

peoples: 'They considerably prefer themselves to foreigners, and have no natural and spontaneous outburst of affection towards a stranger as such. Amongst the lower classes, the feeling is stronger, and borders occasionally on aversion.' When the sad cry of the British workman is—

I ask neither silver nor bread;
I merely ask for a wage;
But somehow, they say, the markets are dead,
And it's only the fault of the age!

It is only to the far-away children of his motherland that he can turn in his distress—to those magnificent colonies formed or acquired at the cost of English blood and English treasure, the noble legacies of generations, stalwart doers in their day, who thought they served their country well, and did the world no ill turn in building up the greatest empire within its bounds.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT IN THE BOGOS COUNTRY.

ONE morning our servants came up to the tent with the pleasing intelligence that a cow and calf rhinoceros lay asleep in their 'house' in the neighbouring jungle. As the word 'house' may sound rather strangely, I will, before proceeding to describe our rhinoceros hunt, give a brief description of the habits and customs of that animal in the Bogos Country.

During the heat of the day, the rhinoceros withdraws into the thickest and most retired part of the jungle, where he indulges in his siesta much after the fashion of a fat Berkshire hog. On the outside of the jungle, the hunter will probably perceive an opening, well worn by the feet of these animals. If he follows it up, he will find the track gradually getting narrower and narrower the farther he penetrates into the jungle. It is rather touchy work, for, as said, the passage not only becomes narrower and narrower, but the sides form an impenetrable wall on either side, from the compact network of the gigantic and formidable creepers that line them. Very little air can penetrate, and the light is very dim, so that great caution is required, for should 'rhino' be at home, he will be sure to welcome his visitor with a furious charge, whose chance of avoiding such a reception, by deviating either to the right or left, is infinitesimally small. But let us suppose no such contingency to occur. After proceeding some fifty or sixty yards, the hunter will find himself in the 'house' of the rhinoceros, which is always situate in the very densest part of the jungle. The dimensions of the 'house' may be twelve or thirteen feet square, by about six in height. Perfect cleanliness rules there; not a particle of dirt will be found in it. Added to this, the rhinoceros has a great idea of comfort—in other words, of being able to enjoy a good scratch. A convenient bough will probably be seen to project in an inviting manner, against which our thick-skinned friend delights to rub himself.

As soon as the eyes of the intruder get accustomed to the dim, murky light within, he will

have the satisfaction of seeing the impression of the rhinoceros's burly carcass on the alluvial soil, shewing the place where last he lay. Had the brute been 'at home,' and had the visitor's step been noiseless, and the wind favourable, he might perchance even have caught a glimpse of him as he lay fast asleep on his side, blowing like a wheezy steam-engine. Occasionally, a smaller chamber is attached to the 'house' proper, but whether it be used as a 'boudoir' for 'madame,' or as a nursery for the 'children,' my acquaintance with the family is not sufficiently intimate to enable me to speak with authority on a topic so interesting.

In the more open parts of the jungle, spots may be found which at once explain the cleanliness of the rhinoceros's 'house.' Here their dung may be found in heaps, generally covered over with sand.

They feed only in the early morning and late evening. Their favourite provender appears to be the young shoots and succulent twigs of the trees and shrubs. When the sun has gone down, they repair to the river for a bath. They approach the water with great caution, from fear of being taken at a disadvantage. When they have ascertained that all is safe, they go in with a mighty rush, and roll and wallow about to their heart's content.

With these preliminary remarks, let us now return to our expedition.

Trusting to the report of our guides, who, by the way, had often deceived us before, we held a council of war, and, after reaching the jungle where the animals were reported to be, posted the guns in the best way we could. I should state that there were three guns in all—myself, and my two friends K. and B. We now sent the beaters into the jungle; and while they were howling and shouting inside, we remained on the outside, in a great state of excitement, for none of us had ever hunted rhinoceros before.

After waiting some little time, every sense and every nerve strained to the uttermost, and imagining that every cracking and snapping of boughs was but the precursor of a rhinoceros *in propria persona*, we came to the conclusion that we were to be disappointed again.

Accordingly, we made our way to the 'house' inside, when we plainly saw that it had not been tenanted that day at least by its usual occupants. There was no use in stopping, so we determined on returning home. But on sweeping the horizon with my binocular, I espied a small herd of koodoo on a hill on the other side of the river. A stalk was immediately proposed, and carried *nem. con.*, and one koodoo was bowled over to K.'s rifle.

On running up to the spot where the quarry lay, we were startled and joyfully surprised by hearing one of the men cry out: 'Harish! harish!' (rhinoceros! rhinoceros!) And, sure enough, within eighty yards of us, two rhinoceroses, a cow and her calf, were leisurely trotting across an open space. Instinctively, I raised my rifle to my shoulder; but (second thoughts are best) lowered it again, for a bullet at eighty yards would have little chance of even penetrating so thick a hide. And not only in this respect was it well I did not make a fool of

myself, for, had I fired, a charge would have been the inevitable result; and as there was no friendly tree to clamber up into, our only chance of safety would have lain in our rifles; and certainly the bullet must speed well, and the aim be sure, to stop a rhinoceros charging down straight upon you. So we spared the rhinoceros, and proceeded to gralloch the koodoo, never expecting to see the former again.

But our luck was to change! Before long, the magic word 'Harish!' was again heard; and on starting to our feet, we could plainly see the two brutes standing side by side, motionless as statues, through an opening in the jungle on the other side of the ravine. The koodoo was, I need scarcely say, at once forgotten, and another council of war hurriedly held.

The rhinoceroses were not more than three hundred yards distant; but a brisk breeze was blowing from them, so we felt no apprehension of their winding us. Drawing our charges, we substituted six drams of powder and hardened bullets, and at once began the stalk.

Need I say that the next few minutes were very exciting ones? Need I describe the cautious way in which we approached our game, taking advantage of every rock and shrub that lay in our way? All this I will leave to the reader's imagination.

At length we reached a large mimosa tree, from whence we had the satisfaction of espying our two friends on the other side of the ravine, utterly unconscious of the approach of an enemy. We rested a minute or two to get our breath, and then prepared for action.

B. was to have the first shot, I the second, while K. was to fire last. But, somehow or other—and I never could tell how it happened—whether nervousness or a little jealousy had something to do with it, our three rifles made only one report. However, our bullets had evidently carried true to their aim, for we had the satisfaction of seeing the cow drop down on her knees. Only for a moment, however, did she remain in this position; in an instant she was up again, and tossing her head knowingly on one side, she appeared to be listening attentively to catch the faintest sound that might guide her to her foe. The smoke of our rifles of course betrayed our whereabouts. Drawing in a long breath—I can liken it to nothing better than a fox-terrier at a rabbit-hole—she charged down upon us, together with her calf, at an astonishing pace. It was rather an awkward predicament, for our rifles were empty. Quick as thought, K. and I glided on one side; but B., who was possessed of more nerve than either of his companions, stood his ground till the brutes were close on him. They could not have passed at a greater distance than ten yards from him; but, fortunately for him, they did not see him. It was a great relief to all of us; and the smile that played on each of our faces was rather of a ghastly nature, if I remember aright.

Meantime, our game had disappeared across a nullah among some thick jungle. The question therefore was, What was to be done next? for we knew that the cow was severely wounded, and were determined not to lose her, if possible. Accordingly, we despatched one of the native servants to reconnoitre. After an absence of about ten minutes, the fellow returned, dancing and capering like a lunatic, a pantomime evidently intended to

convey to us the intelligence that the wounded animal was executing a similar *pas de seul* in the jungle.

After threading our way through the thick bushes for some few hundred yards, we at last came to a small opening, in the middle of which the cow lay, or rather kneeled *nez à terre*. Her calf, a three-parts grown one, was standing by the side of its dam, evidently astonished at the unwonted posture its parent had assumed, and every now and then giving her a shove with its horns, as a gentle reminder to get up and come along. So engrossed was the little brute with its mother, that we were able to get close up to the scene of action without attracting its notice. But no sooner did it see us, than it made a plucky charge, stopping, however, half-way in its career, and returning to its dam. Again and again it would charge blindly in our direction, and as often stop half-way. After watching its manœuvres for some time, and wishing, if possible, to secure it as well as the cow, I put a bullet into its shoulder at about twenty paces, and dropped it on its knees. But it quickly rose, and sticking its tail upright in the air, it bolted off, giving utterance the while to a regular volley of snorts, grunts, and other indescribable sounds; and we never saw it again.

We now approached our quarry carefully and cautiously; and to make 'assurance doubly sure,' gave her a couple of bullets through the heart.

It was getting dusk now; and the roaring of the lions in the neighbourhood warned us that it would be well to get home to camp as soon as we could. So we left the rhinoceros where she lay; and after picking up the koodoo, reached the friendly shelter of our tent before darkness had quite set in.

'Who was to be the owner of the rhinoceros?' was the next question to be solved. Lots were drawn; and as luck for once would have it, the lot fell upon your humble servant. Early the next morning, I, of course, was astir; and in company with my taxidermists—for, reader, I may tell you I am a 'bug-hunter,' as naturalists are sometimes irreverently termed by the pursuers of big game—and proceeded to the spot, for I had determined on making a skeleton of my prize.

Either the hide of the rhinoceros is too tough for even a lion's or a hyena's tooth, or else these animals had not been hungry that night, for I found, to my great joy, the carcass intact.

We were now joined by a crowd of natives—men, women, and children—from a neighbouring village, each of whom came provided with a strong net-bag, for carrying off any tit-bits they could lay hold of.

At first the female portion of the crowd kept at a respectful distance, but no sooner did we reach the carcass than the whole crew rushed on to it, like vultures on their prey. A liberal distribution of blows from a good thick stick I fortunately had with me, however, enabled me to restore a little order among the assembly. Whereupon I gave them to understand that if they conducted themselves properly they should have all the animal's flesh.

I now set my taxidermists to work, and lying down under the shade of a mimosa tree, watched the proceedings.

Things went on decorously for some few minutes; but when the greater part of the hide had been

stripped off, and the raw flesh appeared to view, the din and uproar recommenced with tenfold vigour. I have heard a pack of hungry jackals or hyenas howl many and many a time; but that was music when compared to the savage and discordant yells indulged in by the members of this native tribe. It was high time for me to come to the rescue, for they crowded round my men so closely that they could not get on with their work. So cutting a nice thorny branch of mimosa, I advanced to take part in the fray.

I only wish some artist had been present to depict the scene.

I remember one thing which struck me particularly, and that was the intimate connection that exists between the human family—in some of its branches—and the brute creation. If Mr Darwin had been there, he might have formed some interesting theories thereon. Brandishing their knives, their bodies reeking with blood and gore, and their woolly pates dripping with the same, they resembled more a pack of baboons than human beings. In one part, three or four might be seen struggling and rolling over one another, to see which should become the happy owner of a large lump of flesh; in another, some half-dozen women or children were watching intently the operations of the taxidermists, and looking out for the pieces of flesh they every minute kept throwing among them.

Finding threats and remonstrances of no use, I and my men jumped on the carcass, and laid about us right and left on the naked backs of the savages. By these forcible means, order, at least a semblance of it, was at length restored, and the operation of flaying was quickly finished.

But when this was completed, and the belly of the animal had been ripped up, and its entrails, that especial African delicacy, exposed to the view of the surrounding throng, the riot became worse than ever. Portly matrons, who had hitherto kept out of the thick of the fray, could now no longer restrain themselves. Helter-skelter in they rushed, men, women, boys, and girls, to gain at least a portion of the precious 'trail.' And then ensued a scene which baffles description, but which I can liken to nothing better than a game of 'French and English,' only that it was played with entrails instead of a rope. A dozen or more at either end! Now one party gains a little, now they lose it. The large entrail is strained to its utmost; it cannot withstand the tension! At last it gives way; and full two dozen natives roll backwards head over heels on the ground, and rise covered with blood and filth from head to foot. Another squabble! Gazelle-eyed maidens are turned into veritable wild-cats, while leathery looking hags ply arms, teeth, and nails on the flesh of all that come in their way. Again and again the same scene was acted, with the same result—and it was not till there was nothing left to fight over that order was restored by my friends leaving us in peace to proceed with the dislocation of the skeleton.

Be not shocked, reader, when I tell you I never enjoyed a scene so much; and never, I daresay, shall I see the like again. Several of the men had received severe wounds from the knives of their companions, but somehow or other, when the fight was over, they were apparently as good friends again as ever. When we left the spot, I do not think a piece of meat could have been found big enough for a kitten's dinner.

That skeleton, reader, may now be seen in the British Museum, and is the only specimen, I believe, of the Abyssinian rhinoceros that has ever reached this country. If ever you go there to see it, think of the scene I have tried to describe.

B O Z.

THE loved of all the world is gone
Into the silent land;
The man who, for his fellow-men,
With burning brain and ready pen,
Through all his years of fame toiled on
With patient hand.

His myriad mind was pure as bright,
A pattern for our age!
Its soaring wing as angel's fair,
Was never swept through tainted air—
His steadfast hand refused to write
One sullied page.

A universal monarch he,
Whose empire was mankind!
His sceptre-pen of matchless sway,
Peasant, and peer, and king obey;
Supreme its power through all the free
Fair realm of mind.

Toll not the Abbey bell to-day
Above his cloistered bed,
For still, as in the faded years,
In all our smiles, and all our tears
Of love, he lives, he lives for aye,
Whom we call dead!

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