

WALLACE'S MONTHLY.

VOLUME VII.

JULY, 1881.

NUMBER 6.

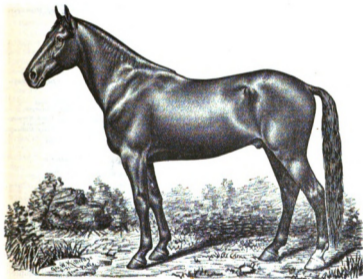
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by JOHN H. WALLACE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

TERMS, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SINGLE NUMBER, THIRTY CENTS

DURANGO.

BY LUKE CLAY.



Drawn and Engraved expressly for WALLACE'S MONTHLY.

DURANGO.

By Strader's C. M. Clay, Jr.; dam Mattie West, by Almont.

ABOUT as near an approach to the thoroughbred trotting horse that I know of, is the subject of this sketch, and I think when the reader looks into the facts of his pedigree he will agree with me. For a year back I have read various accounts of a trotting wonder owned in Illinois, and

supposed they were the enthusiastic effusions of scribblers who really did not know a first-class trotter when they saw it. Knowing, however, the reputation of his owner for modesty and a dislike for professional puffery, I concluded that there was something in it, and when it was announced that it

I have no animal in my whole herd that I should fear to find loose in the stall at night, nor do I hesitate to turn them together in a very small yard for exercise. They play, but never fight, and there are neither "masters" nor "underlings" in the herd more than are found in flocks of sheep or pens of swine, and just as many will drink together as can squeeze their noses into a tub or trough. I do not write of the "muleys" because I have animals to sell, for I have none, but because I would like to see a still greater interest manifested in the breeding of hornless dairy stock. I have received numerous letters from farmers who have bred polled cattle in a small way, and all speak of their peaceful, quiet dispositions, and especially of the safety of the bulls. My own at from four to six years old have been as easily handled as ordinary cows, and I have never yet known one to become unsafe. Being without weapons, they learn neither to offend nor defend. The Jamestowns, as seen by the foregoing history, cannot be classed as a pure breed, nor will breeders be likely soon to get excited over extreme prices. The chief lesson learned from their career in this vicinity is that horns on dairy stock are not difficult to breed off, and that other things being equal, cows without horns are much more desirable than cows with them.—A. W. CHEEVER, IN *New York Tribune*.

Capture of a Rhinoceros.

A correspondent of our English contemporary, *Land and Water*, writing from Calcutta, concerning the capture of a rhinoceros for the zoological gardens in that city, says:

I think it would be a pity that the story should not be told of the manner in which our new young rhinoceros was caught. When our old rhinoceros died, about four months ago, I wrote to all the neighboring princes and powers having rhinoceros in their jungles, asking them to try and catch a new rhinoceros for us, and I have a fair collection of promises of the best intentions on the part of many great and good men to catch a rhinoceros for us this cold weather. But I luckily also wrote to an old native friend named Seyd Typmul Ali, who was a police officer under me in Chittagong thirty-five years ago, and is now a deputy magistrate of high rank stationed in the district of Backergunge, adjoining

the Sunderbrun, in which a few rhinoceros are still to be found. My old friend kindly undertook the task, and having found a suitable agent in one Ramjan Ali, a hardy and intelligent man from Chittagong, Ramjan Ali was dispatched in a boat into the Sunderbrun, about three months ago, with four native huntsmen accustomed to kill tigers and rhinoceros in that inhospitable region of swamp and jungle. In the course of time they shot three rhinoceros, the last of which was a female with a young one about eighteen months old (so far as I can guess). When the mother was shot the young one would not leave its mother's body, and the men think they might have easily caught it the first day; but they thought it was too big to be caught by hand, so they dug pitfalls in convenient places near the mother's body, and for some days tried without success to drive the young animal into a pitfall. At last they managed to find the young one on the side of a tidal ditch, full of rich soft mud, into which they pushed or drove it, and as it was struggling in the deep mud, one of the huntsmen pluckily jumped on its back and held on by its ears, whilst the others hustled it until a rope was got to secure the captive, after which he was safely conveyed on board the boat and brought to Calcutta, where he now adorns our Zoo. I have said that he seems to be about eighteen months old. He stands nearly three feet high, and from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail he must be six feet long. I am sorry that I have not taken the exact measurements, but I should miss this mail if I sent to take them. His body is as big round as that of a Shetland pony ten hands high. In fact, when you see him you cannot help feeling that the only way to catch him was to jump on his back and lay hold of his large projecting ears. I tell you the tale as it was told to me by the man Ramjan Ali, who brought the rhinoceros straight to me, when, of course, I asked him to tell me how they had contrived to catch such a big animal. You may be sure that Ramjan Ali had never heard of Waterton's performance on the cayman, far less could that story have reached the native huntsman who had the pluck to jump on the beast's back.

We have now had the young rhinoceros at our Zoo for about three weeks, and I can only describe him as an "awfully jolly little beast." He is quite quiet, and allows

himself to be handled, whilst his appetite for plantains know no limit. He never got plantains in the Sunderbrun, where he was raised. He still drinks milk, and was evidently still being suckled by the mother when the mother was killed. It is most amusing to hear him talk, for he utters a whole string of loud and discordant noises, much more approaching to speech than anything uttered by any other four-footed animal, barring, perhaps, the braying of a donkey, though that is in altogether a different line. When our little fellow sees a friend approach the gate of his prison, he comes forward and begins to talk. I can almost identify the sounds by which he says "plantains." They are not Bengali or Sanskrit, or any other native language I have learnt. Our learned secretary, Mr. Schwendler, has tried to reduce the language to German, but the rhinoceros clearly does not understand German. Mr. Schwendler, is, however, indefatigable in his observations, and is taking notes from which he hopes eventually to evolve a written language for the greater edification of the students of philology. Meanwhile, my great hope and desire are that the young rhinoceros may live healthily and happily to the asting honor of my old friend, Seyd Typmul Ali, to whom we are indebted for this most welcome contribution to our Zoo.

The Thoroughbred Eclipse.

THE famous Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled in 1764, during the great eclipse of the sun which happened in the spring of that year. From this event (says "Privateer" in *The Sportsman*) he took his name. He was a chestnut horse with a white hind leg, and a blaze in the face. He was much above the size of the average thoroughbred horses of that day, and an inch higher at the top of the croup than at the withers. In fact, Mr. St. Bel left it on record after the autopsy, which he performed with great care, that Eclipse was about sixteen hands two inches at the croup, and that his length, from the front of his shoulder to the extremity of his buttock, exceeded his height by two inches. Up to that time it had been held that a horse ought to be just as long as he was high, and no higher behind than before, or before than behind. Because Eclipse differed in both these particulars, and because he was unquestionably the greatest

racehorse that had ever appeared, Mr. St. Bel carefully took his dimensions after death, and published them. Some have said that he must have made a mistake, and that Eclipse could not have measured sixteen hands two inches behind, because his skeleton, a hundred years afterwards measured much less. But the shrinkage in the bones and processes of the joints would be very great. The skin, flesh and muscle were absent from the skeleton, and in all probability it was not set upon the horse's hoofs as he stood in life. It could not have been, for one of his hoofs was at Newmarket, and was subject to challenge to be run for like the Whip and the Challenge Cup. I suppose nobody thinks that a mummy equals in dimensions the Egyptian who walked about the streets of Thebes three or four thousand years ago.

Mr. St. Bel's description and measurements were never challenged by any of his contemporaries; and no doubt was ever thrown upon his statements until he had been dead three-quarters of a century. Then what an absurdity it is to reject his evidence and rely upon the conjectures and surmises of people who were not born until long after Eclipse was dead. Eclipse, according to the best portraits that I have seen of him, was a very large long horse, with a head and neck denoting the great resolution and fierceness of temper he is known to have possessed. He was clean cut all over; round in the ribs, light rather than heavy in the carcass, and a little long in the back. His withers were low, but the bladebones of the shoulders were so high and wide at the top that they stood above the spinal processes called the withers, so that a firkin of butter would lie between them and remain steady on its bilge. His back was very strong, his loins were arched and fully furnished with muscle. His quarters were long and deep, but not so massive as are sometimes seen. His thighs were long and strong, but he was not what is called let low down in the hocks, like a Greyhound. On the contrary, the points of his hocks stood high from the ground, like those of a hare.

In the picture I have seen, Eclipse is standing at his ease, held by a groom in the Duke of Cumberland's livery, and he looks like a large, long horse of great power and the highest blood-like, daredevil attributes. At first his spirits were so high and his temper was so ungovernable that it