NILGIRI

SPORTING REMINISCENCES,

BY

AN OLD SHIKARRI,.

With Twenty-six Photographs.

" O tempora, O mores quam mutantur."

MADRAS:
HIGGINBOTHAM AND CO.,
By Appointment to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales,
and Publishers to The Madras University.
1880.

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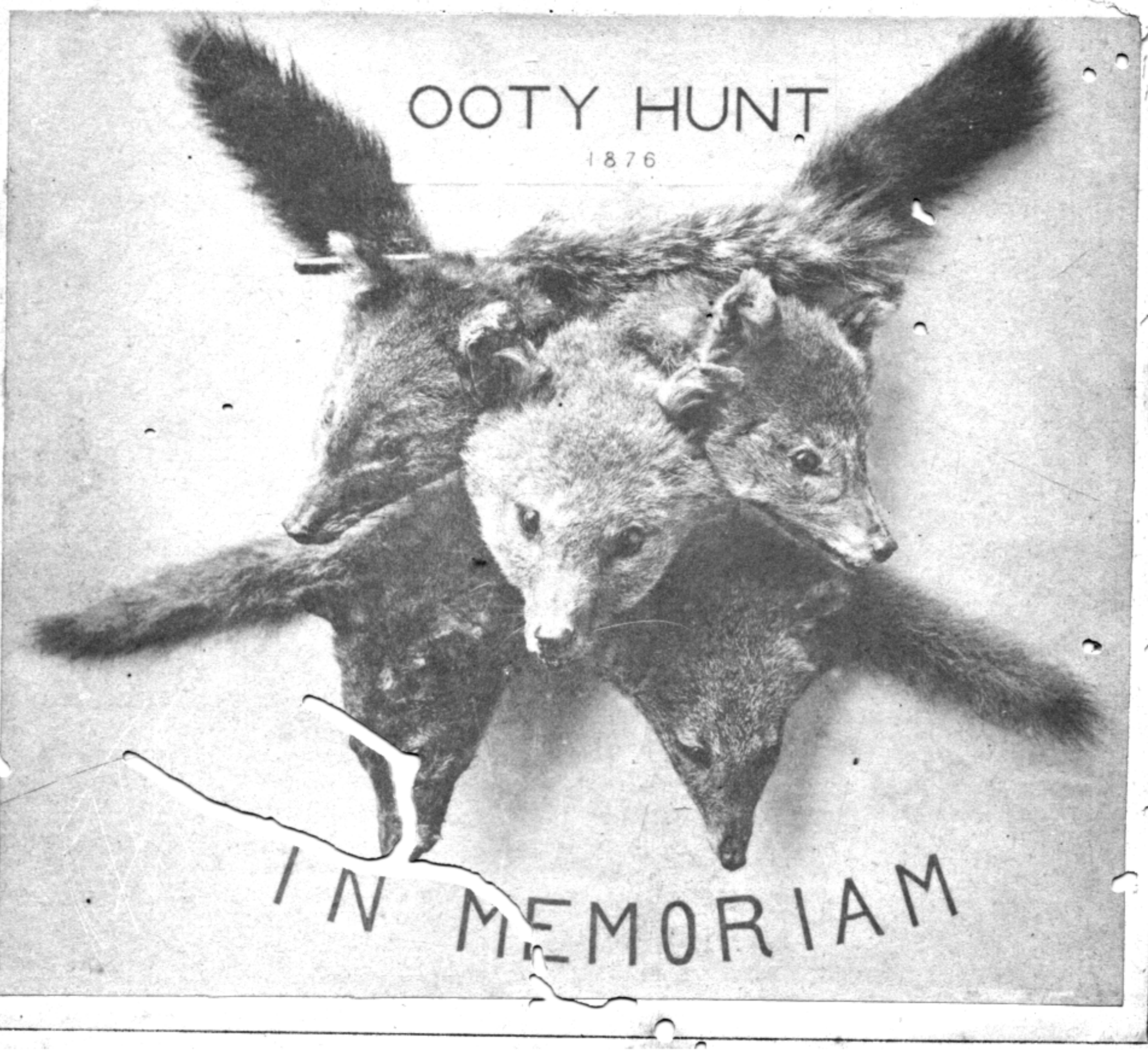
SPORTING REMINISCENCES.


OOTY HUNT
1876
IN MEMORIAM

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PRINTED BY HIGGINBOTHAM AND CO.—MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

TO

HIS HIGHNESS

CHAMAH RAJENDRA WADIAR BAHADUR,

MAHARAJA OF MYSORE,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

ARE WITH PERMISSION

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS HUMBLE SERVANT,

G. A. R. D

PREFACE.

PUBLISHED descriptions of the large game animals of the Nilgiris are not rare, and of the many sportsmen who have visited and shot over this grand range of Hills of Southern India, several have sought to record with the pen their exploits with the rifle. Some of the accounts that have been given to the world have been touched up with the colours of romance and "sensation," partaking largely of the hyperbole of shikar, such as "The Old Forest Ranger"—"Hunting Grounds of the Old World," while others rest their claims of public favour on the simplicity and honesty of the narrative.

Campbell's "My Indian Journal" and Shakespear's "Wild Sports of India" contain tales of ibex, sambur, bison and elephant-shooting on the Nilgiris, all very pleasant and interesting, while "Hawkeye" in later years has given us some descriptions of Nilgiri large game, charmingly truthful and refreshingly graphic. Very many Indian Journals also have had their columns enriched with sketches of Nilgiri sport, and have borne discussions regarding the peculiarities of the animals inhabiting the wilds of Southern India.

These facts would seem to argue against the publication of another work following the same beaten tracks; but Nilgiri game is becoming scarce, and bearing in mind that European cultivation is rapidly extending over the Hills, and that the number of sportsmen is greatly increasing, it does not require any extraordinary amount of prescience to predict that before

many more years shall have passed away, the game will be well nigh extinct.

To collect and store the reminiscences of the Hills as they once were, and to illustrate the natural history of once celebrated hunting grounds, are the special purposes of this book, (which, it is also hoped may prove a pleasing souvenir of the Nilgiris to the many who may have visited them at some time of their lives—as well as a useful reference for Naturalists and sportsmen,) and in striving to attain these objects, the author believes he has taken up no ground that has been exhaustively and entirely pre-occupied.

Shikar notes made from personal experiences commencing from 1856 to the present time with pencil and water-colour sketches, illustrating a private diary covering the same period, are the sources from which the author has constructed the present little work; and it is his pleasing duty here to gratefully acknowledge the valuable aid rendered him by that keen and experienced sportsman Colonel Michael, C.S.I., in suggestions and friendly criticisms of the illustrations while in progress—by which the faithfulness of portraiture of the animals depicted is ensured and guaranteed—also the addition of some striking and interesting sporting Memoirs of General Morgan, Mr. Charles Havelock and quotations from the writings of General Hamilton, each of which gentlemen have the well-earned reputation of being the leading authorities and most experienced in Hill shikar as well as close observers of Nature.

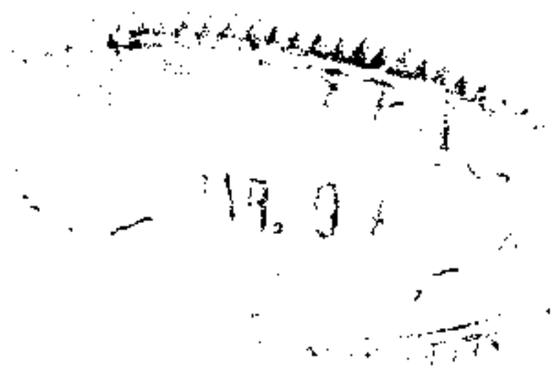
The Hunt Chapter was thought to offer a good opportunity of recording reminiscences of many pleasant doings with the Ooty Pack, as well as of giving a brief sketch of the history of jackal hunting on the Nilgiris; and, therefore, owes its appearance to the cordial assistance of Mr. W. E. Schmidt, in hunting up dates, &c.,

of Major Jago and Captain Elmhirst, for their amusing and interesting contributions to the concluding part of the work.

It was deemed advisable to photograph the illustrations from the author's sepia drawings, (which has been done by Messrs. NICHOLAS AND Co.) rather than incur the risk of their being altered in the least in being copied by engraver or lithographer, many of whom fall into a conventional style of expressing wild animals, losing sight of certain points and features at once patent to the sportsman's eye, and the absence of which would quite defeat the object here aimed at of the pictures being accurate delineations of the subjects presented. The photos of the stuffed heads are left to answer for themselves.

G. A. R. D.

NILGIRIS, 1880.



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ERRATA.

Page 13 line 18 *for* "some" *read* "none."
„ 37 „ 4 *for* "near" *read* "never."
„ 63 „ 24 *for* "bone" *read* "brain."
„ 73 „ 30 *for* "are" *read* "were."
„ 117 „ 7 *for* "tusker" *read* "Quaker."
„ 140 „ 20 *for* "hours" *read* "horses."
„ 147 „ 5 *for* "shape" *read* "shake."

CHAPTER I.

THE NILGIRI IBEX—NILGIRI WILD GOAT OF JERDON HEMITRAGUS HYLOCRIUS—NATIVE NAME BARE' ADU.

GENERAL REMARKS—NUMEROUS IN FORMER TIMES—DESCRIPTION—STALKING—INCIDENTS—CONCLUSION.

It has been generally admitted by all true and ardent sportsmen who have been in pursuit of the various game of these beautiful hills, that Ibex stalking bears away the palm from all other branches of shikar life, however pleasing and exciting, possessing in itself a peculiar charm and fascination, evident to every lover of nature in her grandest phases, and which is the more highly appreciated should he have an artist's eye for the picturesque, varied and lovely scenery, a quality most real sportsmen have, although there is often to be met, the man aspiring to that character to whom

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

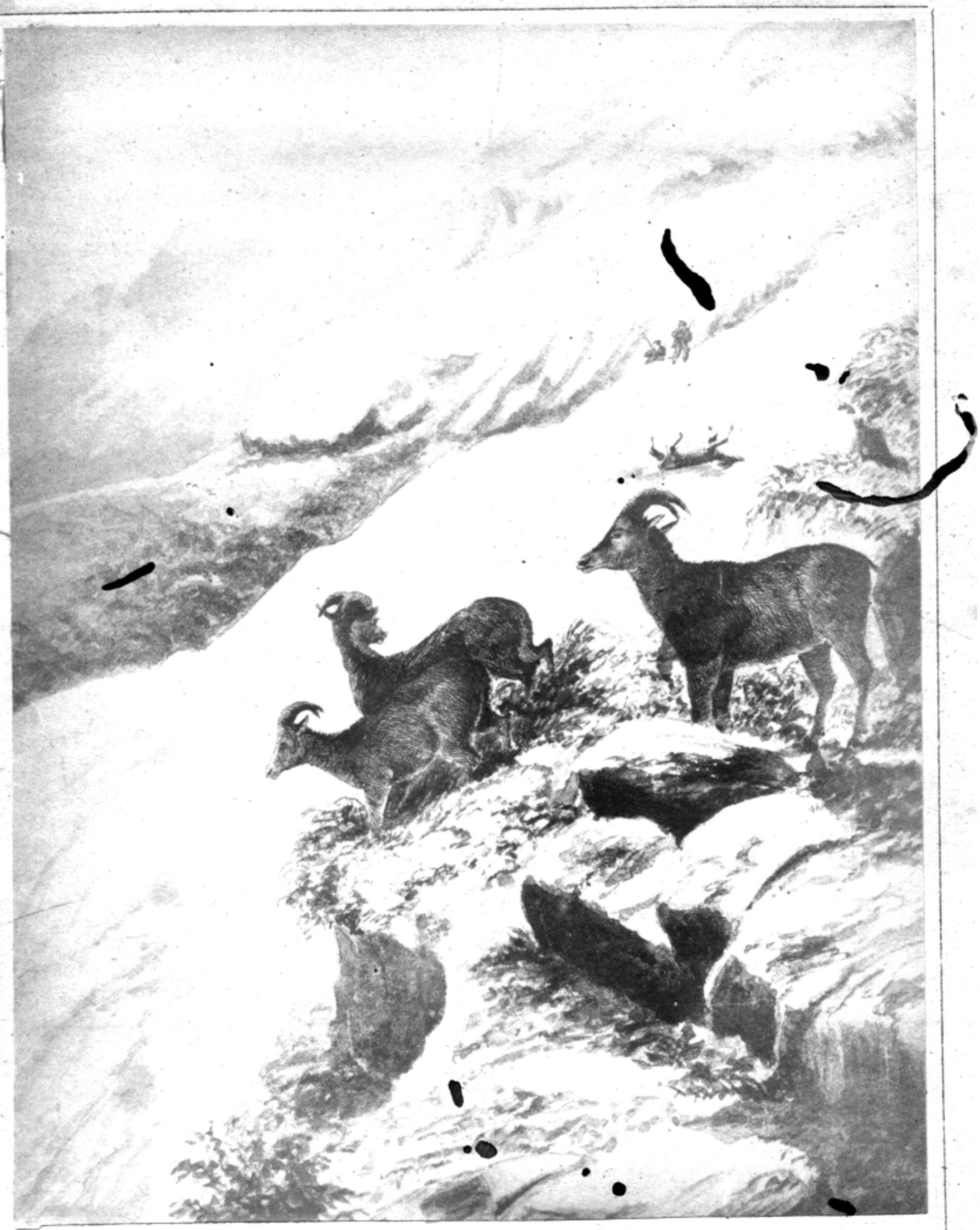
and who after spending days and hours amidst the solitudes of the mountain glens and craigs with their ever-changing beauties of soft mysterious mist and cloud and sunlight effects, is insensible to all, and on his return to camp, has no other impressions to relate, other than grumbling at the "confounded pull up those mountain sides, &c." In fact, as one of this class, although a capital shikarie, once observed to me, "It makes not the least difference to me, whether the scenery be beautiful, grand or otherwise, so long as I bag what I am after." The attraction for Ibex stalking is also perhaps enhanced by there being a spice of

peril and danger mingled with its pleasures, such as is experienced by the Alpine tourist in scaling and surmounting the almost inaccessible peaks of the mighty Matterhorn and other kindred mountains.

But turn we to our quarry; and here, before proceeding further with the matter, it will be necessary to allude to the name by which he is known. Science will not permit us to call him an Ibex, and really he is nothing more than a wild goat; but custom and usage admit no such restriction, and therefore, in accordance with time-honoured observance, I here record him as the Nilgiri Ibex; and by that name which he has borne ever since he has become known, will he be styled by me to the end of the chapter, in spite of the carpings of Himalayan sportsmen.

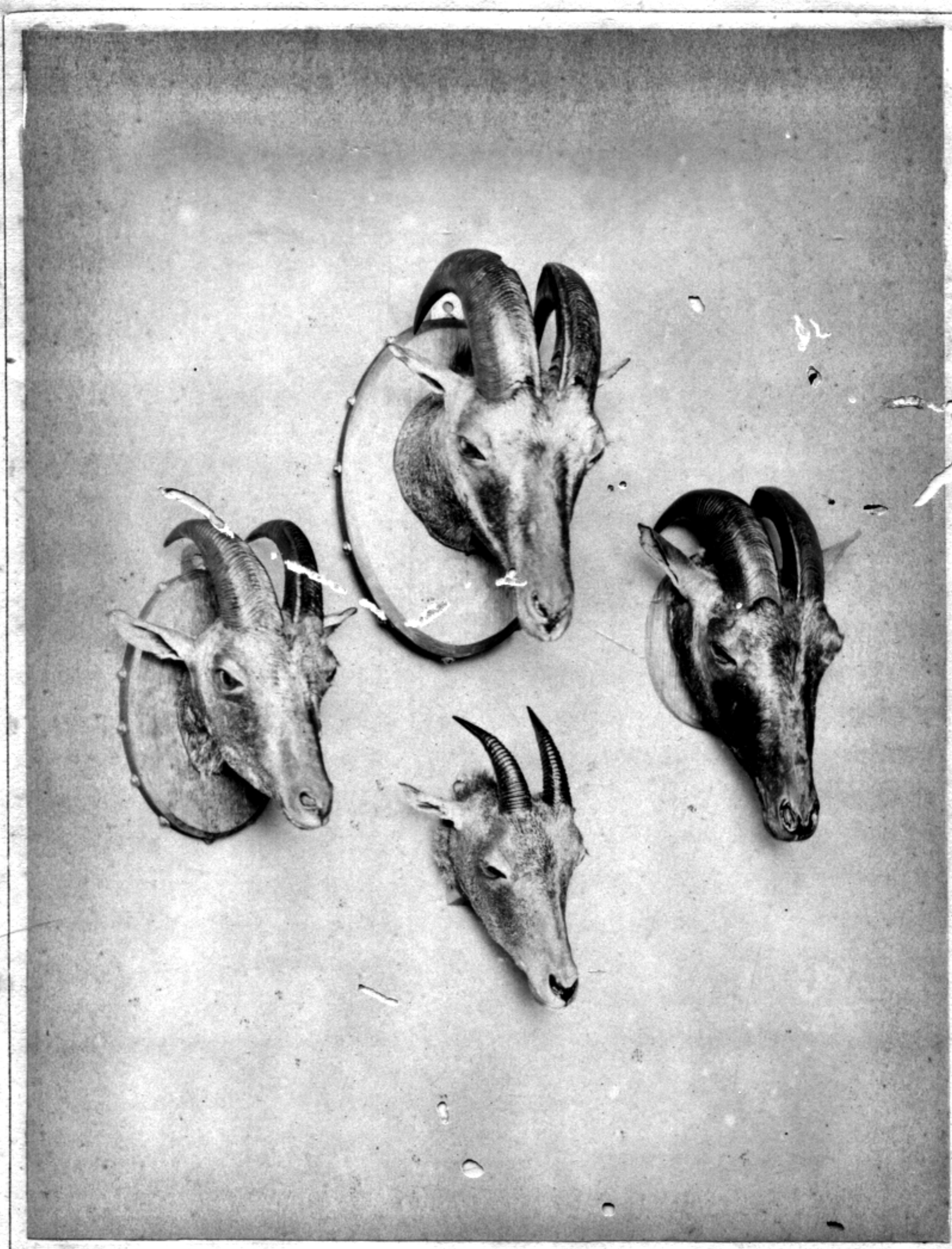
In former times, that is about fifty years ago, the Ibex appears to have roamed at will in vast herds over all the grassy uplands of the higher plateau of the Nilgiris, not confining themselves to the precipitous ghaut cliffs on the verges of the hills overlooking the plains, and where they are now chiefly to be found. I was informed by a gentleman at one time Collector of Coimbatore, that in those days when Ootacamund was first commencing to be established, and Stonehouse, (the present Government Council Chamber and offices) was being built, several Ibex were shot on Dodabett about the Craigmore rocks, and information gleaned from the oldest Kaity Badagas, as well as Todas whom I have drawn out upon game topics, refers to the same circumstance.

Avalanche was, and is now to some extent the favorite resort of sportsmen as a sure find for Ibex, and almost countless numbers used to be seen feeding, unalarmed by the many travellers who frequented the Sispara Ghaut road, then, the only route to the Western Coast and Bombay from the Hills.



IBEX STALKING.

Avalanche.



JBEX HEADS.

Growth of Horns.

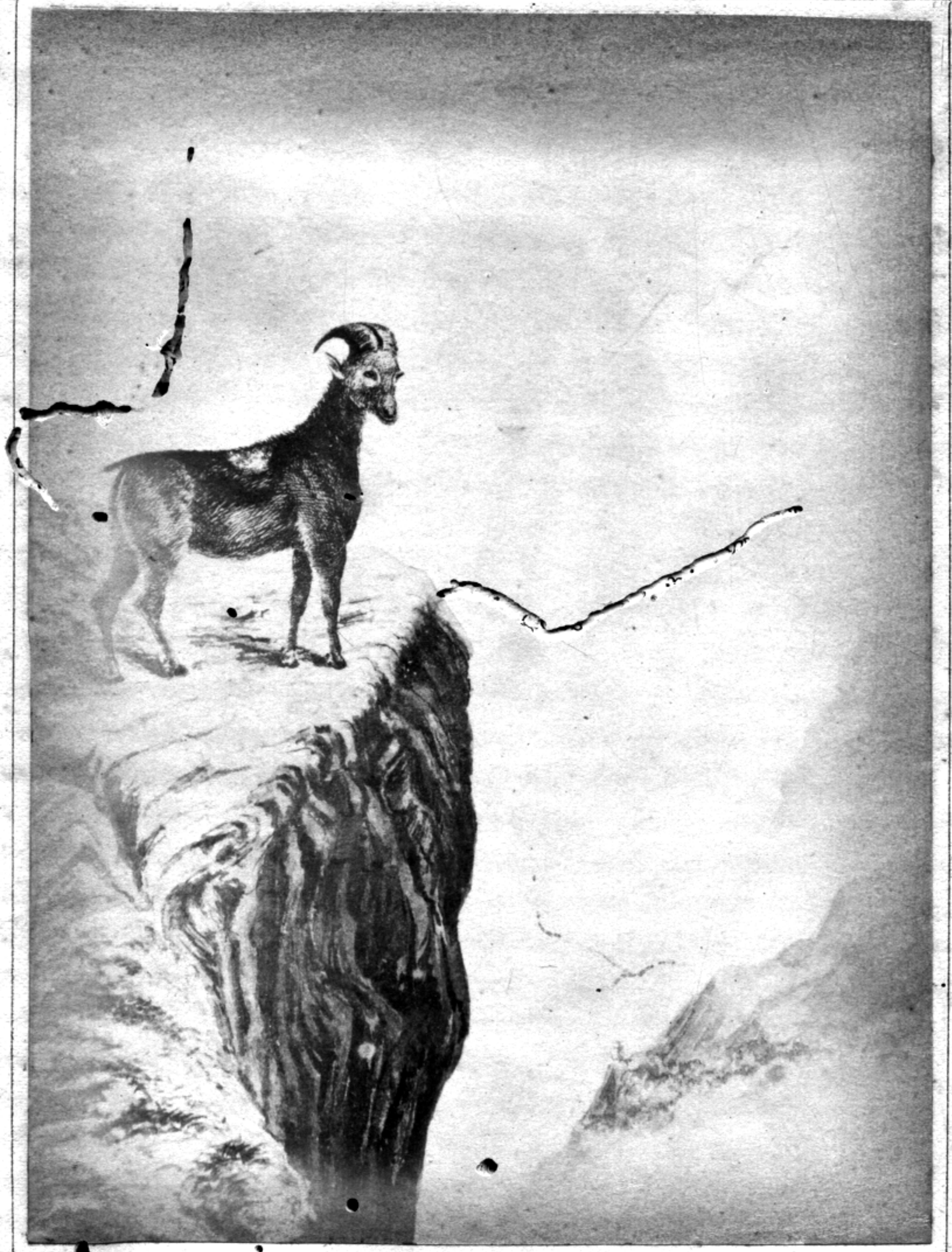
Plate I. illustrates the Avalanche locality, and is taken from a pencil sketch drawn on the spot in 1863; on which occasion I bagged one, a fine brown buck, out of a herd of six.

The Nilgiri Ibex is a well-built and compact looking animal, far more agile, and nimble than his build and mien would lead one to suppose. A full grown buck stands from thirty-six to forty inches in height at the shoulder. His horns are generally rather under, than over fifteen inches in length, and eight and a half to nine inches girth at base. I have only met with two specimens exceeding these dimensions, and they attained the most unusual length of seventeen inches, and ten inches girth at base.

The portrait of one of these patriarchs of the herd is here given in Plate II; the first of the group of four heads. His color was nearly black, all over grizzled with white, especially the saddle, which was very conspicuous and nearly quite white; he was shot on the rocky ridge west of Pykara, by a native! (proh! pudor!) his head purchased by Major West who sent it to me for curing and mounting. The second on the right, is the head with fourteen and a half inch horns of another grand old "saddle back" shot by Colonel Cox in about the same locality as the last mentioned. He was very handsomely marked; the prevailing tone of color being a rich warm brown merging into glossy black on the neck, withers and loins with tan underneath. The third on the left, a well developed "brown buck" with twelve inch horns; and number four at bottom is that of a nearly full grown doe, with eight inch horns, both of which last are also by Colonel Cox from the Koondahs. These specimens have been selected out of many that have passed through my hands in order to give a true idea of the different sizes and growth of horns at the respective ages of the animal, so that further description on that point would be needless.

The hair of the Ibex is short, thick and coarse, the color of a full grown "saddle back" buck is such as I have given above, *i.e.*, dark brown approaching to black with palish brown saddle, which becomes whiter as the animal grows older; head of the same tint with black mark from muzzle to forehead; eye full and lustrous with yellow bar for pupil irides brown. A short stiff mane on neck and withers; tail very short, not exceeding three inches in length. No vestige of a beard, which I, moult and Bakie mention in their work on the Nilgiris; and though there are tales told by old shikaries of animals with beards having been shot in former days, I have never in my experience of twenty years, met with a single specimen having the least sign of such an appendage. There is a callosity or bare spot on the knees, with fringe of dark hair around; hoofs rather far apart, the soles of which, though rough, are soft, yielding to the pressure of the finger as India rubber does, which peculiarity accounts for their extraordinary sure-footedness when bounding over smooth and steep rocks. The younger males and adult females are of a uniform dusky brown with light gray underneath, and are most difficult to distinguish at a distance from the surrounding tints of the rocks and herbage amongst which they are mostly to be found.

Such then, is a true and minute description of the appearance of the Ibex; and in Plate III, I have endeavoured to depict the portrait of a fine old "saddle back" whom I named "child of the mist" from his having so often given me the slip through the rolling vapours. My last sight of him was, as he stood like a statue in bold relief against the fleecy mists in the valley beyond, on a narrow ledge of rock jutting out and overhanging a frightful abyss. And there I left him—fit accessory to the grand picture of a wild gorge in the distant Koondahs with all their solitude and sad sublimity.



SADDLE-BACK BUCK IBEX.

As this chapter would scarcely be complete without some remarks on the usual method of stalking the Ibex, I can do no better than quote "Hawkeye" with whose kind permission I insert the following extract from his interesting work on "Game" published on the Hills a short time ago :—

"Let us suppose ourselves at sunrise on the summit of a rocky ridge, leading down to what may be called a steppe on the mountain side. The ridge falls rapidly; in some places so steep that to descend it in an upright posture is next to impossible; it is a scrambling down; one mass of rock over another, now across some scanty scrub or grass, underfoot loose stones, again another wall of rock, and so on till the first steppe is accomplished; perhaps a mile, or nearly so, from whence you start, a short space of an easier slope covered with longer grass, interspersed with boulders of rocks here and there; and then, another descent perchance worse than the first, the incline being even steeper, and the impediments more difficult.

Below this second steppe, the sholas or belts of jungle from the lower valleys creep up the narrow water-courses, terminating, according to the nature of the ground, either in a point abruptly, or spreading out broadly under a mass of rock, forming the head or termination of the gully. These are the spots Ibex favor.

We will suppose we have seen a "saddle back" from the upper ridge, at his early feed. Our first point is to make out whether he be alone or in company. We can discern no others, so we quietly watch the movements of the buck. He tries our patience painfully, for we cannot descend the face of the mountain in front of him, with any hopes of success. We must wait till he takes up his resting-place for the day. Our vigil continues for more than an hour, when at last, selecting an isolated black rock, our friend disposes himself comfortably ruminating and

basking in the great solitude he loves so well. Now then we proceed with the stalk.

We carefully descend the spur of the mountain to reach a knoll covered with long grass, and about one hundred and fifty yards from where the buck lies. We succeed in doing so; and then arises the question—shall we approach round by the right or by the left of the mound? The track to the left looks most used. We select it and cautiously drag ourselves along through the yielding grass. It so happens that to our left hand there is a small water-course with a narrow strip of jungle leading to a broad sheet of rock over which the stream trickles down to the continuation of the shola below, several boulders of various sizes, are scattered here and there on this slab or sheet of rock.

Just as we clear the point of the shola, horror of horrors! we spy the form of a doe Ibex lying stretched on the rock, and her kid some ten paces nearer to us basking at full length in the warm rays of the sun. At the same moment the mother catches sight of the movement in the grass. She is about sixty paces from us; we crouch and watch. After a few moments the doe gets up, but not as if much alarmed—only somewhat suspicious. She stretches herself, looks hard towards us, and at last walks towards the kid. The mode of communication, is on this occasion very clearly demonstrated, for she gives her child a smartish butt, *a posteriori*, causing it to spring nimbly on its feet. They both pause for a second or so, broadside on. The thought of "kid and mint sauce" flashes across our mind for a moment, but then the saddle back may still be asleep on his stony couch. No alarm has as yet been communicated, as far as we can see, except to the kid. Mother and infant pass slowly away, and pass behind one of the boulders of rocks referred

to above. In another second we see three or four more heads appear. Alas! a warning has been given. We have nothing left for it, but to scramble on through the grass, till we come in sight of the buck's resting-place: It is away ahead and to the right. He may still be there! we sight it at last, but the blank rock meets our gaze; the buck also is gone! Presently we see below us the herd, led by the "saddle back" careering far away to distant slopes, and our chance is gone!

Oh! the weary pull up the face of that steep mountain side! how disappointment with its leaden weight added to our toil made the dragging dreary length of that trying climb longer and longer still! How strong the contrast, when on a subsequent occasion, we stalked another saddle back, almost at the same place, and succeeded in winning his trophy! then how joyously we scaled the mountain path! how light our heart and heels! How we recounted to ourselves (preparatory to telling the tale to those awaiting us in camp) the intricacies and difficulties of the stalk; how we had watched for hours, and how a change of intention on the part of our quarry (by what induced who knows?) led him into danger; and how with "firm hand and eagle eye we slew him on the spot."

The Ibex are not nocturnal in their habits, as has been generally supposed, as they may be found whenever sought on all occasions, feeding during the day from sunrise to late in the evening. Neither does there appear to be any particular breeding season, as kids of all ages and sizes will be seen running with the herds all the year round. They are gregarious, as a rule, but I have frequently observed bucks in solitary pairs with sometimes a third one, much smaller to act as sentinel or fag. One of the finest bucks I ever killed, was one of two which I came across, to my great surprise, feeding on a broad open

down beyond Kroormund, miles from the Ibex cliffs and with scarcely any cover between me and them.

A slight rise or undulation of the ground, with a solitary rhododendron bush which I kept in a line between me and my prey, and the wind being directly in my favour, enabled me—after leaving my shikarie flat on the grass with strict injunctions not to move till I had fired—to work up towards the bush, which gained, would give me a clear pot at about seventy yards.

Before, however, I had reached the spot, a thick fog which had been silently rolling up, put a stop to further proceedings, except giving me time and good opportunity for reaching the point intended, unseen. After waiting patiently for about a quarter of an hour, the mist gradually dispersed, and disclosed to my craving eyes, the two Ibex somewhat nearer; the larger one was lying down broadside on, and the other quietly feeding beyond. In another moment, the old buck lay gasping on his grassy couch, not even having attempted to rise to his feet, the crimson stream of his life's blood welling out from a wound in his right side—the bullet having entered his left flank just behind the elbow as intended—and tinging the herbage and wild flowers that grew about his last resting-place. His companion had vanished ere the smoke of my first barrel had cleared away, so I had no time to give him a parting shot, but was very well contented with my good luck in bagging the one that lay before me.

My first experience with the Ibex was in the early part of 1858 on that once favorite Ibex haunt—the rocky and precipitous hill, forming a part of that chain or ridge, the end of which is terminated and crowned by the Hoolicul Droog, and some years before the planter's axe had destroyed that noble primeval forest, a part

of which now remains—and it is to be hoped will be allowed to remain—clothing and adorning the Droog spur.

I had been reconnoitering with the glass from the summit of a commanding craig, the grassy slopes, glens and ravines within range of vision, when my attention was arrested by the sound of dull thuds, such as would be caused by the blows of the blunt head of an axe against a tree. On looking towards the quarter whence the noise proceeded, I perceived on a nearly level open spot below me some hundreds of yards, a herd of about fifteen ibex, conspicuous amongst which were two nearly black bucks fighting and butting at each other most desperately, after the manner of pugnacious rams, the clash of whose heads and horns produced the sounds so distinctly audible amid the prevailing silence. Some four or five of the does appeared to me at that distance, to be prancing or capering around them on their hind legs, presenting a most ludicrous and strange effect.

In my then young and eager impetuosity to approach within shot, I unfortunately displaced some loose stones which clattered down the hill side and so gave the alarm. I had only time to fire one barrel into the "brown" of them as they went off in a body. One dropped to the shot and scrambled into a thick bush out of sight; before I had time to get down to give it the *coup de grâce*, it managed to regain its feet and make off, when I saw it was badly hit in the right hind leg above the hock which was smashed and dangled uselessly behind. It went off notwithstanding at a terrific pace, on its three legs, far out of range, and disappeared most wonderfully over a ledge, where it was almost impossible to follow; so, as evening was fast deepening into night, I was unwillingly obliged to relinquish the pursuit.

As a sequel to the above little episode, a very curious coincidence occurred, which is perhaps worth relating. Just two

months to a day from the date of the abovementioned incident, I found myself with a friend (the late Captain F.) on the same ground on Ibex intent. It was early morning, as we had been waiting and watching on the ground long before sunrise. In very nearly the exact spot as before, we spied the herd quietly browsing, without however, the presence of the two pugnacious bucks. As Captain F. won the toss for first shot—and with which he knocked over an old doe—I had to take my chance, and fired at random into the herd as they sped off, but this time with better success, as I had the satisfaction of seeing one roll over and lay stretched out, which we found to be a brown buck, killed by a lucky shot high up in the neck, (always a fatal spot) and on further examination, noticed a distorted and knotty appearance of the right hind hock, which, on being skinned, disclosed perfectly but irregularly knit and grown together and a bullet (spherical belted) from my two-grooved rifle, embedded between it and the skin, proving it to be the self same animal whose leg I had broken two months previously, and which, as I thought, had been irrecoverably lost, but was now, after all, destined to become mine by so strange a "fluke."

There have been, I believe, no instances recorded of the Ibex in a tame state, nor do I know of any, except, if I may mention a kid about three or four months old, captured by a Kúrumba, and purchased by a friend, in whose possession it lived happily for some weeks, until—like most pets—it met with an untimely end. This little animal during its short span of existence, took kindly to domestic life and civilized ways, was most tame and playful, and roamed free about the house and garden. It seemed to follow its natural tastes and instincts in one propensity only, in that it was constantly leaping and scrambling on to the top of a narrow mantel shelf over the fireplace or climbing to the back

of a high armchair, either of which positions it seemed to prefer as resting places rather than *terra firma.*

Ibex stalking is not without its perils, as the nature of the ground one has to climb over is at times exceedingly dangerous. Steady nerves are as essential as strong and firm limbs in passing over giddy precipices or crossing narrow ledges of rock. Fatal accidents happily have been rare; the only instance in case of a European, being that of the sad fate of Mr. Charles Butcher in 1875, who, incautiously venturing to cross over a steep and slippery sheet rock (after an animal he had killed) in his heavy iron-soled boots, lost his foothold and was precipitated down some hundreds of feet, never to rise again alive. A somewhat similar accident befel me some eighteen years ago, but fortunately without more serious results than a severe shock to my nerves, and which now vividly recurs to my mind especially when on Ibex ground.

I was endeavouring to gain a lower ledge of rock, and thought I could save a long climb round to the point I wished to arrive at, by scrambling down the face of a sheet rock sloping away rapidly at about an angle of seventy. In doing so, my rifle somehow or another slipped from my grasp sliding down in front of me, muzzle upwards in which position it went off, the bullet passing through the front rim of my pith hat about two inches from my forehead! a narrow escape indeed, and which has served as a lasting caution to me.

It has become too well known of late years how greatly the number of Ibex to be met with in their old haunts, is diminished.

N. B.—Canvas shoes with India rubber soles will be found most useful and specially adapted for climbing rocks. They are easily carried in the shikar bag, put on when arrived at the ground, and boots resumed when the stalk is over.

In fact, it would appear that they are gradually but surely disappearing from the Hills, and that the day is not far distant when they will have become extinct, as the wolf in England at the present day. The Kurumbas say, the greater part of them have left the Nilgiris—driven away in fact—for the smaller and uninhabited ranges of Hills to the south and west of the Koondahs; and perhaps there is some truth in this idea, as they have been so incessantly hunted and disturbed, together with the opening up of plantations (coffee, tea and cinchona) in the close neighbourhood of their secluded mountain homes, that it is a matter of no wonder at their not being found where once they abounded.

Lastly, in these days of long range express and other rifles, it is, with young sportsman especially, a common practice—and which cannot be too strongly deprecated—to fire long random shots for the "fun of the thing" and the chance of a fluke, at animals as they are making off, far out of all reasonable range; the result of which is to scare away most effectually, and to render more uncertain and difficult for aftercomers, the winning of a trophy of that game, than which there is none more timid and wary as the Nilgiri Ibex.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAMBUR—RUSA ARISTOTELIS—NATIVE—KADAME'—MEGGA.

REMARKS—DESCRIPTION—HABITAT—TIME FOR SHEDDING HORNS—SIZE OF HORNS—BEATING AND STALKING—INCIDENTS—MOONLIGHT SCENE—GAME SHOT—REMARKS THEREON.

THE Sambur is so well known all over India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and Ceylon, as well as in England, from the frequent accounts that have appeared in print, pictures, and from trophies that have been taken Home by Indian sportsmen, that a description of the animal here would seem altogether superfluous; but the task of doing so being a part of the design of the present work, it is deemed necessary to follow out the routine and set down as precise and minute an account of this fine deer as can possibly be collected on the subject.

The Sambur then, according to naturalists, is the Rusa Aristotelis and formerly known as the "elk" of Southern India and Ceylon. He is, I think, the true model of all the cervine group for size, symmetry and grace; his well-built and rounded form—take him in whatever attitude you will—is found to be composed of curved and graceful lines all flowing into and harmonizing with each other, from the tips of his six-tyned antlers, down to his slender but firmly knit hocks and hoofs presenting some of those irregularities of limbs and cat-hammed hind quarters, so perceptible in the Red Deer (cervus elaphus) of Europe, and which qualities have been so faithfully pourtrayed in the pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer, exhibiting to the sportsman's eye, a somewhat ungainly and awkward figure. Neither is to be

surpassed in beauty of form, the general contour of the hind in all her points, whether peacefully browsing in company with a herd of her sisters and fawns, on the open hill side, unconscious of the presence of the stalker, who, from cover of yonder pile of fern hidden rocks, is silently and eagerly scanning with glass, the group in search of an antlered head, or, standing end on, muzzle foreshortened to a line, with her full and liquid eyes strained to their utmost in relief against her broad and tapering white fringed ears; the three faculties of scent, sight and hearing, concentrated as it were into one small focus, and most keenly alert to detect the minutest molecule of suspicious taint in the air—the stirring motion of a leaf—or the whispering rustle of the long grass or fern in the gentle breeze. Or, when pursued, with every muscle in action, dashing over the ground either boulder, strewn or turf covered, bending low and twisting her lithe form under and through the thorny and tangled brake, until stopped by the "ragged bullet" or pulled down by the eager pack and finished by the knife, she lies weltering in her gore, even in death, her sleek skin glowing with her last excitement emitting a faint aromatic odour as of lemon grass and mountain herbage—the gleam of light not yet passed away from her soft eyes.

The colour of the Sambur varies much according to the localities and the time of the year they may be found in, from a dark slaty to a pale russet brown. Their habitat ranges from the highest plateaus of the mountain regions, such as the Koondahs —the lofty peaks of the Mahadeo Hills of Central India, down to the tropical forests and plains inland or seaboard, appearing equally naturalized in all their haunts, however widely different in topography and climate.

The stag in his prime stands fourteen hands at least and weighs certainly not less than five cwts.; and there is no more handsome

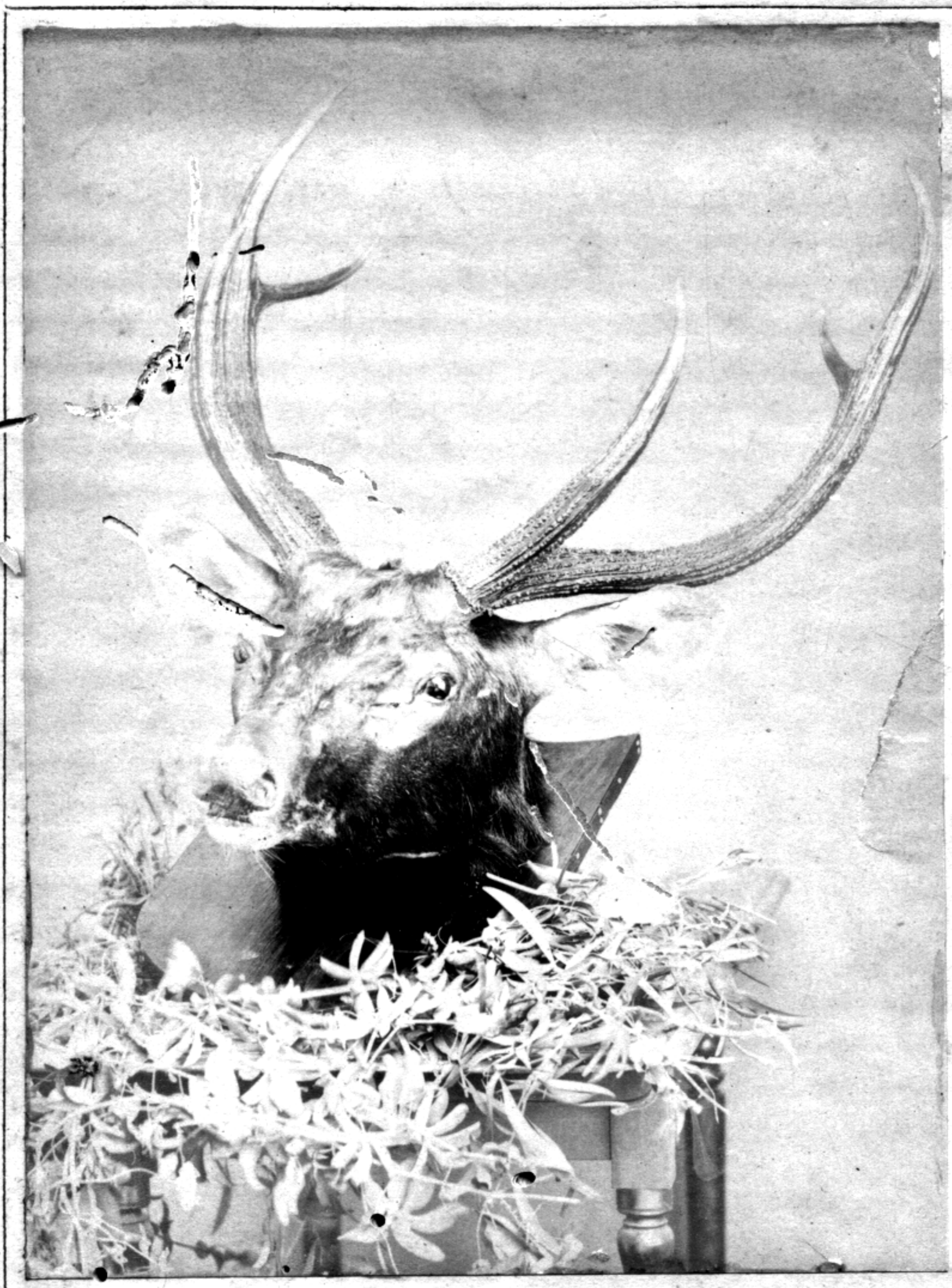
animal to my mind, excepting perhaps the bull bison, than a fine old Koondah stag, about the months of December and January, with his horns divested of the last shreds of "velvet," in his glossy dark brown coat, relieved with yellowish buff on chin—inner sides of his legs, buttocks, and tail, his so-called incipient mane commencing at his jowls and ending at his withers encircling his massive neck, his large and well-shaped ears fringed with yellowish white hair.

As regards shedding their horns; Jerdon tells us, "the stags "drop their horns in April, sometimes earlier and the new horns "are not perfected till the end of September about which time "the rutting season commences." Hawkeye also says, "that "stags generally shed their antlers in April. Some early birds "get rid of them even in January." Taking it for granted (and which seems to be the general belief with regard to the Sambur), that the horns of the stag, whatever age or size he may be, are shed annually; but my observations and experiences have led me to reject this theory, and I am in some measure supported in this by the late Captain Forsyth, B.C.S., one of the keenest and most observant of sportsman who in his work, "The Highlands of Central India," writes: "I have taken much pains to assure myself "of a fact, of which I am now perfectly convinced, namely, that "neither in the case of the Sambur nor the spotted deer (both "belonging to the Asiatic group of Rusinæ as distinguished from "the cervidœ or true stags) are the antlers regularly shed every "year in these Central Indian Forests as is the case with the cervidœ "in cold climates" by which last term is meant of course the snowy regions of the higher latitudes of Europe and America. He certainly adds in a note, "PROBABLY (the italics are mine) on the "higher Hill ranges they shed them more regularly; on the "Nilgiris I saw a number of stags in the month of July, and none of "them had full grown horns."

Four years prior to these remarks being penned, or certainly before Captain Forsyth's book was published, I find recorded by me in my sporting diary, after perusing the dated entries of stags in hard horn bagged during many previous years on the Nilgiris at widely different elevations and localities in the months of June, July, August and September *that the annual shedding of its horns by the Sambur is a myth*, and I have disproved it by the above actual facts, not casual incidents, that but regularly year after year, and by the opportunities I had, situated as I was, in those times of recognising and watching individual stags not to be mistaken who carried the same horns for more than two successive seasons.

It is no doubt, probable and true, that the antlers are *generally* cast about the time mentioned by the first named authors, but not as a rule; nor can I believe the physical organization of the stag to be capable of assimilating such a quantity of blood and phosphate of lime required to produce a mass of bone (for it is nothing more) from twenty to forty inches in length and weighing some thirty pounds each horn as the pair now hanging up before me in my studio—in so brief a space of time every successive year, for use or nature's adornment during a few short months. I am inclined to think then, that the horns are carried and not dropped until the third or fourth year from the sprouting of the new, and according to the age of the animal; with the facts I have adduced, I have nothing further to urge and leave the question still open in deference to the opinion and judgment of those who may decide it more satisfactorily if they can.

The dimensions of the horns of the Nilgiri Sambur, rarely exceed forty inches and few now-a-days attain that length. Thirty-five to thirty-seven inches seems to be the average of what may be called a good head. Plate IV is the portrait of a



SAMBUR'S HEAD.

stag shot near the south spur of the Koondahs in the month of January by Mr. Percival Hodgson. These horns measure thirty-five inches, adorning a very perfect head, which now hangs in the Hall of the Ootacamund Club.

In the Chanda and Nagpoor forests these measurements are far surpassed; forty inches being the lowest average. A pair, with skull in my possession before mentioned are of the following dimensions :—

Length along curve from burr to tip...	42½	inches.
Widest sweep across.....	44	,,
Girth of single horn round burr.....	11¾	,,
Do. just above burr.....	10	,,

* These horns are certainly the most massive, well-shaped and symmetrical I have ever seen, nor do I find any larger recorded in either of our Indian Museums; they were found together with the remains of the carcase freshly killed by a tiger in the Chanda district by an Officer of the Trigonometrical Survey with a working party in those regions. The ground, and bushes around for a considerable space, bearing traces of a most protracted and fearful struggle in the encounter of this mighty stag and his savage foe.

Sambur are to be had, either by beating (driving I suppose it would be called in Scotland) or stalking. The former is the commonest practice on the Hills, being considered more sure of finding and a better chance of bagging than the more scientific and laborious sport of stalking. Were it not so, we should find more hinds spared, and consequently an increase, instead of the animal decrease in the number of Sambur, to be met with now.

* These horns have since been purchased by Colonel Arbuthnot of the 14th Hussars and will no doubt form his best reminiscence of Southern India.

It being also considered quite as lawful to shoot hinds when beating, as stags, a privilege eagerly taken advantage of whenever opportunity offers. I must confess to participating in such in former times, when Sambur were more numerous, sportsmen fewer, and no objections raised; though I always preferred stalking when available. It is always best to use dogs if possible when beating, as Sambur very frequently break back through the line of beaters and lie "squat" and allow the men to pass them without moving, whereas they seem unable to resist the presence of dogs, and at the first whimper will break with a crash, affording a fine running target if on open ground and within reasonable range. They sometimes seem to get quite bewildered when closely pressed by the dogs, trotting along in an undecided manner, nose in the air, tail erect, and staring stupidly about, during which time the fatal bullet "finds its billet," and brings it down amongst the howling pack.

But far oftener they will be found to go clean away unless effectually stopped, and, whether wounded or not, if the pack be staunch and well accustomed to the sport, half an hour's chase more or less will find the quarry brought to bay in some one or other of the many rivers and streams which intersect these hunting grounds in all directions, and the tableaux is then completed with all its accessories à la Baker in his "Hound and Rifle in Ceylon."

I have often had dogs severely wounded in these encounters, not only by the stags, with their formidable antlers, but also by hinds who used to inflict desperate gashes in the backs and flanks of the dogs, by raising themselves up on their hind legs and pounding down their pointed fore-hoofs with great force and well-directed aim with the two-fold effect of causing an ugly wound, as well as half or quite drowning the dog if the water was deep enough.

Another source of danger, and that by which I lost several dogs in the wilder parts of the Hills, was their being carried away by the torrent and washed down over the waterfalls, from forty to a hundred feet deep, helplessly perishing.

Almost any description of dog answers for this sport, the more mongrel and nondescript the breed, the better. Those I used, were crosses between beagle, pointer, setter, and hound with a dash of the bull dog in some of them and to whom nothing came amiss from a quail to a tiger.

They were eventually sold to the Officers of the 60th Rifles stationed at Wellington, and were used for hunting Jackals. So much for "beating for Sambur," which, though it is not without its pleasures and excitements, is as nothing compared to the far superior attractions of good stalking.

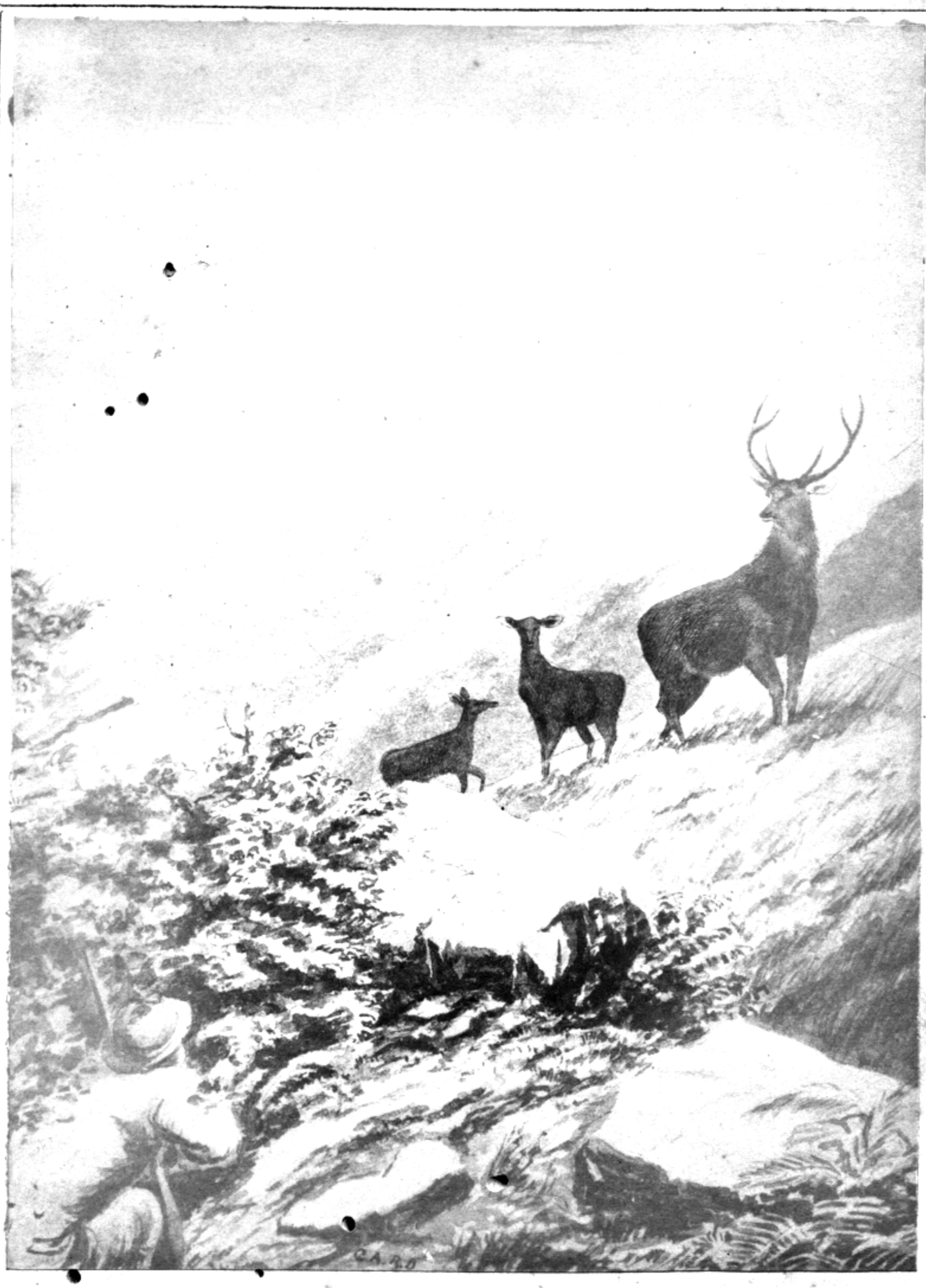
In the first place there is the "camping out" it may be at the Avalanche, Kroormund or Peermund Bungalow or in tents sent out some days in advance, or in the temporary wattle hut, which our shikarrie and coolies have just returned to report "all ready" in some well-selected spot that we know has not been disturbed for months, some twenty or thirty miles from Ooty, amid the solitude and magnificent scenery of the Nilgiris, go in which direction you will.

I take it, there is no more agreeable manner of spending a month or two's leave or holiday. Rising before the sun, (for the stalker must be well on the ground before dawn,) if he hope to meet with Sambur as they return from their night's feed ere laying up for the day, roaming over hill and dale, inhaling the pure ozone and enjoying the evervarying aspects of the mountains in all their glory of sunlight—cloud—torrents—lichen stained rocks and forests with their bright tinted foliage and luxuriant vegetation of tree ferns, orchids and mosses, and back

to camp where a substantial breakfast awaits him about midday; the succeeding three or four hours passed in attending to his trophies, if he has been successful, or if his tastes incline to painting, in washing in the first tints of the sketches, he has made of some striking "bits" of landscape to be completed at leisure on his return home, or, posting up his diary of shikar notes, or reading prone on his back indulging in "*dolce far niente*" under the tranquillizing effects of the soothing weed until about four o'clock p. m., which finds him again sallying forth followed by silent shikarrie and gun-coolies in an opposite direction from the morning's range in quest of further adventure, to return in the evening, elated perhaps with the winning of another fine trophy, if not, certainly, with health and nerves braced and improved by the day's exercise, and quite ready for his dinner and night's rest, which find him in the morning with renewed vigour, game for any amount of work that may present itself.

It is scarcely necessary here to dwell upon "how to stalk," the precautions to be observed as to the cut and colour of dress, the careful silence to be preserved,—the way the wind blows, and taking advantage of every natural facility the ground may offer for concealed advance; as it is not the design of the writer to lay down rules and instructions as to the "how to do it," or to be a guide and directory as to where to find game. The localities mentioned throughout the work, sufficiently indicate where game of all kinds has been killed, and where it may still to a certain extent be found, and the rest is left to that natural instinct and love of the pursuit, which every sportsman ought to possess, and which will not fail to direct him aright, when once he lays himself out for it.

Plate V illustrates the incident of a successful stalk which occurred to me some years ago in the vicinity of Konibetta or



SAMBUR STALKING.

Segoor Peak in the Todanaad division of the Nilgiris. A magnificent beast in good truth, but a wary old stager, who, when he was alone, on three different occasions, within the space of a month, and in nearly the exact localities had managed to "sell" me by mysteriously disappearing in a most sudden and unaccountable manner, just as I was making my last creep up to within shot of him.

Oft had I watched him with the glasses as he emerged from his lair at the edge of the forest that extended for miles at the foot of the ghaut up to the bottom of the broad open valley at the head of which commenced the Badaga fields where he was wont at night to take his feed. He was solitary as I have said in those three instances in which I had been unsuccessful in getting within range; but on the present glorious evening in November, he was attended by a herd of about seven hinds straggling at length behind him. I sat watching him for sometime, debating within myself—the previous failures making me more than ever anxious and careful to secure that prize—as to the safest and best way of circumventing him. I should here mention that the upper part of this gorge was scored and riven by two or three rugged spurs or ridges, covered with boulders and bushes, affording capital cover for concealing the stalker. On the previous trials I had made, I invariably crept down the whole length of the hollow formed by these ridges, *towards* my friend at feed in the open valley below. This time, however, I changed my tactics, and determined to go half-way only, and wait till he came towards me. It was just a chance I thought, whether he would or not, but decided to act upon it. So, leaving my shikarrie alone, well concealed to watch, I made my way down to the spot I intended to reach.

It seemed an age before their movements and intentions could be clearly decided, and at one time I thought my usual luck

with that stag was to befal me yet again. But no ; a motherly-looking old hind took the lead, and by some secret influence, headed the group closely attended by the stag, and commenced steadily feeding and working up for the pass I wished for. A sudden drop in the ground now kept them out of my sight for some time, but after a short while, a fawn appeared on the scene to the extreme left, followed by the old hind, and soon after the white tipped antlers, head, shoulders, and at last the whole massive figure of the stag just above the rise, at about forty yards distance only, standing out in full relief against a back ground of the distant hills and valleys, bathed in a flood of golden light from the last rays of the setting sun, that he would never more see the glory of, a beautiful picture truly, as he stood and gazed fixedly at the bush and rock concealing me.

The wind was from him to me—see me he could not possibly have done ; what then, and from whence ? that mysterious and invisible agency that seemed to warn him of some near and lurking danger, unseen, unrealised as yet, and cause him thus to concentrate his attention upon one single point. His antlers, head and neck alone were visible to me, and I took good care not to show him more than the top of (and that only through the foliage) my brown low-crowned hat until the fatal few seconds, when, cautiously bringing up the rifle to position, and drawing the bead steadily on his light colored chin, lowering it an inch below and covering his throat turned full front towards me, I fired; he immediately subsided, and after a few convulsive kicks, was quiet for ever; the ball having passed through the throat and lodged in the skin at the back of the neck, the vertebræ and spinal cord being completely smashed and severed, causing instant death. Horns thirty-two inches only, (as I expected to find them more) but very robust, symmetrical and in first rate condition.

SHOT BY MOONLIGHT.

Plate VI is intended to depict "a shot by moonlight," the following account of which was given to me, by my friend Mr. Charles Havelock—himself being the chief actor in the scene—a mighty and experienced Nilgiri hunter of whose exploits (which alone would fill a volume) with the elephant and bison more anon. As I have personally visited the spot on the Koondahs where it occurred, I have been enabled to give a fairly accurate representation of this interesting scene :—

"It was on a fine evening during the month of April last (1874), when the early showers had made the fresh sweet grass—so attractive to the Sambur and Ibex—spring up on the burnt hill sides, that I determined on trying whether I could not bag a stag by moonlight. The spot I intended to visit was about two miles from my bungalow. The moon had just passed the full, so after dinner, I lay down and had a nap, ordering my servant to call me at nine o'clock. Upon getting up at that hour, and fortifying the inner man with some strong coffee, I set out, followed by a cooly carrying my second rifle. On reaching the ground, and waiting for sometime, I saw no game. A few dark clouds floated across the moon's disc, and though partially obscuring it, there was still quite light enough to enable me to see pretty distinctly for several hundred yards around. As the ground all about was covered with the tracks of Sambur, I felt sure some would come out of the forest to feed during the night; so I sat myself down to watch behind a bush. After I had been in this position some time, my cooly pointed to an object on the ridge in front of me. At first this looked like a dry bush against the sky, but after watching it for a few seconds with a binocular, I saw it move, and was sure it was a large stag. As I knew the ground perfectly, I could tell that he was not within four hundred yards of me. The forest to my left would cover my approach for half the distance, but for the remainder, there was not a bush or

anything of which I could avail myself, so that I was very doubtful as to whether I should be able to shoot him. However, starting off, I and my man reached the farthest end of the forest, when, taking a peep, I could see that the stag was still in the same position, something over two hundred yards off—for daylight a very good shot—and I felt that if I could only see the sights of my rifle, I would soon have finished the night's work. As it was, I was rather in a fix, for the stag could not fail to see me at once if I attempted to cross the level space of short grass between us. My experience of the habits of the Sambur came to my aid in this extremity. I had on a reddish brown suit with hat of the same colour, which in the doubtful light might easily induce the stag to mistake me for his striped foe the tiger. I therefore determined to act the beast, and, telling my Badaga to remain hidden and watch the "tamash," I crept forward on all-fours, rifle in hand. I had not left the forest twenty yards, when a ringing bark or bell announced to me, that not only was I seen, but that my stratagem had answered, for a Sambur never barks upon seeing a man. I knew now that the brute would not go to the forest, but expected he would keep walking round and round in the open, stamping on the ground and barking as I have seen Sambur do when a tiger was really stalking them. This animal did better still, he kept walking deliberately towards me. I knew that if he discovered his error, he would dash off into the forest in an instant; so keeping my rifle as much out of sight as possible, I proceeded steadily, but very slowly on towards the game, which had made such progress that by the time I had gone fifty yards from the forest, the stag had come one hundred and fifty yards towards his doom.

There is a large sheet of flat rock on the ground of which I am writing about forty yards wide; as I got on to one edge of it, the stag had just reached the opposite one. His huge form,

with horns, mane and tail erect, presenting a most weird-like appearance in the surrounding gloom, were now distinctly visible to me, when cautiously half-rising, I fired sharp, plunging a shell into the massive chest before me. The stag sunk down at once—and a fine specimen he was, with horns thirty-two inches long, very massive and wide spreading."

There is no doubt, but that now the "palmy days" of Sambur stalking on the Nilgiris, are over. Within a radius of at least twenty-five miles from Ootacamund, from there being so incessantly disturbed by "beating," the Sambur within this area have become almost quite nocturnal in their habits, and will not come out to feed during the day. The consequence is, no stalking can be had, and, therefore, beating is resorted to, the results of which are that hinds, calves, brockets, and soft-horned stags (rarely a head proper) are knocked over without discrimination or mercy; and so the game goes on year after year, and must ultimately end in their total annihilation and extinction.

A few years ago "Hawkeye" drew his able pen in defence, and with much earnestness and force, in a series of letters published in the *South of India Observer*, pointed out the urgent need of "Game Laws" or some simple Act for the preservation and defence of game in their breeding season. The question was taken up and ventilated for a time by the Press, and at last Government seemed to be induced to give the matter some consideration and attention, and make the subject one for special legislation. A very elaborate Minute on the Game Act was issued by Lord Napier, the Governor of Madras, dated November 24th, 1871, the main object and provision of which was to institute a close season, a period in the year in which it would not be permitted to kill the animal protected—viz., Bison, Sambur, Ibex, Barking Deer, &c., but not including Tiger, Leopard, Bear,

Hog and Porcupine, with the proviso that the planter or ryot might be allowed to kill Deer at any time of the year on his own land in defence of his plantations and field crops. It also treated of the registration and license of fire-arms, and the restrictions as to the sale of game of any kind being sold during the close season. As to the clause above-mentioned, in favor of the planter or ryot being allowed to kill Deer at any time on his own land, the reasons adduced by his Lordship, I venture to say, are rather far-fetched. All Coffee planters know very well how insignificant, if any damage at all is done to coffee by Sambur; and I for one, while on my morning rounds, used to feel a certain amount of complacency and satisfaction at the sight of their fresh tracks about the estate which more than compensated for the destruction of a few pairs of primaries on the coffee bushes at distant intervals. The same may be said of the Tea and Cinchona plantations which do not appear to have suffered at all from these causes, judging from their present flourishing and thriving appearance on all sides; neither have I ever heard of any complaints from planters of the damage done by Sambur. And as to the Badaga and ryot with his miserable field crop, he can well take care of that as he always has done—when Sambur were much more numerous—by thorn fencing and sitting up howling and yelling all night-long to scare them away.

During the interval that the "Game Act" was under the deliberation of Government, occurred the lamented death of the late Mr. J. W. Breeks, the first Commissioner of the Nilgiris. From the great interest he had ever shewn in all matters connected with the conservancy and improvement of his district, and from the high esteem in which he was held by the ruling Government, it was fully expected that something would have been accomplished in the cause he so ably and earnestly supported. Since then, however, Government have shewn no disposition

towards making any further move,—the Press has been silent, and the ruthless slaughter of game is continued without intermission all the year round.

All that is really wanted is a close season or fence months; say, from 1st of May to 1st October, and this would be only five months out of the twelve every year—during which time the shooting of all game, except the tiger, leopard, bear, &c., should be strictly prohibited, and a heavy penalty enforced in case of violation. It would not require any intricate machinery to put in motion a simple Act of this kind, which, once established would be sure to work well, and its good results each year be more strikingly manifest.

As, however, there seems to be no likelihood of any such at present,* it must therefore be left to the good spirit and honor of the sportsmen themselves to allow our game—"fur and feather"—"a season of grace," and to prevent as far as lies in their power natives from killing during close time. In the case of young Officers, who complain that they can only get leave for the Hills in April, May and June,—let them find vent for their desire of sport and excitement with the capital pack of hounds belonging to the Ooty Hunt. But, and, if they should be tempted into going out for a "beat" or a stalk, with the hope of bagging a stag in hard horn—of which there may be perhaps just a chance—let them nobly stay their hands against any other but such; and they will find that their virtue of self-control will bring its own reward in a conscience void of the slaughter of innocent hinds and brockets, and immunity from the application of that dire stigma pronounced by the writer in "The Field" upon all who do such "*you are worse than criminals ye are beasts.*"

* Since the above was written the Game Act has become Law, vide Appendix.

In conclusion, it will be pleasing for after-comers to know,—English sportsmen at a loss where to go for large game shooting, but who may be induced to cheat the winter in England and spend it in the lovely climate of the Nilgiris—that there are still many thousand acres of virgin forests and grassy hills, on and beyond the well-beaten tracks of the Koondah hunting grounds, as yet but little known and trodden by mortal foot; tracts of country as yet undisfigured by planters clearings and ugly roads breaking up the graceful contour of wide spreading valleys, well sequestered haunts, where the bison and Sambur, and roving herds of elephants still live in peace to afford for many a year to come the pleasures of good stalking and the winning of many a noble trophy, *if only*, sportsmen, resident planters and others, would combine to form and maintain a mutual agreement to preserve, protect and prevent the molestation of game during the close months every year. And I have no doubt but that His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore—whose present tastes seem inclined to the love of sport and its attendant, the preservation of game—when he comes into the full reigning power of his extensive and important territory, will set an example in the furtherance of this most interesting subject, that may well be copied and put in force by the Supreme Government of India.

CHAPTER III.

THE TIGER—FELIS TIGRIS—NATIVE—PI'LLI'—HULI THE LEOPARD—FELIS PARDUS—CHIRITE'—KI'RI'MA'N.

GENERAL REMARKS—SIZE—AGE—BREEDING—CLAVICLES—CHARACTER AND DESCRIPTION OF—NARRATIVES AND ANECDOTES—THE LEOPARD—MISCALLED THE CHEETAH—DIFFERENCE AND DESCRIPTION—ACCOUNTS OF—THE BLACK LEOPARD.

In harmony with the laws of Nature, who provides, that wherever a district or tract of country, rich in herbage and water, and abounding with game of the cervine and bovine species, there also will be found a proportionate number of filidæ to prey upon, keep down, and preserve the due equipoise of numbers amongst her creatures; so, the Nilgiris with all these conditions amply realized, has ever been, and it is hoped, will long continue to be favoured with the presence and patronage of the jungle king, matchless for beauty of form, and colour and strength—the tiger.

As it has been previously shewn that the number of sambur—the tiger's chief prey amongst the deer tribe—has very much diminished during the last twenty years; the deficiency in his food supply from that quarter is fully made up by the increased stock of domestic cattle on the Hills, and the never-failing resource of Toda and Badaga buffaloes upon which he constantly draws for his feed. Therefore, were it possible to take a census of our tigers, I think the returns would shew figures well up to the average mark, in fact, during the last ten or twelve years, to be rather above it, as a glance at the records in the Commissioner's office will shew; besides numbers seen at different times, but not bagged by various shooting parties. This should be satisfactory

and encouraging to sportsmen at least, whatever it may be to the cattle owners.

It is remarkable and worthy of note, how grouped together the bagging of tigers on the Nilgiris has been, irrespective too, of the seasons, hot or cool, wet or dry. No sooner has one tiger been bagged, and his skin presented for the usual reward at the Commissioner's office, than three or four more in quick succession are heard of and sent in from different parts of the Hills, followed by a blank interval, the lapse of several months perhaps, when the tale of tigers being killed is resumed; it is difficult to account for this, but so it is, and official records confirm it.

The tigers met with on the Hills are remarkable for the sleek and good condition they always appear to be in, whatever may be the time of year in which they are bagged. Fine venison and beef-fed animals with dark rufous, and well-marked thick glossy coats, of so dark a tone as to appear almost pure brown on the distant hill side, very different to the fawn-coloured mangy Man-eater, or scraggy cattle-lifter of the plains. This improvement in condition and appearance of the tiger, I take it, is due to the colder climate, and also very marked in comparing the skin of a low country "jackal" with one of our Hill bred "varmints," which afford such capital sport to the Ooty Hunt. The solitary male tiger is of a most shy, retiring and, I may say, sneaking disposition, avoiding man whenever chance may lead him across his path in a very undignified manner; tigresses, with their families of cubs, on the contrary, are more unreserved and more often seen than the former. Regularly confirmed Man-eaters are unknown on the Hills, although an instance or two of tigers killing Todas in preference to their buffaloes are on record. They seem to have no particular time for breeding; nor do they produce their young oftener than once in about three years, as cubs remain with their parent until almost full-

TIGER'S HEAD.

grown which cannot be much under three years, the time required for them to attain their full size. This will account in some measure for the reason why tigers are not even more numerous than they are, being as prolific in the number of—two to six—cubs at a birth, as the domestic cat, and, as the adult male, is always hostile even to killing and eating his offspring when young whenever he can get the chance, and the females' maternal instincts lead her to be ever present to shield and keep her cubs out of his way until they are old enough to take care of themselves. It will be seen that the periods of intercourse of the sexes cannot also be much under three years. It is most probable, (although I have not had the means of ascertaining) that there are many more females—five to two, I venture to opine—born than males, and thus the balance of nature is preserved, and the number of tigers kept up in spite of their persecution, the high rewards given, and in some districts, special officers for their destruction being appointed by Government.

The size and length of the tiger has been much discussed. Twenty or thirty years ago we used to hear of none scarcely, under ten feet and generally over twelve. Gradually however, during later years, as tiger-shooting and tiger-slayers have become more general and familiar to the public, these dimensions have contracted to eight and ten feet, and I for one, have never seen a tiger or his skin, fairly measured, exceed ten feet from tip to tip.

Plate VII is a portrait of the head of a large full-grown male tiger, shot by Mr. Gordon Ouchterlony by a great piece of good luck. On his way one morning in the early part of the year (1877) to join some friends in an ordinary day's beat for sambur, woodcock or anything that might turn up, in the direction of Governor's shola on the Kroormund road, attended by his

shikarrie, gun-bearer, and a couple or two of dogs, and when about three miles from Ootacamund, he saw the fresh pugs of a tiger newly printed in the dust of the road. He traced these for a short distance, when they suddenly left the road for the turf, (where, of course, they were no longer visible) in the direction of a small shola, presenting a most likely and snug cover for the brute for the day. Mr. Ouchterlony then dismounted from his horse, sent his people and dogs to the top of the shola to beat down towards him, and taking his rifle—an express—took his stand in a position commanding the most likely pass the tiger would take. Scarcely had he done so, or even ere the dogs had been well slipped, he observed an immense tiger silently sneaking off through the fern, broadside on at about forty yards distance. On seeing Mr. Ouchterlony, he stopped and looked doubtfully at him—fatal moment—for in a few seconds later he was biting the dust with a shell behind his left shoulder, quite dead. The whole scene occupying far less time than I have done in writing it. An inglorious death indeed, for so terrible a beast, to be shot down without the least show of fight, like a pariah dog by the road side; but none the less honor and credit, for all that, to Mr. Ouchterlony for making so prompt and neat a job of it.

The carcass was placed on a cart and sent in whole to me; I was therefore enabled to take the following correct measurements as the animal lay stretched out on his side before being skinned.

	Feet.	In.
Length from tip of nose along spine to end of tail ...	9	10
Length of tail	2	10
Girth of body immediately behind elbow	5	2
Girth of forearm, thickest part	2	4
Girth of neck.....	3	4

Very few tigers exceed this in size; he was a perfect specimen (barring the whiskers nearly all of which were stolen, as usual,

by the natives during transit of the body) only wanting a fuller "ruff" or mane which adds so much to the beauty and character of the tiger's head. I found that the shell had entered well behind the left shoulder, splitting up into fragments which tore up the lungs and heart, reducing them to pulp, which was the cause of instantaneous death. A piece of porcupine's quill about three inches long was found embedded near the bone of the left fore-arm, this was evidently of long standing, as there were no marks or traces indicating a recent wound.

Not many tigers that I have seen broken up, have been without this "thorn in the flesh" in the shape of a piece of porcupine's quill, telling that the tiger is fond of a dainty morsel—the flesh of the prickly pig, but which he cannot take with impunity.

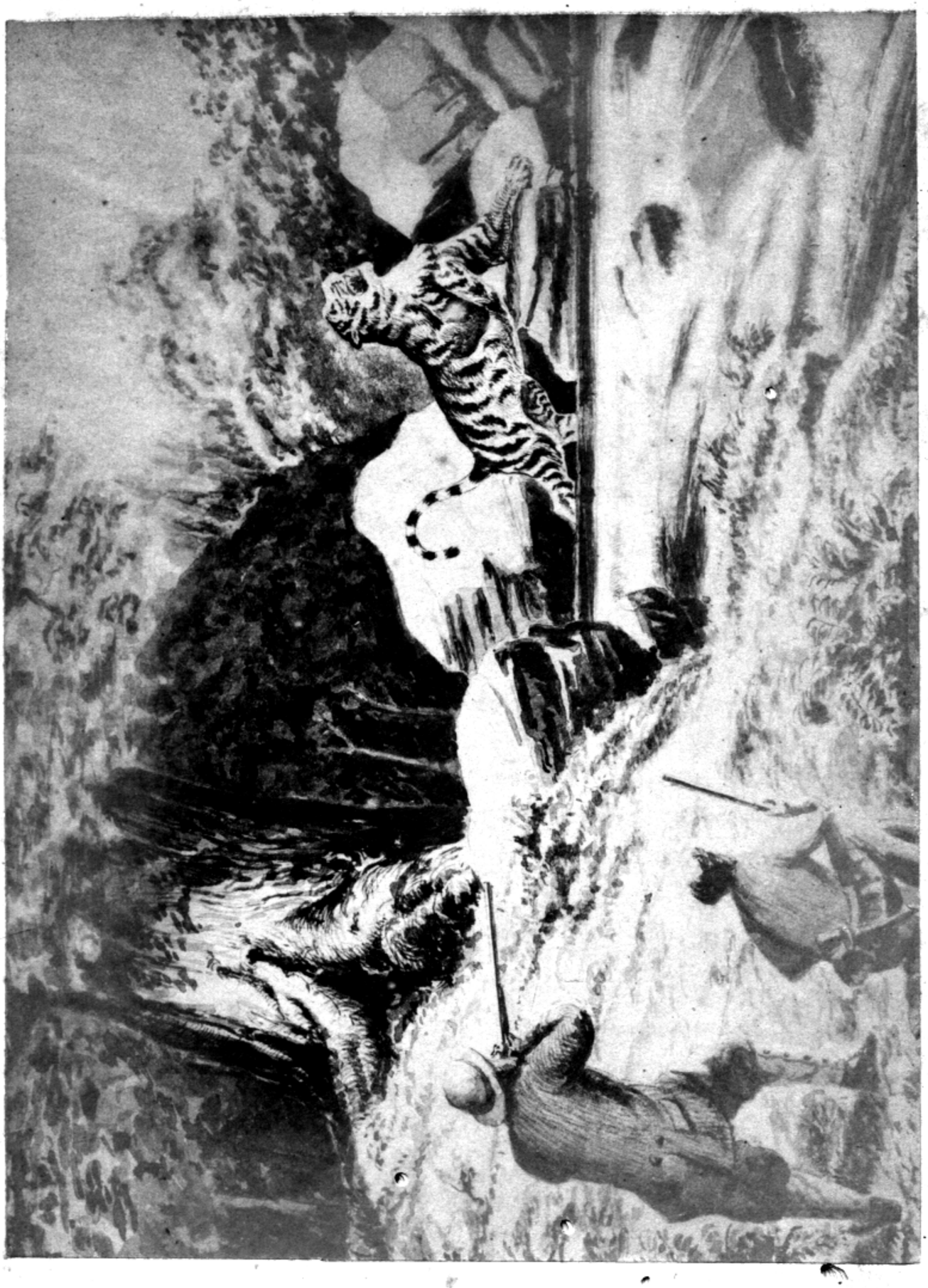
The clavicles, those curious tiny bones, with which few sportsmen seem to be familiar, are found unattached to any other bone, floating apparently without use or object, in the vast mass of muscles between the neck and shoulder on each side; they are flat at one end and rounded at the other, curving gradually into a semi-crescent shape; the pair I took from the above specimen are exactly three inches along the curve. I find these bones also in the leopard and domestic cat, of precisely the same form and character, but, of course, smaller in proportion to the animal. They do not occur in the canine family—excepting the bear—and therefore I came to the conclusion that they are merely typical of the feline organization. But this supposition was upset a short time after, by my finding similar bones—only a little straighter—in dissecting a porcupine. Further researches into various authors under the head of "collar bones" merely reveal that the "clavicles of the tiger are rudimentary and are regarded as charms and amulets by the natives." As I cannot possibly conceive for what use and purpose these bones

are formed and placed where they are, I leave the question open for speculation and for Anatomists and Osteologists to clear up.

The ordinary method of tiger-shooting on the Nilgiris is by beating after being marked down near a Hill. Colonel Christie, the Government Tiger-slayer, compassed the destruction of most of his (about ten) in this manner; also by tying up a bullock as bait which the tiger was allowed to kill and gorge himself with, then hunted out of his lair and disposed of. Many again are bagged casually during a stalk or beat for sambur; some are shot by watching at night over a recent hill; and lastly, not a few, come to grief through strychnine.

Plate VIII depicts a scene which took place in 1862 by the Koondé stream in the Mékénad district to the south of the Nilgiris not far from Keel Koondé where I had a shooting hut. Devoid of any particular incident or "sensation," it is merely given as illustrative of the lovely localities which the jungle king delights to frequent on the Hills. It occurred whilst beating for sambur which were then very plentiful in those places. I had taken up my position on a commanding rock in order to get a better view above the undergrowth of bushes and high grass, when my attention was aroused by the barking, and whimpering of my pack in the shola where the beaters had been at work some ten minutes. It was not the joyful chorus of the musical "giving tongue" followed by the crashing through the bushes, which announces the "find" and "breaking cover" of sambur, but an undecided yapping which continued for some minutes, when my shikarrie pointed to the ferns and low bushes below as under which something was moving, and I immediately caught sight of the well known "stripes" gliding by and silently sneaking off. I soon covered him and my first barrel told well, as he doubled himself up, turning round and round, biting at his back and finally rolling over. My second shot missed, as

BEATING FOR TIGER.



DEATH OF TIGER.

at the report he pulled himself together and went off growling out of sight amongst the bushes at the edge of the stream without giving me time to give him the contents of my second gun. Badly hit he was, and no doubt about that ; so re-loading quickly we hastened to the spot. There were but a few splashes of blood ; but the direction of his trail was very clear through the low thorn bushes. To have followed up this through those low thorn bushes in a stooping posture, would have been simply suicide, although I had four barrels and a tried and plucky shikarrie to depend upon, so we decided to cross the stream and proceed along the opposite bank under cover of the large trees which grew down to the water's edge without any dense undergrowth. All this time he continued to grunt and growl, varied with an angry roar, which guided us to his whereabouts. Having crept up unperceived to about thirty yards of the spot his noise proceeded from, and peering cautiously from behind some trees, we saw him half lying in mid stream amongst the rocks, and going through the same process of worrying his back (after the manner of a dog "fleaing" himself) and tearing and biting at the rocks, so absorbed in his pain and rage that he never perceived us. Stepping out a few yards into an open space, and pausing a few seconds for a favourable shot, I gave him one behind the shoulder, upon which he reared upon his hind legs (Plate IX) and fell gasping and struggling in the water. I gave him another to make sure, and the beaters and dogs having now joined us, and the latter having worried him to their heart's content, we hauled him up on the bank, and proceeded to skin, and I to make a sketch of the scene. Ere I had commenced, when the tree tops around were covered with huge vultures sailing down from all quarters where a few minutes before not one was visible. Query—Was it sight or scent that guided these birds to their prey so rapidly and unerringly ? On looking for the

wounds in the tiger, I found my first ball had caught him in the spine about the middle of the back—almost missed it entirely—which blow had disabled and prevented him from "charging" (*vide* accounts in the Oriental Sporting Magazine and other "Tiger Story" Books) and doing any mischief; otherwise the position might have been a critical one. Length from tip to tip ten feet exactly—a fine male with well-marked skin.

The following few notes on Tigers have been kindly furnished by Mr. Charles Havelock, who says :—

"On the Nilgiris I believe there are two kinds of tigers that frequent these Hills. Not different species as regards structure and organization, but in character and habits which are influenced —as in the case of other wild animals inhabiting both plains and hills—by the climate, the nature of the country and their food supply, which makes a marked distinction, without a difference so to speak. The regular cattle-killing tigers seem to be heavier and altogether larger animals than those that roam the forests far away from any habitations, and live entirely on game, and seem either not to care to kill cattle, or to be quite afraid of them. I have frequently had buffaloes tied upon the Koondahs for tigers, and though they have passed them night after night, they would never kill them, whilst tigers that have been in the habit of killing cattle in other parts of the Hills, will never hesitate about, or refuse a bait set out for them. The Deva Shola tiger killed seven animals tied out for him, besides others, before he was shot. I have only heard of two instances of men being killed by tigers on the Koondahs. One was evidently an unintentional murder. Some Badagas were returning from the Bowani Valley with grain, when a tiger rushed out from the jungle and killed the last man, whom he simply seized by the neck and let him go at once, on his companions raising a shout. The other case was that in which a tiger killed a man and a boy near Mél Koondé village; he

carried off both bodies and devoured them. A few days after he killed a cow, and a Badaga watching for him from a tree, shot him as he returned to the carcase to finish his repast. A confirmed man-eater on the Hills I have near heard of.

The succeeding Memoirs have been contributed by General Morgan, and will be read with much interest, coming as they do from the pen of one of the oldest residents, as well as the first and most experienced of Nilgiri sportsmen whose exploits and example have incited and been copied with success by many a young Nimrod on the hill sides and forests of our Blue Mountains :

"Nearly forty years ago in the days of the 'Old Forest Ranger' the Marriotts of the Bombay Civil Service, when on leave on the Hills, kept a very large pack of dogs of various breeds with which they were very successful in bagging tigers, and it stands to reason, that with a pack of some forty dogs and six or eight skilled shots, a tiger has but a poor chance; but when it comes to a man *versus* a tiger, and the tiger has the advantage of thorny cover, the odds are very much against the man. Colonel Hadfield and his two sons in the present day pursue much the same tactics as did the Messrs. Marriott, and being undeniably good shots, the tigers stand a poor chance with them. On our side we have had some wonderful tiger shots. Colonel Apthorp always went by the name of 'Tiger Apthorp'; all he required was that the tiger should be shown him, and his unerring rifle invariably accounted for him. Colonel Hughes of the 47th always shot his tigers through the neck and was most successful in his tale of tigers. A Captain Reece of the Bombay Army was a wonderful tiger shot, and offered to clear the Island of Singapore of tigers, but Government did not accede to his terms, possibly on the grounds that unless Captain Reece was a fixture there, the tigers would still come off from the mainland when he was gone.

"But to come down to later years :—sometimes on these Hills, the sportsman beating for sambur or woodcock is rather startled at being confronted by a large tiger; this is rather nervous work, and is not what the sportsman bargained for; nevertheless, to the man who is well armed, the surprise is an agreeable one, and the excitement is sometimes of the most thrilling kind; and, as a rule, the tiger that dies at the first shot, gives no sport at all, whereas the wounded one often fights to the last and escapes.

"One morning in September, I was beating a long shola overlooking the Orange Valley, and one known as a famous cover for woodcock, besides other game. The day before I had bagged a fine stag at full gallop by a shot through the loins; he was going faster than I thought and moreover it was the left barrel, for the right had missed fire, so there was some excuse for being rather behind. I was in hopes to-day of getting a pair to the one I had shot, so had my rifle ready. It was a long shola as I have said before, and not a yelp from the dogs for half an hour; I was rather surprised at this, as I expected the shola to be full of sambur, and my pack would not have let them have an easy time of it. At last, as the beaters were approaching the end, not two hundred yards from me, my favorite "Zöe" gave a single sharp bark, not like her usual challenge. I said to myself "What on earth can it be? as I knew all her modulations of voice in giving tongue from a woodcock to an elephant which latter even she has challenged,—when out-glided a tiger within twenty yards of me, who made straight on as if he had not seen me. There was a deep nulla between us about twenty-five feet wide; I let him pass on for fifty yards, and then I raked him behind the shoulder to which he fell as if dead. As he lay, I gave him another shot which roused him, and he began tearing at his shoulder, from the wound in which I afterwards found, he had torn out a piece of bone three inches long.

"Whilst he was engaged in this frantic operation, I was loading, and just returning the ramrod prior to capping, (breech loaders scarcely known at that time), when the tiger caught sight of me; with one roar, and apparently but one bound, he came at me down hill, fortunately the impetus of his rush was so great that he fell headlong into the nullah with a crash amongst some thick bushes where he lay growling; from thence he crawled into some much denser growth, from which I could only dislodge him by having a charge of shot fired into the bushes by my companion; this drove the tiger out, and he retired to his former lair giving me a snap shot as he passed. I was standing all this time within fifty yards of the Toda Mund, and to see the Toda women's faces, who up to that time had not been aware of the pleasant neighbour they had, was amusing. As the tiger had gone back to his lair, it was arranged that my companion with beaters and dogs should go up the shola and beat him out again. They hardly entered the shola and called out from the tracks of blood that the tiger had gone up, than we who were just on the edge, heard a roar, a shriek and the report of a gun all at once followed by a lull of a deep silence. No tiger came out, so we hastened to the spot. It appeared that the dogs would not hunt the tiger, but stuck to the heels of the dog boy, that the tiger came up at them from the nullah; as he was approaching, my companion fired, the cap snapped, but instead of firing the left barrel, he raised the same hammer and pulled again, but in this short interval, the dog boy, generally a most courageous fellow with me, lost his head and rushed right across to the tiger, fell, and before he could rise, the tiger was upon him, falling at the same moment with a ball from my companion's gun through his body.

"The tiger had not used his teeth and had only one fore-paw in action, the other arm being smashed, so the man had no body wounds, but two or three deep punctures from the claws on his

leg and arm. He was carried into Ooty, but died the third day from shock to the nervous system ; more especially as the natives have an idea, that if the patient sleeps within three days, the spirit of the tiger will carry him off. Accordingly, the man's friends and relatives watched the unfortunate patient to prevent his sleeping, thereby making his death doubly sure. The man, with ordinary care, ought not to have died as his wounds were not severe. It was late in the afternoon when we got the man out, and it was necessary to send him off at once to Ooty. The next day we searched the shola, through and through, with the dogs, but could not find a trace of the tiger, so had to give it up.

" On my arrival at Bandipore, some twenty years ago, in my official capacity, I was unexpectedly made a participator, and witness of the very sad and premature death of Captain Handcock while on a shikar expedition in those jungles.—The next day, 16th of December 1858, I had to ride on to Goondelpet, some twelve miles off, and was returning about five in the evening, when I met a friend in his Transit-coach who told me he had just seen Captain Handcock laying by the roadside fearfully mauled by a tiger, and that he would hasten on to Mysore to send out a Doctor, at the same time requesting me to see the wounded man conveyed to the bungalow from which he was only about a mile distant. I galloped off, and found he had been carried to the bungalow ; a European Apothecary had also arrived, who immediately sewed up his wounds, one of which was a very severe one over the loins. After about an hour, he revived somewhat, took a little nourishment and passed a quiet night and seemed to be getting on fairly the next day. Two Doctors now arrived from Mysore who did all their skill and experience could suggest to relieve his sufferings, but a change for the worse came over him ; on the third day, he could keep nothing on his stomach and died that evening. He was perfectly lucid to the last, and gave a clear

account of the accident. The next day I went to the spot and was able to verify in every particular the manner in which this gallant young Officer had lost his life. He was only twenty-four years of age, a Member of Parliament, a Crimean soldier, H. M.'s 44th Regiment, a Captain and Aide-de-Camp to Lord Harris, the scion of a noble family, and he lost his life through faulty powder and small bore guns. His remains are interred in St. Stephen's Church-yard, Ootacamund. The account of it in his own words was as follows :—

"I had been very anxious to shoot a tiger before going to Madras, and it was arranged that I was to take the north, and my friend the south direction of the land over which we intended to range. About four in the evening, I met Captain Morgan's shikarrie and tracker with his guns going to meet him at the bungalow. On asking the shikarrie, as he knew the jungles so well, if he would come with me for an hour to help me to look up a tiger, he replied that he could not spare the time, as he had to meet his master at the bungalow, (this was unfortunate as my shikarrie Oocha did not fear tigers in the least, and with my heavy guns would soon have accounted for the brute.) The shikarrie had not long left me, when I met a tiger coming down a ravine as I was going up to it. The ravine was about fourteen feet deep and twenty feet wide ; the tiger climbed up out of the ravine on to the bank, when I fired two shots at him, and he fell and lay as if dead about fifty yards off. I then fired a third shot as he lay still on the ground, this woke him up ; with a roar he came at me clearing the nullah at a bound. I turned looking for a tree,—felt a blow, and remember nothing more for sometime. I then staggered towards the road only half a mile off supported by my shikarrie." The next day as I have said I examined the ground, and found that it was exactly as described—that the tiger had jumped, wounded as he was, full twenty-five feet, that there

was no tree near, only small clumps of bamboos; these at the spot where the tiger knocked him down were all broken, and the tiger was driven off the body by a fine Bull-terrier that was out with his master at the time; the dog had one small scratch just under the eye. The shikarrie had bolted with the loaded gun, as I found both barrels loaded; the powder was bad, and one of the guns was a converted Enfield. I searched about for the wounded tiger, but he had gone miles, so had to give it up. I should mention that, with the exception of a small clump of bamboos, the ground was perfectly open and well suited for a stand-up fight with a tiger; but strong powder and four and a half drams at least of that, would have been the proper charge even for an ounce ball. With two and a half ounce balls, I used always seven drams of the best powder.

"In the Mysore country, at the foot of the hills, the natives are very successful in trapping or enclosing tigers within stout nets. The tiger is first marked down in a ravine, at the end of which, the netting ten feet high is stretched across for some three hundred yards, with wings of fifty yards; the meshes of the net are four inches wide and the rope the thickness of a finger. A party of beaters drive the tiger towards the net, and if the beast is properly managed, he does not see the net until he hits it, and being but lightly supported, it at once falls upon him entangling him in its folds, when the spearsman rush in and do for him. On one occasion no less than six tigers were marked down one evening in a ravine under Gopalsawmy Hill. The Commissioner of the District, Colonel Pearse, and his Deputy, the late Colonel McHutchin, were out in camp when the news was brought. Two or three hundred beaters were at once camped out around the spot and fires being lit and the nets spread and fixed, the tigers were kept in the ravine all night. The next day the two sportsmen on steady elephants proceeded to the spot. Tiger after tiger was

beaten out and charged the elephants desperately; all fell, fighting gamely, being shot and speared except one, and that was the tigress which escaped; the other five being males, in close attendance upon her, as she was in season, which fact accounts also for the tigers not leaving the ravine during the night.

"It is a curious fact that tigers are rarely if ever caught in traps, whilst to catch a leopard is a very common thing. So extra-cautious are tigers—that on one occasion, four traps were placed artistically and most artfully concealed round a live bullock for a tiger, but he was not to be enticed; the bullock died, and was carried off and placed in an empty hut; the tiger came and eat it when it was putrid; part of the bullock was again put into the traps, but the tiger was not to be caught, although two hyenas fell victims. This was near the foot of the hills at Metapolliem.

"With regard to the destruction of tigers by strychnine, there is one thing especially to be noted and that is the enormous increase of wild pigs; from Suttiamanglum down south to the Moyar valley, most of the ryots' fields and crops, both on the Hills and on the plains, are ravaged to a most serious extent by pigs, and their increase is something marvellous. Here we see the balance of nature disturbed—the decrease of tigers resulting in the increase of pigs, and destruction to man's crops. Of the choice of two evils, (?) I for one, would prefer more tigers and less pigs."

Referring to the netting of tigers, the subjoined is an account taken from the *Madras Mail*, and written by an eye witness of the exciting scene:—

"*Nellialam, Wynaad.* On the 20th of September 1875, my men not coming to work in proper numbers, I asked the reason and was told, that a tiger had been netted not far off, and that they were going to kill him or see him killed. As the distance was only about three miles, I rode over to the shola, and remained there from 12 to 5 p.m. I saw the animal four or five times; he

appeared to be a fine large creature. He was enclosed in a small shola of brushwood by a net which the men had made of thick cotton twist; the net, in some places, was not higher than five feet; in others again, it was seven feet. The diameter of the shola could not have been more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet; it may have been a little more. Outside the net, were people standing close to one another all round the shola, each man holding a spear. The sight was very strange, but picturesque, all, or nearly all, being dressed in gaudy colored clothes and turbans, while the spear heads glittered in the sun. I do not wonder a tiger is done for when he has such a wall of spears around him to prevent his escape. Before commencing operations, four men walked round the shola three times. The first man with spear in hand, the spear-head being held downwards. The second man was playing a flute; the third had a drum, and the fourth was a native official. As these men came round, every spear was lifted up to form a passage for them as they walked between the net and the spearmen. After having walked round three times, the spearmen set up a yelling and shouting sufficient to rouse a demon! A short time after, with a bound and a roar, the tiger came on, but was turned; then he tried to escape in another direction and was again repulsed. I saw him rushing from one end of the confined space to the other, and just caught sight of his stripes as he rushed amongst the brushwood. After a while, he lay down panting, his sides heaving up and down from the unwonted exercise. He looked very large and fat, and not a rib visible, so fine and sleek was he. He had killed a buffalo the night before, so had a good blow out. After again rushing about several times, he rested once more; and now the men began to draw the net in closer. Ticklish work it was, and to enable them to do this, three men went inside the net to clear away the brushwood, the others holding their spears as a

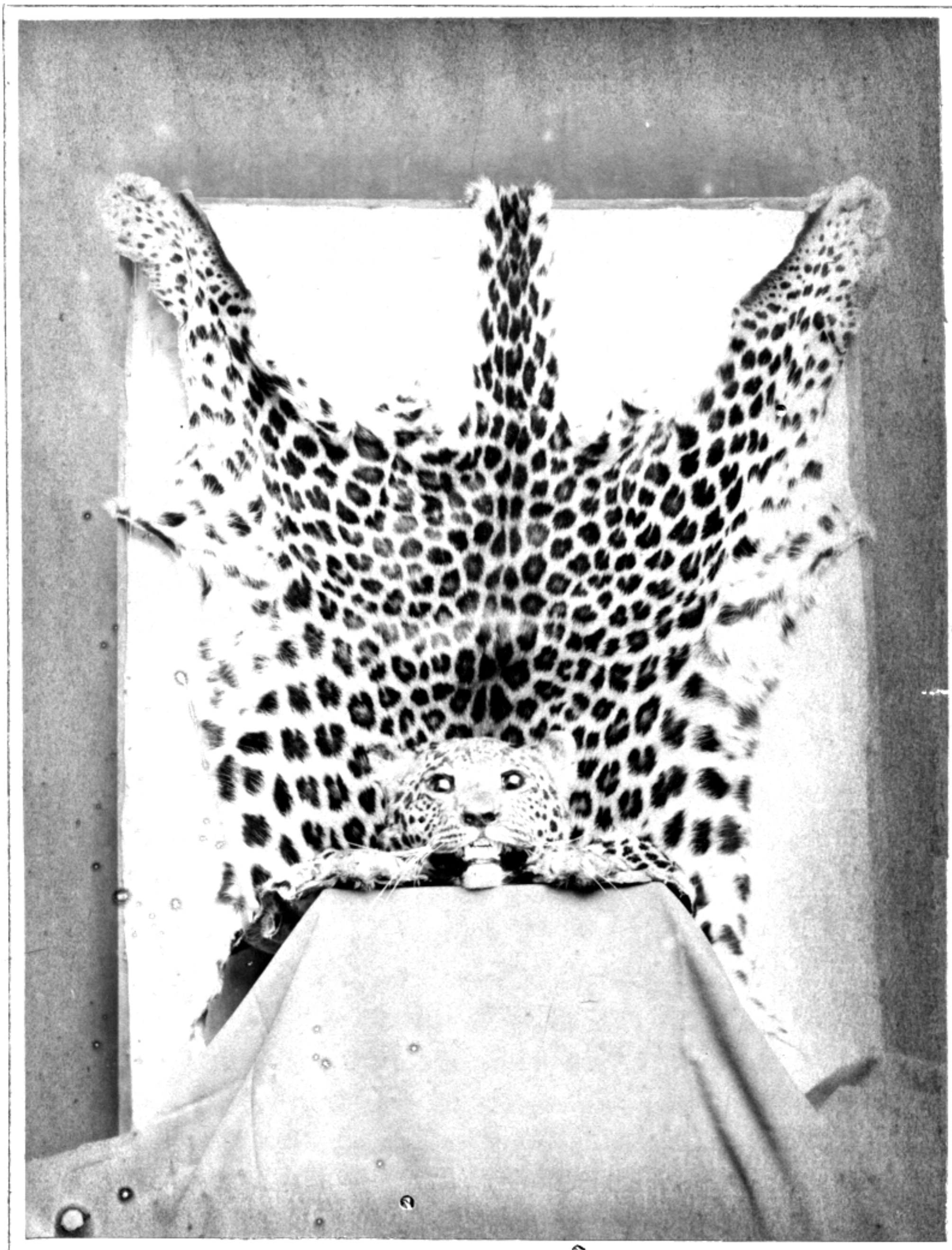
protection, in case the tiger should attack them. This did not appear to be of much use, for I never saw a man have a narrower escape than that I am about to relate. One or two men were holding up the net to allow the three who were inside to get out quickly, should the tiger make a spring towards them. One of these men went a little farther in than the rest, when suddenly, with a tremendous roar, up came the tiger, and in three bounds, he was on the very spot where the men were—they had no time to escape, there they were! One old man fortunately had a spear, and as the animal came up, he planted a well-aimed thrust home somewhere about the neck. The tiger sprang up and fell backwards while the men ran out of danger. But the brave old Chetty, who had saved the lives of the other two men as well as his own, sat down amidst some of his people, his whole frame shaking for at least quarter of an hour; he was simply fit for nothing, the excitement having quite unnerved him. The wound, that the old man now had given the tiger, was one of its most fatal ones. I stood on one of the supports of the net, and had a full view of the beautiful creature as he lay panting there. He appeared to me then to be of greater bulk than a cow, and much longer in the body. His head was beautifully marked with stripes which were much closer there than on the body. His ears were constantly on the move, they looked quite velvety with a white spot on each behind and edges of a grayish yellow. He was hung up next day, but I was too tired to go and take his measurements."

So much for killing netted tigers,—a sport which is rarely undertaken, and then only by natives. One instance is mentioned in the "old Forest Ranger" of the death of a netted tiger killed by the two heroes of the book; with this one exception, I have never heard of a case of tiger-spearing organized or encouraged by Europeans. I should think the skin of the animal thus killed would not be worth much as a trophy.

Closely allied to the tiger in form and habits though much smaller and more numerous than that animal both on the Hills and plains, is the leopard—*felis pardus*—by some called the panther, but most commonly, though erroneously, styled the cheetah—*felis jubatus*—a very different animal inhabiting the plains only, and therefore we have nothing to do with him here.

With regard to the terms 'panther' and 'leopard' about which there has been so much controversy, discussion, and uncertainty, I think, the question, is most satisfactorily disposed of by the following remarks on the subject by the late Captain Forsyth in his work "The Highlands of Central India" who says:—

"There has been much confusion among sportsmen and writers as to the several species of Cat called "Panther," "Leopard," and "Hunting Leopard." Jerdon, in his "Mammals of India," has at last correctly distinguished them under the above names, recognising two varieties marked with rosettes (the fulvous ground of the skin showing through the black), instead of plain black spots, which are peculiar to the Hunting Leopard (*felis jubata*). He calls both *Felis Pardus* considering them only as varieties, not distinct species. In English he calls the larger the panther, and the smaller the leopard, and it will be well if sportsmen will avoid future confusion by adopting this appropriate nomenclature. The points of difference between the two varieties of *felis pardus*, he describes, the larger size to be that of the *panther*, which reaches in fine specimens, seven feet eleven inches in length, from nose tip of tail with colour darker, figure taller and more slender, in distinction to that of the leopard which does not exceed five feet six inches in length, colour lighter with a rounder and more bull-dog-like head. These distinctions I myself recognised, and described in "The Field" of 17th May 1862."



LEOPARD'S SKIN AND HEAD.

And which distinctions may easily be recognised by any one, *in either* of the specimens to be met with on the Nilgiris, enabling them to decide at a glance whether it be a panther or a leopard.

The leopard or smaller variety of the two, appears to be much more numerous than the panther. He is to be found most frequently near villages and the habitations of man, preying upon sheep, goats, calves and dogs of which latter he is particularly fond, and to obtain which he will commit acts of the greatest impudence, seizing them from the very verandahs and out-houses in the precincts of bungalows in open day-light, but oftener in the evening, and night time; and with instances of which I could fill pages. The panther is rather scarce and retiring, confining himself more to wooded cover, preying upon the small native cattle, wild pig and such like; he is also to be found in the vicinity of the ibex grounds, and, no doubt, destroys annually, many head of this game.

Plate X is an illustration of the skin and head of a small leopard measuring five feet eight inches before being skinned; and was shot by Mr. Louis Creed at Deva Shola; I have not been able to procure a specimen of the panther to exhibit side by side with the leopard in order to point out to the eyesight, the very slight difference that exists between them; but hope the descriptions given above will be enough to make it clear to all.

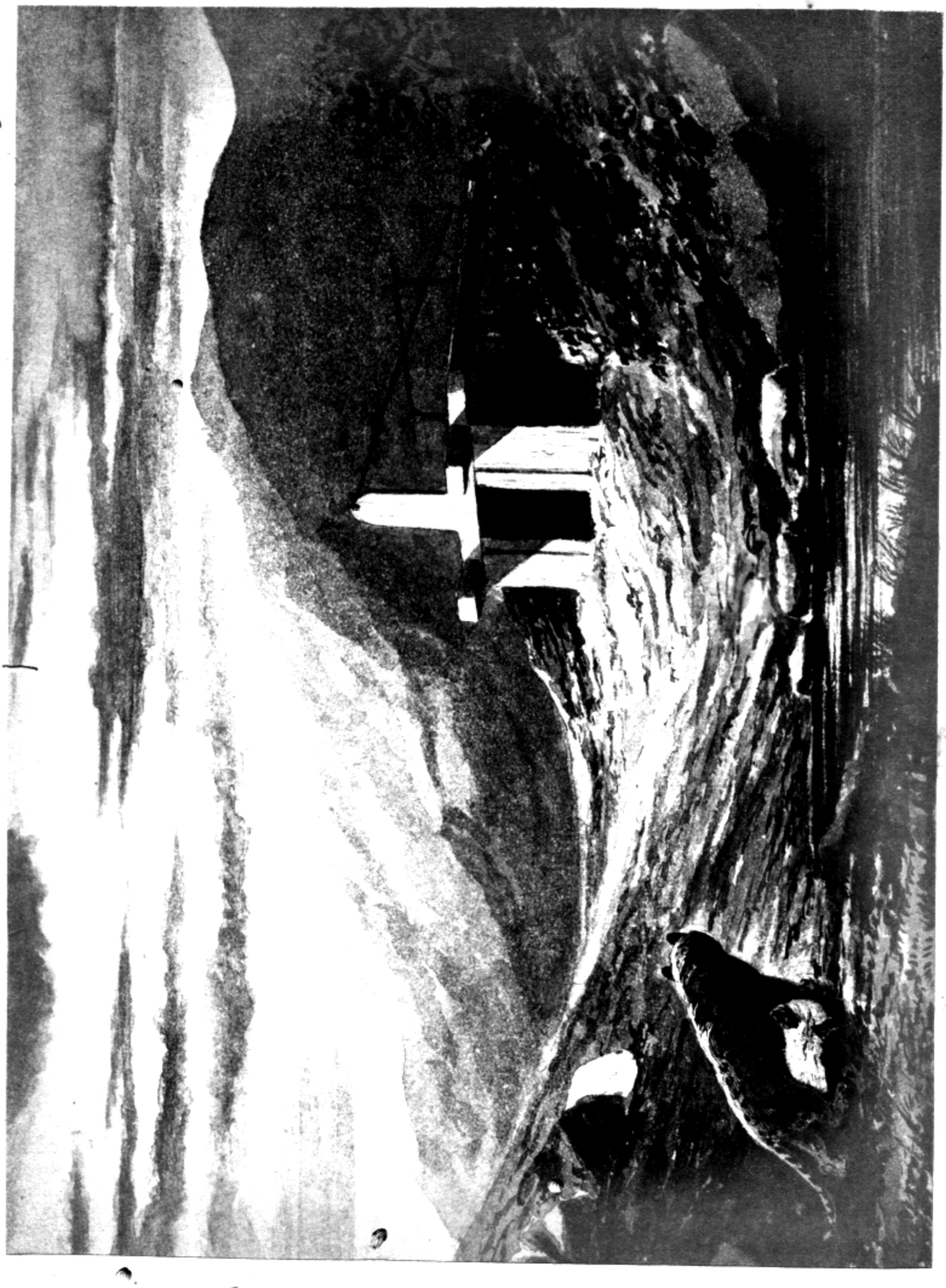
The panther and leopard will both enter traps without hesitation; and numbers are caught in this manner, or killed with spring guns set for them every year. The form of trap employed is generally that of the familiar "box trap" for rats. It is most frequently built permanently of heavy timber and stones fixed in the ground in a suitable locality. Some are constructed with iron bars in a frame work of cut timber like a large cage to admit of their being moved from place to place on wheels. A

live kid is tied within at the far end, visible from all sides through the bars or interstices, to get at which, the leopard on entering well, must touch a string connected with the rod from which suspends the open sliding door, upon which the door falls into its place firmly shut, and the animal is securely imprisoned.

Plate XI shews a trap of this kind which I had constructed at Bilikal, and during my residence there, I caught no less than nine of these brutes in the space of two years and a half. Out of this number, only three were panthers, according to the classification given before, being seven feet—seven feet four—and seven feet six inches respectively; the remaining six were leopards from five to six and a half feet. The hair of the panther is much shorter and smoother than the leopards, and the rosettes more clearly defined. The internal structure, skeleton, &c., of both animals are precisely similar, excepting the skull which is more elongated in the panther, and rounder in the leopard, as pointed out by Captain Forsyth.

Of the black panther or leopard, says Jerdon:—"A well "marked race is the black leopard—*Felis melas* or *F. perniger*. "It is of an uniform dull black color, the spots showing in "particular lights," but he does not say decidedly whether it is a distinct variety of the species *F. pardus*. As there has always existed much doubt and uncertainty about this rare animal, I have collected the opinions of three authors—men eminently qualified from long experience and personal knowledge as sportsmen—to judge correctly on the subject, which are given here below. First, Mr. Walter Elliot remarks:—

"Of the panther there are two varieties, the normal form and "the black panther. That this difference of colour indicates "variety only is proved by the discovery of a litter of three young "panther cubs, of which two were spotted and one black. This



LEOPARD AND TRAP.

"from an eye witness." Second, Colonel A. C. McMaster in his "notes on Jerdon's Mammals of India," says :—

"I cannot help thinking that there is only one species of "panther, leopard or pard, whatever the proper name may be, "and that the varieties in colour, shape, and size are accidental "or caused by climate or diet. I believe, that a black cub has "been found in a litter, the rest of which were of the usual colour. "The three or four specimens of the black panther I have seen, "have always struck me as being of a glossy, not as Jerdon has "it, of "a dull black colour" and further on, he says :—

"And I may therefore be right in thinking first, that black "panthers are only a freak of nature ; and secondly, that "perhaps there is a difference in the shape of the head between "larger and smaller pards.

Third, General Hamilton, in his work "Game by Hawkeye," writes :—

"I have omitted to bring in, as a separate species, the black leopard—purposely, I may say, for it has yet to be proved whether they are distinct. The evidence is conflicting and it is difficult to decide, especially as on one occasion a gentleman saw an old leopard accompanied by two of her offspring, one red, the other jet black. Did ever any one see a white leopard, barring the snow leopard of the Himalayas ? Which by the way is not white, but yellow. If not—though it sounds paradoxical—may we not look upon the *black* as the *Albino* of the common leopard ? I throw out the query hap-hazard, and leave it to others better versed in these matters to take it up if they like. One point has, I believe, been observed—that these may I call them "*Bêtes noirs ?*"—are more commonly met with on the Nilgiris and in Travancore, than elsewhere. This fact, if a fact, might lead to the solution of the vexed question."

My own experience of the animal is limited to one solitary

case which happened some fifteen years ago at Coonoor. I was beating for sambur, in a shola near the Glenmore Estate, and was standing posted near the edge of the wood, when I observed some black animal, moving through the low grass and fern, past me about thirty yards distance. At first sight I took it for a huge black monkey, of which there were several in the shola, then for a bear, until, as it passed across in front of me, it turned its head with its devilish green eyes full upon me, when I was able very clearly to make out what it really was. I fired at once—but to my inconceivable and agonising disgust—the cap snapped, and this rare and precious prize disappeared hopelessly, and I never saw it or one like it again.

With the evidences here set down, and from what I have heard from other sources, I myself am of the opinion that the black panther, or leopard, as we know him in India, is only a "freak of nature" accidental—very occasional, and not a distinct species or variety of the *Felis pardus*. It has been before stated what an enemy the leopard is to the dog, how he is ever ready to seize, kill and eat him whenever the chance offers. A case—and the only one on record—in which the tables were turned resulting in the death of the leopard, happened a short time ago at the Deva Shola Estate, in which a pack of about five couples of ordinary sporting dogs belonging to Messrs. Creed and Hodgson, pulled down and killed a female leopard without the assistance of guns, and in which none of the dogs got mauled, after a short but sharp fight. The animal must have quite lost her natural instinct for fighting and self-defence, thus to have fallen so easy a victim to her assailants; her skin, with head, was sent to me for curing; it measured five feet six inches and bore comparatively few wound marks.

With this concludes our remarks on the tiger and leopard, as we know them on the Nilgiris.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WILD BOAR—SUS INDICUS—NATIVE KA'TU PA'NNI BEAR—URSUS LABIATUS—NATIVE KARADI.

WILD PIG—DESCRIPTION AND HABITS—FEROCITY OF WILD BOAR—NARRATIVES—REMARKS—THE BLACK BEAR—APPEARANCE—HABITS—FOOD—STRUCTURE—PENITAL BONE—ANECDOTES.

THE thrilling and exciting sport of pig-sticking or hog-hunting as it is carried out in the plains of India being impracticable on the Nilgiris, or at least in those parts of the Hills where the wild pig is to be found; this class of game animals which is held in such high esteem and sacredly preserved from being shot by English sportsmen elsewhere in the three presidencies, is here of little or no repute, and may be shot whenever chance occurs without the least objection, or that obloquy which would attach to the shooter of pig in the low country, or to the vulpecide in one of the crack-hunting counties in England.

In my opinion, wild pig are scarcely worth shooting, and no sportsman ever thinks of going out of his way to get a shot at them when other game is to be had. There is no proud trophy to show when a pig is bagged—except the head of a very fine old boar with his tusks, and these are rare;—the skin is useless, the flesh coarse and rank, and very frequently—curious to relate "measled" or diseased, infested with those minute worms which science calls "trichinæ," and which if imbibed into the human system by the eating of the flesh so affected, causes such loathsome effects; therefore, except for rifle practice or in the absence of better game during a beat, they are rarely shot.

The following description of them from Mr. Havelock bears out my experience of them, and is here annexed :—

" The wild boar of the Nilgiris is the only game animal that is not decreasing in numbers as the sambur, ibex, &c. The reason for this, I conclude, is that they breed fast, are somewhat difficult to find and shoot, besides being not generally sought after by sportsmen. I do not think the female is so prolific as the tame sow, but still, in comparison with other wild animals, they breed oftener, and if not preyed upon by the tiger and leopard and shot by natives as frequently as they are, the place would soon be overrun with them. The wild sow has two litters in the year, with three to five young ones at a birth. It is asserted that the wild pig, and the domestic pig of the low country are one and the same breed; this is a mistake; the wild animal being always of one uniform colour—dark brown, inclining to slaty black and never marked with patches of white, as is the repulsive looking offal feeding village brute. When very young, the wild pig has three stripes along the sides parallel with the spine; these are never found on the tame species. The wild pig is almost entirely a nocturnal animal, rarely found abroad during the day, and only shot when beaten out of cover by dogs and coolies; they are very quick when on the move, rushing through the densest brush-wood, and are much more difficult to hit than sambur. An old boar never lies in the same bushes with the rest of the herd, but in a lair of his own, a short way off. He is a bold and cunning animal, and unless care is taken, may prove a dangerous foe to dogs and men; charging down with tremendous force, his sharp strong tusks, set in a head and neck of immense muscular power, will inflict fearful wounds; in fact, I believe, that if a regular " good un" is brought to bay, all that the sportsman will require after the encounter, will be his coffin; and in my opinion, next to the tiger and rogue-elephant, the wild boar is the most dangerous animal in the Southern India jungles."

On the Nilgiris, the wild pig is generally found in the brush-wood and fern brakes around the Badaga villages; in the fields of which he commits the greatest havoc, being far more destructive than sambur and much more difficult to keep out, as they will force their way in through the stiffest fences. Some years ago, single pigs or couples were frequently to be seen about the Koondahs, Sispara, Banghy Tappal and Bettmund, but I have seen none in these places for years. The tusks of a wild boar run from six to nine inches in length, only half of this, however, is out of the jaw, but it is quite sufficient to form a most formidable weapon of offence as I know to my cost. The wild boar is very tenacious of life, and unless his heart or brain is hit, or the spine broken, it is impossible to kill him on the spot, even with the largest bullets. The young of the wild pig are often caught alive, and brought round for sale by the Badagas. Some years ago, I obtained a pair—male and female—in this manner, and as I then kept a fine breed of English pigs at the Billikal Farm, I put up these jungle waifs in the same stye, with three other young Berkshire porkers of about the same age, to fatten and kill for fresh pork. The new comers fraternised at once with their white brethren, took kindly to the daily fare—very different to what they had been accustomed to—of barley meal, skim milk and potatoes, and soon learnt the habits of their tame friends, even to sticking one fore-foot in the trough and nudging each other out of it if they could with their snouts whilst feeding. In about two months the English pigs, being of the proper size, and fat enough for fresh pork, were killed. Shortly after, in consequence of having sold off all my live stock, it was decided to kill the jungle pigs as porkers. This was done, and on being cut up, we were much astonished at finding not a particle of fat upon the carcases; literally not enough fat off the pair to fry a snipe! The meat was white and delicate and rather a different flavour to the domestic pork; it is impossible to

account for the absence of "adipose tissue" after the consumption of so much nutritious and fat-forming food.

The appearance of the wild pig answers minutely to the following description of Mr. Blyth, taken from Jerdon's Mammals of India :—

"The colour of the adult is brownish black, scantily covered with black hairs. Besides the black recumbent mane of the occiput and back, and the whiskers and bristles above and below the eyes, there is a bundle of long black bristles on the throat, and the hairs of the throat and chest are reversed. The tail is scantily covered with short hairs, and the apex compressed with long lateral bristles like those of an elephant, arranged like the wings of an arrow. The young is more hairy, of a tawny or fulvous colour and striped with dark brown. The hairs of the throat, chest, abdomen and elbows (in the latter two places very long) are black on the base and white at the apical half. There appear to be two or three varieties of type in India."

Further on in the same work, it is stated that "Gray has indicated another race from the Nilgiris as Sus Nilgiriensis."

I must say, I have never found any distinction or difference ; the wild pig of the Nilgiris being to my observations identical in every respect with the specimens that I have seen shot in the low country around the foot of the Hills.

The annexed Plate XII attempts an illustration of the wild boar wounded and at bay. The incident happened to me about seventeen years ago whilst after some "marked down" sambur near Kartairy, a locality now nearly entirely occupied with Tea, Coffee and Cinchona plantations, and where few wild animals will be found at the present time.

A small herd of sambur, a stag and four hinds, having been marked down by some Badagas, in a shola below the Kartairy

WILD BOAR AT BAY.

Water Falls, the news was brought to me on the Glenmore Estate some four miles distant down the valley. Being always on the "*qui vive*" for khubber in these palmy days of sport, horse, dogs, shikarrie and guns, were ready in a few minutes, and within an hour, I was on the ground with half a dozen beaters, and three and a half of my best sambur dogs. Owing to some confusion and misunderstanding on the part of the beaters, before forming the line to beat as I intended, two of the sambur stole away over the crest of the hill from my position ere I was ready, and which were soon followed by the other three about five hundred yards off. I was hastily putting up the last sights of my rifle, preparing for a long shot, when my attention was diverted from the sambur by the "music of the pack" and the sound of a rushing below me of some large animal through the bushes making directly for where I stood on a low rock. It turned out to be a huge wild boar, who, as soon as he saw me, paused a moment irresolute, three-quarter face on and right shoulder forward towards me at about thirty yards distance. I fired immediately at the point of his shoulder, to which he rolled over amongst the bushes out of sight which prevented me from giving him the second barrel. Two couples of dogs were now close on him, the others having taken up the scent of the sambur. He picked himself up and made off at a great pace in spite of his wound, as I caught sight of him now and again forging ahead, the dogs close upon his heels, but not up or in contact with him, and I, with a Badaga, in breathless pursuit not far in the rear. After going about a mile and a half, the noise of the dogs changed into howls of pain, which filled me with sad misgivings as to their fate. On rushing up to the spot, which was a hollow bank under some trees at the foot of a steep ascent which the boar found himself unable to negotiate, I came upon him at bay upon three legs, his right shoulder being smashed by my first ball, bristles on end, foaming mouth and champing tusks looking a very devil-in-

pig form, with his malignant little eyes fixed on the dogs yelping at him. Disabled as he was, he had managed, before I arrived on this last scene, to rip up my two best hounds, Ranger and Don, who lay writhing on the ground in their death agonies with their entrails all out. The sight of the poor things almost unnerved me—or would have quite had there been time; but quicker than thought, and before the brute had scarcely seen me, or could decide upon another rush, I fired instinctively,—as there was not a second for deliberate aim,—at his head, and to my great relief, saw him sink down quite dead by a lucky shot through the top of the neck where the spine joins on to the head. I was so distressed at the fate of my two faithful pets, whose death had been caused by so despicable a brute as a wild pig, and which death, to my mind, was as ignominious as being kicked to death by a jackass, that I neglected to take any measurements, or indeed any further notice of the beast, except to note that he was the largest I had ever seen, and must have stood not much under thirty-five inches. After examining and attending to the remains of my lost ones which I covered over with ferns and green boughs, I returned home with a heavy heart at so unexpected an issue to my trip, and sent two men with tools to bury them properly on the spot where they fell and to erect a rough stone cairn over the grave to their memory; and which I believe may be still seen. I had lost many a good dog before and after that event by leopards, and by accident in being swept away by the flood over waterfalls when with sambur at bay, but was never so cut up as by the sad fate of poor Ranger and Don. Peace to their bones!

A few years ago, the *Courier* recorded the death of a Badaga in about the same locality from the tusks of a wild boar. It appears that the poor man had fired at and wounded the boar with a ball from his single-barrel gun, but before he could re-load

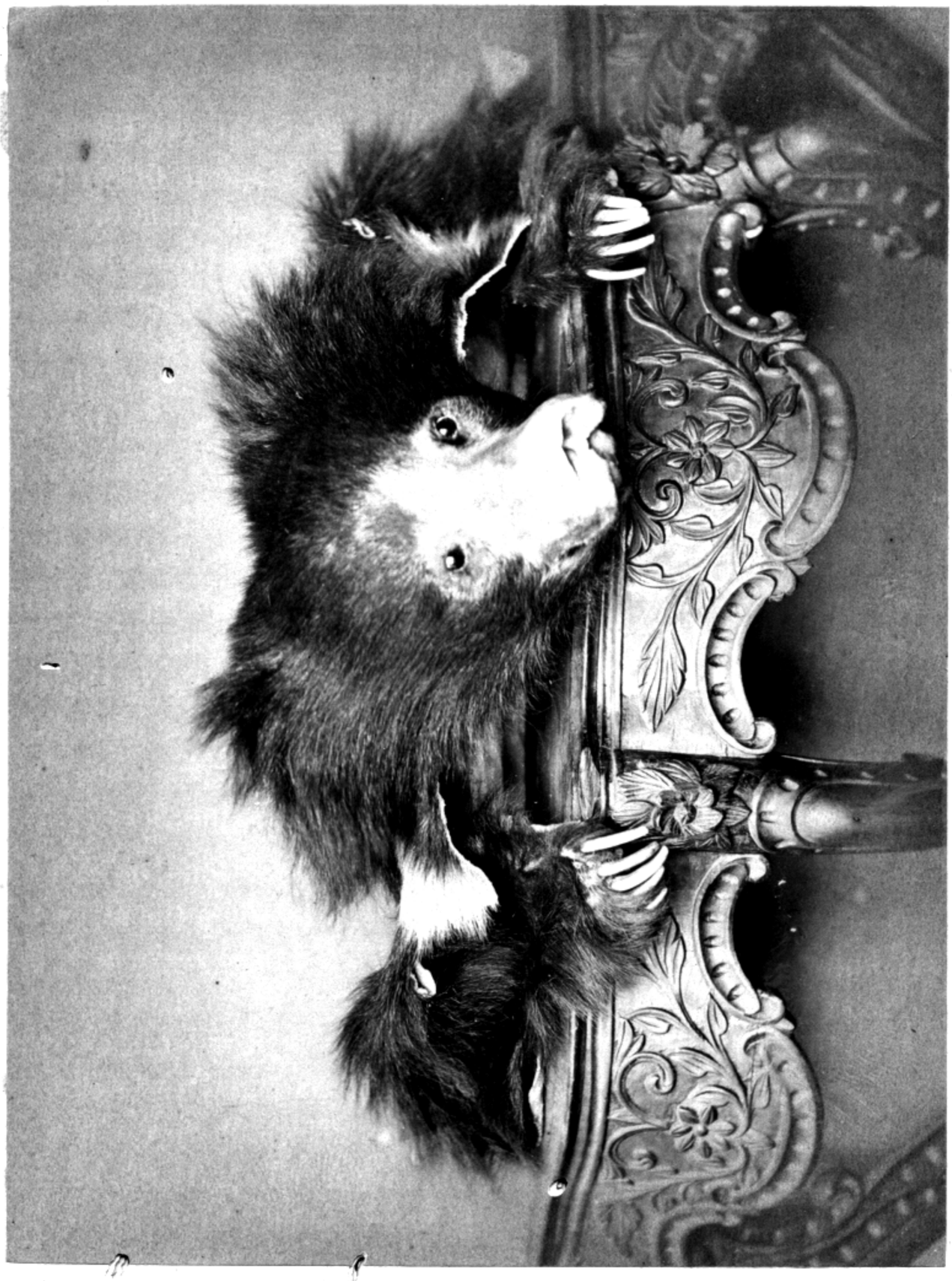
or escape, the brute was down upon him, in the open field in which he was standing, and ripped open his abdomen in a fearful manner, causing instant death. So much then for the Nilgiri wild pig, and with which notice, we dismiss him from further consideration.

Far more satisfactory to deal with and kill, although the sport is somewhat dangerous, is the black bear, by some called the sloth bear—the *Ursus or Melursus labiatus* of Naturalists too well known by his shaggy coat of intense black, yellowish white muzzle, crescent-shaped mark of the same colour on his breast, formidable claws and awkward gait, to need much further description. A full-grown adult bear measures about five feet six inches from the tip of his snout to the tip of his apology for a tail which is only about four inches long, and stands about thirty-four inches. His skull is much the shape as that of the tiger, but not so massive, nor are the teeth so well formed. That special bone, common to the dog tribe, the otter and a few other animals, is found largely developed in the male bear, and is saved as a curiosity by many sportsmen. The female is not so large as the male and differs in having a much fuller coat with a thick tuft or mane of long hair on the fore part of her back to which her cubs cling, and are carried when too young to travel far by their dam. The eye of the bear is peculiarly small for the size of the animal, and I fancy their powers of vision are very limited, and that they depend mostly on their acute scent, as I have frequently seen bears, whilst out grubbing in search of insects, sit up on their haunches, and with snout elevated, sniff the air all around after the manner of a blind mouse or mole, as if for the purpose of *smelling* and not *seeing* whether any danger were near. Their food seems to be insects, as beetles, snails, fragments of whose shells are to be found in their droppings, honey, wild berries, and sugar-cane when they can get it.

Plate XIII exhibits the head and skin of a female bear shot on the Koondahs by Mr. Havelock, who writes :—

"I have only seen or heard of one species of the black bear on these Hills, and that only on the spurs sloping down to the low country. I have never known them to eat flesh or carrion of any kind; their food being entirely insects, various jungle fruits, roots and honey. They are to be seen at a long distance off and are easily stalked, provided the sportsman does not allow himself to be scented, the bear's sight and hearing being nothing so sensitive as his sense of smell. On being fired at and hit, he kicks up a most tremendous row, and generally makes a blundering rush in the direction of the shot. They are very tenacious of life, and require a powerful projectile to kill them satisfactorily. From the fact of my often having seen them together in threes, I conclude the female generally has a pair of cubs at a birth. They travel immense distances, not remaining long in the same place, the nature of their food compelling them to be continually on the move. Their caves are in the most inaccessible places under cliffs in the densest and least frequented jungles."

The bear seems to have been quite as numerous or more so even—than other game on the Nilgiri plateau when the Hills were first known. My late father, more than forty years ago, once counted a herd of no less than thirteen bears of all sizes together, on the hill side facing his cottage at Coonoor, the site now occupied by Gray's Hotel; they were busily engaged in feeding on that fat brown longicorn beetle, swarms of which rise out of the ground after the first heavy showers in April, and are fed upon also by jackals and crows. I have never seen more than four together; two of which appeared to be full-grown adults and two large sized cubs. I came across this lot casually one morning, whilst on a stalking trip not far from my shooting box at Mélur beyond Déva shola—years before the Cin-



BEAR'S HEAD AND SKIN.

BEAR SHOOTING.

chona plantations there were thought of. They were quietly grubbing and turning over stones in search of insects, when I stole up, unperceived to the nearest big one, which I concluded to be a female from her thick ruff or bunch of hair on the back, not to be mistaken, and gave her one ball somewhere near the shoulder. Upon receiving which, she immediately turned upon and pitched into her nearest companion like fury, and the two commenced hugging and rolling over each other, uttering the most mournful and unearthly howls, presenting a most ludicrous and exciting scene. The other two, meanwhile, had decamped up the Hill to the right, and as I came up to the pair, locked in each other's embraces, I let fly my second barrel at the writhing black mass, and turned to my shikarrie for my second gun. He, to my disgust, was a hundred yards off, limping slowly up, having whilst following me, fallen and badly sprained his ankle, which rendered him useless for a fortnight afterwards. I ran towards him, and seizing my second gun, went after the combatants who had separated at my second shot and were making off, one going clear away out of sight down a wooded ravine to the left; the wounded one floundering on straight ahead through the fern and long grass not giving me the chance of polishing her off. The shikarrie being scarcely able to move, I told him to crawl to the hut as best he could and send me two of my Badagas to follow the tracks of blood. They soon arrived, but it was not until after a troublesome search of three hours that we found her lying dead, toes uppermost on a flat rock. (Plate XIV,) I found two wounds, my first, high up behind the shoulder right through; the second bullet entered above the hip joint and was found under the skin behind her elbow which caused much internal Hœmorrage; no bones were smashed which was the cause of her travelling such a distance before she dropped. I have killed many bears, but never experienced anything like a determinate charge from them. The next account from Mr.

Havelock, of the death of an old male, contains something more to this point:—

"Having the other day poisoned the carcase of a bull killed by a panther, I went in the evening to see if the brute had met the fate I wished for him; from certain signs I believe he is past doing any more mischief. I found two wild dogs and a jackal dead near the spot. While hunting about in the bushes for the panther, I saw a fine large bear come out off a wood about two miles from me. Looking at my watch, I found it was half past five o'clock, and the bear was going along at a good pace, but hoping to overtake him, I started off at once. On gaining a spur, I saw my black friend had gone through a big wood, and was digging amongst some rocks beyond. Losing no time, I was soon on the same side of the shola as the bear. He was right above me, and I saw it would be useless my trying to get nearer to him than a rock one hundred and fifty yards below him, as the space between was fully under his eye, so, on reaching the rock, I rested a minute to gain breath, then stretching myself at full length, I sent a shell at the grubbing rascal; it grazed his back, cutting the skin, as I afterwards found, for two or three inches and exploded on a rock beyond. Bruin did not seem to understand what was up, and made a pace or two in my direction. Steadying myself again, I pressed back the trigger—the ball caught the bear just under the ear, running up into his body. He rolled over, giving some very musical howls, and then made straight at me. I made tracks at once, loading my rifle as I went. Bruin rolled over the very rock from off which I had fired at him, so that I would doubtless have come in for something had I remained there. The moment my caps were on, it was my turn to chase, which I did with all my might. It was

had only one shot left, I was determined to catch up the bear or make him face me. This was not so easy though, and the sight must have been ridiculous in the extreme, as we both went bounding over rocks and grass for fully quarter of a mile down the hill. At last Bruin seemed to think he had better stop, and with a fiercer growl than usual, he turned and raised himself up on his hind quarters, when I lost no time in planting a shell in his chest to which he dropped dead on the spot. He turned out to be a fine male in perfect condition."

Bears are remarkably fond of white ants, and are sure to be found in the neighbourhood of those conical-shaped structures of clay—the nests of these insects. A well known Nilgiri sportsman once suddenly came upon a bear at work upon one of these anthills. Bruin was hard at his labor with his head and arms far down in the bottom of the nest, with only his stern high up and hind legs in a kneeling posture visible,—a most undignified and helpless position—and was so intensely absorbed with his work, that he was entirely unconscious of the proximity of the "man with the gun," who walking right up to his black friend, gave him a rousing kick *a posteriori*, and as he was struggling out of the hole to resent the insult was quickly polished off on the spot.

Another very curious incident connected with white ants' nests and resulting in the death of a bear, happened in the woodland on the Westbury Estate, Seegoor, about eighteen months ago. One day the overseer of the Estate, observing a number of vultures, kites, &c., collected and wheeling over a certain spot not far from the plantation, went to the place indicated by these birds, and perceived a horrible stench of carrion. On looking about, he soon found a black mass of hair skin and bones at the foot of a white ants' hill, which, on further examination, proved to be the remains of a bear far advanced in decomposition. The head and

shoulders he found to be jammed into the mouth of a large cavity at the foot of the ants' nest; the other half of the body and hind legs erect in the air. The animal must have been digging away and burst suddenly head foremost into this cavity into which he got wedged, without the room or power to use his muscular fore-arms to extricate himself, and so died from suffocation regularly trapped. I visited the spot soon after the occurrence and was thus able to verify the position of the body and all the particulars of the account. As it would not be an inappropriate subject to introduce as well as being useful to many readers, I here annex some remarks furnished by Mr. Havelock on rifles, ammunition, &c.:—

"For large game shooting the Express rifle is now the most fashionable weapon, and certainly for killing deer and many other animals, they are undoubtedly the best gun for the purpose intended. The advantages of its long range with flat trajectory are very great; but I think however, for those intending to shoot the more dangerous game, a large bore rifle as well as an Express is indispensable. The ·500 guage Express is, in my opinion, the best size for ordinary purposes, does not make too heavy a weapon to carry and is much more effective than the ·450. On the other hand the ·577 Double Express is rather weighty, but with its six drachm charge of powder is a terrible weapon, and may do away with the necessity of a large bore. For my part I would prefer a ·500 Express and a strong 12-bore Forsyth, this is an excellent weapon, weighs only ten or eleven pounds and is of sufficient power to kill anything. If used with the hollow conical bullet backed with four or five drachms of powder against tigers, bears, &c., which are nearly always encountered with at close quarters or within thirty or forty yards, the shot is instant death if properly placed, or at any rate the animal

bison on the spot with one of these rifles, and with hardened bullets, have no doubt that even elephants would fall. If a weapon were required solely for elephant shooting, I think an 8-guage Forsyth would be ample for the purpose; but these rifles to be well built must weigh from fourteen to fifteen pounds, and in my opinion the extra weight of three or four pounds would detract from their usefulness when used against smaller game, where lightness and handiness are most essential. Sportsman on foot would soon find that a gun weighing fourteen pounds would add much to the difficulty and toil in following bison, &c. In these days when elephant shooting is prohibited, and tigers are scarcer than they were, the 12-guage is all sufficient. I do hear of some enormous 4-guage rifles being now sent out to this country; these in Southern India I think would be utterly useless and a waste of money to purchase. Hardened bullets, I see, are what many sportsmen and sporting books recommend for the larger animals. In all my experience with the large game of Southern India—the Nilgiris, &c., I have always found that the plain lead without any admixture is undoubtedly the best to use, and I consider a hardened ball is quite unnecessary, as my Forsyth rifle with either a spherical or solid conical of pure lead will smash any bone in an animal not larger than a bison. But for elephants the case is different—either the head must be penetrated to the bone which in some parts is protected by an immense thickness of bone; or the shoulder-blade—of great density—must be smashed; or the vitals reached between the ribs. Under these three conditions, the flattening or breaking up of the leaden ball, without fracturing or penetrating the bone, would render the shot fruitless, and therefore I urge that for elephant shooting, hardened bullets are really essential, and they are much better than steel-pointed leaden conicals, as I have found with them, that the steel tip gets driven back into the lead on contact with the mark, and by which the penetration of the projectile is

certainly impeded. With hardened bullets, there is this much to be remembered,—that a conical bullet has always greater penetration than a round ball, even if of a greater weight, so that a rifle is always preferable to a smooth bore. But again, unless a conical takes the rifling or grooves, it will not strike point on, and the intention of the shot be thus defeated. With the old-fashioned muzzle loader, the two or four-grooved rifle, having bullets with wings to fit into the grooves, were good and true; only if the charge of powder were at all excessive, the ball would be forced out of the groove and hit side on with much of its accuracy and power lost. For the present rifles in use, such as the best heavy Forsyth, the ball used is a size larger than the actual bore and cuts through fitting itself to the rifling, so that a *very* hard ball, if not actually dangerous, may be damaging to the weapon; and therefore care must be taken that the ball is not made too hard. I find that the best way to use hardened bullets with polygroove rifles whether breech or muzzle loading, is to stick a roll of tough paper round the ball with gum, which takes the rifling though the bullet may be a size smaller than the bore and our object is attained. Various materials are used for hardening lead, but the best and easiest procured is the "solder" of the shops which is a preparation of tin in a fusible state. The proportion I use is one of tin to nine of lead, which is quite enough when the ball is larger than the bore; this quantity hardens the ball enough to make it almost entirely retain its shape after passing through tough wood where the plain leaden ball is completely flattened. One-eighth or even one-sixth part of tin may be used, but the metal becomes light and brittle in proportion as the lead is decreased. Whilst melting, a little grease should be dropped into the ladle, and the liquid stirred round, or the tin and lead, will not amalgamate. Zinc is of no use whatever as it will not mix with lead."

CHAPTER V.

THE WILD DOG—CUON RUTILAUS—NATIVE KENNAI.

DESCRIPTION—MANNER OF HUNTING—INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF—HAVELOCK'S NOTES ON—GENERAL MORGAN'S SECOND VARIETY OF—HYENA—HYÆNA STRIATA—NATIVE-KIRBA—VERY SCARCE ON THE HILLS—INCIDENTS—THE SPOTTED DEER—DESCRIPTION—REMARKS ON—HABITAT—HORNS OF—CURIOUS INSTANCE OF EXTRA ANTLER—THE NEILGAI—PORTAX PICTUS—REMARKS—BARKING DEER—CERVULUS AURENS—REMARKS—DESCRIPTION—THE MOUNTAIN ANTELOPE—ELLIOT'S ANTELOPE—FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE—ANTELOPE BEZOARTICA—BLACK BUCK—REMARKS—HABITAT—MOUSE DEER—MEMIMNA INDICA.

VERY frequently to be met with by the sportsman in his rambles over all parts of the hills as well as on the plains at their foot, though not generally well known, is the wild dog—*Cuon rutílaus*, or more correctly, I should think, *canis rutilaus*.

A destructive foe to sambur and a most provoking spoiler of sport as, wherever these pests have been harrying the country there remains but little chance of finding game by the sportsman. One advantage, however, is that they do not remain long in the same place, but are ever on the move in pursuit of their food, and it is this wandering habit that accounts for their not being killed oftener than they are. The sambur on the hills and the spotted deer in the plains seem to be their chief prey, though they make frequent attacks upon the Badaga's buffalo calves and the ryot's cattle and sheep of the low country villages. A pack of fourteen or fifteen dogs, about five years ago, committed a raid upon a herd of thirty calves whilst out-grazing belonging to the Westbury Estate, Segoor, and killed five and wounded two of them which

died some days after; before I could get up to the spot with my guns, they had been scared away and were off beyond reach.

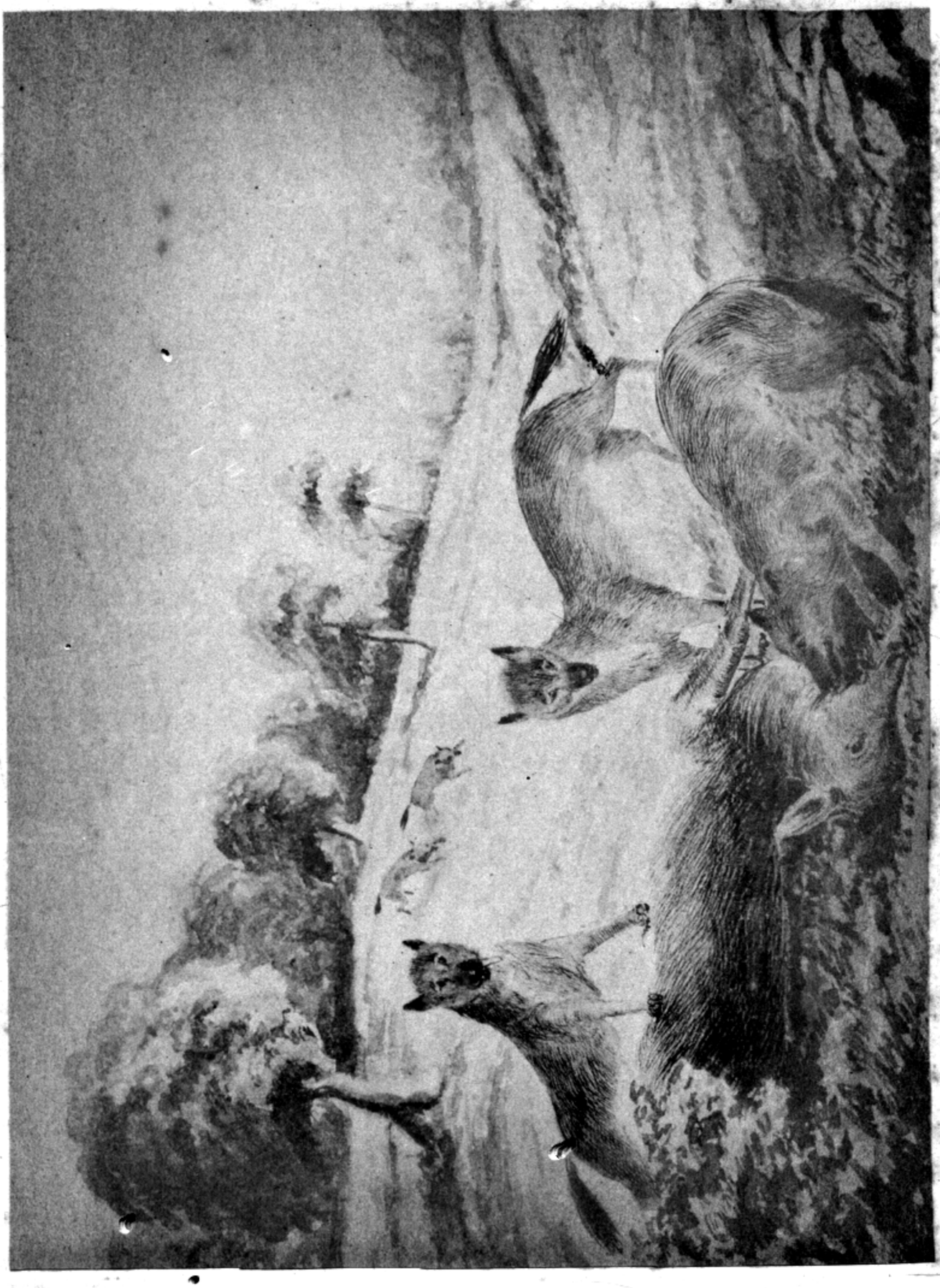
The wild dog, in my opinion, is rather a handsome animal; colour, bright chestnut red, (expressed in painting, by light red with touch of burnt sienna) muzzle, ears and brush, tipped with jet black, which it will be observed is the same charming harmony of colour found on the tiger's skin; height of adult about twenty inches, and length of body from tip to tip four to four and a half feet. They are seen in packs of from three individuals up to twenty or more; they hunt as much by scent as by sight and generally mute, except when amongst long grass or low cover when they make a curious whimpering noise, I suppose, as signals to each other when not in view. I have never heard of their yelling or howling in chorus as jackals do. I once had the pleasure of witnessing from a distant and commanding position, the movements and tactics of a pack of seven or eight in pursuit of a sambur, hind and calf, which I observed about a mile off as they appeared over the crest of a hill which formed the head of a ravine which ran down towards me and joined the stream rolling some hundreds of feet below where I stood. I sat down with binoculars to watch the interesting scene, and made out the sambur trotting down the hill amongst the high lemon grass, evidently in great alarm, with tail erect and back up, and uncertain as to her movements. A little to her rear right flank were two or three black dots bobbing up and down and disappearing amongst the high grass; at first I thought these were kurumbas who wear no turbans,in pursuit of a wounded sambur; but was soon after satisfied as to what they were by seeing a wild dog appear on a rock on the left and utter a short shrill bark, upon which seven other dogs came in view at almost equal distances in a line on both sides running parallel with the sabmur which now appeared thoroughly alive to the state of affairs and made a rush, the noise

of which through the rustling grass and bushes would indicate their tracks to their cunning pursuers. Instead of falling in together at the heels of the sambur, I observed that the dogs still kept apart, but not allowing their game to break either right or left, driving them steadily down to the precipitous and rocky banks of the stream where they all, but one who remained posted on a rock made a rush and were lost to my view, so I could not see the finale of the actual attack. I had to make a considerable detour to get down to the scene so it was about ten minutes or quarter of an hour before I arrived at the spot where I found both bodies a litte distance from each other; the young one was half-eaten, and the entrails of the hind all pulled out; the throats also of each bore marks of wounds. The cover was so dense through which I had to pass to get at them that the unavoidable crackling noise I made, in working through the bush, gave warning of my approach, so I only got a hurried shot at one dog, sneaking away a long way off, which I missed. It is evident from the scene I had witnessed that these animals hunt by scent, by sight, and by sound, that is, are guided by the rustling of the grass and undergrowth as to where their quarry is making off in places where it would be impossible for them to see many yards around them, or where their scent would fail. On another occasion I saw two wild dogs on the scent of a sambur, tearing off at full speed on open grass land, but which was crossed by a herd of Toda buffaloes; this checked the dogs who commenced casting and drawing the place, in fine style, with noses to the ground after the manner of fox hounds, then hitting off the scent, took it up and were soon out of sight. Following the direction they went, but not with any intention or hope of coming up with them, about two hours afterwards, as I rambled on with rifle and shikarrie, we came upon five dogs—no doubt the two I had seen were of their number—over the carcase of a hind which they had just pulled down and had scarcely com-

menced to eat. Plate XV. I bowled over two in a very short space and missed two more. At that time, as I was not practising taxidermy, and was careless about keeping trophies, I merely took off their skins, which, with a great many others of all kinds, were given away to friends. On only one occasion have I ever seen a solitary wild dog, and that one I shot as he lay asleep in a hole under a bank half covered with fern ; he was a very old one with teeth worn down to stumps and many missing altogether ; muzzle quite gray ; I fancy he was too old to hunt and must have lived upon the leavings of others, or the carrion of dead cattle.

Of the wild dog Mr. Havelock writes :—

" This is one of the most interesting of our hill animals, and I have often watched them with admiration hunting and running into sambur. From what I have seen, I fancy they hunt more by sight and stratagem than by scent which, I believe, with them is not very acute. The plan usually adopted by them is, after forming packs of five up to thirty, to place themselves in the early morning on the ridges commanding the feeding grounds of sambur; they make two different noises, one a short sharp bark when suddenly disturbed; the other, a sort of whistling howl which is heard when " running to view." On marking down a sambur, they disappear in the grass or bushes in all directions, approaching the victim on every side at once; the sambur is generally unconscious of danger until the pack is close on it, when he is hunted at a tremendous pace to the first water, when the unfortunate animal is torn to pieces without much attempt at escape or resistance. In all my experience I have never once known a full-grown large stag to be killed by wild dogs, and from what I have seen of stags at bay with my own hounds, I believe it is impossible for any dogs to kill a first class stag, unless indeed he is badly wounded or exhausted and a great



WILD DOGS.

number of dogs surround and overwhelm him at once. Generally, wild dogs kill only hinds and calves, particularly hinds heavy with young and which, therefore, are not so fleet; they are very destructive to other game, as hares, barking deer, and young pigs besides sambur. As the Badagas and others are in the habit of following the wild dog when in pursuit of game, and driving them off and taking possession of whatever they may have killed, it tends greatly to the increase of their destructiveness, as, the hungry pack being disappointed and deprived of their booty, of course, immediately hunt up and kill something else, and though the Badagas beg me not to do it, I make it a rule, and think it should be a universal one, to shoot these brutes whenever and wherever they are met with. On one occasion while I was resting and taking my tiffin after a long morning's stalk, we saw a sambur driven into a pool of the river not far off by a single wild dog. My Badagas ran down at once and found the sambur dying with his entrails all torn out in a mass; they drove off the dog who trotted quietly out into the open, and much against my peoples' wishes; I snatched up my rifle, and as the brute was disappearing between two bushes, I sent a shell through him at two hundred yards which finished him on the spot; he was an unusually large specimen, and the sambur he had killed was a young buck without horns. I have always found wild dogs commence their attack, when up with their game, by tearing at the stomach with their teeth under the flanks and between the hind legs, they also bite at the throat when the animal falls. A strange idea of the Badagas is that these dogs run in front of the sambur and eject their urine into its eyes so as to blind it and then easily pull it down; about as absurd as the native story which asserts that the bison takes up pebbles with his nostrils and discharges them at his adversaries with the force of a musket ball, the wound from which is always mortal! If anything is to be done towards preserving game, one of the

first moves should be to offer a reward of at least five Rupees for every dog killed. I once had the satisfaction of destroying several at one time by poisoning a dead carcase. This would be a very effectual method; strychnine is inexpensive, and quarter of an ounce finely powdered and sprinkled over a carcase killed by wild dogs, would destroy the whole pack. It is not bad fun waiting for them to return to their kill after being disturbed, and two or three men, concealed with guns in their hands, would be able to give a good account of them."

It is believed by some that there are two kinds of wild dog on the Nilgiris; I myself have never met with but the one described above. Mentioning the subject to General Morgan, he writes:—

"For years I have held that there are two kind of wild dogs in this part of India; in fact, I have often seen both kinds, but have never shot but the larger. About a month ago, riding in the forest, I came upon a solitary wild dog of the smaller sort, but he escaped so rapidly, I had no time for close observation. However, about a fortnight ago, I again met my friend face to face at the identical spot where I had first seen him. Seeing me, he turned and fled. Putting my horse—a very fast one—at full speed, I overtook him after a run of quarter of a mile, during which he never diverged from the road. Closing to within thirty yards, I had an excellent opportunity of observing him. He differed *in toto* from the larger wild dog who is of a bright red color, shortish tail with black brush, heavy build, and hardly ever moves out of a lobbing canter similar to the pace of a wolf. Now, this fellow was much smaller, of a dark reddish brown colour, longer tail and larger brush, slighter build, much hair about his ears, and instead of cantering went at that light skipping pace peculiar to a fox. Jerdon, I am aware, is against the supposition that there are two distinct kinds of wild dog; but in page 146 of his work, "Mammals of India," Blyth

exactly describes this dog as found at Darjeeling. Jerdon remarks:—"Upon present evidence I can only regard it as a specimen of the common wild dog in winter vesture as developed in a cold climate." Now, with all due deference to the opinion of so distinguished a Naturalist as Jerdon, I am decidedly of opinion that Blyth's Darjeeling dog, and the small Wynaad dog that I have described, are similar, and totally distinct from the large red dog; for winter might change the coat of an animal, but it could not change his build nor his action. As for habits I have seen the smaller dogs in packs (twice on the Koondahs), and I have met with it singly. Perhaps some sportsman may be able to clear up this matter."

The Hyæna—*hyæna striata.*

This animal is exceedingly scarce on the Nilgiris. I only, know of three having been killed on the Hills during the last twenty years, and have myself only seen them twice during that period. The first occasion was in 1859 when camping out in Kil Kotageri; we were returning to our tent after a most laborious and futile tramp after bison down the slopes to the north-east; it was late in the evening long after the moon had risen, and we were trudging wearily along leaning on our long "Alpenstocks," the shikarries with rifles following some distance behind, when we spied two weird forms of some wild animal looming distinctly in the gloom of the hills in the back ground, and which we presently made out to be hyænas engaged over the remains of the carcase of a Bhadaga buffalo. We immediately crouched, waiting till our people came up with the guns, but ere they could reach us, the brutes caught a sight or scent of us and noiselessly slunk away out of sight. We were too tired and hungry to follow them up, especially as our tent and dinner were only a quarter of a mile off, and which we were right glad to

Plate XVI, left a vivid impression on my mind at the time, which was intensified about midnight by the unearthly yells and howls of the creatures not far off, as I lay dozing off to sleep cosily tucked in my camp-cot. The next occasion was many years after when at Bilikal Farm. Whilst dressing one morning, on looking out of the window, I saw in the middle of the road, outside the garden-gate, a large hyæna sitting on his haunches like a dog calmly watching the house and poultry in the farm-yard. I immediately slipped round to my study and snatched up as I thought my loaded rifle from the gun-rack, but found out too late, of course, after firing that it was only the shot-gun with which I had given him a harmless peppering. This roused the brute from his reverie, and he vanished with a startled howl. A few years ago, a fine specimen was shot by some Kotahs at Sholoor, and brought in for the reward, but I was too late to obtain either head or skin. This is all my experience of the *hyæna striata*, and so dismiss him with Jerdon's description which tallies exactly with the animal here considered, "of a pale yellowish gray colour with transverse tawny stripes; neck and back maned. Length of one three feet six inches to root of tail; tail seventeen inches. The hyæna is common over the greater part of India, most rare in the forest districts, and abundant in open country, especially where low hills and ravines offer convenient spots for the holes and caverns it frequents. It is not enumerated by Kelaart from Ceylon. It is quite nocturnal, sallying forth after dark and hunting for carcases, the bones of which it gnaws, occasionally catching some prowling dog, or stray sheep as a "bonne bouche." There is only one species in India which is spread over great part of Asia and Africa."

The spotted deer—*Axis maculatus*—Native puli-mán—cheetal.

The most handsome and striking in form and colour amongst the cervines is the spotted deer or more commonly known to

HYÆNAS BY MOONLIGHT.

shikarries as the cheetal. It is not an inhabitant of the Nilgiris but is found in great numbers at the foot of the Hills on all sides, and therefore generally forms a part of every Nilgiri sportsman's bag. It seems to be very generally distributed all over the plains of India from north to south, but never above an elevation of about 2,700 feet above sea level. It is often to be seen following natives who make a pet of it, adorning it with collar and bells and other ornaments. The hinds alone seem to be thus treated and caressed, as stags in a tame state become most vicious after attaining maturity and during the rutting season of the year.

Although the spotted deer is so well known and familiar to so many, that a description of it would seem to be superfluous, yet, as these notes on the axis would not be complete without one, I therefore draw from "Jerdon's Mammals" the following :—

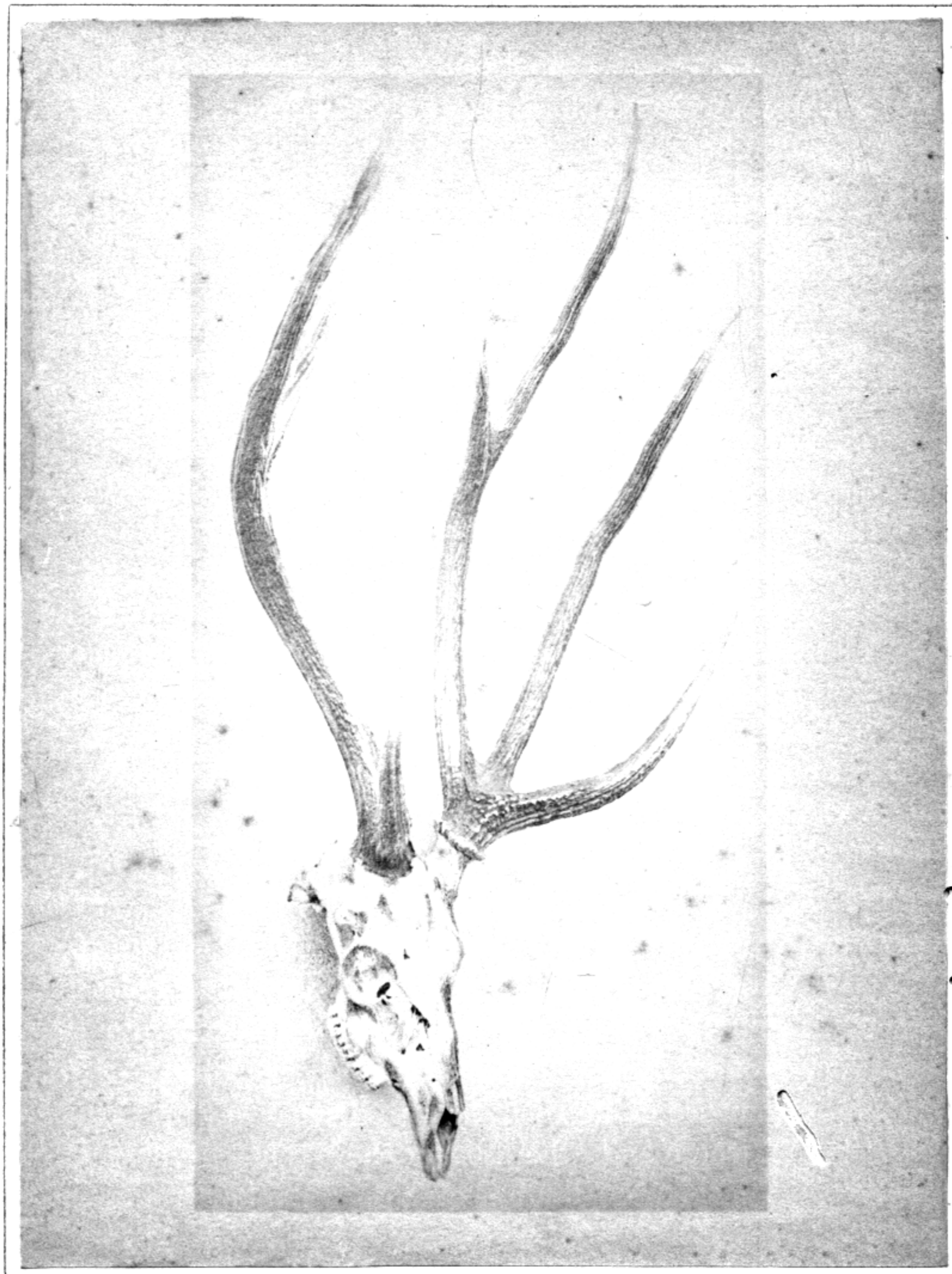
"General colour yellow, or rufous fawn with numerous white spots, and a dark dorsal streak from the nape to the tail; head brownish and the muzzle dark; chin, throat and neck in front white; lower parts and thighs internally whitish; ears brown externally, white within; tail longish, white beneath. The basal tine is directed forward, and in old individuals has often one or two points near the base. Length, about four and a half to nearly five feet; height at shoulder thirty-six to thirty-eight inches."

The spotted deer used formerly to be very plentiful and easily bagged at the very foot of the Segoor Ghaut as far as Bandipoor, at which latter place they are even now abundant. In those days, the sportsman had no occasion to wander far from the high road in search of them; in fact they are very frequently shot by travellers *en route*, who cared to look out for them from their bullock-transit coaches by the way side; indeed, the surest way

of getting within shot seemed to be under cover of a bullock bandy, and I have often observed, whilst riding through these forests, how herds of these deer would allow me to ride within fifty yards, without evincing the least alarm, and then move quietly away; whereas, if on foot with my rifle and shikarrie out for the purpose of stalking them it was quite a different matter, requiring all the dodging and skill imaginable to get within range, and then how often only just in time to see their shadowy forms, with the inside of their white tails turned up disappearing hopelessly in the leafy retreats and shady vistas of the graceful bamboo. Plate XVII depicts a bit of the park-like scenery in the vicinity of the Westbury Estate, Seegoor, where I often used to come across a small herd of deer. As a rule, stalking the spotted deer, from the nature of the ground and the forest scrub they inhabit, is much more difficult than sambur stalking on the Hills; and it is the only way of bagging them; beating being never resorted to as impracticable where there are no isolated sholas or cover from which they could be driven out into the open. The most likely places for getting a shot I used to find were those in the neighbourhood of cultivated lands—ragi fields where they used to feed during the night up to about seven o'clock in the morning; and, by being on the ground at day light, they were easily stalked or intercepted on their return to their midday retreats.

The antlers of the stag axis are similar in form to those of the sambur, consisting of pair of brow antlers, with beam bifurcated at each extremity. They are not, of course, so robust or massive as the sambur's horns, or so broad in proportion across the sweep, but are much more attenuated and graceful. The longest and most symmetrical pair of horns I ever saw are on a skull in my possession which belonged to a very fine stag I bagged one morning in the Segoor district by a lucky shot behind

SPOTTED DEER.



ANTLERS OF SPOTTED DEER.

the ear, as with uplifted muzzle, he was browsing on the leaves of a sandal-wood tree under which he was standing. The dimensions of these horns are thirty-two and a half inches from burr to tip along the curve; brow antlers twelve inches; and broadest sweep across twenty-one inches; they are the finest known in Southern India, but I am told they run much longer in the Central Provinces; the late Captain Forsyth records one he bagged there with thirty-eight inch antlers. Plate XVIII, is the photo of a skull and horns, with a well-formed extra antler of a fine stag which I found during the latter part of 1871, lying dead near the Westbury Estate bungalow, and the following is a record of the incident which I sent at the time to one of the Nilgiri papers:—

"It may prove noteworthy and interesting to sporting readers and Naturalists to learn that the carcase of a fine specimen of a spotted stag in perfect condition was found one morning last week, about fifty yards from the Estate bungalow. A *post mortem* examination showed the vital organs and intestines apparently in a most sound and healthy state, with no signs or traces of disease or poison; the skin also was entire, and without the smallest puncture, wound, or scratch in any part; as then the *causa mortis* was not evident, the conclusion is that the animal must have laid down and died a quiet and natural death; a most extraordinary thing to happen—in these degenerate times when every ryot about here owns a gun, and "shooters" of every class and colour are doing their best to drive away or extirpate all the game where and wheresoever they can—an incident as rare and mythical as the finding of a dead donkey would be in England. The horns, which equal in size the largest of the kind I have ever killed, or seen in any collection, are as stout as well grown sambur horns, and present a curious formation, in having an extra antler on the left side, branching from the fork of the brow antler, and beam with a graceful curve to the length of

twenty inches; the following are the dimensions of these remarkable horns:—

Length with curve from burr to tip ...	30½	inches.
Length of brow antler.....	13	,,
Extra antler from fork to tip.....	20	,,

The spotted deer have no particular time for their rutting seasons, and drop their fawns throughout the year. The stags carry their horns for a much longer period than the sambur and do not shed them oftener than triennially, which will account for the stag in soft horn or velvet, being so seldom met with or so few cast horns being picked up in the jungles.

Amongst other game of the deer and antelope species to be found in the same localities as the spotted deer, although strictly speaking, not belonging to the Nilgiris, but as before stated generally forming a part of the Hill sportsman's bag are the following which will be but briefly noticed. 1*st*, The Neelgai—*Portax pictus*—or Katu Kúdúri of the natives, is the largest of the Indian antelopes and the most rare in the Coimbatore or hill district. I have never had any personal experience of this animal, but was once shewn the hoof marks of a herd said to be that of Neelgai, whilst out shooting many years ago in the Chenna Kúnúr Valley at the foot of the Segoor Peak, due north of the hills, and was told that they were to be found in numbers near Gazelhutti further east. They are but little known to the Ooty shikarries, and less sought after by sportsman, affording but a poor trophy when bagged. Jerdon's description is:

"Male of an iron gray colour; lips, chin, lower surface of the tail, stripes inside the ears, rings on the fetlocks, and abdomen, white; head and limbs tinged with sepia brown; mane, throat, tuft, and tip of tail, black. The female is a good deal smaller than the male, and tawny or light brown. Length of a male

about six and a half to seven feet ; height at the shoulder four and a quarter to four and a half feet ; horns eight to nine inches, rarely ten ; ear seven, very broad ; tail eighteen to twenty-one inches."

General Morgan sends me an interesting Memo. in connection with these animals, about there being wild horses to be found in the jungles of the abovementioned district, which is here appended :—

"In the Moyar Valley at the foot of the Hills near Gazelhutti, Tippoo's old Ghaut, wild horses are said to be found. I asked some of the old shikarries at Tallémallé about it, and they were quite positive of the fact ; for, although the Neelgai is found about there, and natives usually call the animal the "Jungle Kúdúri" or jungle horse, these men well knew the difference. I can readily believe it, as the place is so deadly feverish, that very few natives have ever gone up the valley, and as Tippoo's road into the Coimbatore district was the Gazelhutti Pass from Mysore, many horses and mares must have got loose and been lost in the jungles during his frequent raids into the Coimbatore country."

The barking deer or jungle sheep—*Cervulus aureus* or *Cervus muntjak*—native Kát aadu.

This exceedingly pretty little deer is, like the sambur, equally at home on the Nilgiris as on the plains. I have never seen more than a pair together except once, on which occasion a couple of bucks were engaged in mortal combat by the road side with a doe close by watching the fight. I was riding, without rifle or gun, and I approached to within a few yards, before the combatants became aware of another spectator. Upon seeing me, they immediately ceased hostilities, and fled in different directions. They are difficult to stalk, in fact, it is not easy to see them at all on account of their diminutive size, and weasel-like manner of gliding through the grass and bushes, but are frequently knocked over like hares with No. 3 or 4 shot during a beat when driven out into the open. Their colour is bright chestnut red

like the wild dog, with white under throat, belly, inside of ears and tail. They utter a curious hoarse roar or bellow, an immensely powerful noise for so small a creature. The buck has a pair of horns about eight or ten inches in length, forked at the base and curving slightly inward at the extremity, and springing from a hairy pedicle or continuation of the frontal bone; they are said to be shed annually, about this, however, I am sceptical. Another striking feature in the buck's head is a pair of sharp canine teeth protruding from the upper jaw on either side downwards and used as a means of defence. The female is without horns, but in their place is adorned with a tuft of thick short black hair having the appearance of bushy eyebrows. The venison is very delicate and somewhat of the flavour of hare.

The mountain antelope otherwise known as Elliot's antelope, or the four-horned antelope. *Tetraceros quadricornis*—is very like the barking deer in size and shape only of browner colour and different formation of horns. It is not uncommon in the jungles at the foot of the hills, but very rarely met with on the Nilgiri plateau. There has been much discussion as to whether the mountain or Elliot's antelope and the four-horned animal are separate or one species. I quite endorse Jerdon who says of them :—

"I was at one time strongly inclined to consider Mr. Elliot's species distinct from the northern animal, (the four-horned *Tetraceros quadricornis*) as all those which I procured from the eastern ghâts had only a vestige of an anterior horn, and were very pale-coloured, but in deference to Mr. Blyth's matured opinion, I have followed him in uniting them."

From three skulls with horns which I have now before me—one of which was shot in the Central Provinces, one got near Tippécadu, Southern India, and the third from just below Kulhutty on the Segoor Ghaut on the slopes of the Nilgiris—I have no hesitation in concluding with Jerdon that they are identical.

The first mentioned skull (with skin merely dried on it) tallies exactly with Jerdon's description as to its horns which are—anterior horns one and a half inches in length, posterior horns four and a quarter inches; the Tippécadu skull without skin or hair; posterior horns three and a half inches, anterior horns lost, (there being no skin) but well-marked bumps on the cranium above the eyes, about which there can be no mistake as to its being the same species as the first; the Kulhutty skull is precisely similar to the Tippécadu one in every respect. Although it will be seen that the two last-mentioned skulls and horns are not quite so large or well developed as the first one, I fully believe that the difference arises merely from a less favourable climate and food, as in the case of the sambur and spotted deer which, as has been shewn, attain much greater bulk and growth of horn in Central Provinces than down here in Southern India, and therefore that the mountain antelope is identical with the four-horned *Tetraceros quadricornis*. Next comes the common Indian antelope, *Antilope Bezoartica*, the handsome little black buck with spiral horns, which is to be found more generally on the plains of the southern rather than the northern base of the Nilgiris from Metapolliem past Vellámundi along the Bowani to its confluence with the Moyar and thence north to Tippécadu and Bandipoor. They frequent the open and scrub jungle near cultivation, and are found in herds of from five to twenty, affording good sport to the stalker, and the head of an old black buck makes a particularly handsome trophy when well preserved and set up.

Lastly, the Mouse deer—*Memimna Indica*. This curious tiny deer, not much larger than a hare, is very little known to sportsmen, and, I believe, on account of its great resemblance to the hare it is often allowed to escape unnoticed by the hunter when after larger game, and, therefore, is quite unknown to many. My dogs killed one amobgst the Coffee bushes on the Glenmore

Estate many years ago, which is the only specimen I have ever come across. The skin was of a gray colour, white underneath, with white lines and spots along its sides; perfectly formed, and deer-like head, ears and hoofs.

In conclusion to this chapter, I would add a few remarks as to the probable cost of a shooting trip through these jungles. It is presumed that the sportsman has provided himself with a good double ·500 Express rifle which supersedes all other weapons, and is now-a-days a *sine quâ non*, whatever may be the other guns he may intend to take. Next, a good shikarrie, with a knowledge of the country to be traversed, who thoroughly understands the care and cleaning of guns—making bullets—loading cartridges, besides being able to turn his hand to plain cooking, and having an eye to his master's wants and comforts generally should there be no other servant taken whilst camping out, is, I may say, the chief requisite; and a steady man with these qualifications is well worth his salary of twenty to twenty-five rupees per mensem. There will also be required two gun coolies or assistant shikarries, whose pay would be about ten rupees a month each. The number of porters or coolies for the carriage of small tent—kit—supplies, &c., will depend much upon the style and manner the sportsman intends to do the thing, and upon the means at his command. It would therefore be almost impossible to state here what a month's trip would cost, but as an approximate estimate, I have found that for ten to fifteen rupees a day, a staff of eight to ten men with small tent, pony to ride, provisions, baggage and utensils for one, can travel about and do all that is necessary very comfortably. Of course, if luxuries in furniture or beer and wine cannot be dispensed with, the cost of them and their carriage will add materially to the moving about and the expense of the trip, while the pleasure or benefit derived from the use of them is very doubtful.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BISON—GAVÆUS GAURUS—NATIVE KATU E'MME'.

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED—REMARKS—DESCRIPTION—HABITAT—BISON STALKING AND TRACKING—EASILY KILLED—INCIDENTS—DEATH OF TWO BULLS KOONDAHS—WILD BULL—EXISTENCE DOUBTFUL.

NATURALISTS tell us that the sub-family of Bovinæ is divided into three groups, named, the Bisontine, the Taurine, and the Bubaline, or, in plain English the bison, the ox and the buffalo.

Under the first head are comprised the true bison of North America, (*Bos Americanus*) Russia in Europe, (*Bos Europeus*) the musk ox (*ovibos moschatus*) of Arctic America, and the yak (*Poephagus gruniens*) of Central Asia; the characteristic features of which are the massive and broad foreheads, shaggy manes and coats, with fourteen pairs of ribs, and inhabiting cold climates and snowy regions.

The second or Taurine group embraces all cattle, domestic or wild from the high-bred English short horn to the diminutive runt and weak and ill-shaped breed, common to the peasantry of India, all of which have only thirteen pairs of ribs, cylindrical horns, short-haired skins, and dewlap, more or less.

And lastly, the Bubalines or buffaloes, comprising the wild buffalo (*Bubalus Arni*) of Assam, the *B. Spirocerus* of Central India, the Cape buffalo (*B. Caper*) and *B. Brachyceros* another African species, and not forgetting the Nilgiri Toda buffalo with its congener the small domestic buffalo of the plains; all of which are distinguished from the first two groups, by their dark slaty-coloured hides almost devoid of hair; no dewlap and large black horns.

On comparing the descriptions of these three groups, it will be found that the subject of this chapter will not come under the first or Bisontine group; neither can he be made to class with the last or Bubaline; but in every particular do we find a place for him amongst the Taurines, even to the number of vertebræ—fifty-two—and thirteen pairs of ribs which he possesses as does the common ox, in distinction from the true bisons which have only fifty vertebræ and fifteen pairs of ribs.

It must therefore be concluded that, he is not a bison, but a wild bull,—and a very fine one too,—but as in the case of the Nilgiri ibex, he has ever been known and recognised as the Indian bison, and as there is no reason why it should be changed, I retain and use it to the end of the chapter.

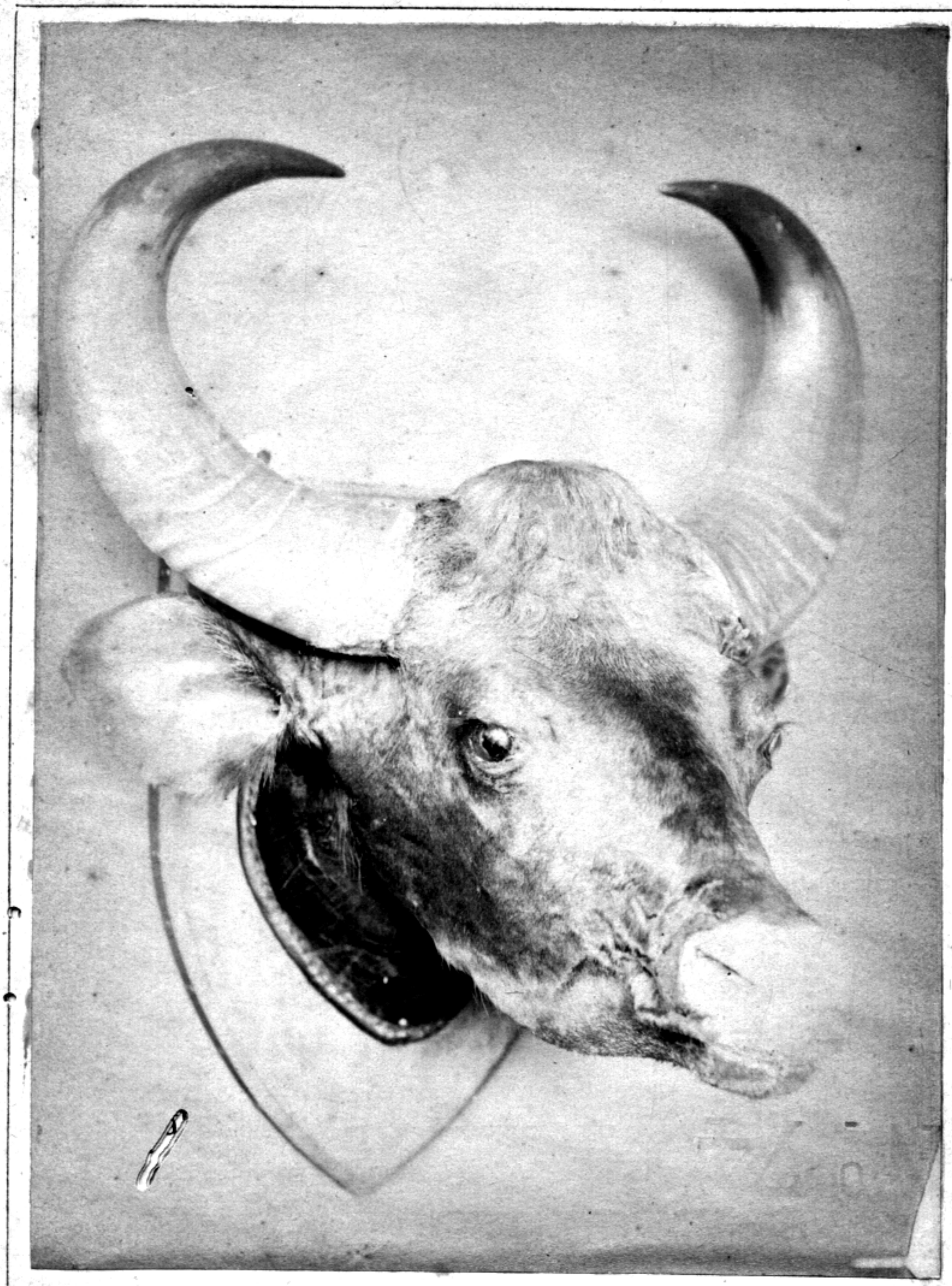
Our bison then, as we know him is a magnificent animal, standing from seventeen and a half to eighteen hands or five feet ten inches to six feet at the shoulder, measured fairly between two upright rods—as the animal lays on his side—from hoof to withers, *not* the top of the dorsal ridge. I have read and heard of twenty and twenty-one hands height, but these measurements are not to be relied upon, having been most likely taken with the tape or string following the contour of the shoulder line; and I would here remark, that as it is perfectly well known that the bison is a grand big beast, he gains nothing or the sportsman either, neither is science advanced by unfair and exaggerated measurements of him on paper. Better far would it be, were the sportsman, on bagging his noble prize, to set to work quietly and take notes—first, his measurement as to height between two sticks upright as before mentioned (then we should hear of no more "twenty to twenty-two hands, Sir, I assure you, at the shoulder") the girth round body just behind the elbows, girth round fore-arm, length from muzzle to insertion of tail, length of

animal from different positions with a written description of the colour of the pupil and iris of the eye, the different shades of tint of his coat and other details which may occur to him. He will find on doing this a new interest attached to the mere stalking and killing of bison, and that he is in the possession of records that will hereafter be a satisfaction and pleasure to himself as well as instructive and interesting to others. I have dwelt upon these particulars as I have rarely met with a sportsman who could give me these details with any certainty not having taken notes at the time, and therefore, rather than confess ignorance, prefers to give guessing and random answers, which, after a few repeated recitals to others, develope into matters of fact which few can dispute; as an illustration of which, I may quote the instance of a noted Nilgiri sportsman, who I know had killed numbers of bison, and to whom, I one day casually mentioned in course of conversation, the drab coloured tint of the bison's muzzle and other features of the animal "Why man," said he, "the bison's muzzle is as black as a kettle"! and to him "black as a kettle" it remained until I had an opportunity some months after of proving to the contrary, by shewing him the head of a newly killed specimen. He retired a wiser man.

To return to our description: we find the bull to be in height about six feet, rarely, if ever, more. Muzzle gray or drab, frontal ridge covered with close grayish brown hair becoming finer and darker almost black on the face and below the eyes, which are rather small for the size of the animal; pupils grayish blue, irides mottled brown; long and thick eyelashes, ears large and fan-shaped, the insides lined with ochrish yellow hair fringed at the edge with dark brown; general colour of body, warm sepia brown almost black in adult bulls inclining to rufous and changing to yellowish white underneath; the legs from knees downward white, terminating in delicately shaped deer-like hoofs, the hinder ones being a little more than half the size of

the fore. The dorsal ridge commencing immediately behind the shoulder is about five inches high and continues for a length of about three and a half feet, when it ends abruptly in the middle of the back from which the hind quarters commence to droop; tail ending in a tuft of nearly black hair, two feet ten inches in length. The horns next claim our attention; in colour yellowish drab at the roots merging into greenish with jet black tips smooth and polished; those of a full-grown bull will be found to be from twenty to thirty inches in length, sixteen to nineteen in girth, and twenty-four to thirty-six in breadth across the widest sweep; as the bull advances in age, his horns become more massive, rugged, and annulated at the base, wider in their sweep, and the tips much worn and blunted. It has been asserted, and is believed, by many that the number of rings around the base of the horn indicate the age of the animal, but, I think, there is no reliance upon this theory, the development of these rings being often much more marked in young bulls than in older ones. The cow's horns are, in every particular, smaller and more delicate, with tips turning sharply inward and backward. Plate XIX illustrates the size and appearance of a very fair pair of horns of a bull bison in his prime, which was shot in the Múdúmallé teak forests. The dimensions of each horn are twenty-nine inches in length round curve, sixteen inches in girth at base, and twenty-eight at widest sweep across. The skull and horns of another very fine bull in my possession, and shot by Mr. H. V. Ryan, in the Wynaad, far surpass the above, being, thirty-one inches in length each horn, nineteen in girth and thirty-six widest sweep, and twenty-one distance between tips; this is a model head worthy of a place in any Museum, and I have not seen it excelled in size, perfect condition and symmetry by any other that have come under my notice.

The habitat of the bison is confined to the primæval forests and low grassy hills which girt the foot of the Nilgiris and far from



BISONS' HEAD.

the remotest villages and haunts of men of whose proximity he is most impatient. Unlike the sambur, axis, with others of the deer tribe, and his mighty fellow denizen of the forest—the elephant—the bison has never been known to commit ravages upon the field crops of the ryot; and as man and agriculture advance into his chosen domains, so he retreats further before them to the most sequestered spots of his secluded haunts. The Bowany Valley, trending west to east, south of the Koondahs, Hassanúr to the north-east, the Moyar Valley to the north, and Múdúmallé teak forests with Wynaad to the west of the Nilgiris, are now the home of the bison, within easy access—*i. e.*, about two days' march from Ootacamund. Formerly they used to ascend in herds to the plateaux of the Koondahs, and where even in these later years, they are occasionally to be met with from April to July; and Todas now living tell me of their often having taken newly born bison calves in years gone by—but which they never succeeded in rearing—in remote glens of the Koondahs whilst tending their buffaloes in those distant rich pasture lands, during the period of their annual migration thither. In 1862, I tracked a herd of bison, (but without success as night overtook me) below and beyond the village of Mélur, south of Déva Shola, on the then forest land now occupied by the Thymallé Coffee Estate; and some ten years previously, a fine bull was shot below Hoolicul now also under Coffee cultivation. It will be seen then that as time lapses, the limits of their range will become much circumscribed, and their numbers fewer, as the slaughter of them continues without any attempt at preservation. It would appear also that they are not exempt from the dire effects of cattle murrain, as I gathered from the Kurumbas in 1864—the year in which the disease was raging amongst domestic cattle—that they had found many dead carcases of bison in the Múdúmallé forests

Being so shy, wary, and jealous of man's vicinity, the bison will be found very difficult to stalk, and the sportsman's skill and patience be tested to the utmost, ere he succeeds. A good Kurumba, as tracker, is indispensable; the Ooty shikarries being good-for-nothing off their regular beats on the hills, and where tracking step by step for hours together is required of them as well as some knowledge of the locality, which few of them possess. Bison are to be found at feed chiefly early in the morning; should the ground be open and hilly, and commanding an extensive range of view, the animals can be made out from a great distance, and stalking with the usual favorable conditions of wind, &c., as in the case of deer, may be undertaken with every probability of success without any need of tracking; but this is not always practicable, and the most usual way is, following up the newly-formed tracks and coming upon the herd, or solitary bulls as the case may be—as they lie up for the day in their shady retreats amidst the bamboo clumps. If this can be skilfully and silently effected, there remains no further difficulty, and the sportsman will then find—unfortunately for the bison—how easy it is to bag his brace or more, as, when thus taken by surprise they stand-stock still or move stupidly about, and can be knocked over as easily as a lot of fat bullocks in the straw-yard of an English Homestead. No doubt, a wounded bull or even cow will make, what has been and is still so often called, a deliberate charge, but it is only the mad, blind, rush of the poor panic-stricken brute to effect his escape, and if the hunter chooses to keep in his way, that is his look out. A little coolness and tact in remaining as invisible as possible, after he has let fly as many of his bullets as he can, will show him what a stampede he has effected, and he can then go in quietly and put an end to the prostrate ones, or follow up the badly wounded with caution. A ball behind the shoulder at thirty or forty yards will generally bring a bison down at once

or at any rate prevent him from going very far, especially if an Express with five drachms of powder be used; the neck is also a fatal spot; and in spite of all that has been written about the hardness, thickness and imperviousness to rifle bullets—of the forehead and skull, a shot between the eyes or a little above, at thirty or forty yards, if delivered at the proper angle to penetrate the brain, will drop the animal dead at once, as I have often seen proved; so there is the end to that theory of not being able to make a hole in the bison's skull; the ball *may* glance off at obtuse angles, as when the animal is snuffing at you with muzzle in the air, but with muzzle downwards, the ball must and does penetrate, and will never be found to flatten against the bone, even from an ordinary Polygroove rifle carrying an ounce-ball and three drachms of powder. As an illustration and proof of the easy manner in which bison may be bagged, I may here mention that Mr. Hornaday, a cool and matter-of-fact American, who is now making a tour of India collecting specimens (especially mammals) for Professor Ward's Natural Science Museum, at Rochester N. Y., and to whom the shooting of large game is simply a matter of business in the cause of science, and not sport, lately bagged two good bulls out of a herd in the Múdúmallé forests—the skins and skeletons of which he showed me when in Ooty—with no other weapon than an ordinary Smooth bore No. 10 gun; and with which "tool" he told me he intended to shoot elephants with hardened bullets on the Anémalés; and, I have no doubt, that ere this is in the Press, we shall hear of his success. He spoke in high admiration of our Gavæus Gaurus, which, he said, only wanted the shaggy and flowing mane of the American bison to make it the handsomest and most magnificent animal in the known world.

The bison is a restless erratic animal, more especially the solitary bulls, wandering over miles of ground and seldom

remaining more than two days at the most in the same locality. The young bamboo shoots seem to form the principal element of their food, but after the commencement of the spring showers in April, they ascend to the higher lands and slopes of the hills for the new growth of young grass, which springs up abundantly after the burning of the jungles at the end of the dry season. It is about this time that they may be found on the slopes of the Koondahs in the vicinity of the "Bison Swamp" on the road to Sispara.

The rutting season is said to be about July and August, the period of gestation about eleven months. As with all other ruminants, the younger males are expelled from the herd which is taken possession of by the most powerful bulls. It is remarkable, and worth while to note here, how the breed of these wild animals—the Bovines and Cervines is maintained in all its purity without degenerating or changing in any of their natural features and characteristics. The bison of the present day is, as he was in all particulars five hundred years ago, and will be—if the race is not extirpated long before—five hundred years hence. The same rule applies to the elephant, sambur, ibex, &c. A couple of "saddle back" buck ibex will be fighting for the harem; the weaker one is knocked over the cliff and put an end to, the strongest and best remains to perpetuate the breed; and so on successively through all time. It is Nature's law, shewing the system she adopts with her creatures. But man thinks he knows better; and we have only to go to the Deer Parks at Home, the Scottish forests or wherever deer are kept in a semi-tame state, to see the proof of our observations, in the degenerating and stunted breeds to be found there, caused by the indiscriminate breeding with young and not fully developed stags. Horses and cattle certainly have been brought to a certain pitch of perfection by careful selection and crossing, but it is all an artificial state of being, requiring great pains, expense, and care

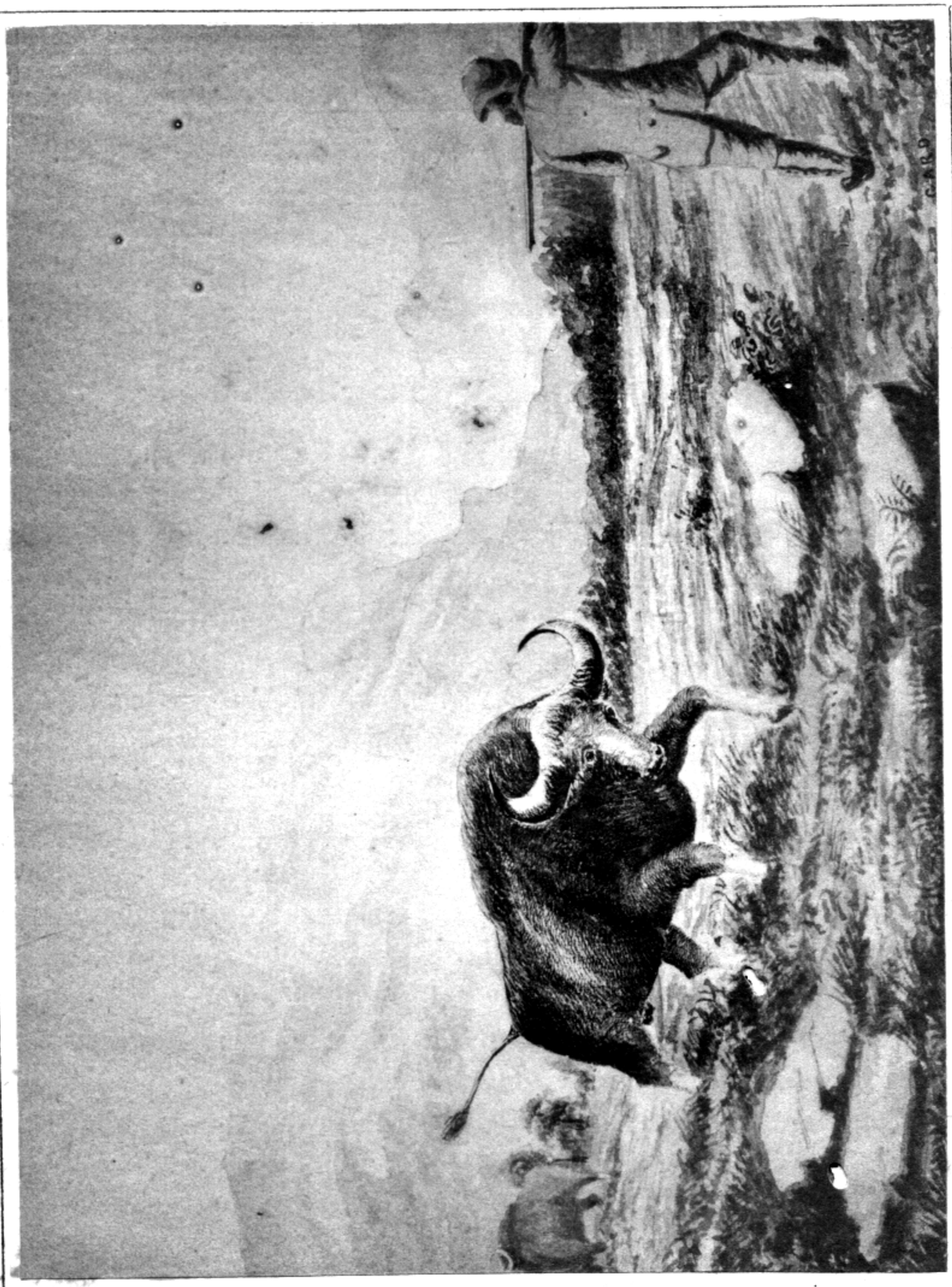
SOLITARY BULL BISON.

to maintain in its integrity, and therefore false and unnatural, and opposed to Nature's teaching which admits of no compromise, no change.

Plate XX is an illustration of a solitary bull bison seen in the district on the banks of the Moyar river where it runs through the Tippécadú jungles. It is given more for the purpose of showing the shape and form of the animal, than from any interest attached to the incident, which indeed is scarcely worth relating; recalling as it does one of the most miserable "sells" or failures, that not unfrequently occur to the sportsman.

About the end of 1862, whilst on a visit to my brother at his "Westbury" Coffee Estate, beyond the foot of the Seegoor Ghaut, having heard that bison were then to be had at Tippécadú, about eight or ten miles off, we decided to go in pursuit, and started one morning at daylight with an experienced Kurumba tracker, shikarries and gun coolies. Having found fresh tracks on the ground after a long search, at about ten o'clock, we followed them over hill and dale, for miles through dense clumps of bamboo and open glades of spear grass, interspersed with noble teak and venghum trees, until we were beginning to despair of ever coming up with our game, when the Kurumba drew attention to some very fresh droppings with large and newly printed hoof marks crossing those which we were on and going off to the right. We decided immediately on taking up these, and had not proceeded far with them when our tracker suddenly stopped short and pointed out to our eager eyes the dorsal ridge and expansive back of a solitary jet black bull bison showing above the grass lying down near a fallen dry tree under the shade of a bamboo clump, through which the flickering sunbeams played, lighting up his pale-coloured black tipped horns as he reposed chewing the cud and lazily flapping his ears to and fro. There was not a breath of wind, so having crept up cautiously and

without his having the least perception of our near presence, we both agreed and prepared to fire simultaneously. I lost no time in covering the usual point behind his left shoulder as he lay broadside on, with my Double-barrel Two-grove No. 10-bore rifle —a splendid new weapon, by Laing, that I had recently purchased, and had only tried some half dozen shots at a mark—and pulled the right trigger. To my unutterable horror and confusion, the cap alone exploded, the powder not being up; the left barrel played me the same trick; on hearing the noise, the bull rose to his feet with a hissing snort and trotted off, without any further sign of resenting the intrusion of his place, which certainly did not bear out the character of the bull bison, I always heard attributed to him of charging desperately even without the least provocation. Turning to my brother to see what he was about, and ascertain why he had not fired, I found him gazing in mute astonishment at the rifle in his hands, the triggers of which would not yield to his touch whilst aiming, for the simple reason that they were bolted. Of this fact he was unaware, as I had omitted to tell him, on handing him the rifle (which was my spare one) that it was fitted with those plaguy inventions called "safety bolts." Such was the end of our hopes with that grand old bull which we did not bag. N. B. Caution No. 1.—Always see that your powder is well up the nipple, before going out to make real use of your weapon, although, perhaps, this advice is unnecessary in these days of breech-loaders; and Caution No. 2 is—never have anything to do with "safety bolts" even with your pet and best shooting rifle, if it possesses such, have them removed straightway; and you may be saved many a great disappointment. The following adventure resulting in the death of two bull bison, by Mr. C. Havelock, on the plateau of the Nilgiris in the Koondah district in the month of May 1871, where about this time of the year, as before stated, they are to be occasionally found even in these later times.



BISON CHARGE.

"Some years ago while out-shooting for a few days at Mail Koondé, I spied two objects in a distant swamp; for a long time I was uncertain whether they were animals at all, but after a while, I noticed with the help of my telescope that they had changed their position, I then came to the conclusion that they were a couple of elephants. As in those days there was no restriction to shooting these animals, I made up my mind, and gave notice to my people to prepare to start with me in pursuit of them early the next morning. Day-light found us on the march, and at 3 o'clock that afternoon we encamped near a small shola about three miles distant from where I had seen the supposed elephants. I spent that evening in looking for ibex and sambur, but did not kill anything. The next morning, an hour before day-light, I left camp, and as the sun rose, arrived at a spot from which the swamp was visible and had the pleasure of seeing my "animals" out feeding. Instead of elephants they turned out to be two fine bull bison. As the wind was favorable, I set to stalking at once, and in quarter of an hour, found myself about sixty yards from the first and nearest bull, who unfortunately caught sight of me before I intended. He ran past and from me trying to make for the forest, when I stopped him by driving a conical into his hind-quarters; this seemed to make him change his mind about going off, for he turned at once and came charging down full speed towards me, and my gun coolies, one of whom handed me my second gun—a powerful "Westly Richards"; with this, when the beast was only five yards off, (Plate XXI) I hit him on the point of the shoulder, and quickly jumped aside as he rushed past. The blow made him stagger and swerve, exposing his broadside into which I sent a No. 10 spherical, which went clean through his heart, and he dropped without a groan. Turning to look for bull No. 2, I saw him not far off looking on tossing his head and stamping. As the ground was open and favorable for "dodging"

a charge, especially of a bison who always comes at you with his eyes shut, and, as I had three barrels left, I lost no time in making up to him, trying all the while to get a blank shot. When at about forty yards distant, he seemed inclined to bolt and not to fight; and turning broadside on in preparing to cut, I gave him the contents of my double rifle; the two 3-oz. balls struck him full behind the shoulder, to which the huge brute fell bellowing; when, snatching up my third rifle, I gave him my last barrel to make sure. These bison were bulls in their prime, and though their horns were not grown so long as others that I have seen, the animals themselves stood higher than I think bison generally do. It is now six years ago, so I cannot be quite certain of the height of these animals, they were, however, I am quite sure, over six feet at the shoulder. I shot another—a solitary and very old colossal bull some years after in the same place, whose dimensions were as follows:—

	Feet.	In.
Height at the shoulder	5	10
Girth behind shoulder	9	4
Length from root of tail to ridge of forehead between horns	9	2
Height from hoof to top of hump	6	5

His horns were broken off below the curve of half their length, yet the span across the sweep of their remaining stumps is thirty-five, and their girth at each root eighteen and a half inches.

Bison are generally considered a difficult animal to kill; this, however, from my experience is not so, as I have always found them to fall more readily than lighter animals, and I think an ordinary 12-guage rifle quite sufficient for their destruction. The last large bull mentioned above I knocked over at one hundred and twenty yards with a ball from a 16-bore muzzle-loader.

Very similar in appearance and habits to the *Gavæus gaurus* is the *Bos frontalis* of Lambert—*Gavæus frontalis* of Jerdon, known as the Gayal or wild bull. A rare animal indeed in Southern India, the existence of which, in fact, would appear as mythical as that of the sea serpent. The wild bull has been seen, heard of, and talked about, but with all the evidence as to his identity, and the fact that he is to be found in our jungles, unfortunately there is not a skull, horn, or scrap of bone or skin that I know of in any Museum or private collection to prove that the *Bos frontalis* has ever been actually bagged on the Nilgiris, or in the vast extent of forest land that surrounds them north, south, east and west, and where the bison are to be found.

On looking up accounts and descriptions of the animal, we find that it is the *Bos frontalis* of Lambert, and is regarded by Professor Lundevall as a sub-variety of a variety of the common bull. From Roxburgh in "Asiatic Researches" we gather the following description :—

"It is nearly of the size and shape of the English bull. It has short horns, which are distant at their bases, and rise in a gentle curve directly out and up ; a transverse section near the base is ovate, the thick end of the section being on the inside. The front is broad and covered with a tuft of lighter coloured long curled hair. The dewlap is deep and pendant. It has no mane or hump, but a considerable elevation over the withers. The tail is short, the body covered with a tolerable coat of straight dark brown hair ; on the belly it is lighter coloured, and the legs and face are sometimes white."

Mr. Macrae in the same paper states that—

"The gayal is found wild in the range of mountains that form the eastern boundary of the provinces of Aracan, Chittagong, Tipperah and Silhet. The Cúcis, or Lunetas, a race of people

inhabiting the hills immediately to the eastward of Chittagong have herds of them in a domesticated state."

Mr. Lambert observes, "that the hair of the hide is soft; there is no crest; the lower lip is white at the apex, and bristled with hairs. The band of the forehead, including the bases of the horns, is light coloured; the horns themselves are pale. Length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, nine feet two inches; from the tip of the hoof of the fore-hoof to the top of the rising of the back, four feet one and a quarter inches; from the tip of the hoof of the hind leg to the highest part of the rump, four and a half feet." Mr. Harris, in his letter to Mr. Lambert, after identifying his animal with Mr. Lambert's drawing, writes thus:—"The animal which I have kept and reared these last seven years, and know by the name of gayall, is a native of the hills to the north-east and east of the Company's province of Chittagong in Bengal, inhabiting that part of the hills which separates it from the country of Aracan. The male gayall is like our bull in shape and appearance, but, I conceive, not quite so tall; is of a blackish brown colour; the horns short, but thick and strong towards the base, round which and across the frons, the hair is bushy and of a dirty white colour; the chest and forehead are broad and deep. He is naturally very bold, and will defend himself against any of the beasts of prey. The female differs little in appearance; her horns are not quite so large, and her make is somewhat more slender."

I believe there is no record of the existence of this animal in Central or Southern India or anywhere, but in the districts mentioned by the above quoted authors; but, General Morgan, one of the earliest and keenest sportsman who has shot over all parts of the Nilgiris and their surrounding hunting grounds, and whose great experience and accuracy of observation cannot, for a moment, be questioned, sends me the following account of an

adventure of his with a wild bull, the description of which, (except in a few unimportant details) will be found on comparison with the foregoing to agree with that of the *Bos frontalis*.

This case, although the only one on record, is, in my opinion, sufficient to establish the fact of there having been wild cattle in the district in former times—perhaps even in the present day—and if it could only have been backed up by a trophy or some portion of the specimen to distinguish it, the question upon which there is now so much scepticism, would be beyond dispute, and no longer a matter of speculation with Naturalists.

"It is now some thirty years ago that I sallied forth one lovely morning in April from my hut at Peermund on the Koondahs to have a look for bison. Wending our way to the large forest, which commencing near Banghy Tappal runs for miles almost down into the head of the Bowani valley, we sent out scouts to the various hill tops to ascertain if any wary bull was revelling on the new sweet grass that had just sprung up with the first rains after the March burn. Topping a rise, I took up my position on a rock which gave me command of a considerable stretch of country in front towards the big forest. Scanning every ravine and edge of shola with attention, my eye was suddenly attracted to what looked like a small black rock rising out of the plain about one mile off. For some time it appeared immoveable; my shikarrie also declared it to be a rock. Suddenly a crow flew off it with that peculiar manner in which a crow flies off a buffalo's back. "A bison for a thousand" I said. N.B.—In those days we had no binoculars, and I never carried a glass, my sight being generally equal to the occasion. Taking care to secure the leeward side, we commenced the stalk, and in a very short time, the ground being easy, mostly consisting of short grass, with a ravine or two to cross, we approached to within a hundred yards of where he should have been; gently

rising I took a good look and found he had hardly moved; in fact, was quietly feeding just below the ridge. A careful crawl placed me within twenty-five yards of him so absorbed was he in the delicious young grass. Taking my double Ten-bore Lancaster, I aimed for his heart as he stood broadside on. But first I took in his exquisite proportions, and the scene is as fresh in my memory now as if the adventure had happened yesterday. Let the reader fancy before him a magnificent black Brahminy bull, the blackness that of midnight; of stature far surpassing anything seen in the domestic state; with an enormous hump and dewlap; white blaze on the forehead; straight horns gently curving upwards set on at right angles to the head, like an English bull and about a foot in length; head small, muzzle thorough bred; legs as fine as an Eland antelope, with four white stockings, and a tail with a bushy tuft that almost swept the ground. Now let us contrast this with a bull bison I killed the next morning—hump low but long, blaze on face gray—horns semi-circular,—legs thick and dirty, white stockings—tail ending at hock with but a small tuft of hair. The two animals were as different as they well could be. Well, all this mental photography passed in a few seconds, and then, a red patch on the side behind the elbow told where my bullet had struck; the bull drew himself together, as if about to fall, and I would not fire again lest the country should be alarmed, and my further shooting spoilt. Picking himself up, he walked slowly away, and I might then even have killed him half a dozen times over, but making sure that the bullet had passed near his heart, I ran off at right angles to cut him off, expecting he would lie down in a small shola. As I entered the lower part of this shola, I came upon the fresh droppings of an elephant, and saying to my shikarrie, "let us leave the bull to lie down and look up this solitary fellow" we took up the trail; but finding after two hours that it led straight away to the low country, we returned to our

bull, and taking up the track, followed it until two o'clock, and then only it dawned upon me that my shot had been too high—the enormous hump having deceived me. So, as we had been on the move since five o'clock in the morning and there seemed no chance of the bull halting, I was reluctantly obliged to give up the chase, and I never saw another, though my scouts on the hill tops declared they had seen some small cows feeding in the vicinity.

"I may mention that Dick Sullivan, when Assistant to the Collector of Coimbatore, some forty years ago, told me when I mentioned the case to him, that he was well aware that wild cattle came down close to the Kullar river at Metapolliem from the upper sources of the Bowani; and Judge Sam. Ward, M.C.S., the great Naturalist, said that he had no doubt it was a wild bull; but would have much liked to see even a shoulder blade to prove the fact. Alas! I never got even a bit of his tail, but I firmly believe, that in those vast forests and unexplored tracts in the Bowani valley, wild cattle—the *Bos frontalis* of Naturalists—may, and will, yet be found by future sportsmen."

In the face of such evidence as the above, one would think there should be no doubts as to the existence—past or present—of the *Bos frontalis* in some of the remote and unexplored parts of this district. On the other hand, I have never met with any other sportsman but General Morgan, who has seen the wild bull, neither do the natives admit of any other animal save the bison, nor is there, as before stated, any relic or trace whatever of skull or skeleton to prove the fact. It must, therefore, be left for coming sportsmen to solve the interesting question for Naturalists.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELEPHANT—ELEPHAS INDICUS—NATIVE ANE'.

GENERAL REMARKS—NUMEROUS AND TROUBLESOME IN FORMER TIMES—DEATH OF AVALANCHE TUSKER—PEERMUND DO—HERD OF FEMALE ELEPHANTS—TUSKER BOWANI VALLEY—MUST ELEPHANT—METHODS OF CAPTURE—TREATMENT—MANAGEMENT—KEDDA OPERATIONS IN COIMBATORE, 1876.

THE appearance, manners and habits of this huge pachyderm, both in its wild and tame state, are so familiar to all from the Spelling book of our early years, to the many dozens of other volumes and accounts that have been devoted to him in later years, that no description of the animal will here be entered into.

Like all the other large game of the Nilgiris that has come under our notice, the elephant appears to have been much more numerous in former times than at present; in fact, it may now be said, that they have been completely driven off the plateau of the hills where they were always wont to resort during the rainy season or S. W. monsoon. They used in those days to infest the forests and scrub-land in the vicinity of the large streams at the foot of the Gudalúr and Sigur Passes, occasionally ascending the former route as far as Neddiwuttum, and were a constant source of annoyance and terror to travellers and others, so that every encouragement was held out to sportsmen, and rewards offered by Government for every animal killed. The opportunities and inducements thus presented were taken advantage of, whenever the chance occurred, and great bags—such as are never dreamt of now-a-days—used to reward the elephant hunter for his perilous work, and life and health risked in the deadly

feverish jungles; and, as a memento of which, portions of skeletons, skulls and bones of the mighty beast, are to this day to be found in the above-named jungles; and frequently have I come across them in the Sigúr district in the neighbourhood of the Westbury Estate.

The Sispara Ghaut also was much frequented by elephants; the grand primæval forest that clothes that part of the Koondahs affording abundant fodder and water in all seasons, and making it one of their most favourite haunts, where they seemed to be more bold and impatient of man's intrusion into their domains, by committing damage and mischief on every occasion to the roads, bridges and bungalow of Cholaicul at the foot of the Ghaut; around which building may now be seen the remains of a massive palisade of rough timber, constructed for its preservation and safety against their attacks. In the year 1859, whilst on the march with my brother from the Hills to Calicut *viâ* this Pass, we encountered a large herd of these animals on their way down from the Wallakad Valley. They were proceeding leisurely immediately in advance of us, crossing the bridle path we were travelling, several times before they finally took their own course to the deep ravine on the right where their crashing and trumpeting could be heard uncomfortably near for some way on our journey. Being only equipped for travelling, with smooth-bore shot guns, and tied to time, we were obliged to allow this splendid chance to slip away from us without being able to help it, and wait and hope that that such an opportunity would again present itself, but which, of course, (like all other shikar accidents) never did.

Volumes have been written on elephant shooting in Ceylon, Africa, and different parts of India, but rarely, if ever, on the Nilgiris, therefore, I will insert here, with the Author's kind permission, a most interesting account of the death of a fine

tusker by General Morgan at a Badaga village not far from the well-known Avalanche Bungalow on the Koondahs. The spot where the encounter took place is now pointed out by the old headman of the village, and I have passed it often whilst on my shooting trips, and picturing the whole scene to my "mind's eye," wonder if ever we shall see the like of that again within fifteen or twenty miles of Ooty? Alas! never more.

"It is now full twenty years ago, (1850) that I awoke one fine morning in September, about 6 A.M., and heard a tremendous jabber of voices, in which Badaga sounds predominated, just under my window. Shouting to my servant to inquire the cause of this unusual disturbance, I gathered from him that the Badagas had come in to entreat the gentleman (whose fame, as a sportsman, had reached the ends of the earth according to their hyperbole) to rid them of a furious mad elephant whose tusks were yards in length, and whose fury was only to be appeased by an offering of Badaga flesh and blood. They, not seeing the force of the mad tusker's reasoning, or rather his unreasonable desires, invited me like another Persius, to offer single combat to the monster, and release their Andromedas from dire fate that awaited them. In fact, to descend to the prosaic, the monster had already laid waste their barley fields, and was now proceeding to destroy their village, and might even take to babies.

"In those halcyon days, when I still believed in the world and knew not of its rottenness, and had not acquired with the preacher that sad knowledge that "all is vanity," the intelligence of elephants was to me a sound as sweet and inspiriting as the trumpet clang to "charge" is to the soldier. To call for shikarrie and gun-bearer, to send on the guns—for the village was seventeen miles distant—and to make a hurried breakfast, was the work of an hour. By half past seven I was in the saddle, and before eleven, we arrived at the Badaga village. This

was situated on a flat rising ground, with a deep valley at its base, through which flowed a small stream, descending from the slopes of the Koondahs, and distant about five miles from the Avalanche and the same from Mélkoondé. That the fields had been ravaged was clear, that one house had been unroofed was also patent to me, and that the elephant would probably renew his visit at night, was considered a certainty by the Badagas. All the villagers clustered around me, and entreated me to rid them of the monster. They pointed him out, distant about half a mile in the valley, quietly taking his ease, under a tree near the stream. I could not make him out, but the shikarrie said he saw him, and that was enough for me. A Badaga volunteered to come with us, to show us a path down to the valley through hill guava bushes, by which we could advance unseen close up to the tusker. The brave Badaga proceeded but one hundred yards, when he left us to our own devices, so he was but a broken reed to lean upon. We were rather glad of his departure than otherwise. The path was rough and long for we had to make a detour; however, at length we reached the bottom of the valley, and found ourselves on a neat strip of greensward, with heavy bushes on the right, and a stream twenty feet wide, fringed with trees on the left. The noise of the rushing brook drowned that of our footsteps, so that we were able to approach the tusker to within fifty yards. His head was apparently thrust into some bushes and his tail was towards us. Just as I was revolving which was the best way to get up to his head—whether I should take to the rising ground on his right and thus command him, or approach him through the brook, he wheeled round quick as lightning, and with his trunk well raised, so as to cover the vulnerable part of his head, he uttered a scream, such as I never heard before or since—an angry roar, a fierce trumpet, I had often heard, but such a concentrated deadly scream as this brute gave utterance to, was enough to jar the nerves of a stronger

man than myself, for at that time I was not in full vigour, having only arrived on the Hills in June, with every nerve shattered by a violent attack of cholera. Well, on he came with a rush and determination, as much as to say, "my friend I will pound you to a jelly when I catch you, for disturbing my siesta." I was armed with a heavy double Eight-guage rifle carrying two ounce spherical balls. The shikarrie had my double Ten-guage rifle, loaded with two and a half ounces of conicals. The gun-bearer had my Twelve-guage double barrel smooth-bore. At the distance of twenty-five yards, I thought it right to let my friend know that I had some title to question his supremacy of the valley, so he got No. 1 straight through his trunk between the eyes; for, though I knew it was impossible to hit the only vulnerable spot when protected by the trunk, nevertheless, I might get near it, on the principle that, if you cannot get a bull's eye, go in for a centre. On receiving the ball through his trunk, he did not look quite so triumphant as before, for, what a blow on the shin is to a Negro—a blow on the snout to a pig, a wound on the trunk is to the elephant.

"To follow up No. 1 by No. 2 was the work of a moment. Now he turned at this second violent assault and did not appear to relish the offensive half as much as he did before. Snatching the second rifle from my shikarrie, I planted two conicals in the side of his head, but the pace was too fast and the distance—twenty five yards—too great for instantaneous death; but I knew, by the way in which his previously up-curled trunk now drooped, and by his staggering gait that though I had not penetrated the brain-pan, I had certainly knocked at the door in a very urgent manner, and had surely obfuscated his faculties. Thinking all the fight was taken out of him, I was proceeding to load, when, with a scream, he came down the hill at me. I had just time to snatch the smooth-bore from my gun-bearer, when I

became conscious that the shikarrie had bolted on one side, and the gun-bearer on the other, and that stand I must, or be caught before I could reach the shelter of the trees on the banks of the stream. Now I have not the slightest objection to be charged on level ground or up-hill, by tiger or elephant, but down-hill is quite a different thing. The animal—even a bear, as I know to my cost—comes down upon you as if shot out of a catapult, his weight giving him a tremendous impetus. Well, on came my friend with his trunk down, thank Goodness! or it had been all up with me—his beautiful white tusks striped with blood, decidedly unsteady on his legs, but really meaning business, like the prize-fighter who has been knocked down in many a round, but has still plenty of fighting in him, with no skill, hopes to retrieve all by one successful blow; so our friend, determined to stamp out that little object that had stung him so fiercely. Taking a careful aim at the hump of the trunk, I fired when he was about fifteen yards off, and had the immense satisfaction of seeing him roll over apparently dead; but my friend had not departed this life; he knelt with his head between his knees, resting on his tusks. In the meantime, the trembling shikarrie returning, handed the second rifle to me. Placing the barrels almost touching the elephant's head, I fired. Fancy my rage when the report was not so loud as that of a pistol, and the effect was simply, to bring the elephant back to life again. Staggering to his feet, he thrust his head into some high bushes, and refused to stir. Furious with the shikarrie for spilling the powder in his fright when loading, I ordered him to remain behind, and throw stones at the elephant, whilst I went round to the front to catch him as he came forth. The man's face was a marvel to look at, as he slowly passed the ramrod down the barrels of the gun. Sentence of death had been passed upon him, and he went to meet his fate with calm resignation. In vain I waited: not a sound. Whistling angrily, a faint rattle as of the smallest of gravel thrown against

leaves was heard; another sharp whistle produced more gravel this time like heavier shot. The tusker began to move: another whistle sharp and decided, produced more gravel, and slowly the ensanguined tusks appeared and then the huge head. Losing not a second I got the angle, and mine enemy lay dead at my feet. The fight lasted some twenty minutes, and very glad I was when it was over. As for the Badagas, they were not so exuberant as I expected; instead of presenting me with a buckshish and a laurel crown, they demanded presents, and when I gave them ten Rupees for bringing me the news, they demanded more! surely, I remarked, if the man who made a bet and won it, that bearers after receiving a present of three hundred Rupees, after a thirty mile run, would not be satisfied, but demand a sheep into the bargain, were here, he would admit that Badaga gratitude was even more astonishing than that of bearers."

Since the occurrence of the above event, the death of one fine old tusker only has been recorded, killed on the Nilgiri plateau, and which happened about the latter end of 1863 near Peermund. It was the case of a very old solitary male—solitary, but not a vicious rogue as is generally the case in such instances. He was shot by Captain Blair, R.A., who found him asleep in a standing posture leaning against the lee side of a large rock. His unconscious and helpless state enabled Captain B. to steal up and plant his bullet at the right angle in exactly the right spot penetrating the brain; upon receiving which the huge mass gently subsided and apparently without the least pain. He was by all accounts an enormous beast with immense and well conditioned tusks, and I regret much that the record of his dimensions which I noted at the time have since been lost, so that I am unable to give them here. Later on, about the year 1870, a herd of ten or twelve elephants were encountered near Bison swamp in the direction of Sispara, on the Koondahs, by Mr. Charles Havelock, with whose permission

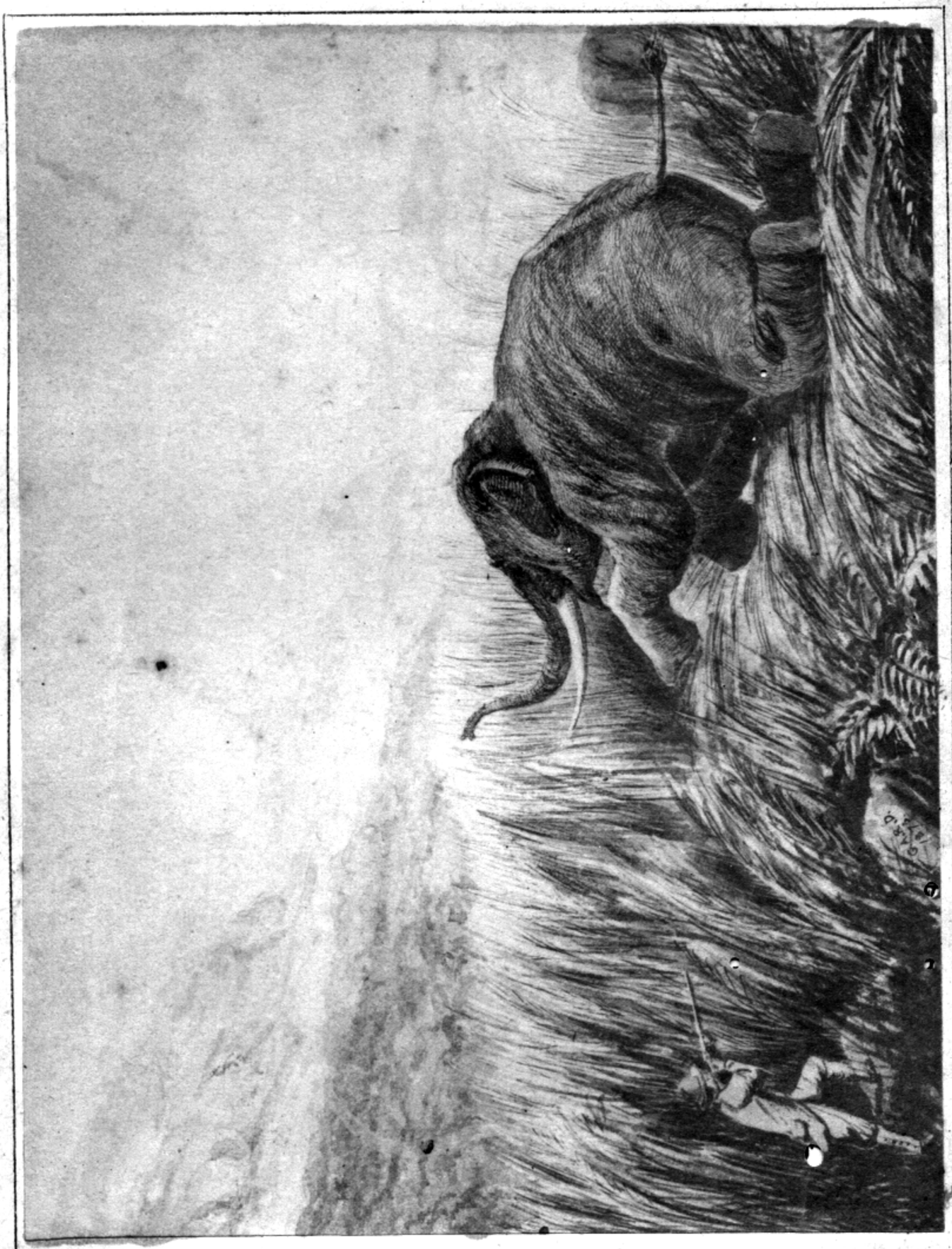
HERD OF FEMALE ELEPHANTS.

is inserted the following account which appeared in the *Nilgiri Courier* at the time, and of which Plate XXII is an illustration of the scene and locality, and which is the last time the stirring sight of a herd of wild elephants in the open on the Nilgiris has been or ever will be again witnessed by sportsmen :—

" It is just about three years ago that I found myself one day at my hut at Bison swamp where I had gone for a few days' shooting. As the time and weather were favourable, I went out stalking. The afternoon of my arrival, I saw a good number of sambur, and succeeded in getting near two stags, both of which from some reason, for which I could not account, I missed in the most disgraceful manner. I however determined to do my best to kill something before returning to camp, so I started off at a brisk walk to another line of country. I soon found a third stag which I managed to roll over. As it was now nearly dark, I turned home to my hut, which I reached very hungry and wet, for it was drizzling all the evening. At daylight the next morning, I was up and off again, only taking my small rifle and gun with me, as I did not expect to see anything larger than sambur. I had not gone quarter of a mile from camp, when one of the two Badagas with me, who was a little in advance, came rushing back with his black face perfectly blue with terror; I ran forward to meet him, and was much astonished when he hissed out in a loud whisper the words " Áné! Áné!"—elephants! elephants! On turning the corner, I found that he had told the truth, for I found seven large and three small elephants winding down towards the swamp, at the edge of which I was standing. I took a careful look with the glass, but was disappointed to find there was no tusker in the herd. However, as I had never seen wild elephants on the plateau of the Nilgiris before, I determined, if possible, to make one of them leave her bones on it as a memorial.

I therefore despatched my second cooly to the hut at full speed for my big rifle, and a bag of bullets; till he returned, I

ensconced myself amongst some low bushes and watched the herd. The young ones, two of which did not appear larger than buffaloes, were running and capering about in a most ridiculous manner, dodging in and out among the legs of the large elephants. I saw that the last in the line was the tallest and largest of the ten; she had a good-sized calf with her, so I decided on engaging her as soon as my rifle came, which it presently did. I saw that in her turn she would pass within sixty yards of my hiding place. As there was no means of getting nearer without exposing myself, I waited till the elephant came along, which she did at a swinging walk broadside on; when, aiming a little in front of her ear, I pulled the trigger, but to my disgust, the cap did not explode. I tried the second barrel with better success, which sent a three-ounce shell crashing against her skull; she staggered for a moment, and then with a scream of pain, ran off at an angle into a wood on the opposite side of the swamp with her calf at her heels. The rest of the herd bolted off towards the top of the ghaut close at hand. I tried to fire at another, but both my guns missed fire, owing to the wetting they got the evening before. Luckily, I had a nipple wrench with me, so, in a couple of minutes, I had set my guns all to rights. I knew the elephant, I had wounded, must cross a piece of open land before she could get into the forest extending to the top of the ghaut, so I ran round sharp to intercept her. I was in good time, for she did not appear for some minutes, the calf coming out first. As I did not want it, I let it bolt past me, which it did with a scream, and when the mother appeared, I saluted her with another three-ounce shell between the eye and ear. I did this expressly to see what effect a shell would have on an elephant; the animal came to a stand, but did not drop; a faint smoke was issuing out of the wound, so I fired again at the same spot with a three-ounce solid ball to which she sank, never to rise again.



DEATH OF TUSKER.

Well satisfied with the morning's work, I went back to breakfast, after which I returned to the carcase to cut out the tusks. I had just reached the spot from which we had first seen the elephants in the morning, when one of my men spied a tusker coming down the hill on the tracks left by his wives and little ones. Unfortunately, I had now my dogs with me, one of which, a restless yapping brute, saw the tusker, and immediately barked at him. The elephant took the alarm at once, and instead of walking down as he otherwise would have done, to certain death, turned off. I saw, however, that he intended to go round the tops of the hills to another Pass, so immediately gave chase. The fates seemed to be against me, for a thick mist set in preventing me from seeing which way the elephant was going, and he very nearly got off unscathed, in fact, would have done so, had I not heard his heavy footsteps thundering along the ridge above me. I ran up as fast as I could, but was only in time to see the huge mass looming in the mist full seventy yards off. Added to all my ill-luck, I had only one shell and one bullet left for the bone smasher. I gave him the latter as well as I could, and followed it with a hurrah, as I saw him go down on his knees and tusks; but it was not to be; he recovered himself, and my shell only sent him on at a pace down the ghaut which defied pursuit, though his track was well marked with blood."

Plate XXIII represents the death of a tusker also by Mr. Havelock, the account of which is here appended. This event took place in 1870, and the narrative given is interesting and illustrative of elephant shooting on the slopes of the Nilgiris in the Bowany Valley.

"Some years ago, I determined visiting the Kurumba village of L———— in order to try my then new hand at some elephants in that vicinity, that I had frequently been told about.

On my arrival at the village one evening, the inhabitants, who had often eaten meat killed by me, welcomed my appearance and delighted my ears with the news that there was a herd of one tusker and four cow elephants within a few miles. We had a long consultation, and having decided on the best way to find the game, I ordered six of the sharpest Kurumbers to be ready early the next morning to accompany me, and then set to putting my battery and ammunition in readiness for an attack on the largest, the most wary, and in my opinion, the most dangerous animal to be found in the forests of India. That night I did not sleep very well, being much excited by the anticipation of the coming sport, so that I was very glad when the morning broke and set us all astir. After breakfast, I started, followed by my shikarrie, (the boldest and best native I have ever met for a fight with a dangerous beast) and six Kurumbas with my kit. After about two hours we struck the track of the herd, which we followed as fast as possible to one o'clock in the day, when we halted a few minutes to rest and eat, after which we renewed our march at even a greater pace than we had been going since daybreak. The Kurumbers found from the tracks that the elephants were a long way ahead, and said that we were not likely to come up with them that evening. And they were right, for at five o'clock we halted for the night, encamping at the edge of a stream which wandered through a most magnificent virgin forest for miles and miles, without having had a glimpse of the huge beasts we were after. We all slept soundly during the night, as the day's tramp had been a most severe one. We must have gone over from twenty-five to thirty miles up hills and down precipitous ravines, where the jungle and grass would have been impenetrable except for the tracks of elephants which were very numerous; those of the herd we were looking for were some hours old, and the Kurumbers gave it as their opinion that my

Daybreak found us on the march again, and we continued it without stopping till nine o'clock, when, as the age of the tracks seemed no less than we had encamped at, I began to fear we should have to return without seeing the game. The Kurumbers also began to show signs of having had enough of the business; we, however, went on to the tops of a high ridge from which we hoped something might be seen. After gaining the hill top from which an immense tract of bamboo jungle and grass became visible, we heard a crack in front, which instantly set all ears on the alert; it was not repeated for some time, and the Kurumbers said it must have been caused by one of their hardly less civilized brethren, a black monkey; when hurrah! we espied the tusker and one cow emerge from a small belt of wood. We were after them at once, and after a little circuit, I found myself with my shikarrie and one Kurumba slightly ahead of the elephants. We were standing on a slope at the edge of a shola into which a wide track led. It was about twenty yards from us, and we hoped the animals would come along it; this the cow did, but the tusks did not show, and I was afraid their owner might go below and out of sight, but I was determined to kill him or nothing, so I let the cow pass on. I am in the habit, as I walk along, of chewing the tender shoots of grass, (a bad practice for a shikarrie) a fragment of which at this juncture, stuck in my throat, creating thereby an almost irrepressible inclination to cough. Whilst in this fix, not a little to my horror, the tusks I longed for, followed by an enormous head, appeared through the grass almost over us as we stood! I cast a look of enquiry at the shikarrie, as to whether I should open fire or not; to which he replied by an almost imperceptible shake of the head; and now that I have had more experience in elephant shooting, I feel how good was his advice, for it would have been impossible to strike the brain from where I was, for the animal's head was immediately above me, and the shot could only have hit him

somewhere about the jaw, for he passed so close that I could have touched him with my rifle. Thanking my good luck—which was indeed strange—that the brute had not seen or smelt me as he passed, we followed immediately. After going through the strip of shola, he went up to the female, and lovingly laid his trunk on her broad hind quarters; we strode on till almost at right angles with the tusker's ear and about a dozen yards from him, when pulling up, my shikarrie motioned me to fire. Raising my rifle, a No. 16, containing a two-ounce conical and three drams of powder, I let drive into the hollow behind the ear as it flapped gently forward; greatly to my astonishment and delight when the smoke cleared away, I saw the huge mass lying dead at my feet. We were till three in the afternoon cutting out the tusks, which were about four and a half feet long; the turning him over to get at the lower one gave us an immense amount of labour, and we did not reach camp till after dark."

Turning to the habits and characteristics of this useful and interesting animal when in a state of captivity, and of which comparatively little is known to the general public, I am enabled, through the kind courtesy of General Morgan, (one of the first pioneers in elephant shooting on the Nilgiris, as well as being most able and conversant from long personal experience with the management, treatment, and training of the tame or newly captured animal), to lay before my readers the valuable and interesting information on the subject contained in the last pages of this chapter.

In the Annual Report of the Forests under his charge for the official year 1869-70, General Morgan mentions the case of a *must* or temporarily mad elephant, one of the stud employed in dragging timber and other heavy work in the Teak forests at Múdúmallé, as follows :—

In the month of January a report reached me that a male

elaphant had become *must* or mad, had nearly killed his keeper, and was at large to the great terror of the people. I immediately proceeded to Múdúmallé and found the place completely deserted. The mad elephant came up to my hut on hearing the noise of my arrival, and proceeded to charge me, though I called him by name. Finding he was within twenty yard of me, and still coming on, I fired a shot at his head to stun him; it had the desired effect, and he slowly retreated. Half an hour after this, I took my horse and people to the tank for water, leaving a servant with a gun in the hut. On reaching the tank, I was joined by two mahouts and two Chetties who had heard the sound of my gun. Suddenly my servant appeared from the hut, dreadfully frightened, declaring that the elephant had tried to kill him, and was destroying the hut. I immediately proceeded thither, distance some two hundred yards, accompanied by the mahouts and Chetties; we found the elephant breaking down a smaller hut. On perceiving us he advanced at the charge. I called to the mahouts to order him to kneel; this they did, but he refused to obey, backing instead of kneeling; the elephant then went round the back of the hut, came past the side of it and once more, in the most determined manner, charged down upon me. At twenty yards distance I fired high at his head, as I did not wish to kill him; the shot did not stop him, and on his reaching within ten yards of me, I again fired, this time lower; the blow fairly stunned him, and he turned and fled; had he made good his charge, somebody must have fallen a victim, as a more determined charge I never saw. We followed up the elephant for seven miles, but he never attempted even to turn, so we left him; but the next morning he was back again in a Chettie's yard where he found agreeable quarters as there was a stock of newly cut paddy in the enclosure. It was then resolved to catch him by artifice, accordingly, opium balls mixed with sugar were laid in his path. We watched him as he tasted and

spat them out; finally, having rejected the opium balls, he proceeded to the centre of a paddy-field and amused himself by eating the Chettie's grain, and blowing dust upon his wounds. Seeing that he was quiet, I ordered up the two Karkana elephants with ropes to catch him. Several of the Chetties declined the dangerous experiment, and I could only count upon the assistance of the two elephants and one or two of my own people. The elephant allowed us to approach within fifty yards, then walked quietly away, leaving us to follow him. We gave chase, and as he was passing a tree, a Chetty fired at him, thus frightening him away. We followed for some five miles, but though close to him on several occasions, he would not stop, so we were compelled reluctantly to give up the chase for that night. In the meantime I had written to Hoonsoor for elephants, and I resolved to leave him alone until they came. On their arrival some ten days after, the elephant was chased and caught immediately. He had five wounds, none of any consequence—except one in the jaw, that given by the Chetty from the tree; the wounds have been washed with carbolic acid and water and nearly all are healed. For fifteen days all work at the Karkana had been put a stop to; loaded carts had been upset; the office broken into by the brute to get at some jaggery; and every person that he scented was immediately charged. His powers of smelling were extraordinary; hearing and sight were quite secondary; no man was safe at two hundred yards distance. The approach of the elephant was so noiseless that it was with the utmost difficulty a man pursued could escape. I may mention that this elephant broke loose six years ago, and was at large in the forest for a month when the Rajah of Mysore's elephants arriving, he was at once caught by a ball made up of bhang opium, spirits and jaggery being placed in his path; this he ate, became stupified, and was easily tied. The cause of the elephant becoming "must" on this occasion was that the mahout did not work him properly; it was

in vain that I warned the man that his life would probably be the sacrifice if he neglected my orders. For five years my orders were attended to, and the elephant, a very valuable one, had always been fully worked.

In a private communication to me since the foregoing was published, the General adds :—

"Three months after this elephant was ploughing as docile as possible, but I never went near him without a loaded gun in my hands, as elephants have a very inconvenient memory and are apt to resent liberties taken with them, in a fashion, that puts it out of the power of the person ever to repeat the injury. About four years afterwards (1874) this animal again went "must" from the same cause, want of work; fortunately this time his keepers had the sense to chain him before he became furious. I saw him a few days afterwards, he had freed himself from his fore-chains and was only held by one hind chain; his eye was as red as fire, and when the mahout tried to get behind him, he reared bolt upright nearly snapping his chains, and his look of concentrated malice was a caution to behold. I was fully armed, but had no cause to use my guns. On the first occasion when he broke loose, I asked the mahout how it happened, as he was very nearly killed at that time. He said "I was just going to mount when he knocked me off his fore-leg and pressed me down upon the ground across the loins with his tusk (he was a muckna) I exclaimed "O Rama! (name of the elephant) spare me, have pity on me, how often have I given you jaggery and cocoanut, have I not ever been kind to you? have I ever defrauded you of your just rights? O Rama, remember I was always good to you, spare me this time. On which Rama relaxed the awful pressure on my loins, and I got up, made him a salaam, and walked away, though I felt as if my back was broken." Apparently the mahout had treated him fairly, or certainly Rama

had never let him go. The cavadie or grass-cutter would have fared differently had he fallen into Rama's hands, for the pain of many a prod from his spear was fresh in Rama's memory, for he no sooner let go the mahout, than he took up the scent of the unfortunate cavadie and hunted him like a dog. The man escaped that day with difficulty, the elephant winded him at a distance of more than two hundred yards, and he was nearly caught, so that finally the cavadie had to abandon the forest and take refuge across a river ten miles away.

It has been argued that as it is only the male that has a season he should not be caught; this is a great mistake. One male to a herd of twenty females is ample; if there are two males in a herd, unless it is a very large one, desperate fights ensue; in fact, all young male elephants are turned out of a herd after they reach the age of puberty which is known by the testicles descending; this takes place when the animal is about twenty-one years of age. From this period of their lives, the males unless regularly worked are subject to fits of "must"; a yellow matter is freely discharged from a small orifice near the eye. The fits are mild at first, but as the animal grows older, they are more violent, and of longer duration, lasting three months. The elephant "Chunee" kept at the Exchange in London, over quarter of a century ago, when about fifty years old, had such repeated attacks of this madness from old age, over-feeding and want of exercise, that it was found necessary to destroy him. A rifle company after repeated discharges put an end to him after arsenic had failed. I need scarcely say that an experienced elephant shot conversant with the proper angle at which to reach the brain would have disposed of "Chunee" with one ball.

Though the elephant is subject to this madness it does not follow at all that it attacks the bull when with his harem; in fact, I have proved that if a male is properly worked, he is never

attacked by "must," the same results attend the bull with the herd, of course "must" males frequently attempt to join a herd, and then desperate fighting ensues. As a rule there is no such thing as a solitary tusker; sooner or later he picks up a companion, and the two live very amicably together. I have on several occasions seen two tuskers together, and on other occasions having shot what appeared to be a solitary tusker, have found his companion not far off. I once wounded a tusker on the Ballŷrungums very severely (in fact, had made him safe) had not my companion earnestly entreated me to allow him to finish him; well, the tusker walked clean away from him just keeping fifty yards ahead until my friend had to give it up; the next morning we found the tusker's companion had fed round him all night, had supported him and finally hurried him off, unfortunately we were pressed for time, and had to give up the chase, or we might have found that his companion would have fought for him.

The female carries her young for twenty-two months; many females have given birth to young ones in captivity, but the working of the mothers has interfered with the duties of maternity, and the young have died. On the Anémallés in one year five females had young ones, and the mothers not being worked the calves lived. The system of letting the females loose in the jungles for months together on the Anémallés and where a male had free access to them was very favourable to breeding operations.

A good deal has been written about the height of elephants; on the Madras side, the tusker that is nine feet at the shoulder may be considered very large, and eight feet for a female. Twice round the fore-foot will give the height at the shoulder.

Catching wild elephants. Some years ago the Rajah of Mysore kept up a regular establishment for catching elephants on the Ballirungum Hills. There were two methods pursued; first, the

pit system; a number of deep pits were dug on saddles which are generally the crossing places of elephants in passing from one jungle to another; the pits were smaller at the bottom than at the top, and some twelve feet deep. Tigers were also caught in these pits as they were very artfully covered over with bamboos and dry leaves. There was a celebrated tusker on the Ballirungums with only one tusk; this fellow was constantly falling into the pits, but he used his one tusk like a pickaxe and always managed to dig himself out; at last he knew the pits, however artfully concealed, and took to uncovering them so as to prevent the capture of any elephants. I was entreated to shoot him, but could not spare the time; he was shot a few years afterwards near Hassanúr at the south end of the Ballirungums by Sir Victor Brooke and General Douglas Hamilton who, having wounded him severely, were by great good fortune enabled to run him down and finish him. Colonel Beddome and myself came to the place the next day and saw the tusk which was seven feet in length.

To return—the elephant having fallen into the pit, due notice was sent by the visiting sholigurs (a jungle race) to the Elephant Dopôt. Usually four females were at once despatched; on their arrival at the pit, a huge cable was fastened round the neck of the elephant who, having fasted for two or three days, could not make much resistance, and was then forcibly dragged out. The taming process was carried on for a day or two in the forest, after which the elephant was conveyed to the Depôt in charge of four females, and in three months all sores were healed, and the captive made amenable to a mahout. It is a curious fact, that within two years some of these captured elephants made the best decoys.

The other system of catching was by decoys. Generally a promising young tusker just arrived at puberty, and only allowed

on the outskirts of the herd, was the victim chosen. Four tame females advanced and cut him off from the herd, then by their blandishments they enticed him to a safe distance; and then commenced the real work of tying. One female was jammed against his head, two more occupied each side and squeezed him. This squeezing, if well performed, was what no elephant could stand. Like the tusker who could not beat the thief, but squeezed him until he spat blood, so do these two females squeeze the young Adonis until his ribs crack again. Meanwhile the fourth female takes up a position across his hind legs, for elephants can kick backwards with five-ton power—between the legs of this elephant the men creep and begin at once to tie the soft short hempen ropes round the hind legs of the prisoner; these ropes are put on well up the thigh and right down to the heel in pairs, then knotted together; sometimes a long rope is again attached to these leg ropes in a loop and is called the anchor rope, as it is left trailing along the ground, until a convenient tree is met with; the elephant is then made fast by this rope to the tree, and left there for two days or more until he is sufficiently reduced to obedience to be moved.

Not only are young tuskers caught in this manner, but old and powerful males are obliged to succumb to the blandishments and strength of these accomplished Amazonian females. An old Duffadar was minus his front teeth due to a backward kick of a recalcitrant tusker; of course, it was a spent kick, or he had never mourned the loss of his teeth. His death was tragical; out one day on a capturing expedition, a bee-hive was disturbed, and the old veteran who had encountered the kick of an elephant with impunity almost fell a victim to the stings of an insignificant insect—such is life!"

In conclusion, is given from the pen of the same able writer a valuable and interesting article on elephant-catching in Coimba-

tore—Kedda operations and their results dated June 1876, and which appeared in the *South of India Observer* and the Madras Journals :—

"A few days ago, I inspected a fine batch of elephants at Coimbatore, numbering some twenty-nine in all—the balance after certain sales, of five drives. The Kedda operations were first commenced about two years ago by Mr. Wedderburn, the Collector of Coimbatore, and from the results, may be considered to have been a decided success. When Government decided to put a stop to elephant shooting, it became incumbent upon them to adopt some measures whereby the depredations of elephants might, to a certain extent, be kept under. Mysore set the example, and made one large capture, but many of the elephants, not having been tied with soft ropes, were killed outright from the chains eating into their legs, and the value of those that survived was much deteriorated. Mr. Wedderburn and his executive Mr. Mackenzie have avoided this error; the consequence is that a fine lot of elephants were offered for sale on the 9th of June last; some of them had only been caught three months, yet shewed no marks to speak of on their legs, and the training, especially of the young ones, was extremely good, considering the short time that had elapsed since they were wandering in their native forests. It has been urged that the pecuniary results obtained do not nearly equal the expenditure, or in other words, that the balance sheet exhibits a deficit, this is true so far, but as other considerations have to be imported into the question, let us see how the case should stand.

Assuming that there is a deficit of a few thousands, this will be more than compensated for, if we give the Kedda operations credit for—First, constant employment to some nine or ten Commissariat elephants which would be idle for some nine months in the year, if not so employed. Second, rewards for killing

elephants; this at one time was a heavy item, something like Rs. 5,000 a year in one Collectorate. Third, damage to cultivation; whole crops of the paddy fields sometimes disappearing in a single night. Fourth, freedom of transit along public roads. An elephant near Manantoddy once captured a cooly load of sugar-candy. That elephant kept the road for months afterwards looking out for more sugar-candy. In fact, it is quite as necessary to keep down elephants, as it is to keep down tigers—and here I would digress to point out, how successful Mr. Wedderburn has been in the destruction of tigers by strychnine. In all Coimbatore there is probably not only, not a man-eater, but would-be man-eaters are scarce. If there was no Kedda, elephants must still be kept down, and there is no way that I know of which is superior to the present system. It may be urged that these elephants are only caught in a corner of Coimbatore, and that the damage they do there is slight. This is not so. Herds go regular rounds; they will look in the Cauvery and then be off to the Bowany over the hills and far away; then turn up in the Moyaar Valley; then strike the Hogo river; then the Kabbani having worked round in a circle, beginning at Almakaddi on the Cauvery and winding up in the Karkencotta forests travelling along the Burghoon, Ballirungum and Nilgiri Hills.

Having disposed of the deficit question, let us look at the twenty-nine elephants offered for sale, and glean a few particulars from Mr. Mackenzie in charge of operations. In five drives fifty-seven elephants were secured, of these, six over seven feet high were made over to the Commissariat, four small ones over four feet in height were sold at once for Rupees four thousand. Of the first capture, one female "Drina" remains, a fine docile creature six feet, six inches in height. In the subsequent capture, some much larger animals were secured, of these a fine tusker nine feet, four inches; a mukna nine and a half feet in height

are conspicuous by their strength and appearance; the pair are worth some six thousand Rupees. There is also a fine lot of females ranging from seven and a half to eight feet in height, which have been selected for Government Departments. A number of small ones ranging from four to six feet in height have been sold at auction at an average price of Rupees 675 each. The newly-captured elephants appear in excellent condition, though fodder has been scarce. The large mukna had broken twenty-five thick ropes and a chain before he was properly secured, but only a few superficial scars shewed the tremendous efforts he had made to break away. I observed that all the elephants were compact, well-shaped animals; no large heads and huge stomachs like the Ceylon breed. In fact, they were animals well suited for forest or any kind of work."

And now, under the protection of Government and in the careful hands of the Kedda executives, we must leave our friend the elephant, whom we have endeavoured to describe from his early life of freedom in the forests—his capture and training—his terrible aspect during an attack of "must"—down to his present civilised state of docility, sagacity and usefulness; but not without a pang of regret,—which intensifies as time passes on, bringing with it the silently-increasing "silver threads amongst the gold"—to think that the days of elephant shooting on the Nilgiris are over.

* * * *

The following account of Kedda operations, kindly furnished to me by Mr. Rhode Morgan, now Deputy Conservator of Forests, in Wynaad, but who, in 1874, was in charge of the Collegal Forests, will, I think, be highly interesting to most readers:

These operations were carried out by Mr. Mackenzie, Inspector of Police, appointed by the Madras Government under the orders of the Collector, Mr. Wedderburn, in 1874, and were quite distinct

from the work undertaken by Mr. G. P. Sanderson, the year previously in the province of Mysore.

On the above occasion, nine elephants were captured by Mr. Mackenzie; some of which animals are now working on the Anémallé Hills, the rest were sold to be sent to Hyderabad and other places. The whole venture seems to have been financially successful, until the famine year of 1877, when the cost of feeding the elephants was so great, that operations had to be curtailed. At the time of the abovementioned capture, the Kedda was situated on the banks of the Cauvery, near a place called Allumbaddi.

Mr. Morgan writes :—

"Having heard that nine elephants had been captured at Allumbaddi by Mr. Mackenzie, and being in the vicinity at the time, I decided to make my way into Collegal *viâ* the Kedda.

Starting at once, I reached the place at about 10 A.M., and found the Commissariat elephants all drawn up in line at the entrance of the enclosure, with Mr. Mackenzie giving the mahouts his orders.

On my arrival Mr. M. placed a stout, but not tall, Burman tusker "Jairam" at my disposal, and asked me whether I would not like to go in with the elephants and see the wild ones tied? I at once assented, and mounting the tusker, we entered the Kedda.

After proceeding about one hundred yards, we came to the place where the wild elephants were assembled, in a dense and tangled mass of creepers; they were standing huddled together facing us, the young ones between the fore-legs of their parents. There were four large females, the rest were small. On the approach of our tusker, one of the females stretched out her

trunk and twined it round his, and then as if alarmed at his strange and civilised odour, she wheeled round, and, with the rest of the herd, crashed through the undergrowth levelling all before them. The herd stopped after going about three hundred yards under a large tree; the tame elephants which soon followed them up now separated, and approaching the wild ones from different directions soon surrounded them; a large female being singled out, the two tame tuskers forced their way through the herd and soon got her wedged in between them. The tame females then withdrew, and were backed in on the female that had been separated; the mahouts punishing the elephants with their angkas until their foreheads streamed with blood. The female being now firmly wedged in, my tusker was told off to drive away the rest of the herd, and this he speedily effected by prodding them with his tusks; the motion produced by this process was mightily unpleasant, and I had to hold on like grim death, for, if I had lost my hold, I would have tumbled right into the middle of the wild herd.

The mahouts now descended, and were soon busy with the wild female's feet. A rope was dexterously thrown between the feet of the wild one by a mahout stationed between the legs of the nearest tame elephant and immediately drawn round by his comrade with a hooked bamboo stick; a slip noose was quickly made and the rope drawn taut, notwithstanding the vigorous kicking of the elephant, who evidently had some idea of what was going on; the same operation was repeated with the other leg, and then the rope was passed rapidly round and round the two feet, and all made firm by a rope being twisted round the centre of the foot-rope to keep it from slipping. A heavy chain was then hooked round the left foot, and a strong jute rope to the right; these were then wound round the nearest tree and securely fastened. A mahout now approached on his elephant

and leaning over, slipped a huge jute rope round the neck of the captive elephant; but she would have none of it, and several times succeeded in tearing it off; at last, however, the noose was slipped, and the end of the rope tied to a tree opposite the one to which the feet had been secured: their work completed, the elephants all left her to tie another. No sooner did she find herself alone, than she began to make the most desperate attempts to get loose, and when she found this to be impossible, she got into a furious passion screaming and trumpetting at the top of her voice; she then threw herself on the ground and getting up again, kicked up the mud which she threw in showers on her back. We then left her to her rage and despair, and proceeded on to the herd.

One of the young elephants which had been brought out—(for the two others although they resisted violently were soon dragged out and secured)—had been fastened with rather small ropes and struggled desperately to escape; although quite a baby he made a tremendous row, and charged as far as he could go, at all who approached him. The villagers were immensely diverted with his ridiculous behaviour, and about fifty of them had surrounded and were laughing at him, when an incautious youth from the crowd ventured rather too near. Little "baby's" composure was quite upset at this, and he rushed at the boy roaring like a steam engine. The ropes instantly snapped, and the baby charged into the mob, tail on end with loud screams. The rabble scattered in all directions, the women and old men tumbling head over heels in their haste to get out of the way; one old fellow fell right into the Kedda ditch, and then began to piteously entreat the bystanders—who were safe outside—to lend him a hand, still supposing the elephant was after him. I nearly tumbled off the tusker with laughing, it was all so quaintly absurd. "Baby" now rushed up to my tusker, who most unceremoniously stopped him with his trunk, for his impertinence in coming so near; Lutchmee

(tame female) quickly secured the Baby again, and all soon became quiet. It being now late, I went back to camp, and after dinner and a cheroot, turned in early, as I was rather tired; but sleep and rest were out of the question.

With darkness the elephants became wide awake, and the place was soon a perfect *inferno*, with elephants screaming and trumpetting, rockets hissing and matchlock firing in all directions. About 1 A.M., the herd went down in a body to the gate where they nearly succeeded in strangling the unfortunate female which we had just secured in the evening. Mackenzie rushed down and set fire to the ropes, and let the animal loose; she immediately joined her companions, and they all disappeared into the gloom.

We were all up and doing at daybreak, and on going into the Kedda on Jairam, we found the released female lying down. The tusker soon had her up again, and she was dragged out and picketed without much trouble. By the evening we had secured all the elephants close to the Kedda gate, preparatory to taking them to camp next day. They all seemed a good deal done up, but ate the succulent wild grass that had been provided for them. During the following night they were pretty quiet. The tame elephants came up the next morning about 7 A.M., when the mahouts at once commenced to work.

The female that had been found lying down the previous morning, was again in the same position, she tried hard to get up, but was too weak; owing to her struggles to rise, she had worked a deep round hollow of the shape of her body in the ground. Jairam soon helped her up with his tusks, and the hobbles having been taken off her hind legs, she was secured between two tame elephants and quickly marched out of the Kedda. In a few hours all the elephants had been thus secured and taken out.

For a short distance the road was pretty fair; but further on

we had to go through dense jungle, and the captured elephants resisted with all their might; bushes and small trees were torn down, and flung across the road, and some of the larger elephants backed into the thickest and thorniest bushes on the path, and were only got out by dragging the brutes right through levelling the bush with the ground. After a great deal of trouble, all the elephants were got into camp, chained to the nearest trees, and supplied with grass, leaves, and water.

In the camp, Mackenzie had a pretty little elephant calf, a few months old; he was covered all over with long black hair and had very pretty dark-brown eyes. The little creature was let loose, and was soon busily engaged in drinking milk out of a bamboo measure, when I went up to pat him, to my great astonishment, the little rascal turned suddenly round, and gave me a dig in the ribs, that nearly knocked all the breath out of me. Mackenzie told me he did this, because he feared I was going to steal his milk! I went into the stores and got a lump of jaggery, and soon succeeded in pacifying the little ruffian, who instantly became much attached to me, insisted upon following me about, putting his little trunk into my pocket, and feeling my hands to see if I had any more sugar.

In the evening we went over to where the new elephants were tied, and Mackenzie christened them, giving them English names, such as Charley, Dora, Alice, &c.

Early next morning I was obliged to leave for Collegal. In conclusion, I cannot but bear high testimony to the exertions of Mr. Mackenzie and all under him, notably the Poonassie Monegar. The difficulties to be overcome are numerous and must be most disheartening, such as failures in driving, owing to cattle and other causes, jealousy amongst the mahouts, want of water, fodder, and other necessaries, but in spite of which all ended in a successful issue.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUNTING—ITS HISTORY IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY—EARLIEST ACCOUNTS OF ON THE NILGIRIS—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE OOTACAMUND HUNT IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER UP TO THE PRESENT TIME—ACCOUNTS OF RUNS—CONCLUSION.

In the absence of any records as to the first introduction of the English Fox-hound for hunting in the Madras Presidency, it is difficult to trace back with any certainty the early history of hunting, the establishment of the first Hunt and such matters connected with that most popular and widely-renowned "noble science."

So far as can be ascertained the Madras Hunt has been in existence ever since the beginning of the present century; flourishing or languishing in the degree that it was influenced by the zeal, interest and taste for sport shewn by the different and successive Masters who hunted the packs, as well as by the encouragement given to it, or the apathy with which it was treated by the ruling Governors and their suites.

It will be sufficient for our purpose here to state, with regard to the Madras Hunt, that it was put on a new footing in 1862 during the office of Sir William Denison, who proved himself a warm and zealous patron of it by the then Master, Mr. Robert Anstruther Dalyell, M.C.S., the son, I believe, of an old Master of Hounds in England, and a cousin of the celebrated "Jack Thompson," late Master of the Pytchley, who has often since assisted the Madras Pack with several excellent drafts of that blood, as also from the Bramham Kennels. The pack imported from England by Mr. Dalyell in 1862 were harriers, and for some years it was usual to sell off the entire pack, or rather what

remained of them (as the mortality of the hounds was at times considerable) at the end of every season, obtaining fresh drafts from England every year. This plan, however, though said to be economical by the majority of those interested, was very unsatisfactory to the Master, and therefore discontinued; and for the last ten or fifteen years, the present system of reducing the pack to about fifteen couple of the best hounds at the end of the season, and sending them up to the Hills for the six hot months has been acted upon. A small draft of fresh hounds, from six to ten couple, is procured every year, as it is supposed that after a few seasons in India, fox-hounds have a tendency to run mute and deteriorate in many ways.

As it is with hunting on the Nilgiris, and not on the plains of India that we have to deal, I here give such accounts of the sport as I have been able to gather from trustworthy sources, although oral, from the earliest times. It is rather remarkable, by the way, that no mention is ever made of hunting the jackal or sambur in the "Old Forest Ranger" or "My Indian Journal," by Captain Campbell, whose exploits on the Hills took place some time during the fifteen years from 1825 to 1840; but I suppose, that game of all kinds being so plentiful and easily obtained in those days, shooting and not hunting was the pursuit most thought of. The first information of it that I ever heard was from the lips of an old Madras Cavalry Officer, now long retired to his ancestral estates in Scotland, and with whom I was intimately engaged in Coffee planting some twenty years ago. He used to tell me "When you were in arms G. (and that is not much less than forty years ago at any rate from this present year) we used to hunt elk—as sambur were then called—and jungle sheep—now properly known as barking deer with a capital pack of fox-hounds round about Ooty," and he proceeded to speak of one run in particular in which a "doe elk" was put

up behind Bombay House near Elk Hill, and led them a splendid chase in the direction of Pykara, the hounds pulling her down quite exhausted in the river just above the bridge near the Bungalow, after one hour and thirty minutes' hard riding from the start. He also stated that the jungle sheep was more frequently found than sambur, but did not afford such good runs, as they were much given to travelling in short circles, and moreover were often "chopped" in cover.

Here then we have the fact of hunting proper being carried on as far back as about 1835. The next twenty years from that date afford no records or materials by which to trace its existence or progress; the lapse of which period brings us to the year 1854, when we find, brought to our notice, a few couples of fox-hounds, the property of the Officers of H. M.'s 74th Highlanders stationed at Jackatalla, as Wellington was then named. This little pack was hunted by Captain John Warden McFarlane and Captain Lawson, Officers of that Regiment. We do not hear much of the doings of these hounds about Jackatalla on account of the surrounding country being so ill-adapted for riding across; it was, therefore, the custom to bring the pack into Ooty once a week every Friday and hunt on Saturday over the same expanse of undulating grass-land to the west and north of Ootacamund that has been ever since the arena of many a brilliant run and kill. These weekly gatherings of the 74th Hunt do not appear to have been very large, nor the meets well attended, hunting, being not so popular in those days as shooting—and the field seldom, if ever, graced by the presence of ladies. The pastime, however, was carried on, without much intermission—pretty regularly up to 1856-7, the year of the Indian Mutiny, when it was discontinued and broken up by the departure of the Regiment for Bellary, until 1859, which year witnessed the arrival at Wellington, of the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles,

recently out from England. Owing to the uncertainties, and unsettled state of those eventful times we find nothing worthy of record in hunting for the two succeeding years, except, if may be mentioned, the establishment of a "bobbery" pack by the Captain The Hon'ble John Colburne of that Corps, the nucleus of which was formed by the purchase of four and a half couples of my shikar pack, cross-bred between hound, pointer, and beagle, fit and keen enough for the work I used them for in beating sholas for sambur, tiger, &c., but wholly unsuited for the new career that was opened for them, verifying the well-known adage "that it is difficult to teach old dogs new tricks," and I often used to think how their canine minds must have wondered at the absence of the familiar troop of ragamuffin beaters with their tom-toms—their beloved dog-boys, and shikarries with guns, associated with memories of thrilling scenes of "brought to bay," and "the death" of many scores of sambur, in which they had taken part; but now all passed away and changed for a dozen or so of gentlemen mounted on Pegu ponies and Tats of all sizes (for which the 60th Officers were notorious) scampering through the Badaga fields and ferny dells in pursuit of sport, which was but too often quietly assisted (let it be whispered) by a bag jack with well doctored pads, or red herring drag. This Hunt, if it can be so dignified, likewise came to an end with the departure of the 60th from the Hills for Burmah in 1863, and we hear no more of hunting until 1864, when a draft from the Madras Pack was sent to Ootacamund in the month of August with Owen, as huntsman, under Colonel Primrose, as Master. The Hunt was supported by voluntary subscriptions, and was continued in 1865 doing well and shewing fair sport.

The season of 1866 appears to have been a perfect blank as regards hunting, but in 1867, a Subscription Pack was started under Captain Fitzgerald, 16th Lancers, as Master and huntsman,

afterwards succeeded in turn by Captain Millaird and Colonel Bradley. The hounds composing this pack were procured from Madras, as well as a few couple from Bangalore. 1868 shews no regular pack, but Mr. Minchin, a well-known planter of Wynaad, showed some little sport for two or three months, with a few couple of hounds he got together. In 1869, the late and much lamented Mr. J. W. Breeks, First Commissioner of the Nilgiris, resuscitated the Ootacamund Hunt, and it may be said to have now been fairly established by that gentleman, who, as Master, was most ably and zealously seconded by Major Jago. And here it should be recorded how much the O. H. are indebted for its success and progress from that date to the present time to the never-wearying exertions of Major Jago and Mr. Schmidt, for the welfare of the pack, the sport they afforded, Kennel arrangements and the management of the financial affairs of the Hunt.

A compact was now entered into with the Madras Hunt, that, for the annual sum of Rs. 1,000, the M. H. Hounds should be sent to Ootacamund for the "season," *i.e.*, April to October, both months inclusive, all expenses of transit and up-keep being borne by the Ooty Hunt. This scheme was carried out as arranged, and found to answer well, all interested being well satisfied with the results. It was during this season that the incident immortalised by the "*Field*" and "*Illustrated News*" as to "how English fox-hounds hunted the leopard in India" took place, and the account of which as it appeared in the "*South of India Observer*," is here annexed as follows :—

"On Tuesday morning at 7 A.M., the Ootacamund Hunt met at the Kennels and proceeded along the Kroormund road as far as Jackal Shola, where, turning to the right, the hounds raced off at full cry, pointing towards Pykara. Presently they turned to the left and ran with a splendid peal up the sandy Nullah

Valley across the Kroormund road (where the pack was viewed by our Wellington "whip") and through the Government Australian Plantation, into a heavy shola heading the ravine that treads away into the Nunjanad Valley. Here occurred the first check which enabled the field to find a place again. Up and down the shola they rattled their enemy and compelled

"The courteous echo
To give them answer from her mossy couch."

Suddenly out they dashed altogether in the fern, their heads down and their tails feathering, and led by Gracious, galloped over the hill-side making towards the Avalanche. Away went the remnant of the field, having to make a considerable detour to head the ravine, and this, alas! was the last of the run seen by mortal man. The Master, the huntsman, the Wellington "whip" were all nowhere. When they rounded the ravine and got on the line again, the hounds were away in the Nunjanad Valley, discussing the fleshy proceeds of their chase. But the most exciting event of the day has yet to be related. Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Atkins, who had wisely remained in the valley, saw a sight, which, probably surpasses anything even Asheton Smith experienced in his life-long hunt. These two gentlemen met the hounds who were returning from their breakfast in the Nanjanad Valley, and were trying to collect them till the huntsman came up, when a fine full grown leopard suddenly bolted from a shola, and away went every dog full cry at his heels. They soon came up with him, dashed at him, and rolled him over in the open. What follows, speaks volumes for the blood and courage of the fox-hound.

The leopard left his mark on some of the hounds and broke away into a small thick copse with a stream at the bottom. The pack followed bravely and went straight at him again, till leopard and hounds rolled one over the other into the stream below.

It was just at this time that the huntsman galloped up, and hearing the howl of a dog, and thinking there was a porcupine afoot, leapt off his horse, and ran to whip the hounds off. He found himself so unpleasantly near the deadly struggle that was going on, that he bounded up the bank again, and on to his horse with agility unusual even to his spare frame, making such circles in the air with his arms and legs as were never recorded of any Gymnast. Again the leopard broke away and ensconced himself in the thickest part of the nullah in the small copse above mentioned, where the hounds brought him to bay.

The horror of the master may be easily imagined when, coming up just as the leopard was fairly housed, he found an invisible struggle going on the furious barking of the dogs, diversified by an occasional howl, as with a low deep growl the beast charged some of his boldest enemies. Every one gave up the hounds for lost, but when after half an hour's violent exertion on the part of the field present, the pack was at last whipped off, and to the surprise and relief of all, the whole thirteen couple turned up safe, though some were wounded. The number of the assailants seems the only explanation of such an escape from a beast, one stroke of whose paw would have killed the strongest dog that ever barked. The rush, however, of over twenty hounds on different sides as soon as the leopard turned in any one direction seems to have left him neither time nor presence of mind for a single well-aimed blow, and the few wounds inflicted were principally snaps. Guns had meanwhile been sent for from a neighbouring Badaga village, and Mr. Atkins, making his way to a rock close to the scene, put a ball through the shoulder of the leopard, which drove him further into the thicket among some rocks, and made it a service of still greater danger to get at him. Curiously enough the first discharge of the gun did more to bring the hounds to order than the repeated blasts of the horn.

The instant the shot was fired there was a temporary silence, and presently two or three of the remaining dogs trotted resolutely out of the shola, not frightened, but turning their backs on the scene in a quiet dignified way, as if they said, "This is no business of ours, if you *will* go in for shooting, you must keep company with spaniels and setters, and such inferior animals; *we* won't countenance it." There was an air of calm contempt about their whole demeanour even to their ears and tails as they made their way steadily back to the huntsman.

The pack was sent home, and half an hour more passed in vain efforts to dislodge the leopard by throwing in stones. Rifles were sent for, but before they arrived, Mr. Atkins daringly crept quite close to the bush where the animal lay, caught sight of it, crouching in a narrow nullah, and put a shot through its head which ended its career. Luckily for the gallant marksman and the dogs, his first shot crippled the brute or, so near an approach, might have had fatal results. This Hunt continued to flourish for the two following seasons until 1871. Major Jago having taken his furlough for England, no proper hunting was undertaken, but, as a make-shift there used to be frequent meets and runs with Colonel Christie's (the Government Tiger-slayer) bobbery pack.

1872 finds the O. H. once again re-established on a proper footing with Major Barton, 18th Hussars, as Master, and Mr. Schmidt whip as well as Secretary and Treasurer. A draft of sixteen couple was procured from the Madras Hunt. The "season" commenced in April, and good sport with excellent runs were the order of the day. Dr. Furnell rendered valuable assistance to the Hunt during the season, and for a short time assumed the Mastership after Major Barton's departure from the Hills.

It was during this season that attention was turned to the

breeding of hounds on the Hills, and as an experiment fourteen couple of pups were reared, amongst whom was the celebrated "Crooktail," with many others now in their prime, and quite equal in dash, keen scent, and good looks to any of their imported and high-bred companions.

The success of this trial in breeding was mainly due to the assiduous and watchful care of Mr. Schmidt, who spared no pains in attending to the comfort and welfare of his interesting charges, in providing foster-mothers and good supplies of cow's milk for the various litters of whelps. By this, the breeding of fox-hounds, on the Nilgiris, becomes an established fact, and by a judicious selection of sires from the best strains, a very good and useful breed of fox-hound may be raised.

So far then as regards the supply of a good and useful hound, the O. H. may be said to possess that resource within itself, merely requiring development. It is, therefore, only a question of finance, and that, of course, depends entirely from without, upon the ways and means, ability and willingness of existing society to contribute to the support of hunting.

To return to our chronicle: in 1873 we find Mr. Schmidt in charge of the pack consisting of fourteen couple, Mr. Cockerell, Commissioner of the Nilgiris as Master, with Major Barton who, during his sixty days' leave on the Hills, took a deep interest in the pack, and rendered great assistance in keeping it up for some months after. The early part of 1874 shews Major Jago back on the Hills with recruited health and fresh vigour and actively to the fore, canvassing, collecting, and stirring up by his irresistible tact, the latent "*furore*" and sporting tastes, far and near, high and low, to bear upon, and rally the ere-while languishing Ooty Hunt. His efforts appear to have been heartily and liberally responded to, and amongst the foremost of his supporters was His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, (then under the

guardianship of Colonel Malleson) who came forward with a most substantial subscription, and who, albeit his young years, took a prominent and personal part in the hunting field, scarcely ever missing a meet during his annual two months' residence on the Hills. Many of our readers in distant lands will hardly fail to remember him on his game little cream-coloured Pegu pony, pluckily tooling away to the front; which taste and disposition to take active part in that noble and manly English sport, must augur well for his future career, when his influence, power, and the bent of his mind and inclinations, which are now being carefully trained and brought out under the auspices of his present guardian, Captain Fredrick A. Wilson, M.S.C., will have wider scope and a higher sphere of action.

Mr. Athole MacGregor of the Madras Civil Service, a well known sportsman, also came forward at this time and afforded the Ooty Hunt valuable support, not only by a very liberal subscription (although his duties in the plains prevented him enjoying any sport with the hounds excepting on two or three occasions), but also by the loan of several of his hounds to the Hunt.

But revenons. The O. H. pack now consisted of eighteen couple of hounds from the Madras Hunt in addition to the Hill bred lot of two couple, under the mangement of a Committee composed of Mr. Cockerell, Major Bourke, Major Barton, Captain Cox, Captain Pigott, and Mr. Schmidt. Major Jago acted as Master and Huntsman, and with the services of the faithful and hard-working "whip" Veerasawmy, the season was opened and the first meet took place on Tuesday the 14th April at the old Kennels, and the following extract from a letter of the well known "Dodabetta Crow," gives an amusing description of what took place on that day :—

"Tuesday, of course, I went to see the hounds meet, knowing well that there would be no sport owing to the dryness of the

country, I suppose, that was the reason so few turned out. Major-General Barton, Miss Barton, Captains Hubbertry, Prichard, Foote, Aylmer, Pigott, Messrs. Cockerell, Schmidt, Irvine, Minchin, Dawson, all good men and true, and by the Lord Harry, yes, Mr. Symes Bullen, looking as neat and natty as ever, why, where has he come from? "Nothing like hunting" says he to the Master, and a great greeting those two had. After five minutes' law, they trotted off to draw an old sure find on the Kroormund road, but Veerasawmy's eagle eye saw a brace of Jacks *en route*. The nine couple were laid on, but though close to them, I saw at once it was a bad chance for sport. Three couple of hounds owned to the line, but there was no music, and the body of the pack did not know they were hunting. Alas! he turned straight for Fairlawns, Woodlands, and alas! too, the Master going down hill, broke a stirrup leather, and "did not remain." They ran into Fairlawns, and there being stopped, got back to draw Bakie Wasteland, into the Australian Plantation, found, but could make no hand of it, and at 9 o'clock were on their way home. A bad opening day, says I to myself, but with sun shining enough to please any dhoby, and turf underneath, fit to cut for burning, it was no disgrace to hounds. Saturday, say Sandy Nullah, next week, I hear, "weather permitting" is attached to the fixtures, which don't mean frost, but want of rain, and unless it falls, hunting except at daylight, is useless. Oh! where, oh! where are the ladies! only one habit at the opening day. Dearie me! one hopes this will change, for it's pleasant to see the back of a good habit sailing along

> "By hill and hill to follow,
> Hound and horn and huntsman's hollow,
> Follow! follow! where they lead us follow,
> Follow as we may."

So wrote the best of sportsmen in his songs and verses, and who can gainsay it? that be a man fond of hunting as can be,

his heart gladdens to see the ladies. God bless 'em, taking their share of the run.

"No thorns Diana's roses bring
The honey comes without the sting,
And many a faithless fair will yield
Her triumphs on this battle field."

Here ends my chronicle of what little sport there's been, and may we have better soon.

"I've lived my life, I'm nearly done,
I've played the game all round,
But I freely admit that the best of my fun,
I owe to the horse and hound.

Whyte Melville again.

The Dodabetta Crow."

Nineteen brace of Jacks were killed during the six months' hunting that followed, and the season was altogether a most brilliant epoch in the young annals of the Ooty Hunt, both as regards its financial condition, and the amusement and enjoyment afforded to all interested. With the following extracts from the *Nilgiri Courier*, the only runs I find recorded for that year excepting the above our notice of the season concludes.

Tuesday, August 11th.—Weather as usual, heavy Scotch mist, varied with intervals of steady rain; notwithstanding which, however, we trotted off to the meet at the Pykara finger post, where we found the Master cheery looking, with a picked seven and a half couple of hounds, and some dozen or so of the regular old hands, conspicuous amongst whom were the Master of the Madras Hunt, and the three staunch A.D.C.'s, pink coats, two of whom, braving the weather, had come grinding in from Coonoor that very morning. Time up—so, after drawing the small cover at the cross roads, which proved blank, we moved in the Sandy Nulla direction, and soon found in the open, past the old cricket

ground. After some dodging about, our Jack took the usual line, down across the new road, when he seemed suddenly to have changed his mind, and rattled back and over the Hills at a ripping pace, finally running to ground in a covered drain near the second milestone on the Segoor road, where we left him, after ten minutes spent in trying to unearth him. The next move was towards Brooklands, near which another Jack turned up, an old stager evidently, for, after some skilful manœuvering in rings and figures of eight, he made a fair start. Straight as the crow flies was his line of conduct, from the stream below Brooklands to Fairlawns or Nunjanad, without a check, up and down a succession of small Koondahs

"O'er moss and fell,"

fast as we could lay hoofs to the ground up to Cairn Hill, pretty well pumped, I assure you, where we lost him and most of the hounds too, as we always do in that net-work of sholas which stretches away down the valley.

Saturday, 15*th*.—Weather brighter certainly than Tuesday. Meet at Jackal shola. Field not quite so large as the last; seven and a half couple of hounds, and ten horses, all told, including Veerasawmy on the venerable white screw. Threw off into the wattle pack hard by, and had not long to wait for the tuning up of those welcome voices which announced a find. Some pretty hunting followed, but being nearly all in cover, the nags were not very busy. After bustling about from one shola into another and back again, our Jack broke cover, and after a short run, went to ground under some rocks, where we were obliged to leave him, although the hounds well deserved blood.

Leaving Jackal shola to the rear, and moving westward, another customer turned up, with a fine stretch of open country before him, across which he set out in his run for dear life. The hounds were soon laid on to his tracks, (pity he didn't get a

couple of minutes more law) and after a smart burst of about ten minutes, nearly all the time in full view, he was run into and polished off in the open. This was as pretty a run and kill as we have had this season. Our crow over it, however, was rather damped by a mild wigging, which I happened to hear the old bay mare administering to the pair of fiery young grey Arabs who were first in at the death; the old girl rated the young bloods in a very gentle and motherly way as to their being in such a deuce of a hurry, and not allowing the usual forty acres of grass between the tail hounds and front horses or something to that effect, which I could not quite catch. The old girl was'nt altogether wrong; at the same time I don't think the grey legs were much to blame for going as hard they could pound, where it was a case of devil take the hindmost; but I hope the lesson to *all* will not be quite thrown away.

The rest of the morning was taken up with a run to the Toda Mund shola, a most confounded place to get through, as most of the horses well know,—then loafing about collecting the scattered pack, and all home by 11-30 A.M.

Tuesday, October 6th.—Met at the old Kennels. The largest field out together during the season as I counted twenty-two, amongst whom were no less than five ladies. At 7 A.M. to a minute, the Master with eight couples and Veerasawmy trotted up all right, only as everybody else was on the ground a quarter of an hour too soon, they seemed to think it was all wrong; however, after a halt of about two minutes for form and etiquette's sake, due to the hounds, a move was made along the Kroormund road. Threw off into a shola close by, which proved a blank as it always has. Further on a Jack was started who shewed pretty sport, but he cut it short by running to ground in a small shola. As the earth seemed an easy one to work, mining operations were commenced, and conducted in *propriâ personâ* by our sporting

vicar, with all the gush and *furore* of an Eton boy of sixteen. After some twenty minutes hard digging, during which time little Tear'em, the fox-terrier, also did his best underground, it was reported hopeless, and our vicar emerged, distressed and besmirched, looking as if he had been run to ground himself and hard pushed too. Proceeded thence to Jackal shola, also a blank. After a short run, he likewise spoiled sport by running to earth, where we left him as there was no time to spare. Further on another Jack which certainly did give us a pretty good spin for a couple of miles, but as is always the case in that line of country he put an end to our hopes and happiness, by dodging in and about that large straggling Toda Mund shola. After some time spent in calling in the hounds, lit cheroots, and so home, with some half dozen who remained to the finish.

Friday, October 9th.—Meet at Sandy Nulla, 7 A.M., where we found the Master with Veerasawmy and six and a half couple waiting. A great contrast to the last meet, both in point of numbers and as to the weather.

This morning, dark and lowering, after the heavy rain of last night, and only five hours. Threw off back towards Ooty *viâ* Brooklands which we drew and found a Jack who crossed the Ségur road and went off in the Marlimund direction. He soon distanced us owing to the heavy ground; but we managed to follow his tracks, which led down into the cultivated valley at the back of Marlimund. Here we lost him, as the pack got split up into twos and threes, and with difficulty were got in again. Such is the meagre account of our last two runs. Had I but a quill plucked from the wing of our old friend the "Dodabetta Crow," no doubt, I could have made more out of them, or if the old bird himself would but write us a line; by the way, I wonder what has become of our *Corvus carus?* And why is he so long silent? Have the "Todas," whose munds he

frequents offended and disgusted him by their paltry contributions to the O. H. Is he moulting or about to moult? Does he contemplate pairing, and flitting with those birds of passage, otherwise known as "visitors," who will now soon be on the wing for other climes? Or is he—

* * * * *

In 1875, on account of his official duties, Major Jago resigned his post of M. O. H. to Major Pigott who hunted the hounds for three months and was succeeded by Colonel Beresford. Both gentlemen are ardent sportsmen, the latter for some seasons Master of the Madras Hunt. The community of Ootacamund are indebted to both these gentlemen for a most successful and prosperous hunting season in that year.

In 1876, under the administration of a Committee composed of Mr. Cockerell, Major Pigott, Colonel Beresford, Major Jago, Mr. Schmidt, and Mr. Irvine, the Ooty Pack, now in first rate order, was augmented by ten additional couple selected from the Madras Hounds, as well as five other couple from the Quorn Hunt, lately imported and kindly lent by their owner Captain Elmhirst, A.D.C., a gentleman celebrated in the best hunting counties of England, and who, with his wide experience and love of sport, was invited and gladly welcomed to fill the post of Master of the Ooty Hunt, which he did by opening the season and taking the field on Friday, 7th April. The meet took place by kind permission at the "Cedars," the residence of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and was largely attended.

The season thus auspiciously commenced was continued with satisfaction and success to the end of the year, where my task as historian of the Ooty Hunt ceases, and with it the somewhat dry but not uninteresting details, which it has been necessary to set down in order; but as a "*boune bouchée*" for the conclusion, I

here annex with the permission of its author "Brooksley," an account which appeared in "*The Field*" of the opening days' sport of this season, and which besides merely relating the incident of that day, will present to the reader a most graphic, vivid and typical delineation of "a morning with the Ooty Pack"—hunting as it is now established and conducted, amid the scenery of these "bonny blue hills," as well as "ye manners and customs" of English Society in this part of the world.

"JACKAL HUNTING ON THE NILGIRIS.
The Ootacamund Hounds.

"This should reach you, Mr. Editor, when the noblest of sports has for a time disappeared from your columns, when the voices of your delegates in the Shires, in Ireland and Cheshire are hushed, and when "another brilliant thing with the X. Y. H.," no longer points attention to the existence of the pack so grandiloquently named. So now is my opportunity, and with the Hunting column all to myself, I may inform your readers that the Nilgiri Hounds to have an existence, and, this fact accepted, proceed to tell more about them. But first, my readers, learn —if you do not know already—that the Blue Mountains are to Southern India what the Himalayas are to the North; and that hither, when the hot months of early summer approach, flee Military and Civilians to the utmost extent that the exigencies of duty will allow. Government, as represented by the Head of the Madras Presidency and his satellites, move up here in a body bringing with them their office clerks, papers and peons, and ruling the country comfortably from their cool perch—after the example set them by their seniors in Bengal whose summer seat is Simla. The Editors of local papers in the plains take no small exception to this course; but it should be remembered that their virtuous indignation is fanned by the very hottest of breezes, and that they find it impossible to move their type and

talents and join in the general exodus. Deprived of this privilege, they are much prone at this season to cast such missiles as their pens afford them against—and so in one sense at least to "make it hot for—those who sit in office on a higher and pleasanter level." Not that your Correspondent is a Government Official. No such luck! There are but two other kinds of men in India—Military man and the Merchant. The former makes no Rupees, while the latter absolutely loses them; whereas the "Civilian" lives on the fat of the land while out here, returning home at forty or thereabouts to enjoy the "fruits of his labour" in the shape of a pension, that will make him almost as much a man of mark at Cheltenham or Clifton as he was at Calcutta or Madras.

So His Grace the Governor betakes himself and adherents to Ootacamund, where, seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea; fashion has chosen her summer resort. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief does the same, and smaller fry of every degree follow suit—all alike rejoicing to breathe more freely, as they emerge from the sweltering plains below. Thus a varied and pleasant society is formed at Ootacamund and Coonoor (which nestle some twelve miles apart); and here people endeavour to forget they are in India. Even many of the time-honored idiosyncracies of Indian Society are left behind, and men and women become more English-like and less colonial. The quaint and fantastic exactions of the world "*à l'Indienne*" being more or less laid aside, we are able to move and live more as we were wont in Lesser Britain, ignoring the fungus laws of custom, nor even bending as we have been taught at the pretentious shrine of the god Rupee.

Where Indian crotchets and Indian idleness are at a discount, and the climate is almost English, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, a body of Englishmen, assembled avowedly in search of recreation and health, should seek their amusements in accordance

with their native tastes; and accordingly, nothing could be more natural than that the grass-covered slopes of these undulating table lands should prove suggestive of the hound and the horn.

Thus is it that hunting has come about on the summits of the Nilgiris, where eighty years ago, Tippoo Sultan was the only individual who could boast of a summer residence on these charming highlands; and the sambur and the bison had no worse enemy than the leopard and the tiger. Now, and for years past, a railway brings us to the very foot of the Hills; and a day's scramble (on pony back, or borne in a tonjon by coolies) brings us to a completely different sphere, but one peopled for a time, by scores of our late perspiring and emaciated friends.

The roar of the tiger is now seldom heard within twenty miles of Ootacamund; the bison has chosen other ranges whereon to pick the sweet spring grasses; the sambur stags are now scarcely numerous enough to allow of the picnics *à la chasse* so popular here; but the jackal remains in wondrous stoutness and abundance, and merrily and happily do the hill sides ring in his honour. There is no fairer turf on any of the downs of the old country. Tilton or Burrough (believe me my friends of high Leicestershire) carry no such consistent blaze of scent; and Awston Wood never bred a stouter varmint than we have on the Nilgiris. Yes, and we have a decent pack of hounds besides—*more than decent* for India—thirty-two couple, well-bred, and in working order, beautifully various as to size and shape, and representing almost every Kennel in the United Kingdom.

Yet among them we can pick out some sixteen couple, that might be trotted to covert anywhere, or with whom we might even offer a provincial M.F.H., the questionable luxury of "a day on the flags" (provided always he arrived in time to lunch and brown sherry with us first.) We should first draw for him

our five couple from the Quorn, and show him with no little pride, how nobly Mr. Caupland could treat his friends at a distance. We should bore him with a yarn of little point of how we had seen that badger pied bitch, lead the Meltonians slowly on, on into the ploughs of Nottinghamshire, when but for her nose they would have been on their way to try for a second fox on the grass; and we would assure him how nothing but her colour had exiled her from Quorndon. We should dilate on the symmetry of these Midland ladies as they coquet to his greeting; while with folded arms we should leave to his common sense the expression of praise on these grand dogs, in each wistful eye is written as plain as words, "oh, why was I sent to Asia—I, who was walked at Barkby and first tasted fox from the Coplaw?" We should then shew him the ten couple selected from the late Madras Pack, refer all his questions on their merits to Veerasawmy, our black Kennel huntsman, who is ready, as opportunity offers, to declare the wildest or the mutest of them all "that best hound ever come Madras side Sare." Next we should produce the three couple of home-bred ones, and tell him with all veracity, that these were found to hunt with more drive, and to stand the climate infinitely better than any of the imported ones. Ugly and ill-shaped as they are, they are certainly little demons to dash along on a scent; but then, unfortunately, it has been found almost impossible to rear them anywhere but on the Hills and difficult even there. Well, after proving to him that we have a smart little bitch from the Pytchley, a neat one from the Cottesmore, and endeavouring continually to "force" him with our specimen cards, we pass hurriedly over the last arrivals, who have been hunting at Calcutta—and show it; and the state of whose skins still necessitates separate lodgings. This concluded, we should ask him whether to be called at 5 o'clock A.M., would give him time to dress for our opening meet; and eventually, with his concurrence, reader and yours, we would all

three appear on the lawn in front of the residence of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham at 6-15 A.M., on Friday, April 7th.

We love our beds dearly; but love sport still better, and so are compelled to this miserably early hour by considerations of sun and scent. The air on the Nilgiris is at all times cool. At dawn it is thoroughly chilly; but for all that we are not too many degrees from the equator, and the sun will remind us of this before 9 o'clock. The dew will have disappeared by then too, and scarcely six showers have fallen here in the last six months. Still we know the mossy turf will ride soft and safe, and so we are willing to pin our trust to the glistening dew drops.

The meet is not a lengthy proceeding. There are no dandies here alas! to bring their specimens of snowy white and spotless pink into competition. No; toilettes are unambitious—scarcely workman-like, while at such an hour the voice of gossip is still, and even the lips of beauty part not, save it be in a sleepy request for coffee. A table is laid for all who desire stimulant or refreshment, but there are no big fences hereabouts, so that there is little call upon the former, and the power that can "nerve the enervate, make the dastard bold," may lie dormant so far as our fenceless dawns are concerned.

Now we move on to draw, not a snug square of blackthorn or privet, but the bare hillsides where haply we may light upon Master Jack returning from his midnight prowl. This is how we find our jackals—at least this is how we get our runs; for if we can hit upon him thus, we start close upon our game, and he will make his way straight as an arrow, and well nigh as swift, to his point among those wooded rocks in the distance. You may draw these sholas, as the thickly timbered glens that run up the mountain sides are termed; but they are too dense to

give hounds a chance and once in them you are likely to remain there till time to go home again.

On our way we may just try this gorse-fringed valley that we pass, but chiefly for the sake of seeing the familiar yellow flower shape as the pack treads the bushes. We are not disappointed at failing to find here, but keep our eyes vigilantly open as we rise the opposite hill, on which the damp and mossy turf is glittering like silver in the rising sun. A find on this open ground is necessarily a view, for Jack ever moves leisurely homewards, and though he leaves a screaming scent behind him, every vestige of it will die away in one brief minute. "There he goes, there he goes!" Hold up your hat, Sir, and for Goodness sake don't halloo; for renowned a pack as are the O. H., they are but mortal after all. It is no slight luck that they dash across the line at once, catch it up with a swing, and are off with a noise and sparkle that do them credit. Indeed, they *start* with an undeniable *head;* though, as with many of superior degree, it must be confessed they are a little apt to lose it under difficulties. So they stream away right merrily down the sloping ground, the horse hoofs scarcely sounding on the springy grass as we fairly struggle behind them. Along the road it is, at a pace that makes the dust fly as in a gallop-post over the Bangalore maidan. Yet on they go for a mile at the best pace every hound can muster. Surely it must be "flash!" No scent could lie here! But yes, they turn off suddenly at top speed, and rattle on unhesitatingly, testifying loudly to the sweet savour of jackal. Crooktail is leading them noisily, his twisted stern waving in frantic efforts to improve the pace. Crooktail, I must tell you, was bred and born on the Nilgiris, and consequently thinks he knows more about them than anybody else. He is not altogether a model of form, but he can travel like a steam engine, and is as faultless of nose, as he is guileless of all sense of

discipline. Let him lead along a line, he bears himself bravely; but no "second fiddle" for him. The cry of other hounds is to him the signal for seeking elsewhere on his own account; and on his return to kennel, he will indulge in the most pronounced bad language, to all who approach him.

However, Crooktail is in a good humour now; and though the O. H. are rather backward in condition, each member is straining to live with him—on a scent they must be able to see, for there is no stooping to smell. We cheer them lustily and ceaselessly, (for our new hounds have as yet been scarcely entered to Jack) and for two or three miles the head is no whit diminished. A jump 'ye gods,' and this on the Nilgiris! It is only a deep bush hidden nullah, but there is a pleasant tickle to the soul in "setting him at it," and leaning right back in the saddle once again. Forrard! forrard!

We *must* scream for the good of our half-taught pack, and a vent to our own enthusiasm. You might cover the first ten couple "with a sheet"— given that the sheet be large enough— as they dip down to the Ségur brook, a stony rocky streamlet, with a pretentious pool here and there. Hounds rise the other side, with the jackal not fifty yards before them; but don't imagine he is beat or even slow. It is merely a nonchalant way of his. He can make that fifty yards a hundred at any moment he chooses; and to toy with his annoyers, appears to be but a pleasant pastime to this sinewy traveller. Now is the time to ride and cheer them on; but this brook will puzzle you, whether we have mounted you on our best, or you depend on the hireling of Ooty. In the former case, dismount, and lead over the half-covered boulders. In the latter you may, if you like, join the gallant Lancer, who is already swimming about the deepest pool, and congratulating himself on the pleasant change from the burning heat of Secunderabad. Now is the time for riding to

catch 'em; and catch 'em you can't, for they can stream up a hill (at least a certain number of them) much quicker than you can mount it, work your elbows, and use your spurs, never so wisely and well. If you can keep the leading hounds in sight, you must be riding a well-bred one—as Walers go—for, let who likes, say the contrary, I venture the opinion that no Arab can live the pace, when hounds really settle to work over this hilly grass. So struggle on with the tail as best you can; hustle up to each brow, and push down each declivity; skirt the bogs in the valleys, or mark carefully the buffalo crossings. We have been running half an hour, (if a watch that has been a few months in India is to be depended upon), but there is no slackening of speed—*i. e.*, horses and hounds have been throughout at their utmost, and rather more, when we enter a green shola again in view of our Jack.

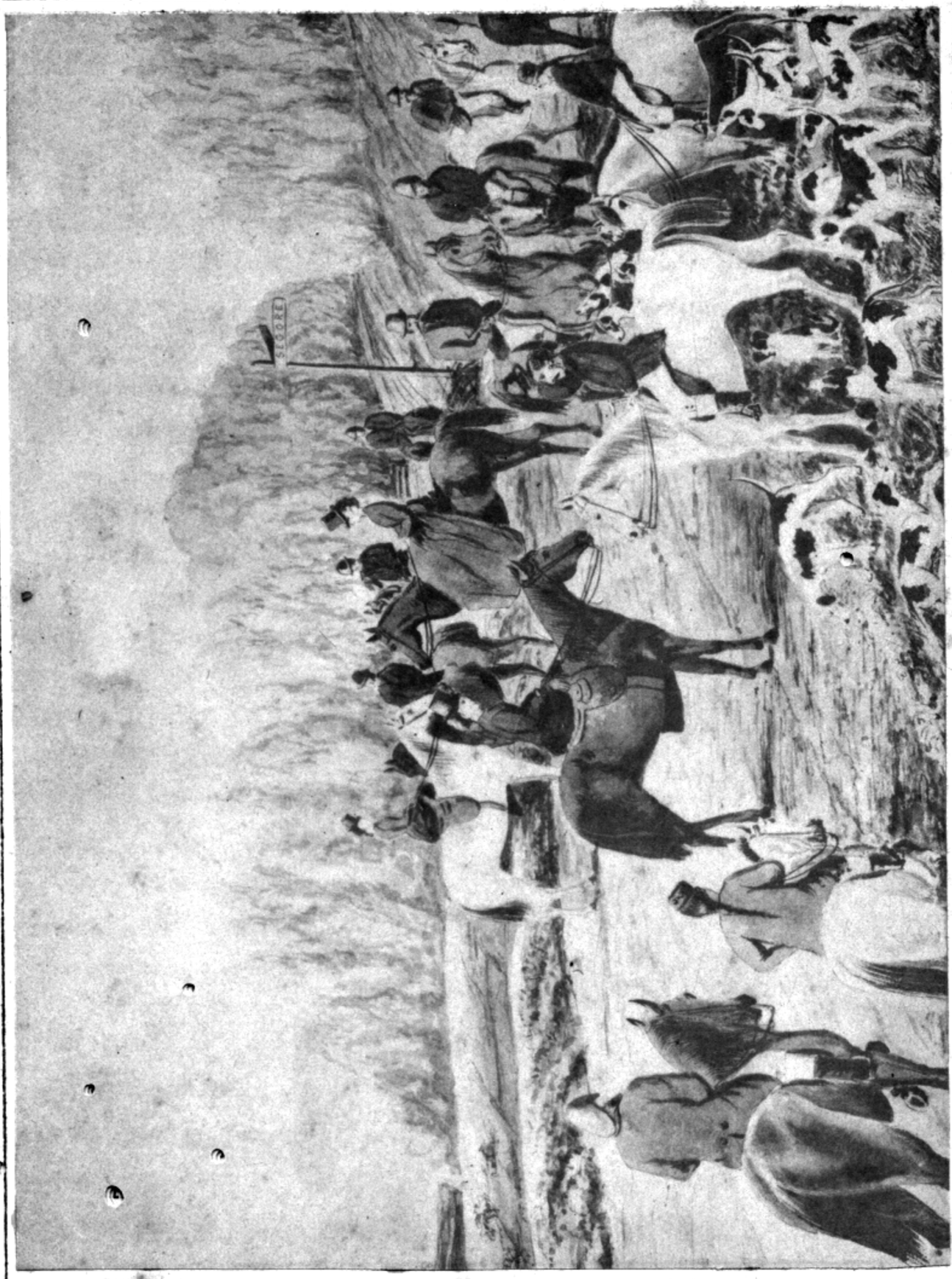
Gather your few couple together, and try and push him to death in covert. He has fairly beaten you and your's in the open. Well, if you can't do this, mark him to ground amid the rocks within, Veerasawmy! Where is now your cunning? Can you not tell us where there is a hole over which to shout "Who—whoop," if but our noisy harmony will speak? "Hark, halloa!" our Jack has been seen stretched gasping on the turf not a hundred yards ahead; but, tired as he is, he can still stretch on in front of half-conditioned hounds; and though Dalesman of the Quorn is heaving along at his brush, the hound is absolutely too tired to seize, and Jack pops into a welcome earth under his very nose.

This, Mr. Editor, was our opening day. The second was much alike, though hounds ran fast for forty-five minutes instead of thirty, with the same result in favour of Jack. We hope that condition will put us on an equality in a week or two; but happen what will, this is a wild sporting country in which

English fox-hounds are not wasted, where game is plentiful, and the problem of scent is (locally) solved. To gallop over this virgin turf is a delight, and the sport is genuine and constant.

Plate XXIV attempts a pictorial representation of the incident "gone to earth," mentioned in the last para. of the above account, and which is the termination of many a fine run.

Plate XXV, Frontispiece, speaks for itself, and concludes,—with our best wishes for the Ootacamund Hunt—*semper floreat*—our "Nilgiri Sporting Reminiscences."



POTY HUNT MEET.

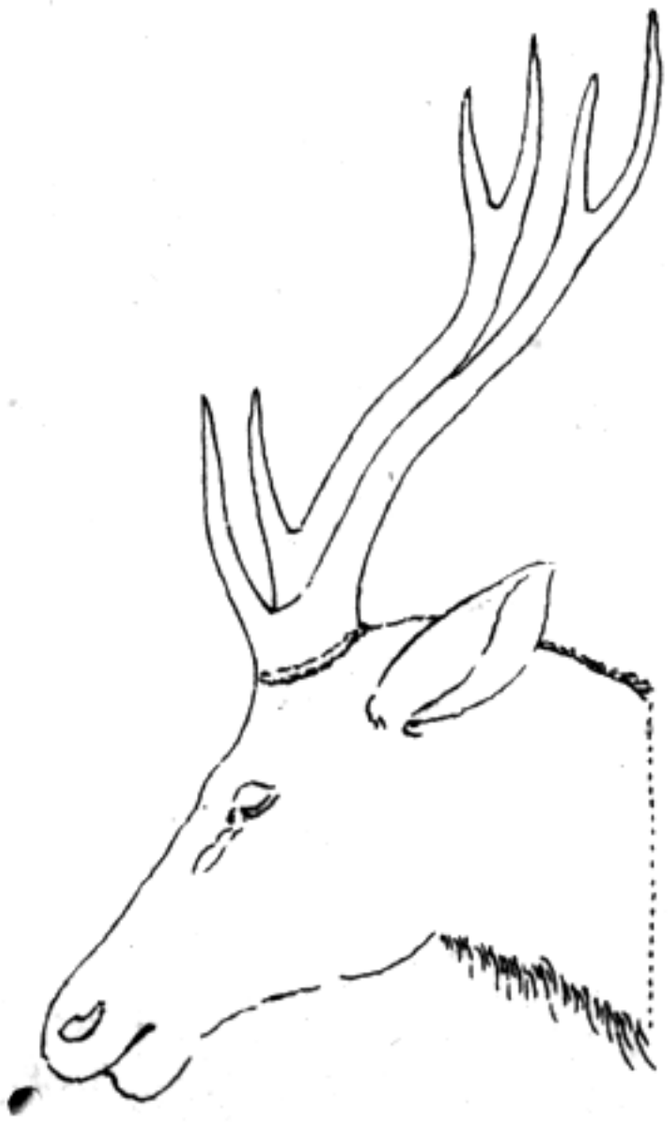


FIG. I.

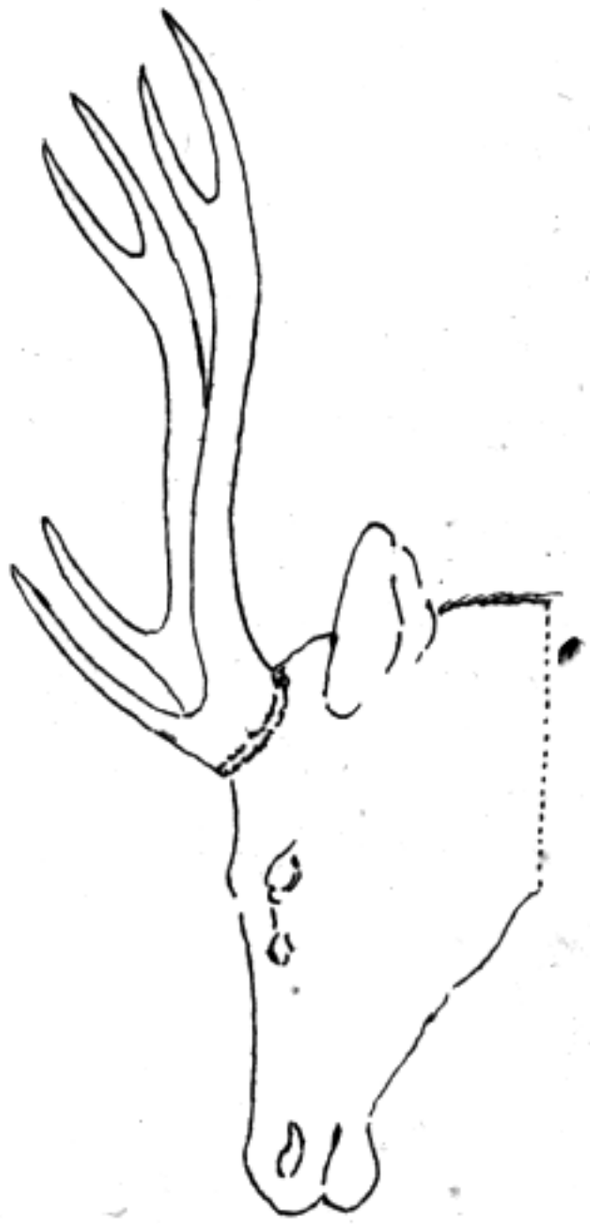


FIG. II

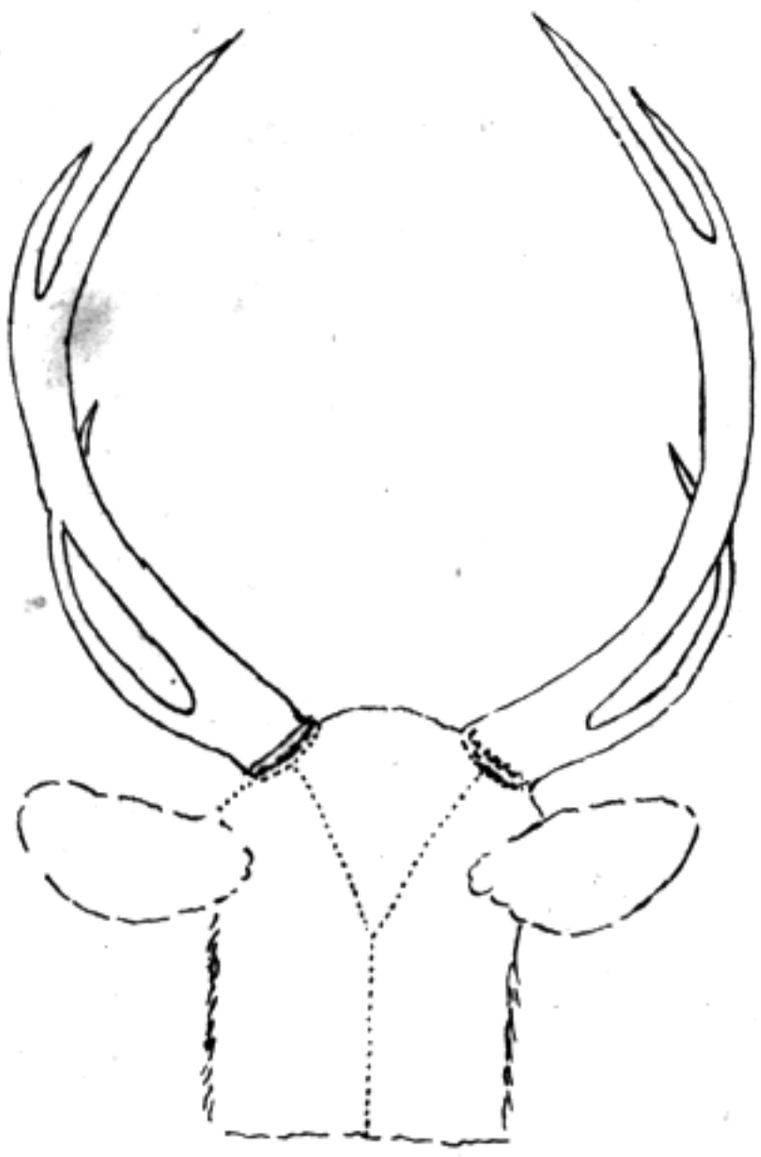


FIG. III.

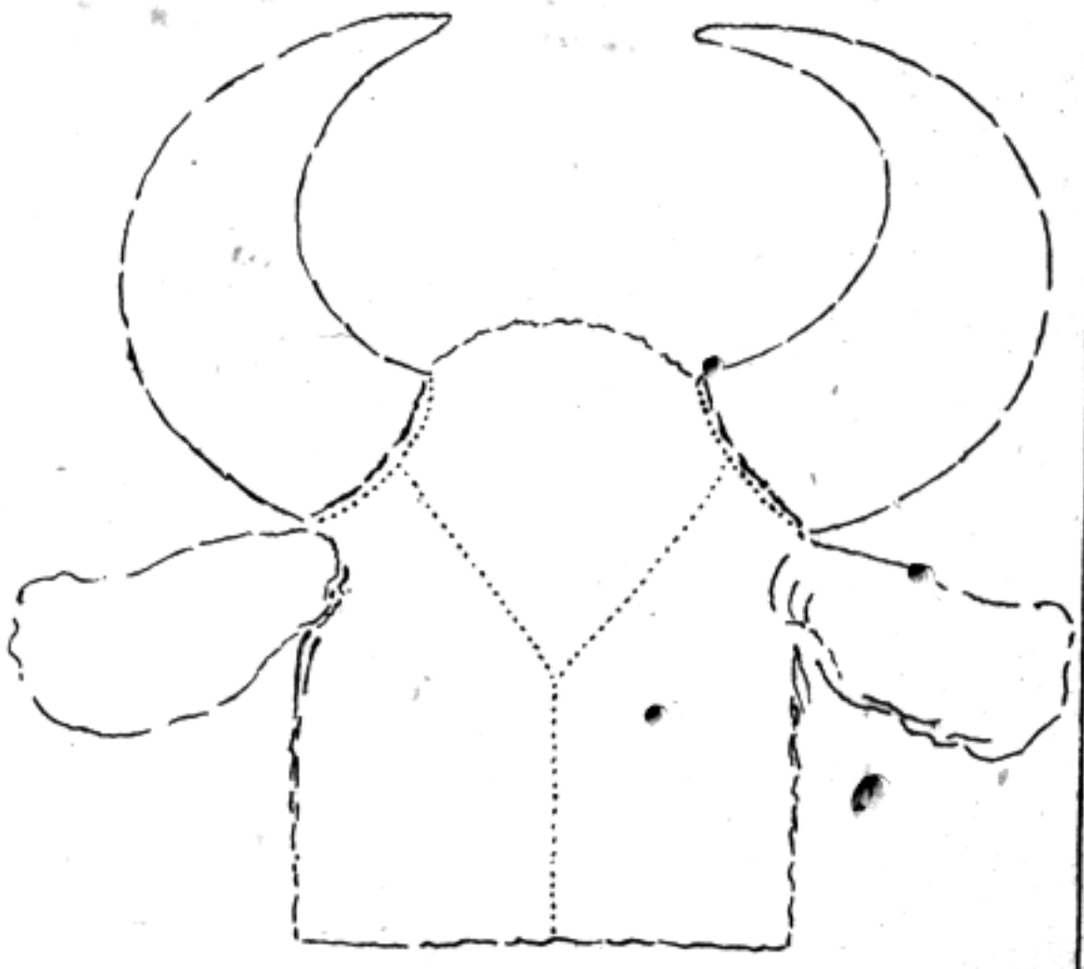


FIG. IV.

SPECIMEN HEADS AND SKINNING.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIAN TAXIDERMY—REMARKS THEREON—HINTS TO SPORTSMEN—SEVERING THE HEADS OF SPECIMENS, AND SKINNING THE SAME ON THE FIELD WITH METHODS OF PRESERVATION.

In a district such as the Nilgiris where Fauna of all species abound—from the tiny brown squirrel to the lordly and majestic bison and elephant—even after so many long years of the reckless and indiscriminate destruction of game animals, but which is now happily checked by the passing of the "Nilgiri Game and Fish Preservation Act," by the Supreme Government of India, which Act provides a fence or close season of five months (to my mind it should have been six) in each year, and penalties for the infringement of its rules—it is surprising how seldom, if ever, good specimens of well preserved, stuffed and mounted trophies are to be met with. Bison, sambur, ibex, and other skulls and horns are indeed to be seen in almost every planter's bungalow and resident's house on the Hills, but a properly stuffed and mounted head is the rare exception; even in the Central Museum of Madras, there are but few, if any, satisfactory works of taxidermy.

The reasons for this state of things appear to be two-fold:—

First.—That up to within the last few years, there have been no local and professional taxidermists except the native chucklers, who, ignorant of the anatomy, natural form or beauty of the animal sent to them to cure and set up, profess and promise "to make properly istuffy Sar," and then produce those excruciating distortions in the shape of sambur, ibex and other heads too well known to be described here, and which naturally disgust, and

deter true sportsmen, from attempting to preserve more than the skulls and horns of their trophies.

Secondly.—That most sportsmen, when—say—on the distant Koondahs, or at the bottom of their precipitous ibex cliffs, or again in the depth and gloom of the trackless bison forests which extend for miles around the base of the Nilgiris, Anémallés and elsewhere, far from the haunts of man and civilization—find it impracticable to convey their trophies, except perhaps the smaller ones, to camp, and therefore content themselves by leaving the head—in the case of bison—to be divested of the flesh by jackals and vultures, the valuable hide being entirely lost, and by sending for the skull and horns at some future time, indifferent to, or ignorant of the fact, that by a very easy method of taking the skin off the head, roughly clearing the flesh from off the skull, and applying such simple means and hints as shall hereafter be given, the carriage of them to camp would be rendered comparatively easy, and on arrival there, our sportsmen would have the satisfaction of knowing that their trophies could be stuffed and mounted "*au naturel*" by the taxidermist of their choice, at any future convenient time, thereby securing a pleasing *memento* of the animal killed, that cost them, may be, such arduous or dangerous work to secure—a *memento* as life-like as art and science could make it, and a far more interesting and handsome trophy than the mere skull and horns would be.

With the view then of removing many of these difficulties, and of assisting those in pursuit of large game, and who may be really desirous—and what true sportsman and Naturalist is not?—of having their best specimens properly preserved and mounted with the skin on, it has been suggested that a few simple and practical hints bearing on the subject be added to this work, which may be of use and benefit to all interested, with the hopes that every opportunity be taken of preserving on the field the trophies

secured, as, it cannot be denied that in these present days, owing to the great number of guns abroad throughout the district, and other causes, success in obtaining large game trophies is far more difficult, and by no means so certain, as it used to be in former years on these Hills, and the circumadjacent hunting grounds, even to the luckiest and most ardent of "shikarring" Englishmen.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

Assuming then that the specimen of large game is "bagged" —be it bison, tiger, sambur, in fact any one, great or small of the feline or cervine species—and the head only is required for curing and mounting :—lay the animal on its side, and commence to sever the head from the body by making a clean cut perpendicularly all round the neck in the direction of the dotted lines as shewn in the diagram, Fig. I, taking care to leave at least from twelve to fifteen inches in length of skin attached to the head, as, by so doing, it will make a more perfect trophy when mounted. The operator is warned NOT to separate the head from the carcase by cutting the neck in the direction of the dotted lines, see Fig. II, which is too close to the jaws, (unfortunately this is too often done) as in such case, the head, when mounted and finished, will present a drooping effect, with the chin almost touching the panel or wall upon which it is fixed, instead of standing well out, defiantly or "at gaze" as it were, which appearance, it certainly would have if the first method of cutting off the head were adopted, and the advantages of which—compare Fig. I with Fig. II—are so obvious, that further description and instructions on that point are unnecessary.

The head being now completely taken off in the manner first directed, lay it on the ground, chin and throat undermost, and with a sharp scalpel or knife make a clear V-shaped cut from the base of each horn at the back of the head—this applies equally

to ALL horned animals from bison to barking-deer—which incisions (*vide* dotted lines in Figs. III & IV) must be carried on in one line along the nape of the neck to the end of the cut skin. Next proceed to clear the skin from the pedestal or base of each horn; raise the V-shaped flap by skinning in the usual way, by doing which it will now lay over the forehead, and proceed to skin the neck all round, cut through the cartilages of the ears as close as possible to the bone, having done which, draw the skin as far as it is separated, over the head; particular care must be taken on reaching the eyes, not to cut or damage the eyelids in any way, as injury to these—the most important features—will be seriously conspicuous when the work is finished. Similar care must likewise be exercised in approaching the lips which must be cut close to the gums. This done, the skin will now be entirely separate from the skull and horns, and the advantages of this method of making the incision at the back of the head and neck instead of down the throat as is usual, will be apparent and self-evident; the seam being along the top, it will be invisible from below when the trophy is finished and finally hung up. All superfluous flesh, fat, &c., must now be cleared from off the skin, and BOTH sides (hair and pelt) be well sponged or soused with either a solution of carbolic acid (in the proportion of one of carbolic to ten parts of water), or with the ordinary turpentine of the bazaar. Either of these anti-septic washes if applied in time will most effectually prevent taint, keep off flies from settling to deposit their larvæ, and will completely "set" or prevent the hair from falling off, which is the greatest desideratum of all; a little powdered alum may then be rubbed in on the pelt side, and arsenical soap (if at hand) be applied to the flesh parts, such as the lips, nostrils, &c., and the skin hung up to dry gradually in the shade. This completes the operation, and the skin is in a state to be handed over to the taxidermist, with skull and horns to be set up in due time. The entire skins of any animal may

be treated in precisely the same manner, but if it is required to set up the specimen whole, it must be remembered to leave the paws or hoofs with the metacarpal and metatarsal bones, well cleaned of flesh and sinews, attached to the skin, the skull and horns, if any, of course, to be included with the skin. Skulls with core horns, *i.e.*, with pith and sheath—such as bison, ibex, antelope will require to be left alone for a few days when the sheath or horn will naturally "stale off" as it is technically called; that happens as soon as the blood vesicles supplying the core begin to putrefy when the horns will easily slip off. This being effected, apply either of the abovementioned anti-septics to the interior of horn, also to the exterior of core, of which latter saw off about two-thirds from the tip to save unnecessary weight to the head, and leaving one-third as a base to screw on its fellow horn.

Skulls and skeletons may be prepared for their place in the Museum or private collection, either by boiling or by maceration, *i.e.*, simply soaking in cold water to which a little quick lime (chunam) has been added. The former is the most speedy method, if practicable, but it is liable to weaken the skulls, the latter, though taking a longer time, produces the most satisfactory results, in hardening and bleaching the bones effectually, without any injury to the cartilages, and delicate ligaments that connect bone to bone. The skull or skeleton may then be placed to dry and harden in the sun, and scraped from time to time with a small-knife, until quite ready to be finally "set up" on a board or otherwise.

The skinning of the smaller mammalia, such as monkeys, squirrels, jackals, &c., if required for stuffing and setting up, is effected as follows:—Let us suppose the specimen in hand be a recently killed black monkey; having placed some cotton in the mouth and any wounds that may let out blood, lay the animal on its back, turn the hairs of the abdomen to the right and left

down the centre, and make incision from the breast-bone to nearly as far as the pubis. (N.B.—The more dexterous the operator the shorter this incision—the only one required—will be. I never exceed ten inches, through which length the largest black monkey can be turned inside out.) Separate the skin from the body right and left of this incision as far as can be reached, sever each hind limb from the pelvis at the thighs, which limbs can then be drawn out as far as the paw, but not severed there; next remove the muscles from the bone by cutting the tendons near the toes, and carefully peeling away the whole at once—apply arsenical soap with cotton around the bone, and skin and return to its place; disengage the anus from the rectum, cut off the tail interiorly, skin down the back as far as the scapulæ or shoulder-blades, at which point separate the fore-arms and treat exactly as described for the hind limbs; proceed with the neck on to the head, which having been carefully manipulated as far as the nose or muzzle, *leave the skin thereto attached;* separate the head from the trunk, clean it from all sinews and flesh, take out the eyes, and enlarge the occipital hole, through which scoop out the brain; anoint the skull, especially lips, plentifully with arsenical soap and return to its place. It now only remains to skin the tail; which is done by laying bare the first two joints and securing them with a strong cord which is fastened to a post or such like; now pass a cleft stick between the cord which holds the tail and the skin, *i.e.*, on the bare joints, which are, of course, placed within the cleft; with a hand on each side, the stick is drawn towards the extremity, and the tail peels off its sheath—a thin stick or wire around which a rag or cotton well smeared with arsenical soap is then introduced upon which the tail pelt side inward is returned to its natural position. Having given the whole skin a good dressing of arsenical soap and finely powdered alum, place stuffing of the most convenient at hand in the skin of the trunk, and suspend the specimen in a cool place to dry.

These remarks apply equally to all smaller animals from the mouse upwards, and indeed to birds also, as the legs and wings of the feathered tribe, from the little sun-bird to the eagle or great bustard, correspond to the four limbs of the quadruped, requiring the same manipulation, with but slight modifications, so that any hints or instructions as to the treatment and preservation of bird specimens would be a mere repetition of the foregoing; with one exception that it is not advisable to use powdered alum, as this ingredient has a tendency to render their skins extremely brittle and liable to tear.

Large specimens of reptiles, such as snakes, iguanas as well as fish are in the same manner preserved, the smaller ones placed in spirits or solution of carbolic—strength of one to ten parts of water.

Want of space prevents further information on these subjects, and the reader is therefore referred to the various works published on Taxidermy. It will be seen then how simple the treatment and material required for the first preservation of trophies and specimens when killed on the field. Sportsmen who set out on a shooting trip, anxious to make permanent collections of natural history, are strongly recommended to take with them a "quantum suff," of the previously mentioned anti-septics, viz. :—

Arsenical soap,
Carbolic acid (crystal A 25),
Spirits of turpentine (ordinary "turps.")

proportionate to the length of their trip, or the amount of game they are likely to meet with and kill. These ingredients are obtainable in almost every European station in India, are inexpensive, portable and take up very little space in the shikar "kit"; and with this advice, we conclude our remarks on rudimentary taxidermy.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

EARLY in 1877, it was proposed to form an Association in Ootacamund for the preservation of the Nilgiri Game.

The first meeting in connection with the Nilgiri Game Association was held on the 14th of June in the same year, at the Library, and was attended by twenty-six gentlemen, residents and planters on the Hills. Colonel Wilson being voted to the Chair.

The undermentioned Resolutions were proposed and carried :—

I.—That a Voluntary Game Association shall be established on the Nilgiri Hills.

II.—That a Committee be appointed to prepare a set of Rules for the guidance of the Association.

III.—That the undermentioned gentlemen be requested to serve on the Committee, viz. :—Colonel Hadfield, Colonel Wilson, Messrs. Dawson, Hodgson, Hill, Teare, Wapshare, Webster, Windle, Captain Rae, and Doctor Shaw.

The deliberations and proceedings of this Committee resulted in the publication of the following,

PROSPECTUS.

Nilgiri District Game Association—Interim Committee.

(Alphabetically arranged.)

MR. G. A. R. DAWSON,	MR. TEARE,
COL. HADFIELD,	,, WAPSHARE,
MR. P. HODGSON,	,, WEBSTER,
CAPT. RAE,	COL. WILSON,
DR. SHAW,	MR. WINDLE.

HONORARY SECRETARY MR. LEWIS McIVER.

This Association has been formed for the preservation of game and fish, and for the introduction and acclimatisation of new species in the Nilgiri District. The necessity for some united action in this direction has been too long apparent to require justification, and the promoters of the movement are satisfied that they are, following, rather than leading public opinion, in inviting the aid of Government to preserve from wanton destruction, and even extinction, some of the game species of these Hills. The Association, therefore, proposes to effect its object, by the strict observance of its rules by its members, by the co-operation of the general public, but chiefly by obtaining some measure, of legislative assistance from Government.

Among the remedies suggested for the present unsatisfactory condition of things, are the following :—

I.—The establishment of, and the prohibition of, the sale of game during a close season.

II.—The prohibition of the slaughter of hinds and cow bison.

III.—The registration of native shikarries.

IV.—Licensing of guns.

V.—The enforcement of these provisions by legislative enactment.

The following Rules and principles have been adopted by the Interim Committee for discussion and confirmation or amendment at the next General Meeting.

I.—The Association shall be called the Nilgiri District Game Association.

II.—The objects of the Association are the preservation of game and fish, and the introduction and acclimatisation of new species in the District.

III.—Residents of the district and visitors shall be eligible for membership.

IV.—* That the following close seasons be observed :—

For sambur, barking-deer, ibex ... 15th April to 15th October.
„ hares ... ... 1st March to 1st July.
„ jungle-fowl, spur-fowl, and hill quail ... ... 1st March to 31st August.

Note.—(That members pledge themselves to observe these close seasons and not to purchase game during their continuance.)

V.—That all native shikarries be licensed.

Note.—(And that members bind themselves not to employ any but registered shikarries.)

VI.—That no hinds or cow bison be shot.

Note.—(If game increases, as is probable, some relaxation of this rule may then be considered.)

VII.—That the Government be addressed to bring in a Bill

(i) embodying the foregoing rules.
(ii) imposing a tax upon guns, and,
(iii) including penalties for infringement of its provisions.

Rules for the election of new members, and officers, for the provision of Funds, for the periodical Meetings, &c., will be framed at the first General Meeting of the Association.

The Rules, as mentioned above and recommended by the Committee were approved of at a General Meeting held on the 3rd November 1877, Major-General Morgan being in the chair, and it was also then decided that Government should be moved to pass an Act establishing a close season, and providing penalties for killing or selling game out of season.

Another General Meeting was held on the 29th June 1878 for the purpose of making arrangements, so as to be prepared to take action

* These Rules were afterwards modified as will be shewn. *Vide* Game Act.

so soon as the Game Act should be passed; Mr. Barlow, the Commissioner, being in the chair. The Bill drawn by the Madras Government having been read, a Committee was nominated (Mr. Barlow, General Morgan, Col. Wilson, Major Jago, Dr. Shaw, and Mr. G. Dawson) for the purpose of preparing rules for submission to Government in anticipation of the passing of the Bill. Committees were organised at the same time in order to ensure the better carrying out of the provisions of the Act; one Committee for Ootacamund, others for Kartari, Coonoor, Kotagiri, Neddiwuttum, and the several outlying districts of the Hills.

The recommendations of the Committee were submitted to Government in July 1878, and early in 1879, the Nilgiri Game Act was passed and ordered to be in force from the 6th May 1879.

NILGIRI GAME AND FISH PRESERVATION ACT, 1879.

1. The attention of all Magistrates, Police officers and the Public generally is called to the provisions of "The Nilgiri Game and Fish Preservation Act, 1879," published below and the appended Notifications by His Grace the Governor in Council issued under Section 3 of the said Act.

2. It will be observed that it is now absolutely illegal to shoot at, kill, capture, pursue, or sell, or attempt to kill, capture or sell within the limits laid down in the Schedule to the Act any of the following game, viz.:—bison, sambur, ibex, jungle-sheep, deer of all descriptions, hares, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, partridge, quail, and spur-fowl, and that breach of this law will be severely punishable with fine and forfeitures as laid down in Section 7 of the Act.

3. Particular attention is called to Section 9 of the Act, which empowers Magistrates to award to the person on whose information a conviction is obtained so much of any fine levied under the Act as does not exceed one-half the fine leviable for the offence. For instance, if A informs the Magistrate that B shot

a sambur or hare, and the Magistrate convicts B and fines him Rs. 25 or more, then the Magistrate may award A as much as Rs. 25, or if the conviction was for a second offence and B was fined Rs. 50, or more, then the Magistrate might award as much as Rs. 50. Magistrates will be requested to grant rewards liberally.

4. All Police Officers and the Heads of villages are required to give every possible aid in detecting offenders and giving information to the Magistrate.

5. The Public are invited to give speedy and accurate information of offences against the Act to the nearest Magistrate or Police Officer.

(Signed) R. S. BENSON,
Ag. Dist. Magistrate, Nilgiris.

DISTRICT MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE, OOTACAMUND,
28*th May* 1879.

NOTIFICATIONS.

The Madras Act No. 2 of 1879 (an Act to provide for the protection of Game and acclimatised fish in the district of the Nilgiris in the Madras Presidency) having received the assent of His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General and become law, the Governor in Council directs that the aforesaid Madras Act No. 2 of 1879 shall come into force and take effect from and after the 6th May 1879.

Under the provisions of Madras Act No. 2 of 1879, (an Act to provide for the protection of Game and acclimatised fish in the district of the Nilgiris in the Madras Presidency) the Governor in Council hereby declares that it shall not be lawful in the said district for any person to shoot at, kill, capture, pursue, or sell, or attempt to kill, capture, pursue, or sell game, between the 6th May, 1879 and the 15th September, in 1879, inclusive, and that in future years it shall not be lawful for any person to shoot at, kill, capture, pursue or sell, or attempt to kill, capture or sell game during the season commencing

on the 15th of April, and terminating on the 15th September, both days inclusive in each year.

(True Extract.)

(Signed) C. G. MASTER,
Ag. Chief Secy. to Government.

The following Act of the Governor of Fort St. George in Council received the assent of His Excellency the Governor-General on the 24th March 1879, *and is hereby promulgated for general information :—*

MADRAS ACT No. II OF 1879.

An Act to provide for the protection of Game and acclimatised fish in the District of the Nilgiris in the Madras Presidency.

Preamble.

WHEREAS it is expedient to provide for the protection of wild animals and birds used for food, and of acclimatised fish, and to prohibit the killing, capturing and selling game and acclimatised fish in the district known at the Nilgiris, as described in the schedule hereto appended, under certain conditions. It is hereby enacted as follows :—

Title and local extent.

1. This Act may be called "The Nilgiris Game and Fish Preservation Act, 1879," and it shall come into operation in the district aforesaid, or such parts thereof, and from such dates as the Governor in Council may from time to time declare by Notification in the *Fort Saint George Gazette*.

Interpretation-clause. "Game"

2. In this Act the word game shall include bison, sambur, ibex, jungle-sheep, deer of all descriptions, hares, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, partridge, quail, and spur-fowl, or such birds or animals as the Governor in Council may deem fit to specify by Notification from time to time in the *Fort Saint George Gazette*.

Power to fix close season.

3. The Governor in Council may by Notification in the *Fort Saint George Gazette* from time to time, fix a season or seasons of the year during which it shall not be lawful

for any person to shoot at, kill, capture, pursue or sell, or attempt to kill, capture or sell game, as may be specified in such Notification within the district aforesaid.

Proviso as to private lands.

Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall preclude proprietors or occupiers of land from adopting such measures on such land as may be necessary for the protection of crops or produce growing thereon.

Protection of animal, bird, or fish not indigenous.

4. Whenever any animal, bird or fish useful for food, not indigenous to the district aforesaid, is introduced into it with the approval of the Government with a view to becoming acclimatised or being propagated therein, it shall be lawful for the Governor in Council from time to time, by Notification in the *Fort Saint George Gazette* to prohibit altogether, or to regulate in such manner and for such period not exceeding three years as may be declared in such Notification, the pursuit, killing, or capture of such animal, bird or fish.

Power to prescribe rules for the regulation and control of fishing.

5. It shall be lawful for the Governor in Council, by Notification in the *Fort Saint George Gazette* from time to time to make rules for the regulation and control of fishing in any stream or lake within the said district; and such rules may with the view to protect acclimatised fish which may be believed to be there or may be hereafter introduced therein, prohibit or regulate the poisoning of the waters of any stream or lake within the said district, the throwing of any deleterious matters therein, the use of fixed engines for the capture of fish in any stream, and the use of nets of a mesh below a certain size to be defined in such rules for the capture of fish in such stream or lake.

Power of Government Officer or Police.

6. Any Government officer or servant or policeman producing his certificate of office or wearing the prescribed distinctive dress or badge of his department, may require any person whom he finds committing any offence against Sections 3, 4 or 5 of this Act, to give his name and address, or if

there is reason to doubt the accuracy of the name and address so given, to accompany him to the nearest Police-station.

Penalties for shooting, &c., during close seasons and for breach of fishing rule.

7. Every person convicted before a Magistrate of any offence against Sections 3, 4 or 5 of this Act shall be liable for a first offence to a penalty not exceeding Rupees fifty and to the forfeiture to Government, at the discretion of the Magistrate of the game, birds or fishes taken, and of all guns, engines, implements, nets and dogs used in or for the purpose of aiding the commission of such offence, and in default of payment of fine to simple imprisonment for a period not exceeding one month, and for every second and subsequent offence to a penalty not exceeding Rupees one hundred and the same liability to forfeiture and in default of payment to simple imprisonment for a period not exceeding two months.

Procedure under this Act.

8. The provisions of the Code of Criminal Procedure relating to the summoning and examination of persons accused and witnesses and to the levying of penalties shall be applied to proceedings under this Act.

Appropriation of fees, fines, &c.

9. All fees, fines and forfeitures realised under this Act shall be paid into the Public treasury. But it shall be competent to the convicting Magistrate to award such portion of the fine or of the proceeds of the forfeiture as he may think fit not exceeding one-half the amount of full fine authorised to be imposed by this Act to the person or persons on whose information the conviction is obtained.

SCHEDULE *referred to in the Preamble.*

The Nilgiri District shall for the purpose of this Act be held to be bounded by—

The north bank of the Bhavani River from Attipadi in the Attipadi Valley to the junction of the Moyar River.

The west and south banks of the Moyar River from its junction with the Bhavani to the point in the Mudumallé District nearest to Gúdalúr.

A line carried thence to the head of the Pandy River (Ouchterlony Valley).

The east bank of the Pandy River to where it falls near the Karkur Pass into Malabar Payenghaut.

A line along the south crest of the Ouchterlony Valley and across the western slopes of the Nilgiri and Múkúrti Peaks and Sispara Ranges to Wallaghaut.

A line thence along the west crest of the Silent Valley (Malabar) Range.

N. B.—The District shall include the entire tract known as the Silent Valley.

A line from the south end of the abovenamed range to the Bhavani River at Attipadi in the valley of the same name.

(By Order.)

A. S. VENKATARAMANA PANTALU,

Acting Asst. Secy. to Government,

Legislative Department.