

WILD SPORTS

OF

THE WORLD:

A BOOK OF

NATURAL HISTORY AND ADVENTURE.

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AUTHOR OF

"THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER," "THE TRUE HISTORY OF A
LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN," "THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON," &c.

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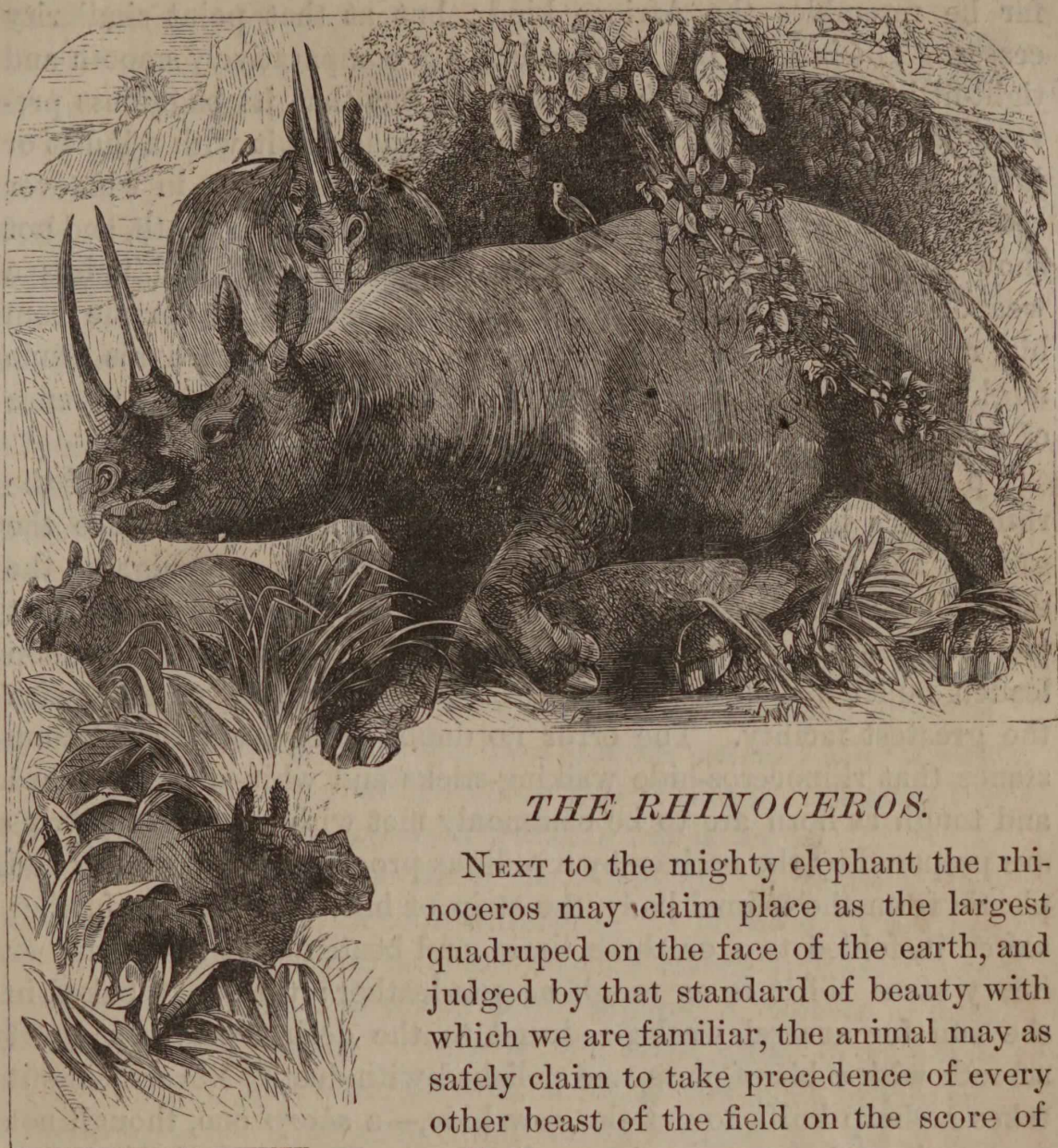
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THE RHINOCEROS.

NEXT to the mighty elephant the rhinoceros may claim place as the largest quadruped on the face of the earth, and judged by that standard of beauty with which we are familiar, the animal may as safely claim to take precedence of every other beast of the field on the score of ugliness.

There are four varieties of rhinoceros in South Africa, named by the natives the *borelé* or black rhinoceros, the *keitloa* or two-horned black species, the *mochochó* or common white rhinoceros, and the *kobaoba* or long-horned white rhinoceros. Although both *borelé* and *keitloa* are smaller than their cousins *kobaoba* and *mochochó*, and their horns seldom exceed eighteen inches in length, they are much the fiercest and as far as we can learn from the best authorities, the most malicious and mischievous, and infinitely more formidable to the hunter than their pale-hided kindred.

The rhinoceros of Asia differs materially from his African brother. He is smaller, wears his hide in slatternly creases, and has—at least two of the species indigenous to Asia have—but a single horn. The third species of the Asiatic rhinoceros has two horns, and so

far he resembles the African kind; but at that point similarity ceases. The hide of the African brute is comparatively smooth and tight-fitting; not so much so, however, but that its bagginess prevents an issue of blood should a hole be made in it with a bullet or javelin. Indeed it is a peculiarity of the rhinoceros, in whatever country he may be found, that he may be wounded to death, and not show the least sign of injury; he bleeds inwardly, and unless a weapon penetrates to his lungs, causing the life stream to exude from his respiratory organs, the hunter on coming up with his game might imagine it asleep rather than dead, by reason of the absence of a single sanguinary spot on its loose-fitting hide.

Up to a very recent date the belief in the impenetrability of the rhinoceros's hide was almost universal, and no wonder, since the gravest and most reliable authorities industriously promulgated the delusion. "The hardest bullet, nay, even an ingot of iron will not pierce it," says an ancient writer. Now, on the contrary, a common leaden bullet will find its way through the bare, baggy hide, with the greatest facility. The error no doubt arose from the circumstance that rhinoceros-hide walking-sticks and whip-stocks as hard and tough as horn are to be commonly met with; but these strips are prepared by the natives by a tedious process. While warm and plastic from the animal body, the strip of hide is soaked to farther soften it, folded two or three times, and beaten with a hammer or heavy stone till it is as tough as sole-leather; then it is baked in the sun for several weeks, reduced to the desired shape, scraped smooth with a bit of glass, and polished with dust. Nevertheless it takes a sharp knife to cut the raw hide,—a *sharp* one, though not necessarily a first-rate specimen of cutlery. The best steel would be apt to snap during the operation, or to so completely lose its edge as to require something more potent than the first handy stone to set it on again. Mr. Galton says, "No knife is so good as a common butcher's knife; as a rule, soft steel, or even iron of ordinary quality, is better than hard steel."

Four distinct species of rhinoceros are known to exist in Africa. Two of them are black, and two white, or rather of colors more nearly approaching those than any other. Moreover, in the habits of the animals there is as much difference as in the color of their hides.

The largest of the rhinoceros family is he of Africa, the square-nosed white rhinoceros. A full-grown brute of his species will measure *eighteen feet* in length (Mr. Galton shot one eighteen feet

six inches); the circumference of its broad back and low-hanging belly almost as much; while it is so low on its legs that a tall man a-tiptoe could see across its back. Attached to its blunt nose—not to the bone, but merely set in the skin—is a horn more or less curved, hard as steel, sharp, and more than a yard long; and immediately behind this is a little horn, equally sharp, and shaped like a handleless extinguisher. Its eyes are marvelously little—so little, indeed, that at a short distance they are scarcely to be seen; at the same time, however, it should be borne in mind that the rhinoceros is of nocturnal habits; and, as it is with all such animals, by day-light the eyes are seldom seen to full advantage. Its ears are long, pointed, and tipped with a few bristles (these and a scrubby tassel at the extremity of its tail comprise the whole of its hirsute appendages). His senses of hearing and smell are wonderfully acute. Andersson says, “I have had frequent opportunities of testing both these qualities. Even when feeding, lying down, or obeying any passing demand of nature, he will listen with a deep and continued attention until the noise that has attracted his attention ceases. He ‘winds’ an enemy from a very great distance; but if one be to leeward of him it is not difficult to approach within a few paces.”

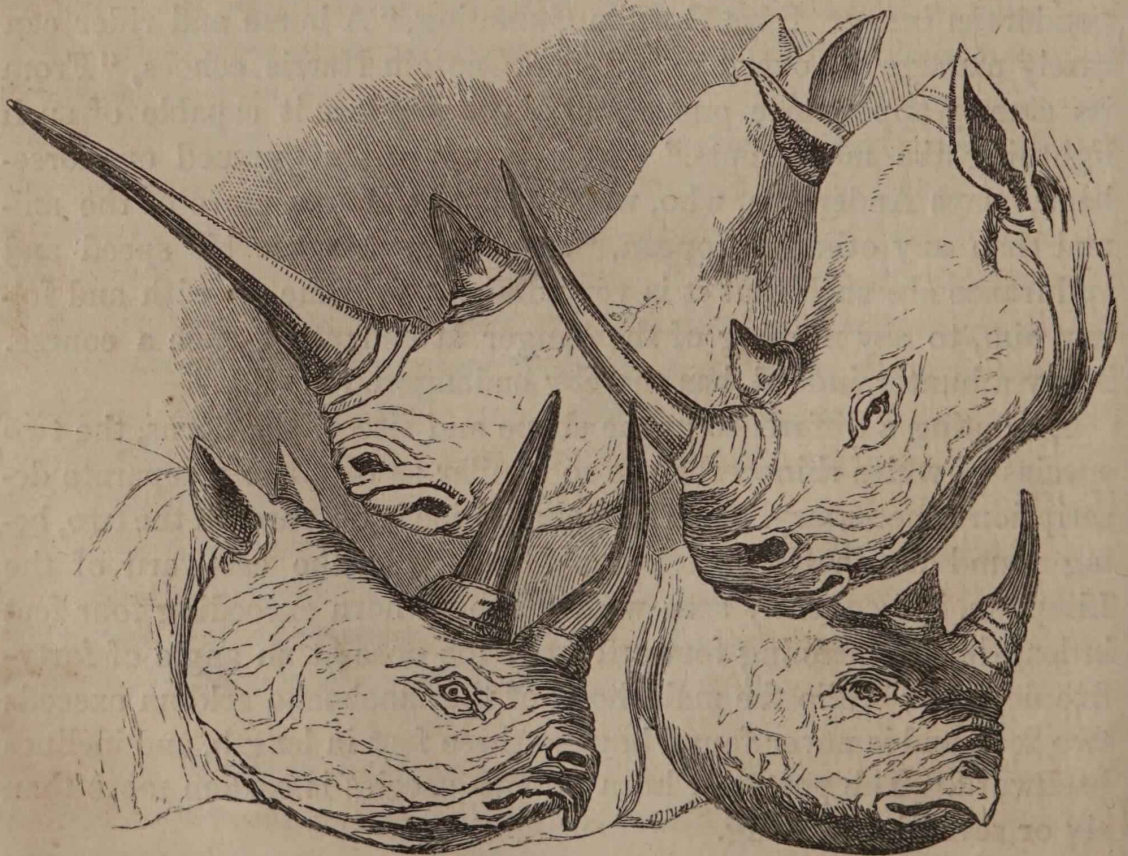
Hunters universally agree as to the wonderful swiftness of this ponderous brute. Says Gordon Cumming, “A horse and rider can rarely manage to overtake it;” and Captain Harris echoes, “From its clumsy appearance one would never suppose it capable of such lightning-like movements.” “He is not often pursued on horseback,” says Andersson, who, without doubt, knows more of the animal than any other European, “and chiefly because his speed and endurance are such that it is very difficult to come up with and follow him, to say nothing of the danger attendant on such a course. Many a hunter, indeed, has thereby endangered his life.”

Excepting a difference in the shape and size of the horns, the two species of white rhinoceros are so similar as to make a separate description unnecessary. The kabaoba, which is the rarer of the two, being found far in the interior, and chiefly to the eastward of the Limpopo, is frequently seen with the main horn exceeding four feet in length, and inclining forward from the nose at an angle of forty-five degrees; while the main horn of the mochocho seldom exceeds two feet, and is never found beyond three feet in length, and inclines backward. The posterior horn in both species is seldom more than six or seven inches long.

Concerning the horn of the rhinoceros, there exist many curious

superstitions; one being, that when the animal is undisturbed by man and at peace with its fellows, its foremost horn is plastic as the trunk of the elephant, and put to the same purposes; but that when enraged, the accommodating implement stiffens to a weapon of war, and relaxes not till the ire of the terrible beast cools. This doctrine, however, may be not without foundation; for, as has already been stated, the horn is merely seated on the summit of the nose, having for its base a peculiar knob of bone. It is but a natural inference that a simple cuticular fastening would be insufficient to support an outstanding weight of five-and-twenty pounds, to say nothing of the tremendous feats of strength the animal has been known to perform with it. The root of the horn may be planted in a bed of muscle which, when the animal is at rest, may so far relax as to admit of the weapon swaying slightly, giving it, to the eyes of the furtively watching savage, an elastic appearance.

Rhinoceros horn is not nearly so valuable as an article of commerce as ordinary elephant ivory. It is chiefly used for sword handles, drinking-cups, etc. Certain sorts have a pinkish tinge, and these are more esteemed than any other. The Turks make drinking-vessels of this latter kind; and, according to the testimony of Thunberg,



HEADS OF RHINOCEROSSES.

wonderful properties were supposed to be possessed by it. He says, "The horns of the rhinoceros were kept by some people in town and country, not only as rarities, but as useful in diseases, and for the purpose of detecting poison. As to the former of these intentions, the fine shavings of the horns, taken internally, were supposed to cure convulsions and spasms in children. With respect to the latter, it was generally believed that goblets made of these horns in a turner's lathe would discover a poisonous draught that was put into them by making the liquor ferment till it ran quite out of the goblet. Such horns as were taken from a rhinoceros calf were said to be the best, and the most to be depended on."

Nor does the above-quoted authority stand alone in his assertions as to the wonderful properties possessed by rhinoceros ivory. Kolben gives testimony to a like effect. "This horn," he says, "will not endure the touch of poison; I have often been a witness of this. Many people of fashion at the Cape have cups turned out of the rhinoceros horn—some have them set in silver, and some in gold; if wine is poured into one of these cups, it immediately rises and bubbles up as though it were boiling; and if there be poison in it, the cup immediately splits. If poison be put by itself into one of these cups, it in an instant flies to pieces. Though this matter is known to thousands of persons, yet some writers have affirmed that the rhinoceros horn has no such virtue. The chips made in turning one of these cups are ever carefully saved, and returned to the owner of the cup, being esteemed of great benefit in convulsions, faintings, and many other complaints." I can discover no more evidence on the above subject, and must therefore leave it, backed by the two grave and learned men I have just quoted, to the reader's discretion. Being in no dread of that most diabolical of all animals, the poisoner, I have no need to number among my worldly goods a goblet of pink-tinted rhinoceros-ivory, and in a case of spasms, should certainly put greater faith in essence of ginger than shavings of horn. However, "travelers see strange things."

At the time of its birth, the rhinoceros is about the size of a full-grown mastiff, and as a baby quadruped is certainly as unhandsome a beast as ever was seen, not even excluding the infant donkey. Its body is pig-shaped, its legs are unsymmetrical as those of a butcher's block, and its head like that of an ox-calf—a very young calf with its face much swollen and out of shape. Surmounting its blunt square-shaped nose is the merest indication of a horn, which is of such slow growth that when the animal has attained its sixth year

this formidable weapon is only nine inches long. The remarkable affection of the rhinoceros for its young is reciprocated. Should the parent beast be killed, its calf will lie down by the body all through the day and night till the lions come out, when it is driven off to the nearest cover, there to have its baby heart rent by the sound of leonine voices in fierce dispute over the carcase of its mamma.

When it grows old enough, it fights for its parents as a dutiful son should. A modern traveller was convinced of this fact in a manner more forcible than pleasant. Having one moonlight night shot a female rhinoceros, it sheered off, but as he knew it was mortally wounded, he followed its "spoor," and presently found it lying dead among the bushes. He walked carelessly up to the body, with his gun swung over his shoulder, when there suddenly leaped from the other side of the prostrate animal its half-grown calf, as big as a heifer, which, after making one or two offensive demonstrations, rushed bellowing into the forest, leaving the sportsman little hurt but much frightened. The young rhinoceros is, however, not very formidable before his horns grow. He can defend himself only with his teeth, and by butting with his unwieldy head. At this stage of his existence the wild dogs and hyenas have little fear of him, and hunt him down, or at least maul his poor ears so, that he carries their teeth-marks till the day of his death. Very few rhinoceroses are taken that do not bear such brands.

Contrasted with the elephant, the rhinoceros is not an enormous eater. The one kept at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, is fed on rice, clover, straw and bran. His daily allowance is one truss of straw, three-quarters of a truss of hay, one quart of rice, and a half-bushel of bran. Of water it consumes from twenty to twenty-four gallons a day. Large as this quantity may seem, the reader has only to turn to the pages devoted to the elephant to find at least two hundred pounds weight of various aliments is requisite to keep that animal in health: whereas the daily allowance of the Regent's Park rhinoceros must weigh less than ninety pounds. It should, however, be borne in mind, that the rhinoceros in question is of the black species; a white one would doubtless consume considerably more.

Like all other animals of gigantic build, the rhinoceros needs a great supply of water, both to drink and bathe in. No matter how far removed his haunt may be from a fountain, once at least in twenty-four hours he visits it to quench his thirst and renew his mud

coat. Of this the hunter is aware, and takes full advantage. In the vicinity of these drinking-places a rough circular wall is built of the pieces of limestone generally abounding in the neighborhood. The wall is about two feet high, and the inside space about seven feet across, so that the hunter can kneel at his ease, with his eyes just over the top. Here he waits patiently, till, says Mr. Galton, "all at once you observe, twenty or thirty yards off, two huge ears pricked up high above the brushwood; another few seconds and a sharp, solid horn indicates the cautious approach of the great rhinoceros. Then the gun is poked slowly over the wall, which has before been covered with a plaid or something soft to muffle all grating sounds, and you keep a sharp and anxious lookout through some cranny in your screen. The beast moves nearer and nearer; you crouch close under the wall lest he should see over it and perceive you. Nearer, nearer still; yet somehow his shape is indistinct, and perhaps his position unfavorable to warrant a shot. Another moment, and he is within ten yards, and walking steadily on. There lies a stone on which you laid your caross and other things when making ready to enter your shooting-screen: the beast has come to it; he sniffs the taint of them, tosses his head up wind, and turns his huge, full broadside on to you. Not a second is to be lost. Bang! and the bullet lies well home under his shouder. Then follows a plunge and a rush, and the animal charges madly about; making wide sweeps to right and to left with his huge horn, as you crouch down still and almost breathless, and with every nerve on the stretch. He is off; you hear his deep blowing in the calm night; now his gallop ceases; for a moment all is still, and then a scarcely audible 'sough' informs you that the great beast has sunk to the ground."

The white rhinoceros is a mild beast, an innocent eater of grasses, and inclined to peace; unless in defense of its calf, or when provoked to defend its life, it will rarely attack man. Its flesh is mellow, succulent, and of good flavor; and, as it yields between two and three thousand pounds of meat, the natives and colonists have considerable respect for it. His sable cousins, on the contrary—especially he whom the natives call *keitloa* (he is a trifle larger than his grim brother borelé, and has a longer neck, and both horns of an equal length)—are ferocious and murderous. Simple herbs and grasses are not sufficiently satisfying to his savage appetite, so he dines off the fish-hook thorns of the "wait-a-bit" bush, and digs with his handy fore-horn among the tough and stringy roots of the abundant scrub and under-wood for his supper. Because of this peculiar diet

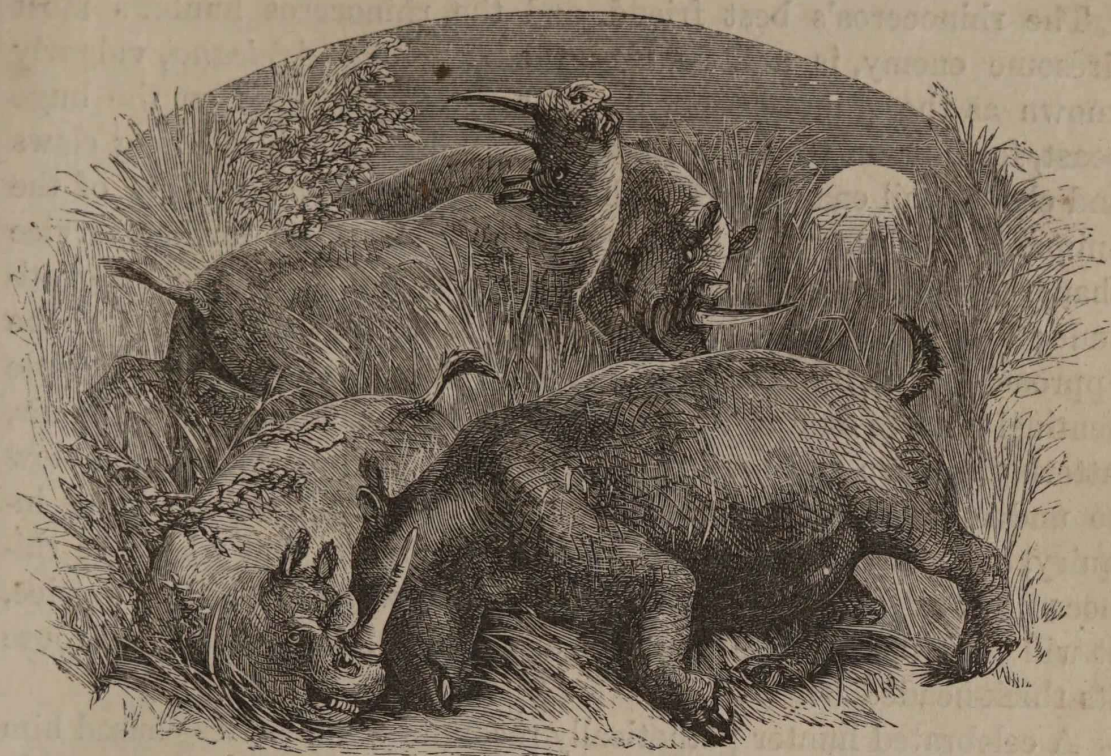
he does not even atone for the sins of his life at the flesh-pot. He is ever a lean and wiry beast, and the acrid "wait-a-bit" imparts to his carcase such bitterness, that even the not overfastidious Bechuana can not swallow it without a wry face. While in its calthood the black rhinoceros is not such bad eating, but then the calf of a white rhinoceros is said to make the choicest dish—albeit your cook may be no more delicate an individual than a shock-headed greasy savage—that can be set before the African sportsman. "A young calf," says Mr. Galton, "wrapped in a bit of spare hide, and baked in the earth, is excellent. I hardly know which part of the animal is best, the skin or the flesh."

There is not an animal on the face of the earth "keitloa" fears. Without the least provocation he will burst suddenly out of hiding, and attack the wagon of the traveler like a very demon, goring the harnessed and helpless horses, smashing in the panels of the vehicle, kicking over the cooking-pot, and viciously giving the fire to the winds with his horn.

Every traveler who has encountered the savage brute has some such story to tell. He interferes with the domestic arrangements of smaller beasts, bursting into their family circle and poking about with his horn, bullying them the while.

Colonel Williamson tells a story of a rhinoceros that had taken up his quarters on the road to Morghor (India), and whose constant habit it was to attack all who passed that way. Williamson quotes an instance of the ferocity displayed by this brute. "Two officers went down the river toward Morghor to shoot and hunt. Having encamped for the night, they were awakened about day-light by a violent uproar, and going out found a rhinoceros savagely attacking and goring their horses that were tethered head and heels, and unable to offer the least resistance. The servants took to their heels, and the two officers (fearing, I suppose, to expose themselves by running back to the camp) climbed into a tree. As soon as the terrible beast had destroyed the horses, he turned his attention to the men in the tree, and spent a considerable time in endeavoring to dislodge them, and it was only when the morning advanced and the neighborhood began to stir that the rhinoceros reluctantly skulked off to his haunt among the reeds."

Should the lion and keitloa meet, the former allows the latter a wide berth, and the huge elephant yields to him the path rather than risk a battle. Occasionally, however, the peaceful giant of the forest will lose all patience with his quarrelsome neighbor, and screw



THE FIGHT.

up his courage "to have it out" with him. But the extra strength of the elephant does not sufficiently compensate for his cumbrous gait, and the swift and sudden movement of keitloa gives him an immense advantage. A celebrated African sportsman once witnessed such a battle at Omanbondé, but in this instance the impetuous rage of the rhinoceros proved his downfall; for, having driven his terrible horn up to the hilt into the carcase of the elephant, he was unable to extricate it, and the latter, falling dead of his wound, crushed out the life of his assailant in his descent. Mr. Andersson once witnessed a fight between a gigantic bull elephant and a black rhinoceros, and in the end the former turned tail and ran for his life.

That he will not allow his passion for war to be hampered by the ties of blood and kindred, is proved by the same gentleman. "One night, while at the skärm" (a circular wall, built of rough stone, loosely piled on each other), "I saw four of these huge beasts engage each other at the same time; and so furious was the strife, and their gruntings so horrible, that it caused the greatest consternation among my party, who were encamped a little way off. I succeeded after awhile in killing two of them, one of which was actually unfit for food, from wounds received on previous occasions, and probably under similar circumstances."

The rhinoceros's best friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy, is a little bird, the *Buphaga Africana*, vulgarly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly attends on the huge beast, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and elastic tail enabling it to hold fast to whatever portion of the animal it fancies. If it rendered the rhinoceros no farther service than ridding him of these biting pests, it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger afar off, and at once shoots up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of; he doesn't wait to make inquiry, but makes off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the *Buphaga* fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the inside of his ears, and otherwise exert itself to rouse its thick-headed friend.

A celebrated hunter pathetically recounts the miseries caused him through an entire day by this faithful but exasperating little guardian. Five several times did the indefatigable sportsman "spoor" his mighty game through boggy and tiring soil, and five times *Buphaga*, scenting his murderous approach, screamed an alarm to its animated pasturage, the oddly-assorted pair at once making off—the bird a few feet overhead, the beast through the dense under-wood. As something over a mile was the distance between the shifting-points, it can scarcely be wondered that the hunter at last lost his temper, and letting fly at poor *Buphaga* with a full rhinoceros charge, blew it to atoms. Bereft of its tiny protector, the big, blundering beast was laid low within half an hour. Easy enough, however, is it to understand the hunter in question when he says, "I don't know how it came about, but certainly I felt a pang after destroying the little creature such as in my long hunting experience I never felt before. Moreover, slaying the giant brute afterward gave me no consolation. It was very absurd, of course, but it struck me as something very like challenging a man to a duel, and making his death sure by previously tricking his weapon of defense."

As a rule, the rhinoceros will shun man's presence, and do its best to escape as soon as the hunter approaches. Like all other rules, however, this one is not without exception. In proof of this, Mr. Oswell relates an adventure in which he was the hunted as well the hunter, barely escaping with his life. One day, while returning to camp on foot, he saw, at a short distance off, two rhinoceroses of the

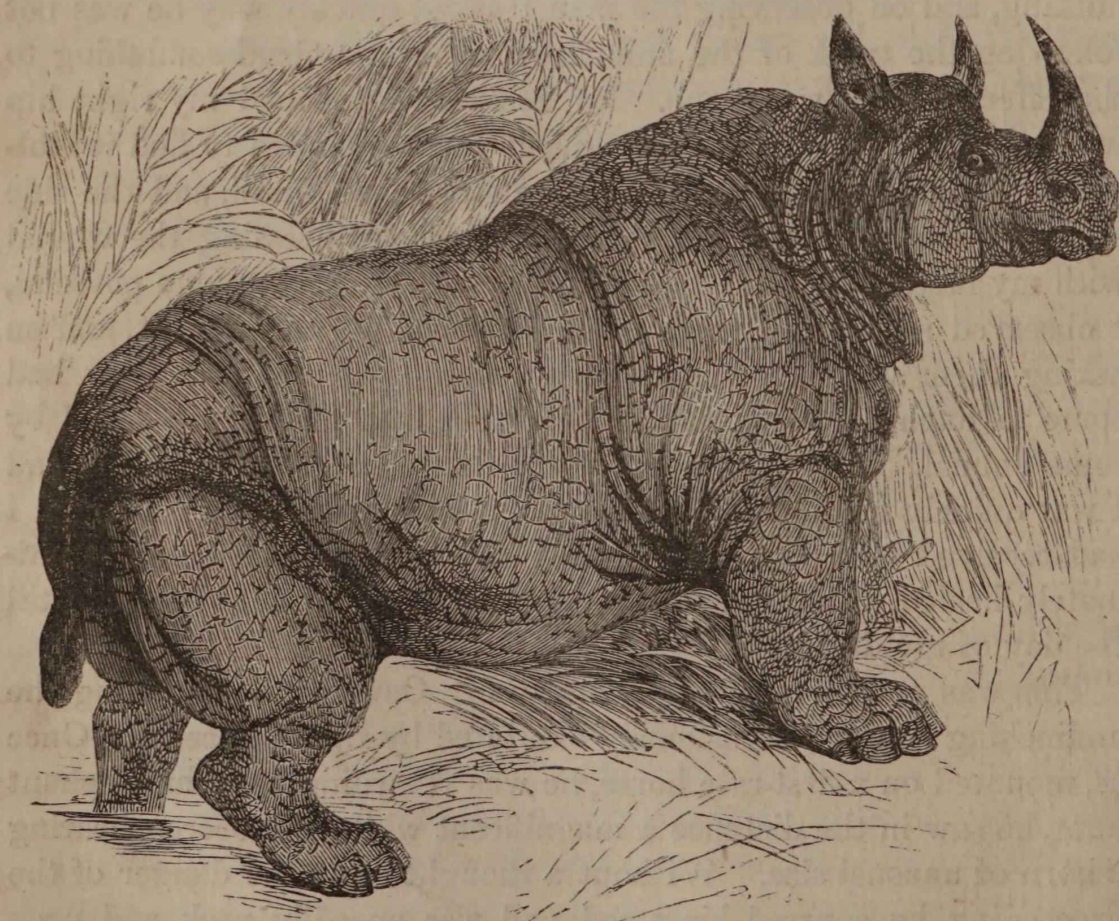
terrible keitloa species approaching him as they grazed. He says: "I immediately crouched, and quietly awaited their arrival; but though they soon came within range, from their constantly facing me I was unable to fire, well knowing the uselessness of a shot at the head. In a short time they had approached, but on account of the exposed nature of the ground I could neither retreat nor advance, and my situation became highly critical. I was afraid to fire, for even had I succeeded in killing one, the other would in all likelihood have run over and trampled me to death. In this dilemma it suddenly occurred to me that on account of their bad sight I might possibly save myself by endeavoring to run past them. No time was to be lost, and accordingly, just as the leading animal almost touched me, I stood up and dashed passed it. The brute, however, was too quick for me, and before I had made good many paces I heard a violent snorting at my heels, and had only time to fire my gun at random at his head when I felt myself impaled on his horn.

"The shock stunned me completely. The first return to consciousness was, I recollect, finding myself seated on one of my ponies, and a Caffre leading it. I had an indistinct notion of having been hunting, and on observing the man I asked quickly why he was not following the track of the animal, when he mumbled something to the effect that it was gone. By accident I touched my right hip with my hand, and on withdrawing it was astounded to find it clotted with blood; yet my senses were still so confused, and the side so benumbed, that I actually kept feeling and pressing the wound with my fingers. While trying to account for my strange position, I observed some of my men coming toward me with a cart, and on asking them what they were about, they cried out that they had come to fetch my body, having been told that I had been killed by some animal. The truth now for the first time broke upon me, and I was quickly made aware of my crippled condition. The wound I had received was of a very serious character, and although it ultimately healed, it left scars behind which will no doubt remain till the day of my death."

This was not the only opportunity Mr. Oswell had of testing the unflinching courage occasionally exhibited by the rhinoceros. Once as, mounted on a first-rate horse, he was returning from an elephant hunt, he saw in the distance a magnificent white rhinoceros, bearing a horn of unusual size. Without a thought as to the danger of the proceeding, he spurred his steed, and was speedily neck and neck with his game. Instantly the deadly gun was leveled, and a bullet

lodged in the thick-skinned carcase. Not fatally, however; and, worse than all, instead of "bolting," as is the animal's wont when wounded, it just stood stock-still for a moment, eying the hunter with its vengeful little eyes, and then deliberately stalking toward him, made a sudden rush at the refractory steed, and thrust its horn completely through its body, so that the point of the tremendous weapon struck the rider's leg through the saddle-flap at the other side. The horse was of course killed on the spot, but the rider was so little injured that he immediately followed and slew the rhinoceros.

As has been already observed, the rhinoceros of India differs from his African relative in the quality of his hide, the latter being comparatively sleek by the side of the former, which looks as though its coat were several sizes too large for its carcase. It would moreover appear to be a much better tempered and more tractable beast. Bishop Heber, who saw several of this species of rhinoceros when he was at Lucknow, says of them, "These are quiet and gentle animals. . . . I should conceive that they might be available to carry burdens as well as the elephant, except that, as their pace is still



INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

slower than his, their use could be only applicable to very great weights and very gentle traveling."

It was an Indian rhinoceros that in 1790 was brought to England and bought by Mr. Pidcock as an addition to the Exeter Change menagerie. This seems to have been a remarkably good-natured animal. It is recorded "that his docility was equal to that of a tolerably tractable pig; he would obey the order of his keeper to walk across the room and exhibit himself to the numerous spectators who came to visit him." This docile creature, however, did not long survive to feast the eyes of the sight-seers. After being exhibited for two years, he slipped down, and dislocated his shoulder-bone. The calamity was attributed to "pure accident;" but in fairness it should be stated that "the animal was remarkably fond of wine, and often consumed three or four bottles in a few hours." There is, therefore, a grave suspicion that it was while laboring under the effects of intoxication that Rhinoceros Indicus came to grief. No better proof can be adduced of the value that was set on the poor brute than the fact that, its hurt being incurable, it was allowed to linger in pain for nine long months, when death happily released it. It is related of this animal that the incisions necessarily made in its leathern hide in the various attempts that were made to set the dislodged bone, were invariably found to have healed in twenty-four hours.

Like the rest of the species, the Indian rhinoceros prefers the marshy borders of rivers, and is never better pleased than when it can plunge its body, shoulder high, in a substantial mud-bath, and emerging therefrom, saunter in the sun till the paste bakes and he is enveloped in an insect-defying jacket. There is not much fear of Rhinoceros Indicus shedding his miry coat inadvertently through energetic action; for, except when his ire is roused, he slouches along the very picture of indolence, one great lazy leg following the other, with his hanging lip almost dragging the ground seeking for green grasses and other succulent herbage.

Nothing certain is known respecting the rhinoceros's duration of life, but it is generally believed that the Indian rhinoceros may easily reach a hundred years. Mr. Hobson informs us that a full-grown animal of this species was captured and kept at Katmandoo, and that after thirty-five years' durance 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 re-

siding 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 favorite 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."

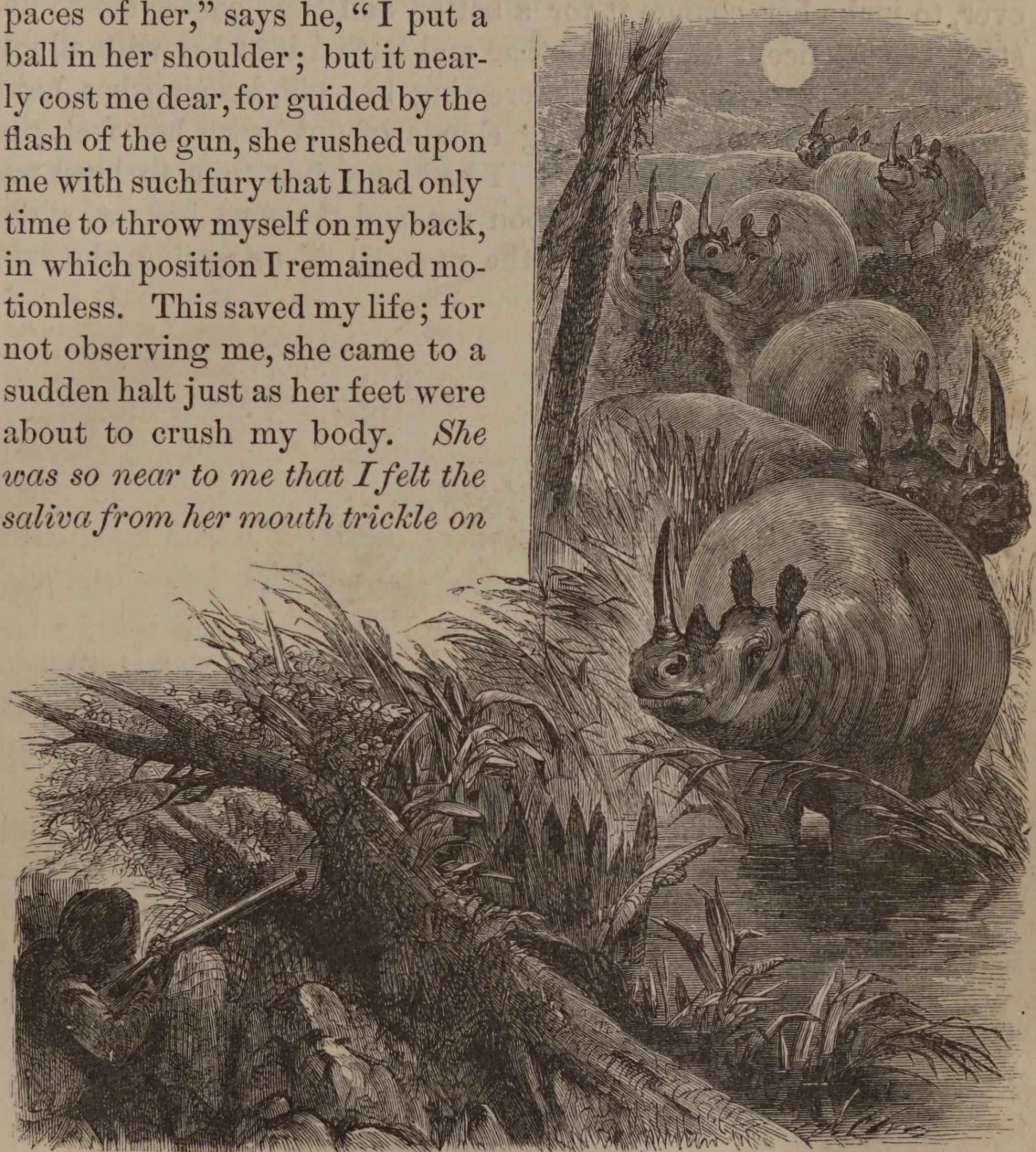
HOW THE RHINOCEROS IS HUNTED.

THE Bechuana of Southern Africa, if he be rich enough, purchases a gun wherewith to attack the dauntless black rhinoceros, much preferring, as any one who has a chance of seeing Borelé in all his savage grandeur will at once understand, to send the messenger of death in the shape of a bullet from a safe distance, than to bear it himself at the end of his soft-headed assagai; indeed, rather than risk the "pretty pickle" that would certainly ensue if the ill-tempered blade should prove treacherous, the native who goes out to hunt the rhinoceros prefers depending on his bow and poisoned arrows. This mode of hunting, however, at least so says Cumming and Andersson, and other sporting travelers qualified to judge, is extremely unproductive and tedious, in consequence of the poison (which the Bushmen manufacture themselves from a sort of tarantula spider by a process which they keep scrupulously secret) growing so hard and dry on the arrow-tips that it either chips away on encountering the animal's tough hide, or else on penetrating the flesh remains intact and without dispersing its deadly qualities.

A well-directed common leaden bullet is sufficient to make the biggest rhinoceros bite the dust; but for a long range, say a hundred yards, two-thirds lead and one-third solder is best, or, better still, all spelter. The head of the rhinoceros is so thick that there is little use in firing at it, and if it should be penetrated it is a great chance that the bullet finds the animal's brain, as it is very small and confined in a chamber about six inches long by four high. Sparrman relates that, on filling this receptacle with peas, it was found to

hold barely a quart. He tried a human skull, and found that it comfortably accommodated nearly three pints.

Mr. Andersson's experiences in hunting the rhinoceros are of the most thrilling character. Although he slew scores of them from behind the "skärm," his favorite mode was to "stalk" them. He tells of a monstrous white rhinoceros that nearly put an end to his stalking. "Having got within a few paces of her," says he, "I put a ball in her shoulder; but it nearly cost me dear, for guided by the flash of the gun, she rushed upon me with such fury that I had only time to throw myself on my back, in which position I remained motionless. This saved my life; for not observing me, she came to a sudden halt just as her feet were about to crush my body. *She was so near to me that I felt the saliva from her mouth trickle on*



to my face. I was in an agony of suspense, though happily only for a moment, for having impatiently sniffed the air she wheeled about and made off at full speed."

On another occasion, having wounded an enormous black rhinoceros in the fore-leg, the brute was brought to a stand-still, but in such

an awkward position that without the aid of dogs farther assault on it would have been attended with considerable danger; so, much against his will, Mr. Andersson was compelled to leave the wounded animal for a time. While, however, returning to his skärm by a roundabout route, he took an unlucky lane that brought him suddenly once more *vis-à-vis* with the sable monster. "She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavorable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust with her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me, and the next instant, while instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid



DESPERATE SITUATION.

me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder flask and ball pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air; the gun, indeed, as was afterward ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at

once by her horn, her impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled over me (in doing which her head and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarters passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind-legs.

“But the enraged beast had not yet done with me. Scarcely had I regained my feet when she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip; with her fore-feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder, near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness. I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what afterward took place. All I remember is, when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging among the neighboring bushes.”

Blinded by rage and pain, the furious brute rushed away headlong and Mr. Andersson crawled home. He was, however, doomed to meet his enemy, the rhinoceros, once more. Knowing that the beast from the nature of its wounds could not have traveled far, he the next morning sent his half-caste servant, well armed, in search of it. The young man, however, had not been long gone before Mr. Andersson was aroused by a frightful human cry, and on hurrying to the spot whence it proceeded, there he saw the tremendous brute, its black hide stained red from its wounds, making at the half-caste on its three sound legs and uttering horrid gruntings, while the former, spell-bound with fear, and with every faculty but his voice utterly paralyzed, stood full in the brute's path, shrieking. Before Mr. Andersson could get a shot at her the crippled monster had advanced to within six feet of the helpless half-caste, when the contents of the rifle sent it staggering back. Another shot or two, and down sank the rhinoceros. The terrible battle was not even yet at an end. “Though I now walked unhesitatingly close up to her,” says Mr. A., “and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, to my horror she rose once more on her legs. Taking a hurried aim I pulled the trigger and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, how-

ever, was a short one—she presently fell dead so near me that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle.”

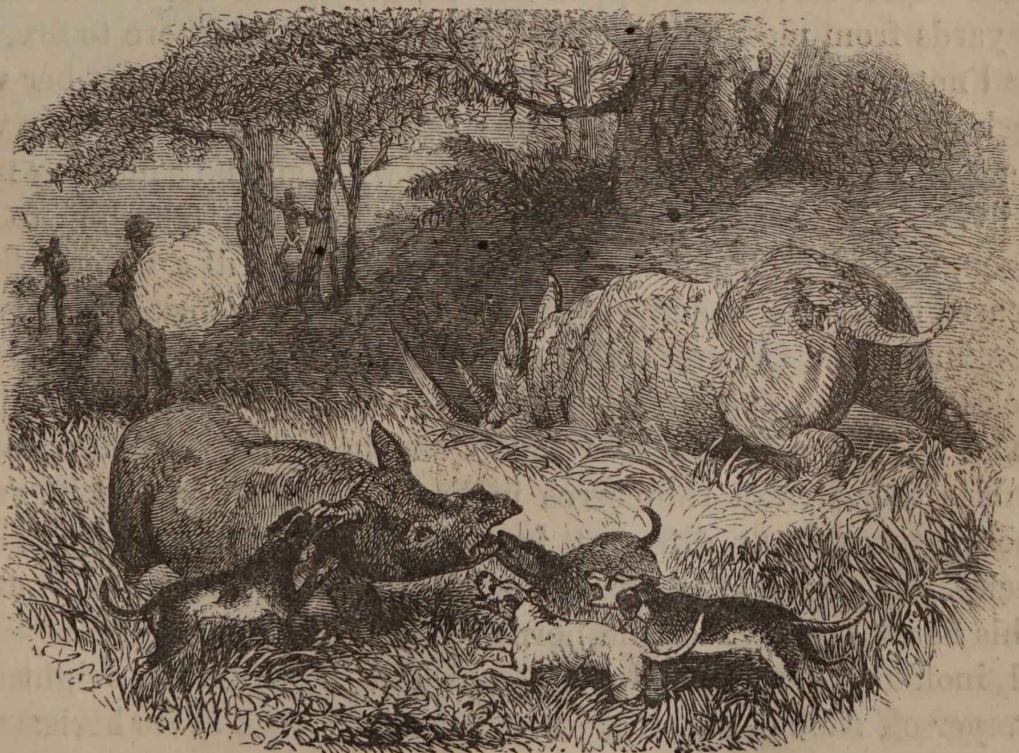
It is a wonder that the experience of the gentleman in question did not teach him better than to approach too quickly an apparently dead rhinoceros. Several months before the occurrence of the above adventure he caught a fright and heard a story which ought to have acted as a lasting warning. The fright was, that having brought down a rhinoceros, and being eager to see if the prize was a fat one, he leaped on its carcase, and, African-like, plunged his knife into its flesh to test its depth, when the not entirely defunct beast gave a sudden wriggle, causing the prideful hunter to scramble off the mountain of flesh and take to his heels.

The story was of some natives who had shot a rhinoceros as it was rising from its sleep. One of the party, having no doubt that the beast was dead, bestrode it (the animal invariably falls on its knees) and proceeded to gauge its flesh, as did Andersson. The act, however, instantly spurred the prostrate brute on to its legs, and off it thundered, still bearing on its back the affrighted gauger. Bewildered, however, by the shot that had brought it down, and by the cries and struggles of its rider, the animal stopped short, after galloping fifty paces or so, and turned round as though to inquire what on earth it all meant. Luckily, a well directed bullet from one of the gauger's friends settled the matter, and the giant steed sinking for the last time to its knees, the rider was released more frightened than hurt.

Mr. Galton tells an interesting story of a transaction that occurred between himself and a black rhinoceros at Tonnobis, South Africa. “The Bushmen came to tell me that a black rhinoceros was lying wounded under some trees, about an hour off, and very savage; so I went to him and put him up with a bullet as he lay twenty-five yards from me. After the scrimmage which ensued I ran after him, he going a lame trot and I as hard as I could pelt, putting three or four bullets into him at long distances and loading as I ran. At length we came to the edge of an open flat that was about two hundred yards across. At the farther side of that was a mound, on the top of which stood a fine overshadowing tree, and in the middle of the flat was a scraggy rotten stump and two or three dead branches. The rhinoceros went across this, climbed the mound, and stood at bay under the tree. I did not much like crossing the open flat, but I thought I could certainly run two yards to his three, which would take me back in safety among the bushes, so I went my best pace to

the middle of the flat, keeping the dead branches between me and him; they were a mere nothing, but a rhinoceros's sight is never keen, and his eyes were, I dare say, dim from his wounds. As soon as I came to the tree I dropped down on my knee, steadied my shaking hand against one bough, for I had run very far and was exhausted, and resting the muzzle of my heavy rifle in the fork of another, took a quick shot, and gave the beast a smart sharp-sounding blow with a well-placed bullet. He did not start or flinch, but slowly raised his head and then dropped it down, blood pouring copiously from his mouth. He did this again and again; at length he staggered a very little, then he put his fore-legs out apart from each other and so stood for some seconds, when he slowly sunk to the ground upon his broad chest and died."

A very successful hunter of the rhinoceros was Mr. William Charles Baldwin, whom we have already quoted. He gives, as one day's adventure, the following: "We were ploughing our way through long, heavy, wet grass and scrubby thorn-trees, when an old rhinoceros cow got up slowly from behind a thorn-tree, and, after giving me a good stare, advanced slowly toward me. I had only my small rifle, my gun-carrier being about twenty yards behind with my No. 9. I beckoned frantically to him to come on, but he seemed very undecided. At last, however, being a plucky little fellow, he came up, threw the gun at me, case and all, and ran up a tree like a



SHOT RHINOCEROS.—CALF AND DOG FIGHTING.

monkey. I lost no time in getting the gun out of the cover, and gave the rhinoceros a ball in the chest. She turned round in double-quick time, panting like a porpoise. I followed, but a Kaffir cur prevented me from getting very near, so she got away.

"On climbing the top of the hill I saw two more, and sent my Kaffir below them, thinking they were sure to make down hill. I could not get near them; but just as they were about to make off I shot one in the shoulder, but rather too low, and away they went. The dogs turned one, and brought him back not fifteen yards from me at full trot, his head up and his tail curled over his back, stepping out in splendid style with fine, high action. He looked very much inclined to charge me, but a bullet behind his shoulder, which dropped him on his knees, made him alter his course. I felt convinced that I had killed him, and followed him. At last we saw the brute lying down in so natural a position that I never thought he could be dead, and shot him behind the shoulder; but he had laid down for the last time some hours before. It was the one I had shot first. After cutting out his horns, some sjamboks and his tongue, and hanging them up in a tree, we went off for water, but had not gone far when I saw another about twenty yards off, looking at me, uneasy, and apparently trying to screen herself from being seen. I waited some time till she turned, and then shot her behind the shoulder, when she immediately came at me; but a ball in the centre of her forehead stopped her progress, and she fell dead not ten yards from me—a lucky shot, as I hardly knew where to fire, and I had not an instant to lose. I must have been impaled on her very long horn if I had not been fortunate enough to kill her. She had a very young calf which the dogs were fighting with, and he squealing most lustily. I got them off, and wanted very much to take him to the wagon, and sent off my Kaffirs forthwith for a half a dozen fellows to carry him. He was like a well-bred Chinese pig, prick-eared, very fine-skinned and fat, and shone as if he had just been polished with black lead."

The species of rhinoceros found on the island of Sumatra resembles the African rhinoceros in having two horns, but in every other 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.