BIG GAME HUNTING
IN TWO CONTINENTS.

By PERCY SELOUS.

VII.
HOW I SHOT MY RHINOCEROSES.

The white or square-nosed rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*), formerly so plentiful, has been practically exterminated south of the Zambesi, and is now to be sparingly found in some isolated tracts in the south-east. The black species, too, has been so harassed that it may be considered rare in South Africa proper. Now-a-days it is generally the countless clubbed "best hunting" which get the onslaught of the sportsman, while the square-nosed over because the probabilities of a large bag are small. So much the better for the naturalist, who then has an opportunity for studying its habits of fauna under less trying conditions than catching a glimpse of an animal in the distance and then having to gallop it down. Of course it is an acknowledged fact that many of the Ungulata, without being strictly migratory, are plentiful in a district for a time, and then may not be met with again for months or even years, when they appear in large numbers. Take the elephant, for instance: He (and she) travels long distances for change of food. So with the rhinoceros also. They are, for all intents and purposes wiped out of existence, but in consequence of having been left alone for years, they have been found once more in localities. Anyway I got a couple of rhinoceroses where I never anticipated meeting with any; I also know that these were not the only ones. I was returning to the waggon with a magnificent bustard (*Otis Kori*), almost as large as an ostrich, slung across my saddle, when I struck much to my astonishment a rhinoceros spoor. Hailing I satisfied myself as to its freshness: also that there were only three, and that these were always bushmen hovering around the camp on the chance of any meat in camp. I made up my mind to have a hunt, which I should not otherwise have attempted, fastening back I hung my bustard in a thorn tree, and getting a mouthful of water and letting my horse get a bite or two and a drink, just to freshen him him without endangering his wind, I started back to where I had first struck the spoor of the rhinoceros, and took it up. Both animals had been to the river to drink, and had there been a moon I should have laid up on the course of their returning that night. This was, however, impracticable; neither was there any certainty that they would return, as there were plenty of other places where they could drink handily well. I rode on for several miles, the bush all along having sparsely harbored, open bits of flat alternating with small clumps of thorns. Three koodoos I surprised, two cows and a young bull, whose small horns, however, were not a sufficient inducement to make me risk alarming the larger game for another shot, although they turned and stared at me in a tantalising manner, and my horse could not but pawed the sand in expectation, wondering why I did not allow him to start in pursuit. Oh, he—Dr. Gordon Stables is a prolific writer, and is equally at home in the fields of romance and in driving home the lessons of daily life and duty, devoting a special volume for the good of boys and girls, he has written the present little work, encouraging which, in a non-medical journal, it is unnecessary to say much, excepting that it seems to be written from a full knowledge of nature, and notably the first of the three divisions, viz., "How to be healthy and happy." The two latter sections concern the laws which are incidental to a certain condition and the critical periods of life, confinement. Perhaps a single sentence from the brief preface will best explain the object of Dr. Gordon Stables's work: "For the young wife the best confidence we can show is to impress upon her, such as fresh air, judicious diet, perfect ablution, recreation and exercise as a duty." With these, and with trust in God, the majority of married people may succeed in living healthful, happy, useful lives.

It is only necessary to refer to two articles in *Chambers's Journal* for August 5th, 1893, for a full description of old manners. The Royal Academy and "Some Rising Artists." But there are some articles which appear favourably on the Frontispiece, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and the panel by the President of the Royal Academy, "Phœnicians bartering with Britons."

Politics tinge, more or less, all the three articles with which the number for August 12th opens this month—Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's attempt to show that we ought to evacuate Egypt (written before the Khedive's last burst of petulance), the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers' summary of "The Position of the Liberal Party," and "The Political Future of Labour," by the secretary to the Labour Electoral Association, Mr. R. B. Brett, who recently wrote on Lord Melbourne, now republished as "A good public man and Prime Minister." The Duke of Argyll continues his lucid and delightful of "The Glacial Theory," Lady Catherine Gaskell writes on the ancient customs of Much Wenlock, in Shropshire, and Mr. Hall says of "Bores" past and present are told by Sir Herbert Maxwell.

Reading Sessions, 1857-59 by William Forbes-Mitchell (Macmillan, and Co.) possesses an interest which is not shared by any other account of the Mutiny—for the author has witnessed the relief, siege and capture of Lucknow, and also the relief of Delhi and Cawnpore. He thus saw the Mutiny—or rather the process of its extinction—from the point of view of the "Thin Red Line," as he says of "Boys