

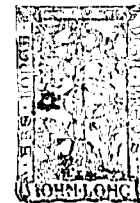
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# Glimpses of East Africa and Zanzibar

By

Ethel Younghusband

With Fifty-eight Illustrations from  
Photographs and a Map



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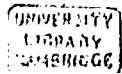
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*Protoplasmic*

*P. de Lord Bros., Zanzibar*

SWAHILI WOMEN GRINDING GRAIN



1-320

## CHAPTER XII

### OUR FIRST HUNTING EXPEDITION

Train to Naivasha—views—Lake Naivasha—a *contretemps*—porters—the start—Kongoni—Thomson's gazelle—a dead man—waterbuck—ostriches—on the track of a rhino—safari fare—an old character—elephant chase—head porter gets into trouble—an officer's escape from an elephant.

WE had been in Nairobi nearly a year without a change or a holiday, so it was with the greatest pleasure of anticipation and excitement that we made our arrangement for leave to go on a little shooting expedition. We locked up our bungalow, and our pets were sent away to stay with friends kind enough to look after them; one cat in one place, and another in another, and so on. "Pups" the fox terrier, the duiker, and the wee kitten were to go over to the lady in the other battalion. Pups found his way back, they told me, for several days, hoping to find us in the deserted house. The duiker proved difficult to remove; I led, and sometimes carried him over the grassy parade ground with a collar and string, but he insisted on dashing back home whenever he escaped my

### OUR FIRST HUNTING EXPEDITION

clutches. But at last he was safely installed in my friend's chicken run, where he was most happy with a dog's kennel to sleep in, and could amuse himself by chasing the hens about and eating up their food. I always speak of Toto Sing as "he," but really it was a doe. Mark was to go with us, I could not leave him behind. Our fat Susie Weenie (the black Tom cat, there is always a confusion of the sexes where my animals are concerned) disgraced himself in our absence by fighting with his hostess's cat, so that all the time we were away they had to be kept apart and fed in different rooms, occasionally escaping and having terrible fights on the roof. Ali and Googly were left in charge of the chickens and garden, which they looked after well, as on my return I found two hens running about followed by seven little white fluffy chickens each, out of fourteen eggs.

We took the mid-day train from Nairobi to Naivasha, and first of all passed through the pretty suburbs the other side of Nairobi, and over the hills to Kikuyu, seeing the Kikuyu shambas planted with maize and other grain. From the trees hung long barrels with a tiny hole in one end for the bees to enter; and in these they store honey, which the Kikuyu eventually collect. The train works gradually up and winds round and round, every now and then dipping again; as it climbs the Mau escarpment. Just before the station of that name, a most



TWO OF OUR KIKUYU PORTERS

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WATERBUCK

Photo by Capt. C. R. Bacon

## OUR FIRST HUNTING EXPEDITION

lent me wings and my husband's stick managed to pull me out, as my foot slipped back into the water after I had reached the treacherous slippery bank.

When we reached the place where we had thought we had seen the rhinos, we crept along with our rifles loaded, and I know my heart was wildly beating, as I expected every minute to see a huge ugly beast dash out of a circle of bushes and high stinging nettles round which we were walking. My husband always tells a tale (much exaggerated) against me, how that all along that march he hurried to leave me behind, and I almost ran in the swampy grass to keep up with him, holding my handkerchief fluttering in the breeze while I stumbled along, telling him we were going the wrong way of the wind and that the animals would scent us and dash down wind after us. He always says that I and my handkerchief would have frightened any animal away he wanted to shoot. Seeing nothing, we left that piece of cover and went down to a fourth river; there I saw a beast I did not know the name of, though I knew it was not a rhino. I gave a note of warning and down we all fell on our knees, while Saidi called out, "Shoot! shoot!" My husband, in the excitement of the moment, and not having time to think as the animal dashed away, shot, and then to his chagrin discovered that he had killed a female waterbuck, the male having made off.

## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

But it had a lovely skin, and all the way home I was wondering whether I would put it on the floor or on the sofa in my sitting-room ; but, alas ! the native who skinned it settled that question for me by bringing the skin into camp cut into long strips for themselves to make leather straps of. That was the last time they ever cut up a skin without our permission, as we were so angry and very disappointed. We hunted for the buck but could not find him, evidently he and the doe and another young buck were the three animals we had mistaken for rhinos earlier in the morning.

We saw more elephant tracks. One had crossed a ravine when we did, leaving tremendous footprints behind. On our way back I had time to notice the pretty wild flowers, gladiolas in two shades, and other flowers, including some spikes of red-gold flowers we grow at home in our greenhouses. Returning, I waded our stream with my shoes off, but it was rather rocky, though the water was delightfully cold. We had a huge fire lighted outside our tent door, kept up by an old porter named Masharia ; after dinner we sat by it with him ; we presented him with a cigarette which he smoked with much delight to the bitter burning end, making it last a long time. I could not talk Kiknyu and he could not talk Swahili, but we managed to converse a good bit, and he enjoyed his evening, while the other porters sang round their fires. Next morning we

## OUR FIRST HUNTING EXPEDITION

were up and away and found it hard going, wet and swampy. We crossed several rhino tracks, and presently saw a cock and four hen ostriches. My husband gave chase for a couple of hours, and I watched him from a hill through my glasses, going miles in a large circle after them, only they out-distanced him and got away, their long strong legs covering the ground without any trouble. By that time we had reached the foot of the hills, and as our next camping ground was farther along we marched up and down the undulations, struggling up the swampy side of one and down to a stream which ran fresh and sparkling from the mountains above. As the crow flies it was not far, but having to keep climbing up and down and crossing the streams took so long a time that I began to despair of ever being allowed to halt. Suddenly we struck the perfectly fresh tracks of a rhino, in fact there must have been two, as in the open the tracks divided. In great excitement, with half our fatigue gone, we followed it up through a dense woody part, where if the rhino had chosen to stop and wait for us some one would have been done for, as there was no room to spring aside ; the men might have managed it, but I with my skirts and topee could not have moved. However, at the time I did not think of that, I only felt my loaded rifle was an extra help. The orderly carried my husband's .303 and my husband the big .450. We passed through a small clearing which

## CHAPTER XIV

## OUR SECOND SAFARI

Death of "Pups"—lack of porters—a mishap—impala—porters begin to give trouble—a five hours' wait in the rain—another safari—bamboo forest—we cross Mount Kinangop—view of Kenia—porters escape—elephant tracks—game traps—a Kikuyu chief—we capture men—bushbuck—the elusive waterbuck—porters mutiny—our first rhino—return to Naivasha—an old Somali—Crescent Island and the luko.

Poor little "Pups," our little fox-terrier, became much worse, the effects of his tick fever, for he developed acute anæmia and dropsy, and was most kindly attended by Mr. Sturdy the Protectorate veterinary surgeon. My husband and I were up several nights feeding him every hour with port wine and eggs and his medicine, as he lay helpless in a large chair; then the day came for us to set out on another safari. Mr. Sturdy acted the good Samaritan, and took the poor little weak thing away in his cart to be looked after in my absence by himself and his equally nice wife, although he thought the case hopeless. Poor little "Pups" raised his pathetic little head, belonging to such a weak little body and heart, to gaze with in-

quiry and reproach at me as he was being taken away; it made me feel very sad. Nevertheless the poor little dog got slightly better, and after three days ate a mutton chop, but on walking up some steps from the garden his little heart was unable to stand the strain and he fell dead.

Again we left Nairobi station for Naivasha, but this time porters were difficult to get. The acting collector wired to us that there were none to be had, but another man said he would do his best for us, and got twenty-two on Saturday, the day we arrived; on Sunday only five of them remained, the others had run away. But owing to the kindness of Mr. Tew we managed to get twenty-two later, and started on Sunday morning, again in the heat at 12.30, going by a different route to the one before. We had another mishap this time, although our pots and pans were well looked after. On arriving at Naivasha, my husband discovered that Saidi had brought another officer's rifle in our case, instead of my husband's, and had sent his rifle to the other officer's house, as he also was going shooting.

It was most annoying, as my husband had tested the sights of his own rifle so carefully, and the strange gun being a Rigby-Mausor, we had no ammunition for it. We hastily sent back the other man's by train. My husband could of course use mine, but I did not like the idea of going into such

I going first, which now we should not dare to do, in case Baruku could not induce them to follow us. Needless to say we had no intention of giving in to those porters.

My husband had wandered off, wondering what was best to be done, when I heard tremendous snortings coming from behind our tent. I dashed out, wildly excited, crying out to Baruku to know what it was. He said "Tembo" (elephant). However it was not an elephant, but two rhinos, who having got a little wind of us, less than one hundred yards off, were rushing about in a most unsettled manner. Baruku and I made for the rifles and I told the orderly to run and tell the Bwana (master): the rhinos meanwhile rushed backwards and forwards in an uncertain way as we were down wind. I was in an agony lest my husband should not return in time before they made off. I tried to load my rifle, but the stupid Saidi had half shut the chamber so that the cartridge jammed, and there I was left fighting with my gun, while I saw my husband disappear with his '450, Saidi with my husband's '303, and Baruku, who, in only a flannel shirt and with our large cook's knife, followed close on their heels. I felt vexed when I saw them vanish into cover after the rhinos, for it was no use following till I had my rifle loaded. Saidi, as usual, my husband discovered afterwards, followed close behind him with the '303 loaded and pointed straight at his

back. I presently heard a shot, then went forty yards or so from our camp to wait to see where the beasts broke cover, with my '303 loaded by this time. Presently they crashed through, about ninety yards from where I was; I saw the gleaming shoulder of the big one, which showed me my husband had hit it. I waited just long enough for them to leave the cover, so that when I fired I should not shoot my husband, who might be close behind. In the meantime the beast shook his head and gazed about, and then made straight for our camp. I knelt and fired; then it turned with the second rhino and dashed downhill. I stood up and got in another round, in fear lest it would get away before my husband knew where it had gone. When I first went to watch for the rhinos' reappearance, one or two porters followed me, but after the excitement was over I looked round and all had forsaken me—not a porter was to be seen, till looking up, I found the surrounding trees full of them. When the rhino had charged our way, they thought discretion the better part and left me to my fate, even my gun-bearer. However, they were still watching our friend the rhino, in a most excited manner, so I thought if I climbed a tree I might get in another shot, being high enough up to see it and also to steady my rifle on a branch. I called out, asking them if they still saw it, and as they said "Yes," I handed up my rifle on the safe, and

## GLIMPSSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

was any likelihood of his being sent off to Zanzibar in the near future, and was told "No". So we prepared for our third safari. On Christmas morning, just before we started, the canteen man, an Indian, sent us a great deal of fruit, a very grand cake and a bottle of wine, which we took with us.

## CHAPTER XVI

### OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

Gilgil—a hot march—Laco Olbolosat (or Elboglosat)—we hear of lion—an exciting rhino chase—hippos—eland—wild pig—my husband ordered to Zanzibar.

This time, instead of starting at Naivasha, we took our porters on from there and brought them in the train to Gilgil, a couple of stations farther up the Uganda Railway. At Naivasha the train stops to give us time to get out and have tea in a little waiting-room. I was rather amused while refreshing myself to hear a young woman say to her little girl, who with her had got out of the train for tea (the little girl by-the-bye was eating heartily), "You seem to be doing very well, Tommy, are you not, my son?" "It," the child, had long hair and was palpably a girl, the lady herself presently smoked a cigarette, which she could not possibly have enjoyed, as there was such a high wind blowing.

When we arrived at Gilgil at six o'clock on Christmas Day we had dinner and spent the night in the waiting-room, a strange Christmas dinner

## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

under circumstances quite out of the ordinary. It was a glorious moonlight night, and so peaceful as we sat outside on the little station platform; our porters around their fire on the bank by the line. We arose before half-past four next morning and marched on and on over hills and down dales, till twelve o'clock. It was very hot and tiring in places, especially as we saw little or no game.

We camped about fifteen miles from Gilgil, our march was longer than we intended, as we did not recognise the dried-up stream which was the river we were supposed to camp by. The first day, one always feels out of training. The spot we chose was a pretty one, but so dried up and the water muddy. We passed parts of sheep which must have died on a march, and a dead hyæna, a rough mangy-looking brute.

This time our safari consisted of twenty-two porters, two orderlies, and Baruku, to say nothing of our old friend Mark.

So anxious were we to get off early next day, that I was looking at the watch soon after one o'clock. We called the boys at what we thought was four o'clock, and had breakfast a little later, then waited for dawn, which refused to appear; we began to wonder why, till I found my husband's watch was wrong, and the boys had been called by us at three o'clock.

That march seemed terribly long and severe,

## OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

across a horrid plain, bare of everything, running parallel between two ranges of hill. I remarked, as I perspired and panted in the hot sun, that I would not like to have to march to the hills which looked so far away, and my husband said, "No, they must be eight miles off!" I can see myself now—following along the narrow native path behind my husband with the orderlies and a couple of porters behind me, in single file. I had got to that state when I walked mechanically, with my big tropical sunshade between me and the tropical sun, at eleven o'clock in the hottest time of the year; a tussore sunshade, tussore sun helmet and khaki clothes, putties and boots. I did not mind if my sunshade frightened any animal away that my husband might want to shoot; I had ceased to care, and what animals we saw were miles and miles away.

Presently our path turned and we found ourselves gradually going towards the hills in an oblique line, and finally we camped beneath them, in their obliging shade. How I got there I don't quite know, except that the shadeless plain was no place to stop long in. We rested an hour and a quarter and reached the hills at one o'clock. Then to our joy we found Lake Olbolossat gleaming and shining before us, when we feared we had yet another march to reach it. An Askari, we found posted there to keep the Masai in their reserve,



## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

told us of hippos snorting in and along the lake, and rhinos farther on.

In the evening my husband indulged in a good bath, and was rather startled when enjoying it, by hearing the crashing of some animal in the bushes behind him. We both started up, expecting to see a rhino charge us; but the porters told us that there was "nyama" (meat) above us in the undergrowth. Evidently what we heard was a startled beast making off. My husband went out later and found, and shot, a bushbuck.

We went on next day along the foot of the hills. My husband tried for a waterbuck, but only found does. I saw five does which came to within thirty yards of me; the buck as usual hid himself. The two orderlies we brought with us this time were nearly equal to Saidi in the matter of eating. We had a piece of the bushbuck kept for us, and gave the rest to the orderlies and porters; the orderlies kept the two hind legs for themselves, and only gave the twenty-two porters the shoulders; and those two men managed to eat a whole leg in one evening. The orderlies kept very much to themselves, and the Kikuyu also; the latter built, each night, a nice little hut of branches and grass; the orderlies of course slept in Baruku's tent.

Some natives we met raised our hopes of getting a lion farther on, but we went on and on, and got very tired, as there was nothing but the hills on



THE LUXURY OF THE BATH

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OUR SECOND RHINO

#### OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

the right of us and a huge swamp on the left, after we had left the lake behind. We saw little or no game, so our hopes of a lion were few. We walked on, however, till we could gaze at the Laikipia plateau, a Masai reserve, and the gleaming river, Guaso Narok, a tributary of the Gwaso Nyiro, in the far distance. We also had reached the end of the Settima Hills, so had to return to our old camping place on a little rising piece of ground; it rained, too, to add to our other discomforts. We both fell heavily asleep after a late lunch; but nothing daunted, at four o'clock my husband again tried for the elusive waterbuck. Next day, to give the porters a rest, we decided not to move camp; and after another further search for the waterbuck, we mounted the escarpment to the plateau above, not half so easy as it looked and much longer; it was a heavy climb, big stones and boulders making steps of different heights. The air was very keen and cold on the top and it quite took our breath away. Almost as soon as we reached the top, we saw a rhino sitting on the next rise: the plateau consisted of downs, or rises and dips of undulating ground. My husband proceeded to creep towards it; meanwhile I was trying to make up my mind what I should do if it rushed on to our rise. There were no trees, not even a thistle for the porters who came with us to climb. The only thing to be done was to stand one's ground and fire at close quarters

## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

to turn the beast, or try and dodge it; either rather hopeless, as great clumsy creatures though they are, they can gallop and turn remarkably quickly. So Moses handed me my rifle, and he, the porters and I crouched on the ground to watch and await events. Moses's finger itched to keep my rifle, I could see!

When my husband was within a hundred yards, a rhino-bird flew off the beast's head, shrieking, to give warning of danger; so the huge creature rose up on to his feet and sniffed the air, throwing his head from side to side. Then my husband fired, and the rhino bounded off wounded, a good shot just behind the left shoulder-blade, but, alas! a soft-nosed bullet .450; for Wilson the orderly had only brought that sort in the bag. My husband and Wilson followed over the brow of the hill and found the rhino waiting for them, head on, stamping and rolling its head about. My husband, fully expecting a charge, fired again and got it just in the centre of its neck, also considered a vital spot. The beast made a gurgling noise, and they thought it was done for, but it suddenly galloped off as fast as it could—too fast for the two men to keep up with it, down a hill and up another and over the top of that. We, that is Moses and I and the three Kikuyu, had changed hills, as we fully expected the wounded animal to circle round and charge down on us, as they often do, so we went over to the one he came from. On



THE AUTHOR, AFTER A LONG MARCH

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WILSON, MOSES, AND TWO PORTERS

### OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

hearing the second shot, two porters ran, only to see the rhino disappear over a rise. My husband went on and on, and we followed panting, up hill and down dale (it reminded me of my old beagling days), till we came to a Masai kraal, but lately deserted. I climbed on to the top of one of the mud-dung covered rows of huts to scan the country, making Mark follow. The Kikuyu crept into the huts to see what they could find and they got—fleas, by the dozens, and were kept busy like so many monkeys afterwards, picking them off.

Moses sat inside the boma and also got covered with fleas, and had to undress to get them off. Presently they lighted a fire—although fearfully cold I kept my seat on top, as I never was very fond of fleas.

Presently two warrior Masai came along; I wondered what they would say, but I commanded Moses to tell the men to look for the wounded rhino, and they should have money. Through my glasses, on a neighbouring rise I saw a rhino and my husband creeping on his stomach towards it; he got to within fifty yards, and fired, and then I saw it was not our old friend, but a cow with a young one. He shot her in the shoulder, the young one was hidden behind its mother, and off the two went like the wind, over the rise, and I saw them no more; nor did my husband, although he followed them up for a long time and hunted about in vain, but

## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

finally had to give it up, and return. We now think they must have taken cover in a wood. It was annoying having to return without either animal. The climb down the escarpment proved worse than the mounting up; I got blisters on my heels, and my husband was very tired indeed, and sick at heart. That evening, when about to get into my bath, I found my clothes and legs covered with *sia fu* ants; I hurriedly got into the hot water, and dressed in the tent most carefully afterwards, as they bite terrifically.

At five o'clock next morning we were up, and soon climbing the escarpment of the plateau above, by another route, then, after walking one and a half hours to where we had lost the rhino the day before, we saw one feeding not far from some trees in front of us. My husband went on, and we heard two shots and saw the creature make for cover. We thought he might have come over our hill, but happily he did not.

After waiting some time and hearing nothing, I stationed my Kikuyu on different rises commanding the country, and we waited nearly two hours till we heard two shots and then a single one. I told the orderly to go and see if he could find them, but he refused, being afraid; I was so angry that I jumped up and seizing my rifle said, "You afraid! then I, a woman, will," and stumped off towards, and round the wood, being followed meekly by Moses and the

## OUR THIRD SAFARI AND SECOND RHINO

Kikuyu. A boy appeared and told us the rhino was killed, and that it was the old fellow of yesterday, which is always good news, as one likes to get the original, wounded animal. Apparently it was quite happy with a bullet in the middle of its neck and another in its shoulder, both yesterday's expanding bullets, which accounted for its being still alive. My husband had a most exciting time hunting it in the bush and wood. After his first shots, one of which missed, as a rhino bird gave warning just as he was going to fire, the beast made off and he lost him; so went all round the wood to see where he could have broken through; and finally had to take up his old tracks, which led into the wood. Deeper and deeper he went, until the tracks disappeared. As they went along noiselessly, suddenly a hare broke cover, and the one porter with my husband, whose nerves evidently were not of the strongest, turned tail and ran for all he was worth, while my husband and Wilson stood and shrieked with stifled laughter and called him back again. Neither Wilson nor the Kikuyu would go in front to find tracks, so as to leave my husband free to keep his eyes on the bushes. The porter wanted to make out that the rhino had gone on too far, so that they could return. But, by the tracks my husband saw it had fallen into a walk and could not be far off; which was correct, as it had been shot

in the hind leg as it galloped off, and consequently, dragged that leg a little.

A dozen steps farther on, they suddenly heard tremendous grunts, snorts, and breaking of bushes from one side, evidently the rhino had winded them and was charging, his great body breaking through the thick undergrowth. Unable to see anything of him, my husband and Wilson made for the cover of the nearest tree; meanwhile, again the Kikuyu made tracks back, for his very life. The other two having run down wind, the rhino lost their scent, and passed close to them before my husband had time, or opportunity to get in a shot as it crashed through the bushes. Again they all silently took up the tracks, and not a sound was heard, till suddenly, in the thick bush they heard another tremendous rush; seeing nothing, again they, for a second time, took cover down wind behind trees. Again silence. After this second rush my husband and Wilson were very careful indeed to go quietly and slowly, as well as it was possible in the thick growth, till they tracked him again to an opening, and found him on the old elephant path by which he first started. This time, unfortunately, the path took them down wind and the rhino scented them, for he was waiting behind a big tree, head on. Directly he caught sight of the men, he snorted, and at the same time, my husband raised his rifle and fired one barrel after the other, and hit him once through the lungs,

and once behind the shoulder, as the rhino turned slightly. Wilson and the Kikuyu made off, the former, unfortunately, as before with my husband's second rifle. Then began a struggle for breath, snortings, crashing of boughs as the beast went to and fro, now hidden from sight. My husband again took cover, and waited. Still the sounds continued, until there were three long heart-rending groans, and all was silent. After a few minutes, my husband, creeping from tree to tree, came upon the huge beast lying dead: so big he looked lying there, one does not realise how big they are till one is close to the animal. By breaking down a few branches to let in the sun, I took some photographs, but they were not very good, owing to the shade and shadows from the trees. When my husband killed his first rhino it was out in the open, with a lovely side-light, but, alas! my last film had been used the day before, I have never ceased to regret it. The Kikuyu soon began to cut the rhino up; the horns and feet and some hide for us, meat for them. The two orderlies took the giant's share and brought pounds and pounds—most of it, in fact—regardless of the extra weight for the porters. They intended to dry it to take back to Nairobi. They were so selfish and greedy (their meat took four porters with poles to carry it) that my husband had to put his foot down, and forbid so much. We had not the porters to spare. The walk back to the edge of the escarp-

## GLIMPSES OF EAST AFRICA AND ZANZIBAR

very long afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes, and was killed.

Two or three of the officers in Nairobi had been mauled. After I arrived in Africa one went home with his arm very badly damaged, but happily clever doctors were able to set it right. This same man had been tossed by a rhino, and jammed by an elephant, but still he was an untiring shikari. After I left, I heard that another officer, when after a lion, fired, and when it charged him he got frightened and made for a tree; the lion was just in time to scratch his foot, but no serious damage was done. However, it made an excuse for plenty of leave and more shooting. One officer was very keen on pig-sticking; but, alas! the day came when he was carried home eleven miles on a stretcher, having stuck himself in the stomach instead of the pig. I believe this was done by bringing his spike across from one side to the other when after a pig. Happily he was sewn up and quickly mended. There was some rather good pig-sticking to be had a few miles out of Nairobi.

One kind man in Nairobi, who offered us the use of his house while on leave, had had a very serious adventure with a rhino. He had gone to Lake Baringo (some miles farther north than where we went on our last safari) for some shooting, it being an excellent locality. He saw a rhino and shot it; as it fell and lay motionless, he, believing

## ADVENTURES WITH LIONS AND A RHINO

it to be dead, ran up to it most unwisely, and as rhinos often do, even in their death agonies, on smelling him it jumped up and charged him, knocking him down and breaking his right arm and some ribs, in its wild anger; it then stuck its horn into him and tossed him twice in the air, afterwards falling dead itself some few yards off. The poor man lay alone, helpless and unconscious, for some hours, till finally his gun-bearer came across him, directed to the spot by vultures hovering overhead. For over a week he had to wait before a doctor could be found to set his bones. The doctor then superintended his removal, and he was carried slowly along by his porters back to civilisation. Unfortunately he had to lose his arm; but I think the thought of how near he had been to losing his life altogether must have partly comforted him. He, curiously enough, was the last Nairobi man I saw on leaving Mombasa for England.