

WILD SPORTS
OF
BURMA AND ASSAM

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AND

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

LONDON :
HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1900

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flesh to the Cacharies, but the young ones they tame. The young bulls are castrated, and employed, when of a size fit for the purpose, in ploughing.

RHINOCEROS

Although I have heard it stated in Lower Burma that there are three varieties of the rhinoceros, I think it doubtful. There is certainly the lesser rhinoceros (*R. sondaicus*), and the (*R. sumatrensis*), and an allied one, which was secured by the late Captain Hood in Chittagong, and sold by him to the Zoo. The two are very similar in appearance, and both have strong incisors, like tusks. I only shot one *R. sumatrensis* in Burma, and that near Cape Negrais, but I have been after them several times; but the nature of the ground was such, that our animals (elephants) could not go through the quagmires, whereas the rhinoceros would half wade, half swim through them with ease: but my colleague will write about them more, as his experience with these animals is greater than mine in Burma.

I may here mention about them in Assam—as I intend to give a short sketch of wild sport in that Province—that I shot there forty-four to my own gun, and probably saw some sixty others slain, and lost wounded fully as many as I killed.

The first is the great Indian rhinoceros (*R. indicus*), which is very plentiful in the Bhootan Dooars, but it is also found in the Churs of the Brahmapootra, and along the foot of the Garrow Hills, and also in the swamps along the base of the Cossyah and Garrow Hills. It has only one horn, seldom 18 inches long, generally a good deal less; this horn, which is said to be a conglomeration of hairs, is liable to get detached through injury or disease, when another one grows in its place. The skin is exceedingly thick, with a deep fold at the setting on of the head, another behind the shoulders, and another in front of the thighs; two large incisors in each jaw, with two smaller intermediate ones below, and two smaller outside the upper incisors, not always present. General colour, dusky black. The largest I bagged measured as follows: extreme length, 12½ feet; tail, 2 feet; height, 6 feet 2 inches; horn, 14 inches.

All rhinoceros delight in swamps, and lie in mud-holes for the greater part of the day. In a good-sized mud-hole one day I saw a rhinoceros lying at one end, and a buffalo at the other. I have never shot the lesser rhinoceros on the right bank of the Brahmapootra, but I have no doubt it exists, as it is also found in the Soonderbunds not far from Calcutta ; but it is fairly plentiful on the left bank south of Goalparah, where I have killed it.

As a rule, rhinoceros are inoffensive ; they do a good deal of damage to grain if any is grown within a reasonable distance of their haunts, but generally they inhabit such remote localities that they can do no harm. It is naturally a timid animal, more anxious to escape than fight, and it is by no means difficult to kill. Of course, when a rhinoceros has been severely wounded and is closely followed up, it will turn ; but so will a rat, or, as they say, even a worm ; but its principal anxiety is to get away and lie in some mud-hole, where it wallows, and where it probably dies. The horn is only used for grubbing up roots ; when they wish to attack they use their incisors, which with them answer much the same purpose as tusks in a boar. They can inflict a clean deep cut, and they appear at certain seasons to fight amongst themselves, for I have killed both males and females scored all over.

It used to be said that the skin of the rhinoceros will resist an ordinary ball, but that is all sheer nonsense ; a spherical ball out of a smooth-bore, if rightly placed, will kill one of these animals far easier than it will a buffalo. It is not the hide, but the enormous muscles, mass of flesh and bones, that cover the vital organs, that render the use of heavy rifles and immense charges so necessary to penetration. But as Von Hohnel killed two rhinoceros in East Africa with one ball, using a Mannlicher rifle, a similar weapon should account for them in the East. Colonel Campbell, an old Assamese *shikarie*, had the credit of also having killed two rhinoceros with one ball ; but it was not quite certain, for he did fire two shots, but at animals some way apart ; whereas the two killed were standing alongside of one another. I have sent a hardened bullet right through one.

If the bullet, with a sufficiency of powder behind it, is placed in the centre of the shield over the shoulder, rather

low down, the ball penetrates the heart. If behind the shoulder the lungs are perforated, and the beast succumbs after about five minutes, and can easily be recovered by its stertorous breathing, which it utters before it gives up the ghost. This noise, once heard, can never be forgotten.

Although the horns are almost useless as trophies, for many of them are but knobs, the natives prize them very much, and will buy them, giving as much as Rs. 45 a seer (2 lbs.). The young ones are easily caught after the mother has been killed, and though very savage at first, soon get tame, and are worth a lot of money. They cost next to nothing to keep and rear. The footmarks much resemble those of an elephant; but they are a little smaller, and a little longer, and have but three toes against the elephant's five. Although many castes in India—Brahmins and Marwaries in particular—partake of only grain, they have asked me to dry the tongue for them; this they pulverize and bottle, and take a pinch of it when ill.

The Assamese, bigoted Hindoos as they are, used to follow us about in gangs like flocks of vultures, and directly they heard shots, rush up, all fighting for certain tit-bits; not a morsel would be left; even the hide they cut into lengths and roast over embers, and eat as some people eat the crackling of a pig.

Considering the value put on the flesh and horns of this animal by the natives, I am surprised there is one left alive, as it deposits its ordure¹ at one spot only until a mound is formed, sometimes several feet in height, and as it visits that spot night and morning, by digging a pit near, nothing could be easier than to shoot it.

Whenever I went into the dooars I was followed by native *shikaries* who kept out of my ken, but hovered about near; as I had seldom time to hunt up wounded beasts, they would trace them up, and either shoot them, or, if they found them dead—as was oftener the case—they would appropriate the horns and flesh. They thus stole a magnificent horn (for Assam), 18 inches long, off a beast I had severely wounded

¹ My colleague states he has not noticed these dung-heaps. I have seen them, I may say, always, where either variety of rhinoceros have taken up their residence. He has since come across them in the Arrakan Yomahs.—F. T. P.



A DEAD RHINOCEROS.

From a Photo by P. Buerges, Esq.

and lost, and I should have known nothing of it, had the men not quarrelled over the spoils, and one run back and told the Deputy Commissioner, but the man was over our frontier before he could be overtaken and seized.

The lesser rhinoceros is distinguished by being somewhat shorter in height and their shields being less prominent, and the skins at times are covered with square angular tubercles. This animal extends throughout Assam, down Sylhet, the Garrow Hills, Tipperah, Chittagong, Arrakan, and Burma to Malaya, and probably into Yunan and the western provinces of China. The Burmese assert that it devours fire.

The two-horned rhinoceros extends from Chittagong downwards. It is not known further north. Its skin is as smooth as a buffalo's; the anterior horn is fairly long, the posterior generally a mere stump. I do not see why they should not be utilized, as they are easily domesticated. A dhooby in Gowhatty used to take his clothes from the wash about on one (*R. indicus*, *R. unicornus*), but I think he sold it to an Afghan, who was one of Jamrach's agents.

The variety obtained by Mr. Hood had tasselled ears. It got bogged in trying to cross a river, and was secured by means of Keddah elephants.

Doctor Mason asserts that the larger single-horned rhinoceros (*R. indicus*) has been caught in Arrakan, and that he has also seen it along the banks of the Tenasserim river. The Burmese have told me the same, but Blyth declared that they had mistaken the smaller *Sondaicus* for the *Indicus*.

The bigoted Hindoos store their horns in their Namghurs, the point downwards, the base forming a kind of bowl in which they pour water and use as a charm. The Chinese also put a fictitious value on them. Knowing how valuable they were, Major Cock¹ bought up a lot of the white African rhinoceros horns, which are at times 3 feet long, which he saw for sale in the Bazaar in Calcutta, and sent them to Becher in Assam for sale, but the natives would not look at them, not believing that they were what they professed to be!

¹ A rare good sportsman; afterwards killed in one of the fights in the Naga country.

CHAPTER V

SPORT IN UPPER BURMA

RHINOCEROS SUMATRENSIS—THE ASIATIC TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS. [W. S. THOM]

TO those desirous of becoming better acquainted with this rhino's haunts, habits, and appearance, Blandford's description of the animal in his *Fauna of British India* may not be amiss here. He describes this animal as the smallest of living rhinoceros and the most hairy, the greater part of the body being thinly clad with hair, and the ears and tail more thickly covered. The two horns are some distance apart at the base; both are slender above, except in the case of females, which have mere stumps a few inches, and the anterior horn of the male in fine specimens elongate and curve backwards. The skin is usually rough and granular; the folds, though much less marked than in the one-horned species, are still existent, but only that behind the shoulders is continued across the back. Colour, varying from earthy-brown or black. Dimensions, somewhat variable. The type of Sclater's *R. lasiotis* was 4 feet 4 inches high at the shoulder, and 8 feet long from snout to root of tail; its weight about 2000 lbs. An old female from Malacca was only 3 feet 8 inches high; the average height of adults is probably 4 feet to 4 feet 6 inches. The largest known specimen of the anterior horn measures 32 inches over the curve. Skull, 20 inches; basal length, 11.25 inches zygomatic breadth.

Varieties.—Specimens from Chittagong and Malacca were living at the same time in the Zoological Society's Gardens, London, in 1872, and the former was distinguished by Sclater as *R. lasiotis*, by its larger size, paler and browner colour, smoother skin, longer, finer, and more rufescent hair, shorter

and more tufted tail, the ears having a fringe of long hair and being naked inside; but above all by the much greater breadth of the head.

Unquestionably the difference was considerable; but by far the most remarkable, the shape of the head is shown by Blyth to be variable in both *R. unicornis* and *R. sondaicus*, for he figured and described a broad and narrow type of each, as well as *R. sumatrensis*.

The other distinctions scarcely appear to me of specific value, and I am inclined to regard the two forms as varieties only.

Distribution.—Rare in Assam, though one specimen has been recorded on the Sankosh river, in the Bhutan Duars (*P. Z. S.* 1875, p. 566). Another was shot 20 miles south of Comillah in Tipperah, in February 1876. From Assam the species ranges to Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Borneo.

Habits.—Very similar to those of the other species. This rhinoceros inhabits forests, and is found at a considerable elevation, having been observed 4000 feet above the sea in Tenasserim, by Tickell. It is a shy and timid animal, but easily tamed when adult.

Details obtained by Mr. Bartlett concerning a young animal born in London, induced him to regard the period of gestation as probably a little over seven months. This differs greatly from Hodgson's account of the period in *R. unicornis*, but no details are furnished in the case of the last-named species, whilst the evidence is stated in that of *R. sumatrensis*. Still, for so large and apparently so long-lived an animal, seven months of uterine life appears short.

Anderson, in his *Fauna of Mergui and its Archipelago*, mentions having heard of a two-horned rhino seen swimming in the sea near High Island in the Archipelago. Probably all rhinoceros are good swimmers. (They certainly are.—F. T. P.)

The story of the Chittagong rhinoceros that was unable to swim must be, I think, a mistake. The account given by Mason, and repeated by Blyth, of this or any other rhinoceros attacking fire should be received with great caution. To my

personal knowledge Mr. Blyth's principal informant had a weakness for relating *shikar* stories which were frequently good, but not always authentic.¹

I was fortunate enough, during my five years' sojourn in the Ruby Mines district, to come across four of these animals, three of which I succeeded in getting. I had also many opportunities, when spending my short leave out in camp, of studying the habits of these ungainly mammalia. They are not easy to find, and are always very timid and shy, but when found they are easily stalked and killed, provided you are armed with a heavy rifle. They are capable, when alarmed, of dashing away through the densest jungle at a great pace, and often travel for many miles over the roughest country before they come to a halt. Mud-wallows, swampy ground, and dark, damp, cool jungles amongst the hills, up to an elevation of 4000 feet, are the spots they usually frequent. (I found them at the base of the Arrakan range, near Cape Negrais, at a very slight elevation only.—F. T. P.)

Three or four animals may sometimes be found in one locality within a mile or so of each other. But as a rule they are solitary; I have on one occasion come across two females wallowing in the same mud-hole.

These mud-holes are usually found at the source of some small stream, where the soil is swampy, or of a clayey nature. A spring or a marshy piece of ground by some stream is often utilized in the same manner, and one rhinoceros may have two or three wallows, or mud-holes, which he visits in turn: principally during the months of May, June, July, and August.

The sportsman will be notified of the near vicinity of a wallow by the caked mud which has been rubbed off the rhino's body by the bushes and tree-trunks as the animal passes.

Should the rhino be in his mud-bath, the sportsman will sometimes be made aware of the fact by hearing peculiar, low,

¹ I do not agree in this statement. Mr. Blyth to my certain knowledge was a most painstaking and able naturalist, and did not accept all he heard, but most Karens and Burmese assert that this rhinoceros rushes at a fire and scatters it.—F. T. P.

rumbling, humming sounds, the noise being very similar to that made by a species of large hornbill when soaring through the air, or like the sound made by a vulture's wing when stooping to the earth.

These rhinos sometimes wander great distances to feed, but are most frequently found within a mile or so of their wallows. They feed principally on bamboo-leaves, shoots, young cane, thorny shrubs, and a bush called "Kyau-sa." It was in the Sagadaung jurisdiction of the Shan State of Momeik, Ruby Mines district, that I first made my acquaintance with these animals. I had previously, in other parts of the district, when out looking for gaur and elephant, come across old tracks, but had never had the luck to find any fresh ones, or to light on a fresh mud-hole.

One evening, in the beginning of the rainy season, MOUNG HPE turned up in the "zayat," or rest-house, whilst I was lolling in my long arm-chair, under the soothing influence of a good dinner, cigarette, and a cup of coffee, and said—"Thakin, hnepen taung-daw thwa gya-zo, mane-ga wakok the-ma hnit-yauk kyan-kyi-ya ah thit twe ge de" (Sir, let us go into the hills to-morrow; two bamboo-cutters saw fresh rhinoceros tracks yesterday). This was excellent news, and MOUNG HPE was immediately made the recipient of a bottle of Younger's Monk Brand beer, an old shooting-jacket, and five rupees.

Poor MOUNG HPE, as fine a tracker as ever stepped! I wonder what he is doing now? Ah, those glorious days, gone like a fleeting dream!

As the locality in which the rhino's tracks had been seen was distant in the hills above Sagadaung only some eight or ten miles, I made up my mind to pay a flying visit to the spot, leaving early next morning, and camp out only one night in the jungle, as I had a good deal of work on hand.

At 6 a.m. next day I was well on my way into the hill, having first arranged with my camp-followers and servants as to the spot to be chosen for our camp. MOUNG HPE and an old retired Shan *shikarie*, whose knowledge of the hills was extensive, accompanied me. He was a curious old fellow,

this Shan, and never better pleased than when smoking away at a long Shan pipe and drinking raw spirits.

I was armed on this occasion with only an old single .450 sporting Martini-Henry carbine, which belonged at one time to poor Tucker of the police, as daring a sportsman and as good a shot as Burma has ever seen, and a double 12-bore shot-gun by Joseph Lang, which burned a maximum charge of $4\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder, and carried a spherical ball with great precision and penetration up to 30 or 40 yards.

After reaching the outlying spurs of the Shwe-u-taung range we struck the Tunkachoung stream, along whose banks we walked. As luck would have it, we had not gone a quarter of a mile before Moug Hpe, jumping down into the sandy bed of the stream, exclaimed—"Thakin, thakin, kyiba-thee ma, kyau-kyi-ya, ah-thit gane ma net saw zaw thaw-ge-de" (Sir, sir, look here, fresh rhino tracks; the animal passed early this morning). On examining the tracks I noticed that the water in them was still a little clouded at the bottom, and that they must be very fresh tracks. I knew that Moug Hpe very rarely made a mistake as to the freshness of a track, and I was convinced, from the decided way he had spoken about the tracks, that he was quite certain in his own mind that they had been recently made.

We decided to wait the arrival of our camp-followers before taking on the tracks, as there was a suitable piece of ground for pitching camp on the banks of the stream, and I wanted to warn them about making any noise which might disturb the rhino.

After waiting about an hour and a half our followers turned up, when we informed them of the fresh tracks, and after cautioning every one not to cut down bamboos or make any preparations for chopping firewood, etc., till they had heard me fire, we started off on the trail.

The ground in the neighbourhood was very hilly, and at times we had to push our way through cane-jungle and over swampy ground.

After covering some two miles of country the track showed that the animal had been feeding round in circles,

¹ All rhinoceros feed in circles.—F. T. P.

and at times tracking was made to my eyes almost impracticable, as the animal had crossed and recrossed its own tracks dozens of times. So mixed in fact had they become, that sportsmen unaccustomed to tracking would be under the impression that two or three animals instead of one had been in the vicinity. We succeeded eventually in hitting the right trail out of this maze, and after travelling for over three hours, came on unmistakable signs of a mud-wallow. MOUNG HPE now fell back and requested me to lead, warning me at the same time to be careful, as a wallow was not far off, and, indeed, numerous traces of it were apparent. The surrounding jungle was composed of cane, bamboo, and tree forest.

Following a small game track I pushed my way cautiously along the side of the hill through the foliage, which fortunately was not very dense here, MOUNG HPE and the old Shan hunter following in my traces.

I felt as if my heart was going to burst from suppressed excitement, at the thought of seeing for the first time a real wild rhinoceros. Of course I had seen the larger species of rhino in the Zoo, but had never seen one in its wild state. Moreover, the animal I was tracking had two horns, and, if I remember rightly, no specimen of the *Rhinoceros sumatrensis* was in the Zoological Gardens when I paid my visit.

Rounding a clump of overhanging canes on a sloping ridge, I caught sight of the edge of the basin or wallow on the brow of the hill, a few feet above the level of my head, and at a distance of about 25 yards. There were numerous fresh signs of the rhino's presence in the splashes of yellow clayey mud all round the edge of the basin and on the surrounding trees, but no sound emanated from the wallow, which appeared to be deserted.

Turning round and holding up my hand as a signal to MOUNG HPE and the Shan to stay where they were, I cocked both barrels of the smooth-bore, bent low, and moved cautiously forward about ten paces. My coat unfortunately caught on a hooked thorny cane-creeper, and knocked down a small decayed branch, which fell to the ground with a faint rustle.

The scene was changed in a moment. An ugly, small-eyed, piggish, horny-looking-beast reared itself up out of the wallow in a sitting posture, only exposing its head and shoulders, and blinked at me stupidly for a few seconds in an undecided manner, as if debating in its own mind what manner of animal I was. I did not give it time to consider long, but jumped from my stooping attitude and aimed hurriedly at the huge head, firing both barrels in quick succession. A tremendous commotion in the wallow immediately ensued, followed by sounds like the drawing of corks from very large bottles, the sound being caused by the rhinoceros pulling its feet out of the clayey soil as it rushed out of the wallow and bolted, in full flight, down the hill-side, through cane-brake and bamboo, carrying everything before it. At first I was greatly disappointed, being under the impression that I had made a clean miss.

Moung Hpe, who was also greatly disgusted at my shooting, came up with a very long face, taking it for granted that I had missed, and said, "Thakin, thakin, thee-tokan-now ka-bedaw ma ya bu kyan hue dine ma twe hnine bu ma, hman bu tin de" (Sir, sir, you will never have such luck again; it is not every day that you see a rhinoceros, I think you have missed it). But I had not missed, for after following up the tracks for about 100 yards, we found, much to my delight, blood on either side of the track, which proved beyond a doubt that one of my bullets had gone clean through the animal's head.

It was simply marvellous to think that any animal could have received such a shock without staggering or showing any signs of having been hit, and then make off, down a steep hill-side through dense undergrowth, like an express train.

We had not been an hour on the trail before Moung Hpe pointed out the rhino to me, lying down on its stomach amongst some bushes, breathing heavily. I could just see a dirty yellow patch, which I immediately fired at.

On receiving the shot it jumped up and made off again. We came up with him after going about 300 yards further; it was standing broadside on, and I put in a right and left behind the shoulder. I was obliged to use my smooth-bore,

as the striker of the Martini carbine was out of order, and would not explode a single cartridge. The last two shots seemed to waken it up pretty considerably, as it travelled some distance before we again overhauled it. We had some difficulty on this occasion in finding the tracks, as it had entered a stream and waded down for a considerable distance. We now found that the rhino was heading back in the direction from which it had come, and we could distinctly hear our camp-followers talking and laughing in the hollow below, and some of them now joined us in trying to find the lost tracks.

While we were thus scattered about up and down stream examining the ground, my attention was suddenly drawn by Moug Hpe to the rhino, which was standing with heaving flanks on the bank of the stream, within ten paces of a rock upon which I had climbed. I could see from its stertorous breathing that the poor beast was done for and quite helpless, so wading quietly up to within a yard or two I fired behind the shoulder, aiming for the heart. The rhino stood motionless for about four seconds, and then sank dead on to its knees, with a long-drawn sigh.

On examination I found that it was a female, and that only one of my two first shots had taken effect, but this one had gone clean through the head, and only missed the brain by a very narrow margin.

The rhino was 4 feet 6 inches from heel to shoulder, measured between uprights, and had two distinct horns, the front one about 4 inches in length, and the hinder one a mere horny protuberance.

In the male the front horn varies from 6 to 12 inches. The folds were much less marked than in the one-horned species, and commenced behind the shoulders, continuing across the back; there was also a slight overlapping of the skin on the posterior. The colour of the skin approached a light earthy brown; the ears had a long hairy fringe, but were naked inside.

The male rhinoceros, according to Burman hunters, consort with the females about the middle and end of the rain.

On another occasion I saw three animals within the space

of an hour and a half on an outlying spur of the Shwe-utaung hill, two of which I succeeded in bagging. We had been camping in a cave on the top of the hill, and were moving down a spur intending to pitch on new ground as soon as we came across traces of rhino or gaur.

I had been out on a shooting expedition for over a month, having been granted leave from April 3 to May 17, and during that time I had succeeded in getting two elephants, six gaur, one tsine, one sambur, two barking deer, one leopard, and one serow—not a bad bag. MOUNG HPE and I left camp early and started walking leisurely down the ridge, leaving the remainder to pack up and follow at a respectable distance.

We had gone about two and a half miles, when MOUNG HPE, suddenly stooping down and examining the ground carefully, exclaimed, "Kyan hnit kaung, mane ga ma net saw zaw thwa ge de" (Two rhinos passed this way early yesterday morning). We immediately called a halt and held a consultation, chose a suitable spot for our camp, and arranged for tracking up the animals. Eventually we agreed that our carriers and camp-followers, numbering in all some twenty men, had better follow our trail in single file, in silence, and at a respectable distance, until we came on fresher tracks, when we could fix on some more convenient spot near a stream for our camp. On this occasion I was armed with a 12-bore rifle, and a double 8-bore burning twelve drams. MOUNG HPE carried the 12-bore, whilst I took the heavier weapon. After warning our followers to remain perfectly quiet whilst on the march in our rear, MOUNG HPE and I started off and took on the tracks of the rhinos, with every hope of being able to come up with them in some mud-wallow before dark. MOUNG HPE as usual took the lead, and whenever he was at fault, which very rarely happened, I assisted him by making wide casts till the trail was recovered. We had greater difficulties to contend with than I had expected to find. The ground was not only covered with a thick layer of leaves, which in places had either been scratched up by jungle fowl and pheasant, or scattered by the wind, thereby obliterating all foot-prints, but at times it was

very hard and rocky. After covering some three miles of precipitous but fairly open and rocky country, I felt tempted to give it up in disgust, as we had not as yet come upon tracks which were only an hour or two old. Patience is however usually rewarded in the end, and after many twistings and turnings, backwards and forwards, up-hill and down dale, often going over the same ground twice, we came on fresh tracks, and were suddenly startled by hearing in our immediate neighbourhood the peculiar low, muffled humming sound repeated at intervals; and Moungh Hpe at once recognized them as proceeding from the rhinos. To walk noiselessly down the ridge in the direction of the sound was the work of a few moments, but I was afraid our camp-followers would catch us up before we could get sight of the animals. Fortunately, however, they had all seated themselves on the ground for a rest. The peculiar low, buzzing or humming noises now became more distinct, and as we rounded a rocky ridge which overlooked a shallow ravine, wooded with bamboo and an undergrowth of bush and prickly cane, a large mud-wallow, in a small clearing bordering the cane-jungle, came into view, and in this two rhinos were disporting themselves. One animal, the larger of the two, was standing half in and half out of the slushy mud; the other was lying in it half submerged, rolling about from side to side, and uttering the peculiar noises which had attracted our attention. Telling Moungh Hpe to fire at the animal standing on the brink of the wallow, I aimed at the other, and fired both barrels. Moungh Hpe's shot rang out simultaneously with my own. There was a terrific commotion for a second or two in the wallow, accompanied by unearthly grunts and screeches, something like the bray of a donkey, and then both animals bolted away in different directions through the cane.

We rushed down and examined the ground and bushes in the neighbourhood of the wallow for blood, several big splashes of which we discovered on the line of flight taken by the rhino which I had fired at. We took on this animal's tracks immediately, and had not gone very far before I caught sight of the beast, limping along with a broken

fore-leg ; a right and a left behind the shoulder brought it to a standstill, and a third shot completed the business. After marking the spot carefully we returned to the wallow, intending to take on the tracks of the animal fired at by Moug Hpe. We found that his bullet (Moug Hpe having fired only one shot, being unaccustomed to a double rifle, and naturally finding the firing of a second shot with any degree of precision well-nigh impossible) had passed through a creeper about the thickness of a man's calf, which would naturally lessen the penetration of the bullet, although he used a steel-tipped one.

After arranging a suitable spot for camp with our followers, who had in the meantime joined us at the wallow, and who were in great glee at the thought of dining off rhinoceros flesh, Moug Hpe and I started off after the other rhino, which, from a spot of blood found on a cane-bush near the wallow, had evidently been hit.

We were rather ludicrous-looking objects after we had been following the trail for some time, our clothes, hands, and faces being plentifully besmeared with the clayey mud whilst following in the wake of the rhino, which deposited a portion of its coating on the bushes and branches at every step. After puzzling over the tracks for three and a half miles of very rugged country, up and down hill, through cane brakes and ravines, we gave it up in disgust, as not only was it getting late, but the animal had not shown any signs of having been badly wounded. An animal, as a rule, when severely wounded lies down once or twice to rest after the first mile or so ; an experienced Burman hunter can often tell by the footprint of an animal such as the gaur or tsine whether it has been wounded or not, the slot of a wounded beast being often deep and irregular, though this very rarely occurs in the case of a wounded elephant or rhino, which, as a rule, only lie down when about to die or unable to stand ; though I did once follow a huge "Muckna" which lay down to rest no fewer than three times within the distance of two miles.

I did not succeed in coming up with this animal, although it had received three 8-bore spherical hardened bullets well placed behind the shoulder.

It was now about 4 p.m., and as we had not eaten any food since 10.30 a.m. we proceeded to dispose of our respective breakfasts, mine consisting of cold salted gaur tongue, biscuits, dried figs, and some cold boiled rice, washed down with beautifully cool, clear hill water. MOUNG HPE opened out on boiled rice, cold smoked gaur, and last, but not least, that highly odoriferous national dish, a "bonne bouche," amongst Burmans known as "ngápee." Whilst in the middle of our well-earned meal we were startled by hearing the peculiar, muffled humming sound already referred to, and which seemed to proceed from no great distance.

We both jumped to our feet with alacrity, sending the remains of our meal flying. I seized my 8-bore and, after pocketing a couple of spare cartridges, moved cautiously in the direction of the sound, MOUNG HPE bringing up the rear. After wading through a swampy piece of ground for about 40 yards I caught sight of another wallow, from which the sounds seemed to issue. Arriving within half-a-dozen paces of it I saw a spectacle which made my heart throb at a tremendous pace—a rhinoceros lay submerged in the mud, with its ears and the top of its head occasionally showing as it rolled about from side to side, uttering each time its nostrils and mouth rose above the surface low, peculiar, long-drawn grunts. I cautiously withdrew and beckoned to MAUNG HPE to approach a little closer so that he might be of some assistance in case of a charge, and, after seeing him ensconced behind a tree within a few yards of the wallow to my right, I took a steady aim for what I took to be the shoulder of the animal, but which afterwards turned out to be its stomach, and fired.

A tremendous grunting, screaming, snorting, and splashing ensued after my shot, and I was so near to the wallow that several splashes of mud struck my hat and coat.

The rhino, after making several rapid gyrations in the wallow as if trying to bite its own tail, shot out of the pit through mud two or three feet deep, and rushed down the side of the hill as fast as any pig could travel, followed by a second bullet from me and a right and left from MOUNG HPE, all of which, as I afterwards found, took effect in various parts of his body.

Notwithstanding all this we had a long, stern chase, the rhinoceros keeping up a tremendous pace for nearly three miles, and leading us through some of the most awful jungle which it has ever been my fortune to travel over. All things must, however, come to an end some time, and we eventually came up with him standing stock still on the side of a deep ravine looking very sick. I was very thankful that we had come up with him, and I am certain that I should not have been able to keep up the pace another mile over such country as that we had traversed, encumbered as I was with the heavy 8-bore. I was literally dripping from head to foot, and almost blinded with perspiration from the violent exercise we had just undergone, enhanced by copious draughts of icy water *en route*.

As the rhino was standing facing away from me, I worked cautiously round till I could obtain a good shoulder shot. I succeeded in getting partially round, but was discovered by the brute, which wheeled round with a loud grunt and walked quickly with lowered head towards me. This was a most unusual proceeding, and entirely unexpected, for I was always under the impression that a rhino was a harmless beast. As may be imagined, I did not wait to see any more, but delivered a quick right and left. On the smoke clearing I saw that the rhino had not only come to a standstill, but was about to fall. In fact, after a preliminary roll or two from side to side, a loud gasping sigh as it collapsed slowly on to its knees proclaimed its decease. A kill of two rhinos in one day was not bad work, but to crown all we found that we, or rather the rhino, had been travelling round in a circle, and that instead of being five or six miles from camp we were only some two or three hundred yards from it. I returned highly elated, but feeling a little knocked up, a dip in the stream which flowed past our encampment (an erection of leaf huts, "taungzin pet" leaves), and a good dinner brought me up to par once more. Many a long yarn did my *shikaries* and I spin over the flickering camp fire far into the night, before I dropped off into a well-earned slumber.

With regard to a doubt expressed by some naturalists as to rhinos being able to swim, I can say, from what I have

seen and heard myself, that they are undoubtedly good swimmers.

I remember very well on one occasion, whilst out with a party of police tracking a gang of dacoits, coming upon some fresh rhino tracks leading into the Kin river and emerging on the opposite bank at a crossing where the water, it being then well on in the rainy season, was quite four to five feet deep. One of my hunters informed me that he had once watched two rhinos, a young one and its mother, cross a stream. Before entering the water, however, the mother had to prod up the little one from behind with her snout several times to induce it to venture in. Being unarmed at the time he was unable to shoot them. He noticed particularly that both swam very strongly and swiftly across, the young one in front, and that only a portion of the snout and head of each animal was visible. The young one on arriving at the opposite bank lay down and rolled over and over again on the grass, in the same manner as a horse would do, but the mother walked steadily on after reaching the bank, leaving her young one to follow. It is said that rhinos deposit huge mounds of ordure,¹ visiting the same spot daily. I have not noticed this with regard to the *R. sumatrensis* (I found the mounds at the foot of the hills near Negrais, and in Assam they were very plentiful wherever there were rhinoceros.—F. T. P.), although I have come across their droppings in the ordinary course of my wanderings, and they all seemed as if left on a single occasion. The morning after the death of the rhinos I had rather a novel experience on the top of the Shwe-u-taung hill with a tiger.

My hunters and I were engaged tracking a solitary bull gaur which, after browsing on young bamboo shoots and leaves in the valley, had left the cover for the more open grassy slopes on the ridge. The grass here, which was never at any time higher than one's knees, had been burnt, and the young green shoots which had sprung up after recent showers attracted sambur and an occasional solitary gaur.

The tracks after winding about for some time through this

¹ Mr. Thom, since this was written, has found these mounds in the Arrakan Yomahs.—F. T. P.

open country led us to the top of the ridge, from whence a glorious view was obtained, the surrounding country lying like a map at our feet. Here and there might be seen the river Shweli with its tributaries glistening in the sun like silver threads, the Kin and the Momeik, whose combined waters eventually empty themselves into the Irrawady, and an occasional glimpse of the broad waters of the latter some thirty-five miles off. It was while standing admiring the grand panorama stretched out before us, that my attention was drawn to five or six doe sambur, which, emerging in single file from the dense woods at our feet some 400 yards off, began feeding slowly along up the side of the hill quite unconscious of our presence. After the last animal had disappeared over the ridge I was just about to try a stalk, as our stock of fresh meat required replenishing, when another animal emerged from the wood, trotted up to the top of the ridge near where the sambur had passed, and lay down. Thinking that this was another sambur and that it would be easily approached, I took my 8-bore, having no other weapon with me at the time, and began the stalk. For the first 200 yards or so it was easy enough, but after that there was little or no cover behind which I could screen my advance. Whilst pondering how I was to get any nearer without being discovered, I noticed the animal's tail flick upwards once or twice with a quick spasmodic jerk, and then only it dawned upon me that the animal lying basking in the sun a couple of hundred yards from me was a tiger. This was rather a shock, and something I had not bargained for. I was determined, however, not to back out or show any signs of funk, as my men were watching my every action, and it would not have done to let them have the impression that I was afraid to face any animal. I succeeded, after a great deal of tortuous manœuvring, in lessening the distance between us to about 150 yards, and flattened myself out behind a small clump of ferns. I lay like a log in this position for over three minutes, in the hope of seeing the tiger get up and move in my direction, near enough to enable me to get home an accurate shot. What would I not have given at that moment for a good '577, '450, or even '256 rifle! I was not a good enough shot, nor yet sufficiently accustomed to

the heavy 8-bore, to be absolutely certain of hitting at any distance beyond 80 to 100 yards, much less of reaching a vital spot. Besides, the tiger, as he lay on all-fours, did not present a very large target. At last I made up my mind to chance a shot, as I was getting rather cramped and uncomfortable from the position in which I was lying. So putting up the 150 yards sight and cocking both hammers quietly, I raised my rifle to the shoulder, both elbows on the ground. The tiger at the same moment faced round and stared hard in my direction. I remained as if turned to stone. What a magnificent appearance he presented, his whiskers and a grand ruff round his face showing quite distinctly.

After gazing hard in my direction for a few seconds he rose slowly to his feet, peered down into the valley below him, where I could still see some of the sambur grazing, and on one of which I had no doubt he had intentions of making a meal. After a preliminary yawn or two and a jerky flick, flick of his tail he stretched himself, and, to my delight, faced round and started to walk along the ridge in my direction. I had never had the chance of bagging a tiger before, although I had seen several and knew a good deal about their haunts and habits, consequently I was rather excited at the opportunity now afforded me.

I waited till he had covered half the distance between us, and then slowly raised my rifle, intending to fire at about 50 yards, but I reckoned without my host, as the brute's quick eye detected the movement, and, halting dead, he turned half round as if uncertain what to do. I immediately fired, taking a full sight, as I am rather inclined with a heavy rifle to shoot low. The distance would be about 100 yards. A short hoarse growl was the reply to my shot, and the tiger, whose fore-leg I had broken, charged away down the hillside into the dense jungle, where all hope of pursuit on foot was quite out of the question. I sent a second shot after him as he disappeared into the jungle, but missed, as I saw the spot where the bullet knocked up some earth a foot or two behind him. It would have been utter folly to have attempted to walk him up, accompanied by any of my men, in jungle where you could not see two yards ahead, and where some of us would

in all probability have been badly mauled. If I had had an elephant it would have been an easy matter to rout him out. My hunters were very much astonished to see the supposed sambur change into a tiger.

While returning to camp the same evening, strolling listlessly along ahead of my men, I suddenly came face to face with a herd of gaur. I was never so utterly disgusted with myself, for I had not a rifle with me; a huge bull, which was standing some twenty paces off, sounded the alarm with a terrific snort, and the whole herd thundered away with a crash through the jungle at a tremendous pace, the deep thud, thud of their hoofs being audible for some time.

The stampede of a startled herd of gaur through bamboo jungle, once heard will never be forgotten, so terrific is the noise. The loud whistling snort of alarm emitted by an old solitary bull, standing 19 or 20 hands at the shoulder, when heard at close quarters for the first time by a sportsman, is grand, and fills him at the time with an indescribable mixed feeling of fear and awe. I made a vow from that hour I would never walk anywhere where there was the least likelihood of coming across game, without having a rifle of some sort in my hand. I had, moreover, good reason to congratulate myself on having my 8-bore in my hands half-an-hour later. As we were nearing camp, I had not expected to see any game, and was talking in a low tone to Moungh Hpe, when a slight noise in the jungle ahead attracted our attention, and almost immediately after a dark-coated animal, which I at first took for a young gaur or sambur, passed in front of us at a quick walk, apparently quite regardless of our presence. I immediately fired for the shoulder, the bullet taking effect rather low down, breaking the leg. The goat, for it turned out to be a serow or Burmese goat antelope, the *Nemorhædus sumatrensis*, on receiving the shot, uttered two or three shrill screams and made a most determined charge straight down the hill towards me, evidently intent on getting at me. I had, in fact, to jump to one side and deliver a second shot before it fell. Even then it seemed to be very tenacious of life, for it struggled hard, and butted right and left with its horns whenever we tried to get near it.

A blow on the back of the neck from a heavy male bamboo finished it. The horns were about 8 inches long, and curved slightly backwards. Measurement from tip of tail to snout 5 feet 5 inches, and length at shoulder 3 feet 4 inches.

It was a very old female animal. The skin and hair of the body was almost black, with a silvery fringe of long, coarse, scanty hair running along the whole length of the back: it was longer and there was more of it at the top of the neck. The legs were of a rufous colour from the thigh and fore-arm downwards. The muzzle was jet black. This animal was shot at an elevation of about 4000 feet.

After skinning and cutting up the animal we left for camp, which was reached as a heavy thunderstorm broke over our heads. During the night we heard gaur bellowing not far from camp.

BLAZING DEER (*MEETOUNG*) AT NIGHT

A BURMESE MODE OF HUNTING DEER, AND HUNTING THE BURMESE RHINOCEROS IN LOWER BURMA. [F. T. P.]

The Burmese professional *shikaries* pot a great deal of game, but prefer hunting deer by torchlight. I may here describe the *modus operandi*. It is most fatiguing, and one that few Europeans would care to follow as a pastime. Whilst at Haingye I crossed over to Dalhousie. This was one of the great Proconsul's follies; not satisfied with Burma, having already ports like Moulmein, Rangoon, and Bassein, Lord Dalhousie determined to construct another to bear his own name at the entrance of the Bassein river. After several lacs of rupees had been spent, a tidal wave swept all away in a night, and all that was visible in 1863 were a few culverts far apart, and the place had reverted into jungle. A boat's crew was kept there to aid shipwrecked mariners.

By appointment some *shikaries* met me one day towards dark at Dalhousie, and we set out to "blaze" deer. Their hunting-grounds were a long way off, and we had to walk over deep and loose sand for fully six miles, and then to cross numerous tidal nullahs, spanned by bridges consisting of a single

bamboo with a small handrail attached; not an easy task at any time, and very unpleasant on a pitchy dark night. We then turned inland, and stumbling about over most uneven ground for another mile, I was told that we had arrived at our hunting-ground. One of the men put a broken chatty (earthenware pot) in a framework on his head, fastened it under his chin, and set some rags well impregnated with earth-oil alight. As soon as the fire blazed up, he—with a man on either side ringing bells—started off at a fast jog-trot in zigzags, and a man armed with a dāh and I followed in the rear. The country was a mass of holes and ant-hills covered with short grass and jungle. They were quite invisible, for the light from the pot was thrown ahead, whilst all in the rear was impenetrable darkness. I should be sorry to say the number of falls I had, but unaccustomed to the work, and unused to such exertions on foot, I could scarcely keep up with the men, who never slackened their pace. Presently they redoubled the noise with the bells, their zigzag pace became faster, and the man whispered to me to get up closer. Out of the darkness I saw two eyeballs glaring at me, and as we got nearer I distinguished a dark object which I took to be the body of a sambur. I fired into it at a distance of 10 or 12 feet, and on receiving the ball the poor brute bounded forward, upset one of the bell-ringers, and disappeared. As the beat was for me, I was allowed to shoot, but, as a rule, the man with the dah crawls behind and hamstring the beast. If in these night-beats the men come across a tiger, they squat down together and extinguish the light, and the tiger slinks away; they then continue their sport and generally make a fair bag. We continued our eternal jog-trot, and in about half-an-hour came upon another sambur. I fired at it, but it, too, got away. By that time I had had enough, so leaving the three to go on, I, with the fourth, walked back to the Zyat where I was stopping, getting there at 2 a.m. thoroughly tired out. The Burmese hamstrung another sambur after I left, and the next day the two I had fired at were found dead—a stag with a fair head of horns and a doe.

One day a Karen brought in the head of a two-horned

rhinoceros, which he had shot, he said, not far off and where there were many others. This was our slack season. I was then employed in constructing the Coco lighthouse in the Bay of Bengal, and during that monsoon I was at Haingye, a large island at the entrance of the Bassein river. Having nothing particular to do I agreed to go with him, but as everything had to be carried by men—not easy to procure—I went in very light marching order. I don't know what his idea of a short distance was, but he took me at least fifty miles, by short cuts, over mountains and down dales, until we were not far from Cape Negrais. The guide and I marched ahead, leaving the six porters to follow about a couple of miles in the rear. The first day I killed a kakur, or barking deer, and several yit—the silver pheasant of the country, a beautiful bird not only to look at, but also good for the table.

We were much troubled with tree-licees, gadflies, and mosquitoes. As there was no village, we camped in a bamboo forest, and fortunately it did not rain. The next day's march was a very fatiguing one, but I saw a good deal of game. I killed a bull gaur and two pheasants, lost a cow gaur, and saw others and a few sambur. It is a country not often traversed, and the game, seldom disturbed, was comparatively tame. On reaching a Karen village we halted, and sent the villagers back for the deer. The following day we reached our destination, a valley between two high ranges with an extensive swamp in the middle; skirting this, the man pointed out a mound composed of rhinoceros droppings, some three feet high and several feet in diameter, and he assured me that these beasts always deposit their ordure in the same spot whilst living in the vicinity, which I afterwards ascertained to be a fact. He also pointed out other similar mounds, but as none were as fresh as the first, we determined to watch there at night. Whilst two men were set to dig two pits, we went across the valley and ascended the opposite range of hills. We found their surface pretty flat and covered with grass from three to five feet high, and there were many forms of sambur about, and a few clumps of trees and bamboos. From a patch of grass near some magnificent canes, a bull gaur jumped up, ran about 20 yards, and then faced about. A

ball, No. 10, two-grooved, from my double Lang brought him down; we cut off his head and hung it up and went on. We left the table-land and entered a sholah, where I got three shots at sambur, but only succeeded in bagging one. On getting back to the village we sent for the gaur's head, and the villagers returned staggering under the weight of the beef they carried. After a bath and an early dinner we went to sit up—the Karen in one hole and I in the other. Such a night as I spent! I would not do it again even to shoot a dozen rhinoceros, if each of them had four instead of two horns. It was a bright moonlight night; the pachyderm came about eleven, and as he passed, the Karen gave him the contents of one of my rifles; in his fright the rhinoceros ran into a very boggy part of the swamp close to me, and, stepping out, I killed him easily with a shot behind the ear. It was no use stopping longer, and I had had quite enough of the mosquitoes, who were not only very large, very noisy, but very blood-thirsty. We secured the head next day, and made tracks homeward by a circuitous route. We saw nothing the first day, but came across several elephants. I mortally wounded a tusker, but lost him for the time; the jungle was so dense and the tracks so numerous, that we took up the wrong one, and never succeeded in regaining the correct one. I heard afterwards that the Karens found him and appropriated his tusks, which were rather good ones—not long, but thick. We put up in a Karen village, and the men said if I'd remain for a day or two they would beat a ravine in which there was generally a tiger, and they could also show gaur and sambur. As I was in no hurry, I assented. I was duly posted next day, but, instead of a tiger, a panther showed himself, and I dropped him dead. He measured $7\frac{1}{4}$ feet to the tip of the tail. Returning to the hut, I breakfasted, and then went out stalking. I wounded a gaur but lost it, and got a sambur and a barking deer. The next day I got back to Haingye.