

TWO YEARS IN THE JUNGLE

*THE EXPERIENCES OF A HUNTER
AND NATURALIST*

IN INDIA, CEYLON, THE MALAY PENINSULA AND BORNEO

BY

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

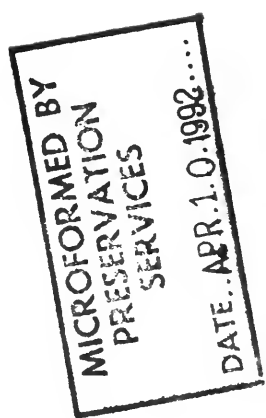
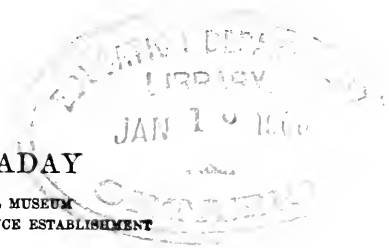
CHIEF TAXIDERMIST, U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM
LATE COLLECTOR FOR WARD'S NATURAL SCIENCE ESTABLISHMENT

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore."—*Byron*

SEVENTH EDITION

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
1904



I have yet become acquainted. First, last, and all the time, he is uncompromisingly American, loyal to the backbone, and devoted heart and soul to the interests of the government he represents. In addition to this he has the stamina which such a position requires, and does his duty without the slightest fear of what those around him may say or do. I was not surprised to learn that his official acts have not always met the approbation of those most affected by them, for to my mind no consul can do his duty unflinchingly without making some enemies. From him I learned more of the political history of the Straits Settlements, and the Malay Archipelago, both inside and out, than I could ever have obtained elsewhere.

It was at the Major's, one evening after my return from Borneo, that I met two Americans of the kind one is proud to meet abroad, and pleased to meet at home. Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Vandevorst ("Vandy") had just then reached the "half-way house" on their pleasure trip around the world, where they stopped for a few days to see the sights. In spite of his Scotch blood, Mr. Carnegie is quite an ideal American, with nothing but praise for his adopted country and all her institutions. More than this, he is what I should call a model millionaire, whom great gain has not rendered insatiably greedy for more, and who industriously coins his money into human happiness instead of reversing the operation, as most of our wealthy men do.

It increases one's estimate of human nature to meet such a man, who, in manner, is as cordial and unassuming as one's best friend, whose human sympathy is his most conspicuous trait, and whose greatest happiness is found in making others happy. While these tardy pages have been in course of preparation, Mr. Carnegie has finished that journey, and made another; and now the public knows him well through the charming pages of "Around the World," and "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," both of them books of the kind which it warms one's blood to read.

The city of Singapore is situated on an island of the same name, twenty-five miles long by fourteen broad, which is separated from the mainland of the Peninsula by a strait from one-half to three-fourths of a mile wide. The island is covered with low hills, the highest of which has an elevation of about five hundred feet. Although Singapore is only seventy miles north of the equator, the temperature is by no means so hot as might at first be supposed. The thermometer seldom rises above eighty-seven degrees in the

shade, and usually stands at about ten degrees lower than that. There are absolutely no seasons, and nothing to mark the climatic changes which occur elsewhere. It rains nearly every day, copious showers of short duration, quite unlike the all-day down-pour of the monsoons in India. The air is very humid, so that the heat is far less noticeable than would otherwise be the case. One does not swelter as in Calcutta or Madras, although a daily bath is as necessary to comfort as daily bread. Taken altogether, Singapore is really a delightful resting-place for a traveller, full of interesting sights, and pleasant walks and drives. The Raffles Library and Museum, the well-kept Botanic Gardens, the Fort, the markets, the Joss houses, and various bazaars, are all well worth visiting and enjoying. The harbor in front of the town often contains some queer craft, including lumbering Chinese junks and Malay trading proas of thoroughly antique design.

With the exception of shells, star-fishes, and corals, I found nothing on the island that I cared either to collect or buy, and even these were not nearly so abundant as I expected to find them. The Malays assured me it was not the right time of the year for them; but I believed this was only an excuse with them, until I returned from Borneo in December, when they brought me shells and coral, star-fishes, and huge Neptune's cups, literally by the boat load.

Had I been a showman or collector of live animals, I could have gathered quite a harvest of wild beasts in Singapore, at very small cost. I was offered a fine tiger at \$150; baby oranges at \$20 to \$30, a fine pair of proboscis monkeys at \$100; a pair of full-grown tapirs at the same price; manis and slow lemurs at \$2; and a rhinoceros at \$250. These were the asking prices, and it is quite certain that much smaller sums than those named would have purchased the animals in question. The greatest bargain I heard of, was the sale of a full-grown orang-utan (*Simia satyrus*), four feet two inches in height, to the Hon. H. A. K. Whampoa, for the ridiculous sum of \$65, or \$35 less than the price first asked. My desire to see this animal led me to pay a visit to the country seat of his owner, a very wealthy Chinese merchant, quite advanced in years and honors. I went by invitation, and the call was one to be remembered.

On one side of a quiet street in the suburbs, there is a wall enclosing a spacious garden. Passing through an open gate, the posts of which are very high and ornamented with carved figures

of Chinese dragons, we drove through a well-kept garden, sighted a spacious but unpretentious white house, and drew up before the massive and finely carved front doors. A gardener, who was trimming a shrub close by, took my card and thrust it through the open carving. Presently the doors opened wide, and I saw Mr. Whampo coming slowly from the farther end of the wide hall to meet me. He was an old man with a low stoop in his shoulders, a large head, a very thin queue of white hair, small twinkling eyes with a very pleasant expression, perfect manners, and a very kind, unassuming smile. He speaks English as well as I, and has the honor to be Chinese Consul, Turkish Vice-consul, member of the Legislative Council, and the happy possessor of many, many dollars as the result of his labors.

My errand was to see the big orang-utan, but the contents of that lofty hall quite drove the charming creature out of my mind. The first thing that caught my eye was a rounded gray stone about the size of a small coal-scuttle, lying upon the floor as if it were of small account. I scanned it idly, until my glance rested on a spot that had been polished, and I saw that it was jade! Value about three thousand dollars, a present from the owner of a mine for whom Mr. Whampo had once done some business. We passed through three large, square apartments, which formed a grand saloon, in which were tables for the reception of rare objects of vertu, and the walls and niches were quite filled with "curios." On a table stood a bronze elephant with a pagoda on his back, three feet high, Japanese work evidently, and exquisitely done. Near it hung a huge Chinese gong, four feet in diameter, on which were two dragons inlaid in gold. Above that, hung a huge—almost colossal—pair of stag-horns, on the massive branches of which were perched stuffed birds of paradise. Bronze storks stood upon the floor, and elsewhere were numerous dragons in bronze, elephant tusks, spears, etc. The furniture was all of ebony, exquisitely carved and lavishly inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. On the walls and cornices were divers and sundry inscriptions in Chinese characters, painted very large and very red. I had hard work to repress the curiosity I felt, and the questions that rose to my lips at every step; but I did not wish to tire the feeble old gentleman, or make him regret my visit, so I held my peace.

Then we went out into the back yard to see the orang. He was a perfect monster in size, compared with all other oranges I had seen in captivity, and as savage as a tiger. My presence seemed

particularly obnoxious to him, for he scowled and growled at me, made faces, and sprang at me against the wooden bars of his cage in great rage. When I approached him for a nearer view, he thrust his big, hairy arm out from between the bars for about four feet, it seemed to me, and made a grab in my direction, with his huge, black hand. His canine teeth were very large, almost like those of a bear of medium size, and I was very glad he had not an opportunity to try them on my flesh. The brute really acted as if he recognized in me an enemy to his race, and foresaw the slaughter to his kind my visit to Borneo afterward caused. Mr. Whampo had had him about six months. He was fed with leaves, plantains, and pineapples, and seemed in very good condition, but a few months later he died; his skin was stuffed, and is now on exhibition in the Museum.

Besides the orang, I was shown quite a collection of live animals, including tortoises of three species, argus pheasants, golden and silver pheasants, a gazelle, porcupine, kangaroo, and some beautiful mandarin ducks. I regretted to see that the latter so completely surpass our pretty summer duck (*Aix sponsa*).

Having viewed the animals, we walked through the gardens, which have been gotten up regardless of expense, and are kept in fine order. One of their most notable features is the abundance of a little shrub, a species of box (*Buxus*) which has been trained and trimmed into various animal forms. The leaves are small, stiff, and very thickly set, and the branches seem willing and able to assume any form which is desired. It was fashioned into Chinese dragons, elephants, tigers, pigs, rhinoceroses, and even deer with antlers. Every animal was perfectly recognizable at a glance, and the effect was heightened by the addition of large wooden eyes painted somewhat like life. Some of the animals were four or five feet high, while a representation of a Chinese junk, of which there were several, was quite eight feet in length, and very carefully reproduced.

There were flowers after flowers, and shrubs by the score, but what pleased me most was a tank containing an old Demerara friend, the *Victoria regia*, queen of lilies. Yet a bed of touch-me-nots took me back like a flash to the terrace flower-beds at college, and further still, to my mother's mounds at our old home, so very, very long ago. Ah, me! The *Victoria regia* was eclipsed.