



W.C. Harris del.

XIII. BUBALUS CAFFER. - THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

PLATE XIII.

BUBALUS CAFFER.— THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

*Buffel* of the Cape Colonists. *Qu'araho* of the Hottentots. *'Neaat* and *Bokolokolo* of the Matabili. *Naari* of the Bechuana.

GENERIC CHARACTER.— Adult male about five feet six or eight inches high at the shoulder, and upwards of twelve in extreme length. Structure extremely powerful, but low in proportion to its bulk. Body ponderous. Neck short, very thick, and indicative of amazing strength. Breast and shoulder deep, and slightly dewlapped. Back straight and hunchless. Limbs short and solid, terminating in a divided hoof, which is nearly circular. Spurious hoofs, pendent and much elongated. Tail three feet long, slender, and terminating in a swish of coarse black hair, which reaches below the hocks. Head short, and small in proportion to the general bulk. Ears funnel-shaped, and flaccid. Eyes small and sinister, overshadowed by rough and ponderous dark-coloured horns, nearly in contact at the base, but divided by a narrow channel or furrow. Spreading horizontally, they completely shield the forehead, sweeping downwards and then turning upwards and inwards at the tips, which measure from four to five feet between. Hide blueish purple-black, and, with exception of a few distichous bristles chiefly along the ridge of the spine, naked. Muzzle bovine, square, and moist, slightly bearded at the chin.

Female similar, but smaller, with smaller and more vertically disposed horns. An udder with four speens. Still exists within the Colony. Inhabits the wooded valleys, plains, and forests of the interior in large droves.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

" Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,  
That roam in woody Caledon,\*  
Crashing the forest in his race,  
The Mountain Bull comes thundering on."

ALTHOUGH confessedly inferior to the 'carnivorous and blue-eyed wild bulls' that were vanquished by the heroes of antiquity, and with whose shaggy spoils the vestibule of the temple of Hercules was adorned by Philip of Macedon, the genus *Bos* does not, at the present day, include an animal more formidable in character, or more malignant in disposition, than the Cape Buffalo; neither do 'Afric's desert hills,' throughout their prolific wildernesses, produce a quarry more difficult to be subdued. Yielding little in point of bulk to an ordinary sized Hippopotamus, and wrapt in a tough mantle of hide, which is in parts impenetrable to a ball of unadulterated lead—more especially if propelled from a smooth bore—the dark brow of the Caffrarian bull is overshadowed by a rugous mass of horn, spreading like a helmet horizontally over the summit of his head, and forming a bullet-proof casque, beneath which a pair of piercing, black, downcast eyes, look gloomily forth with a mischievous and sinister twinkle. Neither are appearances, often so deceitful, in this instance belied—the sullen, forbidding, and malevolent aspect of the species, being strongly indicative of its fierce and treacherous nature; whilst the ponderous and powerful frame—bony and gaunt—is encased in ribs of such extraordinary breadth as almost to unite with each other, and is supported upon stout muscular limbs of truly prodigious strength.

Short are his legs, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,  
Like a strong flail, he holds his tail, in fierceness of his might.

The males average from sixteen and a half to seventeen hands at the shoulder, their height being nevertheless greatly disproportioned to the general bulk, and chiefly made up of the enormous substance and depth of forehead, unaided either by length of leg, or by any hunch or excrescence upon the wither; whence specimens in the prime of years have been found to weigh so heavy as two hundred stone. Unless among the dense forests and jungles skirting the sea-coast of the eastern districts, in which a few surviving Elephants also still find a precarious shelter, the *Buffel* is now totally extirpated throughout the Cape Colony, where so many local names testify to its former presence. Lead and gunpowder have done their deadly work, and the perpetual warfare waged by the advancing white population, has so effectually cleared every preserve, that the hunter now seeks in vain for a solitary specimen, in scenes which once formed the head-quarters of the largest herds.† So far, however, as the country has yet been explored, this noble beast is extremely abundant, in all the eastern portions of Southern extra-tropical Africa,—troops, led by the largest and fiercest bulls, holding their haunts amid all the mountain forests and wooded valleys, whence they make wide incursions upon the open plains. Resorting also at seasons to the deep verdure of rivers, swamps, and stagnant pools, in the muddy waters of which they delight to wallow, they sink their giant forms so deep in the stream, as to be effectually screened from the poisonous flies of the tropical forest. Thus surrounded by tall grass and reeds, which afford both concealment and shade, the herd will lie for hours together, the nostrils and gloomy downcast eyes alone protruded, appearing in the enjoyment of perfect ecstasy—certain

\* One of the principal branches of the *Nu Gariep*, which takes its source in the Quathlamba mountains, is thus denominated.

† "A party of Boors," writes the elegant and amusing Pringle, "had gone out to hunt a troop of Buffaloes, which were grazing in a piece of marshy ground, interspersed with groves of yellow wood and mimosa trees, on the very spot where the village of Somerset is now built. As they could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the *vlei* or marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentot servant, and to advance on foot, thinking that if any of the Buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and under cover of the bushes, approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader, that he dropped on his knees, bellowing with pain. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen sallied from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner had the infuriated animal seen his foe in front of him, than he sprang up and rushed headlong upon him. The man, throwing down his empty gun, fled towards the quagmire: but the savage beast was so close upon him, that he despaired of escape in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copse-wood, began to climb an old mimosa tree which stood on one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a frightful roar, he caught the unfortunate man with his horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him in the air with such violence, that the body fell dreadfully mangled, into a lofty cleft of the tree. The Buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for his victim, until weakened with loss of blood, he again sunk on his knees, when the rest of the party recovering from their confusion, came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree, quite dead."

clod-like lumps, which have scarcely attracted the attention of the passer-by, springing suddenly into life; when some dozens of grim-looking customers emerging with a general splash, and forming up to gaze for an instant with menacing front at the obtruder, turn tumultuously about and plunge into the nearest covert.

All writers are agreed as to the hazard of invading the haunts of this savage animal, whose skulking habits, no less than his tremendous strength, render him an object to be greatly dreaded. Although neither exasperated by wounds, nor driven to extremity in the chase, he is described to be of so irascible a disposition, that he will even attack his great enemy, man, without the smallest provocation—darting upon the ill-fated object of his vengeance with blind fury, and with a swiftness and activity which could ill be expected from so awkward and lumbering a figure. And should he succeed in destroying his victim, it is his wont to stand over the inanimate corpse for a considerable time, goring and tossing it in vindictive fury with his formidable horns, trampling it under his feet, crushing and mangling it with his knees, and stripping off the skin with his rough and prickly tongue; desisting occasionally, but to return again with renewed appetite, as though his revenge might never be glutted! Yet these wanton acts of *aggression*, could they be properly sifted, would in all probability be found to constitute the exception, rather than the rule, of the animal's ordinary habits. If left to itself, the natural instinct is to retire from before the presence of the lord of the creation, instead of provoking his hostility; and any instances to the contrary which may have come under observation, are doubtless to be laid at the door of some solitary outcast from the herd, ejected at the point of the horn by a stronger rival, and left to prowl about the forest in a state of sullen irritation, with every inclination to molest, and to be mischievous.

In the season of love, when the passions of the males are at their height, fierce and terrible are the single combats in which they engage. The *mechans* eyes of the contending rivals sparkle with fury, as, glaring one upon the other, and shaking their huge heads, they emit a deep roar, and paw up the earth in defiance, preparatory to placing themselves in the posture of attack. Then, with foreheads depressed, and tails which indicate by their whirling motion the determination and vigour of the owners—like champion knights in the lists, they tilt forward at full speed, bringing their protruding brows together with a mighty crash, and making the glades to ring again with their wild joust, which is thus continued until one of them is worsted.

Onward they rush, and from alternate blows  
Down their gored sides the purple current flows;  
Front clashed on front their battering horns rebound,  
Olympus bellows and the woods resound.  
The combat o'er, insatiate rage remains,  
The vanquished exile roams o'er distant plains;  
Mourns o'er his shame and each ignoble scar,  
That marks th' insulting victor's might in war;  
Mourns, in far lands unknown, that forced to rove,  
In battle unavenged, and lost to love,  
He leaves, oft turning ere he quits the plain,  
The native honours of his proud domain.

Excepting the ancient and lethargic bulls, which often wander about singly, these wild denizens of the waste roam usually in herds, the fiercest and stoutest males leading a large seraglio of cows, and even defying the attack of the tawny lion himself. In the open savannahs, rarely disturbed by human presence, which we traversed, vast droves were frequently congregated; and long strings might be seen as the day dawned, filing in formidable procession along the level profile of the silent landscape. Huddled together, and galloping, when hard pressed by the pursuer, in dense masses, they formed a most imposing spectacle, and raised, in their headlong course, a cloud of dust, which completely obscured the rear of their sable column.

Like most of the other large African quadrupeds, this animal is frequently entrapped in pitfalls by the savages, the more warlike tribes of whom follow the hazardous chace armed only with a sheaf of assagais, trusting to their agility for escape among the intricacies of the forest, should the infuriated beast 'turn again to rend them.' In the woods of Caffraria especially, where the species is very abundant, they are thus constantly hunted by the Zooloos on foot; but the victory is often to the quadruped—

He tramples on earth and tosses on high  
The foremost who rush on his strength but to die—

and many and many a stout warrior has been expended without a record, in his bold endeavours to carry to his royal master a tufted tail in token of his prowess.\*

It was at Mimori, a few miles south of the then flourishing valley of Mosega, since laid waste by the emigrant farmers, that we first encountered the wild Buffalo. Unyoking late one afternoon, a chain of lakes to the left of our

\* "Those," says one who travelled in that part of the country during the reign of Chaka, surnamed 'the Bloody,' "who unfortunately fall or are severely wounded in these attacks, find no sympathy from the king; that unfeeling savage, when told of several of his subjects having been trampled to death by the Buffalo, coolly remarking, with an air of perfect indifference, that 'it was the best way of getting rid of cowards.'" Describing one of these exhibitions of valour at which he was himself present, the same author continues, "the people had stationed themselves on each side of the drove, and had so harassed the animals, that we could only have fired with the risk of hitting some of the hunters in lieu of the game. We therefore stood and looked on, and presently beheld the warriors disperse in every direction. The infuriated Buffaloes, after tossing one man on to the top of a thorn-bush, had trampled him to death, whilst another unhappy wretch had had his thigh dislocated. The hunters, however, killed one, and having carried the tail to Chaka, reported these accidents, to which he displayed great indifference, remarking to the man whose thigh was dislocated, that it 'proved the weakness of his limbs;' and then, with a laugh, in which the by-standers heartily joined, he continued, 'you are like an old woman now, I must find a husband for you.' Another party had arrived in the meantime bringing two tails, its chief also reporting one man to have been killed, and two others desperately damaged."—*Isaacs' Adventures in Eastern Africa*.

camp was observed to harbour a sluggish herd, whose formidable heads, resembling rough masses of rock, protruded from the water amid waving sedges—the bodies of the greater number being totally submerged. We contrived to wound one from the top of the waggon, and observing that he was unable to keep pace with his flying comrades, I attempted to ride him down; but the numerous sharp-pointed flints with which the ground was studded, cutting the shoeless feet of my horse to pieces, I not only failed in my design, but brought back my steed to the waggons dead lame. Our object, whilst outward-bound, being to husband our resources as much as possible against our return march, we did not fail, from our next camp at Mosega, to revisit Mimori with the intention of obtaining a supply of beef for our numerous followers. Passing through a gorge in the hills behind the American Mission houses, we entered upon a succession of plains, intersected by low stony eminences, scattered over with clumps of acacia; and the old herbage and wiry grass having recently been cleared off by fire, we presently *foregathered* with the same lordly herd, grazing upon the young and tender blades, and looming, in so open a spot, as voluminous as elephants.

On being pursued, they made straight for the lakes, at a heavy gallop, and dashed *pêle mêle* among the flags, into which we followed them, the water reaching to the horses' girths, and the reeds far above our own heads. We could hear the monstrous beasts forcing their way through the shaking bulrushes immediately in advance, but after several hours' severe labour in the overgrown swamp—where it now appears wonderful to me that we were not repeatedly charged—our party could only succeed in driving out a single cow, which, breaking at the opposite side of one piece of water, had contrived to gain another before we could overtake her. Then commenced a general skirmish—some of the more fool-hardy of our followers wading to their middles, whilst others kept up a running fire from the banks whenever a glimpse of anything black could be obtained. Half the random balls either fell harmlessly, or rattled against the impervious mass of horn which shielded the bluff foreheads of the badgered herd; others however took effect, and Piet, in attempting to despatch a wounded cow, whose leg he had broken, was charged and knocked over by a bull from behind. Capless and disarmed we could see the poor fellow through a telescope, lying beneath a shady Karree tree, which reared its venerable head in the middle of the lake, holding his hands to his stomach as if he were mortally wounded—his coal-black adversary drooping sternly near him, and seeming half disposed to renew the combat, although the blood fast trickling from its nostrils, shewed that the moment of dissolution was approaching. A broad deep stream, tangled over with sedge, which encircled this spot on three sides, defying approach either on horseback or on foot, without incurring the certainty of drowning, compelled us to ride some three miles round before we could arrive to the rescue. By that time the Buffalo was in its last struggles; and the sufferer appearing to be more frightened than hurt, we soused him with water, and having removed his leathern doublet, which was much torn by the animal's horns, ascertained that there were no serious holes in his own skin. A laborious search among the prostrate reeds around the scene of recent strife, at length brought the bruised Nimrod's cap and gun to light, and the savages having borne him out of the swamp, he was placed groaning upon a pack-horse and re-conducted to our camp, where, having enjoyed the advantage of Dr. Wilson's professional aid, he consented, after a little bleeding and coaxing, to forego his often expressed determination of closing at Mosega his mortal career.

The pursuit of the wild Buffalo was some months afterwards productive of a still more serious accident to this same unfortunate man, of whom I will aver so much, that he was by far the staunchest sportsman of our whole Hottentot retinue. Wending our journey homeward on the southern side of the Cashan mountains, the route—hitherto untrodden by white foot—lay across a belt of green wooded hillocks, intersected by formidable ravines, and constituting, as it were, the *suburbs* of the mountain range. Over these knolls our unwieldy and heavily-freighted waggons toiled with infinite difficulty—their snail-like progress being frequently arrested altogether by the snapping of one of the tow-ropes—some of the strands of this important portion of our harness having recently been gnawed through by alligators, which, assisted by the half-starved dogs of the savages, ate up everything that fell in their way, not even excepting the untanned leather shoes of our followers. We were splicing the rotten *trek touw* for the third time, when a stately herd of Buffaloes

Crook knee'd and dewlap'd, like Thessalian bulls,

were perceived at a little distance in the open plain. They were throwing out signs of defiance, in consequence, it was conjectured by a wag, of the warlike appearance of poor Cœur de Lion, whose *caput* was as usual decorated with a woollen night cap of that crimson hue, to which the bovine class are proverbially averse! Mounting our led horses, my companion and myself ascended the ridge immediately above the herd, and firing a volley at their broad backs, brought a splendid bull to bay, and had despatched him in less than five minutes. Whilst several of the delighted followers were employed in flaying the carcase, and appropriating the tit bits, we cantered after the waggons, and sent back Andries with a pack-horse for the hide, which, being as much as any two men could lift, promised to become in due time a right serviceable *trek touw*. In the course of a few minutes, however, the worthy squire returned at speed, pale and speechless, stammering forth at length, in reply to our interrogations of what the matter was, "*Sieur, Piet shot him.*" Having already had experience of the fellow's disposition to claim first blood, Richardson refuted this bold assertion, by the assurance that we had ourselves slain the bull; but it was sometime ere we learned from an interpreter, who proved better conversant than ourselves with Andries' application of "our maternale Englysshe tongue," that Piet had been badly wounded in the leg by the accidental discharge of Claas's detonating gun. 'Lingap also presently arrived, and after pointing with breathless dismay to a round hole drilled by

the same agent through his own ox-hide target, proceeded to a minute practical illustration of the circumstances which led to the catastrophe, by placing Andries' clumsy elephant-gun against a pliant tree, in such a manner that it also fell down, and was discharged—though fortunately without fracturing any more legs. The unhappy Piet being shortly afterwards brought in upon a litter, our nervous anxiety respecting him was not a little relieved by an inspection of the damaged limb, which, though dreadfully burnt and lacerated, was providentially unbroken. The ball having glanced round the shin bone, had perforated 'Lingap's buckler, as already described, and passing through the carcase of the defunct bull, upon which some dozen savages were busily feasting, had finally winged its wanton flight into the wide world!

During the time that we were encamped near the source of the Limpopo, we could from the waggons, frequently perceive wild Buffaloes grazing quietly, and unsuspecting of danger, among verdant valleys within half a mile of our position. Through their wandering and restless disposition, these favourite haunts are traversed by numerous well-worn foot-paths, along which they saunter morning and evening, retiring during the sultry period of the day, to ruminate in the mountain shade on the brink of some tranquil stream,

— in which the willows dip  
Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink.

Herein they lave their bare hides at will, and swimming stoutly, cross the broadest rivers without any hesitation. A noble bull, weighing not less than a ton and a half, was shot whilst in the act of thus navigating the dark silent channel of the placid Limpopo, across which the Hottentots, stripped to their skins, had twice waded and swum in pursuit of him. Under a volley of well-directed balls, the huge carcase turning suddenly on its side, floated away with the blood-stained current, against which the gallant beast, with all its remaining strength, had been struggling to gain the opposite shore.

Riding one morning before it was well light, up a narrow defile flanked by steep banks, in order to attain the summit of an eminence, a strong bovine taint suddenly assailed my nose, and I found myself most unexpectedly confronted with the van of a vast troop ascending from the opposite side—their malevolent grey eyes scowling beneath a threatening brow. Unable to turn, the formidable brutes must inevitably have charged over me, had not my horse dexterously contrived, under a severe application of the rowels, to scramble up the bank, from the top of which I fired both barrels into the leader, a ponderous bull, whose venerable appearance stamped him father of the herd. Falling on his knees, the grey patriarch was instantly trampled under foot of his reckless followers, as they dashed, bellowing, down the declivity which I had so recently occupied—moving in close squadron with the fury of a passing whirlwind, and making the woods re-echo to the clatter of their wild hoofs.

On the afternoon of the same day, another noble troop was observed filing sluggishly through the scraggy forest which flanked our bivouac, led by a stately bull, whose slow and funereal pace called to mind the creeping progress of some enormous reptile. Although the sight is clouded by an overhanging brow, the sense of smelling in this species is exquisite. Seizing our weapons, we glided against the wind therefore, and creeping on all fours to a strong position in advance of the course that they were taking, squatted in close ambush behind the leafy screen. The tramp of their heavy feet drew nearer and more near, until the branches began to move and crackle, and their odour became quite overpowering. One passed, and then another—flapping lazily their long pendulous ears, which were slit and torn by the brambles—and carrying their short noses so horizontally that the horns were thrown back along the swarthy shoulders. Twice was the fatal aim taken, and twice were the rifles lowered from the shoulder—both had proved to be cows, and their sex befriended them. Next with lordly tread came on the great master bull. The hoary villain fancying that he had heard a sound to which he was unaccustomed, was casting many suspicious glances around—stooping occasionally, and narrowly scrutinizing every object. There was a momentary pause—another second, and two balls whizzing through the air, had entered his brawny shoulder close behind the elbow, bringing him heavily upon his knees, whilst a crimson tide gushed from his distended nostrils.—*Daar lay de bull*, chuckled Andries from his concealment; and the herd, cocking their long tails and snuffing at the prostrate figure of their humbled chief, snorted, tossed their wild heads aloft, threw up their mighty heels with a flourish that cast the dirt some dozen feet high—and then dashed headlong through the trees, with a terrific crash, goring, overturning, and trampling under foot every object that opposed their progress!

——— "dat euntibus ingens  
Silva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore."

The finest bull Buffalo slain by our little party, measured at the shoulder seventeen and a half hands—his wide-spreading beams being split and completely worn away at the point from constantly raking and tearing up the ground. Whilst in pursuit of a herd of Roan Antelopes, I had remarked his dark form stationed, statue-like, in a narrow passage at the water's edge, these rugged horns overshadowing his small grey sinister eyes, and imparting to his countenance the most cunning, gloomy, and vindictive expression. An ill-timed shot fired by one of the Hottentots, putting every creature to flight, he thundered past me on his retreat to the hills; and my first barrel fortunately fracturing his hind leg as he was in the act of topping an eminence, I jumped upon my horse, and closed with him immediately. Plunging, roaring, and rendered desperately furious, no less by the smarting of his wounds than by the triumphal shouts of savage merriment that his maimed condition elicited from various mouths—groaning as he pawed up the earth—the bleeding and reeling quarry ran wildly round upon three legs, as though in pursuit of his own tail. The shattered bones of the fourth, which protruded through the skin, ground together as it dangled; and whilst his blood shot eye-balls, starting from their sockets, flashed with portentous fury, the white

foam churned round his chaps, and the earth flew in showers from his heels. Missiles and assagais poured in upon the victim from every side, and not less than twenty shots had struck him ere he was totally subdued. Full of strength and fury—his nose lowered betwixt his fore legs, and his tail brandishing in the air, twice did the maddened and baited animal rush gallantly to the charge—receiving, during the last, a brace of balls in his broad chest, which closed an exhibition that could not fail to call to mind the barbarous though soul-stirring spectacles of the Circus, and of the Moors and Spaniards of olden time.

From the summit of a hill which commanded an extensive prospect over a straggling forest, I shortly afterwards descried, through a telescope, a large herd, to which this champion belonged, quietly chewing the cud beneath an umbrageous tree. Creeping close upon them from leeward, and resting the rifle against a forked tree, I dropped a bull with a single ball behind his elbow. The confused echo reverberating amid the mountains, caused the survivors, about fifty in number, to dash from their concealment, panic-stricken, and in ignorance whence the sound proceeded; and everything yielding before their giant strength, I narrowly escaped being trampled under foot in their tumultuous course. Moving ground in the afternoon to the eastward, we stopped to take up the head of the bull first vanquished, a trophy which the brawny arm of Andries could with difficulty lift upon the *trap* of the waggon. Myriads of vultures, and the dense clouds of smoke which arose from the fires of the savages, directed us to the scene of the humiliation of this noblest of the herd. It was the fifth day of November, and in commemoration I presume, of the exploits of Guy Fawkes, they had kindled a bon-fire, which bid fair to destroy all the grass in the country—the crackling flames, fanned by the wind, already beginning to ascend the mountain side. Nothing can be conceived more horribly disgusting than the appearance presented by the savages, who, crammed to the throat, and liberally besmeared with blood, grease, and filth from the entrails, sat nodding torpidly around the residue of the carcase, sucking marrow from the bones—their lean and famished curs regaling themselves meanwhile upon the garbage. Every bough was bending under collops of flesh, and every man had turned beef-butcher—numerous swollen vultures still eyeing the sylvan shambles from the adjacent trees, whilst others, yet ungorged, were inhaling with keen nostrils the odours that arose.

Proceeding betimes the next morning into the hills, again to beat up the quarters of the fugitives, we entered a deep wooded defile, which, having been spared by the conflagration, was literally crammed with game that had retired before the flames. The scorched and blackened sides of the lofty mountains—in many parts thickly wooded—were scattered over with huge masses of pointed rock, frowning in “craggy nakedness sublime,” and completing all that can be conceived spirit-stirring or magnificent in wild and desert scenery. A Rhinoceros was presently laid low; and ere we had reloaded our rifles, a noble herd of nearly one hundred and fifty Buffaloes shewed itself on a slope overhanging a sedgy stream beneath us. Having crept, under the cover of a grey cliff, to within five and twenty yards of them, we *pinked* off two bulls before the alarm was spread. Crushing through the forest and overturning decayed trees in their route, they swept in fearful confusion along the brow of the opposite hill, squeezed together in a compact phalanx—blindly following the leader—whisking their tasselled tails aloft—and raising an incredible cloud of dust to mark their progress. We quickly mounted our horses; and after sticking and floundering some minutes in the treacherous mud of the rush-grown rivulet, gained the opposite bank. Pouring in a broadside, we there brought two more to bay, which fell after several charges, to rise up no more—the heavy carcase of one, that for some time had balanced itself with outstretched legs on the very verge of the precipice, rolling at last like an avalanche over the bank, preceded by a huge fragment of earth that its weight had brought away, with which it splashed, ere life had become extinct, into a deep pool at the bottom.



*Head of Buffalo as preserved by Capt. Harris.*