

THE CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS IN MYSORE.

BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



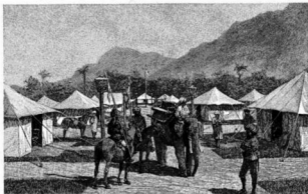
URING his recent visit to India, the late Prince Albert Victor visited the state and city of Mysore, and after splendid festivities in his honor, lasting some days, he started with a large party on a Monday morning, the 25th of November, 1889, long before daybreak, for the jungle, to witness the elephant-catching proceeding under Mr. G. P. Sander-son, officer in charge of the Government Elephant-catching Establishment in Mysore.

The party consisted of H. R. H. Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, K.G., H.H.; Chamrajendra Wodejar Bahadur, Maharajah of Mysore, G.C., S.I.; the late Colonel Sir Oliver St. John, K.C., S.I., British Resident in Mysore; Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, K.C.B., now Commissioner of Metropolitan Police in London; Colonel Grant, C.S.I.; Captain Holford, 1st Life Guards, Equerry to H. R. H.; Captain Harvey, 10th Hussars; Captain Edwards, Central India Horse; Surgeon-major Benson; Surgeon Jones; Mr. Desaraj Urs, A.D.C. to the Maharajah; Mr. Meiklejohn, resident magistrate in Mysore; Surgeon-ma-

yor McGann; Mr. McHutchin; Mr. Vini-comb Davey, of the Mysore civil service; Mr. Claud Vincent, private secretary to H. E. the Governor of Madras; Major McIntyre, military secretary to the Maharajah; and myself. The company was divided in several carriages. First came the Maharajah, tooling his drag, made in his own coach-house under his personal superintendence, and, as far as finish and workmanship go, equal to any turned out by the best London houses. He drove a splendid team of roan Waters—*sic*, New South Wales horses—with the Prince on the box-seat; after this came a series of breaks and wagonettes containing the rest of the party. The Maharajah is one of the best whips of Southern India, and thoroughly at home in the saddle. The road to the *shedda*, as the place where they capture the elephants is called, is about fifty-two miles long, and winds through a beautiful and picturesque country, passing the villages of Nunjungode and Chamrajnugger. Many halts were made to change horses and to receive offerings of fruit and flowers from the villagers. The road was gayly decorated all along, the smallest collection of huts contributing triumphal arches. We passed many tanks, or artificial lakes,

which are made all over India for irrigatory purposes, some of them many square miles in extent; and it being yet an early hour, the banks were everywhere lined with bathers, who, with astonishment, looked at our long line of carriages with their floral decorations, on a road that

villas. All the jungle had been cleared for about one square mile, with the centre laid out in grass lawns crossed at right angles in various directions by well-gravelled roads and walks. In square plots of grass, surrounded by flower beds and situated at equal distances from each



THE GREAT CAMP NEAR THE KHEDDAH.

usually had nothing more exciting to behold than a bullock tonga. The devices of the triumphal arches were mostly in English, and some were extremely funny, although seriously meant, as "Tell your grandmother we are happy!" Some were in the native Canarese, the vernacular of Mysore.

About mid-day we came to a halt, and here we had to leave the carriages and take to the saddle, as the road became impassable for wheels; and after a ride of about five miles through dense jungle, and in which we had to ford several rivers, we at last reached the camp, situated at a place called Yelserega. It was beautifully laid out on the top of a hill, at an elevation of 3500 feet above sea-level, at the foot of the Belligherry Ranjan Hills, that attain here a height of 6000 feet, and are a branch of the Neilgherry Hills. The site of this camp was only a few weeks before a dense mass of jungle, that under the superintendence of Mr. McHutchin and Dr. Benson became a perfect little village of canvas

other, were the tents. The roads were well lighted with street lamps at night; and the whole of it looked as though it were to last forever, and not to be given over to the jungle again, as it was after our departure. A long broad road lay down the centre to the Prince's tent, near which, to the right, was the dining or mess tent. Everything was perfect, and there was nothing forgotten by Major McIntyre, who arranged the interior of the tents to secure our comfort and happiness. They were as luxurious as could be—the floors were covered with carpets on a thick layer of soft matting, our bedsteads were surrounded with mosquito curtains, bath-rooms ready with fresh tubs of cold mountain spring water, easy-chairs and couches galore, and after our hot and dusty ride a "peg" of whiskey and soda well iced ready at our call. The mess tent was splendidly arranged with hanging lamps, and the table beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, with many clean and smart-looking "boys" to wait on us. Here an excellently

cooked and well-served breakfast awaited us, and immediately after that we rode to the kheddah—a ride through denser jungle, if possible, than before, of about another five miles. This was situated in a moist valley of the mountain range, covered with splendid forests of teak, tamarind, and peepul trees, intersected by large clumps of bamboos, and watered by a small river, with creepers thicker than a man's thigh, and sometimes three hundred yards long, climbing from tree to tree, the trunks covered with aged gray moss, and ferns of every description growing everywhere. Many parts of this valley have never yet been trodden by man's foot, and its swamps and rugged rocks are barriers that without great labor cannot be overcome.

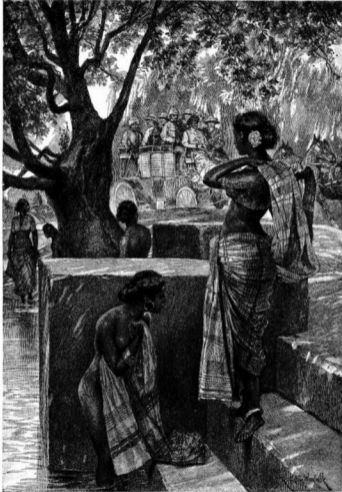
Here Mr. Sanderson met us to conduct us to one of its nooks where the kheddah is constructed. We dismounted and walked to a stand that had been erected, well disguised by foliage, from which we could watch the proceedings without being seen by the wily beasts—a great necessity, as by some small carelessness sometimes the labor of weeks has been foiled at the last moment. The kheddah is a large enclosure of huge wooden beams and tree trunks, of about a mile and a half in circumference, with a smaller enclosure of about a hundred yards diameter opening from it, the whole surrounded inside with a ditch of some six feet width and depth. There is a gate opening into the enclosure, and from that another into the smaller one. These gates are constructed like the traps that they really are, and are dropped as soon as the captured herd is once safely in. They are weighted with enormous stones, and it takes about sixty strong men to lift one.

When we were all stationed, Mr. Sanderson took his place to direct the beat, and soon a shot—the given signal—announced the commencement of the drive. The herd had been previously enclosed some way off by a long line of beaters, numbering about four hundred, and had been driven there gently from a long distance. In the night they are kept in their places by huge fires lighted at equal distances from each other and surrounding them entirely, and the beaters have to be extremely careful that they do not get frightened in any way, as they will then suddenly break through the line, and perhaps not stop again for sixty or more

miles. A perfect stillness reigned, broken only now and then by a word of command amongst the beaters as they noiselessly drove the herd on ward towards their prison. Now and then you could hear the crash when they entered bamboo clumps, or the cracking of some young tree broken down in their progress.

For some time all went well; but suddenly they stopped, just as they were crossing the river, and doubled back in their tracks. The beaters then ran on before them, and tried all in their power to make them stop, which at last they succeeded in doing, and again they were driven forward in a cautious and careful manner. The elephant's sense of smell is very strong, and he can by this means discover man at a considerable distance, and will quietly move off. This smell, curiously enough, is much stronger in a cleaned and washed European than in a dirty native, and all wild elephants, or any wild animals, indeed, do mind the former more than the, to our idea, more perceptible latter. The elephant is naturally very timid, and will only charge when provoked or driven into a corner from which he fancies he cannot extricate himself, or when wounded and driven to fury. This is different, though, in the case of "rogues." These are solitary elephants that by their viciousness and quarrelsomeness have become outcasts from a herd, and henceforth lead a solitary existence. These become very dangerous, and will attack man or beast, in many cases without any provocation whatever.

Again a short shrill trumpet was uttered by a leader, and the herd faced about and formed a square, without knowing in which direction to go, but feeling that danger was coming near. Then the beaters had to be extremely cautious, and try by perfect quiet to allay their fears and alarm, as a stampede of a herd, when they find themselves surrounded, is overwhelming, and the females with calves will turn and charge without the smallest particle of hesitation, although the elephants on scenting danger generally make off as quickly as possible, and with marvellous quietness and absence of bustle, considering their size. At last they began to move forward again, and how mysterious these huge brutes looked as they silently strode through the dark forest, breaking the bamboos in their way and tossing them over their heads!



ON THE ROAD TO THE KHEDDAH.



THE MAHARAJAH CUTS THE ROPE.

These wild elephants in their native jungle appear colossal, and have not that dark, almost black, appearance that they acquire when tamed and frequently washed. In their natural state they are gray in color, and covered with red clay and mud, with bits of grass and leaves sticking to them.

The guiding-line of the beaters has to keep well away, and to be very careful to leave no opening in the chain. We

could now and then get a glimpse of the giants of the forest as they were moving on, led by an enormously large female—the largest I have ever seen—through the thick foliage, with its sheets of sunshine every now and then playing upon them, and intensifying the general surrounding darkness. At last the men got them near the gate of the outer enclosure; but again they were startled by something, and began, with loud and frightened trumpeting, to move in a side direction. Finally, however, they neared the gate, which, as well as the stockade, was well hidden by bamboo branches, the inside also being one dense mass of that plant, as any bare patches had been filled by sticking them into the ground; so we could only

now and then get a glimpse of their backs or trunks as they raised them to break off some obstructing branch in their forward progress. Mr. Sanderson was ubiquitous, and at last, after many anxious moments, they passed the gate, which closed behind them with a bang, and the herd was in safe-keeping in the outer enclosure. One would fancy that now all would go smoothly and serenely, but the more difficult work now began of driving them into the small enclosure. As they were now in a comparatively small space, they grew more suspicious and alarmed, and were ready to look upon everything in their way as dangerous to them and to be avoided. The beaters were now collected, and Mr. Sanderson entered the outer enclosure with them to begin driving the herd into the inner one. This outer enclosure was about half a mile in diameter; and from this, which was also covered with very thick jungle, they had to be driven into the eastern corner, where the barrier to the inner enclosure was erected. Again a line was formed, and another shot gave the signal, when the elephants began, too, to move, and in the right direction. We could see all now very plainly from our platform as the drive progressed. Every now and then the elephants would make a stand,

when, with trunks uplifted high in the air, they would huddle together, not knowing in what direction to move. Their trumpeting and shrieks when one of them would turn to charge a beater were now very frequent, and they were getting very angry and ill-tempered. However, they were pushed gently forward, and by degrees were nearing the inner trap. It has happened that one of the herd, by making use of the back of a comrade who had tumbled into the ditch, has broken through the stockade, and so gained freedom again. So all round this were many men stationed with guns, mostly old matchlocks, to fire with a blank charge into their faces in case of such a rush. They seemed to fight very shy of the gate, and always, when nearing it, made off again, but were as pertinaciously driven back to it again

trap, and tried a backward rush; and though the gate weighed a couple of tons, the combined force of the herd would naturally have most easily smashed it, but a blank charge from Mr. Sanderson's four-bore turned them, and a herd of thirty-six elephants was added to the many captured by this great sportsman. The capture of wild elephants had been tried before in the state of Mysore under the Mohammedan rule of the great Hyder, but proved a signal failure. I believe it was tried again in the days of Tippoo Sultan, who fell at the storming of Seringapatam by Colonel Arthur Wellesley, the late Duke of Wellington, when the Mohammedan rule in India was finally broken, and the Hindoo dynasty restored under the rule of Krishna Raj Waddeyar. There is still to be seen near



THE DINNER IN THE MESS TENT.

in a circle. At last, after many futile attempts to get them in, they faced the barrier, and with wild trumpeting they tore through in one dense mob. The Maharajah immediately cut the rope, and, with a terrific crash, the ponderous gate descended. They at once perceived the

Kákáukoté the stone where Hyder wrote a curse on all who attempted the capture of elephants after him, so disgusted was he at his own complete failure, and so the Mussulmans say there is this curse on any one who attempts it. If this be so, it has lain very easily so far on Mr. Sanderson's

shoulders. They predicted failure and misfortune before his brilliant kheddah operations in 1873, the very first, and which turned out such a success.

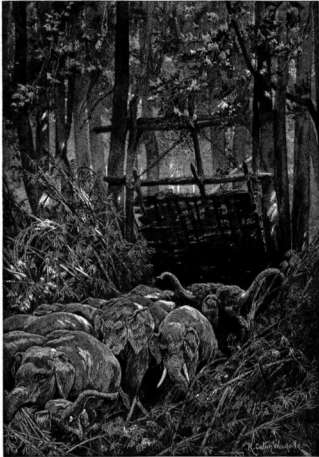
In isolated cases formerly single elephants were caught by noosing them with tame ones. This was practised in Nepal and Bengal, but no large ones were ever caught, it being very dangerous for the tame ones. Mr. Sanderson has also been very successful in the north of India, among the hills of Chittagong, where he was sent by the government, after his success recorded above, to establish a kheddah and get it into working order. One catch of eighty-five is recorded. In all his expeditions he has had the assistance of a very peculiar kind of jungle wallahs called kurrahas, who are the aborigines of this country. They have curly hair like negroes mostly, not straight like the Hindoos; they also eat the flesh of the bison or of a cow, which the Hindoos will not, as they worship it and regard it as a sacred animal. They pray to jungle spirits, elephants, tigers, and the large trees, and no doubt have added to their divinities, as the conqueror of ferocious animals, their great *shikaree* Sanderson. Their chief and infallible tracker is their priest or headman Bommam Gowda, an extraordinary-looking object, with white matted hair and beard. With no other dress than a loin cloth, and no other arms but a bamboo, he will wander for weeks with Mr. Sanderson after a herd of elephants, or follow the tracks of a wounded tusker or tiger, and bring the shikaree up to the quarry without ever failing. He sleeps at night under a tree, after a supper of curried rice and a smoke, with perhaps a little grog, of which he greatly approves. Without such tracker, the sportsman will never make a large bag in the Indian jungles, and on them depends his success, provided always that he uses "straight powder."

A weird scene it was at nightfall, when the gates were made secure, and large fires lighted all round the enclosure, where the herd stood closely together, facing outwards, all the dense jungle trodden into thick black mud by their wanderings round and round, searching for an opening of escape; the beaters and coolies preparing their evening meal; the watchers seeing that all is safe and right for the night; and our horses being

led up and down, ready for the returning journey to camp, accompanied by many torch-bearers—a sight not easily forgotten; the return to the camp, also, in the pitch darkness but for the glaring torches, our cavalcade passing under the giant trees and through the matted jungle, where, had we not been a large party, a tiger might have jumped out upon us, and dragged off one to be devoured at its leisure. Colonel Sir Edward Bradford had his arm literally chewed off close to the shoulder some years ago by a man-eater, whom he had followed into the jungle on foot, and but for the bravery of his native shikaree, would have lost his life.

When we arrived in camp, a bath and a change from our shooting suits into cool and comfortable smoking or evening clothes soon set us up again, and it needed not hot sherry and bitters to make us enjoy a capital dinner after such a long and exciting day. Of course curry played a great rôle in the repast. You cannot get really good curry out of India, as it must be made of the fresh herbs, and there are so many things added to it as side dishes that we do not understand and are unable to get. It is not of necessity always hot. Some curried meats and vegetables are quite mild to the palate, although some are too hot for a European who has not passed a lifetime in India. A native will smack his lips and ask for more of a curry that you absolutely find impossible to swallow, and to which the hottest of West Indian pickles compares very mildly. Yet how we missed our curry after leaving the hospitable shores of Hindostan behind us! For a long time afterwards our meals seemed imperfect for the want of it. There they consider it as necessary to tiffin, or dinner, as bread itself. The dinner was long and very good, and seldom have I done more justice to one; the champagne was well iced, and the claret not too cool. The air was delightful, as at this elevation the evenings are never hot. We talked all the events over again, and after dinner thoroughly enjoyed our cigars before a big bonfire before turning in to well-earned repose.

The next morning we were up betimes, and after early *chota hazrie*—i. e., a cup of tea and bread-and-butter—we again prepared to start to the kheddah. Some rode there on one of the Maharajah's elephants,



TRAPPED AT LAST.



THE YOUNG TUSKER CREEPS UNDER THE GATE.

on which seats were arranged to seat three on each side, Irish jaunting-car fashion, but many preferred the saddle. Few persons can stand the long swinging stride of the elephant without the feeling of dizziness. On that day the work of securing the elephants singly began, and promised to be of the greatest interest. Mr. Sanderson had some eighteen *koomkies*, that is, tame elephants, at his disposal. These are especially trained to the capture of their kind; in fact, without their assistance elephant-catching would be almost an im-

possibility; at any rate, a far more dangerous, laborious, and troublesome business than it is. The *koomkies* detach a wild elephant from the herd, and three or four will then surround it, and squeeze themselves quite close up to it, so that it cannot move in any direction. They each have, of course, their *mahout*, or driver, and have a sort of rope harness round them to enable the men on foot in the *kheddah* to take refuge on their backs if necessary, as a wild elephant will very seldom attack a man up there, but when badgered about, as he generally and necessarily is before being secured, will at once charge a man on foot. These skilled noosers, who enter, so to say, the arena seated on the *koomkies'* backs, slip gently down when a wild one is hemmed in, and getting between the legs of a tame one, slip a noose round the captured one's hind legs and hobbles him. On feeling the ropes, the brute naturally begins to kick and swing his huge forelegs, and woe be to the man who should come within his reach. After being hobbled, a great hawser is put round his legs, and a tame elephant pulls this hawser with his teeth round the nearest tree; other tame ones push the hobbled animal towards him, and when his hind legs are close against the tree, they are secured by many turns of the hawser.

On our arrival at the *kheddah* we found Mr. Sanderson already hard at work. With the sleeves of his flannel shirt tucked up and an old battered straw hat on his head, he was everywhere at once and looking after everything. He has been so much under India's burning sun that he wears this slight head-covering with impunity, although had one of us been foolhardy enough to attempt it, a sun-

stroke would have been the immediate result; but he is so hardened by the life he has led that nothing seems able to harm him. There he was, so energetic that it made us sweat to look at him, giving a hand here, directing an operation there, with his "boy" always behind him, carrying his double four-bore, firing twelve drams of powder and weighing 19½ pounds. He knows well, by his great experience, the indispensability of a heavy rifle for such large game, and would not attempt to kill any big animals with a light rifle of a small bore, lest they might go off wounded and die a lingering death, and ultimately become food for the vultures and jackals.

When the Prince had taken his place, the gate was slowly raised, and by shouts and noises the herd was driven towards it; but only three or four were allowed to pass, and the barrier was then closed upon the rest, who sullenly took up their huddled position again in the centre of the enclosure, very sulky at not being allowed to follow their comrades into supposed freedom. The koomkies now surrounded

one of them, a young tusker, and after a few unsuccessful endeavors, he was at last hobbled, and then allowed to tire himself out, which he effectually tried to do by running as best he could all round the enclosure, trumpeting loudly all the time, and doubtless presenting to his comrades in the small arena an inexplicable spectacle. There is a great variety of temperament observable in elephants. Young elephants, perhaps only a third grown, especially females, will always give most trouble; these wild ones will always attack and chase any one on foot; but an active man on even ground can outstrip them, and it was always considered highly creditable to do this in as leisurely a manner as possible. The enclosure reminded one forcibly of the Plaza de Torres, and here, as there, we always applauded some daring feat. With shrill shrieks they would charge the men, with their trunks curled up out of harm's way and their ears well thrown forward, their whole demeanor proclaiming mischief. At last they were, one by one, hemmed in and well fastened to trees, and Mr. San-



THE BIG FEMALE GIVES OVER TO DESPAIR.

derson requested all spectators, including the personal staff of the Prince, to raise the gate—as the beaters were away on other work—to let out some more.

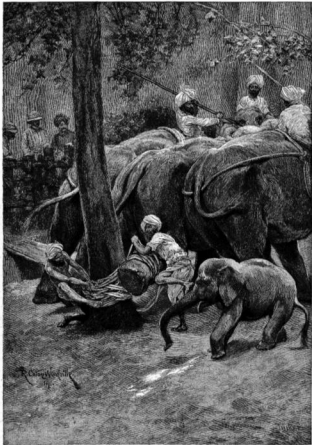
This was accordingly done, and amongst them was the huge female before mentioned, with a very young calf about three feet high. This little animal, about two months old, was a great amusement to us, and a very great nuisance to the workers inside. It got into everybody's way, and had to be kept at a distance with kicks and stones. It kept running about, squeaking and screaming, amongst the legs of koomkies and wild ones alike, and seemed to object strongly to the whole proceeding. At last its mother was noosed, with the greatest difficulty, and surrounded, but nothing in the world could persuade her to go towards the tree; so a large hawser was fastened to the hobbles, and a koomkie, taking the end of the hawser in its mouth, and twisting its trunk well round it, gave it a turn round a tree, while several others pushed this giant mother towards it, the little one roaring most piteously the whole time. At last, after great exertions, she was close enough to be secured by the hind legs. As soon as she was left alone, she struggled in the most marvellous manner to free herself. Sometimes she would lie down and roll from side to side; then she would stand upright on her hind legs; next she would throw herself down again, and stand fairly on her head, with her legs well away from the ground, all the time trying to free them from their shackles, searching the ground all round her the while for a purchase, and pulling with tremendous power, which would almost burst the thick ropes with which she was tied. She was more furious than ever if her calf left her side, when she would take up stones and earth and fling them all over herself in her agony. Her exertions lasted over an hour and a half, and it was a most piteous sight to watch the poor animal's attempts to lull the screaming of her calf. It was this gigantic female that, breaking through the line of the koomkies, tried to re-enter the inner enclosure, but being frightened back again by some of the spectators, swerved round, and passed within a few yards of the Prince, who had entered the enclosure with Mr. Sanderson. It was an anxious moment for us spectators as to what the Prince would do; for had he retreated

hastily and suddenly, the leviathan would surely have charged him. But the Prince took the matter very coolly, and showed as much presence of mind as if these scenes occurred daily with him. Needless to say, we all appreciated much his coolness and courage and the daring he displayed in entering the kheddah. This was the event that gave rise to the sensational telegrams and the many congratulatory messages from all parts of the world on his providential escape. Many were the ludicrous scenes we witnessed also. Once a mahout and a nooser were swept off their koomkie's back by an overhanging branch, and picking themselves up, much dazed by their tumble, they made as quickly as possible for what they thought at the first moment to be their elephant, and only discovered when trying to mount that it was one of the wild ones. Ah, how they ran as the brute turned slowly round! It reminded me very forcibly of the famous Blondin donkey when assuming its most threatening attitude.

Amongst the koomkies the greatest bully was a splendid fighting tusker, "Jung Behadur." With a prod of his powerful tusks he would soon send most of the captives in the direction indicated by his mahout, and bully them into submission. They would by degrees resign themselves to their fate, even the great female at last, who looked the picture of disdain and comic grief, with her head and back covered with green fodder, which, instead of eating, she had sprinkled all over herself.

There was a young tusker who had watched all these proceedings with the greatest interest, and showed his displeasure at all that was going on by shambling round the inner enclosure, trumpeting loudly, and making every now and then endeavors to join his friends in the arena. At last, with mighty efforts, by butting the gate repeatedly, he got his head under it, and with all his colossal strength lifted the huge gate, weighing a couple of tons, and crept under. However, the results of his success proved very unsatisfactory for him, as, soon surrounded, he was quickly secured, and left to bemoan with sad demeanor this rash act that led him into so sad a predicament.

Night was now setting in, and we had to return. The jungle was waking up with its many mysterious sounds of the



AN INTERESTING CALF.



THE FIGHTING TUSKER "JUNG BEHADUR" AT WORK.

night, and its inhabitants were beginning to move in search of prey; night-birds were fluttering silently about amongst the big trees, and the cry of the owl and nighthawk sounded with shrill distinctness in the gloom of the virgin forests. As we came near our tents, the lights of our torches frightened hundreds of flying-foxes, whose wings sometimes measure, from tip to tip, forty-eight inches, who were holding high jinks in a majestic banian-tree, with its drooping suckers that form the new trunks, and which had already made it of a size large enough to shelter a battalion. With keen appetite we devoured our well-cooked dinner, and we sat till far into the night round the big log fire, sipping our brandy or whiskey *paneeh*, and many an old song, by some long forgotten, cropped up to remind us of days long gone by, and we wondered how on earth that fellow managed to pick it up, we naturally believing it to have been the sole property of a small set that then made merry, and at whose festive gatherings it was always called for; and we sang it that night with all the warmth and fervor due to an old and valued friend.

"Another fine day," exclaims the funny man of the party next morning, as we again made ready for our ride to the kheddah. The days were indeed glorious there, as we were in such magnificent air, and had quite escaped the hot, close-smelling atmosphere of the lower-lying country. Nothing more delightful can

be imagined than the early hours in these hills; they were bracing and cool, and we thoroughly enjoyed, as well as the Arab horses we rode, our canter over the springy turf of the paths. The day was spent again in tying up and other work necessary for the taming of the elephants. There were now two men appropriated to each elephant, who were busily building themselves huts close to their charges, and were feeding them, singing and talking to them the while, and by their constant presence they were accustoming the animals to their sight, and endeavoring to impress them with their friendliness. Troughs were made out of the hollowed trunks of date-trees, and pushed within their reach, and filled with water through bamboos. Some of the elephants would resent this attempt at intimacy immensely, and would kick or rush at their captor, while others would take no notice whatever, having resigned themselves completely to their fate; yet it would have inevitably ended in death, or, at any rate, broken bones, to have come within reach of their forelegs or trunks for a day or two. One or two absolutely refused to be quiet, and persistently kicked and tore at their bonds. Mr. Sanderson told me he had seen the sole of an elephant's foot come off in its entirety by its constant kicking; of course it had to be shot at once. The ropes or hawsers have to be changed after a day or two, and only one foot fastened, as by constant dragging they wear sores, and these have

to be carefully attended to, as otherwise they will soon fill with maggots and become very troublesome. The elephants will blow sand upon these wounds to keep off the flies, and this makes the rubbing of the ropes still worse. The mahouts use margosa oil, and apply it with a long mop. A few of the oldest elephants had to be shot, as it is impossible to tame those of great age, and if turned out into the forest again they become very vicious, and by remaining solitary would develop into the much-dreaded "rogue."

All shooting is done now with a four-bore, and the shot must be in the right place. The elephant's brain is a very small one, and protected with a very thick bone, so a rifle with great smashing power must be used. Poor Walter Ingram, the youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the originator and proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*, had to pay with his life for attempting to shoot one of these animals with a .450 Express. He was, in 1888, on a shooting trip with some friends in Somali Land, East Africa, and having shot a fine tusker himself the day before, lent his four-bore to his friend to give him a chance. He rode out, attended by a few blacks, armed with his Express, and soon came across a very big brute with splendid tusks that he longed to secure. He rode close up to him and fired at his head; but the solid, hardened bullets of his .450 bore, with its hundred and twenty-five grains of powder, simply flattened against the bone. He kept on firing both barrels, and galloping out of the elephant's reach to reload, and so fired sixteen shots into him. After the last of these shots, the pony suddenly refused to move, and seemed paralyzed with fear by the repeated and thundering charges of the brute. The elephant immediately rushed up, and before Ingram could think what to do, he was whisked off his

saddle, his brains dashed out against a tree, and his body trampled fairly into a jelly.

The elephant is now strictly preserved everywhere in India and Ceylon, and permission to shoot one is only given to a very few favored ones. If this were not done, they would by this time have entirely ceased to exist. Now they are only found in a wild state in India proper, in the north in Nepal and Assam, in the south in Mysore, and a few in Ceylon. The capture in the last-named place was in 1863 as many as a hundred and seventy-three, but has dwindled down to a couple; so now the shooting and capture are entirely prohibited, and it is to be hoped that in a few years they will again roam about the forests of this little island in respectable numbers.

The great fair in India for the sale of elephants is held annually at Sonopoor, on the Ganges, at the time that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims assemble there to worship at the shrine of Siva and to bathe in the sacred river when the moon is full in the months of October and November. The same kind of thieving and swindling goes on amongst the elephant-dealers as amongst the horsy fraternity.



LEADING HOME THE CAPTIVES.

Elephants are brought here from a long distance, some even from Burmah and Siam. The number for sale seems to decrease every year, and the prices rise enormously in consequence. Cabool merchants are the principal purchasers of them in the distant provinces, and from there they are taken for their long, weary march to India.

The prices realized by Mr. Sanderson vary, according to the age and temper of the captive, from about £150 to £400, or about \$750 to \$2000. Elephants are bought by the natives for display, and no animal looks so well in a rôle for a *tomahsha*; the pompous pace of a procession suits him to perfection; but for this only male elephants are used, and then only tuskers, as they alone seem worthy to carry the native nobles; and the *musksa*, or tuskless male, is sent with the females to do work, such as carrying baggage, wood, or fodder, and, of course, is of immense value for hunting purposes. The elephant is not a desirable means of travelling along high-roads, but in jungly and difficult country, where you could not get through with a horse, he is wonderfully quick and clever in getting over and through thick places. Sanderson tells me he has ridden them as small as thirteen hands with a soft pad and stirrups, and has found them the most pleasant of mounts; they would easily keep up with a man running at a great pace. For tiger-shooting he is, of course, of the greatest use, and although naturally of a very timid disposition, the mahout on his neck and the hunter on his back in the howdah will give him confidence, and he will, with very few exceptions indeed, never refuse to face the fiercest of tigers.

The captured elephants were constantly fed. They do not refuse food from the very first; in fact, a wild one is constantly feeding, it being a habit of his to be always browsing, as he moves through the jungle, on the young shoots of bamboo and other trees. After a day or two they get quite accustomed to the men, and will take from their hands pieces of sugar-cane and fruit. The men will gradually approach them, and after a while put food into their mouths, which they prefer to taking it in with their trunks; they then can pat and caress them, and after many such little attentions a bond of friendship seems to get cemented between them, and sometimes after five or

six days the captive can be marched off between two tame ones to the nearest station. A large animal will measure from nine to ten feet in height at the shoulder, and from twenty-five to twenty-eight from the tip of the trunk to the end of the tail. His tusks will weigh from thirty-five to forty-five pounds each, and be about five or six feet long when taken out of the bone, showing out of the gum two or three feet. They live to a great age, and have been known to have left a hundred years far behind them. The African elephant also attains a great age, and his height, in both sexes, is about one foot more than his Indian brother, but it is almost an impossibility to tame him. The Maharajah of Mysore possesses an elephant captured in Coorg in 1805, when a calf of three years, and at the present moment he is still in good working order, and even now does not present a particularly aged appearance, although his sunken temples and prominent bones show that old age is at last beginning to make itself visible. One must take into consideration, too, that their life in captivity is much harder and more exposed to the heat, and that often they are underfed. All those used in the Indian army as draught animals in the artillery or commissariat, or as baggage animals in the transport department, are very carefully attended to, and in every way treated with the greatest consideration. Their keep is rather expensive, being about thirty rupees, or seventeen dollars, a day, including, of course, the wages of their mahout and grass-cutter. They are fed principally on unhusked rice and grass; of the former they get about two hundred and fifty pounds and of the latter about four hundred pounds per diem. The very large female eats, after the first day or two, about seven hundred and fifty pounds of green fodder in eighteen hours; this is exceeded often by large tuskers, so that eight hundred pounds is about the right amount to be placed before a full-grown elephant, with a margin to allow for waste. As a good load for an elephant is about eight hundred pounds, it will be seen that the amount he will eat per day will be as much as he can carry, and this will also be the right proportion for the smaller ones.

The next day we all divided into different parties, some to revisit the kheddah, others on independent expeditions.



A HERD IN THE FOREST AT EARLY MORNING.

The Prince, with Sir Edward Bradford, Mr. Sanderson, and Dr. Jones, ascended the hills to a smaller camp that had been pitched there on a small plateau some six hundred feet above the kheddah, and near some ground selected for bison-hunting. From this place a splendid view of the surrounding country was obtained. There, far to the westward, in the forest, is Yelesaragay, the great camp, with all the tents immediately below; further off, the large village of Chamrajnugger; while all around are the forest-clad heights of the Belligherry Ranjans, drawing towards the main chain of the Neilgherries. Everywhere on these hills are lookout stations for Sanderson's trackers, and close by the bison camp, on the principal peak, is a signalling station of the heliostat men of the "Queen's Own Sappers" from Bangalore. From here any news was flashed to Chamrajnugger, and through an intermediate station to the Chamundi Hill at Mysore.

At 6 A.M. Sanderson's fog-horn assembled the Sholiga trackers; the *chofa hazrie* was hastily swallowed, and the party set out on horseback for the head of the valley, passing beyond the head of the kheddah for some three miles. Here

three elephants were ready to convey the party to the bison shooting-grounds selected by Mr. Morris, an enterprising coffee-planter and a great shikaree, who has made these hills his solitary home. The trackers soon spread and examined all the ground with great care, and soon discovered signs of the big *gaur*, or Indian bison (*Gacæus gaurus*); but although the marks were numerous, the game itself had evidently made tracks for other pastures. They then proceeded to another part some four miles off, that Mr. Morris declared he had never known to fail; and, sure enough, a herd was soon started, but at too long a range. Of course at this high altitude the forest had ceased, and the hills were only covered with grass and bushes, although these were very dense. Suddenly a magnificent bull was sighted standing "head on" watching the elephants; this is an almost impossible position for a successful shot, but, not willing to lose him, the Prince fired at a venture and struck him, the bull losing much blood. He at once turned and made for the hills, where he was soon lost to view. His staggering gait showed that he was hard hit, but by that time it was getting too late for the hunters to track

him, so Mr. Morris followed alone, and ultimately recovered the trophy.

The Prince returned part of the way with Mr. Sanderson on one of the "wooden" carts—a vehicle of the most simple construction, and used by the ryots in their husbandry work. The wheels are of solid sections of wood, as are also the axles, and they are made entirely by the foresters with the axe, and for jungle travelling are much superior to the more complicated structures of wood and iron of the civilized coach-builder.

Captain Harvey had that morning started very early on a long march to try for a "rogue" who was known to be in a particular part of the forest. He arrived on a ridge bordering a valley, where the native shikarees asserted that he would be found; and, sure enough, they soon heard him, busy at work breaking down bamboos and flapping his sides to keep off the flies. For an animal with so thick a skin, the elephant is very susceptible to the bite of flies and insects, and in the rainy season, when the elephant-fly appears, he will descend from the hills and live in the valleys, where they are not so numerous. They then carefully stalked in the direction of the "rogue," but the cover was frightfully thick and dense, and too difficult to keep in anything like a straight line. When they had got into what they thought close proximity to him, they listened eagerly for a sound, but no noise of any kind except the hum of insects and the twittering of small birds greeted their ears. Suddenly they heard him blowing some five hundred yards away; the suspicious brute had heard them moving through the bushes, and had noiselessly moved away out of their neighborhood. Again they followed him, to be once more disappointed in a similar manner. This was repeated several times, but all their endeavors to make him move out of that thick cover into the more open ridges were in vain. At last, thoroughly disgusted, they had to make a homeward move, to try again another time. They returned, weary and tired, having seen no living creature, except a good-sized snake, that suddenly shot between the legs of one of the native trackers, and made him jump with fright—as it might have been a cobra—and disappeared into the long grass. I believe there are more of these reptiles in the state of Mysore than in any other

place in India. During my stay at the Residency in that city I killed almost daily one of them in my morning walks in the compound or gardens surrounding the house; and only once did I kill one of a different species—a puff adder, about six feet in length, of which the natives were greatly afraid, and told me that should that snake breathe in one's face, it would rot and drop off piecemeal!

That morning I had shouldered my ball-gun, twelve-bore, and went with two native shikarees on a still-hunt, but saw no big game, although there were plenty of marks of sambar and small jungle deer. I came across a few jungle fowl, and soon the ball-cartridge was exchanged for one of shot, and I bagged some with a long shot of sixty-five yards, the shot beating with splendid penetration through their thick plumage.

This new ball-gun has proved one of the most valuable of recent inventions to sportsmen, especially for India, where in the jungle they seldom get a really long shot. My gun I have proved against varied game with shot and ball; with a steel-pointed bullet it is a most formidable weapon against tiger and such-like brutes, and with the Express bullet against deer. At a hundred yards I can place all shots in a five-inch circle, and once I shot a black buck with it at one hundred and eighty yards, and a large and fully grown panther at ninety yards, the steel-pointed bullet penetrating through both shoulders, and coming out on the other side, smashing two thick bones in its progress. This kind of gun is now superseding the Express in India, and it is to be hoped it will soon be turned out as an eight or even four bore by some of the English makers. These heavy guns now in use are very seldom rifled, and have simply smooth bores like a cylinder shot-gun; but the rifled choke in the end of the barrels of guns like the "Euoplia" gives the ball the necessary twist for rotation, and makes it as accurate up to any ordinary distances as any rifle, if not superior in many cases. The ball, being of large diameter, causes it to give a great shock to the system. As a shot-gun it shoots equal to any full choke, and I would never go again on any shooting expedition without one.

Small bores with solid bullets, like those used by sportsmen in the "Rockies," are never used, excepting the Martini rifle, the government gun, and that only by

those who do not possess a better. An American gentleman, the author of *Two Years in the Jungle*, shot a tiger with a small forty-bore American rifle; but it was a lucky shot for him, the bullet entering the brain and causing instant death. But this is only one exception in a thousand, as in the case of the naval officer who once shot a big bear on the Kamtchatka coast with a small rook rifle. All Indian sportsmen prefer a gun that will kill, or, at any rate, so severely wound an animal that the loss of blood will be great enough to prevent it going far.

The other sportsmen that day were more or less unlucky, nothing at all being shot, with the exception of some quail and snipe. The cold season is, of course, the worst time in India for shikar work, the best being that just after the first showers in April, when the grass begins to grow, and until July, when it has grown to the

height of a man. By grass is meant the broad-bladed and long-leaved lemon-grass, and other kinds of a coarser texture that grow in large tufts. From July to January this becomes so thick and high that one cannot get at the game, and in many places it simply becomes impenetrable; and by the latter-mentioned month it has become very dry, and is then fired by the jungle people, who do this to gather certain fruit and jungle products, especially the gall-nut, which is greatly used for tanning—the fertilizing ashes assuring a new supply with the spring showers. The elephants, bison, and other animals do not retreat straight before the fire, but to one side or the other. This is easily managed, as the fires seldom form a long line, and are not so dangerous as is generally supposed.

The next day we assembled to prepare for our return journey.

A PENALTY.

BY NINA F. LAYARD.

THE rock is veined with gold, and the silver shines,
 And the seams of the coal are black in the nether mines,
 And the copper gleams like a kindled furnace spark,
 And the heavy lead is dull and cold and dark;
 Yet for all the black of the coal and the gloom of the lead,
 Do they weep to be copper or silver or gold instead?

The lilies rock in a garden fair and tall,
 And the daisies creep in the grass at the feet of all,
 And the yellow sunflower stares at the yellow sun,
 But the trailing yellow trefoils earthward run;
 Yet for all the lilies are high and the daisies are low,
 None of them crieth, "Why hast Thou made me so?"

Like flowers of air the kingbirds flash and fly,
 They have dipt their wings in the blue of the summer sky,
 But the dusky lark that made an earthy nest
 Must carry away its color upon her breast;
 Yet for all the feathers are brown or the feathers are bright,
 None of them saith, "God doth not work aright."

And men spring up in their place, and a golden crown
 Circles a royal head, for king and clown
 Rise and pass through life their several ways,
 And this shall be born for toil and this for praise;
 Yet of every soul in every devious lot,
 There is none content, there is none that murmurs not.