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RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

[Written for the Sportsman.]

For days the hunter march'd o'er wooded hills
And mountain ranges, frowning like great forts
With buttress'd wall and granite parapet;
And oft had met amid those savage scenes
Fair, blooming valleys down with scarlet flowers
And shrubs delicious with their honey'd sweets,
Shady with thickets of the sandal wood,
And delicate acacias, on whose tops
The caméléopard tall delight to browse;
There oft had met the bounding antelope,
And shaggy buffalo, whose bounding charge
And madd'nd roar, like earthquake shook the ground.
At last emerging from the mountain base
He saw far stretching to the horizon's verge,
A rolling plain of limitless extent,
And here, beside a stream, he pitch'd his camp.

Dark igneous, perch'd on pendant branch,
Sleep in the sunshine in the noon-day heat,
Or plunge in wave, alarmed by dipping ear;
And there the armor-plated crocodiles
Bask on the black mud-banks in repose;
Or cast with iron tails the slothful pool;
There serpents venomous, and twisting snakes
Hang from the branches or feast the swamps;
And there the musky hippopotami
Frightful with rounded head and clashing tusk,
Wallow at will, and frolic with snorting roar.

The stronger sun of pastures had seen
These countless herds to woods, primeval roams,
Wide o'er grassy plains and shrubby slopes;
Herds that had scorned the rude barbarian's border,
Who came with shaft and slender spear to slay,
But fled from lions' roar, and borele's horn,
Or the mad charge of trampling elephant.

By the clear water-courses with jungle fringed,
Boiler'd by yellow sands that bore impress
Of lion's paw, and elephant's great foot,
And host of buffalo or tall giraffe,
And host of all the wonders of the waste,
The hunter watch'd. Sometimes would come a troop
Of black-faced baboons chattering in the wood,
And blue-barked monkeys would caper round,
Herds of doe-palms slow would canter by,
Led by some princely buck of stately head,
And borele, the black rhinoceros,
Would come with brandished horn and angry roar;
The shrill-rook jackals their and coonachs
Would raise, and grunt hyenas howl;
Then frequent came fast-crashing thru' the wood
The bulky buffalo, whose massive horn
Fem'd a shield, like rugged oak, to guard his brow;

And with surpassing dignity there came
The caméléopard of colossal height,
Stalking with lengthen'd stride and soaring head;
All these strange creatures of the wilderness
Came to the hunter's stream for sport or drink,
Seen with their dripping blood the wave to stain.

So, night by night, near dark, secluded pool,
Or in the blaze of noon, o'er boundless plains
South with bush grass and aromatic herb,
Or in some thorny grove or ancient wood,
The hunter met and slew borele grim.
Not without peril! Once, in tangled swamp,
The black rhinoceros had turn'd to bay,
Wounded and madd'nd; high he took'd his horn
And red his wicked eye with murder gleam'd
Snorting with rage and trampling fierce the ground;
Then with a headlong charge he fringed came
While horse and rider fled with panic speed,
The horrid, hurly shout in hot pursuit!

And well that day the gallant desert barb
Maintain'd the matchless fame of Arab blood;
No need for jambock lash or gory spear
When life and liberty were all before,
And gashing tusk and iron hoof behind!
Ah! then no mortal weapon might avail,
Nought but a speed miraculous to save!
Even the vast elephant, supreme in strength,
Would wheel his dusky flanks and flee amain
And crested lion of the Afric waste
Would drop his shaggy mane and blink away!

Watching the waters on one moonlit night
A black rhinoceros came down to drink,
Or wade and wallow in the gold wave,
And there the hunter's ride laid him low.
Serene was night with moonlight's silver dode,
And bright the stars that stud the glassy stream;
No breeze to stir the aloof's thorny tops,
To rustle the tall palms that lined the brink,
Or toss the acacia leaves that swoon'd in sleep.
The parrot green no longer mock'd the air,
And monkeys brown that rang along the trees
And chattered all day long, were hush'd in rest.

But sudden change came o'er the tranquil scene,
When six great lions stalked from out the wood,
Follow'd by jackals and hyenas grim;
A hoar'd from afar the slaughter'd beast,
The lions peacefully the banquet shar'd,
Tearing the carcass with their dripping claws;
But fierce the monster beasts would snarl and fight,
And for each morsel red contend around,
And fill with fendish laugh and scream and howl
The dim and drowsy solitude of night;
Nor cease'd the clamor till the rodding East
Flash'd the whole air with roses of the morn.

McLellan.

THE RHINOCEROS. (Rhinoceros Unicornis).

[Written for the Sportsman.]

All hunters and explorers in Africa, have much to say
Of this great and savage beast. Cumming, Livingstone,
Baker, and others, often met with, and vanquished
them, though at great peril of their lives, so fierce are
the charges of the animal, and so fast of foot, notwith-
standing its great bulk. In size and strength it is in-
ferior only to the elephant. Its body is twelve feet in
length, and its circumference nearly the same. The
body and limbs are covered with a skin so hard and im-
penetrable that he fears neither the claws of the tiger
nor the proboscis of the elephant; it will turn the edge
of a scimiter, and resist the force of a musket ball.

Borele is of a blackish color, and is everywhere covered
with tuberosities, or knots, which are small on the neck
and back, but larger on the sides. It is so ferocious
that at no time can it be approached with safety. Be-
tween him and the elephant, a great antipathy exists,
but the latter seldom attacks the former, and it is said
that if a herd of elephants encounters the former, they
retreat, if possible, without hazarding a battle.

In India, the native hunters, who lie in wait for the
rhinoceros, are armed with jingals, or heavy guns, which
carry iron balls from one to three ounces in weight. To
the power of this iron ball, even the rhinoceros must
submit; though he will often carry off one or more balls,
and wander for hours before he will drop. The aim
being taken from a tree, in which the hunter feels se-
cure, rarely proves incorrect. Levelling the piece at
the eye, or under the shoulder, he generally inflicts a
fatal wound. The animal then becomes desperate;
snorting, roaring, stamping; and tearing up the ground
with his horns and feet, butting at trees, and at every
object within reach.

Of the rhinoceros, there are four varieties in South
Africa, named the borele, or black rhinoceros, the two-
horned rhinoceros, the white, and the long-horned
rhinoceros. Their food consists chiefly of the whit-abit-
thorns. The eyes of this animal are small and spark-
ling, and do not readily observe the hunter, provided he
keeps to the leeward of them. During the day he will
be found sleeping in the forest, or under the base of
mountains, sheltered from the sun by some friendly
grove of mimosa. In the evening they commence
their nightly rumble, and wander over a great extent of
country. They usually visit the fountains between the
hours of nine and twelve at night, and it is on these oc-
casions that they may be most successfully hunted, and
with least danger. They will, when infuriated, attack
tree or bush, working at them, for hours with their
horns, at the same time snorting loudly, nor will they
leave them until they have broken them into pieces.

All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in
the mud, with which their ragged hides are usually en-
crusted. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are
much smaller and more active than the white, and are
so swift that horse and rider can rarely overtake them.
The two varieties of the white rhinoceros attain a great
size, being next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed
solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excel-
lent, being preferable to beef. They are of a much
milder disposition than the black variety, rarely charg-
ing the 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 borele, or black rhinoceros. They
generally carry their heads low, whereas, the borele
when disturbed, carries his very high, giving him a
saucy air. Unlike the elephants, they never associate
in herds, but are met with singly, or in pairs. In dis-
tricts where they are plenty, from three to six may be
met with in company, and sometimes a dozen form the
party.

I. McL.

The Iowa Society for the Prevention of Cruelty is
prepared to prevent the proposed slaughter of 1,000 pig-
cons by the Davenport Shooting Club.