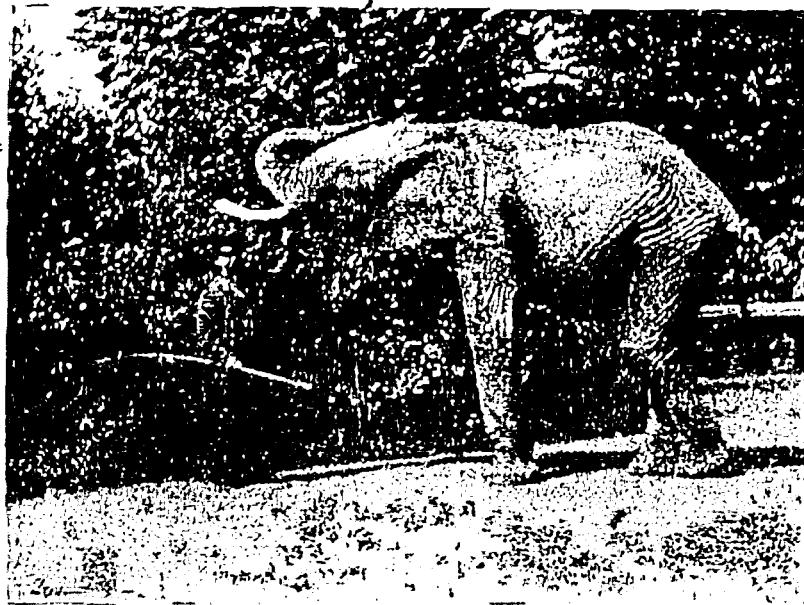


# More Snap-Shots at the Zoo.

THE PACHYDERMS (THICK-SKINNED ANIMALS).

By LIONEL JERVIS.



THE FRIEND OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

**I**N this article I only propose to speak about the giant pachyderms—the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus. The pigs are right away at the other end of the Gardens, and are mixed up with the capybaras and porcupines, and so can hardly be treated of at the same time as “the big ’uns.” As for the tapir, which is a kind of half-way house between the elephants and the pigs, he is stowed away with the jackasses, and has no connection with any other firm. Moreover, no one cares very much about the tapir.

I daresay you know as many yarns about the elephant as I do, so I shall not tell any tall stories about its sagacity, but shall content myself with pointing out one or two things that you may not have noticed, with perhaps an anecdote or two to end up with.

No doubt many of you have read Ballantyne's “Gorilla Hunters”: if not, I can recommend it, although a great deal of it is, perhaps, rather shamelessly bagged from Du Chaillu's work.

In one place Ralph Rover, the narrator of the story, is gazing placidly at an infuriated elephant that is charging around and knock-

ing over trees and things, and is hardly able to believe that Peterkin Gay, the mighty hunter, has seen elephants killed in Ceylon by a single ball. Immediately afterwards Peterkin proceeds to illustrate the truth of his statement by practical exposition. He then goes on to explain that the only way to kill a charging elephant is to hit him in a small depression, about the size of a saucer, in the middle of the forehead, where the bone is comparatively thin. On cutting up the elephant they find that Peterkin's heavy bullet had penetrated the exact spot indicated.

The sole difficulty about this story is that the spot does not exist in the African elephant. The only conclusion you can come to is, that a few Indian elephants must have got astray in the neighbourhood where Peterkin was hunting, in the same way as they have in Savage South Africa at Earl's Court, or that Ballantyne made a mistake.

It is easy to distinguish between the African and Indian species. The Indian

elephant is a stockier-built animal, with a comparatively small ear, and a forehead that would delight a phrenologist—all over bumps. You can see Peterkin's saucer-like spot very distinctly. As his head would indicate, he is a very intelligent fellow—far more so than his African cousin—and very docile, when he does not go *amok*, in which case he runs *amok*, and is rather more dangerous than a mad dog.

The African giant has an ear like a balloon jib, and a smooth, round forehead: but, for all that, he is not such a donkey as he is sometimes taken for, and is by no means untamable. Witness the way he carries children about at the Zoo.

In “King Solomon's Mines” there is an account of an infuriated elephant putting its foot on a man's body and tearing him in half with its trunk. Well, that is true enough. You can read the original story in one of Mr. Selous's books. I am afraid even Peterkin could not have stopped him. Sir Samuel Baker records that he only killed one African elephant with a front shot, and he used a rifle called “the



“HIPPO” ASHORE.

Young England: an illustrated magazine for boys throughout the English-speaking world  
Lah unkuwa p. 313-315 in 1880



"HIPPO" AFLOAT.

Bay"—a sort of infant cannon, beside which even Peterkin's six-ounce rifle was a joke. However, I am not prepared to say what a Le-Metford would not do.

An elephant will eat almost anything. Cluny, it is true, who went mad from tusk-ache many years ago, refused to eat corrosive sublimate, though cunningly concealed in cabbages; but this was an exception. Amongst other things, the African elephant on view recently swallowed the keeper's coat, which he had casually left on the rail in front of the cage. I wonder how the brass buttons agreed with his digestion!

THE RHINOCEROS is a pig-headed, ill-tempered brute, wherever he is. The one in the photo evidently is under the impression that he was intended for a circus horse, or a clown, or something connected with the ring. Whenever he thinks a sufficient number of people are watching, he starts on a comic trot round his yard until he thinks it is time for refreshment, when he pulls up and opens his contribution box for buns, and half-bricks, and anything else that an admiring public may see fit to put in.

Notice the rhinoceros with a very stumpy horn. That animal gives a lot of trouble. Periodically that horn tries to grow back into its head, and, if allowed to continue, might—I was going to say "injure the brain," but reflection tells me that that is unlikely—I mean "damage the skull." Consequently

Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, with an army of keepers, rope him up, and throw him down, and sit on his head, and saw his horn off.

All this takes a bit of doing. All the other animals in the house join in the uproar. The elephants trumpet, and the rhinoceroses dance jigs. The big Indian rhino last time banged itself about to such an extent that it scratched its skin. Look at it, and then work out what sort of a bump it must have given itself.

Last of all comes the HIPPOPOTAMUS. This animal, like the alligator, literally opens its head, bisects its skull right away back to the ears. And what a mouthful of

bones it has! The ivory of the tusks is better than that of elephants, and is used for the finest work. The hippopotamus also has swivel eyes, which it can retract and project at will, and in that respect has a great advantage over the rhinoceros, whose vision is extremely circumscribed.

From the hide are made whips, known in the south of Africa as sjamboks, and in Egypt as kourbashes. They are used a good deal by the Arabs on slaves, and by the British officer on the Arab, by way of "perwailing on him" to be friendly. I have one on my wall now that figured in the Gordon Relief Expedition.



INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

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Hippos are ill-tempered beasts, and immensely strong. To give one instance. A hunter had killed a hippo, which sank to the bottom of a pool. He then wounded its com-

panion. To his surprise the enraged brute dived to the bottom, and reappeared with the dead hippo, which it had seized by the leg and was shaking up, being under the

impression that it was responsible for the wound.

Now it takes a good deal, I fancy, to shake up a hippo.

