ELEPHANT AND SELADANG HUNTING IN MALAYA

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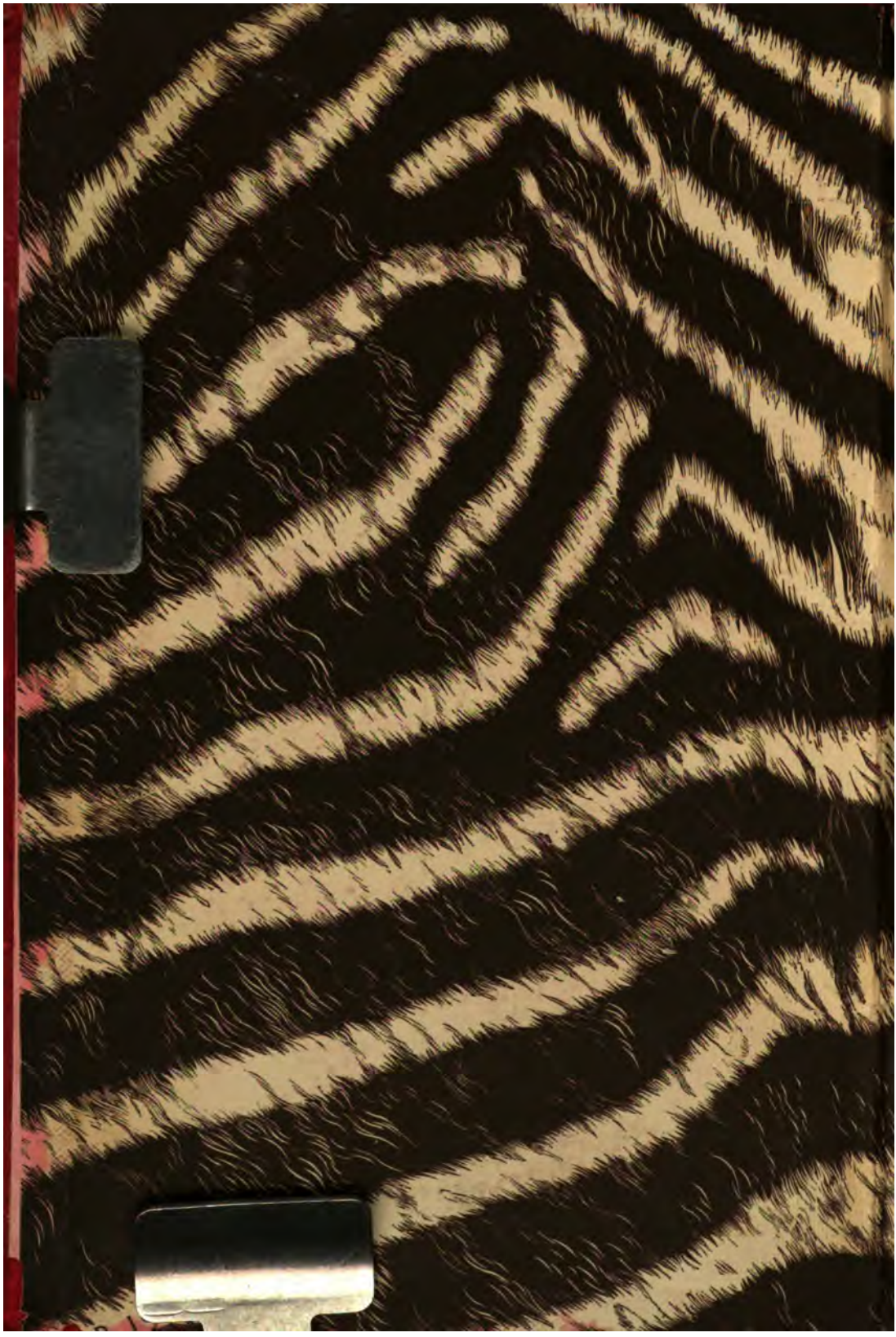
T. R. HUBBACK



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Elephant & Seladang Hunting

in the

Federated Malay States

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Federated Malay States

BY

THEODORE R. HUBBACK

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PREFACE

THE Malay Peninsula is a portion of Asia little known to the general public, although it is the greatest tin-producing country in the world. Except to the resident Europeans in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States and a very few others, it is entirely unknown as a big-game hunter's country. As such I do not wish to describe it, since it is not a country which a stranger can enter and go on an organised hunting trip. In fact, it is extremely difficult for those not conversant with the Malay tongue to obtain any hunting at all; although for those who live in the country and can occasionally leave their regular duties for a few days' recreation, there is within reasonable reach big-game hunting which for genuine sport will hold its own with any in the world. The bags are

never big, the game is never plentiful, but the haunts of the elephant and the seladang take the sportsman into country where the hunting is superb, and a good trophy a prize well within reach.

Elephants are to be found in a wild state all over the Malay States, seladang not so generally ; but since my own hunting has been done chiefly in the Selangor and Negri Sembilan States, my remarks concerning the habits and peculiarities of these animals are principally based on my experiences in those two southern states.

The big game of the Malay Peninsula comprises elephant, seladang, rhinoceros, tiger, and tapir ; but I intend to confine myself to the description of the hunting of the two former animals, since of tiger-hunting there is but little, while rhino are now scarce except in most inaccessible places, and tapir, although plentiful, afford no trophies for the big-game hunter.

The seladang and the gaur belong undoubtedly to the same species, which is generally known

as the Indian bison, although this is a misnomer, as the gaur or seladang, among other distinctive features, has only thirteen pairs of ribs, whereas the true bisons have fourteen.

Sanderson, in his excellent book, *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India*, states that these two species of game afford the finest sport for the rifle in the world; and if my account of hunting the elephant and the seladang in the Malay Peninsula will help the reader to while away an idle hour, my reward will be sufficient from the fact that his attention has been directed to a most interesting, although little known, corner of the East.

T. R. H.

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PART I

THE GAME OF THE COUNTRY

CHAPTER I

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM AN ELEPHANT

ALTHOUGH it is by no means uncommon to hear persons ignorant of big-game hunting deprecate the shooting of elephants, asserting that one of these animals is a mark which nobody can possibly miss, and that the beast itself is so slow and ponderous that it cannot afford much sport to the hunter, the acquaintance of such persons with elephants has generally commenced and ended at the "Zoo," and they can accordingly scarcely be blamed for their mistaken estimation of the nature of the sport furnished by these huge animals. In confirmation of what I assert, let us take, for instance, some of the opinions of two such great hunters as Sir Samuel Baker and Mr. Sanderson, who state, in their writings, that an elephant is the most dangerous and formidable game sportsmen can be asked to encounter—provided, that is to say, the pursuit is followed

up to its full extent. An elephant may be encountered and killed by a single shot in the brain and cause the hunter no trouble at all, or he may be met and wounded, and, if followed up to the bitter end, may cause the pursuer more trouble in a few minutes than many a man goes through in ten years.

Although not wishing to state that such has actually been my lot, I think that the following instance of how a rogue elephant nearly did for me, had it happened to one of the deprecators, would have been quite enough to dispel his illusions as to the tameness of elephant hunting.

During the first half of the year 1898 I was living in a small town called Klang, in the State of Selangor, from which my work took me up and down the coast, and at many of the villages visited I frequently heard news of elephants, which in those districts were fairly plentiful, and caused much damage to the native crops. I thereby soon acquired a taste for elephant shooting, and, as so often happens, was at first exceptionally successful.

When going my rounds I had often been told of a large herd of elephants which frequented an island in the Kuala Langat district. How the elephants reached the island is easily ex-

plained, since the latter was constructed by cutting a canal through a small isthmus dividing the Langat River from an arm of the sea some fifteen miles from its mouth, a canal which afterwards became the main outlet of the river. This island consists principally of swamp, in which grow quantities of coarse grass and succulent rattans, food of which elephants are particularly fond. It is, however, a terrible place in which to hunt, since the greater part is almost impenetrable, except where the elephants have cleared wide paths through the long, coarse grass. The herd in those days must have numbered over thirty animals, amongst which were two or three big tuskers. At the east end was a smaller island, divided from the main one by a short canal constructed where two bends of the Langat River come within a quarter of a mile of each other, and on this a solitary elephant generally resided, and, according to the Malays in the district, was frequently to be seen on the banks of the river. This elephant was reported to have attacked a boat on one occasion, crashing down the river-bank with that short, impetuous rush peculiar to elephants ; but the occupants, who were paddling up stream close alongside the bank, in order to avail them-

selves of the little tide, that happened to be just on the turn, quickly put their craft beyond the reach of the enraged beast by a few strokes of their paddles. I was particularly anxious to go after this old elephant, and had arranged with the Malays, who lived at a village called Telok Penglima Garang, on the Langat River, to let me know, at any time, when he was about. Towards the end of May, when visiting this village, I heard tidings of a couple of elephants which had done considerable damage at a *kampong*[1] on the Langat River, called Telok Prian ; and as I heard no news of the rogue on the island, and it was necessary that I should go in the direction of Telok Prian, I decided to spend a day in search of the pair. Accordingly, I followed up these elephants, both of which were, I believe, tuskers, the whole of one Saturday ; but although I approached close to them several times, I was unable to get the opportunity of a shot. Returning to Telok Penglima Garang late on Saturday night, very tired, after a long walk of over twenty-five miles with no result, I found a Malay waiting at the Rest House, where I was stopping, who told me that he had been on the island that morning and had seen tracks

[1] A kampong is the Malay word for a small village.

of the solitary elephant close to the top end—that is, the end near where I was stopping.

The island, known as Keluang, is small only in comparison with the main island (which contains at least 50,000 acres of land), being about three miles square, and as the vegetation consisted mostly of elephant-grass, rank ferns, rattan, and every conceivable sort of thorn, it was a place where an elephant had everything in its favour, and consequently took a great deal of stalking. The fact that it takes a surveyor all he can do to cut half a mile of straight line during a full day's work, merely clearing away the jungle for a width of a few feet, and employing a gang of at least ten coolies, will afford an adequate conception of the difficulties of hunting in such a place.

Early, then, on Sunday morning, the 22nd of May, I left Telok Penglima Garang, and after walking three and a half miles along the cart-road which runs between Klang and Jugra, the capital of Kuala Langat, took a boat across the river to the spot on the island where the fresh tracks of the rogue elephant were reported to have been seen. Almost immediately we found tracks some twenty-four hours old, and followed them up at once. As they were those of a big bull, my

heart beat faster at the sight, and at the anticipation of an encounter with this famous monster, which had wended its way along the banks of the river for some distance, feeding a good deal as it went. Eventually the tracks took us towards the centre of the island, where we followed them about for nearly three hours through elephant-grass from seven to eight feet high, in which it was impossible to see two feet in any direction except that in which the elephant had gone. At last the tracks returned towards the river-bank, and as they had crossed and recrossed a good deal in the long grass, we had been able to cut off a good many corners, and were now fairly close to our quarry. Presently we came to a spot where the elephant had been bathing, and as the mud where he had stamped about was still wet, and the water in which he had rolled still muddy, we knew that we were getting close to our game. We were, however, even closer than we thought, and the sharp crack of a branch, only a few yards ahead in the thick tangled jungle, gave us a clue to the position of the elephant. The moment now approached in which the sportsman requires all his nerve and all his self-control, as a hurried shot may spoil everything, and the first chance

missed, a second to make up for it is but seldom afforded. Although the perspiration may run into his eyes, while the throbbing heart asserts itself when least wanted, the shot has to be taken, and the rifle held straight, or else the sportsman had better remain at home and leave elephant shooting to others.

Unfortunately this elephant was in a patch of thick rattan, and although I quickly got within fifteen yards, I could neither see him nor approach any closer, owing to the terribly thick jungle in front; but he was fairly obliging on this occasion, and pushed his way very slowly through the rattan towards me. When within about ten yards I could just make out the outline of the top of his head, but could see no clear spot at which to shoot. Suddenly I felt a puff of wind on the back of my neck, and knew that in an instant the beast must get my scent, so being able to see a portion of a yellow tusk gleaming through the jungle, I calculated the position of the prominence at the base of the trunk, and aiming for this, fired; but I am now inclined to believe that his head was not quite square on to me, so that a bullet placed where I aimed—and I was too close to miss the mark at which I fired—would have passed to one side of

the brain. Be this as it may, I was so hemmed in that I could not retreat from the spot whence I fired—much as I should have liked to have done so—and accordingly squatted down and looked under the smoke. I had been using a ten-bore rifle carrying a conical bullet and burning seven drams of powder, and as clouds of smoke hung about in the damp atmosphere, the only way to see what the elephant was doing was to look along the ground. By this means I saw the huge beast first sway and nearly fall over, but an instant after steady himself, and, before I could even utilise my second barrel, swing round with surprising rapidity, and uttering a shrill trumpet rush off into the thick tangle of rattan. I know of no feeling more akin to the depths of despair than that experienced by the sportsman who after successfully approaching a big elephant, probably after hours of fatiguing stalking, has delivered his shot with good effect and yet failed to bag his game.

Nearly all sportsmen prefer to shoot an Asiatic elephant in the head, the position of the heart being somewhat difficult to determine ; and, since most shots are taken at very close quarters, a single bullet in the brain, which is of course instantly fatal, is a far more business-like way of

slaying one's quarry than by a shot in the body, which may often take hours before it proves fatal. On the other hand, since an elephant has no easily accessible and very large blood-vessels in the head, a shot that misses the vital centre does him but little harm. It is true, indeed, that a ball placed very close to the brain may bring down and stun an elephant for a few seconds, but the effect is only temporary; and any number of bullets in the cranium, which fail to kill instantly, merely cause a certain amount of temporary annoyance. Knowing these facts, I never expected to see my elephant again, but a moment came, later on in the day, when I wished my expectations had come true. After a terrible walk of hours, tracking the wounded tusker, who persisted in following along old elephant-tracks, made no doubt by himself, through tall grass, under a baking sun, and being continually tripped up by the layers of dead grass stamped down by those mighty feet, we were all thoroughly exhausted by half-past three, when there were no signs of our coming up with our game. As we were, by this time, not quite sure of our locality, on finding a small shady spot where a few bushes had grown up in the long grass, I called a halt and told one of my men to climb a tree and try

and ascertain the position of the Langat River. Scarcely had he called out from the tree that we were quite close to the river, and that the canal between the two islands was only a few yards from where we were sitting down, than suddenly I heard him utter "Tuan ! Tuan !"[1] and, looking up, saw him pointing excitedly in the direction of the canal, thus indicating that he had seen the elephant. Jumping to my feet, and advancing in the direction indicated, I saw a dead tree some forty yards ahead, close to which the Malay said he had seen the elephant moving. Alongside the river-bank grows a coarse rank shrub with a leaf somewhat like a hart's-tongue fern, which runs to seven or eight feet high and is almost impenetrable. The elephant had passed through this mass, following an old beaten track some two feet wide, with walls of the shrub on each side. The débris of the trampled undergrowth was quite twelve inches thick, and the holes caused by the elephant's tracks were obstacles by no means easy to negotiate, except at a very slow pace. Although the track in front extended for about thirty yards, I was quite unable to see the elephant, as a sharp bend to the right hid him from view ;

[1] "Sir ! Sir !"

but a movement in the undergrowth gave me his position, this being almost immediately followed by a short, sharp shriek, and a rush, when the next thing that I saw was the elephant coming round the corner like an express train, with ears cocked right forward, trunk bent in towards his chest, and his entire aspect denoting rage and wickedness. Now, although it is comparatively easy to sit quietly in a comfortable arm-chair and write instructions as to what to do when charged by a wounded elephant, when the actual crisis arrives, the sportsman being probably tired, hungry, and thoroughly sick of the whole affair, his first inclination is to fire at the beast and then to get out of the way as quickly as possible. That was certainly my sensation when I saw the infuriated elephant bearing down on me like a ship in full sail. I fired at him at about twenty-five yards, making the great mistake of not letting him come another ten yards closer, and then tried to extricate myself from the dead undergrowth which entangled my feet. The Malay carrying my second gun (also a ten-bore) was just behind me, and as soon as I fired he attempted to dive into the undergrowth to the left, while I tried to retrace my steps, but had only gone three or four

paces when, realising that flight was hopeless, I turned round to face the elephant. My shot seemed to have shaken him a good deal, as he had slackened his pace somewhat, but, by the time I turned round, he was within five yards'

A Dead Elephant.

distance. My gun-bearer was now in front instead of behind me, but, as he was almost hidden at the side of the track, the elephant took no notice of him. At the last moment, when my nerves were strung to the utmost, and seconds seemed like hours, I aimed at the elephant to give him my second barrel. At that instant,

when my life probably depended on the success of the shot, I was able to see with the most astonishing clearness every line, every wrinkle, on the monster's forehead, and the vital spot at the base of his trunk stood out as if a bull's-eye had been painted thereon. The muzzle of my rifle must indeed have been within two yards of the elephant's forehead when I pulled the trigger, to be answered by a—misfire! Having no time to think of what was happening, the next thing of which I became conscious was being on the ground with the elephant passing over me; I saw the flash of a tusk as his head came down, and then the great beast swept across, giving me an opportunity of seeing him from trunk to tail, from quite a novel point of view, although this did not strike me at the time. One of his hind-feet just grazed my right leg at the back of the knee, otherwise I was untouched; but the elephant, who had not done with me yet, pulled himself up in about five yards, and turned round at me again. While all this was going on I had not been idle; and as soon as the beast had passed over me, and I realised that I was unscathed, I jumped up and ran in the direction from which the elephant had come, unfortunately without my rifle, which I had lost in the

scramble. As I sprang up, the elephant had just got round again, and my gun-bearer, naturally thinking that I was finished, and that the beast was now coming for him, hastily fired, the rifle going off practically in my face, so that the powder cut one cheek a good deal, leaving marks for several months. The gun-bearer was scarcely to blame for nearly carrying out what the elephant had failed to do, since I was just rising from the ground when he fired, and he could not possibly have expected me to come to life so quickly. Although his bullet missed the elephant — the men behind heard it whistling through the trees over their heads — this shot, which did not hit its mark, succeeded in effecting what mine had failed to do, namely, to turn the elephant; but this, of course, I only found out afterwards. As I passed by my gun-bearer, I caught hold of his arm and told him to follow me, as I was anxious to regain my rifle, without which I felt very unsafe; but he appeared to misunderstand me, for, on diving into the jungle to my right, where I saw a small opening, I found that he had not followed. Creeping through the thick undergrowth, only too thankful to be clear of the elephant, in a few moments I found myself on the bank of the dry canal, which had

been the cause of all our trouble, the elephant having been unable to cross it owing to the tide being out (when it becomes practically dry) and the mud at the bottom very deep. No doubt the old rogue had intended to flee to the main island, but finding his retreat cut off till the tide rose, was loitering about on the bank, brooding over his trouble, until he could swim across. If, however, he could not get across before, he certainly could not do so now, so I struggled to the other side, sinking up to my thighs in the soft mud, and at last felt safe. Hearing nothing further, I called to my men, who almost immediately appeared on the opposite bank, bringing with them my lost rifle, which I am glad to say was undamaged. The elephant, it appeared, had swerved off the track when my gun-bearer fired, and returned towards the centre of the island. It was now after four o'clock, and all further hunting was out of the question, irrespective of the fact that my leg was a little stiff, a bad bruise appearing down the calf, and that we had many miles to go to get home. One of my men, seeing a small quantity of blood on my face, inquired if the elephant had trodden on my head, my presence being apparently insufficient to assure him that this was not the case; and it was then,

for the first time, I learnt how close to my face my second rifle had been when fired by my gun-bearer. As soon as I obtained my rifle, I opened the breech to discover the cause of the misfire; and found that although the cap of the cartridge had been untouched by the striker, the hammer was down, and careful examination showed that a thick piece of grass was wedged between the inside of the latter and the outside of the breech, thus acting as a break on the action of the hammer as it fell. It was my own fault: I should have examined the rifle from time to time, a contingency such as had happened being not unlikely after so many hours in the thick grass and undergrowth through which we had tracked the rogue.

As the Langat River was not a hundred yards from where we now were, we made our way down to the bank to wait for the chance of picking up a boat, since we knew that with the rising tide a good number of boats were likely to come up the river, bringing up leaves of nipa palm, which are used to make thatch for temporary houses. Sure enough, within half an hour we descried a boat creeping up the opposite bank, and hailing it, were soon on our way back to Telok Penglima Garang, where we arrived a

little before eight o'clock, after a long and trying, not to say exciting, day.

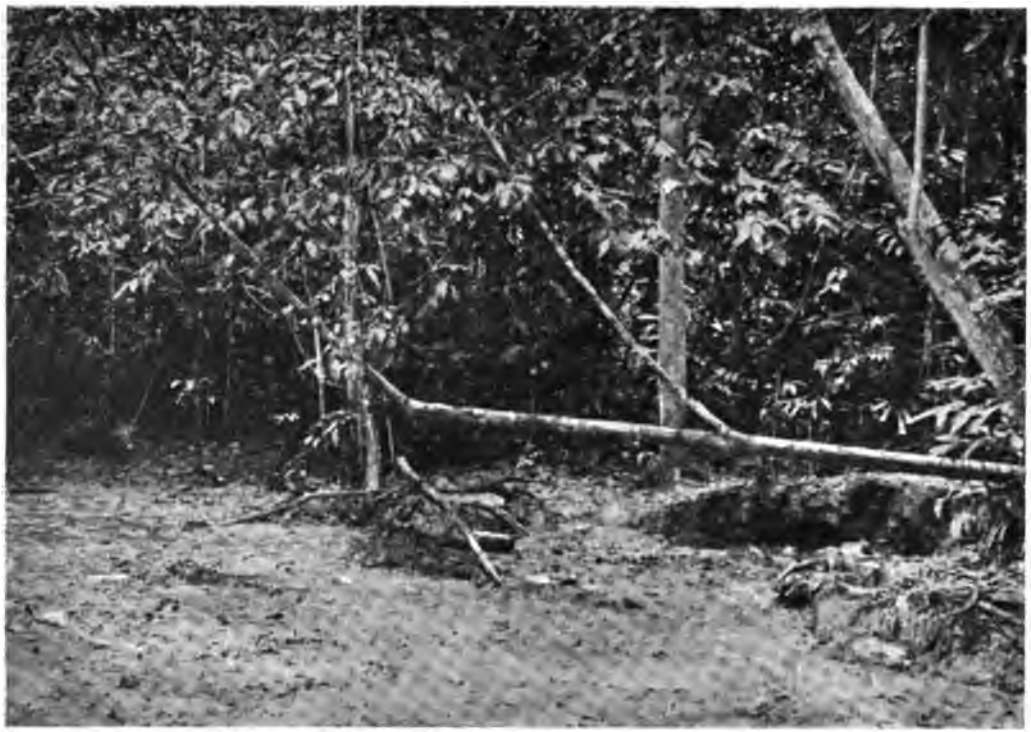
It happened I had lately been reading Oswell's account, in the volumes of the Badminton Library on Big-Game Shooting, of how he was nearly killed by an elephant which passed right over him, and how for nights afterwards he had suffered from night-elephants! I fully expected an attack of the same complaint, but, I suppose owing to being very tired, slept that night as soundly as ever in my life. Afterwards, however, I felt the effects of my experience severely, my nerves being decidedly "jumpy" the next time I came up to wild elephants. As I was compelled to return to Klang the next morning, I had no opportunity of hunting this elephant again for some months, but although later I tried hard, I was never lucky enough to meet him, as he almost entirely forsook the small island, preferring to keep hidden in the depths of the main one; and I always reckon that this elephant "scored" off me to a considerable extent, although not to the degree that he might have done had it not been for my exceptional good luck in escaping.

CHAPTER II

THE MALAY AS A SPORTSMAN

FEDERATED Malaya, until the seventies of the last century, was practically a *terra incognita* for the white man, and it may be safely surmised that until the time when the British Government obtained a footing, no white sportsman pursued big game in the country. The Malay, therefore, in the old days, that is to say, when all the present Federated Malay States were under native rule, was the only hunter of big game in the country, with the exception of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula, namely, the Sakais of the Southern States.

Until the advent of fire-arms, the natives trapped their game either in pitfalls or by means of the *penurun*, or wooden spear, suspended over a game-track, a description of which is given in the second part of this book, or by nooses. All these methods are still in use at the present time, although pitfalls are seldom employed



A Sakai Trap for Monkeys or Squirrels.

except by the Sakais. The method of capturing seladang by means of a noose is very simple, and often most effective ; and I well remember one case at Kuala Jelai in the Negri Sembilan where a big bull was caught and killed in this way. The procedure is as follows : A spot being selected where seladang are known to cross a river (such places are called by the Malays *chendorong*, meaning a beaten path leading down to a ford where game cross the river), a large noose made of plaited rattan is suspended in the centre of the run, and fastened overhead to the branches of the most convenient tree. Should a seladang attempt to cross the river at this place, with luck, he may put his head right into the noose, when, of course, he soon becomes entangled and helpless. He is, however, an extraordinarily powerful animal, and if the slack of the rattan be too long he occasionally breaks away, taking the noose with him as a memento of an uncomfortable experience. In the event of a seladang being thus caught fairly round the neck, it soon renders itself helpless by its exertions to get free, and when the natives arrive is despatched in the usual orthodox method, as the Malays, being Mohammedans, will not eat the flesh of any animal that has not had its

throat cut while still living. In consequence of this prejudice, any trap set for seladang is fairly well watched, as the only object in slaying these animals is to obtain the meat, and incidentally to sell the head to any likely purchaser who may pass that way, the Malay himself not valuing a trophy as such, but merely preserving it for the sake of its market price.

At the present time but few native hunters are left, and with these the hunting is chiefly restricted to tracking for white sportsmen, the younger generation of Malays, under the influences of civilisation, preferring to spend their time in the towns rather than in the jungle, thus giving rise to that rapid decline of wood-craft of which the older generation was justly proud. The old Datoh Raja Kiah of Pertang in Jelebu is indeed probably now the best-known native hunter in the Negri Sembilan ; in his day he has been a fine sportsman, but is now well on in years and is getting a little blind. He accompanied me on a two months' shooting-trip, a description of which I give later on, and many a long yarn have I had with him about the hunting in his palmy days. Although his father was no sportsman, his uncle was apparently very keen on the chase, since the Datoh first acquired a taste for

this most fascinating of sports by accompanying him while yet a lad. As a young man he confined himself to the pursuit of rhinoceros, in which he was so successful that he managed to bag over a hundred head in, comparatively speaking, a few years. The reason why he devoted himself to rhinoceros-hunting was because the horns of these animals are very highly valued by the Chinese, who use them as a medicine, and he could consequently always be sure of a good price for those he obtained. Moreover, with his inferior weapons, it was easier to kill rhinoceros than other kinds of big game; and during the Datoh's younger days there was a great number of rhinoceros in the valley of the Triang where he used to hunt. According to the Datoh Raja, the Malayan rhinoceros is not very difficult to kill, although extremely difficult to come up with, owing to its habit of lying during the day in the most impenetrable swamps. The Raja told me that, although often charged, he had never been in trouble with rhinos, for in charging they never turn from one direction, and that consequently it is only necessary to step to one side to avoid them; he also stated that they invariably tried to use their teeth, charging with their mouths open,

never using their horns as weapons of offence. The latter assertion is in complete accord with what has been described by competent observers in the case of the great Indian rhinoceros. As he became older, the Raja turned his attention to the pursuit of elephants and seladang, and although not nearly so successful with these as he had been with the rhinoceroses, he said that he had accounted for 15 elephants and 34 seladang. From the former were obtained two very fine pairs of tusks within the last five or six years, both of which were for some time in the Residency at Seremban ; they weighed, respectively, above 80 lbs. and 77 lbs., and the longer pair measured just six feet. One seldom hears of tusks longer than this in the Malay States at the present day.

When going on a shooting expedition, Datoh Raja would take two or three men with him, each carrying a bundle of rice, a little salt-fish, betel-nut, sirih-leaves (a bitter leaf which the Malay chews with his betel), a small box containing lime for use with the betel, and native tobacco. The Datoh had his own gun, while possibly among the party there might be one or two more guns ; and thus equipped they would start off to try and pick up fresh game-tracks. The

Datoh's gun was a real curiosity, being an old Tower-musket kept together with pieces of string. This gun would be loaded up nearly to the muzzle, and why on earth it did not burst every time it was fired it is difficult to conceive; but the fact of its owner being able to use this weapon for so long, and to kill so much game with it, is a striking testimony to the excellence of the old Tower-muskets. When the party came across tracks of game they would decide whether that particular beast or herd was worth following up or not: in the case of rhino or elephant, if the track were that of a solitary animal, the Datoh would follow it, if not more than four days old; his experience being that it is always possible to overtake in two days an animal whose tracks are not older than forty-eight hours. In the case of seladang, however, only fresh tracks, that is to say, tracks not more than twelve hours old, would be followed. When the game was sighted, the Datoh would approach by himself to take the shot; if an elephant, he almost invariably fired behind the shoulder, preferring that to the head-shot, being, as he himself expressed it, dissatisfied with the latter owing to his frequent failures. As all hunters know, an elephant hit in the head and

not instantly killed will frequently go for miles without stopping, and is seldom seen again ; and since the Datoh's weapons were not of the best, his frequent failures to kill with the head-shot were due no doubt, to a great extent, to want of penetration on the part of his bullet. The old hunter told me indeed that he had only once killed an elephant with his first shot, and he had accordingly plenty of experience in following up wounded game. Time is not of the least object or value to a Malay, and the Datoh's great hunt after the Gajah Tengkis (the elephant with the deformed foot), a description of which is given later, occupied no less than the greater part of twelve months.

To return to our Malay hunters, on wounding a beast the sportsmen would follow it until killed, or, what was far more likely, until their provisions gave out, when they would temporarily relinquish the chase, and make for the nearest village where they could get rice, probably returning again to follow the wounded animal if they thought that they stood much chance of being ultimately successful. Occasionally they might be too far away from a village to get their food-supply quickly replenished, and they would then have to subsist on roots or any-

thing that they could scrape together in the jungle, until they could reach some sort of civilisation. The Datoh Raja told me how once, when with his brother, Imam Prang Samah, after rhinoceros in the Sereting Valley, something went wrong with their commissariat and they had to live for three days on the cabbage of the pallas palm (a dwarf palm very common in many parts of the Malay jungle), that is to say, the soft heart which is found in the stem at the point where the leaves spring. Palm cabbage may be all very well in a curry, but as the only item of one's menu it leaves a good deal to be desired !

The Datoh Raja, having been so frequently after big game, became thoroughly acquainted with the country, and his knowledge is of the greatest value to any sportsmen who are anxious to hunt in his haunts, and who can persuade the old man to go with them. He knows, in fact, every salt-lick, every game-track, every stream, every hill, for miles and miles in the Triang Valley ; and he can go through the thickest jungle with nothing on but a short pair of trousers, and, although now a little slow, it is easy to see that as a young man he must have been a splendid tracker. Men of the Datoh's stamp cannot, alas ! be replaced ; and, in fact, among the present genera-

tion of Malay youths it is difficult to find one who could avoid losing himself in the jungle, should he be asked to go off a beaten track. In the more remote districts the Malays still retain indeed a little of their old wood-craft, but the fascination of a town-life is too much for those who live in the vicinity of any of the stations, which are the outcome of the British Protectorate, and it is now often extremely difficult to obtain men in such settlements to accompany one into the jungle on anything like a prolonged trip. Occasionally one may meet a Malay still in the prime of youth who, possibly through early influences, is a keen sportsman, and I was lucky enough to obtain such a rarity, and for two or three years employed him as a tracker. This man, whose name is Ahmat, is a son of Lebai Jemal, an old Malay hunter of great fame; and no doubt the instinct is hereditary, as the son is one of the keenest hunters that I ever met. Ahmat as a lad followed his father—one might almost say that from his cradle he formed a liking for the sport, having been with his father when he had slain both elephants and seladang. Ahmat's father has some wonderful stories of shooting in the old days, but I think that his best is one about an old seladang that he shot near his

home at Batang Benar, which may be given in his own style :

"Tell me, Lebai Jemal," I said to him one day, "about the old seladang that you once shot near your home. Ahmat has told me something about it, but I cannot quite believe what he said."

"Do you mean the one with the wasps, Tuan (Master) ?" said Lebai ; and I could see his old eyes glistening as he was reminded of his younger days.

"Yes, that's the one, Lebai."

"Well, Tuan, I was out hunting one day with three of my friends, and we came across the tracks of an old seladang—I could tell that it was very old because its track was round like that of a buffalo, and the spoor being quite fresh we followed it up. You know, Tuan, how often in following game one comes across wasps' nests, and how annoying they are at times. Well, we struck wasps almost at once ; we all got stung, but running along the track appeared to get away from them. We however ran into them again almost at once, and were quite unable to shake them off—never have I met so many wasps, Tuan; and after half an hour or so I was really beginning to think of giving up the chase, as we had all been badly stung, and I, for one, was feeling very

A Sakai from Klang.

unwell, when suddenly I saw the seladang in front of me, and getting a good chance managed to give him a bullet well behind the shoulder. He was soon down, and running up to him to cut his throat what do you think we found, Tuan?—that the beast was so old that the wasps had actually made a nest between his horns, and those that had been stinging us had come from the seladang!"

I could think of no suitable reply, as I did not wish to hurt the old gentleman's feelings, so answered nothing.

Lebai Jemal has given up hunting for many years now, but is, I believe, still a good tracker. His skill has certainly been inherited by Ahmat, who is a splendid tracker, and a first-class man with whom to hunt. A Malay in this capacity should not be treated as a servant, but more as one of the party; in most cases they know how to keep their place, and the result is generally a gain in the way they will hunt and track for their Tuan. Ahmat as a youth shot several elephants, and helped his father to shoot seladang, so his knowledge of big game is not confined to tracking. I well remember my first introduction to Ahmat. He came to my house in Seremban to ask for work, and said he knew that I

was fond of big-game hunting, and as he had had a fair amount of experience with his father, would I give him work, and when I went out hunting I could take him with me. I gave him some employment, and on my next shooting trip took him with me. He tracked well, but was too excited in the face of game to be altogether satisfactory. Although I have done my best to break him off this bad trait, it is still a weakness of his, and at times a little annoying; but as he is a splendid tracker, an accurate observer of the habits of game, a good walker, and an excellent companion in the jungle, I have always tried to overlook this one bad point. I can certainly say that he has never lost me chances at game through his excitement; and I have known him, when following a track half a day old, tell within half an hour how long it would take us to get up to the beast we were after. I have seen him tracking through water up to his waist, with nothing but a turned leaf here and there to show the direction that the game had taken, without the slightest hesitation; and in fact I can truthfully say that Ahmat has at times been invaluable, and has helped me to obtain my game in a way only a first-class tracker is capable of doing. Another Malay tracker,

named Imam Prang Dollah, who accompanied me several times, was equally as good a tracker as Ahmat but not nearly so accomplished a hunter, continually going too fast when close to seladang, and on many occasions losing me the chances of a shot. Seladang can only be approached with the greatest caution, being extraordinarily wary, and rushing off at the slightest suspicion of danger ; but Prang Dollah, although quite up to all the peculiarities of the beast he was so clever at tracking, failed to realise the great importance of being always on the alert. Prang Dollah was with me when I shot my first seladang, and the story of how easily I got that animal is, I think, well worth recounting.

During Christmas week of 1899 I managed to get away for the holidays, and went with a friend to Kuala Jumpol in search of seladang. My friend Daly was as keen to get a seladang as myself, neither of us having had an opportunity of previously visiting this neighbourhood, which was full of game, and the stories we had heard of the seladang were enough to make our mouths water. We stopped on the 24th December at Kuala Jumpol Police Station, where we met Prang Dollah. I had never seen

him before, and at first sight he rather impressed me, being a cool, quiet-spoken man of about forty-five, who, without being over-confident, expressed his opinion that we ought to find seladang during the next few days. He said that he proposed to take us to Kuala Jelai on the morrow, where seladang frequently came into the Malay's padi (rice in the ear, either before it is cut, or, being cut, before it is milled), and did a good deal of damage.

The following day, although we came up to a solitary bull seladang, we got no chance of a shot. That evening we camped in an old shed at Kuala Jelai, and as it was Christmas we tried, with the help of our Malay carriers, to have some fun ; the Malays performing their native dances to the accompaniment of improvised tom-toms, and thus helping us to while away an hour or two. As on the following day we failed to pick up any further tracks at Kuala Jelai, we returned to Kuala Jumpol to sleep, intending on the morrow to go down-stream—the Sereting River—where Prang Dollah informed us there were several salt-licks (*sesap* of the Malays), to which seladang frequently resorted. Leaving Kuala Jumpol early on the morning of the 27th with Daly, Prang Dollah, and two

coolies, we proceeded to follow the old Malay track to Bahau, where the first *sesap* lies. Our camp-goods we sent down the Sereting by boat, to a Sakai encampment at Kenawan, where we expected to stop the night. Our road lay through small undergrowth that had grown up where there had been old clearings, and then through grass-fields and big jungle. When close to Bahau we came into a clearing in which an old native, half-Malay and half-Sakai, kept a large herd of semi-wild water buffaloes. As we crossed the end of this clearing to get to the salt-lick hard by in the jungle, we attracted the notice of a young bull buffalo, which seemed to object to our presence and commenced to make decidedly objectionable overtures. Prang Dollah tried to wave the beast off, but it was disinclined to go, and suddenly made a short rush at Daly. I called to him to shoot, as it was getting uncomfortably close, at the same time covering it with my rifle, but fortunately at that moment a well-directed piece of stick thrown by Prang Dollah hit the beast on the nose and it sheered off. It was indeed lucky that we did not shoot, as we were close to the salt-lick, and the sound of the shot would have disturbed the game that we found there during the next few minutes.

Approaching the salt-lick we found an old cow buffalo wallowing at one end, but as she did not seem to notice us, we left her undisturbed. Moving through a small patch of undergrowth to approach the other end of the salt-lick, we suddenly heard a noise like that made by a cork popping out of a bottle, and Prang Dollah touching me on the arm said that it had been made by an animal in the salt-lick as it squelched through the mud. It had been arranged that I should take first shot, so crawling cautiously in the direction of the sound, I presently caught sight of a magnificent head and horns, and could make out the glint of a surprised eye staring at me through the tangled jungle. "Timbah! Timbah!" ("Shoot! Shoot!") said Prang Dollah in a hoarse whisper, doing his best to put me off my shot at the moment I was trying to make out some point at which to shoot, as I could only see the animal's forehead at all distinctly, which afforded anything but a certain shot through the thick undergrowth. Realising that the few seconds at my disposal were rapidly going, I knelt down and took a steady shot at the forehead—instantly answered by a bound and a rush which speedily took the beast out of sight. As the noise of the galloping died

away, so did all hope in my breast of getting the animal; and, turning to Daly, I tried to excuse myself by saying that I had had a most indistinct shot, that I had been compelled to take the head-shot, that had I hit where I had aimed I must have dropped the beast dead in its tracks, but that probably I had missed altogether. Daly answered that he had seen the beast jump up in the air as it received my shot, and that it appeared to plunge forward as if hit. As we approached the spot, with many misgivings on my part, I counted two saplings that had been cut by my bullet, and when we reached the place where the seladang had stood, I detected a single drop of blood on a blade of grass, which helped to raise my hopes, as I had clearly not missed altogether. As we followed the track for some yards, we at first saw a few drops of blood, then a great deal, indicating that the animal was bleeding profusely; but we could not understand where it was hit, since all this blood could not possibly come from its head. That it was badly wounded was quite evident, as the rank grass which the animal had pushed into the undergrowth round the salt-lick was thickly covered with fast-congealing blood. As Prang Dollah had gone ahead a little, I called him

TWO SAKAI YOUTHS AT A PERTANGKAP.
A trap to catch jungle-fowl, mouse-deer, etc.

back, when he excused his temporary absence by saying that he had been following up a thick blood-trail, and that we must hurry up if we wanted to find the beast alive to cut its throat. I quickly explained that we would do nothing of the sort, and taking out my watch, ordered a halt of half an hour, in order to give the beast time to lose blood, and probably to lie down, when the stiffening effect of his wound would be greatly to our advantage.

After waiting a quarter of an hour, most of which Prang Dollah spent fidgeting about and grumbling that this was not the way to hunt seladang, and that he for one was not afraid of following the beast up at once, and a great deal of rubbish of this sort, I suddenly missed him, and calling his name was answered by "Tuan!" from some distance away in the direction that the seladang had taken. On my calling and asking what he was doing, he coolly answered that he was looking for the dead seladang! As this was a most deliberate disobedience of orders, I was very angry, and shouted to him to stop where he was until we all came up to him; but while following him up we suddenly heard a triumphant voice some fifty yards or so ahead of us calling out that the seladang was dead.

Nothing further could be gained by waiting, so throwing my caution and anger to the winds, I made for Prang Dollah as fast as I could, when, sure enough, we found a magnificent bull-seladang lying stone-dead.

On examining the head I found no mark of a bullet, but seeing a great deal of blood on the chest, I detected a bullet-wound almost in the centre of the throat, which had cut the wind-pipe and the carotid artery, and then traversed the entire body. The seladang must have thrown up his head at the moment I fired, and instead of taking the bullet in his brain, received it in the centre of his throat. He had a good head, measuring 34 inches outside span of horns, with a circumference of horn at base of $17\frac{3}{4}$ inches; lying on his side he measured 17 hands at the shoulder, the measurement being taken between perpendiculars. The distance that I took my shot from was twenty-eight yards, and the seladang had run two hundred yards at full speed—his track showing that he had not relaxed his speed until he fell dead.

I was afterwards very angry with Prang Dollah, but as his surmise had turned out correct, he could not, or rather would not, appreciate the force of my remarks. The

jungle was very thick where we followed this beast, and with a seladang less severely wounded, Prang Dollah's action might have been attended with serious results. It is indeed very difficult to make Malays realise the importance of obeying orders, if they themselves do not understand the reason. Fortunately we were close to the Sereting River, and were able to stop our boat and camp that night on the right bank, thus enabling us to secure the trophies before proceeding further down stream. This had indeed been an easy seladang to get, but it is well to have an occasional stroke of luck of this sort, as a set-off against the many blank days which at times make big-game hunting in the Malay States so tedious.

With the Datoh Raja, Ahmat, and Prang Dollah I have had, and still hope to have, many exciting days in the Malay jungles; and as Malay sportsmen, each in his own way, they are good types of a race who, as companions in the jungle of this little-known portion of the world, are hard indeed to beat.

CHAPTER III

THE SELADANG AND ELEPHANT OF THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES

THE seladang of the Malay States is undoubtedly the same species as the gaur (*Bos gaurus*) of India, but, owing to isolation and other influences, has developed slightly different characteristics. Sanderson in his *Thirteen Years amongst the Wild Beasts of India* states that the female gaur can easily be distinguished from the male by her lighter colour and her white stockings; but this is not invariably the case with the Malay animal, as I have seen cows quite as black as the bulls, and with stockings of the muddy colour which is supposed to be found only on the bulls. I have also seen bulls with stockings almost white. There are, therefore, no distinctive marks by which to tell cows from bulls when they are seen in the jungle, and as they are generally met in thick covert, the picking out of the bulls is a difficult task.

Of course where they are encountered in the open, and a bull is amongst several cows, his greater size at once marks him out as belonging to the superior sex, but in the Malay States one seldom has an opportunity of thus comparing them.

An old bull seladang is a magnificent animal to set one's eyes on, and is probably one of the gamest beasts on earth. In appearance he is almost quite black except for his legs, which from the knees and hocks downwards are a dirty yellow colour. There is a distinct frontal ridge between the horns, which in a big bull will measure 11 inches to 12 inches across; this ridge, as well as the forehead, being covered with greyish brown hair, the same colour extending to between the eyes where the hair shades off to black. The inside of the ears is chestnut, and sometimes at the back of the horns and frontal ridge the prevailing colour is dark brown rather than black, but with these exceptions the animal is black. The hair on the body is very short, the hide in very old bulls being, in fact, almost bare.

The seladang has no dewlap and no hump, thus differing entirely from the domesticated cattle of the East, but there is a very distinctive dorsal ridge running backwards from the neck

nearly to the middle of the back, where it terminates very abruptly: the difference in a big bull between the height of the dorsal ridge and the level of the back being from 4 to 5 inches. Full-grown bull seladang measure, on an average, from 5 feet 8 inches to 6 feet in height at the shoulder, and about 9 feet from nose to rump, all measurements being taken between perpendiculars. The beauty of the seladang lies chiefly in his head and shoulders, his great length of body and somewhat low quarters giving him rather a clumsy appearance behind the shoulders —an appearance quite at variance with his nature, as he is anything but a clumsy animal. The cows are lighter built, and have poor heads compared with the bulls; the horns of an old cow generally turn backwards, and, although they often attain a fair length, seldom measure more than 12 inches in circumference at the base. By some of the natives there are supposed to be two species of wild cattle in the Malay States, namely, the seladang and the sapi, the former being a bigger and heavier animal, carrying a better head and with slightly rougher hair than the latter; but I have been unable to get any trustworthy evidence on this point, and am inclined to think that the distinction is

imaginary, the variation being due to the difference in the food the animals obtain in the different valleys they frequent.[1] I have shot seladang in the Triang Valley with an entirely different shape of skull to those I have killed in the Sereting Valley ; the seladang in the latter locality carrying finer heads, with broader skulls and a much more defined frontal ridge. The feeding in the Sereting Valley is better than that in the Triang, the seladang being able to get more grass, and as there is practically no population for miles along the Sereting River, the animals have been little disturbed for years—factors which I feel sure account for the breeding of finer beasts.

The seladang, for so large an animal, has a very delicate foot, his hoof being much smaller than that of the water buffalo, although the former is the bigger and heavier animal. The hoof is not unlike that of ordinary domestic cattle, but generally longer and more pointed ; the foot-prints of an old bull are, however, frequently rounded at the ends, owing to the hoofs wearing away with age, and such rounded tracks are always a sign that gladdens the heart of the hunter. The hind-hoof of the seladang is a

[1] By naturalists the Malay sapi, or sapi-utan, is considered to be the bantin or banting (*Bos sondaicus*), a very different animal.—Ed.

good deal smaller than the fore-hoof, and in hard ground the solitary tracks of a big bull may be mistaken for those of two animals, owing to the difference in the sizes of the fore and hind feet. The seladang carrying the biggest head recorded as having been shot in the Malay States was obtained by Mr. Da Pra at Kuala Jelai in the Negri Sembilan. Unfortunately the specimen was not well preserved, and the grandness of this record-head has thus been somewhat spoiled. As I cannot vouch for the measurements of the body, I will not give them, but the head I have measured myself. I have never seen another that approaches it, nor have I been able to meet any hunter, European or native, whose experience has been other than mine. The measurements are as follows :

Widest outside span of horns . .	46 inches.
„ inside „ „ . .	40 „
Width between tips of horns . .	33 „
Circumference at base of horns . .	20½ „

Length measured from tip to tip of horns across forehead, 78½ inches.

This animal was a solitary bull.

Seladang are only found in little-inhabited districts, and then only in hilly or undulating country. They are extremely shy, but occasionally enter the rice-fields of the Malays and Sakais

when the crops are still young, and if undisturbed will do a good deal of damage; and I know of two places in the Negri Sembilan where seladang frequently visit the rice-fields and help themselves to the young shoots. The Sakais often complain of seladang entering their rice-clearings, but they leave these unprotected for days together when away hunting, and even the most timid animal will take advantage of such neglect.

Along the coast of Selangor I have never heard of seladang being found—in fact in Selangor there are now few anywhere, except at the north end, on the boundaries of Pahang and Perak. In the Negri Sembilan, seladang are to be found in the valleys of the Triang, Sereting, Muar, and their tributaries, and an occasional one nearer the coast. I remember an old bull seladang which travelled right across the Negri Sembilan into Malacca. I followed him for two days, but although I came up to him I never got a chance of a shot, and from the way he wandered about he gave me the impression that he was far away from his native tract. He came down from the direction of Batang Benar, and crossed the Sungei Ujong railway near the tenth mile, thence taking a line more or less parallel with the coast. Years ago there was a big herd of seladang at

Batang Benar, but I believe old Lebai Jemal accounted for most of them, as there are none now left in that district, and I think this bull must have been the sole survivor. Seladang invariably retreat before man, and the opening up of the country is far more likely than shooting to cause the disappearance of these splendid animals, which are well able to take care of themselves, and, when much hunted, soon change their quarters. The Sereting River from Kuala Jumpol down to Renggam used to be a certain find for seladang; but during the last two or three years they have been disturbed a good deal, and I was informed by Prang Dollah, the man best qualified to judge, that many of the big herds which used to be there had gone over to Gemencheh on the Muar River. When I write about a big herd of seladang being in a district, I mean a matter of twenty or thirty animals, the quantity of game being on a much smaller scale than in the better-known hunting-grounds of Asia. I remember once being in the Sereting Valley and seeing a herd of about thirty seladang in an open clearing late one evening—in fact they did not come out of the jungle until it was almost dark; but a grander sight than these fine cattle stalking into the open just at dusk, moving very quickly,

feeding a little here and there, and always alert, I have seldom seen.

In my opinion bull seladang do not always remain solitary, but enter and leave the herds in the same way as bull elephants; this opinion is, I know, at variance with the observations made by Indian sportsmen in regard to the gaur, but, as already said, I think the two rarest of the species have distinctive peculiarities. In the Sereting Valley there is an old bull seladang, the size of whose track is such that it is quite unmistakable; and I have seen this beast quite solitary, with no herd within miles, and I have also found his tracks amongst those of a large herd. All the Malay hunters whom I have met from time to time confirm my opinion, that bull seladang, when once grown to maturity, join and depart from the cows as they like.

Solitary bull seladang are far and away the most exciting animals to pursue, affording finer sport than a herd, and being much more difficult to approach; in addition to which, one always has the satisfaction of knowing that, should your stalk be successful, the animal you see is the one that you want. Herd seladang, except when met in the open, are very unsatisfactory to follow up, as there is probably only one, or at the most

two bulls, which would be worth killing; and the chance of getting a shot at them is decidedly against you, since the cows invariably keep a sharp look-out, besides which, one always runs the chance of mistaking a cow for a bull, and thus of shooting the wrong animal.

Seladang feed at all times of the day, but generally lie down between eleven and two o'clock. Their habits, however, are very uncertain, and I have found them lying down at seven o'clock in the morning, and again at five in the afternoon; solitary seladang being great offenders in this respect, and apparently lying down whenever it pleases them, which makes them most difficult to approach, as they are hard to see when lying down in thick jungle, and, by keeping perfectly still, have a great advantage over the moving sportsman. These animals generally feed in the open during the night, but occasionally during the evening and early morning, and are sometimes found lying down in the grass-clearings, during the day. Where there are old clearings upon which grows the coarse grass known as *lalang*, tracks are always to be found if there are any seladang in the district. These fields of lalang become very thick and rank when left unburnt for six months or so, and are so

easily ignited in dry weather that a match will set the whole field blazing, and leave it absolutely bare of all grass ; the roots, however, are not in the least affected, and young lalang soon springs up. Thus within about ten days there is a fine new green carpet of tender shoots, and the seladang, with the peculiar instinct of which all wild animals are possessed, soon find out where they can get good food. If a plain which has thus been burnt off be watched during the cool hours of the evening, or visited early in the morning, seladang may frequently be seen, or, at any rate, fresh tracks may be picked up where they have been feeding during the night. In the event of fresh tracks of a herd being found, the animals themselves will probably be soon met with, possibly within a few minutes, if they have not been disturbed in the district for some time, as they often lie up during the day close to the clearings, returning again in the evening to feed on the young grass. The tracks of a solitary bull may, however, merely indicate that the animal has just passed through, eating a little here and there, and then continued his wanderings without the slightest intention of returning ; and many hours may be spent before he is encountered, often, indeed, the whole day without coming up to him at all.

As an instance of the ways of a really clever solitary seladang, I think the following story is worth repeating. While hunting down the Sereting one Easter, Daly and myself, with Ahmat as tracker, visited the Kenawan sesap early one morning, and, on approaching it along one of the numerous game-paths, were suddenly startled by an animal, which for an instant we thought was a seladang, jumping up within twenty yards of us and rushing off through the jungle. We were able to see nothing, but on examining the tracks discovered that the creature was a large sambur stag. We were about a hundred yards from the sesap, and leaving the spoor of the sambur, returned to the game-track and crawled into the salt-lick, where we found no game. We discovered, however, the tracks of a big bull seladang which had just left, the froth from his mouth being still fresh on the ground, and who no doubt had moved off when he heard the rush of the frightened deer. Seladang are nothing if not wary. I had observed previously, and I noticed afterwards on several occasions, that this big seladang, whose track was easily distinguishable by its great size, was frequently followed by a very large deer, and on this occasion we had met them practically together.

I have no doubt that these two animals were companions, and that their mutual cunning protected them both ; at any rate, in this case, the deer had certainly saved the seladang, since the larger animal had been in an exposed position for some time, and could be easily seen from the track along which we approached the salt-lick. Indeed he probably lay half-dozing and chewing the cud, as the froth on the ground indicated, so that we should almost certainly have had a shot at him had he not been warned. It may only have been a coincidence, but the fact remains that the action of the smaller animal probably saved the life of the larger. A little later, as we were peering about the salt-lick, keeping absolutely quiet, we heard the unmistakable squelching of an animal moving through the swamp, which proved to be our seladang, slowly wending his way to the high ground by which we were surrounded. We waited for a few minutes—it would have been almost impossible to have approached the bull through the swamp until he was well out of it ; and he was probably on the *qui vive*, so that we should only have frightened him away, as we could not possibly move through such a place without making a certain amount of noise. Giving him sufficient time to get well

out of the swamp, we followed cautiously, and were soon taken by the tracks up to the high ground, which proved little better than the swamp, as it was one tangled mass of creepers; this, although presenting apparently little difficulty to the seladang, being a nasty place for us to stalk through. After picking our way painfully and slowly through about two hundred yards of these creepers, we came to a small spot where the creepers had disappeared and a little grass had forced its way into the secondary growth. Here we called a halt, as we wished to leave our coolies behind and follow up alone with Ahmat. Daly and I had scarcely started when we heard a rustle ahead of us, which was almost instantly changed into the unmistakable rush of the big beast we were after; but the thunder of his hoofs on the ground soon died away as he disappeared into the thickness of the jungle. We had been unable to see anything of the animal although within fifteen yards of him; and on examining his tracks we found that he had not been at rest, but loitering about, and, hearing or scenting us, had changed his attitude of indolence to one of energetic action.

There was nothing to do but wait, as I knew that this old bull would not make a halt for

some time, and then when he did stop would be very much on the alert. In open jungle it is, I believe, possible and sometimes profitable to run after a seladang when he is disturbed, as he often stops and turns round after going a hundred yards or so, giving the chance of a shot; but in nearly all the Malay jungles in which I have hunted any attempt at running would soon be checked by a fall, the creepers and roots, not to mention the thorns, making even walking a difficulty. Accordingly, we waited for over an hour, and then, at about ten o'clock, followed up the bull. The Kenawan sesap lies close to a small stream, the Kenawan River, and about three miles up-stream from the salt-lock Ulu Kenawan (the source of the river) is reached, where there is an old clearing containing quantities of wild *pisangs* (banana), a spot frequently visited by wild elephants. The seladang made for this place, where we expected to catch him up, as he could get good fodder in the way of grass or lalang, and would more than likely be found lying down in that vicinity during the heat of the day. To avoid all possibility of noise being made by too many following, and being most anxious to get this bull, which we knew from his track must be a

fine one, we started off alone, leaving our coolies to follow an hour afterwards. Ahmat led, doing the tracking; I followed, carrying the eight-bore; and Daly brought up the rear with a ten-bore. For six hours we followed and stalked this cunning beast, who doubled and redoubled on his tracks, and, finally, when he reached Ulu Kenawan, spent a considerable time hunting out all the places where lay dead pisang leaves, following them assiduously as if with the intention of leaving his tracks in such positions that any person following would betray his proximity by the noise he made, as it is quite impossible to walk over these broad leaves without making them crackle. Apparently he failed to stop at Ulu Kenawan, except for a few minutes, probably listening, as we could find no trace of his having eaten anything. Not uncommonly seladang when pursued will turn round and face their own tracks, and that this had been done continually by the animal in front of us, his footprints clearly showed. Leaving Ulu Kenawan he once more came back towards the salt-lick, although in anything but a straight line—up hill, down dale, round the foot of the hills, along the bed of the streams, he led us a regular dance. All this

time we were stalking him, constantly crawling up to the tops of hillocks in the expectation of finding him lying down at the top; and this we did more times than I can remember. To continue this sort of work for hours through very thick jungle, carrying a 17½ lbs. rifle, is, to say the least of it, trying; and when it was nearly four o'clock and still no sign of the seladang I thought we had better give up the pursuit. We had told our coolies—there had been three with us—to keep an hour behind, but although they had no doubt started a long time after us, we had been going so slowly that by four o'clock they had almost caught us up. Ahmat had halted for an instant behind a large clump of bertam, a jungle palm, when we heard a noise behind us made by our coolies. This was very annoying, as we could see a thinning of the jungle to our left which indicated a clearing of some sort—a most likely spot in which to meet the beast; so we waited for our men, to admonish them for making so much noise. Alas! before we could communicate with them we were startled by a slight noise in front, which quickly changed into a rush, and a magnificent bull seladang sprang up from exactly behind the bertam bush, and was instantly going

full speed away from us. The animal had actually been lying down within six yards of us, but so absolutely astonished was I when he sprang up, and so quickly did he get into his full stride, that before I could pull myself together the chance of a shot was gone. After carefully examining his tracks, we found that the cunning old bull had gone into the small clearing we had seen, where he had walked back parallel with his own path, but only a few yards distant from it, after which he quietly lay down behind the bertam bush in such a position that he could watch his own tracks. We must have approached him very quietly to have got so close as we did, but the coolies behind gave the position away; and while we were waiting for them we were momentarily off our guard. Had this seladang been wounded, he would have been a nasty customer to have stopped at such close range; in fact, the chance of a shot had he charged would have been very small indeed. As we could do nothing further that day, we returned to camp, and, although we followed him up the next day, never saw him again. He is still, so far as I know, to be found in the Sereting Valley, a grand old beast; and long may his cunning keep him with

his head where nature put it, and not hanging up in somebody's verandah !

I have often followed solitary seladang, which have kept me on the alert all day without ever coming up with them. Seladang, before lying down, generally circle about, presumably looking for a comfortable spot in which to lie down—a manœuvre which puts one on the alert to find them sleeping. But where these animals have been much hunted, the old bulls become very cunning, and, when once put up, will spend a whole day marching round, thus giving the impression that they are about to stop, when in reality they are merely playing with you and going along hard all the time.

Another favourite dodge of theirs is to follow for miles the old game-paths, which in dry weather will scarcely show any tracks at all ; and if one is a few hours behind, the tracks are liable to be lost, or, at any rate, are so difficult to follow that the beast is never overtaken. I remember one day being rather astonished by Ahmat following a track out of the jungle on to a hard-beaten game-path, which was quite dry, and showed little if any trace of footprints. As soon as he was on the

THE AUTHOR AND DEAD SELADANG SHOT BY HIMSELF AT ULU SERDAI, IN THE NEGRI SEMBILAN.

path, he followed it as fast as he could go—much faster than he had been going in the jungle, although it appeared to me that the track was much less distinct. At last it turned off into the jungle again, and Ahmat resumed his slower pace. I asked him how he could follow the spoor easier on the game-path than in the jungle, when he replied that he had not been following the track at all, but watching where the beast had re-entered the jungle, as, if not in the jungle, it must have followed the path. Not a bad piece of reasoning for a native!

The elephant of the Malay Peninsula belongs to the same species as the one found in India and Ceylon, but differs from the Ceylon race in that, practically, all the males carry tusks. Only once have I come up to a solitary elephant which was tuskless; of course it is possible that it was a cow, although I think this unlikely. The Datoh Raja once shot a very big bull elephant which he found to his disgust, when too late, to be tuskless; but I know of no other instance where tuskless males have been recorded.

Elephants roam all over the Federated Malay States, and in some places are fairly plentiful. In the States of Selangor and Perak they are how-

ever not so numerous as in the other two States, Pahang being by far the best of the four for this class of hunting. In the Negri Sembilan there are still several herds of elephants, but very few big tuskers left; the Malays hunted them there a good deal some twenty years ago, when most of the bulls, big and small, were killed off. The Datoh Raja of Pertang, and Lebai Jemal of Batang Benar, Ahmat's father, have, between them, shot many big tuskers in the Negri Sembilan. Elephants in this country are generally met with in herds of from five to seven, or from twelve to fifteen, head—seldom more than the latter number. The big bulls are not often found with the herds; in fact during several years' hunting I have only three times come up to big tuskers with the cows, and in two of these cases I had been after the beasts when they were by themselves, and their tracks led me into a herd. On several occasions I have hunted elephants which have been in couples (the Malays call them *Gajah Bandong*), and in all cases they were two tuskers, generally one big and the other small. This seems to be a peculiarity of the Malay elephant, as I have not noticed it mentioned by writers on the Indian elephant; and it seems a by no means uncommon trait

in the habits of the animal in this country. Solitary elephants are only solitary so long as it suits them ; and I have never been able to trace an authentic case of an elephant which kept entirely to himself. The largest tuskers are generally solitary and remain so for months, but when a herd approaches their district they soon effect an entrance. I think the proportion of big males is so small compared to the cows, that no tusker once he has attained the age of "manhood" is kept out of the herd owing to there being no place for him ; and as I have so often come across herds consisting of cows and calves only, with no bull in the vicinity, I am compelled to believe there are so few tuskers that none of them, owing to a dearth of cows, need lead a life of celibacy.

In the early part of 1898 I shot a big tusker at Damansara, near Klang, in the State of Selangor, whose movements, which I had watched for some time, proved decidedly interesting. I first heard of him when he crossed a road under construction near Damansara ; he was then by himself, but had taken a direction which would bring him out at Puchong on the Klang River, a place almost invariably frequented by a large herd of elephants. A week or so afterwards I heard of

him again, when he had returned from Puchong with some five or six other elephants, and had passed through the corner of a coffee-estate at Damansara, the manager of which sent me word of his arrival. The following day I was able to go down to Damansara, and found that the big tusker was with the herd, which fortunately remained in the vicinity of the estate. I followed them up with the estate-manager, and we soon got to close quarters, but before I could get a chance at the tusker they winded us and cleared off. The cows and a small tusker which had come down from Puchong made for the Klang River, but the big fellow turned back at once, and crossing the estate road retraced his steps towards Puchong. We followed him for five or six hours, during the whole of which he kept up a sharp walk, and when we were thoroughly tired of the whole business, we heard a rush some thirty yards in front of us, and away he went again at full speed. As we only just got out of the jungle before dark, and as I was unable to spend any more time at the moment, I had to temporarily abandon the chase. I had, however, a pretty good idea that the bull would come back to the cows,—he had not brought them all the way from Puchong for nothing,—

and, sure enough, five days afterwards I received a telegram at Klang telling me that he had returned to the estate, recrossing the road at exactly the same spot where he cut it when he ran away on the previous occasion. This was on a Friday, and I was fortunately able to devote the next two days to following up the tusker. The cows had crossed the Klang River two or three days before, and had been feeding in a long arm of land almost surrounded by the river, and the bull had made for this spot. I got up to them on the Saturday but was unable to get a shot; on Sunday, however, I was more successful, for after having put them up once, I followed them up immediately and almost ran into the tusker, who was in the rear of the herd and, having heard or scented us, had turned round and was standing perfectly still gazing in our direction. I got within twelve yards before I saw him, and then was lucky enough to drop him dead with a bullet in the brain. This elephant had a most peculiar appearance, as the ends of his tusks were crossed, and, as he stood facing me, they seemed very large and formidable. He had also no vestige of a tail, a peculiarity I mentioned in a paragraph I wrote to the *Field* at the time. I was answered by the author of *Gun, Rifle, and*

Hound, that partially or totally tailless elephants were by no means uncommon in Ceylon, and that it was supposed they had lost their tails in fighting. This bull had no vestige of a tail, and no elephant, however clever, could bite off the tail of an adversary so close to the root that all trace of it would disappear. I have shot elephants with only stumps in place of tails, undoubtedly the souvenirs of previous unsuccessful encounters, but the Damansara elephant I am inclined to believe never had a tail. He was a very old animal, with a great deal of white about his ears and neck, his tusks were long and thin, and although measuring about 5 feet long, only weighed 49 lbs. the pair. He stood exactly 9 feet at the shoulder, measurements being taken between perpendiculars.

The height of an elephant at the shoulder is given by most authorities as twice the circumference of his fore-foot. This must, I think, mean the measurement taken when the elephant is standing up with all its great weight on its feet, as the measurement of the circumference of the fore-foot, taken when the animal is dead and lying on its side, and taken when it is standing, are not at all the same thing. Personally, I have never had an opportunity of measuring a wild elephant's

foot when it was standing, but have measured several after death, and have invariably found that the measurement of double the circumference of the fore-foot falls a little short of the height at the shoulder—generally by some three or four inches in a big elephant. The biggest elephant that I ever shot measured 9 feet 3 inches at the shoulder, but twice round its fore-foot only measured 8 feet 8 inches, a difference of 7 inches. I took most careful measurements at the shoulder, also of twice the circumference of the fore-foot, several times, so that there could have been no mistake about the relative dimensions. On the other hand, a dead elephant which has fallen on its side may measure slightly more at the shoulder in that position than it would when standing, as the enormous weight would probably cause the body to flatten out in death. The Datoh Raja had a practice of measuring the imprint of the centre toe-nail of a solitary elephant, and by continuing the curve, stated that the result was the circumference of the tusks at the gum. Males with one tusk only, the tusk-cavity being wanting on the other side, have been obtained in the Malay Peninsula; a head of such an elephant being preserved in the Taipeng Museum, Perak. Big tuskers seldom

carry tusks weighing over 60 lbs. the pair, although, according to the Malays, years ago many elephants were killed with tusks weighing a good deal heavier. Lebai Jemal indeed told me that when a young man he shot an elephant in Jelebu whose tusks weighed over a *pikul* ($133\frac{1}{3}$ lbs.) the pair; but I am inclined to think that their weight must have increased with old Lebai's age. The Datoh Raja admits that he never got a pair of tusks which weighed over 80 lbs. the pair.

When following up elephants it will be noticed that the bulls almost invariably leave certain indications by which an estimate can be formed as to the size of their tusks; either by driving the latter into the banks as they cross the streams, or by excavating tit-bits from the ant-hills, with which the Malay jungles abound, or by the impression left by one tusk when the beast lies down. An elephant when about to lie down almost invariably chooses a place where the ground is on a slope; and I have even seen their resting-places on the sides of ant-hills, so that the imprint of their tusks should be looked for on such spots. If, in following a herd, no such traces can be found, one may be pretty certain that there is no tusker in the party. The track

made by the foot of a bull is generally longer than that of a cow, but with a very large cow the difference is but slight and not invariably dependable.

It is remarkable what an amount of damage a herd of elephants can do in a single night when they take it into their heads to visit the native clearings. Ten or twelve elephants left undisturbed in a rice-field for an hour or so will soon finish off two or three acres of padi; not doing so much damage by the amount they eat, but by what they trample under foot, the younger elephants being most extraordinarily mischievous, pulling up the rice-stalks in hundreds out of sheer mischief, without the slightest intention of eating a tenth part of what they destroy. I have been told by Malays that a solitary elephant generally does more damage than a herd, as a herd invariably signals its advent by trumpetings and other noises, which give the natives plenty of warning, thus enabling them to light fires and frighten the marauders away before they do much damage. On the other hand, a solitary elephant will enter a rice-field quite quietly, walk all over it, eat his fill, and go away without advertising his visit in the way a herd does, so that the first intimation the natives get is the sight of their

trampled padi in the morning. I remember a story I once heard about a solitary elephant, which the natives of the place thoroughly believed. At a settlement called Bukit Panjong (long hill), in Kuala Selangor, there were a number of Banjerese, the natives of Banjer Massin in Dutch Borneo, who had come as immigrants to the Malay States to plant rice. These people had two systems of cultivating rice: one by planting newly cleared ground in the hills, and the other by irrigating and permanently planting the swamp-land. The former system of cultivation is a bad one, and much deprecated by the Government, for when one crop of rice has been taken off the land, the latter is generally allowed to revert to secondary jungle, and no lasting cultivation is undertaken. Planting and irrigating in the low land are much better, for they form a permanent system of agriculture, causing the people to settle and build villages. These Banjerese had both hill-padi on Bukit Panjong and swamp-padi in the low-lying land near the main road from Kuala Selangor to Klang; but as their permanent cultivation was near the road, they lived there for the greater portion of the year, the huts that they occupied at Bukit Panjong being merely temporary

structures. In the vicinity of the latter place was a big herd of elephants, as well as a solitary elephant—a very big fellow according to his track—with one tusk broken, who, for what I know, may be still there. In a certain season, when the padi in the swamp was being attended to, and all the huts at Bukit Panjong were unoccupied, this solitary elephant visited the hill-clearings, and while hunting about found one of the Banjerese houses, which he promptly demolished. In the house the owner had left two sacks filled with padi, some salt and certain other edibles, which the elephant devoured; but the astonishing part of the proceeding was that the elephant, not content with eating the salt and padi, demolished the two bags in which the latter was kept. I saw the ruined house and the elephant's tracks two days after the damage had been done, and as the owner swore to me that the padi had been there, and as the bags were nowhere to be found, where could they have gone to but down the elephant's throat?

Elephants at times certainly eat very extraordinary things, although, as a rule, their food is confined to grass, roots, creepers, and rattan.

The Malays have a legend about a certain fruit that elephants occasionally eat, namely, the

durien, known to all the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula as the most luscious of all the fruits to be obtained in that part of the world. This opinion is, however, by no means universally held by Europeans, since the fruit, when two or three days old, has a most unpleasant smell,—unpleasant, that is to say, to a European nose,—although it is not noticeable by the person eating. In appearance a durien is a big mass of green spines, about the size of a water-melon, with a very thick skin, which, in combination with the spines, makes it very difficult to open. When opened, the seeds inside are found to be covered with a creamy substance, which constitutes the edible portion of the fruit, and when the durien season is on, the wild elephants frequently visit outlying dusuns (native orchards) to feed on the fruit. As a rule, elephants eat the durien by first stamping on it and then picking out the seeds with their trunks; but as this is a tedious process, and an elephant's appetite would not thank you for anything less than some hundreds of these seeds, they frequently, according to the Malays, eat the durien whole—skin, spines, and all. One has to see a durien to realise what this means. The most curious point of the Malay story is, however, that when elephants have

eaten duriens whole the fruits pass right through their bodies without becoming disintegrated. To find a durien which has gone through this process is a red-letter day for a Malay, as the fruit has now become a powerful medicine, and as an ingredient for a love-potion cannot be surpassed. As the seeds are completely protected by the thick skin of the fruit, there is really no reason why they should not survive the process. I asked the Datoh Raja about this, but, although he told me that he had heard of duriens having been found which had gone through this ordeal, he could not remember ever having seen one himself.

Elephants almost invariably cease feeding in the middle of the day, when, taking shelter in the thickest part of the jungle, they doze quietly in the shade for hours at a time. Herd-elephants seldom lie down during the day, preferring to stand for their mid-day siesta ; but solitary bulls are very fond of lying down, and frequently do so in two or three places during every twenty-four hours. Herd-elephants when resting during the hot hours of the day are difficult to approach, as they keep absolutely quiet, with probably a young cow on watch as a sentinel. I remember once being after a herd of

elephants in Jelebu, when I nearly ran into the party, owing to this habit of elephants keeping so remarkably still when resting. We had approached them once, but before I could examine the entire herd they got my wind and fled. I waited for about half an hour and then followed them up, but after nearly two hours' tracking, as we had not come up to them, decided to halt for lunch. We stopped on the side of a small hill, and I had just started to eat my sandwiches when on the high ground above us, not thirty yards away, the sound of breaking branches and elephant-noises suddenly commenced. Away went my two coolies for the most convenient trees; Ahmat abandoned his cold rice, and rushed for the rifles resting against a tree a few feet away, and we beat a hasty retreat down the hill, stopping at the foot to formulate a plan of campaign. As the noise appeared to have stopped, first taking the direction of the wind, we made a detour and approached the top of the hill from the other side, when we found the herd of elephants quietly resting, crowded close together, and one or other occasionally flapping a lazy ear. They were however a bit suspicious, and their suspicion seemed to take the form of concerted action: all

of them, for instance, keeping quiet at the same time, until one started to flap its ears, when they all joined in, thus producing a somewhat astonishing result, as for several minutes there would be a considerable noise going on with the ear-flappings, followed by silence for the next few minutes. They kept this up for quite half an hour, by which time I had noticed every elephant in the herd, and as there was no tusker with them, I departed. Of the eight elephants, three were very large cows, whose superior intelligence possibly conducted the entertainment; and if they had been circus-elephants they could not have carried on their performance with greater regularity!

Elephants are very fond of eating the pith found at the top of cocoa-nut palms, and called by the Malays umbut. They occasionally do a great deal of damage among cocoa-nut plantations, and become very indifferent to the presence of man when after cocoa-nut umbut. I remember, for instance, a case at Jelebu, where two elephants, both tuskers, regularly visited for several weeks an unfortunate Chinaman's garden. This man had seventy-four cocoa-nut trees before the elephants started their games; he had seven when they had finished, and he only had these

seven because they happened to be a little bigger than the others, and the elephants could not push them down. An elephant when desirous to get the umbut from a palm, will push and pull at the tree until it is overthrown, when he will stamp on the end until the pith is exposed in such a manner that he can extract it with his trunk. There are several wild palms with umbut similar to that of the cocoa-nut, and when following wild elephants one often comes across these trees pushed over, and their umbut extracted. It is indeed comparatively common to follow the track of a solitary bull and find that he has eaten nothing but umbut—a sign which I always dislike, because he invariably means to travel far, and one's chances of getting up to him are consequently very small; possibly umbut has great sustaining power when used as an article of diet. Such accessory details of the chase soon give one a knowledge of the habits and peculiarities of the quarry, and thus to my mind constitute the great charm of big-game hunting in this country.

PART II

A TWO MONTHS' SHOOTING TRIP IN THE NEGRI SEMBILAN AND PAHANG

CHAPTER I

FROM SINGAPORE TO PERTANG, IN THE NEGRI SEMBILAN

AFTER waiting many years for an opportunity to proceed on an organised shooting trip, I found that I was able to spend the latter part of 1902 and the early part of 1903 in the pursuit of big game in the Negri Sembilan and Pahang. Seldom is the realisation of one's sport equalled by the anticipation, and often the bag obtained is a miserable apology for that of one's dreams; but on the trip I am about to describe, the results far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I shall carry with me, through the years when big-game hunting has become an impossibility, the memory of these two months' hunting, which supplied me with an infinite variety of sport, and yielded a bag which, for this part of the world, is considered exceptionally good.

Arriving in Singapore from Borneo about the

middle of November 1902, and after having made purchases of provisions, etc., sufficient for two months, I was able to sail almost immediately by one of the small coasting steamers which leave Singapore three or four times a week for the ports of the Federated Malay States on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. My destination was Port Dickson, the coast town of the State of Negri Sembilan, where I arrived on Sunday the 16th of November. On this expedition I proposed to follow a route which would take me across the Negri Sembilan into Pahang, and to reach my base I had to proceed by train from Port Dickson to Seremban, the capital of Negri Sembilan, which is about twenty-five miles inland, where I intended to halt for a few days to make transport arrangements. At Port Dickson I met my old tracker, who had been with me from 1899 to 1901 when I lived in the Negri Sembilan, and very glad I was to see him, as he was a first-class hunter and would be invaluable on such an expedition as I proposed. (As I have referred to him at length in the chapter on Malays as Sportsmen, it is only necessary to recall that his name is Ahmat.)

I arrived at Seremban late on Sunday afternoon, and drove out to Paroi, about five miles

from Seremban, to stop with Mr. Cyril Ephraums, a friend and fellow-sportsman, who had kindly offered to put me up for the few days I intended to pass at Seremban. My boy, a Javanese named Mahmud, who had accompanied me when I left the Federated Malay States to go to Borneo, had remained on the steamer and had proceeded to Port Swettenham to enable him to visit his relations, who lived near Klang, a village in Selangor. This boy had been with me for nearly seven years, and, of all the native servants I have had, he has been the only one that I have ever been able to thoroughly trust, the rare quality of faithfulness being seldom found in servants of the Malay races. He was most useful whenever I visited the jungle, was always capable of doing all that I required, and as we mutually understood each others' weaknesses, we always got on well together.

It was no light matter to make arrangements for a two months' shooting trip on the Malay States, especially as I intended going into a part of the country where I should be cut off from communication with villages where it would be possible to obtain provisions (except rice). In addition to this, transport was an important consideration, as it is most difficult to get Malay carriers to

follow for any length of time when after big game, and it is therefore essential to reduce baggage to the lowest possible limit by taking only just sufficient, and that in the most portable form. I brought with me from Singapore what I considered sufficient tinned provisions for two months, packed in six boxes, each box containing ten days' provisions. Rice I should be able to obtain *en route*, and as I took no liquor except two bottles of brandy, in case of accidents, my provision-boxes could be transported by three men, each of whom was able to carry two, the load being about 45 lbs. The rest of my goods consisted of three gun-cases, containing one double-barrelled eight-bore and one single-barrelled ten-bore rifle, and a twelve-bore shot-gun; one leather portmanteau, one air-tight tin box, an American camp-bed, with chair to match, and several waterproof-sheets, containing pillows, blankets, etc. The transport for the men was inconsiderable, a change of clothes being all they require, and this they generally carry on their backs. To provision them I supplied rice and salt-fish, but as I should be able to obtain these commodities almost anywhere, I did not trouble myself on that score at the commencement of the journey.

On starting, Ephraums showed me a fine pair of tusks, which I believe belonged to the elephant whose prowess, combined with my own carelessness, nearly put an end to my shooting in 1898, as detailed above. He had shot this elephant on the same island, and as I know that there are very few tuskers there, and that, with the exception of one other Englishman, nobody but myself had hunted in the vicinity for many years, I concluded that the bullet in one of these tusks represented the shot I fired at the animal when in the act of charging. The tusks are fine ones, and weigh about 55 lbs. the pair; the damaged one is much deformed inside the socket, but the ivory has grown round the bullet, which, on shaking the tusk, can be distinctly heard inside—a very interesting trophy.

There are also some excellent seladang heads in Ephraum's house, as well as the head of, I think, the biggest rhinoceros shot in the Malay States in recent years; in fact the house is full of trophies, and provides a good testimony to the skill of my friend and to the excellence of the hunting to be obtained in the jungles of the Malay Peninsula. In this house I stopped for three days, seeing many old friends, and on the 19th of November, having completed my

arrangements, sent on Ahmat with my goods to Kuala Klawang, the capital of the old State of Jelebu, which is about twenty-eight miles by cart-road from Paroi, following myself the next day by gharry (native pony-cart). As my boy Mahmud had not yet returned from Klang, I left word at Seremban for him to follow to Kuala Klawang by the post bullock-cart, which makes a daily journey between the two towns.

Jelebu lies on the east side of the main range of mountains forming a backbone to the Malay Peninsula; consequently all the streams in that State flow to the great Pahang River, which discharges into the China Sea. I had selected Jelebu as my starting-place, as it was a comparatively easy matter to reach a point on the Triang River, a tributary of the Pahang, whence I should be able to transport all my goods by water, thus effecting an enormous saving both in money and trouble. There is a first-class cart-road from Seremban to Kuala Klawang; while from the latter there is a road over which an enterprising cart-driver can take his bullocks for fifteen miles as far as Pertang; and from Pertang there is a bridle-path to Jerang, a distance of nearly fifteen miles, where the first easily navigable part of the Triang River is

DUSUN TUA (THE OLD ORCHARD).
A favourite halting-place for sportsmen. The hills at the back are often the haunts of seladang.

reached. I had therefore only to do my transport by coolie-labour from Pertang to Jerang—an easy matter as I thought, but which, owing to the heavy floods encountered, turned out anything but simple.

All the country to Sungei Dua, the boundary between the Negri Sembilan and Pahang, about two miles below Jerang, was fairly well known to me; and I expected to come across game anywhere between Pertang and the Pahang boundary. There was, and still is, a herd of about eight or nine elephants frequenting the jungle between Pertang and Jerang; and several years ago when I was hunting this herd an incident occurred which well illustrates the difficulty of approaching game in these parts. On that occasion, after a few hours' tracking, I came close up to the herd, and although I was nearly sure that there was no tusker with them, the usual signs being absent, I wished to make certain by actual observation. I knew there was a tusker associating with this herd, and that he had been quite lately amongst them, as I had seen his tusk-marks in the side of the Pertang road; and although not a very big fellow, he probably carried thirty-pound tusks. On approaching close to the cows,

which were crowded together taking their mid-day snooze, I easily counted five, when they got my wind, and with a great commotion and many trumpetings departed at full speed. There remained behind at least two more, one of which was a little calf, as the tracks had clearly shown; and presently, as I heard a movement in the jungle in a direction quite opposite to that taken by the frightened herd, I walked in that direction to locate the sound, ascertaining the exact direction of the wind by striking a match, and approaching very cautiously. The elephants were standing quite still on ground a little below me, and thinking that I could get a better view by making for a fallen log, which I could indistinctly see a few yards in front through the thick under-growth, I crept up and got within six yards of the log, when to my surprise and alarm the supposed log became metamorphosed into the back of an elephant. The animal moved off a little, and then commenced to emit that peculiar rumble which appears to come from the inside of elephants' stomachs, and may generally be taken as a danger-signal. Instantly I saw just behind this elephant a second, with a calf under her belly, and as there was no tusker,

I realised that my hunt had ended, and quickly withdrew. So well do the tints of elephants' skins—tints caused by the manifold lights which filter through the leafy canopy overhead—blend with the patchwork of sunlight and shadow always evident on a bright day in the thickest jungle, that my mistake was excusable, and one that the most experienced hunter might easily make.

This herd of elephants was near Pertang when I arrived, but as the tusker was again away on other business, I did not go after my old friends. I stayed a night at Kuala Klawang, purchased rice, potatoes, onions, salt-fish, matches, native tobacco, and soap, and then sent on my completed commissariat to Pertang by bullock-cart on the morning of the 21st of November. I had arranged to take with me the Datoh Raja Kiah of Pertang, as it was important that I should have two good trackers in case of accident; also for the reason that the Datoh's knowledge of the greater part of the country we were going through would be of the greatest value. Here I may relate that the Datoh Raja once told me a splendid story of how he shot a celebrated rogue elephant which was well known owing to a malforma-

tion of one of its hind-feet. This elephant was called by the Malays Gajah Tengkis, meaning the elephant with a deformed foot, and was looked upon by the natives as an invulnerable and more or less sacred animal, a state which they describe as "Kramat." To the credit of the Datoh Raja it is recorded that he spent the greater part of twelve months following this elephant, and finally killed it in a big swamp at the source of one of the many streams flowing into the Pahang River. His inability to kill the beast earlier in the hunt was due, according to his own account, to the invulnerable state of this sacred elephant; but was of course really attributable to his own bad shooting and inefficient weapons. Many a long yarn have I had with him about this elephant: how he fired at it eighty-seven times before it was finally bagged; how it charged his companion, Penglima Besar Sohor, another well-known Malay hunter; and how nearly he was killed, only escaping by a fortunate trip, which rolled him under a log where the enraged elephant could not get at him; but the best story of all was that of the final scene when the Datoh ended the hunt.

About eighteen months previous to the date

of my present story I was on a visit to the Jelebu district, and going down to Pertang found myself one evening seated on the floor of the Datoh's verandah—he possessed no chairs—intending to while away an hour or so before dinner. The Datoh had lately been married, or, I should say, remarried, as he had gone through several previous experiences, and his young wife had presented him with a boy, of which he was very proud. The child was produced for my edification—a poor little specimen, which looked as if the possibility of his ever becoming the fine sportsman his father had been must be in the very dim future. The Datoh produced another treasure he valued, I think, almost as much as the baby, namely, a bullet which had been fired at the Gajah Tengkis in the earlier stages of his campaign. When he killed the elephant he found this bullet in the hollow part of one of its tusks, attached to the cavity by a spike of ivory, with several other spikes growing round the bullet, which had become plated with ivory. This was considered a great prize by the Malays; and the Datoh solemnly told me that the spikes were still growing—possibly he thinks that he will have a full-grown tusk attached to the bullet if he only

lives long enough! And to such an extent did he value this curio, that he invariably wrapped it up in his belt, when he went on a journey, as a charm against all ills. It was apropos of this bullet that the Datoh told me the story of the final scene in the life of Gajah Tengkis.

"I finally followed," he said, "the beast to the Ulu Tasseh (the source of the Tasseh River), Tuan! it then being nearly twelve months since I had first wounded him, near Ulu Jerang. For miles I had followed him, into Johor, into Pahang, backwards and forwards across the Triang River, across the Sereting River more times than I can remember, right up to the foot of Gunong Hitam (the black mountain), to the Ulu Kenaboi, to all the salt-licks that we knew in that district. I thought that I should never get him, but how could I leave such a beast having once wounded him?"

"Very true, Datoh," I ventured to say, "but didn't his many wounds prevent him travelling very fast? Surely after you had fired bullet after bullet into him they must have had some effect."

"Tuan, you forget that he was 'Kramat'; my bullets, although wounding him severely

enough at the time, had no permanent effect, and when I finally cut out his tusks he had no bullet-wounds or scars anywhere."

I mildly coughed, and asked the Datoh to proceed and tell me what happened to the elephant at Ulu Tasseh, as I felt we were getting into deep water, and I hoped to hear something really startling; and I was not disappointed.

"Well, Tuan, you know where the Ulu Tasseh is, and you also know that there is a great swamp there which during wet weather is impassable—in fact at all times it is a nasty place to get into, and most of the bigger animals avoid it altogether. But this beast, no doubt driven to despair, found his way into the middle of the swamp, where it was very difficult to move about. Of course, Tuan," continued the Datoh, with charming indifference to his previous statements about the bullet-marks, "the elephant was much played-out with his many wounds, and when once in the swamp I was easily able to keep up with him. For several days I followed him about in this swamp, and a bad time we both had of it; the water was black, my stock of rice was nearly exhausted, and my three companions

were disgusted at the prolonged chase, and kept reminding me that we should be without any food at all if we stopped much longer at the Ulu Tasseh. However, there is an end to everything, Tuan, and at last the elephant ventured into a part of the swamp where he sank up to his belly in mud, and there died. I cut out his tusks, and brought them home to Kuala Klawang where I sold them, but I made no profit out of the business, as I had been after the elephant too long and the rice for myself and followers had cost much; it was a grand hunt, however, and I shall always remember it to the end of my days."

"That is a most excellent story, Datoh," I said, "but I am not quite clear on one point," thinking that I could stump the old gentleman. "You are an old and experienced hunter, you say that in your young days you have killed over a hundred rhinos, the like of which has never been equalled by any hunter in the Malay Peninsula, the seladang and elephants that you have killed are numerous,—you, above all men, must know that no animal can be 'Kramat,' no animal can be invulnerable."

"Tuan," said the Datoh, as he moved his plug of tobacco and betel-nut, pushing it trucu-

lently under his upper lip, "this elephant which I have been telling you about, the 'Gajah Tengkis,' was most certainly 'Kramat.'"

"Very well, Datoh, I suppose, if you say so, it must have been 'Kramat,' but it quite passes my understanding how you managed to kill this elephant, for surely you don't mean to suggest that it was only invulnerable at certain times!"

There were several other Malays sitting on the verandah, and at this query of mine they moved uneasily, some laughing, some spitting betel-juice, all expectant and somewhat anxious as to the Datoh's answer, as I think even to them my question appeared rather a puzzler. The only person unmoved was the one to whom I had addressed the question, and without being in the least put out he prepared to dispel my unbelief. Lifting up the rather dirty grass-mat on which he was squatting, he carefully spat between the joints of the split bamboo-floor, ran his hands several times over his scaly face, and with some show of mild surprise and pitying indifference said:

"Tuan, you forget. I never said that I killed this elephant; I told you that he died and that I got his tusks; that I had a hand in his death

I will readily admit, but that I killed him is absurd; was he not 'Kramat'?"

"Then what killed him, Datoh?"

"Tuan, it was in this way. When he got into the Tasseh swamp he was too exhausted to move about much, and could not get away from us, and for four or five days I was so close to him, and was able to worry him to such an extent that he had no time to eat, and died of starvation."

A sigh of relief went round the crowded, rather stuffy, verandah: in the Malays' eyes at least the Datoh had proved his assertion as to the elephant's invulnerableness; but as for myself—well, I knew the old Datoh. I quite understood the little twinkle far back in the darkness of his black eyes, and I knew that I should have to wait my time to pay back his score.

"It is time for me to take my evening meal, Datoh," said I, as I rose from my cramped position, scrambled down the rickety steps, and with a "Salamat tinggal"[1] to the company in general, wended my way back to the shed, where I intended stopping the night.

[1] A greeting given on parting company, by the person leaving to those remaining.

CHAPTER II

FROM PERTANG TO PLANGAI, ON THE PAHANG BORDER

I ARRIVED at Pertang much later than I had expected; the Triang River was in heavy flood, and the road to Pertang, which for some distance follows the Triang Valley, was in many places under water, making it extremely difficult to drive without getting into the ditches. Reaching the Pertang Police Station at half-past six with my servant Mahmud, who had joined me at Kuala Klawang, I found that my bullock-cart with the commissariat had only just arrived, having had much trouble with the flooded roads. The Datoh Raja had been to the Station to see me, but owing to the evening coming on, and the road to his house being quite three feet under water, had left for his home before my arrival. I heard bad news at Pertang: the road to Jerang was many feet under water; the Pertang River, a tributary of the Triang, was in

high flood; and all traffic towards Jerang was at present out of the question. I had no time to do anything that evening, so decided to give up all idea of attempting to proceed the next day, as I had yet to obtain coolies to carry my

SUNGEI DUA ON THE TRIANG RIVER.
During wet weather the house seen on the bank would be standing in water two or three feet deep.

goods. I was up early the following morning, but not early enough for the Datoh, whom I found waiting outside the Police Station. I was very glad to see the old gentleman. I had not met him for over eighteen months, and was pleased to find him well, and looking forward

with great delight to the trip. He confirmed the bad news about the Jerang path, and said that it was quite impossible to go on until the flood went down, which might still take several days. I decided, after a long conference, to break my journey on the way to Jerang, at a place called Kuala Marong, where there was an old clearing which seladang occasionally frequented, and near to which there was a salt-lick—a sure find for game. There was an old camp of mine along the Jerang path at Kuala Gentah, near Kuala Marong, about seven miles from Pertang, and with the exception of about a mile of the road near Pertang, it was clear of water nearly to this spot, the worst part of the road being below Kuala Gentah.

The following day, the 23rd of November, I was compelled to spend at Pertang, while the Datoh Raja was beating up coolies—always a tedious business; but finally I arranged to take six men, who would be able to transport all my goods to Jerang by making two journeys. This was the only feasible way, as it was impossible to obtain any more men at Pertang, and only through the Datoh's influence did I get even these six. There was nothing to do at Pertang, all the paths round about were flooded,

and one could not move any distance from the Police Station without getting up to the knees in water. I was very anxious to start my hunting, and the two days that I was compelled against my will to stop at Pertang hung very heavily ; but I managed to put in a good many hours yarning to my two trackers, the Datoh and Ahmat, discussing our chances of success on the coming trip.

On the morning of the 24th of November, after spending nearly an hour apportioning the loads to my six coolies, we left Pertang at eight o'clock. The first mile of our walk was more or less entirely through water, in the worst places up to our waists. I was glad that I was not one of the coolies carrying a heavy load, and was thankful when we arrived at the end of the water, where the road, following along the side of a hill, quickly took us above flood-level. With the exception of four or five places where the bridges had been washed away, we managed to arrive at Kuala Gentah without much inconvenience. My old camp had long since fallen down, but as soon as the coolies came in with the goods, we started to put up a temporary shelter. These camps, in which I spent the greater part of the next two months, are worth a

passing notice. Many species of palms are to be found in the Malay jungles, the leaves of which, when laid on as thatch, make an excellent roof to a temporary house. The most suitable for this purpose are the leaves of a stumpy palm, somewhat similar to the fan-palm so commonly seen in English conservatories, and called by the Malays *Daun Pallas*. All natives of the Malay States are clever at putting up these shelters, and in an hour or so a nice comfortable camp can be erected by half a dozen men. This is a great saving, as all the trouble of tents is entirely done away with, thus considerably reducing the cost of transport. I always take an American camp-bed with me, which I put on the ground, thus dispensing with a floor to the hut. It is unwise to sleep actually on the ground in the Malay jungles, and in event of the traveller having only a mattress, he must invariably make a raised platform to sleep on if he wishes to keep free from illness.

On this occasion my men quickly started cutting pallas-leaves and small posts for the camp, and my boy (servant) soon had the kettle boiling for tea, which was very welcome after our walk.

As I had still two hours' daylight before me,

I determined to go down with the Datoh to the clearing at Kuala Marong, where I might possibly come across seladang. Leaving Ahmat to superintend the completion of the camp, I accordingly started off down the bridle-track towards Jerang, which we followed for about a mile, then struck off to the right along a small jungle-track leading into the aforesaid clearing, which lay about four hundred yards from the path.

Old abandoned clearings, which are found all over this part of the Malay Peninsula, are generally the result of deserted *Sakai Ladangs*, that is to say, places where Sakais, the aboriginal tribes of the Peninsula, have at some time or other cleared the virgin jungle for planting hill-rice, bananas, Indian corn, or other easily-grown vegetable products. These spots are generally found buried in the jungle, and are nearly always sure haunts of elephants and seladang. The two clearings at Kuala Marong, however, were old Malay clearings, where rice had been planted, the fields having been irrigated from the river. Clearings that have been irrigated seldom grow jungle again even when entirely abandoned, but generally produce grass, the commonest of which is known in the vernacular as *lalang*.

This lalang, as mentioned above, is a very coarse grass, which when old often attains to a length of six feet, in which state it is very difficult to walk through. We arrived at the clearing a little before five o'clock, and at once came across seladangs' tracks about five days old. There are two clearings, one on each side of the Pertang River, and to reach the far one we had to cross that and the Marong River, which enters the Pertang at this point, the latter giving the name to the clearing. Walking towards the Pertang River, when near its banks we found tracks, a day old, of a herd of at least six seladang, with one big bull amongst them. All these tracks led across the river, which was well over its banks, and an old log, which I had used as a bridge on a previous occasion, was at least two feet under water. We had, however, to get across, and as the river was in heavy flood, it would have been a serious matter to have fallen in, so we cut a couple of long poles and drove them down close to the log until they were fairly firm in the bed of the river, then fastened them together with a long cross-piece, which projected across the stream about thirty feet and acted as a hand-rail. The Datoh went first, being far more sure-footed with his bare feet

than I was in my boots; and getting him to steady the loose end of the hand-rail, I crept across, only to find that the opposite bank was nearly three feet under water and the track quite obliterated. Our goal was not far, however, and we soon reached the edge of the Marong River, but again to be disappointed, as the water from the flooded Pertang had headed up the smaller stream, and it was quite impossible to cross it without felling a tree to make a bridge —a proceeding quite out of the question, as we had neither the time nor the implements to carry out such a project.

Could anything have been more maddening? Here we were within a hundred yards or so of a place where, according to every probability, we should find seladang, with every chance of getting a shot in the open. Seladang when undisturbed (these beasts had not been hunted for years) invariably go out into the clearings to feed by 4 or 5 P.M. at the latest. Undoubtedly the game was there, and yet we had to return to camp without getting a chance. It was not a good beginning, but I had all my trip before me, and this little reverse did not make me appreciate less the excellent dinner my boy had ready for me on my return to camp. I make it a rule,

when in pursuit of big game, to break up camp every morning at 4 A.M., and as I generally go to bed at about eight o'clock, it is only a question of moving the usual sleeping hours two hours back. This plan enabled me to get a good

THE TRIANG RIVER DURING THE DRY WEATHER.

breakfast and be away before six o'clock, also giving the men every opportunity of preparing their food and eating their fill before the day's work. There is nothing like having a good substantial meal in the early morning, as one is then able to travel all day on a few sandwiches and a flask of cold tea, which I always take to serve as

lunch. Some men I know take cold rice, but I find that I have to be extraordinarily hungry to be able to eat such a meal; abstinence for a whole day being quite insufficient with me to produce a longing for rice in this condition. I always make my followers take rice with them, and generally put a tin of some sort in my cartridge-bag, in order that the unpleasantness of being "bushed," that is to say, sleeping a night in the jungle without kit or supplies, may be modified by having something to eat.

The following morning, I left my camp shortly after six o'clock, and proceeding along the bridle-path in the direction of Pertang for about a mile, struck to the right to reach a salt-lick distant about five miles towards the Triang River, the Datoh Raja taking us along an old track with which he was acquainted. Scarcely had we covered half the distance, travelling some considerable part of it through water, when the Datoh complained that he had a bad pain in his stomach, and wanted to rest for a little. He first sat down, then lay down, then rolled on the ground in the unpleasant agony of a severe pain below his chest. This was a nuisance, as I had no idea how long his sufferings were likely to last, and every minute's delay meant so much less

time at our disposal to follow up any new game-tracks we might pick up at the salt-lick. At last I luckily thought of my flask of tea, and as I found that by taking off the felt covering I had a very fair substitute for a hot bottle, the tea being still fairly hot, I strapped this against the Datoh's stomach, and was soon rewarded by his recovery. We then pushed on to the salt-lick, after a delay of over half an hour, and found on arrival that a solitary bull seladang had visited the place that morning and had only just left. The Datoh would have it that it was the spirit guarding this particular seladang which had sent him the stomach-ache, otherwise we should have probably found the beast in the salt-lick. These salt-licks are very peculiar. I have seen many of them when after big game, and they have all much the same appearance. Salt-lick is indeed hardly the proper term to use when describing these places, but I use it as the nearest equivalent of the Malay *sesap*, which means a place where wild animals go to eat the soil; and if I refer to them as sesap in the sequel, as I have done in an earlier chapter, I trust the reader will forgive me for using, perhaps too frequently, words of the vernacular. The one that we had come to is known as Sesap Jemilan—the latter word being

the name of a river which runs close by, and is continually visited by elephants and seladang. I have never come across tracks of tigers at any of these sesaps; but considering that all kinds of deer are constant frequenters of these spots, one ought to find them, for, even if tigers do not eat the earth the other animals go to seek, they frequently eat the other animals! I have never been able to explain the absence of the tracks of carnivora at these places, and always look upon it as one of the many mysteries we are unable to solve. What memories the word sesap recalls! Pictures pass before my vision of many of these astonishing places, hidden away in the depths of the primeval forest, the haunts of all descriptions of game (excepting only carnivora), whose tracks, leading in by numerous paths, converge into a common centre, where the potash-impregnated earth has been churned up into a reddish greeny mud by the gambols of these mighty denizens of the jungle. Here you may often find the huge track of the rogue elephant, who, sinking up to his knees, leaves great rifts in the mud in his efforts to extricate himself—rifts not altogether obliterated as the mud hardens and dries. The sportsman will, however, look for more than the footprints, and will search for the traces left by

his tusks, which assuredly he must have polished on one or other of the numerous ant-hills always to be found in the vicinity, if not actually in the middle, of the sesap itself. Sure enough, the wished-for traces are soon found by the eager eye of the hunter or his tracker: first the impression made by the side-thrust of the head ; then the unmistakable cavities—the tell-tale mark of a big pair of tusks which have been driven into the yielding earth by a vicious dig of the lord of the forest. Such sights always rejoice the heart of the sportsman, and even when the salt-lick has been unvisited for some days, and the spoor is too old to be followed, a visit to a sesap is always impressive and interesting. I feel indeed when in a sesap that it is almost impossible to speak above a whisper, one seems so close to the heart of nature.

The jungle in the vicinity of a sesap is never very thick, as the constant presence of game prevents the undergrowth from attaining any great dimensions, and in the actual place itself, as the illustration shows, all vegetation except the largest trees entirely disappears. I have not the slightest doubt that the mud the animals eat at these spots acts on them as an aperient, as I have often followed seladang that

THE SESAP JEMILAN.
A favourite corner.

have lately visited a sesap, and have invariably found their droppings very liquid—in fact almost pure mud. It has a similar effect on elephants, but not to the same extent; and I have been cognisant of the fact that there was a sesap in the district in which I have been hunting—although no such place was known to the natives—by the condition of the dung of the elephants I have been following.

Unfortunately Sesap Jemilan is too well known to the Malays to be left alone, and although nowadays they seldom attempt to shoot big game, they often use other methods for their destruction. At this particular sesap, for example, I found several traps, set for the purpose of killing elephants; but these almost invariably fail in their object, merely sending the animal away with a terrible wound, which may possibly result in a painful and lingering death in a remote corner of the jungle. These traps, which are called *penurun*, consist of a combination of a fence and a suspended spear. A rough fence of jungle saplings tied together with rattan is built from one game-track to another, close to the salt-lick, leaving an opening about six feet wide, so as not to obstruct the game-path. Across this opening a rattan is

stretched, generally about seven feet from the ground, which comes into contact with an elephant's back should he follow one of these paths when visiting the salt-lick. So long as there is no game-path left unguarded, and all the intermediate spaces are fenced, any animal that stands much over six feet going into the sesap must spring one of these traps. Fortunately for the elephants, the native who attempts to destroy game in this way, be he Malay or Sakai, almost invariably becomes tired of his work long before he has set a trap over every game-path,—there are often as many as eight or nine distinct paths,—and will leave possibly half of them untouched, hoping that luck will make up for his indolence. I need scarcely say that this seldom happens. The cross-rattan is connected with a trigger similar to the ordinary arrangement set in a brick-trap to catch small birds; the trigger in its turn being connected to a vertical rattan running up to a height of thirty-five feet or more, and attached over a branch of a tree to a heavy piece of wood some twelve or fifteen feet long, and eight or nine inches in diameter, with a piece of burnt hardened wood fixed into the end to act as a spike. This instrument falls directly the horizontal rattan is sprung,

and should this operation be performed by the top of an elephant's head or by the ridge of his back, the unfortunate beast will receive the spear in his body. Theoretically the wooden spear descends, severs the vertebræ, and after a few kicks the beast is no more; in actual practice it generally misses the vertebræ, gives a nasty wound in the back, when the spike breaks off, leaving a piece of wood many inches in the flesh to be expelled by nature's process of festering, supposing that the wound is not severe enough to cause subsequent death. The natives do not appear to poison the penurun spears, and seldom trouble to follow an animal which has involuntarily taken away a part of the machine in his back. Of the three elephants which I shot on this trip, two had marks of these spears on their backs, and in both cases the implement had missed the vertebræ by many inches. It would be obvious to any one but a Malay that the animals would not always walk exactly in the middle of the path, but then it must be remembered that the sufferings produced by dozens of unsuccessful penurun-wounds are not taken into account. All the traps we found in this sesap we destroyed; there were three unsprung and two or three

sprung, but the latter had done no harm, as we found the spikes in the ground. These instruments of death will become things of the past as soon as it is impossible for a native to bring in elephant's tusks, sell them in a town, and inform the Government collector that he found the elephant dead in the jungle; and I am glad to say that there is a tendency to greater strictness on points of this sort than there was a few years ago. How many elephants are ever found dead from natural causes? The cases are so few that such stories should be entirely discredited. All tusks should be confiscated if not properly accounted for, and then the Malays would set penuruns no more.

To return to the seladang with the convenient guardian angel, it must suffice to say that we followed him right across country to the Triang River, which he had crossed, where we gave up the chase as it was getting very late, and made our way back to camp, where we arrived at six o'clock.

Solitary seladang often travel for miles even when quite undisturbed, and one then stands very little chance of catching them up; this individual belonged to that class.

In camp that night we discussed the best

action for the morrow. As I was compelled to stop at least another day at Kuala Gentah—my goods, which had all arrived that evening, would take two days to get to Jerang—we decided to send half the things on the following day, and go ourselves to the Marong clearing, when, by felling a tree high up the river, we should be able to approach without causing much disturbance.

The next morning the Datoh, Ahmat, and myself, with one coolie, left camp at six o'clock ; the coolies, with half the luggage for Jerang, leaving about the same time. The flood had gone down a little, although the previous evening three Malays on their way to Pertang told us that the road was still badly flooded, and that the big bridge over the Triang was "kanted," and might at any time be carried away—a poor look-out for us. We had left our camp scarcely five minutes when I came across a fresh track of a solitary seladang which had crossed the path from the direction of Marong and appeared to be going towards the Triang. This was a good stroke of luck, as the spoor was only an hour or so old and we had all day before us—in fact the track was such that we stood a fair chance of coming up to the animal at any time. Consequently we followed cautiously, and, as so

often happens with a solitary seladang, we did not come up with him for hours. A solitary bull is, indeed, generally very difficult to overtake, owing to the fact that, with the exception of feeding, he carries on precisely the same antics when he wishes to travel without stopping as he does when he intends to loiter and lie down ; and one is often cautious—which means going very slowly—when cautiousness results in the game getting farther and farther away. This animal gave us a great deal of trouble in that way, continually altering his direction, sometimes going round in a half-circle, occasionally doubling back, but after several hours of constant expectation we came up to him just when least expected. He finally made for Sesap Jemilan, and when nearly there I foolishly jumped to the conclusion that we should find him in the sesap itself. Accordingly, half-turning round to Ahmat, who was just behind me, I whispered that it would be better to leave the tracks and follow the game-path straight into the sesap. Scarcely had I said this, when there was a snort not twenty yards in front, and away went the seladang without giving a chance of a shot. I could, however, see enough of him to realise that he was a very big animal, and as

he rushed off through the jungle, everything smaller than a six-inch sapling fell before him. I have indeed seen a big seladang in his first rush snap a creeper as thick as a strong man's wrist—a creeper with which twenty men could easily play tug-of-war. After four hours' incessant tracking and stalking, I had relaxed my vigilance for a moment and had lost my chance. As we still had a good four hours we could devote to the pursuit, we wasted no time in picking up the tracks, which showed that for the first mile the seladang had gone at full speed, when, no doubt thinking he had thrown off his pursuers, he changed his gallop into a smart walk. After about two hours we found that we were getting close to the Triang River, and soon saw ahead of us a thinning in the trees, which the Datoh announced must be Pasir Panggil, an old Sakai clearing abandoned the previous year. As we knew the seladang would find good feeding and good cover among the small undergrowth, on entering the clearing we redoubled our caution, feeling that we were nearly sure to find our quarry in the vicinity. Ahmat had been tracking up to this time, but I now told the Datoh to go in front as he knew the spot well, and his knowledge as to where

the open patches were might be invaluable. The tracks took us into some almost impenetrable undergrowth, where we could distinctly smell a bovine scent, but as we had to crawl on our hands and knees, we stood little chance of being able to do any shooting. Suddenly the Datoh stopped and pointed to a spot just ahead, where a seladang had been lying down; and on examination this ground proved to be quite warm, showing that the game had only just left. I now took up the tracking myself, with Ahmat just behind with my second gun. Scarcely had we gone ten yards when we heard the beast in front moving through the bushes, where the undergrowth had thinned out a bit, although still too thick for us to see anything of the seladang. To my disgust, I now noticed the track of a much smaller seladang, and at once realised that the bull had entered the herd known to frequent Pasir Panggil. I could, however, distinctly hear some animal just in front of me, but as fast as I got round one clump of bushes he got round another; and every moment's delay was against me, as having no longer only one animal to deal with, I did not know where the others might be, and the chance of getting on to the wrong one was very

great. At last I saw a form through the bushes, but before I could see enough to distinguish the head from the tail, another seladang to my left, that I had neither seen nor heard, got my wind and bolted. The one in front of course disappeared instantly, and I heard the noise of another, possibly two, still further ahead. Starting after these seladang, I again put them up—they had stopped after going about a hundred yards; but the jungle was too thick to see anything clearly enough for a shot. As it was now half-past two, and we were a good four hours' hard walking from camp, we at once retraced our steps, and arrived home just at dusk.

This account furnishes a good instance of what so often happens in hunting seladang in the Malay jungle—in fact it is a good sample of many and many a day that I have spent in their pursuit, days unsuccessful in themselves, but full of excitement and enjoyment to a keen sportsman.

We were all very tired when we got back to camp, and turned in early. The coolies had returned from Jerang, and said that they had been compelled to make rafts in five or six places to get the goods over the road, adding that the flood was still very high, although it appeared to be slightly falling. Unfortunately

there was more rain that night, and the flood again increased. As I had kept all my heavy baggage to accompany me, this caused a great deal of trouble. I could not wait longer at Kuala Gentah because my coolies had only been engaged for five days, being anxious to get back to their homes at Pertang for the opening day of the Mohammedan fasting month.

Getting away as early as we could the following morning, we soon encountered the water. About two miles down the bridle-path we came across fresh tracks of four or five seladang; but, although I deliberated for some time, I decided to push on to Jerang with my baggage, and make that place my base for future operations against the seladang at Pasir Panggil. These tracks were undoubtedly made by the herd whose spoor I had come across at Kuala Marong, the bull being the one I followed the previous day. I felt confident that they would go to Pasir Panggil, and as the old clearing there was only a short distance from Jerang, I hoped to try conclusions with them another day.

Although Jerang was only a little over seven miles from Marong, our journey took us from half-past seven in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon; in five places we had to trans-

port our goods through water which flooded the road to a depth of five or six feet, using the rude rafts of eight- or nine-inch saplings my coolies made the previous day. In one place we had a

THE TRIANG RIVER, NEAR SUNGEI DUA.
Taken during the dry season when the water is very low.

great deal of trouble, and were all up to our waists in water for over two hours; it was raining incessantly, and even in the tropics under these circumstances one becomes very cold. Some of my men did not by any means enjoy themselves, but I am glad to say that we finally managed to get through to Jerang without any mishap to person or goods.

There is an old building at Jerang in which I camped; this, although abandoned for years as a police station, being kept as a sort of halting bungalow. It is situated in a most delightful spot on the right bank of the Triang River. A considerable amount of land was cultivated near Jerang in years gone by, and the native homesteads are full of cocoa-nut and fruit trees, making the place most picturesque. When coming down from Marong, I met a Malay from Jerang, who told me that up at Durien Tipus, an old kampong in the Jerang Valley, two elephants had been playing great havoc for the last ten days, having eaten all the plantains and knocked down a house. As he thought I should be sure to find them, since they had been there only two nights ago, I decided to go to Durien Tipus the following day; but had first to make arrangements for coolies, my Pertang men having completed their agreement. Fortunately I managed to secure the services of two men at Jerang, who agreed to come with me at least as far as the Pahang River: one was Imam Prang Samah, the Datoh Raja's brother; the other an old man named Che Rah, both Pahang Malays. The Bulan Puasa (fasting month) was coming on, when it would

be very difficult to get men, and I therefore was glad to secure these two. The Triang River was very high—far higher than I had ever seen it before—and the chances of being able to hunt in the low country in the Triang Valley consequently seemed most remote.

On arriving the following day at Durien Tipus, I found the information from my Malay friend altogether incorrect. Elephants certainly had been there, but their tracks were over ten days old, and we had a nasty walk, through mud nearly all the time, for nothing. We accordingly followed the Jerang River for a long way, as the Datoh said that he had seen seladang-tracks there some time ago, but we found nothing fresh, and on that day drew a blank. Finally, I decided to go for a three days' trip to Pasir Panggil and Juntai, as seladang would be sure to be at the latter place, if I could not pick them up at the former ; so after some hunting about I managed to enlist another coolie who agreed to come to Juntai. To return for a moment to the news I received about elephants being at Durien Tipus, it may be mentioned that the unfortunate habit Malays have of giving the most inaccurate information is, I regret to say, very common—in fact with regard to big game

it is almost invariably the case. I have continually been told, on what appeared to be good authority, that elephants or seladang had been seen in a certain place, and on investigation found nothing, or, at the best, tracks weeks instead of days old. It is a most annoying defect in the Malay character, as one continually wastes time by acting on inaccurate information. The average Malay villager is an inveterate boaster, and has no idea whatsoever of keeping within the bounds of truth. I have heard, for instance, circumstantial accounts of how such and such a man had seen with his own eyes an elephant with tusks at least three feet outside the gum, destroying his garden; how the beast would not go away; and how the whole matter only happened a day or two ago. A hunt is organised, you arrive at the place, and find that although elephants had been there two or three weeks ago, the Malay who concocted the story had been away at the time, and consequently had never seen the elephants, which the old tracks prove to be those of a small herd of cows with not a tusker among the party. Again, one may receive general news concerning elephants or seladang frequenting a certain place, from which they refuse to move; but on careful inquiry this

turns out to be quite false, a solitary elephant or seladang, which may have passed through the district months before, being the basis of the story. In fact, Malays tell you just what they think will sound well ; and the confidence with which they prevaricate always reminds me of the story of the Irish waiter at the small village hotel.

" Ah ! good morning, Pat ; what can I have for breakfast this morning ? " asked the traveller, after having spent a somewhat uncomfortable night in the only hotel in the village.

" Any mortal thing you like, your honour."

" Well, get me a salmon steak to start with."

" Divil a bit of salmon is there in the house, your honour."

" Oh, no salmon ! Well, what fish have you got ? "

" Divil a bit of fish is there to be had in the village at all."

And after going through the same performance for several dishes, the traveller makes a breakfast off the useful but somewhat plebeian ham and eggs.

So it is with the Malay : on analysing his " Plenty of seladang, Tuan," one generally finishes up with nothing larger than a mouse-deer !

The following day I left Jerang with the Datoh and his brother, Ahmat, Mahmud my servant, and one coolie, taking provisions for three nights, which I thought ought to prove ample for our present requirements. I left old Che Rah at Jerang, to look after my other goods. The Triang River had gone down a little during the night, and with a new moon due in a day or two, I hoped that we had come to the end of the bad weather. As I had been to Juntai from Jerang on a previous occasion, I knew that the walk would take about five hours, and that there would be ample time to go to the clearing, which was a very big one, and sit out in the evening on the chance of seladang coming to feed. On our way we found the four days' old track of a solitary elephant going towards Juntai, where we hoped we might pick up fresh tracks, this being undoubtedly one of the elephants that had been at Durien Tipus. Arriving close to the Juntai clearing about two o'clock, we started to make a camp some little distance from the open space; there was a small stream running close by which fell into the Triang, and when the camp was nearly completed we noticed that this stream had started to run the wrong way, and soon began to creep towards the camp. The Datoh,

who knew this part of the country very well, said there must be a big flood coming down the Triang, which would swamp the clearing, and that if we did not wish to spend the night up trees, we had better get back to the hills as quickly as we could. Accordingly, we at once commenced to pack up our things, the water rising rapidly in the meantime, and quickly retraced our steps to a hill about a quarter of a mile to the rear. As we had to wade through water in one place nearly five feet deep, we had not packed up a moment too soon. There was not much daylight left, it being nearly five o'clock before we could start recamping, but fortunately we found a small patch of lalang where we had little clearing to do, and quickly made ourselves fairly comfortable. I need scarcely say that I was not feeling in the best of tempers, as our hunt at Juntai was entirely spoilt, and we had to make up our minds to return to Jerang on the morrow —we could do no good by stopping where we were.

That night we were most uncomfortable, as I had left my mosquito-curtain behind, having had to cut down transport to the lowest possible limit, and, what with mosquitoes and sand-flies, I got little sleep. The old Datoh had the

best time, as he had carefully concealed an old mosquito-curtain in his bundle, and slept undisturbed.

The following day we returned to Jerang to find that the Triang had risen some two or three feet, the water being up to the floor-beams of the police station, and thus higher, the Malays said, than it had been since 1896.

During the next few days we were unable to do anything, all the best places for seladang near Jerang and Sungei Dua being under water; and as it was useless thinking of hunting in the vicinity, I went to a place called T'Mugu, where seladang were frequently to be found, but drew blank. When all the low-lying land is flooded the seladang travel far and do not remain long in the same place, and at Jerang and Sungei Dua they had been compelled to leave the clearings which were all along the riverside and seek their food in the big jungle, which makes it very difficult to pick up their locality.

From the 2nd to the 6th of December I was able to do scarcely anything. I went, however, to a place called S'Mie, where is a salt-lick known as Sesap S'Merting, but, although we came across old tracks, found nothing new enough to follow. The flood seemed indeed

to have entirely disorganised the game, which had deserted all their old haunts, and it was difficult to know where to look for them. The Sesap S'Merting is slightly different to the other salt-licks in the Triang Valley; the principal attraction for the game being no doubt the presence of sulphur in large quantities in the stream which runs through. Although there were plenty of tracks of deer, neither seladang nor elephants had been near for weeks. Here again we got inaccurate news of game, a Sakai coming into our camp at S'Mei and stating that he had met a herd of elephants that afternoon, amongst them being three very big ones which he had seen. We asked him several questions about the elephants, and in answering them among other things he remarked that one of the tracks was so big that it measured Tiga Tapak, that is to say, three of his own foot-prints, in length. When we found on visiting the scene of his supposed meeting with the elephants, that the tracks were at least four days old, and that there had been no large elephant with the herd, we christened him Batin Tiga Tapak, which name I have since heard has stuck to him. Batin is the Sakai title for chief of the tribe, this man was the *Batin* of

the Sakais in that district; the fact of being a *Batin* did not make him any the less untruthful!

At last, after proving to my own satisfaction that the chances of finding game near Jarang or Sungei Dua were very small, I decided to leave by boat on the 7th of December and go down the Triang in search of new fields. Although the river was still in high flood, and we knew that we should have many difficulties to contend against going down-stream, there was nothing else to do, so we had to make the best of circumstances. I managed to hire a big boat from the Datoh Dagang Lisut at Plangai, and I also engaged two more coolies to act as boatmen, thus enabling me to have four men in charge of the boat exclusive of the Datoh, Ahmat, and Mahmud. At the last moment we were unable to get sufficient paddles, for although the Datoh Dagang was good enough to let me have his boat, he did not think it necessary to look for paddles. So thoroughly like a Malay!

I was now getting a little bit down on my luck. I had been nearly three weeks away, and had only come up to seladang once; everything seemed to be against me; and I could only keep my spirits up by reminding myself of the un-

certain luck that always attends big-game shooting, and by hoping that my present bad luck would be followed by a run of good fortune—a hope that was more than amply fulfilled, as the following chapters will show.

CHAPTER III

FROM PLANGAI TO PASIR KONDANG

PLANGAI should have been described in the preceding chapter, as I moved my camp there on the 3rd December, and had left most of my goods at a small hut which the Datoh Dagang had kindly put at my disposal during my visit to S'Mie. Plangai is a small Malay village of some seven or eight houses on the right bank of the Triang in Pahang Territory, being just over the boundary from Negri Sembilan. It has lately become a little more important owing to a French company opening a tin-mine about ten miles up country from Plangai, using Plangai as their "port," and bringing rice and supplies up the Triang River to that point. Just opposite Plangai on the left bank of the Triang is a very large clearing of many hundreds of acres, which during ordinary weather is a sure find for seladang, but as the whole of this

clearing was under water, the seladang had retired to the hills.

We had arranged to leave Plangai about eight in the morning, but, owing to many delays, actually started at one o'clock. I managed to buy four old kajangs (a sort of coarse mat made of the leaves of a plant called *mem-quang*) at twice the price they ought to have been if new, to make a roof to my boat, and as the Triang River was fairly clear of overhanging branches I expected to be able to keep this roof intact till we reached the Pahang River. It is very difficult on some of the Malay rivers to keep the roof on one's boat, the trees and creepers often reach right across the river, and at times it is no easy matter to force one's way through. *Kajangs* are frail things at the best of times, although they are sufficient to keep off the sun and rain, and soon get broken and torn by the thorns with which the Malay jungles abound. Just as we were leaving, the Datoh Dagang warned us against a spot some few hundred yards down the river where the previous week a boat full of rice had been lost. There is a nasty bend of the river at that point, and, to make matters worse, a large tree had fallen across the river, so it was not an easy corner to

TWO SAKAI YOUTHS WITH TRAP FOR SMALL GAME.

negotiate. We pushed off with Che Rah acting as "'luan," that is to say, the man in the bows who uses a pole to arrest the progress of the boat as it takes the corners, or when any obstruction occurs, and also to punt the boat along when all is clear. The two coolies I had engaged at Plangai sat in the bows paddling, and Imam Prang Samah in the stern, in charge of the helm, with a pole as well to guard against accidents. Soon the cry of "Jaga 'luan!" ("Look out, bow!") from Prang Samah became more and more frequent as we swung round the bends of the flooded Triang, and on several occasions we had narrow escapes of being swept under the overhanging trees and creepers fringing the banks on both sides. We managed to successfully clear the fatal spot where the rice had been lost, and soon found ourselves near Kuala Poh, where there was an old clearing which the Datoh thought would be above flood-level, and might contain seladang-tracks. It was no light task going down this river, as in many cases the bottom could not be reached with our poles, when we had to rely entirely on the paddles to control the boat. The river was running quite six knots an hour, and I often had my heart in my mouth as we just cleared the

corners. We stopped at Kuala Poh and visited the clearing, the greater part of which was under water, but found no new tracks. About four o'clock we came to a spot on the left bank of the river called Batang Pasir Neran, close to several clearings which the Datoh Raja had visited some years before with an Englishman, whom he had accompanied to hunt seladang. At that time he came across a number of seladang, but stated the "Tuan" he was with had been unlucky, and not shot anything.

Halting, we selected a likely-looking place on the bank well above flood-level, and pitched camp. As there was no open ground, we made our shelter in the big jungle, just clearing away a little of the undergrowth. In selecting a spot for a camp in virgin forest one has to be very careful to avoid stopping near dead trees, with which the Malay jungles abound, as their branches have an unpleasant way of falling off during the night, and the results, if the camp were adjacent, would be disastrous. Finding a game-path close to the bank of the river, I followed some way along this track while my men were getting the goods out of the boat; but I saw no new traces of game, and eventually the path led into one of the backwaters (*dernau* of the Malays)

with which the Triang abounds. These dernaus are a great nuisance, and make following the game very difficult, for during flood-time they are often many feet deep, and to cross them gives much trouble in making bridges and rafts—delays anything but congenial when after swiftly-moving game. On returning to camp, after a cup of tea, I followed the game-path in the other direction (up-stream) with my trackers; and we soon came to an open space, the fringe of an old clearing, and were rewarded by finding seladang-tracks about four days old. As these were the first game-tracks with any pretensions to being new we had seen for some time, the sight gladdened our hearts. We followed up the clue, which led into an old clearing honey-combed with elephant- and seladang-tracks; but as the grass was very old and rank, there was no inducement for seladang to remain, and we found no newer tracks than the ones originally struck.

After our return to our camp we discussed our movements for the morrow; the Datoh saying that the clearings he had visited before were down-stream, and that by following a game-path which he knew lay a little back from the river, he thought we could find our way to the spot

he had in his mind, although he did not seem very certain. Anyway I knew by experience that any of the main seladang-tracks would lead us either to a clearing or a salt-lick, so we decided to devote the whole of the following day to hunting for tracks in the vicinity of our camp.

The following day, the 8th December, Datoh Raja, Ahmat, two coolies, and myself left our camp at half-past six and went down-river to look for the promised clearings. Crossing the backwater at the back of the camp higher up than the game-path, we were fortunately not delayed, as the water was little over our knees. It is extremely uncomfortable, to say the least of it, to start off in the early morning and at once plunge into cold water, knowing that for the rest of the day you have got to go about in soaking wet clothes, since so long as one is in big jungle under the shade of the trees, there is little chance of getting dry. I had more than enough of wading on this trip, and thought myself lucky indeed if a day went by when I avoided being wet up to the middle. We soon found a main game-track, which showed by its well-defined appearance that it was frequently used by big game, but at first we saw no new

spoor. Continuing down stream, we came across the track, about four or five days old, of a solitary bull seladang, which followed the game-path for some distance, eventually leading us into an old clearing. Here again the rank grass was very old, and afforded no tempting food for game of any sort; and as the Datoh stated that this was not the place he wanted to find, which he thought lay farther inland, we retraced our steps. After casting about for some time—and finding many traces of game—we decided to return towards camp and try following up-stream, as the tracks we had seen in the clearing the previous evening were those of a herd which had not gone in the other direction, since otherwise we must have found the tracks on some of the numerous paths we had taken. Continuing on the game-path, which was now a very well-defined, hard-beaten track quite eighteen inches wide, we soon struck the spoor of a solitary seladang going up-stream. At eleven o'clock, while still following the game-path, we came across fresh tracks of a large herd of seladang, which had first crossed and then followed along the game-track. This herd must have contained at least fifteen animals and was, I am inclined to think, in two parties; the first lot probably passed

some time before the last, as we were quite close to them by eleven o'clock, although we did not come up to them till half-past two. We undoubtedly followed those which had passed first; and as there were the tracks of two big bulls in the herd, we selected this spoor, Ahmat and I proceeding ahead alone, as we expected to come up to them at any moment.

As the seladang had scattered a good deal, we had to track very slowly to keep on the line of the big bulls. The jungle being very thick, I took off my hat and threw it on to the ground, motioning to Datoh Raja, who was a few yards behind, to bring it along; and at that moment —as the Datoh afterwards told me—he saw quite distinctly some distance to our left a small seladang, but was not close enough to me to communicate.

Apart from this, we did not come up to the seladang for nearly three hours, the herd feeding very little and travelling fairly quickly. This herd was probably the one from the Plangai clearing, for in following them we took a line through the big jungle at the back of the clearings along the Triang River, and came across numbers of old tracks. When seladang are unable to find open land on which to graze

they feed entirely on the shoots of shrubs, the young leaves of the many palms that abound in the jungle, and the coarse reeds they find in the swamps lying between the hills, where the big trees of the virgin jungle are replaced by smaller growth. We followed our quarry till two o'clock, when we began to realise that the day was far spent and little time left to get back to camp that night; but I decided to devote another half-hour to tracking, as we knew we were very close to the beasts, having on several occasions been able to smell them distinctly. At about a quarter-past two we heard in front of us a slight crackling of branches, and approaching carefully could make out the hind-quarters and swishing tail of a seladang. I was in luck's way this day, as the animal had just emerged into a small open spot in the jungle, cleared by the destruction by wind of two or three big trees, whose roots, insecurely fastened to the friable soil of the hillside, had finally been unable to support their great weight. The trees had fallen down-hill, carrying with them a good many small trees and saplings. Approaching close to the edge of this clearing, I could distinctly see below me three seladang, but as they were all turned away, I was unable to make out the

bulls. In front, on the side of the hill, I could indistinctly make out a cow and a smaller animal, probably a calf, lying down, just inside the big jungle. Ahmat was anxious for me to shoot at one of the seladang below me, but I could see no vital spot available; and after watching for perhaps a minute, or less, one of the three moved, and walked along the edge of the hill away from my position. I at once saw that this was a fine bull, the sweep of his horns and the enormous thickening of the flesh at the back of the neck being quite unmistakable. The only possible chance from my position was by aiming at the back of his head between the horns, and as I was not anxious to try such a difficult shot, I crawled down-hill and made for a big tree, from which I hoped to be able to get a good side-shot. Again my luck was good, as I found on arriving at the foot of this tree that I could see across the clearing, a distance of about thirty-five yards, where the big bull was making his way along the edge of the hill, and that in another instant he would afford me a perfect broadside shot. The unsuspecting animal moved slowly along to his fate, and I was able to give him a ball which passed through both lungs. At the sound of the shot the other seladang bolted up-hill, on the top

of which they remained for some time. The stricken animal after many violent plunges settled down to die, and its death-moan was a signal for Ahmat and myself to approach close enough to make it possible for Ahmat to cut its throat, a proceeding which made the meat available for the rest of my party. This seladang had finally taken up his position close against a fair-sized tree with his legs tucked up under him, making it almost impossible, except at great labour, to stretch him out in order to take accurate measurements of the body. He was a remarkably thick-set, powerful animal, but not very high at the shoulder, and only carried a moderate head. The frontal ridge of the skull was almost lacking, the bone between the horns being nearly straight, a characteristic of the Triang animals, none of which, so far as I have seen, carry such fine heads as the Sereting herds. The horns, however, were thick, measuring 19 inches in circumference at the base.

Shortly after, the Datoh Raja and the two coolies came up and contemplated with delight the carcase, with its throat cut, as this meant plenty of food, and of the sort they liked. As we had only just time to get back to camp before dark, after taking away a little of the

meat we retraced our steps, and finally got home well after six, very tired, but fully satisfied. At last my luck had changed, and at any rate I should not have to return empty-handed, even if I got nothing else!

The Datoh Raja had been religiously burning a species of incense called by the Malays *kemnyen*, the smoke of which conveyed to the Datoh, so he said, the fortunes of the morrow. Nearly every evening he had been burning this kemnyen, but with indifferent success, until the evening before I killed the seladang. Unfortunately, the Datoh quite forgot to tell us how successfully the smoke had wreathed and formed shapes of dead seladang, until after we returned to camp with the meat. Then and only then did he unfold to us how faithfully the kemnyen of the night before had spoken! Had he been a stranger I might not have believed him, and I am afraid Ahmat was a little sceptical, his remarks on the Datoh's magic being anything but complimentary. We had, however, a good deal of amusement out of the old Datoh with his kemnyen, and as he managed to make his little stock last till nearly the end of the trip, he firmly believed that his continual performance of magical rites brought my game.

The men left in camp were very pleased with our luck, and we decided to go back the following day with all hands to the carcase, to bring in the trophies and as much meat as possible. The river was going down now, and we hoped for

SAKAIS FISHING.

fine weather ; as my luck had changed with the beasts, perhaps it would change with the elements.

On our way the following morning, while following a path close to the scene of the death, we came across quite fresh tracks of a herd of elephants, which on reaching the game-path had followed that line. The tracks were still damp,

showing that the elephants had only just passed ; but there was no big animal with them, and only two or three tracks of respectable size. Ahmat and I, who were in front, halted on coming across these tracks, and waited for the men behind to come up. While doing so, we heard in the jungle to our left, not a hundred yards away, the unmistakable noise of an elephant. When our men arrived, I explained that I intended going towards the direction of the elephants, to have a look at the herd and see if there was anything worth shooting, and told them to remain quite quiet until I returned.

The Datoh, Ahmat, and myself, followed the tracks and soon came to the elephants, which were in fairly open jungle, so that we had no difficulty in getting close up to them ; in fact we got into the middle of the herd. There were a cow and her calf to our left, engaged in pulling down rattan, and gorging themselves to their hearts' content ; there were two cows and a calf to our right, moving very leisurely through the jungle, and one elephant in front, of which we could only get a back view. We approached the latter animal, and as he turned his head in search of food, saw that he was a small tusker, with tusks about a foot out of the gum, but very

thin. As I did not wish to disturb the herd, we retired and returned to our men, having been absent about a quarter of an hour. In thus finding plenty of game, our spirits, which had been very much damped by weeks of rain, were beginning to revive.

On our return to camp that evening with the trophies and meat, we were put to some inconvenience by the old Datoh insisting on bringing back with him the liver and heart, which were decidedly "high," meat going bad very quickly in the tropics. I was anxious to see what he would do with them, as I anticipated a repetition of his stomach-ache if he attempted to eat such food, and possibly my tea-bottle might not be so efficient next time. I took away the skull, one foot, and the tail as trophies; and as we had seven men to carry home the spoil, including Ahmat and the Datoh, we managed to get a considerable amount of meat back to camp.

Malays are very fond of dried meat, which they cut up into small pieces and mix with their curry, and my men were soon busy preparing places for drying the present supply. A rough framework is first formed with green saplings three or four inches thick, across which laths an inch or so in diameter are tied about the same distance

apart. The meat being then cut into strips is laid on this grid, and a big fire made underneath. As there are always quantities of dead wood to be found in the jungle, even in wet weather with a little perseverance a good fire can be made. The fire when once lighted is kept burning more or less all night according to the wakefulness of the Malays, and in the morning the meat is dry enough to be packed for transport, when it will keep, if properly dried, for several weeks. On this occasion we made two grids, and soon had big fires well under way. The Datoh was very careful about the heart and liver, and commenced drying some of it in the fire, by skewering several pieces through with a sharp piece of wood, putting the other end of the wood in the ground, and forcing the meat well into the flames. The rest he treated with salt, and then, to my horror, commenced to eat some that was half-cooked and quite green! Imam Prang, Samah, and Che Rah also helped themselves to tasty morsels, and, of course, were all ill the following day. I wished at the time that the Datoh would invoke his magic towards sending him a little common sense, as green elephant-liver can scarcely be expected to agree even with the most hardened digestion.

Seladang meat is very hard unless most carefully cooked ; and the only part I am personally fond of is the tongue, which is most excellent. My men made reed baskets in which they packed the dried meat, and the following morning, with a decreasing flood, we left our camp at seven o'clock for a spot down-stream called Pasir Pulus, where we intended to visit a very well-known salt-lick called Sesap Kepong.

I forgot to mention that the last night we spent at Batang, Pasir Neran was somewhat disturbed by the herd of elephants we had come across during the day, the members of which had made their way down stream about midnight, and were quite close to our camp. Probably from our scent being uncongenial to them—or possibly it was the Datoh's liver—they immediately commenced trumpeting and making other elephant noises, which kept us all awake for some time ; and they stayed close to camp till nearly daylight, when, as their noises ceased, I concluded they moved off.

On our arrival at Pasir Pulas about three o'clock in the afternoon, we found the remains of some old shelters on the bank of the river, which had been used by Malays when collecting rattan, and as they only required new roofs, we soon had

our camp ready. In the evening I tried spinning for fish in a big pool just in front of our little camp, but with no success. There is a fish in the Malay rivers called Ikan Sabarau, which is a cannibal of the worst kind, and at times will take an artificial minnow very readily; but with the rivers always muddy from the continual floods, I was most unsuccessful all through my trip with the fishing. Shortly after five o'clock, while I was still fishing, a large flock of crested wood-quail, the *siol* of the Malays, flew across the river and landed in the jungle close to the camp, where they ran into the undergrowth and started whistling to each other. I at once got my shot-gun — these birds are most excellent eating — and followed them into the undergrowth. There must have been over thirty in the flock, and as they had scattered considerably, they were calling to each other on all sides. As their call is a little short whistle, very easily imitated, I soon added my call to theirs. Once I put up a cock-bird at my feet, and missed it most disgracefully, but although I spent over half-an-hour in trying to locate others, and make them take wing, I was unsuccessful, the cunning little birds preferring to remain in safety, scuttling along through the coarse undergrowth.

The following morning, the 10th December, we left with a couple of coolies for the Sesap Kepong, the Datoh showing the way. We took about three hours getting there, but although we came across elephant-tracks a few days old, we found no seladang-tracks, and so did no hunting. The Sesap Kepong is the largest of its kind I have visited, and there is quite half an acre of cleared land in the centre of the big jungle constituting the salt-lick; big trees having been entirely uprooted and thrown over by the animals in clearing their way to the edible soil below. We found the skeleton of a small bull elephant just outside the sesap, but the tusks were gone. How this elephant had met its death I do not know; it had certainly not been shot at the salt-lick, as if so its skull would have been damaged by the process of cutting out the tusks. Probably it had come to die, and its tusks after having been forced from the skull by decomposition may have been carried off by rattan-hunters.

That evening, when in camp at Pasir Pulas, we decided to continue our journey down stream on the morrow and visit a place known to the Datoh, where there was a small settlement of Malays, who we hoped would give us news of game.

Sure enough when we arrived about mid-day at Kuala Tuang we were greeted with the good news that a big solitary elephant was reported to have visited a Sakai clearing some three or four hours' journey up-country ; and that if we continued our journey down-stream for about a quarter of an hour we should come to a Malay kampong called Pasir Kondang, from which a track struck up country to the clearing we wanted. There is an old track crossing the Triang at Kuala Tuang, which is the old Malay path from Jelebu into Semantan (a district of Pahang), and is principally used for bringing down buffaloes from Pahang into Jelebu, and hence known as the Dernai Kerbau (buffalo-track). For part of its length it runs at the back of the big clearings at Plangai. I mention this now because subsequently this dernai-kerbau was used to some extent in following up the big elephant found when we camped at Pasir Kondang.

Pasir Kondang we found to be a miserable collection of three or four very indifferently built Malay huts, and as the people confirmed our previous news we decided to camp, and tied up our boat. I closely questioned an old Malay who appeared to be the chief man in

the little village, who told me that four days previously some Sakais had come down from their jungle retreat, where they stated a big elephant had done a good deal of damage. They also reported that the animal had been frightened away by their dogs and the fires they themselves lit, but they were afraid he had not gone far away, as he had only visited their new crops once; and as he always molested them at this time of year, he would be sure to return. The Datoh had previously told me of a big elephant well known in this district, which he had been asked to go after several times, but had never had the opportunity. He now thought that if these stories were true, this beast must be the one of which he had previously heard, and if so, we ought to do our best to get him, as from all accounts he was a big beast with very long tusks. Having been so often taken in, I was not, however, at all optimistic concerning the story, but nevertheless decided to give the district a good trial. The clearing we were bound for is known as Ladang Patah Gading, which being interpreted means, "the clearing of the broken tusk"; the reason for this name being as follows. The Sakais had once decided to clear a space

for the year's crop of rice close to a small stream on the banks of which there was a disused sesap, in which many years ago an old Sakai had found a piece of broken tusk, and accordingly named the river "Sungei Patah Gading." When the present generation of Sakais decided to make a clearing there, they accordingly named it after the river. As I hoped to be able to get some Sakais at this clearing to accompany me if I hunted in the vicinity, I decided to use Pasir Kondang as my base, and go up-country on the morrow with two or three days' provision in search of the elephant. This same day one of the Pasir Kondang Malays told me that every evening two wild pea-fowl, a cock and a hen, came down to feed in their rice-fields, and that I should probably be able to get a shoot at them if I went out in the evening; and at that moment a Malay woman came in from the fields saying that she had just seen the pea-hen fly up into a big tree that stood at the back of one of the houses. I at once sought my gun, as roast pea-hen was a dish not to be despised, and by carefully stalking up to the tree was able to make out the bird cautiously strutting along one of the branches, very high up, but, as it proved, with-

in shot. In the evening I crossed the Triang and visited a large swamp where teal were reported, and was lucky in finding both teal and snipe—getting a couple of the former and three of the latter. I was glad of this change of diet, as chicken and tinned foods were getting a little monotonous; and it was unfortunate that after carefully basting one of the teal and keeping it to eat cold on the morrow, the bird was stolen and eaten by a dog belonging to the kampong. That night I slept on shore, making a temporary shelter with one of the kajangs off my boat and my waterproof sheets. I trust I may never sleep again in such a place for mosquitoes and sandflies—they were awful—and I was glad that I was leaving for the interior in the morning. Datoh Raja told me that the name of this place used to be called "Tanjong Nyamok" (Mosquito Cape), but that the name had been altered owing to its keeping people from settling. I wished for many reasons that the alteration had not been made, as I might then have kept away; but, on the other hand, under those circumstances I might possibly have lost my elephant!

CHAPTER IV

AT PASIR KONDANG—I WOUND A BIG TUSKER

On Saturday the 13th December I left Pasir Kondang, with three days' provisions, for the Ladang Patah Gading, engaging two Malays at Pasir Kondang, who showed me the way and helped to take my goods up-country, and leaving one of my coolies, who was suffering from a nasty gathering on his foot, at Pasir Kondang with the boat and the rest of my stores. The journey to the clearing took us about four hours—at least it took the Datoh, Ahmat, Mahmud, and myself that time, but the men with the packs considerably longer. About halfway we came to a small clearing, where we met a Sakai, who gave us further information about the rogue elephant, and who accompanied us to Patah Gading.

When close to the clearing, we came across old elephant-tracks, but they did not seem to be those of a very large beast. Our friend the Sakai

explained that this elephant, which had passed through some weeks before, was not the one accused of damaging the padi, there being two solitary elephants roaming about in the vicinity of the clearings, one much bigger than the other. As we approached our destination, we came across the tracks of the elephant we were in search of, and, according to his footprints, he was a big fellow indeed; and close to the settlement, on the Sakai track we noticed the spot where he had been baited by the dogs of the jungle tribe when he had tried to enter their padi. The elephant had evidently been somewhat upset, as his footprints were stamped all about the track, several inches deep in the hard soil. Entering this clearing, we made for the house of the Gee-Krah (a Sakai title for a minor chief), the headman of that particular tribe. We found the old man—he was very old and very dirty—seated below his hut in a great state of mind, as his wife was upstairs very ill, and his house was *pantang*, that is to say, in such a state that it would be extremely unlucky to enter the door, both for the sick person inside and the person who entered. The Gee-Krah explained, however, that the elephant had been into the clearing five nights previously, when his dogs

A TYPICAL GROUP OF SAKAIS.

barked at it, and that it had gone away, but returned later on during the night, and had then eaten a great deal of padi. He also said that the elephant had retreated towards Kuala Tuang, as the day following its visit to the clearing one of the Sakais had gone down the track toward Kuala Tuang and had seen its footprints all along the path. As I found that the old man was not very pleased at our stopping so close to his pantang house, we moved to another spot where we could see several huts.

The clearings in question are very characteristic of the Sakais, as they show a studied disregard of labour which for ingenuity would take a lot of beating. In the first place, the jungle is felled, and then burnt, leaving all the big trees and most of their branches still on the ground. Amongst this jumble rice is sown and several small places are partially cleared for huts, which are erected generally ten feet to fifteen feet off the ground, when the estate is completed. These huts are the most rickety affairs, and as their steps are made of small jungle-trees with the treads merely tied on with rattan, it is anything but a nice sensation going up and down them, especially when near the top. At Patah Gading there were five or six such huts, scattered

about over the clearing, which was a hundred acres or so in extent. The huts we now made for were some distance away, and as Sakai paths in the clearings are invariably over logs—an easy road for bare feet, but a disagreeable one for booted people—we took some time getting there, at least I did. It was, indeed, nearly two o'clock before all my people arrived, and as we were unable to do anything more that day, we decided to sleep the night in one of the Sakai houses, a corner of which was put at our disposal. All the Sakais at this place could talk Malay, as they had some years ago worked for a gold-mining company at Bukit Pasoh, where they had mixed with Malays.

I made the acquaintance of a most intelligent Sakai named Jilah, in whose house we stayed, and with whom I chatted for some time about the solitary elephant we were after. He had known about this elephant, he said, for five years, as it regularly visited their clearings during the rice harvest, and always took away a good deal of their padi. One year he had treed a friend, who could not get away for several hours, but, so far as he knew, the elephant had never killed anybody.

The Sakai hut we stopped in was absolutely filthy, the interior being practically one mass of a

small species of cockroach, which got everywhere amongst our things, so that during the rest of my trip I failed to get rid of them all, some of the little pests turning up even a month afterwards. They gave me a creepy, crawly sensation all night, so that I slept little.

Next morning we decided to go down towards Kuala Tuang, and, if we found nothing, follow up another path in an easterly direction; afterwards, supposing we were still unsuccessful in finding tracks, returning across country towards Patah Gading, thus quartering a good-sized piece of jungle. That evening Jilah produced a Sakai from one of the huts, who said that two days before, he had come across tracks of the rogue elephant, about a day old, on the Kuala Tuang path, and promised to take us to the spot on the morrow. Provided this news was accurate, we were therefore within three days of our quarry. The next morning we left our hut shortly after six o'clock, having supplemented our transport with three Sakais—Jilah and two of his friends. Striking into the jungle at the back of the clearing, we were soon on the path to Kuala Tuang, and found the spot where the new track was reported to have been seen two days previously, but as there had been

some rain (in fact it had been raining all the previous night) it was difficult to tell exactly how old it was. As the direction, however, was towards Kuala Tuang, we continued our journey as originally projected. At about half-past nine, when we were nearly halfway to Kuala Tuang, we suddenly struck tracks of the previous afternoon of the beast we were after, and at once changed our direction and followed them. As these tracks were now going in a northerly direction, towards Batang Pasir, Datoh Raja thought it possible the bull was after the cows we had seen at that place. We were soon hard on the tracks, which at first took us through a big swamp for a considerable distance, and then, changing their direction, struck towards the hills. Jilah remarked that we were heading towards the Ulu Tuang, and that not very far from there was the Ulu Mem-Kuang, the source of a river flowing into the Sereting Valley, wherein is a big salt-lick, for which, possibly, the elephant was making; but the latter soon changed his course again, and doubled towards Kuala Tuang. We then knew that we should meet him that day, as he was turning about too much to intend going far, and our spirits revived accordingly. Soon the traces of extensive feeding on the part

of our quarry showed that we were gaining on him, as an elephant when feeding to any considerable extent wastes hours, and affords the hunter that opportunity of catching him up which is so difficult when he is moving from one locality to another. His tracks became fresher and fresher, till at last we came to a spot where the elephant had lain down; he had utilised an ant-hill as a pillow, at one end of which we could distinctly see the imprint of a tusk. He had been lying there for some time, and although the "form" was not warm, we could tell by the myriads of flies that he had not left long. Herein lies to my mind the great charm of this class of big-game hunting—the hour or so before you come up to the object of your chase, when the indications become momentarily fresher, and every instant is spent with the senses alert to their utmost. Every sportsman must at times feel regret when the chase is over and the quarry bagged, but so long as the game has still to be obtained, what greater sensation of pleasure can be experienced than the glorious expectation of the result of the next hour or so? For my part, I know, when I left the spot where this fine old rogue had been sleeping I felt my blood tingling with

excitement, as the mark of the tusk pointed to a fine trophy, should I be fortunate enough to bag the quarry, and I knew that my chance was very close at hand.

We were in fairly clear jungle now, amongst hills, and although there were numbers of pallas-palm, which in places made it very thick, other dense undergrowth was absent. Shortly before noon, when following the tracks along the side of a hill, we heard in front of us the unmistakable noise of an elephant feeding, and at once halted to ascertain the direction of the wind. Only the Datoh and Ahmat were with me, the others with the packs being some way behind. I found that by following the tracks the wind was favourable, and started to approach cautiously ; Ahmat following with the ten-bore, and the Datoh remaining where we had halted. As I approached, the elephant also approached myself, as he was quite unsuspicious, and quietly feeding. When within twenty yards or so I could make out his form, a feat of which Ahmat seemed to think I was incapable, as he at once caught hold of me and pointing out the elephant implored me to shoot. With a hurried "*Chelaka*" (an expressive Malay word signifying, in this sense, considerable annoyance)

to Ahmat, and instructions to squat down and not move till I fired, I crept towards the elephant. By making for a large tree almost exactly between the elephant and myself, I found myself within seven or eight yards of the huge brute, who had approached the tree from one side as I had come up on the other, having, in fact, returned on his own tracks for some distance. As he was directly facing me, I was compelled to take the front shot—a shot I dislike in the case of a big animal, as the brain lies a long way back, so that enormous penetration is required in order to reach it. The elephant standing absolutely stock-still, I rose and fired for the centre of the swelling at the base of his trunk. As I jumped to one side after firing, to clear myself from the clouds of smoke which ten drachms of black powder make, I was surprised, not to say horrified, to see the elephant standing in exactly the same position, apparently unharmed. I fired again for the same spot, and then with an empty rifle rushed for a secure place, as I scarcely considered a position eight yards from this extremely tough beast was altogether safe. As I moved so did the elephant—only we took opposite directions—and I soon had my rifle reloaded. Ahmat was by me with the ten-bore,

and we listened for our quarry, which had retreated into a thick patch of pallas, where we could see nothing of him, although we heard a great deal. Indeed the elephant made a most infernal noise, roaring and trumpeting for several minutes. Ahmat running forwards a few yards, beckoned to intimate that he could see the beast, but as it was in far too thick a spot to be clear enough to shoot from, instead of following Ahmat's advice, I tried to get round the patch of jungle in which the elephant was standing, as I knew he would shortly move away, and by getting behind him I might be able to cut him off. The jungle, however, at this point was too thick for me to move very quickly, and, before I could get very far, the wounded animal had increased the distance between us, and I could hear his retreating footsteps getting farther and farther away. He still continued to make a most extraordinary noise, such as I had never heard an elephant make before—a sort of mixture between a trumpet-blast and a cough, and really a terrible sound, which sent imaginary cold water in streams down my back. From the noise made by the squelching of the feet of the elephant, we knew he had passed through a swamp, and,

as we could now hear nothing further, followed cautiously. I did not particularly notice the spot where he had stopped for some time roaring, otherwise I might have got a clue to the extraordinary noises the beast had made. After passing through the swamp he had followed high ground, and as he had evidently gone off in earnest, we halted for the rest of our party. The Datoh pointing to the tracks said, "Baban dia brat, Tuan," which means, translated literally, that "His burden is heavy, master," but, in the subtle Malay tongue, was meant to convey that the beast was sorely wounded, as his footprints were only a few inches apart, instead of being about four feet, showing that he had some difficulty in getting along.

While sitting down to wait for the others, I felt very low, on thinking how I had missed this beast at such a very short range, and I also wondered why he had waited in that peculiar manner after receiving a wound in the head. This was indeed a new experience to me, and I scarcely knew what to think. Although I had not seen his tusks well, as my attention had been concentrated on a possible point at which to shoot, I had caught a glimpse of one long yellow shaft of ivory; and on questioning Ahmat I

learnt that he had not seen much, but had likewise caught a glimpse of both tusks, which were good to look upon. Imam Prang Samah was the first to arrive, and as he came running up, asking where the dead elephant was, we silently pointed to the tracks and then to the jungle. Prang Samah was very disappointed, and holding out his hand asked what was the thing he had found. It appeared that he had stopped for a moment where the beast had been wounded, and had found a leaf covered with a mixture of blood and phlegm, which showed beyond dispute that the shot had hit the elephant in the right spot. The bullet must have traversed the base of the trunk, and the blood running down into his throat had caused the extraordinary coughing noise that so alarmed us.

As it was now about mid-day, we decided to follow the tusker till evening, and in the event of not coming up with him, to sleep on his tracks. Accordingly the Datoh, Ahmat, and myself pushed on, leaving instructions with Prang Samah to hurry up the coolies when they arrived, as I intended to travel as fast as possible, and not to halt for camp till five o'clock; but although we followed as hard as we could, we never came near him that day, and at five

o'clock, after having circled round and round for hours, decided to camp. Ahmat and I were a little ahead of the Datoh, who, as he came up, said that one of the Sakais had caught him up about half an hour ago with a message from Prang Samah, saying that old Che Rah was lost and that he, Prang Samah, had gone back with two of the Sakais to look for him. He also reported that all the goods had been left at the spot whence Prang Samah had retraced his steps, and that Mahmud and the other coolie were waiting at that spot. To make matters worse it was starting to rain, and was within an hour of dark. No food, no bed, no elephant—I did not feel at all happy! As it was too late for us to go back, we at once started putting up a temporary shelter, since we were getting most uncomfortable with rain; hoping at the same time that the others would turn up before dark, which, I am glad to say, they did, so that after all we did not go to bed supperless. When I asked Che Rah how he came to lose the track, which was big enough, he complained of his feet being bad. Poor old chap! I do not think he quite enjoyed this hunt, as he was too old for forced marches. On asking Jilah where we were, he said that the stream we were close to

was Sungei Gelegar, a tributary of the Tuang, and that we had not gone very far from the place where I had originally fired at the elephant.

The next day we were up early, and on the tracks at daylight. After following for quite a short time, possibly half an hour, we found a spot where the elephant had spent many hours, as he had stamped down many square yards of undergrowth, and appeared in places to have lain down, although it was difficult to tell, as the ground had been flattened out by his feet as if rolled. Again we followed all day without coming up to him, quite half the time walking round and round, crossing and recrossing his tracks, and getting but little distance from the spot where we originally met one another. About mid-day, however, his tracks seemed to head in a northerly direction, and striking a game-path towards Bukit Bras, a mountain on the boundary between Pahang and Negri Sembilan, he followed this without stopping. We soon found indications that the elephant had to some extent recovered his senses and intended to fight. In one place, for instance, he had stopped and entirely destroyed with his tusks and head a large ant-hill alongside the path; while, a little farther on, he had turned aside, doubled back

parallel with the path, and stopped just at the edge facing his own tracks ; but he was too far ahead, and undoubtedly travelling faster than we ourselves.

As it was raining all day, and a great deal of our tracking was through pallas, from which the rain dripped incessantly, we were soon soaking wet and very cold ; and at four o'clock we decided to abandon the chase for a time, as I was compelled to be back at Pasir Kondang on the morrow, my provisions being only sufficient to last me over the night, and accordingly halted for our carriers. For some little distance we had been following along a broad jungle path, which the Datoh thought must be the Malay buffalo-track from Plangai to Kuala Tuang ; and when our Sakais came up they confirmed the Datoh's statement, and said that we were fairly close to Bukit M'ni, which is near Bukit Bras, where no doubt the elephant was going. They also said that by following along the buffalo-track for about an hour in the other direction we should come to an old camp of theirs on the banks of the Sungei Chakei, another tributary of the Tuang, which was about three hours' walk from the encampment at Patah Gading. Retracing our steps, about an hour before dark we arrived at the old

broken-down camp, a miserable lean-to, which we fixed up as well as we could for the night. Fortunately the rain had stopped and we were able to make ourselves fairly comfortable; and that evening, after we had taken our food, we discussed at great length every phase of the two days' hunt. The Datoh, ever ready with astonishing theories, thought that I had been too close to the elephant when I fired at him, and that the bullet had not got into its stride, so to speak. He was, however, quite confident that we should come up to the beast again, which was sure to settle down in some spot, far from where it was wounded, and there "ber-kubang" (take mud-baths) for some days. Wounded elephants invariably do this, as a mud-bath seems to act as a cooling poultice to the stricken animals. As subsequent events proved, the Datoh turned out to be right, and it is perhaps interesting to note that he had arrived at this correct prognostication from the light of previous experience, asserting that all wounded elephants he had ever followed up, provided that they had not been seriously incapacitated from travelling, had gone fast for two or three days, and then sought a swamp, where they had hung about bathing themselves profusely for several days.

As I found it would be quite impossible to do anything but stay at Pasir Kondang on the following night, since I had to arrange about rice, my stock being very low, I decided on the following programme for the morrow. Our camp was about equidistant from Patah Gading and the Malay kampong at Kuala Tuang. The path to Kuala Tuang was, as I have already said, the old Malay track to Semantan, and the path to the clearing was a game-track, with which our Sakais were acquainted. I therefore decided to send the Sakais back to their homes with instructions to prepare rice sufficient for seven days for six people; and also arranged with Jilah to take six Sakais, and to wait for us at the clearing. The rest would return to Pasir Kondang *viâ* Kuala Tuang, make arrangements for our food, and start again the following morning for Patah Gading, where we could pick up the Sakais. As this would mean Wednesday morning before we left Pasir Kondang, when we should be a good three days behind our elephant, I thought seven days' provision would be none too much, as I had determined to follow this beast till I found his hiding-place. I had to supplement my carriers with Sakais, as my Malays were beginning to fall out; Che Rah being indeed *hors de*

combat and quite unable to follow—as we should have to follow—this wounded elephant, while the Malay at Pasir Kondang was laid up with a bad foot, and his friend, who was with me, seedy and unfit for a hard tramp. With the exception of Prang Samah, I should then be without coolies on my return to Pasir Kondang.

We had more rain during the night, and in the morning, from the flooded condition of the Sungei Chakei, the Sakais said that they should be unable to follow the game-path to their clearing, except at great inconvenience, and preferred to go with us to Kuala Tuang, and then on to Patah Gading in the evening. We had a very bad walk to Kuala Tuang, as it took us over four hours, quite half of which was through water; while in one place, where the path crossed a small swamp, which was flooded with backwater from the Sungei Tuang, we had a few most uncomfortable minutes. This swamp, which always contained a certain amount of water, was spanned by a bridge of the primitive Sakai type, that is, two or three felled trees, over which one had to scramble as best one could. These trees were anything but level, and to get over them with water up to one's middle, knowing that a false step would mean

entire submersion, was anything but pleasant. I carefully avoid carrying my gun over these places—in this one there happened to be a raft which came in handy—and my Malay followers generally had to take that responsibility. Arriving at Kuala Tuang about mid-day, we found a Malay boat tied close to one of the houses, which had come up from the Pahang River with rice. This proved very useful, as we were able to buy rice, of which I took ten "gantangs," equal to the same number of gallons. This rice was fairly cheap, being only a dollar for three gantangs; and since three gantangs are sufficient for one man for a fortnight, living at that rate is fairly cheap. Of course at Kuala Tuang we were besieged with questions, and, with much mortification of spirit, I had to recount how unsuccessful I had been up to the present.

Malays are born diplomatists, and their sympathy on occasions such as these always appears genuine; but I felt sure that they considered the elephant gone for ever, although they expressed an entirely different opinion.

The owner of the house in which we halted —I forget his name—knew the Datoh Raja well, and was anxious that we should partake of rice; but as I was anxious to get to Pasir

Kondang as soon as possible to make all arrangements for the morrow, and my Sakais had yet to go to Patah Gading, I could not stop, except for a few minutes. The Datoh's friend gave us some *umpin* (young rice pounded and roasted) and grated cocoa-nut, which were excellent; and as there was now a hot sun, which soon dried our clothes, I sat on the steps of the Malay house, basking in the sun, and felt more pleased with myself than I had done since I fired at the elephant two days previously. At this moment, a Malay youth named Mat, who lived at Kuala Tuang, came and asked if I wanted any coolies, as he should like to go with me on my trip, and, being a strong, clean-limbed young fellow, I was only too glad to accept his offer. He promised to be ready in the evening, and said he would follow me down to Pasir Kondang.

Borrowing a boat at Kuala Tuang, we paddled down stream to our camp. As there was another Malay boat *en route* for Kuala Triang, and as old Che Rah was beyond further work, and my other two Malay coolies were also unfit, I decided to let them go by this boat, and paid them off; Che Rah taking with him a wicker basket full of dried seladang-meat, which I have no doubt was greatly appreciated at his kampong.

A Bungalow in Malaya.

The Sakais left early in the afternoon for Patah Gading with most of my tinned provisions, and instructions to have everything ready, including their rice, by ten o'clock on the following morning. Sakais are accustomed to carry their loads in large rattan or bamboo baskets, which fit down the back. These hold a good load, and it is astonishing how fast a Sakai will get along over what, to us, would be a bad road, carrying at least forty lbs. The straps used to fasten the basket to the shoulders are made of the bark of a tree called *trap*, which is beaten out and forms a sort of cloth, very tough and of great tensile strength. Formerly this bark was also used for making loin-cloths, but as civilisation brought with it cheap cotton goods, one has to go far afield to find Sakais wearing their primitive bark-cloths.

I turned in that night vowing I would follow the wounded rogue elephant, even if it took me to Johor—a contingency which, I am glad to say, did not occur.

CHAPTER V

FROM PATAH GADING TO CHEMEMOY—STILL FOLLOWING THE WOUNDED TUSKER

LEAVING Pasir Kondang at seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 17th December, with Datoh Raja, Ahmat, and Mahmud, my boy,—Mat, the Malay from Kuala Tuang, and two of the Pasir Kondang Malays did my transport as far as Patah Gading, where I picked up six Sakais,—I at once pushed on to the Sakai camp at Sungei Chakei, where I stopped on Monday night, and as I arrived before two o'clock I decided to continue my journey, pick up the elephant-tracks where I had abandoned them on Monday afternoon, and follow on until half-past four or so, and camp where we could. I halted for a few minutes at Sungei Chakei to close up our ranks, as some of the men were behind, but the Sakais did not keep us waiting long, being excellent carriers with medium loads. None of my men were carrying more than 30 lbs., so

that they could easily keep up with us. We had to wait some time for the Datoh and Mahmud, who were a considerable distance behind the Sakais, and when the Datoh arrived he did so without Mahmud, but carrying a hurricane-lamp

A Malay River Scene.

and a couple of fowls which had been entrusted to Mahmud.

"Where's Mahmud, Datoh?" I shouted, as the Datoh came into sight, trudging down the track.

"He said he was sick, Tuan, and as he couldn't run in the jungle as we were doing, he has returned to Patah Gading."

"But where did you leave him, Datoh? You know he is not clever in the jungle, and he may not find his way back."

"I told him that, Tuan, and he said that if it was his fate to die in the jungle, he would die, but that he could not continue going at such a pace. He was, however, only an hour from the clearing, and I am sure will find his way back, the track was quite plain."

I hoped he would be all right, as it was too late to go back and look for him, but I disbelieved the story about the fever, and was very annoyed with Mahmud; the truth of the matter being, that he had shirked the hard work. I looked with curiosity at my new Malay, Mat of Kuala Tuang, as he would now have to cook for me, and in that capacity I did not think he looked very promising.

We continued our journey a reduced party, and about five o'clock camped at the Ulu of Sungei Remahal, where the elephant's tracks had led us. These tracks were still those of Monday afternoon, and as it was now Wednesday night we had a lot of time to make up. Instead of taking us to Bukit M'ni, as I thought they would, the tracks had turned back towards the Sungei Triang, and in that direction the elephant

now headed. We had no rain that day, and the weather seemed clearer.

Breaking up camp the following morning at daylight and continuing our chase, Ahmat and Mat carried the two guns, and the Datoh and I travelled light, leaving the Sakais to follow. Shortly after nine o'clock we halted to let the Sakais catch us up, and when we started again were all close together. Scarcely had we followed the tracks a quarter of a mile from our halting-place—we reckoned the tracks were those of Tuesday morning—when we heard a noise in the jungle, and the Datoh, who was ahead, at once stopped, and pointing towards the sound said, "That's he, Tuan." I was startled by a tup! tup! behind me, the scurrying of many feet, and turning round saw all the packs lying on the ground, and a number of naked brown legs rapidly disappearing in the foliage above my head. One Sakai named Dras had not yet taken to the trees, but stood at the foot of one in such a position that his disappearance into the realms above was merely a question of a second or so. Hastily telling him to recall his friends and collect the packs, and if necessary retire to a safe distance, I ordered him not to throw my property about in this manner. The tup!

tup ! of the baskets, as they fell to the ground, was a sound that I heard again more than once, as Sakais never lose their terror of animals such as elephants and seladang. Living as they do among wild beasts, armed only with weapons that are useless against the full-grown animals, they know full well their power and strength, in all their wild grandeur, and on hearing or meeting big game, their instinct and their hereditary tendency induce them to seek safety in the tops of the trees. This incident so amused Ahmat that for some seconds I could not get him to concentrate his attention on the business in hand. We approached in the direction of the sound, and presently spotted the elephant, who was almost entirely hidden amongst thick foliage, but was unable to hide his position, as every half-minute or so he made the peculiar noise through his trunk that had so puzzled us on a previous occasion. When within twenty-five yards, I found I was close to a small ant-hill where the ground was clear. Of course a wounded elephant with three days to cogitate over his grievances was a very different animal to tackle from an unwounded, unsuspecting beast, quietly feeding, and I was not anxious to approach closer than my present position. The

jungle was thick, and I carefully scanned the ground in the vicinity of the ant-hill to see the best line of retreat, in case this became necessary. Although the elephant was broad-side-on to me, I found it impossible to distinguish his ear, although the rest of his body was fairly clear owing to its dirty white colour —the result of a mud-bath in a clayey soil. While I was trying to make out a vulnerable spot, the elephant moved a few steps forward, and as I could then see his shoulder fairly well I quickly fired for his lungs. He made no noise, but just continued his walk. As I was kneeling on the sloping ground leading up to the edge of the ant-hill, the recoil of my rifle upset my balance, and for a second or so I was unable to clear myself from the smoke, thus losing the chance of a second barrel—Ahmat said that I could easily have got in a second shot, as the stricken animal moved away very slowly. To my disgust I found that the cartridge in my right barrel had jammed, owing to the case splitting. I was unable for some minutes to extract it, and by the time I had done so, we could hear no further sound of the elephant. Examination of the spot where he had stood showed a great deal of blood,

which continued for some distance along the right side of the track; but I found none of the frothy blood which would have been thrown from his mouth had my bullet caught him fairly in the lungs, and I had probably hit him a little too far back. The Datoh and the rest soon came up, and we were quickly on the tracks again. The elephant was not going very fast, and his stride was short, showing that he was badly wounded. The Datoh wondered whether it was the same elephant I had wounded on the previous Sunday,—he had not been near enough to us to hear the noise made through his trunk,—but I soon put his mind at rest on that score. We were very lucky to come across him so soon, and our experience goes to prove the Datoh's theory that a wounded elephant, once fairly away from the district in which he had been attacked, will settle down to bathe his wounds, and hang about in one place for a few days. Whatever the elephant thought previously, there could have been no further doubt in his mind now as to the fact that he was being hunted; consequently he took us into the most impenetrable swamp that can be imagined, and in places it would have been impossible to have pushed

our way through had we not been following the elephant. Although I fired at him at ten minutes to ten, I again came up to him at a quarter-past eleven—a great difference from the tracking on the Sunday and Monday. As he was in a thick patch of cane-swamp, and I could not approach close to him in such covert, we skirted the swamp and found that the elephant was making his way very slowly in a line parallel with ourselves. When in the middle, he stopped, incessantly making the peculiar noise with his trunk, so I decided to try and approach a little closer, as I could see two or three big trees, around which I expected to find firm ground.

Telling Ahmat that in cases of emergency he might use the ten-bore, I crawled through an entangled conglomeration of thorns and coarse reedy grass to a big tree, behind which I felt myself for the moment safe, and then listened for our quarry. He was there sure enough, about thirty yards from us, but keeping quite still. About seven or eight yards distant, somewhat in the direction of the elephant, was another good spot which I made for, leaving Ahmat behind the first tree. Carefully crawling along, with my eyes and ears alert to their

utmost, I was able to make out the head and tusks of my quarry turned directly my way. Suddenly his ears moved—did this mean flight or fight? I could imagine no more uncomfortable place in which to be charged by an elephant: the swamp was deep, the smoke from my rifle hung about for several minutes, and everything depended on the first shot. Hesitating no longer, and standing with one foot on a root and one leg up to the knee in mud, I fired for the beast's head, judging the position by the yellow gleam of the tusks. At the same moment, bang went Ahmat's rifle to my right, almost in my ear, and then with a rush and a scramble I cleared myself from my uncomfortable position, and took refuge on firm ground near the roots of a tree. The elephant rushed off and commenced roaring with all the enormous lung-power at his command, rolling through the swamp like a great ship in a heavy sea, mowing down everything in his way with his huge head and tusks. I remembered the Sakais, and wondered what they thought of all this disturbance, and how my poor goods were faring. The noise seemed to stop rather suddenly, and I thought it possible that the elephant had succumbed, as we had distinctly

heard a crash as if he had fallen, and my shot might have hit the shoulder and penetrated to the vitals, as the whole outline of the beast had been most indistinct. I asked Ahmat why he had fired, whereupon he made some mumbling excuse as to the elephant being about to charge ; but I have no doubt his excitement got the better of him, and it was perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

Skirting the swamp, we found no dead elephant, but tracks leading up to high ground, so on we went. At one o'clock we again came up to him, or rather we heard him once more, this time in a swamp connected with the Triang River, to which we were now quite close ; in fact it was practically a backwater to which the elephant had taken. Hearing him wading through the water quite distinctly, we halted on the edge of the water, Ahmat and myself wading in and leaving the others on dry ground. For two hours we tried our utmost to get up to the beast, but, although we waded up to our necks, failed to do so. Evidently the elephant had gone out into the middle of the swamp, and taken his station there, bathing his body by throwing water from his trunk over his back. The noise caused by the suction of the

water, when taken up by his trunk, and the sound made by its expulsion as it was thrown over his back, continued unceasingly. At last we gave it up and returned towards *terra firma*.

As we neared the dry land, we met the old Datoh, followed by the Sakais, coming towards us, who said he thought, as we had been away so long, we must have found that the elephant had continued his journey on the other side of the swamp, and had followed him there. We hurriedly explained matters and retraced our steps. Meanwhile the Datoh had taken off all his clothes except his trousers, and when we met him he was in the water up to his middle, and was carrying his bundle on his head ; his teeth were chattering with cold, and all he could say at first was, "It is very cold, Tuan," which much amused Ahmat, as we had been over two hours in the water, and as the Datoh had only just arrived, he might have given us the chance of complaining.

Finally, we camped beside the swamp on good high ground, and occupied ourselves till evening going down to the water's edge listening for the elephant, who stopped there till dark, as we could still hear the swish-swish of the water as he bathed himself. At seven, eight, and nine

o'clock he was still there, and his behaviour puzzled us much. How we talked over the events of the day that night in camp! I asked the Datoh if he had ever heard of the pursuit of an elephant producing a parallel to this; I asked Ahmat if his father had ever related to him any such story; I racked my brains for all the stories I had heard and all I had read, but from all sources could find no precedent. At last, after exhausting all possible theories, we came to the conclusion that the elephant must be so sick that he could not move out of the swamp, and that we should find him dead there in the morning. Surely no hunted animal would voluntarily stay in the same spot hour after hour, except for the one reason that it was unable to move.

Dropping off to sleep that night, with the feeling that the beast would be mine in the morning, my slumber was suddenly disturbed by Ahmat catching me by the shoulder, and nearly pulling me out of bed. "Quick, quick, sir! the elephant is leaving the water and coming towards the camp; follow me, we will climb up this ant-hill where we shall be safe. Where are the guns, sir? Bring the gum-tickler with you." (I always called my eight-bore a gum-tickler, and by such

name it was well known to Ahmat.) Hastily tumbling out of bed, I seized my rifle, grabbed a few cartridges, and followed Ahmat. It was pitch dark, the only light we had being from a few glowing embers, the remains of the evening's fire at which we had cooked our food some hours before. There was a big ant-hill, some ten to fifteen feet high, just at the end of our rude shelter, to which Ahmat led me, and where I halted for a minute and asked him in what direction he had heard the noise, and I tried to listen. Immediately the Datoh's thin, hoarse voice called to me from the air—at least it sounded as if it was from the air, but in reality he was on the top of the ant-hill—to come up quickly as there was no time to lose, the elephant might be on us at any moment. The poor old Datoh was thoroughly scared.

Scrambling up the ant-hill, we had only about two feet square at the top to stand upon, and there we crowded together. There were only four of us, and I inquired for the Sakais, when the Datoh waved his arm significantly towards the trees, and I knew that at any rate our carriers were safe. Listening carefully, we could hear a commotion going on in the water, certainly nearer than before, but still a long way from our camp.

What the elephant was doing I do not know, but he certainly was making a great deal of noise. It was now about eleven o'clock, and we stopped on the ant-hill for about half an hour longer.

It was an amusing situation, if looked at from the humorous side of it. Four of us on the top of an ant-hill, six Sakais, each up his respective tree, and a wounded elephant some hundred yards or so away, in the inky darkness of the tropical night, stalking about in the water, with probably not the slightest intention or inclination to come anywhere near the party. Gradually our alarm calmed down, and as we realised that it would be more comfortable in bed than on the top of an ant-hill, to bed we went. The Sakais, hearing us return, quickly dropped to the ground and crept back under the leaves of their shelters. We all thought, from the sound, that the elephant had left the water and had returned to the high ground near our camp, between the Triang River and ourselves; but as I was lying awake after this little excitement, and our camp had quieted down, I distinctly heard the noise of an elephant's stomach, the rumble which so well conveys to the human mind the power and size of the beast. It appeared, however, to be to the land side of

the camp, and if the animal had actually left the water, that was probably the direction in which it would have gone. Saying nothing, but listening intently, in about two or three minutes I heard the sound again. "There he is," I said, and instantly the apparently sleeping Sakais were scurrying out into the darkness. The Datoh, it appeared, had fallen off to sleep, and one Sakai in rushing out stepped across and woke him up. Instinctively the old Malay's hand sought his kriss, but fortunately the Sakai was so quick that he had passed before any harm could come of the Datoh's hereditary tendency to strike with his weapon at the thought of danger. What the half-awake Datoh thought the Sakai was, I do not know—possibly the elephant. Nothing, however, came of this false alarm of mine, as we heard the beast no more until a quarter to four in the morning, when we repeated our earlier performance of the night, and again investigated the top of the ant-hill. Subsequent events proved that this was the first time the elephant actually left the water, and we thus learnt that from one o'clock the previous day till four the following morning he had remained more or less in the same place. For fifteen hours he had been bathing and sluicing himself with

water—indicating that he must have been very sick indeed. We did not hurry ourselves much the following morning, for we had had a very disturbed night, and quite expected to find our quarry very easily—possibly dead ; so leaving our camp intact, and packing up nothing, as we thought it possible we might require the camp again that night if the beast was killed close by, the three of us investigated the swamp.

First we followed right along the bank on the side of our camp, down to the Triang River, but the elephant had not come out there. Then we wandered to the head of the back-water and waded across ; but the swamp was wide, and I began to think that there was no other side at all—a contingency quite possible, as the Triang was in high flood, and if the bank happened to be low at that spot, the water through which we were wading would continue until it became one with the river. At last we spied, through the thick undergrowth, what looked like dry ground, and soon felt the water shallowing under our feet. Following down towards the Triang River, but finding no tracks for some time, we shouted to the Sakais, and could just hear an answering call, showing us the direction the camp lay. This gave us our

bearings, and the approximate position of the sound we had heard the previous afternoon, when we tried to come up to the elephant in the swamp. Nevertheless, although quite close to that spot, we could see no trace of the elephant, and so passed on ; but still no traces, and soon we came close to the Triang, with the roar of the flood-water, hurrying down to the great Pahang River, distinctly audible. Ahmat halted, and pointed to elephant-tracks, but they were not fresh, and possibly two days old. Evidently our elephant had been there between the date when we gave up following him and the previous day when we met him again. Carefully examining these tracks, we found they were undoubtedly those of the same beast, and quite two days old. Next we followed them nearly to the river, every step convincing me more and more that the elephant lay dead behind us in the swamp, since, after nearly completing the circle, we had found no new tracks. But my hopes were soon destroyed, for, when within fifty yards of the river-bank, we came upon new tracks, where our quarry had left the water, and my disgust was great to find that he had not only followed the bank of the river, but had gone down to the Triang, where all trace of him was lost. Pacing up and down

the bank we found plenty of old tracks, but no new ones, so that the elephant must have crossed the river, and as we realised this our hopes sank. Where was our dying, disabled elephant now? To cross the Triang at this spot was no easy feat, since, as the water was rushing and roaring down, and many feet deeper than the height of the elephant, it was no question of fording, but of swimming, and our dying beast had done this! As we were miles from anywhere, with no chance of getting a boat, the difficulty had to be faced and the flooded river crossed. The first thing to do was to get together all our camp things, and the Datoh accordingly went back to bring the Sakais, upon whose arrival we held a council of war. The Datoh was very despondent, and thought we should never be able to cross the river without losing our goods, as no raft that we could make could live in such a flood. Ahmat and Mat of Kuala Tuang were, however, more hopeful, and we finally determined to try what could be done with a raft. Near the spot where the elephant had crossed, a large tree had fallen across the river, which it about half-spanned. By using this as a sort of rail along which a raft could be dragged, we hoped to be able to get to the end of the

tree, and then, by letting go and poling hard, land somewhere on the other bank. It was a poor chance, but we felt that we must get the elephant. The Datoh, whose hopes and fears rose and fell like a barometer, suggested that the elephant could not have had sufficient strength to cross the flooded river, and had probably been washed away, and was possibly down somewhere near the Pahang River. In fact, if I remember right, I think he suggested looking for it in that direction. The Datoh would have made an excellent companion to Job !

Getting all hands to fell trees and prepare rattan for the raft, I amused myself following up the old tracks of the elephant. Not far from where he crossed the river he had wallowed in a mud-bath, easily formed in a hollow made by the upturned roots of a large tree. The soil was red at this spot, and all round the mud-hole the leaves and trees were plastered with terra-cotta-coloured mud, so that the elephant must have been quite red after this amusement, and would have looked somewhat extraordinary if met in such a guise. As soon as we had made the raft, we found that the weight of one Sakai submerged it a foot under water, so we had to increase the buoyancy by adding another layer

of jungle trees; the trees we used being of soft wood of about seven inches in diameter, which, even when quite green, floats. The raft was about twelve feet long by eight broad, and the logs were fastened together with rattan. When Mat of Kuala Tuang and a Sakai got on the raft they submerged it about three inches, so we built a sort of bridge-deck on the main structure, on which we could put our packs without fear of their getting wet. I decided that a trial trip would be advisable, so, although it was Friday, an unlucky day for a maiden voyage, off started the raft with Ahmat and Mat. Naturally I wanted Ahmat to get across as soon as possible to hunt for the tracks, so cutting two very long poles, we lashed to their ends short pieces of wood, thus making them into fair imitations of boat-hooks. With these Mat was able to get hold of the branches of the fallen tree, and thus crossed safely. Although he managed the first trip with Ahmat all right, he had much difficulty in getting back. The water on the other side of the Triang was quite four feet over the banks, and although Mat tried to force the raft through the undergrowth he could not get far, and Ahmat had to land in four feet of water. Immediately he disappeared into the jungle with

only his head and a little of his shoulders showing above water.

As the result of this trial trip, we knew the task was not impossible, as what had been managed once could be done again ; and I decided to let Mat take a rope across with him which would facilitate matters, and we should then be able to pull the boat across quite easily. We ought indeed to have thought of this before he went across with Ahmat. Eventually we found a very long rattan, at least a hundred yards in length, and, as the river was not more than sixty or seventy yards across at this spot, we had ample length. To pull this out—rattans twine round and round the branches of the trees—was the work of a few minutes only, and soon we had one end of it fast to a big tree on our side and the other to the raft. Mat of Kuala Tuang and two of the Sakais forthwith started, but when about halfway across, the former missed his hold on the tree and the raft was adrift. Lucky indeed that we had the rattan, otherwise our craft would have been lost ! In a few minutes we hauled them in and started them off again, when they made a successful trip, and as we now had a connection right across the river, the rest of the transport was merely a matter of time.

Mat of Kuala Tuang was invaluable: he engineered all the trips across, falling into the water at least a dozen times, but always coming up smiling.

After this we got all the Sakais across first, and then all the goods; and finally the Datoh and myself crossed with the guns, the latter being lashed to the raft in case of accident. Mat brought back welcome news, as Ahmat had found the elephant's tracks leading up to high ground some two hundred yards or so from the river-bank; but to get to this ground we had to wade through deep water, and it was difficult to keep the goods dry, everything having to be carried on the men's heads. The elephant, while in the water on the bank of the river, had fed largely off rattan and other creepers, this being apparently the only food for which he now cared. The tracks took us along a well-defined path, which, according to the Datoh, led to Chememoy, some ten miles up country from the Triang River, where some Sakais lived. We were, indeed, not very far from Plangai, the elephant having taken us a long way up-stream. Hardly had we left the Triang when we came across another backwater, well out of depth, and I anticipated another raft—our progress seeming

to be checked at every turn. Fortunately we found an old tree-trunk, nearly rotten, floating in the water, standing upon which two of us could get across at a time ; but it was an awkward job, as the wretched trunk would turn round, and I was easily able to imagine myself an acrobat trying to keep himself balanced on a rolling ball ! These delays had of course taken up a lot of time, and as it was two o'clock before we had negotiated the second passage, I thought it unlikely we should meet our quarry that day. After following hard till four o'clock we decided to camp, as the old elephant had evidently taken a new lease of life and travelled a long distance.

Although we crossed new seladang-tracks that afternoon, we could of course waste no time following them ; and the tracks we were following showed unmistakable signs of distress on the part of the elephant, as the footmarks were close together, and in many places the toes had been dragged, leaving a deep furrow from one track to the next. Of course we had to camp near water, and although all the morning we had more water than we wanted, for the last two hours we had been following hills all the time, and so when we decided to camp, we had to leave the tracks and search for a suitable place for our

shelters. As Ahmat and myself made our way down into a small valley through very thick undergrowth, where we thought we might find water, we suddenly once more heard our quarry. There was the unmistakable *karr-karr* of the animal's throat, and we made for the sound. Evidently the poor beast had been unable to stand the fatigue of his late journey, and had again sought the comfort of a mud-bath. When we came upon him, he was up to his stomach in a mud-hole, with his tusks resting on the ground at one end. We got within twenty yards or so, and although the leaves of the many entwining palms made it extremely difficult to make him out, I saw his ear distinctly, and fired for the ear-hole. Instead, however, of falling dead as I expected, the elephant scrambled out of the mud and rushed screaming into the jungle ; but his rush was very short, and we soon heard him moving very slowly, grumbling and grunting with rage and pain. At this moment the elephant, which was then going very feebly, passed close to the Datoh, who was some way behind ; but it was too late to think of following any more that evening, so we camped near the mud-hole where there was a tiny stream of water. My feelings can be better imagined than described, and I felt very

angry with myself. All of us were discouraged, and after our labours in the morning in crossing the Triang, and our luck in finding the beast after we had left the tracks, it seemed hard to have missed so good a chance. Accordingly, it was with much bitterness of soul that I made the following entry in my diary that evening :— "We have had two exciting days, but I have no excuse for not finishing the business this afternoon. Camped near Kubang." The old Datoh was very displeased, and inclined to think the entire blame rested with myself. As a matter of fact this was the case, allowing for all difficulties ; but when smarting under a lost opportunity one does not care to be reminded of one's failure. We all agreed, however, that the elephant could not now go far, and concentrated all our hopes on the morrow—a morrow on which, I am glad to say, we at last reaped our reward.

CHAPTER VI

I RETURN TO PASIR KONDANG WITH TWO PAIRS OF TUSKS INSTEAD OF ONE

On Saturday 20th December commenced a week which was productive of the best and most successful hunting of my trip. During the early unsuccessful days of my expedition I managed to keep up my spirits with hopes that the luck would balance itself later on, and at last my anticipations were nearing reality. We repeated our usual performance, breaking up camp at daylight and following the tracks as on previous occasions. At first the elephant returned along the path he followed the previous day, and we were all afraid that he intended to recross the Triang ; but after keeping us in suspense for well over an hour, he left the path and struck into the jungle, taking a direction towards Plangai. Evidently he was very sick, his tracks being almost a continual line of footprints, with scarcely any spaces between them ; but still he

kept on, and we must have travelled quite fifteen miles before we came up to him, which we did about noon. We then found him in a nasty thick swamp, one tangled mass of creepers and thorns; and although I could distinctly hear him, I could see nothing. Ahmat and myself approached cautiously, and got within twenty yards of where he stood, but even then I could see nothing at which to shoot. The elephant appeared anxious to lie down, as he kept moving backwards and forwards, a few yards only, over the same place. There was a small open space between my position and a spot about two yards in front of the elephant, and should he move a little forward I should be able to get a shot; but unfortunately he seemed disinclined to move in that direction. Accordingly, I beckoned to Ahmat, and we tried to creep through the thorns and get ahead of him, hoping for a shot from another direction, but soon abandoned the idea, owing to the extreme denseness of the undergrowth, and returned to our original position. In fact, the only thing to do was to wait where we were, on the chance of the beast moving forward, and as luck would have it he did so almost immediately; and a few laboured steps brought the stricken animal in front of the small clear opening, where

I could make out his eye and ear, and as his head seemed to be a little bit turned my way, I aimed just in front of the ear-hole, in the hollow between the eye and ear. Down he went with a crash ; with a great sigh he expelled volumes of air from his lungs, and his trials were over ! Clearing myself from the smoke after firing, I listened for a moment or so, but hearing no further sound forced my way through the thick clump of undergrowth in front, and gave the fallen elephant a *coup de grâce* in the lungs. He was, however, already quite dead—at last, after many attempts, my bullet had found his brain ! So ended a superb hunt, certainly the most exciting in which I have ever taken part ; and, although my first thoughts were those of remorse at the death of so fine an animal, I remembered the damage he had annually done to the Sakais' plantations, and consoled myself with the knowledge that he had been killed in fair fight. At a rough calculation, I reckoned that we had followed this elephant, from first to last, about eighty-five miles. The Datoh and Mat of Kuala Tuang soon came up, but we could not persuade the Sakais to come near for some time—even a dead elephant they fear. My first business was to examine the positions of my previous shots, but,

owing to the elephant having fallen to his right side, I was unable to see any of the wounds on that side ; and as my body-shot and one head-shot had hit him on the right side I am still in ignorance as to their exact positions. My initial shot was a revelation to me, for although the bullet had hit the elephant exactly in the centre of the elevation at the base of the trunk, and had taken a direct line for his brain, a penetration of nearly two feet had failed to reach that vital spot. Even with so severe a wound the tusker, when first fired at, had stood his ground without flinching—a good proof of the necessity of using the heaviest rifle that the hunter can with convenience bring into the field ! The shot from my second barrel had been a wild one, and had struck his head outside the base of the right tusk. The shot of the previous evening had pierced the ear-hole exactly, but had passed in front of the brain—I should have aimed behind, instead of at his ear.

Deciding to spend the rest of the day where we were, and camp close by for the night, we gave ourselves plenty of time to cut out the tusks and take any other trophies we wanted. The tusks were a beautiful pair ; and when subsequently scaled, weighed 60 lbs., and measured

14 inches circumference at the gum, and 5 feet 1 inch, and 4 feet 11½ inches respectively in length.

The carcase lying on its right side measured, between perpendicular staves, one placed at the sole of the foot, the other at the shoulder, 9 feet 3 inches. We were busy till evening preparing the trophies, and were quite ready to turn in when our task was over. At one time Datoh Raja said that he thought we were near the Ulu Baris, a small stream which discharges into the Triang River, near Plangai, and that our best way home would be to march down towards Plangai, cross the river there, skirt the big clearing, pick up the Dernai Kerbau, and return along that path to Kuala Tuang; and we hoped, by leaving very early the following morning, to be able to reach Pasir Kondang the same evening. It was fortunate, indeed, that I killed the elephant when I did, for our rice had dwindled down in an alarming way, and we had scarcely two days' supply left. I took the two fore-feet of the elephant, and as I had brought no preservative with me, having left all behind at Pasir Kondang, and should be unable to get any before the following evening at the earliest, I thought it advisable to dry

them before the fire. I told off four Sakais to remove all the meat from the inside of the feet, keeping an eye on them to see that they did not damage the skin, with the result that they made an excellent job. The rest of us busied ourselves collecting timber for a large fire—large with the object of producing wood-ashes with which to dress the inside of the feet. Unfortunately the process of drying these feet before the fire proved a failure, as they subsequently shrank to such an extent that I had to throw them away. I might indeed have saved them if, instead of cleaning them out, I had taken them as they were to Pasir Kondang; but I had not sufficient men to enable me to perform the task. Elephant's feet will keep much longer if they are left intact, but are of course much heavier to transport. Fortunately I was able to save the tail, of which, however, there was but little left—the elephant having lost the greater part of this appendage in fighting.

Further examination of the elephant's carcase showed the mark of a "penurun" on the back, at least six inches away from the spine; but the sharpened wood must have caused a very painful wound, the scar left being several inches long. The Sakais told me that at some

of their clearings penuruns were still occasionally set, but only when the elephants caused them much trouble and damaged their crops. I heard the same story further down the Triang River, and have no doubt that elephants are often wounded in this way when making unwelcome, though not unexpected, visits to the Sakai clearings.

On the following morning, within an hour's walk from our camp, we came across a jungle-path which was evidently used by rattan collectors, by following which, in the direction of the Triang River, we soon came to a Sakai clearing belonging to our old friend Batin Tiga Tapak. The Datoh Raja had been quite right as to our locality, as the Batin's hut was on the banks of the Sungei Baris, and from there to Plangai was scarcely an hour's walk. On we went towards Plangai, and on the outskirts of the village, but further down the river than our previous place of embarkation, we came across a Malay house, occupied by two Malay women and several children, but no men. There was a boat tied up opposite this house, and as the big clearing was directly in front of us, we naturally asked permission from the Malay ladies to borrow their boat. To my

surprise they most indignantly refused, stating that their lord and master, before he left home that morning, had told them on no account to lend the boat to any one. This harmless prevarication deceived nobody, and as they persisted in refusing to lend us the boat, even after we had explained that we only wanted it for five minutes, we were compelled to take French leave. Ahmat, with the characteristic scorn of a town Malay for a country Malay (having lived for a year or so in Seremban he considered himself quite civilised), was inclined to make rude remarks to these very disobliging fair ones, but ultimately contented himself with snorts of disgust at the manners of the people of Pahang. Having safely transported all our goods and men across the river, I sent the boat back with Mat, who thanked the women for the loan of their craft, and then going a little way upstream swam across.

By this time the river had fallen quite four feet since our previous sojourn at Plangai, and as the clearing was nearly dry, we made our way across it, and striking into the jungle at the back, soon found the Dernai Kerbau. Close to this path we came across a native *perangkap*, an arrangement set on the ground to catch jungle-

fowl, mouse-deer, and such wood-partridges or pheasants as might happen to come along. These traps are made by laying through the jungle, for about half a mile, a line of cut brushwood, which is piled from two to three feet high, with openings every thirty yards or so. In these openings are placed traps made of bamboo or cane, which are released the moment anything tries to pass through, when they fall to the ground and imprison the game alive. During the morning we came across two or three sprung perangkap, in which we saw two crested wood-quail and one jungle-cock. The birds scurrying about in the undergrowth, finding one of these brushwood barriers, run along them until they come to an opening, and dashing through are soon prisoners in the bamboo traps. Ahmat was anxious to take the birds from the traps, but was dissuaded from doing so by the Datoh, who said that such an action would entirely destroy our luck; and as I suggested to Ahmat that we had not come all this distance to take other people's property, he continued his journey a little abashed.

Shortly before eleven o'clock we crossed the Plangai River near its source, and there being a nice sandy spit close to the path, halted for

our mid-day repast. Datoh Raja now told us a story about a certain Malay Haji who had travelled through this jungle years before, and when near the present spot had been chased by elephants. Unfortunately he had with him a box containing about a thousand dollars, which in his flight he was compelled to abandon. Some hours afterwards, his fear having gone with the departure of the elephants, he returned to hunt for his treasure but failed to find it, and, according to the Haji, the dollars are still in the jungle undiscovered. This story was so like an Oriental fabrication that I suggested to the Datoh that possibly the holy man was taking the money to pay his debts, that the elephants had been a good excuse for him to hide his box, and that no doubt he returned on a subsequent occasion and removed the dollars. The Datoh admitted that that would have been a most cunning thing to have done, and a proceeding that would probably have saved the Haji the necessity of paying his debts for a long time to come; but he did not think the story was untrue as the man had been a relation of his own!

Although loath to leave the shady spot where we were resting, we had a long way to go,

and shortly before noon moved on ; Ahmat and I, who led the way, striking at mid-day the fresh tracks of an elephant that had crossed the path. After following the spoor twenty yards or so into the jungle, we saw that it was that of a solitary elephant, which had not passed more than five or six hours before, so there was just an outside chance of our being able to come up to him within a couple of hours. Accordingly I decided to have a try, and sent Ahmat back for the guns, telling him to inform the Datoh that we intended following this elephant for about two hours, but that, in the event of our not coming up with it before two o'clock, we should return ; adding that he (the Datoh Raja) was to push on and camp at Sungei Chakai.

Ahmat returned in ten minutes or so with the Sakai Jilah, and said that the Datoh thought our chase a foolish one, as in his opinion we had no chance of coming up to the beast that day. The Datoh was ever a pessimist ! This elephant appeared from his track to be a little smaller than our late quarry, and was obviously not so old, as his toe-nails were closer to the feet, making a less distinct impression on the ground. His tracks soon became mixed up with those of a herd of five or six other elephants,

but as those of the herd were twenty-four hours old, they caused us no trouble. This bull was evidently after the herd, as he assiduously followed their tracks right up to Bukit M'ni. Soon we came to the rising ground leading up to the mountain, and huge granite boulders met us on every side; there were quantities of old elephant-tracks, and a well-defined game-track along which our friend had wended his way, but Bukit M'ni is celebrated for its creepers, and we could only make slow progress. Steadily climbing the mountain, we passed several places where the elephant had fed to some considerable extent, and soon came across warm droppings. These signs put us on the alert, and presently we heard the breaking of branches in front of us, and I knew my opportunity was near at hand. The noise ahead was the signal for Jilah to climb a tree; and he did not half climb it either, as he went up and up until he must have been at least a hundred feet from the ground, where he stopped till our hunt was over.

Approaching our quarry, we found that he was moving slowly along the side of a hill, but as he had his stern towards me, I could see nothing at which to shoot. Thinking it was unlikely he would change his direction, the hill

being steep, and his inclination being to follow along the side, mounting gradually, as the wind was favourable, we retired a short distance, went downhill, and then advanced parallel with the line taken by the elephant, some ten yards below. Continuing this line, I got directly below the bull, which I now saw carried a nice pair of short, thick tusks; and as I was many yards beneath him, and had to fire at an angle of about thirty degrees, I aimed a little behind, and three or four inches below his ear-hole. Down he came, falling downhill, but fortunately struck against two trees, which prevented him from turning over, otherwise he might have started rolling, and would never have finished until he reached the bottom of Bukit M'ni. I ran uphill, hastily reloading, and saw that the fallen animal was making efforts to get into some other position—he was lying on his back with his legs waving in the air—so gave him two shots in the lungs, which soon quieted him. I think my bullet must have hit him in the vicinity of the spine, passing behind the brain, as his legs were very much alive, although he appeared unable to move his body. This was a younger animal than my previous elephant, his height being only 8 feet 3 inches between

perpendiculars, while his tusks when cleaned measured 3 feet 3 inches long, and scaled just short of thirty pounds the pair. As there was no time to do anything more that day, we merely cut off his tail, and made our way back towards the buffalo-path. On looking at my watch, I found it was exactly two hours since we had first seen his tracks—a great stroke of luck to have found our quarry so quickly. On arrival at Sungei Chakai at five o'clock, I saluted the Datoh by presenting him with the elephant's tail. The old man expressing mild surprise, I explained to him how easily we had come up to the beast, and we all agreed that such luck seldom came the way of the hunter. From the appearance of this elephant I have every reason to believe he was amorously inclined towards the cows in the herd whose tracks we had seen, as the small glands in his temples, which secrete a sort of oil when these animals are in season, were running with fluid. The Malays value this fluid immensely, and always try to obtain some of it when an elephant is killed; and Ahmat invariably carried with him a small quantity of cotton-wool, which, with the aid of a sharpened stick, he would thrust down into the gland, and, after twisting it about for a minute or

so, withdraw it soaked with oil. This oil has a sweet scent, and is used by the Malays as a medicine, to make the inevitable love-philtre.

Having decided to send Ahmat and one Sakai back on the morrow to Bukit M'ni for the trophies—I could only spare two men—I arranged that the rest should return to Pasir Kondang *viâ* Kuala Tuang, as there was just enough rice with which to get back. That night it rained for three hours without stopping, as it can rain only in the tropics. Our camp was flooded, it was impossible to make a fire, and I had to content myself with a cold dinner; but all these inconveniences melted into oblivion now that the game we so long had been after was ours. During the heavy rain the Sakais had to cut saplings with which to make a platform to sleep on, as every part of our camp was three to four inches under water; but they did their task cheerfully enough, and by nine o'clock had made a comfortable sleeping-place. Not long after we heard the flood-water of the Sungei Chakai roaring down, which we knew meant trouble for us in the morning; and our anticipations were fully realised, as we had a worse walk than on the previous occasion, often having to wade for long distances with the water up to our

chests. About mid-day we arrived at Kuala Tuang and were greeted with congratulations by the Malays, who much admired the tusks and feet ; and when I told them there was another pair behind, which Ahmat would bring in the evening, they became quite enthusiastic over my good luck. Telling them that it was all due to the Datoh's magic, I think they really believed this was the case. At Kuala Tuang we stayed some time, and after partaking of rice, in the cool of the evening quietly paddled down the river towards Pasir Kondang. About a hundred yards above the Pasir Kondang village is a sharp bend in the river, and I told my men that as soon as we reached this, they must all stand up in the boat and shout at the top of their voices to let the Malays know we had not returned empty-handed. This they did, and instantly I saw a tiny dug-out, just big enough to seat one man, shoot out from under the bank and come our way. This boat contained Imam Prang Samah, who with true Oriental politeness came out to greet our return.

" What news, Tuan ? " said Prang Samah, as he ranged alongside our boat, and I could see his eyes glisten as he gazed on the tusks.

" That's the news, 'Mem Prang," I said, pointing to the tusks.

"But haven't you shot two elephants, Tuan; where are the other tusks?"

To say that I was astonished would not in the least describe my sensations, as it was impossible for news to have travelled ahead of us. I could only ejaculate, "Who told you, 'Mem Prang?" Perhaps there was something in the Datoh's magic after all!

"Tuan, I dreamt it, and I feel sure you have killed two elephants."

Then I told him about elephant number two, and Imam Prang Samah was delighted. The incident of his dream I can only tell as he related it to me; he would not divulge the details, but stuck to the fact that he knew from his dream that I should get two elephants. As Ahmat had not arrived by half-past six that evening, I thought it possible that he had been delayed and would sleep at Kuala Tuang; but shortly after eight o'clock we heard the thud! thud! of the paddles coming down stream, a light flashed round the bend, and the next instant the night was made hideous by Ahmat's shouts of triumph, and our equally discordant answers. He brought the tusks and one foot, these being the only trophies he was able to transport. When I arrived, Mahmud was at Pasir Kondang, and I

asked him if he had seen anything of a boy whom I had lost somewhere in the jungle ; but I was in too good humour to be angry with him—had I returned empty-handed I should have had a good deal more to say to the deserter ! At Pasir Kondang lived a Malay girl who was not as shy as she ought to have been, and Ahmat suggested that Mahmud had found an attraction in that direction ; but then the former, having been away, had lost his chances of love-making, and was probably jealous of Mahmud's opportunities !

This was the last night we spent in Pasir Kondang, as we left in the morning for a place called Kryong, some few miles down stream, where there were many clearings said to contain unlimited seladang.

The Sakais returned early in the morning to their homes at Patah Gading, and very sorry was I to part with them—as they had served me well, had gone through a good deal of fatigue without the slightest grumbling, and were genuinely pleased with the result of the hunt. I took down with me from Kuala Tuang a Malay youth named Saleh, a friend of Mat's, and also a Malay called Bakar, who lived at Kryong (he was up trading at Pasir Kondang), and said he could show us where the game was to be found. De-

spite the mosquitoes, I left Pasir Kondang with many regrets, for had we not arrived there with only one seladang's head, and were we not leaving it with our bag increased by two pairs of tusks ?

CHAPTER VII

TO KRYONG—I AGAIN INCREASE MY BAG, ALTHOUGH NOT TO THE EXTENT I SHOULD HAVE DONE—I REACH THE PAHANG RIVER

KRYONG is not very far down the river from Pasir Kondang, and four hours' paddling brought us to our destination. When close to the landing-place we passed a small spit of sand, lately uncovered by the decrease of the flood, on which a couple of peahens were scratching about for food; but, as always happens on such occasions, my gun was in its case, and before I could get it out the birds had taken alarm and had flown into some trees about a hundred yards back from the river. I stopped the boat and clambered up the bank to find that between myself and the peafowl was a very wet padi-field through which I had to wade. However, after many anathemas on the water, I managed to creep up to the tree where the two birds were kindly waiting, and easily accounted for one of

them. I then noticed a magnificent cock-bird strutting along the branch of a tree some eighty yards farther on, but although I tried my best to obtain a shot, he was too cunning to allow me to get to close quarters. These full-grown wild peacocks are very beautiful birds, carrying tails nearly six feet long. I saw several about Kryong, but although I tried hard to get one, as I was anxious to obtain a specimen, I was always unsuccessful. I should have had a good rook-rifle, as these birds almost invariably perched on the topmost branches of the highest trees, and were often outside the range of an ordinary shot-gun. Malays will not eat the flesh of either peafowl or Argus pheasant, having a peculiar legend as to the methods adopted by these birds when generating their species, which, in their opinion, renders their meat unfit for human food. Where this idea originated, I cannot say ; it is quite at variance with nature's laws, and can be at once dispelled by ordinary observation, but the Malays seem to thoroughly believe it, and by doing so deprive themselves of a very toothsome article of diet.

Bakar, who appeared to have some authority over the people at Kryong, arranged that an empty house—which, by the way, was only just

habitable—should be put at our disposal, thus saving us the trouble of making a camp. Kryong consists of four or five tumble-down houses, a few acres of padi, several magnificent durien-trees, and miles of useless undergrowth—the outcome of abandoned land once under cultivation. This part of the country must have been thickly populated at one time, but the Malays —only a few years ago, too—were continually fighting amongst themselves, and the Triang Valley suffered very severely. Less than a quarter of a mile back from the river at Kryong is a big clearing, about a mile long by several hundred yards wide, which seladang were reported to frequent; but although during our stay at Kryong we crossed this clearing many times, and in many places, we saw no signs, old or new, of seladang. Bakar said he would take us to some clearings about two miles from Kryong, which had been burnt off a couple of months previously, and should have attracted seladang, as the lalang would still be young, and, so far as he knew, nobody had been near the clearings to disturb the game. As we had plenty of time we decided to go there that afternoon, and about four o'clock the two trackers and myself, accompanied by Bakar, left Kryong.

After crossing the big clearing behind the village, we struck into the jungle at the back, following a well-defined path, which headed in the direction of Kuala Semantan. We soon came to an old clearing, a conglomeration of lalang and resam (the latter being a species of bracken-like fern), very rank and difficult to get through, but saw no sign of seladang. We visited two more clearings, and as a sesap produced no tracks, I began to think that Bakar was the usual broken reed of the Malay news-bearer type. We entered next the big jungle again, and Bakar said there was just one more clearing to which he would like to take me before we retraced our steps. As it was getting late, I pointed out that, as we had a long way to reach home, we had better give up the idea of going any farther, and postpone our visit till the morrow; but he answered that we could easily get back, as there was a track from the clearing which would land us at the far end of the big field at the back of Kryong. So on we went, and on emerging from the jungle, entered a sea of lalang of considerable extent, where I took my eight-bore and went in front. As this clearing had a big bend in it, at first we were only able to see about half its extent; but there

was no sign of life at that end, and by the time we got to the middle, whence a view of the other end was possible, I was about ten yards ahead of Ahmat. Hardly had I got round the corner, when I saw a black form disappearing round an ant-hill some two hundred yards from me, and dropping down in the grass signalled to Ahmat to do the same. The Datoh and Bakar were some distance behind, and I beckoned to Ahmat to creep back and tell them to stop where they were, as I had seen what I thought was a seladang. The lalang we were walking through was very old and long, thus affording excellent shelter for stalking, but unfortunately this cover only extended for fifty yards or so, and then the rest of the stalk would have to be through grass scarcely eighteen inches high. Looking up cautiously, I saw that the black object I had noticed was indeed a fine big bull seladang, quietly feeding, and still unsuspicious. As there was a small dead tree between him and myself, I reckoned that I could get up to this tree without being seen ; but past that it would be impossible to go, and from there I should have to take my shot. After crawling painfully along —lalang cuts one's hands most unmercifully—I reached the tree, and raising myself slowly on my

hands peered over the grass. The bull was now facing in my direction, with his nose slightly in the air, and I knew that at last he was alarmed, and might be off at any moment, so I quickly stood up behind the tree and aimed at the point of his shoulder. He was standing in long lalang, well up to his shoulder, and I had nothing very definite to shoot at, as he was facing almost directly my way, with possibly a fifth of his body showing behind his shoulder. He answered the shot by a great leap in the air, and then rushed off towards the far end of the clearing. I fired a second shot at him as he fled, but probably missed him, as I am a very bad shot with an eight-bore at a running mark. When I fired he was, I suppose, sixty yards from me, and had about a hundred yards to run before he could reach the comparative safety of the jungle; but he covered that distance in a good deal under even time, and I could not but admire his grand proportions as he galloped along. Nearing the end of the clearing, he slackened speed a little, staggered, and nearly fell over—in fact I thought he had fallen, his movements being hidden a little by some bushes he had passed. Running up with Ahmat, I saw where he had nearly gone down, and with my eye followed his tracks

across a small stream, up the bank on the other side, and into the thickness of the jungle beyond. They were undoubtedly the tracks of a badly wounded beast, and there was a thick blood-spoor which we followed into the jungle for about twenty yards; but it was now some time after five o'clock, and although there would be another hour of light in the open, it was nearly dark in the jungle; accordingly, when we realised that every shadow looked like a recumbent seladang, we decided to abandon the chase till the morrow. A wounded seladang is indeed difficult enough to see in thick jungle at mid-day; and it would have been madness to have followed this beast so late in the evening. Returning by the track mentioned by Bakar, we found that it was, comparatively speaking, a short-cut home, as we arrived at our hut shortly after six. I am afraid I was getting spoilt by my good luck, and I quite counted on getting the bull in the morning, as his movements certainly seemed to indicate that he was badly hurt. Early in the morning we were away after our wounded quarry, accompanied by four or five natives of Kryong, who thought they would be able to get some meat cheap. It is wonderful how extraordinarily energetic the indolent Malay becomes when he

thinks he stands a chance of getting something for nothing; and although you may visit a village and do your best to engage two or three men to act as carriers for you without the least chance of success, these same men who, owing to a death in the family, or a gathered foot, were unable to work for you, suddenly discover that the death can wait, or that the foot, owing to some wonderful magic, has healed, when the word is passed round that a "Tuan" has shot an animal the meat of which can be had for the asking.

When we arrived close to the scene of the previous evening's encounter, we found tracks, not more than three or four hours old, on the game-path we were following, and as they appeared similar in size to those of the beast I had wounded, we followed them up; but, as they led us into the clearing where we found extensive traces of feeding, I thought that it was most unlikely that the wounded animal would feed so soon, and came to the conclusion that the tracks must be those of another seladang. We therefore made for the spot we had left on the previous evening, and followed up the tracks from there. Not a hundred yards from the place where we had previously abandoned the tracks the seladang had lain down, as shown by a fair-sized

pool of congealed blood. Within an area of less than half an acre he had lain down three times, and then wended his way down towards the path we had just come along; thus the tracks we had followed into the clearing were those of our quarry after all; and although he had remained all night close to the place where he had been wounded—presumably because he was too sick to move—his first attempt at flight had been to return to the clearing, and loiter about feeding on the tender lalang-shoots. In truth I was a good deal puzzled, as the traces to which we had to trust with regard to this beast were so contradictory; it is not usual for a seriously wounded animal to feed to any extent, and yet why should he have lain down so long if his wound was not serious?

The tracks soon took us into thick secondary growth, when we had to proceed very cautiously indeed, as a seladang bent on fighting would have had a very good chance of getting a charge home in such thick stuff. After tracking for about an hour and a half we found a place where the bull had lain down. As we saw a large spot of uncongealed blood in the middle of the bed, and the lair had every appearance of having been freshly abandoned, we redoubled our vigilance, expecting to come on the beast at any moment. And so we

did, as we had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when we came to a little clear spot in the jungle where there was a small ant-hill covered with lalang ; some of this grass had been nibbled, and the sap was still oozing from the newly-broken blades, but unfortunately the undergrowth was so thick all round that we could not see ten yards in any direction. As a matter of fact, the wounded animal was lying down about fifteen yards in front ; but we were unable to localise him until a snort and a rush told us that he was away. The rush was, however, that of an animal in distress, and on examining his tracks we saw that he had subsided into a walk after the first two or three bounds. Oh ! for a good piece of country ! Then I could have counted on the beast being mine ; but instead of good country I had the most disheartening class of jungle to go through—small belts of big trees, with miles and miles of secondary jungle in between, ranging from the growth of ten years, with trees eighteen inches in diameter and an undergrowth almost entirely of creepers, to the grown-up lalang-clearing, which becomes a tangled mass of all the evil kinds of undergrowth that the Malay jungles are capable of producing. Picture a solid wall made of a coarse kind of bracken, with a small tunnel,

which certainly does not look more than three feet high, burrowing into this wall, and realise that the track in front of you is that of your wounded game, and that the beast has disappeared into the tunnel, and you may possibly imagine how we felt! Entirely apart from the danger of the proceeding, the chances of getting a shot in such covert are decidedly against you, and yet there is only one thing to do, and that is to follow the trail, as a clear spot may possibly be struck and a shot obtained. There is no question of going round, as there is no other side so to speak, this bracken-growth often extending for miles. To cut a long story short, although we followed this seladang for five hours more, we never saw or heard him again, despite the fact that during that time he lay down three times and we must have been very close to him on more than one occasion. I was very sorry to give up the chase, but we appeared to stand no chance of getting a sight of him, and as there was no end to this secondary jungle, which afforded such excellent shelter, there was no alternative.

While we were following the seladang we had heard an elephant trumpeting in the jungle about half a mile away from us; but the trumpet was

that of a young animal, and as there was a herd reported in the district, I concluded that the noise must have been made by an elephant with that herd. On our way home we came across the tracks of these elephants, but as there was no signs of a big one, we did not trouble further about them ; and it took us a good many hours to get home, as the seladang had led us in the direction of Mengkarah, on the Pahang River, and it was after dark when we reached Kryong. On our way we followed a native path close to the Triang, for some distance along which a solitary elephant had travelled some five days before, but he had scrambled down the bank and crossed the river before reaching Kryong. He appeared to be a fair-sized animal, and with a herd of cows in the vicinity, I thought I might come across him within the next few days. The Malays who had followed us in the morning from Kryong, with visions of cheap meat, had returned home ere we abandoned the chase, a long tedious walk, with the possibility of getting nothing, being a great deal too like hard work for their taste.

The same evening, after dinner, Bakar brought a local Malay to see me who had just returned to the village that afternoon, and said that on the

other bank of the Triang there was a clearing, called Meranti Sembilan, of many acres in extent, which, till a few days ago, had been frequented by a big herd of seladang. He had not been across the river for several days, he could not say if the beasts were still there, and of course he would not mislead me for the world, but he was quite sure they had been there a week ago. This is a little way Malays have when they are telling a specially big lie, being very particular as to details—and the whole of this man's tale was absolutely false, as no herd of seladang had been near the clearings for months. This, however, I did not find out till the next day, consequently I made arrangements to visit the opposite side of the river on the morrow.

The dawn broke on Christmas morning with all the glory of an Eastern sunrise, and long ere the shrill cry of the peacock that always slept in the highest durien-tree at the back of our house had awakened the rest of the village, we were up and ready to embark. Paddling quietly down the river for about a quarter of an hour, we drew into the bank, to land at an old ferry where some years ago there had been a Malay's house. Here we had to land in water up to our waists, as the thick thorny creepers with which the bank was

lined made it impossible to push the boat right up to the bank itself. Scarcely had we landed when, in a fringe of thick secondary growth in front, with which the clearing was lined, we heard some animal move and then rush out in the direction of the padang. We were a considerable distance below the clearing, and as the ground rises quickly from the river-bank, obscuring the view, I could see nothing from where I was; but Ahmat said that he had seen a black form in the thicket and thought that it must have been a seladang. Crawling up the bank and through the undergrowth, we found only the tracks of a large sambur stag, which had cleared out across the padang, and was no doubt by that time safely hidden in the big jungle opposite. After thoroughly examining the clearing we found no new seladang-tracks; the only tracks we saw being those of the animal I had wounded on the other side of the river, and these must have been at least a week old. In fact I am inclined to believe that there had been only one seladang in that part of the Triang Valley for months, as we saw no other tracks at all, old or new. After having nearly exhausted all our resources on that side of the river, and contemplating going back to Kryong, Bakar suddenly

said that there was a small clearing about a quarter of a mile farther down stream, which we could reach by going through a belt of jungle at the end of the clearing we were then examining. Taking the chance of luck, on entering the lalang we almost at once crossed the last night's tracks of a solitary elephant, which was undoubtedly the same we had seen traces of on the other side of the river, and as the tracks were less than twelve hours old, we stood a good chance of getting up to him fairly soon. The spoor took us down to a Malay's garden, where the old rogue had played great havoc with the plantain trees; he had then visited a padi-field, where he had also done considerable damage, and appeared to have eaten a great deal; this being a good sign, as he would probably not go very far before he had his after-breakfast siesta. From the track Ahmat thought that he was not a very old animal; and on reaching the place where he had knocked down a dead tree and scratched his belly along the trunk by rubbing himself up and down, the hunter asserted that such an amusement would only be indulged in by a youthful beast. His surmises turned out quite wrong, as the elephant was a very old one! We had not followed far before the tracks showed us that the

elephant contemplated resting, and I was afraid that we might catch him lying down ; a position in which it is extremely difficult to kill an elephant, as all the angles on which it is customary to calculate for the position of the brain become altered. We were passing through fairly open jungle, no creepers and not many thorns, and I had just turned to Ahmat to remark that this would be a good place in which to meet the elephant, when we heard, at no very great distance ahead of us, the "flop" of his ear as it hit the side of his head. Owing to his having ceased feeding, we had approached fairly close before spotting his position. The noise made by the ear led me to believe that the elephant was lying down ; since, when in that position, these animals often lift the ear that is uppermost and let it fall back with a resounding smack, and this sound can, as a rule, be distinguished from the ordinary ear-flapping, being much more resonant. Turning round for my eight-bore, which was carried by Saleh, who was gun-bearer that day for the first time, and had never been near a wild elephant before, I saw his eyes were nearly starting out of his head with fright. He was delighted to give up the gun to me, as he knew he could then seek the safety of a convenient tree, and from the

scared expression on his face I think that was the best place for him. Flop flop! went the elephant's ears. Forthwith I approached the sound; and presently made out a grey object, which at first I took for the elephant, but subsequently made out to be an ant-hill; crawling up to this, I found I was within fifteen yards of my quarry, which, I could now see, was standing up. As I could not make out his head very clearly, I moved some three or four yards away from the ant-hill. The jungle (for Malay jungle) was fortunately clear, and I could now quite distinctly make out the elephant, who was quietly dozing, with his head hanging low, the tip of his trunk resting on the ground, and his ears flapping backwards and forwards very slowly, trying to keep off the flies, which were disturbing his morning's nap. I have seldom had an easier shot at an elephant, but unfortunately, when just about to fire—he was standing broadside-on to me—his ear flapped forward and remained in that position. Of course his ear-hole was no longer visible, and failed to afford the bull's eye it had done a second before, the back of his ear presenting only a smooth surface; but the ear remained forward for so long that I was afraid he had got my wind—I was very close to him—so, guessing

at the position of the ear-hole, I fired. For several seconds the elephant stood as if carved out of marble, then with a heavy lurch swung his head in my direction, and although my vision was somewhat clouded by the smoke which still hung about, I realised that his head was getting bigger and bigger and was coming straight towards me. When within about eight yards I gave him my second barrel, and under cover of the smoke ran back behind the ant-hill. With the impact of my second shot he staggered, swerved, and then rushed off at right angles to the direction of his impetuous attack. From the moment of my firing until the beast was in full flight was probably less than ten seconds, but it seemed as many minutes ; the elephant's attack being all the more impressive as it was carried out in silence — no premonitory shriek, no trumpeting—simply a quick, short rush, fortunately checked by my second barrel ! I always like to carry a second gun, because on one occasion, when I was nearly killed by an elephant at Kuala Langat, my second gun saved my life ; but as a matter of fact when one shoots at such close ranges, the opportunities of killing your game, or otherwise, pass so quickly that there is seldom, if ever, a chance of using a second gun,

and there is often no time to use even a second barrel. I was panting with excitement as Ahmat came up to me—he seemed to emerge from nowhere—and his first question was, had I seen the beast's tusks. I certainly had, but only a faint impression remained: I knew that they had a pronounced upward curve and appeared very yellow, showing that they were old, but other points I had failed to notice.

I was very much annoyed with myself for not getting the elephant with my first shot, and could not for the moment account for my failure, as it was impossible to have missed what I had aimed at, at so close a range. Then I recollected that I had loaded my gun with cartridges with soft lead bullets for seladang when we started through the clearings in the morning, and had failed to change the cartridges for those with the specially hardened bullets kept for elephants. I have found that an old elephant requires a fairly hard bullet to penetrate to his brain even when propelled by ten drachms of powder; and in the event of firing at a difficult angle, that is, at an angle where solid bone has to be penetrated for some distance, a soft bullet will often fail where a hardened one will do its duty. It was but half-past nine when I fired at the elephant; we

had all day before us, and although I felt sure that there was not much chance of getting up to him again that day, I decided to follow for a few hours. The bullets in his head seemed to have given him a good shock : he had fallen to his knees after going about a hundred yards, and after that had slackened his pace into a walk, keeping his footsteps close together, thus showing that he was sick. As usually happens, the wounded animal hunted out the thickest jungle he could find, and the trail soon led us into thick secondary growth, interspersed with quantities of the giant bracken that had caused us so much trouble when after the wounded seladang. Although we followed him till twelve o'clock, doing our best to come up to him, and distinctly heard him in front of us three or four times, the jungle was so thick that it was impossible to get along beyond a certain pace, and that pace was too slow to enable us to catch our quarry. As he seemed to be making for Sungei Bera, lying in an easterly direction from Kryong (which river we should ultimately go up when we returned to Negri Sembilan), and as we were now a long way from Kryong, I decided to give up the chase for the day. During lunch I felt very low, blamed myself for my carelessness over

the cartridges, and turned over in my mind a possible programme for the morrow. I am afraid the elephant had no part in that programme. I knew it would be most difficult to collect sufficient men to transport all my goods across country to Bera, there were few Sakais in the district, the Malays were much too lazy, and I began to think that I had seen the last of that elephant!

Accordingly, we returned home, following the tracks we had made, and at two o'clock, when about four miles from the Triang, cut new tracks of a solitary elephant. A moment's scrutiny showed us that this was the track of the wounded bull, who, having made a big circle, had returned towards the Triang, no doubt with the intention of crossing the river and seeking shelter in his old haunts in the Kryong jungle. This was luck indeed—far better than I deserved; the track was only a few minutes old, and as the beast was heading towards Kryong, I, of course, followed. *En route* I quietly mentioned to the Datoh Raja that this elephant was the most obliging animal I had come across yet, as it had saved us the trouble of carrying the tusks back from near Bera, preferring to bring them to Kryong himself. The Datoh answered in the

Malay equivalent of "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched"; but I thought our luck was too much "in" for us to lose him again. The elephant had, however, no intention of following game-tracks or any such luxuries, having dived into the thickest of thick undergrowth; and we accordingly halted to consider what was best to be done. We were in a part of the jungle which had been cleared by Sakais during the last two or three years, and these clearings were divided by small belts of virgin forest, the intervening spaces being now masses of vegetation some ten feet high, consisting of lalang-grass, bracken, small trees, huge fallen logs which lay hidden in the grass, and enormous stumps of trees, the only survivors of the primeval jungle. As it is impossible to see three yards in such covert, I did not attempt to directly follow the wounded bull; and as the clearing was surrounded on three sides by a belt of big jungle, we skirted through this belt. Striking no tracks, we had to complete our square by forcing our way through the far end of the clearing, and when we had almost returned to our starting-place we came across the tracks again. The spoor took us into another belt of big jungle, through which the beast had passed

to reach a patch of covert on the other side ; but we were so close to him that we heard the crashing of his great body as he forced his way through the tangled undergrowth. He seemed to be heading towards the setting sun, and as there was a narrow belt of jungle parallel with the direction he was taking, dividing the clearing he was in from the one that he had just left, we followed down this belt. The ground was a little undulating at this spot, and at the moment we were going down a slight hill, following an old track that ran through this belt of big trees. Along this path Ahmat and I stalked our game, the others remaining at the top of the hill, with orders to remain quiet until they heard a shot, or until I sent for them. Being very close to our quarry we stopped and listened every few steps. Yes, there he was, sure enough—the distance was narrowing ! Suddenly I heard him step on a log which broke with a sounding report, and then the noise made by the squelching of his feet through mud sounded directly ahead. He had left the clearing and was in the belt of virgin forest. This was my opportunity, and thinking that we could get along a little better off the path—there was a clear spot just to my right—I crawled along through the jungle

towards the elephant. The latter had evidently heard us, and connecting the path with his enemies had stopped on it and faced in our direction. Peering through the bushes, I could see his head and yellow tusks facing up the path. There was a fighting gleam in his eye, and his tattered old ears, which were cocked right forward, were trembling with excitement: I could distinctly see their torn edges quivering, his head being lit up by a shaft of light from the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. As he was turned slightly away from me, I aimed behind the ear and eye. I was in a thick patch when I fired, and immediately I saw him fall I ran back and tried to gain the path, but Ahmat was before me and reached the elephant first. I became for a moment entangled with the undergrowth, and called to Ahmat, who had the ten-bore, to give the beast a *coup de grâce*, which he promptly did. When I arrived, the elephant was still moving a little, so I gave him another shot in the lungs. At the moment I first fired he must have made up his mind to come up the path to us, as his fore-legs were bunched up under him and his hind-legs stretched out behind, giving him the appearance of having fallen just as he was about to move forward.

His head was slightly to one side, with the left tusk buried in the ground. The tusks were long and much curved, but thin; and although they measured just short of five feet apiece, they weighed hardly 40 lbs. the pair. This elephant had several peculiarities: his toe-nails, instead of being of the ordinary yellow colour, were flecked with black, having a curious piebald appearance; he had lost the greater part of his tail, presumably in a fight, only about eighteen inches remaining; and he had two terrible scars in his back from penurun-spears, one of which was still suppurating, and must have caused him a great deal of suffering.

He was an old elephant, very thin and emaciated; and his tusks had several small cracks running longitudinally near the tips, which I believe only appear in live ivory when very old. I was unable to see where my first and last shots had hit his head, as his left side was on the ground; but my second shot, that had turned him when he charged, had hit him high up outside the base of the right tusk, and appeared to have penetrated about eighteen inches into the side of his head. He measured 8 feet 6 inches at the shoulder as near as I could get it; but as his body was bunched

up I could not measure him with absolute accuracy.

We returned to Kryong almost at once—our walk home took us about an hour and a half—and on our way passed a small Sakai clearing where there were a couple of huts. I spoke to the people there, and arranged that two men should accompany us on the morrow to help bring home the trophies. The Datoh Raja was anxious to pay a visit to Mengkarah, on the Pahang River, which was about half a day's walk from Kryong, wishing to see several relattions whom he had not beheld for several years, so I promised to let him go on the morrow, as I reckoned I should not require his services for the next few days. The Malay Hari Raia, the Mohammedan feast of Bairam, which occurs at the end of the fasting-month of Ramathan, would be held in a few days, and as my next halt would be at Kuala Triang, on the Pahang River, I told the Datoh that I should expect him there on Hari Raia. Unfortunately I was compelled to stop at Kryong for two days more, as Imam Prang Samah had gone that morning to Mengkarah, and would not be back for two days. On the 26th December I went with Ahmat and my two coolies across the river, and

after picking up two Sakais, made my way to the carcase of the elephant. As I was particularly anxious to see where my shots of the previous day had lodged, I made my men cut off the beast's head and turn it over—a very tedious business. I found that the first shot had hit him about three inches below the ear-hole, but even then would have reached the brain had the bullet been a hardened one; the shot that floored him had gone right through his head above his brain, and lodged in his spine. I had been above the elephant when I had fired, but had evidently allowed too much, and I was lucky to have billeted my bullet in the spine, otherwise I might not have got him at the second attempt. I only took away one fore-foot, as the other was right under his body, and the labour of cutting off his head had taken such a long time that there was no opportunity of getting at the buried foot. I had undoubtedly had great good-fortune—three elephants and a possible seladang in five days; this more than counterbalanced my previous bad luck, and we contemplated with some pride the three pairs of tusks as they lay on the sand at Kryong. On the 27th and 28th we tried for deer in the clearings at the back of the village, but although

on one occasion I saw two stags, I failed to get a shot, and had to content myself with a peacock. On the afternoon of the 28th, Prang Samah having returned, we paddled down to Kuala Triang, and, when nearly dusk, I caught my first glimpse of the great Pahang River, whose broad flood soon swallows up the waters of the Triang. The Government chief, Datoh Umbri, lives quite close to the mouth of the Triang River, and as soon as we had tied up the boat to his landing-place, I stepped ashore and made my way to his house, which, standing on a small hill and surrounded with cocoa-nut palms and fruit trees, presents a very picturesque appearance. I was met by the chief's son, who informed me that his father was at Kuala Semantan, but that he (the son) hoped I would use his house to sleep in while I was stopping at Kuala Triang. He also gave me some good news, namely, that a big solitary elephant had been frequenting their rice-fields and doing a good deal of damage; and although he had not been about for the last three or four days, was probably not far away. I made myself very comfortable in the Datoh's verandah, turned in early and enjoyed an excellent night's rest, my dreams being all the sweeter for the prospect of more sport.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM KUALA TRIANG TO KAMPONG SERETING

FROM the 29th of December to the 16th of January I bagged nothing in the way of big game; and although I had several chances of adding to my list, my luck was out and I never fired a shot. I will not weary the reader with accounts of still further unsuccessful attempts—probably I have wearied him enough already—so will pass over these blank eighteen days as shortly as possible. Once I came up to three solitary elephants, two in the vicinity of Kuala Triang, and one near Kuala Lueh, on the Sereting River; two of these were very big tuskers, but the luck of shooting, or rather the luck of getting the chance of a shot in the thick jungle, was on both occasions against me (although in one case I was within eight yards of my quarry), and I returned to my camp with a clean gun; the third beast I came up to, and could have fired at, but as he was tuskless I left him unmolested. On another

occasion I came across two herds of elephants, one of about ten animals, the other a large herd of nearer twenty, but there was no big tusker with them, and again my hunting was unfruitful —that is to say, from the trophy point of view. In the vicinity of Kuala Triang there are several large clearings where seladang are frequently to be met, but there also I found no new spoor, although a large herd had passed through a few days before my arrival. Indeed the only game I bagged were half a dozen teal, in a swamp close to the right bank of the Pahang River. Leaving Kuala Triang on New Year's Day, 1903, I made my way down river towards Kuala Bera, where I intended stopping the night; but getting news of elephants and seladang at a Malay village called Neran, where I landed to purchase fowls, I altered my arrangements and camped there a couple of nights. It was near this spot that I came up to the tuskless elephant, which had done a great deal of damage to the padi, and possibly it would have been well to have killed him, as he had been a source of great annoyance to the Malays of the district. I came across no fresh seladang-tracks, and went on to Kuala Bera on the 3rd of January. The next four days I spent going up the Bera to Kuala

Lueh ; the river was in heavy flood, making it very difficult to get up stream. The Sereting River runs into the Bera some distance below Kuala Lueh, and it was up this we had to go to reach our destination. When we arrived at Kuala Lueh, we camped in the old store of a mining company, which, having been substantially built with a corrugated-iron roof and sides, had stood the ravages of seven or eight years of tropical rains and floods. All the low-lying country around was under water, the floor of the shed we camped in was flooded, everything was very uncomfortable, and we all felt more than miserable. On the 8th January we were unable to do anything, none of us leaving the shed until the afternoon, when we waded through three feet of water to get to a Sakai encampment built about half a mile or so away on ground above flood-level. I now had to make arrangements to hire other boats to go up the Sereting River, as my big boat from Plangai could go no further, the river being too narrow ; and as I had arranged to send it to Kuala Triang by the middle of January, I had to part with Imam Prang Samah, who had agreed to take the boat back. I left Kuala Lueh on the 12th of January, having been unsuccessful in bagging

anything—failing to get a shot at the big tusker already mentioned ; and although we managed to obtain two small boats from the Sakais, took four days to get up to Kenawan, being able to make little headway against the heavy flood. Under ordinary circumstances we ought to have got up in two and a half days. On our way we came across many tracks up river—new tracks of three solitary elephants and one rhino, but as all were those of small beasts, I wasted no time following them. No new seladang-tracks were seen till we arrived at Rengam, an old camp of mine, an hour's walk below Kenawan, where we found that a herd of some ten head or so had passed through about two days previously. We camped the night of the 15th at Rengam, and decided to hunt the Kenawan clearings on the morrow, as the tracks we had seen headed in that direction. The Sakais from Kuala Lueh went back from Rengam, leaving us one boat, which happened to belong to a man at Kampong Sereting, where my old friend Imam Prang Dollah lived. As there were other Sakais at Kenawan, who I knew would help to transport my goods to Kampong Sereting should I be unable to get them all into my one boat, I could easily dispense with those from Kuala Lueh.

Early on the morning of the 16th I sent Ahmat and one of my coolies up river to make their way to Kuala Pilah, a town of some importance in the Negri Sembilan—to which State we had now returned—to purchase fresh provisions. The Datoh, myself, and a Sakai of Kenawan, named Penglima Garang (which means "the fierce chieftain or warrior"), left our camp about the same time to hunt for the seladang whose tracks we had seen the previous evening. Penglima Garang, who had hunted several times with me before, knew the haunts of the Kenawan herd well, and had been useful to me on many previous occasions. He was a remarkable-looking little man, very thick set, with the widest, thickest, ugliest nose that I have seen on any face. Ever since I had left Plangai I had been hunting in new fields—that is, new to me, as I had never been in that part of the country before—but now I was back in my old haunts and knew fairly well where to look for the game. The clearings at Kenawan are very large, one being quite a mile long, by an average of three hundred yards wide; and it was here that I saw on one occasion a big herd of nearly thirty seladang, as already mentioned in the second chapter of Part I. The grass was long and rank,

BUFFALOES GRAZING IN A CLEARING.
Seladang are sometimes found in such places.

but although we saw plenty of old tracks, there were no new ones. From this clearing we made our way into a smaller one, with several small patches of young lalang, where the seladang we were searching for had been feeding the previous night. We followed them by their tracks across the clearing into the jungle beyond, where they led us in the direction of the Kenawan Sesap, where I felt sure we should find them, or somewhere in the vicinity. Before following the seladang let us, however, go back to the big Kenawan clearing, where for some years I possessed a camp, from which I had set out on many an unsuccessful day's hunting, and occasionally a successful one. I came down to Kenawan for the first time during Christmas week, in 1899, with my friend Daly, and since then I have visited the locality four or five times and have been lucky enough to return on those occasions with a trophy of some sort. When first I visited this spot the seladang were very plentiful and easily found ; but since those happy days various classes of hunters have disturbed the game, and now one shot at the seladang in the Kenawan district will send them into the next county. Four short years have thus changed a fine hunting country into a very poor one ; and although

during that period few beasts have been killed,—about ten to my knowledge,—seladang are such timid animals that from continually coming into contact with man they now shun the district as much as possible. There is also another reason which has accentuated their shyness. On two occasions since 1899, tame buffaloes belonging to the Malays in the Jumpol Valley (which is fairly close to the Sereting) have been afflicted with rinderpest, and the owners whose cattle were unaffected brought their buffaloes down to graze at the Kenawan clearings, where they were kept for months until the disease had died out in their homesteads. As only the sound animals were brought, there was no chance of communicating the sickness to the seladang ; but the presence of many Malays with a big herd of buffaloes on their favourite feeding-grounds, resulted in the seladang giving the place a wide berth. I may add that my old tracker from Sereting, Imam Prang Dollah, told me that a big cow buffalo, which had escaped from a Malay who was bringing it through from Pahang to Kuala Pilah, had consorted with the Kenawan seladang, and had never been recaptured. According to his statement, he had seen it several times with the herd, and on one occasion, when Daly and myself were

hunting up the Ulu Kenawan, we came across tracks of five or six seladang, amongst which was the track of what appeared to be a buffalo. I, however, never saw the beast in the flesh, and can only state that Prang Dollah was quite sure about the fact. If he was right, it is a remarkable occurrence, as seladang hate buffaloes, and will attack them when any opportunity occurs, always to the disadvantage of the buffalo. There are, indeed, several instances of solitary bull seladang attacking tame buffaloes which have wandered away from their homes, with the invariable result that the buffalo has been killed.

To return to the seladang we were following towards the Kenawan Sesap, we traced their tracks into thick secondary growth, which the Sakais had cleared for their crops three years previously, but found it impossible to do anything there in the way of hunting. Accordingly, I decided to go straight down by the old game-track I knew so well to the sesap, hoping to cut off the herd. The herd had, however, separated, and when we reached the salt-lick only seven beasts had passed through; the others having evidently preferred to remain in the shelter of the tangled undergrowth where we abandoned the tracks. The Kenawan Sesap was at one

time a very big one, but now, owing to the disturbed state of the district (that is, from the seladang's, and possibly from the hunter's, point of view), it is little used, and in places a thin green grass has commenced to grow over the reddish mud, a thing impossible so long as the salt-lick is regularly visited by the bigger game. It appeared the seladang had only just left the sesap, and we were therefore prepared to come up to them at any moment, so now followed their tracks with great caution through a small swamp, and then up towards a lalang-clearing which runs down almost to the salt-lick. I had been able to gauge the size of the beasts by their tracks, which were very clear in the soft earth around the sesap, and I knew there was only one bull of any size amongst the lot. As we came out on to the clearing we could distinctly smell the animals in front, and I felt sure they were lying down in the long grass. When seladang are in such a position it is quite impossible to localise them until they get up and rush off; and as the grass is often nearly six feet high, the chance of a shot is very remote. Being on the side of a hill, we were unable to see anything over the brow, and accordingly halted to consider the possibilities of approaching

our game. The game, however, decided for us, and scarcely had we drawn together to confer, when we were electrified by several snorts and plunges from the long rank grass ahead of us, and away went two cow seladang, the tips of whose horns we could see as they flashed past. A small calf, previously entirely hidden by the grass, came tearing down-hill in our direction, stopped about five yards away from the Datoh, then swerved and followed the cows, no doubt much puzzled at the commotion. While this was going on I had noticed another beast rush off to my right and apparently stop in the lalang some thirty yards or so away from where I was standing. Motioning to the Datoh to squat down, I crept up to where I thought the bull (I knew it to be a bull from its size) was standing. An old tree-stump stood close to me, from which I hoped to be able to see my quarry, so cautiously approaching it I hauled myself on one side of the stump to spy out the land. Alas! my position was such that although I could keep my balance on the edge of the stump, I could not possibly shoot without losing it; and directly I peered over the grass in the direction of the bull, I at once saw his head facing in my own direction, not ten yards away, and yet the chance of a shot

was hopeless. Owing to the nature of the ground—just on the top of a steep hillside—the only possible way I could survey the position was by negotiating the stump ; but once climbed, it proved worse than useless, as I could only keep my balance by holding on with one hand, and in that position could not possibly use my eight-bore. One look at the top of my head was quite enough for the bull, who wasted no time in rushing off at full speed across the lalang, and quickly diving into the fringe of jungle about eighty yards away. He was a fine beast, and carried a head that would have made a splendid trophy !

As it was still quite early, only about nine o'clock, we gave the herd a rest for half an hour and then resumed tracking. Herd seladang when once disturbed seldom travel so far as solitary bulls, but generally spend the rest of the day in thick secondary growth, if there is any in the vicinity ; and this party was no less obliging than usual. As the nearest really thick patch was at Ulu Kenawan, to Ulu Kenawan they went. By about half-past eleven we came up to them in very thick covert, but by keeping carefully on the track of the bull we hoped to be able to sight him,

as he was in the rear of the herd. Suddenly the Datoh Raja, who was tracking, drew back, and touching me pointed ahead of him—there, sure enough, was a big black mass, a confused tangle of creepers and thick leaves making it impossible to get a clear view. As it moved slightly, I managed to see at which end the head was, so aiming for the lungs or thereabouts, I fired. We heard the beast fall, scramble up, and then walk away slowly, but lost all sight of it directly afterwards; and although within fifteen yards when I fired, the undergrowth was so thick that I was uncertain what had happened. Carefully approaching the spot where the beast had stood, we soon found quantities of blood; apparently indicating that the bullet had hit somewhere near the right spot. Thirty yards farther on we came across the dying animal, and my feelings can better be imagined than described when I say that I had shot a cow! On subsequent investigation I found that the bull, whose track we had made no mistake about, had been lying down close to the unfortunate cow, who no doubt hearing or smelling us had come slightly in our direction, and paid for her inquisitiveness with her life! The cow had a nice head, and to

the Malays a seladang was a seladang, and, bull or cow, afforded equally good food ; and, since we had tasted no fresh meat except fowls for over a month, the carcase was most welcome. It is quite impossible, in nine cases out of ten, to tell a bull from a cow seladang in covert so thick as that in which I shot this one ; and at the time of shooting, both the Datoh and myself would have sworn to its being a bull we were tracking up ; and although no sportsman is anxious to shoot a cow, a mistake may happen at any time, as it did in this case. Little further remains to be told about the seladang at Kenawan, as my shot was the signal for the herd to leave the district, cross the Sereting River, and make their way towards Ulu Sereting, where there were several large clearings and two big salt-licks—a favourite haunt for both seladang and elephants. Two days after the unfortunate demise of the cow, I came across a solitary bull near Ulu Kenawan, about a mile from the thick jungle where I had come up to the herd ; but although I got close up to him once, in thick grass, interspersed with small shrubs, I was unable to see him, and despite the fact that I followed him up till nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, never saw or heard

him again. The cunning beast led us a regular dance, going round and round all over the Kenawan jungle, then late in the afternoon crossed the Sereting River, and, when we left his tracks, was heading towards Ulu Sereting.

On the 22nd of January I left Kenawan for the Malay kampong at Sereting, whence I intended to take a short trip to Ulu Sereting; so getting all my goods into my boat (as my provisions were nearly finished, our belongings would now all go into one boat), I left the Datoh Raja and two coolies to pole up the river. Ahmat, Mahmud, and myself followed the jungle-track along the river-bank to the kampong at Sereting, where we arrived some hours before our goods; and I spent the afternoon at Prang Dollah's house, giving him long accounts of our hunting in the Triang Valley. My account of the slaying of the Patah Gading elephant greatly interested him, as, being an old hunter himself, he could well appreciate the difficulties against which we had to contend. I informed him I was anxious to go up to Ulu Sereting for a couple of days, feeling certain that as the Kenawan herd had gone in that direction, I should there find seladang; and as I wanted to engage two more men for this trip,

I arranged with Prang Dollah to get them. On my return from Ulu Sereting there remained nothing more to do but to return to Seremban, thence to Singapore, where I could pick up a P. & O. Mail, and get back to England, after an absence of over seven years; but my luck was not yet quite finished, and if the reader is not already weary of the description of my mediocre hunting, and will follow me through my next chapter, possibly the short, sharp encounter that I had with a bull seladang at Ulu M'Limau may excite his interest.

CHAPTER IX

A GOOD FINISH—BACK TO SINGAPORE *EN ROUTE* FOR ENGLAND AND HOME

LEAVING Prang Dollah's house early on Friday morning the 23rd of January, we were soon on our way towards Ulu Betul, in the direction of Ulu Sereting, along an old track which I had followed on several occasions when in the pursuit of game in that locality. There is one big salt-lick at Ulu Betul, and there are two more at Ulu M'Limau, which is within two miles of Ulu Betul; and knowing that these salt-licks were nearly always sure finds for seladang, and that the Kenawan herd had gone in that direction, we felt fairly certain we should pick up some new tracks there or thereabouts. We arrived at the Ulu Betul salt-lick at noon, and as we intended to camp at a spot about two miles farther on, from which the big clearing at Ulu M'Limau and the surrounding salt-licks were easily reached, we waited in the salt-lick for an hour or so on the chance of game enter-

ing. We were unrewarded, however, the latest tracks being those of a herd of seladang which had passed through about a fortnight previously. Accordingly, about two o'clock, we decided to move on ; but just as I was entering the jungle from the comparatively clear space which surrounded the salt-lick, I heard a rustle in front of me, then a rush, and at once realised that I had almost run into a seladang. The Datoh, who was close behind, whispered that perhaps it was a deer ; but the strong bovine smell that almost at once assailed our nostrils quickly put the matter beyond doubt, and we found on investigation that a magnificent bull seladang—judging from his tracks—had evidently intended coming into the salt-lick by the very path by which we were leaving, and had we but waited another two minutes where we had been for the last two hours, I verily believe he would have walked right on top of our party. On meeting us, he rushed back along the game-path for twenty yards or so, and then turned off into the jungle in the direction of Ulu M'Limau. I thought that it was too late to do anything that day, as we had to make a camp ; remembering also that it is always unsatisfactory to commence hunting late in the afternoon—especially when

following seladang, which often take many hours patient tracking before they are overtaken. We accordingly pushed on to an old camp-site, and, although the shed I originally built had long since fallen down, the old clearing came in very useful.

By six o'clock the next morning we were up and back to the spot where we left the seladang's track, and were soon hard on the trail. We had not followed for more than an hour when we came across tracks of two more seladang which appeared to have passed before the one we were pursuing, but were also tracks of the previous afternoon. Soon we came to a spot where our friend had overtaken the other two; and there had apparently been a slight difference of opinion, as there were unmistakable signs of a tussle. The two in front were evidently a cow and a bull, the latter being much the same size as the solitary one; and evidently the two bulls were anxious to try conclusions as to which was to be the future consort of the cow. The contest seemed to be of a friendly nature at first, as they all appeared to walk along together, with short intervals where the two bulls had stood face to face and had pawed up the ground; presently, however, we came to a place where they had indulged in a regular set-

to, the earth being torn up for several yards, and all the small saplings levelled to the ground. We could distinctly see the track of the cow seladang just outside the ring, where she had evidently been enjoying the tussle for her possession. After this the seladang no longer kept together, and I am inclined to think that the new-comer had taken possession of the cow, as his track was a little rounder than the other, indicating an older animal. The beaten bull apparently followed the other two at a respectful distance, and finally, when we arrived at the largest of the Ulu M'Limau salt-licks, we found that all three had lain down in the jungle near to the lick, two close together and the third on the opposite side of the stream—the Sungei M'Limau. After the rest they had parted company; and as it is so much easier to deal with one animal instead of two, and as it appeared from their tracks that there was not much to choose between the two, I decided to follow the solitary bull, which, after taking us to all the salt-licks in the Sungei M'Limau, and through a very nasty swamp near the Ulu, finally turned back as if to return to the Betul. It was now nearly noon, and the track we were on was getting fresher every moment: the mud

on the leaves where the bull's legs had brushed against them being still wet, and every indication pointing to the close proximity of the game. The excitement of tracking big game during the last few minutes before the quarry is found, knowing that the chances of a shot in the thick jungle are all against the sportsman, and that it is far more probable that the patient tracking of the last few hours will be rewarded with disappointment than with success, make those last few minutes the most stirring of the chase. We crossed a small rivulet, where the water was still disturbed and muddy, in his tracks, and as a small clear space was visible just in front, where elephant-grass and small shrubs had replaced the larger growth of the swamp we were in, I expected to find the bull feeding or lying down there. Stopping to listen, at first I could hear nothing but the beating of my own heart, which has an annoying way of asserting itself on such occasions; but after waiting for about half a minute I heard a movement in the grass some forty yards ahead, and with straining ears could just catch the sound of the beast munching. I crept up another ten yards—it seemed fifty—every step having to be picked most carefully, as we were in very swampy ground, and the

sound of a squelching boot would have been the signal for the immediate departure of the seladang. I was now on the edge of the elephant-grass, and peering through the thick tangle I could make out a movement about

MR. J. T. MACGREGOR'S BIG BULL SELADANG.
The head has been temporarily mounted by the owner.

thirty yards ahead, and caught a glimpse of a horn, then of the back of a head, only to lose sight of it again as the seladang swung round to snatch one of the last succulent shoots of the elephant-grass that it was his fate to enjoy. Fortunately some specially tender piece attracted his attention in the opposite direction, and a

turn of his head gave me a good view of the top of his shoulder, so aiming through the grass where I thought his lungs ought to be, I pulled trigger. Enveloped in smoke, which the heavy damp air so prevalent in swamps gave no chance to disperse, the moment I fired I jumped to one side, only to see the seladang with a great bound swing round immediately towards where I was standing; and with two more leaps, with just the slightest perceptible halt between them, he had covered a third of the intervening distance. The whole thing was so instantaneous, the beast's activity was so astonishing, that I had scarcely time to realise what was happening, but instinctively threw up my gun, and aiming for his head—the only part that I could see above the long grass—fired my remaining barrel.

The second shot produced to my mind a result as startling as the first, a dead silence following the echo of the report, as it died away in the thick wall of virgin jungle that surrounded us. Can a greater contrast be imagined? One moment the excitement caused by the uncertainty of success or annihilation, which was it to be? The next moment the silence of the grave! Those were indeed trying moments. I had not seen the beast fall, I had not heard him run

away ; and yet the grass around was so long and thick, that it was quite possible for him to be standing and yet invisible, provided that his head was not held high in the air. After waiting quietly for a few seconds, and reloading my eight-bore, as nothing more happened, my uncertainty departed, and I felt sure that the bull must be down. Ahmat and the Datoh being just behind me, I motioned to them that we should make a detour for some rising ground to the left of the spot where I thought he lay ; and on coming out into the open I was able to see the noble seladang lying almost motionless amid the tall elephant-grass. How my spirits rose when I realised that the great beast was really mine ! and as there was just the slightest movement in the body—a movement sufficient to make it possible for the throat-cutting ceremony to be gone through—the Datoh quickly approached, and with a muttered prayer performed the rite. Hastily examining my victim, I was at first unable to see the position of the initial shot, which was on the right side (on which he had fallen) ; but the shot that floored him was very visible, having caught him fairly in the centre of the throat, and the bullet, after passing through his neck, had broken the spine and finished up

under the skin on the top of the shoulder. No wonder that he made little movement! Afterwards, when we were able to get at the right side, I found that my first shot had taken him right through the liver, and would have quickly proved fatal; but despite this, I cannot help considering that my second shot was a remarkably lucky one, as the beast certainly meant mischief, and only wanted to get our position to charge home. We were both at a disadvantage in the long grass, but, as it turned out, the greater disadvantage was on his side. Possibly he connected the severe and sudden blow he received in his side with the tussle of the previous evening, and with renewed vigour was anxious to pay off old scores. Although we found no flesh-wounds from the fight with the other bull, there were distinct marks on the skin of his neck and shoulders, where his rival's horns had sought to find an opening. I soon had my tape over him, when I found that he measured 71 inches at the shoulder (between perpendiculars), with horns that had a circumference at base of 18 inches, and were 31 inches in widest outside span. Although not a very old bull, he formed a nice trophy with which to finish my trip; and as we had time that day to

skin his head, we soon set to, and after some two hours' work left for Ulu Betul, where we arrived back at our shelter at dusk.

The following day we returned to the carcase, which was about two hours' smart walking from our camp, to fetch the skull and any meat that we were able to carry. Unfortunately the skin of the head got very wet the following day on our return to Sereting, and I was unable to save it, which was a great pity, as I had been able to detach it without any mishap and it would have set up well. The same afternoon, as we returned to camp, we passed through a clearing about a mile from Ulu Betul and found fresh tracks of a herd of seladang—no doubt they were those from Kenawan—and came quite close to the beasts themselves in some thin secondary growth. While listening for them we suddenly heard an elephant-trumpet just ahead; and hearing a movement in the direction of the sound were unable to determine whether it had been made by an elephant or a seladang. I had never met the two animals so close together before. On advancing towards the spot where the elephant trumpeted, we came across a herd idly making their way through the small jungle; but had no time to devote to hunt them, as the afternoon

was far spent, so we contented ourselves with a look at two big cows and left them to themselves.

As I had no further time to follow the beasts we had come across the previous evening, the following morning I decided to return at once to Kampong Sereting, so we broke up camp at daylight and were at Prang Dollah's house at eleven o'clock. On our way back we again came across tracks of the elephants, which must have turned back after getting our scent, as no doubt they had crossed our path after we had left them; they had visited the Ulu Betul salt-lick, and a fine game they had had there! There must have been at least fifteen elephants in the herd (a big herd for this country), and they had most effectually cleared away all the undergrowth round the salt-lick, but although I searched most diligently I could find no marks of decent-sized tusks, and I think that I lost nothing by being unable to pursue the herd. That night I stopped at Prang Dollah's house and was somewhat disturbed by a tiger wandering about outside the kampong, making that singular noise, half-growl, half-moan, which these animals utter when questing; it was, however, quite impossible to do anything as the night was pitch dark, and the following morning the tracks

revealed the fact that the animal had retreated to the big jungle, from which it was, of course, impossible to drive him.

On the 27th of January we went on to Kuala Pilah, about eleven miles from Prang Dollah's house, and found ourselves once more in civilised parts. The old Datoh Raja, who had spent most of the last two months in a pair of knickers that were beyond description, and nothing else, now produced from his bundle a smart Malay silk coat and quite a respectable pair of short trousers, which he explained it was necessary for him to don as we were going into a "town." He also produced a medal, as he called it, which he carefully pinned on to his coat. This "medal," which the Datoh greatly prizes, was given to him as a reward for his prowess as a hunter—at least so he says. As a matter of fact, it is really a steward's badge for Goodwood Races, and bears the date 1886. It appears that some years ago an Englishman whom the Datoh took hunting in the Jelebu District gave him this badge as a reward, and the poor old fellow firmly believes that it is a valuable Order. To undeceive him would, of course, be a pity, and, even if one tried to do so, I do not believe he would credit the explanation. Little more remains to be told:

I stopped a night at the Collectorate at Kuala Pilah, went on the next day to Seremban, and thence to Singapore, where I caught the Home Mail on 6th February.

I was away altogether nine weeks, and my bag consisted of three elephants and three seladang ; not a very enormous reward, it may be said, but a reward that gave me much sport and plenty of excitement, which is, after all, the chief aim of a sporting trip !

CHAPTER X

CAMPS, TRANSPORT, ETC.

In the second volume of the Badminton Big-Game Shooting there is an excellent chapter embracing the above subject, which opens with the remark that it is not possible to define a camp-outfit which would suffice in all climates and under every condition; it would therefore be leaving the account of hunting big game in the Malay States somewhat incomplete not to insert a few notes under this heading.

The arrangements that I made for a two months' trip have been mentioned in a previous chapter; and the articles enumerated as necessary on that occasion would serve as a guide for a similar expedition. I have found after several years' hunting that I am just beginning to learn what not to take with me, and by the process of elimination I am now able to put together a fairly reasonable outfit.

In the first place, it must be remembered that

all elephant- or seladang-hunting in this country is done on foot—the game being followed by the assistance of native trackers; the impenetrable nature of the jungle makes any other system impossible, although occasionally a seladang may be bagged by waiting in an open clearing or in a salt-lick.

It is quite unnecessary to make any preparation before starting on an expedition after big game in the way of house accommodation. Never take a tent, which would be an endless source of trouble ; a few Malays in half an hour will put up a camp of jungle-sticks thatched with palm-leaves, that no one need be ashamed to sleep under.

For clothes nothing can be better than a dark green cloth that can be obtained from the Basel Mission Weaving Establishment of Cannanore, in Madras ; it is most suitable as regards colour and texture, blending well with the foliage, and being sufficiently tough without being too heavy. Ordinary khaki is unsuitable, being most conspicuous in the jungle, especially if the sun is shining through the leaves on to the cloth, when those parts touched by the sun will look almost white. Under-clothing is a matter of habit and taste : most people recommend some sort of

flannel or wool for jungle-work, and considering that one is continually in a state of moisture, either from perspiration or rain, the advice seems sound; personally, I wear thin gauze under-clothing, which I find the coolest for hunting purposes.

Light leather- or canvas-boots should be obtained—heavy boots are to be avoided; but the number of these light boots that one gets through is appalling, and being in a constant state of wet they soon rot, and if canvas-boots are taken, an allowance of a pair a week should be made. These boots can be obtained locally from Chinese shoemakers at about seven shillings a pair, and when worn out are thrown away. Putties are essential, small black leeches being at times very numerous in the Malayan jungles, and the most effective way to keep them out is to have one's shooting-trousers made an inch shorter than ordinary trousers, which enables them to be tucked inside the socks, when the putty is wound round the top of the boot, the sock, and the trouser-leg. The result may not be beautiful, but it defies the leeches.

Head-gear is always a trouble and requires some consideration. A heavy sun-hat is out of the question in the jungle, but is indispensable in

the open. In following seladang their tracks often take one through old clearings, which are as hot as ovens during the middle of the day, and if the head is not properly protected one is liable to suffer. A thick soft felt-hat with a narrow brim is probably the best compromise, but when it rains—which it does fairly frequently in this country—such a hat becomes very heavy and has to be wrung out. I have tried a tweed-cap, which is excellent so long as one is in the thick jungle ; and I have also made one of my coolies carry a Chinese paper-umbrella, which I used if I came into the open, but it was not altogether a satisfactory arrangement, and could not be used at all if in the vicinity of game. I fancy the sight of a Chinese umbrella would send a seladang into the next county in a very short time. Considering that all transport has to be done in the hunting-country by river or over jungle-tracks, one is compelled to employ Malay or Sakai coolies as carriers. Malays as carriers are always most unsatisfactory, and are a constant worry on a long trip. The Malay's idea of continuous labour, except when working for himself on his own land, seldom extends beyond a few days if the work is at all hard, and if one is hunting a wounded animal, which in the case of an elephant wounded

in the head may take several days to come up to, the only coolies that give one much of a chance to hunt one's quarry to a finish are Sakais. One is, however, often compelled to use Malays—Sakais, except in a few places, being extremely difficult to obtain; and under these circumstances it is often impossible to undertake anything that will mean a really hard tramp for many days. The Sakai is naturally an excellent jungle-man, and with a light load will keep well up with the sportsman from morning till evening, and will then cheerfully set to and build the camp for the night. I should never think of employing Malay coolies for jungle-work where Sakais are obtainable. Other classes of coolies are worse, and it is the Sakai, the Malay, or nothing.

The wages for coolies vary a little in different districts; but from ninepence to one shilling per day would about cover the fluctuation. Sakais will often be contented with much less, and look upon a dollar (two shillings) as untold wealth. They generally have to be supplied with food, which will cost another fourpence a day.

The best battery for big-game shooting has been so thoroughly discussed that it is unnecessary for me to go into the question to any extent. The pursuit of elephant and seladang in Malaya is

more in the nature of hunting than shooting, the terms being used in their broadest sense. Considering that quite 90 per cent of the shots that one gets will be taken at a range inside twenty-five yards, it is obvious that the sportsman must have a weapon in his hand that will give the quarry such a shock that its wound will occupy all its attention. It is not a question of marksmanship at such short ranges (even when at such a range it is often impossible to take a shot, owing to the uncertainty of the position of a vital spot, which cannot be located through the thick jungle), and a heavy weapon is essential.

I have for several years used an eight-bore made by Manton and Co. of Calcutta, and a most suitable weapon it has proved; but I have often been handicapped by the difficulty of getting in a second shot in thick jungle, owing to the dense cloud of smoke that the burning of ten drachms of black powder produces, and lately I have been using a ·500 cordite-rifle, made by William Evans of Pall Mall, a much handier weapon than an eight-bore, weighing some five pounds less. From the experience I have so far had with it, I think that it is able to deal a more effective wound than an eight-bore. The absence of smoke is, of course, a most important

advantage, and the penetration of a soft-nosed nickel-bullet from this rifle is astonishing.

I once killed a seladang with a shot through the lungs, the bullet entered behind the left shoulder, passed through the body, smashed the right shoulder, entirely pulverising the bone, and was found sticking out of the skin on the other side, being held there by a shred of the nickel, otherwise it would have gone right through. I have often had similar shots at seladang with an eight-bore, but have never had a bullet penetrate the skin on the far side.

Ammunition should be put up in soldered air-tight tin-cases, ten rounds in a tin. One does not get the opportunity of using much ammunition, and it is as well to keep what one does not require in damp-proof cases.

A supply of arsenical soap should always be taken if any trophies are required other than tusks and skulls ; and a small medicine-chest should be included in the outfit. No medicines are more suitable for jungle-work than those put up by Burroughs, Welcome & Co. in the "tabloid" form. Quinine, phenacetin, an aperient medicine, chlorodyne, or laudanum, vaseline, boracic powder for sore feet, some lint, and a roll of bandages are especially necessary.

The climate of the Malay Peninsula to a man with a fair constitution and a moderate way of living is a good climate—is probably one of the best in the Tropics. There are no dangerous variations in temperature, and one does not run the risks of catching cold after a thorough soaking in the way one does in a cooler climate. That there is a good deal of malarian fever in some parts it would be idle to deny; but the life that one leads hunting is generally a healthy one, and, bar accidents, one is probably as safe in the jungle of Malaya as in Regent Street.

The Game Laws of the Federated Malay States may be seen at "The Jungle," in Piccadilly.

APPENDIX

MEASUREMENTS OF SELADANG HEADS OBTAINED IN THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES

Owner's Name.	Widest outside span of horns.	Widest inside span of horns.	Width between tips of horns.	Length of horns.	Tip to tip of horn across forehead.	Circumference of horn at base.	Locality where shot.
	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.	ins.	
Mr. C. Da Pra .	46	40	33	...	78½	20½ (2)	Kuala Jelai, Negri Sembilan.
Mr. T. S. Mason .	37	...	23	...	74	22	Pahang.
Mr. J. T. Macgregor	35	...	17	...	74½	21½	Pahang.
Taipeng Museum, Perak	34	28½	22¼	26½	69¼	19	Pahang.
Do. do.	33¾	27¾	14¼	27¼	72½	16½ right 17¼ left	Pahang.
Mr. T. R. Hubback .	31	27	25	23	62	17	Triang, Negri Sembilan.
Do. do. .	34	...	24	...	...	17¾	Sereting, Negri Sembilan.
Do. do. .	31	...	...	...	...	18	Ulu M'Limau, Negri Sembilan.
Do. do. .	30½	...	...	...	...	19	Sungei Dua, Negri Sembilan.
Mr. R. S. Meikle .	...	27½	17	30	...	19	Pahang.

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