Up to date, I had seen game daily since leaving Katima Molilo. Large herds of roan, sable and hartebeeste had been common, kudu and eland more rare, zebra and duiker in almost every march, but nothing worth stalking, even had I possessed a permit. From my present camp near the Linyanti I was practically at the corner of three boundaries: N.W. Rhodesia, Angola, and British Bechuanaland Protectorate, and my plan was to work west along the Linyanti, and to decide if it were worth while taking out a permit for N.W. Rhodesia or crossing into Angola. I had a small game license for British Bechuanaland Protectorate, and on it so far had been able to shoot enough small stuff for myself, but my carriers began to clamour for me to shoot something bigger for them. Large herds of roan and hartebeeste used to come down to drink at the lagoon near camp, morning and evening; but I hold that such game, once bagged is enough, and henceforth it becomes a penance to have to shoot them. Pippin and I with the .22-bore had all the sport we wanted after guinea fowl and partridge, and it was too unpleasantly hot to wander far afield without a particular object. After two days' rest and pause for news we continued the trek west.

The Linyanti at this point is a dull, reedy river, 40yds. broad and enclosed by steep banks, and very deep. Beyond on both sides is a strip of open grass, and at the back bush-clad ridges run parallel to the river. There were no large swamps in this neighbourhood, and I could hear no news of Situtunga, save way back in British Bechuanaland Protectorate country. We followed the Linyanti for three days west, when general unfitness, boredom, and my intense dislike of the country and the climate decided me to give up and make for the boat and the railway. Redbuck, roan, hartebeeste and hippo had been common along the Linyanti and I had seen fresh tracks of buffalo and elephant, but all small bulls and cows. The return journey, guided by our outcoming experience, was simple, and for the first time in my life I pulled out of a shoot with a sigh of relief.

To sum up, I do not pretend to know or to have seen anything of Rhodesia or its game, and I open myself to severe criticism in attempting to discuss it. Nevertheless one reads so much puff about the country and its game, that one unglided yarn may not be amiss. I am not the first "mug" who has wandered fruitlessly west along the Zambezi, and there may be some who enjoy it. *Vide* the party of three who topped their 100 head. For the tyro hot with the blood lust, maybe well and good, but for outstanding heads and an untrammelled country I would seek elsewhere.

H. C. MAYDON.

THE RHINOCEROS IN INDIA

Of the three kinds of rhinoceros found in India the great one-horned rhinoceros is the only one of which the writer has any experience. The small one-horned rhinoceros is said to exist as far west as the Sunderbunds, but no definite news of him could be obtained during a visit to that part of the country some years ago. The two-horned rhinoceros likewise has not been met with, though the writer came across his tracks on one occasion when on a shooting expedition in Upper Burma.

The great Indian rhinoceros is found in the Nepal Tarai and in Assam, and it is to Northern Assam that the following story refers. No country in the world can hold a greater fascination for the lover of nature than the country of the Brahmaputra. Vast virgin jungles, towering trees, high climbing creepers, swamps and giant grass form a home for a wonderful collection of wild life.

Mounted on an elephant one may spend the hours quietly wandering through the varied vegetation, unobserved by the birds and animals encountered on every side. In this way the writer has passed within a few yards of elephant, rhino, buffalo and bison, in addition to many of the lesser mammals. The freedom from detection on such occasions is due to the presence in these jungles of the wild elephant; the animals seemingly fail to notice the presence of man. As a rule it is best to dispense with the howdah in these jungles, for the former, on occasions, being more conspicuous, seems liable to cause a certain uneasiness amongst the larger jungle animals.

It was one day in April that the writer left camp in search of rhino, seated in a howdah, with a second elephant following close behind. At the same time a fellow hunter, Mr. J., started off in another direction, similarly provided for. It was good rhino country, and we anticipated that one at least of us would have some sport before we met again in camp some hours later.

The rifle rack held two rifles; under the seat were the camera and food and drink, in preparation for a long day in the jungle. Seated on a pad on the second elephant was a tracker, prepared to slip down quietly and examine any ground signs that might require a close investigation. The sky was cloudy; during the first hour there was a slight shower, but for the rest of the day the rain kept off. After passing over a small open area of short grass, and through a belt of Sal trees, we came to a river, on the further side of which was a mighty jungle, huge trees of many different kinds, with here and there a wall of almost impenetrable undergrowth. The river was perhaps 6ft. in depth, with high steep banks of matted vegetation. To slide down the soft bank, through the water and up the far side was a matter of no difficulty to the elephants. Under the deep shade of the mighty trees the earth was damp and soft, the sunlight scarcely filtered through the high green roof, the fresh scented air felt cool and pleasant as we moved silently forward. Sometimes a branch would hang too low to clear the howdah, then, with a word from the mahout, the elephant, reaching upwards, would break away the obstruction. Occasionally we would brush against the rope-like tendrils of a creeper trailing away from the dim leafage up above. Once a creeper caught the rifle and, pulling it clear of the rack, dropped it amongst the soft greenery on the ground behind; no damage was done, and the elephant, turning round, soon found and handed it back to the howdah. The cane creeper grows in profusion in these jungles; as it is seen winding up the trunks and hanging from the branches of the larger trees it is a thing of considerable beauty, but growing in spreading masses it is a difficult obstacle to cope with. On this occasion, after pushing through some thickish growth that held a little straggling cane, we had good reason to remember the dislike in which the elephant holds this strong and thorny creeper. The cane grew thicker as we went along, making it necessary to turn back; the elephant, having submitted with some screaming, refused to face the cane again, and it took over an hour to retrace our steps some few hundred yards. After a time our search was rewarded by recent traces of rhino, and we soon made out the fresh track of a large bull, which we proceeded to follow. The tracks led us to more open marshy land, then again to deep jungle, and finally into a vast sea of waving yellow grass. The tracks were not an hour old as we pushed our way slowly through the grass, which seemed to grow taller at every step. The grass was now well above the elephant, almost on a level with the top of the howdah, making it difficult for the mahout to see more than a yard or two ahead. Standing up in the howdah it was possible to get a clear view; in the distance the grass seemed to be much trampled down, and beyond, once again, was the tree jungle. We were still in the high grass when I saw the rhino; he was about 40yds. away, standing in an open patch where the grass was flattened, and he was staring in my direction. By the time I had seized the rifle we were considerably nearer to the rhino, who seemed quite unperturbed by the sight of the howdah and its occupant overtopping the grass. It did not seem wise to shout to the mahout to stop, nor did it occur to me, in the few seconds at my disposal, to lean forward and touch the mahout on the head, though had I done so he would have brought the elephant to a halt. We moved on straight for the rhino, the mahout completely unaware of anything ahead until within a distance of about 15yds., when the rhino, emitting a low grunt, turned to trot away. Wild and wonderful he looked, the great grey monster, breathing the spirit of that glorious jungle land. The elephant backed a step on hearing the rhino; the mahout however, steadied him in a moment, and I soon regained my equilibrium and stood up in the howdah, the elephant keeping fairly still. By this time the rhino was 30yds. away, trotting slowly across the open, his left side and shoulder exposed, an easy shot. As I raised the rifle to fire, I recognised that the jungle immediately beyond the rhino was a vast wall of cane, and I lowered the rifle without pressing the trigger. The cane jungle might extend for miles, and my experience earlier in the day had taught me that if the rhino were to get away wounded into such growth the elephant would not follow. To wound and lose an animal is always unpleasant; moreover, in this case I had permission to shoot one rhino only, and I should thus have been debarred from having a shot on any subsequent occasion. Later, I began to regret not having taken this shot; he was a big rhino with a fine horn; I never saw anything to equal him during the remaining three weeks spent in that country. Thinking over it now, I feel sure I could have dropped him in his tracks with a shot from the .470 rifle, and in any case there would have been time for a second shot with the left barrel. As it was, I never saw that rhino again. It is difficult to look back on this incident of the rhino without some regret, and memory is not slow to recall other disappointments of a similar kind. There is the case of the greater kudu in Rhodesia, of the 45in. sambur clean missed at 50yds., of the big lone tusker, and a host of other chances offered by fortune, but never grasped.

On getting back to camp that day, "J." was found in a mood of calm content; he had been back some hours, having found and killed a rhino early in the morning. The rhino "J." had shot was a good one, but, as I explained to him, it was of a moderate size when compared to the rhino that I had failed to shoot.

JAMUN.

SPORT IN IRELAND

SIR,—In your issue of July 9th, 1925, your correspondent, "Cheviot," raises the question as to what the near and distant future of shooting in the Irish Free State is likely to be. Should any of your readers be contemplating a trial I think it only fair to give them an idea of what they may expect, and so enclose a cutting from the *Irish Times* of July 17th, 1925.

So much for the west. I can corroborate every word of it here in the east.

Under the new regime it is much harder, or is supposed to be, to get a permit to carry a gun than it was under the old, and it was only with great difficulty I got a permit to do so some time after things had begun to settle down and also to purchase and keep a very limited number of cartridges, a number which puts all idea of really shooting for sport out of the question; yet, in spite of this, on looking back down a vista of nearly 50 years, I never knew so many people to have guns or so much shooting going on all the year round and all day long. It puzzles me what they see to shoot at. Armed with my new permit, I went out half a dozen times last winter to places which I knew of where, of yore, I used to be certain of a fair mixed bag, and, sometimes, of more than I cared to carry. I never fired a shot and gave it up. I saw nothing but crows, moor-hens, and men with guns, and I fear I will never see anything else in future.

Not only does this shooting take place on the bogs and the mountain, but sometimes at one's very door. Once when my patience was exhausted at seeing men with guns beating for rabbits right up by my house (I am not as young as I was and can never get near them) I went to see and complain to the Civic Guard (the new police) who issue the permits. I mildly suggested that a little more care might advisedly be exercised in granting the permits as it was obvious that the great majority of men with guns had no interest in destroying vermin, the reason for which most of the permits seem to be granted, nor where they the class which own land, and I, therefore, might have something of my own to shoot. The reply was illuminating.

"No. Those days is gone. Anyone can have a gun now, same's you used to."

For obvious reasons I do not care to put my name to this, but will sign myself (with respect), ICHABOD.

P.S.—It is much the same with the fishing round here.

The following is the letter referred to:

SHOOTING PROSPECTS IN THE FREE STATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "IRISH TIMES."

SIR,—In your issue of July 15th I read a paragraph headed "Firearms Act—Shooting Prospects in the Free State." At the end of the paragraph it is stated that a considerable number of applications for licences has been received from England and other countries, and that there should be good sport, as "since 1914 there has been no extensive game-shooting in Ireland." I fear that, if any of these applicants for licences come to this part of the Free State, they will be much disappointed. I have lived and shot round here for about 25 years and I know that since 1914 there has been more shooting than ever before, and game of all kinds has been slaughtered indiscriminately, in season and out of season, by people who not only did not pay a game licence, but had neither the ordinary 10s. gun licence nor even a permit to possess a gun.

Partridges are now absolutely extinct here, and pheasants are all but extinct. The local "sportsmen" have been shooting wild duck for the last month or more, and apparently no effort is made by the authorities to check them. If it were not for the snipe and woodcock that come to us from abroad during the winter, shooting here would be an absolute farce, and it would not be worth anyone's while to possess a gun. From accounts which I have seen in the daily papers, and in various sporting papers, I fear that Co. Clare is not unique in this respect. It is all very well to try to attract the rich English or foreign sportsmen to this country, but let us do something to make it worth his while to come.—Yours, etc.,

Co. Clare, July 15th, 1925 ONE WHO KNOWS.

SIR,—I read with interest "Cheviot's" letter in your issue of the 9th inst. on the question of shooting in Ireland. He seems doubtful as to the future being any better than under British rule. I am afraid that most landowners are not optimistic on this subject.

The following extract from the *Irish Times* of July 15th, under the heading, "Firearms Act. Shooting prospects in the Free State," is also of interest. "A considerable number of applications for licences has been received from England and other countries, indicating that many people intend to visit the Free State for the shooting in the autumn. Since 1914 there has been no extensive game shooting in Ireland. Those, therefore, who come during the approaching season, should find good sport."

This, in my opinion, is purely propaganda—probably from some Government office—to induce people to come to this country, and if these statements are taken as facts there will be bitter disappointment.

The following particulars may be of interest in showing what the real prospects are in the West of Ireland.

During the so-called "Anglo-Irish War" and "The Trouble," *i.e.*, Civil War, there was practically no shooting of game in Ireland. Partridges even appeared in places where they had not been seen for twenty years. But for the past two seasons shooting has been general. Everybody shoots game on a Civic Guard five-shillings licence, and the extent of this shooting