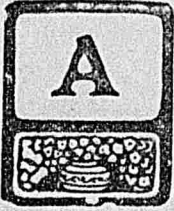


# HUNTING AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT

## Hunting the Dangerous African Buffalo

By H. A. BRYDEN

H. A. Bryden, the co-author with Percy Selous of "Travel and Big Game," is a man who was born to the chase. From his youth it has been his ruling passion and he has gone with his rifle all over the world. In every continent his fame as a Nimrod is known, and he has a modest direct style of presenting his adventures, tinged with a little touch of poetic sentiment here and there, which is very pleasing indeed. If any fault at all could be found with him it would be that he was overmodest and inclined to boast for others instead of telling his own story.



AN incident highly indicative of the extraordinarily dangerous character of the African buffalo is related by Mr. Ainsley Williams, the gentleman scout of the famous Nicker water shed exploring party. I had missed him from his accustomed stations and on his appearance he was generally bandaged up and one leg was in splints. It appears that one late afternoon when the shadows in the brush were growing to the point of almost complete darkness though the sun still illuminated the tops of the trees, he was returning to camp alone save for a Senegambian gun bearer noted for his bravery. Both were mounted on native ponies, wiry and keen of senses. Suddenly Williams' pony began to snuffle and snort and both stood stock still refusing to advance into the darkness of the foliage-arched trail. Williams quickly unslinging a double-barrelled ten gauge Parker with which he had been after fowl. He meant to slip in a buckshot cartridge, but before he more than had his gun across his pommel, with a grunting bellow the huge form of an old bull buffalo rushed out of the darkness ahead and charged the two with all ferocity.

It was impossible to turn out of his way and all that Williams could do was to lean forward and pull both barrels point blank. The massive horns and frontal bones must have shielded the beast from any injury, save enough to infuriate it more than ever. The next instant Williams' pony was dismounded with a side swipe of the bull's horns and the rider was pitched into the brush with a broken leg. On over the dying pony rushed the buffalo and his charge drove the second pony end over end on top of his Senegambian rider. The two rifles he carried flew into the brush and one fell near Williams. It was the Winchester forty-four. Williams dragged himself over to it and found it uninjured, but a tragedy was transpiring meanwhile. Giving the poor gun bearer no chance for his life, the bull swept first one tip of his mighty horns and then the other into the jumble of horse and man and in his blind fury knelt on them and stamped on them. This happened in the fraction of a minute of course, and was terminated only when Williams, mustering all his strength, rose to his knees and began pumping soft-nosed pellets into the bull's flank, raking him forward into vital parts. The murderous creature fell on top of his victims and when searchers attracted by Williams' cries, found them, horse, bull and Senegambian lay dead in one heap.

### Most Dangerous Game in Africa.

It is agreed upon all hands by experienced hunters in Africa that the buffalo is one of the three most dangerous four-footed foes that man can attack. Most men class this animal with elephants and lions, as game that requires the highest attributes of skill, courage and caution to bring to bag. As a matter of fact, it may be laid down that more deaths and dangerous accidents happen annually in Africa in hunting the buffalo than in the chase of any other species of heavy game. In regions where large numbers of these splendid beasts still wander, in troops of three hundred, four hundred and even more, and where they have been little disturbed, the hunter has no great difficulty in shooting as many as he requires. In fairly open country, where scattered covert exists, and where they can be readily approached—for they are by no means keen-sighted creatures—a man may, he begins to think, shoot buffaloes as easily as he can shoot oxen. But, directly a buffalo is wounded and his blood-spoor has to be taken up, and the hunter has to follow him into the dense coverts to which he retreats, the business is entirely changed. Then you may prepare to look out for yourself, to take up your heaviest and most reliable weapon, and to follow the track of your game with every sense alert, and your rifle handy for an instant and most deadly charge.

You will find, too, that the native spoorer, who trotted in front of you readily enough on the blood spoor of elephant, and even lion, will now greatly prefer to follow in your rear, and leave you to take up your own person the first and dangerous risk in the dark and shadowy thickets into which you are advancing. He knows—none better—the dark, evil fury and the lurking, noiseless ways of the beast of which you are in search. The buffalo, so soon as he is wounded, seems, indeed, to think of little else than a bloody revenge. Unlike most other game, which, when wounded, will almost invariably take themselves in flight as far from the pursuer as possible, he usually retreats

some distance into the densest bush, and then either hides up in some dark corner, where the shadows are deep and dense, or, turning upon his line, takes a parallel path back, and so waits for his foe; or he will even follow back upon his own spoor and conceal himself. Sometimes he will stand lurking amid the dark thickets; at another time, if badly wounded, he will lie down; in either case prepared and determined to inflict a bloody revenge for the hurts under which he is smarting. Year after year fatal accidents happen in South African buffalo hunting, year after year men, if not killed outright, are terribly maimed; and, until the buffalo is completely exterminated, he will be found as savage and as dangerous as the lion himself, and, withal, far more revengeful.

### Stalking a Buffalo Herd.

I cannot better illustrate the character of these determined and plucky animals than by an adventure narrated to me not long since in the hunting veldt by a Boer hunter from the Transvaal. He had been tracking with some other compatriots far to the northwest of Lake Ngami. Flesh was badly wanted in camp, and as tsetse fly was prevalent in the marshy country, north of the Okavango,

marshy lagoon, or "vlei," as the Boers call it, surrounded by drier ground, upon which grew bush, acacia trees, and a few tall palms. Part of this lagoon was shallow open water, the remainder consists of a dense bed of tall reeds, which led to further swamps and lagoons beyond. The sight that met the Dutchman's eyes, as he and the natives crept cautiously towards the edge of the "vlei," and surveyed the scene from behind a screen of bush, was a wonderful one. In and about the "vlei," stood a troop of not less than two hundred buffaloes, some rolling in the shallow, some drinking, some standing belly-deep in water, dark and motionless. The buffalo is a species of starling-Buphaya Africana) those watchful allies of these animals and rhinoceroses, were flying hither and thither, many of them packing and feeding on the ticks and parasites which infest the buffalo. A number of small white herons, too, were about the "vlei," some of which were also to be seen actually perching on the broad backs of the great game. In any case the stalk required caution, and, with these watchful "buffel-vogel" about, extreme care was, as the Boer saw, essential. Concealed behind a thick mass of bush, to which he and the Hottentot had crept, the Dutchman waited patiently

was bleeding freely, and large patches of crimson marked its path. The reeds were very tall—twelve or fourteen feet—and thick, and the spooning seemed so dangerous an operation that the Hottentot, who was carrying a second gun—a Martini Henry—fell behind, leaving his master to take the first risk with his heavy eight-bore. At every step—they were wading knee deep in water—the hunters stopped to listen. They had not penetrated fifty yards through the avenue of broken reeds, afforded by the passage of the bull, when in an instant, and without warning, the beast was flat upon his back by the charge; the bull had miscalculated his distance, had no doubt, charged for the sound, and had struck his enemy with his nose, which was held high, as is the habit of these brutes when charging. Galloping over the prostrate Boer, the Buffalo went straight for the Hottentot a few paces behind. This unfortunate the brute struck with his horn and tossed on one side some yards into the reeds. Then, continuing its career, the bull passed on out of the "vlei," and took shelter in some thin bush, where it was afterward found dead. The Boer, all the while knocked out of him, and severely bruised, picked himself up, retrieved his rifle,

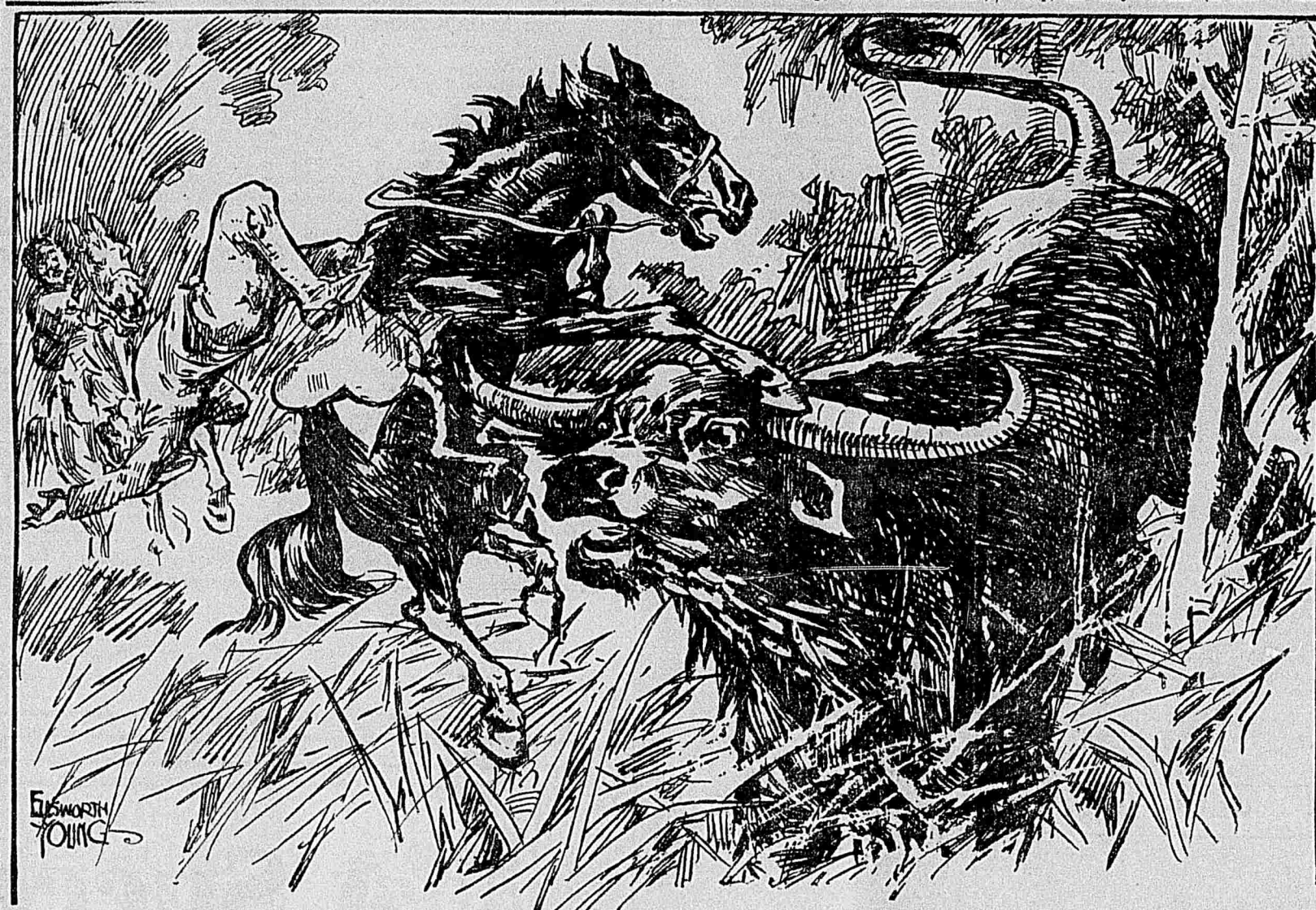
on payment of the sum of ten pounds for each specimen obtained. Beyond Cape colony the sportsman has to travel nowadays several hundred miles before he can hope to find buffalo. Perhaps the best country existing at the present time is the low and unhealthy region lying in Portuguese territory between the Sabi and Zambezi. Upon the Busi and Pungue rivers and their tributaries, and about the tributaries of the Zambezi, on its easterly course, large herds of buffalo are still to be found. This country, however, is only accessible during the African winter—April to October—unless the risk of deadly fever be taken. There are still buffalo to be found, to about the Chobe river, in the far-off swamps and marshes of the Upper Okavango. In these regions the tsetse fly is certain to be found in the buffaloes' haunt, and the hunter must force to do all his work on foot.

As the African buffalo is one of the toughest and most difficult of all game animals to bring to bag, so that handling such a creature, Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchelli*), the zebra of the plains, is by far the most easily destroyed. A single 450 Express or Martini-Henry bullet will at once turn this fleet and handsome animal of the troop, an easy victim (if not a ready



making a long d'our and getting between them and the bush to which they run for shelter, these animals when feeding in the open can be driven about and shot pretty much at will. They seem for the time to become flustered, lose their heads, try to make short cuts past the mounted men, and so fall victims. In former days these magnificent beasts ran in immense numbers in all the open country from the Orange river to the Zambezi. They are still to be found in large troops in the Ngamiland country, in remoter parts of Mashonaland, and in still larger numbers east and northeast of Mashonaland, toward the coast. Beyond the Zambezi they are widely distributed in Africa, becoming exceedingly plentiful again upon the great plains between the east coast and Uganda. South of the Orange river they seem seldom, if ever, to have ranged. Burchell's zebra is not to be confounded with the more asinine black and white mountain zebra (*B. Zebra*), which is perfectly striped all over. The Burchell's zebra is best known to the British public of all this handsome group, good examples being always on view in the Zoological society's gardens. As a general rule this zebra is not perfectly banded down the legs—as is its mountain cousin—but a variety, sometimes called by scientists "Chapman's zebra," is to be found in the interior, with the white legs pretty generally banded as far down as the fetlocks. The average European sportsman, having shot a few of these beautiful creatures as specimens, will usually stay his hand and spare them, unless meat for his followers is absolutely needed. The Boer and native hunter, on the contrary, shoot them whenever they get the chance, merely for the price of the skin—a matter of a few shillings up country. And so the species becomes exterminated. It is a thousand pities! Of all sights in the fair veldt—and there are many to charm the eye—I know of few nobler than a good troop of Burchell's zebras, creatures which seem to have been created for on other purpose than to adorn the wilderness. Whether feeding quietly among the herbage; or resting in the heat of mid-day; or fleeing across the plain, their striped coats, as clean and shining as a well-groomed race horse, gleaming in the sunlight; brisk, beautifully proportioned, and full of life and spirits; these zebras represent the highest perfection of feral life. True children of the sun-drenched plains, long may they yet flourish to decorate the African veldt!

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ONE WILD LUNGE LIFTED HORSE AND RIDER FROM THE GROUND.

go river, on which they were outspanned, and the natives reported large herds of buffaloes, he left his horses behind him, ferried across the river, and spent the next two days in hunting. He had with him his own Hottentot servant, a good and reliable hunter, and a fair shot, and he had as well several natives of the district who were anxious for meat, and ready to show him the game.

On the first day the Dutchman came across some fifty buffaloes grazing in fairly open veldt. Getting behind some good and convenient covert, and with the wind in the right direction, he had little difficulty in shooting two fat cows and a young, fresh bull. The cows were pretty easily secured; but the young bull, although shot through the lungs, jumped on his legs from some long grass and bush, then walked up, charged fiercely at the spooning party, and was only killed within a few feet of the hunter. The rest of the day was spent in skinning and cutting up the game. Part of the natives were sent back to the Boer camp, laden with as much meat as they could carry—the Boers requiring not only fresh meat for immediate use but enough to make a supply of "biltong" (salted sun-dried flesh); the remainder of the flesh was bestowed upon the native villagers who were with the expedition.

Large numbers of buffaloes were still reported a little further ahead, among the lagoons and marshes of this region, and the Dutch hunter, therefore camped for the night, ate a hearty supper by the roaring fire, and slept soundly till early dawn. Before sun-up the party were again stirring. In less than two hours' time the natives had led the way to a broad,

which was hung yards away, and then sought the Hottentot. The unfortunate servant lay among the reeds and water, a terrible wound gaping just below his chest, to the left—breathing his last. He lived only a short time, and died a pathetic and unwilling object lesson in the risks and dangers of following a wounded buffalo into thick covert.

### Attacked by an Enraged Buffalo.

At last several fat cows, for which he had been waiting came, together with a tremendous old bull, within 30 yards. Selecting the best cow, the Boer aimed behind the point of the shoulder, and brought her down. She fell instantly to the shot, struggled a little further, and soon lay dead. The Boer had hoped and expected to bring down another cow. His intentions were frustrated, however, by the bull, which charged upon the instant directly towards the rifle smoke. Within ten yards, the Dutchman, who was kneeling, fired again, hitting the grim beast in the chest, and turning it. Meanwhile at the sound of the firing the whole immense herd floundered out of the "vlei," and went off crashing through an angle of the reed beds, and thence far into the bush. As they fled the Boer shoved in another cartridge, took aim at a retreating cow eighty yards off, and by a lucky shot, broke her back. She fell bellowing, and was quickly dispatched. Leaving the natives to skin and cut up these carcasses, the Dutchman now took up the pursuit of the wounded bull, which he had marked in his flight through a dense patch of reeds to the light of the lagoon. The beast had turned off alone, and the greatest care had to be taken in following it through such covert. But the Dutchman had hitherto always had great luck with buffalo, and was determined to finish off his task. As soon as the reeds were reached, the blood spoor was easily to be followed. The heavy bullet had evidently raked the lungs, the bull

Some Perils of Buffalo-Hunting.

Occasionally hunters have been attacked by a solitary buffalo which has charged them before a shot has been fired, and without apparent provocation. In such instances it has usually been found either that the animal had been previously wounded by some other hunter, or had been claved by a lion; in either case its naturally morose temper having been rendered yet more dangerous.

No hunter ought to attempt to tackle a buffalo with a rifle of lighter calibre than a 577 double express. Once plentiful all over Southern Africa wherever water was to be found, the buffalo has now to be sought far in the interior. There is one singular exception to this statement. Many years ago the Cape government passed an act protecting under severe penalties the buffalo—as well as the elephant—in Cape colony. In the forest and densely bushed regions bordering the coast line, some strong troops of buffaloes are still to be found between Mossel bay and the Kowie river. A few years ago, during a great drought, some of these fine beasts were to be seen drinking in the river within a few miles of the town of Uitenhage. These animals can only be shot in Cape colony by a special permit from the governor, and

killed outright) to the hunter's next shot. With a broken leg the zebra is instantly helpless; with a broken limb, and a shot through the body to boot, one of the larger African antelopes, such as a hartebeest or brindbill, will often run for miles, and finally escape the hunter altogether. As an almost invariable rule Burchell's zebras are hunted on horseback; they are fleet and enduring, and even a first-class South African hunting pony must be in very good form, and upon hard even ground, to carry his rider within hail of them. Most usually these animals are to be met with feeding on open grassy plains, or in open bush, where large glades and clearings are to be found. In a tall-on end chase across flats, with a fair start, they can usually gallop clean away from the mounted man. If it were not for a habit of curiosity, they would, indeed, be "kittie cattle" to come up with on the great plains. But their curiosity is often their undoing. I have many times galloped steadily behind a troop of these zebras, and then halted for a moment. The zebras would then wheel quickly round in line and stand for a minute to have a good look at the pursuer. This was the time to put in a steady shot. Sometimes, even when the hunter is galloping, they will turn round and stand for a moment, apparently out of sheer curiosity.

### Extirminating the African Zebra.

In semi-bushy country, where their view is more circumscribed, these zebras are without much difficulty shot. In Mashonaland large numbers of those zebras have been shot within the last few years by the pioneers and settlers. I have found that by

The story of the great one-eyed rogue elephant of Matemba and his deeds is one that is still told around African camp fires. Capt. McGillicuddy, who engaged him in his final encounter, was accompanied by a Dr. Kenyon from whom the following account has been obtained.

For two seasons blacks had been charged from covert by a gigantic old one-eyed tusker who seemed to delight in breaking their bodies against the rocks or trees or in trampling them into the ground. He ranged the entire valley and whereas elephants are always more or less wantonly destructive in feeding, this solitary beast was given to doing more damage than an entire herd of 20. The villagers were in terror of him and on two occasions he had destroyed an entire village and killed more than a half dozen men. Patrick Farrell, a professional ivory hunter, arrived in the valley the third season and hearing of the bull and his tactics, waited for some time until he could be located and then took up his spoor. According to his gun bearer they were advancing through rather thin covert and had little reason to think that the spoor was fresher than two hours or that their quarry was nearer than a mile or more than that being the nearest heavy covert. But the old fellow must have been aware of their approach for suddenly with a shrill trumpet of rage he came careering through a thicket within twenty yards of them, where he had been quietly hiding, no doubt. Farrell carrying a four-bore dropped on one knee and fired, but either missed his mark, as even the best man will sooner or later, at least the rogue was upon him before he could even rise, and literally pounded him into the earth. The gun bearer ran for his life and escaped, though the unlikely story has it that the rogue followed him for a long distance. Capt. Mc-

Gillcuddy came later that same season and found the man-killer in the upper district. He was reported one evening at dusk and at daylight the officer and Dr. Kenyon, with three trackers and two Zulu gun bearers, set out on his spoor. About mid-forenoon they saw certain signs that told them they were close upon him. In a few moments the movement in the young tree tops showed his location and they could hear him rending branches and tearing up saplings. Creeping closer and closer they were able to get within 60 yards. The natives refused to advance farther save the one Zulu. When within 40 yards Capt. McGillicuddy signed that he had the quarry in view, and Dr. Kenyon got up with him just as the officer sent the ball from his four-bore crashing into the shoulder region. The shot was too high. Instantly the old rogue wheeled and holding his head so that his one eye was to the fore charged with incredible speed and quickness. Dr. Kenyon now fired for the base of the trunk, but even this did not turn the operate animal. Capt. McGillicuddy caught his second gun from the Zulu and emptied both barrels up into the bull's chest and then started to one side, choosing the wind side of his enemy, but he was not quick enough, for the great trunk caught him, hurled him in the air. He fell with neck and back broken and then as Dr. Kenyon emptied his second gun into the animal's side just behind the right shoulder, it came crashing down, missing Capt. McGillicuddy's body by a hand's breadth. This Dr. Kenyon, though an ardent sportsman, left Africa at once and never could be persuaded to take gun in hand again.

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## A Nubian Lion Hunt

By Baron Heinrich Albert, the famous Austrian-Swiss Adventurer. This thrilling narrative by Baron Albert will appear as the next of this series, together with an article entitled:

## Lion Hunting in the Molopo Country

By Percy Selous. A member of this famous family of hunters is accompanying Ex-President Roosevelt into the jungles of East Africa on his much heralded hunting trip.