

after day and week after week, so that having discovered its haunts one always has a chance of finding it at home.

This species expands about three inches, the female sometimes a little more, but there is not the great disparity which there is in the last species. The markings of the fore wings are similar to those of *E. wakefieldi*, but the spots of the macular band are a little smaller and it begins on the costa nearer the base. Between this band and the base there is a blotch of rich fulvous. The outer row of spots is also nearer the base and consists of four spots larger than in *E. wakefieldi*; all these spots are pale green and are a beautiful contrast to the black ground colour. The marginal row of small spots is pure white and conspicuous.

The hind wings are dead black, with a marginal row of small white spots and two or three spots of another row inside them. The under side is very similar, but the hind wings are rich dark brown with the nervures and inter-nervular streaks black. The female is very similar except that all the pale markings are whiter and there is a very large white blotch in the basal half of the hind wings.

It is a mimic of *Amauris ochlea*, which is common in the Coast district. I have little doubt that both these *Euxanthes* are somewhat distasteful. They are both very conspicuous on the wing, and *E. tiberius* especially is very difficult to kill by pressure between the finger and thumb, which is very characteristic of distasteful butterflies. The undoubted mimicry which they exhibit towards the genus *Amauris* should therefore be regarded as Mullerian, and it is now thought that this mimicry is very usual amongst Lepidoptera.

FISHING ON LAKE VICTORIA, WITH NOTES ON THE HAGEDASH IBIS

BY 'STEREO.'

Along the western shore of Lake Victoria there exists a long tract of uninhabited and almost uninhabitable country, save by birds, innumerable crocodiles, and occasional hippo, for unfortunately throughout the greater part of its length it

teems with countless tsetse fly (*G. palpalis*), the conveyor of the fell disease termed 'sleeping sickness.'

In past years the solitude of this vast area was invaded only by a few fishermen who spent the fishing season working their enormous basket seines, catching the small fish which, when dried, is termed 'nkeje,' and is so much relished by the natives as a toothsome morsel eaten with their 'matoke' (steamed unripe bananas).

These seines, extending sometimes to over 400 yards from the shore, and the method of working them, are well worth a short notice, as their use, on the Uganda side of the lake at least, has ceased, owing to the operation of the Sleeping Sickness Ordinance; in fact, under the two-mile rule of this ordinance the solitude of this area must remain unbroken save for the weird roar of the crocodile and the grunting of the hippo, and I have little doubt will soon be a fine breeding ground for the lake birds.

'So it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' but keen regret must always be felt when one contemplates the consequences of this awful epidemic which has been such a curse to what would otherwise be a beautiful and fertile part of this Protectorate, viz. the lake shore; and moreover the destruction of the fishing industry is to be deplored.

A typical scene in that part on a morning brilliant with sunshine, as yet pleasant since an early start about 6 A.M. is made, all requisites having been packed into the native canoe manned by twelve sturdy paddlers, we coast gently along the white sandy beach against which the wavelets, sparkling in the sunshine, gently ripple with a droning musical note, giving no indication of the fury with which they so soon lash the shore when great rollers have been roused from their slumbers.

Standing waist-deep in the water, constantly casting their lines, fishing for the small 'nkeje,' is a long line of youths and grey-haired men like silhouettes against the sunshine; anon a wriggling silvery object at the end of a line denotes some hapless sprat secured, and a pleased grin spreads over the lucky owner's face as he rebaits and casts anew. Further on are quaint rafts built of the dried leaf ribs of the Raphia Palms, growing so plentifully in the silent depths of the swamp, which extends back for some four or five miles inland, a lonely

trackless waste. The owners of these cleverly constructed rafts sit singly in the stern, and proving bolder, put out further into the lake and anchor their rafts by means of a large stone. At last in a break in the long line of Mirindi trees (*ambatch*) which grow in the water a few yards from the shore one sees the seiners at work. Carefully coiled on two broad rafts of dry *Raphia* fronds are two long ropes made of a tough fibrous grass characteristic of this region. When plaited, it forms light but strong rope; one end of each is fixed to the row of twelve or more fish traps, linked together sideways. Each basket is about four feet in diameter and six to ten feet long, tapering to a blunt point, and each has an internal conical member forming the doorway of the trap. To the top of each basket to mark its position is fixed a bunch of leaves from the wild date palm, and for thirty to fifty yards on each side of the line of baskets pieces of banana leaves are fixed to the rope as a fringe to direct the fish to the baskets. All being ready, the baskets are placed on a raft and a man to each raft with a long pole then punt the rafts into the lake, which at this part has a sandy bottom and is scarcely more than ten to sixteen feet deep. When sufficiently far out the baskets are shoved off into the water and each raft makes a detour in an opposite direction and returns to the shore, where a score or more of men, nude save for a fringe of banana leaves girt round their loins, catch hold of the free ends of the ropes and steadily haul in the seine. Excitement grows as the tufts of palm leaves indicate the near approach of the baskets. When close enough in, some men enter the water and with great splashings drive the fish towards the baskets, which are then drawn round into a circle to enclose the whole catch, which a man standing in the middle drives in. When the circle has been narrowed down as far as possible, each trap is picked up in turn and tilted so that the fish are poured into a small basket held ready below. When all are emptied, the glittering silvery mass is placed into a shallow hollow scooped in the sand and the fish sorted, while the rafts set out once more.

A crackling fire behind, tended by a youngster, is soon requisitioned, and any special tasty fish toasted over it to cheer the patient toilers.

The large fish are split, cleaned, and dried, while the small sprats are threaded in rows on sticks which are hung up to dry in the sun. This work is done by the women of the small fishing-camps, and, as may be supposed, the odour in the vicinity of the drying fish is the reverse of fragrant, recalling memories of the nesting haunts of the cormorants and gannets on the Bass Rock. While camped near one of these stations news was one day brought in of the nest of the Hagedash Ibis (*Hagedashia hagedash*) close by. The afternoon was far gone, but the nest of this bird being new to me the chance was not to be missed, so quickly getting camera, &c., we set off, and after wading through a shallow swamp, the bird was seen on its nest on a small tree close to the lake. On sighting us the bird flew off with its weird cry, which is something like 'ah-a-aaah,' long drawn out and so dismal, like the wail of lost, despairing spirits, when uttered in the evening gloom. A few minutes sufficed to lash the camera to the tree and focus the nest, which contained two young about a week old, and an addled egg. The shutter set, a long thread was cautiously attached to the release and the end carried to the bushes, where one crouched expectantly, not heeding the damp of the loathsome swamp in the hopes of getting a picture. Half an hour passes, and as the sun sinks lower and despair is seizing one, hopes are renewed by the sound of swishing wings as the bird returns. How one quivers with excitement as one wonders if it will settle on the nest, or whether the strange object decorated with leaves so near its nest will alarm it? One almost holds one's breath as the bird comes straight back and alights on the nest with food for its young. Instantly it sees the strange object and stands erect, full of wild suspicion, and one feels almost suffocated with excitement as the sun just shines through a break in the clouds and one pulls the thread and hears the click of the shutter. Instantly the bird vanishes; and crawling out, one climbs the tree and resets the camera. Another long wait, but no bird comes back, it distrusts the camera with its gleaming eyes, and as darkness is coming on, one removes the camera and tramps home, dirty, soaking wet, yet curiously happy at having outwitted wild nature and observed it at close

quarters at home. The wondering remarks of natives at the inexplicable ways of the white man matter not, and after a quick dinner one starts to develop the precious negative, at one time sure of success, at another despondent of a failure. But who can describe the feelings of triumphant delight as the picture develops, and one realises it as being successful beyond one's wildest dreams?

What matter the cold, the fatigue, the cramp, and long patient waiting in the swamp when one gets such results?

All natural history photographers will understand and sympathise; and to others I would say, just start the pursuit and you will have a hobby at once engrossing, and of value in teaching one to understand the problems and curious habits of our feathered friends; at any rate, one need never more complain of dull days, even in Africa.

I leave it to fellow members to judge of the result, only asking them to keep in mind that photos lose considerably in the process of reproduction, and being viewed as a flat print, the picture loses considerably more of its beauty.

All nature photos should, in my opinion, be taken and viewed stereoscopically so as to get the full value. It would be a surprise to many to view the same picture stereoscopically and as a plain print. Perhaps when our Society is more firmly established it will be possible to reproduce the prints for viewing through the stereoscope.

In conclusion I may add a few notes *re* the Hagedash Ibis which may prove of interest. This bird is confined to tropical Africa. Here I have met with it from the Kagera River on the German East Africa boundary to the Nile north of Unyoro, inhabiting the swamp rivers, but being most common along the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Towards Central Uganda it is naturally less often seen save on the Rivers Maanja and Kafu. It is a striking-looking bird of a bronze green hue, most conspicuously gleaming in the sunlight, and at all times its curious cry attracts attention and has given rise to its native name (Luganda) of 'Mpa-baana.' In this connection it will be interesting to note two native stories regarding the birds.

The first runs that in olden times a famine came on the



HAGEDASH IBIS AND YOUNG.
No. 8. Roan Someren.

land and a man and his wife had little food. The wife cooked this food and first gave it to the children as they sat outside, but when the husband saw this he went crying, 'Give the children,' 'Give the children.' His wife replied, 'Sir, come and have your food,' but he refused, and was turned into a bird along with his wife, which birds were thereafter called 'Mpabaana.'

The second is of the nature of a proverb, and runs thus: 'Does he who eats something nice finish it all at once?' The glossy ibis lives in the swamp, as it is a fisher bird, not because he cannot leave his food.

Its food consists of the various worms and grubs to be found in the swamp and by the lake, also small crabs and mussels. Small fish possibly form part of its diet, though I have never been able to identify their remains during the course of several stomach dissections. After probing about the swamp it is fond of standing motionless on the top branch of a convenient dead tree, where its sheeny plumage and white eye at once attract one's attention.

It nests by the lake and swamp, choosing usually a position low down on the tree for building its large, untidy nest, made of dead twigs and unlined. A full clutch apparently contains three eggs only, about three inches long, with a rough shell coated with curious reddish brown markings which have the appearance of stains merely.

The young are born almost nude and jet black in colour. Growth takes place rapidly, and in about a fortnight the young leave the nest.

SOME NOTES ON THE HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THE ELEPHANT ON THE GUAS NGISHU PLATEAU

By A. C. HOEY.

One of the best districts for game in this Protectorate, and more especially for elephant, is that part of the Guas Ngishu Plateau situated south-east of Victoria Nyanza, bounded on the east by the Elgeyo escarpment, on the north by the Turkwell River, and west by Mount Elgon. At least three