



East African Game

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STALKS ABROAD

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE
SPORT OBTAINED DURING A TWO
YEARS' TOUR OF THE WORLD. BY
HAROLD FRANK WALLACE, F.Z.S.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE, NINE FULL-PAGE
AND EIGHTEEN HALF-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR
AND FIFTY-SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

*"Send your way lies clear before you when the old
Spring fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you."*

RUDYARD KIPLING



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1908

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East African Game

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STALKING ABROAD

THE ADVENTURE OF THE
HUNT DURING A TWO
YEARS' TRIP OF THE WORLD. BY
FRANK WALLACE, F.Z.S.

CONTAINS NINE FULL-PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS AND SEVEN PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
BY THE AUTHOR
AND SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS

*"and your dog will follow you when the old
spring fire comes on."
And the Red Gorgon on sand"*

RICHARD KIPLING

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
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NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

1903

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to-day are unobtainable. Gone, too, are the days, when, but a few miles from the coast, no white man's life was safe. So time rolls on; the old order changes, giving place to new, whilst we who watch can but suppose that it is all for the best, albeit with a sigh, for the years that are gone have carried with them much of the romance of Africa and of the glory which clothed the early hunters of big game.

Nowadays the sportsman reaches and leaves Mombasa with the regularity of a railway time-table. His rifles are stamped; his trophies noted; his boundaries defined; and so he wanders off, a somewhat pathetic figure with his little tape-measure and his English-speaking headman. Later, he returns to quibble over the fraction of an inch in the length of some trophy, and to tell his pals at home of how he met Miss So-and-so, late of the Gaiety, and her noble husband, late of the Guards, so many miles from anywhere in the heart of Africa, whilst his pals say, "Lucky devil! Do you remember the evening, &c., &c.!"

And lucky indeed he is, for though, as Stevenson remarks, it is but a poor world for the gipsily inclined among men, it is but few who look upon the faces of the gods, veiled though they be.

And so one day my dreams crystallised, and I found myself embarked on a bright February morning, upon the most wonderful train journey the world has to show. Across the narrow channel which separates the island of Mombasa from the mainland we rumbled, leaving behind us the flat coast, and

crept slowly and by degrees up through the wooded hills to the high plains and hills which lay beyond. Past Tsavo, which Colonel Patterson has made famous by his tale of its man-eaters; past Makindu, whence, if luck favours, the blue mass of Kilimanjaro, abode of the great spirit, may be seen. From there, onwards until Nairobi, game was almost continually in sight. With the first streaks of dawn I was standing on the outside platform. Soon I was rewarded. A group of hartebeest came slowly into view, as we crept up a gradient, standing like bronze statues, their ugly heads in the air; they never moved, and as we gathered speed, faded, mysterious shadows, into the trees.

What animal did I not gaze upon, crossing the great Athi plains? Lion and rhino were absent, though they are often to be seen, but that was about all. Zebras flicked their heels in sheer exuberance of spirits, and raced madly along within thirty yards of the line. Giraffes, a perpetual smile imprinted on their features, peered at us over the mimosa scrub; uncouth wildebeestes deluded the unwary into the belief that they were buffaloes; hartebeest swarmed in hundreds; through a belt of trees dashed a herd of beautiful impala; three huge boars, the ends of their tails oddly drooping, careered across the flat expanse at our approach; troops of graceful gazelles, both Grant and Thomson, fed quietly within a few hundred yards of the stations at which we stopped; in the distance wary ostriches made bold black splotches

show what uncouth forms of animal life once roamed at large about our world.

It is curious to note the differences of feeling with which a rhino is regarded. Most old residents loathe the sight of one, though they regard an elephant with feelings of positive affection. The novice's first attitude is one of respectful awe. Speaking for myself, on unexpectedly encountering the two just referred to, with nothing in my hand but a small-bore rifle and soft-nosed bullets, my sensations, not to put too fine a point upon it, were tinged with apprehension. The second time they cross one's path they are regarded with equanimity, and after that almost indifference. Of course, if you meet a charging rhino that means business, your feelings are apt to undergo a change.

There was a young rhino on board the steamer on which I returned. His little piglike eyes were quite blue, so that I conclude they change as the animal gets older.

Burton had had a shot at an impala but unfortunately lost it in some thick bush. We pushed on the next morning and kept going for four days, as, though we saw game every day, we were anxious to reach the junction of the Guaso-Nyiro and the Guaso-Narok as quickly as possible. Every evening Noah with optimistic carelessness assured us that we should reach it "the day after to-morrow," and every succeeding evening with elaborate carefulness explained that to do so would entail a march of

eighteen hours. Natives have absolutely no idea of time. They always make some sort of a statement, but two hours to them conveys no more than half-an-hour and *vice versa*. We passed through some beautiful country and saw vast herds of Masai sheep and cattle. One evening, our camp being close to a ford, nearly four thousand head must have passed within half-an-hour.

We shot a few Thomson gazelles and one good Grant, the best I obtained, close to camp.

A full-grown Tommy, weighed by Burton, scaled, uncleaned, 50 lbs. They are nice little beasts, standing about 25 inches at the shoulder.

Following a wounded Tommy usually involves a stern chase and a long one. They keep pottering on and on, just out of shot, flicking their little tufted tails, and driving their perspiring pursuer frantic. It is hard to make up one's mind what to do when a beast is wounded. It is far better in the majority of cases to wait, and yet all one's inclinations are to follow immediately and try to get the business over at once. If you leave your beast alone for a bit he is nearly certain to lie down before long if he is badly hit; whereas, if he be only slightly wounded, he will in any case, followed or not, lose no time in putting as great a distance between himself and his pursuers as possible.

The head of a Grant's gazelle is, with that of an impala, the finest of the smaller trophies to be obtained in East Africa, and I never ceased to admire

several severe and well-directed kicks, ably seconded by his gun-bearer. Unfortunately, justice was satisfied at the expense of a long and dusty tramp home, for the syce, dropping the pony's reins, had applied his hands with a doleful yell to the afflicted region, while his charge, seizing the opportunity, with a flick of his heels had made the best of his own way back to camp.

Some one had evidently been doing themselves pretty well, for close to our tents we discovered a gilt-edged menu card with the following inscription:—

E. UASO NYIRO RIVER CAMP.

DINNER. *Feb. 3rd, '08.*

TAPIACO [*sic!*] SOUP.

CUTLETS OF IMPALA.

ROAST LEG OF TOMMY.

APPLE FRITTERS.

However, the partakers of this sumptuous repast did not appear to have done much harm to the game, beyond making them extremely wild.

It took a long time to make the porters understand how to behave when they came out to carry in any meat we might kill. At first they insisted on keeping about four yards behind me. This naturally did not tend to increase my chances of getting near game. My remarks had to be filtered through Hassan, who spoke English fairly well. This took some little time, but at last I thought we had things clear. They were to keep me in sight and to sit down and wait if we saw any game.

One day in particular I had three prize idiots to follow me. They declared on starting that they perfectly understood my instructions. Half-an-hour after the start they were exactly three yards behind. Hassan acted as an expurgating filter. Half-an-hour later I looked round again. Not a porter in sight. Back I went and herded them up. They were a villainous-looking lot, with two and a half eyes between them; the half being a swivelled orbit, as George Graves would say. They had heard me shouting, but for some reason best known to themselves thought I wanted them to go slowly.

Then I saw some giraffe; there were twenty-two, swinging over the sky-line with their stilted lounging gait. A few minutes afterwards I looked back to see how my collection was getting on. There they were, waving, gesticulating, brandishing their sticks and pointing. However, as the giraffe were about a mile off, I had seen them for some ten minutes previous to this exhibition, and did not in any case want to shoot one, it didn't much matter.

A family party of rhino and a herd of about forty oryx, with some ostriches and zebra, next made their appearance. I heard what I took to be a dog barking. It was exactly like a collie, and I asked Hassan what animal made such a noise.

"Zebra!" he replied, and sure enough it was, though it took me some time to realise it.

By-and-by, crossing a slope covered with bush my Kamba gun-bearer pointed to something red among

the trees. This turned out to be a cow eland, and I presently made out a large number. A herd of impala were feeding near, and a couple of oryx, some gazelle and zebra completed the group.

By the way, when spying from behind a tree get the shady side of it, as then the sun will not glint on your glass. A convenient nullah assisting us, we got safely ensconced behind a big cactus. Within a hundred yards some eland were sheltering under a tree, and as I watched more came stringing out of the bushes on my right to join them. In colouring they were almost exactly like a red deer hind. They were all cows and calves with one or two young bulls, and must have numbered nearly fifty. It seemed unlikely that there should be no good bull with them, so we decided to wait for a bit. It was well we did so, for last of all, a single cow accompanied by a fairish bull suddenly made their appearance, sedately walking towards the rest of the herd.

I had only a .275, but he gave me a beautiful chance at about 60 yards, and one shot high in the shoulder rolled him over like a rabbit. It was curious to hear the tiny crack and see the huge animal drop as if struck by lightning. The cow dashed wildly off and passed me within ten yards, but unfortunately I could not get at the camera in time.

The hoofs of a bull eland make a noise like castanets. They can be plainly heard at a distance of quite two hundred yards. I was sorry I had shot this bull afterwards, as down on the Tana I

saw several with much finer heads. It is very hard to make up one's mind whether to shoot an animal with a fair head which one sees for the first time. If passed by, a better head may never present itself; if taken, the odds are one sees several beasts with finer horns.

The gazelle had walked out into the open about a hundred and eighty yards off, and as the buck had a nice head I shot him.

Burton got two nice oryx the same day, and I saw a good rhino on my way back to camp, but could not get a shot at him. I had not finished with my villainous trio of attendants. I left them to bring in the heads, skins, meat, &c., but they never turned up in camp. We sent out search parties, who did not succeed in finding them. On my return from hunting the following day I was met with the pleasing intelligence that the lost ones had arrived minus my eland head. Finding that they were lost in the dark they had thoughtfully deposited my head beneath a tree, and when daylight came found they had lost that as well as themselves. Three days later it was recovered, but the scalp was hopelessly ruined.

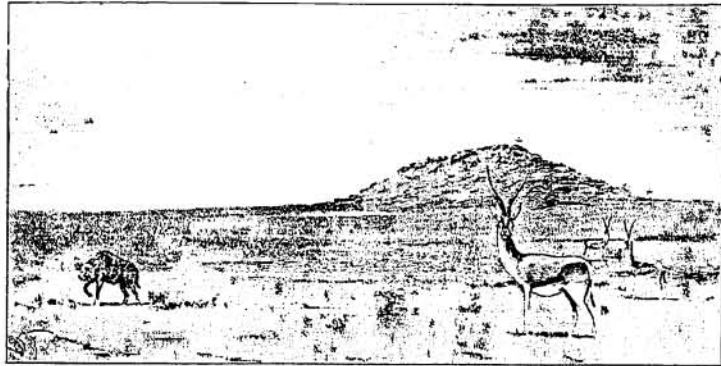
Eland are better eating than any animal I shot in Africa, being beautifully juicy and tender.

On my way back to camp I had fallen in with the Colonel. He, his wife, and a friend were camping close to us, and that evening we fraternised over a cup of coffee. The Colonel, it appeared, was finish-

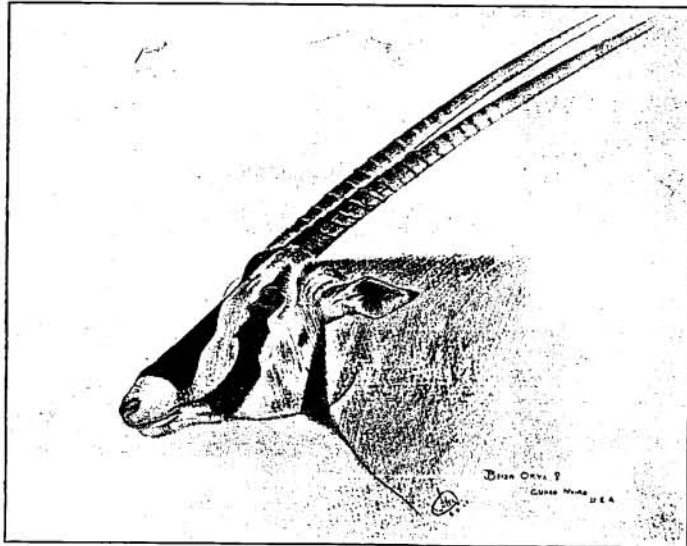
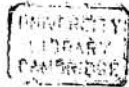
moss-grown rocks, and felt again the cool wet bracken about my feet. But only in my imagination. The glare did not diminish; consequently when I came upon some impala an egregious miss at a good buck was the result.

As I was stalking him, there suddenly came an indignant snort from a bush about ten yards off, and an old rhino jumped to his feet looking very annoyed at having been roused from his slumbers. I thought at first he was going to charge us, but he blundered off, and we saw his round dumpy quarters disappear over the nearest sky-line at a fast trot.

It is extraordinary how quickly rhinos can move, considering their heavy appearance. It looks as if they would take about ten minutes to get round, but in reality they can turn on a sixpence. Later on in the evening I stalked a couple of oryx which I came on suddenly in some cactus scrub. Whilst so doing, my old friends the impala put in an appearance. There were seven bucks together, and one with a nice head giving me a good chance. I managed to get him. The oryx were just the other side of the bush, and hearing the shot, they took a few steps forward. Singling out the one which I took to be the bull, I dropped him, and on going up was rather sorry to find that I had shot another cow. It is hard to distinguish the males from the females. Their horns are almost exactly alike, though the bulls' are thicker and more heavily ringed. Almost my last day in this camp I saw a very nice Grant. After one miss at longish



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BRISA ORYX (*female*). (See page 187)

range he made a big detour, but eventually came round almost to where I had first seen him. I followed him all the time but could not get a shot as there was a doe with him, and if I got out of sight of one, the other was very much on the look-out. They finally disappeared into a cup-shaped hollow and fed round at the back of a little kopje. I had climbed on the top of this when I heard Hassan whistle, and looking round, saw a hyæna just emerging from some rocks. I got him, and then, running to the top of the knoll, found the Grant trotting forward within easy range. The buck obligingly stopped and the next minute fell dead. This was the second occasion on which I witnessed another buck attack a wounded companion. A smaller Grant with some seven or eight does had been watching the two intruders, and seeing one fall he rushed up and began prodding him with his sharp horns. I was very much tempted to shoot him for his unsportsmanlike conduct, but his small head saved him.

That night was the opening of the great Honey Question, which exercised our minds for some days. A note arrived from the Commissioner at the Government station of Rumuruti saying that he had received complaints from the Masai stating that their honey was being stolen by our porters. We made inquiries, but were told by Noah that our men were much too virtuous to dream of stealing honey, and that it was the Colonel's men, most unmitigated scoundrels, who were the real culprits. Some of our safari looked

unceremoniously stuffed into the dog box attached to the "mixed down." At last every atom of space was filled with dog, and the train departed. Then the District Engineer, filled with a wicked joy, despatched the following telegram to the local babu two stations down the line:—

"Dog in dog box without ticket."

Full of zeal, the babu hurried out to meet the "mixed down." It was very much mixed that day. No sooner had he opened the door than he was overwhelmed by a living avalanche of pie dogs of all shapes, sizes, and colours. They have not yet been returned to Nakuru.

Complaints with regard to stolen honey were still being received, so the whole outfit were lined up and the Commissioner harangued them, with particular reference to their parentage and the ultimate destination and punishment of honey thieves. Seventy-nine honey tubs had been broken and destroyed, their value being about R.50.

In spite of the Commissioner's oration the whole safari strenuously denied having touched any honey. Then he began asking them, one by one, if they had taken it. The second man in the line was my one-eyed friend, the same who lost the eland head. He, thinking that those who denied it were going to get *kiboko* (otherwise a whacking), turned informer and "smelt out" the syce, quite the laziest man I ever saw, and two others. These three, seeing the game was up, admitted that they had taken a

little honey, but that the others began it. The others promptly said they were lying. However, the syce and his associates proceeded to indicate sixteen more of the guilty ones, and finally the whole lot, with the exception of one fat old ruffian of about fifty, who had, I suppose, lost his appetite for sweet things, were proved guilty. They had been accustomed to steal it when collecting firewood, whilst some daring spirits, eluding the headman and the askaris, had sneaked out at night whilst we were asleep and had a high old time. Unfortunately, they were too many to *kiboko*, which would have been by far the best punishment, and they got off with a fine. The one-eyed villain, whom I should dearly love to have seen soundly flogged, created a diversion by muttering something to the Commissioner.

I asked him what he had said, and he replied, "He asks how the Wa Nyam Wezi can be guilty as they cannot climb trees!"

Then he turned and said something in Swahili to the glowering porter. A few minutes later the latter was swarming up a thorn tree with the agility of a monkey, whilst an askari stood underneath with a rhino hide whip in his hand! His companions roared with laughter. They are just like children, easily amused and as easily depressed. There was no more honey-stealing after that.

I got a good many steinbuck near Rumuruti. They seem to like the neighbourhood of swamps, and

CHAPTER XIII

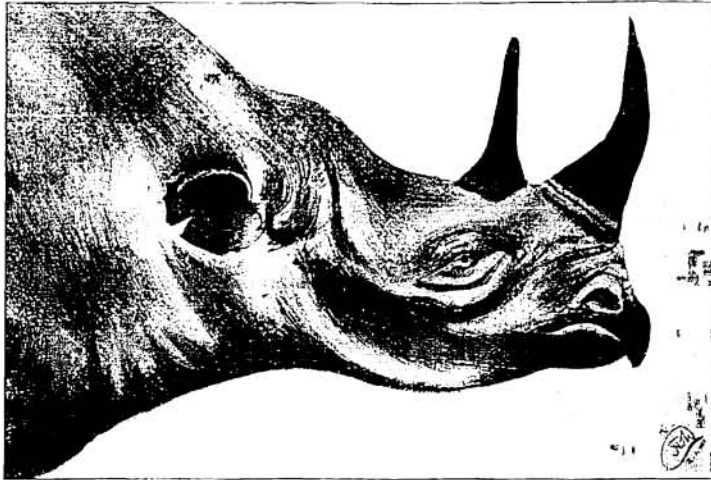
BRITISH EAST AFRICA (*continued*)

WE only stayed one night in Rumuruti on our way back, as we were anxious to get on, now that we each had a buffalo, to try for an elephant on the slopes of Kenia. So, having finished the Commissioner's stock of beer—and never was beer more appreciated—we moved on and camped on the banks of a muddy little stream.

There were some rhino about, and I was twice deluded into the belief that I was going to get one. The first time, I thought a black stone in the middle of the plain was one of these big brutes asleep. On the second occasion, I saw something dark moving slowly along behind a ridge covered with burnt thorn scrub. Putting solids into both the rifles, we cautiously advanced, only to discover that the dark object was the back of an old cock ostrich! A hen was with him, and they went scudding off across the plain sending up little puffs of dust from their great feet. They have a distinctly coquettish look when going fast, and with their absurdly scraggy necks wagging stupidly from side to side look rather like an old and severe spinster clad in rusty black, doing a hundred yards with up-lifted skirts showing an indecent amount of leg.

or clustered in groups within the welcome shade, were some seventy eland. I afterwards discovered a salt lick near, which they visited every day. The bull had a nice head, but I already had one, so left him in peace. Lower down this ravine we came on a troop of monkeys and a small herd of impala. Along the borders of the swamp I saw any amount of duck and snipe. The latter, I fancy, are a good deal larger than an English bird, though I never shot one.

It was on 2nd April that I first came to close quarters with a rhino. About a mile from camp, as we followed the course of the river, great excitement was manifested by the porters. I caught the word "rhino" from Hassan, and thinking that we were going to be charged, jumped off my pony and hastily shoved a couple of solids into the rifle. I then discovered that the animal they had seen was quite a quarter of a mile away, going over the sky-line. We were at the bottom of the same ravine in which I had seen the eland, though about a mile from that spot. On reaching the top, we could see nothing, though big footprints in the soft earth proved that the men had not been deceived. We followed the footprints for a mile or so across the plain, and then in some straggling mimosa scrub discovered our beast. It is no difficult matter to pass a rhino by within a few hundred yards, even on ground of this kind. They blend in wonderfully with their surroundings despite their huge bulk. In strong sunlight they may look almost any colour from black to bluey grey,

HEAD OF RHINOCEROS (*Female*)HASSAN WITH A WATERBUCK (*Defassa*)

but in cloudy weather they at times have quite a brownish tinge. She (for it was a cow) was on the alert, but we managed with the aid of various trees to get up to within seventy yards, though it took us quite three-quarters of an hour to cover the last two hundred. She moved uneasily round a small mimosa, but at last exposed her shoulder and I fired. She ran forward evidently badly crippled, but a few minutes later turned towards where we lay and another shot killed her. A sketch of her head appears opposite.

The next day we cleaned the head and on the following morning moved camp to the Engobit River, an easy day's march. Here we were visited by a number of Masai who came in from a neighbouring village. They were fine-looking men, and as easily entertained as children. A looking-glass kept them amused for a long time, and the click of a camera shutter sent them into convulsions. I was doing a drawing of a family party of rhinos, in which they were immensely interested. Burton tried to snap them while they were watching, but as soon as they saw what he was after they bolted like rabbits and hid behind a tree, from which nothing would induce them to stir. They had daubed their faces with streaks of ochre. One old gentleman had a large white patch over one eye, and might have been first cousin to the great "White-eyed Kaffir." He had some curious ivory ear ornaments made of hippos' tusks.

The following day we left this camp, meaning to

get to Nyeri; but on the way Burton fell in with a rhino. He surprised it behind a bush, and the rhino, not appreciating the disturbance, hesitated for some minutes as to whether or no he should clear out. He who hesitates is lost. Burton's gun-bearer arrived with a .450 and the rhino departed to the happy hunting-grounds, where perhaps he will be left in peace. He had a good horn, twenty-five inches long, though rather thin. This delayed us as the head had to be cleaned, and we camped on our old ground where I shot my first Jackson.

It was very wet the next day, but I came across some water-buck standing on the edge of a gully covered with bush. A good buck was standing quietly watching us, and as I knew he would most certainly disappear before I could get across the gully, I had to take the shot from where I was. There was a convenient tree half-way down one side, so leaving Hassan in full view to occupy his attention, I slipped down behind the trunk and managed to get him.

The man with the pony had disappeared, and I pictured a dismal walk into Nyeri with two rifles to carry, while Hassan looked after the head. Fortunately my shot was heard; the syce turned up, and I got comfortably in about 1.30. With the Old Pioneer and the commander of the military forces at Nyeri, we felt among old friends, and I shall not readily forget the dinner which celebrated our return; nor the week which we spent with our hospitable

hosts. It was one of the most delightful times of the whole trip and I was very sorry to leave.

A large number of Wa Kikuyu came in during our stay in order to hold a *shauri* with Mr. Lane, the Provincial Commissioner, whom, with Mrs. Lane, we had afterwards to thank for much kind hospitality at Fort Hall. I cannot speak with sufficient gratitude of all the kindness we received from the various officials we met during our stay in East Africa. They one and all did everything in their power to make us at home and to give us a good time. They certainly succeeded, and though but "a ship which passed in the night," I felt that I was leaving old friends and parted from many with feelings of genuine regret.

I was very keen to get a good bushbuck, and though the Old Pioneer and his companions had almost entirely de-bushbucked the surrounding country, the former gentleman put me on to a place where he thought there might be a good head. I went there early one morning, with no result. That evening we went out together and sat down by the river to watch. A river bank with open flats covered with long grass and scattered bushes is an ideal place for these little antelope. Bushbuck stalking is not unlike roe stalking. They favour the same type of country, and when after them in the early mornings at Nyeri I used to think of a certain hillside, purple with heather and scattered with silver-stemmed birches, where I have stalked many a roebuck.

They are very retiring little animals, and only

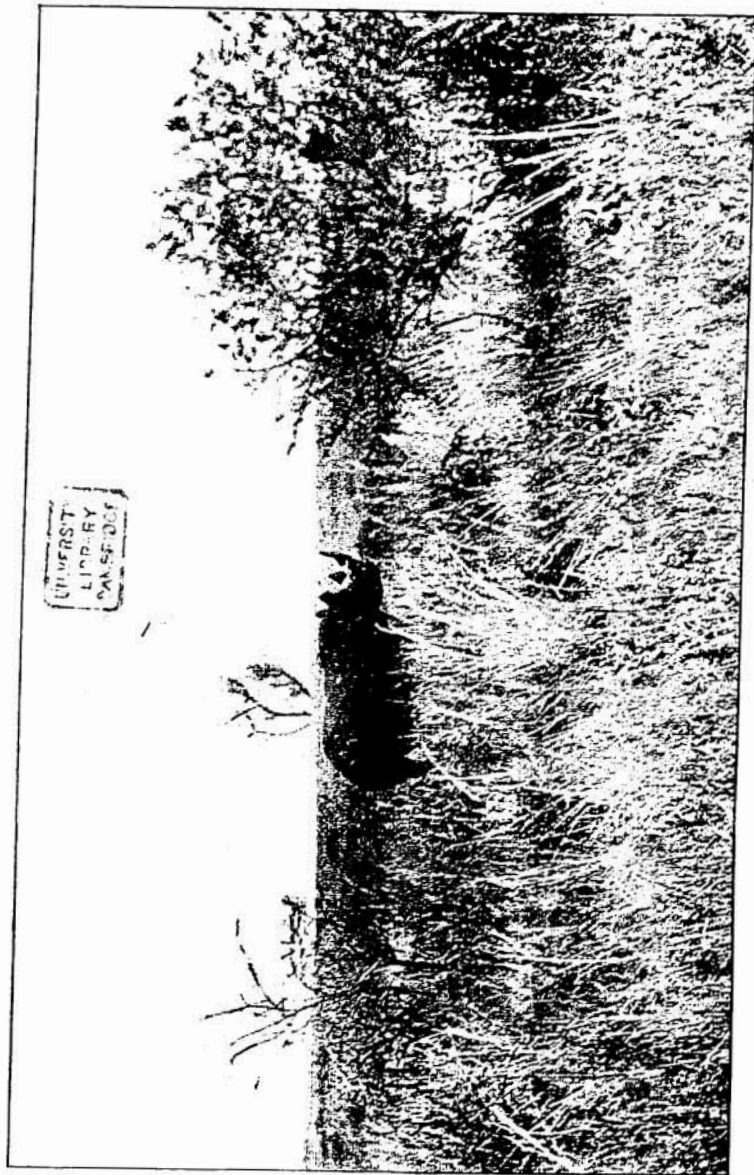


A FAMILY PARTY I

I found another nice water-buck and brought him down with a long shot. Burton's gun-bearer began shouting behind us, and, as I thought he had seen a lion, we ran back. It was not a lion but a rhino, and by the time we had got back to where the water-buck had fallen he had picked himself up and made off; so we lost him. Burton went after the rhino and I after a water-buck, which I fancied was my wounded beast. He turned out, however, to be one of a party, and I managed to get a right and left at two fair heads.

Some impala appeared directly afterwards, but the buck had an ugly, narrow head, as had two others I subsequently saw; nothing like the fine heads we obtained farther north. The skin of my second water-buck had been badly scraped. There were some deep scratches on his flanks and several small holes about the size of bullet wounds in his neck, so he had probably escaped a lion.

Whilst the porters were skinning out the heads I heard some shooting, and on the ridge opposite saw a rhino charging about, and several porters running madly for the shelter of trees. The rhino disappeared (Burton afterwards killed him), and almost immediately my Kamba gun-bearer drew my attention to another of the great brutes moving up a hill six or seven hundred yards off. A second appeared at some little distance, and, as we moved out, on a small bare plateau a third strolled out of some bushes within a couple of hundred yards but vanished again directly.



A WILD RHINOCEROS

I knew that the first one which we had seen carried the best horn, so we followed him. After half-an-hour's cautious walking through stunted bushes we climbed a low hill and found him lying on his side in some longish grass, dozing. It was hard to make out whether the dark object we could distinguish was really a rhino, but his twitching ear betrayed him. I was very anxious to get a good photograph, and as the occasion seemed propitious settled a plan of campaign with Hassan.

We took up our position behind a small thorn-bush twenty-five or thirty yards from the sleeping animal. I had my camera, Hassan the '450 and the other gun-bearer the '275. A third man then proceeded to attract the attention of the slumbering leviathan. The first two stones went wide, but the third struck him fair and square on the flank. I was really rather sorry for the poor old chap! It was a rude awakening. He jumped up with an indignant snort, and I got an excellent snap as he turned. An enlargement of it appears opposite.

I gave Hassan the camera and took the '450. The movement caught his attention, and whipping round on his short inadequate-looking legs he came for me in a manner which certainly looked like business. The first shot hit him in the shoulder at about twenty yards and evidently staggered him, but he came resolutely on. I fancy, from the guttural noises I heard coming from the depth of the bush, that Hassan thought I had forgotten the existence of

my second barrel. It would have been foolish to run any unnecessary risk, so I waited until he was ten yards off before firing again. Fortunately, he was at an angle, and the bullet, grazing his ear, entered his neck and brought him down with a crash. He made desperate efforts to rise, but soon lay still. He was very black and caked with mud, as he had been "soiling" in a pool which I afterwards discovered. Nearly all the rhino I saw here were quite red owing to the colour of the ground.

On our way to camp I saw two more rhino, which afterwards charged through the safari. Whisky and the cook, having some regard for our future comfort, got up trees; fortunately the gramophone was not damaged and all ended happily.

I saw a number of water-buck before reaching our destination, and a big herd of buffaloes right in the open. They numbered about seventy, with three or four good heads and one grand old bull bringing up the rear. I greatly regretted having already killed my beast, as this old bull was a very fine specimen.

As far as I remember our combined bag for this day comprised two rhinos, four water-buck, and a zebra.

The morrow, practically speaking, was my last day's hunting. We were up at 4.30, and shortly after breaking camp I killed a nice water-buck. He had several does with him, one of them being so light as to be almost an albino. Shortly after I saw a large herd of eland mixed up with numbers of harte-

beest and zebra. I must have seen nearly a couple of hundred eland during the course of the day, including several good bulls. Burton returned to the Tana after I had sailed and killed a good head on this very ground. The bulls seemed to vary from light fawn to very dark mouse colour.

We had a rather bad time that day altogether. I met Burton about two o'clock in the afternoon and we compared notes. The safari seemed to be lost, and thinking that they were behind, we fixed a site by the river on which to camp. There were a lot of hippopotami grunting and snorting close by. We went down and photographed them.

It subsequently appeared that the safari were on ahead, and we had to track them by their footprints. At length, about 5.30 we found Noah camped by a stagnant swamp. I was absolutely dead-beat, having been on the move for nearly twelve hours and with no food since breakfast. The water was very muddy, I was horribly thirsty, and foolishly ate a quantity of tinned fruit, the consequence being that I was violently ill in the night.

I saw twenty-three rhinos this day, nineteen of them being full-grown and one old bull having a good horn. They are not nearly such good specimens, however, as those obtained farther north. In the newly opened country round Meru, on the eastern side of Kenia, future sportsmen should obtain some fine horns.

The next morning I woke very early and heard