

H O G G ' S
I N S T R U C T O R .

VOLUME VI.—NEW SERIES.



ne
EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES HOGG, 4 NICOLSON STREET;
LONDON: R. GROOMBRIDGE & SONS.
1851.

it in the morning prayer or in their evening hymn. Even a thief as a parent, a sinful one as a mother, have a thousand advantages for children. They will the more earnestly warn and teach, because they are parents, what they themselves suffer. Sin and misery their children must not endure: no, *they* must be pure, and remain happy. And should the poor children suspect the lives of their parents, they weep for them, but still love them. What then is so necessary to have in our hearts as love? By it, true obedience is planted; endurance of the hardest fate, sometimes without type or living example. What keeps millions of men so calm and quiet? What keeps the poor woodcutter in the forest from slaying the rich man, who rides past him, with silver stirrups, flourishing his switch? What keeps the poor servant honest, who works hard, close, it may be, to the silver chest? or the daily labourer, who, with his few pence in his hand, hastens from the palace, delighted to bring his wages to his wife and children? What makes him contented, but love to his family, which as a child he learned—that honesty towards them, now extended to all the world, on which he looks with the same eyes as he regards his wife and children, as the eyes of his parents looked on him? What makes him happy, except the knowledge of this internal good—this gentleness which has been exercised for years—the blessed weight of love which makes man adore God, the giver of all blessedness—and of which no man can deprive his fellow?

On the morning of our departure, Zoe, when at a short distance, made her daughter understand she was her mother. 'My child,' she exclaimed, while she pressed her heart with her hand.

Alaska, trembling, and with uncertain steps, attempted to follow her; but her feet refused their office. She became pale as marble, and, with outstretched arms, fell on the ground.

Zoe's eyes glanced fire. 'Away,' she cried; 'let us begone,' while she hastily tried to push forwards. The little Okki had meanwhile stretched out his hands towards Alaska; and Zoe, too weak to hold him, let him fall from her arms. He ran towards his sister. The mother stood still. Alaska raised herself up from among the flowers where she had fallen, and said, with a sigh, 'You are surely not my mother?' Okki had put his little arms round his sister's neck. Zoe could resist no longer, and flew towards her children, tenderly embracing them; while I likewise hastened to them, and pressed them to my heart. We remained with Alaska till May.

THE RHINOCEROS.

It was on the 4th of June that I beheld for the first time the rhinoceros. Having taken some coffee, I rode out unattended, with my rifle, and, before proceeding far, I fell in with a huge white rhinoceros with a large calf, standing in a thorny grove. Getting my wind, she set off at top speed through thick thorny bushes, the calf, as is invariably the case, taking the lead, and the mother guiding its course by placing her horn, generally about three feet in length, against its ribs. My horse shied very much at first, alarmed at the strange appearance of 'Chukuroo,' but, by a sharp application of spur and jambok, I prevailed upon him to follow, and presently, the ground improving, I got alongside, and, firing at the gallop, sent a bullet through her shoulder. She continued her pace with blood streaming from the wound, and very soon reached an impracticable thorny jungle, where I could not follow, and instantly lost her. In half an hour I fell in with a second rhinoceros, being an old bull of the white variety. Dismounting, I crept within twenty yards, and saluted him with both barrels in the shoulder, upon which he made off, uttering a loud blowing noise, and upsetting everything that obstructed his progress.

Shortly after this I found myself on the banks of the stream beside which my waggons were outspanned. Following along its margin, I presently beheld a bull of the borelé, or black rhinoceros, standing within a hundred

yards of me. Dismounting from my horse I secured him to a tree, and then stalked within twenty yards of the huge beast, under cover of a large strong bush. Borelé, hearing me advance, came on to see what it was, and suddenly protruded his horny nose within twenty yards of me. Knowing well that a front shot would not prove deadly, I sprang to my feet and ran behind the bush. Upon this the villain charged, blowing loudly, and chased me round the bush. Had his activity been equal to his ugliness, my wanderings would have terminated here, but, by my superior agility, I had the advantage in the turn. After standing a short time eyeing me through the bush, he got a whiff of my wind, which at once alarmed him. Uttering a blowing noise, and erecting his insignificant yet saucy-looking tail, he wheeled about, leaving me master of the field, when I sent a bullet through his ribs to teach him manners.

Of the rhinoceros there are four varieties in South Africa, distinguished by the Bechuanaas by the names of the borelé, or black rhinoceros; the keitloa, or two-horned black rhinoceros; the muchocho, or common white rhinoceros; and, the kobaoba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed by the Bechuanaas. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the wait-a-bit thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished with constant rubbing against the trees. The skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be separated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking-cups, mallets for rifles, handles for turners' tools, &c. The horn is capable of a very high polish. The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, and do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keep to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated by bullets hardened with solder. During the day the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep, or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas. In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger. The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plunging up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. The rhinoceros is supposed by many, and by myself among the rest, to be the animal alluded to by Job, chap. xxxix. verses 10 and 11, where it is written, 'Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or wilt thou harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great? or wilt thou leave thy labour to him?' evidently alluding to an animal of great strength and of untameable disposition, for both of which the rhinoceros is remarkable. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in mud, with which their rugged hides are generally encrusted. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are much smaller and more active than the white, and are so swift that a horse with a rider on his back can rarely overtake them. The two varieties of the white rhinoceros are so similar in habits, that the description of one will serve for both—the principal difference consisting

in the length and set of the anterior horn; that of the muchocho averaging from two to three feet in length, and pointing backwards; while the horn of the kobaoba often exceeds four feet in length, and inclines forward from the nose at an angle of 45 degrees. The posterior horn of either species seldom exceeds six or seven inches in length. The kobaoba is the rarer of the two, and it is found very far in the interior, chiefly to the eastward of the Limpopo. Its horns are very valuable for loading-rods, supplying a substance at once suitable for a sporting implement and excellent for the purpose. Both these varieties of rhinoceros attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of a much milder and more inoffensive disposition than the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties, and a person well mounted can overtake and shoot them. The head of these is a foot longer than that of the boriéd. They generally carry their heads low, whereas the boriéd, when disturbed, carries his very high, which imparts to him a saucy and independent air. Unlike the elephants, they never associate in herds, but are met with singly or in pairs. In districts where they are abundant, from three to six may be found in company, and I once saw upwards of a dozen congregated together on some young grass, but such an occurrence is rare.—*Cumming's Hunter's Life in South Africa.*

MYTHOLOGY OF GREECE.

ALL educated men have, at one or another period of their lives, admired the mythologic fables of Greece. They may seem stupid enough while the schoolmaster is striving to introduce them through the palms of the hands, by the magnetic application of the *taws*; but, as soon as the youthful mind becomes more fully expanded, the elegance and beauty of the Hellenic fables dawn thereon with a force never diminished in after-life. It has been held as a mark of weakness of invention in the Roman poets—Virgil, Ovid, and the rest—that they were content to adopt the mythic fancies of Greece as the groundwork of their own finest efforts in imaginative writing, and only eked and amplified without altering the original substructure. But, in reality, nearly the same charge may be brought against half the poetry of more modern times—that of England not excepted. In this very current age of ours, the impress of the Grecian mythology has been strikingly evinced in the effusions of Moore, Keats, Shelley, and others of the highest poetic note among us. Coleridge and Wordsworth have also directly shown to us, in passages ranking among the most beautiful in their several works, how deeply the pagan fables had influenced their imaginations, and so far the tenor of their writings. Extending most exquisitely four or five lines of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' Coleridge philosophises on the causes of that lasting impression; while Wordsworth, in his 'Excursion,' not less exquisitely and philosophically, expounds the source and growth of the mythology itself generally. Both passages are worthy of being stored up lastingly in the memory; and both are here given, though that from Coleridge has been in part familiarised to the public by quotation in 'Gtly Mannerings.'

'O never rudely will I blame man's faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise, for the stricken heart of love,
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his home, his birthplace—
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and tallmanns,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,

Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!'

ORIGIN OF THE GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

'The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
Livers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores—
Under a cope of sky more variable,
Could find commodious place for every God,
Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
From the surrounding countries, at the choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;
Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
And yet—triumphant o'er this pompous show
Of art, this palpable array of senses,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering rhapsodists; and in contempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools—a arrant hang,
Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in nature's course:
Exemplified by myseries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armed warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed.
'Take, running river, take these locks of mine,'
Thus would the votary say: 'this severed hair,
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
Thankful for my beloved child's return.
Thy banks, Cephissus, be again bath trod,
Thy marmara head; and drank the crystal lymph
With which thou dost refresh the thirsty lip,
And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!'
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of life continuous, being unimpaired;
That hath been, is, and where it was and is,
There shall endure—existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident;
From diminution safe and weakening age;
While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
And countless generations of mankind
Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

Once more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fettered,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
That timely light to share his joyous sport:
And hence a beaming goddess, with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Sweet in the storm of chase; as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding space, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oracles sporting visibly.
The zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side:
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horrors
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard—
These were the lurk'g satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God!