

We hurried to get out of that awful jungle and to make our way back to camp. We were in time to catch the forest train with its load of labour and forest staff going back to the base settlement for bazaar day. The story soon spread of our encounter with the 'goonda'—that is what he was really, for he had attacked us in an unprovoked manner, unless you consider tracking him into his lair constitutes unnecessary provocation. I was the subject of much anxious questioning and of respectfully amused wonder as I sat in the guard's van having the thorns picked out of my scalp. And later when I reached the settlement and the doctor got on to my head with a pair of tweezers and attended to my lacerations, my staff and the villagers had to be told the story again and again. As for me, that was my swan-song in the matter of elephant shooting. I was sensible enough to realize that I had really lost interest in what had once seemed an exciting sport. It had been useful in keeping me from brooding over the long separation from my wife and our child whom I had never seen—and whom I never did see, for they were both torpedoed on the way out from England. When an elephant shooter loses interest in a sport that is the dangerous stage, at least according to the books. And so I packed up and stuck to tigers after that.

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F. T. POLLOCK AND W. S. THOM

## Sport in Upper Burma: Sumatran Rhino

*Though now extinct in India, the Sumatran rhino was still around in the late nineteenth century. Pollock and Thom's standard work on Burma recounts how the animal, already persecuted for its horns, was also eaten by hunters. The excerpt is one of the few that describes the habits or the habitat of a species that has managed to survive in South-east Asia, but has long been extinct in the subcontinent. Unlike the great Indian rhino, the Sumatran has two horns and often lived in lowland jungles that were not easily accessible for sport. Pollock was a senior police officer and Thom had been in the staff corps: no doubt, their postings gave them the time and opportunity to track this already rare quarry.*

*The Sumatran rhino now survives mainly in Malaysia and Indonesia: it has long vanished from India, where it was found in parts of north Bengal and the north-east. When Pollock hunted it, the species was already uncommon: it now ranks among the handful of mammals to have vanished from India.*

### 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.<sup>1</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> I do not agree with 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.

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 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 tomorrow; 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 4½ 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 MOUNG HPE, jumping down into the sandy bed of the stream, exclaimed—'Thakin, thakin, kyi-ba-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 MOUNG 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,<sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>2</sup> All rhinoceros feed in circles.—F. T. P.

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 Moung

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-u-taung 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 sambar, two barking deer, one leopard, and one serow—not a bad bag. Mounng 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 Mounng 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. Mounng 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, Mounng 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. Mounng 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 Mounng 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 Moug Hpe to fire at the animal standing on the brink of the wallow, I aimed at the other, and fired both barrels. Moug 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 lies 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. Moug 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 'ngapee.' 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, Moug 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 Moug 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 Moungh 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,<sup>3</sup> 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.

*Excerpted from Wild sports of Burma and Assam (London: Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., 1900).*

<sup>3</sup> Mr Thom, since this was written, has found these mounds in the ArrakanYomahs.—F.T.P.