed a chase by some Dinkas of a kob that had got one of its feet entangled in a cow-hobble.

Soon after, he saw another herd of kob in which there was a good male, but could not approach nearer than 250 yards. Both shots he fired went high, and this caused the herd to turn back and come racing past at fifty yards, when the big buck was shot dead. It carried horns of twenty-one inches.

Before Raoul returned I went a short distance to the west to look for a wonderful tree which 'Brock' had told me to look out for just outside the village, as it carried more birds per square yard than any other tree in Africa. As the sun rose, it was evident my friend's observation was correct, for above three Dinka huts stood an immense tree, of a species I could not determine, that was literally covered with little white egrets. It was exactly like a vast specimen of *Magnolia conspicua* in full bloom, each bird representing a white flower. There must have been at least 5000 egrets sitting on the tree, preening and basking in the morning sun, and the sight was one of the most interesting and beautiful I have ever seen in Africa. Curiously enough, as I watched the assemblage, a great grey pelican came

flying along and, to my surprise, settled on the tiptop of the tree, a strange resting-place for such a clumsy, web-footed bird.

Every evening at least 500 kites go to roost in the same tree. Their association with white egrets, both when hunting for insect food along the edge of grass fires and at roost, is somewhat remarkable.

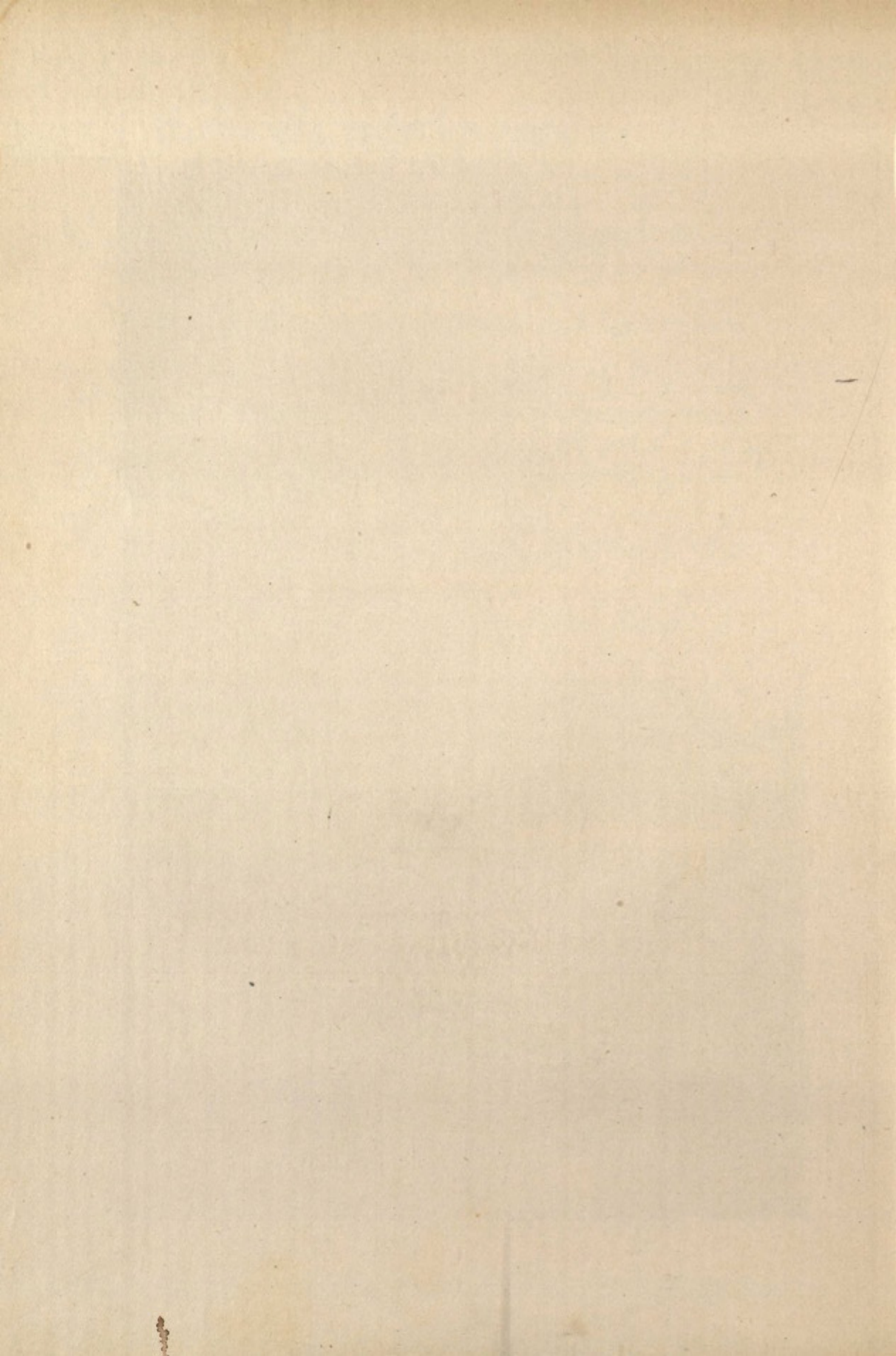
After three, as the sun had lost its fierceness, we started for the west, and crossed the Lao river without difficulty, the water rising only to the donkeys' girths. From here we struck north-west into the wilds, the going being somewhat rough in places, as we proceeded over the great indented plain, now covered with grass. The natives here had burned great sections, so we often had a good view for over a mile. After passing a large Dinka camp, where a disgusting old chief, chewing dried cowdung, came out to greet us, we soon began to see small troops of kob, of the kind Raoul had killed in the morning. They were somewhat wild, and I failed to secure a male after four long shots. However, just at sunset we saw quite a big herd standing and drinking on the edge of the river. I at once left the party, and made a careful stalk, *ventre-à-terre*, getting within forty yards of the nearest animals. It was rather unfortunate that the big males in the herd were hidden behind a high bank of reeds, so I took the best I saw, and killed him with three shots. At the sound of these, the whole herd stampeded up the bank, diving into ten-foot grass, but as they did so I got in two snapshots at the two big fellows. One of these fell after going a short distance, but all our efforts to find him proved unavailing. A bad night on the edge of the stream, beside a small Dinka camp; mosquitoes in thousands.

In the morning we found ourselves so popular that it was with difficulty we restrained the entire male population from accompanying us as guides. Whether this was due to the prestige of the white man or the chance of getting a good feed of meat, it was difficult to say; at any rate we explained that two guides were quite sufficient, and with these we set off towards the great swamp, through native paths hidden in giant grass, ten feet high. In open spaces there was much fresh leopard and old elephant spoor; this country seems to be a favourite resort of the great pachyderms in the wet season. In the afternoon Raoul and I each tried a stalk at bull tiang, but the old fellows were wary and would not permit a near approach.

Large pools covered with beautiful water-lilies announced the fact that we were now close to the 'Mrs. Gray' swamp, so when we reached a Dinka 'mura' on the edge of the forest we passed it, and made camp in an open glade. Even with the greatest care our mosquito-nets were soon full of the enemy, and we had dinner accompanied by the usual slapping contest.



A DINKA MURAH



CHAPTER V

HUNTING IN THE SWAMPS AND NAM PLAINS

DAWN came in to the voices of a thousand courting doves and the harsh screams of pairs of white-headed eagles seated on high trees on the edge of the great swamp. The Dinkas encamped here said we were close to the marsh and that 'Mrs. Gray' were abundant. Leaving Mohamed to strike camp, Raoul and I therefore went forward, and in ten minutes passed numerous pools full of spur-winged geese and other water-birds. Then we emerged on to the shore of a great grass and reed bog, which extended to the horizon.

Later, we travelled on to a point which gave an excellent view over the main marsh, as well as a great side branch about half a mile wide, and a careful survey disclosed nothing but many storks, including the noble black and white jabiru, ducks, egrets, and waders. Pratincoles flew over in a continuous stream, and hippos kept up a continuous grunting in what appeared to be a main channel of water, bending to the east. There was no sign of 'Mrs. Gray,' and at this we were much disappointed, as we could see everything for a mile wide. When Captain Brocklehurst was here in May 1923 the water was at the lowest, and the whole area

a series of great boggy pools or small lakes, so that it was possible to get well into the swampland without undue risk or labour. Now the water was at its highest, and to go farther than two or three hundred yards from the forest edge involved plunging into a morass where no man could proceed.

After consultation, Raoul went west up the side channel, and I and Gutbi, with some local Dinkas, proceeded east along the shore. Only a few minutes elapsed when, far out in the marsh, I saw what appeared to be a black animal, which the glass at once told me was a male 'Mrs. Gray'; more blackspots then appeared, and I counted six antelopes which from their size and long horns I knew must be the species we were after. Sending a Dinka to fetch my son, we then tried to plough through the swamp directly towards the game, but soon found ourselves hopelessly involved. Every step was a labour through water and oleaginous mud. We rocked from side to side till at last the water got so deep it was impossible to proceed.

The Dinkas then informed us that by going a mile to the south we could reach a tongue of harder ground, and get quite near the point of the swamp where the 'Mrs. Gray' were then feeding. After half-an-hour's labour, amidst swarms of mosquitoes which rose to attack us at every step, the sun came out in all its power, and I felt that two hours of this kind of work before a shot could be obtained was beyond my strength, so I beat a retreat to the forest edge and the camp, where I rested, whilst Raoul continued the stalk. His account of the chase is as follows :

'This has been, without doubt, the hardest day I ever had. We soon reached the edge of the swamp

where "Mrs. Gray" abound. Heaps of stinking mud and water everywhere. The philosophical Gutbi was in an awful state about the condition of the marsh, because in the previous year all had been easy, with short grass and very little deep water. He insisted on Dad going back to camp, as the going was so frightful. Accordingly, Gutbi and I, with Umbasha Kow, the policeman, and a Dinka guide, went on, and after fighting through several miles of the worst going I have ever seen we came on four big "Mrs. Gray" bucks feeding on the edge of tall reeds about a quarter of a mile away. Gutbi and I stalked them, but being right in the open we could not approach closely. When the shot came I was up to my waist in bog and water, devoid of wind, and standing in high grass that cut like a razor. When the rifle was raised it only waved in the air, as with such insecure footing I could not keep it fixed on any mark. Eight futile shots were the result. I followed the vanishing game as fast as I could go, leaving Gutbi and the Dinkas far behind. Having run and waded for at least another hour in the blazing sun, I came up with the bucks again, and with a lucky shot killed the largest male. Just after the shot I had the drum of my ear nearly split. The wretched Umbasha Kow had followed me closely, without my knowledge, and had fired over my shoulder. Having severely reprimanded him, I tore on after the herd of "Mrs. Gray," and an hour later got in again for a long shot, killing the second-best buck as it stood at 150 yards. Gutbi was delighted with our success. By this time my tongue was parched, so I called for the water-bottle, but received no answer from the Dinkas, as they were miles away. When at last they met us, as we ploughed our way homewards, we found the bottle

empty. I left two Dinkas to keep vultures off the carcasses.'

Raoul was red from the bites of mosquitoes, bloody from grass-cuts, and quite exhausted when he staggered into camp at 11 a.m. He lay without moving for some minutes, but a sip of brandy and the smell of his delicious onions cooking made him sit up and take notice. Youth is buoyant, and in an hour he was quite himself again and playing 'Pagliacci' on the mouth-organ.

At 3 p.m. a Niam-Niam, who had been on the watch up in a high tree near the big side-channel, came dashing into camp and uttered the magic words 'Mrs. Gray.' I needed no second invitation, so, seizing my rifle and a water-bottle, we hurried away. The Niam-Niam had seen two big bucks in a high bank of reed close to a large tree, so the stalk promised to be an easy one, as trees here are generally close to or on the swamp edge itself.

We found, however, that the matter was not quite so simple as it seemed. Arrived at a point where the forest ended, there was a long strip of marsh or small lake between us and the little island of land on which the tree stood. This we had to cross in full view, the water taking us up to our chests. When half-way over I suddenly saw a large pair of horns lifted above the reeds close to the tree, and then another pair. The bucks were evidently feeding quietly and, if I could only reach the tree and peep round the trunk, I might get a neck shot at twenty yards, which would be a certainty.

However, as so often happens in big-game hunting, the best-laid plans 'gang aft agley.' Just as we were emerging on to better standing-ground a big female 'Mrs. Gray' stepped out of the reeds straight in front



STUDIES OF MRS. GRAY'S KOB

of us and not thirty yards away. She gave a shrill whistling snort and dashed into the reeds at once, alarming the herd, which beat an immediate retreat. At first I could see nothing and only hear splashing bodies, and then at 150 yards I observed the lines of various bucks and two pairs of rocking horns as they plunged through the swamp. At 250 yards I had my first clear view, and let go two shots at the retreating beauties, but, as I could not hold the rifle steady while standing in mud up to the knee, the result was failure.

It was sad to see those grand fellows fade away. What splendid heads they carried! for both were about as fine specimens as could be seen in this part of Africa. Game, once alarmed and fired at, seldom give a second chance quite like the first, but with this species and the other kobs the only thing to do is to keep pegging on after them, and sooner or later they get over their fears and offer a target; it may be difficult, but still within possible or even probable range. Wherefore, still keeping the bucks within view, Gutbi, Kabir, and I plodded on, sometimes over awful ground, mostly in water above our knees, and occasionally over areas of great fallen reeds not quite so bad. In half a mile the herd had stopped, the females, ten in number, quite near the forest edge and the two big black males farther out in the swamp. As is usual, the animals did not look directly back on their trails, as most antelopes do, but kept gazing about in a stupid sort of way, as if expecting alarm from any direction. This is a characteristic habit of 'Mrs. Gray,' for even when a man is close to them they seldom look directly at the intruder.

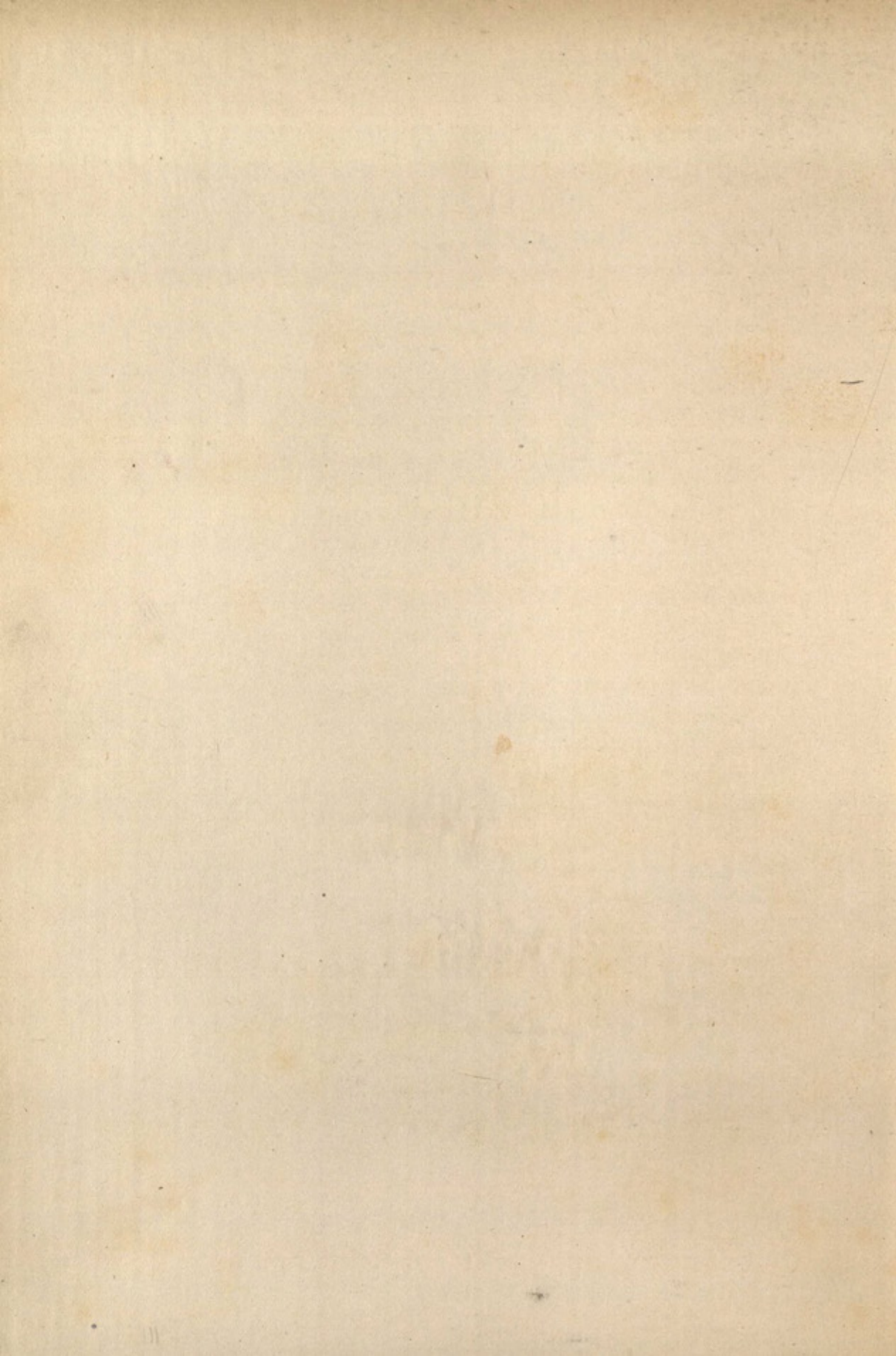
When starting to run, too, they are not like lechwe, which spring high in the air, but lower the head almost

to the ground, and perform a sort of semicircle in this attitude, generally round a bunch of grass or reeds, until the head is gradually raised and the animal breaks into a slow, lumbering gallop. I did not see 'Mrs. Gray' spring into the air unless a shot struck the mud below them, when they sometimes gave one or two short bucks. My son's experience of the species was the same.

At our second attempt I got within 200 yards, and was just pressing the trigger when Raoul, accompanied by several porters, appeared out of the forest and scared the game away. He did not know where I was, and was innocent that he had spoiled a good chance. We now had a long stern chase of two miles over more awful ground. The marsh was perfectly open, so two attempts at stalk completely failed. At last as the sun was setting the two old bucks found a wide open space of fallen reeds, and here they lay down by themselves. As we came towards them, out of sight to within 500 yards, I found that the fallen vegetation would enable me to make a crawl without sinking far into the water, so, leaving Gutbi and Kabir behind a tuft of high grass, I started forwards, *ventre-à-terre*, pushing my rifle in front of me. In this manner I advanced 200 yards. Doubtless the failing light helped me and the slow movement escaped their sharp eyes, but when at last the best male stood up I knew that to approach nearer would spoil everything. I tried a sight with my rifle, but found I was at least six to eight inches too low for a steady resting shot. At this distance, 300 yards, a man must be absolutely steady in his aim or it is useless to fire. Accordingly I signalled Gutbi to come to me. Creeping like a snake, and stopping every time the standing buck looked in our direction, the wily Arab moved



FURTHER STUDIES OF MRS. GRAY'S KOB



slowly towards me. It was an anxious time before he arrived, and I kept my glass fixed on the buck all the time, ready at any moment to fire at him, should he give the alarm to the other buck. No ; he was too occupied in constantly shaking his head to ward off the attacks of mosquitoes, which now pestered him about the nose and eyes, and so took no notice of the danger that assailed him. Gutbi then lay down in front of me and I rested my rifle across his broad shoulders. Yes—the elevation was sufficient, and I got the white sight to bear steadily on the black mark. Taking a full sight, I pressed slowly, and was overjoyed when I heard the loud ‘plunk’ that told of a successful hit. The buck half fell and then slowly galloped off straight for the forest edge, about 500 yards away. He was ours, and we were very lucky, as ten minutes later it was dark.

The wounded buck disappeared in a strip of high grass, about 100 yards broad, on the edge of the marsh. As he walked slowly into it, I knew he was about done for, and that, if darkness came on before we found him, the Niam-Niam were sure to get him at dawn the next day. But success awaited us that evening, for, after putting him out of a clump of reeds, he retreated into another denser part, and here Kabir noticed the top of his horns moving. I could see nothing but the horns, and so moved about till I guessed the position of the body, when a lucky shot finished matters. As the beautiful antelope lay dead before me, I felt I had obtained one of the finest of Africa’s trophies. The black coat and white shoulder-mark were perfect, and the horns, thick and well annulated, were thirty-three inches in length. Indeed a perfect specimen of ‘Mrs. Gray,’ and better than I had ever expected to possess.

Of all unpleasant experiences of my life, the half an hour during which Gutbi and I removed the head and neck skin of this antelope was one of the worst. I shall never forget it. The sun had set, and it was nearly pitch-dark. The mosquitoes, which were only in thousands an hour before, now came out in millions. All exposed parts of head, neck, arms and legs were soon a mass of struggling insects, bent on piercing us with their little swords. To get off a neck skin you must use two hands, so it was just a few cuts and then continuous slapping, to kill the hosts that tortured you. When one little devil had got his fill of blood, he went off to find his pal and put him on to a good thing. The very helplessness of our position gave them a splendid opportunity, and they took full advantage of it. Gutbi and I worked feverishly to complete our task, but at last it was done and, accompanied by a perfect cloud of our enemies, we made for home. I confess I was pretty well exhausted by the time we saw the lights of the camp, but a joyous dinner, with peaches as an especial treat, devoured in peace under our protecting nets, concluded a very successful day after 'Mrs. Gray.'

January 25.—At dawn a Dinka came in to say he had seen a good buck close to the camp. The head was that of a nearly adult male, and an easy shot at fifty yards included our fourth specimen of Mrs. Gray's Kob. Niam-Niam porters watched us with greedy eyes as we sat and made drawings of the heads, anxiously awaiting the moment when Gutbi had removed the scalps, so that they could pick, cook, eat and gossip. After lunch we packed up and trekked through the forest for some miles, seeing only two herds of young water-buck.

At a turn in the path our Dinka guide hesitated, and struck an acacia-tree with his spear. At once a bat flew out, but such a bat as I had never seen before. As it fluttered through the sunlight it resembled a flying orange azalea flower—simply dazzling in its brilliance. Thinking it might be a new and unknown species, I resolved to capture and preserve it if possible, so, seizing the shot-gun, I ran after the little animal until it dived into the recesses of another acacia. Raoul got a stick and beat one side whilst I watched the other, but the bat flew out over my son's head, so I had to fire a snap-shot right through the tree, on the chance of a hit. Luckily the aim was true, and the orange bat fell dead. Afterwards we found this brilliant little forest-bat was quite common in the forest region. It possesses a gland in the middle of the back, and from this it exudes an orange powder with which it covers the wings back and front. After death the colour fades. The ears are very large, upright and covered by a large tragus, whilst the nose is much ornamented with a large shield, somewhat like that of the Greater Horseshoe Bat, only bigger. I carefully preserved the specimen, which in life and in flight is probably the most brilliantly coloured small mammal in the world.

At night we camped on a branch of the Lao river. The mosquitoes were bad, but nothing compared to the abundance near the great swamp.

January 26—All day long we went on through open forest, seeing only one tiang and two herds of female and young male water-buck. We made about ten miles, and then camped in the heat of the day near a big Dinka village, where were pools covered with a lovely white water-lily with chrome-yellow heart.

Here Raoul shot a couple of francolin for lunch, and also an 'Arif,' a bird I identified as similar to the 'Hammerkop' of South Africa. Before sunset we did another ten miles to the edge of the great Nam plains, where there was a big Dinka camp, with many fine, long-horned cattle. A perfect swarm of boys and men lay in an immense mound of ashes, and these ghastly ghosts came and gave us their clammy paws, and then returned to collect and tie up their favourite bulls to short posts, one close beside each sleeping place, for the night.

January 27.—At dawn we left the forest and started with four guides over the great plains of the Nam. The grass was very high and dense, and the men in front soon became lost to view. The path was a mere track, and it was not always easy to follow the trail. For four miles we proceeded in silence, broken only by the swish of the moving grass over our heads. At last we emerged on hard, burnt ground, and at once saw an old bull tiang standing in contemplation about 600 yards to the right of the path. Raoul took the stalk, got in fairly well, as the old fellow was half-asleep, and gave him a bullet about the right place, though it took two others to finish him. I stood and watched the stalk from the top of an ant-hill, and when I gave the signal of success to the porters, straining on their leash like greyhounds, it was lovely to see the way these fierce meat-eaters downed their loads and sprang over the landscape like a lot of dancing ants. In spite of the fact that the Niam-Niam were quite bare-footed and bare-legged, they never seemed to get the severe cuts that burned grass stumps inflicted on our Arabs, for whom the roll of sticking-plaster was in

use every evening. I do not know how they escaped such injury, for the hardened stalks are like points of iron, and will sometimes penetrate even a white man's boot or gaiter.

Meanwhile Kabir and one of the Dinka guides had mounted another ant-hill, and came back to tell me that they had seen another bull tiang, about a quarter of a mile ahead, that had not been disturbed.

Accordingly I went off alone, and soon found the quarry. Cover was obtained to within 300 yards, and then I took a foolish shot, and missed. The bull, however, did not run far, and I got within 200 yards for a second effort, which was successful, when the bull went off slowly and lay down. Then he got up again, and ran into three wild Dinkas who were sitting in the grass, watching the performance. These men at once rose and commenced to chase the wounded beast in circles, and were presently joined by our four Dinka guides, who, although they longed to run for the first animal shot by Raoul, yet feared to do so on account of the wild Niam-Niam, whom they held in some dread. This, however, was a different matter, and there were none but Dinkas on the hunt. It was not long before they killed the tiang, and I sent Gutbi to take the head-skin. Nothing, however, would move the Dinkas from the carcase, so we lost our guides for the day. It taught us a lesson, not to kill meat for Dinkas in the morning; as meat is such a rare treat, all other considerations go to the wind.

The delay occupied an hour and a half, and we then went on, guided by Umbasha Kow, who had some faint idea of the position of the next water before reaching the Nam. It was broiling in these open plains, and we

did not find a wet marsh till one o'clock, when the heat was intense. Raoul had walked the whole way since dawn, and I had ridden the mule most of the time, only walking when the old elephant spoor had dug the ground into pits.

At 2.30 we continued our journey, as our porters were so fit and strong, and, fighting our way through more dense grass, we reached the Nam river at four o'clock. Here we met many pleasant Dinkas, who seemed glad to see us. Two very pretty young girls of sixteen or seventeen, without a stitch of clothing, walked alongside me for quite a distance, and were not in the least bashful. I wished I had some beads to give them, they looked so nice and innocently happy. In the river our porters had a delicious bath, their bodies shining like new bars of chocolate. Close to the river were some lads playing a curious game like checkers, and they were quite absorbed.

A callow young man of the Nām
 Played Bridge with an infinite calm.
 For he sat in the 'Shumpsh'¹
 And said 'What is trumpsh?'
 For I don't care a tuppenny dām.'

The natives told us there were no crocodiles in this part of the river, a statement that in a short time we were to prove wholly incorrect.

Soon after leaving the river we encountered a herd of female white-eared kob, of the large yellow variety.² I crawled to within 250 yards, and could see no male, so I rose and walked quietly past them. As I did so, two fine males, which had been lying on the edge

¹ 'Shumpsh' is the Arabic for 'the Sun.' It is a lovely word.

² See Appendix.



WHITE-EARED KUDU AND A HERD

of the high grass beyond, also arose and stood at gaze. Accordingly I moved on, as if to pass them, and then, obtaining a bit of cover from a grass-covered ant-hill, I cut in and got my shot at 100 yards, just as they started to move away. The male at which I fired threw his head to the ground, and I had heard the bullet strike. He went on, however, as if untouched, and then entered the outside edge of ten-foot grass. I feared he was lost, when Gutbi, only a few yards to my left, stumbled on the buck as he lay dying. My shot had taken the animal right through the heart, and yet he had run at least 300 yards. These kobs are very tough to kill. The head was a fair one—twenty-one inches.

About half an hour afterwards we saw another herd of white-eared kob. These animals were much disturbed, and Raoul got only a difficult running shot, which hit but did not kill the best male. It got into dense cover, and he lost it. Raoul was away a long time, and as evening was drawing on I was anxious to get the porters to the Rest-house on the main road before it was dark, so we moved on south-west, through the highest and densest grass we had yet seen. Suddenly we found ourselves in a small open space on the edge of the river, and there, on the far bank, about forty yards away, lay one of the largest crocodiles I have ever seen. To my surprise, he did not slide into the water, and took no notice of myself and the porters who had stopped to gaze upon his ugly carcase. In fact, he must have been fast asleep. Turning round, I found Kabir with Raoul's rifle at my elbow, so taking the weapon I lay down on the bank and put a bullet into the brain of the reptile. He at once reared himself on his hind

legs, and then started crawling up the steep bank opposite, evidently in death throes and oblivious of direction. When he was about fifteen feet up the bank he suddenly opened his great mouth and stood straight up on his hind legs, then, falling backwards stone-dead, he rolled to the edge of the water and lay still. It is somewhat unusual to kill a crocodile that does not, on receiving the shot, make for the water or lie dead at once. I calculated this specimen, which was unusually large, was well over twenty feet long.

As soon as the great reptile was dead, our gallant porters at once put down their loads, and went down the bank to swim over and fetch it ; and I had much difficulty in persuading them that I did not want it. As a matter of fact, I should have liked to photograph so fine a specimen, but feared one of the men might be taken by other crocodiles. It was not worth the risk.

The loathsome beast looked so natural and alive as it lay still, that I could not help thinking what fun it would be if Raoul saw it, as he was almost certain to do by-and-by, and had a shot. I should be able to chaff him for killing a dead animal. So we went on, and then met a Dinka, who was in a great state of fright. I could make out little except that he had just narrowly escaped from the attack of an old bull buffalo he had surprised asleep in the grass. He went through the pantomime of the buffalo chasing himself very dramatically, and imitated all the movements of himself and his savage aggressor. On the strength of his experience he suggested that a shirt and a piece of meat would calm his injured nerves. He got the latter, but not the former.

The Dinka corporal in charge of Rest-house number 2 on the Rumbek road was a splendid-looking and intelligent man of handsome features. He was a great personage, and possessed a servant, a white Arab horse, and an old Snider rifle with no sights on it. He brought me a great bowl of fresh warm milk, about a gallon and a half, and I sat down and drank the lot. It was nectar after our long march of twenty-five miles. The air of the Bahr-el-Ghazal is very dry, and you have to drink there frequently, which is unusual in other parts of Africa. Even if you go to shoot a buck close to the road it is never safe to be separated from 'zum-zumir' (water-bottle), for you never know when you may return to water.

Raoul came in after dark, and I was disappointed to find my little joke had fallen flat. He had returned another way, come close to Nam at another point, and shot an entirely fresh crocodile of his own. Needless to say he vowed it was also of noble proportions, but I should have liked to rub his nose on my giant, to make him humble.

The mule for which we exchanged the donkey at Shambe gets better and stronger as we proceed. It walks over rough ground far better than the Khartoum donkey 'Maxwelltown,' who stumbles and flounders at every excrescence or elephant spoor.

After a good night in the Rest-house, as usual infested by many noisy bats, we decided to stop there for a day, to give the porters a rest, whilst Raoul and I did many drawings of the pied crow or raven, which is a very tame and interesting bird. As the sun gets hot they sit in rows on the kraal fence and open their beaks, to gasp in the heat. I saw one partially albino,

which seems to be common enough amongst the crow family.¹ There were many sheiks and sub-sheiks of the Cheesh Dinka tribe here, and all wanted meat and presents. They said there was a good herd of buffalo in the tall grass about three miles to the south, and we hoped to find them the next day.

After breakfast we spied from the Rest-house a big herd of white-eared kob, and Raoul went after them. He got fairly close, and selected the best buck out of eight males. Although hit through the heart, it ran 100 yards before receiving a death-shot. These white-eared kobs are much larger and paler than the northern form, and carry better heads. This specimen had horns twenty-three inches long, and very wide and strong.

In the afternoon Raoul went south to examine the buffalo ground and look for 'Heuglin's hartebeest,' locally called Jackson's hartebeest, a form of 'hartebeest' found only in Bahr-el-Ghazal, east of the Nile as far as Mongalla, and north-east into Kordofan. He found hundreds of baboons, which were very tame. He also walked past two tiang bulls right in the open at fifty yards. Some days these antelopes are very tame, and others as wild as hawks.

January 29.—Accompanied by the village 'Knut' mounted on his white palfrey, and with a menial carrying his sightless rifle, we travelled south along the edge of the tall grass of the Nam valley, which extends for miles. Soon after leaving the road we came on a little tobacco garden and a family of local Dinkas living in a good hut up a tree. We had not gone a mile when we began to see fresh buffalo spoor, made the previous night, and soon saw seven bull tiang and a splendid buck

¹ In Iceland I noticed half the ravens were pied black and white.



TIANG AND WHITE-EARED KOB

white-eared kob. The last-named lay in the open, on our line of march. He sprang to his feet at 200 yards as I was stalking him, but got my bullet near the right place. Nevertheless, he galloped in a circle round me, and stood again, looking as if untouched, when my second shot knocked him off his legs. He carried the best head we had seen so far, very thick and twenty-three inches long.

After this delay we saw several more herds of kob, and Raoul shot a fair one. Amongst them we noticed one adult buck, black all over his face and neck, with pronounced black leg stripe. This was the first of the dark forms we had seen, but his head being only ordinary we left him alone.

At 11 a.m. we reached the forest edge, and made camp. The local Dinka sheik, who as usual came in with a present of fowls and eggs, said there were several herds of buffalo which frequented both the forest and the high grass of the plains. He promised to send out men to obtain news of game, but I do not think he did so. However, since we had seen much buffalo spoor during the last few hours, we decided to stay here two days and go to the high grass edges and watch the open glades at dawn. In the evening, a male ground hornbill came with his two wives, and picked about in the open close to camp. These grand birds, jet-black with white primaries, are most striking in appearance, and especially so when they stretch their shining pinions in flight. Honey-guides were also numerous, inviting us to follow them in search of their favourite food.

January 30.—Rose before dawn, and walked two miles to a deserted Dinka camp, where on the previous day we had seen fresh buffalo spoor. As the light came

in we advanced slowly along the wide open glades, spying carefully, and sending our local hunters up trees to gain a wide view of the landscape. We found where a fairly large herd had fed during the night, but as we went over the tracks one of our guides said the buffalo must be behind us, on the high grass to the left. Presently there was a loud rushing sound, and the cries of rhinoceros-birds. The buffalo in hiding had got our wind. It seemed likely that the game might break away at one of two points, so Raoul went about 300 yards to my right, whilst I got behind an ant-hill commanding a narrow neck. Our men then ascended high trees, but could see nothing of the buffalo, when Kabir, who was standing beside me, suddenly uttered an exclamation and pointed. The next moment I saw a herd of buffalo, about forty in number, mixed bulls and cows, come galloping through the grass about 100 yards to my left. It was impossible to obtain a certain shot, as every bull seemed covered by protecting cows. Moreover, I wished my son to have the chance if one should offer, so, calling and signalling to him, Kabir and I ran after the herd, which disappeared in the high grass; that is, all except one little party, consisting of an old bull and seven cows.

The bull stood out clear at 120 yards, and I think I could easily have killed him, but, as Raoul was coming up fast, I hoped he would stand at gaze until my son arrived. Alas! just as Raoul raised his rifle the little party dashed off again, luckily without going farther into cover, but, keeping in the open, clung to the edge of the avenue. We ran after them at all speed, Raoul far in front of me, when to my joy I saw the front cows slowing down for another stand. However, they

did not stop. The cows, in fact, entered the tall grass, and the bull was just disappearing at 250 yards when Raoul made a lovely shot and disabled him, so that he dropped at once in his tracks.

Our noble retinue then took to the trees, shouting words of warning. Umbasha Kow, who felt he was responsible for our safety, alone ran behind us with anxious face, yelling 'Take care!' and 'Not yet!' in Arabic, but he did not stop for long. Raoul and I, however, took no notice of him, but hurried forward to kill the bull before he could do any damage or get into the heavy grass. At twenty yards the gallant old fellow tried to rise to his feet and get at us, so, telling Raoul to give him one through the spine, I stood by to supplement in case it was necessary. The shot, however, was exactly placed, and all was over in a moment.

The men then came running up, and danced with joy at the victory over their most feared enemy. After all, we could not blame them for retiring to a place of safety, for they were not armed like ourselves. They fear the buffalo more than any other animal, and centuries of talk, handed down from father to son, cannot quite dispel perfervid imaginations. Moreover, they did not know what kind of men we were, or what weapons we possessed, until they had had optical demonstration, so quite naturally they wished to make a certainty of being alive on the following day.

The bull was a fine big one, but the head, as is usual in Nile Valley specimens, not of great account compared with those of South and East Africa. However, it was Raoul's first, so we all congratulated him on his good-fortune. Peaches and green peas were a fitting reward for such a great occasion. In the evening Raoul shot

another crocodile, and a heavy thunderstorm visited the camp after sunset. Kabir was delighted on being presented with the skin of the buffalo, which he greatly coveted. He is a lackadaisical creature, yet with a certain knowledge of feminine nature. One of his arms is badly poisoned from the rings of copper which he wears tightly clasped. A few days ago he removed these, and is now endeavouring to poison the other arm. We were quite sorry for him, and offered to cure the wounds, but he refused to be touched. Then at last the reason came out. He said that if he had two poisoned arms when he returned to Lao, where he lived, the girls would lavish excessive sympathy on him. Also they would pet and nurse him back to health. He thought it was a good plan to excite sympathy, and perhaps he was not far wrong.

January 31.—Again to the same place after buffalo. Fresh spoor was soon found, and we tracked a small herd in the dense grass, ten feet high, and heard them dashing about from time to time. So Raoul sent the two Dinka policemen with rifles to fire two shots on the far side and endeavour to drive the game towards us. The space to cover, however, was too wide, for the herd, a big bull and five cows, came out in the open, 400 yards to my left. They would not stand, so I ran after them for some distance. At last they stood a long distance away, but when I lay down to fire they made off once more at full speed. Raoul pursued them for some time without again obtaining a view.

In the afternoon we trekked through the forest to the south, intending to make camp, when we found signs of waterbuck, Heuglin's hartebeest, and roan, which are said to frequent this area.

Passing through a bit of open forest, we came on a herd of water-buck (*Defassa*) in which were two half-grown males and one big one. The last-named moved just as Raoul fired at him, so he got the bullet too far back. After running for 100 yards, the wounded animal lay down. Raoul thought he was dead, so walked up too casually, with the result that the buck sprang away and led him a chase of two miles before he was found and finished. A fair head of twenty-seven and a half inches. The water-buck of this region do not carry good heads, the best being those of the north bank of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where the horns are exceptional and as long as those of the Semliki. A specimen was killed a few years ago with horns forty inches long.

We saw oribi, tiang, and one herd of Heuglin's hartebeest on the march, but a stalk I made at the last-named was a failure.

February 1.—Off at dawn, we reached in two hours a small Dinka camp in the forest. The water here was abominable, like a mixture of Scotch broth and chalk, and had to be raised by natives from a deep hole in the ground. Whilst we sat at breakfast, hairy caterpillars dropped on our naked arms and legs and necks, and spat out a fluid like blood. It was not a pleasant spot. Here, too, we killed a snake four feet long. Then an old man, with a hole in his leg as big as a tennis-ball, came to have the wound dressed, which I did not like doing, as I had a splitting headache.

Apparently this is the only so-called water for miles, and long strings of women kept coming and going from the well all the morning. I knew that it is not etiquette for any woman to address a man whilst actually

travelling, but at the well-head the sexes unite for mutual conversation. I noticed one woman in particular, because she wore her hair in long, greased ringlets, and was one of the few whom we saw that adopted this style of hair-dressing. She had a particularly intelligent expression, and stopped and stared at me for a moment and then moved on. Of this interesting lady I will speak later.

A herd of roan antelope were reported as living close to the village, so Raoul went after them at once, but found on viewing the herd that they consisted of cows and immatures, so he did not fire a shot.

At three in the afternoon I went off with Gutbi and the son of the local Dinka chief to look for Heuglin's hartebeest, and had a somewhat unlucky evening. After seeing one herd that would not stand in the forest, we came on a single old bull in somewhat dense cover. I could see only his legs and a part of his body at 100 yards, but managed to lie down and get a rest on the stump of a tree. My shot hit with a loud smack, but the bull made off. We tracked him going slowly for an hour, and then lost his spoor as it emerged into more open lands. Here we met two wild Dinka, who said they had seen the wounded beast going very slowly. Personally, I believe they had killed it, and would not show us the carcase for fear of losing the meat. At any rate they were strong, active lads, and they would not have allowed a wounded animal to escape.

As we returned to camp at sunset three adult reedbuck rams sprang out of the long grass and stood at 100 yards distance. I killed the best with my first shot, and then ran after the other two, which halted again



HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST

within a short distance. I could see only the neck of the second-best male, but, aiming low, I killed him also with a flank shot. Porters soon came from camp and transported the meat, which had all disappeared before the next morning.

Heuglin's hartebeest¹ is very similar to Jackson's or the lelwel hartebeest of East Africa, but it is paler in colour, and the horns in the upper half bend back in a straight line instead of being inclined upwards as they are in the East African form. Whether it can be regarded as a distinct species or only a local form, which I think it is, is merely a matter of opinion. All these hartebeests, from Coke's hartebeest in East Africa to this form, overlap and interbreed. The so-called Neumann's hartebeest (true) from east of Lake Rudolph, the false Neumann's hartebeest of East Africa, the Nakuru hartebeest, and the four or five races of red hartebeests (all slightly different) that inhabit the high forests of the Aberdares and the Mau (East Africa), are all interconnected, and wherever they touch mate together. So far zoologists in England and America have not taken into consideration this important fact, but have only been busy in creating new species from museum material. The tiang, too, is practically identical with the topi of East Africa and Gallaland, and in most cases it does not differ even in the size of horns, which at present seems to be the only slightly diverse character. All these hartebeests are very difficult to kill, even when the bullet is well placed. They will withstand a shock that would at once kill a buffalo or a lion. Raoul came in later the same evening with

¹ Known to the Bongo as 'Karia,' the Niam-Niam as 'Songoro,' and the Arabs as 'Tetel.'

two good heads of Heuglin's hartebeest and a pair of oribi. Of the former he says :

'The strength of these hartebeests is amazing. I killed the first bull with a chest shot that raked him from end to end, and yet he galloped 100 yards, and got up twice after falling. A female remained behind to keep him company, but I would not shoot her, although she had an unusually good head. Having taken the head and neck of the first bull, Kabir, the corporal, and I went another mile and found a fresh bull. I stalked up to within thirty yards of him, and shot him right through the neck. He however took no notice, so I shot him through the spine as he galloped away. Even then he required a finisher.'

Next morning we were both off at dawn, and had a very hard time, not getting back to camp till 10 a.m., when the sun was terrific. I was very tired, as my Dinka guide had led me far from home, as if he thought I wanted to cross Africa. I saw nothing but some big bustard (Stanley) and two black-bellied bustard (*Otis melanogaster*), a few oribi, and lots of fresh giraffe spoor. Raoul also saw no game, but came back with the news that he had seen old eland spoor. We did not know that the giant eland frequented this part of the country at any season, but with its long wandering habits it must do so on occasions.

The country here was dotted all over with little white ant-hills in a curious shape, like mushrooms or small Japanese temples.

During the afternoon we trekked north towards the Rumbek road, and were disappointed at not having found roan antelope, which we had been told by natives were numerous here. I was not feeling well, probably

from the effects of bad water, so rode the mule and proceeded in company with Gutbi and the local sheik's son as guide.

We had gone about three miles, when a woman suddenly dashed out of the forest and came running towards us, uttering loud cries. I at once stopped and listened to arguments between the lady and our guide, who was quite good-tempered, and evidently anxious to soothe her in some trouble. Then the talk became more and more heated, till finally the woman flung herself on the ground and uttered melancholy wails. It was plain that our guide had said something which had upset her nerves. To Gutbi I suggested she was excited because we were taking away her husband to make him a servant or a Government policeman, and that she thought she would never see him again. Gutbi had difficulty in understanding the guide, who spoke only indifferent Arabic, but at last it all came out. The poor creature only wanted to speak to and shake hands with me, because she thought I was Lord Allenby! It was not etiquette for her to do so in the camp, and now I was on the march it was equally wrong that a woman should address me. The guide was obdurate, and said that I would be much insulted, and take her for a loose woman, which she was not, being the wife of a local Dinka chief.

Accordingly we all, including the hard-hearted guide, had a good laugh at this curious incident. I got off the mule and made some pretty speeches to the black fair one, and presented her with an old knife and my best silk pocket-handkerchief. She went off chuckling with joy and holding the nose-wipe to her breast, and I have no doubt that for several years she

will relate at Dinka sewing-parties what a perfect gentleman Lord Allenby was, and what lovely presents he had given her! Thus is envy created; but it is better so than to destroy feminine illusions!

Presently Raoul caught up with us, and we travelled over an open area between forests where the ground was much cut up by the recent digging operations of warthogs.

Soon we spied a very old gentleman of this kind and his wife, trotting along with erected tails in front of us. As I had shot a good many at other times, I was glad to see Raoul have a chance. The animal was a very old boar, and tusks not good, so I left Raoul to get off the head after he had killed it with a running shot.

A severe thunderstorm which had threatened all day now broke over us, so we hurried forward with the porters to make camp at a large tobacco garden, which we reached in a soaked condition. An evening survey by Raoul disclosed plenty of hartebeest and roan spoor. Water just like mud.

February 3.—Raoul went off early, and had an interesting morning.

'Gutbi and a local Dinka accompanied me to the forest, and we soon saw a fine roan bull, fifteen Heuglin's hartebeest, and a bull tiang all together. They made off, and I dashed along in full pursuit, but at the first halt a shot was impossible. Eventually, in following on I saw the roan bull at 150 yards standing facing me under a big tree. My bullet took him right in the chest, but he made off, and I hit him again as he ran, and knocked him down. Such was his strength, however, that he was once more on his feet and away for



ROAN ANTELOPE

a considerable distance. Then he stopped under a tree, and I finished him. As I fired the last shot, I became aware that there was a big herd of roan moving in the forest, so leaving Gutbi and the Dinka to take the head of the dead animal, I ran after them for four miles, but never got them to stand again.'

This was Raoul's first roan bull, and quite a good one, thick and strong, horns twenty-nine inches in length. The roan here are not the best in Bahr-el-Ghazal; the finest specimens have been killed up about Renk, where they are now rare, and along the Shat-el-Arab, a practically untouched country. Here horns go to thirty-five and even thirty-six inches.

After lunch we had to hold court on two porters. It appeared that one Billy, the Bari, was struck on the back by Nathaniel, the Niam-Niam, as he passed on the way to water. Whereupon the Bari, using his ebony stick, hit the cannibal such a welt in the stomach that it made a lump like a cricket-ball. These two had been snarling at each other for some time, so on arrival at Rumbek we exchanged our four Bari porters for Niam-Niam men, and all was peace.

Raoul picked up a dead hedgehog, very similar to our English species, but lighter and smaller. It seemed a curious animal to find in the centre of Africa.

February 4.—I went out early and saw only inferior warthogs, oribi, and two reedbucks, at which I fired several shots without touching them. Kabir had a bad foot, poisoned, as well as his arms, and Raoul told him to cut it open with a clean knife and he would doctor it. Whereupon he borrowed a small spear of doubtful cleanliness and proceeded to make sundry jabs all over the top of the foot. Curiously enough, it

is not worse to-day, and he travelled twelve miles on it. The corporal, too, came with an awful cough, so Raoul gave him mouthwash and quinine, and the next day he pronounced himself completely cured. Christian Science is not confined to Europe and America.

After dinner we trekked for two hours to the main road leading to Rumbek. Here we noticed tracks of the motor cars which carried Lord Allenby and the Sirdar to Shambe. They had just gone by, so we missed them. Not, however, the swarms of Dinkas and Dinka chiefs all returning to their homes after the reception in Rumbek. Such an orgy of handshaking I never saw in my life. I felt quite sorry for the Prince of Wales, who has to do this kind of thing every day. Raoul was several hundred yards ahead of me on the road, and as each party came to him he shook hands with every one and exchanged a little gossip. Then it was my turn, and I had to waggle the cold, clammy ones with equal fervour. One man, wearing a pair of trousers round his neck, approached Raoul at a turn of the path. It was a fearful moment. Should he don his breeks first and shake hands afterwards, or declare his savage nudity to a shocked world? He was a man of action, and chose a middle course. As he ran forward, he got one leg into the trousers, and kept trying to run and insert the other limb into the trammels of civilisation. Alas! it was a miserable failure, for he came a cropper right in front of the white chief, but lifted one feeble hand in friendship, whilst with the other he upheld the recalcitrant pants in their proper position.

It was two hours' walking to pass through the lovely

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parklands with great trees that form the suburbs of Rumbek. Everywhere were great fields of guinea-corn and durra, and the pleasant-looking houses of the Cheesh Dinka, who possessed large flocks of goats and chickens. At last the village itself came into view, and disclosed the Rest-house, the house of the Mamur, and the Government buildings, all situated on the outer edge of an immense barrack square. A Dinka gentleman of extraordinary appearance met us on the threshold, and informed us he was the Rest-house guardian. Raoul said he was a cross between a Salvation Army Captain and Charlie Chaplin. He had marvellous clothes, semi-military and semi-religious, and what appeared to be a cricket pad on his left leg. It seemed to be cover for a wound, but further inspection proved it to be a new method of carrying dusters.

CHAPTER VI

THE DINKA AND THE NUER¹

THE Dinka tribe is a great one, inhabiting a large portion of the Bahr-el-Ghazal south and west of the great swamp, which is inhabited by the Nuers. It is split into a number of clans, who until recently were at constant war with one another. To understand these people, and the area they at present inhabit, I append a rough map, which shows the distribution of each clan and the contiguous races. They are as follows: Reig Dinka, north-west of Wau and west of Gelle river up to Meshra-el-Rek; Gok Dinka, south of north-west corner of great swamp, on both banks of the Gelle river, till it reaches the Juer and Bongo countries in south and east; Agar Dinka, round Rumbek, north to swamp, and south to Juer country; Cheesh Dinka, south of east part of swamp to neighbourhood of Lake Eyirroll, and as far west as the Nam river, and east to Shambe, having centre at Lao; Atwat Dinka (probably a race from isolated Nuers), south of Lake Eyirroll to the Zande country; Ador

¹ I am indebted for original notes on these interesting savages from Captain Kidd, Captain Richards, and Faiz Effendi Abdul Malik, who have spent many years amongst them.



CHEESH DINKAS AND HUT

Dinka, a small clan, round Shambe ; Aliab Dinka, some thirty miles south of Shambe, west bank of Nile, as far south as Tombi.

A small clan of ironsmiths called Hadaddan Dinka live in the arid mountainous country between Lake Eyirroll and the Nile, but these, so Captain Richards suggests, are only a branch of the Cheesh Dinkas, by whom they are surrounded.

The Dinkas are a warlike race, although at first appearance you would not think so. They are erratic and unreliable. Every time the Government thought they were quiet they have broken out again, so recently as 1922, when the Aliabs killed my good friend Captain Stigand and other officers. All their dances are warlike, and they point with their spears in the direction of the chief they intend to attack when conditions are good. In 1921 the whole of the Dinka tribes, from the swamp to Wau and southwards, agreed to unite and exterminate the white man ; but it came to nothing, as usual with all savages, for no chief would work with another who had been his enemy.

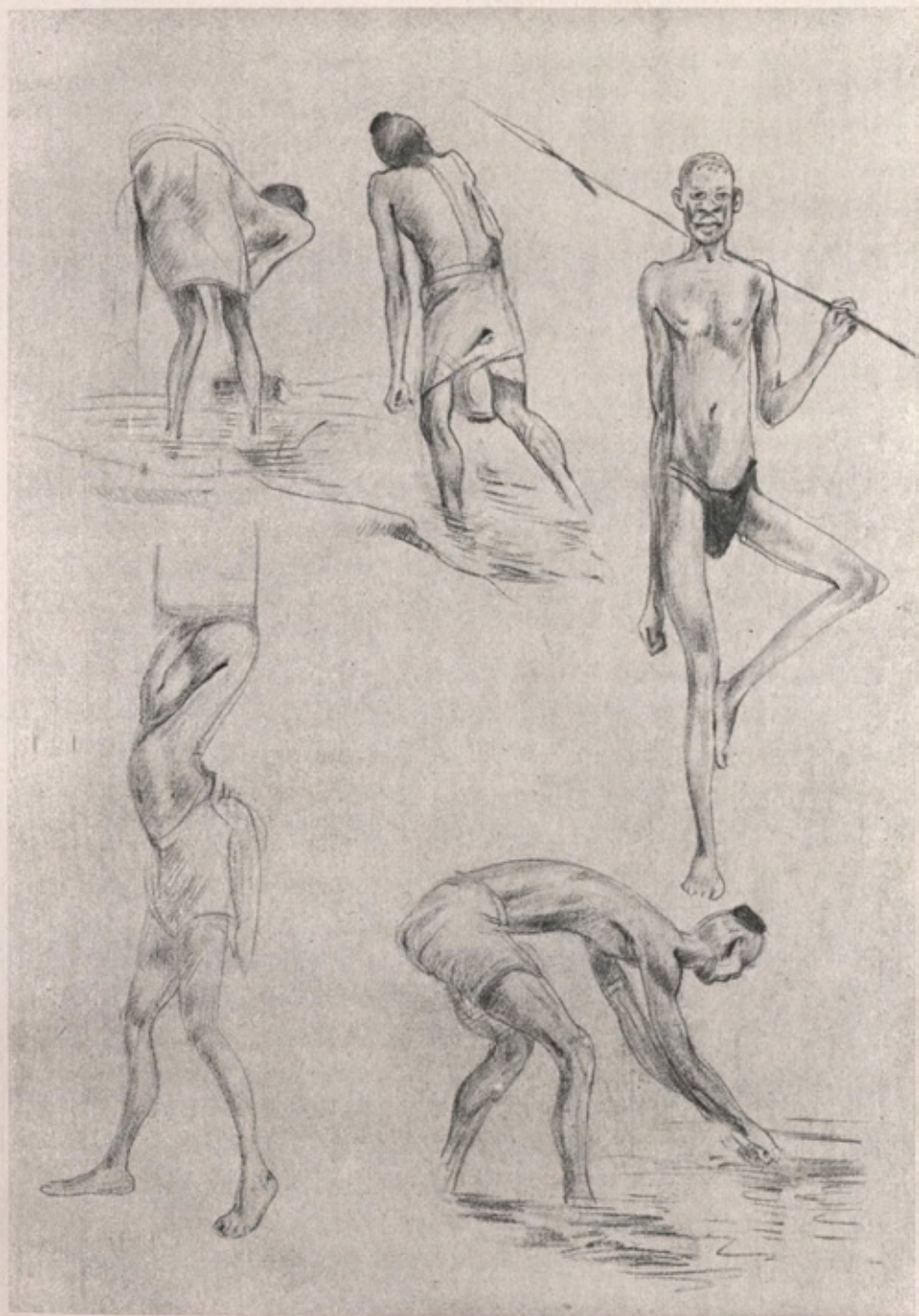
The Dinkas have seen many changes of Government, from the old Turk times to the Arab slave traders, the Mahdi oppression, the coming of the English, and the Sudan Government. Until 1921 they at least thought they were free to kill one another, merely as a sporting proposition when things were dull. Also they thought they had a right to reply to the constant inroads of the Nuers from the north ; but all this is stopped now, and they are gradually beginning to see that times have changed, and peace, even when forcibly applied, has its advantages.

A powerful Dinka chief this year (1924) told Faiz

Effendi, who speaks Dinka perfectly, that the Government was like a great snake encircling his people. Wherever he goes he finds them and their police, and so he cannot attack the neighbours whom he wishes to raid. It must be disappointing, and especially so to the young bloods who wish to prove themselves men.

There is still a great deal of private murdering amongst them. A man's life is paid for by ten cows, and this price is still enforced by the Mamurs and District Commissioners. Yet withal the Dinka is a bit of a gentleman, and settles his private quarrels like a gentleman. Unlike the Juer, who lies in the grass and stabs his enemy in the back when he is not looking, the Dinka gives his adversary fair warning and settles his differences by a fight on the spot. This is still the code of honour, although quarrels and death often result from the most trivial disputes.

Captain Richards, two years ago, had a most extraordinary case to try at Rumbek. It appears that two Dinkas, who were quite good friends, lay in the wood ashes one night. Close beside them were tethered, as usual, their two favourite cows. The two men were dozing, when one woke up and proceeded to remove a cow-dropping to a little pile he was collecting at his side. The other man then sat up and asked him why he was stealing one of his cherished perquisites, as the cow which had dropped it belonged to him. The unfortunate men then had a few hasty words, when the collector of cow souvenirs leapt to his feet and dealt his friend such a blow on the head that the skull was completely smashed. Fancy killing a man for such a reason! The murderer was fined ten cows, and the murdered man's family confessed themselves as quite pleased with the judgment.



DINKA ATTITUDES

In very bad cases the Government now gives the convict ten or fifteen years' imprisonment, since this form of crime is much on the increase.

The territory occupied by the Dinka tribe is roughly 60,000 to 70,000 square miles, being about 400 miles across. Although not so numerous per square mile as the Shilluks, they occupy a larger area and their numbers must be very great. Up to date it has not been possible to obtain a correct census, owing to constant little wars.

In height the Dinka is always described as a thin-legged giant, but, though taller than any other African natives, except perhaps the Zulus, it is doubtful if they average more than five feet nine inches. Of the Eastern branch, which Schweinfurth knew, five feet seven inches is given as the average height. Of course, in every camp you meet many men over six feet, but only once did I see a man a little taller than my son, who is six feet four inches. They possess a lean, sinewy frame, angular shoulders, a long neck, and very thin, long legs with knobby knees. In colour, when the ashes are washed off, they are a deep rich bronze. The lips are generally protruding, and the head, with its short-cropped hair, is distinctly Nilotic and not Bantu.

We saw a few men with hair grown fairly long and trained into points. The colour of the hair was a rich foxy red, and this is obtained by continuous washing in cow urine. Both sexes break off the lower incisor teeth, for which there is no reason; but if they pulled out all the teeth of the upper jaw, as the Batoka do, in imitation of their beloved cattle, we might understand the reason for that mutilation.

A clan symbol is employed amongst the Dinka men, who tattoo ten radiating ribbed lines which traverse the

forehead and temple, having their centre at the base of the nose.

A curious and horrible custom is that recently adopted by the men of wearing clothes in the presence of Europeans. Since there are no white women in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, it is unnecessary and utterly destroys any grace or dignity the native may possess. It is, however, a sign of the times, and an acknowledgment of respect to white man's authority, because according to Dinka notions of propriety no man should wear clothing in their houses. Whether in the home, or hunting, or whilst out with the cattle, Dinka men are always quite naked, except for armlets of hippo or elephant ivory and sometimes a few neck-beads; but the married women always wear two aprons of tanned skin, whilst the young girls, as a rule, are as nude as the men. The women love beads, and the few blue ones we carried were always greatly appreciated. Fashion in these, however, changes every few years. When in mourning, or as a sign of grief, a Dinka will wear a cord round his neck.

Bows and arrows, being Bantu weapons, are unknown amongst the Dinka. Their chief weapon is the lance or stabbing spear. The favourite weapon, however, which all men carry, is the short club or striking stick, which they make from the hard wood of the Hegelig (*Balanites*), or from native ebony (*Diospyros mespiliformis*).

The Niam-Niam rather look down on the Dinkas, and sneer at their primitive weapons, calling them 'A-tagbondo,' or stick-people. The Dinkas have various devices and implements for parrying chest-blows: a small buffalo-hide shield; a neatly carved piece of wood about three feet long, with a hollow at the centre to protect

the hand ; and a bow-like implement called a 'dang,' whose stout fibres will turn aside a heavy blow. In peace times these are left at home, but they are always carried in disturbed districts.

In the preparation of food the Dinka is very particular. We may look askance at his method of washing every utensil in cow urine, but it is certainly antiseptic and also supplies the absence of salt. Durra, their chief farinaceous food, is granulated like sago, and they also like food prepared from the nuts of the Borassus Palm, extracting the bitterness by soaking and washing, and working the whole into a fine meal. They also treat the tubers of *Nymphæa* in the same way. When out in the forest or plains, the men catch many wild creatures which they bring to camp, but will not touch crocodiles, iguana, frogs, or mice. To eat a dog is too repulsive for words, and at this the Niam-Niam laugh, as much as to say that the Dinka is a poor fool, who does not know what is good. A special treat to the Dinka is a capture of some hunted antelope, or a wild cat, for which small traps are set. Most of all do they esteem the hare as an article of diet. A Dinka, questioned on this point, remarked to Schweinfurth that when he killed a hare he made a fire and roasted his game 'without saying anything about it at home.'

The Dinka respects snakes and pays some reverence to them ; to kill one is little short of a crime. In the wet season snakes collect in the straw thatch of the huts and are never disturbed.

The huts are usually clean, and erected singly or in groups on high trestles of wood. Those of the Cheesh Dinka are generally single, whilst the Gok Dinka build them in pairs. Goats are confined in a small thorn fence

and the cattle in a *murah*,¹ or small park. Chickens are usually kept by the women, but are not considered food for strong men. Sorghum (*durra*) and *penicillaria* are the principal plants cultivated. They also grow maize, ground nuts, and sweet potatoes. All Dinkas, men and women, like to smoke, and cultivate little tobacco gardens even when far away from home. These are generally attended to and watered every day by the men, who also prepare the leaf and mix it well with cow-dung before drying it into solid hard balls.

To the Dinka the ox is the be-all and end-all of existence. It is little less than a demigod, and the association of these people with their beasts is of an intimacy only equalled by the reindeer 'Tukchi' of north-east Siberia.

Every night the Dinka man makes a heap of wood ashes beside the post which anchors his favourite bull or cow, and sleeps within touch of his beloved one. The care and endearing terms he lavishes on his cattle are beyond belief, and never bestowed on his womenkind. A woman is worth eight cows. Eight cows are a small fortune, but a woman is of little account. Nevertheless, the Dinka treats his wife or wives with great consideration, and it is a mistake to suppose that the latter have no voice in the affairs of life. On the contrary, they are often the prime movers in all things except war.

Ninety per cent. of all cases tried by the Mamurs and District Commissioners are concerned with disputes about cattle, for the lives of these people are so interwoven with their animals that every act of existence has something to do with bulls, oxen, and cows. Their love for individual animals is great and they give each pet

¹ From 'rah' (rest) and 'merah,' a resting-place for cows.

names. As an instance of the friendly association of man and beast the following was noticed. One morning on the Lao plains Raoul saw some little boys leading the favourite bulls out to pasture as soon as the heavy dew was off. Each lad led a bull by a rawhide thong, and when leaving camp each had a little game with his charge. The boy ran backwards and the bull kept trying to catch him and pretended to toss him. They dodged about from side to side in a miniature bull-fight, and kicked in the air with exuberant joy, and when the bull got too saucy the boy would throw a lump of mud in his face, when the animal at once stopped and allowed the boy to come up and caress him.

It was a pretty exhibition. Most of the cattle are pale in colour, others white, but sometimes pied, black, or red and white. Sometimes they are large animals with well-developed horns. They belong to the Zebu race and have a hump. Amongst the eastern Dinka sheep are not very common. They are a specialised breed with a shaggy mane on head and neck, and the hair on the hind part of the body quite short.

Goats seem the same as up north. Dogs are kept as watchers in every camp. They are the greyhound-like pariah and usually in a state of semi-starvation.

Every part of a beast is used in some way. A cow is never killed, but carefully tended if ill. Only those which die from some cause are eaten. Skins and horns are used for various purposes, whilst the dung is either burned for ashes, used for hut building or for mixing with tobacco. The urine is employed for hair-dressing, washing utensils, and as a substitute for salt. At the loss of a cow the bereaved owner will sit for days in a state of melancholy, as if his misfortunes were too great

to be endured, and will even refuse to partake of the meat of the dead beast. In a black man this is a sign of genuine grief, and one never exhibited on the loss of wife or children.

A Dinka park at eve is an interesting sight. Everywhere the cattle stand in groups or singly beside their adoring owners. The men are seen collecting the dung, which has been exposed to dry during the day, and making heaps of it for burning. As the fires are lighted dense columns of smoke arise round men and cattle, which as well as their masters seem to understand that this is a necessary precaution to keep off the clouds of hateful mosquitoes. On immense piles of ashes lie the boy herders, rolling in the white dust as a Sandwich islander does in his beloved sea. Only the black, blinking eyes stand forth from their ghost-like faces. Their glances are ever turned in the direction of their favourite pets, and their sole conversation is cattle, cattle, and again cattle. All night long they lie in the white ashes, or move off from camp to camp for a little gossip. Lions are rare, so they can do this with impunity. Many of the men are so devoted to their charges that I often saw them lie at night right under the neck of a bull, who in turn seems to appreciate this close association and does not tread on his master. At the first signs of dawn, milking, usually done by the women, begins. Cut-off gourds washed in urine are the receptacles. The yield is poor, and it takes a great deal of milk to make a pound of butter. When the dew is off, about 9.30 a.m., the herds are driven out by boys or men to pasture for the day, and it is not rare to see from 100 to 2000 beasts on the move to the various feeding-grounds.

In old slave-days the Arab dealers found these



DINKA BOYS PLAYING WITH A FAVORITE BULL

people of little use to them as slaves. Unless with their cattle or at war they are lethargic and inefficient in every way. Moreover, it was considered good policy to make friends with them and use their country as a base for raids on the surrounding Bantu races, who made better sale material, as they were less recalcitrant, and soon learned to obey their new masters. Schweinfurth in 1868 says, 'This marked peculiarity of the Dinka, as well as their adherence to all their wonted habits, renders them thoroughly useless as far as regards the slave traffic. Although the people of Khartoum for fifteen years or more have traversed their country, they have never been able in any way to make use of the material which might be afforded by a regulated commercial intercourse.'

This also applied, until quite recently, to our rule, but now the District Commissioners have a better understanding of the psychology of the Dinka, and know how to make them work—at least a little. Captain Kidd had to make the main road from Shambe to Lao, and keep it in order in the winter months, also he had to build a little town at Lake Eyirroll as a Government fort, police barracks, etc. Could he make a Dinka come and work on promise of pay? 'I don't think.' Then he told local chiefs cattle would be confiscated unless a certain supply of labour was furnished for a short period by each local chief. Not a man came. Then the police went out and took from the *murah* of each Dinka chief a few head of cattle. Next day the required number of men rolled up, without a hostile act or word of protest. At the end of the month, when the men had finished their job, the cattle were returned to the chief. Now the Dinka men come in regularly

as required at the various stations, because they know Englishmen *do not bluff*.

If my reader is a Communist or a Labour Member of Parliament he will say that this is scandalous. But then he does not know or understand the native mind. There is only one thing a savage despises, and that is weakness, and when all is said and done the result is the very reverse of hatred. It would be impossible to exaggerate the respect and friendliness with which all the savage tribes regard such men as Kidd, Richards, Wheatley, Fergusson, and Larken. They look upon these white men with awe as well as affection, which, as time goes on, is still increasing, because they know that in all matters of dispute or crime each individual native or chief will be treated with perfect justice and fairness, a state of things very different from that which obtained in the past. A savage in his heart of hearts is just as capable of knowing right from wrong as any white man.

The belief of the Dinka in a future state seems nebulous. Unlike the Niam-Niam, who believe that their spirits pass into the forms of various living animals, the Dinka thinks that his soul passes away for ever into the realms of forgetfulness or enters the body of a living hyæna. Why he has chosen this loathsome animal as a receptacle for his spirit it is difficult to imagine, unless it is due to the fact that hyænas alone dig up and eat human bodies. During life, however, the Dinka has great fear and respect for evil spirits, a form of humbug encouraged by their numerous witch-doctors, who, where they still exist, have enormous power and influence. The Rev. W. L. Mills, who lived for some time among the clans of the Sobat River,¹

¹ *Sudan Notes and Records*, vol. ii., Jan. 1919, pp. 31-34.

gives an interesting account of the visit of one of these rascals to the Dinkas of the Melut district. He was given a great reception by the young bloods, all dressed in full regalia with leopard-skins, shields, and spears. The great man was seated on a bed of ambach, and was carried by four sturdy warriors.

‘ His approach was heralded by two men running ahead in a mad kind of way, carrying hippo-hide whips, and incidentally they kept up this mad run round and round the village the rest of the afternoon and evening. At the entrance of the village he was met by the old men and women and children, and welcomed amidst the acclamation of the people and songs sung in his honour, and conducted to the largest house in the village, where the ambach bed was lowered and placed in the shade, where he sat while all the men, young and old, knelt down before him, chanting a song in his honour, and then crept up on their knees and kissed his hand. A sheep was then brought and sacrificed, and the remainder of the day was given over to dancing.

‘ The appearance of the man himself was well calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the people ; short of stature for a Dinka, being about 5 ft. 6 or 7 ins., he was also very stout, which is also an exception : on his cheeks were small patches of ugly pinkish skin, also on his eyelids and neck ; the back of his hands and his legs from knee to ankle were also covered with the same disfiguring skin, and it was said his body as well. He was dressed in loose baggy half-mash trousers, with a loose cloth over his shoulders, and on his head he wore a large kind of hat made of black ostrich feathers, with three beautiful white plumes in front, which gave him quite an imposing appearance.

‘ He gave out that he was the voice of God to the Dinka people, and that they were to be visited by much sickness and many people would die, but he would drive away the evil spirits for a small remuneration and the sickness would depart ; as proof of his integrity he assured them he was not

born the same as other people, but that his place of origin was the river, therefore water was his Yab or totem, and he must not cross over it.

'The following day the village was astir before sunrise, people began to troop in from the outlying villages, and all formed up and paraded the village in single file, marching round and round in order—first the old men, then the warriors and younger boys, next the old women and married women carrying babies, then the younger women, girls and children—all singing a song in honour of the great "Bain," and all the while the two mad dancers were running round the outside of the circle with their hippo-hide whips.

'After this had been going on for an hour or so, they all came to a halt where two bulls were tied up, and formed themselves into a solid group, men in front, women and children behind—all strung to the highest pitch of excitement, awaiting the magical works of the witch-doctor, and all the while the mad dancers performed their antics round and round the expectant group; occasionally they would make passes with their hands over the two bulls—this was to convey the evil spirit from the people into the animals; the significance of the two bulls being that one was a sacrifice for Deng, who kills by violent death, and one for the Jok, who kills by sickness. Whether these men were actually mad or under hypnotic influence, or merely part of the show, is hard to say.

'In the meantime the witch-doctor was in another part of the village, working up power with his followers, and after having kept the people waiting in the hot sun in close formation long enough, he proceeded on his way towards them, accompanied by his retinue singing songs in exaltation of his wonders, to the monotonous drone of the drum. Already the excitement was beginning to tell on some, and some of the girls were beginning to dance in an hysterical kind of way, assimilating the mad dancers, and some had fallen down in a swoon.

'Amidst dead silence he loosed one of the bulls and proceeded to lead it round the group by its rope, but as it was

not held very securely it broke away ; then the other bull was tried, but it likewise broke away—that showed that the evil spirit was very bad in the village ; it also caused further delay, as two fresh bulls had to be brought, as the ones which broke away could not be used again. At last everything was ready, and once again he unloosed and led round one of the bulls ; four times he encircled them, trying each time to make the circle smaller and crowding the people together more, and now and then making passes with his hands over some of the people, the majority of whom were freely perspiring from the heat and in their intense excitement ; the bull was then tied up again and the other one taken, the same performance repeated, and it in turn tied up. He then armed himself with a sharp spear, and with a clever thrust in the right side, behind the shoulder, killed them one after the other amidst the shouts of the people. Both animals fell on the right side ; if they fell on the left side they would not have served the purpose, and others would have had to be procured—this happened in some of the other villages. By this time the people were keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement as he armed himself with a club of ambach, and going round to every individual he gave them a sound tap on the head with the club ; those who passed the test passed on to form a fresh group, while those who lay or fell down remained where they were, to be dragged away and placed in another group for further treatment. Only one man was knocked out, but the women and children were bowled over like ninepins. When all had been laid out, he exchanged the club for a hippo-hide whip, and then went round to the prostrate forms, lashing them over the head and shoulders with the whip until they came to. When all were restored the two bulls were laid out side by side, and he sat on one while all the people stepped over them, in single file parading the village ; on the second round he once again armed himself with the ambach club, and as they stepped over the bulls, so he gave them a sharp crack on the head with it, those who were knocked out being restored later on by the korbash.

‘ Proceedings being over for the morning, the rest of the

day was given over to dancing, the two bulls were cut up and eaten by the followers of the witch-doctor and people of villages who had "been purified"; those who had undergone treatment were not allowed to touch it. Several of the girls spent the rest of the day in violent hysterics, running about like mad dancers or demented creatures.

'The whole proceedings were weird and uncanny to a degree; whether the man possessed hypnotic powers, or it was merely hysteria, is difficult to determine, but the whole thing savoured of the occult. The effects took a very long time to work off; for months afterwards many of the young warriors were apparently quite mad, performing weird antics by day and night, although it is difficult to see what good was done, as there has been quite a fair amount of sickness and some deaths. Yet the people still retain their faith in him, and speak of him yet as the man of God and the man of the river.'

One of the chief difficulties met with by our Commissioners in various parts of Africa, when extending our influence amongst new and completely savage tribes, is to counteract the machinations of the witch-doctors and destroy their evil influence with the people. In this we have as a rule been completely successful in South, Central, and East Africa, but North Central and West Central Africa still remain buried in their primitive savage condition. Here the voice of the witch-doctor is still more or less all-powerful. His rule is that of fear, and fear of personal violence counts as much with the black as the white. Sometimes the work of these men is beneficent, for a man who can make rain when it is most wanted is indeed a superman. Unfortunately, however, the rain-makers often introduce human sacrifices or other inhuman practices (see recent events in Mashunaland) to effect their so-called miracles. Sometimes by pure accident rain immediately follows the experi-

ments of the magician, and then his fame and honour know no bounds amongst the simple folk in Bahr-el-Ghazal. A few years ago one District Commissioner experienced much trouble with the people owing to the difficulty of either catching or punishing the witch-doctors in such a way as not to alarm or excite the inflammable Dinkas. Major Kidd commenced operations in the Rumbek district by catching a big witch-doctor named Amai, who practised two forms of witchcraft (*Kajur*), known throughout Dinkaland as Mattiang Goh and Toot Bwong.¹

Mattiang Goh has been known in Bahr-el-Ghazal some forty years, since a certain Juer named Gash warned people that he was master of a spirit which entered the bodies of his enemies through a certain root of which he alone knew the secret. This man made his secret known to the Agar Dinkas of Rumbek, and afterwards to the Atwot and Cheesh Dinkas of the Lao region.

In the case of Toot Bwong, when the witch-doctor desires to kill a man a small piece of stick of a certain mimosa² is burnt outside the victim's house at night while he sleeps. The fumes of the burning wood soon reach the unfortunate sleeper, and twelve to fifteen hours afterwards his joints become rigid, and he dies in great agony. The stick which is burnt is about four inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It is found by the medicine-man in the forest and is known by the names Dyrwith and Atayok. Whilst practising Toot Bwong the witch-doctor remains in

¹ Toot Bwong is the masculine side of the *Kajur*, whilst for female the name Amok Adang is employed.

² Major Fergusson says that this mimosa is very similar to *Prosopis oblonga*; the wood is very red and hard. It is also used for making charcoal for iron-smelting. It bears a long pod, which is eaten by goats and cattle.

obscurity, but in the case of Mattiang Goh he tells the victim that his hours are numbered, and in many cases the wretched creature dies of fright. There is little doubt that all this hocus-pocus of burning the stick is sheer nonsense, merely employed to hide the fact that a poison has already been inserted in the victim's food.

Amai was placed in custody in charge of a Cheesh Dinka chief, named Addel Magit. This chief had agreed to abjure witchcraft, and with certain others acted as Government spy to suppress cases of Mattiang Goh and Toot Bwong. They were so successful that both Amai and Ptwong—another noted magician—made a full confession of their damnable work and that of their assistants (*Wakils*). The object of it all was pure terrorism, for many victims, being rich in cattle, were warned that their fate was sealed and so gladly agreed to the extortionate demands made upon them by the witch-doctors. So for a time these rogues prospered exceedingly and grew rich and powerful. Major Kidd adopted the excellent policy of holding the whole matter up to ridicule. This has borne great fruit, since these people are very vain, and hate above all things to be made a laughing-stock of the women.

The natives of Bahr-el-Ghazal are intelligent, and in certain cases are quite keen to learn to read and write. Accordingly numbers are now taught in the offices at Rumbek and at the Wau Mission. The childlike trust displayed by some of these in their letters is both charming and amusing, and I give a few examples which I have copied from Captain Richards' desk. The first is from a wild Niam-Niam educated at the Wau Mission.

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SIR,—I have the honour of submitting the following application for your kind consideration and assistance, please. Owing to the Foreign Country, the army transport and your lease, I should be very glad if this my application would be kindly considered granting me an old enfield rifle of district store for myself defence which will be restored on the expiration of my tour as I have only a spear with which I can't exactly act as well as the one who had already been trained into their practices—such as wild naked inhabitants of this country.

I extremely hope to receive a good reply as that is of the simplest for your kind assistance of approval for supply also 25 rounds to do with or otherwise, please.

Your obedient servant,
D. CHARLES GANGURA.

Soon after this, Gangura had so much confidence in the District Commissioner that he wrote and asked him to arrange for his 'Matrimonium,' as the 'Financing' was now complete.

The same man also wrote :

SIR,—Being one of the Musicians and very fond of Band, I hope you will allow me to play with your District Cornet some times or otherwise.

Your obedient servant,
D. CHAS. GANGURA.

Here is a letter from a Dinka at Rumbek to D. C. Richards. (This man could clear six feet at a jump and was a wonderful athlete.)

SIR,—I return these papers of yours with thanks. Will you kindly send me others. In fact, I wish to drag myself gradually from darkness to light, and your papers are the best means of this burning desire.

Yours obediently,
ABDEL LATIF EFFENDI KERSAL.

The next scribe was evidently a cheery fellow, and brimming with hospitality :

SIR,—I want to make home (lit. a house-warming) with Johnny Walker to-day, and I shall thank you if you would kindly borrow me one bottle. I am ashamed to ask, but circumstances obliged me to do so.

Yours truly obedient,
ABDUL, Translator at Rumbek.

It is scarcely possible to describe the Dinka without reference to the Nuer, another large tribe which range from the edge of the great swamp, north of Rumbek, east to Lake No, and throughout this swamp itself. Also many clans exist on the east bank of the Nile, from the Bahr-el-Zeraf, south to $7^{\circ} 30'$, and east to the Abyssinian frontier.

The origin of the Nuers¹ is undoubtedly the same stock as the Dinka, though they themselves attribute a mythical reason for the beginning of the clans. For generations, according to the researches of Major Fergusson, and before the Nuong Nuers came into existence, the whole of the country was inhabited by a race who had a connection with Heaven by means of a big rope, which touched the earth at the foot of a large tree called 'Kot' in the Nuer country, about lat. $8^{\circ} 30'$, long. $30^{\circ} 18'$. 'By this rope,' says Major Fergusson, 'men and girls used to descend daily to earth to get their food, and the people who did at that time inhabit the earth only died for two months, during which time they went to Heaven, and others descended again by way of the rope.

¹ The Nuers claim a common ancestry with the Shilluk, Anyuak, and Dinka (Agar and Atwot), which is probably correct. But it is curious that the Shilluk, though recognising an original association with the Dinka, deny any connection with the Nuer.

' One day, about 300 odd years ago, a boy dropped from the skies with a fish at a place called Aparrar, in the Atwot (Dinka) country, close to Shellan, long. $30^{\circ} 26'$, lat. $16^{\circ} 26'$. The fish found its way into the Lao river and disappeared, but the boy roamed about, and was eventually found by a Mandari man who was out trapping game. The man asked the boy who he was, and was told that he had no father, but had fallen from Heaven with a fish. He said he had witchcraft, and by this means killed game for his food, and wanted no assistance, but advised the man to leave him alone. The Mandari, however, took the boy to his cattle murah, called Dorather (now belonging to the Quek Atwot), and sat him in front of a fire made of dried cow-droppings, the smoke of which got into the boy's eyes and made them water, so that the witchcraft was removed. The boy remained with the Mandari for many years, until he grew up, and was known to them as Rill (meaning in the Mandari language a "fox," he being so called because that animal is found in the grass). One day the wandering spirit took hold of Rill, and he finally ended up by the tree Kot, where he saw a girl wandering about and, taking a great fancy to her, had connection with her. The girl's name was Eleech, and she had come down the rope from Heaven to get food, but, taking a liking to Rill, she refused to go back, and when the other people from Heaven came to remonstrate with her she got very angry, and would not listen to them. The people then left her and returned to Heaven, and as a revenge cut the rope, so that connection with earth was severed for ever, and from that day those that died on earth never returned, as the road was closed. Rill took Eleech, and built

his house at a place called Napegard, lat. $8^{\circ} 17'$, long. $30^{\circ} 13'$, where he remained until he became a very old man. They had three sons, Nweng Nuer, Rill, and Manuair, one daughter, Neethur, and also one adopted Shish boy, Ajang. They all lived together at Napegard until the sons grew up ; but as there was always friction between them, their father Rill, who by that time was getting an old man, decided to return to Aparrar. With this object in view he called his family together, and asked them what they wanted to do. Eleech said she would not leave Kot, and must return there, Rill decided to go with his mother, and Nweng Nuer would accompany his father, whilst Manuair stated that he wanted to marry his sister Neethur. Ajang decided to return to the Shish country. On the following day Rill took a bull, cut it in half at the belly, and told Manuair to take hold of the head, and Neethur the tail, and to pull the two parts away from each other ; after this ceremony, the two were free to marry. Early on the next morning Rill decided to divide the property, and told his sons to be present. Nweng Nuer was the first to arrive, and was given a cow in calf ; then Ajang came, and, knowing that Rill was nearly blind, and that his share would not be a good one, said he was Manuair, and was given the much-prized cow calf, which he took, and immediately set off for the Shish country as fast as he could. Manuair then came and asked for his calf, and when Rill found out that he had been deceived he was very angry, and told Manuair not to leave a stone unturned until either he or his descendants got the calf back again and dealt out suitable punishment. (This was the beginning of the feud against the Shish.) In place of the calf Manuair

was given one old cow and four spears that Rill had got from the Mandari. The son Rill was given a small calf.

'The family then broke up, and Nweng Nuer and his father made their way back to Aparrar, where Rill eventually died. Nweng Nuer became known to the Agar as 'Twot' (Agar for a "goose," which has a different call to other birds), being so called because he spoke a hitherto unknown tongue, which was composed of Mandari, Shish and Agar words. He married Mandari and Juer wives, and became the ancestor of the Atwot Dinka. Manuair or Nuong built his house at Annek, close to Hillet el Nuer, lat. $8^{\circ} 14'$, long. $30^{\circ} 18'$, and became the ancestor of the Noung Nuer.

'Rill and his mother Eleech settled at Kot and, I am told, from him the Nuer claim to be descended, but I have not been able to verify this yet.

'The village Annek appears to have been occupied for about 100 years by the descendants of Manuair, who then started friction with the Shish on account of the calf taken by Ajang years before. The Shish at that time occupied the country south of lat. $7^{\circ} 50'$, and gradually were forced to evacuate the country, until their final overwhelming defeat took place at a murah called Thuom, a few miles north of Lau Post, about thirty-five years ago, when the boundary between the tribes was settled as Fulla Ful Bar, lat. $7^{\circ} 2'$, long. $30^{\circ} 28'$.

'Apart from comparatively recent fighting with Chief Wal Atiang, an Agar of the Eastern District, and the old friction with the Shish, I can trace no wars against other tribes, but there has been much cattle-raiding in all directions in the past.'

Until recent years there seems to have been constant

war and raiding by the Dinka and Nuers on one another, but in some cases Nuers even seceded from the tribes and fought against their own people; the most notable instance is the Chief Wal Atiang, who has had many little fights with the Nuer chiefs Teng and Madi, the most powerful of the Nuong Nuers.

The chief clans are Garquoich, Adok, Arol (about 300), Kolong or Therk, Luich, Gartiel and Garmok. Most of these clans of the Nuong Nuer are subdivided into other small clans, each bearing a separate name.

The population of the Nuer amounts roughly to 320,000, who inhabit the districts of Tiun, Lak, Garweir, Lau and Jekiang. The last named is the most densely populated, and contains about 150,000 huts, counted during the 1920 Patrol. The area occupied is enclosed by the rivers Bahr-el-Nam, Main Nile, and Bahr-el-Jebel, as far out as parallel $7^{\circ} 30'$. Roughly, on east and west banks of the main Nile, the territory occupied by Nuers is about 26,000 square miles. Most of this country is flat and treeless, except on the Aiyod ridge, which extends to Mongalla. Here there are fine trees, such as Higlig, *Balanites aegyptiaca*, talh, *Acacia seyal*, Kharub, *Bauhinnia reticulata*, sausage tree, *Kigelia aethiopia*, sycamore, *Ficus sycomorus*, tamarind, *Tamarindus indicus*, and tebeldi, *Adamsonia digitata*. The soil is the usual black cotton, vile to walk on either in dry or rainy season.

The Nuer are amongst the most backward of African races. If it were possible they are even lazier than the Dinka, and like them, where they possess herds, live entirely for their cattle, and by hunting fish and game. In suitable spots they grow a little durra and tobacco, but as agriculturists they make a poor show. Even

their best friends amongst the whites, Major Fergusson and Mr. H. C. Jackson, describe them as a hopeless race. Nothing galvanises them into activity except a cattle-raid or the insistent pangs of hunger, whilst intellectually they are on a very low level. 'Indeed, it is difficult to see how, in the near future, any real moral, material, or spiritual progress or development can be expected from them' (H. C. Jackson).

'At the same time there will inevitably be changes amongst them in their outlook on life and methods of living as administration becomes closer and more sustained, and for this reason it is as well to depict them now as they really are, in all their barbarism and degradation, before the mists of time have enfolded their past in a romance that was never theirs, and assigned to them an attractiveness that they have never possessed. It is often the custom to portray the savage as an interesting individual, living the simple life simply and morally, with no troubles to annoy him and no unsatisfied wants; a primitive, unspoilt, unsophisticated creature who, happy in his Elysian surroundings, leads an idyllic life until civilisation clothes him in unbecoming garb and introduces him to the curse of trade gin. Seen through the vista of years, some savages may appear to have led an artless, unharassed life of comfort and contentment, with no real faults, worries or afflictions. Of the Nuer, at any rate, such a description would be emphatically untrue. They lead a harsh, uncouth existence' (H. C. Jackson).

Each man is a law unto himself in Nuer-land, and they pay little attention even to their chiefs. They are a turbulent race, and a constant menace to the peace of the country, owing to ignorant and truculent ways. Occasionally they are visited by a District Commissioner, and to-day Major Fergusson has attained a great influence over the Nuong Nuers, who, until recently, were quite unknown.

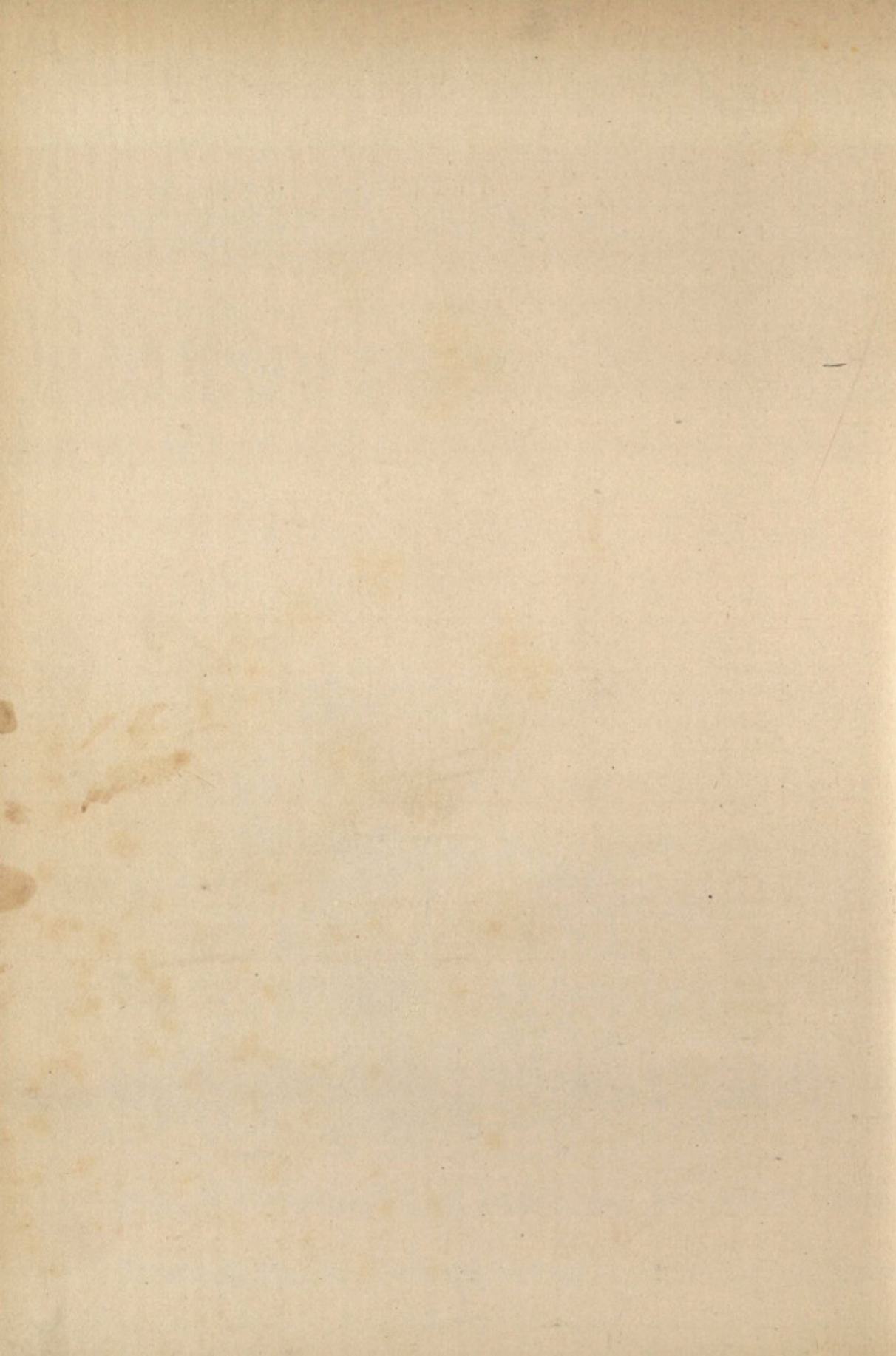
Major Fergusson visited the Chief Madi in July 1923, and the account of his meeting with irreconcilable savages is an object-lesson in skilful diplomacy.¹

' Having received messages of his intended submission, I visited Chief Madi at Rangyan on the 25th July, being accompanied by a gathering of the Northern Nuongs from Lerr. No fear of any kind was shown on my approach, and men, women and children flocked round in numbers to get a glimpse of the first white man they had ever seen. In the vicinity of his house I was met by Madi, an old man of some eighty years of age. He approached surrounded by a bevy of women, girls and young men, all singing his "Kiyet," or sacred songs. He seemed very nervous and at a loss to know what to say or do. His kind old face and rather pleasant smile could not but impart a good impression, and in his day he must have been a very fine-looking man, for he now stands over six feet, and holds himself perfectly. His first speech, after we had assembled in his cattle "luark," somewhat astonished me, since he made a distinct point of differentiating between a Turk and "Englizi." He related his experience with the old Turkish Government and the Gallabas, both of whom he had learnt to mistrust, and was gratified to hear that the latter were not allowed to enter his country. He stated that his "Kujur" had taken him one night to England, where he had seen all the English and learnt that their word was always to be trusted. On his arrival there the English asked him where he had come from, and he told them from God. He was then asked where God lived, and Madi replied that he lived in a small spot which he pointed out to them in England. The English then stated that they wished to fight with the clouds, but he replied that although the clouds appear near, they were in reality far off and impossible to reach. He saw people reading and writing from sunrise to sunset, and was told by

¹ I am indebted to the Sudan Government for allowing me to quote Major Fergusson's story. (*Sudan Monthly Intelligence Report*, Sept. 1923.)



GHOK DINKAS AND HUT



God to respect them always. The time had come now to obey God's commands, and he therefore placed himself in the hands of the Government, knowing that all his people, which constituted the Nuong and Gair Nuers, would be well treated. The speech rather taxed his strength and the meeting broke up. In the evening a large bull was produced, on which Madi swore allegiance and ordered his successors to abide by his oath. On the following day I interviewed him only with his nephew, who is his nearest relative since the death of his only son Majok at the hands of Chief Mayan Jak on 1/6/1923.

' It seems that on the death of Majok he lost all that he valued in life and, realising that the dreams he had fostered of seeing his son take his place as the greatest Nuer chief were not to come true, had turned his thoughts solely to that of revenge, irrespective of consequence. He said that God had told him that the Government had been sent to assist him to carry this out, and now only waited for the day when I was ready to advance with his warriors and wipe the accursed Dinka off the face of the earth. He then burst into tears, and it was quite fifteen minutes before he regained his composure and was able to appreciate my reply. The situation was awkward in the extreme, for there is no doubt that the poor old man fully believed all that he had said. My reply that no fighting could take place under any circumstances finished him, and he collapsed and had to be helped back to his house. After about an hour, however, he returned and said that nothing would convince him that it was true, since God had told him, and he implored me to write and explain the matter to H.E. the Governor-General. I then went into the circumstances which led to Majok's death, in case there should have been any possible excuse for the fight that took place. The violation of fishing rights certainly had some hand in the matter, but it would seem that both parties were equally to blame over this, and the real cause was the inborn hatred between the two tribes. During the fight it was Majok that killed Mayan with his own hands, and was then speared to death by Mayan Jak's supporters.

'I explained that I was about to visit Meshra and would go into the matter with Chief Toooh and, should the fault be found to rest with the Dinkas, I had no doubt that the Government would take suitable steps. To this, however, he would not agree, and adhered to the fact that the fight must take place, and he was prepared to wait any time for the decision of His Excellency the Governor-General. Matters seemed to be desperate, for no words of advice or threats would make him see reason, and when he departed at midday I had visions of the negotiations being a failure after all. I therefore called together three of my supporters who were also trusted friends of Madi and sent them to try and make him alter his views. At 3 p.m. they returned, reporting that they had failed to make any impression. I then played my last card and sent to say I would replace the bull he had killed on the previous day, and would leave his village without delay. Preparations were thereupon made for departure, and it was not until I was about to move off that Madi appeared and stated that he had reconsidered things, and as I had promised to go into the circumstances of Majok's death, he was prepared to leave everything in my hands. It was a welcome relief, for the old man has the reputation of never altering his decision when once made. I did not go into matters of administration with him, as I preferred first of all to visit the remaining Gair Nuers, of whom I know little at present. Also talking with him is difficult, as he is so old, and they tell me that his memory is so bad that at times it is almost impossible to make him understand anything. Before I left I spoke to his chief advisers, and will work through them as much as possible, and only trust that he will not forget his promise to me and break the peace. He volunteered to send for Garluark and order his submission, and also to notify all the Gair Nuers of his action. I therefore trust that the meeting will prove to be the end of our troubles and the successful termination of an interesting experiment.'

The Nuers make two types of houses, the first

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mere shelter of boughs and grass, used when with the cattle in the dry months, and the other of a more permanent character, for residence in the wet season. The latter has a conical roof and is circular in shape. The walls are of grass and mud, and supported by logs of wood. The outer walls are often sand-plastered. Villages are built on sandy ridges and have no stockade. A Nuer hut contains spears and shields, head-rests, horn-spoons, dancing-sticks, calabashes, skins, a few ornaments, harpoons, pipes, fishing-nets, reed baskets, and hoes.

Their principal weapons are spears, usually made from straightened horns of 'Mrs. Gray' and white-eared kob, water-buck, tiang, or roan antelope, but metal procured from Abyssinia is now replacing horn weapons. Shields are made from hippo or buffalo hide. Their canoes are usually hollowed, cranky affairs, made from the bole of dom palm or sycamore, first roughly hollowed and then burnt out—the length being twelve to fifteen feet. Floating on his native river, the Nuer is as much at home in them as the Red Indian in his birch-bark canoe.

'The Nuer,'¹ says Mr. H. C. Jackson, 'can and does frequently go for two or three days at a time without eating, and, if necessity compels, he is capable of fasting for as many as five, and not suffer any real inconvenience.'

When he can get it, he eats twice a day, durra porridge and cow's milk being the usual diet. Out in the country or swamp, he picks up such delicacies as worms, grasshoppers, ants, rats. Birds are eaten only on rare occasions and in secret, but antelope, hippo-

¹ *Sudan Notes and Records*, vol. vi., p. 128, Dec. 1923.

potamus, and crocodiles are a favourite food, and are eaten even when in a state of advanced decomposition. All the riverine and swamp Nuers subsist largely on fish, which they spear with great skill. Numbers are usually found in drying watercourses. When a good catch is made or a hippo slain the Nuer is communistic and invites all to attend the banquet.

'The Nuer eat by classes according to age and sex : thus the old people have their meals together and each section of the village or cattle kraal according to the age of the diners. The food and merissa bowls are apportioned to suit the age and requirements of the different parties : thus the older men have larger bowls than the middle-aged, who are in turn considered worthy of a larger portion than the younger men and children. The meal is prepared by a woman in a special hut, the women of the village taking it in turns to see about the food.

'Witch-doctors of importance, such as Gwek (the frog), usually eat in private, but there is no harm done if anyone chances to see them eating. The Nuer, like the Dinka, and sometimes the Shilluk, eat with spoons made out of a mussel-shell, or a ladle shaped out of the horn of a bull or piece of wood. Horns of cattle are also used as drinking goblets where milk or a concoction of durra soaked in water is to be consumed. The Nuer sometimes fast voluntarily for a period, and there is some evidence that they occasionally refrain from partaking of milk and meat together. They do not know how to make cheese, but they allow stale milk to coagulate, pour off the whey and eat the solidified result, which is called *ruott*.

'If several people hunt together for wild fruit, such as *lalob*, they agree to fill all the joint baskets before returning. There are no proprietary rights in trees or fruit' (Jackson).

Mr. Jackson gives a long list of the various fish and roots, etc., eaten by the Nuer, and also the various

kinds of food that are taboo. They will not touch the carnivora, nor snakes, with the exception of the python.

In appearance, the Nuer is very like the Dinka, but not so tall as a rule. They remove the six central teeth in the lower jaw, to obviate the resemblance to carnivora, which they detest. Most of the men employ cicatrization on the stomach, and are proud of their tribal marks.

Men and women undertake the cultivation of durra, the rough hoeing being done with a pointed stick called a *duwot*. Their methods of hunting game are very similar to those employed by other Nilotic tribes. Pits for elephants, furnished with a sharp stake at the bottom, are in common use.

' Giraffe traps consist of a circular frame of plaited ropes with concentric spikes nearly meeting in the middle. Here a small gap is left into which the giraffe puts its foot. To the trap is attached a slip knot and a long rope with a heavy log at the end. When the giraffe puts its foot into the gap the spikes gradually close on the leg, and the giraffe is prevented from limping very far owing to the log tied to the trap. The actual trap measures about two feet across, and the thongs binding the spikes to the circumference are smeared with hyæna dung, in order to prevent that voracious brute from eating the straps.

' Certain big game, such as the roan or giraffe, are also hunted on foot. A large crowd of natives collect and form a gradually closing semicircle, leaving a gap where the fleetest of foot are hidden. These specially selected runners are all well known, and are summoned to a central spot from where it is proposed to undertake the hunt. The game is worked towards the gap which has been left in the circle, and the young men then run the quarry down and despatch it with spears. The first spear takes the buttock and hind

leg. The second spear takes the part just above the buttocks but below the ribs, and a hind leg. The rest of the meat is divided amongst the huntsmen.

'For lesser game, such as gazelle, waterbuck or kob, dogs are usually employed. At one time the Nuer encircled the game with fire, leaving an opening in the ring of flames towards which the game rushed on to the spears of the huntsmen. If the game escaped it was then coursed down by dogs. These dogs are specially cared for by the Nuer. A cow is often allotted to a favourite dog, from which it may drink as much milk as is required to keep it fit and strong. If a bitch is about to have a litter, a kennel of mud is made for her, about three feet in height, with a small entrance hole: the general shape of the kennel is rather like that of an Indian wigwam. These dogs have special names given to them, as for instance *qweiyun*, a dog with a white forehead and yellowish body.

'*Kongapin* was a name given to a dog under the following circumstances. A man, having some surplus merissa (*kong*), buried it in the ground (*pin*). The merissa was, however, discovered, and the man's niggardly behaviour, in not sharing the merissa with his friends, was rewarded by his having a puppy named after him.

'Before starting out on a hunting expedition the party usually repairs to a witch-doctor, who produces a hollow gourd and a mussel-shell. The latter is thrown at the gourd, and the success or failure of the expedition is determined by the direction in which the broken fragments of the mussel-shell fall. Otherwise the Nuer do not seem to have any superstitions concerning the chase. It is not, for instance, unlucky to encounter soldier ants when on the warpath, or when proceeding on a journey or a hunting expedition.

'Children are said to trap guinea-fowl from time to time and eat them, but neither the men nor the women, as has been seen above, partake of their flesh.¹

¹ In this connection it may be interesting to record a story told me by the Burun as to the method they adopt for catching the guinea-fowl. Along the path where the bird goes down to drink there is placed a gourd of water into

'The diet, however, on which the Nuer most rely is fish, which is so abundant throughout their country that they have never troubled to develop any really efficient methods for capturing them. Thus they neither net them nor catch them on a rod and line. They either spear them with a broad spear (*kokab* in Arabic and *bisz* in Nuer), catch them in baskets not unlike lobster-pots, impale them on a thin spear by jabbing in the reeds along the banks of a river or pool, or harpoon them with a *koor*.

'This *koor*, or harpoon, consists of a stout but smallish rod about eight feet long and shod with iron. On the head is placed a detachable iron tip about four inches in length, with a barb at the end. The harpoon is hurled into the water, and, if the cast is successful, the barbed tip is released from the rod and remains embedded in the fish. The fish then runs at the end of some ten yards of thick string. The ends of this string are wrapped round a stick about two feet long, held in the fisherman's left hand, and uncoils as the fish endeavours to escape. The Nile fish, however, as a rule shows little or no fight, and the fisherman finds no difficulty in hauling in even a heavy fish.

'Towards the end of the winter, as the pools and streams dry up, organised fishing parties of a hundred persons or more take place. In these some of the men line the edges of the watercourse or lake that has to be driven, and stab with spears into the reeds. By this means the fish are forced into open water, where other men transfix them with harpoons. As the water becomes cloudy with their efforts, the women-folk come behind with baskets of plaited reeds about twenty-four inches in diameter and the same in height. These baskets have a hole at the top through which to insert the hand, and are open at the bottom. They are conical in shape and rather reminiscent of a lobster-pot, and are jabbed

which has been poured some juice of the salala climber (*Vitis quadrangularis*, called by the Burun *munda*). The guinea-fowl drinks this preparation, which sets up a violent tingling in the throat. This causes the guinea-fowl to scratch its throat so continuously as either to kill the bird or to render it so weak that it can be captured with ease.

indiscriminately on the bottom of the stream. When a fish is caught it is taken out by the hole at the top.

'No special rites mark the commencement or close of the fishing, in which the whole settlement may, and usually does, take part. If, however, the water is suspected of containing crocodiles, a special man, of the crocodile totemic clan, is sent for. A sheep is presented to him and he proceeds to the scene of the fishing, where he mumbles some special incantations in order to appease the crocodiles. He then offers the sheep to the crocodiles, and as soon as it is devoured the fishing party are supposed to be able to enter the water' (H. C. Jackson).

The matrimonial customs and initiation ceremonies seem to be much the same as with the other Nilotic tribes, and it is interesting to learn that the bride's mother is 'regarded with extreme reverence,' so much so that the bridegroom may neither see nor speak with her (Driberg). From this we can deduce the fact that the unsophisticated savage has a distinct advantage over the ultra-civilised Christian. Thirteen to fifteen cattle are the usual price of a wife, and these are distributed amongst the wife's relations, and are not necessarily the property of the bride's father as is usually the case. Mr. Jackson quaintly observes, 'If a girl on marriage is not a virgin, the dowry is smaller than it would otherwise be,' whilst ladies will be rejoiced to hear that in Nuer-land 'Every Nuer woman has a husband provided for her, unless she is suffering from some chronic disease, or is a divorced woman with part of the dowry unpaid. . . .

'Divorce is not uncommon amongst the Nuer, though it is naturally complicated by squabbling over the return of the marriage portion. A marriage may be dissolved for various reasons—barrenness, infidelity,

incompatibility of temperament, ill-treatment, if the wife is given to stealing, or if the husband is a gross feeder and is never satisfied with his meals. If the woman is to blame, the husband recovers all the cattle that he or his father has paid as dowry. But if the husband is responsible for the dissolution of the marriage, he leaves one bull calf and one cow calf with his divorced wife. The chief of the leopard-skin is responsible for collecting the dowry from unwilling relatives among whom it has been distributed.

‘When a divorce is being contemplated, the fathers of the parties concerned discuss the question in all its bearings, and if no agreement is arrived at the matter is referred to the chief of the leopard-skin.’

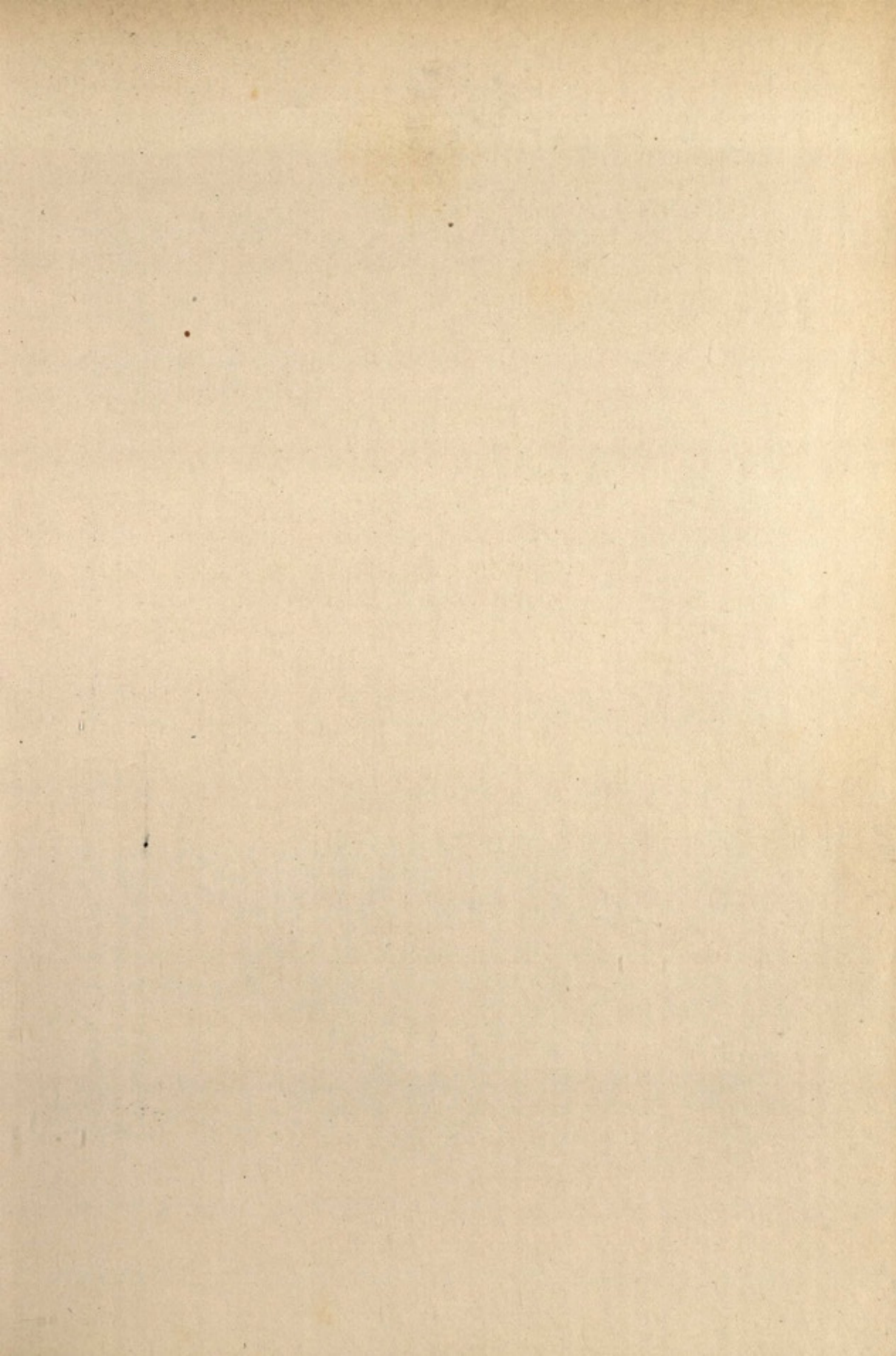
The Nuer believes in a Great Spirit who made the world and who has both good and evil powers.

CHAPTER VII

HUNTING BUFFALO AND GIANT ELAND IN THE GELLE FOREST

It was somewhat unfortunate that we had missed the great clan gathering of the Dinka chiefs to meet the Sirdar and Lord Allenby at Rumbek, as the Mamur said it was a fine sight. One old chieftainess had been presented with a golden sword, as she had kept good order amongst her tribe for many years. We met her at the Mamur's house, and she was most talkative and good-natured. Also we met Sheik Manyel, chief of the Southern Juers, wearing on his head a Dunlop-tyre cardboard case. He was indeed a horrid spectacle, but seemed to be proud of his hatter. He told us that near his village, Sho-Mamo, there was a good herd of buffalo, and also a troop of 'Bogga' (giant eland). He left with us a Nuer guide, one Marial, who, he said, would lead us to his country, down near the Gelle river.

After dinner with the Mamur, both Raoul and I were taken ill with violent diarrhœa and sickness, which continued all night, wherefore we called in the services of the local Syrian doctor next day, who gave each of us a colossal dose of castor-oil, a medicine which he stated





A BUFFALO HEAD

was so rough he would not dare to take it himself. Raoul soon recovered, but with myself the illness soon developed into dysentery, so that I suffered hell for three weeks.

The climate of the Bahr-el-Ghazal is abominable, and the toll it has taken amongst the strongest men is a very large one. Even with the most careful attention to health and the constant taking of quinine, a man who spends a few months there is fortunate if he escapes without a serious illness—dysentery and malaria being the most common. The reason for this is the presence of germ-laden water and *Anopheles* mosquitoes, which bite by day as well as by night. Consequently, few men escape dysentery and malaria, which are very difficult to cure on the spot, owing to the great heat which prevails at all seasons.

'It is only too well known how many victims this treacherous climate has already claimed; it may without exaggeration be maintained that half the travellers who have ventured into these swamps have succumbed to fever. The highest mortality was in the settlements of the Austrian Mission in Gondokoro and St. Cross, now long since abandoned. Miss Tinné's expedition of 1863 suffered the loss of five out of its nine European members, amongst them my unfortunate predecessor in the botanical investigation of this district, Dr. Steudner, who died suddenly, quite at the beginning of his journey.'¹

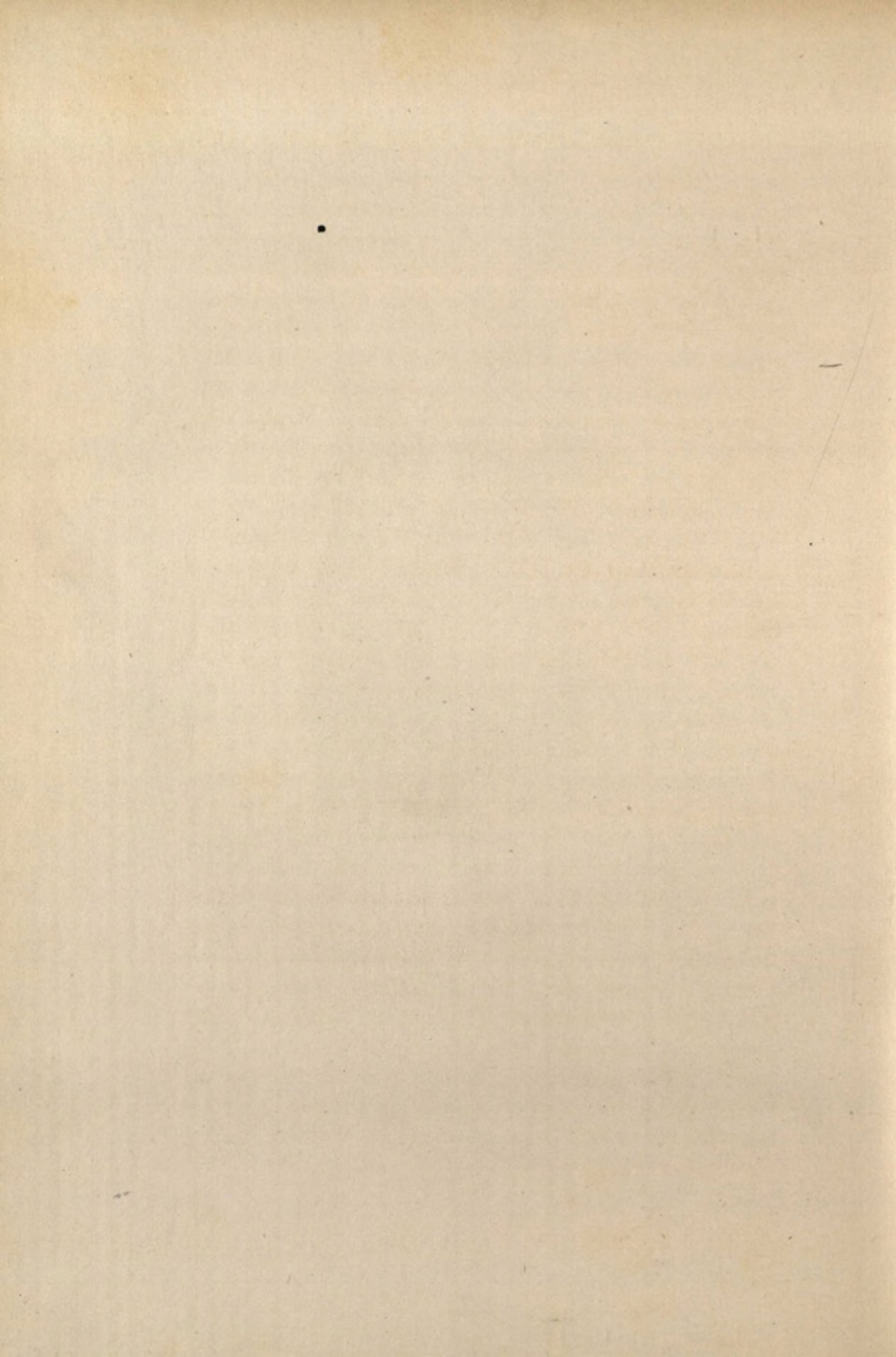
We were now in a quandary. The giant eland were at least eight days away, even if we could find a herd in so short a time. Raoul was desperately keen to shoot one, and it had been my ambition for years. But I knew now that in my case this wish was hopeless. In a talk with my son, he at first refused to leave me,

¹ Schweinfurth, *Heart of Africa*, vol. i., p. 38.

like a good lad ; but at last he said that he would go away for a week or eight days, and take his chance. I knew too well from my experience of elands, and the talk with other hunters who had killed giant eland, that it might take at least three weeks to obtain one shot at these animals, which are very shy, restless, and always difficult to find in desert forests far from water, wherefore I saw that the only thing to do was to go with Raoul and chance results. At any rate, I could be carried back to Rumbek if the worst came to the worst. So next day I got on my donkey and we started west for the Gelle river on the afternoon of February 7, arriving at a Rest-house, near a long, swampy sluit, as the sun was setting. Both Raoul and I had no sleep and left the next morning at dawn, feeling miserable wrecks. About half an hour down the road we saw a herd of Heuglin's hartebeest and four roan antelopes, feeding and lying on the edge of the forest. I was feeling so ill I could not go on, so Raoul set off on the hunt. He says : ' I cannot describe this day, as half the time I was unconscious of what I was doing. I started to stalk a herd of Heuglin's hartebeest and roan, but found them unapproachable, owing to some of the Niam-Niam porters showing themselves near the road. The hartebeests led me a dance for five miles, and then I got within 250 yards and knocked down both bulls, which rose again and disappeared for good. Then on the way back to the road I found another herd in thick bush, and killed a female with a good head. By this time the sun was scorching hot, so I sent a man to the road to look for the water-bottle man, who could not be found. I was very groggy after four nights of sleeplessness and little



BUFFALO KILLED AS HE GALLOPED AWAY



food. When I reached the road I thought I could last another two hours, but four were required before the Rest-house came into view. The sun streamed down relentlessly; there was no shade and no water. We just plodded on for hours, hoping to see our haven of rest, but it never seemed to come. If I had known how far the Rest-house was I should have given in. For the last two hours my legs went on by themselves, and I must have fallen asleep once or twice. Such thirst I have never known before. My tongue swelled up and stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my throat was like a limekiln. When at last the toil was over, I just dropped on my bed without moving. Such is African hunting in Bahr-el-Ghazal. Lots of giraffe and other game spoor seen. The heat here is like a blast-furnace.'

Next day (February 9) I rested all day, whilst Raoul hunted in the forest without success. A herd of roan came within 200 yards of the Rest-house, but no one came to tell me the news. The Dinka, though always desiring meat, is the laziest creature on earth—bar the Nuer—and will do nothing even to fill his own stomach.

February 10.—Still west towards the Gelle river, on a straight road where one could see five miles ahead. Raoul shot a good male oribi close to the path. At the midday rest we observed the black and blue hornet making the little mud receptacle for her egg. Each case takes a few minutes to build, and then she turns round and deposits her egg within. Sometimes one female makes eight egg-cases and then flies away. In the afternoon we made another long trek to Kashwol Rest-house, close to the Gelle river. On the way I

shot three guinea-fowl, which Mohamed cooked, but I could not eat. The men in charge of the Rest-house were lazy and apathetic, and the place in a state of filth, so I made them get to work and clean it out and fetch water. All they wanted was meat, which we would not give them.

February 11.—Owing to Mohamed's stupidity and Angelo Capato's carelessness we find the tinned milk nearly finished. This is a serious matter, as I can take nothing but milk, and we are entering a country where no milk is to be found. We sent a man for milk, but he only obtained a small quantity from some Gok Dinkas. At midday we reached the Gelle Rest-house on the far side of the river, which breaks through a great grassy plain something like the Nam landscape. Here Raoul shot a female water-buck for the porters. The local sheik wanted the skin and most of the meat, so Raoul gave him nothing but the 'hasty push,' as his Rest-house was also in a dirty condition, little having been done to clean it up. We saw a few tiang and white-eared kob, but nothing worth a shot.

In the afternoon a long trek down the river took us again into a forest of magnificent trees, where the inhabitants of a Gok Dinka village came as usual to offer their dead codfish hands. Raoul had a good dinner and I looked on.

February 12.—Started at 5 a.m. and had a long five hours' march. There was no sign of game and I felt desperately ill. Raoul was very anxious about me and, like a good fellow, came many times in the night to attend me. It is a bad thing to be ill here without milk, which is the only cure for dysentery. Here we are, 1000 miles from civilisation and no doctor except the

HUNTING BUFFALO AND ELAND 191

Syrian at Rumbek, who, although a good fellow, knows about as much of medicine as I do. It was a bad look-out, and I feared I should break down before we reached the elands.

Raoul sent a Dinka runner to Rumbek to get any tinned milk he could obtain, and to pick us up again at Sheik Manyel's village. The messenger could not return under six days, so I hoped to make it out on guinea-fowl soup, which is a poor and irritating substitute. Chlorodyne and other dysentery medicines are useless, and only have a temporary effect. In the evening Raoul went out and killed a good Heuglin's hartebeest bull. It was entirely covered with bees before the head was taken off.

February 13.—The first sound you hear in the early morning in the Gelle country is the hum of bees coming to the camp. They swarm over meat or water-bottles, obtaining from them some moisture. If you do not interfere with them they do not touch you as a rule, but any foolish act may provoke an attack, and then you are in considerable danger. It would appear that the further south you go, the worse is the temper of the bees. French bees are excitable and Italian bees regular hot-heads and vicious to handle, but when you get to the Nile valley these little insects are veritable little demons of anger. There are many instances of men being driven off their boats on the Nile,¹ and more than one instance of men being killed or drowned in trying to evade the hostility of a big swarm. As they come and settle on you their voices break into a shrill angry scream, and it requires some nerve to remain quiescent as they crawl all over your head and neck. I had a

¹ See Schweinfurth, *Heart of Africa*.

very unpleasant experience with these little demons (described later). As Schweinfurth remarks, the charge of a buffalo or lion is less to be feared than a battle with African bees. 'I do not like the prospect of another day,' says Raoul, 'but it must be faced. Poor dad was very sick all last night and this morning. I have given him more castor-oil, which cannot do harm and may do good. I tried to amuse him this morning, but that is hard work when all the time one is so anxious. He is cheerful considering all things, but is frightfully weak through lack of food. I have sent off three men and a policeman to borrow, steal, or take by force any milk they can find in a Gok Dinka village near here, as that is all the nourishment he can take.'

The result, alas! was one half-pint of very smelly goat's milk. Later the local sheik turned up and said he was very sorry to see me looking so ill, and should he kill a goat and let me drink the blood! It was a sure cure. We have been here two days, as I could not move.

February 14.—Raoul went off early to look for roan antelope, and found a big herd making back to the forest from the river. His companion was a local Juer, brilliantly arrayed in a snow-white skirt and a red 'tarbouche,' which frightened the game so effectually that they at once set off at a gallop. 'I came up with the herd three times,' says Raoul, 'before I got a shot, and even then it was a poor chance at 350 yards at an old black bull. However, I made a very lucky shot and broke his shoulder. He tore up the ground and galloped off in a cloud of dust for several hundred yards. But the shot was a fatal one, so I soon over-



BUFFALO, IMPELLED BY CURIOSITY, ADVANCING TOWARDS THE HUNTER

hauled him and gave him a finisher.' The horns (29 inches) of this old fellow were worn smooth with rubbing on trees and clay banks, but the points were nice and sharp in spite of age.

After attending two of the porters who were ill, we did a short trek to a Dinka village, seeing fresh buffalo spoor on the way.

February 15.—We moved off again at dawn after another sleepless night, Raoul going with two Dinka lads and I with a Juer guide towards a Juer encampment, where we had hopes of finding giant eland. During the march I saw a good deal of buffalo spoor and the undoubted tracks (fresh) of a giant eland bull. Raoul, too, on his way to our meeting-place, found plenty of game signs—buffalo, roan, tiang, hartebeest, waterbuck, and also the trail of giant eland. Things looked brighter, as Sheik Manyel, with the Dinka whom we had sent to Rumbek for tinned milk, arrived in the evening, and the prospect of at last being close to giant eland put us all in good spirits. Here, too, a small miracle happened. The Juer and Dinkas are not natural hunters or trackers of game. It is almost impossible to find one who even knows the rudiments of spooring on dry ground, and in this respect they are no better than a white man. We had so far not seen one man in the country who was a hunter, and to hunt giant eland in a waterless veldt without such a tracker is well-nigh hopeless. Diana, the goddess of hunting, must have had a soft place in her heart this evening, when a shy, thin, long-legged Dinka turned up, and said he had come to show us 'bogga.' I must say I was frankly sceptical, but events proved that we had dropped on to one real hunter in Bahr-el-Ghazal.

February 16.—I had another fearful night in spite of the milk, but full of anticipations for Raoul's adventures on this day. He stirred up Gutbi in the dark, and Gutbi did not like it, as he has a wholesome fear of buffalo, which are somewhat numerous in this area, and, according to the natives, of bloodthirsty disposition.

After an early breakfast under the stars, Raoul set off with quite a retinue, including Gutbi, the Dinka corporal, two useless Juers, and the new Dinka hunter. This was a red-letter day for my son, so he can best describe his own adventures.

' I soon found the two local Juers were hopeless, so I made them stay well behind and follow us. First we struck west towards the Gelle, passing through open forest till we reached a pond covered with spur-winged geese. Here there was a great deal of game spoor but no sign of "bogga." Then for a time we held north-west, but without success, until at last the Dinka hunter halted and showed us where an old bull giant eland had been feeding this very morning. The Dinka then started to track, and in a few minutes I saw we had discovered a real hunter. His observation was excellent, and he never lost the line even on the driest ground, where I could see nothing. If at fault he cast back or forwards and always retained the correct direction, noticing on ground or bushes the slightest indication where the great beast had passed. At last, after two hours on the trail, the Dinka suddenly flung himself flat on the ground and pointed with a long finger in the direction of some dense trees.

' Here, after some seconds of spying, I made out the back of an eland, with its tail switching constantly from



Head of Giant Eland
Giel River
Feb. 16th 1924

GIANT ELAND HEAD

side to side. Gutbi and the corporal were nearly off their heads with excitement, and warned me that the animal was a big bull. Fortunately I reserved my fire and went forward a little way to have a better look. I had not advanced thirty yards when I heard a crash and the animal I had seen came into view, and I saw it was a large female. Instead of one beast I now observed a whole herd of some twenty giant eland running amongst the thick trees. I ran forward and parallel to the herd, but still could not make out the bull, as he was obscured by surrounding females. It was an exasperating moment, as I feared they would soon all disappear for good, without a shot being fired. However, I continued to run parallel, and cut in three or four times towards the herd, until at last I had a quick view of the head and shoulders of the big bull as he passed between some trees, and so took him as he ran. My shot went true, and after two great convulsive bounds he fell dead, struck through the heart. It was a great moment. Shouting to Gutbi to stay and take off the head, I then ran after the herd, as I had caught a glimpse of another bull of fair proportions. The herd were now running at a lumbering gallop and thoroughly scared, so I had hard work to keep them in sight. It was no easy work in the intense heat, for I had to travel at full speed for a good two miles, during which I ran faster than I ever did in my life. At last the herd pulled up, and were on the point of moving off again, when I secured an easy shot at the other bull, as he stood broadside to me. The bullet took him through the heart, and he fell dead on the spot. The natives and Gutbi arrived some time afterwards as I gloated over my prize, and having

removed the head and neck skin we had a long hot walk back to camp. We had been going seven hours without a halt, and breakfast and dad's delight at my success made African hunting the joy of existence.'

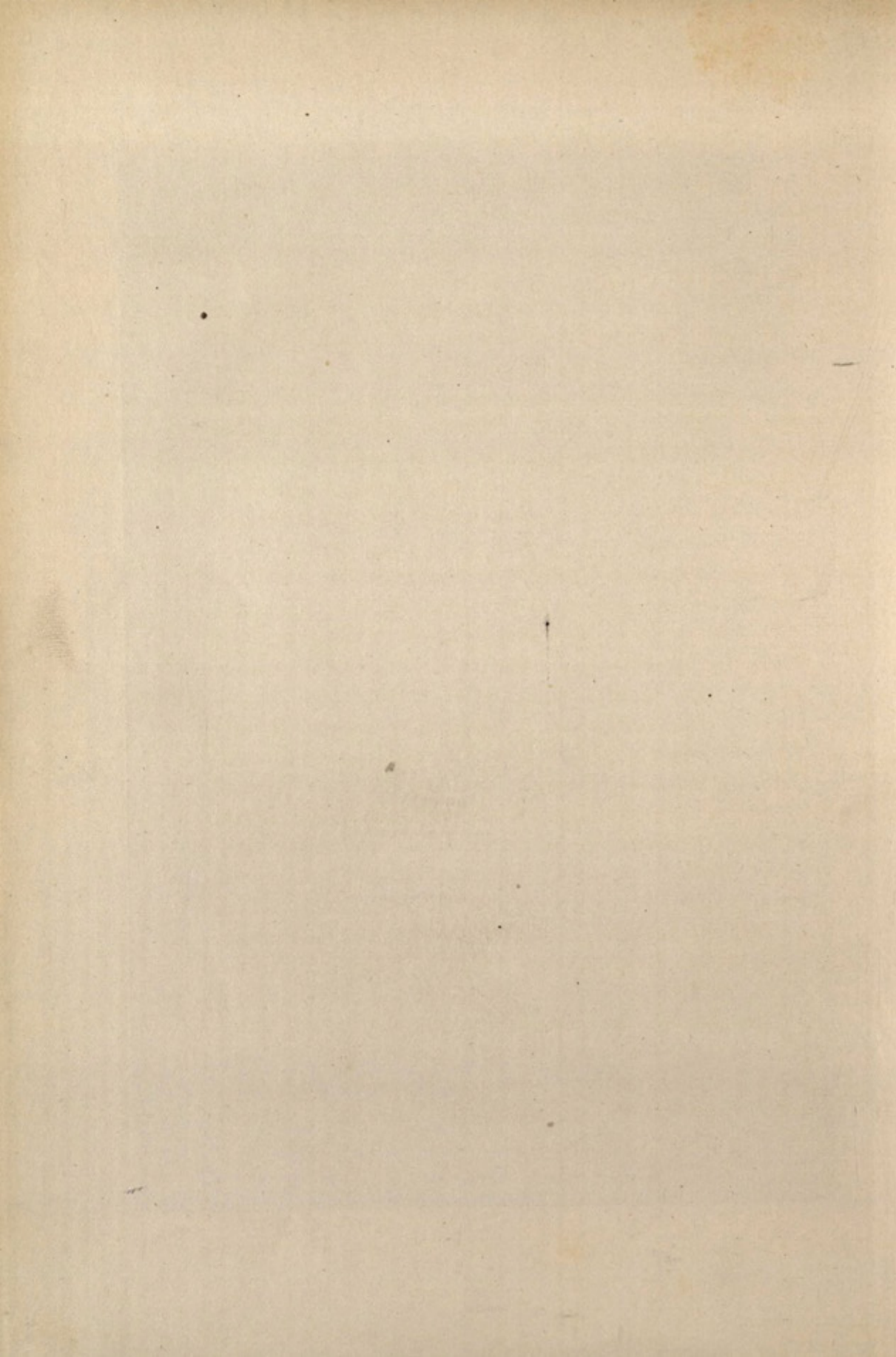
To obtain the blue ribbon of the African woods at the first attempt was something of a feat for a young hunter, so we all rejoiced at such a stroke of luck. I have often experienced moments of victory, but I must confess I should like to have killed a giant eland, which I fancy few other hunters will obtain in the future.

The two heads arrived in camp at 2 p.m., and we made drawings and took photographs before carefully preparing the long neck skins. The horns of the first bull were $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and were wide and strong, whilst those of the second bull measured only 32 inches, but were very wide and thick. We gave most of the meat to our excellent porters, but Sheik Manyel and his son each had a leg which took two men to carry.

It is to be feared that the giant eland is now becoming a rare animal in Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Niam-Niam country, and West Lado, which is its eastern home in Africa. This is not due to shooting, for very few have been killed by hunters, but to cattle plague (a form of rinderpest), which has completely destroyed the two big herds west and north-west of Wau, where most officials and English hunters have obtained their specimens. There are still two herds on the Gelle, one or two near Tembera (a sleeping-sickness area where no one is allowed to go), West Lado, and in the bamboo forests west of Meridi (Zande). The animal is so shy and wandering that natives seldom kill it, so man cannot be accused of making this superb antelope a rare animal.



GIANT ELAND STARTING TO RUN



The giant eland or, as it is often called, Lord Derby's eland, was first discovered by the English collector, J. Whitfield, who was employed by the thirteenth Earl of Derby to collect living specimens for his menagerie at Knowsley. Whitfield made several expeditions to the River Gambia, and in 1846 brought with him some horns of eland, 'larger, longer, and heavier' than those of the South African species. In 1847 he brought home the skull and horns of a male and skins of a male and female (without heads or feet). From these Dr. Gray described the species as *Boselaphus derbianus*. Drawings by Waterhouse were given in 'Gleanings from the Knowsley Menagerie,' and these were taken from Whitfield's material, as the picture shows grave inaccuracies in the colour of the male, the tail, head, and ears. The male is represented as rich chestnut and the female as tan-colour, whereas in life the reverse is the case.¹ No further information of this remarkable antelope was given until Captain Winwood Reade returned from Senegambia with a head and skin and described his experiences in his book, 'Savage Africa.'

Captain Reade himself went to the Nussera district to hunt the antelope, which is called by the natives 'Dyik-i-junka' and 'Gingi-ganga,' but did not see one. However, he managed to purchase specimens, which he exhibited at the Zoological Society in May 1863. Further details of the animal will be found in Captain Reade's excellent book.

In 1900 the late Dr. Sclater showed me two pairs of horns received from Khartoum (and said to have come from the Upper Nile, with horns of *R. simus*), which seemed to be identical with the western

¹ See Sclater and Thomas, *The Book of Antelopes*, p. 214.

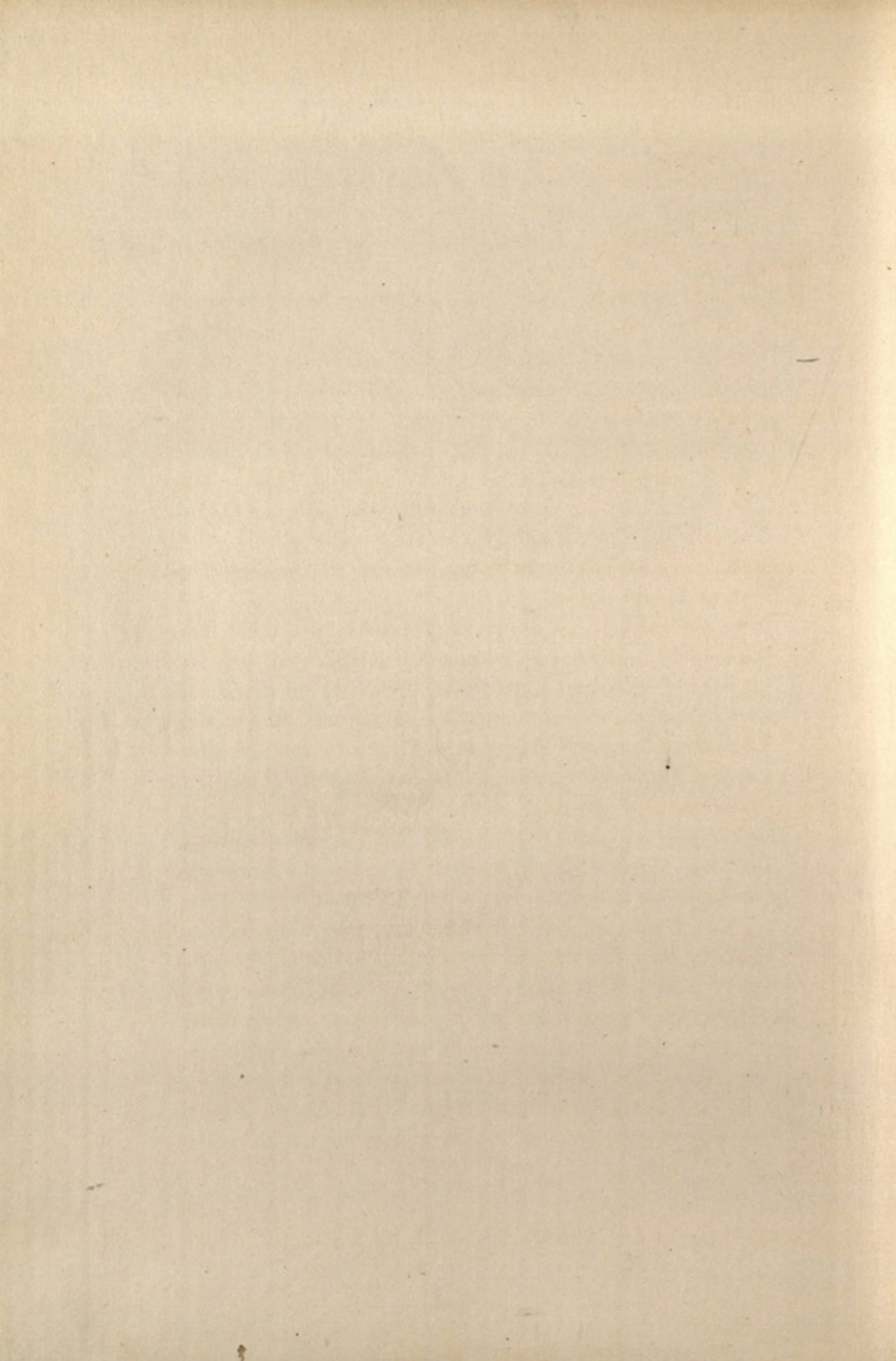
Derbian eland. Shortly after this the presence of this large antelope in Bahr-el-Ghazal and Lado was established.

For the next three days I was so ill that I remember nothing about them, except that Raoul went hunting with some success, so we shall give his experiences.

'To-day I spent eight hours on the spoor of an old buffalo bull. We started from camp before 5 a.m., and passed through a Juer village. Two miles beyond we found the fresh spoor of a big buffalo bull, and soon afterwards I saw him moving slowly through the trees; I could not see his horns, as he was too far away. At this moment a herd of roan came into view, as I began to stalk the buffalo, and very foolishly I took a shot at a very black roan bull with a good head, and missed him. He was trotting at 300 yards, so I was not surprised. The buffalo, of course, heard the shot, because I went after him for three hours without getting a glimpse of his black body. The Dinka hunter was splendid, considering the fact that the ground was like iron in most places. At last, in a particularly dense bit of forest, we suddenly heard a crash down wind, and about thirty yards away. The cunning old fellow had been lying down, expecting to get our wind, and had done so. Having come so far, I determined to go on, on the chance that the old fellow would pull up somewhere, so on we went for another hour. The spoor then became so fresh when we reached high grass that the Nuers and Dinkas would not go on, but went up trees to reconnoitre. But as they saw nothing, I persuaded them again to advance. Suddenly I came on the old bull standing facing me under a tree about thirty yards away. He was an enormous brute,



ROAN AND GIANT ELAND HEADS



but his horns were no larger than the one I had previously shot. Wherefore I was in no hurry to fire, but as he dashed off I gave him one. Just as I pulled the trigger the tree on which I was leaning gave way, and I thought I had missed, but the corporal said the animal was hit. We followed for miles, but never saw him again. As we tracked the buffalo, a lovely golden oriole flew in front of me for some distance. His body was a brilliant orange and black, and tip of tail jet-black—a very striking bird. Another lovely bird of these forests is the blue glossy starling, which looks like a bright jewel as it catches the sun. The heat is stifling, over 110° in the shade every day. The porters sing lustily at night, happy in the possession of abundant meat.'

February 18.—'To Sheik Manyel's village, where he has built us a hut of guinea-corn stalks, but it is full of white ants, and hotter than an oven. I sent a man to Rumbek for more castor-oil, and shot a duiker buck in the evening. Our priceless Dinka hunter has gone, and the Nuers are quite useless in the bush. I saw a lot of roan spoor to-day.'

A letter came to-day by runner from Colonel Stubbs, senior medical officer of Bahr-el-Ghazal, offering to come and attend to me, as he had heard I was ill; but I sent a message saying I hoped to get back to Rumbek shortly, and that I would not avail myself of his generous suggestion. Colonel Stubbs is a very busy man, and I appreciated very much his humane offer. White men in Central Africa are wonderfully unselfish and kind to one another, and nowhere do they show this better than in the fever-plagued districts of the Nile Valley. Mutual help is their first code. I have now been twelve days

practically without sleep, and constant dysentery day and night.

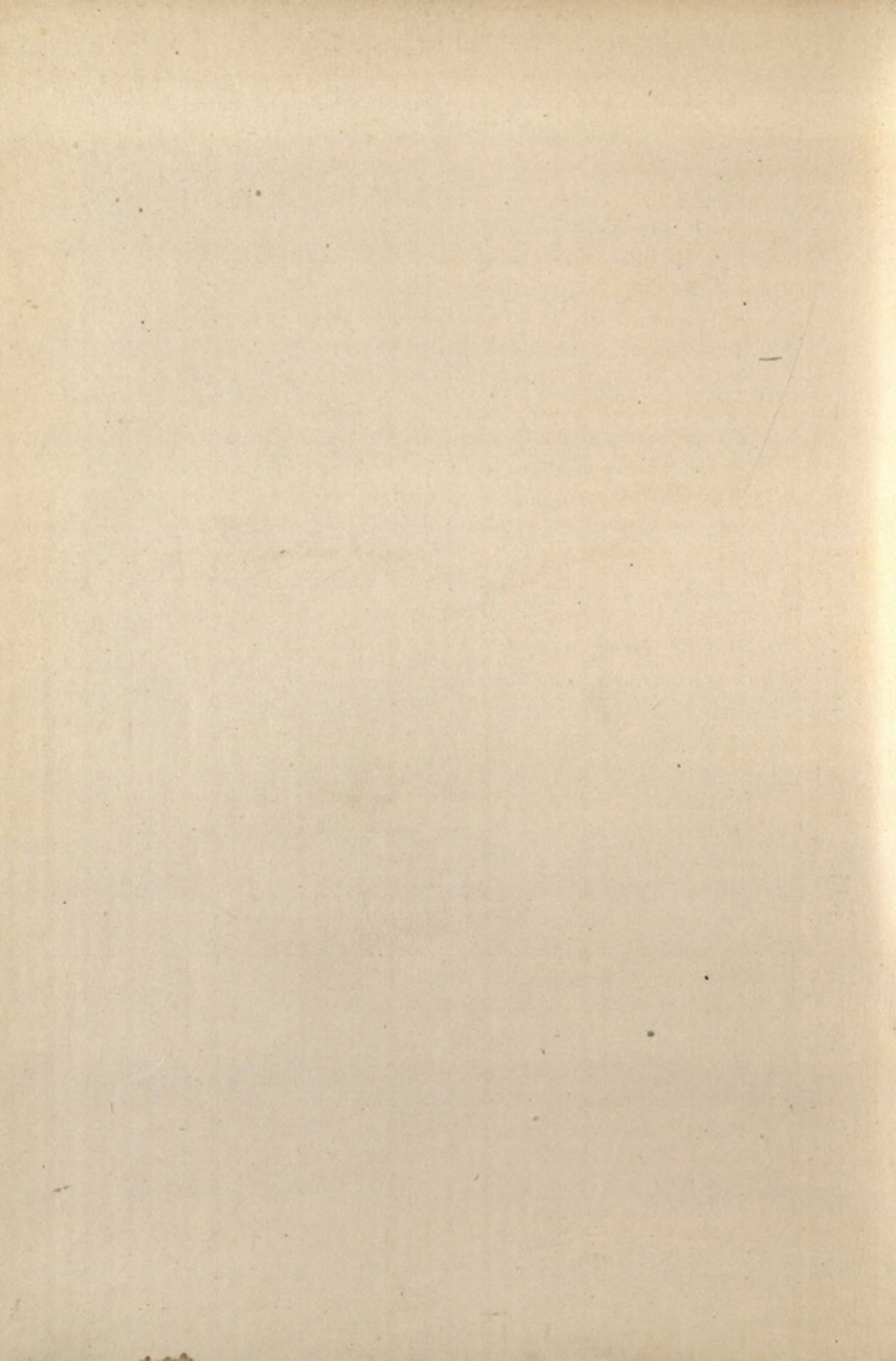
February 19.—‘At dawn I went south-east,’ says Raoul in his diary, ‘for an hour and a half. Away from the water of a sluit went fresh tracks of buffalo, leading into the forest. These I followed for some time, when suddenly I saw a big herd standing still and swishing their tails from side to side. I had plenty of time to look them over, as they were quite unaware of my presence. There were two adult bulls, one of which looked most imposing as he stood with his grand head up and the sun shining on his back. The young animals were a rich reddish-brown, and most of the cows were more brown than black.

‘I picked out the bull and shot him through the chest, when he fell with a crash. Then the fun began. The ground thundered with the hoofs of the frightened herd, so that at first we could not see what was happening. After “milling” round for some seconds the whole herd came straight at me. I say “me,” because my entire retinue were now up the nearest trees, and I don’t blame them, as I should have done the same had I not a good rifle in my hands. Accordingly I yelled at them, when they came to a full stop at a few yards distance. Then I saluted the second bull with a bullet in the chest. He fell, but at once rose again and made off with the herd. I ran after them and soon saw the big bull I had first fired at plunging about in the dust. Whereupon I had to give him four more bullets before I killed him.

‘Leaving a Juer to protect the meat from vultures, we raced on after the second wounded bull. Soon we found blood on a leaf, after which we walked circumspectly on approaching tall grass or dense bush. How-



BUFFALO HALTING TO LOOK BACK



HUNTING BUFFALO AND ELAND 201

ever, this bull did not lie up, bent on mischief, as they often do, but carried on with the herd for several miles. Finally, by dint of hard running in open places, for the spoor of the galloping herd was easily defined, we advanced quickly till at last Umbasha Kow became excited and said he saw the herd in front. The Juer then stopped behind (he had not lost any buffalo). I moved forward till I saw the wounded bull walking slowly away from me at about one hundred yards distance. The moment I saw his shoulder I fired, and heard the bullet strike. Again dust hid everything till I saw the whole herd charging past me at fifteen yards. That madman of a corporal, thinking his last hour had come, fired wildly into the midst of the buffalo, missing my head by inches. For a moment we lost sight of the bull, but Umbasha Kow again spied him under a tree and kept screaming that he was not dead but "buttal harlis" (very wicked).

'The old fellow, however, was about done for, but as I came up he swirled round and lunged towards me with difficulty. It was a last and gallant effort, for the next shot finished him. Thus ended a good day after buffalo.'

In the evening, when Raoul, covered with bees, was skinning the best bull buffalo, Sheik Manyel turned up and complained that he wanted more meat, as his son had stolen all his share, a complete hind-leg of eland. We told him to go and chastise his naughty boy, but he seemed to be afraid of him. Later Mohamed visited Manyel's hut and said the meat was still there, and that the old chief was saying what was untrue, and merely trying to get more by a ruse.

Castor-oil arrived from Rumbek and I took a heavy

dose. At 3 a.m. on February 21 we trekked at dawn towards Rumbek. I was too ill to ride, so four stout Niam-Niams carried me on a litter. It was most uncomfortable, and the smell of these little meat-eaters was overpowering when they became hot. After breakfast I rested all day, whilst Raoul went after roan antelope, without seeing any, and next morning, again at 3 a.m., during the coolest hour, we set off once more towards Rumbek. After another day and night in Dinka corn-fields we went on in two marches, and at last saw the great trees that surround the village. I was 'all-in' when we at last got into the Rest-house in the dark at 7 p.m. Raoul got some fresh milk for me, and when I awoke next morning the dysentery had gone.

CHAPTER VIII

RUMBEEK, LAKE EYIRROLL, AND END OF EXPEDITION

February 23.—We are now resting in romantic Rumbek, and all is peaceful. A lovely Abyssinian roller, with brilliant shades of red and blue, has her nest in a tree-hole about thirty yards from where I write. Her gallant husband sits outside and conveys to her chatty gossip, or flies with rasping shrieks to attack any other bird that comes within 200 yards of their home. He is a bold fellow and does not fear man, but descends to the courtyard to pick up stray beetles observed by his wonderful eye. But let a chuckling tourako or other bird settle or even fly near his abode, and out he goes like a streak to chase away the intruder. Once I saw him go for a saker falcon that flew overhead, and the bird of prey did not resent his attack, but merely dodged from side to side, to show his superior wing-power.

I have been reading 'The Heart of a Hero,' and cast it away with scorn when I came to a passage wherein the bold gallant says 'What! go to Bath in July or August? Gadzooks—Oddsboddkins—I' faith! No gentleman could face the heat at such a time.' What a fellow indeed! The older we grow, the more we distrust these heroes of old, and I wish I had this sorry knave

here to-day, that I might anchor him in the courtyard at Rumbek for half an hour and see him sizzle in 115° in the shade. Soon would he scream 'I' faith!' to return to the arctic summer temperature of his little Somerset town.

We had two visitors to-day—both curiosities. The first was the Dinka hunter who found the giant elands for Raoul. He sidled up to my bedside, with a charming apologetic smile, so I sent for Umbasha Kow and Mohamed to interpret, as I thought he wanted to see my son or was anxious to get a present. However, all he wished was to pay his respects to us and to see how I was getting on. He was a marvel and did not want anything. There are gentlemen amongst the Dinkas as everywhere else. The other visitor was the huge fellow who had been in charge of the Nam Rest-house. He came, with a broad grin on his face, to say his wife had been very ill and was now dead. It seemed a colossal joke to him, and we had difficulty in consequence in expressing sympathy, because the loss could and would be so easily replaced.

The heat is like a blast-furnace to-day, even under the dense awning of reed thatch, yet Rumbek is not a bad place, with its great open squares and avenues of shady trees, far finer than those in many an English watering-place. The Sudan Government have not asked me to advertise it, but I am sure they would like me to, all the same. All it wants, besides pithy pars in the papers, is to employ one of those heaven-born scenic artists who adorn our local railway stations. Their imagination is so superb. Recently I saw in London a landscape which shows what we may expect to notice at any station in the Highlands. In the foreground was



THE ORANGE FOREST BAT



GIANT ELAND TROTTING

a glorious girl arrayed in a scarlet tam-o'-shanter, a sky-blue jumper, and a kilt skirt of some unknown tartan. Her lovely figure sways in the breeze as she restrains in leash a couple of immense borzois. She is evidently on the way to the high tops for the grand old sport of grouse-gaffing. In the distance are seen a few stags with record antlers, and a gamekeeper, covered with haggises and bagpipes, labouring under the weight of gun and rifle which are of such a marvellous kind that they do not possess breech-blocks. A few Ben Nevises and a golden lake complete the charming scene. Now such a picture as that would lure any jaded city man from his desk. Those railway artists are stout fellows and know the game. Up in Inverness you see 'Glorious Southend' represented by a blue lagoon, violet trees, and groups of nut-brown maidens, devoid of clothes, wallowing in pellucid depths. I wish I had the skill of these fellows, but will do my best. Something like this ought to do :

'COME TO GLORIOUS RUMBEK !

'The Cheltenham of Central Africa ! The gem of Bahr-el-Ghazal ! The land of sunshine and great opportunities !

'Bugles, blown by amateurs, play night and morning. Native dances by Niam-Niams, Juers, and Dinkas at all hours.

'"Tetrazzini," champion pi-dog of the Far South, and her band of choice vocalists perform throughout the night, rain or shine. Hyænas on Tuesdays and Thursdays every week. Lions and elephants are frequent visitors.

'An 18-hole golf course is under construction.

Caddies used to crocodiles assist at the burn. The hippopotami make excellent bunkers.

‘ Rumbek Spa Report by Professor Fathead, F.R.S.:

“ The waters of this famous chalybeate spring in the courtyard are procured every morning by two Dinka gentlemen, who, using a single bucket, raise the same with a rope. These waters are renowned for their mineral properties (aqua, 1 per cent. ; mud, 70 per cent. ; dead lizards, 10 per cent. ; hydrophosp., 1 per cent. ; leaves, 10 per cent. ; bottles, 5 per cent.), and belong to the same ferro-concrete group of aqueous matter found throughout Central Africa. The colour is a rich grey-green, something like Scotch broth, and the aroma pungent and fruity. They are said to be very beneficial in chronic cases of leprosy, housemaid’s-knee, mal-demer, and perityphlitis.” ’

Possibly as a punishment for writing this little puff, or testing the famous waters, only an hour elapsed and I was in bed again, with chattering teeth and shivering under four blankets. Malaria had me in its grasp. The Syrian doctor soon came and gave me a strong subcutaneous injection of quinine, so I had a fearful night, in which my good son attended me the whole time. He said I was delirious for two hours, and once my heart stopped. Having at last got rid of the dysentery, it was bad luck to get fever, as it spoiled the rest of the trip until I returned to Khartoum. However, if a man must go to places like the Bahr-el-Ghazal, he generally has to pay for it. For four days we stayed in Rumbek, and then that good Samaritan, Captain Kidd, came in his Ford car and fetched me to his little village at Lake Eyirroll, which he hoped to reach in one day. On February 28 Raoul left at dawn to trek east to a spot

called Gow, where there was a rest-house, and where he hoped to see a lion, as a troop frequented the neighbourhood of the Lao River.

Kidd and I left at 8 a.m., and made good progress to the River Nam, which we reached at 11 a.m., the road being smooth and without holes. On the open grass prairies near the river we saw a good herd of tiang and three troops of white-eared kob. One of these I stalked from the car, but the male I was after took alarm at a long distance, so I gave it up and returned to the car. Shortly afterwards we saw a single male kob, with blackish face, neck and shoulder marking, by far the darkest yet seen, and, as I was anxious to secure him, Kidd kindly offered to give me time and stopped the engine. I had stalked about 200 yards, under cover of a bank of high grass, when on emerging into the open I suddenly found myself in the centre of an enormous swarm of bees that were travelling. To retreat and run away would, I feared, be fatal, so, holding my rifle at the trail, I advanced slowly and tried to be unconcerned. The next few moments were indeed nerve-racking, and among the most unpleasant I have ever experienced. As the bees floated down wind they alighted on me in hundreds, swarming all over the exposed parts of my body, even looking for moisture round my lips. I had to keep shaking my head to keep them out of my eyes, and every moment I feared some irritable specimen would start and attack. There was no possibility of defence. I had to keep on going, and hope did not die, as the majority, after remaining a few moments, flew off down wind, and allowed others to take their place. There must have been at least a million bees, since the swarm took several minutes to halt and pass, and no

words can express my joy when I saw the end of the stream and the last of these little tormentors fade away.

For a few moments I sat on the baking ground. It was most likely that the kob I had been stalking had seen me and taken alarm. But such was not the case. I soon spied him, feeding quietly behind a bunch of tall grass, which must have obscured his view of my approaching figure all the time. A swift crawl took me within eighty yards, and as I poked my rifle quietly round the outer edge of the grass he saw me and started to run. My shot hit him low and broke a hind leg, so I followed him as quickly as possible until he disappeared behind another bunch of vegetation. Here I found him hidden, and as he bolted another bullet rolled him over.

This was a fine dark male of the large species of southern white-eared kob, but was not nearly so black as examples seen later north of Lake No.

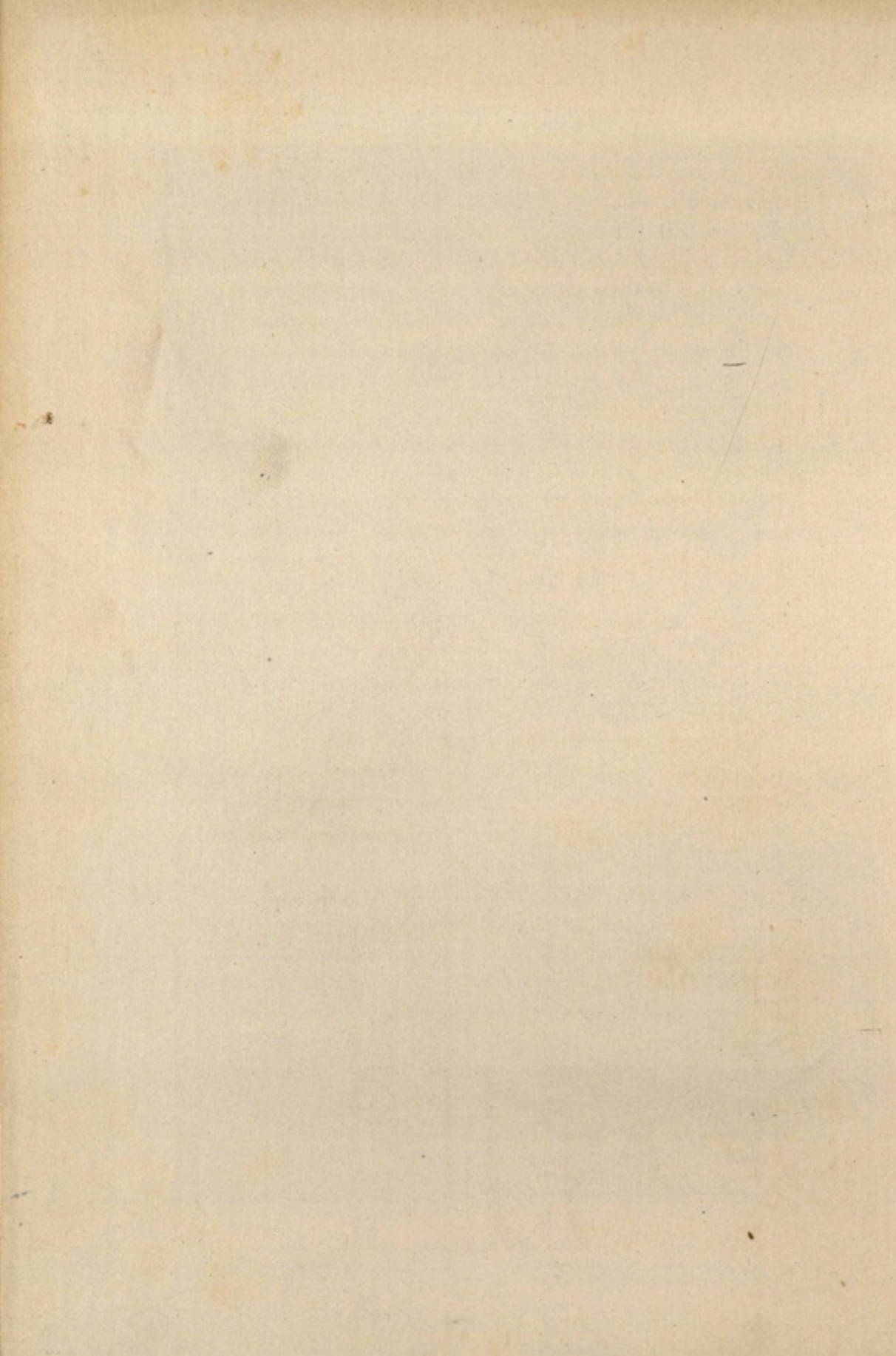
Next morning I skinned the head, but white ants got at it during the night and it was completely destroyed. The rapidity with which these pests work is amazing. In two hours they had shaved the hair as if with a razor.

At this season the white-eared kob are usually in small herds of ten to twenty-five, but later in the year, Captain Kidd tells me, it is not rare to see large herds of from two to four hundred.

As we left the Nam river and were passing through open forest we suddenly came on the most lovely native African tree in flower I had ever seen. It was a species of *Cassia*, with very long racemes of golden-yellow flowers at the ends of the branches. The tree was about twenty-five feet high and somewhat spreading in habit. The individual flowers were very large, and the whole



HEAD OF A WART HOG



looked like a golden-yellow wistaria in blossom. Luckily enough I was able to gather some long pods containing ripe seed of this tree, and have sent it, amongst other places, to Kew and the South African Botanic Gardens. At present I do not know exactly to what species it belongs; possibly it is the same as *Cassia senegalensis*, found in West Africa. It is common in Central Bahr-el-Ghazal, and is without doubt one of the loveliest small trees in the world, rivalling in beauty *Amherstia nobilis* in Ceylon, *Poinciana regia* of North India, and the Jacaranda of Brazil.

From this brief description it would seem to be like a laburnum, the most striking tree of northern lands, but this is not the case. The laburnum has masses of racemes down along the branches, whereas the Cassia carry large bunches of flowers at the extreme points of the branches. Another brilliant little shrub or small tree of the Nam forests carried long upright flowers like a *Kniphofia* (Red-hot Poker), and was very striking.

After two hours of rather difficult going through sand and holes we reached the Rest-house at Gow, on the west bank of the Lao river. Lions had been heard the previous night, so I thought Raoul might have a chance to see one if he was lucky. The lions came every night to drink at a muddy pool close to the Rest-house. Before crossing the Lao river I saw a bustard settle in the grass, and as I was anxious to identify the species Kidd came and helped me to beat it up. It rose close by and I shot it, when it proved to be *Otis melanogaster*, the black-bellied bustard, which I have seen and killed both in South and East Africa. It is curious that, although a non-migratory species, it has altered so little in plumage in its wide distribution.

At the Lao, forty wild Dinkas, singing a weird chant, rushed us through the river, fairly lifting the car along in the deepest part of the stream. Kidd rewarded these merry fellows with balls of tobacco, and his sallies and chaff were received with shouts of laughter. He is extremely popular with the natives of this district. After another twenty-two miles we reached the big house at Lake Eyirroll, where I spent several very unhappy days, being wracked with fever every day after five and all the night. The kindness of Captains Kidd and Richards knew no bounds. Their excellent servants attended my slightest wish, but the time at Lake Eyirroll all passed like a bad dream, which I would gladly forget. Kidd with his company of police and daily orderly-room work in settling Dinka cattle disputes, and Richards with his company of the Equatorial Rifles, smart Akole warriors from Uganda, were always busy all the morning. But in the evening there was tennis or fishing in the lake. The latter was rather good fun, as the whole of the Achole men stripped and took part in surrounding bays of the lake with advancing nets. The bag was usually seventy or eighty fish, mostly of a kind with many bones like roach, and a few Nile perch, so that it gave a fish per man. These were equally divided after the hunt.

One evening Captain Richards kindly organised an Achole dance for me. We sat on chairs and watched the proceedings for an hour. Two men beat the drums, and the rest, with bodies stained blue and scarlet or ornamented with colobus skins or ostrich feathers, ran in great circles uttering weird chants. The wonder of the dance, however, was the performance of a perfect little Venus who knew all about jazz shakes and muscle

ripples. She stood quite still, with her back towards us, and shivered the whole of the body muscles in a continuous quiver. Mr. de Pezzei, who has lived much about the headwaters of the Nile, tells me there are no women in the world who can do the 'stand-pat' muscle ripple like the Achole women. All other women I have since seen doing it were mere amateurs.

This fascinating little lady, who was the wife of a corporal in the Equatorial force, got into trouble the following day. Her life may or may not have been blameless—probably not—up to this date, but, alas for the frailty of human nature! she turned aside into the primrose path of dalliance and received the blandishments of a certain sergeant, who had carefully sent her husband on guard for the day. There was little excuse for the naughty sergeant, as he had three wives of his own in another hut, so at the subsequent court-martial the erring soldier got reduced to the ranks, whilst, of course, the lady got off scot-free—a sad termination to seven years' good character and behaviour. Captain Richards was much distressed about it, as it lost him one of his best men, and these are very scarce.

On March 3 Raoul and Gutbi came to visit us from Lau, having had a lift in a car driven by a local Greek merchant. Next morning they were furnished with two excellent horses by Captain Kidd, and went off at dawn to look for kob and waterbuck in the open lands. Raoul found a fine herd of 150 kob, mostly females, but by hard galloping he separated the males, and eventually got the best male to break back past him, when he shot it. It carried very fine horns of 23 inches.

Next day Raoul left for Gameesa, the second Rest-house on the Shambe road, and I followed him there in

the car of the Greek merchant two days later. The number of guinea-fowl on the road was amazing. They must have been in hundreds. Here I found Raoul greatly excited at having killed an exceptionally fine bull buffalo. He had hoped to see an elephant here, as a few cross the road at this point, but had got something quite as good. His adventures after he left me are as follows :

March 2.—Trekking at 2 a.m. for seven hours, and arrived at the Rest-house at 9 o'clock. We did over twenty miles without a stop. This takes a bit of doing in such a climate with an empty tummy, but it is very good for the nervous system. One's feet get heavier and heavier after the first four hours. We passed one Rest-house, but there was no water there and it was deserted, so we did not stop. Kidd's Ford, returning to Rumbek to fetch a sick man, has broken a ball-race, and lies disabled here. Mohamed spoke to the driver, who wished a note sent to his master at Lake Eyirroll for spare parts, so I got a man to take it.

'There was tremendous quarrelling amongst the Dinkas as to who should go. Two ghosts, covered with wood ashes, came and jabbered at me for quite a long time, but eventually I persuaded both to carry the note. The porters arrived at Gow very tired, about two hours after me—poor devils, I would hate to carry a load of fifty to seventy pounds twenty miles without a rest. There is a marshy pond in front of this place which supplies the water and the mosquitoes. I saw a black-crowned heron striking at a kite which tried to steal a fish it had caught. Other occupants of the pool were marabou, great white heron, glossy ibis, fishing eagles, jacanas, etc.



BUFFALO

'I trekked again at 3 p.m., when the porters had had a rest. The road was bad and full of deep sand. At last I came to a pond of fine clean water, and as I looked around it for spoor there was a rush in the grass close by, and I saw a good herd of tiang dart away towards the trees. Seizing the big rifle from Gutbi, I took five shots at the retreating herd and killed three of them. This was just what I wanted, as we were out of meat and the porters hungry. Continuing our journey towards Gow, when it was nearly dark I saw a herd of roan and fired at the largest, which turned out to be a female, shot clean through the heart. Then, of course, I saw the bull, a very fine one, and gave him two shots in the dark. Both of these hit him, so I shall have to search for him to-morrow. Walked into Gow Rest-house at 7.30, with a lion roaring away in the distance.

'*March 3.*—Awoke very late, 6 a.m. We are now out on the Lau plain again, with its great fields of yellow grass stretching for miles to the forest in the blue distance. Mohamed tells me the lions have killed a large number of Dinka cattle here, and that they come out boldly in the daytime, having little fear of the Dinka, so there may be a remote chance of seeing one. I made several drawings of kob through a glass, and at midday went after a very dark male I saw about a mile away. I had one long shot without success.

'The man in charge of the Rest-house has returned, but says he has not seen lions to-day.

'*March 6. Gameesa Rest-house.*—Went off to look for buffalo and elephant at 4.30 a.m. The silly idiot of a Dinka guide went striding through the bush to the north at a cracking pace. When, after two hours, I asked him where he was off to, he replied that he was

going to the plains, which are about a day's march from here. Wherefore we turned about and reached the Rest-house at 9 a.m. By dint of much questioning I ascertained from the guide that buffalo usually frequented the south and west and not far distant. It would be some little time before the great heat set in, so decided to move at once. Soon we found fresh spoor of a buffalo bull, which, after following for about an hour, was flushed from long grass and broke away at a gallop. This pace he did not continue for long, but slowed down when he came to heavy grass, until at last Kabir observed him standing in a clump of trees.

'With some difficulty I approached to within one hundred yards, and saw that the buffalo was a splendid bull, with a very wide head. I gave him a shot which broke his shoulder; but Gutbi and the others said he was not hit, as they had no desire to go into the long grass after him.

'After consultation we decided to fire the grass into which the buffalo had disappeared. There was a strong wind, so the whole place was soon a roaring furnace. We ran ahead of the fire, and just as I began to think the buffalo must be dead and within the circle of flame, I saw him come stumbling along about 200 yards ahead of me. Of course Umbasha Kow and the Dinkas thought he was about to charge, and I must confess he looked rather nasty. The gallant beast took no notice of the first three shots from the heavy rifle, all of which hit him well, and goes to prove that bull buffalo are tough. But he fell dead to the fourth shot. The horns were unusually wide (44 inches) and long, this being the finest specimen I had seen.'

Some years ago I wrote the life of my friend

F. C. Selous, the famous African hunter. In this work I discussed the respective dangers that accrue from hunting elephant, lion, and buffalo, and gave the opinion of the most noted hunters of recent years. All these men, such as Selous, Neuman, Finaughty, the old Boer hunters Van Rooyen and Piet Jacobs, Judd, Cunninghame, Delamere, Pease, Bell, and many others of about equal experience, differ in their view. Neuman, Bell, and John Boyes say the elephant is by far the most dangerous ; Selous, Pease, Delamere, and Cunninghame say the lion is most to be feared, whilst Finaughty, Judd, and the majority give the palm to the buffalo when it has been wounded. Now this diversity of opinion is both interesting and curious in men who had unrivalled experience of all these animals under all conditions. I think that whilst all are equally dangerous to the novice, the conditions of hunting as they exist to-day have entirely altered the order of things, and that the answer is to be found in the improvement and hitting power of modern rifles. R. J. Cunninghame and W. Judd were professional hunters of buffalo on the Pungwe in 1898, and shot buffalo daily for a living. They were armed only with old black-powder rifles, which enveloped the shooter in a cloud of smoke every time he fired, and so, with the dust made by the game, it was impossible to see the effects of a shot. Wherefore, wounded buffalo had to be followed every day and finished. This was very dangerous work.

‘It is strange to think,’ said Cunninghame to me in June 1924, ‘that Judd and I daily risked our lives in 1898 for the paltry sum of five shillings.’¹ Yet to-day Cunninghame votes for the lion as the worst animal,

¹ This being the price of a skin as sold to Greek traders at Beira.

whilst Judd adheres to his original opinion that the buffalo is the most to be feared, as he is so hard to stop on charge. 'I, personally,' remarked Judd, 'have had more close shaves from these brutes than I have had from all other big game put together—lions and elephants included.'

I feel sure, however, that the buffalo has lost much of its terrors owing to the hitting power of the .350 magnum and the .416. Moreover, since 95 per cent. of charges come from bad or careless first shots, modern hunters of experience now take good care to get as close to their game as possible, so as to plant a bullet in a fatal spot. If you read books on big game you will see that nearly all the trouble that occurs comes from 'scared' or long-distance shooting at these animals. From these accounts, too, we must eliminate the experiences of tyros, who, when a herd of buffalo come running towards them, interpret it as a charge (which it is not), and then blaze off in fear, to the wounding of various members of the herd, which may be extremely dangerous to hunters that come immediately after. Quite half of the so-called charges of buffalo are not charges at all, but only the result of curiosity or the desire of a herd to make off in a certain direction. Also two-thirds of the accidents or adventures described in modern big-game books ought never to have occurred at all, and are only the result of incompetence. There is a very pertinent passage in a recent book of travel, 'Through Nigeria to Lake Chad,' by Mr. F. Migeod, who says :

'A well-run expedition should be entirely without adventures. An adventure means that something has gone wrong. As examples of comparatively recent well-run expeditions I may mention Amundsen's to the South Pole, and that of the

first Citroën motor cars across the Sahara ; and I think I may add that both would have been thought more of if something had gone wrong.'

This is only too true. The public likes the sensational, and a man who does a long journey in Africa and comes back without any adventure is considered to be a fraud, whereas he is in reality a competent traveller and a truthful historian.

The newspapers are the worst purveyors of inaccurate and theatrical adventures, because they know the public do not wish for the truth, wherefore they have a perfect genius for interviewing the wrong kind of 'sportsmen,' who are just the men all genuine big-game hunters look down upon.

I cannot forget the awe and apprehensions with which I approached my first buffalo, for my head was filled with the hairbreadth escapes related by hunters. My companion himself, an old Boer, had been smashed all out of shape by one, and my own subsequent adventures with the first bull I killed were, to say the least of it, terrifying ; yet in the light of subsequent experience with these animals, and by the use of a high-power rifle, I have completely altered my opinion and now agree with that experienced hunter, Mr. W. D. Bell, who, describing buffalo character, says :¹

'Why buffalo should have got such an evil name has always rather puzzled me. I have shot hundreds of both kinds during my hunting career, and I have never been charged. . . . Yet, even when I came suddenly on a buffalo bull lying wounded in thick stuff, he did not charge. This animal had been mauled by a lion, and according to all the rules should have charged as soon as he became aware of my approach.'

¹ *The Wanderings of an Elephant Hunter*, p. 70.

The author then graphically describes his first encounter with a buffalo, and how he found all his previous conceptions of the ferocity of these animals upset when forty young natives, armed only with spears and shields, dashed into a herd and killed several by concerted attack. 'This incident,' he says, 'put me right about buffalo.' Mr. Bell, too, describes the common practice of buffalo running towards the shot to see what is happening, and which, in the minds of the tyro, is always written as *a charge*.

'The stampede or rush straight towards the shot was a fairly frequent occurrence in my experience, and if one were convinced that the animals were charging, one would have to write down the buffalo as an extremely dangerous animal were it not for the ease with which they are killed with end-on delivered solid bullets.'

Buffalo are found in very queer places, as the following story illustrates :

A young fellow had a fine collection of East African trophies, and amongst them a particularly fine buffalo head.

'What a wonderful head !' said a lady who had come to inspect them. 'How did you get that, and was he very savage ?'

'I had the deuce of a time with that buffalo,' replied the hunter. 'Never such a morning in my life. I shot it in my pyjamas.'

'Good heavens !' murmured the sweet young thing. 'How did it get there ?'

On March 7 Raoul and I motored to Shambe in the Greek's car. The place seemed improved and cleaner, and the pungent smell of bats not so overpowering. At night a hippopotamus came and splashed



HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST STUDIES

about near the Rest-house, and every night crocodile came to lay their eggs in the sand, where the native boys dig them up.

There was a nice cool breeze at Shambe, a delightful thing indeed, which we had not experienced for weeks. Our diet, too, was improved, as a little Greek came every evening to catch Nile perch with his casting net, which he used with great skill and success. On the afternoon of March 8 there was a cry of 'Timsah' (crocodile), so we ran out of the house to see a large croc floating on the lagoon, 200 yards away. It was a small mark, just the eye and a bit of the skull in view, but Raoul put a bullet right in the eye, so that it must have reached the brain. The huge reptile made a vast commotion on the surface, legs, tail, and gaping jaws in turn coming into sight.

We had quite a gallery at the moment, and the natives gave a shout of joy as they saw their dreaded foe expose its great white belly to the sun, and then sink, head first and tail up, out of view. This crocodile, a very large one I should say, over eighteen feet, never floated again, and was probably devoured by its companions.

The little Greek trader from the island of Imbros, who catches fish, is the picture of health and strength, though he has been in this fever-ridden spot for fifteen years. He is married to a wild Dinka woman, and has three little coffee-coloured boys of four, five, and six, who follow him everywhere like a pack of dogs. He is immensely proud of his little hybrids, and does not seem to be affected by their dark colour.

The sights and sounds in the village of Shambe follow each other daily with the utmost regularity. As

I never slept, owing to constant fever, the succession of daily and nightly events became a sort of nightmare. All through the night could be heard screeching bats, snorting hippopotami, splashing crocodiles, yelling spur-winged plover, dancing natives, or braying asses. Just before dawn the sweet little white-throated swallows begin to sing on the veranda, and you hear the constant clink of the little bells on the feet of women passing the house on the way to the river. This procession lasts for an hour, and every woman comes to the same spot to fill her gourd and gossip awhile. Then, as the light comes up, the finest singer in this part of Africa, the large widow wagtail, pays you a visit and carols blithely like any canary in bursts of song. From 7 onwards to 11 a.m. there is a procession of village dogs to the water. They never venture far in, and keep a sharp look-out for crocodiles. From 9 onwards, flocks of spur-winged plover, with ruffs and reeves, visit you to bath and preen. Constant visitors to the veranda and the banana trees a few yards away were the lovely black-headed yellow wagtails, blue-headed yellow wagtail, and less frequently the common yellow wagtail. In the early morning they were delightfully tame and hunted the flies, sometimes to our very feet, as we sat in chairs. All were males, now assembling for migration. At 11 o'clock, when the heat was great, generally about 110° in the shade, they assembled in parties under the shade of the banana trees close at hand, every male with his beak open, gasping for breath. It was interesting to see how like they were in their habits to the City men in the morning train. As each newcomer arrived and tried to find a place in the crowded space, all the other males rushed at him and showed a fierce resentment. In a few



DOGS AT SHAMBE

minutes all was peace, and the newcomer was just as rude to the last arrival as any traveller on the way to London Bridge.

One evening we heard shouts and sounds of football, and went to watch an amazing game of 'soccer,' played by Sudanese and other hybrid natives, led by the Mamur of Shambe. There were two referees, who both played, and whenever the side of one was getting the worst of it, he blew his whistle and stopped the game. In slight disputes, when one referee is killed, the other can always give evidence at the inquest.

A yellow dog, fast asleep, lay in the centre of the playing area, and never moved the wholetime, even when the savage horde raced over his body. It was a strange sight.

When we got on board we heard all the big-game gossip of the river. It appeared that there had been a considerable amount of bad sportsmanship, mostly offences committed by rich foreigners who had hired steamers in Khartoum for the purpose of shooting game. Every time I hear these stories—and you hear them in all parts of Africa—it makes me angry, because real big-game shooting is the finest and cleanest sport in the world when properly conducted. The worst of it is that it brings big-game hunting into false repute and gives an altogether erroneous view of the actions of all men carrying rifles. Quite ninety-five per cent. of British hunters behave properly and obey the Game Laws, which in most parts of Africa permit a fair allowance of species to be shot. But the sins of that other five per cent. are noised abroad by sentimentalists and game preservers as if they were the acts of all. This is grossly unfair. The average hunter

is quite content to look for a couple of good heads of a species, and then pass on to hunt another kind he wishes to put in his modest collection. He still hunts his game in proper fashion, and cares nothing about the amount of his bag. He is ready to endure hardship and exercise patience in the capture of some rare animal, and above all loves the desert- or wood-craft which he is obliged to employ. The so-called river-hunters who bombard herds of antelope and elephants from the deck of a steamer are not hunters in any sense of the word. But it is very difficult to control or bring home offences to the miscreants.

A terrible example of what big-gameshooting should not be occurred this year (1924). Six foreigners hired one of the river steamers to shoot game on the Upper Nile. The cost of the entire outfit, including tent, fitments, provisions, and drink (an immense item), was £5,700 for two months. This figure is correct, as I saw the bills in Khartoum. The greater part of the vessel was enclosed in mosquito-proof netting, and the whole ship was fitted up like a floating public-house. The result of the so-called 'big-game' expedition was one hundred odd heads of the various antelopes, mostly immatures. Captain Brocklehurst,¹ on examining them, said that it was difficult to tell which were waterbuck, tiang, Mrs. Gray, kob, etc., as nearly all were about the same size.

Other results were as follows :

Three cow elephants. Fine £100. Tusks sold by auction, and then bought back by 'hunters' for £150.

¹ Captain Brocklehurst informs me that he found that some Italian ruffians had shot 10 cow and immature elephants out of one herd in Feb. 1924. He saw the dead carcasses. Of course these misdeeds were not known until the offenders had left the country.

One gunbearer killed by a cow elephant. The white man ran away, leaving his gallant gunbearer to face the music. Fine £50, for family.

Two lions shot from deck of steamer by column of massed batteries.

Needless to say these people will not be allowed in Sudan again.

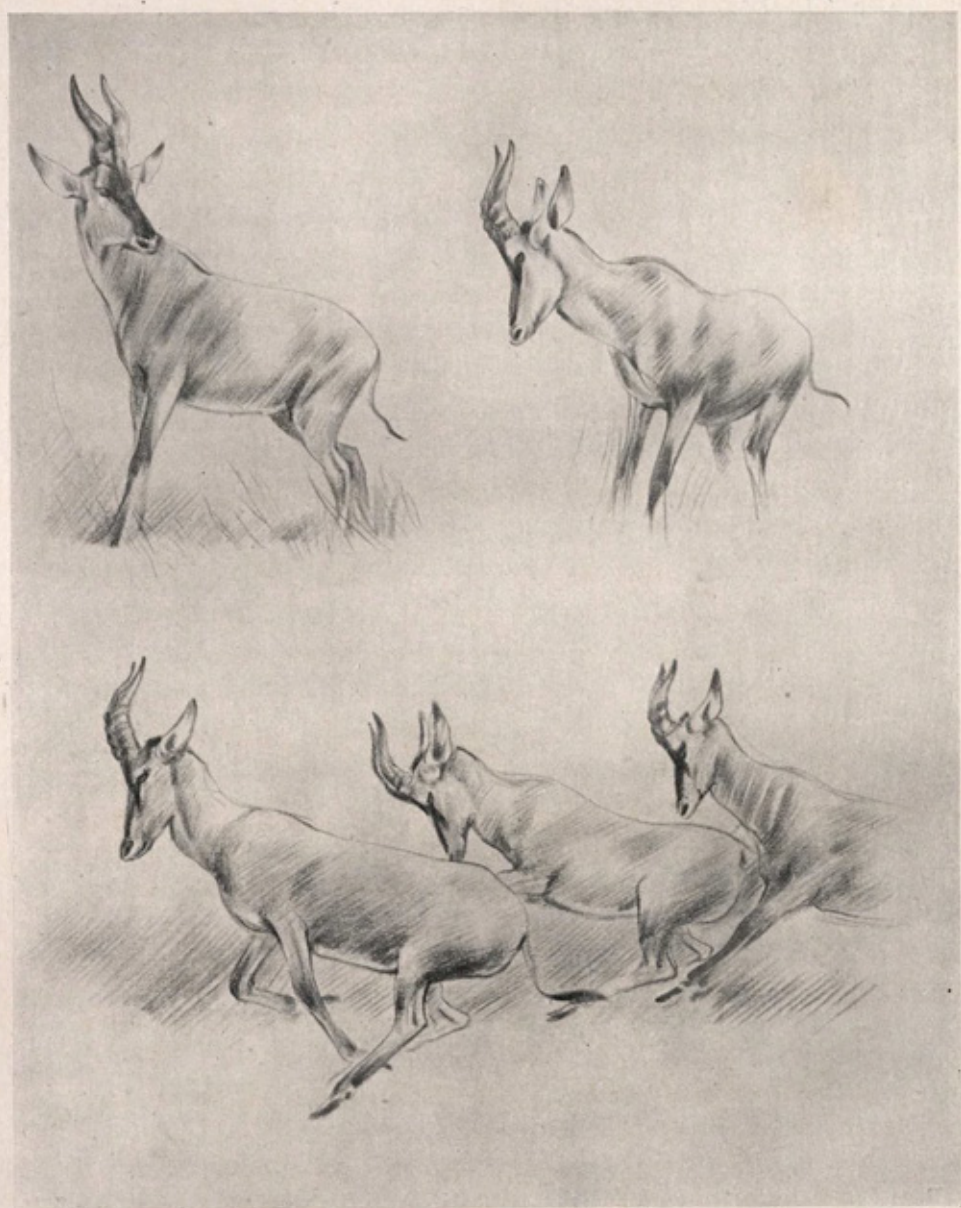
The doings of these 'steamer-hunters' would be often comic, if they were not sad. De Pezzei, of the Irrigation Department, was going up the river one day north of Lake No, when he saw one of these steamers resting against the bank. He thought he would stop for a little gossip, but as he drew his vessel alongside he saw that the occupants were engaged in the chase. A long line of 'sportsmen' and shikaris was carefully stalking some noble beast, probably a bull elephant, on the hard ground close to the river. There were three men dressed in khaki and shorts, armed with rifles. Each hunter was immediately followed by a gunbearer, wearing a bright red 'tarbouche' on which was printed in large letters the word 'Shikari' and also bearing a high-velocity heavy rifle. The movements of the crowd were careful and sinuous, and for a long time De Pezzei could not see the object of the chase. At last the 'Reis' (steersman), who was carrying the binoculars, told his master that he could see the game, which was a baby giraffe, about eight feet high. De Pezzei at once blew the whistle of his steamer loudly, and having saved the life of the intended victim, who scampered off, he left in disgust, doubtless followed by the angry vituperation of the noble 'sportsmen.'

Human nature is terribly inconsistent. As the reformed poacher is said to make the best gamekeeper,

so the game-slaughterer becomes the most rabid game-preserver. I can prove on the best authority—namely, the hunters who were with them—that two of the most ardent advocates of game preservation in Africa were the most terrible sinners in this respect. Both before and after voicing their views and the subsequent laws resulting were carried into effect, they were perfectly hopeless. In fact, one of these men was the first offender *prosecuted under his own law*. Both of these sinners were my friends, and were without question real lovers of animals, and yet when they got a rifle in their hands and saw a herd of game passing they lost all sense of good sportsmanship, and let fly in the mass, with total disregard of the mischief and suffering they were causing.

All big-game hunters are in favour of game preservation, but we do not like to be told what we may or may not do by important people who are themselves miserable sinners. Game preservation can exist successfully only when local opinion upholds it. After years of successful preservation there were, immediately after the war, bad outbreaks by local settlers, both in Zululand and Kenya, and game killing was the order of the day. Now a better state of things prevails, and in Kenya, the finest country in the world for variety, a general respect for the Game Laws and the keeping of sanctuaries is taking place. This is due to the fact that Sir Robert Coryndon, who is a lover of animals and is himself a good hunter, will support his chief game warden, Mr. Caldwell, who has done so much to get things back to their former excellence.

It was sad saying farewell to our savage friends. I think the Niam-Niam were sorry to see us go, for



TIANG STUDIES

it might be years before they would get meat in such quantity again. Umbasha Kow had tears in his eyes when he said good-bye to Raoul. It was too painful to see the way the Dinkas expended their presents of money at the Greek store. Clothes to make themselves look like white men may have been flattering, but the result was appalling.

Raoul had quite an amusing deal with the Sudanese Mamur of this place, who, with a little education and lording over a pack of savages, thinks himself a past-master in the art of trading. The latter came along to say he wanted £3 for the hire of his mule. Raoul admitted the debt, but said we wanted £4 for the hire of our super-donkey, which I had left with him. That settled that. The Mamur was very keen to palm off his mule upon us, as he coveted the donkey, but Raoul was too smart for him (as mules are nearly valueless in Khartoum) and sold him the donkey for £10. The Greeks, however, told him he had had the worst of the bargain, so he returned and asked for £3 back again. This Raoul refused to give him, but mended his .22 rifle for him, so all was well, and he was satisfied.

After leaving Shambe, our journey to Khartoum, occupying eight days, was somewhat dull and uneventful. One day Raoul saw some Shilluks cutting up an immense Nile perch, so large that a man could easily have entered its mouth, and on another occasion we saw about eighty Shilluks in a great circle, engaged in spearing mud-fish in the shallows. Their method of procedure was to take a short step in advance in the shallow water, and then plunge the spear forward on the chance of striking a fish. At the stage we saw them they did not appear to have been very successful,

but as the circle narrowed towards the end, doubtless a good bag was obtained.

Between Malakal and Melut, Raoul and others saw the only herd of black white-eared kob. We had looked for them, and hoped to obtain them in Bahr-el-Ghazal, but without success. In the herd in question the males were quite black with the exception of the white patches.

On board the boat were two very charming Americans, Mr. Atwater and his wife, who did everything in their power to make me more comfortable. Mr. Atwater was the right kind of traveller, who observed everything, had a kind heart for all humanity, and possessed a most lovable character.

In the evenings, when my cabin was unbearable, he gave me his state room, the best on the boat, and the draught passing through two rooms on the cool side of the boat was a great blessing, even though temporary.

So the days passed, and I grew worse and worse with constant fever and growing weakness, till by the time we reached Khartoum I was in a state of collapse. Here 'Brock' met us, and I was carried up the road, placed in a motor car, and taken to the Civil Hospital, and so, toes first, up to bed. I do not think I should have lived another week, but my luck turned, for I came under the observant eye and wondrous skill of the best doctor in all Africa. What Dr. Hodson does not know of tropical diseases and their cure is not worth knowing. He just ran his hands over me, and said 'Here's the trouble, spleen twice its size.' He injected thirty grains of quinine into a nerve and in twelve hours rattled my temperature down from 104 to normal. I made some chaffing remark when he came again, so he

said 'I shall kick you out in five days, cured—you are the right temperament.' Then he walked off. Sure enough, he was as good as his word, and I was 'kicked out' in five days, completely cured, though weak and tired. It is a great misfortune for Khartoum and district that this excellent man and super-skilled practitioner has now finished his work there, after twenty years of unselfishness, labour, and devotion to duty. The matron, Miss Moore, told me he never made a mistake in diagnosis amongst the hundreds of fresh patients that came to him every day, so great is his knowledge and acute observation. At any rate, I shall always owe him a debt of gratitude for the rapidity and skill by which he cured me. Dr. Hodson has now come to London, and those unfortunates who have found it difficult to obtain a cure for chronic malaria, dysentery, and other African diseases, will do well to take advantage of his wonderful knowledge.¹

Whilst I was in hospital, and afterwards enjoying an easy and quiet time as the guest of Colonel George Schuster, who very kindly put his house and servants at my disposal, Raoul was very happy with the Brocklehursts, packing up, dining out, teaching our American friend how not to fall off a camel, and preparing heads and skins. The more I saw of Schuster, the more I was impressed with the man and his work. He has a strong personality and a determination to arrive. Some men have Success written across their forehead even before success is achieved, and George Schuster is one of these. The finances of Sudan were in none too good a state when he took them over, and though he spends vast sums of money, it is to gain still greater returns for the

¹ For sufferers I may state that his address is 100 Harley Street, London, W.1.

country some day. One of the big men of Sudan said to me: 'Now Schuster has taken over, I think we can dispense with the Auditor-General.' Schuster is a man who inspires confidence because he is sure of himself. An indefatigable worker, he never spares himself, so Sudan can look forward to the great day when his pet schemes with regard to the industry that will enrich the colony will prove themselves, and we can hope to see the great import of American cotton, now forced upon us at abnormal prices, reduced by half or completely stopped.

By great good fortune, an excellent ship, the *Llanstephan Castle*, arrived at Port Sudan on March 26, and we were lucky enough to secure berths for the home voyage. Our passage to Genoa was pleasant and uneventful. Several Sussex friends, Colonel S. Clarke, Colonel C. Godman, and Dame Alice Godman and her two daughters, were on the way home from Uganda, where they had had a very successful trip, and Colonel Clarke had secured trophies of Uganda kob, white rhinoceros, and other good things for his fine collection of African mammals. My old friend, Lord Egerton, got off at Port Sudan, and went in to hunt on the Dinder, taking with him our late excellent cook, Mohamed. The ship was crowded with South and East Africans, all on the way to London and Wembley, and they gave us all the recent news of how things were progressing in those colonies. Stromboli was doing a little mild erupting as we passed up the Straits of Messina, and the air was cold in the laggard spring—at least it seemed so after the hothouse of Africa.

Lions are not dangerous in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, for in this part of Africa they are generally non-existent.



TIANG HEADS

But on the ships plying from Capetown and Mombasa to European ports they are exceedingly numerous, and often dangerous. One day on the *Llanstephan Castle* Raoul and I were admiring a lovely cheetah on its way to Hamburg, when a lioness in the next cage put out her big paw and completely removed the seat of my son's best trousers. It was a trying moment, as the upper deck was crowded with first-class passengers, and we had to pass through them to get to the cabin. I am not proud of my bravery, but on this occasion I fancy even the reader will admit I showed both nerve and presence of mind. Marching as close to the injured portion as possible, I covered from the vulgar gaze with my own hands those necessary but unmentionable features of the human frame which at that moment were most noticeable and subject to the hilarity of rude men. We had to go about twenty yards, and then all was safe—at least I thought so until next day, when a nasty man said, quite out loud, 'I see your son likes a new style in trousers, and affects the openwork pattern.' The giggles that followed showed that what we thought were secret events had somehow leaked out. It was most embarrassing.

As the ship arrived at Genoa, in pouring rain, some fifty disgruntled passengers were informed by Cook's man that no seats were available on the trains, and sleeping berths were hopeless for some weeks. Accordingly our party of four at once went to the railway station and had no difficulty in securing good sleeping berths in one of the *wagons-lits*, with a little judicious bribery. In Italy that is the only key which opens all doors.

After a pleasant journey we came to Paris the following day at 2.30, and Raoul and I at once set about

looking for a night's lodging, our friends, Lady Helen Brocklehurst and Captain Martin, having decided to fly to England. The hotels 'Loti' and 'Continental' were full, but I found an agreeable telephone man at the last-named place who called up twenty hotels, and at last got us two rooms in a clean abode near, in the Avenue Kléber. The Louvre being closed, Raoul and I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening enjoying the marvellous architecture of the Tuileries, surely the finest thing of its kind in Europe, and the collection of statues in the courtyard formed by the French Government. England now surpasses France in the matter of painting, but in the art of sculpture she is not in the same class as the French, who have always been supreme.

Then we had a dinner that could not have been surpassed at the 'Ritz,' with a bottle of the best champagne, for forty francs (approximately 14s. 6d.). After which a good cinema, and so to bed. In the wilds it is a rest to do without newspapers, and when we encountered them again in Paris, the futility and pettiness of life were manifest. The chief item of the morning papers was that Washington was all agog over the fact that Princess Bibesco's little girl had lost her teddy bear, and the whole town was searching for it. Paris, too, was thrilled with the important news that Miss Ermytrude Howard Plantagenet de Vere Buggs, the famous cinema star of Los Angeles, had arrived with three dressers, four personal maids, one director, two Press agents, one photographer, and a perfectly new husband. At an interview she said 'She just loved Paris. It was too sweet for words,' and that she 'Always spent her honeymoons there.' Political news, too, was equally thrilling: 'Mr. Lloyd George on the Failures of Mr. Asquith.'

Fortunately we were spared, on the following day, 'The Failures of Mr. Lloyd George, by Mr. Asquith.'

Then there is dear old 'Veritas,' 'Constant Reader,' and a 'Mother of Sixteen,' airing their chronic inanities—inspiring articles of discussion such as 'Do shrimps make good mothers?'—and the old 'cuts' of the kicking footballer and swimming girl *sans* figure or beauty.

Driving in a car in Paris is exhilarating, like everything else. You go as fast as ever you like round corners. If a stupid gendarme puts up his baton and attempts to stop your progress, the chauffeur slows up, pokes his finger into the right eye of the law's guardian and shouts 'Imbécile!' and then treads on the accelerator. If a silly pedestrian gets in the way, all you have to do is knock him down and then mangle him some. At the police court you can charge him with obstruction, and he is sure to be heavily fined for getting in the way. Oh! Paris is a joyous place, and you can be just as naughty as ever you like, without disastrous consequences. The devil-may-care atmosphere might be contained in the grand words of the American poet :

'Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"If I five hundred pounds had got,
I'd bust the whole derved blooming lot"?''

So ends my little chronicle, in which I have tried to paint a true picture of Sudan as it exists to-day. Life there and one's own personal experiences gradually recede into the mists of the past, but out of it all remains the memory of those splendid young men and the great work they are doing for England. Although most of the country will ever remain in its primitive state, the day will come when Sudan will enter on its era of

prosperity. This will be due not to any skill on the part of Home Governments or the futile Foreign Office, but to the wise men at the head of affairs, taught in the school of Cromer and Kitchener, and those noble lads who, left to themselves, have made good in spite of difficulty.

It would be a happiness to know that some day these scattered leaves of mine may drift south on the wind and mingle with the lotus blossoms that fall on some distant spot where lies one of our sleeping heroes. It is spring in England to-day ; the cuckoo has come, and I look out on my lovely garden and see hundreds of magnolia flowers, flaunting white against the azure sky. It is a time of love, peace, and hope. But here, alas ! men sleep only in selfish rest, neither thinking nor caring for our pioneers. Like ' Danny Boy,' they must go, but the drones will stay. Still, those who have suffered and left stout hearts to carry on KNOW and UNDERSTAND what is being done for England by men of courage and patriotism.

' Never the Lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,
But some heart goes out on the East wind,
That died for England's sake.'

APPENDIX

SOME NOTES ON THE ANTELOPES OF SUDAN

THE GIANT BUSH BUCK (*Tragelaphus barkeri*)

THIS giant race of bush buck is found in the hills to the east of Mongalla, Upper Nile. It is a larger race than the subspecies, *T. S. bor*, found in the forests of the Upper Nile, on both banks. The horns of the latter rarely measure over 13 ins., whilst the horns of *T. barkeri* will average nearly 18 ins. and are of much greater circumference. The skull, too, is very much larger. Contiguous races, such as *T. S. decula* of the Webbe (Somaliland) and *T. S. masaicus*, sometimes have long horns, but these are thin compared with *T. barkeri*, whilst in form they are no larger than the typical *T. scriptus* of South Africa. The skulls, too, are much smaller in every way.

In 1910 I obtained, through a trader in Mombasa, one complete skull with horns and two frontlets with horns of a very large race of bush buck, which I saw at once must belong to some new race, or distinct species, as yet unidentified. Two of these I retained, while the longest example I gave to the late Sir E. Loder, for whom I collected specimens for many years.

During a hunting expedition to East Africa in 1913 I endeavoured to find out the locality from which these large heads could have originated, but without success. It was clear that they did not come from East Africa, Tanganyka, Congo border, Ruanda or Uganda, as I examined large numbers of skulls from these districts, and was personally

acquainted with most of the travellers and hunters who were likely to give exact information. It was not, in fact, until January 1924 that I came on the right trail, when I found a frontlet and antlers and a single horn of enormous size in the possession of Captain C. Brocklehurst at Khartoum. His two specimens were obtained in the hills east of Mongalla.

The following specimens were examined :

Length on Front Curve.	Circumference.	Tip to Tip.	Owner.
20	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	10 $\frac{3}{4}$	Captain Otter
20	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	J. G. Millais
19 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	J. G. Millais
18	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	8	Captain Brocklehurst
16 ¹	8	—	Captain Brocklehurst
14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ²	7	7	Major Barker

SKULL MEASUREMENTS OF *T. barkeri* COMPARED WITH
T. scriptus, *T. S. masaiicus*

	Cranial Ridge to Upper Nares.	Cranial Ridge to End of Lower Nares.	Whole Length of Skull to Upper Nares.	Between Eyes.	Across Zygomatic Arches.
<i>T. S. barkeri</i> . . .	10	12	12	3 $\frac{3}{4}$	9
<i>T. S. barkeri</i> (nearly adult)	10	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	12	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
<i>T. scriptus</i> . . .	9	11	11	3	8

The attention of Major W. R. Barker was first called to this large race of bush buck when he shot an immature male (nearly adult) in the Imatong Mountains, 120 miles south-east of Mongalla (near the Uganda border), in late 1918. He informs me that this large black-brown bush buck is fairly common in the wooded upper slopes at 8000 ft., and, like other races of this species, it likes to graze at dawn and dusk in the little openings of the forest. Later Major

¹ Single horn.

² Very old male, horn broken.



SKULLS AND HORNS OF THE GIANT BUSHBUCK



MALE AND FEMALE GIANT BUSHBUCK

Shot by Major Brock and Captain Holland in the Imatong Mountains, S.E. Mongalla, March, 1924.

Barker obtained a young male which he kept alive for nine months, when it escaped. In the winter of 1924 Major R. C. Brock shot an adult male on the highest point of the Imatong Mountains at 10,000 ft., and Captain L. E. Holland shot an adult female on the same ground. The skin of the former was blackish-brown all over except a large white throat patch and white bands over the hoofs; also other white markings on the pelage. The young male kept in captivity by Major Barker was of a similar colour. It is interesting to observe that this dark pelage of *T. barkeri* is the same as that of *T. S. meleniki* of the Arusi, Abyssinia, but there seems to be no geographical reason for any connection between these two sub-species, since the Imatong Mountains end abruptly far to the west of Lake Rudolph and at their eastern base desert begins. On the summit of the Imatong Mountains, in company with *T. barkeri*, are found greater koodoo, Leopold's duiker, and a small antelope very similar to the bluebuck of Natal and known to the natives as 'inteligana.'

This new animal seems to me so distinct that it merits a specific name, and I have called it after Major Barker, of the Equatorial battalion, who first brought a skin and horns to myself and Captain Brocklehurst. I am indebted to them for the loan of specimens; also to Major Walsh for a photograph of Major Brock's and Captain Holland's male and female, killed in March 1924.

The giant bush buck bears the same relation (in the ascending scale of small Tragelaphs) to the inyala that Buxton's Tragelaph (sometimes called the Mountain Inyala) does between the inyala and the greater koodoo. It is so far removed in size from the race of true bush bucks which range over the greater part of the forest and mountain regions of Africa that it seems to be quite a distinct animal and worthy of specific rank. Mr. A. L. Butler, a most observant naturalist, who was in close touch with Nile valley animals for many years, informs me that no specimen of *T. barkeri* ever came north to Khartoum during his tenure of office as Game Warden.

THE KOB

White-eared Kob (*Adenota kob leucotis*).

Vaughan's Kob (*Adenota kob vaughani*).

Lado Kob (*Adenota kob alurae*).

Uganda Kob (*Adenota kob thomasi*).

The more we study these local races of kob the greater becomes the difficulty of assigning any fixed area to any one form or local race. This I attribute solely to the fact that zoologists in the past have not been furnished with a sufficient supply of specimens from numerous areas inhabited by the local races of kob and have lost sight of, or been ignorant of, the fact that a great amount of interbreeding takes place amongst local races wherever they overlap. The same remark applies to nearly all other African ruminants. There is practically an unbroken chain of interbred kobs from Melut and Renk on the White Nile in the Shilluk country down to the Nzoia river (Unvasg N'Gishu Plateau, E. Africa) and west to Lake Albert and north-west through the Zande country up to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. In this area we find the following local races. Commencing in the north :

1. *White-eared Kob (Adenota kob leucotis typicus)*

Distribution.—Both sides of White Nile on Bahr-el-Abiad, Sobat and Bahr-el-Zeraf rivers, and east to Abyssinian frontier.

Characters.—There are two forms. The pale phase has yellowish-red upper parts with black stripe on shoulder and front of foreleg. Ears, orbital region, chin, throat, lips, margin of nostrils, white. The dark phase has dorsal surface of head and body very dark brown, in some cases almost black.

The white-eared kob existing south of the Great Swamp in Bahr-el-Ghazal is undoubtedly a somewhat larger animal than that found north of Lake No and east about the Sobat river. Black forms, too, are rare, and we did not see one of this type in several hundred animals ; but partially black and reddish-yellow forms were not rare, the black hairs being confined to head, neck, and shoulders, where they join black leg

stripe. About the rivers Lao, Nam, and Gelle this species overlaps and interbreeds with *A. k. thomasi*, the two being found frequenting the same grassy plains in the vicinity of water.

Black forms have been shot in this part of Bahr-el-Ghazal by Captain Brocklehurst, Captain Kidd, and other hunters, and most of these were obtained in April, May, and June. But this dark type cannot be considered due to seasonal changes, for we observed a herd of black white-eared kob near Melut in March.

2. *Vaughan's Kob* (*Adenota kob vaughani*)

I agree with Roosevelt and Heller in assigning this race, described by Matschie (1899) as *nigroscapulata* and Lydekker as *vaughani*, to a colour form of *A. k. leucotis*. Probably it is a hybrid between *leucotis* and *thomasi*, whose colour it most closely resembles.

Distribution.—Bahr-el-Ghazal.

My son and I killed three males (two adult) of this form on the Lao plains, where it is the common kob of this region. The colour was a bright foxy-red and the whole animal smaller and with shorter horns than *thomasi*. The area of white round the ears was also less than in these two races, the upper surface being sprinkled with brownish hairs.

3. *The Lado Kob* (*Adenota kob alurae*)

This so-called sub-species would seem to possess all the characters of the last-named local race. Size, ears, horns, etc., are similar. The only point of difference seems to be that Roosevelt and Heller describe¹ the Lado race as 'ochraceous buff,' which is not that of Vaughan's kob, but similar to forms of Uganda kob which exist as far north as a line drawn from the Nile west through Lake Eyirroll in Bahr-el-Ghazal.

For description of this race see Roosevelt and Heller, pp. 512-514.

¹ *African Game Animals*, p. 513.

4. *Uganda Kob (Adenota kob thomasi)*

Distribution.—From Nzoia river (where it is now nearly extinct) through Uganda to Albert Nyanza. Northwards through Elgon region west of Lake Rudolph to Nile Valley. On Bahr-el-Ghazal as far north as the great swamp and Lake Eyirroll, where it overlaps and interbreeds with *A. k. leucotis*. Specimens obtained west and north-west of Wau by Butler seem to differ in no respect from true *A. k. thomasi*. In fact it is scarcely possible to differentiate between West African kobs and examples of *thomasi* from Lake Albert. One specimen from North-West Cameroon, obtained by Brigadier-General Cunliffe, seems to be in every way a typical *A. k. thomasi*.

Characters.—As described by Roosevelt and Heller (pp. 511-512). The race from the Nzoia river (East Africa) from long isolation is smaller. In its typical form the Uganda kob is the largest of the kobs, attaining its maximum size in the region of the south end of Lake Albert, where it is very abundant. The horns there often attain a length of 25 inches. The dark mark on the foreleg is variable, and often absent.

Mrs. Gray's Kob (Onotragus maria)

Distribution.—One small herd occurs on the west bank of the White Nile near Taufikia. All along the north-side edge of the great swamp or sudd region from Lake No to Meshra-el-Rek, and especially abundant where the rivers Nam, Gelle, and Lao empty in various channels into the south-west sudd. A few on the Sobat-Pibor rivers, and fairly numerous, in small herds, on the Bahr-el-Zeraf. A good herd occurs on the east bank of main Nile, near Bor. Examples were obtained forty miles south of Shambe at Tombe, in Aliab Dinka country, in 1922. It is also found on Tonga Island, Upper White Nile. This is probably the southern limit of range.

Characters.—Mrs. Gray's Kob has been frequently described. The only point of dispute seems to be whether *adult* bucks invariably possess the white shoulder and neck

patch. It is certain that some males get their complete horns without exhibiting the patches, but it is difficult to determine whether these are always without this distinguishing mark.¹ This point could only be settled by keeping an animal in confinement.

Broadly speaking, Mrs. Gray's Kob is purely a swamp-loving species, and lives and feeds in water up to its underparts. At certain seasons, however, on the Bahr-el-Zeraf, I am informed by Mr. de Pezzei, it can be found on dry ground. Mr. de Pezzei has on more than one occasion seen little parties in the Guinea corn patches of the Nuers at least two miles from the nearest water.

Roosevelt and Heller lay considerable stress on the close affinity of this animal to the Zambesi lechwes and cite Stigand and Selous as confirming their view. I must confess that I cannot agree with this beyond the fact that Mrs. Gray's Kob frequents a similar habitat. Mrs. Gray's Kob, both in appearance and structure, as well as movements in the field, seems to me to be quite distinct, and the animal not very closely related to any of the other kobs. The accounts² of the habits of the animal by Roosevelt and Heller are admirable. Nearly every observer has seen them give high leaps in the air, similar to the South African lechwe, so the fact that neither I nor my son saw Mrs. Gray's Kob indulging in such antics is no argument that they do not do so, and is probably accounted for by the depth of water in which we found them. It is likely they do not leap high unless the water is very shallow, or in places where the ground is hard.³

There seems to be little danger of the extinction of this fine antelope, as its main habitat is so well protected by

¹ Major Barker saw a herd with what appeared to be ten quite adult males in March 1924. The bucks had full-grown horns and no white shoulder patches.

² *African Game Animals*, pp. 521-522.

³ In the *Field*, April 17, 1924, it was stated that this species was 'much harassed by irrigation officers, who had their own steamers,' etc. This paragraph was quite incorrect, as the irrigation officers do very little shooting, and the disturbance to Mrs. Gray's Kob is for the most part effected only by hired steamers working from Khartoum.

Nature, and hunters are now only allowed to kill two in a lifetime.

For other notes on this species, see Chapter V.

THE GIANT ELAND (*Taurotragus derbianus*) AND LOCAL RACES

There is little doubt that in Pleistocene times a large eland, probably much the same in form and colour as *T. derbianus*, found its way south over the land bridge from Italy to Cyrenaica, or through Egypt, coming from its original home somewhere about Persia, and spread out through North Central Africa. Other herds went on south and east, and, deteriorating in size, formed the various local races of eland now found in South, East, and Central Africa. To-day the giant races, of which I have some recent information, are distributed as follows. Each of these races differs, or will be found to differ, very slightly from the Gambian race.

1. *Lord Derby's Eland* (*Taurotragus derbianus typicus*)

Distribution.—Park forests of Senegambia, Gambia, and Portuguese Guinea. Height at shoulder, 5 ft. 8 ins. ; nose to base of tail, 9 ft. In general appearance this western race is more or less identical with the Sudan race, except that the complete black neck is more frequent. I do not think that any adult male specimen of this western race has been observed without a certain amount of black on the neck, whereas in Sudan adult males complete tan-coloured necks are not rare. The black on the forehead as well as the white shoulder-stripe are very variable in size.

2. *Cameroon Race* (*Taurotragus derbianus cameroonensis*)

A smaller race of the giant eland exists in North-West Cameroon (formerly German Cameroon). The horns are much shorter and less stout than in the typical race, and the points long and very sharp. No complete skins of this animal have yet been sent home, but in Captain Otter's museum at Horsham there are specimens—a complete skull and horns and a frontlet and horns brought home in 1913 by Brigadier-General Cunliffe.

3. *Congo Race (Taurotragus derbianus congolanicus)*

This is known by a single specimen (horns and frontlet only), 29½ ins. in length, shot by the late Sir Henry Stanley at Stanley Falls on his first expedition up the Congo. The animal walked into the camp one day, and Stanley seized the rifle of an Askari and shot it. The head and frontlet was brought home by Major Veitch and presented to my mother, Lady Millais, who gave it to me. In turn I gave it to the late Sir E. Loder, and it is now in Captain Otter's museum.

4. *Sudan Race (Taurotragus derbianus gigas).*

Larger than the Cameroon race, the Sudan giant eland is found in small numbers in western Bahr-el-Ghazal, the Zande country and Lado, whilst on the extreme west the mountains of the Nile Congo watershed confine it; but it seems certain that herds frequent the south side of the Bahr-el-Arab to the north and may continue in a broken chain to the highlands of the Umbanghi (Congo territory), where I have information that a large race of elands exists. Throughout its range the giant eland is distributed locally, and may be said to be a rare animal.¹ Of recent years, too, rinderpest has played havoc amongst their numbers. The characters of this local race of the giant eland have not always been stated correctly. It is said that the Sudan race has 'about ten' white body-stripes (R. Ward) and the typical race fourteen or fifteen. This is incorrect, as Sudan examples as well as West African have from eleven to fifteen, the number being 'variable in individuals.'

Another important point is the colour of the neck in adult bulls. It is correct to say that in the western race the neck colour is black, as a rule, down as far as the dewlap, which is tan colour with a line of black hairs along the outer edge. So far no tan-necked skins have come from the west, but in the Sudan race tan-necked males, and half-tan and half-black, are

¹ It is most common on the right bank of the Sue river, and from here extends W. and S.W. to the Belgian and French Congo frontier (Larken).

usually found. Roosevelt and Heller state¹: 'The Nile race is much better represented in collections, and it is quite certain that uniformly black-necked bulls such as the Derby eland at the British Museum do not occur in the Nile district.' I think that this statement is incorrect. Not only are the Derbian eland bulls not 'uniformly black-necked,' for they seem usually to have the tan-coloured dewlap, but certain adult bulls of the Sudan race possess just as black necks as the western race. I possess two—one shot by my late friend, Captain Walsh, near the north of the Gelle river in 1909, and another killed by my son on the Gelle river in February 1924. These two examples have completely black necks, with tan dewlap and black outer edge. I have seen nearly all the examples brought to Messrs. Rowland Ward during the past fifteen years, and these black-necked examples are the only two so marked noticed in this country, but various hunters tell me they have seen black-necked males. Consequently this dark form is rare, but to say that they do not occur in the Nile district is misleading. Another variable character is the forehead tuft. This is usually black in western specimens, but in the Sudan race amongst adult bulls it is usually reddish-brown or more often half reddish-brown and half black. I have seen only one Sudan example with complete black forehead tuft, and that is the specimen shot by my son (previously referred to). Other characters of Sudan race are correctly described by Roosevelt and Heller.

The herds of giant eland in Bahr-el-Ghazal range from ten to a hundred in a troop, and frequent certain areas which they circle at regular intervals at different times of the year. They seem to be much more restless and roving in habit than the common eland, and are always very shy and easily disturbed. They water at night, and then travel long distances in the early morning to unfrequented desert ranges in park-like forest, feeding as they go. Their favourite food is a fastigiate-shaped bush of the gardenia species, which bears lovely white sweet-scented flowers. This bush they crop closely, and in eland country it is rare to see one that has any

¹ *African Game Animals*, p. 462.

outspreading branches, all having been eaten off by the elands. They seem to find nearly all their food in certain trees, especially acacia (*Lonchocarpus laxiflorus*), and the leaves of the Shea butter tree (*Butyrospermum parki*). At midday they rest, but always post females as sentries, and at the slightest alarm make off and run for great distances before settling again. When first disturbed the nervous members of a troop leap high in the air, often jumping over one another as the common eland do. After going a short distance with high bounds, they break into a lumbering gallop, and then settle down into a steady trot, which may last for hours.

Nearly all our English hunters and local district officers in Bahr-el-Ghazal have obtained their specimens from the big herd that used to exist west of Wau. It is to be feared that this herd and another to the north-west of Wau have both been destroyed by cattle plague. Other bulls have been shot near the mouth of the Nam (Captain Walsh), on the Yei river (Major Dore), at Tembura (Captain Stephenson), Lado (General Sir F. Wingate), on the Gelle river (Captain Brocklehurst), and at Meridi (Captain Richards). At Tembura there are still five or six big herds, but in a district now closed to Europeans owing to sleeping sickness. There are also good herds in the northern and western parts of Lado, and it is possible the species may just enter the northern part of Uganda, and also extend to the west of the Bahr-el-Arab in the north. East of the Nile the species is not found, but a smaller specialised form, close to Patterson's Eland of East Africa, takes its place in Mongalla. To sum up—in future the giant eland of Sudan will be a somewhat rare animal, but protected (by Nature) in the unhealthy and inaccessible forests in which it still exists.

SITATUNGA (*Limnotragus spekei*)

There would seem to be two races of sitatunga inhabiting the great swamp or sudd from Lake No to Shambe and west and north-west to Meshra-el-Rek. The largest known specimen in Lord Rothschild's collection, with horns 35 ins.

(on front curve), came from this region, and two others in Mr. Butler's collection from the same area evidently belong to a very large race. Only some two or three specimens (all of a smaller race, with horns and skulls similar to the Victoria-Nyanza form) have been killed by Europeans. Skulls and horns from Bahr-el-Ghazal would seem to favour a two-race theory, but we must await more specimens from this district. Officers of the Irrigation Department have told me that the *sitatunga* also occurs in the great Addar Swamp, in the Shilluk country, but no specimens have yet been captured there. It also occurs in swamps on the east bank of the main Nile.

HEUGLIN'S HARTEBEEST (*Bubalis lelwel heuglini*)

Everywhere in Sudan this hartebeest is known as 'Jackson's Hartebeest'; but it seems an error to call it so, as it is a distinct local race. It has received such names as 'Lelwel' and 'Niedieck's Hartebeest'; but as Theodor von Heuglin first described it (1877) I think his name should be attached to the animal. Heuglin's Hartebeest differs from Jackson's Hartebeest of East Africa in being slightly smaller, paler, and possessing horns whose upper halves bend in a straight line backwards instead of inclining upwards as they do in the East African race.

Zoologists seem to be as yet unaware of the great number of local races and hybrids between specific forms such as Jackson's and Coke's Hartebeests that occur in a nearly unbroken line from Kordofan to Tanganyka province. In the centre part of this great area of country, such as East Africa, Coke's and Jackson's Hartebeests interbreed wherever they meet. A few of these local races have received sub-specific names, but their number is so great that they are best left alone. Mr. R. J. Cunninghame, the well-known African hunter, has told me that he found local races differing slightly every fifty miles from Bahr-el-Ghazal to Central Tanganyka. There are very distinct races (such as those in the Mau and Aberdare Mountains, East Africa) which are not the same as the Nakuru Hartebeest, existing only a few miles to the west.

BONGO (*Biocercus euryceros*)

The Bongo is not rare in south-western Bahr-el-Ghazal. It is found in small herds north-west of Tembura, about Meridi and in Zungumbia country. Major Larken obtained a horn and skin of one killed near Tembura, and these are now at Wau. In Zungumbia the late R. F. White shot two immature males a few years ago, and these are so far the only two specimens shot by a European in Sudan territory. The Bongo is reported as occurring east of Yambio.

YELLOW-BACKED DUIKER (*Cephalopus sylvicultor*)

This West African species occurs in Sudan near Tembura, Bahr-el-Ghazal (Larken).

ERYTHRÆAN GAZELLE (*Gazella littoralis*)

I confess I can see no difference between specimens of this gazelle and true *G. dorcas*, except that in most cases the horns are usually shorter and more inclined to hook inwards at the ends. It is stated as a character of the species that 'the dark flank-band' is 'rich rufous or madder-brown' (R. Ward), but this feature is completely irregular as in true *G. dorcas*. Out of seven adult males shot by myself and my son, no two were alike, but ranged from a dark madder-brown flank band to no band at all. The general body-markings of the so-called Erythræan species seem to be identical with those of *G. dorcas* from Palestine, Algeria, and Kordofan, thus leaving only horn characters, which are always very variable, as the single point of identification. Wherefore I think the Erythræan Gazelle is not a good species. If it is regarded as a sub-species, then the various races of *G. dorcas* found in Algeria, Morocco, Southern Sahara, Kordofan, Egypt, Sinai Peninsula, and Palestine merit such separation. The average horns of this coastal form of *G. dorcas* measure about $9\frac{1}{2}$ ins., and we killed one of 11 ins. Two examples I obtained in Northern Algeria were both $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and occasionally in Kordofan they reach this length.



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