

# BIG GAME SHOOTING IN LOWER BURMA.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

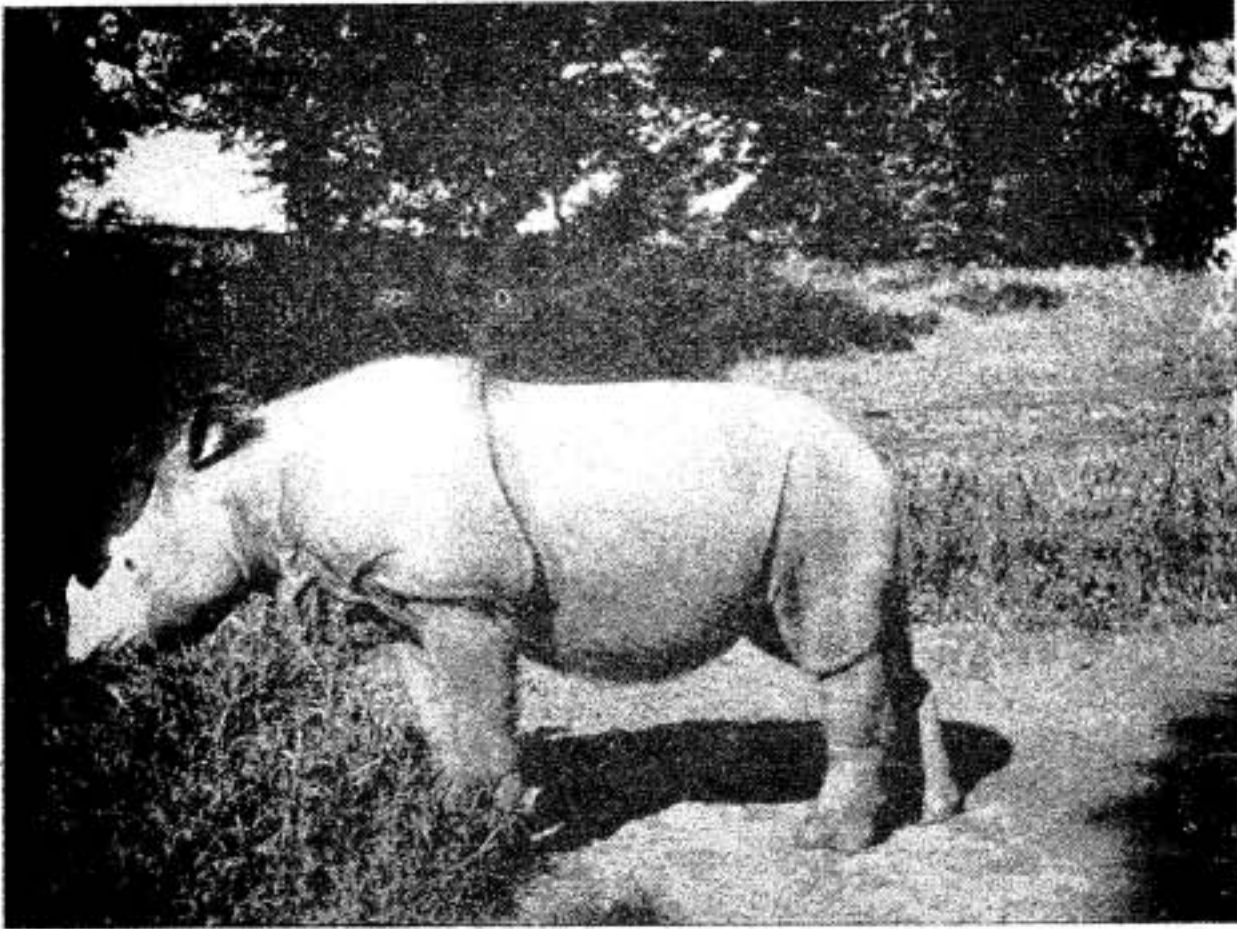
### THE SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS.

Rhinoceros—Sumatrensis.

Burmese, *Kyan*. Karen, *Tah Doh*.

In Lower Burma there is only one variety of rhinoceros and that is the Rhinoceros Sumatrensis. The Rhinoceros Sondaicus, a one-horned variety and standing much higher than the Sumatrensis, is also found, I am told, but I have not heard of an authentic instance of one having been bagged near Rangoon. The females of these species are said to carry no horns. Of the Sumatrensis I am able to state with certainty, to my cost, that the females carry horns exactly like males. It is a small beast in height, standing about four feet at the shoulders when full grown, but of enormous bulk. It has two horns, the longer of which is said to attain 32 inches whilst the other is generally a mere knob. It is a smooth skinned hairy beast with only a slight fold of the skin over the shoulders. When I say smooth skinned I mean that they have not got the granulated knobs or tubercles distributed all over the skin like the Indian species. Unlike the African

variety of rhinos which are particularly easy to stalk, the Burmese variety are exceedingly shy, and usually inhabit the densest of cover on the hills and far from human haunts. I have not heard of them on level grounds. Their prints are not unlike that of a baby elephant, except that each print has three rather sharp toe impressions. They are not unlike the wild boar in their habits, inasmuch as they wallow like the pig, except that their wallows are permanent spots and correspondingly larger and deeper. To these wallows they return year after year if undisturbed and seldom travel far from them. Their food chiefly consists of the tender shoots of thorny bushes which are usually found growing along the steep banks of the streams. The contents of the wallow consists of water and sandy mud churned up by the animals themselves to the consistency of paste, and in this they spend many hours of the hot day. In this connection I have come upon many clear pools in the vicinity of mud wallows of the rhinos but have never found traces of the animals making use of the pools to wallow in at all. I have never found their tracks leading into it either. By reason of the fondness for thorns by this variety of rhino the Burmans call it the *suza kyan* meaning the thorn eating rhino, to distinguish it from the *meza kyan* or fire eating rhino and the *kyan thudaw* or the harmless rhino probably referring to the tapir. Burmans I have met with have a very limited knowledge of this shy and hard-to-get-



SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS.

at beast, and have all kinds of exaggerated beliefs about it. I know that the blood, horns, hide and flesh, in fact all parts of a rhinoceros have some kind of medicinal qualities to the Oriental mind, and this belief is a very old standing one. The horns are made into cups for Native Princes and the wealthy to drink out of, believing that poison is made immediately ineffective if put into cups made of this horn. In other parts of India there is a belief that the horns hung in the room act as a charm against difficult labour to a woman at time of child-birth. The Burmans rub it on a stone with a little water and drink the decoction as medicine for different ailments. At any rate the horn is not like any other horn but a conglomeration of hairs or bristles without a core and it sometimes drops off the rhino and grows again. A section of it is not unlike the wood of the areca nut tree except as to colour. The natives pay as much as, I believe, Rs. 8 per tical weight for it. The dried blood is bought by them for Rs. 3 per tical, also for medicinal purposes.

The *wathabut* covered hills seem to be the roosting place of the rhino, and they prefer to take the most difficult and steepest paths up or down a densely covered hill, ordinarily or when disturbed. I discovered this particular preference as far back as 1901 when I, accompanied by the late Dr. Bonner, came upon fresh prints, and followed them up hill and down dale for half a day, expecting to come up with the beast in some hollow of a hill in the



cool, instead of which, we eventually disturbed it on the top of a hill in the middle and heat of the day. Friends would not believe that rhinos were to be found so close as 30 to 40 miles from Rangoon until I eventually bagged two in the neighbourhood. When a rhinoceros wallow is found it is commonly believed to be easy to find the beast, besides being easy to approach it and kill it as well. This is not absolutely true as my experience teaches me. I had eight different trips with men who knew the jungles well, and did not succeed in finding the wallow which was the first difficulty, and when I eventually found it, and the beast in it, it was as nippy and as cute as any other animal in its ordinary haunt. I will describe this later on. Another peculiarity ascribed to rhinos in general is the habit of dropping its dung at the same place regularly till the dung is alleged to be heaped up to a considerable mound. I am able to say with certainty that the Sumatrensis is not addicted to this habit, as I found its dung all over its haunts, no place indicating that the animal had returned to it on a second occasion.

The animal and its habit do not appear to be as well known zoologically as some of the other beasts, and I had to write to Messrs. Rowland Ward for information before I could identify mine. Messrs. Rowland Ward recommended my perusing "The game animals of India, Burma, Malaya and Thibet" by R. Lydekker. From this book (page 39) I found that only one specimen had ever been

received alive at the London Zoo, and that as far back as 1872. Mr. Ward, in replying to my enquiry asked me if I would care to present my trophy to the Natural History Museum at London, saying, that they were in want of a specimen, having, I believe, none at the time. I was however obliged to refuse it as I was particularly anxious to retain the mask and head as a trophy. The Rangoon Victoria Memorial Park at the moment of writing possesses a very fine young male of this species which can be seen by any visitor who cares to pay the Zoo a visit.

Rhinos are scarce everywhere, and particularly so in Burma, although I have heard to the contrary at certain places, the names of which I am not at liberty to give away.

The term "Solitaire" or Solitaries is hardly applicable to rhinos. These beasts may be taken to be very unsociable as they are very seldom met with in company in Burma. Even in India and Africa I have never read of an account of their being found together, in any numbers. The largest company found together in Africa does not appear to exceed three individuals composed of a male, female and a calf.

A curious belief of Jack Burman is that young rhinos seldom attain full growth, owing, it is said, to the mother's habit of removing its young from off her path, when necessity arises, with its horned nose and lifting it and throwing it over its back, regardless of any hurt that might be occasioned thereby to her offspring.

How this belief was engendered I am unable to say, except that they have drawn on their imagination, due, probably, to the scarcity of the species generally.

I am able to say however that there is a malformation in one of the lower jaws of my first specimen, which appeared to have broken and reset badly, it may have been the result of a kind of green tree fracture when young.

The usual trophy of a rhino is the skull and mask together with the four hoofs.

To bag one and then another, both within thirty to forty miles of Rangoon, had never been previously heard of, and I was fortunate in bagging two in the same locality near Rangoon.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### RHINOCEROS SHOOTING.

My first introduction to rhino in the Pugyi jungles, as I have already stated, was in the year 1901 when accompanied by the late Dr. Bonner we came upon very fresh tracks, which we followed for half the day without success. It was not however, till about the year 1907 that I heard of a rhino having been seen fairly regularly about a certain locality in the Reserve Forest. Subsequently I was told that there was also a rhinoceros wallow in that particular locality and that the rhinoceros had been seen in it. Hearing this I had 7 to 8 trips trying to find this wallow, adhering to the popular belief that the rhino was as good as found, if the wallow could be located. This spot was at a considerable distance east of of the Pugyi station, and although we got to the locality we never found the wallow. My friend Bacon accompanied me on many occasions and eventually gave it up in disgust saying that it was only a myth. In April 1908 I eventually got the particular individual who was reported to be able to take me to it, so I grasped the opportunity and went. Henry Po Saw, an old schoolmate,

and now an Extra Assistant Commissioner, was on leave at the time, and being fond of sport, accompanied me. We left Rangoon on Monday, the 13th April, arriving at my bungalow at Pugyi in time for dinner. On Tuesday the 14th April we made tracks into the reserve prepared to camp close to the reported rhino wallow, which we intended to find and invade. We arrived at a place some miles from the wallow which permitted of camping, as it was the only spot where water was available, it being the hottest and driest time of the year. We were in time for late breakfast, which we prepared and ate whilst the rest of the day was taken up in making our camp as comfortable as possible. I recognised this place as the one from which Bacon and I had made several unsuccessful attempts to find the wallow. Lu Hpay, the only individual who undertook to guide us to the wallow, was amongst our followers, Tun Gaung, Aung Gyi, Po Mo, Mg. Tun and Po Min.

About 5 in the afternoon things had settled down and I determined to have a look at the wallow although Lu Hpay informed me that it was situated too far to enable us to go and return before dark. My intention was to see the lay of the land as well as to see whether Lu Hpay really knew the spot or not. Without actually letting them know what my real intentions were I ordered him (Lu Hpay) to take us to the wallow. Po Saw accompanying us we walked up the Myaungtanga creek for

about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, coming across fresh prints of tiger and rhino in the dried bed, and disturbing jungle fowl and pheasants on the way. Prints of bison and elephants were conspicuous by their absence, although it was an ideal spot to find them in. Having proceeded the distance I have mentioned above, along the stream bed, Lu Hpay informed me that we had passed the spot where we should branch off into the hills on the way to the wallow. As the time was getting on apace and the shades of night were close at hand, we made distinguishing marks at the spot and made towards our camp. This camp was situated so far in the interior of the Reserve Forest that I was not surprised when we heard tiger and various other noises as of elephants or bison early during the night. This was very encouraging to those accustomed to big game, though quite enough to strike terror to the heart of the griffin, and even Burmans whose business is in these jungles, hurry up to their sleeping platforms long before nightfall.

Early the following morning (Wednesday, the 15th April 1908) accompanied by Tun Gaung, Mg. Tun and Lu Hpay, I made for the wallow, leaving Po Saw and others in camp. Po Saw was unable to accompany me owing to a sprained ankle which he complained of. We gave ourselves ample time to get to the wallow as I had calculated that the rhino would not visit the wallow except during the heat of the day. My calculations proved incorrect as in spite of the easy manner we took on our

way, we arrived at the wallow quite early and found the rhino in. Unlike the wild pig which wallow, in the mud at all times of the day and night, but particularly during the heat of the day, I find that rhinos and sambur prefer to use their wallow early in the cool of the morning. I have since visited rhino wallows and on arrival at about 10 or 11 a.m., found the animal gone after using it earlier in the morning. We duly arrived at the spot marked the previous evening, from which we took up the entry to the wallow. The path had unmistakable signs of rhino tracks, both old and very fresh. On trees and leaves along the path could be seen mud from the animal, quite fresh. The path was however of the very worst kind, zig-zagging along the narrow edge of the foot hills and so on right up to the wallow. Every few feet along the narrow path, there was a natural screen of thorny *yingan* or *danong* bushes and immediately near the wallow and across the entrance there was a thick and natural screen of *danong* whilst right round the wallow was very thick *wathabut* festooned down from the deep hill-side almost into the wallow. The result was, that, although we could hear the beast from some little distance, we were unable to see more than a few feet in front of us. The wallow itself was situated in the pocket of three hills as it were, for it was impossible to approach it other than the way we took, the surrounding hills being so steep that it would seem impossible for any animal to go up it. Nor was it

possible to approach it two abreast, as there was hardly room for us to proceed in Indian file. At a glance I felt sure that we were in a very tight corner, and that, were the beast only wounded and not killed outright at the first shot, we were in for certain trouble. The Burmans themselves were in greater fear of it than of any other beast, and I had left all of them behind except little Mg. Tun who was picking the way for me immediately in front. We got to within 10 yards of our quarry and found ourselves in such a position as to be unable to change places, and through the natural screen I could just catch sight of a portion of the beast which looked like the head and the ears, whilst the rest of the body was immersed in the mud of the wallow ; from our position the edges of the wallow were on a level with our eyes. It was impossible to plant a fatal shot in the beast, and I was unable to pass Mg. Tun who had by this time squatted in front to enable me to shoot over him. Had I even managed to pass him, I failed to see how I could make a rush in, to surprise the beast and obtain a clear shot. Whilst in this dilemma the beast winded us and with a great commotion scrambled out and deliberately rushed up under the *wathabut* of the impossible looking steep hillside opposite to us. Mg. Tun, who was armed with a sporting Martini Henry rifle, finding that I would not shoot, foolishly fired at the beast and I was mad with fury. I however enjoined perfect silence until the sounds of the retreating beast died



away, and having given it about 15 minutes ordered Mg. Tun to return to fetch all the men up. On their arrival Mg. Tun was impatient to follow up but I would have none of it. We rested for close on an hour at the spot and had breakfast, and then I gave orders to proceed. Mg. Tun then made for the side of the wallow where the rhino had been when he fired, and gleefully whispered discovery of a large quantity of blood. Up to this time we had not the slightest suspicion nor had I permitted casting about for the discovery of any such signs. On making this discovery I ordered Mg. Tun to track, following close at his heels, Lu Hpay coming next carrying my tiffin carrier. The hill was nearly perpendicular and thickly covered with *wathabut*. We negotiated it on our hands and knees, getting ourselves covered with blood and slime from the path taken by the wounded beast. He (Mg. Tun) got to the crest of the hill and began moving along a little to the side of it. Maung Tun had gained about 20 feet in front of me when I again heard him fire and immediately there was a great commotion to my left on the crest of the hill. He had passed the rhino to his left, and after passing it, discovered it and turned to fire at it instead of leaving it to me, as I was much closer. The movement caused by Mg. Tun's shot however was quite enough to direct my attention to the position of the beast and he had hardly pulled his trigger when I fired into it, giving it a raking double shot right under the tail. The

animal turned clean round and came like an avalanche down-hill for me. Lu Hpay had just time to throw down my tiffin carrier and move aside whilst I had barely time to dodge behind a friendly tree with an empty rifle. The beast passed between Lu Hpay and myself, and both of us could have easily tapped it on the back had we put our hands out. The momentum of the rush however carried the lumbering beast down hill where it pulled up about 20 yards from us. The undergrowth was so very thick that it would have been next to impossible to have turned and fired into the animal as it passed, even if I had been loaded up. Maung Tun then cautiously joined us and he appeared quite demoralised at the vindictive attempt of the animal at us, and I could not get him to move an inch either way, he having concluded that the animal meant some mischief, after his foolishly firing anyhow at it. We waited at the spot for some little time expecting the animal to move but never a bit. Every time I tried to get nearer however, there was a great commotion. This was absolute proof that the beast was on mischief bent. No part of it could be sighted for us to give it the knock-down shot, and we were on the horns of a dilemma. Finally sticks and stones were thrown at the spot, and as the beast made a sort of a jump in the bushes, I gave it a lucky broadside which finished it, but not before it made off for several yards and rolled down the khud quite dead. It fell in such a position that it jammed itself in between two

rocky sides so that we were quite unable to shift it in any way, and had to skin and cut it up where it lay. To do this we sent one man back to camp which was quite close by a short cut, to fetch my camera as well as all able-bodied men, to come and help. The men turned up and set to, and quickly finished the skinning and cutting up. I put Maung Tun on to the most difficult job of unmasking the head which, after much labour, he accomplished. Others were put on to skinning the four legs which was also accomplished after considerable time and labour. The blood of the beast was carefully collected by my followers in the hollows of bamboos and taken to camp, where they subsequently dried it over a slow fire for preservation. The flesh was eaten and I had my usual taste of it, and found it not unlike bison flesh. I took snap-shots of the defunct beast as well as of the tree that sheltered me at the critical moment, and in doing so I discovered that the tree happened to be the only tree that could afford me shelter, as there was not another of its dimensions within a radius of 25 yards. I also took many snap-shots of the wallow and its approaches but owing to the want of sufficient light all the pictures turned out failures. Whenever I again visited the neighbourhood I never lost the opportunity of taking further snap-shots, but somehow or other, I have never succeeded in getting a sufficiently clear picture. The animal proved to be a full grown female of the two horned

variety which I subsequently identified as I have stated already. The most interesting sequel to the slaying of this rhinoceros was to follow. A young Burmese Forest Ranger, who is now dead, had wanted to get on friendly terms with me as he had succeeded in doing with all others who visited the Forest under his charge. This I resented to the great chagrin and annoyance of this individual. Wishing to get some of his own back, as it were he made enquiries of my followers who proudly related to him all the circumstances. He lost no time in sending or causing to be sent, a report of my killing a female rhino to the Deputy Conservator of Forests, who, at the time, happened to be on tour and in camp. I had already intended to personally call and explain matters to this Deputy Conservator on my return to Rangoon. I actually made enquiries and found that he was out in camp. However, he got in his report before I did, with the result that I was called upon to explain the killing of a cow rhinoceros in the Reserve Forest, which was against the rules and terms of my license. I personally called on the Deputy Conservator of Forests and explained the whole of the circumstance to him, not forgetting to tell him the reasons this particular Forest Ranger had for being so very alive to my transgressions. I was informed that this Ranger would be warned in future not to interfere with me, whilst, as only a warning to others, you know! who might be tempted to transgress, I was asked to pay a

fine of Rs. 50 the maximum amount. I did not mind the fine of Rs. 50, particularly as this Deputy Conservator of Forests had been exceedingly kind to me, and I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him. The Forest Ranger did not survive this little performance long to do me another injury, as, I believe he was carried off by plague, and may his soul rest in peace. Soon after this episode, that is, before his death, for some reason of his own, this Ranger called my followers again, to satisfy himself from them, as to the sex of this particular rhino, and he was astounded when they laughed in his face, and informed him that he had clearly misunderstood them and that the animal was a male and not a female, and for this, I believe, he swore vengeance against them, and he was capable of having a try, had not Providence intervened. Now this rule against killing of females of rhinos and other beasts is sound only to a certain extent at certain localities, but should, I consider, be relaxed in the case of bison and rhino, for it is impossible to discover the sexes at a glance and in jungles in which they are usually found. There is practically no difference in their outward appearance, besides the locality in which they are generally found, effectually prevents any observation being made before firing; indeed, these animals are so shy and alert that even to get a shot at them, one needs to be exceptionally nippy. With deer for instance, there can be no mistake, as the females carry no horns and even a slight

glance may be sufficient ; with tsine, although the sexes are alike, carrying horns, the females and younger bulls are distinguished by their lighter colour, that is, a rich chestnut whilst the old bulls are almost black or dark chocolate.

Under no circumstances, however, would a true sportsman wantonly shoot at, and kill a female of any game, whether legislation existed or not, unless pressed by necessity or mistake, and as I have pointed out, mistakes are liable and should be allowable in the case of the two species I have mentioned above.

This was the finale of my first and, as I then thought, my last rhino in the Pugyi jungles. My reputation amongst the simple villagers rose, and it was noised abroad that I was the only individual who could slay the only rhino in the neighbourhood. None of the old Burmans knew of the existence of a rhino in their jungles, far less heard of one being bagged in it.

Some of my followers besides acquiring the flesh made a few rupees by the sale of the blood which they distributed amongst themselves, but those who made the most were the opium eaters who never even got to within ten miles of the rhino. Long before we left the jungles, dried blood of domestic cows that had been collected in buckets from the village butcher, was on sale at Tikekyi and the neighbouring villages as rhino blood and was eagerly bought up by quacks and others.

This very rare occurrence of a rhinoceros being bagged so close to Rangoon got into the papers and is mentioned in "The Twentieth Century Impressions of Burma" by Major G. H. Evans in his article on the Fauna of Burma. I also noticed the mention of it in a review of Major G. P. Evans' "Big Game Shooting in Upper Burma" in the "Burma Review," No. 39 of September 1911.

The "Rangoon Gazette," of April 30 1908.

"A rhinoceros was shot at last week a few miles from Pugyi station by two gentlemen from Rangoon. The Burmese beaters with the party eagerly collected the blood of the animal which is much valued by both Chinese and Burmans for medicine and brought in to Rangoon in bamboos, where it is said to be worth its weight in silver." This was reprinted verbatim in:—

The "Burma Echo," dated the 9th May 1908.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MY SECOND RHINOCEROS.

The news of the demise of a rhino in the Pugyi Reserves got noised abroad and many sportsmen in Rangoon as well as pot hunters were anxious to bag one. Bribes were offered to some of my men to pilot the ambitious nimrods to the wallow. Some were accepted and others rejected, but in the case of the bribes that were accepted the men either took the parties to other places intentionally or otherwise for the reason that they could not find the spot or the place was never reached, owing to the inability of the ambitious to follow as far, and to negotiate the difficult ground. The people were no doubt under the same mistaken impression as I had previously been, that the wallow found meant the finding of the rhino and the easy bagging thereof. Suffice it to say that no sooner there were unmistakable signs of another rhino in the locality I was the first to get khubbur of it. This may be due to my popularity or it may be that the Burmans believed that there were none others that could slay the enormous beast of their imagination. No one, however, to my knowledge



managed to bag a rhino in or near the locality in which I bagged mine. Whenever there was news of rhino I received it without fail and I kept such news to myself till I could personally investigate it.

Mr. G. C. Buchanan C.I.E. Chairman of the Port Commissioners, Rangoon, was anxious to have a pot at a rhino, and I had promised to take him after one. On Xmas eve of 1909 I met him in the Victoria Memorial Park and offered to take him during the Xmas holidays. Social engagements prevented him however from accompanying me, so on Sunday, the 26th December 1909, I left Rangoon for Pugyi by the 8-45 a.m., train accompanied by Harold Gregory, my young nephew, who was spending his holidays in Rangoon with his parents. We arrived at my bungalow at Pugyi in time for breakfast which we had, and immediately after made for camp in the Reserve. The weather at this time of the year was grand for an outing in the jungles but before starting I was informed that two Police-Sahibs had taken up their quarters at the Myaungtanga Forest Bungalow intending to spend their Xmas holidays shooting. This was disconcerting and very nearly made me give up my trip, as I was afraid of interfering with their sport, more so than of their interfering with mine. Nevertheless, as I had come so far I was loth to return, and the calling as it were of the silent jungle persuaded me to spend a few days at least in it, whether I had any shooting or not. Accompanied by



**THE AUTHOR'S SECOND RHINO.**

Po Min, Tun Gaung, Lu Hpay, Mg. Hpo and others we duly arrived at the bungalow on our way, and the reported two Police-Sahibs turned out to be a single Army Officer accompanied by a couple of village yahus who knew nothing of shooting, or the jungles. I felt sorry for him, particularly, as he was very friendly and offered me tea and refreshments. I told him that the men he had with him were of no use to him and so forth, assuring him that I was going much further into the interior and that I would take particular care, not to interfere with his sport. I concluded by asking him to join me, if he cared, and offered to take him out with my men if he wished, but he declined saying, he was intent more or less in only studying the locality for a subsequent shoot and only intended casting about in the neighbourhood after small fry.

We therefore left him on the best of terms and proceeded to our camp which was several miles further on and nearer the rhino wallow which I intended to visit.

We duly arrived in camp in very good time for dinner after which we turned in comfortably. The next morning. Monday, the 27th December, we started very early for the wallow, accompanied by Tun Gaung, Lu Hpay and Ko Hpo. Po Min remained behind in camp to keep Harold company.

The element of luck which plays a prominent part in the success of the majority of sportsmen did not desert me in this instance, as within an hour of leaving our camp

we got unmistakable intimation of the close proximity of some heavy beast like elephant, bison or rhino. We cautiously manoeuvred about and at the entrance of some clumps of *danong* we came upon very fresh prints of an elephant and young. This had the effect of making Tun Gaung prick up his ears. Firstly because elephants were tabooed by me owing to the prohibition against shooting them. Secondly there are very few worth shooting, carrying little or no ivories. Thirdly elephants were a nuisance to meet, particularly females with young, when you are out after legitimate game : and, last but not least Tun Gaung's nerves were not what they used to be, and he was almost on the point of collapse. He very cautiously led with my spare gun a 12 bore, useless for even protection against elephants. I was close at his heels, with Lu Hpay next and Mg Hpo last.

On nearing the *danong* tope, in the order in which I have described above, into which the elephant tracks led, we heard a deep grunt as of elephants. This brought us all to a standstill. Tun Gaung presumably came to the conclusion that they were elephants and elephants in the worst form, mother and young. Before I could say knife he nipped off to the left at an angle of ninety degrees to the path we were taking irrespective of thorns, etc. I at first thought he was attempting to cut the animal off, whereas in reality he was trying to get away as far as possible from our quarry into safety. I could see nothing

in front of me, and turning I saw that Ko Hpo who brought up the rear, had also disappeared. I was therefore left with Lu Hpay who stood by me. I motioned to him to step up closer to me, and to look over my shoulders. He did so and pointed in front, and following the direction of his fingers I saw a dark mass through the *danong* palms. It may have been the hind quarters of an elephant or rhino, and to my whispered enquiries he replied "Rhino"; at the same moment I fired a solid nickel through the *danong* and into the mass. At the shot there was a tremendous commotion as if a dozen elephants had been let loose and then all was still, whilst Lu Hpay and myself stood motionless with my left barrel ready for emergencies. At the moment that I fired we were hardly fifteen feet from the beast. When all was still we went forward to the spot where the animal had stood, and there drops of blood were discovered together with the foot-prints which unmistakably belonged to rhino. Hopes ran high as I was absolutely certain of bagging my beast after once being hit with my .577. Tun Gaung and Maung Hpo joined us looking very sheepish, and then a council of war was held. Tun Gaung willingly handed over his gun to Lu Hpay, who thereupon took up the tracks with me close up. We cast about a good deal as no further blood or prints could be discovered, the wounded animal having gone up hill on hard ground. Lu Hpay, whose hearing was perfect, but which I subsequently very nearly came to

damaging permanently, heard a faint sound towards which he immediately made, followed by me, whilst Tun Gaung and Maung Hpo took up the rear at a safe distance. He very cleverly brought me up to the beast standing broadside on. We had to crawl up close, before it could be sighted, and to within a few feet, and I was obliged to fire almost over Lu Hpay's shoulders close to his ears. We heard a rush, and that was the last rush, and the rhino bit the dust fifty feet further on. As on the previous occasion this animal fell down an incline, and in its death jammed itself in a nullah in such a position as to make shifting impossible. The animal was full grown and in good condition, and of the same variety as my last, that is *Rhinoceros Sumatrensis*, with two horns. The size of the horns and the beast in general was similar as well to my last. I sent for my camera to those behind at camp and I managed to snap Harold, and Harold snapped me like a conquering hero on the body of the defunct beast.

The same procedure followed, of unmasking, skinning and collection of blood by my followers as on the last occasion, and we returned with my appetite for further blood on this trip quite appeased. As I write I have the mask of this trophy set up and hanging before me.