

The great point, if one wishes to be successful in this hunt, is to advance softly to within two gun shots. If as happens when the hunters have nobody to direct them, the best horses get ahead, the weakest can no longer overtake the prey. From that arise discord, quarrels, hatred and all follow in their train.

The instinct of the buffalo leads them to gather together in a mass when they are attacked. The bulls who have gotten separated from the cows gather together first, then flee before the horses until they rejoin the cows; the latter gather together in their turn and flee before the former, but much more rapidly. To reach the cows one must get through the compact phalanx of the bulls and it is in this that the chief danger lies. Here is an incident to illustrate this statement. During last summer's hunt, one savage, thrown far from his horse which a bull had overturned, was for a quarter of an hour the toy of one of these furious animals. Fleeing all the time at a run, he tossed the unfortunate hunter again and again fifteen or twenty feet in the air, always catching him on his horns. To give a feeble idea of the immense strength of these animals, it suf-

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fices to tell that one of them, happening to pass through the line of carts, threw himself on one of them and with one toss of his horns made it turn over two or three times. Noe, this vehicle, drawn by a horse, carried a load of more than a thousand pounds.

No less danger is that of getting in the direction of the bullets. Fired from every side, they whistle about in a terrifying manner in the midst of whirlwinds of dust which do not permit one to see anything at ten paces distant. ~~Recently~~ Recently, in one of these hunts, one man had his belly pierced by a bullet. Fortunately, the wound was not mortal. On another occasion, the bullet pierced the hood, the shirt, the skin, and the flesh of a hunter and was arrested by a rib. By good fortune none of these mischances saddened our trip. It may be believed that, in consideration of all these dangers, the hunter cannot keep himself from a certain fear, keen enough to be depicted on his face.

The rapidity with which they fire their guns is astonishing. It is not rare to see three buffalo brought down by the same hunter within the distance of fifty rods. Some fire as many as five times while their horses are traversing this distance at a run. This is their way of charging. Only the first bullet is rammed home; for the others the cap, pour in the powder, then, having the mouth full of balls, they let one of them fall into the gun; the saliva makes it stick to the powder in the bottom of the barrel. The horse, however, is abandoned to his own devices; but he is so well trained that when his master leans from one side to the other he understands it and obeys instantly.

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All the meat is cut up by the women who press it out in their hands, giving the thickness of a quarter of an inch to this long shred which they next extend on drying frames, like pieces of linen. These grills are formed ~~of~~ of small poles placed horizontally and in two or three rows, upon tripods of wood. After a few days this meat is dry; they fold up and fasten in bundles of sixty to seventy pounds in weight, the tenderloin, the

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hide, the under-shoulder pieces, the large humps and the belly pieces. The rest is piled up to be beaten to powder, some hides serving as a threshing floor. This meat, having been previously exposed to a steady heat upon a drying frame of green wood, has become brittle and easy to reduce to powder.