

The "Rhinoceros Major."

"Thou art a queer fish to make a friend of!"—*The Quaker to the Shark.*

SCENE.—*A camp fire in Africa, not kindled for heat—which in Africa is not scarce—but for useful purposes, to keep off troublesome visitors, mosquitoes included, and to dry the atmosphere in which we had to repose, if we might, which otherwise engenders fever, &c.*—GLENLYON, our follower of the wild sports of South Africa, and Naturalist, loquitur, at the general request.

OF the power of man to tame any "Beasts of prey," "Wild beasts," or whatever else man may call them, however ferocious, in their own glorious state of wild and savage freedom, as God made them and designed them to be, I have no doubt. Experience has proved to me that man may not only seek the wild beasts in their own native haunts with perfect safety, if he be prudent, without rashness, and avoid injuring *them* or any of *their* species; but they will, under certain circumstances, seek *him*, and *his aid*; which they seem to know is more effective than any to be obtained from their own race. I think also that the natural history of some of the superior animals is not written, that some species are imperfectly known, that some varieties have not been noticed, and that the adventure I am about to relate will illustrate all these positions, *i.e.* that *the wildest of animals, in their wildest state, may be tamed by man*; that they will voluntarily seek *him and his aid*; and that there may be varieties of wild animals as yet not described by any natural historian, of any age or country.

I reached what are called the "Black Lakes" of "Bechuan" late one day, just as the sun was redly descending, leaving the skies in a lurid glare, and a bloodlike aspect. In Africa there is no gloaming or twilight. From daylight to night is but a step. It was time I selected my resting-place for the night, and for various reasons I made choice of a tree on the margin of the upper or eastern lake. Upon the surface of the black water I saw a young and fat hippopotamus. The poor fellow was harmlessly amusing himself. I knew he would not hurt me, and I would not hurt him. I was thinking more of saurians than such as he; for I knew how stealthily they glide up a bank to introduce themselves to a stranger, and was prepared to repay their attentions by giving a steel bolt to any that came—lead is too soft for their hides. While giving a catlike glance all around me, I heard a splash in the inklike liquid which passes for water in these lakes, and looking round I perceived the largest rhinoceros I had

ever seen, either in India, Ceylon, Sumatra, Borneo, Africa, or anywhere else, amusing himself by poking the fat hippopotamus with his broad snout in the ribs, or rather the armour-plate of fat which defended them; making him spin round on his own axis in the water, or after the fashion of a grindstone. The poor "Hippo" squeaked at every poke; he did not approve of such liberties, but the rhinoceros did; and "might," in such cases, "is right." Disgusted with the freedoms to which he was subjected, the ball of fat ejected all the air from his lungs and dived, leaving the leviathan master of the situation, but no longer master of him. The giant then saw me, and appeared struck with wonder. He had never seen such a creature before. What was it? Where did it come from? I was certain he had never beheld man; for if he had, he would have either turned from me, or rushed upon me to gore me with the huge horn that stood upon his face. Man is a destroyer. Such a noble beast would be a prize; if ever man had seen him, he would have left one of two impressions upon his memory—intense fear or deep hatred; but this animal only evinced surprise.

The solitude was so profound that I would have talked to a dead pig, and, "for talking's sake," I said, after he had done trumpeting: for he sent forth a blast of triumph and a challenge to all the world, as it seemed to me: "You seem to be on very good terms with yourself, old fellow, but it is not much to boast of. You are bigger than he is, and what there is of him, being only fat, is against his fighting; besides, you took him by surprise and at a disadvantage, but no doubt the rules of your prize-ring differ from ours."

I fancied I might say this safely—he could not understand me, and would not take offence—though I knew all his tribe are held to be ungovernably savage if approached by man too closely; but they do not usually go out of their way to attack men. My new friend stood very square upon his legs in the shallow water near the edge of the lake, about twenty yards from me—perhaps not so much. He had gradually neared the shore after the hippopotamus had gone below. He was now curiously "taking stock" of me. Of all the ordinary creatures of the rhinoceros tribe, I never saw one that manifested any curiosity before. They are sluggish and swinish in their habits; when suddenly disturbed as they wallow in their mire, they become, like the wild boar, madly savage; nothing restrains their fury or satisfies their rage but goring and crushing the intruder till he is a shapeless mass of broken bones, then rending him limb from limb, ripping open and disembowelling the body with his horn, and finally stamping the mutilated remains into the earth.

But this was clearly not an ordinary rhinoceros. I had heard from a Kaffir hunter that the animal commonly known as the rhinoceros was a very inferior creature compared with another breed of the same animal in the far interior, and now I had, for the first time, proof of

the fact, which I had hitherto doubted ; under the belief that if such a superior variety existed it must be known to naturalists. I could, however, doubt no longer. The Kaffir had said they were retiring animals, especially avoiding the smaller rhinoceros, which they hated and destroyed—so far as he had seen or been enabled to judge—but they were so shy, and he so engaged in his hunting operations to maintain life, that he could not devote time to observe the creature ; he only knew they were much more handsome, and superior in size to the "mud-pigs"—meaning the common rhinoceros. The creature I beheld was all this—no more like the swinish breed found in marshes, wallowing in black mud, in which they delight, than the thorough-bred race-horse is like the rough-coated mountain pony. Indeed, the animal before me seemed to be in his relations to the heavy, piggish, and stupid rhinoceros, such as are exhibited so rarely in Europe, what the fleet and intelligent "Hierie" of the Desert is to the common pack-camel ; or the thorough-bred horse to the cart horse. That he was larger, and altogether superior to his neighbours, I saw : was he equally more savage ? He might not wait to be irritated or attacked, and his horn—in all of his kind a formidable weapon—was, at least, from eight to nine inches longer than any I had previously seen. He still gazed at me, and I at him—as I could judge, he had not "made up his mind" what to do.

I had quite made up my mind what to do if he meant fighting, but I would not provoke him. "Peace or war, old fellow?" said I, to break the silence. He stood very square on his thick legs, like a massive billiard-table—firm, broad, sturdy—not moving an inch. I saw the white of his eyes, his great tusks, and broad teeth, fit to tear up and rend a tree, his white horn ready to rip open a hundred elephants if they stood before him. The moon was then well up for the night's business or pleasure, and I could see distinctly any movement of his frame or face. I gave an occasional look round for saurians, and other pleasant members of African society ; for they were sly enemies, more to be feared than the open foe before me, if indeed he were a foe, of which I could not be certain. There was a dull splash—my new acquaintance had moved one of the solid pillars that he called his legs, I presumed—slowly and deliberately he moved the other ; then again he paused, gazing earnestly as before. I did not understand his looks or meaning. Did he intend to bowl me over as he had done the hippopotamus ? "Better not, old fellow," I said, laughing ; "if you try, I will put a steel bolt in your head. Be civil, if you regard your health." The words were no sooner said than he made a very peculiar noise, and took another step ; I did not think it exactly a step in the right direction, for it was towards me ; but the sounds that preceded it were not indicative of savageness. They were harsh, but decidedly not angry. I would not determine rashly—he

might not intend mischief—I would not harm the noble beast if I could avoid it.

"Discretion," I remembered, "is the better part of valour." I do not think I have much of either; but what little I have of the first I will use. I went to my tree, tied my chaplet of *fraximus* leaves round its trunk to prevent snakes from ascending, struck a light, kindled one of my torches, and was up to the lowest branch before the rhinoceros had stepped ashore. I saw it would be about seven feet above him if he stood beneath it; had it been lower, I could not have trusted to it: for the rhinoceros raises itself to hook its horn on all branches it can reach, to break them down for food, in the seasons when other food is scarce. I could have a joke with him now, and watch his movements. On he came, trudging and stumping, slowly but earnestly, uttering sounds which I read as I would the whines of a dog that wanted to reach its master: not that they resembled the canine whinings, but the mode in which they escaped him impressed me with that belief so strongly that no consideration could have induced me to hurt the animal, and I laid my roer on a forked branch, as a weapon for which I had no present use. I was satisfied that peace was between us, then and for ever. It may be thought a premature conclusion, rashly jumped at; but I never felt more confident, and I set aside all Kaffir stories of the vengeful character of the beast.

If a billiard-table could walk, it must be in the style of that rhinoceros at that time. I thought he must be lame and stiff. "Take a seat, old fellow!" I said, for the sake of saying something. "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, unless it be what men call you—'Rhinoceros.' If so, I like the first part of it vastly. I never had sufficient 'rhino' to give me a surfeit of it. I thought, a little while since, I might have a surfeit of you, or you of me, but that is as you please. We are friends, if you like; if not, so. What do you say?"

It was odd; but while I chattered this farrago of nonsense the animal seemed quite content, and grunted or chuckled those sounds which palpably indicated satisfaction; but the moment my voice ceased to be heard, he seemed impatient. I went on: "Now, I am going to make an ascent to hunt for snakes, and, if I find any, to whip them with this *fraximus* or *ornus*—I am not quite sure which it is, properly; I am not so well up in botany as I might be—you grunt, or, rather, chuckle; well, you may be better up in it than I am: it is more in your way as a vegetarian. But here goes to make a second edition of St. Patrick of myself, bound in calf, you will say—you chuckle at that too, the notion is so apt, you think. Well, keep a look-out below; I won't be long, and I have some fine biscuits to offer you when I come down. Don't go; I am fond of good society; but

hunt the snakes I must. I saw a man die from the bite of a cobra, and have a horror of the reptiles."

I searched the tree well, but found nothing obnoxious. I was rather intent upon my task and was silent, which made my new friend uneasy. A rapid succession of loud grunts assured me that his peace was disturbed. So far as I could read the natural language of an animal, so new to me in close contact, he wanted something. If I spoke jestingly, he seemed more at ease. Once I said: "Are you expecting a lady, and unhappy because she is not come? Perhaps her mamma will not permit her to go out—or you may have a rival. Such things are elsewhere. Your females may have their flirtations, *Quien Sabe?* Oh, you chuckle at that. You know Spanish as well as the other languages, quite. Well, I like to meet a scholar and a gentleman; and to meet one *here* is a pleasure, all the greater from being unexpected!" This or any other nonsense I talked, strangely enough, seemed to please the huge beast; he evinced his contentment in a lively succession of gutturals; but if I ceased for a minute, he grunted and impatiently stamped with one of his fore-feet till the earth vibrated, his face turned upwards revealing the whole front of his horn. Presently I got down. As I descended, my friend's satisfaction was great. I went down to offer him some biscuit; the attention seemed to please him mightily—not so much, I thought, for the sake of the bread as having me near him. As I offered the *frangipani* he rubbed his nose against my hand many times, till I put it inside his thick lips, when he crunched it in a style that would have touched the heart of a toothless sailor. I ate more slowly; he got three shares out of four. I went up for more and to take coffee, for I was thirsty; but his impatience drew me down very soon. I gave him the best half of three biscuits—a small supply for such a garrison as his interior; but my stock was getting low, and he really seemed to be indifferent to them; he might have thought them dry and insipid; but all his desire appeared to be to have me near him, or to hear my voice talking nonsense. Finding that to say something, however absurd, was needful to his peace, I thought of "killing two birds with one stone," and that, as I had given him folly enough, he should have something better. I took a book from my knapsack, and read aloud, giving any dialogue in a conversational tone; and I can assure Mr. Charles Dickens, or whom else it may or may not concern, that "Pickwick" never met with a more attentive or apparently gratified listener than in "Captain Rhino," as I called my friend. No vulgar demonstrations, no clapping of hands, marked his delight; but for quietly polite attention and gratification, I would back my select audience against any that ever graced the author's own "Readings;" which I have never been able to have the pleasure of hearing, to my great regret. Of course, he was badly represented

on that occasion, but the rhinoceros did not think so; he had never heard the original, and was grateful for what the gods sent him, without a desire to be critical.

I ceased reading to have a smoke. I had not indulged in twenty whiffs, when Captain Rhino became as impatient as the gods of the gallery of a London theatre. He grunted, no reply; grunted again, louder and repeatedly—no notice taken; grunted very loud, and stamped furiously—same result; then, yes, by all the gods of all the theatres both sides the water, he fairly whistled, pretty much as they do when they want "moosie," only a hundred times louder. My ears were pierced. "What the devil do you make that row for?" I asked, and then came the low guttural murmurs, comparatively, indicating his joy that I was neither dead nor speechless. I began to fancy I should have a regular night of talking, and to feel no pleasure in the prospect. For the present I would humour him—he might grow sleepy or hungry—so I kept up a desultory fire of arrant nonsense between puffs, as "few and far between" as he would let me, and he was tolerably at ease. I had filled and nearly smoked out my meerschäum the third time, when I inquired whether his mamma was aware of his being not at home? he was replying in his own murmuring way, when a row began upon the eastern lake. Trombones, big drums, thunder, shrill fifes, donkey braying, bagpipes, sharpening of saws, roaring of bulls, dying groans, and squeakings of unoiled cart-wheels, all and sundry, and much more, in a "Dutch medley," entranced the ear. The captain turned his ear towards the water, and looked up to me with an I-know-all-about-it sort of air. It was plain such rows were not new to him; he took the matter philosophically. Presently came more noise, and more still; more sounds in greater variety and violence; horrors accumulated "fast and furious." Over the bank, from one lake to the other, rushed dense masses of saurians, hippopotami, and rhinocerosi, thickly massed till they became tightly wedged, all fighting for precedence, roaring, plunging, tearing each other madly, the latter goring and disembowelling the nearest to them, and quite reckless whether they were of their own species or otherwise. Serpents, long and large, bounded through the trees like flashes of lightning, hissing hoarsely as they went. The birds of night and day were alike roused.

At length the narrow bank was quite blocked, the dense mass of huge beasts swayed to and fro, one or more occasionally falling over. "Captain Rhino" now thought it time to interfere; his head and horn went up and down as a bull moves when he thinks evil. He could see me plainly, by the light of my lamp, as I sat smoking and looking at the fight; his look said: "You'll see some fun presently," but he uttered no sound. He went to work silently; in all cases I observed he reserved his trumpetings till victory was achieved.

I rather liked that: for silent dogs bite deepest. Elevating and depressing his head and his bell-rope tail, with its little tassel fit for a nightcap at the end of it, he went off deliberately as before, but stern determination in every step. If those in his way had not made their wills, their last opportunity was gone. His horn made forcible entries into many interiors, as he ploughed his way through the mass, casting bodies forwards, backwards, sideways, and all ways, clearing the path as if an Irishman "to the manner born," and "Faugh-a-ballagh" were his family motto. The lightest went over his head and back, yards behind him, many into the lakes each side; in three minutes the bank was freed of all the living, only the dead encumbered it. Then he plunged into the eastern lake, after the scudding legion before him, to the seat of war.

As the tide of battle surged near or remote, the horrible sounds increased or diminished. There was no joy in hearing them—melody and harmony were conspicuous by their absence—and the screechings, roarings, and croakings of my immediate neighbours were more intolerable still, particularly the ibis and the ostrich. These itinerant nuisances ran backwards and forwards in single file, Indian file, double file, and column; but whatever the order of their double-quick step, the disorder of their tones was the same. I tried to banish them by the aid of "Pickwick," and by making up my journal for the day while I smoked. That done, I took the straps of my knapsack and haversack, passed them round the branch and my own body, securely buckling them. My roer was laid alongside me, the muzzle towards my feet, everything ready to my hands in the event of danger, and after commending myself to the care of Him who was as much with me in those wilds as in the temple, I was asleep in two minutes.

At sunrise my leviathan friend had not put in an appearance. I thought him late, but he might not belong to the early-rising association, or was he killed in the last night's *melée*? I was rather anxious; for I wished to know why he had sought me. I was sure he had some reason for doing so. As I took coffee, I saw his head upon the lake like a small boat with one mast and no sail, the rising protuberance of his hind quarters like another boat "in tow." He swam slowly till the water, or ink, shoaled, then he limped to the bank, up which he got with difficulty, and walked as if he had four wooden legs without knee-joints or ankles, sending forth sounds which I thought denoted gladness to see me. I saluted him with a volley of nonsense as he approached me. I had gone down to meet him—he seemed in great pain, but as pleased as if he had found a fortune. He was very demonstrative, and being wet, that might have been dispensed with; but he thought otherwise, and his sincerity could not be questioned. I offered biscuit, but of that he took no

notice; he rubbed his head against my hand, and placed his face to my chest. I fancy no animal can be more clumsy than a rhinoceros, and though he was less so than the animals exhibited under that name in Europe, his imitations of the movements of a lively lap-dog were highly ludicrous, but what he wanted in grace he made up in energy, and in displaying it seemed to forget his pain.

I now saw he was not so old as I had thought him. I had seen him at night imperfectly. He was but just at maturity, and an exceedingly fine specimen of his race, that race being what I for the want of a better term, call the rhinoceros major, classing the inferior animal as the rhinoceros minor. In height he towered far above the ordinary animals I had seen so often, which I had chased and been chased by many times. Subsequently a "tape measure" showed he was fully nine feet eight inches high at the shoulder, at the quarters ten feet three inches. His proportions were good. He had not the distended stomach which is seen in the inferior beast universally. The peculiar folds of the massive and pendulous hide from the shoulder to the quarter gave an appearance, at a distance, of a large "saddle-cloth;" the folds at the bottom had a sort of edge which gave it a finished or ornamental appearance, till he came near, when it was seen that the whole was his natural covering. The edge was darker than the centre within it. All of the superior kind of rhinoceros that I have since seen are distinguished by this natural peculiarity, some having it more marked than "Captain Rhino." At that time the colour of his skin was not that of perfect health; great physical suffering made it hot, dry, very rough, and disposed to crack; but it was not of the dirty hue of the filthy marsh beasts; because he bathed so frequently, the others are usually coated with the mud in which they wallow. The colour of Rhino's covering was a blackish brown, or brown streaked with black, when the sun shone upon it; lighter or tanned on the sides of the mouth, and the upper part of the crest. The *tout ensemble* was good, his organisation clearly higher than that of the smaller race. The expression of his face, if that term may be used in such a case, was intelligent, and quite superior to that of the sluggish and swinish breed; his eyes milder, devoid of that sullen, morosely savage, and altogether brutalised look which is so characteristic of the creatures known as rhinoceroses hitherto. I have seen no description of such an animal as I beheld then for the first time, and I could only consider it as a very superior variety of the species.

That this animal should, as he clearly did, seek me, seemed more than strange, to me. This rhinoceros had not been accustomed to the sight of man; his wonder when he first beheld me proved that, and it was so plainly depicted that I could have no doubt upon the subject; but having seen me, why should he be so very desirous to get upon

good terms with me? I could not understand it then, yet I had not long to wait for a solution of the problem.

I observed that, amidst all his demonstrations of gladness and unmistakable fondness, he seemed very stiff and in great pain when he turned or moved quickly. In his warmest revealings an occasional sound escaped him indicative of acute pain. At first I attributed this to the last night's warfare; but as his anguish appeared to be intolerable, and he at times turned his glances towards his right flank, and from that his expressive eyes sought mine, I determined to discover the cause, if possible; but how to do it was the question. At that time the creature was well disposed towards me; but if I hurt or offended him, how then? He was as powerful for evil as for good. He might not like to be handled; if there were physical causes of pain and I attempted to give him ease, I might unavoidably increase his sufferings for the time; and he, not comprehending the necessity of that, or my object and motive, might stir me up with that horn, worse than half a dozen bayonets. I pictured to myself the exhibition I should make impaled upon it, and hoisted at the end of his nose. It was an awkward contemplation, but I could not see his intense sufferings without trying to know their source, and an effort to relieve. I unslung my heavy, double rifled-roer from my shoulders, laid it down, and knelt upon the ground by his side, to look at the part at which he had gazed so earnestly. As I did so he actually stepped sideways nearer to me, as if to give me a better view—as if anxious that I should do something for him—at all events I thought so. I laid my head upon the grass, and saw enough to account for any amount of uneasiness—the wonder was, how the poor creature could move or stand; it was plain his tortures must be exquisite. I rose to my feet and patted his face, which he laid on my chest. I knelt again. I saw there was a deep wound in the flank, as if some large foreign body were forced into it, and still remained imbedded there. I could have no doubt it was full of matter which by its distension of the parts caused the suffering. The mouth of the wound was festering, as wounds will in such a climate. It was useless to look only—I must do more. First I must ascertain what the foreign body was. Would he permit that? I began—not without so placing myself that I could quickly regain my feet if he made a hostile demonstration. I need not have made such a preparation. I had no sooner touched the wound than he, although moaning under the agony I gave him, positively leaned towards my hand, and looked at me with an earnest gaze, which, as I read it, said: "Do all you can for me—it is hard to bear." I found the cause of all this torture was the horn of another rhinoceros, which had been forced in up to the base, and then, probably by the desperate struggles of both animals, broken off. How was I to remove that? Without removing it nothing could be done;

all that could be tried or effected short of that was worse than nothing, as it would only give useless pain, and the poor animal must inevitably die. If gangrene had not began to set in, it soon must. I looked into the eyes of the sufferer: their expression was mild, but it told all his misery—all his hope in me. That look seemed to implore my aid—at any cost he should have it if I could but devise means of affording it beneficially.

A terribly offensive discharge oozed slowly from the wound as I pressed it, but in too small a quantity to give ease by reducing the tumefaction. I endeavoured to get him to the water—he was perfectly docile, and comprehended readily my effort to get him there. With some of the silk-like moss, hanging pendant from the trees, I cleansed the orifice of the wound, removing some dirt, and more sand and gravel, which adhered to the glutinous discharge, he gazing beseechingly at me the while, but seemingly soothed by the bathing. There were no signs of anger or impatience; his natural language was all new to me; of course I read it imperfectly, in some instances wrongly; but I fancied his anguish was somewhat assuaged, and that he wished the application continued. I was sensible that beyond this effect it could have no other—none really beneficial—all was done in vain unless the horn was extracted. I got hold of it, passing my hand beneath it in the wound; the poor fellow roared fearfully; if ever an angry demonstration might be expected it was then, but there was none; he merely placed his face upon or against my chest, as before; and although his colossal frame trembled violently under his fierce pangs, and the large tears rolled from his eyes, he licked my hand. I had started to my feet, lest the agony I had caused might have generated anger, but it was a vain apprehension; poor "Rhino" only felt gratitude for my imperfect aid. I had not given the pain without an object—I wished to know the form of the base of the horn, and the comparative size of the part above it. I had thought of several ways of accomplishing the extraction, rejecting all—because I was destitute of everything needful to reduce them to practice. Having ascertained the size of the base of the horn, and that some knobby excrescences were there, I fancied I had got what my Irish servant always called "a bright"—meaning thereby a bright idea. I resolved to cherish it lest I might not get another. Hope now began to animate me, and I, for the first time, felt confidence. Up to that moment I had been working in the dark darkly, now I saw what all men desire—light. I was as sure of saving my poor friend's life, and ending his agonies, as I had previously been doubtful. "All right, captain!" I exclaimed, patting him, and going off to my tree—for my principal baggage was in my bedchamber. "Rhino" followed me closely; the more cheerful tone of my voice might have struck him; all animals are keen judges of *tone*: from that they take

the meaning of the words they hear. Wild animals are especially observant of and skilful in interpreting tone; that, and the expression of the eye, will guide them more truly than any comprehension of the words in their literal sense guides man, who often finds that language is used to conceal thoughts rather than to reveal them. In my knapsack I carried two ropes, used to tie up portions of springbok, or any other animal, when killed and "broken up;" they were not thick, but well twisted, strong, and very flexible, being always more or less greasy. It was touching to see how the sufferer clung to me, as if he centred every hope he had of relief in me alone: a child could not cling to its mother more closely. I think we always feel disposed to aid in proportion to the reliance placed upon us; in my case I own it was not within me to allow the creature to fix his hopes upon my assistance vainly, if I could relieve him. To pacify him as well as I could I had recourse to my former plan of talking to him—no doubt in a very nonsensical style, but what I said had the effect, and words of wisdom could not do more.

I joined the ropes, and to them united the straps which had prevented me from "falling out of bed" during my slumbers. One of these straps I wished to pass round the horn above its base, and to effect this both tact and force were required—it could neither be done quickly nor without much torture, yet it was indispensable. I was careful to do this part of the operation effectually rather than tenderly, for I remembered having heard our regimental surgeon say, with reference to a severe operation, "In surgery there is neither mercy nor kindness in being tender; mercy and kindness are only shown in doing all needful things *well*." I would have given all I possessed to be certain of accomplishing my object at the first effort, yet I could scarcely hope to do that with the inadequate means at my disposal. Of the manner in which the great pain I must have caused was borne, I cannot speak so highly as it merited. Anxiety and exertion in such an unwonted attitude as I was compelled to assume for the occasion caused me to become as profusely streaming as if I had been in a vapour bath. At last the strap was fixed and thoroughly secured. I re-examined my work, and thought it effectively done. The next thing was, would the ropes go round the trunk of the tree. That, by getting my patient to go as close to the tree as he could go, was effected, with about a foot of the rope to spare when duly secured. Then came the greatest difficulty of all: how could I prevail upon the animal to "back," as horses are taught to do, even if I could make him understand what was necessary. I must stand before him to do this. If he attributed all his increased sufferings to me, not comprehending their necessity, how easy to gore me or to stamp me into a mass of broken bones, and out of life! True, so far, his meek resignation to my will had been perfect—it gave me confidence; but this was the

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greatest difficulty of all. I placed one hand upon his horn, the other upon his wide brow, looked in his eyes: they were mild as ever. I spoke to him in a kindly tone; he licked my face before I could prevent the act. I stood before him free from apprehension, and endeavoured to make him know what I wished him to do, *i.e.* to retrograde. At first he was at a loss—to walk backwards was so new to him. Could the object have been gained by a forward movement, all would have been easy; but, without pulleys, that was not possible. The horn had been driven in from front to rear, it must be drawn out from rear to front. After two or three efforts, I got him to comprehend that a step backwards was needful. He made it; it was a short one, insufficient for the requirements of the case. I pressed my whole force against his face, still talking to him; he made another, and in doing so felt all the acute agony caused by full traction. Never till then had I ever heard so appalling a scream and roar combined as he uttered. He actually leaped upon me, only the hold I had upon his horn enabled me to spring out of his way. I was unhurt, but my task was incomplete. I resumed my efforts, patting and encouraging him by voice and gesture as I best could. He bent down his head, rubbed the side of his nose against the inside of his fore-leg—it seemed as if he were trying to understand what I meant. Suddenly he raised his head, licked one of my hands, and as deliberately as was possible prepared himself for the retrograde movement. I seconded what I conceived to be an effort of his own, by pressing upon the broad front of his head, resuming my hold of his horn, and he and I both moved in the direction required. I felt him quivering, shaking throughout his vast bulk, and then with one determined effort he showed that he fully comprehended what was wanted. As I thought, he now had some notion of its real object. I might have been wrong in this, but he persisted, though his sufferings must have been fearfully great. Again came forth that mingled roar and scream, but he did not leap forward this time—he bravely persisted, as I coaxed and pushed. I suddenly dashed my shoulder against his nose—he went as suddenly back—shrill, harsh, and hoarse, the roar so expressive of agony came (it seemed to pierce through my entire system), but neither of us gave way, and—the object was gained.

At one and the same moment the imbedded horn was drawn forth upon the ground, upon which he fell on his knees, convulsively shaking, and sinking under his accumulated pangs; then he rolled upon one side. I was hurled over his neck as I relinquished my hold of his horn, he shaking and heaving spasmodically, I gathering myself together as best I could, exclaiming, "Thank God, it is over!"

I rose and beheld a grim visitor—a saurian had seen the rhinoceros fall—while the latter stood he would not have dared to approach us, but now he thought I was an easy prey; he did not know the virtues

of steel bolts. I had slightly hurt my wrist by the wrench it received as the rhinoceros fell, I clasping his horn; but I sprang to my roer, and as the open jaws of the saurian turned round the hindmost part of poor Rhino, a bolt crashed into the eye nearest me, and he threw himself upon his back in terrific struggles. The report aroused the exhausted "captain;" he rose to his feet from a pool of matter and blood which had welled from the wound, and still ran from it in a huge stream as he stood. He looked as if to ask what was the matter. I pointed to the baffled saurian; all his spirit was aroused, and he stamped the hideous brute to death and shapelessness. A blast of victory followed, but it was faint as compared with the blasts of the night before. However, the "captain" was on his legs again, and the first act he did after settling the hash of the alligator was to come to me and to lick my hands. His rough tongue told his thankfulness; it was an assurance from a tongue that never lied!

I was thinking of washing the wound. His tongue was hot, and his lips seemed parched with intense thirst. He trudged off—he walked better now—and after walking about two hundred yards turned the angle of a low bluff, behind which I saw, with gladness, a spring of delicious-looking water sparkling in the sun, as it descended into a natural basin, formed, probably, by the continued action of the water. I was thirsty; I hastily drank (after I had loaded my roer) from the spring itself, "Captain Rhino" from the basin, which he emptied, and stood impatiently waiting for more water to flow that he might drink again. When his feverish thirst was slaked, I well bathed his wound in the basin, and plugged it with the silky moss. My operation—my first effort in surgery—was performed; with it I had performed the most difficult of all operations, that of making a true friend: for such was "Captain Rhino" of "The Black Lakes."

What but instinct could have taught him that from man he might hope for aid in his sore extremity? What but the beautiful instincts implanted in him by the Great and All-wise Creator of all, prompted him, as soon as he beheld me the night before, to seek me, and to make a friend of me in his need?

I have only to add that when Captain Rhino saw the horn which had caused him so much suffering, and reminded him of the adversary who had wounded him, he stamped it into the earth with fearful rage; and that was the only instance in which I beheld, in him, the ungovernable fury attributed to the inferior rhinoceros. In my friend's absence, I think there may be some excuse for rage in this case.