

"NO SOONER HAD I MOVED THAN THE WOUNDED MONSTER CHARGED DOWN UPON ME LIKE A HUGE BLACK AVALANCHE—TRUNK OUT TO FULL LENGTH AND TRUMPETING FURIOUSLY."

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A "Rhino" and an Elephant on the Burma-Siam Border.

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Here is a somewhat untouched field for the Shikari. In this narrative a naval officer tells how he first wounded a big "rhino" and apparently lost him. Then came the bull elephant, who was so artful and took full advantage of his opportunities. But Lieut. Munro secured them both.



T was on a fine morning in the middle of February, 1891, that I was aroused by my hunter and told it was time to make a start. I made a good breakfast on bamboo curry,

chupatties, and tea, and by five o'clock we were on the move.

My hunter, Pee Mee, was a tall, gaunt, determined-looking Siamese, close-shaven but for a small black moustache, which, according to the custom of the country, was waxed and pointed. He very seldom spoke, and was dull-looking except when face to face with big game—then he seemed to get electrified. Born and brought up in the jungle, he was simply faultless as a tracker and guide. His sole means of subsistence was by hunting the "rhino" and elephant which teem in the mountain ranges separating Burma from Siam. The horns of an average rhino sell to the Chinese for about a hundred rupees, and the skin and other parts of the body bring a large price from the same source, as the Chinese use them for medicinal purposes. In fact, as Pee Mee quaintly said one day, "Anything that is hard to get is a Chinaman's medicine."

My gun-bearer, a nephew of Pee Mee, was an exact counterpart of his uncle, and was in training to become a hunter.

We had been camped for three days at the foot of a long range of hills, which here form

the boundary between Burma and Siam. The country is covered by an immense forest of trees—so much so that at no time of the day is a "topee" or other head-covering necessary; and, except where a giant of the forest has been levelled by lightning, the sun is never even seen.

We had been hunting the low country for the last few days with little success, and had come to the conclusion that the game had gone higher up. On leaving camp we followed up a small stream, which as we got higher dwindled away to nothing. The hills are quite 2,000ft. high, and it was hard work, as we had continually to climb up and over immense granite boulders. We at last reached the top and had a rest, and then traced out the source of the stream up which we had come. We found it to be in a marsh on the watershed.

While going along we came on the fresh tracks of a large "rhino"; by the freshly-nipped twigs and other indications we came to the conclusion

that he had just retired for the day's nap somewhere not far off. We followed up the trail, and in about twenty minutes had tracked him into a thick piece of jungle in the centre of the marsh. Creeping forward, we were soon aware of his presence, and also that he was disturbed. We knew this by the quiet "low" which he gave out. I immediately rushed forward and got to within ten yards of his position



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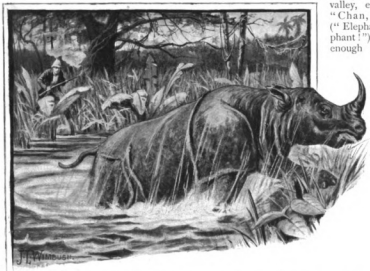
From a Photo. by Fr. Akril & Co.

before I could see him. There he was—a huge rhinoceros—standing up in his mud bath, covered with slime. I at once put the contents of my left barrel into his shoulder, which made him rush out with a grunt.

Instead of going clear away, however, he

round pace, and as our course led right across a range of hills, we took up a narrow valley, densely covered by bamboos. We had not proceeded far when we heard a tremendous noise ahead of breaking bamboos. I was immediately pulled to the ground by Pee Mee,

who pointed up the valley, exclaiming, "Chan, Chan!" ("Elephant, Elephant!"), and sure enough there he



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turned sharp round to the left and stood about twenty yards off, facing me. As I could see he intended to make a charge I thought I would be beforehand, and planted another shot into his chest, well down. This made him furious, and, screaming and snorting, he rushed away down the valley, clearing a road by sheer force of weight through the dense jungle which covered the hill-side. We took off after him, and followed over hill and down dale for many a long mile. We were in hopes of coming up with him in every marsh, as his track was well marked by blood and foam which he had snorted out, showing he was wounded in the lungs. Wounded as he was, his strength must have been tremendous, as he went down some valleys where it was utterly impossible for us to follow except by holding on to the surrounding undergrowth.

We at last traced our quarry into a swamp covered with thick jungle, and as it was now four o'clock and our camp far off we decided that we would have to leave the finishing of him for next day. We started back at a good

was, a large bull, standing on the side of the left bank, his "ivories" glistening in the fast disappearing sun.

I immediately stalked up the right bank and, when opposite him and about twenty yards off, drew a bead on what I thought would be about the brain, namely, below the projection at the base of his trunk. Candidly, I expected to see him drop, but no such luck was mine. To my surprise, when the smoke cleared away there he stood, eyeing me wickedly. Where the bullet had hit was quite plain by the blood running down, so aiming a little higher up I let drive a second time. This seemed to tickle him up, as he made off up the valley screaming and trumpeting like a steam-engine. I crossed quickly over to the other side of the valley and followed up his tracks.

I had not gone far when a sudden cessation of all noise ahead, such as breaking bamboos, made me look up, and to my dismay there he stood 20ft. off and right above me. There was no time to retreat; no vulnerable spot to fire at. My only way open was to try and dodge to the

right and gain the high bank on the other side. I adopted this plan, but no sooner had I moved to put it into execution than the wounded monster charged down upon me like a huge black avalanche, trunk out to full length and trumpeting furiously.

As to precisely what followed my mind is not or ever will be clear. Something struck me, but I could not say what. I was sent in one direction and my gun in another. I picked myself up, dazed and shaken, but was not able to stand, and crawled around looking for my gun, which I found lying a few yards off, quite uninjured. I was just preparing to crawl down the side of the hill when the sound of a shot came up the valley, and I distinctly heard the thud of a bullet on something hard close by. Pee Mee now joined me, and told me that he had seen the elephant charging down the hill, and had fired at him as he stood in the bed of the stream; also that the wounded brute had made off down the main valley.

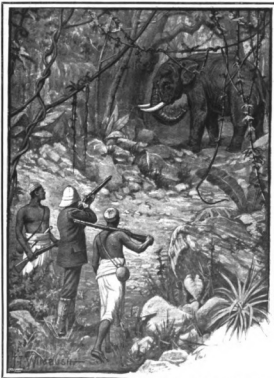
I now found I had been more seriously injured than I had at first imagined. However, as it was still daylight, we followed in his tracks, and at length came up with him, standing on the side of a small hill, broadside on, and waving his trunk in an aimless fashion. We stalked up to within fifteen yards and planted two more bullets into him, behind his shoulder, but with no effect, except to make him walk slowly away. I now found that I had only two cart-ridges left, and owing to the pain

in my foot it was impossible for me to go any farther and equally impossible for me to walk back to camp. After due consultation Pee Mee and his nephew started back to camp, leaving me behind. I spent a most miserable night alone and wounded in the jungle till eight o'clock next morning, when Pee Mee and the rest of my followers arrived, shifting camp to where I was. I found I had not escaped scatheless by any means, as my left ankle was swollen and black, while there was a nasty bump on the side of my head, and two ribs evidently broken.

After settling down in camp, Pee Mee, his nephew, and two other of my followers started after my late adversaries. They found the "rhino" lying dead in the marsh. He measured 16ft. 6in. in length, and had one horn 13in. long; he belonged to the species commonly called *Rhinoceros Indicus*. As I was quite laid up in camp, on the second day Pee Mee set off after the elephant, and, picking up his tracks, followed him up over the dividing range into Siam. He

was evidently making for some particular spot, or else was bent on joining a herd. Pee Mee followed him for two days, and eventually came upon him, lying exhausted in the bed of a stream about twenty miles from camp. And here Pee Mee dispatched him. His tusks weighed 72lb. each, and were very fine specimens.

I was a fortnight in camp before I could resume hunting again, and my future adventures in that part of the world will have to be left for some other day.



"STANDING ON THE SIDE OF A SMALL HILL, WAVING HIS TRUNK IN AN AIMLESS FASHION."