

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

I. Tata. Translated from the French of Jean Aicard. Part First. I. Tata. II. The Heir. III. Etienne the Blacksmith. (To be continued.)	LES ANNALES	705
II. The Plays of Gerhart Hauptmann.	EDINBURGH REVIEW	711
III. La Petite.	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	726
IV. The Coming Ireland. <i>By Justin McCarthy.</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	732
V. The Pinjili Rhino. <i>By George Maxwell.</i>	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	739
VI. A Stream-side Study. <i>By S. Cornish Watkins.</i>	TEMPLE BAR	754
VII. Lord Salisbury.	SATURDAY REVIEW	759
VIII. The Late Marquis of Salisbury. <i>By Nora Chesson.</i>	BLACK AND WHITE	762
IX. Poets of the French Renaissance: Villon. <i>By Hilaire Belloc.</i>	PILOT	763
X. The Wayfarer. <i>By H. H. Bashford.</i>		768
XI. A Vision. <i>By William Canton.</i>		768
XII. Hope. <i>By J. S. Redmayne.</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	768
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		765

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the impersonation of the poet's native land. He tells us that

The judgment hour must first be nigh,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen.

And he exclaims—

The very soul within my breast,
Is wasted for you, love."

* * * * *

Yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen,
And you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen.

The whole poem might be taken as the lyrical and inspired forecast of the coming Ireland. I know of no Irish song or hymn, as I may call it, which

The Fortnightly Review.

is more thoroughly steeped in passionate national feeling, or which expresses with greater enthusiasm the undying national hope.

An eminent English statesman, who once held high position in a Government, and had studied closely the condition of Ireland, told me some years ago that if he had his way he would never agree to the appointment of any man to be Chief Secretary for Ireland who could not satisfy him that he thoroughly understood the meaning of "Dark Rosaleen."

The centenary of Mangan's birth is celebrated this year by his countrymen, and I accept that event as the herald of the coming Ireland.

Justin McCarthy.

THE PINJIH RHINO.

The rhinoceros with which this article deals was said to have a blue horn, and, as I will tell later on in the story of Kanda Daud, a marvellous cure was ascribed to the efficacy of the dye won from it. It was one of the large one-horned species, and its footprints proved it to be an exceptionally big one of its kind. It was well known throughout a wide district: it was a *Kramat* the Malays said; that is to say, it was credited with supernatural powers, and was supposed to be protected against all dangers by a guardian spirit. Every animal that attaches itself to one locality and establishes a reputation for daring or cunning, and that is fortunate enough to escape a few ill-directed bullets, comes in a few years to be considered *Kramat*, and is in many cases imagined to be a reincarnation of a deceased celebrity. Animals under the protection of another world will generally treat the human

inhabitants of the district honored by their presence with a benign consideration bordering on condescension. A *Kramat* elephant will walk by the rice-fields leaving the crops untouched, and a child might drive away a *Kramat* tiger that strolled too near the cattle-folds. But this brute had killed three men, one of them entirely without provocation, and had wounded others. He would turn aside for no one, so it was said; on the contrary, if met in the jungle, he would either stand his ground and then slowly advance in the direction from which he had been disturbed, or he would charge forthwith. For some twenty years, since the date of the episode of Kanda Daud alluded to above, he had been a terror in the Pinjih valley (from which he took his name among European shikaris of "the Pinjih rhino"), and wood-cutters and searchers for rotan and gutta would not venture near his haunts unless in

large parties. So old a veteran had of course his scars to show, and he was popularly reported to carry a hundred bullets in his body. (I may say that I only found two of them; but as he fell in a marsh, where the bullets could only be found by groping in the water by the decomposed remains, it is probable that many were lost.)

Many years ago the headman of the district had organized a party of five picked Malays, who met the rhinoceros and fired fifty shots at him. "It was no child's play," the old man said, turning fiercely on one of an audience who had criticized the shooting. "If a bullet felled the brute he picked himself up at once, and if a shot missed he charged forthwith: a hundred men might have fired more shots, but they could not have done more to kill him." And he added with a scowl, "The end of the matter is, that you can't kill an animal that won't die."

Thereafter the Malays left him in peace; but from about 1890 onwards most of the Europeans in Kinta made more or less determined efforts to bring him to account, and on several occasions men came up to him but were unable to shoot effectively. Once the district magistrate managed to get on terms with him, but was charged so often and so determinedly in very thick scrub that he had to beat a retreat, and leave the rhinoceros master of the field. In the dull record of failures there was, however, one light spot. The attendant spirit of *Kramat* animals has power to deceive the hunter by altering the appearance of the hunted animal or by giving its shape to one of the hunters or their attendants, and on one occasion a gallant officer in the N— regiment fell its victim. Leaving his pad elephant in the jungle with a Malay in charge, he proceeded one day to set off on foot to look for fresh tracks. He walked for hours, until suddenly his tracker

stopped him and silently pointed out the outline of a huge animal in front of them. M. took a steady aim and fired: a scream from a sorely stricken elephant and a yell from a terrified Malay were his answer. He had walked in a circle and had fired at his own elephant. As the smoke cleared he caught a glimpse of the elephant before it disappeared in the jungle, and had a full view of the Malay bellowing on the ground. The wretched man had been quietly smoking his cigarette on the elephant's neck, and now, lying where he fell, was only in doubt whether a bullet-wound or a broken neck was the cause of his death. Both elephant and man recovered, the Malay the quicker of the two, for the elephant, though the wound healed, was never fit for work again; but both had a lucky escape, for the bullet, which hit the elephant high on the shoulder, had gone perilously near the man's leg. It will be some time before M. hears the last of the shot; but the chaff of the clubs does not carry the bite of the smiles of the Malays, who give the credit of the whole occurrence to "Old *Kramat*" and his guardian spirit.

Such briefly was the history of the animal, and Malias was by no means keen on tackling him. Malias was a local Malay who drew a regular salary from me and wandered round the country seeking for, and as far as possible verifying, news of game. He was not particularly bright, and, like all Malays, was inclined to be lazy: on fresh tracks, however, he was as keen as possible, and he would follow up a wounded tiger without his pulse giving a stroke above its normal beat. Chance brought us an ally: this was an old man named Pa' Senik, a foreigner from one of the northern unprotected states. He was of another type to Malias, who was a mere villager; for Pa' Senik's youth had been spent at the court of a petty raja, and

had been such as might be expected from his surroundings, full of conspiracy and intrigue, love and lust, fair fight and cold-blooded murder. At last he had fallen upon bad days, for another raja ruled in the place of the man he had served, and he had had to fly for his life. He came to Perak, where he was shrewdly suspected of complicity in a well-planned dacoity, and then settled down quietly in the Pinjih valley, where until his eyesight failed him he had made a living by shooting deer. He was now old and poor, but despite his age was keen to go after the rhinoceros, and, knowing its haunts and wallows, assured us that he could bring me up with it. But this was no ordinary quest, he said; if without preliminary preparations we went in search of tracks, we were foredoomed to the failure that had attended all previous efforts. We must first "ask" for the rhinoceros from the *Jin Tanah* or Earth Spirits, who have power over the forest and all its inhabitants, and to whom the attendant spirits of *Kramat* animals are vassals. Pa' Senik proposed to make a feast and invoke the spirits, and to ask them to give us the rhinoceros and to accept compensation. We should not have to pay much, he said, for the spirit, if it accepted the offer, would probably ask for something to eat,—a fowl perhaps, or some eggs, and a lime or two. Of course, if the spirits proved obdurate, nothing could be done, and we must not think of any act of defiance; but, if made with skill and address, our application would, he thought, be favorably considered. The exchange value of a rhinoceros in the spirit world would seem to be extremely moderate, and I gave the old man a dollar (all he asked for) with which to prepare the feast preliminary to the invocation, and arranged to go to his house to witness the ceremony.

The following Saturday was the day

agreed upon, and a few miles by railway to the next station and a walk of a couple of miles took me to his village, where a house had been set aside for me. After dinner I was invited into the adjoining house, where Pa' Senik had made his preparations. Like Gaul and all Malay houses, it was divided into three parts: the front room or verandah, absolutely public; the middle room, where the men eat and sleep, reserved for intimates; and the kitchen, where the unmarried women sleep, absolutely private. The ceremony was to take place in the centre room, and here I was introduced to Che Mat, a brother *pawang* or wizard, whom Pa' Senik had called in to assist him. After a few minutes' conversation the proceedings began, and while they sat down and faced one another over a brass bowl containing burning charcoal, I made myself as comfortable as I could upon the floor within a few feet of them, and round us such men and women and children as had obtained admission ranged themselves in a semicircle. Various bowls of water, in which floated leaves and flowers, were set about the floor, and twigs and sprays of leaves and blossoms were fixed to the posts and walls. Each bowl and leaf and flower had its definite significance, and to each were spells and charms attached. Pa' Senik then took up an *arbab*, a three-stringed instrument, in shape somewhat like a banjo but played with a bow, and one that seems to require a lot of tuning, for much tautening of pegs and twanging of gut was necessary before the player found the pitch he desired. After a tentative essay or two he struck up a monotonous chant, to a tune a degree more monotonous. Much of his music was improvised, to meet the special conditions of the present instance; but the greater portion of it was part of his traditional craft. It was lengthy and full of repetitions;

but the gist of it was that here was a white man, one of the rulers of the country, who came to ask the assistance of the spirits; and here were Malias, Che Mat, and Pa' Senik, the servants and followers of the white man, and they too craved the assistance of the spirits; and in the forest was the rhinoceros whom they desired to take, and whom they now besought the spirits to give them. What answer would the spirits give us, and by what means could we ensure their assistance in the enterprise? Such, in a few words, was the meaning of an invocation that lasted twenty minutes. The chant ended, Pa' Senik laid aside his bow, and asked one of the company to recite from the Koran. A man at once began to intone some verses, while the whole audience joined in the usual responses and replies, and the protection of the Islam religion was thus called in upon proceedings utterly at variance with the teaching of Mohammed. When this was over, a tray containing rice and various kinds of curry was brought up to Che Mat, who had hitherto remained silent and motionless in pose of entire abstraction. He now roused himself, and throwing some gum benjamin into the censer over which he faced Pa' Senik, moved the tray in and out of the thick smoke until it was thoroughly fumigated. Then he took a saucer of rice from an attendant and passed it in a similar manner through the smoke, and after placing a lighted candle on the edge of the saucer, put it on a tray suspended from the roof between the two men. Finally a plate of parched rice was purified from the mortal taint by smoke, and then, also with a lighted candle on its rim, carried out of the house by Che Mat, and hung on a tree. This marked the conclusion of the opening stage of the proceedings. The rice on the tray between the two men was of a peculiar kind, considered a delicacy,

which is used in sweetmeats, and was intended to attract the attention of the spirits we desired to invoke. The parched rice outside the house was for any of the thousand and one wandering demons who might appear, and who, unless thus provided for, might mar the proceedings. The curry and rice was for the audience, most of whom at once followed it to a corner of the room and devoted an undivided attention to it.

After an interval both men stripped to the waist, and Pa' Senik took up his instrument, and to the same drear chant reiterated the purpose for which we met. Che Mat in the meantime, undoing the handkerchief that Malays bind round their heads, let a mass of long hair fall down upon his shoulders, and carefully combed it out and anointed it with cocoanut-oil. He then bound his handkerchief round the long glistening hair, and rolled it scarf-wise round his head. When this was done he brought forward more saucers of rice, and held them in the smoke of the censer, and passed his hands, his head, his breast, his knees, and his back through the pungent incense, ending by moving the censer three times round himself. He bowed to the four cardinal points, took some of the rice in his hand, and, muttering a spell over it, blew upon it in the professional manner known as *jampi*. Another candle was lit, and Pa' Senik again began to play his instrument. Suddenly Che Mat broke in upon the monotonous music of the *arbab*, clapped his hands wildly above his head, shook his hair free from the handkerchief that bound it round his forehead, and with a quick twist of his neck swung his long locks in a sweeping circle round his head. The suddenness of the interruption was startling. Round whirled the black glistening mane, followed by the gaze of every eye in the room, and as it completed the circle another short

jerk of the muscles of the neck sent it again madly flying round his head. Again and again, and more quickly each succeeding time, was the stream made to revolve round him, until at last all that was to be seen of the man seated on the floor was his short bare body, with an occasional glimpse of white compressed features, surmounted by a black, rushing, whirling halo that filled and fanned the room. For some minutes this extraordinary muscular effort continued, until suddenly Che Mat fell forward in a state of collapse. There was perfect silence for a few moments, while all the spectators held their breath, and then Pa' Senik, picking up some rice, threw it over the supine figure and asked him who he was. There was no answer, and Pa' Senik was forced to have recourse to his *arbab*. After a considerable interval Che Mat announced that he was Pran Ali, meaning thereby that he was possessed by a spirit of that name. In answer to questions put by Pa' Senik, the Spirit Pran Ali expressed himself as friendly to us, and a natural enemy of the earth spirits and the guardian spirits, but declared that he was unable to help us in the quest of the rhinoceros: deer were the animals over which he had power, not rhinoceros. If it had been a deer now—

Pran Ali could help us no further, and thereupon left, and Che Mat was no longer possessed of him. There was another interval of singing and playing by Pa' Senik, who called on various spirits to come to our assistance, and repeated innumerable charms to prevent the rhinoceros from hearing or scenting us as we approached it, to prevent it from charging, or from recovering from any wound that might be inflicted upon it. "If all the dead return to life and walk this world again, then and not till then may this animal turn upon us; if the bottommost of the three layers of stone that support the earth

reappear upon the surface, then and not till then may this animal front us." But to repeat one-tenth of the incantations and invocations would fill pages of "Maga" and would interest but very few. Che Mat stopped the long tale by again evincing signs of another demoniacal possession. Again his attitude of abstraction fell from him, and his weird hair-swinging held the room. After the pause that followed his collapse he inquired what we wanted of him, and when Pa' Senik offered him a bowl of parched rice, he at once seized it and swallowed a handful of the contents; when a plantain was produced, he gulped it skin and all, and then announced that he was Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba, one of the guardian spirits. Pa' Senik thereupon humbly inquired whether we might be allowed to follow the rhinoceros (which, by the way, was throughout the evening spoken of as a buffalo), and the spirit's immediate reply was a downright refusal, saying that on no account would he lose the animal. This caused a sensation amongst the audience, and there was much shaking of heads, but Pa' Senik was not to be beaten. He began with cajolery, and when that had no effect tried what is vulgarly known as bounce. Who was this spirit that he should take this defiant attitude? To this the spirit answered that he was a thousand years old: Pa' Senik declared that he was a thousand years older. "Ten thousand years old," replied the Spirit. "Ten thousand years older" retorted Pa' Senik, who thereupon challenged his adversary to a contest as to which was the stronger. When the challenge was accepted Pa' Senik seized a handful of parched rice and threw it full in the face of his adversary, and then leant forward glaring at him over the smouldering censer. His opponent immediately seized a huge bowl of rice and raised it in the

act to hurl; but when his arm reached the topmost point above his shoulder from which it would turn to throw, he suddenly stiffened, and the whole of his body became rigid. For a few seconds he sat there living and motionless as a statue of Discobolus, and then the bowl dropped from his nerveless fingers and fell crashing to the floor. Sang Kala Raja Megang Rimba was beaten in contest. He cast himself forth and Che Mat was thrown into a third frenzy, becoming possessed of a spirit named Awang Mahat. Unfortunately Awang Mahat belongs to that unhappy class, whether in this world or the other, of creatures who mean well: his intentions are excellent, but he is powerless for good or evil, and the consideration he meets with is therefore such as might be expected. Little was asked of him, and he could tell us less; beyond saying that if our quarry were wounded near water it would come to life again (a pleasing prospect, as we had to seek it in swamp and marsh), he could not help us. He remained but a few minutes, and then craved leave to depart. When he left Che Mat was nearly fainting, and to allow him to recover there was a long interval of playing and singing by Pa' Senik. Che Mat's wife, herself no unskilled disciple in witchcraft, in the meantime occupied herself in attending to her husband, breathing upon him, rubbing, kneading, and massaging him. When attention was called and the proceedings resumed, Che Mat fell into a fourth frenzy, more violent than any that had preceded it. He had undergone his previous attacks in silence, but this time he gave vent to scream after scream, short sharp yells of pain. When the succeeding exhaustion had somewhat passed, he declared that he was the Jin Kepala Gunong Api—the Jin of the Volcano's Summit—one of the *Jin Tanah*, the Earth Spirits, whom we had to fear

in this enterprise. He was most violent at first, but soon became more friendly, and finally asked what we would give him if he allowed us to "take" the rhinoceros. Various gifts were suggested, but rejected as valueless in the Spirit World, until finally the offer of an egg, some parched rice, and the rice I have mentioned as a delicacy, was accepted. This Pa' Senik was careful to explain to me the next morning was not in this case to be considered as representing the exchange value of the rhinoceros; it was tendered and accepted only in the sense of a propitiatory offering. All that was vouchsafed was that, as far as the Earth Spirits were concerned, we were at liberty to follow the rhinoceros; whether we succeeded or not was another thing, and to that the Jin would not commit himself. But we were given an omen, and told that if we met a tiger's tracks crossing those of the rhinoceros, we were to return at once and not to make another attempt; when we made our offering at the entrance of the forest, certain signs in the flame of a candle would tell us the disposition of the guardian spirit; and, thirdly, we were to be guided by our dreams that night. The Jin then threw Che Mat into a final frenzy and left. This ended the night's work.

We were astir early the next morning, and Malias eagerly asked me what I had dreamt. Alas! no omens were to be gathered from my dreamless sleep; nor had any one else been favored, except my little Tamil "boy," who had been very much frightened by what he had peeped in to see overnight, and who plaintively said, in tones that showed he wished it were true, that he had dreamt of being back at my house. Pa' Senik was ready with his offering, and after breakfast he, Malias, and I set off for a walk in the jungle. There was no *khobar*,

for, as I have said, no one would go to look for this animal's tracks; but a day would be well spent in learning as much as possible of the lie of the country. At the "gateway of the forest," then, Pa' Senik made his offering. Splitting into four the end of a bamboo, and deftly weaving a jungle-creeper through the split ends, he improvised a censer, which a couple of green leaves and a handful of earth made fire-proof. Some dry leaves and a dead twig or two made a fire, upon which he sprinkled incense. The stipulated offering was passed through the smoke, and then carefully placed on an open spot. Now came the question: What was the augury? Pa' Senik lit a candle, and placed it on the edge of the censer, and, after due invocation, stepped back and keenly watched the flames. In doing this one has to stay beside the lighted candle, calling upon the spirits to attend until one feels one's skin move, then step back and watch the flame: if it flickers it betokens the arrival of the spirits; if, after breaking and wavering, it burns true, straight, and upright—success; extinction is failure; if it blows to the right or toward you, hope; to the left or away from you, the chances are against you. In the wind-protected corner Pa' Senik had chosen, the candle burnt true and bright, and as we started hope ran high. We had a long day's walk through the jungle, but to find fresh tracks was too much to expect. Old tracks, however, and abandoned wallows, gave proof of "Old Kramat's" existence; and the next morning I returned to my quarters well satisfied at having got through the opening stages of the campaign.

Though no result was seen that day, Pa' Senik's offering had not been without its effect, for not many days later a Malay came hot-foot in search of Malias, and told him that he had that morning seen the fresh tracks of the

rhinoceros crossing a native path some twelve miles away. Pa' Senik was sent for, kit and provisions packed, coolies collected and despatched, and that night we all slept in our informant's house. It stood in a small clearing in the depths of the jungle. To the right and left two precipitous limestone hills rose sheer out of the level plain, their bases but a few hundred yards away, and their summits nearly twice as many hundred feet above us. Between them flowed a clear stream, and on the edge of this the house was built. As the sun set numbers of jungle-fowl crowed and called on every side as they came down to drink, and a party of black gibbons made the echoes ring with their ear-piercing whoops. The wild goat-antelope lived on these limestone hills, our host Hussein informed us,—one could hear them bleat at night, and they often came down from the precipitous heights to feed round his clearing, but they were very rarely seen.

We went to sleep early, and the next morning I woke my men at half-past four. A tiger had roared close to the house during the night, and this made Pa' Senik rather apprehensive of the omen regarding the tiger tracks crossing the rhinoceros tracks. We made a good breakfast, and while the first jungle-cock was shrilling his clear challenge and the gibbons went whooping through the tree-tops in search of food, we started to make a wide cast through the jungle to find fresh tracks of the rhinoceros. Without doubt the heart of the Jin had been softened, for we had not gone more than two or three miles before we came on tracks made early the previous evening.

Pa' Senik had explained to me overnight that his "work" of the evening I have described would remain effectual for a month, and that an offering each time we entered the jungle anew

was all that was now required. He was provided with his censer and propitiatory gift, and in half an hour we were ready to proceed. Malias and I then went on alone, instructing Pa' Senik, Hussein, and another local Malay, to follow us slowly, and to keep, as far as they could judge, a quarter of a mile behind us. We followed a well-beaten track through the jungle, and it seemed from the manner in which the animal had walked steadily on, without stopping to feed on the way, that he was making for another part of the country, and that many miles lay between him and us. We were therefore taken entirely by surprise when, before we had gone more than half a mile, a turn in the path brought us suddenly upon him. He was lying at full length in a wallow; but I was unable to make use of the disadvantage at which we held him, for as I threw up my 10-bore a hanging creeper caught the barrels, and I had to lower the rifle and disengage it before I could bring it fairly to my shoulder. By this time the rhinoceros had lurched out of the pool, and I only had time for a hasty shot at his shoulder, hitting him, as I subsequently discovered, too high up and too far forward. The dense smoke of the black powder prevented me from getting a second shot before the animal disappeared in the heavy jungle. An examination of the tracks explained the suddenness of the encounter, for they showed that the rhinoceros had stayed the whole night long in the wallow, and the footprints proved that it really was "Old *Kramat*" that we had met. This Malias was at first inclined to doubt, for we had seen the animal plainly, and his horn was not the cubit's length of cerulean blue that every one knew "*Old Kramat*" carried, but only a short, black, shapeless stump; nor had he in the least degree acted up to his reputation for pugnac-

ity. The only fact in favor of the theory that it was he whom we had met was that there was not a sign of blood. This rather disconcerted the Malays; but I had before followed a wounded rhinoceros for three miles without finding a drop of blood (until the Malays had openly grumbled at my following an animal that had obviously been missed), and when I did come up with it had found it on the point of death—dying, I believe, from internal hemorrhage. We made but a short pause by the wallow to examine the tracks, and then pushed on. At once we were covered from head to foot, and our rifles from stock to muzzle, with the wet clay that hung to the bushes through which the rhinoceros had made his way. Slimy branches dripping with mire slapped our faces, and oozy drops of mud fell upon our necks and clotted in our hair. Then before we had worked more than a hundred yards of our way along the track a mass of white glittering clay caught my eye, and as I squatted on my heels Malias reached forward to make an excited tug at my coat. What we saw was on slightly higher ground than that on which we stood, and appeared to be at least seven feet high: it was perfectly motionless. An "ant-hill" whispered Malias, for it was covered with the same substance as that with which we were smeared. An ant-hill of course, I thought, and the rhinoceros has rubbed against it in passing. And so I nodded and prepared to move forward, but as I did so the mass moved and disappeared behind the brown pile of a real ant-hill. "Allah! that was he," groaned Malias. But before I could express my feelings the animal reappeared on the other side of the covering heap, and walked slowly away from us. Though his back was well exposed, a careful aim at the base of the spine produced no effect, and (the smoke hung round

terribly) I had no time for a second shot; nor perhaps would I have risked it, for I felt sure that this time at all events he would charge. However, the rhinoceros went straight away, nor did we see him again for many hours. For perhaps a mile we followed him through big jungle, where, though rotans, creepers, and lianes obstructed the path, the forest-trees afforded a shelter from the sun. But then the rhinoceros turned aside into a clearing where two seasons before the Malays or the aboriginal Sakeis had felled the forest to grow a crop of hill-rice. The scrub that had grown up since they had reaped their harvest and abandoned the place was some ten feet high, and here the difficulty of making one's way was increased a hundredfold, and moreover we were exposed to the full force of the tropical sun. Bowing and bending to avoid the interlacing creepers, twisting and turning to free our rifles from the branches that, despite our efforts, caught their projecting muzzles, we had of course to move in perfect silence. The sun struck fair on our rounded backs, and we were surrounded by myriads of flies. They flew into our eyes, imprisoned themselves in our ears, or crawled clog-footed over our glistening faces. We pushed on extremely slowly, for, though we had no desire to come up with the rhinoceros in this horrible tangle, where we had but little chance of self-defence, there was no alternative but to stick to the tracks. We could not say what line the animal intended to take, and to make a detour was therefore out of the question. The only thing to do was to give it time to move on, and to trust to meeting it in more favorable country. At first the tracks showed that it could not decide whether to go straight away or whether to refuse to leave the advantage the thick scrub gave, or thirdly whether to wait in the path and fight.

This, of course, necessitated extreme caution, but at last after some two or three hours we emerged from the scrub and re-entered the big jungle. Soon afterwards we saw a few scanty drops of blood, and Mallas was much reassured thereby. Then the rhinoceros took a definite line across country, and at about one o'clock we came to a small stream that it had crossed. Here we waited for Pa' Senik and the men who carried my tiffin and their own mid-day meal, and after a cigarette we pushed on once more. Before we had gone another mile a snort and rush showed that we had come up with "Old *Kramat*" again. His behavior was most extraordinary; from a distance perhaps of some fifty yards away he charged headlong towards us, passing within fifteen or twenty yards of our position, and then stopped when he had gone fifty yards behind us. Here he paused a few seconds, and then with a snort charged back again at an acute angle to the last direction he had taken. He again passed close enough for us to catch a glimpse of him and to see the bushes moving, but not close enough for one to aim with any certainty. Again he stopped, paused, and then with a snort came back on another line that passed us no nearer than the others. What his intention was I cannot say; whether it was that he could not discover our exact position or whether his wounds had knocked the inclination for real fighting out of him, I do not know; but I am inclined to believe that he did not want to fight, and think that it was what tacticians term a demonstration. He made five such rushes, but no time did he come close enough for me to take more than a snap-shot, and this, thinking that I should require my cartridges for close quarters, I refused to accept.

At last, however, Mallas pointed out a stationary black object some twenty-

five or thirty yards away. I could see that it was the rhinoceros, but could not make out what part of him it was. Nevertheless, thinking that I might not get a better opportunity, I fired, and in another wild rush it disappeared. Again we followed, and after another mile came up with him for the fourth time, when after a series of similar demonstrations he gave me a clear shot at twenty-five yards at the base of his spine. He went straight away, but the blood showed that both this bullet and the one before had taken effect, and when we came on a place where the poor brute had lain down, we made certain of him. Though we followed the tracks until four o'clock we failed, however, to come up with him again. It was now within two hours of sundown, and as we had only a rough idea of where we were, it was necessary to think of getting back home. We therefore waited for the other men to come up to us, and then discussed the position: the house from which we had started that morning was many miles behind us, and it was out of the question to think of returning there. Where was the nearest house? On this question there was a divided opinion, and one of the debaters climbed a tree to prove his case, and descending admitted like a man that he was wrong. From the tree he could see a grove of *durian* trees, and towards this spot we made our way, for we knew that from the grove a native track would lead to the nearest village. Before we left the tracks we marked a tree or two, so as to be able to start the next morning where we now left off, and then made our way toward the *durian* trees. When we arrived there we found that we were within two or three miles of Pa' Senik's house, which we reached within another hour. The actual distance we had followed the rhinoceros from sunrise to nearly sunset was not

more than fifteen miles (from point to point it was perhaps seven), but these miles had been covered step by step: carrying the weight of a heavy rifle, under a tropical sun, bent double to evade the thorns that clutched at everything, stepping delicately to avoid the dead leaves that crackled under foot, and with every nerve on the alert, we did not estimate the distance by miles.

When we arrived at Pa' Senik's house I found that some cartridges had fallen from my worn-out old belt, and that I only had four cartridges with me. It was therefore necessary to go to my house to get more, and Malias and I set off at once: two miles took us to the railway-line, and then seven more miles of skipping and tripping over railway sleepers in the dark took us home, and put the finish to a day's work that lasted from five o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening.

The next morning the first down train stopped to let us get off at the nearest point to Pa' Senik's house, and at nine o'clock we were at the spot where we had left the tracks the evening before. I was disgusted with myself with having bungled my first shot, and having made such tinkering efforts at the other three, and was determined, if possible, to reserve my bullets for a better opportunity. We found that the rhinoceros had lain down and slept the night not far from where we had left him: he had eaten but very little, and had not wallowed. He had now of course many hours' start of us, and we had to make such speed as we could in order to overtake him, and yet to exercise extreme caution that we might not stumble upon him and be charged unawares. We had to move in perfect silence or we should not come up with him, and at the same time we had to keep our eyes on the tracks step by step. The difficulty of following the tracks even of

a rhinoceros is extraordinary. One would imagine that an animal weighing perhaps two tons, and whose footprints are nearly twelve inches across, would be easy to follow; but time after time we had to stop, retrace our steps, or make a cast through the jungle. On hard dry ground covered with leaves, only the barest impression was left: we had often to lift the leaves to look for the mark of a toe-nail dinting perhaps the undermost leaf to the ground. Often, too, the tracks appeared to go straight on, and it might not be for some time that we found that we were on old tracks and must turn back. Traces of blood were extremely scanty, and it was only from time to time that one or the other of us would silently point to a single drop of clotted blood on a leaf or twig. The difficulty, too, and the physical exertion of moving in silence through the jungle must be undergone to be fully realized—one hand perhaps disengaging a thorny creeper from the shoulder, the other hand holds a heavy rifle, and with one foot suspended in the air to avoid some crackling leaf, every muscle of the body is necessary to maintain one's equilibrium. Moving thus in silence, we saw in the jungle animals that would otherwise have been alarmed long before we came in sight. Mouse-deer repeatedly allowed us to approach within a few feet of them; twice we got among a sounder of sleeping pig before they woke; and once an agitated tapir dashed across the track only a few yards away from me. A danger, however, there is of this silence. Malias and I had followed a wrong track for a few yards before we discovered our mistake: retracing our footsteps, we saw that beside the path lay a green puff-adder coiled and ready to strike, and that each of us had unwittingly set his foot down within six inches of its head.

It was slowly thus that we made our way, and it was past one o'clock on an intensely hot day that we came up with the rhinoceros again. I then saw him some forty yards away standing broadside on to us. His head was hidden by foliage, and it was impossible to say at which end of the formless mass it was. I made the inevitable mistake, and a careful aim at the spot where I imagined the heart to be only hit him far back in the quarters. As on the preceding day he rushed away on receiving the bullet, and the country in which the tracks took us was extremely dangerous. This was another clearing made for the cultivation of hill-rice, such as that we had passed through the day before, but this was younger, and therefore worse. That of yesterday was some two years old, and through it one could see a few yards: this was only seven months old, and an object a foot away was invisible. Of course, I repeat, no sane man would seek an encounter with any dangerous animal in either place. But the younger growth is worth describing: it is a mass of tangled vegetation, for here the giant *lalang* grass, that grows some six feet high, fights for its life with the horrible creepers that bind and choke it, and with the scrub bushes that send their roots down into the earth to undermine it. Here, like wrestlers, they strain and pull, and the victory is to the one that can endure the longest. The loser dies, and giant grass, creepers, and scrub fight interlocked at death-grips.

Through this almost impenetrable thicket the rhinoceros made his way, and to use a homely simile, his track looked like a double cutting on a railway line. It was necessary therefore to give him time to quit such desperate country, for in a patch of such wide extent a detour was out of the question. We therefore sat down for half an hour and then followed on;

but soon we found that what appeared to be a double cutting had developed into something more like a tunnel, through which it was necessary to make our way on hands and knees. It was impossible to see more than a foot in any direction, impossible to stand, and, except with one hand on the ground, impossible to fire. I therefore again gave the order to retreat, and for another half-hour we waited on the edge of the thicket. Then we heard an uproar among some monkeys on the far side of the scrub. "They are chattering at the rhinoceros," I said.

"Let us see," said Malias. And on we went again. Happily the tracks led straight on through the scrub, and as there was none of the twisting and turning we had met the day before, we were emboldened by the calls we had heard from the monkeys, and pushed on, in hopes that the rhinoceros was now in more open country. Suddenly a few heat-drops, generated from a steaming ground and a blazing sky, fell pattering round and on us. Malias at once seized my coat and looked on every side with perturbation. "*Hujan panas*," he whispered, for "hot rain" is the sign of a bloody death.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "it is a sign that the rhinoceros will die to-day."

"That is not certain," he retorted; "it may be the rhinoceros that will die, and perhaps it may not." And then he added, very slowly and sententiously, "It is the Malay custom to be very careful when this happens."

His nerve seemed shaken for the moment, and I acquiesced, and more carefully than ever we crept along on hands and knees. The heat in the open scrub was terrific. The tangled vegetation we were crawling through afforded our spines and necks no protection from the sun, and the air was bound a prisoner by the giant grass and

bushes that throttled one another. Waves of heat were rising from the sweltering ground in quivering lines, and more than half we breathed there was steam; this filled the throat, but, though they hammered against our ribs, could not fill the lungs. The perspiration dripped from every pore of the body, but the mouth and tongue were clogged with drought, and salt with the moisture from our lips. And worse than anything else was the drumming of the nearly bursting blood-vessels behind our ears and temples. Time after time I was deceived into thinking that I heard the rhinoceros move.

At last we reached the edge of the forest in safety, and threw ourselves down in utter exhaustion. We lay there gasping until the other men came up with us, and then found that the help we had expected from them had failed us. They produced sandwiches, cigarettes, my small flask of neat whisky, but for some extraordinary reason had forgotten the bottle of cold tea. I could not touch the whisky, and without something to drink it was impossible to eat or smoke. The only thing to do was to go on. On, on, and on therefore, we pushed, without finding a drop of water to alleviate our thirst, and to enable us to touch the mockery of refreshment we carried. There was not a sign of the big beast that led the way except the three round dents that marked his toes, and occasionally in softer ground the impression of his sole. At last, at four o'clock, as we were thinking of giving up for the day, we came on a path that Malias recognized as one leading to the village of Pinjih. We therefore waited for the other men, and, after marking the place, made our way to the village. There we arrived at sunset, and a house was quickly put at our disposal. Then after a swim in the river, rice, grilled chick-

en, chillies, and salt fish—all that the village could offer—were ready for us.

Malias was openly despondent. Had not every one failed in this quest, and how was it that bullets that would kill an elephant dead on the spot failed even to knock this animal over? The Jin was playing with us; we were safe from his displeasure perhaps, but it did not seem that he had any intention of allowing us to kill the rhinoceros. Though Pa' Senik was more cheerful, his prognostications were even worse. The animal, he said, was making for a hill called Changkat Larang, and if it once reached that spot its wounds would immediately be healed. We had left the tracks within three miles of the hill, and our only chance was to come up with it the next day before it reached this hill of healing. Both were so down-hearted that I reminded them of the portent of the "hot rain," and suggested that the rhinoceros had returned to die by the stream and the village from which he had taken his name for so many years. But without avail: both shook their heads in doubt, and I went to sleep, to hope for better luck the next day.

By sunrise the next morning we had finished our meal of rice and chicken, and set off to pick up the tracks of the day before. We were soon on the ground, and then proceeded in the same order as on the two previous days. Soon we came on the spot where "Old *Kramet*" had spent the night. He had fed heavily on lush grass and young shrubs, and had wallowed for some hours. This was bad, very bad indeed, for the night before he had barely eaten a few mouthfuls, and had not wallowed at all; and now it seemed as though he were better and stronger after the second day than he had been after the first. Pa' Senik, who was close behind, came up, shook his old head, and intimated that he had told us overnight that if the

rhinoceros reached Changkat Larang his wounds would heal; the hill was now not far off, and then—I cut him short, and, picking up the tracks, pressed on. In a few minutes a rush some seventy yards ahead of us showed that our quarry was again afoot. This was worse than ever. Hitherto, every time that we had come up with him we had managed to catch a glimpse of him; but now he would not let us come within sight of him, and I felt inclined to give up hope. To-day was my last chance, for I had to be back in office the next morning; the brute was stronger and better than he had been the day before, and now he refused to allow us to come to close quarters. And, climax of despair, he was heading straight for Changkat Larang. One ray of hope remained. The rush we had heard seemed but a short one: seemed, I say, for even so huge a brute as an elephant, after its first startled rush, can settle down in so silent a walk that a man may be pardoned for imagining it to be standing still, whereas it is really rapidly putting a lot of ground between it and its pursuer. Praying, therefore, that the rhinoceros might really have remained stationary after the rush we had heard, I moved as rapidly and as noiselessly as possible round to the right, in the hope of cutting him off, and after a detour of a few hundred yards had the extraordinary good luck of finding myself close behind him. The wind was in my favor, and I was able to get within some twenty-five yards. He was looking down the path he had come, and I had made an exact semicircle in my detour, and was diametrically behind him. I had misjudged him when I had thought a few minutes before that he would not allow me to come to close quarters, for now his every attitude meant fighting. Hustled and harried for the last two

days, poor brute! he could stand it no longer, and was now determined to run no farther. Malias, crouching close on my heels, urged me in a whisper to shoot at the leg, and aim to break the bone. But I hoped for a better chance than that, and squatted down to await developments. Then a slant of our wind must have reached the rhinoceros, for he very slowly began to slew round. The huge hideous head lifted high in the air and swung slowly over the shoulder, the dumpy squat horn showed black, the short hairy ears pricked forward, and a little gleam showed in the small yellow eyes; the nostrils were wrinkled high, and the upper lip curled right back over the gums, as he sought to seek the source of the tainted air. Pain and wrath were pictured in every ungainly action and hideous feature. High in the air he held his head as he turned round, high above us as we squatted close to the ground, and his neck was fairly exposed to a shot, but I waited to let him show yet more. Then, how slowly it was I cannot say, but very slowly it seemed, his shoulder swung round, and at last I was afforded a quartering shot at the heart and lungs. I fired, and knew that he was mine. A short rush of some thirty yards, and he fell in an open grassy glade, never to rise and never again to see Changkat Larang—"the hill of healing." Though he could not rise, the poor brute was not dead; and as he moved his head lizard-like from side to side in his efforts to raise his ponderous body, he seemed more like a prehistoric animal than one of our times. The head of a lizard it was exactly, and the body of an elephant was joined on to it. Another shot killed it. Toil and trouble were all forgotten, and when Pa' Senik and the two other men came up all was congratulation, until we began to discuss the question of the easiest way to get the trophies home.

We had not been out more than an hour, and so I said that Malias and I would go back to the village of Pinjih and get elephants to carry the head and feet, while I sent the other three men to the house where we had spent the first night three days before, to fetch my servants, my kit, and my camera. It was with the greatest difficulty that I induced Malias to leave the body.

"Some one must stay and look after it," he said.

"But it's dead now," I objected.

"Yes," he said with firm conviction; "but it was dead after Kanda Daud shot it, and it came to life again and nearly killed him." And he then asked to be allowed to stay behind, to shoot it again if it showed any symptoms of returning vitality.

It was with some trouble that he was finally persuaded to come away; but not even then would he move until he had hacked one of the hind-feet nearly off.

"If he does go, he will go lame," he said.

By noon I had collected three elephants, and on the arrival of the men with my camera and impedimenta, we returned to take some snap-shots (which were not a success) and to cut off and pack the head and feet of the rhinoceros. It was slow work, and it was not until nearly sunset that I got back to my house.

Between two upright posts at his shoulder and his forefeet I made out the animal's height to be 5 feet 5½ inches. I am certain, however, that the measurement did not do him justice: he fell in a cramped position, and it was impossible to stretch him out. It is the best way of measuring dead game, but of course a poor one at that: one can imagine the difference between measuring a horse lying down and a horse standing up. When I caught my second glimpse of the

animal, he appeared to be nearly 7 feet high. That his height exceeded mine I am convinced. I worked at skinning the head and the feet until midnight; but it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that I got even the preliminary cleaning done. The horn was disappointingly small, the more so because it had been said to be extraordinarily fine. A short shapeless lump, only some 7 or 8 inches high, it is hideous in itself, but gives the necessary finish to "Old *Kramat's*" features.

Nothing now remains to be told except the story of Kanda Daud.

Years ago, before the white men came into the country (1875), Kanda Daud was a young man, and one season felled a patch of forest in the Pinjih valley to make a plantation of hill padi. The crop was nearing the harvest, and he was sitting at night with his gun to keep away the pigs and deer, when this rhinoceros came out of the jungle and fed close up to his house. He fired, and heard the brute rush away and fall at the forest's edge. The next morning he went with a youngster to hack off its horn, when the animal threw off the semblance of death and rushed at him. He fell; and the rhinoceros did not gore him with its horn, as is the custom of the African animal, but bit him with its enormous razor-edged teeth. The boy ran away, and in a few minutes returned with some ten men, whose approach frightened the brute. Kanda Daud appeared to be dead when they picked him up and took him to his house. Though the wretched man had been bitten in almost every part of his body, he recovered, and as he limped beside me to see the dead body of his old enemy he showed the cicatrices of his wounds. The calf and the fleshy part of the thigh of the left leg had atrophied; they had been bitten away; and the ball of his toe reached the

ground in a painful hobble. On his ribs and under one arm were great drawn lines of hideous white, such as one associates with the idea of a scald. The muscles of an arm had disappeared, and there only remained a bone. It was marvellous that he had recovered; but when I told him so he replied that the rhinoceros carried the antidote for the wounds he inflicted, for when he was picked up and taken home his hands and arms were found to be stained with an indigo blue. This was the dye of the rhinoceros horn, which he had seized with both hands in his efforts to free himself from the brute as it held him on the ground. His hands and arms had been carefully washed, and the stained water was the only medicine that he was given. Part he drank, and with part his wounds were washed. It was indeed a marvellous recovery. And the poor old man talked excitedly, as he limped along, of the result he expected from **getting more of this** remedy: perhaps with a further supply a skilled *pawang* might make the flesh grow on his withered limbs. Didn't we think so? A very little had served to heal his wounds, surely an unlimited supply would bring a perfect cure.

For more than twenty years the old man had been waiting for this event, and at last the day had come. Bitter was his disappointment and pitiable to see when he reached the carcass, for no amount of rubbing and washing would yield a sign of the desired blue from that black stumpy horn. The Malays stood back and whispered in little groups. All felt sorry for him, but it was difficult to know what to do. Finally I touched him on the shoulder.

"The rhinoceros is very old, Kanda Daud," I said, "and now in his old age the blue stain he carried has disappeared."

He stood up and looked at me in silence for a moment. "And I am very old too," he said; and then he added as

Blackwood's Magazine.

he turned away, "and now I shall never recover."

George Maxwell.

A STREAM-SIDE STUDY.

There is nothing so attractive to the wild denizens of the country-side as the tinkle of running water. Where some little stream winds its way through lady-fern and golden saxifrage there, at some time or other during the day or night, are sure to be collected almost all the living creatures that haunt the vicinity. And for those whose pleasure it is to observe nature closely, no walk is so full of interest as one that follows the course of a small rivulet.

Large rivers have attractions of their own; the seaside throws its glamor over many, as do barren mountain peaks and broad stretches of purple moor-land; but none of them can compare in variety of interest with those tiny streams that most visitors to the country leave unexplored.

Yet there are some who are not so neglectful of this source of pleasure. It may be that they have heard the water-nymphs calling to one another through the babble of the waters, or seen in fancy a flash of white limbs where the mimic cascade splashes into a rocky pool, and ever after the charm of the stream-side has held them captive. Slender hands seem to beckon to them whenever they listen to the water, as it sings on its way down the narrow glen, till at last they become as persistent haunters of the stream-side as the water-wagtails themselves, and love nothing so much as a scramble up the tangled course of some tiny brook.

The present writer must admit an

infatuation of this sort. Like Kim's Lama, who searched all India over for a river of healing, he feels impelled to linger by every stream that crosses his path. Often he looks longingly out of the windows of a train at the brooks wandering through meadows or threading the recesses of woods, and longs to explore their mysterious windings and learn their secrets. It always seems as though there must be something exceptionally interesting just around that corner, or behind that clump of silver birches. But, relentless as Fate, the train flashes by and fancy is left to paint the picture.

And, indeed, these dream rivulets can hardly have more charms than some that are familiar in real life. There is one, for instance, that takes its rise high up among the whin-berries on a Radnorshire hill. Close to its source the ground is black and peaty, abounding in pitfalls for the unwary. Here the grouse call to each other, and morning, noon and night the long whistle of the curlew sounds from moor to moor. This last sound will carry many miles, and it is entirely in keeping with the desolate spots that the long-legged, long-billed birds select for their nursery. The melting snows of winter and the heavy rains of spring and autumn convert this lofty plateau, where the stream has its birth, into a swamp of large dimensions.

Patches of snow-white cotton-grass nod together as the breezes pass by, and a careless step will land you knee-deep in the wet green sphagnum moss