

## Trapping a Rhinoceros

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### *Trapping a Rhinoceros- -The New York Sun*

A traveller with three Dutch hunters had some exciting adventures in the Transvaal country, a few months ago, in attempting to capture a rhinoceros. They came upon a big two-horned fellow suddenly one morning, and had to climb a tree to escape his horns. The animal made for the tent of the party, a short distance away, but a system of simple defence, of wire brush, foiled him, and he made off. A pit was dug in the swamp, and a nice fat native, which is calculated to make almost any rhinoceros hungry, sent out to decoy

the prey. Soon after they heard the shrill notes of the so-called rhinoceros bird, which is invariably found in the company of the beast. It is asserted that the bird constitutes himself the sentinel of the lumbering behemoth, and that its cries are uttered to warn him that danger is near. The native came through the clearing with the old fellow in tow. The native had about 30 feet the start, and when they passed our mound he had lost five feet of that, although running like greased lightning. The rhinoceros was a big one, unusually black, and he ran with his snout down and his tail erect. We cheered the native to encourage him, and away the two went up the trail we had tampered with. Had the race been 10 rods longer the native would have had to leave the path to avoid death. As he neared the pit he ran along the right-hand edge of it, while the rhinoceros thundered along the centre. He was within 12 feet of the heels of the runner when his feet let go of solid earth and pitched him head first into the pit. We heard him grunt from where we stood, and it was plain that his tumble had knocked the breath out of him. As he struck he rolled over on his right side, and when we reached the pit he was helpless. When he got it through his thick head that he had been fooled he was the maddest beast in all Africa, but it was too late for action. We had come prepared for just such a job as we now had on hand. The monster must be got aboard the barge, but we were in no hurry to begin. We got our ropes and chains ashore, drove stout stakes where they would be wanted, and moved the barge to the lower end of the bluff. By this time it was dark, and we tied the old fellow's hind legs together and left him. After breakfast next morning we began work. We first hobbled our prisoner, and then hoisted him out of the pit. The first thing he did was to make a rush, but it was a failure. We got purchase tackles on him and led them away to trees and staples, and by these means we checked him up or warped him along as we willed. All we had to do was to keep clear of his wicked horns. By noon we had him safe aboard the barge, one-half of which was given up to him. We had managed his capture without inflicting an injury. He was landed in Hamburg without a piece of skin rubbed off. His age was estimated at thirty years when captured, and he was considered good for 50 or 60 years more.