



## THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

# An African Incident

## Close Quarters with a Rhinoceros

By DR. AD. DAVID

IT was in March, 1906, that I went hunting with seven blacks on the plains near the Mroakini Hills in English East Africa. Three bearers carried water and provisions, the others being supplied with cameras, knives and various other utensils. Each man had as little as possible to carry, so as to eventually be able to take in a stock of game.

It must have been about 10 o'clock in the morning that I espied a rhinoceros with her young one at about 700 yards distance. The mother and her offspring went quietly grazing up a hill which was separated by a hollow from another hill. We slipped along this hollow, and when we found ourselves on the same direct line

with the rhinoceros, at a short distance, I laid the long distance camera over a nigger's shoulder and went up the hill in order to group mother and calf into one picture, leaving the rest of the bearers waiting below. The wind was favorable; the animals could not perceive us.

When we had reached the somewhat flat summit I saw the rhinoceros standing broadside before us, about 150 yards away. With a little gentle persuasion I succeeded in getting my companion to advance about thirty yards more and take up a position with me on an old hill of white ants where we made the picture. Since the beast constantly moved the photo did not

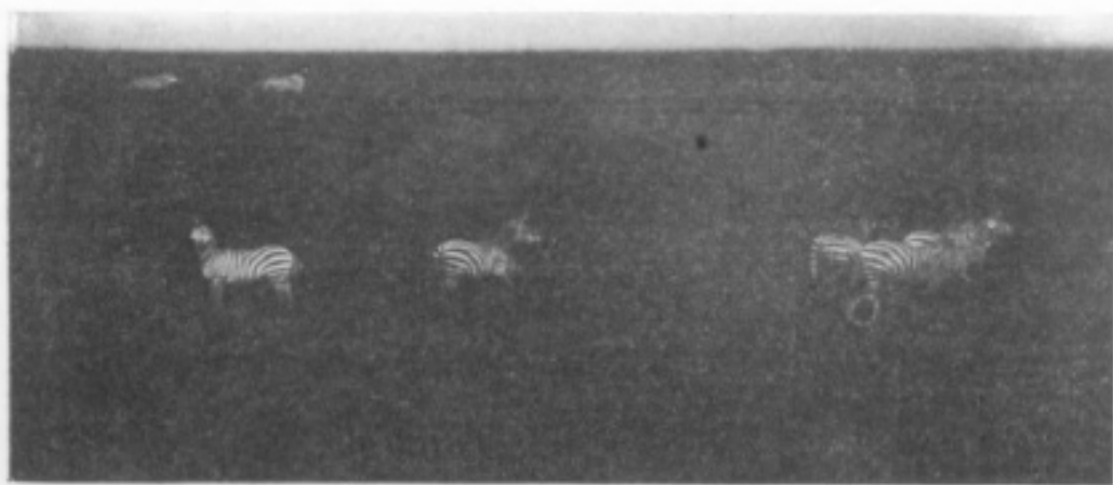
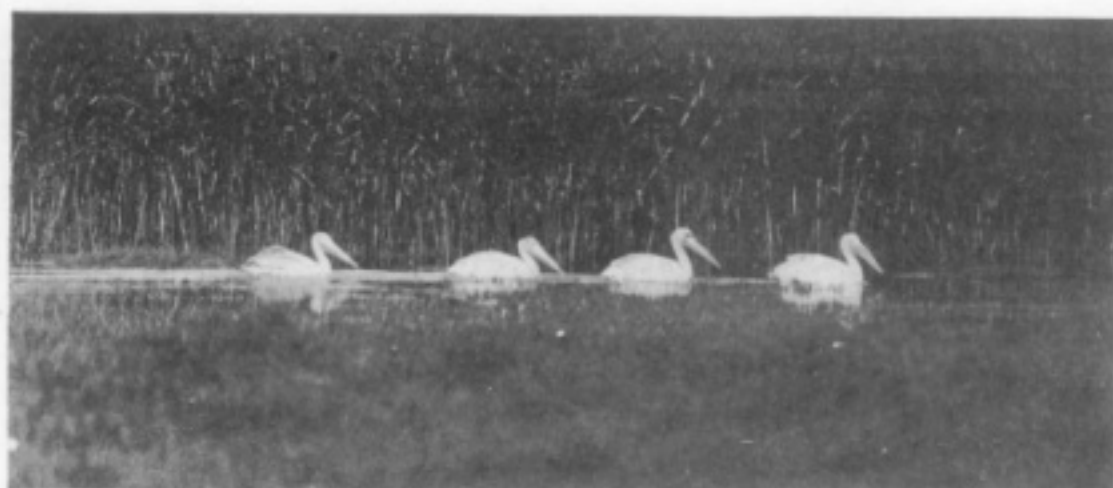
turn out so well as I should have liked, although the position seemed to be right through the sight glass.

As everything was so favorable I wanted to approach the rhinoceros still nearer and take a plate with an ordinary 9 by 12 camera. We returned, therefore, to the bearers, where we changed the "distance" camera for the other one. This time I had a man with me who seemed pluckier than the first, who answered to the proud name of the Lion. My present companion, however, was named Throat-cutter. It was clear he was still more dangerous.

On again arriving at the white ants' hill I looked all around, but could not see either of the animals any longer. Cautiously we proceeded, but our efforts to locate the animals were all in vain. On reaching the spot where they were first seen the surroundings were searched with field glasses, but with no success. We then went back, making direct for the white ants' hill, but we had hardly begun to retrace our steps, when suddenly on our right, about thirty yards away, we saw the rhinoceros lying on the ground. The two horns, half of the head, and the upper part of the body were concealed from the eye by the heather and a dip in the hill. To all appearances the animal had escaped our gaze immediately after we had taken its photo, by lying down. We had gone past it and now stood in an unfavorable wind. The consequence was that the rhinoceros rose in an instant, turned suddenly round in order to rush on us with its full strength.

My companion took to his heels while I stood like one fascinated and rooted to the spot. What happened was the work of a second. I had dropped instinctively on one knee, laid the camera near me and held on to the gun. At about eight yards I pulled the trigger, fired and missed. I had aimed at the eye of the animal and the bullet went too high.

By this time the monster was snorting and stamping in front of me. I had sprung up immediately. What followed I did without any consideration. My acts were perhaps the outcome of former thoughts of what I should do were I ever to find myself in such a situation. Just as the rhinoceros was directly before me, and, as quick as lightning, had lowered its shaggy head to run its narrow yard-long horn through my body with all its force, I succeeded in avoiding the thrust by making a desperate jump forward and to the right. Contrary to my expectations, however, the rhinoceros was able to pull itself up immediately and now charged at me a second time, jerking its head up and down violently. Again I succeeded in dodging, but I knew that if that beast should recognize my tactics and charge again I was lost. What then happened is no longer clear in my mind. I felt a sharp blow on my arm, another in the leg and



EAST AFRICAN PELICANS AND ZEBRAS.



WATERBUCKS PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. DAVID.

found myself lying on the ground, at the same time hearing a sharp penetrating squeak. This squeak was my salvation. It came from the young one and the apprehensive mother heard it. Probably thinking her offspring was in danger she left me suddenly and made off in the distance, snorting and trembling, with her young one. Did that young one squeak out of mischie-

vous joy, out of sympathy with me, or because of the unaccustomed spectacle?

My companion then came back, and slowly picking myself up I perceived with joy that I was unhurt, except for an abrasion of the left wrist which was soon attended to. On the way home we managed to bag a fine hartebeest bull and there was great joy on our return to camp.

## Ancient Landmarks

The original sketches which are printed with these articles were drawn by Mr. Alexander H. Murray, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, a highly educated and accomplished man. Mr. Murray entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. in 1840, and spent all of his active life in its service. He retired in 1866 and spent the rest of his days in his own residence, near Lower Fort Garry, now in the Province of Manitoba, Canada. Lower Fort Garry was his last charge before leaving the Hudson's Bay Co. service.

In 1896 Mr. Murray built Fort Yukon, in Alaska, and he and his company of men were the first whites the natives of that part of the country had seen. He was the first on the ground of that then new territory, and made many maps of the country, as well as doing a great deal of sketching, the latter chiefly for his own pleasure, though he did illustrate Sir John Richard's "Journal of a Land Journey to Ruperts Land."

As chief factor, Mr. Murray had had charge of many forts all over the Saskatchewan and Athabasca districts, as well as of trading posts around Hudson's Bay.

**A** LITTLE more than fifty years ago there were scattered over the western half of the continent trading posts, sometimes called forts, houses or posts, which were then the only settlements in the western country. These establishments were the permanent headquarters of the various fur trading companies and were established for purposes of trade with the Indians, and to supply goods to the free trappers who were engaged in the business of gathering fur. Of these forts there were probably not less than one hundred and fifty in the United States during the comparatively short time that the trade existed, while in Canada there were perhaps nearly twice as many, and of these last many are still occupied as trading posts. Some of those in the United States were in use only for a year or two, others endured for fifty years or more. Some, whose names are mentioned in the books of travelers, in the diaries of fur traders or in the correspondence of the old fur trading companies, cannot now be identified. Over the sites of others the towering buildings of great cities now rear their imposing heights. Of others still, nothing is left save a stone chimney or two still standing a foot or two above the ground in some sage brush bottom of a great river of the North, or

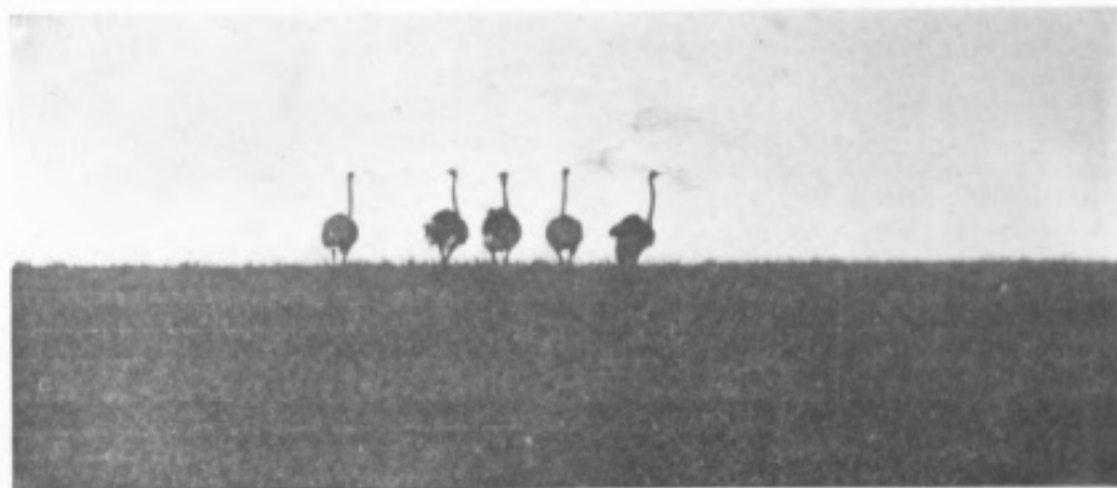
again, a little hollow in such bottom marks the site of one. Along the course of the mighty Missouri, the river, eating out the bank on one side and building it up on another, has tumbled into the muddy current the soil where more than one such posts have stood.

Each such fort has had its history, which—if we but knew it—would be well worth recording. To it came first a little band of hardy

traders eager for furs and anxious to take advantage of the desire of the simple savage for the beads and knives and needles and guns and ammunition which they brought to exchange with the Indians for the choice furs of beaver and marten or for the useful buffalo robes tanned by the industrious Indian women in great numbers. Logs were cut, store-houses erected and then buildings for quarters for the men. Soon came the Indians eager to trade, camping about the fort in their picturesque skin lodges, usually merry, laughing and pleasant, but sometimes scowling and threatening. Often, for years the trade went on in comfortable, peaceful fashion, or again a war party of young men approaching during the night ran off the horses of the traders, killed their cattle, and sometimes even attacked the fort.

Primitive man always longs for alcohol, and one of the cheapest articles of trade with the Indians was liquor. In the North, the Hudson's Bay and the old Northwest Company consistently traded rum to the Indians, and the books of the old voyagers paint shocking pictures of the results of this trade to the savages. In the United States the law forbade the trading of liquor to Indians, but there were a thousand methods of evading that law and all of them were practiced. In the accounts of early days we read many stories of the methods employed to escape the search of baggage for whiskey and expressions of pride and satisfaction at the success of the various artifices employed. Whiskey was above all others the favorite article of trade. Though the efforts to prevent the bringing of liquor into the Indian country were so often fruitless, yet these efforts were so annoying to the fur traders that one of the most eminent of these made an effort to open a distillery at Fort Union on the Missouri River and there to manufacture liquor for this trade. This was the idea of Kenneth McKenzie, a famous trader of the early half of the last century. He went so far as to set up a distillery, and put it in operation and to take a cargo of corn up the river. He even distilled some liquor from the squaw corn grown by the Mandans, but complained of this because it yielded badly; yet said that it made a fine sweet liquor. However, it was not very long before the United States authorities got after McKenzie, and the distillery project soon came to an end.

Of the old-time forts, once so important in a country then without white inhabitants and now for the most part wholly forgotten, none now



OSTRICHES AT ONE HUNDRED YARDS.