

that geography has made good its claims, "until to-day geography stands ready to serve as an introduction as well as a corrective to the scientific study of human society." What now if the deep researches in the atmosphere are made by the meteorologist and he prefers to be called a meteorologist? And suppose the human relations and principles are developed chiefly by the ethnologist, the historian and the sociologist, they using the materials made ready by the physiographers, meteorologists and by their fellow humanists. Does it turn out that geography itself offers no field of research, but may only use second-hand the treasures of more fortunate investigators? Are we thus left without a science? Let us see.

Most of the members of this association are well centered, in biological science, in meteorological science, in geomorphology, in ethnology. I think we are not favored by the membership of anyone who counts himself a historian. And suppose these men are willing to be counted also as geographers, and hold out their hands toward a great common ideal, that unifying grasp of the whole globe and its life which is more than any one science. Is not this enough? Every man has his special field of detailed research. And every man tests and broadens his knowledge by coördinating it with related truth.

And who can doubt that on such foundations, the master mind or minds will arise to construct a more lofty conception of the machinery and life of the globe? This would be the higher justification and apotheosis of the science of geography.

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## A NIGHT AMONG WILD ANIMALS\*

"As game was plentiful at Serah, and there was only one water-hole for the animals to drink from, I thought to myself that this would be an excellent place to make observations by night. I therefore had a boma [inclosure] made close by the spring so that I might sit and watch the various beasts in the brilliant moonshine as they came to quench their thirst. I had the camp purposely

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\* The BULLETIN referred, in its review of Lieut.-Col. Patterson's book "In the Grip of the Nyika," to the night that he spent in hiding at a solitary waterhole where many species of animals came to drink. Through the courtesy of the Macmillan Company, publishers of that work, the BULLETIN is permitted to print here the author's brief and graphic description of what he saw while lone with the wild life of tropical East Africa.

pitched over half a mile away, in order that the animals should not be kept from the water or be disturbed during the night.

"After dinner I took up my position in the boma, in which I had had many loopholes made, not for the purpose of shooting from, but to serve as peepholes, so that I might be able to see in all directions; and I was well rewarded for the trouble I had taken.

"I had not been in my stockade for more than an hour, when in the distance I heard pad, pad, pad, pad, and a few seconds afterwards up stalked a very tall giraffe, followed by twelve others, their heads being apparently on a level with the tops of the palms. It was the wierdest thing imaginable to watch these huge ungainly creatures stride past within twenty yards, all the time twisting their heads from side to side, keenly on the lookout, and yet totally unconscious of my presence. When they had had their drink at the waterhole, they stalked off again, and later on were succeeded by others at various times throughout the night. None of them went down to the water direct, but circled round it first to see if there were an enemy, in the shape of a lion or other rapacious beast, in sight. One elephant came and had a long drink and a bath, and then leisurely went his way down the bed of the river.

"It was a perfectly still night, without a breath of air blowing, which probably accounts for the fact that the animals did not wind my boma.

"Soon after the first troop of giraffes had gone, a band of about twenty oryx came to within thirty yards or so of the water, and there halted and stood gazing at it. Then, evidently at the command of a leader, all rushed impetuously down into the river bed, drank greedily, and galloped back to their former position. After a pause there, they again charged down together, drank their fill and galloped off into the night, this time returning no more. Undoubtedly, they adopted these tactics owing to their fear of lions lurking in ambush about the waterhole. It is probable that no beast of prey would attack a herd of this size if they meant to stand by one another, as the oryx, with its long, sharp, and strong horns, set on a powerful head, is by no means to be despised as an antagonist, even by a lion. It would be very interesting to know if they would have made common cause against one had he appeared.

"An hour or so after this, scores of zebra came to drink, and then, to add to the interest, a lion at last arrived on the scene, and began to prowl stealthily round. I thought he was coming straight up to my boma, so much so that I reached out for my rifle and went

to the loophole which he seemed to be approaching. I watched carefully for him, but for some reason he must have doubled back and crouched under a clump of bushes which grew on the bank by the water. I did not actually see him go into these bushes, but felt pretty sure that he had hidden himself there. He gave absolutely no sign of his presence, however, and I began to think that he must have gone away along some fold in the ground where I could not see him. I soon found that this was not so, for just then some zebras came along, and as they passed close by, the lion made a mighty spring out of the bushes, pounced on one, dashed it to the earth, and apparently instantly killed it, as it hardly moved again. He lost no time in dragging it to the bank on the other side of the river-bed and over some rocks out of my sight. Here he was joined by several other lions, and the noise they made over their feast was appalling. They all disappeared before daylight, and there was very little left of the zebra when I went out to investigate.

"As the night wore on, rhino after rhino came walking towards the water with the gravest unconcern, every species in the neighbourhood making way for him except his own kind. Finally, towards dawn, the whole place abounded with hyenas. I counted eight all present at one time, and one of these, more inquisitive than the rest, came sniffing round my boma to see what was there, and so paid for his curiosity with his life. He proved to be of a rather rare kind, the striped hyena.

"A night such as this spent among the animals in the wilds, watching their habits and methods both of aggression and self-defence, compensates the lover of wild life for the trials and hardships endured on many a toilsome march in this hot and thirsty land."