

WILD SPORTS

OF

THE WORLD :

A BOOK

OF

NATURAL HISTORY AND ADVENTURE

BY JAMES GREENWOOD:

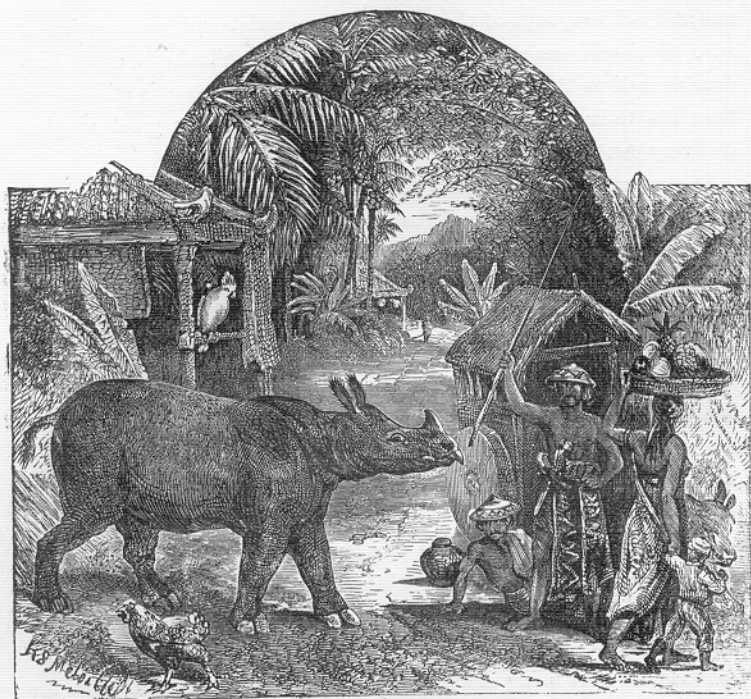
Author of "Savage Life," &c.

WITH WOOD CUTS FROM DESIGNS BY HARDEN MELVILLE AND WILLIAM HARVEY,
PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED HUNTERS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS,
AND
EIGHT COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRISON WEIR, ZWECKER AND OTHERS.



LONDON:

WARD, LOCK, AND TYLER,
WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW,

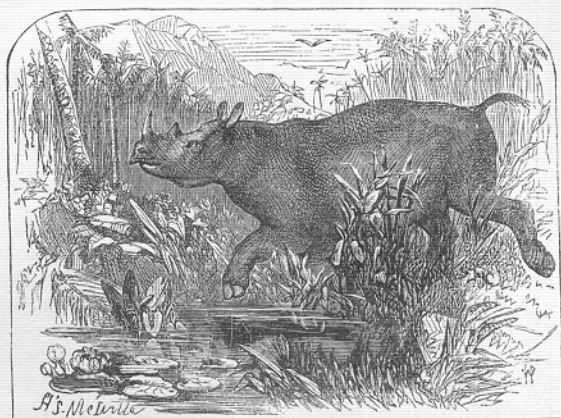


THE JAVANESE RHINOCEROS.

animal of this species was captured and kept at Katmandoo, and that, after thirty-five years' duration, it did not exhibit the least symptom of decline.

The Javanese rhinoceros is a less bulky animal than the Indian species, and stands taller on its legs. While Dr. Horsfall was residing in Java, he had frequent opportunities of observing one that had become almost domesticated. It was taken when a mere baby in the forests of Keddu. Its favourite food was plantains; and it scooped for itself a couch in the soft earth within its pen. Sometimes, however, it would break bounds, and strolling among the huts of the natives, destroy their fences, which fell like reeds before his ponderous limbs, frightening the women and children out of their wits, to say nothing of taking most unwarrantable liberties with the fruit growing in their gardens. It would appear that the Javanese rhinoceros is unable to swim; for the end of the animal mentioned by Dr. Horsfall was that it was "accidentally drowned in a rivulet."

respect, is as different from it as the rest of the Asiatic species. Moreover, the Sumatran beast, although as large as many of his fierce brethren of the horned nose, is reputed to be as timid and inoffensive as the donkey, and, like it, will take fright and scamper off should the most insignificant cur bark at its heels.



SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS.

CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON.

BEING of Aunt Chloe's opinion, that you may tell a gentleman "by the marks he makes," the writer has no hesitation in declaring his conviction that, as an indefatigable and painstaking traveller and explorer, and as a candid, sound, and conscientious narrator of the information derived from such travellings and explorations, Charles John Andersson stands unsurpassed. The writer has not the honour of a personal acquaintance with the gentleman in question—he never saw him, and it is probable he never may: he only knows him as all Europe knows him, through the "marks" he has made. In the same manner the Author of "Wild Sports" has made the acquaintance of many, indeed, of almost every European of modern times, whom a sense of religious duty, or worldly interest, or sheer love of adventure, or simple pleasure, has led to brave the dangers of far-away floods, and fields, and thirsty deserts, and pathless forests deadly-luxuriant. Each one has "made his mark"—more or less indelible—and for the assistance the author has derived therefrom he is ever grateful. Still, of the numerous family, he must confess to a special yearning towards one (who among us has not his favourite?) and that one is the author of "Lake Ngami."