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BIG GAME SHOOTING IN LOWER BURMA.

BY

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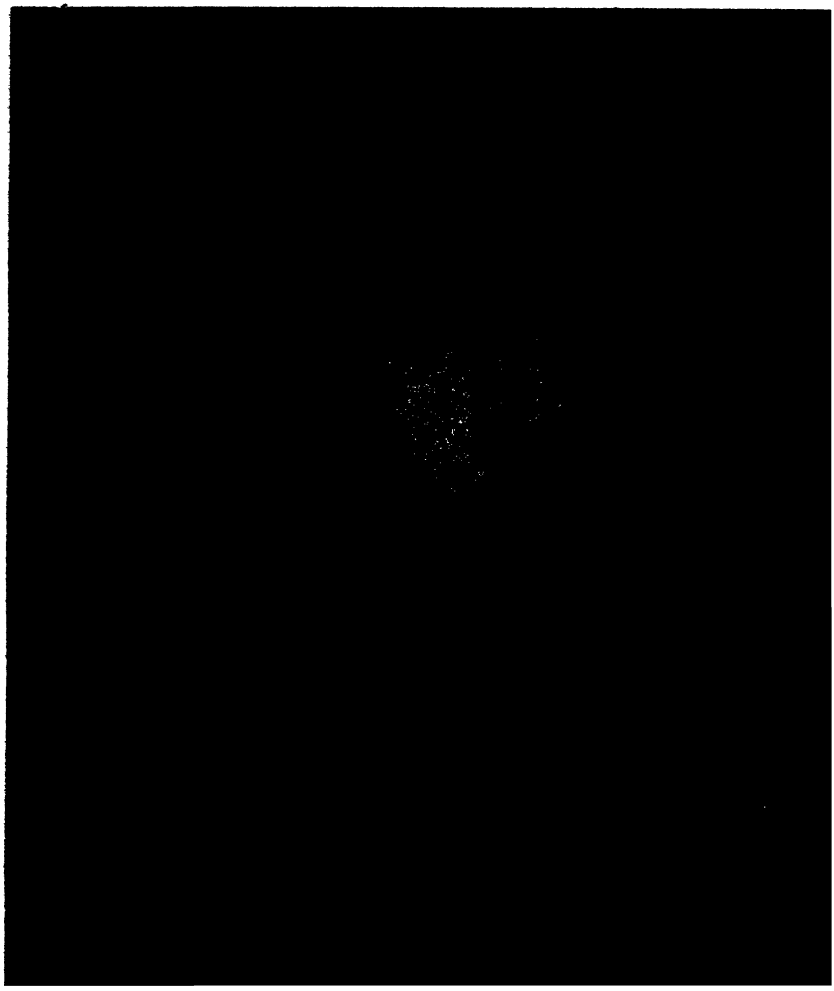


THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Big Game Shooting in Lower Burma—one of the ideal spots in the East, and used as a hunting-ground from the time the British had anything to do with the country—has little or no literature to assist the beginner whose desire purely is to follow the fortunes of the chase with the ultimate object of collecting handsome trophies to which he would on his retirement from the field of his labours or sport look upon with pride, the very sight of them awakening many pleasant memories and enabling him to follow the hunt all over again in his mind's eye with the attendant feelings of excitement and pleasure.

Messrs. Pollock & Thom's "Wild Sport in Burma and Assam," although an admirable record of incidents of Big Game Shooting, lacks, in my opinion, the information necessary to assist the beginner. It is valuable to the more experienced as a record for comparing the habits of wild game animals with their descriptions by other notable sportsmen of India who have enriched the world with literature on the subject. Colonel Pollock's contributions to the volume deal with sport in Assam very many years ago, when game was more plentiful and the conditions different from those of to-day. Mr. Thom's record of his

various encounters with wild beasts and his map of game localities are exceedingly useful and interesting. His opportunities for observation can hardly be rivalled. Another more recent publication, by Mr. David Wilson, called "Anecdotes of Big Cats and other Beasts," is, as the title implies, a collection of curious and interesting incidents concerning hunters and beasts. His stories are partly self-experienced and partly obtained second-hand from others and personally vouched for after having taken the pains to verify most or all of them. It is written more or less on the lines of Kipling's "First and Second Jungle Books." There are some hints on the character of man and beasts to be gleaned from it. The writer shows a keen sense of observation and recollection, making the book quite readable, but no information or hint can be gathered from it to render it of great use to a beginner. Some of his remarks and sentences are original (see Pages 214 and 215) and strong, and, I may say, entirely opposed to those of the majority of people with whom I have conversed on the subject.

I am inclined to the belief that the scarcity of literature on the subject of Big Game Shooting in Burma is due to the general reticence of genuine sportsmen, who are invariably men of modest temperament and of few words, with a strong dislike of getting into print or appearing egotistical. I know of many sportsmen who are as keen as one would wish to meet, and keener perhaps than my-

self and better able to express their thoughts and experiences in print so as to enable others to derive profit and pleasure from their opinions and experiences; but, alas; modesty or want of opportunity appears to be the besetting sin which, I feel, is the principal cause of this scarcity of literature which would be of some assistance to the young would-be *shikari*. Or can it possibly be the infection of the Burmans, who prefer to keep secret things in general which would benefit humanity, as in the case of Burmese doctors whose prescriptions are strictly guarded and handed down from father to son as heirlooms, irrespective of the ability of the legatee to diagnose the complaint for which he prescribes.

I am entirely opposed to these sentiments and consider that it is the duty of every individual to impart to his fellow creatures, to the best of his ability, any knowledge on any subject that he is fortunate enough to have gained so that they may at some time or other derive possible benefit from it. This, and this alone, is my excuse for presuming to put into print the little knowledge I have been able to gather in my enjoyable experiences; and if by chance some kind reader should find it useful I shall be amply repaid for the time and attention expended on its compilation.

I shall at all times be pleased to correspond with readers of this book on the subject with which it deals or to see them personally if they succumb to the entrancing oppor-

tunities and joys which Beautiful Burma offers to the *shikari*.

Rangoon, March 1st, 1916.

A COLLECTION OF SOME OF AUTHOR'S TROPHIES.

CHAPTER I.

PROPER RIFLES AND GUNS FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING IN BURMA.

Big Game Shooting in Burma is not entirely on all fours with Big Game Shooting in India, although it may, at first sight, appear identical. The habits of game animals are, more or less, the same, but there are differences in the nature of the Jungles, and the mode of hunting them. Comparing India and Burma with Africa and America and other countries, where big game hunting is in vogue, the conditions are entirely dissimilar in many respects. Experience in other spheres will not necessarily be all that would be required of a sportsman in Burma although the ground-work for the building up of a sportsman may have been completed.

In Burma, the nature of the game jungles is such that you are almost on the top of your quarry before you actually see it; whereas, in Africa, from what I have read, you see flocks of different kinds of game at considerable distance on the veldt or open plain, with little or no cover of thick jungle over head, except at certain localities usually inhabited by elephants. Similar conditions appertain to

certain areas inhabited by mountain sheep and goats in India. Under such circumstances, small-bore high-velocity rifles, with low trajectories would be the ideal weapons to use when there is no chance of a close encounter.

The conditions in America are, I believe, not dissimilar, your game being seen at a distance, although in high forest lands. But in Burma there is no happy medium, the jungles being high with thick undergrowth or the impenetrable *Kaing* grass in either of which you invariably find your large game, and at close quarters. It is, therefore, imperative that the sportsman be armed with the heaviest rifle which he can conveniently carry and taking enormous charges so as to give the maximum shock and smashing power. In other words, possible close encounters in any jungle need to be met with the heaviest metal.

Modern hunters of Big Game in Africa use the smaller-bored cordite rifles owing to their convenience and lightness and having their game in abundance and in open country, a long shot being the general rule and a close encounter rather the exception. Most of the accidents from lion, rhino and elephant have been due to the fact that the hunter, when charged, had only the small-bore gun in hand, with the lack of smashing power and shock of the larger-bored rifles. Mr. Roosevelt, in his "African Game Trails," describes his double ·500-450 high-velocity rifle, as his big rifle. He did most of his shooting with the smaller bored rifle, a ·405 Winchester Repeater, and a single barrel-

led 30-calibre Springfield. Selous, a veteran sportsman, in his "Travel and Adventure in South East Africa," pages 428 to 435, published in 1893, recommends his old love, the 8-bore black powder; but since the introduction of high velocity cordite rifles, considers a single ·450 good enough for all African game, yet he does not suggest the entire discarding of the 8-bore, and recommends its retention by those who hunt elephants as a business, this being his only excuse. I am unable to follow his reasoning, and cannot understand why he does not recommend the double ·577 high-velocity cordite, which combines the smashing power of the old 8-bore black powder, together with handiness and convenience and low trajectory of the smaller bore weapons. At the time of his writing, 1893, these weapons had not been perfected as they are now, and it is probable that because of their imperfections 22 years ago he did not recommend them.

I have no hesitation in recommending this double H. V. ·577 cordite rifle to those desirous of doing any shooting in Burma. These heavy and hard-hitting weapons are an absolute necessity for the Burma jungles, owing, as I have already remarked, to the hunter almost touching his game before he actually perceives it. If your game in Burma is at any appreciable distance you will be unable to see it, even if the animal be an elephant.

I have dropped Gaur in their tracks with a single shot from these weapons, and I use them on all game, from the

hardy and game wild boar upwards, and cannot remember a single instance where I lost my quarry after it was hit with a bullet out of one of these rifles. It is by no means a too heavy or inconvenient weapon for the average man to carry all day, nor is the recoil, when discharging 90 grains of H. V. Cordite and 650 grains of fully or partially nickel-covered bullets, a punishment. I have personally fired double the above charge and found the recoil no greater than that of 12 drachms of black powder and a 2-ounce bullet. The average beginner fights shy of the appearance of these weapons at first sight and is seldom willing to give them a fair trial or serious consideration. A little thought cannot fail to convince him that, weight in rifles counteracts recoil. I would, therefore, strongly recommend the heaviest weapon a man can conveniently carry. Shock, smashing power, accuracy, easy recoil, and reduction to the minimum of danger and labour, will all combine to please the user to an extent which he will not fail to appreciate. I add the reduction of labour and danger to the user, for, be what the animal may, from an elephant downwards, when once hit with a bullet from this weapon, it is certain to be bagged, and bagged at no great distance from the spot fired at, if not on the very spot. It hardly matters on what part of the animal the bullet strikes; it knocks all the fight out of the most pugnacious animal to an extent that you can, with due caution, approach it for the *coup de grace*.

There are several kinds of bullets used in this weapon for different kinds of game. The full nickel-covered for hard-skinned animals, where penetration is required. It is used on such animals as elephants, bison, tsine, and rhino.

Of the partly nickel-covered bullets, there are several kinds or patterns, some hollowed, some squared, and others split, these are all adapted for use on the softer skinned and lighter game, such as sambur, tiger, leopard, bear, wild boar and so on.

If money is no object, I would recommend the removable lock system, now put on the market by different makers. My reason is that it is always a comfort to be able to remove the locks for examination and cleaning, for in this country rust or dirt is bound to attack the locks of a gun, be the locks removable or otherwise, as the long months of damp weather penetrates almost anything. The average sportsman cannot afford to choose the time of the year for a shoot. He inclines to take any opportunity that offers itself. It may be owing to different circumstances that it is only during the rains that the opportunity may occur, and in pursuing his object the rifle gets wet. Damp is sure to penetrate to the delicate mechanism of the locks, whether the gun is wet or not, and rust is the inevitable consequence, which may be the cause of much disappointment and perhaps grave danger to the user.

In this connection I might add that the interiors of the barrels of your rifle should be examined now and again

whilst on the war-path, to make sure that no sand or grit has managed to get into it, before you fire a heavy charge and a hardened bullet through it. Whilst making your way about in heavy jungles it is quite on the cards that grit may find its way into the barrels, particularly if the rifle is being carried by a gun bearer. Should there be this obstruction there is the danger of a burst, or at least a roughened barrel causing subsequent rust and pitting.

Many firms attach what is called the "Anti-recoil heel plate," made of rubber, to these heavy rifles, alleging that it will reduce the recoil, in order to induce purchases. I entirely disapprove of the contrivance. The rubber when fresh prevents the user from bringing his rifle to the ready quickly, as the rubber catches the clothing. Rubber quickly deteriorates in this country. It loses its elasticity, and begins to break off in chips and the very object for which it is intended is defeated and the gun begins to look prematurely old. A further objection is that oil, which is a necessity to the gun, destroys the rubber if any should get into contact with it.

Having chosen your rifle you should familiarise yourself with it so that you can understand the weapon thoroughly, and so long as you hold it straight you will experience no disappointment. You should always carry it yourself and never hand it over to your follower, to be taken over when needed. This rule should never be relaxed on any consideration or pretext whatever, for you

may be quite sure that the very moment it is out of your hands you will assuredly require it. Your big game seem to pop up, as it were, from the earth, and if you cannot grasp the psychological moment your opportunity will have gone.

I have observed many who begin their career as sportsmen with the useful 12-bore fowling piece. They may subsequently take to the rifle, but finding the 12-bore more handy turn to it on the slightest excuse or pretext. This is a grave mistake, and should be strenuously avoided. Those after big game should reverse the position and try to avoid the 12-bore as much as possible. Once get used to the rifle I have described above and you will almost feel unhappy without it in your hands or on your shoulders when on the war-path. You will be astonished at the amount of confidence this rifle will give you when once you have thoroughly mastered its use.

Now, a hint as to the way of familiarising yourself with the use of a rifle. Above all, always carry it yourself and use it yourself. Never lend your best rifle even to your dearest friend. I will give you an instance of the result of this lending later on.

A brother sportsman used to be very fond of a small-bore rabbit-rifle of English make. He used this on small birds and animals with unerring precision. The report made by the cartridges was rather loud. An idea occured to me that a smaller-bored rifle with smaller bullets would

serve the double purpose of an auxiliary to my battery in big game shooting and give me practice in the use of a rifle. I decided on 22-bore Winchester Repeating Rifle with a particular kind of cartridge. Now, writers on big game shooting recommend the 12-bore fowling-piece for a second gun with which to replenish the stock-pot. I disapprove of this for the reason that when after big game one should abstain as much as possible from disturbing the jungles by the report of a shot with this gun, even though the stock-pot require replenishing. It may be argued, as some writers do, that wild animals will take the report for thunder or the noise of falling trees, and so forth; but I prefer to take no chances whatever. The advantages in using this small rifle are that you remain in constant practice with the use of a rifle, with the minimum noise and consequent disturbing of the immediate neighbourhood and at the same time keep your stock-pot well filled besides experiencing the pleasure of bagging all kinds and varieties of birds and small animals. These small rifles are so accurate that you can hit a pin-head at a visible distance provided you hold it steady and shoot straight. The cartridges I would recommend for use with these are called " C. B. Caps," that is Conical Bulleted Caps, loaded with fulminate or smokeless powder. The report of these rifles firing the above-mentioned cartridges is less than that of an ordinary air-gun, and the rifles have the advantage, as against the air-gun, that you have no weakened springs to heighten

the trajectory to contend with. This cartridge, in comparison with the black powder loading, does not foul the barrel nearly so much, nor is the report quite as loud. The only disadvantage is that corrosion of your barrel takes place quickly, which, however, can be avoided by a judicious application of Orite before you are able to thoroughly clean it.

There are several other kinds of guns which are put on the market and puffed by advertisement. For instance, the Paradox gun, the Invisible rifled gun, the Jungle gun—all guaranteed to serve the purpose of a 12-bore shot-gun and a rifle in the one weapon. I would counsel the beginner after Big Game to avoid these guns, as it is absolutely impossible for the one gun to serve both purposes with any degree of accuracy.

There is yet another gun which should be avoided, and that is the double barrel, containing a smooth bore on the one side and a rifle on the other. These guns are now seldom seen but used to be fairly common in the past. The bores usually were 12 in the one and ·450 in the other barrel. No big game hunter can combine big and small game shooting in the one outing. When you are after the one you cannot afford to think of the other, and, depend upon it, you will be using the wrong barrel at the critical moment, besides, you will always need the second barrel of the same calibre, whether you are shooting birds or big game. When you are after Big Game, and use the rifled

barrel, you will hardly wish to empty the second barrel of shot at it, or *vice versa*. An amusing incident which occurred to my knowledge with a weapon of this kind is worth relating. I accepted an invitation to accompany two prospecting friends on a trip to Thabeikkyin, in Upper Burma, several years ago. They were on prospecting bent, whilst I wanted a bit of sport. One of these amiable friends succeeded in borrowing a gun of this description, which I call a cock-eyed gun. He was highly pleased with it, describing the gun as the most useful and convenient weapon ever built. We went out together one morning to a place several miles away from Thabeikkyin, after game in general. My friend was proudly carrying this gun, singing its praises at intervals during the walk. We found nothing worth mentioning in the shape of Big Game, although a Shan pedlar informed us that he had passed a herd of elephants about an hour back, whither my friend declined to proceed. We made tracks back, shooting jungle fowl on the way. Not expecting anything large I had discarded my rifle and was handling my 12-bore fowling piece, loaded with No. 4 shot. I had some cartridges, loaded with ball and slugs also, about my person. Walking quietly through the jungle, we arrived at a spot where the jungle had been set on fire; it was burning the leaves and grass and travelling towards us. It was quite an easy matter to step over the line of fire and travel along the portion already burnt. I suddenly espied a large *Gyi*,

quietly feeding beyond the burning portion, and pointed it out to my companion as I had no suitable shot in my gun. He presented this cock-eyed gun and was about to fire at a jungle fowl which rose between us and the *Gyi*. Whilst all this was going on, I had managed to extract and exchange my No. 4 for slugs. My friend presented and fired, but, alas, with the wrong barrel containing the No. 4 shot, at the *Gyi*, which was not less than 50 yards distant. Now, luckily for our larder, the *Gyi*, in its fright at the report, made straight towards us as fast as it could come, when I fired and dropped it dead almost at our feet. Of course, my friend's second barrel had no cartridge in it, and he looked on, open-mouthed, and even if he had had a cartridge in it would not have been the kind one would ordinarily use on a little *Gyi*. He was, however, quite pleased with himself, fancying that he had brought the *Gyi* to bag. I said nothing, as this *Gyi* was intended to grace our common table. Try the experiment of firing at *Gyi* with No. 4 shot out of a 12-bore, at 50 yards, and no explanation will be needed. I could perhaps give other instances, but this suffices to prove to the reader the uselessness of this kind of weapon.

I do not advise the discarding of the 12-bore altogether from one's battery when after large game. This weapon is convenient as a helping gun when necessity arises, when there are no other rifles at hand, and it should be carried by your tracker or follower. He should be instructed not

to shoot at anything of his own accord. The fact of his being allowed to carry it, only with a view to helping, if necessary, gives him a certain amount of confidence in himself, and permits him to fancy that you place more reliance on him than the others. At any rate, you must humour your man, for, after all, the Burman has a good deal of sporting instinct in him, and on this account may have followed you, and not always solely because of filthy lucre. If you are fortunate in procuring such men, so much the better, as they will leave their work and family behind to accompany you, taking equal chances in your weal or woe. Discarded wearing apparel or a present of even a few rupees will not come amiss to him. The class of man who expects nothing is the best man. The one who comes solely and simply for so many rupees per diem is generally worse than useless in the long run. The kind of man I have described will be quick to observe your likes and dislikes and to respect your wish or order, and they can be trained eventually to become perfect companions in your shooting expeditions. They will uncomplainingly carry your gun throughout the shoot, and make no attempt to fire it without permission, and this permission need not be withheld at the end of your shoot or at the beginning when on your way to the ground it is intended to shoot over, provided that it is some distance away. They will thoroughly appreciate your forethought and kindness, as you must not lose sight of the fact that

for the lowly Burman, with strong sporting instinct, the use of firearms on his own is completely prohibited at present and perhaps for ever.

Under all circumstances remember the necessity of your knowing the power and capacity of your gun, and let it not be forgotten that a good deal of your confidence and success depends on your ability to use the weapon and hit any particular spot you contemplate striking. Never lend or borrow a gun or learn to shoot on a borrowed one. You must be absolute master of the idiosyncrasies of the gun you ordinarily shoot with.

Major G. P. Evans, the Author of the latest book on "Big Game Shooting in Upper Burma," recommends a double ·450-·400 H. V. Cordite, taking 60 grains of cordite or equivalent Axite, and weighing 10 pounds. Without disparaging the weapon recommended, as being all sufficient for the purpose, I agree with him in the main regarding the inconvenience of the old fashioned 8 and 10-bore rifles. I am strongly of opinion that the ·577 should be given the preference for several reasons.

Firstly—The weight of the ·577 will exceed at the very most by 2 pounds that of the ·450-·400, and 12 pounds is not at all too heavy for an average man to carry. I am only 5 ft. 6 ins. in my socks, and I do not find the weight at all inconvenient. In the generality of ·577 rifles, as now built, the manufacturers reduce the weight much more so than formerly, and although I repeatedly mentioned in my

orders that a little extra weight was not objected to, considering 12 pounds to be the average, they built my last weapon of 11¼ pounds. A trial shot out of this 11¼ pound weapon far exceeded all my expectations, in that the recoil was no more than the 12 pound rifle, but, if anything, much less and shot steadier with the identical charge of cordite and weight of bullet.

Secondly—The charge of H. V. Cordite in a ·450-·400 cartridge is 60 grains whereas that in a ·577 is 90 grains or a ratio of two to three, and the bullets being 400 to 650 grains respectively, the ratio is eight to thirteen. The difference is quite clear from the figures and hence the difference in results.

Thirdly—There must certainly be an objection to a ·400 bullet being forced out of the barrels with a ·450 charge. I contend that this would heighten the recoil to a considerable extent, necessitating therefore heavier metal in the barrels at the breech which brings the weight of it up to only 1¼ pounds less than that of the ·577. A cylindrical ·577 or any other calibred cartridge, provided it is cylindrical, is, I should say, always preferable to a bottle-shapped one, as the ·450-·400 must be.

Lastly—And the most important of all considerations. All rifles calibred under the ·577 seem to necessitate a raised block of metal on top of the rib on which the foresight is placed to get the right elevation. Now this is the most important objection of all, and although there may be

some rifles without this extra block of metal at the muzzles I have come across none in spite of the careful scrutiny I have given the subject. This block of metal is a sure hindrance to good point-blank shooting, which must of necessity arise in many instances in Big Game hunting.

CHAPTER II.

SHIKAR COSTUME FOR BURMA JUNGLES.

The style of clothes, and the material for making up the same, is of far more importance than one would ordinarily fancy. In moving about in the jungles it is incumbent upon you to attract as little attention as possible, and to have your clothes made up of bright or striking colours invites immediate attention to yourself. The regulation khaki drill is the best for making up of shikar clothes. The colour is inconspicuous, and the material most durable, and almost impervious to thorns or insects. In the rains it absorbs the water hesitatingly, and in the cold weather keeps you fairly warm. The only disadvantage is in the hot weather, the texture being so close that it is rather warm, but the stuff being made of cotton, the wearer is inclined to imagine the material cool, but it is nothing of the sort. I can however say with absolute certainty that the mosquito cannot sting you through the material, as mosquitos often do through other materials, and I can think of no other material through which the mosquito cannot take his quantum of blood except waterproofing.

LU HPAY. *PO MIN.*

THE AUTHOR IN SHIKAR COSTUME AND SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

To my cost and discomfiture, I remember an occasion in the nineties when I donned a brand new suit, made of the fashionable shikar cloth. I shared a *machan* at Shwegyin, where report of tigers had lured a friend and myself. My modest companion was clad in his khaki Volunteer trousers and appeared to be quite content. The mosquitos gave me their undivided attention and kept me quite busy like a jack-in-the-box. He had the laugh of me for next day I felt quite uncomfortable whenever I attempted to sit down, the pests having penetrated the cloth. Remember to make your khaki knickers double-seated, which will be a further protection from mosquitos, and also from thorns which may possibly have their business ends up when you take a seat on a clear-looking spot in the jungles. You should have the knickers made to cover the knees in such a manner as to give the latter full play should you have cause to squat on a *machan* like a Burman, knees to chin. This covering to the knees will protect you from thorns and insects, but the breeches must be so cut and arranged that they will not crinkle or double up, should you, on occasions, require to ride in them. They are on the principle of the knickerbocker breeches, but require some attention to the arrangement on the inside of the knees, as I have described above, for use in riding. I invented my own with the help of a tailor, who was rather tickled at my instructions. My invention, however, serves the purpose excellently.

For the legs below the knees, khaki putties are by far preferable to leather gaiters, which are much too stiff; they leave air space, it is true, but this very air space makes it convenient for insects as well, and the leather is liable to creak, and will not permit of the legs being doubled up when sitting. Putties give a certain amount of support to the calves in a long up-hill and down-dale trudge through the jungle. The strongest and best kind I can recommend is, I believe, called the servants' putties, made of strong khaki cord spun together, not of woollen material but of cotton. I have been able to use a pair for a considerable time and it is surprising the wear you can get out of them.

For the feet I have tried various kinds of materials, such as ordinary leather, sambur skin, smoke-tanned moose hide, and canvas. For stalking or tracking the canvas boots, with rubber soles, called snipe boots, sold by local firms, answer the purpose very well. They are similar to the Gym shoes or boots, but made slightly heavier. For climbing rough country they have a disadvantage in that they are without heels, and rather trying to one's ankles. Well softened thick monsoon boots with broad soles and square heels answer the purpose better when there is climbing to be done. In either case, thick woollen socks should be worn with them. You should always carry a duplicate pair, as in the early morning, when at camp and you are dressing, preference will be given to dry

boots instead of wet ones, although they might be drenched soon after they are on.

The upper part of the body should be clad in a coat of the same material, namely, khaki drill, and the coat should be cut rather short and have as many pockets as you can cram on to it. The shoulders might have a double piece where the gun rests, for the purpose of saving your shoulders as well as the coat itself.

For the head any thing is suitable which takes your fancy, if of khaki or any other dull colour, but on no account white.

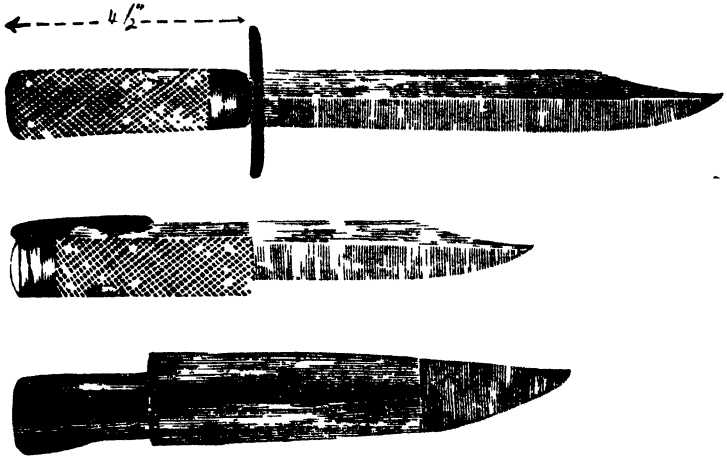
Other shikaris recommend the carrying of a revolver of large calibre when on the war-path. I have seen some carrying it at their belt to be used on emergencies. This is quite a mistake, as a large good shikar knife or dagger will be found more useful than revolvers. I learnt a lesson which I shall never forget, and it is worth repeating to enforce my opinion. The fact that all Burmans carry knives or dahs in the jungles may be put forward as an argument for giving preference to the revolver. Nevertheless it is better not to take chances. In my earlier days, when after smaller fry, I happened to wound a fine stag hog deer without knowing that I had scored a hit. This was, in fact, my first of the species. The deer went rather strong, and in open country, and we could see it going for a considerable distance and it appeared apparently quite unhurt. I asked the Burmans to follow it but to no

purpose, as, although they cast about in the direction, no blood was discovered. On the following week I was down again and happened to pass the spot where the wounded deer had disappeared from view in the previous week. A strong smell greeted us in the vicinity of a bush, and at the same time a pariah dog sneaked out and away. My followers reconnoitred and discovered the remains of the carcase of my hog deer. The dog had eaten almost the whole of it, except the head and horns, which remained adhering to the skin of the rest of the body. I was delighted at the find, and resolved to possess myself of the head and horns, but it was not to be head and horns only, as not one of us had a knife of any kind or description. We were therefore obliged to take the head and horns and the rest, that is, the adhering skin, plus the smell, a considerable distance to a village, where we eventually got rid of the unpleasant portion of the trophy with the help of a knife. From that moment I never have gone abroad without a good and large shikar knife at my belt, and it has been indispensable to me. I have put a favourite knife of mine to all kinds and conditions of uses. It has helped to skin almost all my bags from a rhinoceros downwards.

It is difficult to give the reader an idea of the toughness of the skin of the rhino. When you have experienced it, you will discover that no ordinary knife will serve you. Your knife should not be a small one nor a toy. It needs

to be heavy and long with an edge fit to shave with and withstand all kinds of uses, from wood-chopping to skinning. Should you be on a *machan*, you will need it to chop the small or large branches which will obstruct the view before you. Mine has been of the utmost use to me, the blade being made of the finest steel, about 12 inches long, with a horn handle about half its length. It is arranged in such a fashion that the blade closes on the handle like a penknife, when half its length protrudes, thus giving you the knife half its own length for use; the still uncovered portion takes a leather sheath with a loop for the belt. My shikar knife originally belonged to a chum of mine when I took a great fancy to it; nothing would induce him to part with it. I tried to find a duplicate but without success. I eventually, by subterfuge, managed to possess myself of it, when he unwillingly consented to my keeping it. Even after coming into possession of this knife I tried to duplicate it. The local firms imported several for me from the same manufacturers, but I never got the identical make, shape, or size. The name of the makers is Messrs. Wade, Wingfield and Rowbotham of Sheffield. I give on the following page an illustration, showing the exact size of this shikar knife, for those of my readers who may be interested in such a knife. The shape of the knife, as will be seen, renders it of use for various purposes, whilst the quality of the steel and the convenient form of the implement when sheathed are features which tend to make it a

favourite with those who are fortunate enough to be able to include a sample in their kit.



THE AUTHOR'S SHIKAR KNIFE CLOSED AND OPEN.

CHAPTER III.

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS FOR YOUNG SHIKARIS.

Now that I have told you all I know of weapons, clothing, shikar knife, etc., I would recommend the reader to a perusal and study of Messrs. Pollock and Thom's "Big Game Shooting in Burma and Assam." In it will be found an excellent list of camp kit, and the mode of travelling and the best game localities of their time.

The next important step after providing yourself with the necessary battery and clothing is to try to enlist the sympathies of an experienced sportsman, and, if possible, get him to take you out a few times when he is going after Big Game. As a general rule these men are close and reserved, and are more or less of a solitary and conservative nature, having a decided preference to their own company when out seriously shooting. Yet it is impossible to describe them as other than sportsmen, for when you know them well, and you have enlisted their sympathies and gained their confidence they are the very best of men, willingly helping a fellow-sportsman with advice and cheerfully giving him information of the best game

localities in general, and of the men procurable thereat. I have cause to be thankful to many such old sportsmen, and I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to them. As in any other walk of life, there is no end to your education as a sportsman. Do not, however, lose sight of the fact that there are others who have patiently worked their way upwards to distinction unaided, and to expect these men, under either circumstance, to undertake the responsibility of the education of a griffin, by actually taking him out with them after dangerous game, is a large order. Remember that, besides spoiling their sport, they stand the chance of being shot at by you, and it therefore behoves you to be particularly circumspect in the expressions of your opinions and your behaviour when you chance to meet such men, if it is your intention that they should interest themselves on your behalf. You will find that they will deign to discuss shooting matters with you only when you have gained their confidence and respect by your proper demeanour and behaviour. It is then that you may expect to hear of many curious and interesting adventures which will be of great help to your education as a hunter.

THE STORY OF THE MAULING OF YOUNG LYON BY A TIGER AT TIKEKYI IN 1911.

The following story is told by Leo Saxty, the companion of Young Lyon :—

" Leo Lyon, accompanied by Leo Saxty, both 16 years

of age, went for a shoot of what they could get to Tikekyi on Saturday, the 21st August, 1911, armed, I believe, with a Paradox gun. They stayed at the Dak Bungalow for the night, and early next morning a Burman came to them in great excitement asking them to come with him to shoot a pig which they had somehow caught in a noose. Knowing no better, both boys accompanied the Burman for several miles to a village called Leinmawgyan to the east of Tikekyi Station. The Burman egged them on to follow him by replying "just over there"—whenever the boys asked "How much further?"—an old trick of Burmans and Karens.—However, after some strenuous walking they arrived at the village where, to their surprise, they found breakfast cooked and ready for them. The boys had a feed and a rest and very soon were taken to the spot where the snared pig was supposed to be. By this time the boys had some slight suspicion. On nearing the spot, which was a *kaing* patch, a Burman climbed a tree to reconnoitre and when he had got on top could not be made to answer any questions as he appeared to be in a paralysed state. Another Burman attempted to climb a smaller tree when Saxty quietly gripped him by the calf in fun, when he collapsed and fell off the tree. Saxty first saw something that looked like a tiger and he pointed it out to Lyon saying it was a tiger, but Lyon could not see and said it looked like a dried leaf. Lyon then went forward while Saxty wisely retired. Lyon had hardly gone more

than a few paces forward when the tiger pounced on him and mauled him very severely about both knees, but not before Lyon had fortunately fired his gun, hitting the beast in the chest. Luckily for Lyon the tiger appeared to be somewhat handicapped by a length of chain which was partly round one of the beast's legs and partly round the neck, or he would certainly have been killed outright. After the mauling the tiger returned into the *kaing* and when things looked quiet Saxty and the Burmans crawled up to Lyon and picked him up and removed him to Tikekyi and then on to Rangoon Hospital where Lyon completely recovered after a stay of three weeks. The Paradox gun was picked up about 15 or 20 feet away from where Lyon was mauled. The barrel was dented, the stock scratched and the extractor missing."

The experience of Leo Lyon must be attributed to want of education as a hunter ; and what I have set down in Chapter X. should prove of special value to the budding shikari who is interested in these "Preliminary Considerations."

I wonder if any of my readers have ever had the old saying "Neither Fish, Flesh, nor Fowl" exemplified in so striking and curious a manner as I have had. At various times in my career I have had as shooting companions a Fish, a Bacon and a Fowl. Excellent men, friends, and companions they have been to me, and men at the top of the tree, as it were, in matters concerning Big Game

Shooting. My *salaams* to them for their kind encouragement, advice, and friendship !

In quest of a career of Big Game Shooting it is useless, and more than useless, for one to look upon it except in a serious light. You cannot afford to regard it entirely as a pastime with no other view but to slaughter. If that is your sentiment my advice to you is to leave it severely alone and have nothing to do with it. In his " Ancedotes of Big Cats and Other Animals " Mr. D. Wilson writes :—"With the modern weapons wild animals have no chance whatever." This is partially true, fortunately, as it is with this end in view that rifles are being so carefully thought out and built by the different makers, and it is also true that it provides much food for thought to sportsmen in their choice of a battery that would give the best results. One does not go out with the intention of teasing wild animals to see what they would do in return, nor can it be called humane to partially disable your animal ; nor is it a brave action to pursue your game with a weapon insufficient to kill outright. Let those who admire this kind of bravery attend bull fights or bear bating.

Your motto must be to kill outright, and with the least possible delay, when once you meet your animal.

Mr. Wilson forgets, or perhaps has never experienced, the many futile outings and arrangements, the weary trudges and disappointments and discomforts that the present big

game hunter has to put up with before he succeeds. He is perhaps referring to a time a century ago, when wild animals were so very plentiful that they invaded your back-yard, whereby of necessity you had to put a stop to their familiarity ; or of a time when a party of sportsmen went out before breakfast and brought to bag a half-dozen brace of tigers beside numerous other animals, by volley firing into the unfortunate beasts. Now-a-days the tiger is like the proverbial needle in the haystack. Let him try, for instance, to circumvent a wily tiger, an animal which by nature is silent and stealthy, and which has been shot at several times and escaped : one that is in the habit of killing and eating cattle on the one night, never returning a second night : one which has acquired many other idiosyncrasies and vagaries, and he will find his work cut out for him, even though he were armed with the most deadly modern weapon, and he will not find it as easy and as comfortable as writing judgments in a Court under a punkah.

I remember trying to take the life of a black cat which had become too familiar for our liking. He regularly took his share of the kiddies' milk, and was as silent and artful as a cat could be. He knew more about the ins and outs of our house than we did. I even descended to the level of instructing my servants to brain him, as I invariably failed to bring about his demise by a more honourable method. It, however, took six to eight months before I encompassed

his death, and I am glad to be able to say that he died honourably by my small rifle.

It is unnecessary for me to tell the reader that wild animals roam about at large unfettered for time and space. To study the habits of a particular animal and to stalk, track or arrange to wait for it to successfully bring it to bag requires time and careful thought, coupled with patience and perserverance.

Imagine yourself on a *machan* over a kill, salt lick, or water hole. Might not the animal put in an appearance yet just keep out of range or way of your rifle ? A bush or a stump or a tree will effectually prevent you from bringing about the death of the animal for which you have given up your comfortable and cosy bed for the hard *machan*, without movement, amidst a swarm of mosquitos, ants, ticks, and other pests. And, again, might it not so happen that the animal turns up and, comfortably squatted under the very *machan* on which you await him, tantalise you for many minutes, if not many half-hours ? These very possibilities are the incentive which should induce the sportsman to make every endeavour to acquire knowledge and experience, in order that he may overcome them. Game cannot be driven up, nor do they willingly come in such a way as to make matters perfectly easy for the hunter to kill them. In beats, they generally rush past you at such a pace that even the best of shots are liable to miss. Again, they may arrive to your right, or even

straight in front of your position, in which case you will find it most difficult to bring the muzzle of your gun to bear on your object. There is no difference whether you are perched on a tree or on a platform or on the ground : there will always be difficulty in turning about or shooting with ease. The exception will prove the rule with a force you will not forget in a hurry. Do not for a moment fancy that you will always have the best of it : rest assured that your game has nineteen chances to your one.

When tracking you may be many yards or many miles behind your game. They travel at their own pace and whither they will, whereas you are obliged to follow very cautiously, step by step, unravelling the mysteries of the footprints gradually and laboriously as you proceed, and should you succeed in coming up with your quarry it does not usually stand calmly to be shoot at and bagged. Were this to be the rule and not the exception, the sportsman worthy the name would immediately dispose of his battery and divert his attention and energies to milder pursuits—perhaps Mothers' Meetings—instead !

Be careful to remember that wild animals, from the tiny and despised Gyi upwards, cannot be treated with contempt because you happen to have a modern weapon in your grasp, for even in their dying throes their last kick, as it were, may end your sporting career for ever. You are not pitting your strength against theirs but your brains against their instinct.

The Big Game Hunter's education is incomplete without a fair knowledge of the nature and habits of the beasts, which should be gleaned from Natural Histories or Shikar books. This knowledge will always be useful, and self-confidence will result therefrom. Patience, preservance, endurance, doggedness and forethought should be cultivated and exercised, the partial or complete mastery of which will be of the greatest value and assistance to an individual throughout any walk of life, for mankind is not born with these virtues so that he can afford to despise the practice thereof, even if he were never going to be a Shikari.

Mr. D. Wilson's expression of opinion in his "Anecdotes on Big Cats and other beasts," page 214, that "There is nothing of military art or science to be learned from sport, etc.," is a sentiment I feel it impossible to agree with, and I feel sure is not shared by one in a thousand, be they sportsmen or otherwise.

Are the lessons of the Boer War so soon forgotten? When did temperance, sobriety and chastity cease to be military virtues? A man learns all these who tries to bag Big Game with the rifle in Burma as elsewhere. He also learns patience and preservance and self-reliance, for if he does not practice these at all times he will not be very successful as a hunter. He should not lose his temper when on a shooting excursion any more than in the football-field or at any other kind of play or work. The Boers

were better shots, and better scouts than the British, through the knowledge they obtained in field sports. Numbers and discipline gained the day in the end, but the war would probably not have been so protracted had the Boers been less keen as hunters of Big Game as most of them were, or if the British forces had gained similar experience of the field sports, impossible to get anywhere in the British Isles except for the wealthiest but which can be enjoyed in Burma by other than millionaires.

CHAPTER IV.

MODES OF HUNTING BIG GAME IN BURMA.

Tracking and stalking, beating or driving, sitting over kills, salt-licks, or pathways, or water-holes are the several recognised ways of bringing your game to bag. I will endeavour to describe each method in detail, giving, where possible, comparisons of the *modus operandi* in other places which I have read about.

Tracking is by far the most interesting method. The sportsman needs a good knowledge of the habits and anatomy of the animal to be tracked. By anatomy I mean more particularly the shape of the hoof or feet. This will enable you to correctly classify your animal. The hoof prints of a large wild boar and a Sambur require some skill to differentiate; so also the prints of male and female elephant and rhinoceros; gaur, miscalled bison (Bos Gaurus), tsine (Bos-Sondaicus), and domestic cattle; bear and human prints; tiger and leopard prints; hog, deer, thamin, sambur and pig. The prints of all these sets of animals are nearly identical except in size, and the prints of the male or young of the one kind will coincide with the prints of the adult male or female of the other.

In order to distinguish the prints of a boar from those of the sambur or other deer you have but to follow the tracks for a short distance ; in the case of a boar you will not fail to find the ground grubbed up along the path taken by the animal. If the tracks are made by the deer tribe, you will discover the tips of young grass cropped here and there, and it is partly from the appearance of the grubbed-up earth and the cropped grass that you will learn to judge of the freshness or staleness of the tracks.

There is no difference whatever between the tracks of a small or a female tiger and those of a large leopard. I have seen it written by other sportsmen that you will find claw marks in the tiger's prints and none in those of the leopard. They argue that the leopard sheaths its claw more effectually than the tiger, because the leopard uses its claws to climb trees a good deal, and sheaths them well in order to protect them from harm. Hence the absence of the mark of the claws in the print or pug of leopards. I consider this far-fetched, and, in Burma, without any foundation whatever. These beasts do not leave their prints in the best of material, and there are a hundred chances to one that no claw marks will be visible at all in the prints of either animal.

The prints of bison, tsine and large sambur are similar. Those of a small or female bison equal those of a large tsine and the same ratio holds with the tsine and sambur. The prints of these wild cattle, compared with those of

the domesticated ones, show a perceptible difference, in that the prints made by domesticated cattle appear to belong to more flat-footed creatures. The only way to judge of the different prints of these wild cattle is to take into your reckoning the formation of the jungle. Bison will be found in hilly and heavy jungles only, and far from human habitation in most parts of Lower and Upper Burma. I have heard that in some parts they inhabit vast bush plains or *Kaing* jungles. The tsine prefers lighter jungle and less hilly ground. I am told that in Upper Burma they may be found on large plains or scrub jungles and *Kaing* patches, together with hog deer and thamin.

The prints of a bear are very similar to human prints, except that the foot appears to be shorter and broader, and sometimes the marks of the claws may be detected. It cannot, however, be mistaken as there will be four prints of a uniform size, and marked in parallel pairs. To make sure, the tracks may be followed for a short distance, when you will find unmistakable signs if they belong to Bruin, by taking note of barked trees or upturned ant's nests.

Elephant prints have four toe marks, and the impression is round or nearly so. The prints of the hind feet are inclined to be rather oval. The prints of a cow elephant are smaller and lighter than those of a male. The height of an elephant is twice exactly the circumference of the fore-foot. Burmans say that if an animal carries tusks, their weight affects the foot-prints, in that the beast will

appear to have walked more on the front toes than the heel. I have seen many prints as well as the animals themselves, but have paid little or no attention to them owing to their being protected by the Elephant Preservation Act.

Rhinoceros prints are not at all unlike those of a small or baby elephant, except that, instead of four toe impressions there are only three. The toe impressions are more pointed and decided than those made by elephants. When you once see them you are not likely to forget them. The prints of rhino are not to be found in any or every place in the jungle. They inhabit dense and thorny jungles, far from human habitation and in hilly country. In such localities their prints may be discovered along or across the beds of dried-up hill streams. Should you be fortunate in finding a likely fresh track, and you intend to follow, be prepared to take the most cruel trail that you have ever tracked in all your shooting expeditions heaped together, and also for disappointments in the way of ever coming up with the owner of the prints. The hardest work I have ever done is going after rhinos, and the two that I was fortunate enough to bag were surprises to which I will refer later. My remarks on this animal relate to the small two-horned variety, known as Rhinoceros Sumatrencis. The Rhinoceros Indicus, a larger variety, of which I have had no personal experience, are, I believe, found in swamp jungles, and their prints would be comparatively larger

than the animal I refer to, as the one seldom exceeds 4 feet 6 inches in height whereas the other attains a height of nearly 6 feet.

Thamin, hog deer, pig and sambur may be found in the same jungles, that is to say, pig and sambur may take up their quarters in the jungles which are inhabited solely by hog deer and thamin. This kind of jungle is composed of scrub and *Thakaí* or *Kaing*, in open low-lying districts, in which the art of tracking cannot be exercised, save to follow up game that have been wounded in a drive, which is the usual method of hunting such jungles. Hog deer and thamin are never to be found, at least to my knowledge, in high and heavy jungles, the home of all other kinds of animals. I have never found them in high and heavy jungles even where there were large spots of *Kaing* grass or similar growth therein. These animals are essentially swamp-loving deer. Sambur and pig one usually tracks to bring to bag, but you hardly ever track hog deer or thamin. When all four species are together, rest assured it is a drive you will have to organise, and not tracking.

The gyi is to be found everywhere, from the vicinity of human habitation to the highest and densest of jungle, in the hills or on the plains. Its prints are very tiny, and the toe impression sharp, with delicate lines. The prints of domestic goats or kids are not to be compared with those of the Gyi as the toe impressions are squarer, with the lines not as delicate. When judging prints in general, bear in

mind the fact that impressions on soft mud exaggerate the prints greatly and may lead you to a mistaken conclusion that the prints were made by a much larger animal.

Having studied and digested the relative shapes and sizes and contour of foot-prints, the next step is to successfully follow up the owner of the prints to obtain a shot at it. As I have already remarked, you will have to exercise patience and preseverance, doggedness and endurance, to their fullest extent, besides which you need some knowledge of wood-craft. The general lay of the jungle should be enquired into, the direction of the sun noted and a mental note made of the different prominent marks and trees along the route taken by you. If in some localities you find it difficult to note these points, then one of your followers should be told off to blaze prominent trees along the path taken, which should enable any one of the party to retrace his steps. Should you be fortunate in discovering the fresh prints of an animal at a known spot, then it is quite unnecessary to blaze your trees, as the prints, *plus* your own tracks, can be followed back to the starting point.

Wild animals will, as a rule, travel through the jungle taking always the best cover; that is, they will go from clump to clump, taking on the way the thickest undergrowth, with the exception of the tiger and leopard, which take the clearest paths, natural or artificial, when on the prowl at night for a dinner. Human paths, cart tracks,

firelines, or along the dried-up beds of jungle streams, are their favourite beats. I shall describe this more fully when I come to the habits of the canivora.

On arriving at a decision to follow fresh-looking prints, you begin to track carefully and cautiously, with your eyes and ears on the alert, at the same time deciphering the prints on the ground before you. In your movements in the jungle, whether tracking or waiting, it is necessary for you to cultivate what I might call a snaky movement, for want of a better term. This consists in your actions being very quick—more so than usual, yet the movement must be devoid of any suddenness or jerkiness. The direction of the wind must be considered from time to time so that you may not be winded by your quarry ; and no talking or whispering or smoking must on any account be indulged in. Should you wish to communicate with your companion, you must do so by signs. I take it that you have already cultivated a kind of sign language with your trackers or followers ; if you have not done so, the sooner the better, and you will be astonished at the conversation you will be able to carry on by signs and movements of the facial muscles. The human voice at any time, in close proximity to your game, is bound to spell failure in the way of obtaining a shot, and it is an infallible method of keeping off all kinds of wild animals from attacking you by mistake, when, it is necessary for you to tramp in the jungles at night and when it is too dark for you to see

to shoot. The over-cautious might well ask, Where is the necessity to move about at night? and although the question strikes me as superfluous the answer is simple. The sportsman cannot always take time into consideration; he might be benighted on his return from a track, as I have often experienced; he might wish to leave his *machan* for his camp before morning, as I have often done, and a dozen other conditions may oblige you to do so, when, as I have said, the safest method to prevent a mistaken attack is to talk, sing or whistle. There is one exception, however, in which this procedure will not assist you, and that is when there is man-eating carnivora abroad, and for this you must depend entirely on your information, for, as sure as there is a man-eater in the neighbourhood, you will not fail to hear of it, and your best precaution is not to go about after sunset or even during the evening.

Bearing in mind all these points, expect to find your animal in the most awkward place and in the thickest cover. If it is bison, tsine, or elephant you are tracking during the early hours of the morning, you will find them on the move towards the place they intend lying up in, and that is generally towards the hills, pig and sambur towards *kaing* grass and rhino towards its wallow. During the day you will find them lying up in dense cover on the hills or *kaing* or wallow as the case may be. Towards the afternoon, expect all animals to be on the move towards their feeding-ground or to water.

On coming up to your animal, there is another rule to be observed if you wish to shoot well and long, and that is " Never fire at any animal except elephant when he stands end on to you," that is, head foremost in your direction. In such an event the mark offered will be small, besides, even if your animal has been fatally wounded the last rush may be dangerous. All animals are liable to rush straight ahead with the last spark of life, even though their intention is far from charging you. Bears should never be shot at when they are on a tree whilst you take your stand immediately below. Of course I need not add that if an animal intends to charge you, it is quite immaterial how it stands before you fire only, if he were standing end on it would be much easier for its purpose.

After firing, whether you have hit or not, it is imperative that you stand stock still making no exclamation or noise whatever, such as "He's down !" "I have hit him !" and so forth. The report of your gun, whether you hit or miss, surprises, stuns, and confuses an animal. This will give you an opportunity of getting in a second or knock-down shot. An exclamation will have the effect of awakening the animal from its surprise to an effort, either to escape or to charge you. If your animal is quite dead, it will make no difference, except that you have acquired the habit of keeping stock still and desisting from exclamations for the future. I have seen wild boar pass me within touching distance, and deer running up after the first shot, in their

surprise, when no exclamation or movement was made, from the spot where they were fired at or disturbed to within braining distance.

Bearing in mind that you have travelled many miles, and many hours, in this dogged manner, your whole attention on the alert, your eyes and ears alive to the slightest movement or sound, whilst you have moved along on the most uneven ground, bestrewn and edged with cruel thorns, which prick and tear your flesh and clothes, over hidden stumps ready to bark your shins: snakes, ants, wasps, bees, ticks and leeches ready to strike, sting, or crawl on to you: it behoves you to be particularly careful to observe the hints which have been handed down by our betters, who have endured and suffered and are able to warn you.

When all these dangers and discomforts have been endured or avoided, there is still the finale; your encounter with your quarry.

Take all these possibilities and probabilities into consideration, and ask yourself whether Big Game Shooting should not be taken seriously on the one hand, and as a fool's game on the other by those stay-at-homes who cannot, and will not see or appreciate the study of Nature and the Great Unknown in Its different phases. Those must be of a cold-blooded nature who do not desire to feel the excitement and thrill of the chase with its strange sights and sounds.

I cannot but consider it as a healthy pastime, permitting of the best exercise of all the latent faculties of man ; true, at the expense of a considerable amount of fatigue and inconvenience, which I gladly welcome, causing me almost a pang of disappointment if it did not form part and parcel of my success.

The knowledge of the science of tracking, although a necessity to the education of a sportsman, does not need to be practised, that is to say you are not called upon to do the actual deciphering of the trail on the ground. This should be done by your Burman tracker, an individual whom you have tried and found to be trustworthy and reliable. It is for you then to follow him closely, keeping your eyes more in advance, as you will find it difficult to do both shooting and tracking successfully. The knowledge, however, will help you to guage the qualities of your man as a tracker, besides, you may be some help to him in doubtful cases, and, last but not least, you will gain his respect when you can show him that your knowledge is equal if not superior to his.

I have heard the words "tracking" and stalking" indiscriminately used, and an explanation of the technical difference may not come amiss.

One tracks by foot-prints without sighting the animal, whereas you stalk after you have sighted your quarry. In this sense African shooting is principally by stalking, but in Burma it is by tracking. Pure and simple stalking

is much less practised in Burma for want of opportunity. In America, and other places I have read about, both tracking and stalking appear to be equally permissible.

CHAPTER V.

DRIVING AND BEATING FOR BIG GAME.

Driving or Beating for Game consists of getting a patch of jungle driven by men up to a line of posted guns. The number of men required for the purpose depends entirely on the patch or size of the spot intended to be driven. This form of hunting is only resorted to in Burma, where tracking is an impossibility, and it is only with respect to small game that it is adopted. All kinds of game may be driven except elephant, rhino, bison or tsine.

In arranging a beat or drive, the particular locality should be carefully studied and an examination made of the jungle for the purpose of discovering the line of flight animals are likely to take on the spot being disturbed. This direction will generally be the side in which there is most cover joining or contiguous to another patch of jungle, which will afford them most protection and cover from sunlight and possible intruders. This is the side which should be ordinarily selected in which to place the guns. I say ordinarily, as the direction of the wind should be taken into consideration. If the breeze is blowing from the side selected to post the guns towards

the point from where the beat is to begin then it would be wiser to postpone the drive until the direction of the wind changes. It is best to have the wind blowing from the side of the beaters to the line of guns.

Small platforms or *machans* might, with advantage, be built on convenient trees at suitable distances from one another for the use of the shooters. This is always the best, through not always practicable or even necessary. It is best because a better view and a larger field is commanded and game may be perceived at a longer distance and some time before actually firing the shot. At a distance from the ground the shooter will also be effectually hidden from the driven animal so long as no sudden or jerky movement is indulged in, which is a sure way of attracting attention. Wild animals, however, do not usually look up, but before them, in moving about in their native haunts.

Should you post yourself on the ground, your field of vision will be considerably narrowed and restricted besides which it would be necessary for you to post yourself behind a tree-stump or ant-hill, which you will generally fail to find at the identical spot selected, and the chances are that the animal discovers you, and will give you at most an inconvenient and hasty shot. This should in all cases be avoided, as your motto must be "Never pull trigger unless certain of a hit."

Each shooter who has been assigned a place in a beat should carefully take stock of his neighbour's position

so as to avoid shooting him. Once the place is assigned never move or change when the drive has begun and is in progress, as this procedure is exceedingly dangerous, both to yourself and to your party ; besides which you may inadvertently be spoiling your neighbour's chances. Positions on *machans*, therefore, do not permit of any change at all.

Whether you are posted on the ground or on the tree or *machan* you will, as I have remarked before, experience considerable difficulty in firing at the animal that breaks straight in front or to your right. Never fire until you see your animal sufficiently to distinguish its variety, as dangerous consequences may ensue by your mistaking a beater for an animal. Should the object fired at turn out to be a tiger or leopard, the indistinctness may result in a bad shot and superficial wound, instead of killing it outright, and there will be trouble for your beaters. It is also very necessary that your beaters be instructed to make such noises as will enable you to entertain no doubt as to their identity whilst they move about in the undergrowth. They should also be enjoined to travel up towards you in a line, at a uniform distance from one another, so as to avoid leaving out any patch which might be likely to contain an animal. This order will be the least obeyed by your beaters, as they generally play a game of "Follow my leader." This game of the beaters will be the hardest which the sportsman will have to try and overcome.

The selection of spots and the building of *machans* and the study of the lay of the land, should be undertaken a few days before the drive in order to give the animals some time to settle down.

The heat of midday is the best time to begin a beat, as then the animals have chosen their places and made themselves quite comfortable for the day, and their movements, when disturbed, are lazier and slower than during the cool of the morning or evening.

The proper weapon for use at beats or drives is the gun that you are most familiar with and on which you depend. Many old stagers will not permit of a rifle being used, owing, it is urged, to the erratic course taken by the conical bullet in ricochets, as against a smooth bore and spherical bullet. I do not deny the soundness of this assertion, but at the same time I do not deprecate the use of a rifle and conical bullet from a height, when firing downwards, or even when standing on the ground. But if you are at all uncertain of your rifle or your smooth-bore it is better and safer if you do not shoot at all with either weapon.

When you have attained a knowledge of the jungle and the habits of your animals, a glance at the lay of the jungle before you, when you are in position, will suffice to enable you to guess almost to a certainty from which part the animal is likely to break and what direction it is likely to take, and the movement of the grass or undergrowth

made by the animal in motion will give you a fair idea of its identity, as for instance gyi, hog deer, thamin or pig will make a continued rush through the undergrowth when the beaters are almost upon them, whereas a tiger or leopard will generally try to leave the patch, almost at the first shout of the beaters, in a measured and cautious walk, and away from the noise. This knowledge will give you an advantage over the animal you have set out to kill besides a considerable advantage against your neighbours who have had less experience than you have acquired. Remember that in proceeding to your positions, the same caution should be exercised as in tracking, that is, silence and quick action. No quarelling or wrangling for place should occur. The positions should be tossed for before the beat or the decision of the senior member of the party submitted to without demur.

CHAPTER VI.

SITTING UP OR WAITING FOR GAME.

Sitting over kills, pathways, salt-licks, or water-holes is the next form of hunting that calls for the attention of the sportsman. Sitting for anything necessarily needs something to sit on, and this is usually called a *machan,* and is built on a convenient tree close to the spot selected and commanding a good view of the probable direction the animal is expected to take. In India, a charpoy is always handy, and an excellent contrivance it is for the purpose of tying to a tree for use as a *machan.* In Burma, the charpoy is not universally used, and therefore difficult to procure in Burmese villages, unless you have one especially made for the purpose. Failing a charpoy, the usual *machan* is made of whatever convenient material is close at hand.

It should be built 15 or 16 feet high, and fairly large and strong. The Burman is an adept at making one of these platforms, but there are two matters you must impress upon him, that is with reference to height and size. If left to him, he will tie up a platform very low and very cramped : very low, as he is too lazy to build it the regu-

lation height and argues that it is not desirable to be too far from the animal before firing; and cramped, as he expects others to be able to squat, as he does, on his haunches with knees to chin.

The tree should be selected by yourself, or by one of your followers whom you can trust and who understands your tastes. The underbrush immediately beneath and its direct neighbourhood should be fairly thin.

The *machan* should be large enough for you to place a cork mattress on, so as to enable you to lie at full length if necessary. The mattress will add to your comfort besides occasioning the least noise when you find movement or change of position desirable.

It should be high for several reasons, the first of which is to avoid danger from the animal; secondly, height prevents the air being tainted by human scent being easily carried to the animal, which undoubtedly occurs when you are closer to the ground. Should you feel inclined to smoke height would give you a better chance.

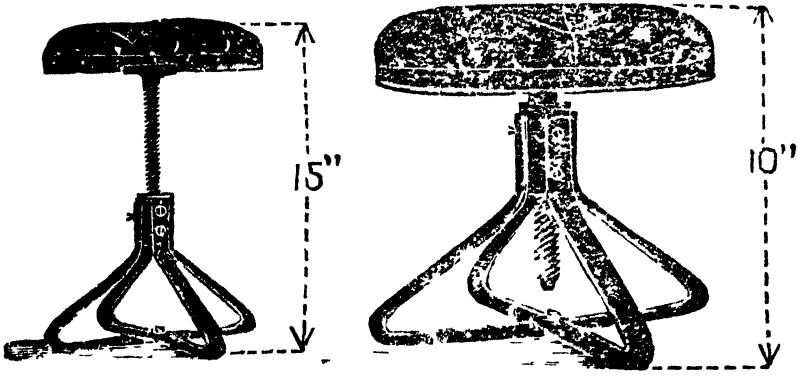
As a preventative from mosquitos and insects, lemon or eucalyptus oil may be rubbed on the face and hands, or one may be obliged to smoke to get a cessation from the attack of these troublesome insects. Most wild animals are endowed by nature with exceptionally keen sense of sight, smell, and hearing, and it is therefore necessary that the sportsman should exert all his endeavours in allowing for these contingencies. Some animals are recognised to

have one or more of the senses more developed than the others. The elephant, for instance, has keener sense of hearing and smell than sight. The tiger's sight and hearing are keener than its sense of smell.

All wild animals look straight in front instead of looking up, except perhaps the leopard, of which more anon, unless its attention is drawn by some movement on the part of the shooter. Mountain goats and sheep always look below them and not above; hence the necessity of sportsmen going after them in India and America having always to get above their quarry to get a shot.

Whilst on a *machan*, it is a most difficult matter for the sportsman to move or turn quickly or comfortably without attracting attention even when esconced on a cork mattress. I have found a specially-constructed stool most handy and useful. It is made like a piano-stool with special legs and screw top seat—the special legs, to enable one to tie it on fast to a *machan*, and the screw top seat to facilitate turning to any desired angle. Do not try a piano-stool as the legs are not adapted to the purpose, and a serious accident may occur through the instability of the legs. As I have never seen one on the market, I give an illustration of my stool, which I had especially made to my design, for those of my readers who may wish to have one made for themselves. This stool will be found most useful at camp when it is not being actually used on the *machan*. It closes to very small dimensions, and, as will

be seen from the illustration, lengthens out to seat comfortably the tallest man.



THE AUTHOR'S SHOOTING STOOL OPEN AND CLOSED.

The ability to turn noiselessly and quickly is a serious matter and should be taken into account carefully to ensure good shooting. The proper time to get on the *machan* may be at any hour of the day, but for night shooting you should really be up and ready by 4 p.m. I will deal further with this matter in the proper place later on.

This form of shooting is often a necessity, and has some attraction. Once on your *machan*, you will have the opportunity of a quiet meditation of things in general, and shooting in particular, surrounded by virgin jungle and the beauties of nature. Birds and beasts of many varieties may be on the move around you within sight, one to its roost to close the day and another to begin the night in jungle tragedies for its food.

There is no advantage without disadvantage, in the shape

of myriads of insect life which surround you, particularly the mosquito. The pests, during the season, swarm around you to sting when opportunity occurs; but the din they make is as bad as the sting, if not worse. In such circumstance it is impossible to hear anything except the din. They vary the monotony by occasionally flying right into the eyes. Ants which have taken a particular fancy to the tree you have chosen will crawl all over you and down your neck, stinging you now and again by way of variation. Ticks behave similarly to the ant, except that it is only later that you discover what havoc they have caused.

Smoking may help you to keep off the mosquito whilst you are actually puffing and getting yourself enveloped in smoke, but as soon as the smoke ceases the din begins all over again. Application to the bare parts of your face and hands of eucalyptus or lemon oil will save you while the scent lasts, but as soon as the scent evaporates the attacks will be resumed with greater vigour by these pests.

I know of nothing to prevent the attack of the tick, except that by adopting the style of clothes I have described you will partially save yourself from their attention. Once the tick adheres to your skin there is nothing I know of that will remove it except pincers or tweezers. I have heard it said that clothes having ticks on them have been soaked in water for several days without any ill-effect on the pests. The kind that usually attack the Shikari are

very tiny dots, almost microscopical and difficult to discover with the naked eye. The way to find them is by the aid of a powerful magnifier focussed on the suspected spot, and when found they should be removed with a pair of tweezers, their minute size making the use of scissors impossible. The use of scissors is, of course, recommended for killing and removing the insect, leaving a part of its facial arrangements in your skin which eventually drops off. When forcibly removing the insect with pincers and tweezers it is said that it buries its fangs or suckers deeper to resist the force used, with the consequence that it becomes more difficult for the suckers to drop off. The sting with a part of the tick buried in becomes very irritable, and the wound turns to a nasty sore, taking a considerable time to heal. A bite I had on the back of my hand on the 27th December did not heal till well into May of the following year.

Another pest which I have encountered at certain seasons of the year is the hairy caterpillar infesting the tree and its leaves on which it feeds. Should you happen to have your *machan* on one of these trees, your unwelcome companions tumble on to you or your rugs; and contact with the insect occasions the leaving of a large number of its hair-like needles in your skin which immediately set up intense irritation, causing you involuntarily to rub the part, making the discomfort considerably worse by driving the spikes deeper into your flesh. The spikes

being poisonous, the irritation becomes most painful and may last for months. I have seen the horny palms of a Burman pierced by thousands of spikes of these insects and I had to remove them with the aid of a pair of tweezers, which seems to be the only way to obtain partial relief. The length of these hairs or spike-like arrangements is quite an eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch; and this will give one an idea of how painful it would be to be well pierced by many of them. A similar kind of insect, but of a greenish colour, called by the Burmans *Baukpat*, is even worse. Contact with this insect makes a thick-skinned Burman howl with pain.

Bees and ants can be avoided. The Burmans will have nothing to do with a tree for *machan* purposes in which they see their nests.

Having selected the tree, and the *machan* erected thereon according to instructions, you would naturally wish to occupy it. On arrival at the tree at the proper time the first precaution is to have all branches and leaves that have been recently cut for the *machan* carefully removed to a distance. The immediate neighbourhood should look as natural as possible, shewing no signs of recent disturbance in any way.

The proper time for getting on the *machan* to begin the vigil varies in different cases. If the kill is in the depth of the jungle and far from human haunts, and in good cover, you should take up your position at 1 or 2 p.m.,

on account of the fact that the tiger may appear on the scene at any time.

If, as in the majority of instances, the kill is close to the village, then 5 p.m. or even 4 p.m. is not too early to occupy your *machan*.

The kill should be pegged down to prevent the tiger or leopard dragging it away out of shooting range before beginning its meal. The Burman has many strange beliefs with regard to the kill and the way of the alleged forcing of the tiger to it without fail, which I will describe in a later chapter. I have heard it said by others that a tiger will not return to its kill if the carcase has been handled and moved in any way, or when it is putrid or fly-blown, or to a carcase that it has not killed. This is a fallacy and no credence need be attached to the fable. The tiger or leopard kills for a dinner and for no other purpose, and it is quite safe to assume that it will return again and again, until nothing remains of the carcase, provided the tiger has not been disturbed. Whether it returns on the first, second, third or fourth night depends on several sets of circumstances which one must take into consideration. The best way to judge of its probable return within a measurable certainty is to see how much of the carcase the tiger had eaten on the first night. If it has eaten a large portion, provided it is a tiger and not a tigress which has to feed her cub, then the third night is the most likely night for its return, although the second night should not be

allowed to go by if you have the time and opportunity to await it, for it may be a tigress. If the kill was untouched on the first night, then the second and the fourth nights would be the most likely. A hungry tiger or tigress beset by curiosity may prove the exception to this rule.

I have experienced a tigress return to its kill which she had left untouched within a hundred feet from the village and fifty from the railway line. She returned about 8 p.m., within five minutes of the passing of a train, whilst the villagers were talking loud enough for me to hear and amidst the din and noise made by the village dogs. I will describe this later.

Some tigers and leopards get so used to being shot at and missed that they eat all they can immediately after the kill, and will not return a second time to the remainder.

The infallible rule to distinguish the kill of a tiger from that of a leopard is to observe what portion of the carcase has first been eaten. The tiger usually begins its dinner with the haunches, whereas the leopard begins with the stomach and its contents.

I make no claims to the calling of a prophet and can only presume to guide you as to the probable consequences or results from what I have seen, experienced and read about, as it is much to the advantage of the beginner to know something rather than nothing at all.

The practice in India of tying up live bait for the tiger or leopard, with the ultimate object of marking down and

waiting or beating for the marauder, is not practised, to my knowledge, in Burma. I have never personally tried it nor have I ever come across Burmans being able to mark a tiger down to its lair, that is the place where the tiger is in the habit of lying up during the day.

The interval between arrival at the *machan* and the appearance of the tiger or leopard, whilst daylight lasts, may be occupied in reading or taking stock of many things in general which may interest the sportsman. Many things have interested me but it requires a better pen than mine to put them into readable form. I will therefore confine myself to my original intention of catering for the beginner from what little knowledge I have been able to gather in the pursuit of Big Game in Burma. I do not, however, desire to pose as a teacher who attempts to teach his grandmother the art of ovisuction, or the science of removing the contents of an egg by the common or garden method.

All things considered, I must warn the tyro against expecting the tiger, or any animal, to announce its entry by a blowing of trumpets or war-whoops. You will find these cats approach most silently and stealthily. You will have to depend almost on instinct, as it were, and will probably see nothing but a slight shadow and may possibly hear noises less than that made by lizards if you are keen of hearing.

The approach may be a slight sound or a heavy breath,

or the crackling of a dry leaf made by a gentle pressure from a soft pad.

On dark nights, it is impossible to see anything at all to shoot at, even if the animal be as large as a tiger or leopard. On one occasion I did bring to bag a large tiger on a very dark night by a lucky shot, but more of this anon. The shadows made by trees, shrubs, and grass make it difficult to see even on moonlight nights—the only nights on which one should really try his luck at a kill. There are several inventions to overcome this difficulty on dark nights. Luminous paint, several kinds of electric light contrivances and so on. I have tried almost all kinds and found them lacking in one important detail or another. When the sights are lit up the kill cannot be seen, and *vice versa*. A contrivance which the inventor claims to serve both purposes is a most cumbersome and complicated puzzle, and does not permit of convenient handling, and the lamps or wire or battery is generally out of gear when required for use. To overcome these difficulties a brother-sportsman who rejoices in the name of Fish, and who is an engineer by profession, invented a very simple night-sight, and at the moment of writing we are both giving it a trial. I am quite confident of its ultimate success. Mr. Fish is a keen Shikari, a little man with a strong frame and constitution, and with the right spirit, which enables him to withstand any amount of fatigue and hard work with the least possible sustenance; he is, above

all, an excellent shooting companion. He is of the best possible material for the successful career of a Shikari. At this moment he has only been a Shikari of Big Game for a twelvemonth, and he has already killed his first tiger. The opportunity given him, this tiger is only one of many he is bound to bag.

To hark back; do not be in too much of a hurry to loose off on the arrival of your quarry, yet do not be too slow. The best time to fire, under ordinary circumstances is when the animal has settled down to feed. There are two events possible which will make shooting most difficult, when you have passed the psychological moment. On the one hand the animal may lie down to feed in such a position as to make it difficult to shoot him, and, on the other, it may start dragging the carcase away to eat at leisure in another part of the jungle out of your reach. You will, as I have already remarked, find it difficult enough to shoot at an upstanding animal. How much more so would it be when it is lying crouched close to the kill on the other side or when it is moving? I was counselled by an old friend and Shikari that when shooting at night you should aim a foot lower than the mark you wish to hit to allow for the deceptiveness of light. I am unable to corroborate or deny this assertion, as I have had no opportunity of putting it to the test. On the occasions when the animal turned up at my waits I found no difficulty in hitting my mark.

A tiger or leopard may also be brought to bag by sitting over a pathway, forest fire-line, salt-lick, or water-hole. It is curious, perhaps unknown to the uninitiated, that the carnivora of Burma when on the prowl for a dinner invariably perambulate human pathways or cart tracks or fire lines or dried beds of streams, in or out of the jungles. These clear paths appear to suit the silent and stealthy beast in that it reduces to a minimum the chances of any noises that might possibly occur in uncleared jungle. They may also be found crouched about the vicinity of salt-licks or water-holes in order to pounce on some unwary animal that comes along for a drink or to eat the salt-impregnated earth at salt-licks.

A salt-lick, I might mention, is a locality generally on the bank of a stream or pocket of a hill, where the earth is impregnated with saline matter. Salt or saline earth appears to be a necessity to almost all kinds of wild animal. They will make periodical visits to these parts to partake of this earth, and the walls from which the earth is extracted becomes quite bare and smooth, and on it may be found the marks of elephant tusks and deer or rhinoceros horns. The approach also becomes quite bare with innumerable marks or prints of all kinds of animals, both old and newly made.

In some jungles water becomes quite scarce in the hot months, and it may so happen that water can only be obtained at one or two particular spots. When this is

A SALT LICK.

discovered a visit to these parts may assist the sportsman to decide, from the prints, as to whether or not he would sit there. In such an event the same procedure and precautions I have already described must be adhered to, to choose your tree and erect your *machan.*

The time to occupy your *machan* at salt-licks or water-holes may be any hour of the day or night. No particular time is necessary as in waiting over kills. The salt-licks are generally situated in spots deep in dense jungles and far from human haunts.

To those of experience the approaches to these salt-licks are like pages of an open book. Jungle comedies and tragedies may be deciphered from them. The variety of animals that visit these parts may be seen from the marks, and may consist of the marks of elephants down to those of quails.

CHAPTER VII.

SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVES OF BURMA AS SHIKARIS.

The reader having been taken through the different stages of a shooting career, a word as to the character and habits of the different kinds of men usually found in Burma as Shikaris may be of interest and utility. These men are indespensable adjuncts to the success and general comfort of sportsmen.

There are Burmese, Shan, and Karen Shikaris to be found in every districts or village. It is necessary that the would-be sportsman finds them, and, when found, their acquaintance should be cultivated and mutual friendship and respect should be the outcome. In choosing such the sportsman needs to be circumspect and careful so that he does not get landed with a waster.

Some of these men may be trackers difficult to excel, others having acquired such knowledge of the local area of the jungles that without their guidance a considerable time may be wasted in casting about for a suitable spot to camp in, or moving about after game made more laborious by want of special knowledge of the jungle.

In order to gain the goodwill and respect of these men you must not forget that you should yourself be beyond suspicion. One special point which carries great weight in your favour is accurate shooting. Should they discover you to be an indifferent shot, rest assured that their feeling towards you will be rather indifferent. All native Shikaris are indifferent shots, they will crawl up to almost touching distance of their quarry before pulling trigger, and prefer the use of slugs to ball by a very long way. You must prove to them that you are made of quite different material. With men who are now very loyal to me, my success in completely gaining their respect was my proficiency with my small rifle on small game, and by never shooting with my big rifle unless I was certain of a hit. The results I have been able to obtain with my small rifle have produced almost a sense of awe with them, particularly as they have been allowed to try it themselves, without hindrance by me, and never been able to hit their mark.

To continue: be not indifferent to their needs, which are not very exacting. See that all your followers have enough to eat in the way of rice, their principal food ; they do not require luxuries.

You are not expected to regale them with spirits, nor is it a practice I would recommend to a sportsman to have as his principal luggage sundry cases of strong drinks. There is nothing so degrading as drinking to excess any-

where, and more so on a shooting trip; nor does the Shikari think any the more of a Sahib who gives him intoxicants. The Burman as a rule is not addicted to spirits, at least those men who will generally accompany you in a shooting expedition. A few may occasionally indulge when opportunity offers. Why give them that opportunity when there is no necessity whatever for it? It may be the cause of the failure of the shoot altogether.

Burmans, Karens and Shans have accompanied me as trackers and followed in my trips, and my estimate of their character in general may be of assistance to the young Shikari. My views may not coincide with the estimate of others, but I record them for what they are worth.

A Karen is by nature from the very start a bloodthirsty soul. He has an inherent love of killing for the purpose of tasting the flesh of the bird or animal he kills. Nothing comes amiss to his delicate palate. The most curious birds, beasts and insects seem to please him best; if asked how he liked the flesh of anything curious or new, he will reply "good," never "bad." Next to pork, the flesh of monkeys and squirrels stand first in his appreciation; but, as I have said, nothing comes amiss to him. From all accounts the vulture, I believe, is the only bird that he avoids and that, he says, is only on account of the very strong smell from that bird. From the extraordinary partiality of the Karen for the flesh of the monkey the Burmans good-humouredly assert that a Karen's wife will

divorce her husband if he is unable to procure for her occasionally the flesh of the monkey. This assertion is so old that it is difficult to know where and when it originated. Another story believed by the Burman, owing to the uncleanly habits of the hill Karen, is that if a Karen divested himself of his *Thîndîne* (a kind of thick cotton chemise worn by both hill men and women) to have a bath a tiger would assuredly take him. Karens believe in all kinds and conditions of medicinal qualities of the flesh and blood of the monkey. They will reserve the head and brains to the last as a particular delicacy. I have personally seen a Karen rush to a fallen monkey which had been shot, put his mouth to the wound and suck and drink the fresh blood. No portion of the monkey is thrown away or wasted, except the hair, which they singe off on the fire. The skull, when cleaned of its contents, adorns their huts as ornaments; the arm and leg bones are preserved for making pipe stems or flutes and for other purposes. He will give you a fair-sized pig or ducks or fowls in exchange for the carcase of a monkey.

Karens who have adopted the Christian faith, become stubbornly bigoted, and will not accompany a shooting expedition on any account on a Sunday. The generality of them appear to be dull and simple; and cannot be depended on to give proper *khubbar* or coherent explanation. On an expedition they are indefatigable and can walk and carry large loads up hill and down dale for

days on end, with the exception that when hungry they collapse like the opium-eater in need of his daily allowance. They are particularly fond of strong drinks, much more so than Burmans or Shans, and will drink themselves to stupefaction if given the opportunity. They are touchy and suspicious, and require to be treated more like children than adults. They do not eat to live, but live to eat. Amongst themselves on the hills they live a very peaceful and law-abiding life. They are not of a quarrelsome nature, and prefer to live in colonies of their own kind.

The Shan I place above the Karen for this purpose: they turn out excellent Shikaris and are of a more thoughtful and silent nature. Their attitude towards you is of great respect. In general they are not prone to sporting proclivities; but if there should be one in a family who gives way to an inclination to go a-killing, his relatives and friends will try all in their power to dissuade him from taking life. Should this be unavailing, and he returns from an expedition laden with the spoils of war in the shape of dried, smoked or pickled flesh, his dissuading relatives and friends will assist him in eating it. I believe their motto to be "Waste not, want not."

The Burman I have every praise for; he is the happy medium between the Shan and Karen. Hypocrisy and selfishness do not predominate in his character; he has not the dullness nor the stupidity of the Karen, neither is he epicurean in his tastes for queer food or strong drinks.

My estimates of the character of these men are not intended to be offensive in the least, and I refer to them only from the point of view of the Shikari as trackers and followers.

In choosing his men, great care should be exercised by the sportsman to avoid wasters who are of no earthly use to man or beast. The kind of man I mean is a thorough sportsman to the backbone, and indefatigable in his energies for the comfort of his *Thakin* as well as for the success of the shoot. He will leave his friends and family and accompany you through all the dangers, discomforts, fatigue and excitement uncomplainingly and withal for love and not for filthy lucre. You must not entirely disregard his wants, and your sympathies and help must be extended to him whenever necessary. Such a man will be found perfectly loyal to you and will accompany you in preference to others. He will stand by you in danger, and will not hesitate to risk his life to save yours.

All three kinds of men I have described above, whether Christian or Buddhist, or Heathen or *Nat* worshippers, or believers in the good or bad *Nat*, given the opportunity, they will always begin the expedition by propitiation of the *Nats* of the particular locality. Their prayers include a request for plenty of game and protection from harm. For this purpose they require a cocoanut, plaintains, and spirits, *lapet* or pickled tea leaves, betel nut and leaves, and tobacco and an egg, and, lastly, the first spoonful of

newly-cooked rice. The procedure adopted by them is to build a small platform at the foot of a large tree in the neighbourhood (all large trees are supposed to be the especial residence of *Nats*) and on this platform they place all the eatables and the drinkables together with all the cartridges, the guns and rifles leaning around and against this tree. When all this is complete, they squat around and solemnly make their request of the *Nat*, and afterwards set to and feed on the delicacies. This ceremony pleases them immensely and there are no reasons why the sportsman should deny them this pleasure, as it costs him very little or nothing. If a fly buzzed around or settled on a cartridge or rifle they attach some meaning to it. If the egg which is used without boiling is found to be addled when broken, an inference, good or bad, is immediately drawn from the circumstance. I personally like humouring them and allow them the facilities to perform the ceremony with a few jocular remarks which puts them in the best of humours. I have no belief whatever in it, and have had blank days with or without their poojah and *vice versa*.

I remember an incident which is worth repeating. It was the killing of an elephant with a 12-bore spherical bullet and 4 drachms of black powder. This animal curiously visited our camp on a bright moonlight night, was shot with the above weapon and dropped close to one of the platforms called *Natsin* or nat-platforms, with

THE POOJAH.

its head almost touching the tree against which the *Natsin* was built. This was immediately noticed by my followers, and it made them believe more than ever—if possible—in the infallibility of the poojah. My men who have regularly accompanied me for years, although firm believers in *Nats*, are indifferent when out with me and will make the poojah or do without.

Another common belief, as I have already remarked, is the alleged certain return of a tiger to its kill if the men are allowed to mutilate the carcase by putting everything wrongways around. They will cut off the tail and place it in the mouth, or, failing the tail, a Burmese *salai* (cigar). The ears will be slit and a button-hole of flowers or shrubs placed through it. They believe the tail in the mouth is symbolical to the trunk of an elephant and the *salai* and the button-hole to that of the adornment of a maiden, thereby changing the carcase of a bull or cow, in their imagination to that of an elephant or maiden, and they believe that this change angers the *Nat* to such a degree that he would in temper come along on the back of the tiger.

Some also believe in the sure striking of lightning, during the monsoons, on the figure of an elephant being made of clay, and a live leach being fixed on to do for the trunk. They believe that the person making this figure and placing it in the middle of a field would hardly have time to get clear away from the shock of the lightning.

An explanation by the Burman as to the reasons of the

inability of the tiger to climb a tree is very quaint and worth recounting. The story runs that the mouse taught the cat all its tricks, whilst the cat taught the tiger its profession. The mouse reserved only one feat from the cat, and the cat, profiting by the lesson, reserved one trick from the tiger, hence the tiger swore to eat a cat whole, whilst the cat swore ditto of the mouse. They therefore assert that on account of the oaths taken respectively, the cat eats a mouse whole, not excepting even its tail, whilst the cat is so much afraid of the tiger, that it even goes to the length of covering up its dung for fear of the tiger discovering it. The lesson which the mouse omitted to teach the cat is alleged to be the art of walking a tight rope, and that which the cat reserved from the tiger is alleged to be the art of climbing.

Yet another belief is that certain spots in jungles are haunted by different kinds of *Nats*; all salt-licks are alleged to be haunted (Burmese *kyat.*) These *Nats* they allege will put in an appearance riding on different animals if you or your followers happen to have unwittingly angered them by some action. The *Nats'* appearance they assert is in order to frighten you so that you may sicken later or even immediately fall off your perch and hurt yourself. If the *Nats* do not appear in the shape of animals they will attempt, it is alleged, to frighten you in other ways. Animals especially favoured by the *Nats* are alleged to be impossible to kill. I lately determined to try one of these

alleged haunted places, and although animals put in an appearance on three consecutive nights, and were shot at, they were never bagged. I cannot quite explain the cause, but on the night I sat up I did fire at something; what it was and what happened I never discovered, as I did not try, being at the end of my outing and having to hurry back. My Burman companion on this occasion became a little nervous and solemnly advised me not to shoot at any animal which might put in an appearance unless I saw four legs distinctly. He urged that if it was a spirit it would only show three legs. This was rather a large order, and as the light was defective I could not make out the difference between a pig and a deer, far less differentiate as to the number of legs. I chaffed the good fellow till he assumed his normal state of mind, and I succeeded so well that we got off the *machan* and walked back quite comfortably and contentedly to camp at a little past midnight, forgetting *Nats* and goblins entirely, though we travelled through tiger-infested jungle.

The men who usually accompany me in my trips are many; amongst the principal are Po Min, Lu Hpay and Tun Gaung. A brief description of each of them may be of interest to the reader, and may give him an idea as to the different qualities necessary in one's followers to make a shooting expedition successful. Some of them have been trained by me whilst others picked up their training elsewhere. Many sportsmen as well as pot

hunters have tried to tempt them with all kinds of gifts and promises to take them over my grounds, but with only partial success. They would accompany me in preference to all others, and some of them cannot be tempted at all.

Po Min, my principal man, is the organiser of all my shoots. He is not a Shikari, nor a brilliant shot or tracker, although for keenness he is second to none. He has a fair knowledge of the local jungles. He is a most useful factotum of mine and looks after my interests practically for love. I made his acquaintance when he was quite a lad, and he has since served me as faithfully as a Burman can. He is of a reserved temperament and will stand no nonsense from anyone, Burman or Sahib, and would consider it almost *infra dig* to serve anyone else but myself and my friends. He comes to me periodically with all the *khubbar* he is able to gather and looks out with keen pleasure to picking up live birds and beasts for our Zoo, in which I am interested. When I have decided on an outing he makes all arrangements by collecting the necessary men and preparing my camp. He purchases the requisite foodstuffs for myself and men and practically has everything cut and dried for me. I can trust him implicitly with all my things in camp and he will do anything from cooking my dinner and serving the same to acting as valet when required. Whatever he does he executes with despatch, but he is much too impetuous and

LU HPAY. *PO MIN.*

SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S FOLLOWERS AND SHIKARIS.

boisterous for a successful Shikari. I do not remember ever hearing him whisper anything; I believe he cannot. His brother Po Thin sometimes accompanies me on our expeditions. He is similar in every respect to Po Min, but rather raw at looking after my personal comforts.

Lu Hpay comes next in my estimation; he is a perfect human pointer or setter. He is an old standing Shikari and is now in his prime. I picked him up in the jungles, where he was employed in timber work, and engaged him as custodian of my shooting-box. Through his inherent love of sport, he had traversed the jungles when at leisure, and acquired a considerable knowledge of it and the best places. He it was who eventually conducted me to a rhinoceros wallow after I had made eight attempts, spread over a period of eighteen months, to find it without avail. On the ninth trip, and in his company, we discovered the wallow, and found the rhino at home. We bagged it, but not without some little risk both to him and to myself, although there were others with us. The wounded rhino charged and passed between us so close that either of us could have touched it as it went by. Finding him staunch I engaged him and he remained at my land for quite a long time. He was with me when I bagged a second rhino as well as my third tiger. He did not belie my estimate of him and proved himself absolutely staunch on all occasions, whilst the rest of those who were with me bolted. His eyes and ears are perfect for a Shikari, but he is not in the

front rank as a tracker. He is infallible with his eyes and ears and I have never known him make a mistake. I have come close to permanently damaging his latter organs, by often being obliged to fire over his shoulders. When Lu Hpay calls attention to the fact that wild boar are afoot, rest assured that the pig is yours if you are able to shoot straight. He never errs in jungle sounds, which are very deceptive, and the direction from whence they come. Withal he is quiet and unassuming and is not much of a shot. He is daring, yet cautious : the very ingredients for a good Shikari.

Tun Gaung, poor old fellow ! has now passed his prime, and his eyes, ears and nerves are not what they used to be. He is an old stager of the locality where I have done most of my shooting and is well known to most sportsmen, now and before my time. He is a genial old scamp of the first water. He used to be, besides other things, an opium smoker ; but now, I am glad to say, has dropped this depressing habit, which makes him look quite stout and healthy. In his time he was a stranger to fear and was absolutely callous. I have never found his equal as a tracker. Once shewn a print, he has the extraordinary ability of tracking it through anything to everywhere till he discovers the owner. He will not scruple to play all manner of tricks, and will not accompany others except on payment. I know and like him very well and he reciprocates this. We therefore have a perfect understanding

existing between us, and when not otherwise engaged he shews his preference for accompanying me whether he is paid or not. On one occasion when I was after a rogue elephant I sent him along a likely fresh print. He tracked the animal and found it but got treed. Failing to return I followed him and he had the effrontry to guide me towards him by low whistles, without indicating to me that I was almost on the elephant. This discovery of the close proximity to the elephant without warning so demoralised me and my followers that we all took to our heels. After gaining a safe distance I ordered him to come to me, and he had reluctantly to crawl down and take me up to the elephant. I still have use for this man and I never fail to take him on my trips whenever possible. His stock of jungle lore is immense.

All natives of Burma are exceedingly curious, or inquisitive and it is not bad form amongst them to enquire of the stranger what and who he is, what he earns, where he lives, and similar questions which would be considered rude amongst us. In the same way they are fond of picking up a gun for examination, if opportunity occurs, and they will look up and down and all over it. Never on any account permit this whether your gun be loaded or not, and if you make a particular point of this you will be saved trouble.

Last, but not least, natives of Burma who are obliged to live and dwell in the vicinity of heavy forests and wild

animals shew little or no fear of them. Instances of this are numerous. One such was reported in "The Rangoon Gazette" of the 7th August, 1911 :—

"The carcase of a full-grown tigress, measuring 8 feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail was produced before the Deputy Commissioner of Prome last week, by an elderly villager named Maung Hin Byan of Banbwe-daung village. The story told by this man was that the animal had been speared to death by himself with the assistance of six other villagers, at his village of Banbwe-daung which was about 40 miles from the Deputy Commissioner's Court. He stated that he was herding his cattle along a stream near his village when the tigress suddenly sprang on him from behind. He escaped in a miraculous manner and called six other men to his assistance, and they all armed themselves with spears. They surrounded the tigress, and the first blow was inflicted just behind the foreleg, where the spear embedded itself. The tigress then turned and seized the handle of the spear, when the villagers rushed up and put an end to her. The Deputy Commissioner paid the men the usual reward of Rs. 40."

CHAPTER VIII.

SPORTSMEN VERSUS POT HUNTERS.

The exigencies of my profession do not permit of my going on long or protracted shoots except very occasionally. It is on this account that most of my shooting has been done in the vicinity of Pugyi station, 34 miles from Rangoon on the Prome line of the Burma Railways. I was very lucky in obtaining a piece of land from Government, where I erected a small bungalow for use as a Shooting Box.

To this place I have been able to go once in a month or six weeks. The nearness to Rangoon and its convenience, together with reports of my occasional successes, attract many Nimrods to it, with the result that the place is absolutely played out. Were it visited by sportsmen pure and simple I would have no objection whatever, but the majority are pot-hunters—men having no occupation whatever, who go there and stay for months in a Burmese hut, degrading themselves with country grog and loose living. They seldom do their own shooting, but allow the owner of the hut, on whom they live, to go out day after day to shoot at anything with their old and dilapidated

guns. They slip into the reserved forests without licenses, and disturb the game for miles around. They wound more game than they are able to kill. Even elephants and bison have been shot at with 3½ drachms of powder and spherical bullets out of their blunderbuses. On occasion the powder is augmented by the addition of the whole of the contents of another cartridge, thus firing practically double the charge out of these old guns. These men are really spoil-sports and are to be found in almost every corner of the Province; they deserve to be punished whenever they are found. Special legislation should be enacted to enable the authorities to punish them on reputation alone, something like the new legislation under the Excise and Opium Acts. They contravene the present Arms and Forests Acts with impunity, taking advantage of the fact that they are generally many miles from headquarters, where the authorities and police are more vigilant.

I happened to be conversing with an old and experienced Police Officer on the subject and he called my attention to section 33 sub-section 2 (E) read with section 3 sub-sections 7 and 10 of the Burma Forest Act, which empowers the Local Government to restrict by rules shooting and hunting anywhere except on private land. Under such power the Local Government has framed rules, and rule 33 contained in the Burma Forest Manual clearly lays down that wild animals, etc., cannot be removed for

trade purposes from any land, except private land, without the permission of the Deputy Commissioner or Divisional Forest Officer and the penalty for the breach of rule 33 is provided for in rule 91.

If these rules are rigorously and oftener enforced there might at least be some cessation of indiscriminate slaughter of game by hunters who kill for gain, but I do not remember ever hearing of any prosecutions under the rule.

I know of one of these men spending several months accompanied by his wife and very young children, inside a Forest Reserve, and occupying the Forest Inspection Bungalow. I believe he was spending the whole of his leave and at the same time dodging his creditors. He was accompanied by some of the worst men of the neighbourhood, who, unaccompanied by him, went out day after day shooting at anything they happened to come across. The few days I was in the vicinity I heard the reports of shots all day and night. A pair of home-made scales consisting of kerosine oil tins with stones for weights, was rigged up close to the bungalow for the sale of whatever flesh they succeeded in getting. It would be interesting to know whether this individual obtained a license for the Reserve or the permit of the Deputy Conservator to occupy the Inspection Bungalow for such a length of time. This is probably the class of men whom Mr. David Wilson describes as "True Sportsmen" in his "Anecdotes of Big Cats."

In fair and square sport, one sportsman need have no

fear or misgivings whatever if another shoots in the same locality, as much must depend on luck whether one comes across anything worth bagging for a trophy, but as regards the pot hunter and his satellites, who spare nothing, it is a different matter altogether.

The jungles to the East of Pugyi extend to within a few miles of Pegu, with the exception of a large plain several square miles in extent situated between the hill ranges on the Pugyi and Pegu sides, southwards right up to the Hlawga Lakes and north-wards right away up to Prome on the one side and Toungoo on the other. They are clothed with dense virgin jungle and a sojourn in it, camped on the bank of a forest stream, such as Pugyi Chaung, Myaungtanga Chaung, Wanet Chaung, Wah Chaung and numerous other beautiful and sandy-bedded streams and tributaries in pleasant weather, is one of pleasurable rest. I for one have a great liking for this neighbourhood and I cannot compare it with any other jungle that I have known and visited.

It teems with a large variety of bird life. I have seen the great toucan or horn-bill, an exceedingly shy bird with very keen sight and powerful wings. The lesser toucan is also plentiful; also imperial and green pigeons and doves of several varieties. The grey pheasant, plain and hill partridges, quail and jungle fowl, and a host of other varities of birds abound. Hog deer, thamin and hare may be found in the approaches to the heavier jungles.

The heavier jungles contain elephant, guar, rhinoceros and tsine, sambur, gyi, and wild boar, tiger, leopard and bear ; besides many varities of wild cats, squirrels, and monkeys. I have known of black leopards being killed in it and heard of wild dogs, but I have not personally seen any.

It must not, however, be thought that a visit would easily repay the sportsman by the acquisition of many trophies. You will have to work hard at that before you can count on success. On occasions I have had three or four consecutive trips (as in March, April and May, 1911,) without being called upon to fire a single shot, even foot-prints and signs being conspicuous by their absence. At other times the jungles appear to be alive with game from signs and prints.

When I first acquired my land, the boundary of which is within 60 yards from the edge of the Reserves, and built my house, tiger, leopard, pig and gyi could be had within my fencing. A tiger was shot at by a party from the gun-boats that accompanied His Majesty the King, when he visited Burma as Prince of Wales. They were resting at my bungalow after an outing in the Reserves, when a tiger was disturbed and took a line passing within 50 yards of the house. On another occasion I left my bungalow to catch the train for Rangoon about 4 p.m., and at 6 p.m., two hours after, a tiger came right up to the house and bagged a calf belonging to me close to the kitchen.

Again a tiger entered my pen of cows and killed a calf and two cows, wounding also a bull. Although I tried hard for this marauder I never succeeded in revenging my herd of cows; yet again, a tiger came right up to my old house and attempted to get at the skull of a pig which was hung up on a tree close by, within a few feet of my caretaker who was watching him from the house. Although I built a trap and sometimes had it set on my land, I have so far never suceeded in catching a leopard or tiger.

Wild elephants have been known to visit a paddy field half a mile from my land, and once an elephant came to within a stone's throw of my fencing. Although I was at my bungalow at that time and word was brought to me, I was unable to go after it on account of the prohibition by Government against killing them.

My place having acquired rather a reputation as a game preserve, I had all the pot-hunters loafing around it and poaching within my grounds when I was not on the scene to prevent it. This resulted in scaring away everything living in it, leaving the place as bare of game as a desert is of water. The land and house are nevertheless valuable to me for old association's sake and I shall always look back to the spot with pleasure when the time comes when there will be nothing to shoot at without going many miles away for it.

AUTHOR'S SHOOTING BOX.

CHAPTER IX.

TIGERS AND TIGER SHOOTING.

Felis Tigris. Burmese : *Kya.* Karen : *Botha O. Khi. Tupali.*

The hunting of the silent, stealthy and wily tiger is an ambition with which every sportsman is imbued and it would seem that it is only those lucky men who can boast of a tiger or two to their credit who are respected by the rest as mighty hunters, though why this should be so it is difficult to understand as there are other animals, such as the bison and tsine, which are much more dangerous in some respects to tackle than the tiger.

There is a term called "Tiger Fever" which is appropriately applied to a young sportsman who, having succeeded in bagging his first tiger with real hard work, talks tiger at every turn in his conversation. One can hardly wonder at this mild form of lunacy in young blood, when one takes into consideration the enormous difficulties and disappointments which have to be contended with before one succeeds. This malady does not appear to attack the man who goes out after ordinary small fry, and by a lucky chance tumbles across a tiger and in a fit of

nervousness fires and kills. It is only those that have worked, and worked hard, to get a tiger and have succeeded for the first time who are most susceptible to this complaint, and then, there is no holding them, as they practically have tiger on the brain and will talk little else but tiger. This, however, wears away, as there is generally a long interval between the first and second tiger, by which time they regain their balance. Such a sportsman can, however, count on the sympathies of the old stagers, and he can be justly proud of his bags, as the trophies he will be able to exhibit to his friends, if he has acquired the art of saving the skin for the taxidermist, are really handsome.

This knowledge, that is of preservation of the skins and skulls and other parts of an animal for trophies, is absolutely essential and is a branch of the education of a sportsman which cannot be neglected. He should acquire this by reading several books on the subject, such as Rowland Ward's "Sportsmen's Handbook"; Geo. H de M. Goutiere's "Taxidermy for India" and many others. Several writers on sport also include some tips on this subject in their books which are very useful. You cannot afford to treat the subject lightly, as, after all the hardships and dangers you have gone through, you will be unable to show anything for your trouble. Out of four tigers, I only succeeded in saving two skins for the taxidermist and one was actually spoilt for me to some extent in the process of

curing. I managed to save the skulls intact with all the large and small teeth, which I carefully mounted personally. The acquisition for preservation of the different parts of your bag for trophies, cannot be left with any degree of safety to your men. It is necessary that you personally superintend and direct the operation, which of course, cannot be done without the necessary knowledge. The state of the weather and the season also make it difficult or easy, as the case may be, for this purpose.

In tigers, the skull with all the teeth, the skin with all the whiskers, all the claws and the two clavicles are the usual trophies, and these must be carefully seen to, and collected, or nothing except the skin, and a bad one at that, will be left. Camp followers and Burmese and Indian Shikaris have all kinds and conditions of beliefs regarding the most minute parts of the carcase of a tiger, and these parts will be whipped off or cut away and destroyed beyond redemption. The fat is believed in as a certain cure for rheumatism by all Orientals. They will steal the whiskers for the purpose of making rings for the fingers, believing that if they wear a ring on their fingers made of the said whiskers no devil will enter or possess them. The canine teeth, which they will loosen with a dah or hammer if you are not sharp in letting them know your wish to preserve the whole skull in its entirety, they will possess themselves of for all kinds of medicinal purposes. The clavicles, small loose bones imbedded in the muscles

of the fore-arms or legs, and most difficult to discover, are also eagerly sought after for medicinal purposes. The Burmans call it *kyah ah* literally "Tiger's Strength" and their idea is that the tiger, like the cat, always licks the back of his front leg, about the neighbourhood of the situation of the clavicles, in order to get the desired strength to make a leap.

They have also a very exaggerated idea of the size of a tiger or tigress. They are never small, but always big; the Burman's common expression regarding the size of a large tiger being *"Nine Taungs" i.e.*, nine hands or cubits, equivalent to 13½ feet.

In my griffin days I expressed to my head Shikari—a fine specimen of a Talaing, standing square and upright, nearly six feet high and about 60 years of age, with very many years' experience, and as keen as any individual could be—my desire to shoot tigers. He had at that time many elephants and bison and other animals, but no tiger to his credit. He had been an old forester of affluence in the good old days, but had latterly lost considerably owing to his insatiate love for going a-hunting instead of attending to his business, and to questionable dealings in which he got himself mixed up in. His reply was characteristic: "Why do you wish to molest a fellow sportsman," and he would dissuade me all he could. One fine day I luckily succeeded in bagging a tiger when out with him, and this had the effect of transforming him into a veritable

tiger hunter from that date. I believe he considered his prowess as a hunter had been challenged, and throwing discretion to the winds, took every opportunity of hunting the carnivora. The outcome of his early attempt was that he got badly mauled by a wounded leopard and came within an ace of being transplanted to the happy hunting grounds above. On another occasion he managed to induce an ambitious sportsman to leave his battery of guns behind, to enable him to watch over the carcase of a pony, so that he could send word on arrival of the tigers and leopards to the kill. He carried out his undertaking faithfully ; word went only after he had succeeded in murdering a tiger and a leopard that visited the kill, so that the ambitious Nimrod hurried to the scene, only to find that the old man had considerately detained the striped and spotted visitors effectually for him. This sportsman was obliged to return in the guise of a conquering hero, with the two carcases in a high state of decomposition, having to concoct the fairy tale on the way that he had bagged them, for fear the authorities would discover and charge him with contravening the Arms Act by leaving his guns in the possession of non-licensed persons. Although this ambitious Nimrod tried again and again in the neighbourhood with quite a small flock of cast ponies as baits, I believe he never succeeded in bringing a tiger to bag. On another occasion this old ne'er-do-well induced a pot-hunter to sit over a path for a tiger. The youngster,

agreed, but at the moment of the arrival of the tiger, the old humbug spun a fanciful tale to the youngster about the dangers of tiger shooting and the youngster then gave up his gun to him. The tiger duly arrived and on being fired at jumped up, very nearly clawing the pair out of their crazy *machan*. This struck such terror into both, that they contracted fever which lasted a considerable time, the old fellow nearly shuffling off this mortal coil. I eventually had to get rid of the old man, as he turned very selfish and avaricious of the meat of all animals that we bagged. He began to take the lion's share, in fact everything he could induce the rest of the party to carry to his house with promises of share and share alike. His wife used to sell all the flesh, and when the men demanded their share, and I had left for Rangoon, he forgot all about his promises. If any sportsman gave him money for distribution amongst the followers he appropriated the lot, or most of it. In this way he got himself so thoroughly disliked that no one who knew him would have anything to do with him. The poor old fellow is now in a very bad way for a living, but still carries on his career of shooting at anything and everything he can, in the company of pot-hunters.

The tiger's roar is something like a long drawn and loud gutteral A-oh. Besides this natural roar it sometimes bells like a sambur. Major H. H. Harrington, of Mandalay, writing in the Journal of the Bombay Natural History

Society, volume XXI, page 235, notes this fact: This is well known in Burma, and the Burmans in fact use the same expression for the belling of a sambur as that of a tiger, namely, *Kya Tit Thi* and *Sat Tit Thi* respectively. I have personally heard this call and shot the tiger soon after. Immediately after the shot I heard more of it and mistook it for a human call emanating from a Burman who was waiting for us on a tree at some distance. On my questioning him the next morning he denied having made any kind of noise. On the next night the remains of the kill was removed by another tiger, the unsuspected companion of the one I had bagged, and the call must undoubtedly have come from it. We searched the neighbourhood of the kill at the time of leaving it with our prize and had a sambur been in the vicinity we would have discovered its prints. To Major Harrington's note Mr. James W. Best, I.F.S., replies on the next page of the Journal and puts it beyond a doubt that tigers bell like sambur. Several years ago this belling by tigers could be heard in the neighbourhood of the old Zoo at Rangoon.

One should hesitate to disbelieve tiger yarns, as there is no accounting for what these animals will or will not do.

Many years ago in the eighties, a tiger swam the Rangoon river from Dalla to the Rangoon side and was shot at and killed under a hut at Lanmadaw. In March, 1903, a tigress walked about the outskirts of Rangoon Town and finally found its way up the Shwe Dagon

Pagoda where it was ultimately shot at and killed. I happened to be at the finale and I will therefore give you a more detailed account of this, with reports which appeared in the local newspapers in a later chapter.

An account of a suspected man-eating tiger was given in the issue of "The Rangoon Times" of the 20th August 1904, as follows :—

"A few days ago a native pointsman, employed at Pugyi station, on the Irrawaddy section of the Railway, was reported missing. He went out as usual after dusk to light the lamps of the north distant signal, and that was the last seen of the unfortunate man, who, from all accounts, has fallen a prey to Mr. Stripes. The jungle about this neighbourhood is at this season of the year very thick, which renders it a splendid hiding place for all kinds of wild animals. The skeleton of a human body was found in the vicinity of Pugyi station by the Police which is thought to be that of the unfortunate pointsman. Here is a chance for our local Nimrods. The sporting Barrister from our city who not so very long ago "bagged" a tiger somewhere about Taikkyi or Thanatchaung might try his luck again."

The local Barrister was probably myself.

Again, another account of tigers in Tavoy.

"A large tiger and tigress had for some time been playing havoc amongst the villagers' cattle within a radius

of 20 miles of Metta. A Tavoy correspondent writing in a local paper says:—

"The two were constantly seen by villagers and traders using the high road. They did not seem to care about attacking human beings. One early morning just before day-break one of them jumped the high palisade of a cattle enclosure, killed three bullocks and succeeded in dragging one over the palisade and into the jungle, where it was eaten at leisure. The tiger returned the same night for the other two bullocks but the villagers were on the alert and stripes did not enter the enclosure. A few nights afterwards he attacked and wounded a buffalo calf but the mother coming to the rescue the tiger made off. Several people sat up for him in trees and at last a shot seemed to have wounded him for he was off when daylight came, though there was a pool of blood left behind and the tiger was tracked to some distance into the jungle where the rain had obliterated all marks of blood. Some Karens afterwards reported having met the tiger and the tigress some miles from the spot and that the tiger was limping slowly with flies around his wound. An elephant was then obtained and attempts made with its assistance to track the wounded tiger, but they were unsuccessful. The tigress is still alive and will probably continue her attacks on cattle, of which fully two dozen were killed and wounded in the past month by the pair."

Another report of a tiger which was shot at Bassein

about the year 1906 appeared in a Rangoon newspaper at the time as follows :—

A TIGER AT BASSEIN.

"Rumour was current that a tiger was going about Bassein. Capt. Guy's malee reported that the animal was in the garden. An alarm was raised and Sergt.-Major Hughes, armed with an Express rifle, and Mr. Coomber turned up. A search was made for the animal, but he could not be found till the Sergt.-Major got a glimpse of him under a Burman's house close by. He fired a shot which hit the animal on the back, on which he turned and glared at the Sergt.-Major, who put in another shot neatly between the eyes which killed. He was 6 feet long."

Again a report of a tiger at Kanaungto in "The Rangoon Times" about the year 1907 :—

TIGER AT KANAUNGTO.

PANIC IN A PADDY FIELD.

"Yesterday morning the people working in the paddy fields near Pyawbwegale, Kanaungto, were thrown into a great panic by the appearance of a tiger. It appears that at about 9 o'clock, a cooly maistry, named Doraswamy, went with a gang of 50 coolies to reap in the paddy fields, and while engaged on these operations they disturbed a large tiger which had evidently taken up its position there over night and was lying up. The tiger sprang at the foremost of the coolies, who created a pandemonium in order to drive him off, but before they

succeeded in doing so he mangled two of their number rather badly and clawed four others, amongst the latter being a Burman who made a plucky attempt to disable the brute. The two men most seriously injured were brought into the General Hospital yesterday evening and are now in-patients. One has had his shoulder badly mauled while the other was severely bitten on the thigh. The tiger is still at large and is being hunted down by the villagers, who are determined to kill him if they can get to close quarters by spearing him to death. The appearance of "Stripes" so close to Rangoon has caused a great sensation, and local Nimrods now have a chance of ridding a populous suburb of a dangerous beast of prey."

In the issue of the 31st June, 1910, of "The Rangoon Gazette" is the following:—

"Two tiger cubs were destroyed at Apyauk, a village in the Kungyangone sub-division, a short time ago under somewhat unusual circumstances. Some of the villagers' cattle had been carried off and they determined to watch for the animal, although, as they had no guns, it would have been somewhat hazardous to attack it with spears. No more cattle were taken but a villager reported seeing two cubs in the neighbouring jungle. A party of men went out to try and capture them, but the cubs shewed fight and it was determined to destroy them by fire. Dry leaves and wood were therefore collected and placed in a circle round the unfortunate cubs and fire being applied they

were soon got rid off. It is well for the villagers that the tigress was absent at the time or some of them would have paid the penalty. They were rather disgusted on coming to Rangoon to learn that they might have obtained Rs. 100 each for the cubs if they had been captured."

About the year 1905 another tiger was reported in the open paddy field at Thelewa, close to Syriam. At the request of the then Deputy Commissioner, Mr. J. N. O. Thurston, now deceased, I went after this tiger and verified the report, but failed to bag the animal, and I never heard of it being killed at all. After I had tried all I could, some enthusiastic griffins went after this tiger and in their inexperience tied up a dog for bait with a piece of rope, for want of better material. The dog quietly submitted and, when the shooters were comfortably esconsed on their *machan*, quickly bit through the rope and bolted. The sorry Nimrods were obliged to keep on the *machan* all the night for fear that they might be carried off by the tiger were they to attempt to get back to bed. In this connection, I might mention that if any occasion arises where a live bait is to be tied—although, as I have already remarked, this is not commonly practised in Burma as in India—a rope round the fetlock of cattle is the very best method of tying. This prevents the rope being seen by a suspicious tiger, whereas a rope round the neck or horns could be easily discovered. A chain is the only thing that would keep a village pie at his post.

Another local paper account of a tiger at Pegu :—

TIGER AT THE PAGODA.

EXCITING SCENES. A BURMAN MAULED. EIGHT-FOOT TIGER SHOT.

"About 8 o'clock yesterday morning great excitement prevailed on receipt of information that a tiger had mauled a Burman of Saingdi village about two miles from Pegu town.

"Messrs. Rousac, Cole, Jones, and Rencontre armed themselves with their best weapons and at once proceeded to the scene.

"When they got near Signal Pagoda they saw a large crowd on the height of the Pagoda and many on trees, probably on account of the big scare created by the tiger having mauled one of their fellow-villagers named Mg. So, who was left in his hut at the village in an unconscious state.

"The four shikaris enquired and found that the brute was hiding in a hay-stack next to the Pagoda. As the tiger was not visible he had to be irritated by stones, etc., till at last he showed himself and made a spring from his lair towards the four shikaris who were on the ground about 20 yards away when a volley was poured on him which promptly made him retreat towards the village. Then the most trying period commenced as the brute escaped all eyes and his encouchment was left to be discovered.

"Messrs. Jones and Cole, the youngest of the shikaris,

took the lead and hunted him down till they got to close quarters of about 6 yards, when both fired, killing the beast on the spot.

"The tiger measured eight feet. The shikaris resolved to give the reward of Rs. 40 for the capture to the villagers and to the wounded man, who was taken to the Hospital, where he lives in a precarious state.

"One of the shikaris very unfortunately could do no more after the volley as his gun fell to pieces. A photograph of the shikaris with their kill was taken on their return."

The Burmans attach all kinds of importance to these visits by the felines to their Pagodas.

In India the Hindu temples situated in the jungles in various places are commonly used as an occasional or permanent place of refuge by wild animals.

I had often wondered how it was that old people in England got hold of the idea that wild animals, tigers and snakes were so plentiful in India and out East generally, that they were to be found prowling and crawling about the streets and backyards of houses, when in reality they are as scarce as the proverbial needle in a hay-stack in most places.

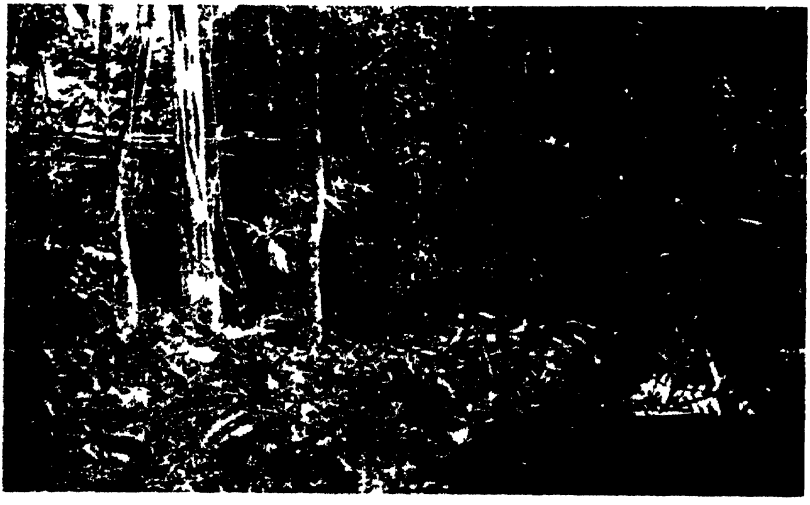
Even now-a-days in localities where they are reported to be plentiful, one is lucky if one succeeds in killing a brace of them at one outing. Mr. W. P. Okeden, of Messrs. Summers and Okeden, Solicitors at Rangoon, knowing my weakness for Big Game Shooting, kindly lent,

and eventually presented me with, a copy of the sporting journal of Mr. W. P. Okeden, I.C.S. (I believe his father), printed by him for his own use, of sport in Moradabad, India, between the years 1823 to 1841. In this most valuable and interesting record, a dozen tigers during a month's shooting was the rule rather than the exception. and only shooting off and on in the cool of the morning and evening. Many tigers were even lost for want of better firearms. Imagine to yourself those days, with the modern weapons together with the present day knowledge of the habits of the striped marauders. How grand the sport would be! Such facts, without doubt, have so impressed themselves on the stay-at-home old people, that they believe, even now, that the same conditions prevail out east. This belief is responsible for the majority thinking India and Burma to be positively dangerous to visit. I believe this private record is the only literature on the subject of sport during those years in the locality mentioned. Even in these days leopards are reported to be quite harmless and familiar visitors to *Baburchikanas* in some parts of India and in out-of-the-way villages in Burma, yet it cannot for a moment be said that they are common or to be easily shot.

In Burma, the tiger is to be found almost everywhere, that is, in jungles both on the hills and in the plains. The Burmans speak of two varieties, namely, the hill tiger and the plain tiger. They aver that the hill tiger is more

massive in the fore-quarters, with a short body and a long tail, and more ferocious, if that is possible; whereas the plain tiger has a long body and a shorter tail and is very daring. Tigers in general lie up in very close, cool, and heavy cover during the day, but as evening approaches they take a well beaten track, namely, foot-paths, elephant and gaur trails, fire protection lines, dried stream beds, and cart tracks, etc., for their nightly rambles; making quite long journies in quest of game, cattle, or human beings as the case may be. Unlike cats, they are not afraid of water and will swim wide rivers if necessary, and in the hot months they delight in immersing their bodies in water leaving only their heads above. A young tiger I reared used to be very fond of a morning bath even during the cold weather and would immediately get into a bucket or tub of water for a bath of its own accord if given the opportunity. The path taken by tigers in their nocturnal rambles are always visible. Their prints can be followed for miles on end, and during certain seasons they will at intervals roll on the grass by the paths; and marks of clawing the grass and earth here and there, in order either to clean their claws or after dropping their dung, may be found.

The ordinary food of the tiger is game of all kinds; they even aspire to killing the young of gaur or elephants. It is not unusual, therefore, to sometimes come upon a tiger which is following a herd of elephants, bison, pigs, and even monkeys.



SOME CAMP SCENES ON THE MYAUNGTANGA.

They become cattle-lifters or man-eaters either from habit or necessity. By habit, because they are taught it by the tigress in their infancy, she having once found how much easier it was to dine off beef or human flesh—during the season when she was busy nursing her young cubs and while she was in weak condition—than it was to have to fight, perhaps, with a sturdy wild boar for a dinner. By necessity, when they are put to awful straits for a dinner, particularly in an old individual which has become less active and supple to hunt wild animals for the purpose.

In cattle-lifters there is the confirmed and the occasional cattle-killer. The former levies toll on the village cattle regularly all the year round. They prowl around the village cattle in their pens during the night, dividing their attentions between several villages within a radius of 10 to 20 miles, or they will ensconce themselves close to grazing grounds where cattle-owners are obliged to drive their cattle when grass is scarce, and pounce on them at all hours of the day, even under the very noses of the herdsmen. Instances have been known where herdsmen have successfully beaten a tiger from off a wounded cow or calf with their sticks alone.

With full-grown buffaloes tigers will have nothing to do, as these cattle will usually charge *en masse* where there is the slightest suspicion of the presence of Stripes. This is well known to most junglewallahs, and they take full advantage of it, and they have no

compunction whatever in sending their very young children to tend them, even in the worst tiger-infested localities.

The occasional cattle-lifter is a tiger which kills a domestic cow now and again through force of necessity. At certain seasons of the year, when the jungles are parched and dry and clear, the tiger finds a difficulty in procuring a dinner and then he will not hesitate to take the first convenient cow or even a human being. It may happen to be a tigress with cubs, put to terrible straits for food. I remember an occasion quite lately in 1911 where a tigress with cubs, a non-cattle lifter or man-eater, killing and eating a Shan woman in the vicinity of the teak plantation called Satthwadaw at Hmawbi on the Prome Road. Although the tigress was occasionally seen again, she has not so far repeated the performance, I got *khubbur* of it and went after it to see the lay of the land, but failed to make her acquaintance. The spot where the old woman was taken from was in fairly thick *thekai* grass and she might well have been mistaken for some other animal, as she was stooping cutting *thekai* for thatching her house.

Occasional man-eaters and cattle-lifters may easily, and often do, revert to their original game killing. The confirmed man-eaters are pest which should be got rid of under any circumstances or by any means. They will use all their art and cunning solely for the purpose of human flesh, but when thwarted or deterred in the very act are most cowardly brutes. A good deal of literature regarding

them has been written more or less of cases in India. In Burma, although I have heard of them, I have seen little or no authentic account on paper of their depredations.

The old belief that man-eaters are invariably mangy and decrepit old creatures has exploded long since and proved to be incorrect, as sleek and healthy tigers and tigresses have been discovered as man-eaters and killed.

A case of a man-eating tigress with cubs, in the neighbourhood of Shwegyin was recounted to me by Lu Hpay, one of my Shikaris. This tigress was alleged to have killed many people, and the curious part of it was that she used to hunt the hunter who was after her by lying in wait close to the *machan* on which Shikaris awaited her without giving the hunter the opportunity of discovering her proximity, and when the unsuspecting hunter crawled down his tree in the morning, stiff and tired from his vigil, he would be quickly carried off and eaten. Lu Hpay says he bagged this tigress by waiting for it in the hollow trunk of a tree instead of on a *machan*. A hole, large enough to shoot through with convenience, was made on the side the tigress was expected, whilst the hole through which he had entered the hollow was effectually closed up with branches of trees and thorns. I cannot vouch for the correctness of the story as it happened many years ago and I have never heard it from others, yet I have no reason to disbelieve Lu Hpay, as he had no object whatever in telling me a fib.

I have also heard of several instances of man-eaters selecting particular individuals, that is, jumping over sleeping forms and taking a person who lay much farther away from the entrance in preference to a nearer individual.

It is not always the first or the last person who may be taken by a man-eater when people are walking through a jungle in Indian file. It has been asserted that preference may be given to the person who carries a stick, a dah, a spear or some weapon of offence.

The tiger in general or the man-eater in particular shews no special courage in its attacks. It is rather to surprise its prey that it tries, and it is notorious that a man-eater funks man most. Burmans say that the inherent fear of man by all wild animals is so very apparent in the man-eating tiger that it will go to the length of turning over a corpse face downwards before it will attempt to dine off it. This assertion is no doubt drawn from the tiger's usual habit, as tigers, unlike leopards, invariably begin with the fleshy parts of the hindquarters of all their kills, human or otherwise.

Tigers are not over-particular as to the freshness or otherwise of their meat. If anything, they are partial to meat that is decomposed to a certain degree, nor can it be said that they will refuse meat of an animal that has not been killed by themselves. On one occasion the carcase of a wild boar was so decomposed as to be literally crawling

with maggots. A friend who accompanied me declared that the tiger would not return to it. We both sat up for it and the tiger not only returned, but I shot and killed him, and he fell so close to the carcase that the maggots actually crawled on to it and spoiled the skin by the morning. Not content, another tiger, its unsuspected companion, returned on the following night and finished the remainder. I shall relate the bagging of this tiger in detail later on.

Those of my readers who have seen tigers in menageries and elsewhere in confinement, may not have perhaps noticed the different beasts. There is an undoubted variation in the shades of the yellow ground work. I have read of white tigers, that is, the yellow being quite white and the black stripes faintly visible. Details were not recorded as to whether they were true albinos with pink eyes. Lydekkar in his "Game Animals of India etc.," page 297, mentions the exhibition of a live white tiger in 1820 at the Exeter Change and of the skins of three others. He also records that a black tiger was found dead in Chittagong. Quite recently black tigers have been noticed in India and Burma and the circumstances were recorded in the Bombay Natural History Society's Journals Vol. 22, note 2, page 788 and Vol. 23, note 1, page 343. These are the only instances of white or black tigers I have read of. I have however recently received information of a real live black tiger. I mean to keep this good

news to myself at least for a time, as one never knows what luck and opportunity may present itself if one waits patiently. The variation in the shades is from tawny yellow to bright and pale yellow. I am inclined to the belief that the tawny yellow coat is retained by tigers inhabiting very dense jungles where light seldom penetrates, whereas the bright and pale yellow is seen in tigers which inhabit more or less open jungles. The tiger of China has longer fur on his coat than the Burma tiger. Tigers cannot be described as friendly by any means with their own kind, and particularly will brook no interference with their kills by any other tiger or beast. The result is that tigers are seldom seen together in company except a male and a female, and that only during the cold months which is the mating season. This occasion may also be described as the only time when tigers are more noisy than at other times, when they are generally nearly, if not entirely, dumb. A family of tigers may be discovered that is, the father, the mother and large cubs.

The mating season of the tiger is during the cold months, namely, December to the middle of February. During these months tigers as well as leopords are particularly daring and noisy, in that they can be heard calling to each other at great distances. They also prowl about more than at other times.

The Burmans know the season very well, and if asked will tell you that tigers mate when the *Tazin-pan*—a

SWEET SCENTED ORCHID CALLED TAZINPAN.

very pretty and sweet-scented orchid—flowers. This *Tazin-pan* is much coveted by Burmese ladies and maidens, as decorations for their hair, and for various other purposes. It is very expensive owing to the fact that it has to be collected during the season when tigers are particularly on the prowl.

As a general rule the tiger is a solitary beast and when one of them occupies a particular locality it will permit no other tiger in it; and should they meet a battle royal inevitably follows, except, of course, if the meeting is of the opposite sexes in the pairing season, as I have already remarked. At such season you might hear them calling to each other loudly in their own way. A curious fact which I have observed, and which has also been noted by others, is that the locality of a defunct tiger is immediately, or within an incredibly short time, appropriated by another.

The tiger's sense of smell is not very acute, as has been erroneously supposed. Where it excels, more so than other wild beasts is in its senses of sight and hearing. A tiger is quite at home during the day as at night with its eyes.

For young sportsmen I would heartily recommend the perusal and study of Sir Samuel Baker's "Wild Beasts and their ways". It is a most delightful book, teeming with information of tigers in general and their ways, together with many instances of tiger shoots, and written in style second to no other book on the subject, which I have had the pleasure of perusing.

The Government pays a reward of Rs. 40, 20, and 15 respectively for every tiger, leopard, or bear killed, and in order to obtain the reward the skin has to be produced before the Deputy Commissioner of the district in which the animal is slain.

In such cases it is not generally known that one can obtain the reward without giving up the skin or having it destroyed at all. Till the year 1905, when the undermentioned Notification was issued, there was apparently some doubt about the ownership of such skins:—

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BURMA GAZETTE.

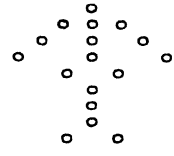
General Department Circular No. 41 of 1905, dated 24th August 1905.

DISPOSAL OF THE SKINS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Dated Rangoon, the 24th August 1905.

In connection with the grant of rewards for the destruction of wild animals a question was recently raised as to whether the skin of an animal, on the destruction of which a reward was claimed, should be returned to the person rewarded. After consulting Commissioners the Lieutenant-Governor issues the following instructions:—

The skin should be considered the property of the person rewarded and should ordinarily be returned to him after being marked on the inner surface between the ears or at the root of the tail with the Indian Government mark thus:



An ordinary round punch and hammer can be used to impress the above pattern of mark on the skin.

In the case of a person of known standing the skin may be returned without being marked.

If the person rewarded declines to take back the skin it should be marked and sold and the proceeds credited to Government.

By order,

(Sd.) F. C. GATES,

Chief Secretary to the Government of Burma.

CHAPTER X.

TIGER SLAYING IN TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

One often hears or reads of accidents and deaths from going after tigers and leopards which have visited large towns and villages. I have a theory regarding these unfortunate mishaps. Large and small carnivora come into towns and villages for several reasons, some of which appear to be almost inexplicable. It may be purely by mistake that they arrive and lose their way. It may be that they come after village dogs or cattle and are unable to get back to their natural haunts before daylight overtakes them and are then obliged to take the nearest cover and fall asleep. Another but common reason is the necessity of self-preservation owing to heavy rains and floods, when the beasts are obliged to seek high ground on which a village is situated. In such circumstances they may even take up their quarters on large trees or in a village hut itself. Again, female tigers and leopards may seek the vicinity of a village for the purpose of bringing forth their young with the idea possibly that it is the safest place from the attacks of other beasts.

Under all circumstances it is not difficult to conjecture

that some townsfolk or villager discovers the beast, and immediately there is a tremendous commotion. This naturally rouses the animal and puts it on its defence. Villagers talk the matter over and arrange to kill the tiger with spears. The tiger, fully alive and expecting them, invariably hurts and kills one or several villagers before it finally gets killed or clear away. In a town where there are firearms every person possessing one become extremely keen on killing a tiger or leopard with the excuse either of becoming a tiger-slayer or in the defence of the inhabitants. Besides the killing by the nimrod or nimrods the inhabitants themselves become extremely keen on seeing the slaying done so that it is absolutely impossible for the slayer, experienced or otherwise, to obtain a free hand. It is then not difficult to imagine the tiger-slayer stalking the beast which is in hiding and clearly expecting him and possibly anticipating his every move. Before he has time, the antics of the bystanders bobbing up and down behind and about him precipitate the charge of the hiding beast, thus giving the animal a better chance to hurt, maim or kill before it finally gets away or meets its doom. On the other hand the nimrod fires in the midst of a surrounding curious crowd with the possibility of killing some of them. It is surprise that the cat tribe rely on mostly to kill a victim. Watch a cat catching a common sparrow in a busy thoroughfare and try and work out in your own mind how it is done.

In my opinion it is useless to go after either a tiger or a leopord in a village or town unless you can get a free hand in the hunt. I cannot, however, see the possibility of getting all the villagers or townsfolk put off to considerable distances from the hunted beast to give you a chance of playing it off on its own game of surprise and catching it on the hop. This free hand, I am sure, however, is impossible to obtain. Tigers and leopards will continue to visit towns and villages and accidents will occur in nine cases out of ten.

CHAPTER XI.

TIGERS AND TIGER SHOOTING.

A TRIP TO SHWEGYEEN AFTER TIGER.

Of the innumerable and unsuccessful trips I have had after tiger I find an account which I noted in my diary at the time.

In "The Rangoon Times" of the 17th September, 1900, I noticed the following glowing paragraph:—

"A chance for sportsmen. More than 25 heads of cattle have been killed within a radius of 3 miles of the bazaar at Shwegyeen town within the last two months by tigers. There are no hunters in the whole country. Hundreds of cattle are no doubt killed by wild animals further off the town, but no reliable reports are forthcoming, in fact people don't see the use of reporting these things."

This gratuitous and tempting announcement took effect, and Mr. A. G. DuBern and myself started off by the 6-45 a.m. train on Thursday, the 4th October, 1900, for Pyuntaza *en route* for Shwegyeen. We arrived at Pyuntaza about 2 p.m. the same day. We immediately

transhipped into cramped dugouts which carried us through inundated jungles and several rivers and streams to Shwegyeen, where we arrived at 8 o'clock the same night. We stayed at the house of one Ma Kyin Ngway, situated in the main street of the town and within a stone's throw of the bazaar made famous by the correspondent to "The Rangoon Times." Without delay I instituted enquires for tigers and tiger kills. To these enquiries I got casual replies: "Tigers may be had 2 days' journey further up the river or hill" and that they were plentiful here and there and elsewhere except within the three miles of the famous bazaar. Information was also volunteered that several years previously tigers were so numerous that they were commonly met within and without this famous bazaar. Whilst this examination and cross-examination was proceeding, my worthy friend DuBern, not knowing the language, was bursting with impatience and curiosity. He chipped in an occasional "What!" "What does the man say?" and so forth. I was too busy to give him any coherent answers. The reports I gleaned seemed to be most unsatisfactory and disappointing, so I decided to investigate personally on the morrow in the immediate neighbourhood, where I had hoped to bag some small game, at the same time giving me an opportunity for further enquiries. I had previously been in Shwegyeen and knew something of the neighbourhood, which was ideal for all kinds of small game. My

personal investigations however were no more encouraging than the previous reports. I was informed that tigers had killed some cattle during the season, and that a former Forest Officer had sometimes bagged tigers at the above place after baiting them with cattle and so forth.

We scoured the surrounding jungles for the rest of the day, walking altogether about 30 miles and, beyond seeing a few sambur foot-prints, we neither saw nor shot anything. On the next day, Saturday, we made tracks for Thinmotpalin, but, coming across some likely prints and doubtful information on the way, decided to erect a *machan* and wait on it with a live bait in close proximity. We were obliged to return home on the first night as we were not prepared nor had we the requisite bait.

On arriving back at Shwegyeen I ordered the Burman (a relative or friend of Ma Kyin Ngway, who had been told off to attend to our wants) to purchase a calf and to have it at a convenient spot close to the proposed *machan* site as early as possible. He replied that it would be all right and that the purchase and taking of the calf to the spot would not take long. He allowed the whole morning to go by, and started off to purchase a calf in the afternoon. It is needless to say that he did not succeed till late, owing to the unwillingness of Hindu and Burmese cattle owners to sell a calf for bait. With hard lying he eventually succeeded in purchasing a calf but much too late to be taken *machan*-wards. To punish the man, late

as it was, I insisted on his taking the calf that night. Poor man! he tried hard, and the first difficulty he had was the obstinate resistance of the calf to being separated from the rest of the herd. The calf absolutely refused to budge from the spot. My determination had scared the Burman considerably and I was bent on giving him a lesson. He finally tied the calf's legs and placed the trussed beast on a charpoy, which he managed to borrow from an accomodating Hindu caretaker of the cemetery, with the intention of carrying it; and he did, with the help of the Hindu, carry it with difficulty for some distance, but the calf being nearly half grown, the two men could not go very far and in the meantime a terrific storm came on. DuBern and myself watched the proceedings throughout with inward amusement, I am ashamed to say, and when I thought that the Burman had learnt a hard lesson, I allowed him to give up the removal till the following morning. This, he faithfully did, and at a very early hour, giving himself and the calf plenty of time. My instructions were to take the calf to the neighbourhood and to leave it in the custody of some villager close at hand to the *machan*. The calf gave no trouble whatever and remained quiet all day. We followed up early in the afternoon, giving ourselves ample time to enable us to be on the *machan* by 5 p.m. We were driven in a bullock cart owned by the Burman with his latest purchase and his best pair of bulls yoked to it.

We duly arrived and mounted the *machan*, which was built on the top of a bamboo clump for want of a suitable tree. The calf, was ordered to be brought along and tied to the peg already arranged for it. The worthy Burman proceeded to carry out my orders and went to fetch the calf, but, to add to our misfortunes, he managed to let loose the calf which immediately bolted into the friendly jungle, tiger or no, and the best efforts of the Burman and several others who joined him to recapture the truant were unavailing. In this way a couple of hours went by, and it began to get dusk and, in order to shew our Burman that I had no intention of being thwarted, ordered him to tie up his best bull in place of the one he had let loose. He was glad to comply, as his exertions in the chase after the truant had about nearly finished him.

The night was beautifully bright with moonlight, and my friend, garbed in his Khaki volunteer trousers and myself in my suit made of the latest shikar cloth, sat amidst a swarm of mosquitoes over the Burman's favourite bull. We expected the bull to perform his allotted task by bellowing perodically for its companion, at the same time issuing an unconscious invitation to Master Stripes. This precious bull would have none of it, and after looking up at us on the *machan*, as much as to say he was quite honoured with our company and the care we were taking of him, laid down and calmly chewed the cud and refused absolutely to sigh or cry. The outcome of it all was that

the mosquitoes got well fed by me through my shikar cloth suit, and being unable to bear it any longer we got off the *machan* about 2 a.m. and drove back to Shwegyeen, a distance of over 5 miles.

After this experience I had no heart to try further at Shwegyeen and we left for Rangoon the next day, thoroughly disappointed with the excursion. We neither saw nor shot anything, not even a dove.

Our unfortunate trip was not to end smoothly, for, when we arrived at the Pyuntaza Railway Station, we were informed that we would have to wait indefinitely for a train, owing to a breakdown somewhere higher up the line. After waiting several hours, however, we got our train and arrived home in Rangoon on the night of the 8th October.

The moral of this shoot is never to allow the Burman to procrastinate: insist on your orders being promptly carried out under any circumstance.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHWEDAGON PAGODA TIGRESS.

In November 1901 I had another unsuccessful trip after a tiger at Tikekyi. On the 2nd, which was, a Saturday, I went off to Pugyi accompanied by the late Dr. Bonner for a few days after bison. We scoured the jungles, but, although bison were met with, I could not get a shot. I left the Reserve Forest with the intention of returning to Rangoon, but at the station I received information that the A. S. P., Insein, had succeeded in bagging a tigress at Tikekyi a few days previously, and that its mate was continually roaring and killing the cow-herd's cattle in the neighbourhood where the tigress had been killed. This information was too tempting for me to disregard, so, sending back part of my kit which was unnecessary, I started off for the scene, accompanied by Shan Maung Tun, the man who had been with the A. S. P. when he bagged the tigress. We duly arrived on the spot but could get no direct information from anyone. Some people living within a stone's throw of the kill, which after some difficulty we found, knew nothing of the tiger. This is indicative of the apathy which is not uncommon

amongst most jungle-wallahs. It took us a considerable time to find the kill, and we would not have succeeded at all had not the cow-herd arrived from whose flock the tiger had killed. On finding the spot, which was in long *thekaí* grass growing in thick scrub jungle, nothing but a few bones were left of the kill, which therefore necessitated my return as there was nothing to sit over.

This disappointment, among several others, and my ambition to kill a tiger, got noised abroad, and resulted in many friends giving me information, or likely *khubbur*, for perhaps the want of someone better to communicate the news to. Whilst, therefore, I was driving to my office on the morning of the 2nd March, 1903, a lady friend deliberately stopped me and informed me that the bazaar from which she was returning was full of the news that a tiger was on the platform of the Shwedagon Pagoda. I thanked her, but, doubting, hurried to the Town Lock-up at Barr Street, and telephoned up to Bahan Guard, to ask if there was any truth in the rumour. The men at the Guard telephoned in reply saying that they had heard of it and that a great crowd of people was gathering to see it on the Pagoda. This did not, however, dispel my doubts, but hurrying home I slipped a ten-shot Mauser Pistol into the trap and drove off Pagodawards. I did not take a rifle for fear that I should be laughed at for my trouble as the news appeared absolutely incredible. On my way I dropped in at Du Bern's with a view to taking

Amede Du Bern with me, as he was at that time rather keen on shikar. On my giving him the news, he laughed at me telling me to proceed on my fool's errand alone. As I had nothing better on I continued my journey, and on getting to the entrance at the foot of the Pagoda met Colonel Lawford. I am not quite sure whether he was at that time alone. We both hurried up the stairs and the Colonel remarked to me that there was a report of a tiger on the Pagoda. I replied that I was on my way to see it, as I had also heard of it. Neither the Colonel nor I had any fire-arms; being still in doubt, I had left my pistol in the trap. On my arrival on the Pagoda platform I noticed Captain Jennings armed with a double ·500 express rifle, but he did not appear in the least ruffled, as he no doubt like ourselves, did not believe the rumour. Looking around I perceived a large crowd of Burmans and Natives and nothing for the time being could be seen of the tiger on the Pagoda itself until old U Shwe Waing, a retired E.A.C., and a prominent Pagoda Trustee came along in great excitement, holding a huge telescope. We all had a peep through at the spot indicated, and sure enough, the tail of a tiger and a paw were discernable, hanging over one of the ledges half way up the Pagoda, and under a temporary bamboo ladder that had been erected to reach the top, where some gold plates were being fixed on the bulb under the Hti. Then, in the excitement, I became a self-constituted interpreter between the Burmans and the

Colonel. Up to this moment the only fire-arm was in the possession of Captain Jennings and I hastly deputed a Burman to run down to my trap to fetch my pistol, which was of course better than nothing at all, whilst the Colonel sent for a dozen or so of fully armed soldiers. This was undoubtedly a wise precaution on the part of the Colonel, as, had the tiger been only wounded and come down the Pagoda, it would have created tremendous havoc amongst the huge crowd that was packed on the platform. What happened subsequently will be seen from an account which Colonel Lawford published in "The Rangoon Times" of the 4th March, 1903, besides other accounts which appeared in the same paper of the 2nd and 3rd March. I take the liberty of reproducing the different accounts with their respective dates.

"The Rangoon Times," 2nd March, 1903—This morning a tigress was shot at the Shwedagon Pagoda, a scarcely credible piece of news. Years ago there was a story of a tiger having been killed underneath a house in Lanmadaw, but this was in almost prehistoric times. The tigress which was killed to-day was lying on a ledge under the bamboo ladder leading up to the top of the Pagoda, and she had apparently leapt from ledge to ledge until she had reached a height of about one-third of the total altitude of the structure above the platform. The animal arrived at the Pagoda early this morning, and jumped over the wall on the south-east side from the grass

slope—no mean leap—and from there walked across the platform and ascended to the lofty position in which she was killed. The news spread all over the bazaar and reached the ears of Colonel Lawford, who asked for ten men of the King's to arm themselves and come to the spot. Capt. Jennings, R.E., also armed himself with a sporting rifle and Mr. S. A. Christopher had also got wind of the affair and went down to the place. With the aid of a telescope the tiger's hiding place was discovered, and finding that it would not be easy to get a shot from the platform itself the two gentlemen climbed, one nearly to the summit of a pyathat and the other the scaffolding which had been erected round a small Pagoda, from whence they could get a fair view of the animal. As soon as Capt. Jennings and Mr. Christopher opened fire, the ten soldiers delivered a volley from the platform, but the animal remained lying where she was, neither speaking to the shots nor moving, in fact giving no indication that she was hit or that she deigned to notice the fusilade beyond the waiving of her tail high in air. The soldiers were then ordered to cease fire and the two sportsmen fired a dozen shots more apiece, after which the tigress remained perfectly motionless. After waiting 10 minutes Capt. Jennings pluckily climbed the ladder behind which she was lying until he was right above her, accompanied by two or three Burmans with spears, and gave her the *coup de grace*. The body was then hauled down on to

the platform and was found to be that of a fine young tigress, with a magnificent coat, measuring about between 7 and 8 feet, and in the best of condition and health. About a year ago a leopard is said to have been killed under somewhat similar circumstance on the Mandalay Pagoda. It seems a strange idea for a wild animal of such shy habits to make its lair in such a public place. This is undoutedly the tigress which has been scaring people living round the slaughter-house at Puzundaung and at Kokine. What with buffalo bulls and tigresses, life in Rangoon is getting a bit too exciting and one of these days we may hear of a rhinosceros being killed in Fytche Square.

"The Rangoon Times" of the 3rd March, 1903:—A tigress on the Pagoda. Early yesterday morning it was reported that a tiger was at the Pagoda platform. Colonel Lawford, Capt. Jennings and Mr. Sydney A. Christopher arrived almost simultaneously. Capt. Jennings and Mr. Christopher being armed with rifles. The animal was seen under the bamboo ladder on the face of the Pagoda about the third of the way up. The platform of the Pagoda was crowded at the time. Capt. Jennings climbed on the roof of a pyathat and Mr. Christopher to the scaffolding of one of the small Pagodas at the base of the large Pagoda. At a given signal Capt. Jennings and Mr. Christopher fired and some soldiers who had come immediately followed up with a volley. The tiger was hit

but did not move. Then Captain Jennings and Mr. Christopher fired about half a dozen rounds apiece and after waiting for a few minutes Capt. Jennings mounted the bamboo ladder followed by some Burmans with spears and gave the animal the *coup de grace*. When the animal was brought down it was discovered to be a tigress in the pink of condition with a beautiful coat and measuring between 7 and 8 feet. It is conjectured that this is the same animal which has been heard of at the slaughter-houses and at Kokine.

"The Rangoon Gazette" of the 4th March 1903 :—

THE TIGRESS ON THE PAGODA.

To

The Editor,

"The Rangoon Gazette."

Sir,

As some contradictory reports about the killing of the tigress on the Shwedagon Pagoda have been published in the papers. I write to ask you to kindly publish these facts, as far as they are known to me personally.

At about 8-15 a.m. on Monday, the 2nd March, I returned from a ride with Captain Beville. We were met at the Pegu Club by Maung Shwe Waing, a Pagoda Trustee. He gave me a note from Mr. Rigg, the Deputy Commissioner of Rangoon, saying that a tiger was on the Pagoda, and asking me to have him shot. Captain Beville and I then rode off to try and get two sporting

rifles, but after trying at all the likely houses in Tank Road, we eventually got one (a double barrel express) at the R. A. Mess, belonging to Captain Jennings, R. A. That officer at once produced it and accompanied us with it to the Pagoda.

On arrival at the Pagoda platform, we found the whole place blocked by large and excited crowds of Burmese and Natives of India, all shouting at the top of their voices. We were then told for the first time that the tiger was up the Pagoda itself and not on the platform, which we had up till then been led to believe. The tigress could just be seen with the naked eye, after her position had been carefully pointed out. She was lying down on a ledge, which runs round the Pagoda, about 100 feet up, underneath the temporary bamboo stairs, which now lead from the platform to the scaffolding at the top of the Pagoda. I saw at once that it would have been useless to try and shoot the tigress from the platform; the top of her back, one hind paw and her tail only were visible, and it would have taken a very good shot to have hit her at all. If she had been fired at then, and been either missed or wounded, we should have probably had a lively time of it, on the Pagoda platform, Capt. Jenning's rifle being the only fire-arm present. I must here mention that Mr. Christopher was also armed and present (which I did not know at the time). His weapon was a Mauser Repeating Pistol, with butt-attachment.

THE SHWEDAGON PAGODA.

Shewing the route the tigress took by dotted lines and the spot where it was lying when shot and killed.

I then decided to post Capt. Jennings with his express rifle up a Tazaung from which he could get a fair view of the tigress. And I sent Captain Beville for ten men with rifles from the King's Liverpool Regiment. About 14 men turned up and I divided them into two parties, one on either side of the Tazaung on which Capt. Jennings was posted. When the men had been pointed out the exact position of the tigress and all was ready, I ordered one volley to be fired to make the tigress show herself. A beautiful volley was put in, the edge of the ledge on which the tigress lay, and which afforded her protection from below, being struck by many bullets. She then raised herself and was at once shot through the chest and shoulder by Capt. Jennings with a right and left. As, however, she kept on struggling and lashing with her tail, and as I thought she might come tumbling down badly wounded on to the Pagoda platform, I ordered another volley to be fired, which was done. Capt. Jennings then put in another shot. The tigress then remained motionless; then Capt. Jennings pluckily mounted the bamboo ladder, and on getting up to her ledge, as he heard the tigress still groaning, he put another bullet through her heart. The body was then brought down. The tigress was a young one, in splendid condition and measured eight feet exactly.

On examining the body, four express bullets were found in it, one in the chest, on in the shoulder which penetrated

the lungs, one just behind the shoulder, and the fourth through her heart. One Lee-Metford bullet was also found in the off hind paw, which with the tigress' tail (which hung over the ledge) was practically all the men of the King's had to aim at.

Yours faithfully,

Rangoon,
4th March 1903.

E. LAWFORD,
Colonel.

My own opinion of the extraordinary behavior of this tigress is, that she had been cut off from the main Yoma jungles by the Hlawga Water Works, as at that time it was in the course of construction. She had been prowling about all over Rangoon and is identical with the tiger whose footprints were seen across the Chinese vegetable gardens near the slaughter-house at Puzundaung. The Superintendent of the slaughter-house kindly gave me all information immediately after the prints had been seen, and I visited the spot and verified his report, and actually sat up for it with Dr. Bonner one night in the vicinity of the slaughter-house with the intention of slaying it. It never returned there, although there were all kinds of false rumours and consequent excitement. I quietly continued my investigations at Puzundaung, Tamwe and Kokine. Subsequent to the visit at the slaughter-house, this tigress killed a cow at Kokine. It killed in the garden named Yagu Hill, which now belongs to my good wife, and dragged the carcase through the

THE YAGU HILL.

MR. CHATER CREGORY'S GARDEN.

marian grove and ate a large portion of it near the gate of the late Mr. Chater Gregory's garden. I also verified this personally. An ambitious Rangoon Broker made arrangements to sit over this kill, and with that view had a *machan* built of bamboo which he informed me he had actually taken from Rangoon. Some others who were after the same game happened to visit the spot during the afternoon of the night he intended to sit up, and making use of the *machan*, which they had no right to, they got the villagers to beat the surrounding jungles up to them for the tiger. Of course the tiger was *non est*. The Broker was furious when he arrived on the scene in order to sit up, and returned disgusted when he was informed of the use his *machan* had been put to during the day. A friend of mine who was residing in "Erndale," Boundary Road, north of the Shwedagon Pagoda, informed me that the day before this tigress was shot on the Pagoda, his cook in great alarm rushed into the house telling him that there was a large tiger in the kitchen. With some reluctance, as he disbelieved his cook's story, he proceeded to the kitchen with an improvised lamp and was not a little surprised to see Stripes making a meal off his dinner. On seeing my friend and his lamp the tigress (presumably the same that met its death on the Pagoda) snarled at him, picked up the joint and leapt through the kitchen window disappearing in the dark before my friend recovered from his surprise.

I still have notes and messages in writing of this tiger when at the slaughter-house. It was subsequent to all these that the beast finally climbed the Pagoda where it met its fate, and was then discovered to be a tigress. On the next day, that is, the 3rd March, curiosity led me to the Pagoda and I climbed the bamboo ladder right up to the spot where the tiger had been shot. I was not surprised to see bullet holes on the Pagoda itself within a radius of 25 feet from the actual spot where the tiger had laid. I also traced the trail of this tiger to the top of the Pagoda and I here give a picture showing, by dotted lines, the exact route taken by this tigress to the spot where it was finally killed. It is not uncommon for Pagodas to be used by tigers and leopards as places of refuge. Several accounts that appeared in the local papers will be seen in Chapter IX.

But the most amusing account appeared in "The Wild World Magazine" for April, 1915 (No. 205, vol. 35, page 58) over the name of Mr. Davidson. It would repay anyone to read the account of the extraordinary abilities attributed by this interesting writer to the tigress or to tigers in general.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY FIRST TIGER.

Having left strict instructions and expenses with cattle owners up the Prome line I got information through Amede DuBern that a tiger had killed a calf and mauled a man at Hmawbi. This occured on the 21st April 1903 and the information was communicated to me on Wednesday, the 22nd, about 1 p.m. Being unable to go at once I went up on Thursday, the 23rd, by the 1-13 p.m. train accompanied by my friend Bacon and arrived at Hmawbi about 3 p.m. the same afternoon. We made our way towards DuBern's milk depot where we intended to stay and to pick up the men who knew all about the kill. Having had some refreshments whilst the men were got together, we immediately after proceeded to the spot where the kill had taken place. About a mile north of the depot and within 200 yards of a village inhabited by natives of India, who owned herds of milch cows, was pointed out to us as the place where the kill was lying. Before however, proceeding to the spot we interviewed the old Hindu who had been mauled. The poor old man was lying on a charpoy with his wounds plastered over with a

native concoction. He had received fearful clawings on the shoulders and a bite on one knee. As he looked in a bad way we advised him to have himself transferred to the Rangoon Hospital without delay, but he resolutely refused, saying that he would rather die whole than have his leg amputated, as they would assuredly have done at the Hospital. The story of the attack on himself was as follows :—

He missed a heifer from his small flock of cows and arming himself with a lahti (a long male bamboo usually carried by natives of India) and accompanied by a youngster, proceeded out in the dusk to look for the truant. About a couple of hundred yards from the village he got into the dry bed of a stream with a slight belt of scrub jungle fringing its banks. He proceeded along the bed looking to the right and left, when he discovered the tigress in a slight tributary of the dried stream to his left. In his surprise he pointed his lahti in the direction of the tigress exclaiming "O Jo Sala" and without the slightest warning or hesitation the tigress sprung on to him putting one paw over his shoulders and biting his knees. His young companion bolted back to the village and with the help of the villagers frightened the tigress away and carried the old man home.

After interviewing the wounded man we proceeded towards the dried nullah and traced the kill from the point where the mauling had taken place. About 30 paces

from the spot we came upon the remains of the kill which consisted of only a few clean-picked bones and the dried-up paunch, and a few paces further a portion of a leg. These we had gathered in, and placed in one spot at a convenient distance from a friendly tree on which we intended to sit up in. We had expected a *machan* to have been made ready for us, but nothing of the kind had been done, and as it was nearing 5 p.m. and we had no time to make a *machan*, nor expecting the return of the tiger we crawled on to the tree rather than return, after having taken the trouble to come all the way. We were accompanied by only one Burman, who lived opposite the milk depot from which we had started. He was a tall and very dark Burman and fairly intelligent.

The tree on which we all three (that is, Bacon, the Burman and myself) crawled, was friendly in more respects than one, as it will be seen later on. It grew on the edge of the bank of the stream and was particularly easy to climb. From the bed of the stream it was about 16 feet high whereas from the bank itself about 8 feet at the most.

Bacon sat on a branch which commanded the bed of the stream up and down, armed with my Jeffries invisible rifled ·12 bore gun. I sat commanding a path leading to the stream under the tree on which we sat from an easterly direction over rather a bare hillock. I was armed with my old ·12 bore invisible rifle with a clean break through

the stock, the iron on the top and the bottom only holding it together, and which I only discovered when I got comfortably seated on the tree. To digress, I had lent this gun which was returned to me, and I had, since the return, never taken the precaution to take it out of the case to examine it. The moral being, never to lend your gun under any circumstances. Bacon offered to let me use the sound gun which I had lent him for the occasion but I preferred to chance it with the weapon I had, as I little expected to get a shot, the chances being considerably in Bacon's favour. The Burman armed with a dah sat in a fork below my perch. The remains of the kill was on the bank of the nullah on our right. In this position we awaited and watched perhaps three-quarters of an hour. We had many false alarms during this time from noises made by squirrels and birds scampering along the bed of the stream on the dried leaves. At the end of about three-quarters of an hour, I thought I saw the white of the chest and the inner sides of the fore-legs of a tiger on the path leading from the hillock, but as I was quite uncertain, there being no movement or noise, I gave it no further thought. We all appeared quite patient and neither talked nor smoked as we knew our vigil could only be a very short one, for as soon as darkness came on we could no longer wait. A few minutes later, from the corner of my eye I thought I caught sight of a slight movement of the object I first saw. I was immediately all attention and

sure enough the head and shoulders of a tiger appeared and the animal began lazily moving towards the kill with its head hung low. On sight of the unmistakable feline my excitement was intense but my nerves seemed quite calm. Getting my bead in line I turned to Bacon and motioned to him, calling his attention to the direction in which Master Stripes was calmly stalking. Bacon saw the animal and made no preparation to fire, as, on the one hand the shot was legitimately mine, and on the other I was in the direct line of fire from his position. When the tiger was about 50 paces from me, it left the path and cut across towards the remains of the kill in a slanting direction, and allowing it to come a few paces nearer I fired aiming at the low-hung head. At that identical moment the tiger raised its head in order to get over a thorny branch in its path which was not discernable to me. At the shot the tiger immediately turned and with a heavy gallop ran back in the direction from which it came, I sending my second barrel after it without effect. I could see I had missed with my second quite plainly but was doubtful of my first. The report aroused the villagers to come to us at once and at that moment daylight was quickly changing into darkness. We just had a moment or two to examine the spot for any traces of blood, etc., when darkness established itself. No evidence of a hit was discovered however. We returned in great glee at having seen a live wild tiger even though we had failed

to bag. Our intention was to return on the morrow and in daylight to search the surrounding cover thoroughly. It will be observed that there was doubt whether a hit had been made or not, it being in my early days when I was an indifferent shot. This proves the necessity for all persons after dangerous game to be absolutely certain of the ability to place their bullet without failure at any given spot, amongst many other qualifications necessary for the making of a successful Shikari.

We bathed and dined and had a good and satisfactory night's rest. At 4 a.m. we were astir and made preparations to look up our tiger of the previous night, and fortifying our inner selves with a substantial chota-hazri; we made our way to the nulla of the previous evening passing a newly-formed Karen village on the way. Our dark tall Burman of the night before had joined us accompanied by his father. Two young Karens from the village we were passing through also joined us. We duly arrived about 5 a.m. and began a search in all directions. We found no traces of blood and the indistinct prints on the hard ground gave us no indications. Whilst probing about, our Burman of the previous evening rushed up to us with his dark face turned absolutely pale and ghastly, and informed us that he had seen the tiger which was lying crouched by the side of the nullah quite close to the remains of the kill. The manner in which he found the beast was follows:—He went up to the nullah towards

the tree on which we had sat and coming across a hole with some water in it and partly covered by scrub, he turned his back to the direction he intended going and looked into the hole for likely prints. He descended the hole for a closer examination of some prints he discovered and having satisfied himself as to the freshness turned to ascend and there, on a level with his eyes, he discovered the tiger crouching on the same side of the nullah as himself, within 25 to 30 paces away. A moment's careful scrutiny satisfied him that the tiger did not see him and he managed to slip out of the water-hole and scuttle back to us as fast as his legs would carry him, but in his fright had left one side of the sandals he had on his feet stuck hard and fast in the mud of the water hole. We immediately had a hurried consultation and Bacon, after removing his white Elwood's topee, decided to go up the nullah whilst I was to go round by the path to command the nullah further up in which direction we expected the tiger to go. I hurried round (accompanied by the two young Karens but which I was unaware of at the time) as I had a longer distance to traverse and the two young Karens suddenly grabbed my arm in a state of fearful terror, saying to me that they were very frightened. This did not improve the state of my nerves; on the contrary, it had an instantaneous demoralising effect and I made a dive for the friendly tree of the previous evening and climbed for all I was worth, gun and all, with the two Karens making frantic

efforts to grab my heels. We all three however succeeded in climbing up to a safe height and naturally cooled down. Just as we settled down I heard the report of a single shot from Bacon's gun. I waited in all expectation but in vain, as Bacon's one shot had sped true and killed the tiger on the spot. He came upon the beast crouching parallel to, and a few feet from, the bank with its head turned up the nullah in my direction and his bullet caught it at the base of the neck. When dragged to the open and examined, we found it to be a tigress in poor condition measuring 7 feet 6 inches exactly as she lay, and measured on the spot. We also discovered that my shot of the previous evening with a Meade shell had struck her on the arm low down through the fleshy part, without doing any damage worth considering. My surmise is that the tiger lifted her head and one leg to get over the branch which we found at the spot at the psychological moment when I fired. We also discovered that the Karens and I were only a few paces from the tigress which was on the other side of a small patch of scrub jungle when they had made a grab at me; but Providence watches over the griffin! The noise we made attracted the tigress, which made her wait for us to come down the nullah giving Bacon the very best opportunity of slaying it. Why this tigress did not leave the neighbourhood after being wounded even so slightly is one of the mysteries of tiger shooting and contrary to all accounts of their general habits noticed by

other sportsmen, the only reason I could advance being the scarcity of water owing to it being the hottest and driest time of the year, and from the condition of the beast she must have been in a starving state. Bacon, to whom the credit is certainly due, would have nothing to do with the skin owing to my getting first blood although I offered it to him willingly. This was decidedly a very far-fetched sentiment as I feel quite certain that my first hit had absolutely nothing to do with keeping the tigress in the neighbourhood. Bacon and I bagged another tiger subsequently whilst we both sat on the same *machan* which I shall describe in another Chapter, and he exhibited the same generosity towards me as he displayed in this instance. But Bacon is an impossible man whose nature is composed entirely of extreme generosity coupled with unlimited kindness, as few who have had the privilege of his friendship cannot fail to discover. I append a short account which appeared in the local papers on the 24th April 1903 concerning this tigress :—

" April 24th, 1903.

" Mr. S. A. Christopher, Barrister-at-Law, had the good fortune to bag a fine tigress on the 23rd instant. The animal, which had been doing a lot of damage round about Hmawbi ever since last February, had killed a calf and mauled a man very badly. Mr. Christopher and a friend sat up over the kill and succeeded in wounding the tigress when she turned up, and they managed to follow her up

and bag her next morning at 6 a.m. She measured 7 feet 6 inches but her coat was in poor condition. The wounded Burman is being treated in the General Hospital."

The villagers were delighted with our success in ridding them of this marauder and the poor old wounded Hindu then made up his mind to proceed to the Rangoon Hospital. He was too far gone and we did the best we could for him and brought him along to Rangoon and had him carried off to the Hospital where, I am grieved to say, he died subsequently. There is some superstition amongst these natives of India about surviving if the animal which wounded them is killed. What the exact superstition is I am unable to say, but prior to the killing, the old man would have nothing to do with the Hospital.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY SECOND TIGER.

On Wednesday, the 7th October 1903, during the vacations, Bacon and I started for Pugyi for a week's bison shooting. We arrived at Pugyi and proceeded without delay into the Reserves to camp but we were unable to start out to shoot till Friday, as journeying and arrangements at camp took some time. We were not long in discovering fresh tracks of bison after setting out from camp and we accordingly began a stern chase. We tracked these prints almost in a circle for about ten miles and were lucky in coming upon the herd. Unfortunately we had allowed Tun Gaung to precede us by about a hundred yards when he disturbed the bison in thick bamboo creeper and was obliged to fire with the usual fortunate result, that is, a miss; he is a delightfully bad shot! All our tramp and trouble went for naught, and we returned to camp in not a very pleasant frame of mind. We again started out on Saturday morning early and before long discovered fresh prints. On this morning Bacon and I had divided operations and were not together. My party followed the prints for some distance and

discovered that Bacon's party had cut in higher up on the tracks, and were actually before us. We however followed and eventually, after a long day's tramp, came up to his party and joined forces. The herd of bison were in close proximity but in very thick cover and could not be seen, but could be distinctly heard. Shortly after they left this cover, with us following close on their heels, Bacon's usual generosity again prompted him to offer me first shot, giving as his excuse, his previous bag of bison, whereas I could then count none to my credit. We followed through most awful and impossible jungles till close on to three in the afternoon, and, although they were close ahead, did not give us a single chance of a shot. Being late, we were reluctantly obliged to give it up and return campwards, as we were a considerable distance from it. We had to walk along the bed of a stream containing about a foot of water, for a very long distance to reach camp ; and when we had left the stream and got to within a mile and a half from camp we struck a rather high odour, and could hear the buzzing and humming noise of flies and bluebottles astir in the vicinity of a bush, by the side of the path we were taking. The buzzing noise of flies is a sure sign of a carcase close at hand and the Burmans knowing this, invariably take advantage of it, and not infrequently rob the felines of their legitimate dinner. An immediate search was made, and under the bush, which was exceedingly thick and close, we discovered an untouched

carcase of a huge wild boar with unmistakable signs of it having been killed by a tiger or tigers after a desperate fight. The size of the boar made us form the opinion that two tigers must have been at work to have killed him. Our conclusion subsequently proved to be correct, but the Burmans told us that only one tiger had been met with in this neighbourhood. The kill was quite fresh, and the boar must have weighed at least 60 to 70 viss. In high glee we decided to sit over it on the following night, as it was much too late to do anything that night. On Sunday we accordingly sent Tun Gaung, Ko Yee, and others to build us a *machan* on a convenient tree, giving them strict instructions not to disturb the kill in any way, except to peg it down to the spot. They returned about 2 p.m., after making the *machan*, at a place quite half-a-mile further from the spot where the kill was discovered on the previous evening, and explained to us that the tiger had returned that night, eaten a large portion, and had dragged the remainder to the spot where they had pegged it down and raised the *machan*. Ko Yee however brought back to camp a portion of one of the forelegs, and when asked why he had disobeyed our orders, explained that it had dropped off along the line of drag, and as it lay useless he had brought it along. This excuse seemed possible but we had doubts about the truth of it. As we could not undo the harm, if any, that had been done, we had to accept his excuse, but it will be seen later that no harm resulted, and

on the contrary, this helped us greatly towards the bagging of the tiger.

The kill being at a spot a considerable distance from human haunts, we started off fairly early to take up our position on the *machan*. Taking with us rugs and pillows to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, we arrived on the *machan* a little after three in the afternoon. With all care that no undue fuss or noise was made, we ascended the tree and ordered all the Burmans who helped to carry our things back to camp, with the exception of one man, whom we instructed to ascend and await us on a tree close at hand, in case we should require him for any purpose.

When we had settled down, we discovered that Ko Yee and others who built the *machan* had told us a deliberate falsehood about the finding of the leg on the line of drag. On the contrary, they had pegged the remains of the pig (head and fore-quarters) down by one of the fore-legs whilst they sliced off the fore-leg uppermost, leaving a curious circular whitish mark of the actual cutting. Nevertheless nothing could be done so we waited in patience. When darkness set in, this circular white mark was faintly discernable.

The *machan* was a fairly large one and I sat on the right while Bacon took his place to my left. Bacon immediately drew an imaginary line between us continuing it through the jungle to our front, and it was arranged that I should shoot if the tiger came to the right of this

imaginary line, whilst it would be his shot if it turned up to the left. I was quite agreeable and pleased with the proposition, as between us, there was no feeling of selfishness and we were equally happy with each others successes.

Whilst day-light lasted nothing turned up. Between 8 and 9 p.m., when the night was pitch dark and the white patch was dimly visible, we heard a hardly distinguishable shuffling noise as of a very light foot-fall on the dried leaves to my right. This noise continued almost up to under my *machan* and it stopped immediately under it, slightly to my right. Of course I was all attention and to the ready, directing the barrel of my rifle as best I could on the circular mark on the carcase. Bending down to listen I thought I detected a slight sound of a deep drawn breath. Immediately after, I perceived a shadowy form glide up to the kill, much too indistinct to shoot at, but as soon as the shadow fell on, and obscured the circular mark on the carcase, I pulled the trigger and fired a single shot. Not a sound of a shuffle or movement was heard whilst the echoes of the report died away in the distance, but shortly after we heard a loud cooing, as from the man who awaited us on the tree. This cooing sounded exceptionally human and we concluded that it emanated from our man. I must say that prior to the approach of the tiger we heard a similar cooing, but more bird-like, coming from the left, that is, from Bacon's side, and

crossing our imaginary line to my side at some distance. I wanted to reply to the cooing after the shot, but Bacon would have none of it, rightly. Then began the most comical whispered conversation between us. Bacon in great glee whispered that I had killed the tiger. I looked and peered through the darkness at the spot and could find nothing, and, taking a little time, replied hesitatingly "I can see nothing." Bacon would then have a turn at spying through the inky darkness and shortly say "It must be a panther." In this way we carried on a whispered confab for fully two hours without knowing if anything had been killed at all, Bacon eventually reducing his tiger to wolf, wild-dog and such other imaginary beast. We then lit matches, burnt bits of paper, and many other silly devices were tried, but it made the darkness more dense if possible. Bacon's impatience could hold out no longer, and he suggested climbing down a portion of our rude ladder, to investigate, whilst I kept ready for emergencies. It would have been a selfish and foolish act had we called for our man to do the investigation for us. Down went Bacon, and when his head was on a level with the *machan*, he bent down and with a few matches lighted up my lucky bag. "It is a d—d big tiger" was all he exclaimed, before he was up like a flash beside me. Poor old Bacon's pleasure at my fortune was quite as great as mine, and I feel certain that he did not grudge me my luck in the very least. After ascertaining

the nature of our bag we carried on a whispered conversation and munched a few biscuits that I had had the forethought to bring along in my pockets and helping each other as best we could, sat up the rest of the night as Bacon would not hear of leaving the *machan* there and then for fear of loosing any chances at any other animals that might come along. He opined that there might possibly be another tiger, and he was not far wrong as subsequent events will show. We sat it out till daylight amidst a swarm of mosquitoes and when our men from camp arrived we were already down admiring the beautiful skin and the enormous size of our prize. It was hit exactly at the junction of the head and neck and must have been killed instantaneously. It never could and did not move as it fell with its head on the remains of the carcase, and the insects had actually crawled down to the fur on the head, and had, in the few hours already destroyed the skin of the head. This tiger measured eight feet exactly from the tip of the nose to tip of the tail, and was exceedingly fat and in beautiful condition. It took nine men to carry him back to camp and twelve pints of fat was extracted from it. This was the kill that was highly decomposed and crawling with insects when we sat over it, and which Bacon declared that the tiger would never revisit. Though Bacon's calculations were wrong in this instance yet his surmise of a second tiger turned out quite correct, as when we sent our men out to

reconnoitre on the following day, the remainder of the carcase was torn from the peg and dragged to a considerable distance. The men tracked for many hours but failed to come up with it at all.

On this tiger I had used a soft-nosed bullet out of a sporting Mauser rifle, in which at that time I had great faith.

Some newspaper accounts about the bagging of this tiger may be of interest.

LOCAL PAPER.

"Mr. Christopher, Barrister-at-Law, has killed another tiger. He and a friend went up the line the other day after bison. Coming back at the end of a hard day they found the dead and putrifying body of a huge wild boar which had evidently been killed by tigers. Returning next day they found that the carcase had been dragged a distance of a furlong to another spot, where they got some Burmans to build a *machan*, about 25 feet up a tree, which stood close to the body. The tiger did not keep them so very long waiting, and at last they heard in the stillness the cautious and stealthy approach of an animal, but so slight was the sound even to their sharpened senses, that at first they could not believe it to be a tiger. Then came a deep grunt, and a white place in the boar's decayed body where the Burmans had cut away a leg was obscured by something dark, and that moment Mr. Christopher fired, as it was subsequently found, the bullet entering the

base of the skull and the tiger dying on top of the kill after giving a few kicks. As soon as it was light the tiger was found on his side; he is a fine young male tiger measuring 8 feet. The weapon used was a Mauser loaded with a soft-nosed bullet.

"The two sportsmen mean to return to have a try for the mother, having been told that the pair are said to have done a lot of damage among the cattle of the neighbourhood. Is it not a strange circumstance for a tiger to come back to a putrid carcase?"

"THE ASIAN," 7th NOVEMBER 1903.

"Two sportsmen went out to shoot bison last Sunday, a few miles out of Rangoon, and one of them had the good fortune to kill a fine young male tiger measuring 8 feet. Their attention was first drawn to a body of a huge boar which had been killed by tigers and they determined to lie in wait. The beast was not long in returning to its prey."

CHAPTER XV.

MY THIRD TIGER.

Tigers are seldom if ever met with by chance, particularly by those who are armed and prepared to meet them. I had one such lucky chance and, it is satisfactory to note, I did not allow the opportunity to slip, as I bagged him. This happened on the afternoon of Saturday, the 10th April 1909. About this time I was in partnership with a learned friend practising at the Local Bar. We had a tremendous rush of work and it was all we could do to contend with it. The major portion of it fell on my shoulders, as is always the case with junior partners, and I was about sick of it. I was however not going to allow this extra work to interfere with my shoot, which was about the only holiday I claimed as mine. The holidays began with Good Friday, the 9th April, which I had to spend in bed as I felt anything but well.

Determined to spend the Saturday and Sunday in the Reserves, I left Rangoon by the 6-20 a.m. train for Pugyi, feeling no better. I arrived at my bungalow about 9-30, had breakfast prepared and made a pretence at eating but unsuccessfully. The time of the year being the very

THE AUTHOR'S THIRD TIGER.

hottest, I preferred to camp it in the Reserves by the side of a cool stream rather than to stay at my bungalow. Accordingly I had a pony saddled, and having my kit put into a cart made tracks for camp, about 12 noon. The ride from my place to the Forest bungalow inside the Reserves, a distance of about 4 miles, was uninteresting inasmuch as nothing of any moment worth recording occured. The road up to this bungalow being an established concern was quite good and no difficulty was experienced. Being astride my pony naturally brought me to this Forest bungalow, together with some of my followers who were on foot, sometime before the cart.

We awaited the cart at the bungalow for the double purpose of resting ourselves, as well as to help the cart along forward, as the old cart track having got into disuse had become overgrown with young trees and blocked by fallen trunks.

The cart duly arrived, and after a short rest we all started for the place we intended to camp at; but this was easier to say than to perform. I had no intention of shooting on that day, but on the next, after we had got our camp comfortably settled. The tin cans and other goods and chattels on the cart made a tremendous din, whilst the cart had to stop every few yards to have the road cleared of saplings or branches. This snail's pace irritated me in my indisposition, and calling to my gun bearer I exchanged my pony for my rifle, saying that

I would go along quietly in advance and try and bag a pig or deer for their dinner. My intention was not to discourage my followers, as, when I am with them on a journey with no hope of immediate shooting, they make a lively party, cracking jokes and talking loud which helps them to get through a considerable amount of hard work and fatigue.

I crawled along the path till the din and noise made by the men and cart behind me could hardly be heard. The path led alongside a stream and I was travelling at an angle of 45 degrees to a bend before me. I got opposite the bend and on the opposite bank, or rather at the apex, there was a very shady bamboo bush, quite clean underneath and sandy. Under this bush on the sand and in the shade was lying friend Stripes having a mid-day nap. I passed this bend by a few feet looking along my front rather than to the right or left, when I thought I saw with the corner of my eyes a movement to my right. I immediately whipped round and discovered a darkish form rising on to its forefeet, as it were from a crouching position. At first, this form might have been any other animal as nothing of colour or stripes could be distinguished, but the form of the head, with the short ears like short horns against the light from the other side of the bush, decided its identity in my mind. Aiming for the back of its shoulder you may be sure I did not waste time in firing. Down it went and I sent my left barrel to follow suit, but this passed the

place where the tiger would have been, as the tiger dropped instantaneously with the first. Whilst this little manoeuvre was proceeding, which really took no time whatever, I had been so pre-occupied that I failed to notice that the men and cart had got to within a hundred yards of me. Although I had failed to notice, it had not passed the keen sight or hearing of the feline, as the movement I caught with the corner of my eyes was actually the turning of its head towards the noise the men and the carts were making. This animal had detected me long before I had him, and his rising to his fore-feet was the sole cause which brought about his destruction. I was so pre-occupied with my own thoughts that this cat would have escaped my observation altogether but for his silent and cautious movement. Without making any movement whatever, when the echoes of the report had died away, I called out the one word "Tiger" in Burmese. Then I put up my hand to keep them perfectly still. Po Min and Lu Hpay, who were helping the cart along, soon joined me, and after allowing some little time to pass we peered over our side of the stream, and there lay my prize stone dead. Nevertheless, taking all the usual precautions, we had it dragged out and there and then I took some snap shots.

It will be seen that the tiger was bagged within a few hours of leaving Rangoon. I left by the 6-20 a.m. train from Rangoon and at the time of snap shooting the tiger after its demise, it was three in the afternoon of the same

day. Such is one of the fortunate red letter days of a sportsman, perhaps occuring once in a lifetime. Consider the many other blank trips after stripes and then judge as to whether one does not deserve such lucky instances.

We duly dumped our prize into the cart and proceeded forward as we had not yet arrived at the spot we intended camping on. About 5 p.m. we got to our camping ground and prepared to make ourselves comfortable, but my first attentions were to my bag with as many of the men as I could conveniently keep from clearing and building camp.

It turned out to be a very large tiger with a short tail. It was in the pink of condition in every way, as the skin was perfect and his canines unworn. As I write, his skull is before me on the wall. Fish and I were discussing the comparative lengths and sizes of the canines only the other day, and we measured it and found that they were exactly three inches outside the jaw-bone. The length of this tiger was 8 feet 9½ inches from tip to tip between pegs. Length of body alone 5 feet 11¼ inches. Length of tail 2 feet 10¼ inches. Zygomatic measurement of the head was 2 feet 6 inches.

On this occasion I was shooting with a black powder or low velocity cordite Double Hammerless ·577 rifle which was lent to me by Messrs. P. Orr & Sons of Rangoon owing to the non-arrival of a similar weapon taking high velocity cordite which I had ordered through them. It

will be observed that this gun shot true, and I have no reason to doubt that it was due to my having got so well used to the ·577 calibre, as most ·577 are built of a similar style and weight. I subsequently again borrowed this gun for a trial with a view to purchasing it for a friend of mine, and it again shot true. Out of three shots I fired out of it altogether two found their mark. This gun was finally purchased by my friend Fish on my recommendation, and it probably has a long career of useful service before it.

It is of course needless to add that my indisposition disappeared as if by magic after my luck, but my trips always have the effect of righting my indispositions, and if this particular kind of hobby has its disadvantages in the cost and trouble and hardships it is worth all of it inasmuch as it always puts a fresh lease of life into me.

The good or bad omen which my superstitious followers attached to the meeting and bagging of this tiger, after its demise was, of course, put down to one of them having tied a top knot (Burmese Yaung) to my pony's forelock before starting on the journey. This had been done owing to the length of hair my poor pony was adorned with. The expression Yaung is applied to the top knot of a Burmese male, and to my knowledge has no other meaning. Hence the curious and unusual act, to them, was the sole reason for the meeting of this tiger.

It never rains but pours as the saying goes for on the following week I got *khubbur* of a kill close to the station

at Pugyi. I got the news whilst I was actually on my legs in court in the middle of a miscellaneous case, about 11-30 a.m. I managed to excuse myself and rushed home to change and be off. I may say for the information of the very keen that my kit for an immediate move in such circumstances is always kept ready. I lost no time and made tracks for the station to catch the 1 p.m. train. Whilst seated in the train my factotum Po Min joined me to corroborate the information. He had had the good sense to rush off to my office and court in the first instance to find me already gone and caught me up at the station. As the train arrives at Pugyi between 4 and 5 p.m. in the afternoon I was practically prepared to take the *machan* immediately on arrival; as a matter of fact I went straight from the Pugyi station on to the kill and arrived in the nick of time to make all arrangements for a *machan*. The kill was in the back garden of a village hut situated within half-a-mile from the station. The cow killed belonged to one of the villagers which were composed of Indian milkmen. There was some slight difficulty in choosing a suitable tree as there were none of any decent size in the vicinity of the kill. Nevertheless poles were quickly planted and, using one of the saplings growing in a convenient spot as one of four legs, a platform was made, on to which a charpoy was tied. When this *machan* was completed we were 50 feet from the Rangoon-Prome Railway line to our immediate east and rear, and the

leaves of the sapling covered our front on the north whilst to the south we had the village, and to the west a kind of scrub jungle with clearings here and there where cattle were allowed to graze. On this occasion I was armed with a double 12 bore hammerless fowling piece taking 3½ drachms of black powder for want of a better weapon. In fact a 12 bore is good enough for such game as tiger when shooting over a kill and no fight is anticipated and under certain other circumstances. About 8 p.m., and ten minutes after a train had passed, I heard the distinct splash, splash of a light foot-fall coming as it were from my rear right up to under my *machan* and continuing on to the carcase. In the very slight moon-light I followed the sound with my ears and when my eyes alighted on the carcase there was stripes broadside on, distinctly visible, but instead of it having gone from my side he had come in from the very opposite direction. This will give one an idea as to how deceptive sounds and sight can be on such occasions. It made a move to the off-side of the carcase, and I hurriedly fired ; for I calculated that it would in all probability lie down to eat on that side, and the bloated carcase being in the way would effectually shield it from my line of fire. My gun however went off with a very slight report and I felt a kind of disappointment. I saw stripes turn and run with a lumbering gallop to the north, that is, to my right front, and although I awaited the rest of the night with hopes that it might return, no luck

attended my vigil. In the morning, on getting to the station, I was informed that a tiger had deliberately walked into the Pugyi village close to the railway line on the eastern side, about midnight, and had actually jumped on a cow and attempted to walk away with it. The villagers created a din and frightened the marauder away. I went to see the cow and found that it had been bitten by the tiger on the back of the neck and her shoulders bore marks of its claws. The cow was in a bad way and was alive, though it subsequently died. This tiger, after being fired at at 8 p.m., had the audacity to come close to a better inhabited village at midnight on the same night, and attempted to lift a cow. Such is the uncertain behaviour of tigers.

This is one of the instances that proves the exception to the rule. I was absolutely ashamed of my miss as I then thought, and I put it down to my bad shooting and impatience. I did not wait to sit up over the second cow, but returned post-haste to Rangoon. It was sometime after this that I discovered how the miss had been caused. As my 12 bore fowler was an ejector I had ordered some solid drawn brass cases loaded with ball. These were supplied to me with the ball quite loose in the cartridges, the tips of which were only crimped. I have no doubt now that this allowed the gases to escape on being fired, and my ball must have dropped harmlessly somewhere, and then it occurred to me that I had searched within a radius

of at least thirty feet from the carcase and failed to find the spot where the bullet had struck, and, failing to find, erroneously concluded that I had hit the beast, before I heard of it's second attempt the same night.

Such luck will hardly occur again in a hurry. This unlucky incident however teaches one the lesson that the cartridges require as much careful consideration as the gun.

The Ywathugyi of Pugyi village, by name Maung Hpo Kya, at that time had reasons for being very attentive to me and happened to accompany me from the station to the spot and he busied himself a good deal in the erection of the *machan*. Before we commenced our vigil and preparity to the rest of the men leaving, he began the usual mutilation of the carcase of the cow by chopping of its tail and placing it in its mouth. This is a very common practice and belief amongst most Burmese, as I have already remarked, and the reader will not be surprised when I say that this Burman Maung Kya has never been out shooting with me at any time except on this occasion and to my knowledge he has never accompanied any shooting expedition before or after.

The "Rangoon Gazette," dated the 15th April 1909.

Mr. S. A. Christopher, Barrister-at-Law, while after Big Game in the vicinity of the Hlaing Yomas on Saturday bagged a fine specimen of a full grown tiger measuring 8 feet 9½ inches. Mr. Christopher came somewhat

unexpectedly on the tiger, which was shot dead at a distance of less than 50 yards. The skin and head can be seen at Mr. Christopher's residence.

CHAPTER XVI.

TIGERS.

THE ELEMENT OF LUCK IN BIG GAME SHOOTING.

A striking instance of the element of luck as an undeniable and important factor in Big Game Shooting occurred on Thursday, the 12th October 1911, when the fact that I was not in the best of health and disinclined to cross a stream which lay across the path I was taking cost me a full grown tiger in the middle of the day with the easiest of shots.

I had been looking forward to a few days after bison in the Pugyi Reserve Forest during the Buddhist Lent Holidays which began with the 6th October ending with the 16th October 1911. With that view, I obtained leave from the 17th September to the 5th October to undergo an operation at the Rangoon Hospital. I actually entered Hospital on the evening of Friday, the 14th, and underwent an operation on Monday, the 17th September, leaving Hospital on the evening of the 24th with the promise and intention of lying up for a further fortnight. As soon as I began to feel my legs, my good wife became ill and

engaged all my time and attention till Wednesday, the 11th October 1911. I was then literally obliged to go for at least a few days to Pugyi to shake off a feeling of lassitude which I felt I could not otherwise get rid of. I intended to do as little shooting as possible, in fact my anxiety was such that I had little or no inclination.

I left Rangoon however on Wednesday, the 11th October by the 1-15 p.m. train for Pugyi. I only arrived in time for dinner and turned in early. On Thursday morning I was out early after pigs, but was quite unsuccessful, although signs of their abundance were not wanting as the jungles were literally dug up all over. I returned for breakfast and a rest, and as I felt quite equal to it, I sallied out again about 12 noon, to visit several pig wallows in the vicinity of a stream, where, my trackers informed me, pigs were sure to be found wallowing at this time of the year.

Leaving my shooting box we took the main fire line, a cleared path about 20 feet wide and running due east. After proceeding along this for about a mile, we came close to the stream which ran at right angles across our path from north to south and the wallows were on the banks of this stream on the northern side in the jungle.

In consideration of my recent illness and consequent weakness, my trackers suggested that I should not cross the stream but walk along the western side, up north, whilst one of my trackers carrying my spare gun should

cross the stream and walk along the eastern bank, so as to induce any pigs that might be on that side to cross over to my side to make my acquaintance.

I unfortunately fell in with this suggestion, and we parted within a hundred feet from the stream. I turned off to the left up north, and had hardly covered a hundred paces when I heard the report of my spare gun. My trackers had walked up to the stream after leaving me, and there, on the other edge of the bank, was a large tiger cooling itself in the stream. It was seated in the water occasionally dipping its face in the cool water and shaking its head periodically to flip it off.

The beast was broadside on, and, in the position for a beautiful shot in the open. My stupid tracker closed his eyes and fired off both barrels, which were loaded with slugs and ball respectively and made, of course, a clean miss as I afterwards discovered. To add insult to injury as it were, the stupid men threw discretion to the winds and followed the animal to some distance without knowing whether the beast had been wounded or otherwise. Fortunately for them the tiger went off unscathed, or there might have been trouble. This was of course done before I could prevent them, for I had remained on my side of the bank a short while before crossing over, and when I had got to their bank, they had already got away some distance.

Now, a miss is as good as a mile, but here was a typical

instance of bad luck for me, as it was within a minute of my parting from them that the beast was seen and fired at. On my making a great fuss, and asking them why they had not returned for me, they explained that the tiger had already sighted them and would assuredly have gone off, if they had returned for me. I accepted this explanation as, when carefully considered, these men must have been casually walking along least expecting to meet a tiger at such a time as 1-15 noon, and at such a place; practically on the highway. Further investigations shewed that this tiger had walk along the highway for over three miles to this stream in broad daylight, which is undoubtedly an unusual and unexpected precedent. I may add that I had already had news of this tiger, and with a view to obtaining a fairly easy shot, had order a bull to be tied out for it within my grounds. The impudent but wily beast actually visited the tie the night before my arrival, but would have nothing to do with it. It had walked round the bull within ten feet of it without touching it, and although I repeated the tie-up it never came again.

Pigs were fairly plentiful by the usual signs, but I failed to make their acquaintance in this shoot, but bagged a buck hog deer with fairly decent horns from my permanent *machan* within my land, in a beat on Friday, the 13th October. In this beat two pigs, two *Gyi* and a hog-deer were put up, but none except the hog-deer made towards my gun.

This *machan* has now accounted for several pigs and *Gyl* and one hog-deer at the moment of writing.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY FOURTH TIGER.

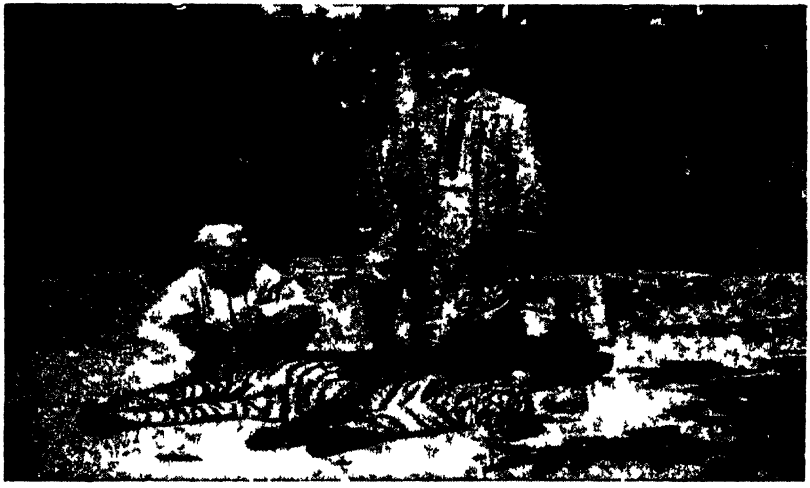
BAGGING A TIGRESS WHEN AFTER SMALLER GAME.

A typical instance of nobler game practically looking one up, whilst one is after meaner fry, occurred to me on Saturday, the 18th November 1911. How forcibly my theory of always being armed with one's heaviest pet weapon, is brought home to one will be seen when I have related the incident.

Soon after my sojourn in Hospital and during convalescence, I had several trips to Pugyi just by way of short outings with nothing particular in view.

On Thursday, the 12th October, as related in my last Chapter, Po Min met a tiger in broad daylight.

On the 3rd November I again visited Pugyi, and whilst sitting on the ground on a log of wood, waiting for pigs to cross the fireline, I bagged one within five minutes of waiting. In this manner I waited in several places, such as on stumps of trees, and on the ground along this fireline on several different occasions, with fair luck. Bison and elephants had been down from the hills but had



THE AUTHOR'S FOURTH TIGER.

quitted the vicinity between my trips. Elephants had even visited paddy fields within a mile of my shooting box.

Finding an off day again I went to Pugyi on Friday, the 17th November 1911, by the 9-15 a.m. train, so as to get an opportunity on the fireline, in front of my house, for pig or deer. I had also intended to choose a spot in the Reserve Forest for the purpose of placing a trap for the tiger which we had encountered on the 12th October.

I had ordered my old *malee* to prepare a *machan*, and when I got on it late in the evening on Friday, I discovered that the *machan* had been very badly placed, besides the old man had encountered pigs on his way back from his errand, and had disturbed them. Soon after we got on the *machan*, however, a *Gyi* just escaped being bagged in spite of the disturbance. We left this *machan* immediately after dark as it was then useless to wait, with the added discomfort of the *machan*. Early next morning (Saturday the 18th November 1911) I left the house at 5 a.m., to look up the tiger of the 12th October which had since been reported to have been met on every second or third morning, by a Chittagonian fisherman in the same neighbourhood. Of course our journey was in vain, so, after selecting a spot for the trap, I returned quite early and re-arranged the *machan* of the previous night, bringing it down lower to about 12½ feet from the ground.

We arrived at the house in ample time to have a good

breakfast prepared, after which I lolled about for the rest of the day indoors till 4 p.m.

At 4 p.m. I took my place on the *machan* conjecturing that I would possibly get a shot at the *Gyi* of the previous evening. Po Min had gone a little in the interior of the Reserve to reconnoitre for me. Of course the *Gyi* did not put in an appearance, but at about 6-30 Po Min returned by way of my *machan*, and after standing and talking to me a short while went towards home. I told him however to sit at the fireline a little further north to await pigs till darkness set in. As it got dark I began to think about getting back there being absolutely no signs of any game afoot. Tun Gaung advised waiting a little longer; so we lit up our cheroots and smoked on gaily. This is one of the errors to be avoided when awaiting game, but as the chances appeared unlikely I was indifferent. Our next error was whispering. Very shortly after we lit up, we heard the rush of a pig in the jungle behind us instead of in front. This was unusual, but the wind was from us and this unexpected pig possibly winded us before we knew of its presence. Nothing daunted, we waited in silence for a few minutes, as Tun Gaung would have it, that the pig was still in the vicinity but lying low. The pig however shewed no further signs, so I plucked a large wood-apple from the tree we were seated on and threw it beyond the place where we imagined the pig would be but without results. Again, shortly after as we

had decided to quit the *machan* I instructed Tun Gaung to descend the tree, and to go round and attempt to drive the pig towards me. I was still smoking, and when Tun Gaung got about 50 yards from the tree something came along the path behind me, from the north, that is, the direction where I had instructed Po Min to await for pig. I could see no stripes whatever and at first I took the animal to be a pig, then I mistook it for a *Gyi*, and I made as if to pick up my small ·22 rifle which I had on the *machan* beside me. The depth of the barrel of the body however appeared to me rather much for a *Gyi*, so I fired my big rifle at it point blank behind the shoulder. The beast dropped to the shot, and all was perfectly still for quite a minute and a half. I then reluctantly called for Tun Gaung to come at once as he had my small pocket electric lamp with him, having concluded that whatever the animal had been, I had killed it outright. When he (Tun Gaung) got to about ten yards from my tree the wounded beast began to breathe very hard as if gasping for breath. I then called out to him not to approach, telling him that I thought the animal was a small tiger or a large leopard. This appeared to be quite enough for Tun Gaung to make himself scarce. Under instructions from me he hailed out for all hands at the house to come with lamps. At the same moment as I cautioned Tun Gaung I thought I saw and heard the beast move. Much against my will, I fired a second shot

at it, and as the breathing did not stop I fired a third and fourth. Under the impression that the wounded beast was a leopard I stood on my platform in order to be higher up and away from the beast, as well as to enable me to put a better front should the animal try to scramble up to me. After the fourth shot I reserved my last cartridge. I had taken only five with me under the impression that I would not require more than one. All my men arrived with lamps except Po Min and without any arms except *dahs*. He was told to come at once, and after some delay he arrived with my second gun, and with this at the ready I ordered all the men to approach my tree in a body. Of course the animal though it still breathed loudly, was quite done for, but in order not to jeopardise my men I fired two more bullets from the 12 bore brought up by Po Min and finally Po Min went up to within a couple of yards of the beast and fired right into its stomach. This final shot stopped further loud breathing, and after a short wait we went up and discovered it to be a full grown tigress in the pink of condition, measuring 7 feet 6 inches along the curve. We carried the defunct beast back to my house and on examination I found that my first shot broke both fore-arms, in fact it was about an inch too far forward for the heart. My second shot opened up the whole of the skull on the top and must have caught it whilst it turned up to look at me when I ordered Tun Gaung away. One of the other shots shattered the heart. Now this piece

of good luck, unexpected acquisition and fortunate finale, might quite possibly have ended disastrously had I been armed with only a 12 bore. It would have been quite heavy enough for a pig or deer and even a tiger, but there is always a doubt as to whether a tiger will be put out of mischief altogether. The spot where my first bullet struck, were it out of a 12 bore, although the wound would have been the same, the shock would not have been identical. The wounded beast would probably have been much more lively and recovered sooner, possibly immediately I spoke and indicated my position, and in the dark things might have turned out very differently, "But all's well that ends well."

During my perambulations in the morning we encountered a curious looking rat called "Pwe" by the Burmans (English Bamboo rat). This we managed to capture as I was curious to examine it, besides which the men look upon it as an edible *bonne bouche*. On the way back I began shooting parrots with my small rifle saying to them that the rat alone would be insufficient for their one meal, and capacious maws. They had a good laugh but nevertheless made one curry of the rat and parrots and had a good breakfast of it. This circumstance was indicated to have been the cause of the tiger turning up by my superstitious followers. Burmans will not as a rule cook the flesh of a beast of the field together with that of the flesh of birds of the air, or of fish, in the same cooking vessel, and if they

ever happen to do so by design or accident, they will themselves, if others are not present to do so, say that a tiger would eat them, or some such other calamity would overtake them. Such is the superstition of the jungle natives of Burma.

Think it out carefully, and the chances were very much in favour of nothing turning up, least of all a tiger. The lesson is :—The unexpected often occurs whilst the best of calculations may miscarry.

I noticed several *machans* along the interior firelines where we had first encountered the beast on the 12th October. These had been erected, I was informed, by old Mg. Lat, my sworn enemy, where tigers and their slaying are concerned. He had without doubt, spent several luckless nights on them for the same beast.

After having encountered this beast on the 12th October, I had suggested trapping it at a small cost, for our Victoria Memorial Park, our last tiger having died shortly before. On my letter of suggestion being circulated, one humorous administrator, amongst his remarks, added the following lines :—

> " There was a young lady of Riga
> Who smiled as she rode a tiger.
> When she came from her ride her place was inside
> And a smile on the face of the tiger."

He accused Shakespeare or some equally eminent bard of being the author. The lines certainly savour of the Emerald Isles while I never learnt that Shakespeare hailed from there.

Having had strict injunctions from my good wife to bring in a tiger whole, if I was fortunate enough in bagging one in the future, I brought this one in as the opportunity was good. I had killed the beast at 7 p.m. on Saturday night, the 18th November, and caught the train at 5 a.m., Sunday morning for Rangoon where I arrived about 8-30 a.m., just a little over 12 hours from the time of the killing of the beast. The weather had been delightfully cool all night so that the carcase arrived perfectly fresh.

I anticipated great trouble from crowds at the different stations along the line, particularly at Rangoon. I was not disappointed, as the crowd grew in numbers at every station. I however got through the difficulty, but passers-by and the press people soon found out, and nearly broke through my gates, inside of which I had snap-shots taken of myself with the tiger, after which the skinning took place.

I append the accounts in the "Rangoon Gazette" and the "Rangoon Times" of the 20th November 1911. These are always interesting for several reasons which I need not discuss here. The reader will however be able to compare my account with those the good reporters managed to get from me while I was busy superintending the skinning operations.

The "Rangoon Gazette," 20th November 1911.

TIGER SHOT NEAR RANGOON.

"A young tigress, 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, was shot on Saturday evening not far from Rangoon on the

Railway line by Mr. Christopher, Barrister-at-Law. It was a most unexpected bag for Mr. Christopher who had gone out on Friday after pig and had fairly good luck. Shortly before the tigress was shot he had been sitting on a *machan*, about ten or a dozen feet from the ground and had sent his Burman beater to chase a pig from the underbush. The man hardly left when Mr. Christopher saw the tigress come softly along, but as it was about 7 o'clock, he could not distinguish what it was. He thought it was a panther and let drive at it with his heavy gun. The bullet caught the tigress in the right shoulder and went clean through the body, shattering the two front legs. The animal dropped but continued to emit sounds showing it to be still alive. Mr. Christopher gave it another shot. This bullet went straight through the forehead and, to his great regret, shattered the skull, ruining, the head. A third bullet through the ear proved fatal. In one sense it was a very narrow escape for Mr. Christopher, for a few minutes before the tigress came into sight he made up his mind to leave the *machan* to go back to his bungalow, but the thought that his beater might scare up a pig caused him to wait. Had he left the *machan* he would have run straight into it. The carcase was brought to Rangoon yesterday morning and taken to his house in Lewis Street, where it was skinned, the operation attracting great crowds of Natives of India from the neighbouring houses. The body, after the skinning, showed the beast to have

THE ACTUAL MACHAN FROM WHICH THE AUTHOR'S FOURTH TIGER WAS SHOT.

Tun Gaung standing under it to shew the height. The second man is seated at the exact spot where the tigress fell.

been in the very finest possible condition with great ridges of muscle and fat."

The "Rangoon Times," 20th November 1911.

LOCAL SHIKARI BAGS A TIGRESS.

"Mr. Sydney Christopher, Barrister-at-Law, who is one of our best known local Shikaris, met with good fortune on Saturday evening, when he bagged a tigress on the Railway line not a great distance from Rangoon. Mr. Christopher was fortunate in that he was on the look out for a pig. While seated in his *machan*, however, he saw the tigress which, in the fast waning light, he mistook at first for a *Gyi*. A second glance showed him that it was too heavy an animal for a *Gyi*, and taking his heavy gun and aiming as well as he could in the bad light he fired. The animal dropped, but from the sounds emitted it was apparent that it was not dead. Mr. Christopher then tried a second shot and later a third. On descending from his *machan* Mr. Christopher found that he had shot a fine tigress. The first shot had passed clean through the body, shattering both shoulders. The second had struck the forehead shattering the skull and the third entered the body behind the shoulder and passed through the heart which was found smashed to bits. Her length was only 7 feet 6 inches from tip to tip, but the skin was in magnificent condition. It was fortunate perhaps for Mr. Christopher that he had not followed his first impulse of leaving the *machan* owing to the darkness,

when deciding to wait a little longer he sent one of his men down to try and beat up a pig. This man might have had a narrow escape too. The carcase was brought into Rangoon yesterday morning and attracted a large crowd of inquisitive natives of India who swarmed round Mr. Christopher's residence in Lewis Street."

On relating the bagging of this tigress to an acquaintance on the 19th November 1911, he told me that he had actually killed a tiger by drowning it, and the story is worth repeating to show that, however tall a tiger yarn may be, one should hesitate to disbelieve it.

He was a gentleman whose profession was surveying of rivers and water-ways, and whilst he was on this duty in the Sunderbunds at the mouth of the Hoogly River, he once came upon a tiger swimming across one of the large tributaries that intersect the Sunderbunds. He slowed down his launch and getting abreast of the swimming tiger caused a rope with a slip knot to be passed over the head and shoulders of the beast and, hitching it up taut, he ordered the launch full speed ahead, dragging the tiger along till he succeeded in drowning it.

Now to those who have read about, or know the Sunderbunds by personal experience or hearsay will I have no doubt, have no hesitation in believing this story.

I had another illustration of the deteriorated nerves of an individual whose nerves to my own knowledge were once otherwise. The gentleman who sat up in the

machan with me was none other than the celebrated Tun Gaung as you will have observed from my account. Whilst we were all standing round the defunct tigress preparatory to transporting it to the house, a *dah* had been dropped just near to where the head of the beast was lying. Some one called to Tun Gaung to pick it up, indicating the whereabouts of this *dah*. Tun Gaung went up and put out his hands to pick it up and there he stuck as if paralised, in a stooping position with his hands out but not touching the *dah*, and without a word for several seconds. One of the crowd shouted to him to hurry up, when he awoke with a start. Looking at me for another few seconds he exclaimed "Thakin, you said it was a small tiger but I now see that it is an enormous beast" Of course they all pulled his leg roundly till we all turned in for a couple of hours sleep before making preparations to catch the early morning train for Rangoon.

A theory that might possibly be advanced about the behaviour of this tigress is that she had already discovered our presence on the tree, bearing in mind that we were none too quiet or still, and that she had watched us carefully. When she saw, however, that something which struck her as strange, had descended the tree and gone off, she assumed the road to be quite clear and was trying to hurriedly slip past, when she fell a victim to my rifle.

Probable enviousness caused a man who makes a living on what he shoots to venture after tigers at Thanatchaung

very shortly after my lucky bag. Report has it that he succeeded in wounding a tiger and allowed his companion to descend the tree to make sure of the death of the beast. The result however was very unfortunate for the companion, in that the tiger revived and so severely mauled him that he died on the spot, and was buried on the day I heard of the adventure, namely, Saturday, the 10th December 1911.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL WAIT FOR A TIGER.

On Friday night, the 12th July 1912, Po Min missed one of his bulls. All search on Saturday failed but late on Sunday morning he discovered the remains of the carcase within a hundred feet of my house. From all appearances it looked as if two tigers had been at the unfortunate bull as a very large portion had been eaten on Friday and Saturday nights. A large tiger had been met by Po Min near my west fencing on the morning of Saturday. On finding the carcase Po Min traced the evening's tragedy backwards and discovered that this tiger had tracked his herd of bullocks from the edge of the Reserve in front of my house, as he found the prints of the bull with the form of the tiger in close proximity at different places where stripes had laid down in his actual stalk. The killing took place within a few feet of my house and the carcase had been dragged to where it was eaten, about a hundred feet as above mentioned. After his discovery Po Min hurried to Rangoon to inform me, leaving instructions to build a *machan* with orders to see that vultures be driven off. He arrived about 1 p.m., on

Sunday, the 13th July, and within a few minutes I started with him. We just missed the midday train so I went to Wanetchaung in my motor car in order to catch the midday train I had missed at Rangoon. Mr. Buchanan having a prior engagement could not accompany me. We arrived at Wanetchaung having about three quarters of an hour to spare. The road from Rangoon thither was not of the best in several places and I had my doubts whether I would be able to drive the car back without accident. My arrival at Pugyi was in fair time to have a hurried meal and to get on the *machan* for the vigil.

A striking circumstance was the way in which the news of this kill and all particulars, had been circulated in the very short space of time between 8 or 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., of the same day. At the station I met a gentleman whose name I saw on his gun case. He addressed me and asked if I was Christopher and if I had come after the tiger. On my replying in the affirmative he informed me that he had heard of the kill and had been told that it was stale and very little was left of it. He also added that he had been informed that a message had been taken to me and that I was reported to be coming. He had just seen his brother off to Myaungtanga where he intended to go after bison, and he casually mentioned that he might possibly go to the kill. All this news was correct in detail and it is astonishing how it got noised abroad as none but my men

had seen the kill and they had strict instructions to be very silent on such matters. The bull belonged to Po Min and the kill took place near my house and well within my fencing. I was of course a bit annoyed to think that I might possibly meet this gentleman's brother calmly occupying my *machan* that had been erected for me after the trouble of the discovery of the carcase and the trouble my man and myself had taken in the circumstances. One can, from the above facts gather how much more difficult things might be if the circumstances were different, however, sport is indulged in by sportsmen, and I am glad to be able to record that I have not had any difficulty from such gentlemen, although the anxiety and trouble one has to encounter must be the excuse for such unworthy anticipations on my part.

To cut the cackle however (as some of our noisey Municipal Commissioners have been politely requested to do), I waited patiently till 1 a.m., without success, as stripes did not put in an appearance, and my old patience deserting me I not only gave up the wait but made tracks for home, catching the 3-30 a.m. train at Pugyi for Wanetchaung and my car. I drove back on the 2nd and 3rd speed with great difficulty, and arrived home quite done up. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, Monday night was the proper night for me to have waited up for stripes, but as I have already aired my views, no opportunity should be allowed to go by. Press of work

did not permit me to wait so I left instructions to place the carcase as bait in the trap.

I have suspected this tiger to be a constant visitor to my shooting box and with luck I may yet have him.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRADUAL TRANSFORMATION OF A TIGER INTO A MAN-EATER.

Writing about man-eating tigers in Burma in a former chapter I mentioned the fact of a Shan woman being carried off whilst cutting *thekai* in the neighbourhood of the southern boundary of the teak plantation of Kyetpyugan Reserve at Satthwadaw on the east of Hmawbi Station. This occured about the early part of 1912 and I had theorised that it was a chance kill. This beast has now developed into a confirmed man-eater which can be gathered from the following facts.

Early in January 1913 I began to receive *khubbur* of some villagers having been killed within a few miles of the spot where the Shan woman had been killed. I got this news from Mrs. Johnston to whose place I chanced to go for a motor ride. I left word with her to tell her husband to give me all the news regarding this marauder. Li Ah Lam whom I casually met was also enlisted into giving me news, he having a large rubber plantation contiguous to the Kyetpyugan Reserve. In the meantime Smitz, Superintendent of the Hlawga Lakes, organised a

beat within the northern area of the Hlawga Lakes in which I participated without any result. Mr. Johnston however arrived with all the news saying that within the neighbourhood of Sedaw this tiger was to be got by beating the jungle and that it had been again killing human beings. He promised to visit the village to make all enquiries and also to make arrangements to beat the Kyetpyugan Reserve on the 26th January and Sedaw and the neighbouring villages on the 31st January and 1st and 2nd February. He was to have come and informed me a few days prior to the 26th January but did not turn up until Tuesday the 28th to give me the news. Po Min however brought me news on Monday, the 27th January, of the man-eating tiger having been shot at and bagged over a kill near Wanetchaung. The details however given to me later by Mr. Johnston is to the effect that the self same tiger killed a villager and the nephew of Po Kin the late Thugyi of Wanetchaung shot at and killed the man-eater whilst sitting over the remains of the marauder's last victim. Deputy Superintendent Hill of Insein and another party of several guns, I am informed visited the neighbourhood of the village in which the trouble was occuring.

From all accounts there can be no doubt that the tiger killed is the self-same tiger which killed the Shan woman in January 1912 and he had then begun to continue as a man-eater making himself a great nuisance

and danger to villagers had he not luckily been put an end to.

On mentioning the facts of the Hmawbi man-eater at the Victoria Memorial Park one morning, within the hearing of Mr. Tarleton, the Commissioner of Police, Rangoon—himself an old and successful *shikari*—he related to me the curious death of a man-eating tiger at Pyinmana.

An old Burman and his wife were sleeping in their hut the floor of which was several feet from the ground, and made of split bamboos tied rather far apart. The man-eater pounced upon the old man who was asleep on this bamboo floor and got astride him, but fortunately for the old man the four legs of the tiger went through the interstices of the flooring which completely non-plussed it, and in trying to struggle in the air as it were, entirely forgot to bite the old man, nor could it free itself. The old woman seeing the predicament the tiger had got into recovered from her first surprise and, getting hold of a handy *dah*, hacked the tiger to death.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GAUR : MISCALLED BISON.

BOS GAURUS.

Burmese—*Pyaung.* | Karen—*Tabau Hut.*

The order in which I propose describing Big Game differs from the order of the majority of writers and the excuse I have to offer is that I am taking them in the order of my experiences with such beasts. The habits and ways of one beast are however not less interesting than those of another to the lover of nature, or the true sportsman or naturalist, and therefore the order in which they are described is immaterial. For instance to the uninitiated the felines come first and are most dreaded and the very name of tiger demands respect. In this connection I might mention that when your senses tell you that you are in close proximity of a tiger and you do not actually see it, the position is extremely nerve-racking. Once your quarry is sighted, then the nerves steady and cool calculation takes its place and flashes through one, and action follows instantaneously. This feeling appertains more or less to all dangerous game but particularly with the felines.

As an illustration of this feeling a letter entitled "A very close call" in the issue of the 11th February 1908 of the "Rangoon Times," is the very best description of a feeling under such circumstances, I have had the pleasure of reading, and I give it in extenso for the benefit of my readers.

JUNGLE JOTTINGS, A VERY CLOSE CALL.

"I promised in my last letter to tell you the story of the first tiger I ever shot and which I said at the time I thought might fairly claim to be called a very close call.

It happened in this way. I had run out of meat of every description and was out one morning after a sounder of pig with the object of replenishing my larder. It may or may not be known to you, readers, that the tongue of the Burmese trumpet makes a very excellent decoy call for both Sambur and *Gyi* and hence I always carry one with me. It takes up no more room than an eight annas piece, but it is most useful. This sort of thing may not be legitimate sport, but it is most necessary to a man who lives 30 miles from the nearest bazaar and who is absolutely dependent on his rifle for his meat. To return, however, to my story, I had failed to hit off the sounder of pig and was working my way home rather disconsolately along the bank of a small stream when I suddenly heard a *Gyi* barking in some secondary growth near by, I worked my way slowly into the place till I struck a buffalo path, and here I squatted down behind some bushes about four

feet high and commenced to blow my decoy call. It was in the hot weather and the jungle here had been partially burnt so that in parts one could see quite a distance and in other places one could not see six paces ahead. The direction I sat facing brought the clump of bushes before mentioned on to my right side and right front. I sat down and blew industriously until I heard a slight crackling noise but could not quite locate the direction of it, neither could I see anything. I continued to blow, however, and at intervals could hear the rustling of dry leaves and snapping of twigs as some animal moved through the jungle. Of course I never doubted for a moment that it was the *Gyi*. But I could not see him yet. At last the noise absolutely ceased and I came to the conclusion that he was some where close to me watching me, hidden from me by the undergrowth. In order therefore to get a better view, I rose slowly on my hind legs with my rifle at the ready, and to my amazement and absolute stupefaction found myself looking straight into the eyes of a full grown tiger crouched in the very act of making a spring from on the other side of the bush behind which I had been sitting.

To say that I was scared would not describe my condition at all. I was absolutely petrified with terror. I could almost have put the muzzle of my rifle in his mouth. But I did not. No, I think my first impulse was to throw up my hands, acknowledge it a clean chop, and

go quietly. Heaven knows what I might have done eventually if the tiger had not taken the initiative. With a roar that brought the sweat out all over me he disappeared with one mighty bound into the undergrowth. I stood rooted to the spot for a moment or so and then in a mechanical sort of way started to follow in the direction he had taken. Why I did this, I have never been able to explain satisfactorily to myself. I certainly did not do it with the intention of shooting that tiger. I had not taken more than three or four paces when I heard a soft pud, pud and I saw the brute trotting back in a bee-line for me. As soon as he saw me he stopped dead about six paces from me with his tail erect and waving. But I had got a grip of the situation by this time and my nerves had returned to me. Now, thought I, the blighter has come back to see what scared him and now he finds it's only me he'll probably turn nasty. I ought to bag him at six paces, but if I don't he will bag me as sure as there's Niggers in Georgia. So here goes. And so being afraid that any sudden movement on my part might precipitate the onslaught I very slowly, inch by inch, raised my rifle to the shoulder and squinted along the barrels. He never stirred but just stood and twitched his moustaches and waived his tail like a blessed semaphore the whole enduring time. I pressed the trigger. There was a flash and a bang, and when the smoke cleared away I saw he was down but not dead by any means. A second shot

luckier than the first got him in the right eye (the first I afterwards found had hit low in the chest). The last shot of course finished the business as it penetrated the brain. He collapsed right there and never moved again. I did not poke him with a stick or my rifle to see if he was quite dead. No, I had heard a proverb about letting sleeping dogs lie, and I thought it might apply equally well to dead tigers.

So, instead of experimenting on him, I went off home on tip-toe to breakfast. Now the extraordinary thing is that the collapse did not come until all was over and I had started home. Then I broke up. I shook like an aspen all the way. My progress was a series of hops, skips and jumps. The squeak of a mouse deer, or the jumps of a squirrel from one branch to another kept me shying and jumping from on side of the path to the other until I got out on the open highway. And it was only then I began to breathe freely. This was the first tiger I had ever shot and in fact the first I had ever seen out of a cage. Of course I was very pleased with myself when it was all over and I am as keen now on shooting tigers as most Shikaris. But I don't want to shoot any more under just precisely the same conditions and circumstances. It is just a wee bit too much for my nerves. (Win. Chester, in the "Burma Critic")."

But to those in the know the bison and tsine are more dangerous than a tiger and their pursuit needs a good

deal of consideration. The comparative differences are as follows: The weapon necessary for bison shooting needs to be of a large bore and of heavy metal whereas tiger may be shot with a 12 bore with a certain amount of security. The locality in which bison are found, is generally far from human habitation and difficult to negotiate, and necessarily entails considerable exertions and careful arrangements. Tiger is found almost anywhere and is generally bagged close to villages, and the way it is circumvented needs silent forethought and calculation, and in most cases it is shot at in cold blood. In my description of tiger shooting in Burma, such shooting must not be compared with those appertaining in India where they are beaten out and shot from Elephants or modes adopted by such well known sportsmen, as Sanderson and Sir Samuel Baker when tigers were more plentiful and stand-up fights as described by these intrepid shikaris were the order of the day. You may take it generally that all wild animals are exceedingly dangerous under such circumstances and the heaviest metal on all such occasions with the coolest nerve is a *sine qua non*. Such opportunities as I have read of in India seldom occur in Burma and rather rarely now in India.

I will not attempt to scientifically describe the bison as descriptions of these animals are legion in all sporting and natural history books. Suffice it to say that they are enormous mountains of flesh, bone and muscles, standing

sixteen to eighteen hands, adorned with horns so small that they appear to be out of all proportions to the enormous size and height of the animal. They are next to the elephant in height and size. Their general colour is a dark chocolate with a dirty white on the forelegs from the knees downwards. Their hoofs and prints I have already described in a former chapter. They inhabit hilly country clothed with the densest of jungle through which they rush with the greatest of ease up hill or down dale. Creepers and saplings of the thickness of an ordinary man's arm offer no resistance whatever to these pachyderms, as they snap like thread all along the path taken in a rush by them. In parts of India, Upper Burma, and even in some parts of Lower Burma, bison inhabit large tracks of *kaing* grass or *indaing* (bastard teak) country, where the nature and the vast extent of the country does not permit of human inhabitation or cultivation, although the country is practically level. In such *kaing* and *indaing* these beasts are able to, at the slightest alarm, make for the hills which is their natural quarters. I have personally never had the opportunity of hunting them in such jungles and the latest publication by Major G. P. Evans in his "Big Game Shooting in Upper Burma," published in 1911, gives one the very best modes and descriptions for the shooting of elephant, bison, and tsine in such localities. Bison are very shy and are very seldom found in the vicinity of human habitation or haunts I have never heard or known

of any instance where bison visited paddy-fields as I have personally known of wild elephants doing. Their principal food is grass known as *pyaungza* by the Burmese, and in the season they feed on young bamboo shoots which they break off either with their hoofs or horns. In places where grass grows, that is in the plains, bison come down to it from the hills late at night and move off towards their stronghold early at break of day. If they have been disturbed at these spots, this coming and going becomes more regular. If undisturbed and unlikely to be disturbed they may stay at the spot several days, immediately rushing away to the hills on the first sign or suspicion. The only other occasion when they may be forced to come down to the plains is in the season of gad-flies which obliges them to leave the hills to escape them. In the hills the grass is found to a very limited extent along the banks of hill streams, and bamboo shoots during the rains give them a change of food. The gaur or bison is of the genus Bos, and although not unlike the buffalo, its habits are entirely different from it. One particular difference which I notice, and which I have never seen mentioned by any other sportsman, is the fact that I have never come across a place where bison have either rolled about on the grass or wallowed in soft mud or in streams, nor have I heard of any instance from amongst those sportsmen I have spoken to or from any of my Burmese shikaris. The importance of this may be gauged from the fact that almost all other

animals (Big Game), excepting tsine, that I can think of, roll on grass or wallow in soft mud. I feel sure that this fact could not have escaped the observation of many of my brother sportsmen, but why they have omitted to make mention of it either way is curious. Bison are particularly blessed with keen senses of sight, hearing and scent. Besides the hard work entailed in hunting them they are particularly dangerous animals to tackle. A successful charge by one of them means certain death. It has been written that if you lie flat on the ground it is impossible for these animals to reach you with their head or horns, owing to their standing very high at the shoulders and the formation of their thick neck preventing it. Yet there have been instances where this very ruse was tried and the experimenter paid for the trial with his life, the bison picking up the lifeless body with its horns, and again and again viciously tossing it up. This is reported to have happened to the late Col. Sayers who was killed by a bison in the Malay Peninsula in 1897. I have seen the marks of bison horns on trees and saplings eight feet above the ground.

Since writing the above I have had private information from the Malay States that Col. Sayers did not meet his death exactly as reported, but that it was due in a large measure to recklessness on the part of the unfortunate Colonel.

Wild buffalo or the deer tribe would use their front

hoofs to pound a fallen adversary but bison never do so as far as I can gather from information.

There are herd bison as well as solitaire, that is, bison going about in small herds of males, females and calves, and solitary individuals which move about by themselves. It is popularly understood that solitaires are the largest of its kind while herd bison are composed of smaller animals. This is by no means an irrefutable assertion but may be taken as a general rule to be correct.

The principal method of hunting them is by tracking, and the procedure adopted is to cast about for fresh prints in likely neighbourhoods and then a stern chase follows which may last a few hours or several days. Sitting over pools to which they come to drink regularly has been adopted but seldom, and I have heard of only isolated cases of success. But this method can only be practised in the very hot weather when water is scarce and pools of water limited. Sitting over mud-pools or wallows as for rhinos, pigs and even sambur is of course out of the question with bison, as I have already remarked that I have never heard of or known them practising this habit. Tracking a solitaire is undoubtedly more satisfactory, as, apart from the fact they are large and more matured animals, with the possibility of carrying better horns for a trophy, they are easier to track ; whereas herd bison are more difficult to approach owing to the necessity of having to choose the individual, and you are likely to disturb the

younger members of the herd which are ever on the alert, and would immediately take alarm and start the whole herd off at a rush. You would then have had the whole of your trouble and exertion for nothing. On the other hand, you may slay a cow (the difference between individuals being almost imperceptible) instead of a bull which is equally bad. Once bison are disturbed, rest assured that they will not tarry or halt until they have put a very great distance between themselves and the disturber. When after a solitaire it may be taken for granted that the animal is a bull and seldom if ever a cow; old and barren cow bison have been observed leading a solitary life, but I have never heard of such in Burma. When a bison is suddenly alarmed or even wounded by the first shot, it rushes off. I have read that a rush after it by the sportsman would give him an opportunity of a second shot. I would not recommend this practice as it is extremely dangerous on account of the animal's habit of suddenly turning round and taking up a position close to and parallel with the path it takes and to an unsuspecting shikari this spells certain trouble if not death. This practice may be possible on level and open ground, but the very nature of the ground in which bison are usually found in Lower Burma puts this practice out of the question, except with extreme danger. A rush in to get your first shot is permissible when you have tracked up your bison to cover under which you are absolutely certain your quarry has taken

refuge, as I have often found. But even this is not unattended with danger, as if the bison is unsuspicious and does not expect you, and the spot admits of the rush, things may turn out trumps, but if the animal is suspicious and takes cover and awaits you then the game is up and you may not live to shoot another day. There is of course no way of discovering, with any degree of certainty, which attitude the bison is taking under cover. Daredevilment and foolhardiness are by no means courageous, nor does extreme caution, which I strongly advocate, imply faint-heartedness. There is absolutely no necessity to take unnecessary risks in any form in big game shooting. There is quite sufficient risk in the pursuit without adding to it by false courage. I contend that, no matter what weapon you have, and however unerring your aim, any degree of success in snap-shooting which you would undoubtedly have to resort to under such circumstances depends entirely on luck and not skill, and I cannot too strongly urge the necessity of extreme caution to the young sportsman. In my own personal experience of bison I might say that I tracked them on several occasions yearly and came up to them often, but held my hand owing to the want of better opportunity, for eight long years and at the end of those years, when I did pull trigger for the first time at my bison, I bagged it. This may be discouraging to the impatient, but impatience is one of the principal

vices which the beginner must fight against in a career of big game hunting, or in any other walk of life.

Most of the descriptions I have given of bison shooting refers to shooting them on the level and on the undulating ground close to the hills. Bison will, on the slightest alarm, make for the friendly hills and the sportsman who would follow them to these impenetrable strongholds needs considerable energy and determination while a minimum of success may be expected. The only path that is practicable for the sportsman to negotiate are elephant paths which are equally used by bison, along the spurs and sides of hills, dipping now and again into narrow valleys clothed with dense vegetation—so dense that a stone or stick thrown in from above hardly falls to the ground in some places. Whilst on the hill immense timber grows, the undergrowth is creeper bamboo called *wathabut* by the Burmans and it is in this that bison lie up, which makes it almost next to impossible for any tracker to get to close quarters without disturbing the beast. In the valleys a plant called *danong* besides *yingan* grows as undergrowth. The former plant has a clean stem and grows close together but the leaves and the upper parts are adorned with formidable thorns. The shade made by these palms is exceedingly inviting both to man and beast but the ground in the shade is strewn with thorns which is a mere nothing to the bison but exceedingly painful to the man and difficult to extract. I have seen the

paws of bears and tigers, when killed and skinned, covered with these thorns. The *yingan* is also found in these hollows to vary the monotony of the *danong*. In this palm, the leaves, stalks and fruit are all clothed with thorns not dissimilar to the thorns of the *danong* and are quite as bad. Should you endeavour to follow bison into their haunts as described above it is almost impossible to try dodges spoken of by many sportsmen when charged at by the beasts. It is absolutely necessary to kill your game outright or to disable it beyond the power of attacking, with the very first shot, or trouble of the worst kind may be expected. *Wathabut* or creeper bamboo needs to be experienced to appreciate how heartily one can dislike it. It is bamboo of the very lowest order, entwining itself all over and everywhere along your path. Should you clutch an inviting branch to help yourself over a spot it immediately gives like elastic; otherwise it splits and cuts your fingers. If one of the branches dries or rots and breaks, the end of it is sure to take a position at an angle to nearly gouge one's eye out, and if it misses the eye it will snap loud enough to disturb an animal 50 yards off. Should you slip over a low enough branch the knob at the joints are bound to catch the seat of your breeches so tenaciously as to call a halt to a sixteen stoner. Should you decide to rest and attempt to hang your hat on it (the knob) you will find it an impossible task. And it is in this that bison love to sport. It affords them cover from the heat and

rain and, when necessary, they rush through this up hill and down dale with the greatest ease and this *wathabut* gives before them like so much chaff. I have had my share of this lovely creeper bamboo and have come to abhor it heartily, and I cannot recall to mind one success, although I have come up to within very close quarters with bison in it very often.

The agility of these great beasts needs to be seen and experienced for one to thoroughly appreciate it, and when a sportsman has determined to overcome the danger, discomfort and trouble I have set forth above, he may hope to have some success. Of course there is an element of luck in sport as in everything else, but one must be prepared to take the luck as well as the ill-luck that may fall to one's lot.

With thi slengthy dissertation I will now proceed to give a few instances of my own experiences while after bison.

CHAPTER XXI.

BISON SHOOTING.

In the days when small bore rifles were the rage, I pinned my faith on a pretty rifle of German manufacture. It was an 8 millimetre sporting Mauser. Till then I had a poor opinion of German goods, engendered I should say from prejudice. This Mauser rifle however is a regular little dream of a weapon made of excellent materials with a perfect system of mechanism. It was particularly hard hitting and accurate. I had had good results from it, and, armed with it, I went after bison for many years. In those days I was younger and keener, if the latter could be possible, and followed bison whenever I got the opportunity. We found that we generally tracked them from the plains and without knowing it, followed them into the hills where we invariably met them in the *wathabut* and *danong* jungles. We always disturbed them and never got an opportunity of a shot, but nothing daunted, we were again there on the next trip. Something, within me however, told me not to fire with this weapon even if I got the opportunity in these hilly jungles, but to await a chance at a clear shot down hill or from below up hill. This opportunity

I never got except once at bison and once at elephants. I was out with a friend who was at the time Subdivisional Officer at Insein. We were travelling in Indian file into the bend of a hill when a bison was disturbed to our left front. Something prompted me to get a bead on the path leading up the hill on my right and my expectations proved to be correct and up came the bison. As I was about to pull trigger our old tracker, his head donned with a helmet, bobbed it right up before the muzzle of my rifle and in an instant I would have drilled a neat hole clean through the helmet and his head. Providence intervened however and that trigger (hair trigger) was not pressed and the old man was saved from sudden death and myself from haunting memories. You may be sure that I did not apologise, but we both rebuked him in pretty forceable language.

I had innumerable tramps after bison armed with this favourite weapon, and although I have discarded it for heavier metal, I still keep this pretty shooting iron as a memento of my old days. I came across numbers of bison on many occasions in those days, but actually never fired a shot at them in consequence of my abovementioned resolution. Since I changed to the heavier metal, I have had fewer chances at them, and those I met with, bit the dust fortunately for me.

You will remember the very long tramp Bacon and I had after a herd of bison without getting a shot at all and

on our return after a long day's trudge luckily falling upon a tiger kill, which we subsequently sat over and accounted for.

On another occasion we followed bison for half the day along the ridge of hills, and came up to within a few yards of a sleeping bison which we disturbed by the breaking of a dried end of a piece of *wathabut* which broke with a snap against the head of one of the trackers. All we heard was a thundering rush and we never sighted the beast, although so close on to it.

I remember another occasion when I stalked a bison into cover in which it intended to lie up for the day on its feeding grounds. I knelt for several minutes ready to fire within 10 yards of the beast and never sighted him. In this instance it had lain down but knew it was being stalked and awaited us head on without a movement. Neither the beast nor myself were prepared to take the initiative, and so, after some consideration, it gave way by rushing off without even giving me a sight of it.

On another trip we went in search of a reported rhino wallow and descending a rather sharp incline of a hill into *danong* covered level, three bison passed us within a very few yards at the bottom of the hill without giving us the slightest clue, until too late, to fire. These bison had discovered us long before we did them, and passed us so very silently and stealthily that they completely baffled us.

We were out after bison one afternoon rather late, and

in the vicinity of my camp, which was situated in the hills close to their stronghold. Before us was a narrow and shallow dried stream bed. My tracker and I, who were leading, descended this nullah, and immediately found very fresh tracks leading to a small pool where the bison had quenched its thirst. We turned to our followers and found them staring across at the opposite bank, their gaze being returned by the bison. By the time we could gain a position to sight or shoot at it, off it thundered and that was the last of it.

Innumerable other instances could be mentioned where bison were come upon without an opportunity being had of firing, but I will not risk being tedious.

On Friday, the 28th September 1906, I left for Pugyi on another trip after bison. Bacon, who had intended to accompany me, was prevented from doing so by indisposition. On Saturday, the 29th, I started off at daybreak after a hot cup of coffee and toast accompanied by Po Min, Tun Gaung and others. We duly arrived at Hputaman *Inn*, a small lake in the Reserve, but just before reaching it Po Min must needs fall upon a daring *Gyi*. This *Gyi* persistantly began barking quite close to us, and refused to quit. Po Min levelled my second gun, a 12 bore, at it, but at a sign from me he desisted from firing. When out after bison I seldom fire at any other game or permit my followers to do so. The unfortunate *Gyi* nevertheless trotted up invitingly closer,

when I was perforce obliged to consent to Po Min's firing, which he did successfully, bowling it over. As we were bound for nobler game, the dead *Gyí* was duly hung up on a convenient tree so as to enable us to go on unencumbered. We intended to call for it on the way back. Barely a hundred yards from the spot we came on to fresh tracks of a bison. We took up the tracks and followed it for about two miles in a northerly direction. The tracks zig-zagged about considerably till we came up to a large clump of trees with thick undergrowth to the south of which the tracks led. We followed this till Tun Gaung missed it and was casting about, when Po Min looked into the clump and just on the other side a large solitaire bull bison stared at him for just a moment and immediately slid off. He had a splendid opportunity of firing but either in obedience to orders or funk did not fire. Away went the bison and we after it, leading us back to the spot where the *Gyí* had been shot, and passing this spot made a beeline for the hills. We scooted after it and came up to a stream called Wanetchaung where my memory of *wathabut* and Tun Gaung's dissuasions prevailed upon me to call a halt. Inquisitive Po Min followed up unbeknown and only within a short distance from us came upon the bison standing at bay, blowing and snorting at him. This was the second opportunity within an hour which he obtained to shoot at and bag a bison had he been armed with an appropriate

my spirits to make an attempt at further following, although the shades of night were fast appearing. It was, however, useless, as we soon had to give it up and hurry homewards, which we reached at 9 p.m., still quite doubtful of having planted a fatal wound on the animal. Nevertheless, we started back first thing next morning fully prepared with the wherewithal to skin and quarter our beast. Young Shan Maung Tun joined us, and he was quite an acquisition on this occasion. This young Shan, whom I had the pleasure of practically training, is one of the most cautious, as well as daring, patient, and persevering, men I have had. He is most respectful and it is immaterial to him what time of the day or night it is to carry out an order. Latterly he was mauled by a leopard which had some effect on his nerves. We however took up the trail from the place we had left it overnight, and within a hundred yards came upon our quarry lying up but quite alive. On seeing us it struggled up to the charge, but the grand old beast was stiff from the wound of the previous night which I subsequently discovered had smashed his shoulder in several places. I did not give it much of an opportunity to struggle to its feet but opened fire and finished him off within a very short time. He proved to be an enormous bison, very old, with his teeth worn to stumps and his hide extremely tough, and in a perfect condition of health. He measured 6 feet 6 inches from below the shoulder and 7 feet 5 inches from the

hump to the heel, 13 feet 7 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail. His horns, which are now amongst my trophies, measure 31 inches widest outside curve and 25 inches widest inside curve, and 23½ inches longest horn outside the curve, and 18 inches circumference at the base, and 19½ inches between tips. This was the first bison I had fired at and bagged and I was naturally very proud of my acquisition. We discovered that this bison had actually cropped the grass all along the path taken by it between the spot where it had been wounded and the spot where it was finally bagged. The flesh, although it appeared very tough was the finest I have ever tasted when salted and dried. It had the flavour of the very best beef, whilst in tenderness it equalled veal, the skin was quite an inch thick. After disemboweling it, and taking one fore and one hind leg off and also the ribs on the same side, eleven men could with difficulty turn the remaining carcase over, in order to skin the other side. The skinning and quartering took the whole day and we all returned to camp (my shooting box) quite tired. We gave that part of the forest a rest the next day (1st October 1906) and went to the south of it, and had a curious experience with a pig Po Min managed to wound. Of course he picked us up in the jungles and informed us of the great size of the pig he had wounded, as we were casting about in the same direction. I got sleuth-hound Tun Gaung on to the tracks which he picked up and followed most cleverly on ex-

tremely difficult ground, right up to a *Kinequin*. He became hungry and begged to be allowed to give it up to continue after breakfast. As I had little else to do and being in a mischievous humour I declined to return after breakfast if he chose to give up the tracking then. He and the men were so keen on the flesh (I always give all the flesh to my followers) that he was induced to try again and again, and I eventually joined him. He picked up the correct tracks from innumerable others through this *Kinequin* for quite one hundred yards, till we came on a pig's nest where we were three-quarters of the way through the quin. Po Min climbed a small tree at hand and had a good look on the other side of the nest and declared that the tracks led out of it and that the pig had gone on. Casual old Tun Gaung then climbed on top of the nest but soon jumped off as if stung by a snake. On getting his weight on the nest, which was a loose bunch of *Kaing* stalks he felt the pig move under it. Not quite knowing the size or sex of the pig he was naturally alarmed. It did not take long for me to fire my 577 through the nest aiming at the highest spot and by great luck I killed it. It was a three-quarter grown pig and was only wounded in one hind leg and was quite alive and able to damage one, if it had got an opportunity before the last shot from my heavy rifle killed it outright.

On the 2nd October 1906 and on the same trip, I bagged a second bison some miles from the locality of the Reserve

Forest in which I had bagged my first. Having given this part a rest, on the 1st October, as I have mentioned above, I rode off early again, on the off chance of picking up really anything. We came across some fresh elephant tracks close to a small dip in the ground which retained water in the rains, but dry in the hot weather. I got off my pony to start tracking these prints out of curiosity, when, joy of all joys, we heard bison mooing close by. Our followers who were carrying my breakfast were told to stop behind and to follow our prints half an hour after we had started. Tun Gaung led with me close at his heels; Maung Tun and Po Min bringing up the rear, we made towards the direction of the mooing. It was about 7-30 or 8 a.m., and we were uncertain as to whether the bison were feeding or lying up for the day. We neared the spot and were crawling stealthily under the trunk of a fallen tree on the top of which an iguana was quietly basking in the sun. None of us noticed it except master Po Min who came last. Of course he could not resist the temptation of quickly grabbing it by the tail and swinging it, banged it against the tree trunk and killed it. Now the Burmans and the Chinese are very fond of the flesh of these great lizards, which they hunt with dogs very cleverly. For the eggs even the poor people pay as much as an anna for each and they declare that it beats all other kinds of edible eggs. To return, Po Min informed us that this lizard kept quite still and closed its eyes every time one of us crawled

under the tree trunk it was lying on. This is not unlike the story of the ostrich which buries its head in the sand to escape danger. However, no sooner Po Min had finished with the lizard and the noise had ceased, we were able to hear the bison rush away. It turned out to be a herd of some four or five individuals composed of young bulls, cows and calves. We followed this herd which appeared to scatter about and close up several times and running in a kind of circle. After tracking one and then another, and so on, till about 11 a.m., we gave it up as a bad job, and returned to our starting point and laid down to rest under a shady tree close to the small lake I have already mentioned. The sun was mercilessly hot and Po Min complained of a bad head whilst the exertions made me feel as if I had not had a morsel to eat for a week. The only stoical individual amongst us was Maung Tun the Shan, as he sat down quietly without a grumble. My entreaties for my breakfast moved Tun Gaung into offering to go in search of the men who were supposed to be following us by our tracks about an hour behind. To make the search complete he started from us as the base, and made a complete circle around where we had already followed the bison. I began talking gaily to Maung Tun who advised caution and quietness saying that bison might come our way. Strange as it may appear bison did come; two of them came at a rush quite close to where we sat. I whipped round and managed to bowl one of them over in its

tracks, whilst the other made off in the other direction. Very soon after my shot was fired, Tun Gaung turned up with the rest of my men, and my breakfast which appeared then to me to be the most important item. The bagging of this bison was of course very pleasing to me but my men were simply delighted. From what I could see we had been following the bison moving in a circle with the small *Inn* or lake as the centre, and that was the reason we could not come up with them. When we stopped the others had continued round, like beaters, beating the animals up to posted guns. Soon after breakfast my men made short work of the carcase and we had everything cut up and ready and taken to my shooting box where we arrived in good time, by about 5-30 p.m. Maung Tun, under my directions and with a great deal of trouble, managed to skin the masks of this bison as well as that of the former for me, but unfortunately my not knowing better then, both masks were destroyed. The mask of the larger animal was clothed with shaggy and wavy hair and was quite a handsome one. On examination of this second one, it proved to be a young male in the pink of condition. He stood 6 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches from below the shoulder 6 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the hump to the heel and eleven feet and half an inch from the tip of nose to the tip of the tail. His horns measured 21 inches longest outside curve and 16 inches in circumference at the base, $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches tip to tip, $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches widest outside and $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches widest inside.

Since my double fortune I have been paying more attention to rhinos, of which I had fairly certain information in these jungles. Although I had many other trips after bison in the same locality I did not for sometime come upon others near enough to bag them. Opportunities were offered to me on the Rangoon-Mandalay line and elsewhere, but I have never been able to avail myself of them owing to many other calls upon my time, though I have not yet given up hopes.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER A WOUNDED BISON.

I left Rangoon on Thursday the 21st November 1912 by the 1-15 p.m. train to have my possible last shoot for that year. Leut. Kane, a young and enthusiastic shikari, preceded me on Wednesday, the 20th, with the object of accompanying me on the shoot.

A shikari's education appears never to have a limit and there are many little tips he is bound to gather as he ages at the hobby.

I preached caution in all things when after big game. In bison shooting you must be indiscreet in your caution. That is to say when you disturb bison and they make the first stampede, rush after them for all you are worth, as they are bound to stop after rushing away a short distance, when you will obtain a fairly good shot. In heavy timber jungle the chances are in favour of the bison discovering you before you discover them; they invariably stop to discover or make sure as to what had disturbed them shortly after the first stampede or rush.

All Burmese Mokesoes have a holy terror of the bison's capacity with its horns and on that account will never

make a rush after them on the first stampede but will immediately stop short and wait till the bison settles down or stops, and then cautiously start stalking again. This is a grave error in that the bison awaits this very opportunity to discover the stalker (who is bound to make a certain amount of noise) whereas if you rush after them the noise you make is drowned by the noise that the bison themselves make in their stampede, and when they stop and you have done ditto you find yourself within a measurable distance of them to get perhaps a much better shot than you would otherwise expect. I had been committing this error for a considerable time hence many failures, and now, thanks to another error, it has been brought forcibly to my ken.

In order to give my new dog which I intended to have as a shooting companion in future a lesson, I got a Burman to bring along his dog. My object was two-fold; firstly, this dog was to give mine the lead and the pair, I concluded, would rush after bison which they would discover before we did, and engage their attention. I was then to quickly creep in and get a fairly easy shot. I was mistaken in both, for, to begin with the majority of Burmese dogs seem to have an aversion for dogs owned by those other than Burmans and this cur was no exception to the rule, for his attention seemed to be rivetted on taking snaps of my Airdale bitch "Judy" and he refused to hunt at all, with the result that I had to have him

tied up. Secondly, we discovered the bison long before the wretched cur did, and when we got into the interesting part of the proceedings it kicked up such a shindy that, in anger at being unable to get at him, I rushed pell mell after the bison mentally vowing vengeance on the dog later, and I actually got a snap shot—but a bad one—as I did not expect it.

This bison, although it bled freely of frothy blood, I failed to bring to bag irrespective of the fact that I followed it for two whole days beginning at 5 a.m. and ending at 6 p.m. every day.

They were long and weary trudges which gave me most vicious sand sores on the legs and ankles besides being cut all over the hands and face by leaves and thorns, but I do not regret it as it had taught me a lesson which I hope to turn to good account when the opportunity again arises.

Kane and I had started out in different directions after bison at 5 a.m. on Friday, the 22nd. I sent him to a place where the bison would be between him and I when we arrived on the ground. This actually happened, for when I came on bison about 9 a.m., and fired, I drove part of the herd in his direction but he failed to obtain a shot. This was probably due to his indisposition caused by a too liberal feed of papayas which he had indulged in the day previous. He was much better on Saturday, the 23rd, and he accompanied me on the long trail after my wounded bison and I trust he enjoyed and profited by it.

We got on the right trail and followed it all day and put him up just about the time when we heard elephants in close proximity. It is very strange, but I left the trial the day previous owing to the close proximity of elephants and this brings me to the general belief by the Burmans that bison and rhinos are in the habit of following in the wake of a herd of elephants. This cannot be the general rule, but is, however, a coincidence. This wounded animal was persistently followed by another couple of bison and it could be distinctly seen from the tracks that the wounded beast tried hard to avoid them and give them the slip. Another point that made itself apparent to us is that wounded beasts have a marked preference for taking most inaccessible jungle *en route*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE THIRD BISON.

Monday, the 13th October 1913, being the beginning of the holiday, I went off to Pugyi for a short shoot after nothing in particular. Prior to this I had not been to Pugyi for quite a few months and I felt rather out of my element. I took the 1-15 p.m. train and Mr. Jones, of Messrs. Lim Soo Hean & Co., followed up the next day. Both of us tramped about round my place and 2 to 3 miles within the edge of the reserve but saw nothing. There were signs of pigs, sambur and *Gyi* but nothing extraordinary, and by Thursday, the 16th, I was ready to return to Rangoon with Jones who had to be back to see a ship off. With this view we packed up and got to the station to take the 1-40 p.m. train, but during a conversation while waiting for our train, I heard from one Po Hlaing that bison and elephants were down and he had seen fresh marks and signs as well as the animals within a day or two near the Hputaman *Inn*. As I had nothing particular to do at Rangoon I decided to return, to proceed deep into the reserve after bison. My men did not appear to be particularly keen, but I persuaded them

and we returned and, travelling lightly, we got to the Myaungtanga Forest Bungalow about 4-30 p.m. and after a short rest we started out on an exploring expedition. We saw numerous elephant tracks fairly fresh on our way and at a small salt-lick discovered fresh tracks of elephants, bison, sambur, pigs and, strangest of all, tsine prints. The *pyaungɛmyet* or pyaung grass was luxuriant in the neighbourhood. Passing through the grass for some time we entered a kind of valley with hills on either side, ideal for bison to lie up in. Lu Hpay who accompanied me detected some noise which he ascribed to either elephant, or pigs. Just then he and I got stung by bees which about this time of the year appear to make their quarters on the tips of pyaung grass, or at any rate about the height of the tips of pyaung grass. Soon after we detected a disturbance to our left on the hill but the Burmans could see nothing and said they were pigs. I being in front stooped a bit and saw the lower portions of two bison on the top of the hill. I told the men that it was bison and directed them by signs to sit down quietly while I stalked a bit nearer. The men disobeyed my order and began peeping about like a jack-in-the-box when I turned to see. This decided my course of action and although the distance was further than desirable, I drew a bead on the largest that I could see and fired without delay. This dropped him like a stone at the spot he stood but Lu Hpay having fired my second gun, got the place full of smoke

and I failed to see the animal I had fired at, drop. The report of my rifle had disturbed the herd which must have consisted of about 8 to 10 in number, and they stampeded in all directions and gave me a good opportunity of even firing at a second bison with my left barrel. As it happened, however, I failed to grasp the opportunity for I reserved my second barrel for the possible wounded bison which I could not discover. A few seconds after we got nearer to the spot and found that my bison had remained behind and there was a slight struggle which we could hear but could not see, it being on the top of the hill while we were below. We climbed up as close as possible and I was just in time to see a leg move in the air as it were in the last gasp when the bison gave up the ghost. On getting up to the beast I was slightly disappointed to discover it to be a young male in prime condition. He stood about 6 ft. 2 ins. from the hump.

My men immediately disemboweled it and cut off the head at the neck to be carried back at once for my collection of trophies. Soon after this operation I had an irritation all down my back and started rubbing myself violently against a tree and then trudged back on our return journey. Just before our arrival at the Myaungtanga creek the irritation again came on and it was so very violent that I stripped and bathed in the stream and rubbed and scratched myself until I was near exhaustion. I got back to the Forest Bungalow and after a short

rest dropped off into a troubled sleep. The Burmans informed me that I must have rubbed up against an irritable plant called *sin-awe* literally "Elephant screech" which means that even elephants are not impervious to the effects of the plant and have to screech with irritation.

I was no better in the morning with very vicious looking rash all over my body and feeling very much off-colour. I had intended to have another day after bison, but gave it up and returned home in great haste, feeling feverish off and on. On arriving, my fever appeared to be worse and, just out of curiosity, I sent for the doctor. He without hesitation put it down to a poisoning by tinned fish, and although all the circumstances fitted in with the irritable plant, there was no doubt about the tinned fish or tinned something. Quite out of my usual rule I had eaten some tinned stuff to keep company with my friend and this did not shew up till twelve hours after and very suddenly.

This unfortunate eating of tinned stuff spoilt my shoot, as, had I been able to stay at least a day or two longer I feel sure I could have accounted for another bison.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BISON SHOOT.

As an example of the care and attention to one's rifle previous to going on a shoot, the following facts which actually happened to me will serve as a lesson. The locks of my gun refused to work twice out of three shots I had at bison on the 1st October 1914. My first and third shots which were magnificent opportunities at close range and broadside on refused, and my second shot was a snap shot in thick cover which hit but I failed to bag although I followed the wounded beast two whole days, and only incessant rain prevented me from continuing a third and a fourth day if necessary. The circumstances were as follows :—I left Rangoon by the 9 a.m. train on Thursday the 1st October 1914 and arriving at my shooting box I hurried away to Myaungtanga Forest bungalow to be nearer bison grazing grounds. We arrived at the latter place at 4-30 p.m. and after a bite I set out with the intention of having a peep at the lay of the land only. Between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. I have discovered to be the time par excellence to get at bison, for it is then that they hurry down to the plains for grass about this time

of the year. If your base camp is near, there should be no difficulty to get to the grounds and bison and then back to camp at dark. On an early morning shoot one gets to the shooting ground rather late or if early there is always the chance that bison have scattered or got to some corner at some great distance and the time necessary to find them is limited before they make tracks for the hills into which I would never advise any one to follow for a great many reasons. To continue however we made N.E. for about a mile and then cut into the N. along the foot of rising ground which eventually led to the hills. We had hardly gone half a mile when Lu Hpay my trusted sleuth-hound discovered something afoot. He was inclined to think it to be a herd of pigs and my whispered inquiries of him elicited doubtful answers like "I don't know what." My inquiries were made in reality with a view to my changing my cartridges as at that time I had solid nickel bullets loaded. However as soon as Lu Hpay pointed out the direction I discovered a young bison on the move and immediately after a full grown one which stood at an easy distance broadside on. It was the work of a moment for me to present and press the trigger but the hammer refused to hit the stricker. Out went the cartridge and another took its place but by then the bison had quietly moved into cover without detecting my presence. I stooped and discovered his form in thick cover and concluding that he had bent down to crop the grass I fired a

snap shot. There was a big commotion and a stampede. We stopped for a while and moved forward when there was a tremendous snort of alarm and away a large animal went and we after it. By this time it was fairly late and darkness was setting in and I concluded that if my bison was badly wounded it would be better not to disturb it by following it and driving him away to the hills. But the mischief had already been done with the first snort of alarm as I found out early next morning when I followed the prints and discovered large splashes of blood along the tracks. Having decided we turned back and had hardly gone a few paces when immediately behind the spot from where I had first fired there were some other bison and one great beast stood broadside on fifteen paces away and I up and fired at him. The result was the same as my first shot the hammer refusing to work. I could have thrown my rifle at him but that was the last chance I obtained and rather than allow the beast to get clear away, Lu Hpay fired at it with my spare gun a 12 smooth bore. Of course as was to be expected nothing remained behind and we had to hurry back in the dark to camp which was fortunately not at too great distance. Early next morning we started from where we had left off and within a very short distance found blood spoor which we followed all day right into the hills and out again. The wounded beast had been badly hurt and had made tracks out again into level ground after making a very wide detour. We

were obliged to leave the spoor for a day which had mixed up with prints of a large herd. Towards night-fall heavy rain came on which effectually prevented our further continuing the track. The rain however had set in with a vengeance and refused to give over and I was obliged to give up further attempts at anything. On examining my rifle I found that the locks and triggers had a thin deposit of gummy substance that had come off the orite which had been on for 4 or 5 months during the rains when I had been prevented from going for a shoot.

It will therefore be seen that just for the want of a little care and attention I lost two bison within a short space of time, opportunities for which I had patiently awaited for a considerable period.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS.

Rhinoceros—Sumatrensis.

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

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

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

SUMATRAN RHINOCEROS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

RHINOCEROS SHOOTING.

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

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

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

about 3½ miles, coming across fresh prints of tiger and rhino in the dried bed, and disturbing jungle fowl and pheasants on the way. Prints of bison and elephants were conspicuous by their absence, although it was an ideal spot to find them in. Having proceeded the distance I have mentioned above, along the stream bed, Lu Hpay informed me that we had passed the spot where we should branch off into the hills on the way to the wallow. As the time was getting on apace and the shades of night were close at hand, we made distinguishing marks at the spot and made towards our camp. This camp was situated so far in the interior of the Reserve Forest that I was not surprised when we heard tiger and various other noises as of elephants or bison early during the night. This was very encouraging to those accustomed to big game, though quite enough to strike terror to the heart of the griffin, and even Burmans whose business is in these jungles, hurry up to their sleeping platforms long before nightfall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The "Rangoon Gazette," of April 30 1908.

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

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

MY SECOND RHINOCEROS.

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

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

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

THE AUTHOR'S SECOND RHINO.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ELEPHANTS IN BURMA.

The Elephant—*Elephas Maximus.*
Burmese—*Sin.* Karen—*Kahsa.*

Elephants are protected from molestation by the Elephant Preservation Act. VI of 1879. This act was originally applied to certain local areas only, by notification, but now applies, I believe, to the whole of Burma. Owing to this prohibition, as well as to the scarcity of good trophy bearing tuskers, I have never paid much attention to the serious hunting of elephants, although I must say, I seldom go after other game without tumbling across them. This has given me opportunities of observing the habits of the beast and I relate my experience for what it may be worth. Whilst this Act is a necessity to prevent the indiscriminate and wanton slaughter of these apparently harmless pachyderms, it is now beginning to be felt that they are not so harmless as they are generally supposed to be. See the undermentioned account in the "Rangoon Gazette" of the 19th July 1909:—

"During the second half of 1908 there were four cases of

collisions between trains on the Assam-Bengal Railway and wild elephants. These animals have greatly increased of late years in the districts from Langting to Hatikale, and from Bokjanto to Barapathar, and are to be found practically every night on the railway line. It is understood that the Agent of the Assam-Bengal Railway has suggested to the Local Government that keddah operations should be attempted in the neighbourhood of the two places where these animals have proved most troublesome."

See again the letter published in the "Rangoon Gazette" of the 23rd April 1908 under the heading of "The Pampered Elephant." This equally applies in Burma:—

"It must be evident to all who read the items of information which reach the press from outlying stations in the mofusil that the time has come for some modification of Laws which now extend protection to the wild elephant says the "Asian."

"Much has been said and written during the past few years concerning the amendment of the Indian Game Law with a view to the better preservation of wild animals for sport and the general trend of opinion favouring stricter preservation is that the time in not the most propitious for advancement of the case against the elephant. It may be urged that the existing regulations afford all the needful license inasmuch as they permit the shooting of elephants found on cultivated lands. In theory this appears unanswerable, but very slender knowledge of plantation life and

the habits of wild elephants are necessary to be aware how small is the value of this concession to industrial enterprise. If the planter were to patrol his estate all night and obtain the assistance of a score of dependable natives armed with heavy rifles he might be able to keep the herds at bay; but nobody has suggested that this method of defence should be imposed upon him. Moreover, elephant shooting whether in plantation or bustee on a moonless night is not culculated to produce satisfactory results.

"Protection was wise and just in the days when elephants were required in large numbers and the keddahs were in operation; there was always a market for them at remunerative prices and the old official reports show that successful keddah operations were very profitable to the State, in other words to the tax-payer. But if we may draw an inference from the fact that no keddah work has been carried on in India properly for several years past, the headquarters having been transferred to Burma, the business has ceased to be profitable, the market being supplied by licensed elephant catchers who prefer the noosing method which necessarily implies much smaller annual captures than the keddah. We need not lay over much stress on the losses of human life and cattle attributed to wild elephants; the fatalities are, if we are not greatly mistaken, caused as to the large majority by isolated rogues, and the misdeeds of these must not be held cause for warfare against the whole species. The case for relaxation rests

upon a few acknowledged facts; to wit, that the elephants have increased to a degree that renders them more than a nuisance in certain districts and that they are far more numerous than is at all necessary from the peel-khana point of view."

Crops in the vicinity of forests are devastated by herds of them. The poor cultivators are absolutely helpless owing to the remoteness of their plots and the difficulty in obtaining shooters and shooting irons to get their own back on the elephants. It is true that fire-arms are supplied from the Township Courts and Police Stations in cases of necessity, but these arms are absolutely inadequate for the purpose, and by the time the arms are lent out the elephants may be miles away.

Reserve forests are also devastated to a large extent to the annoyance of some of the Forest Officers, as elephants destroy a great deal more than they consume.

Burmans who have some knowledge of wild elephants, assert that an elephant will not visit the same locality of the jungle till such time as mushrooms grow on their dung (which I believe takes some considerable time), as there is nothing for them to feed on in the same spot before the lapse of this time.

In the season it is possible to leave Rangoon at 6 a.m. and return home the same evening after bagging an elephant if the shooting were allowable. The immense amount of flesh and muscles which go to make an ele-

phant, necessitates a large weapon of enormous shocking power and penetration to successfully slay, and to slay a tuskless male or female is unsportsmanlike and absolutely sinful even taking into account the fondness of the flesh by your Burmese followers.

Animals with passable tusks are always scarce in the largest herd.

The pursuit of elephants present no difficulty whatever, and tracking them is an easy matter, taking the unmistakable size of the foot prints, and the almost certain impression the beast is bound to leave, even on most indifferent grounds. Besides the beast's habit of destroying vegetation all along the path taken, is so very patent that the blindest of trackers cannot help finding it. They are very noisy feeders, pulling down branches and bamboos, which crack with such loud noises, that this is another feature which makes the finding easy.

Once disturbed and their suspicion aroused, there is no creature, considering its immense size, which can move off more silently, stealthily, and quickly than an elephant. They are exceptionally clever at negotiating steep declivities either up or down and it is surprising to see some of the steep gradients they take.

My remarks in this connection, of course, only apply after fresh tracks have been discovered. This discovery, however, entails some considerable exertion, inasmuch as one has generally to go great distances before the discovery

can be made, and the tracking has to be done in difficult country. Yet another contingency is that although it is the largest of game, they are difficult to distinguish in the jungles where they are usually found, when there is no movement made by them, and when suspicious they are capable of keeping still for a long time although they are more restless than other beasts in general when unsuspicious of danger.

Elephants are usually sociable and move about in herds numbering several individuals composed of males, females and young,

Old females are usually the leaders of the herd and they practically govern the movements of the rest. Burmans call them the *Bohs*. The old tuskers and males take their cue from the recognised leaders, but generally take up the rear. The baby elephants move about with the old females. Young male elephants which have not yet attained years of discretion move about on the outskirts of the herd and they are the most mischievous individuals in the crowd, and are termed *Hans* by the Burmans. An elephant with two tusks is called *Swai Sone* and those with a single tusk *Tai* and the tuskless males are termed *Haings*.

There is a peculiar grumbling or rumbling sound made by elephants which is very distinctive and can be heard at a great distance. The Burmans call it *Wun Yoke Than*. Why the elephant makes this sound I have not been able to discover.

Another sound is a loud pop made by these animals which once heard cannot be mistaken; it is made by the elephant taking a quanitity of air into its trunk and sharply flicking it on the ground. The Burmans call this *Lamaung O Kwe*. It is made by the animal when danger is scented, and is more or less indicative of impatience or defiance.

A thin squeaky noise as of grinding its teeth is, I believe, indicative of fear or alarm.

Apart from the sociability of elephants, there are solitaires amongst them as in bison and tsine and these are usually males, generally carrying tusks.

The *Haings* or tuskless males for some reason or other appear to be stronger than those with tusks in many cases.

Sportsmen recognise only one spot on an elephant to shoot at, and it is the brain shot. To get at the brain there are several recognised shots when the animal is encountered from different positions. Through the bump on the forehead just between the eyes and at the base of the trunk; another shot is through the ears and so forth depending entirely on the position in which the animal stands. Sanderson, the author of "Thirteen years among the wild beasts in India" is the greatest authority on this subject and on elephants generally. With respect to the brain shot, he has written very carefully and minutely on the topic and a perusal of his book will be found most interesting and instructive. The only local authority on the treatment and points of elephants is Major G. H. Evans, the head of

the Government Veterinary Department of Burma. He must not be confounded with Major G. P. Evans, the author of "Big game shooting in Upper Burma." Major G. H. Evans is a great sportsman and has incorporated into his book many points of interest regarding elephants both of killing and curing. A perusal of this book also will greatly add to the knowledge of sportsmen.

A shot believed in by old Burmans and Shan Shikaris when the present day weapons were not even thought of, was the foot shot. This was performed by the shikari crawling very close up to the animal and planting a shot at the sole of a foot which lamed it and then the shooter took his time in eventually killing the beast. It will be observed that this shot was more of a necessity than otherwise. What they were oblighd to use in those times with very large charges of crude powder and homemade bullets could never reach the brain except by the merest chance, and I have an idea that time was no object to those old timers.

The small eyes which nature provides elephants with seem to be quite inadequate for their purpose and therefore the sight of an elephant appears to be bad. I do not mean to say that an elephant is short or long-sighted but that to approach them, without being perceived, is not a very difficult matter. Their sense of scent appears to be their strong point, as with their trunks raised and extended they seem to be able to detect any taint in the air at long distances.

The hearing is not however as keen as the performances of their nasal organ, and I am rather inclined to believe that it is on a par with their sight, as on one occasion a party of us, shooting pony and all, approached a wild elephant to within a very few yards unknowingly, with the wind in our favour. It was in November 1908 and I may mention that on this occasion I was after a herd of wild elephants that had devastated a paddy field close to the edge of the Reserve Forest. The beating of tin cans and shouting appeared to have no effect whatever on them, and they visited the plot several nights, till they well nigh left nothing for the owner. The owner petitioned the Deputy Commissioner and I happened to opportunely meet him at the Deputy Commissioner's Office. I obtained the necessary permission and went after the herd accompanied by my usual followers, Po Min, Mg. Tun, and others except Tun Gaung.

We started from the paddy field and tracked many miles into the forest, till close on to 12 noon. At that hour rested in order to have some refreshments, close to the path we were following. Near at hand we heard noises as o creepers being pulled down and branches being broken When forest monkeys are disturbed and they jump fron tree to tree to escape, the noise made by them is ver similar to the noise made by elephants feeding, and one i liable to make a mistake in distinguishing the source fror which the noise emanated. Having paid some attentio

to it, we decided that it was the noise made by a troup of monkeys, and settled down to have some breakfast and a rest.

Soon after breakfast Mg. Tun offered to go further on the tracks to see if it were possible to come up on them within measurable distance. He disappeared and failed to return for hours. After his disappearance Tun Gaung put in an appearence having followed us up by our tracks.

Being tired of waiting I decided to turn and make for home slowly, so as to give Maung Tun a chance of catching us up. A couple of hundred yards back we hit upon fresh tracks of the very quarry we were after. right across our path. Being dubious, I sent Tun Gaung after it to reconnoitre, charging him not to be long but to return and to let us know.

Half an hour and then an hour went by and I began to get impatient, particularly, as there appeared to be no other signs of the proximity of elephants except the fresh prints. I decided to follow him up slowly and we did. We proceeded gaily for about 500 yards and began to whistle to discover the whereabouts of Tun Gaung. Shortly after I was surprised to hear a return whistle, which made us persevere in whistling, while we slowly made our way towards the answering whistle. On getting nearer, we could not, at first discover where the answering whistle came from, and on peering about discovered Master Tun Gaung, high up on a tree. On his catching our eyes, he made signs with

his hands pointing to a spot considerably nearer us than to him. We looked in the direction he indicated and there, within 15 yards, was an elephant standing on the other side of a bamboo clump.

The effect was electrical. I turned to look at my gang of followers and none of them could be seen on the ground, except the man who had hold of my pony, and he, leaving my pony, was making off quickly in the opposite direction. I made signs to him to take away the pony, when he unwillingly returned and obeyed. The rest of the men were high up on trees seeing the elephant quite clearly, from their elevated position.

The suddenness with which we discovered the elephant and at such close quarte.s, demoralised all of us, and when I found none near me, I was perforce obliged to cautiously move back to a safe distance, and from my direction it was quite impossible to see the beast, far less to shoot it.

After collecting myself together I crawled closer to Tun Gaung's perch, and when I could see him insisted by signs that he should descend the tree and join me, which he hesitatingly did.

We then manoeuvered about, but do what we could, I could not get a sight of the elephant, and enquiries by signs of the men on the trees elicited the fact, that they could only see a portion of the top of the head and one of the ears. While this went on Maung Tun arrived on

the scene on his return, and together with him we stalked right up to the bamboo b sh on the other side of which the elephant was still feeding. Peering underneath the bush to look for tusks was also unsuccessful and I was beginning to get enough of it. Maung Tun would not give it up, but deliberately crawled right up, passed the roots of the bamboo, and got under the overhanging bamboo over which the elephant stood and fired. What spot he fired at or whether he wounded it I did not trouble further to discover. All I know is that the elephant got away after a great commotion.

What is possible for Jack Burman to do is out of the question for us. It is impossible to crawl through a thorny bamboo bush on hands and knees, particularly when one did not know whether the elephant was tuskless or not, with the off chance of having to return the same way, on discovery that the animal had none. The prints of this animal gave no distinct indication that it belonged to a male, as it was of medium size. We were obliged to make tracks for home as it was a long way off, and we arrived thoroughly disappointed and absolutely done up.

Elephants are unable to jump at all so that they are obliged to walk up or down any depressions in the ground which they wish to negotiate. Given fair ground a human being can always outstrip an elephant provided he runs perfectly straight.

Some Burmans, Karens, and Shans who have had a

good deal to do with elephants, tame or wild, treat these pachyderms with a good deal of contempt and in the course of keddah operations or capturing them by other means of their own, they do not hesitate to put slip knots round the hind legs of wild ones under the protection of their tame decoys.

The usual trophies of an elephant are the feet and tusks. By the feet I mean the skin of the legs peeled off with the nails adhering. This peeling off of the hoofs is a most formidable task and needs to be experienced to be appreciated. The only way is to slit the skin down the back of the legs and then only can the inside be removed with great difficulty. These slits are afterwards sewn up and the feet are cured, which then permits of them being made into all kinds of pretty ornaments for the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ELEPHANTS IN BURMA; ELEPHANT HUNT.

My first introduction to elephants however was in the very first trip I made to Pugyi in the year 1900. I was taken by Mg. Lat to camp in the Reserve Forest with quite an insufficient number of followers. Not knowing the place I was no wiser when we had with us only a few of the very worst and useless loafers of the village. We camped far in the Forest and the very next morning early were greeted by shrill trumpetings of a herd of elephants about a mile off. I had the audacity, the outcome of ignorance, to agree to follow them, armed with my Mauser rifle. We followed the herd to the hills for about five miles into *wathabut*, and eventually came upon them in a valley. We stood on the crest of one hill looking down into the narrow valley, and one of the elephants which was feeding on a bamboo clump. I saw the top of the head now and again whilst the whole of the top of the back was exposed to our view. Although we stood for close on to half an hour we never got a sight of the animal's tusk; it eventually winded us and made off, and although we tried again, we never came up to any of them.

As this animal slid off the rest of the herd also began to stir in the valley, as if by common consent, and they all began to move off quickly. From where we stood we could distinctly see a cow elephant and its calf, making up the opposite slope of the hill, and with my Mauser I could very easily have had a clean shot at both, had I a desire to do so.

The next occasion to this was as follows :—

On Thursday, the 7th March 1901, I had another trip to Pugyi with the intention of having a few days shoot. At that time I depended a great deal on the old scoundrel Mg. Lat who acted as my Head Shikari and general factotum. He made all arrangements and we made for the Forest Reserve in order to camp in it. On the way we had sundry futile beats and eventually arrived at Myaungtanga creek, at which place the cart with our things was unable to proceed further.

My intention was to camp further East, but when the cart had dumped our things I discovered that it was too late to proceed, besides, the men Mg. Lat brought along were not sufficient to carry my things further. Under such circumstances we were obliged to camp at least till the morrow, on the East and opposite bank of the creek. At that spot or close to it, there was a bend in the creek almost at right angles and just at the angle there were two large and clear pools of water, which was a necessity to us.

We built a temporary camp on the bank of this creek close to the pool and under a clump of bushes which formed a kind of barrier on the one side, with the creek on the other side. At the far end of this enclosure was a dried stump of a tree, standing about 8 feet high, and against this stump, and about 6 feet from the ground, a platform was tied for me to spend the night on.

The entrance of this enclosure led on to the pool and just at the entrance grew a large *kanyin* tree, one of those trees that grow to great heights with no branches except right at the top.

Whilst everyone was busying themselves with arranging camp, carrying water, and cooking the evening meal, old Mg. Lat by way of shirking hard labour, built a small platform or *nat-sin* against this tree with the intention of making Poojah the first thing on the morrow before starting out to shoot.

When the food was ready, the Burmans had their dinner and I had mine, after which we were all comfortably lolling about, till it was time for bed. I had a young Burman, a Pleader, who was then serving as a clerk, with me on this trip and Tun Gaung was also a member of the party. A man called Po Oh, who was a Forest guard, also formed one of my followers. Early in the evening he developed fever and crawled under a log, lying to one side of the entrance to our bower, and went off to sleep, and his temperature being rather high, he became semi-delirious

and began muttering all kinds of nonsense loudly now and again.

It may not be generally known that Burmans living in the vicinity of Hilly Districts have Malaria more or less and a bout of fever and ague appears to be nothing no sooner the fever leaves them.

With this diversion we all turned in to our respective beds, but Po Kin, who was much too nervous to sleep, crawled up on to my platform for safety, with the excuse that he would sit down and watch all night with a gun in his hands and a hurricane lamp alight by his side. I might mention that the gun was of no use to him as he had never handled or fired one in his life-time.

About midnight Po Kin woke me up saying that we were beseiged by a herd of elephants. On my awakening I discovered that the moon was at its best and the light was as brilliant as one could wish for on such an occasion, and Po Kin's lamp was still alight. At a distance of perhaps half a mile, we heard the breaking of branches, together with the squealing of baby elephants. To this we listened for about half an hour, and as the sound came no nearer, again tried to fall off to sleep, but it was not to be. About one o'clock a distinct sound of an elephant coming towards us and the pool from our right was heard. The peculiar swish swish as of the dragging of the elephant's feet, which it makes when it is walking leisurely with no suspicion or danger.

This was the sign for all in camp to get ready to defend ourselves, as, if the elephant got close to us and suddenly discovered us, it would in all probability have made a clean sweep of all of us. All fires were put out and Po Kin's hurricane lamp was also extinguished. Tun Gaung picked up a 16 bore double fowling piece that stood ready to hand for emergencies, and went towards the side of the opening and sat on the log under which Po Oh lay, still delirious, occasionally calling loud for his mother. Mg. Lat got hold of a double 12 bore fowling piece which I also carried with me on the shoot, whilst I was left with my Mauser on the top of my crazy platform unable to ascend or descend to mother earth owing to the loss of my slippers without which I dared not leave the platform, the sandy ground underneath being strewn with thorns which were quite bad enough for the Burman's bare horny feet, but would have been impossible for the tender footed. I tried to get a look in from over the bushes but that also was impossible.

Whilst all these defensive operations were taking place, which of course took less time than the telling, the elephant came right up to the entrance of our little bower. Both Mg. Lat and Tun Gaung opened fire, as it was dangerous to allow the elephant an inch closer, for another moment and it would have discovered us, and in its panic would have walked all over us, and we would have been caught like rats in a trap, for we could not stir from our

respective places and there was no room to dodge.

Luckily the brute dropped to the shots from the 16 and 12 bore fowling pieces; I had not had a look in at all. Strangely enough the beast dropped with its head almost touching the little platform or *nat-sin* that Mg. Lat had prepared overnight and the Burmans called my attention to this coincidence later on.

It was a long hour or two before the elephant stopped breathing, as although it dropped in its tracks a kind of loud breathing went on for a considerable time. Callous Tun Gaung jumped on to the prostrate elephant with a spear and tried to stab it to the heart, but his spear making no apparent impression he got hold of an axe and chopped off the trunk as near to the base as possible, and even after this, the beast did not give up the ghost for sometime.

When this finale took place the elephant was discovered to be a full grown but young male, and in prime condition. It stood about 8 feet high and had a pair of small tusks about 2 inch in diameter at the thickest part and about 8 inch out of his jaw.

The Burmans called it a *Han*, that is a young male that keeps on the outskirts of the main herd and brimful of curiosity and mischief.

This animal certainly was on curiosity and mischief bent, and, had we not anticipated it by a fraction of a second, I would not in all probability be sitting now writing its obituary notice.

I did not report the matter to the authorities as it would involve the old but in this instance honest excuse of "Slaying in self defence." This "self-defence" story had been told so very often that it had become played out, and I was very loath to have to lean on it, with the off chance of being fined up to Rs. 500 if my story happened to fall short of the ideas of self defence of any particular officer.

As an instance see the following :—

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

"Nga Si, Nga Yo, and 2 others were convicted by the Headquarters Magistrate, Sandoway, and sentenced to a fine of Rs. 50 each or to suffer two months simple imprisonment on a charge under section 7 of the Elephant Preservation Act and sections 114 and 109 of the Indian Penal Code. Mg. Tha Gyi and a party of villagers went to work in the field when they were chased by wild elephants. They returned to the village and then to the fields. The herd of elephants was still there and Mg. Tha Gyi shot a young female elephant. Mg. Tha Gyi was fined Rs. 100 under the Elephant Preservation Act. The other four were fined Rs. 50 each for abetting the offence. The District Magistrate recommended that the conviction be set aside and the fine be refunded to the accused.

See Criminal Case No. 87 of 1908 of the Court of the Headquarters Magistrate, Sandoway, and Criminal Reference No. 207 of 1908 of the Chief Court of Lower Burma dated the 7th July 1908 and published in the "Rangoon Gazette" 1908.

The acting Judge, before whom the case came on a reference on Monday, said that the elephant chased the accused, who shot it in self defence. That was not an offence. The conviction and sentence was set aside and the fines were directed to be refunded."

In my case however no one took any notice of the matter, until long afterwards, an apparently jealous Police Officer who wanted to drive me away in order to have the whole field to himself, raked up the incident and actually reported it, with the result that the Forest Ranger was called upon for an explanation, but nothing further came of it. This is the action of some only and I am glad to say not of the majority. The reader will be able to judge whether we were justified in slaying this intruder or not.

In 1911, accompanied by my friend Fish, we came upon a herd of elephants when we were after bison, in the very dense *danong* jungles. Fish armed with a very inadequate weapon crawled up to within a few yards of the herd and discovered them to be all females and young. I regard his performance as unwise but he was an extraordinarily tough and nippy individual and immensely keen. Had there been trouble, although his weapon would not stop, I have no doubt that his activity would have stood him in good stead, but this kind of game cannot be played too often. However "All's well that ends well." The elephants went away unmolested and unmolesting.

After the last incident I make it a rule to have nothing whatever to do with elephants and the circumstances must be particularly exceptional before I would consent to fire at an elephant.

CHAPTER XXX.

ELEPHANTS.

I started for Pugyi by the 6 a.m. train on Thursday, the 7th December 1911, to have a few days outing during the Coronation Holidays. At Pugyi were already Sergt. Hunter of the Rangoon Police with this chum by name Roberts. They had asked my permission to stay a few days there to spend their holidays. On my arrival they had absolutely bagged nothing as there were no shikaris or men to take them about except Tun Gaung. This time of the year is always bad in Lower Burma to obtain followers owing to all the men being engaged in paddy reaping. Po Min was ill and in bed. The same night I occupied the tiger *machan* for possible pig but none turned up except an old *Gyi* and that at some distance ; although I hit him with my small rifle we failed to find him. About 7 p.m., I heard elephants about a mile away and I conjectured that they would visit the paddy fields close at hand and I therefore immediately left the *machan* with the intention of shooting them later should they be so foolish as to come. Hunter and Roberts were also on *machans* at different places

but neither pig nor elephant put in an appearance.

Next morning we dived into the Reserve and after going about three miles by the main road due east we cut in at right angles towards the north, and after dividing at a distance of about half a mile each, we tramped westward through the jungles, in the direction of my shooting box and the starting point.

Roberts with one Burman was on the extreme left armed with a ·404 Jefferies Mauser rifle, Hunter was in the centre with another Burman and he was armed with only a 12 bore and I was on the extreme right with my ·577 and accompanied by Tun Gaung and another deaf and useless Burman.

After travelling about a mile and a half due west without meeting any pigs we discovered fresh tracks of an elephant prior to which we had herd some noise as of elephants and mistaken the same for monkeys. Shortly after, we heard elephants directly in front and barring our path. They were quite close and fearing to have to fire at one we moved back a few yards and discovering a fairly formidable tree stuck to it. I said to Tun Gaung that if one of our fellows met a pig or *Gyi* and fired at that moment the elephants would stampede towards us. Just then Hunter's man began cooing very loudly and from close to the direction from where we heard the elephants. We were obliged to keep quite still, and

shortly after, heard the elephants stampede close to the right and left of us. We heard two shots in close succession from the direction of Roberts immediately after the cooing. Giving the elephants some time to get clear away we made tracks home about 1-30 p.m. and found Roberts had arrived after running up against elephants but he had not fired. Hunter and his man did not turn up. This quite alarmed us and after breakfast and a short rest we started out at 3 p.m. with water and biscuits in search of them and went over the ground of the morning and discovered that there had been a considerable number of elephants and they had stayed in the neighbourhood overnight and within a mile and a half of my house. We searched around and got back home by 6 p.m. and were pleased to find that Hunter had arrived half an hour previously. He had therefore been out from 6 a.m. to 5-30 p.m., half an hour short of 12 hours without anything to eat or drink.

The reason for the delay was as follows :—The Burman who accompanied him got demoralised at the close proximity of elephants and began shouting, when a tuskless male immediately charged and laid everything flat at the place where Hunter and the Burman had been a few seconds previously. They had both crawled up trees and after being detained for some time, made in a direction where they thought the elephants had left, but unfortunately in the wrong direction and again met elephants; and

in this way they ran in all directions till they completely lost themselves, but eventually arrived home after taking a very wide and long detour, completely dead beat. Hunter complained bitterly of the Burman but immediately saw the ludicrousness of the whole situation when I exclaimed that "Few people had had the chance of encountering wild elephants far less being charged by them." He soon got over his fright and was quite equal to meeting more elephants within an hour of his arrival.

As opposed to the usual good luck of a griffin here is a case in which bad luck attended the only two encounters so far of a single individual. The same Sergeant G. Hunter, of the Rangoon Police, appears to be one of those unfortunate men whose careers are dogged by misfortune from the start as it were. The following account written by himself of his escapade with a leopard in Mandalay occurred almost as his next encounter with wild beasts after the elephant incident :—

"On the 12th December, 1914, two companies of the Border Regiment (Territorials) were expected to arrive in Mandalay. I was regulating traffic at the railway station in company with Sergeant Farquhar of the railway police at about 7-45 a.m. We heard that the special was going right into the fort so we decided to cycle across there. On our way we were met by the station-master's young son who informed us that a leopard was up a tree near the Tramway Company. I was told while it was

up the tree the crows tormented it so, that it sprang at a woman carrying a can of milk on her head, she dropped the can which seemed to frighten the animal so that it scooted without mauling the woman; it then walked through the front gate of the Tramway compound, up some steps and took refuge in one of the offices; before it arrived however all the clerks had bolted. I don't know if it checked any of the accounts or not. I fancy he was merely waiting for the police to arrive, and I happened to be the unfortunate one. When we arrived on the spot we found a large crowd both on the road and in the compound which made me think it was hardly possible for a leopard to be there and then standing so close I looked through the railings of the verandah and could not see it. So I decided to venture up the steps and along the passage-way, Sergeant Farquhar was behind me. I just got to the door and peeped in with one eye when with a roar it sprang out of the room striking its head against the railing we both doubled down the passage and out on to the compound. The other Sergeant having a bigger start than me managed to escape and locked himself up in another office, I no sooner got down the steps when he made a clout at me ripping my jacket down the back and the left leg of my trousers, things where beginning to get hot, so I turned and faced him putting my left arm up to protect my face. I then got a nasty smack on the left forearm cutting right through the sleeve of my coat and into the bone and I went

down like a nine-pin, he then stood over me with the full intention of having a meal. I again held up my left arm and he chewed away merrily at it. I can't say that I felt much pain at the time. A young fellow working in the tramway by the name of Pekkin picked up a piece of piping and struck the ground two or three times, which attracted him and he let go of me and went for him, but he fortunately managed to escape by getting into a room, in the meantime I had jumped up and rushed into the office where Sergeant Farquhar was, then out at another door and into the road. I lost the use of my arm and was compelled to support it with my right hand, I called a gharry and not a soul would even open the door which I had to do myself, and when I let my arm go to do this the pain was simply awful, I at once drove to hospital and had my arm dressed then drove home and found my wife asleep in bed. I woke her up and told her what had happened. Imagine the state she was in to think I had only left the house a couple of hours previous, as sound as a bell, in the afternoon I attended hospital again, had my wound dressed and returned home, sleep that night was quite out of the question. The following morning I was compelled to go into hospital and there I remained for eighty five days.

"The second day after I was admitted they operated on me and put five tubes in my arm and it was touch and go with me a couple of times.

"The leopard after I had gone, came back and looked

for me, it then walked up the steps, and into another room and hid itself behind a box, there it remained until Mr. Crosswaite the D.T.S., came with his rifle and shot it, it was full grown and measured 6 feet 6 inches.

"I wish it had been a German instead of a leopard I tackled. I would have felt much happier and, being without any firearms, I had no chance of defending myself. After leaving hospital I went on six weeks' leave.

"In the latter part of this I did some shooting hoping that I might drop across some of my old or chums relatives but without success, although a friend of mine shot a very fine male tiger not a mile away from the garden where I was staying."

The sense of sight in an elephant is not its strong point as I have already mentioned. It is therefore the height of folly to bolt or move about with that intention when one finds himself surrounded or within close proximity to a herd of them, and they are suspicious of your presence. The position is certainly nerve-racking and it is almost impossible to resist the temptation of putting as great a distance as possible between oneself and the leviathans. Nevertheless the safest and wisest plan in such circumstances is to get behind the friendly protection of large and substantial trees and keep as still as circumstances will permit. From the attacks of one or some of the herd it is safer by far than if one were to attempt to climb a tree. If you can outstrip or even equal Burmans and monkeys

in climbing, it is entirely another matter; on the ground as against being on a tree you will have your rifle to rely on and the circumstances may justify your shooting and perhaps bagging a good tusker.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MUSTH ELEPHANTS.

There are occasions when good sport attended with a considerable amount of danger can be had, when a tame *musth* elephant having run amok has been proclaimed for doing damage to life and property.

It is, however, absolutely unsafe to have anything to do with the particular animal if not proclaimed, as the owners will try their utmost to keep the damage from the knowledge of the authorities, always hoping against hope, to recapture the truant *musth*.

Should your enthusiasm tempt you to go after an unproclaimed *musth* elephant and you slay it, be prepared to be mulcted in damages by the owners of it.

I add a considerable amount of danger to good sport, for the reason that tamed wild elephants, that is to say elephants that have gone *musth* after being tamed, are acknowledged to be particularly vindictive towards man, besides being cuter than their wild brethren who have never had any dealings with man.

I have come across two such instances, that is tame elephants belonging to private individuals and firms,

having gone *musth* and run amok. The owners in both instances kept the matter as quiet as possible for fear of proclamation by the authorities, and I do not remember hearing of the destruction or recapture of the truant elephants at all.

One such instance was in the year 1903, about the month of February. I had accepted an invitation from Mr. Tom Fowle to do a trip across from Paungde to Toungoo. He had a commission to take some elephants across from Paungde to Upper Burma for a firm, and as he was going with them personally as far as Toungoo, and as he expected some shooting of which he was partial to, he invited me. The first consideration which engaged our attention was the gathering of news at Paungde, the result of which put us in very high spirits and expectations.

Amongst the hair-raising khubbur, was that of a very valuable tame elephant belonging to a wealthy Burmese lady which having gone *musth* had run amok and was causing considerable damage to life. This beast was reported to be out, just on the line of march which Mr. Fowle had mapped out for our journey. Being pressed for time, we were unable to discover whether this elephant had or had not been proclaimed, but we heard that the owner was doing all she could to smother the news of its depredations, whilst she was endeavouring to have the truant recaptured.

We were nevertheless in high hopes of slaying this

truant, proclaimed or not, for in the first place we would have to pass the neighbourhood, and, secondly, having a number of elephants with us, we made sure that the *musth* elephant would invade them and attack us. Elephants have the ability of discovering the existence of their own kind at considerable distances and never fail to join each other for friendly intercourse or hostile purposes. *Musth* elephants do so, in the majority of cases, for hostile purposes, as, besides their vindictiveness to mankind, the once tamed beasts are also reported to be very vindictive to their own kind. Thirdly, we would have been perfectly safe from a suit for damages, as, if the truant attacked us and our elephants, we would have had some justification in slaying it.

Now, to show how bad our luck was, we first passed a place called Padinbin Village about 22 miles from Paungde, where the truant had charged a cart and cartman. It smashed up the cart to match-wood, leaving a large chip of its tusk in doing so, whilst the man escaped. We then passed a place where some men from the neighbouring villages had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to recapture it. The men, although interrogated, gave us little or no information of the whereabouts of the elephant beyond saying that it was not far off.

To show, however, that our luck was out, throughout the whole trip, so far as game was concerned, we struck nothing large. even this *musth* elephant, failed to put in an

appearance to try conclusions with us although all accounts pointed to an inevitable encounter between us particularly as we marched and camped several times in close proximity to its reported haunts. The trip was nevertheless a delightful one, in the very best time of the year, and although we had nothing to show in the shape of trophies there was a great deal to interest the observant.

The second occasion which arrested my attention was the running amok of an elephant, close to Rangoon, belonging to Messrs. the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, Ltd. This elephant, which was reported to have killed its keeper and some villagers near Hlawga, besides causing some damage to cultivation, was never killed or captured, at least to my knowledge. This running amok occurred about the latter end of 1908 and the owners as usual were very chary about the news getting abroad. One can hardly blame the owners' disinclination to have their elephant destroyed, the value of good working elephants being high. It is not impossible and not unheard of, to recapture and retame a truant *musth* elephant, and there is always this off-chance of succeeding. Nevertheless it is extremely hard on villagers and owners of land in the neighbourhood in which the truant takes up his quarters.

A reply to my enquiries of the firm regarding this elephant is characteristic and very carefully and cautiously worded :—

MEMORANDUM.

From

THE BOMBAY BURMA TRADING CORPORATION, LTD.,

Rangoon, 23rd November 1908.

To

MR. S. CHRISTOPHER,
RANGOON.

Dear Sir,

In answer to your letter of November 23rd, we beg to inform you that the elephant that went astray at Hlawga has now left the neighbourhood and arrangements are being made for its capture.

Yours faithfully,

for THE BOMBAY BURMA TRADING CORPORATION,

(Sd.) E. HOLBERTON,

Manager.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISTAKING A TAME FOR A WILD ELEPHANT.

The majority of domesticated elephants are usually kept and worked in timber forests particularly amongst, or at least in the haunts of, their wild brethren. Those that are not worked in far-off haunts and have to spend their time close to civilization, need to be allowed to occasionally roam about in heavy forests usually inhabited by wild ones. They are supposed to be attended by their mahouts, and the animals themselves have large wooden clappers or bells hung round their necks.

It may and often happens that the lazy mahout is regaling himself with opium or grog at some village miles away, and the unattended animal has lost its bell or clapper in its journey through the jungles, and even the leg chain or *htoo* may have dropped off.

Should a sportsman in these circumstances come upon one of these elephants, there is nothing to differentiate it from the wild individual, and even if the clapper or leg chain or *htoo* were on the elephant it is quite possible for one to err. In Africa there being no tame elephants, at least to the extent and for the purpose for which they are

domesticated in Burma, such an error as mistaking a tame for a wild individual does not of course occur, nor have I read or heard of any such instances in India where tame elephants are kept in considerable numbers.

If you happen to shoot and kill, then be prepared to pay a long price to the owner of the animal. It is astonishing how such animals and their values grow within the space of litigation and the termination thereof.

I know of one instance which occured to a friend of mine, a very keen sportsman in his day and an excellent shot, and with whom I have had the privilege of going for several small shoots. Being an old sportsman he was enabled to give me many valuable tips for which I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude.

He was on his way to Thabeitkyin with the intention of having a shoot about the year 1899.

At some distance from Thabeitkyin an elephant was seen in thick cover on the bank of the river. Everything pointed to the conclusion and belief that it was a wild one. He managed to induce the captain of his boat to put him ashore for the purpose of stalking and shooting the beast. The stalking and killing was accomplished, but an owner turned up and claimed an exorbitant price for the beast, alleging that his animal had a bell hung round its neck and a chain on its leg. An offer to pay a reasonable price was refused and eventually led to litigation. The amount which my friend had to pay finally, with legal expenses

and so forth, I believe, covered the price of several such animals.

In reading over my account to the friend concerned he corroborated it and added,—On the last day of hearing of of the suit against him at Mogok, when judgment was to be pronounced, the owner, whose residence was at Thabeitkyin, marched into the Mogok court on another elephant which was decorated and garlanded with flowers. On arriving close to the court, however, this garlanded creature dropped down and gave up the ghost. My friend conjectured that this man guessed that judgment was going to be in his favour, and thus came like a conquering hero, but just retribution overtook him at the very hour of his triumph in his remaining elephant dying in so tragic a fashion. He adds that this elephant together with the one he had killed by mistake had been purchased by this avaricious man for Rs. 1,100, whereas the amount he actually claimed was Rs. 3,500 for the one, and succeeded in getting judgment in his favour.

It therefore behoves the young elephant shikari to be very careful when after elephants. Enquiry as to whether there is the probability of tame elephants being in the neighbourhood may set one's doubts at rest; but one must not lose sight of the fact that tame elephants sometimes travel twenty and thirty miles in search of fodder after giving their keepers the slip.

As in horses, the natives have all kinds of beliefs in the

BABY ELEPHANTS WITH AUTHOR'S SON.

points, marks, and habits of elephants. If you were to watch tame elephants tethered, it will be observed that they seldom keep still. Some individuals keep shaking their heads and swinging their trunks from side to side. This is called by the Burmans *packet hlwai* or swinging the cradle.

Another habit is for the animal to shake its head with an up and down motion and the Burmans term this *maungdaung*. This is on account of the similarity of the pounding of a mortar with a pestle. To these habits the natives attach certain beliefs.

Elephants are also divided into certain castes and each caste is alleged to have certain advantages and disadvantages. In general, however, the staunchest individuals are those that are the least nervous and they are the least to be feared by man. Danger from elephants is to be looked for, from the nervous ones, as they are, I believe, the least to be relied on.

Baby elephants are amusing little creatures up to all kinds of tricks. A present of one to the Victoria Memorial Park, Rangoon, by the Government Kheddah authorities in 1911 is a source of immense amusement to the public.

Baby elephants, when they are sucking, do so with their mouths and not with their trunks as they usually do when drinking water. When drinking water they draw it up their trunks and then discharge the contents into their mouths,

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ELEPHANT VISITING A SALT LICK OVER WHICH THE AUTHOR SAT.

I left Rangoon by the 6 a.m. train for Pugyi on Friday, the 25th October 1912, for a few days' shoot alone. I intended to say the day and night at my shooting box but changed my mind and went away the same day soon after breakfast to camp in the Reserve. Once more I decided to camp at the old spot from where I had got a rhino and a tiger and to which Fish and Beachey had accompanied me. On this occasion we were not wanting in a little excitement as we had hardly settled down when we heard elephants afoot. They came within a hundred yards of camp and with 2 or 3 Burmans I went out to welcome them. On getting very near them and not seeing them I decided to climb a friendly tree. My reason for so doing was to prevent my being obliged to fire at the first individual irrespective of age, sex or want of ivories. After waiting quite an hour I sent the men to go round and make a noise so as to stampede them in my direction. The *hathis* failed to oblige and bolted the other way although one of them budged very reluctantly. It was

however a satisfaction to know that the Burmans saw only females and young and no males with ivories among them. The first act ended or rather continued with elephants careering round our camp throughout the night within a radius of a mile.

Next morning (Saturday, 26th October 1912) I started out early from camp accompanied by Lu Hpay, Tun Gaung, Po Thin, a Shan and one Chit Htwe who was alleged to have discovered a fresh rhino wallow in the vicinity of the old wallow. Within 3 miles from camp, we again struck another herd which proved to be composed of females and young without ivory bearing males. We drove them off and proceeded on our way. Needless to say, we searched high and low and failed to find the wallow. I sat down to breakfast and Chit Htwe accompanied by Tun Gaung, leaving us in a *danong* tope, went on a further search. We awaited them for nearly three hours and on their not returning got tired and made tracks back to camp which we reached about 3 p.m. This gave me ample time to have a bath in the stream and about 4 p.m., I had my dinner in order to sit over a salt lick about a mile from camp where Po Min had, under my orders, already prepared a *machan*. The men returned an hour later saying they had discovered the wallow but that it appeared to be unused for some little time. I did not believe this story.

After dinner, accompanied by Po Thin, who was to sit

with me, and Lu Hpay and two others, to sit at another spot, we started out. Po Thin and I occupied the *machan* which was about 15 feet high and the rest went away to sit at another spot. No sooner had the three men left us then the jungle appeared to become alive with elephants and within half an hour, out walked a young male elephant quite noiselessly right on to the salt lick whilst two other elephants appeared to be within 50 feet of this one on either side. The young elephant (standing about 4 feet 6 inches) after first cautiously looking about settled down to a good feed of the salty earth with a vengeance and kept us company for quite two hours. After the first cautious scrutiny this little elephant paid no further heed to anything except to the object for which it had come, the salt lick, and during the whole of the two hours that he stayed within a few feet of us, showed no sense of caution or discretion for his feeding could have been heard a quarter of a mile away. He thrust his little trunk in under the roots of a tree which grew on the edge of the bank of the stream in which the salt lick was situated; plucked out lumps of earth and carefully rolling them placed the balls within his mouth munching them the while. He would occasionally draw the muddy water noisily up with his little trunk and sometimes reverse the operation by blowing up the water into large bubbles. I allowed him half an hour and then extended my patience. to one hour and at the end of that time I thought I had

had enough of his company and wanted to get rid of him. I openly lit one cigar and smoked it right through whispering audibly now and again to my companion. This did not shift him and I lit another cigar and went through the same performance, without his seeming to take any notice whatever. Day-light had gone and darkness had set in just before the moon-light had time to over-top the trees. I first turned on the electric torch and played the light on to it, then I put the light out and turned it on him, repeating the operation several times and this even failed to shift him. At the end of two hours he silently left the salt lick apparently having had his fill and entirely ignorant of the fun and amusement we had had at his expense. May the little beggar live long for a better purpose. He was of no earthly use to me except for food to the Burmans and I had already supplied them with as much of the stuff as the local bazaar provided. We heard the others close by for quite another couple of hours and then, as if in agreement, they all moved off gradually. We left the *machan* for camp soon afterwards as the place was quite useless for other beasts after the little pig had so noisily gorged itself. Next morning (Sunday, 27th October 1912) I decided to leave camp altogether and get back to my house for a couple of nights' pig shooting. I arrived at this decision as I had been informed that another party had come out in the same direction as myself and were putting up at the Myaungtanga Forest Bungalow.

Leaving orders for Po Min to pack up and drive with all my things to my house we started very early, making a beeline northwards to Melaungwa Myaung and Wanet-chaung then westwards to Katcho Inn and then south-west for home making a regular 20 mile round. We unexpectedly disturbed bison and came up with the alarmed herd quite 3 times but could not get a sight of them and I was therefore unable to fire. They appeared to want to keep in the plains, but eventually made tracks for the hills. It rained rather heavily at 3 p.m. and we got home about 5 p.m. without encountering anything else. I stayed on at my house till Tuesday morning (29th October 1912) and although we searched high and low failed to find pig or any small game. I took the 10 a.m. train that left Pugyi for Rangoon where I arrived about 12-30.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LEOPARDS OR PANTHERS—*FELIS PARDUS.*

Burmese—*Kya Thit.* *Karen*— *Kiche Phong.*

In Burma there are no cheetas and the novice who desires to be correct should not associate Burma with cheetas. The cheeta is the hunting leopard of India and indigenous only to that country. To the uninitiated the two animals, that is, the cheeta and the leopard or panther have little or no distinction; but to those who have some knowledge of the subject there is a very big difference. The chief differences are in the retractibility of the claws, the form of the spots, and the general build of the two animals. For my purpose I do not think it necessary to go into, and describe the technical differences, as a glance at any Natural History book will satisfy any one in search of such knowledge.

The panther or leopard is found in Burma and these are practically the same as panthers or leopards found in Africa and India. The Puma and Jaguar of the New World is analogous to the leopard and panther. Their habits appear to be the same as well.

The Burmans know them as *kya thit* or *thit*, *thit sin*, and *thit kyoke*. The only reason they have these different names for the same animal, as far as I have been able to discover, is on account of the size. *Thit sin* they apply to a very large animal, *thit* to the ordinary size, and *thit kyoke* to a small one. The word *kya* is only introductory meaning tiger. I have sometimes, but not often, heard the appellation *kya quet* literally spotted tiger, applied to the leopard.

Amongst Natural History authors there is an attempt to differentiate the panther from the leopard, but to the sportsman the distinction need not trouble him, particularly as there is no appreciable difference.

In Burma as in India the panther or leopard is common, yet uncommon. They are dangerous, yet treated with a certain amount of contempt.

They are common, as they are found almost everywhere in heavy jungles and close to villages. Within the last 10 years leopards have been killed within such large towns as Rangoon, Mandalay, Pegu and Bassein. I had the accounts of the Rangoon, Mandalay and Pegu leopards, but I now find that I mislaid the account of the Pegu leopard which was shot on the Pegu Pagoda itself. The Bassein leopard walked through the middle of the town in broad daylight and mauled several people on the way, finally mauling a Mr. Gordon before being killed. Mr. Gordon, I believe, is still, living at Moulmein but he is maimed for life,

I append an account kindly given to me by the late Mr. Newland, solicitor, who was practising and living at Bassein at that time :—

"About the end of the year 1901, one Sunday morning, a leopard came strolling down Merchant Street and apparently at first attracted little or no attention, many people taking it for a new species of dog.

"It wasn't until an unfortunate grass-cutter with a bundle of grass on his head walked into the animal and was at once mauled so badly that he died on the spot, that the inhabitants discovered their error. Going on some distance this leopard met a tea seller squatted on the side of the street, so commenced smelling his cakes. This man in his surprise threw some hot tea in its face and he met the same fate as the grass-cutter.

"By this time a hue and cry was raised and a large concourse of people followed it from a distance. The next man on the scene was a Mahomedan named Cassim who was armed with a short spear, and he very pluckily stabbed it but unfortunately in the hind quarters and the handle of the spear broke leaving the head embedded. He nearly paid for his pluck with his life for he shinned up a tree but before he could get out of danger he lost the calf of his leg from a blow of the leopard's paw.

"The wound infuriated the animal, which bolted for the open and on the way met an Italian sailor who escaped with the loss of half an ear.

"A little further on there is a tidal creek surrounded by *kaing* grass and here the leopard took refuge evidently owing to the wound.

"A body of military police and several volunteers surrounded the place but could not locate the exact spot where the animal was. Shortly after this Mr. George Gordon, a timber merchant, arrived armed with a rifle, and, despite all advice, deliberately walked into the *kaing* grass, and before he had a chance of firing the leopard sprang on him seizing him by the right wrist and man and beast fell into the creek. This saved Gordon's life as the animal let go owing no doubt to being submerged as luckily the creek was full. Had the tide been out and the creek nearly empty he would undoubtedly have been killed. As it is, he lost his arm and has never properly recovered from a wound in the skull. The animal then crawled up the opposite bank and was shot by Mr. Alec. Trutwein, the well-known Bassein advocate and was then fairly riddled by volleys from the police.

"It was by no means a large leopard, about the size of a large mastiff and was very dark in colour, much darker than any leopard I have ever seen, and I should say it was not more than three or four years old. It was in excellent condition, well nourished and had a splendid skin.

"A peculiar adventure happened to me the previous evening. I was walking and taking a short cut through the courts where, owing to large trees, it was fairly dark

even on a moonlight night. About half way through an animal passed me quite close and gave a hiss. I knew at once that it was not a dog and suspected tiger. It turned round and followed me at a distance of a few yards a short way and I was on the point of making a bolt for it but fortunately for me I had the presence of mind not to do so, but to keep going at the same pace. Had I bolted, you would probably have had to get some one else to write this for you. On arrival at my host's house, I asked him for a glass of brandy as my nerves were by no means normal and when I related what had happened every one thought I was romancing or else had more liquid than I should have taken. Well, next day they all believed me.

"An incident of this nature happened many years ago. The story was told to me by an old club butler, a man aged between 60 and 70.

"It appears that when he was quite a lad a tiger entered the town and being chased took refuge under a billiard table where it was killed. I could get no particulars although I asked some of the oldest of the inhabitants. No one could say anything definite though some of them remembered having heard about the incident."

Mr. Newland at my request wrote the above account for me and I have given his exact words.

The leopard at Mandalay was actually shot at and killed in the Palace grounds and I give the account as it appeared in the "Rangoon Gazette" of the 15th November 1909 :—

"While the assault at arms was going on at Mandalay on Saturday morning a sepoy brought khubbur that a tiger had been seen in the south-west corner of the Palace. This news served to upset the arrangements not a little for a number of officers and men left the enclosure. The supposed tiger turned out to be a full grown panther, which was pursued over the ramparts, and after an exciting chase was shot by a sepoy. The morning was misty and it is considered probable that the animal, which came from a hill, overslept himself in the palace grounds where there is plenty of jungle scrub."

The leopard at Rangoon was killed as short a time ago as the 7th September 1910 and I give the full account of it which appeared in the "Rangoon Gazette" of the 8th September 1910.

MAULED BY A PANTHER.

"A full grown panther was met on the Kyaikasan Road, Tamwe, shortly before six o'clock yesterday morning by Abdul Gafoor, a sixteen years old school boy, who was walking up the hill near Mr. F. F. Goodliffe's compound. The animal sprang from the underbush upon him and bore him to the ground, lacerating him about the head, face and arms. It then started down the hill into the compound of Mr. Nasse, meeting on the way, Sadoo, a durwan of the Public Works Reclamation Workshop, which is near by. The panther pounced on him before he could escape, and he, too, was badly mauled about the

head, arms and chest. The animal then hid in some underbush in Mr. Nasse's compound. In the meantime, the wounded boy had made his way home and told his relatives, and the neighbours were warned to be on the look out. Word was also sent to Mr. A. Bernard, Foreman of the workshop, as to the durwan's injuries. He at once repaired to the scene, as did Mr. L. Nasse who was armed with a double barrel shot gun, Mr. O'Leary, Mr. Goodliffe and a number of others Mr. Bernard and some others went to beat the bush, when the panther sprang upon Mr. Bernard ; it tore open his right thigh, while a blow it aimed at his throat was warded off by Mr. Bernard throwing up his hands, which were terribly lacerated ; and before he could protect himself the animal had torn his face and head badly. When he fell, the panther fortunately made no attempt to attack him again, but turned towards where Mr. Nasse stood with his gun, at the distance of 12 feet, and as it crouched to spring Mr. Nasse fired both barrels at its head, killing it instantly. The neighbouring servants and the workshop employes were upon it at once with mamooties and almost chopped the head to pieces. The carcase was carted to the Reclamation bungalow of Mr. J. Russell, now occupied by Mr. Matthews. The animal is said to be one of the largest and best nourished seen in the vicinity. The injured men were at once taken to the hospital, and last night they were said to be resting as easy as could be expected."

The "Rangoon Gazette," 17th September 1911:—

A PANTHER IN AMMUNITION FACTORY.

Bombay, November 16th.

"On the small arms ammunition factory at Kirkee being opened for work about 7-45 on Thursday morning a panther, which apparently forced its way into the place during the night, sprang on one of the native workmen and bit him in the leg. There was immediately a great consternation, the European employees rushing off for guns, while the panther, scared at the noise took refuge in one of the shops. All native workmen were made to leave the factory. The Europeans with guns then began to hunt for the animal which went leaping all over the place making it difficult to hit him. Mr. Wilson at length got in a shot, and as the animal was thought to have been killed Major Bertie Clay, Superintendent of the factory ventured to look through an open window to see if it was dead. Seeing him the wounded animal sprang through the window and badly mauled him about the face and head, necessitating his removal to the Residency.

Simultaneously two or three shots struck the brute and it rolled over dead. The workmen were than re-admitted and work proceeded with as usual. This is the second panther which has been killed on the Kirkee side of the river during the last fortnight. Major Bremner, R.E., having shot one close to the lines of the 12th Pioneers recently. The drought is thought to have driven them into the neighbourhood."

Only a very short while ago in 1911 whilst Fish and myself were at my bungalow at Pugyi a leopard jumped into a circle of villagers, who were seated round a wood-fire, to get at a village dog, which was trying to get some warmth from the fire. The villagers created a din and the leopard left the wounded dog and bolted. This occured about 8 o'clock in the evening.

I use the word uncommon because of the difficulty of finding one to be able to shoot at,

Dangerous they are because in activity they give points to the tiger and a wound from their claws or fangs is more likely to cause blood-poisoning than those from a tiger. The reason for this is that leopards are filthier feeders than the tiger. These spotted cats invariably begin their meal with the stomach and its contents, unlike the tiger, which generally begins with the haunches.

A tiger occasionally cleans its claws by standing on its hind legs against a tree and scratching the bark, whereas leopards are less addicted to this habit. It is said that the leopard guards its claws more than the tiger, in order to climb with them and sportsmen aver that a claw mark may occasionally be found in the prints of a tiger but never in those of a leopard.

The habits of a leopard are identical with those of a tiger with these exceptions.

A leopard climbs a tree, and is quite as much at home on as off it, whereas a tiger never climbs a tree.

The mode of beginning a kill is as mentioned above. The coughing noise made by leopards when angered, with a view to fight with their own kind, or to charge, is not dissimilar, but the roar in its natural haunts, particularly in the mating season, is quite distinct, and easily differentiated from that of a tiger and once heard can never be forgotten.

Black leopards are not uncommon. One was shot in the Satthwadaw teak reserve at Hmawbi in 1911 and another was killed at Pugyi a few years back that is, about 1907.

I have personally never brought a leopard to bag, I never particularly made any attempts, nor had an opportunity at them. The nearest I ever got to one of these beasts, was about the year 1908, when I almost stepped on one lying across a cart track in the Reserve Forests at Pugyi about 5-30 in the afternoon. I was so close to it, and being armed with a loaded ·577 low velocity cordite rifle, that I deemed it unwise to fire so powerful a weapon at so soft skinned an animal as a leopard. At that time I had not given my ·577 a careful trial. Had I only known then what I do now know, the skin of that beast would be amongst my trophies. From the indifferent and snakish way in which the animal arose and walked away, I feel sure that I could have put in at least three shots comfortably.

About the year 1906 or 1907 my friend of Chapter XXX. accompanied me to Pugyi on a shoot. We had tried all

around with very indifferent luck and my time being up I returned to Rangoon leaving him behind for a further few days' trial. We had arranged some *machans* along the main firelines of the reserve forest so as to sit up for stripes or spots.

The same evening I returned to Rangoon, my friend sat up on one of the machans accompanied by a Karen boy who had dined unwisely but too well off a curry, made of putrid crow's meat which this friend of mine had shot with his small rifle. On another *machan* nearer home, he allowed young Shan Maung Tun to sit and wait with a spare 12 bore fowling piece.

Soon after 12 midnight the coughing noise of a leopard was heard at some distance from their *machan* making its way towards them. The poor Karen just then complained of terrible pains about his belt and an invitation to leave the *machan* for a few minutes was met with a whining refusal.

Out of pity for the Karen my friend was obliged to leave his *machan* to mount guard over the uncomfortable Karen, after which in disgust my friend walked back home followed by the useless Karen.

Within 20 minutes of his arrival home (my shooting box) while lying back on a long sleever prior to turning in, he heard the report of Mg. Tun's 12 bore, and Mg. Tun bagged this beast but did not recover the carcase till the skin and flesh were quite decomposed. Thus ended

my friend's shoot and my friend always declared that he was one of the most unfortunate persons alive in matters relating to shooting, and it would appear to be so, from one or two of the little anecdotes he related to me regarding his shooting experiences.

The same friend once had the good fortune to bag a leopard with No. 6 shot, out of a 12 bore, so he informed me. He was on the edge of a deep nulla waiting to shoot jungle fowl which were being driven towards him. As luck would have it a leopard turned up in the beat, crossed the nulla unperceived and scrambled up the deep bank on his side and the first he saw of it was its head close to him over the edge and he literally blew it to pieces with his No. 6 shot with which he was loaded for jungle fowl.

In the eighties, a gentleman living behind Boundary Road, at the back of Pagoda View, which then belonged to my good father, shot at and bagged a full grown leopard with a revolver at close quarters. He had spied the beast hiding in a bush in his garden. In 1910 Lu Hpay came across a leopard in broad daylight making across the paddy fields near my shooting box at Pugyi.

In Burma the leopard is hunted in the same manner as tigers are pursued, and the trophies sought after are identical with those of stripes, with the exception of the clavacles which either do not exist or are not searched for.

I am given to understand that in Burma, as in India, the leopard does not object to come up to a kill where a lamp

is hung to enable the shikari to see the sights of his rifle to shoot with, whereas a tiger refuses to come to its kill under such circumstances.

It has, however, been noted that a tiger in Tenasserim has come up to a kill whilst it was illuminated by hurricane lamps on either side (See Bombay Natural History Society's "Journal" vol. 23, page 769. Note No. 3.)

I have a theory of my own with regard to this point. I have said that all animals look straight in front of them and never upwards except the leopard and I have experienced this personally on several occasions. This I have no doubt is owing to the arboreal habits of these cats as they often feed on monkeys which they capture on trees. Their natural instinct therefore inclines them not only to look around and in front of them but also on trees and it is not difficult to assume that they soon catch sight of any objects or movement there may be above them. It is therefore my opinion that a leopard is caught napping very seldom if you await it on a machan or other platform. Burning a lamp near the kill I am inclined to believe to be a kind of counter-attraction to its very keen sight, hence the ease with which one may be bagged over a lamp, whereas without the lamp a leopard is mueh more wary than a tiger. It may be argued that a bear under the same circumstances would catch sight of a sportsman on a machan. My answer to this is that bears are seldom if ever awaited for from a machan and on the other hand

Bruin is one of the blindest of big game as his strongest point is his nose and not sight.

Mr. J. H. Castor of Maulmain in (September 1911) had the good fortune to bag a leopard in broad daylight. His account is that he happened to come across a man with a petition to the authorities giving the details of the depredation of a leopard a few miles outside Maulmain. He grasped the opportunity accompanied the man and waited comfortably from a Burmese hut. The leopard came strolling along the high road in broad daylight and was bowled over by him.

The movements of a leopard are more like those of a snake and they very silently and stealthily glide along. I have heard it said that the leopard is untamable and even if brought up from young are very treacherous. In contradiction to this I have also heard that leopards that have been reared from young become so affectionate that a change of hand kills them as they pine and die. How far these reports are to be relied on I am unable to say as I have had no personal experience with them. A young tiger which I once obtained rather more advanced in age than desirable, I reared, but did not trust too far. He played very prettily with a terrior I had, but would brook no interference with his food from any one. He was extremely vicious if disturbed in his slumbers and did not hesitate to bite a stick if within reach. If it happened to get hold of a rag it bit through it and became excited and

LEOPARD SNAPPED WHILE COMING TO A POOL TO DRINK.

dangerous. It was particularly fond of water as it would immediately crawl into a large bucket full if placed near it, and would bathe itself with apparent pleasure.

Instances of the leopard hiding its food in the branches of trees have been observed and recorded by sportsmen.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WILD BOAR—*SUS CRISTATUS.*

Burmese—*Taw Wet.* Karen—*Hto.*

This tough and game animal which fears nothing, and given a chance, will always die fighting, is to be found almost all over Burma. Unlike India, it is considered legitimate sport for the rifle as there are no places in Burma, to my knowledge, where they can be run down and speared.

For fight, cunning, hardiness, and agility the old boar stands in the first rank. I own to a partiality for circumventing this game animal when there is nothing nobler afoot, and their tracking, stalking, and slaying is always attended with much pleasure and excitement.

Some individuals attain such weights as 80 viss and I have shot several of 60 and 70 viss (a viss equals about 3·65 lbs) ; these beasts with their formidable tusks are no mean antagonists to encounter. Even tiger, their natural enemy, hesitates to attack such monsters.

They are very destructive to all kinds of plantations. Sweet potatoes, paddy, sugar-cane, Indian-corn, and

plantains are their favourite foods and they destroy the plants from their very roots. To get at plantains, paddy and Indian-corn they break down the plant by simply riding astride it, and bringing it to the ground, whilst potatoes and sugar-cane are grubbed up. They will travel many miles to visit these plantations nightly, in the season and if the neighbouring vegetation permits, they will take up their quarters close at hand.

Their food does not consist entirely of vegetable and fruit as they will not refuse meat, if the opportunity offers.

I have never had the curiosity to examine the formation of the dentition and jaw of a tame pig, but that of a wild one is curiously formed. Whilst the front teeth of the upper jaw are formed to cut, those of the lower jaw stick straight out in front and serve excellently for grubbing up the earth.

The two tushes in the lower jaw are always keen edged, and sharp enough to cut with easily, and this keen edge is always kept up to the mark throughout the lifetime of the boar by constant friction with the curious stumpy tushes of the upper jaw which act like hones to sharpen, as well as a support for the business tushes of the lower jaw.

The tremendous wounds which the wild boar is enabled to inflict is caused by a swinging stroke of the snout bearing these tushes, and it uses the weight of its body to deliver the stroke with the long head and snout as a lever. This curious blow comes natural to the beast

as from its youngest day the animal practises it, even when without any teeth or tushes whatever.

I once had a pair of young wild boar which were picked up in the jungles a few days after their birth by a Shan woman. I reared them simply to study their habits and the abovementioned trait was very noticeable. This pair lived at my place for considerably over two years, and became quite tame. I eventually presented them to the Rangoon Zoo at the Victoria Memorial Park where they subsequently died. They were quite large, standing 24 inches at the shoulders and must have weighed thirty viss each when I presented them. When young the wild boar's colour is quite distinct from that of the matured animal. They are horizontally striped with dirty yellow and have a few white dirty spots along both sides of the body.

When captured young they grow exceptionally tame and affectionate and will follow one about all over the place; I have heard of the animals dying, due to being separated from their master or keeper.

As an illustration of their domestication an account which appeared in about the year 1903 is interesting.

"Mr. A. E. Lauris, Deputy Conservator of Forests Central Provinces, tells a curious story in the *Pioneer* of a tame boar that is used by a village herdsman for bringing his flocks together. He writes;—On talking to the owner we were told that he had got the boar when

A YOUNG BOAR.

quite a youngster, three years ago, and brought him up on goat's milk; as the young boar grew he was taken out by the villager's son along with the herd to graze. Last year, in quite a matter of fact way, the villager informed me that he had put the whole herd, which consisted of 25 goats in charge of the boar, and right well had he managed his charge. They are all let out at six in the morning and away goes the grazier with his charge into the jungle, and punctually at dusk they are brought home. We then enquired if any goat had been lost. This amused the old man immensely, as he told us that no one dare go near the goats while out grazing; it was as much as his life was worth, and what was more the old boar would not stand any stray animals from another herd joining his charge; these were soon snouted out. During the year the owner never had a loss of one of his animals being taken away by a panther, though there were a fair number of these animals about."

During the hot season wild boar disperse and roam all over the hills in search of food, and it is uncommon to come across more than one individual at a time. In about the month of October they begin to herd for the purpose of mating, and this continues till near March or April when they again disperse.

It is therefore between the month of October and March that the greatest sport can be had with the wild boar. The sudden snort of alarm made by a wild boar before he

rushes off at a great pace, might very easily be mistaken for that of a leopard, tiger, bison or other beast much larger than a wild boar.

Although the pace when rushing off, on being alarmed, is tremendous, the way that they can jink and double on their tracks is astonishing, for so heavy and tough an animal particularly as a wild boar may be considered a jointless beast from snout to root of tail. Wild boar are exceedingly fond of wallowing in soft mud, and their wallows may be found all over the jungles they inhabit. If undisturbed, they visit their wallows daily, both during the hot season to keep themselves cool and during the cold weather to keep themselves warm.

The primary object for which they wallow, I have on doubt, is, to rid themselves of the enormous amount of parasites which cling to them, as well as to save themselves from the attacks of mosquitoes or other flies, by a thin coating of clay on their bodies.

This habit of wallowing, which is known to pot hunters is generally taken advantage of by them, for the purpose of murdering these game animals in cold blood.

Another curious habit the wild boar has is to build itself a nest. This the Burmans allege is to save themselves from being wetted by rain. How far this is true I am not able to say, but I am certain that it is during the rains that fresh nests are more often come upon.

This nest is composed of *thekaí* or *kaíng* grass or

twigs bitten off close to the roots and gathered in a heap in a convenient spot. The wild boar simply noses the heap over his body, and crawls under it at the same time.

I have on many occasions come upon nests with the occupant at home.

The Burmans are particularly fond of the flesh of the wild boar, which, unlike the flesh of its brother domestic pig, has no layer of fat immediately under the skin.

The males and tuskers are called *Wet taung* and the females *wet ma*. A sow with a sounder of sucking pigs is called *Wet tha oke ma*.

Some wild boars, patriarchal, tough, and cunning with years, become quite notorious, the Burmans believing that they cannot be killed, owing to their invulnerability to shot. They believe that a wild boar which has tushes that are solid throughout, is impervious to shot and these act like a charm to the possessor thereof, wild boar or man.

On many occasions have Burmans and Shans brought me pieces of this alleged solid tusk of the wild boar, to try powder and shot on, and I have without failure always knocked them to smithereens. These men have never, however, on cross examination been able to explain how they became possessed of the pieces.

The very best and most interesting method of hunting the wild boar in Burma is to track and stalk them. Beating a given patch of jungle or sitting over wallows and other convenient places is practised with success but does not

take precedence in my estimation to tracking and stalking.

The double ·577 high velocity cordite rifle with a soft nosed bullet, is the ideal weapon for the purpose, and I do not know of a single instance where I have hit a wild boar with this weapon and lost it.

It may be urged that too powerful a weapon is being used, but I have already aired my views and sentiments on the subject.

A 12 bore with spherical bullet is quite good enough for these game beasts, but one must not lose sight of the fact that these beasts inhabit identical jungles in which elephants, gaur, tsine, tiger and other more formidable beasts are to be found, and it is not quite comfortable to come across them, whilst after wild boar, with a 12 boar in one's hands. Besides, you must remember that your intentions are to become as familiar as possible with the one rifle which you intend to depend upon for all kinds of game. It is not an uncommon occurrence to tumble upon a tiger following a herd of wild pigs to pick up a straggler now and again.

It may be asked, is the weapon not too powerful for wild boar? and my answer is emphatically "No." If you were to see four well built Burmans struggling under the weight of a defunct sixty visser, or watch the cutting up of the carcase composed of enormous muscles, you would not ask such a question. You will be astonished at the

amount of powder and lead a tough old boar will sometimes take before giving up the ghost.

The pot and flesh hunter invariably uses a 12 bore with slugs and 3½ drachms of powder, but this is not sport at all, and is likely to be a dangerous performance.

A wounded wild boar is quite as formidable and as dangerous as a wounded tiger or leopard, and it behoves the tyro to be particularly careful and circumspect in following up one of them under such circumstances.

Like the females of tiger and leopard there is no restriction against shooting a sow. Should you fall across a sow with a sounder of suckers, you may bag the lot by first shooting the sow and keeping quite still. Then all the suckers after the first alarm return to the mother sow's dead body when you may bag all, with patience and good marksmanship.

Unlike the boar the sow is not adorned with tushes, but she is quite as much to be feared as the boar on account of the bulldog tenacity of the beast. When wounded and cornered she will attack and bite with great speed and effect.

A sow in season will be followed by quite a number of large boars which fight and quarrel a great deal and make a noise which may well be mistaken for that of the bison or elephant when in dense cover. The snort of alarm is also very loud and resonant, resembling the sudden escape of steam from a large locomotive to which

the snort of alarm of the bison is not dissimilar.

At such times they are dangerously pugnacious and exhibit little or no fear of man. In such cases it is possible to bag all the boars by first shooting the sow. The boars will return again and again to the sow after the report of each shot dies away.

The usual trophies of a boar are its tushes. The head with the teeth and tushes makes a fine wall decoration.

In "The Burma Critic" under the heading *Notes from Shwegyin* appears the following :—

"An unfortunate cultivator, named Maung Pe, of a village across the river from this place, when cutting *kaing* grass preparatory to ploughing the ground, was attacked by a large boar which ripped up the calf of his left leg. Before he could make use of his *dah* the man fell down and the boar with his dreadful tusks inflicted 6 wounds on different parts of the body. Other cultivators in the neighbourhood heard his cries but arrived too late. The man was brought up to the Civil Hospital at Shwegyin late last night and received all the attention possible, but he succumbed to the shock and died this morning at 10 a.m. in great pain. For those who are not aware what *kaing* grass is I may say that it often grows to a height of 20 feet, and generally 10 to 15. An elephant could hide in it easily, much less a boar, a bear or wild dog. I have seen badgers in that locality. The greatest danger though to cultivators is caused by snakes of sorts against which

they are defenceless unless they see snakes first.

There are many stories extant regarding these big boars driving even a tiger away from his prey. The Commissioner of the Division and Deputy Commissioner of the District who met here on the 26th, have returned, the former to Moulmein *vía* Nyaunglebin."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SAMBUR—*CERVUS UNICOLOR.*

Burmese—*Sat.* Karen—*Takhaw Khew.*

The sambur is the largest of the deer tribe obtainable in Burma. The mounted head of a noble sambur makes a grand trophy particularly if you bag the owner during the season, when there is a fine ruff of long hair beginning immediately from the junction of the head and neck along the neck.

When the stag-sambur has dropped its horns or is in velvet, there is absolutely no object in slaying the beast, besides at such times they are protected in Reserve Forests. The flesh-eating capacity of the Burman and the demand for the pulpy horns in velvet by the Chinese, who attach a fictitious value to it for medicinal and other purposes however, accounts for the death of a large number of these fine deer. Hinds are also protected throughout the year.

The flesh of these deer is rather coarse and flavourless and it would really seem as if it is hunted for the head trophy alone, but the stalking and tracking to gain the desired trophy is considered to be the acme of sport by most

sportsmen. One may well be proud however if one succeeds in stalking and killing one of these grand beasts as they are undoubtedly most difficult beasts to successfully bring to bag owing to their keen senses of sight, scent and hearing.

As I have already remarked, these game animals inhabit both high and hilly jungles as well as low flat *kaing* jungles in Burma. They are endowed with exceptional sense of sight, smell and hearing. When disturbed their long legs give them a great advantage over other beasts in that they can in the shortest space of time put the greatest distance between themselves and the disturber. Besides being fleet they excell in taking advantage of cover and jinking like a hare, can very easily give one the slip.

Sambur will roll in shallow mud wallows in the cold season, and the Burmans believe that this is done to warm themselves. There appears to be some truth in this as I cannot say that insects worry them much during that season.

Sambur skin when well tanned makes excellent leather for shooting boots and gaiters and other useful articles. It is peculiar, in that it never dries hard after it has been wetted, and it is exceedingly strong stuff.

Paddy-fields, vegetable and fruit gardens, if in the neighbourhood of sambur jungle, are visited regularly by these beasts. They are fond of ripe mangoes in the season and their prints may be seen under those trees if situated in convenient places.

They feed during the night and lie up very close in the day and even in heavy jungles are seldom if ever about during the day. Opportunities for stalking these beasts are very few and most of them are taken in beats and by sitting over water-pools and in paddy-fields or gardens which they are known to visit.

Stalking them is decidedly the best and most difficult method and I have a preference to this method when opportunity arises.

Owing to the high prices paid by Chinese for the velvet horns of the sambur, great numbers of these beasts are destroyed by Burmans and pot hunters by the slower method, that is, by sitting over feeding ground and pools.

The Burmans speak of two varieties, namely *sat kyawi*, and *sat*. The *sat kywai* is alleged to be a larger animal in bulk.

Every book on sport in India and Burma teems with the habits and modes of bringing these species of deer to bag and I do not think I could do better than to suggest the perusal of them which will be both interesting and instructive to the young shikari.

THAMIN OR BROW-ANTLERED DEER—*Cervus Frontalis or Eldi.*
Burmese—*Thamin*. Karen—*Tha Maw*.

This animal comes next in size to the sambur in Burma, and it is besides entirely indigenous to this country, not being found anywhere else in the world. For a smaller deer they carry beautiful horns with elegant sweep and in

THAMIN AND DECORATED CART FROM WHICH THAMIN ARE SHOT AT.

point of weight and size are not inferior to those of the sambur.

They are never to be found in hill country or heavy timber jungles as they, like the hog deer, inhabit sparce grass plains which are semi inundated in the rains. This makes it absolutely impossible to hunt these deer in the rains as, besides the long grass which effectually hides them, the males have no horns or those that have are in velvet.

The first time that I visited a thamin jungle I was astonished at the bleak and hardly-hide-a-hare appearance of it, but I was soon dis-illusioned.

The flesh is no better than that of sambur and some Burmans will not eat it, believing that skin diseases would result from it.

The method of hunting them is by beats and with dogs. In some parts of Burma, the shooter rides along on a bullock cart with leafy branches stuck round the sides and bells jingling on the necks of the bulls to hide other sounds. In this way thamin allow themselves to be approached to very close quarters when a good head can thus be picked out of a herd and laid low with a bullet. This method can only be practised during the hottest time of the year *viz*, March, April and May, for several reasons, as against the rains, the principal being the inability of bullock carts to drive over the grounds and the impossibility of stalking or beating them out, and, last, but not least, the bucks have no horns for trophies during the rains.

For shooting thamin a Manlicher or Mauser or ·303 is a good weapon. A 12 bore shooting a spherical bullet, is however, the best weapon provided within range as it is a most difficult matter to shoot straight with a rifle from inside a bullock cart whilst being driven over the special ground inhabited by them.

Flesh hunters and Burmans resort to another method of slaying these pretty beasts as well as hog deer during the rains. It is by means of a lamp placed inside a funnel shaped basket or empty kerosine oil tin to throw the reflection forward. This contrivance is tied on top of the head on very dark nights and the Burman slowly marches forward into the water logged paddy fields where thamin and hog deer come out to feed on the young shoots. When thamin or hog deer are encountered they stand and stare at the light and if carefully approached will not stir. In this way they are either shot at with a 12 bore and slugs, or, speared, or cut with a dah.

The males, when they have dropped their horns, will not associate with the females and young. They drop their horns annually and are again full grown and hard about the month of January when I believe the rutting season begins, continuing till about the end of May and part of June.

In January and February the long grass has not had time to thin and wither away and the ground not hard enough for carts, so that hunting them is still rather

difficult. March and April scorches all the grass and underbrush either by the fires or extreme heat of the sun and it is then that the sportsman can successfully bring them to bag, but he then has the heat to contend with.

During this shooting season the sportsman must expect to meet these deer in small herds of twelve to fifteen individuals. Most of the herd being females and half grown young. Only a very few bucks, perhaps two or three, generally less, with decent horns may be with them. If one of the herd is wounded even fatally they make away with the rest to all appearances unhurt and the natural inclination to follow the herd with the eyes accounts for the loss of a large number, which hide and die. The wounded also appear to leave very little blood trail.

These deer appear to have very tender and soft flesh as compared with all other Burmese deer and I am inclined to the belief that high velocity small bore rifles are not suited to hunt them with, and yet, in the majority of instances, they are encountered beyond the best range of a 12 bore. It is theretore difficult to suggest the best weapon for the purpose. A low velocity medium bore rifle would be best, in my opinion, to bring this deer to bag.

Thanatpin and its neighbourhood in the Pegu District, used to be the favourite thamin shooting ground for Rangoonities some time ago, but the place is so played out that very few good heads can now be obtained there.

I know of several good places near and some

far from Rangoon where very fair heads can still be obtained, but I refrain from giving away the names of these places as this species of deer appear to be somewhat lacking in the sense of danger to themselves, and could be pretty well exterminated with little trouble by the unscrupulous.

An excellent account of thamin shooting was given in *The Field* of the 31st December 1891 by Mr. G. R. Radmore and is quoted in extenso in Russell's "*Bullet and Shot*," page 477.

THE HOG DEER—*CERVUS PORCINUS.*

Burmese—*Dalai.* *Karen—Ta Yu.*

This deer is a miniature sambur in build, colour, and horns, and they carry magnificent horns for so small a beast. They inhabit grass and bush plains only, almost all over Burma like the thamin, and are never to be found in high timber jungles.

The flesh makes excellent eating and the horns splendid trophies.

The method of hunting them is identical to that of the thamin.

Alainlai on the Hlaing river used to be the best of spots in Lower Burma for hog deer shooting but is now rather played out.

A large number of does and bucks are indiscriminately slaughtered by pot hunters and Burmans during the rains and inundations in the low country, in the day by sur-

HOG DEER BAGGED NEAR AUTHOR'S SHOOTING-BOX.

rounding small islands formed by the high ground in the paddy fields, and with the lamp at nights in the fields where they come down to feed off the tender paddy shoots.

MUNTJAC OR BARKING DEER—*CERVULUS MUNTJAC.*

Burmese—*Gyi.* Karen—*Tah Hoe.*

These deer, the smallest but one to be obtained in Burma, are game little beasts which inhabit any variety of jungles from high timber hills to the *kaing* plains. In jungle hardly thick enough to hide a hare the *Gyi* may be discovered.

Whether he takes up his quarters in the midst of a village or very far from human haunts is a matter of perfect indifference to the *Gyi* as he is found everywhere. He does not carry much of a trophy but his flesh is the best of the deer tribe.

His horns are barely 6 inches long with a slight hook backwards and perhaps a very small front tine and placed on rather a high burr. He has a pair of canine teeth which are not rigid but loosely set with which he can inflict nasty wounds.

Every method known is exercised in slaying this game little beast but the best is to stalk them and catch them by surprise. The females, like all the deer tribe, carry no horns but both male and female bark like dogs when alarmed.

When calling to each other they adopt a piping whistle which the Burmans and Karens are adepts at imitating.

They do so with two leaves put crosswise in the mouth. In this way a large number of *Gyi* are brought to their doom. They are very timid but when occasion arises amongst themselves they are very pugnacious and will fight blindly. They are commonly called barking deer owing to their habit of barking in a similar manner to dogs when alarmed.

SKINNING OPERATIONS OF GYI BAGGED WITH ·22 RIFLE AND C.B. CAP•

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TRIP AFTER THAMIN.

After a longish interval I made up my mind to go after thamin of which variety of deer I had not many good heads. I made all arrangements and made tracks for Teinhmyokegyi in the Tharrawaddy district and started from Rangoon by the 6 a.m. train on Friday the 5th April, 1912, for Okepo station alone. Po Min joined me at Pugyi. We arrived at Okepo about 2 p.m. from which place we had to travel by bullock carts on beastly dusty roads to Teinhmyokegyi, a distance of 7 miles. From there we went another two miles and into camp that had been prepared for me in the jungle. Lu Hpay, Po Thin, Kyaw Hpay and others joined our party at Okepo. On Sunday morning Mr. Buchanan, now Sir George Buchanan and Coltman joined me for the shoot. The jungles mostly contained *eng* trees or bastard teak, *i.e.*, thin long sparce strips of trees with a few large leaves. The underbrush had withered and burnt away leaving the ground absolutely bare except for a layer of dried and crisp large leaves of the *eng* trees. Interspersed between these *eng* trees were large clearings which were absolutely bare

during this time of the year, but clothed with long grass five to six feet high during the rains. The thamin dwells in these jungles which make it absolutely impossible to hunt them during the rains, but when all the grass has been withered and burnt away in the hottest time of the year and the underbrush has also shared the same fate it is impossible to make some impression on the herds that inhabit these jungles. The surrounding jungles appeared to be more or less the same for very many miles around with variations of large and small plots of bamboo, but of the kind which is clean underneath. In the *engdine* and the bamboo peafowl are found, but they are not too plentiful. Partridge or florican (Burmese *hka*) are fairly plentiful. Besides the thamin herds mentioned above and a few *Gyi* and hare and perhaps carnivora no signs of other variety of big game was discovered. Much further east about 10 miles away, bison, tsine and other large game was reported. I went about 5 miles further from our camp, *i.e.*, 7 miles from Teinhmyokegyi and arrived at the beginning of the Reserve Forest which also was found to be mostly of *engdine*.

Thamin was fairly plentiful and we all had many shots at them at intervals of 15 minutes when herds numbering between three to fifteen were encountered. They were however very difficult to bring to bag for several reasons. H. V. small bore guns seem to have little or no effect on thamin, as I believe their flesh to be soft, failing to give

the small bullets the necessary resistance to obtain the shock, whilst the 12 bore with a spherical bullet did not effectually carry the distance at which they were encountered. Besides, having to pick off the bucks in a herd of does, the rest of the herd seem to egg the wounded beast on to good cover where it may die a lingering death undiscovered for the time being. On the first day of my experience I used an 8 millemetre Mauser, a 22 Winchester, a 12 bore and a H. V. cordite ·577 and the results were *nil*, the beasts appearing to bear a charmed life, and I could not satisfactorily understand the reason for it all. I felt quite ashamed of myself and disgusted beyond measure, particularly as my Burmans had already spread my reputation as a dead shot to the villagers of the neighbourhood long before my arrival. It was however on the last day's shoot when I brought to bag the only buck I got in the whole shoot that the explanation dawned on me. Before finally leaving the shooting ground I got news which I verified that the villagers had retrieved two thamin with their dogs and I have no doubt they will retrieve a great many more within a day or two of our departure.

Sir George Buchanan who was using a 404 Winchester hit a large number but failed to bring any to bag. Coltman, who used a 12 bore with ball for want of a better weapon, shot many also but only succeeded in bringing to actual bag two animals.

We left the neighbourhood on the following Monday and arrived in Rangoon on Tuesday morning, the 9th April. The heat was intense and the cover very scanty and water very scarce in the vicinity of the shooting ground. Visitors to the neighbourhood should beware of Russell's Viper which are reported to be plentiful along the high road at nights where they come to roll in the sand.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A THAMIN SHOOT.

Fish who had come all the way from the Federated Malay States where he is rubber planting and I went off to Teinhmyoke for a Thamin shoot. I had invested in a Manlicher Shoenaur ·256 and he on seeing mine immediately did ditto and both of us were very anxious to try these pretty weapons on Thamin to see if our mutual calculations re weapon vs. Thamin were correct. Having made previous arrangements we left by the 6 a.m. train on Thursday the 1st April 1915 for Okepo, arriving there about 3 p.m. We immediately transhipped into two bullock carts and decided to go right on to the village called Gwedauksan about 12 miles by road from Okepo and about 2 or 3 miles from the Forest Reserve. I decided on this place as being the best centre for Thamin on the one hand and Tsine and other big game in the Reserve, in which I intended to have a try. We arrived at Gwedauksan about 10 p.m. in beautiful moonlight. On the very next morning Fish was keen on going for Thamin first of all. We did so, Fish drawing a blank and shooting badly with his new rifle. I brought to

bag a poor horned Thamin. We were on this occasion primarily keen on exchanging notes about our new rifles. This we did about 9 a.m. after carefully testing them again on targets we came to the conclusion that both our weapons shot high. It proved to be necessary to take a very fine sight six inches below the mark at a hundred yards. After our conclusion Fish did better shooting and we bagged later about three bucks a piece but all with poor and damaged horns. The weapons proved handy and excellent for Thamin but if anything a little too powerful. One afternoon we injudiciously went out to find a stream where Tsine were reported to drink. We found some old tracks but the going was blazing hot and we might have got ill over the trudge, but luck was with us and we did not try it again. One satisfactory diversion we had was the egging our followers to chase a red squirrel we discovered and capturing it for our Zoo. With a certain amount of willingness and energy it is quite possible to chase and capture squirrels in bamboo jungle such as we were in. The poor little beast died however from his exertions in trying to outpace its pursuers, although the men succeeded in capturing it unhurt and alive.

The next morning we gave to a reconnoitre of the Reserve Forest after Tsine. We arrived at the fire-line at day-light but lost some time in misunderstandings with Ko Sah and the cartman. Ko Sah proved to be an inefficient organiser. We heard peafowl all over the

jungles but saw none. Later we came across a Burmese boy guarding the fire-line. From him we got information that he had come across a herd the previous morning browsing on the fireline on tender shoots and moving off in the direction where we had intended to look for them, a waterhole. He also informed us that a tiger had entered his village the night previous and taken a calf. Later we met two other Burmans from the same village who did not know or hear of the visit of the tiger the night before. As however there appeared to be two waterholes, one known to Ko Sah and the other to the forester we decided to divide our attentions; Fish going off with the forester and I with Ko Sah Our party arrived at the waterhole and found it blank and unused. On our way we captured a pheasant chick. Drawing blank I decided to join Fish when Ko Saw declared he did not know the place. I insisted and we followed Fish's foot-prints and we eventually came to a waterhole in a dried bed of a stream where Fish had entered from the opposite direction from which we did. Fish had come down and finding no fresh tracks had drunk some water and returned the same way back. On our entering from the opposite direction we discovered that Fish without knowing it had disturbed a tiger which had been asleep only a few feet from where he had had a drink. Probably this was the identical tiger that had lifted a calf from the village which was about 2 or 3 miles from the spot we discovered. We rested in

what shade we could find till about 3 in the afternoon and made tracks for camp shooting Thamin on the way. We stayed another day and returned to Rangoon on Monday the 5th April, bringing with us a pair of young leopard cats for the Zoo, which the Burmans discovered in a hole. While we were there (Gwedauksan) the villagers treated us very well and we were able to return their hospitality by supplying them with a good deal of meat. While there we were informed of a tame Thamin with a bell round its neck which had escaped from a Hpongyi Kyaung and taken up its quarters with the wild herd.

I sent Fish off to Pugyi on the afternoon of Tuesday the 6th April to continue his shoot. I intended to join him the next evening. All kinds of urgent work however turned up and delayed me till Friday the 9th April when I joined him in the afternoon. We went back to the Myaungtanga Bungalow which Fish had left and for a few days hunted around without any success. Fish had already done what he could before I joined him with no success whatever as neither he nor I came across anything in the big game line. Elephants were reported but we struck none. I was close to a leopard but did not see it. The only success we had was in collecting some rather good specimens for the Zoo. We had a Burman on a tree from 6 a.m. to 3 p.m. trying to capture a large flying squirrel in a hole, which he eventually succeeded in

doing. Po Thin and Chit Twe brought in two half grown Adjutants. We chased and captured a baby Frairs leaf monkey and got another Burman to climb a large tree with difficulty and rifle the nest of the large variety of Hornbill. They caught the mother bird and a very young chick. This collection we eventually succeeded in transporting to the Zoo.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BANTING OR TSINE—*BOS SONDAICUS.*

Burmese—*Tsine.* Karen—*Sah.*

Tsine are the wild cattle of Burma, India and the Straits. Unlike domestic cattle, they are of a uniform colour but have certain characteristics, namely, a distinct burr or ridge between the horns. The colour is a rich chestnut, for both males females and young, except that when the males are quite matured they become a dark chocolate colour. All tsine have a darker shade of line beginning from the middle of the back right down to the root of the tail. The four legs are a dirty white colour from the knee downwards, and when the animal is seen from the stern, it has a white patch almost circular right round the buttocks with the darker coloured tail dividing this patch into two. The eyes are more like those of the deer tribe.

In size they come next to the bison or gaur standing 16 hands in some cases, but a lighter build generally. They inhabit jungles similar to those inhabited by bison but prefer it less hilly.

A YOUNG TSINE.

As antagonists they are quite as formiable as the bison and much quicker in their movements.

The very best description of tsine shooting is to be found at page 484 in "*Bullet and Shot*" in Indian forest, hill and plain by G.E.M. Russell and is a copy of an article signed "Tsinegalet" from *the Field*.

Major G. P. Evan's account of tsine shooting in Upper Burma also gives one all the tips necessary for the hunting of this game beast. It is to be found on pages 1 to 119 of his "Big game shooting in Upper Burma."

Messrs. Pollock and Thom's "Wild sport of Burma and Assam" pages 382 to 400 may also be studied with advantage to the sportsman.

THE WILD BUFFALO—*BOS BABALUS.*

Burmese—*Taw Kywai.* Karen—*Pana.*

This animal is in every way similar in build, colour and appearance to its tame brother. Those that are found in Burma are reported to be tame ones run wild or *vice versa*, that is, wild ones are alleged to be captured young and tamed by some of the Burman of Pyindayai or Kadon Kani in the Delta district. In Letpadan where some wild buffaloes are reported, it is conjectured to be a family of tame ones run wild. Besides the localities above-mentioned I have also herd of wild buffaloes in one of the islands in the neighbourhood of Belugyun called India-kyun near Maulmain. These are the only localities I have heard of, which are inhabited by wild buffaloes in

Lower Burma. I am given to understand that there are places in Upper Burma also, where they are to be found.

Although this game beast is similar in almost all respects to the tame buffalo their unrestrained existance gives them the opportunity of acquiring enormous muscular powers and immense sizes. Their horns also, unlike those of the tame Indian buffalo, grows out into enormous lengths and sweeps.

For fierceness, vindictiveness and bull dog tenacity they are second to nothing and I believe they are most difficult to hunt. The particular jungles they are in the habit of frequenting are most difficult of negotiation. It is only at certain seasons of the year when any attempt can be made to hunt them.

The African species of wild buffalo is also identical in all respects with those of India and Burma and their usual habitat is also in, what I may term, impossible jungles. There is however a distinction in that the African variety has a distinct excrescense or burr between the horns at the top of the head.

I have heard of many sportsmen being charged and treed by wild buffaloes in the Pyindayai and Kadon Kani jungles and I am informed that Indaikyun abounds in hamadryads. Of the jungles at Letpadan I have heard little except that there are wild buffaloes to be found in it.

In Rangoon I have seen some record horns of great lengths and with very wide sweeps in the possession of

sportsmen and others, Tall stories have been invented and circulated regarding the killing of the beasts which carried these enormous horns. I have also heard that large and conspicuous horns have been purchased for trophies from the Rangoon Slaughter-house not infrequently.

A large number of the Delta wild buffaloes, I have been given to understand, died by contracting cattle disease, which raged a few years ago, amongst domesticated cattle of the villages scattered about in the vicinity of their haunts.

From all accounts, recorded and unrecorded, wild buffaloes are dangerous animals to tackle as they are reported to charge molested or unmolested, and the difficulty lies in the fact that jungle usually inhabited by these beasts contain few large or climbable trees.

CHAPTER XL.

BEARS—*URSUS MALAYANUS.*

Burmese,—*Wet Wun.* Karen—*Tah Thu.*

Bears are fairly plentiful in Burma in many localities. Whatever keen senses the bear has, it does not excel in sight. A wounded bear either bites itself or attacks the first object nearest at hand even to the extent of its own mate or young.

Hunting bears, may be considered comparitively easy when the game is discovered, yet they are not to be treated with contempt. I have never seen any wounds where bears were the culprits on any individuals, that lived to tell the tale but that they were of the most severe description. A slap from a bear's paw generally reaches the head and face of a person owing to their habit of standing on their hind legs before attacking. They bring home their paw on the head or face resulting in horrible disfigurement of the person attacked. In the old days when beggars were allowed to ply their trade on the approaches of the Shwe-Dagon Pagoda there were several beggars who had been wounded by bears at some time or other,

and the wounds that caused the disfigurement on those beggars must have been awful. One does not see such persons now, as bears are less numerous owing to large tracks of land having been opened up to paddy cultivation, yet you occasionally hear of men being attacked by bears from some far off corner of Burma.

The very habit of the bear standing on its hind legs to attack lays open its vital spot, and any sportsman who has control of his nerves can easily plant a ball on the chest which has a white horse-shoe marking for the aim. A bullet placed anywhere within this horse-shoe marking is invariably fatal.

Many sportsmen have come upon bears on high trees where it has been busy after honey-combs. In such circumstances, I have been reminded never to shoot at the beast whilst standing under the tree or within close proximity to it, as the bear wounded or unwounded generally has the sportsman at its mercy.

The bear is not such a stupid and slow beast as its appearance would suggest when at a Zoo or such other places where bears are kept in captivity. Their activity and behaviour will astonish observers were they to come across wild bears in their native haunts.

Many years ago from to-day, that is, about the year 1879 bears and elephants and almost all kinds of wild animals were numerous and plentiful within an hour's journey from Rangoon.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion I venture to trust that the tips I have set forth and the accounts of my adventures will be of some use to the beginner, and of some interest to fellow-sportsmen as a means of comparison with their own experiences at least.

It is my sincere hope that I have not scared the beginner with my reiteration of caution and possible dangers to be encountered in a career of big game hunting. With the ordinary precautions enumerated I have so far been very fortunate in that I have been able to avoid accidents both to the men that have accompanied me and to myself.

I may add that it is impossible to err as there is never a doubt that all wild animals, whatever they may be, will make every endeavour to avoid man at all times under almost all circumstances, excepting those I have specifically mentioned, and if you start with this knowledge there is absolutely no cause for nervousness from voluntary attack from them.

To be correct in discussing shikar with fellow-sportsmen always remember that there are no wolves, hyenas or cheetas in Burma. Jackals may be found in the far north

of Burma but not in Lower Burma. Wild dogs are not however uncommon in both Lower and Upper Burma.

It is unfortunate that I did not think of taking photos of animals and places I have encountered in my big game shooting career from the very beginning although I am an old photograper. The few illustrations are however from photos taken by myself but at quite a later date, hence the very small number. In connection with photography I might mention that in the majority of cases the subject of shikar is always in places where the light is insufficient. The conditions in Burma do not compare favourably in this respect with the conditions in Africa for this purpose.

To the student of Natural History or collector of specimens the list of animal or bird and insect life is almost unlimited.

In a book, that is when one is writing, the successes in big game shooting are described as those most vivid in one's memory, besides being the only occasion when one takes the trouble to make a note of it in one's note book, unless, of course, the want of success in any particular endeavour is attended with any striking features worth recording. The unsuccessful trips and attempts which by far outweigh the successes, with no particular striking incidents, are entirely forgotten, or are very far back in one's memory, or not worth recording.

In this respect, however, the particular circumstance

which stands prominent is the fact that my numerous unsuccessful trips and attempts did not make me give up shooting long ago.

The weary trudges, day after day, in trip after trip, are more than disheartening and enough to damp the spirit of the most persevering and ardent sportsman and his followers. It is astonishing how tired and weary one becomes, when he begins at 5 a.m. walking the jungles up hill and down dale till 6 p.m. and even later, as I have done on innumerable occasions, without meeting a single head of game, far less firing at or bagging anything. Be it noted that this is not an exception by any means, but I have experienced it for several successive days and successive trips at a stretch.

In these circumstances, many men have given up the sport altogether, besides grumbling a great deal, occasioning a considerable loss of energy to themselves and becoming a nuisance to their companions or followers to do the shooting for them, and return home like conquering heroes with the horns or skins of game thus acquired. In my opinion there is absolutely no value to be attached to such acquisitions, as where there are no pleasant recollections awakened on the sight of the trophy which adorns one's study or parlour the spirit of sport cannot possibly last long in the individual. It is such people who will be the first to libel their more successful brothers behind their backs,—never to their faces—by accusing

them of the very offences they have themselves committed, not once but often, nay, regularly, as their sporting instincts, save the word, never rises above that.

In the Burma jungles, or rather the particular locality I have visited oftenest, and where I have been most abroad at all times of the day and night, I feel as if I could walk with my heavy rifle for a week day and night, without feeling any fatigue whatever, provided—yes! "provided" I meet something to track, or stalk, or shoot at, say every hour, or every few hours, but alas this is never the case. I am absolutely certain my followers who know me would willingly and cheerfully accompany me in the endeavour to walk the week under such circumstances.

I have often, more often than I care to own or mention, walked them to desperation, when they have given it up, saying "It is no use to-day, sir." There is then little use whatever in turning to them and grumbling at the scarcity of game, or accusing them of bringing you the long tramp on a wild goose chase, as it must be borne in mind that the poor fellows are not responsible at all. They have done their best. It is not often that they will dare to reply, but if they dared, they would immediately say, "That game is not tied to any particular spot, and as they are free to roam where they will, they have grasped the opportunity" and can you blame the poor fellows?

In the circumstances, is it not acknowledging one's weakness by grumbling, besides damping any spirit

that the poor fellows may still possess for the next or another day? Is it not encouragement these poor fellows need, instead of blame?

Amongst my men, I have made it thoroughly understood that when I am out with them I come for my pleasure and not for theirs, and that anything they bag is of absolutely no value to me whatever. For the inner man, that is theirs, I allow them to shoot pig or gyi without murmur, but anything larger than that they are never allowed to make any attempt at, in fact to make sure I never allow them to carry a gun that will kill anything more formidable, and that only when in my company. This they thoroughly understand, hence my particular fondness for them and the particular locality. If anything worth mentioning is bagged by them, and the *Saib* they accompany is vain enough to claim it as his bag, be quite sure that the "cat will out."

As an illustration of the tendency of many getting their game shot for them, I remember an incident which occurred to me several years ago, in days when I laid great store by my Mauser rifle. I accepted an invitation to accompany a friend to shoot hog deer in the Alainlai district. On the very first day and in the first beat, I fired with my Mauser at a hog deer which carried a magnificent pair of horns. I hit the beast several times, and although it was very sick and staggered along in front of us we failed to bag it. This discomforted me considerably, particularly as

I had not acquitted myself in the eyes of the villagers who had turned out to beat for us. On my return to the village at the end of the day, to add to my discomfiture, some of the villagers consolingly said to me, "Why take the trouble of going out in the sun, sir, we will shoot as many as you want for your next day." Be it remembered that these men were all Karens, many of them Christians. To say that I was annoyed to the extreme is mild, but I did not let my temper get the better of me. I quietly replied that the rifle I was using was a new one, and that something had gone wrong with it, and I promised to do better the next day with my other gun a 12-bore fowling piece.

As promised, on the next day, armed with my 12-bore and some cartridges and a good deal of determination, I made some extraordinary hits, mostly flukes. We bagged so many between us that we had to bring home the slain in carts. We repeated this for several successive days to the absolute astonishment of the obliging Karen villagers. They were so astonished and pleased with the performance that some of them concluded that I was an extrordinary shot, much more so than my companion who was well known to them and by no means an indifferent shot and by far my superior in that respect. They quietly invited me to come again, and alone, when they would do wonders for me. Of course I smiled and promised, as I had within myself concluded that these men were the most objectionable and disloyal lot, besides being consummate

gluttons, they having quarrelled over the division of the enormous amount of flesh we had procured for them. I never intended to again visit that locality, but several years after I did go to that neighbourhood, and, strange to relate, some of them recognised me as the extraordinary shot, and made every endeavour to do what they could for me. The hog deer with the splendid horns, which we failed to recover on the first day, was retrieved by some of the Karens, immediately after we left the scene, that same evening, and close to the spot at which we eventually gave up the stalk. They said nothing to us about it, but stuck to the whole carcase including the horns. Such is the gluttony of the Karen, and my estimate of him is drawn from such incidents. Another instance where I had to do with Karens stands out vividly in my memory. This was on another occasion when I accepted an invitation to shoot in the neighbourhood of Tikekyi, to be exact, in Laukle Chong. My friend and his companion were amateurs at the game and I was fortunate enough to bag a half grown jungle sow only, at the beginning. Being a very hot day we were giving up the shot, and my friend said that the bag was quite enough, as we could bring home a leg each, leaving one leg and the rest of the carcase for the Karen beaters. These bright semi-Christian Karens immediately replied that they were ashamed to return home to their families with such a small amount of flesh, and there and then cooked the remainder of the

porker, after setting aside the three legs that we had coveted, and at one sitting finished the lot. It might be here mentioned that there was hardly any water to cook anything in, except a very small amount that oozed out of the soft ground, where some of our elephants had walked. Luckily that same evening I succeeded in bagging a young sambur to satisfy the greed of flesh the Karen beaters were so pronouncedly imbued with. Such is the Karen, and I have made it a rule ever to avoid them as shooting companions, shikaris, or beaters, whenever I could do without them.

With regard to commissariat arrangements, I have designedly said nothing, as different individuals prefer different varieties of food and luxuries. Tinned provisions and biscuits should of course be purchased at large towns and taken packed carefully. Rice and other condiments for oneself or followers could be purchased at almost all large villages and this will save taking from head-quarters. Purchasing at villages cost a little more than in towns. A hurrican lamp, candles, and matches should not be forgotten.

Besides the clothes for wear when actually on the war-path, the rest of the clothes might be anything which suits the particular fancy of the individual.

Camp cots and tents I have absolutely no belief in, owing to the fact that one has to sleep so very close to the ground in tents. Burmans can always and within a very

short time build a large platform high or low against a suitable tree and steps. Some height, say, 8 to 10 feet from the ground, is preferable in many respects. Sleeping on such is not as stuffy as sleeping in tents. One is also unlikely to be disturbed by prowling beasts, and one's luggage is considerably reduced by the absence of the tent itself.

A mosquito net made of thin muslin should under no circumstances be forgotten. The regulation mosquito net will not be quite safe, as jungle mosquitoes are of all sizes and particularly voracious and enterprising.

For bedding I have found thin Willesden canvas stuffed with chipped cork an excellent bed to lie on when spread over the uneven surface of the usual *machan*. It is strong and rolls up into a very compact space for transport. A hard cushion of similar canvas stuffed with hair is also a very useful article either for the head at night or to sit on during the day. Three or four good rugs should suffice for covering the cork mattress and oneself when desired. For the cold months a balaclava cap and a sweater of unobtrusive colour will be found useful. A bathing slip which will take up no room whatever will be found very handy to bathe in.

I always carry a pair of very fine tweezers and a powerful magnifying glass and a few strong needles. These will be found very useful to locate and extract thorns and ticks from one's hands or legs. If thorns are not extracted

without delay the wound is sure to fester and the removal will then be more difficult.

When it is intended to have a protracted shoot a good hone to sharpen knives will be found an absolute necessity. The very best kind for the purpose is now being put on the market and is to be had at Messrs. Cowie and Co. of Rangoon. It is called Carborundum stone and is made in different convenient sizes with rough and smooth surfaces. These stones will sharpen anything from a razor to a *dah* and in an incredibly short time.

To clean the skull of animals for a trophy I have read that it should be boiled. I would not recommend this as it has the effect of damaging the sculls altogether besides injuring the canines in the case of the carnivora. Under such circumstances the bones and teeth of a boiled skull will fall to pieces within a very few years. Burying it or placing it near an ants nest is the best method but this is not always practicable.

Mascerating it, that is, soaking it in a tub of water for several days till decomposition sets in and all the flesh drops off, is the best and safest method. All the teeth will be found at the bottom of the tub and should be carefully collected and kept for permanent fixing in the jaws. Plaster of Paris is the best for this purpose. The most important part to remember about the canines of the carnivora is to avoid putting them in the sun to bleach, as you will find it necessary to do with the head. No sooner the grease is

removed from these canines they are liable to crack in the heat of the sun, and will eventually fall to pieces if not carefully attended to. They should be dried in a cool place till the skull is ready to receive them and immediately after they have been fixed on to the jaws they should be coated with a thin layer of bees wax and in this way kept for several months, the longer the better as this tends to season the ivories. The wax can be removed very easily when desired. A thin coat of varnish occasionally will preserve the trophy indefinitely.

I have refrained from saying much about the old fashioned black powder rifle for big game shooting as it is now entirely out of date and the high velocity cordite is universally recognised to be the weapon of the day for all purposes.

The ·600 bore firing 100 grains of H. V. cordite and 750 grains of nickel coated lead is the largest calibre I have so far seen on the market and manufactures are even reducing this considerably and the ·404 is recommended as all-sufficient. For reasons that I have already mentioned in Chapter 1, I consider the ·577 the best of calibres.

The very best shot and the one that should always be sought for by the sportsman when an animal is broadside on, is the shot behind the shoulders for the heart or lungs. If this spot cannot be got at, the junction of the head and neck doubles an animal up completely. With wild boar or sambur in heavy jungles I would not hesitate to hit it

anywhere with my ·577 H. V. cordite and soft or spilt nose bullet. In the case of an elephant you have in addition to the heart and lung shot, that into its ear to reach the brain.

Failing the abovementioned heart and lung shot and the ear shot in the case of an elephant you have the raking shot from either side or immediately under the tail when you are situated behind a beast.

When an animal stands end on facing you the head shot should not be indulged in particularly in case of the carnivora. The only exception is the elephant when a shot between the eyes on the bump carries a bullet direct to the brain. The shot should be fired exactly at the same angle, that is, through the base of the trunk if the animal came charging you with its trunk curled up. When bison or tsine stare at you, the best shot is in the middle of the chest. This chest shot cannot be obtained on any other beast except bears when they stand up to the attack.

It is difficult to make any suggestion as to the best time of the year for a shooting trip. Most people prefer December and January as being the most pleasant time, but some sportsmen cannot always count on getting away during those months. To sum up the different times of the year for shooting:—hog dear and thamin are best hunted during the hottest months, namely, March and April, when the cover they delight in has been burnt and made scanty, besides which their horns are hard in these months. In fact it is almost impossible to hunt these beasts at any other time,

owing to the impenetrable nature of the *kaing* they love to sport in. A large number of does and a few buck are killed by flesh hunters during the early rains or rather soon after the paddy begins to sprout in the fields. As I have previously stated the method they adopt is to accompany a man who ties a funnel shaped basket with a lamp inside it on his head into paddy fields on dark night. The shape of the basket serves as a protection to the lamp as well as a reflector The beasts come out into the fields to feed on young paddy shoots and whilst they stand staring at the strange light, are ruthlessly murdered irrespective of age or sex.

In the heavy and hilly jungles I have hunted at all times of the year. During the rains the undergrowth of course is very thick but it is possible to bag big game. Just before and after the rains is also very good, and needless to say the cold months are most pleasant. At the beginning of the rains when grass sprouts up (called *pyaungza* by the Burmans) bison descend the hills nightly for this lucious grass as well as to avoid the gad-flies infesting the hills, and it is then that one may be able to get a lucky shot. During mid-rains it is possible that bison will not retire to the hills daily from their grazing grounds provided the locality is not much disturbed. Tigers may be met with throughout the rains and cold months as well as in the very dry months when water is scarce. Pigs may be bagged all the year round.

The closed season in Reserve Forests for different kinds of game are printed in extenso in the conditions of a shooting license.

Condition 5 provides that the licensee shall not hunt, shoot, trap or snare any animals or birds of any kind mentioned below during the close season specified therein respectively, namely:—

Elephants Females of bison, tsaing, buffalo, rhinoceros, hog deer, sambur, thamin, wild goat, and males of all deer (except barking deer) if hornless or horns in velvet	The whole year.
Males of all deer except barking deer.	15th June to 15th October.
Peafowls, pheasants, quail, partridges, jungle fowl and hares	1st March to 31st August.

From the above it will be seen that males of bison, tsaing, rhinoceros, buffalo and both males and females of tiger, bear and wild boar may be hunted for, all the year round without any restrictions provided a license to enter a Forest Reserve is obtainable.

After the conclusion of my book I came across the sentiments and advice of Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wooley written in the Badminton Library on Big Game Shooting, Vol I. He has expressed himself so excellently and clearly and so forcibly that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting in extenso some of the passages. He says "Good sportsmen recoil in disgust from a record of butchery mis-

named sport, for, according to the very first articles of their creed, it is the difficulty of the chase which gives value to the trophies. If there were no difficulties, no hardships, then sport would have no flavour and its prizes no value. The mere fact that a man can kill as many of any particular kind of animal as he pleases should be sufficient to make him let that beast alone, unless he wants it for food, as soon as he has secured say a couple of fine specimen heads. Finally, to look at this question from the lowest and most selfish standpoint, the wholesale slaughter of wild game in foreign countries should be discouraged unanimously by all who love the rifle, since men who kill or boast of having killed exceptionally large bags of big game in any country are extremely likely to arouse the natural and proper indignation of local legislators, who have it in their power to close their happy hunting grounds to all aliens for the fault of a few individuals, not by any means typical of or in sympathy with, their class."

Again he says "So much for the ethics of Big Game Shooting; as to the practical side of it, be it said at once that it is impossible upon paper to teach any man to become a successful big game hunter. Upon the hillside or in the forest, with an expert to guide him, with the floating mists to teach him something of the way of the winds, with game tracks or the game itself before him, each man has to learn for himself; and even then he learns more from his own mistakes than from anyone else. To

be really successful a man wants so many things; he needs so many qualities combined in his own person. To be a good shot means but little. The man who can win prizes at Wimbeldon may be a successful deer-stalker, but it by no means follows that he will be. He has one good quality in his favour, but even that quality varies with the varying conditions under which he shoots. With his pulses steady, his heart beating regularly, his wind sound, his digestion unimpaired, his eyes free from moisture, with the distances measured off for him, and with a bulls-eye to shoot at, he may make phenomenal scores; but when he has been living upon heavy dampers and strong tea taken at irregular intervals, his digestion may become impaired. When he has toiled all day and come fast up a steep incline at the end of a long stalk, his pulse will not be steady, his sides may be heaving like those of a blown horse, his eyes may be dimmed by a bead of sweat which will cling to his eye-lash and fall salt and painful into his eye just when it should be at its clearest. The distances are not marked for him, and the atmosphere varies so much at different altitudes, that it is not always easy to judge how far he is from his quarry, and that quarry, instead of being marked in black and white for his convenience has an awkward trick of being just the colour of the hillside, with an outline which at 200 yards melts into the back-ground and becomes one with its surroundings.

"Many a man who shoots well at a mark is a poor shot

in the woods; but luckily the converse of this proposition is also true. Again, strength and endurance, steady nerve and quick eyes count for much, but they alone will not make a man successful.

"The strong young hunter is often the worst. Likely enough he does the work for the work's sake, laughs at mountain-sides, and, like a friend of our own, starts at dawn, travels all day, tells us at night of peaks at fabulous distances on which he has stood, but comes back empty-handed, simply because he is too strong, too fast, and runs over ground leaving behind him "or jumping" out of range, game which a feebler man might have seen when crawling slowly over the hill side or sitting down for a frequent rest. One really good Western sportsman we know advocates a very different system. "Camp" he says, "near where game is, look out for likely places, and then go and sit about near them all day long. If the game comes to you, you'll probably get it; if it don't you won't, and you wouldn't any way. "Somehows," he generally adds, "them bull elicks allus did have longer legs than mine, d—n 'em.

"Perhaps a knowledge of natural history is almost better than either great physical powers or exceptional skill with the rifle. If you watch a first-rate tennis-player, it will seem to you that tennis is a very easy game. The second-rate player performs prodigies of activity to get into the right place in time, but the first-rate man never seems

to be obliged to exert himself at all. He always is where he ought to be. So it is with the good man to hounds. His place at the fence is the easiest, and yet he never seems to swerve or pick his place. In every case it is the same. Knowledge of the game helps all the men in the same way, and each in his own fashion picks his place, but he picks it long beforehand. The tennis player knows where the return must come, the hunting man sees the weak place by which he means to go out at the very moment that he comes into a field, and in like manner the big game hunter gets to where the big game is because he has calculated beforehand where it ought to be, and experience and knowledge of the beasts' habits, and a certain instinct which some men have, do not mislead him.

"First then, study the habits of wild animals generally. They are much the same all the world over, and a man may learn a great deal by the side of an English covert, when the rabbits and pheasants are running before the beaters which he can turn to good use when hunting bigger game.

"Why do you suppose some men always seem to get more shots than others; why do the birds always rise better to them than to you? Pure luck you think, and they perhaps don't deny it. Don't believe it. The true sportsman knows by instinct what tussock of grass will hold a rabbit as he goes by it, and if a rabbit is there he won't let it lie whilst he passes. You won't see him swing round, saving

himself a bit and leaving the likeliest corner in a big field unbeaten. The birds would have sneaked down into the ditch and stopped there whilst you wheeled by thirty or forty paces off, but our friend puts them up; and if when those rabbits at the covert-side were bolting just out of range between you and him, you think he dropped his white pocket handkerchief on the drive by mistake, you don't know your man. That handkerchief just turned them enough to bring them close by him, and he had awful luck you know, and fired six shots to your one.

"That is the way in big game shooting too. Partly from experience, and partly by instinct, some men know where to look for a beast, and know the ways of it when found. Study then the habits of beasts generally to begin with, and then those of the particular beast you are going to hunt. Learn what it feeds on at different seasons of the year, and where its food is to be found; learn at what time of day it feeds, and at what time it lies down. Most animals feed early and late, just at dawn and just at the edge of the night, sleeping when the sun warms them, using what Nature sends them instead of supplying the place of the sun with a blanket as we do. Many beasts are almost entirely nocturnal in their feeding hours, and these not only such as one would naturally expect to prowl by night—tigers, lions, and such-like,—but ibex and mountain beasts which feed on nothing worse than grass: Just at and before dawn most beasts are up and feeding,

probably because that is the coolest time in the twenty-four hours; the beasts become chilled and restless, and Nature warns them that food and motion are the best cures for the evils they are suffering from.

"Learn too, with the utmost care for yourself, upon which of its senses each particular beast relies, for all do not rely upon the same sense. The sense of smell is perhaps the most universal safeguard of the beasts which men hunt, but all are not as keen of scent as the cariboo, nor all as wonderfully quick and longsighted as the antelope, of whom Western men say that he can tell you what bullet your rifle is loaded with about as soon as you can make him out on the skyline. A bear is so short-sighted as to be almost blind on occasion, and no beasts seem capable of quickly identifying objects which are stationary, though all catch the least movement in a second. This of course is where the man who rests often gets an advantage. If a beast is stationary in timber for instance, you may often look at him for a minute after your Indian has found him before making him out; but if he but flick his ear or turn a tine of his antler ever so little, it will catch your eye at once."

And again "If you should by chance come upon a beast unawares, stand stock still at once; don't try to hide if it is a deer; don't try to bolt if it is something more dangerous, If you stand still, beasts are slow to identify objects, and your deer may not be badly scared or your bear may pass on with only a suspicious stare but if you

attempt to hide, your deer will certainly show you his paces over fallen timber, or your bear or tiger if bad tempered may charge.

"But you ought very seldom to run into beasts in this way, if you keep your eyes open for "sign", that is, tracks, droppings, freshly broken twigs, and places where deer have been browsing, and if, as you ought to, you take a good long time to scan every valley carefully before you enter it. Of course you must not keep your eyes on the ground looking for tracks—this is a fatal trick of a "tender foot" but you can see tracks well enough with eyes looking well ahead of you; and indeed, if you are following a trial, you will find it more easily by looking for it yards ahead of you than you will by searching for it at your feet.

"Again, in looking for game you have at first to learn what to look for. The deer you are likely to see will not be standing broadside on, with head aloft like Landseer's "Monarch," but will be a long blur of brown on a hillside, with head stretched out almost flat upon the ground in front of it, crouching (if it has seen you) more like a rabbit than a lordly stag, or else it will be but a patch of brown which moves between the boles of the pines, or a flickering ear, or a gleaning inch or so of antler, or, worse than all, a flaunting white flag bobbing over the fallen timber if it is a deer, or a dull white disc moving up towards the skyline if it is a sheep which you have stirred from

amongst those grey boulders for one of which you mistook it.

"A common error which men make is to depend too much upon the eyes of their gillie. That an Indian has better sight than a white man is an article of many a man's creed. I believe it to be a mistake. The Indian is trained, he knows what to look for, and is looking for it. The average white man who takes an Indian with him does not know what to look for, and is relying upon his Indian's eyes.

"Consequently the Indian sees the game first, tries to point it out to his master, who finds it just about the time that the beast has stood as long as it means to, and is on the move by the time that the white man flurried by his Indian's oft-repeated "Shoot! Shoot!" has found out what he is to shoot at. Of course the result is a miss. If, instead of allowing his Indian to go ahead and do the spying, the gunner had gone ahead, he would, in the course of a few weeks have learnt to find his own game, and when he had found it he would have secured for himself those first invaluable seconds when the beast was still standing uncertain of danger and for the moment at his mercy. If only a man is enough of a woodsman to find his way back to camp and to find again the game he has killed, he will do far better to go alone than with the best of guides. Two pair of eyes may be better than one, but one pair of feet make less noise than two, and the man

who finds his own game, and chooses his own time to shoot, is far more likely to kill than the man who presses the trigger at the dictation of an excitable redskin. That "Shoot," "Shoot," has lost many a head of game.

"Don't be in a hurry when you have sighted game. If it has not seen you it is not likely to move, and if it has you can't catch it. "Take your time."

"Again "Having dropped your stag," lie still (if you have wounded him only, this is still more necessary) and reload, as many a man has been terribly disappointed at seeing a deer, which he considered was "in the bag," get up and go off from under the very muzzle of an unloaded rifle. But your stalk may end without your getting a shot. Some puff of wind of which you had no suspicion may warn your quarry before you get within range of him, and if this happens, watch which way he goes, and do you go by any other way, for he will put every beast he passes in his flight upon the *qui vive*.

"In case of wounded game do not be in too great a hurry to follow it. A wounded beast which is pressed will go on travelling just out of range of you until night falls even though you can see a hind leg, broken high up, swinglng loosely at every step he takes; but the same beast will lie down very soon if he has not seen or winded his enemy; his wound will stiffen, and in an hour he will be easy enough to stalk again and kill.

And "But your beast, though down, may not be dead,"

and apart from the caution already given to load before going up to a fallen beast, there is another worth giving. Many a man has lost his life by being too anxious to handle his prize. One instance of a fine young fellow maimed for life by a panther whose mate he had killed, and whom he was too anxious to handle without sufficient investigation of the position, occurs to me as I write, and an attempt of my own to turn over a wapiti which was not quite dead elicited such a vigorous kick from the leg I was hauling upon as sent me flying some yards into the scrub. If the deer had had free play for his leg, he might have done worse than make me a laughing stock for my Indians.

"When you get your shot be careful where you place it, and if the beast is moving towards you, let him pass before firing, if possible. If it is only a deer, a raking shot, striking him even a little far back and travelling transversely through him, will be much more likely to go through vital organs and stop him than one fired from in front; and besides, a shot of this kind is not so likely to reveal the shooter at once to the beast and elicit a charge, if the beast is a dangerous one, as when fired right into his face.

"Don't unless absolutely compelled to, fire at dangerous game above you. A wounded beast naturally comes down hill, and you are likely to be in its way if you fire from below; besides a wounded beast will come quicker down hill than up. If your beast should charge you,

stand still and go on shooting. Your chance may be a poor one but in nine cases out of ten it is the best you have got.

"But if, after all your care, and even after you have heard (or think that you have heard) the bullet smack upon your stag's shoulder, he should show absolutely no sign of being hit, except perhaps a slight shiver or contraction of his muscles—if even he should turn and bolt at headlong speed, do not be at once discouraged; no, not even if you should follow him for many hundred yards without finding a single splash of blood upon the trail. Don't listen to your Indian, if you have reason to think that you held straight, even though appearances justify his assertion that you made a clean miss. That little spasmodic shiver is a hopeful sign. When you see your stag do this, you may be very sure that he is hard hit in a vital spot, and he will not go far. If he starts off at racing pace, he will probably pitch over on his head, dead, at the end of a hundred yards; and even if he does not bleed at first, follow him persistently; flesh wounds often bleed more freely than dangerous ones, and it is quite on the cards that you will at last find that your stag was hit after all (far back, perhaps) and you may get him, although the shot hardly deserved such a prize. In any case, it is your duty as an honest sportsman to do your utmost to find out whether you have wounded a beast, and, if so, to do all in your power to secure him and put an end to his pain,

rather than leave him to a better chance which may offer.

"Almost every fresh form of sport brings a fresh set of muscles, a hitherto little used sense or mental quality, into play, so that an all-round sportsman should be that very exceptional animal, a man in the full possession of all his faculties.

"On the mountains a man depends upon his feet and upon his eyes; in the woods he has to place at least as much reliance upon his ears as upon his eyes; whilst his feet in still hunting are to the beginner the very curse and bane of his existence.

"Except in the wet weather, or, to a redskin, still hunting is an impossibility in any true sense of the term. When for weeks in Colorado there has not fallen one drop of rain, when sun and wind have parched the whole face of Nature, every twig and every fallen leaf upon the forest floor become absolutely explosive, and the merest touch will make them "Go off" with a report loud enough to be heard in London.

"Damp weather is, then, the first essential for successful still hunting; but even then, when the leaves crash noiselessly under foot the utmost patience and care are necessary.

"The man who is generally successful as a still hunter is he who knows the haunts and habits of the deer, who travels slowly in the woods, constantly stopping to listen and look ahead, who not only takes care to wear clothes of the softest material, with moçasins or tennis-shoes upon

his feet, but who always has a hand ready to move an obstinate briar or obstructive rampike gently out of his way before it has time to rasp against his clothes or trip him and pitch him upon his head.

"The first thing to remember in entering upon this sport is that every live thing in the woods is watching and listening at least three parts of its waking life, and that your only chance of success is to catch it off its guard in those rare moments when it is either feeding or moving, and therefore making a noise itself. A moving object is more easily seen than a stationary one, therefore do you stand or sit still from time to time among thick cover on some ridge or other commanding position, and watch the woods, peer through the thickets, and make certain that they are untenanted, before you blunder through them. When a log upon which your eyes have been dwelling idly for several minutes gets up as you move, and goes off with a snort, before you can get your rifle to your shoulder, you will realise more throughly how hard it is to distinguish stationary game in cover. Keep you ears, too, on the alert; a bear will move through a dry azalea bush, when he pleases, almost less noisily than a blackbird, and his great soft feet make far less sound on the dead leaves than yours do. Slow ears are almost as bad as slow eyes in still hunting; but do not condemn either your eyes or ears as worse than the native's until the eyes have learned from experience what to take note of, and

the ears which are the sounds worth listening to. In time the language of the forest will become plain to you, whether it is spoken in the voices of birds and beasts, in the rustlings and scurryings amongst the bushes, or written in tracks upon the great white page of new fallen snow at your feet; but at first your ears will send many a false message to your brain.

"But the language of the woods can only be learnt by residence amongst them, and this is especially true of the written language of tracks, which is to my mind one of the few things utterly beyond a white man's powers ever thoroughly to master. Such proficiency as a man may acquire in tracking he must acquire for himself in the woods, since any essay upon it would need more illustrations than words to make the meaning plain.

"Fishing is said to require patience. Believe me, still hunting requires more. Although you have toiled all day and seen nothing; although you are hot, "played out," and therefore intensely irritable (perhaps you have even a touch of fever upon you); although every log on your way home barks your shins, and every tendril clings to your ankle—you must keep your temper; and even when that thorny creeper hooks you by the fleshy part of your nose, you must not swear—at least not aloud. If you do, at the very moment that the words leave your lips, the only beast you have seen all day will get up with a contemptuous snort from the other side of the bush.

"But when all is written that can be written upon "still hunting" there is still much which can only be taught in the woods—or, if on paper, then it has been done already, as well as man could possibly do it, in the pages of the best book ever written by an American, Van Dyke's "Still Hunter." I am glad to have a chance of acknowledging my indebtedness to this author. Whatever I know of still hunting I have learned from his book and from experience, and have never yet known my two teachers disagree.

"There is only one word which I would add here, but it is the most important that I shall write. There is one danger in still hunting in the woods more terrible than any other which the big game hunter can encounter; the danger, I mean, of accidentally shooting his fellow man.

"Make a rule for yourself before you go into the woods, and keep it as the first of sylvan commandments: Never, under any pretence whatever, pull your trigger until you know not only what you are shooting at, but also at what part of your beast you are shooting."

Let me finally take the liberty of mentioning that I am not credited with any inclination to exaggerate, so that I make no apology for the accounts of my encounters with big game. They are set down simply, as they appeared to me, to the best of my ability and without any claims to literary aspirations.