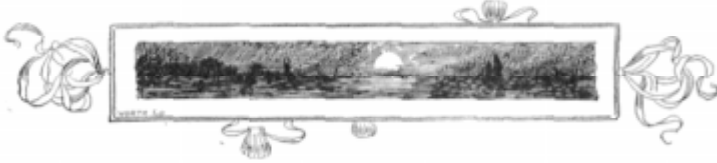


lead on her keel. Previous to her coming to this country she had been out-built and outclassed by *Verve*, a still more pronounced vessel of the same type. In the Fall of 1881 she sailed eight races. Six she won on her merits, one was a sail-over, her competitor having failed to appear, one she lost to the Herreshoff sloop *Shadow*. The behavior of *Madge* in a rough sea was a revelation to the stanch adherents of the

skimming-dish type, of whom not a few were then extant.

There is little doubt that if the English had sent over a large cutter of the type of the *Madge* in 1882 she would have stood an excellent chance of taking the *America's Cup* back to England.

But the British allowed the golden opportunity to pass by. They might have caught us napping in 1882, but we were ready for them in 1885.



## BIG GAME OF CEYLON.



**W**E had been stationed for some time in the island of palms and pearls before H. and I were able to have a real good go-in at the big game; but at last we were able to get away for a month together, and a friend up-country promised to join us. We shipped ourselves, tents and stores, on board the government steamer *Serendib*, at Colombo; and thirty-six hours later landed on the beach at Hambantota,

the last outpost of civilization on the southeast coast of Ceylon.

A solitary civilian who consumes his soul in patience here, received us most hospitably. We were soon joined by some very important members of our party—the trackers. I have met native hunters of many lands, but all must give way to the trackers of Ceylon. The way they would follow at a run a track entirely invisible to us, say over sheet rock, was incredible. But they were never at fault, and hastened on until the tracks

became plain even to our eyes, and at last they would point to the sign that makes the oldest sportsman's heart beat quick—the spoor of the gigantic game into which the water was still oozing. I am ashamed to say that my memory has failed to hold the name of the dirty, wizened little creature, a toss-up assigned to be my constant companion for weeks in the jungle. I think it was Appu Sinho; let us call him so. Well, dirty and contemptible-looking as he was, he had a heart a life-guardsmen might envy. He would stand close beside me in a narrow game-path up which an elephant was coming and coolly hold my second gun ready. He had none of the excitement that I had in the shooting, and when the two reports of the heavy rifle had rung out, and something crashing past in the smoke like an express train proved that the elephant had not fallen, his only movement would be to press the other weapon into my hand and pull my arm to follow him in the direction the game had gone.

We did not waste much of our precious leave in the C. C. S. bungalow at Hambantota, and as soon as the local officer had got' together the carts and coolies we wanted, we started off.

We each had a double-barreled twelve-bore rifle carrying a conical steel-tipped bullet. Then we had strong twelve-gauge guns capable of burning four and a half drachms of Powder, and carrying a McLeod bullet. In addition we each had an express double rifle, H.'s .450 and mine .500. This battery

answered fairly well, but were the trip to be made again I would substitute a double eight-bore for the twelve. A twelve-bore rifle has this disadvantage, it is neither one thing nor the other. The ideal weapon for thick-skinned, large game is the heaviest rifle the sportsman can wield. Some of the Baker family used a four-bore in old days, but it has this disadvantage that it is obviously impossible for any man to wield a double four-bore. The one I saw was a single muzzle-loader and carried a belted ball weighing nearly four and a quarter ounces, propelled by an ounce of powder. But any fairly athletic man can use a double eight-bore, burning six to eight drachms. This is the weapon for elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and similar animals.

The twelve-bore is all very well for thin-skinned game such as lions and tigers, elk, eland and nyghau. But it is beaten out of the field by the .577 express taking a hollow bullet, or a *solid one of pure lead*. Sir Samuel Baker, the greatest of living shikaris, was the first to insist on the value of this projectile. In a recent letter to the writer he says: "I am more than ever convinced of its value. During my last Indian trip I fired at six tigers with it. All fell stone dead but one, and he did little more than roll down a nullah."

With a double eight-bore .577 express and twelve-gauge "paradox" gun, the sportsman's battery is complete; but as this express is rather large for the smaller deer and antelopes, a .450 can be added, if money is no object.

The first night in camp we held council of war with the trackers, through the interpretership of my body servant, Simon Peter. They reported a good head of game in the neighborhood of the Kambu Kenaar River, so we decided to pitch a standing camp there. We chose one in a bend of the little stream, which, I think, forms the boundary between the southern and eastern provinces of Ceylon. I had my own tent and outfit. The servants had another tent, and the coolies, etc., ran up some huts. With our carts, bullocks, and so on, we had quite a large camp. Ceylon is essentially a young man's sporting ground. The difficulties of transport are so great that shooting generally means roughing it. However, this time we were comfortable

enough. The camp was situated in a picturesque spot, and, what was more to the point, the river swarmed with fish, which exercised our skill and formed a welcome addition to the *menu*. But we were after nobler game, and we got it in plenty.

The elephant (*E. sumatriensis*) was the chief object of our sporting trip. In appearance the Ceylonese variety is more allied to the Indian than the African species, but it is smaller. It is also more "leggy," has a shorter tail and a less intellectual-looking head. The great difference is that the Ceylon elephant has, as a rule, no tusks.

The ordinary herd elephant is not a dangerous animal. His one idea when he sees or smells man is headlong flight. It is only his surroundings that make him dangerous. In such a path as I have described his very terror constitutes a danger. A cow with a calf is sometimes, and a rogue is always, nasty. Every schoolboy knows a rogue elephant is a bull who has been ousted from the herd by a younger bull, and who is transformed into an elephantine *Bombastes Furioso*, his motto being—"And with this awful, wicked world a war I'll wage," his wrath principally being directed against man. The rogue is indeed a dangerous brute. He may generally be known by his being alone. But if he has obviously winded you and yet continues to move slowly on, leading you into dense forest, then look out. The jungle gets denser and the light worse, even baffling the keen eye of your tracker. You halt a moment, peering into the dim silence. All at once the rogue is upon you screaming with wrath, his trunk tightly curled up out of harm's way, and his tail erect as a poker. Now for a heavy rifle and a straight eye behind it.

The buffalo I consider in many ways the most dangerous of Ceylon animals. Found generally in dense, swampy jungle, the bull is frequently the first to commence the action. Nor is a cow with a calf a pleasant neighbor.

The little bear is still more pugnacious. The buffalo bull often, the Ceylon bear invariably, attacks man directly it perceives him. They are, however, far more common in the north of the island than in the part I write of. These two animals are confined to the low country.



Engraved by M. L. Brown.

“WITHIN TWENTY FEET OF THE HERD.” (p. 230.)

The panther and leopard, indifferently styled in Ceylon the "cheetah," are common throughout the island, and their species have formed the subject of lengthy scientific disputes. I place them as belonging to two distinct species. My reason is simply this. I have in the hill country shot undoubted leopards. In the plains I have seen a black specimen. I have never heard of a black leopard, whereas black panthers are not very uncommon.

The sambur (known in Ceylon as the "elk"), is found throughout the island, but principally in the hill districts, where it is much hunted with foxhounds, and when at bay dispatched with a knife. It attains a great size, but the horns are miserably poor, compared with the native Indian specimens.

The axis, or spotted deer, abounds in the low country. The muntjac, known in Ceylon as "red deer," and in India by the more appropriate name of "jungle sheep," is found principally in the hill country.

Wild pigs abound, and the old boars attain a great size, but whereas in India the "dooker" is as carefully preserved as the English fox, in Ceylon the pig is not looked upon as a game animal. The boar is feared and hated by the planters who keep hounds, as much as the panther. An old boar will soon place three or four foxhounds *hors de combat*, and is not easily dispatched. The panthers soon snap up any hounds that are lost in the jungle. The late Beauchamp Downall, *facile princeps* of Ceylon sportsmen with horse and hound, once killed a panther with a hunting-knife after his hounds had brought it to bay. Last, but not least, among the enemies of the hound is the porcupine, whose headlong charge I have known to drive a quill to the heart of a large hound. I do not mention snakes, because, although they abound, I never knew a hound bitten by one.

So much for the game, now to our ground. Northwest of Kambukenaar lies the district known to sportsmen as "the Park." Hundreds of acres of rolling grass plains, broken up by clumps of jungle and trees, make the Park the paradise of the stalker.

South of the river extends a less lovely district. It consists of miles of thick thorn jungle, whose densely intertwined growths make it impossible for man to

penetrate it on foot, except by following the countless game-paths by which it is intersected. It is this circumstance which makes it so unpleasant to meet an elephant in one of these paths, for if you cannot stop or turn him, he *must* pass within a foot of you. You might as well be between high walls.

The evening after our arrival in camp a cheerful "coo-ey" betokened the arrival of M., and he rode into camp followed by his groom. His journey had been uneventful, and we were now ready to commence the campaign.

Our first attempt at elephant-shooting was in "the Park." Appu Sinho made an excellent stalk, and H., who had the toss, had the satisfaction of shooting our first elephant—a bull with short tusches. Next day it was my turn in the thorn jungle. Appu Sinho took me up a game path to within twenty feet of the herd—one offered a fair shot and down he went. With screams of terror the herd fled. My elephant struggled up again only to perish by the left barrel. H. killed our third as it dashed by him in a game-path, but not till he and M. had emptied their rifles into it. This was a good beginning, but the firing had disturbed the game and we now had to go farther afield for it. We found it again in the thorn-jungle—a rogue. H. fired first, and the brute promptly charged, but was turned with the second barrel. Knowing he would not go far we advanced against him by parallel game-paths. He charged M., who failed to stop him. M. tried to retreat, caught his foot and fell on his back. The brute stopped in the smoke, and commenced beating for him with its trunk. M., I afterward learned, was trying silently to get in fresh cartridges—the elephant being between him and his tracker. Fortunately, I caught a sight of the brute across the thorns and gave him another ball. He at once charged at the smoke, but the jungle or his wounds impeded him, and gave me time to run a few yards to windward. When he emerged I brought him to his knees, and M., who had followed in the track, gave him a *coup de grace* behind the ear.

Next morning, soon after we left camp, we saw three buffaloes. The morning had been wet, but I suggested we should uncase the rifles. As we reached the place the bull came out of the water and charged. It was so close

to M. that it seemed to me when he fired he was leaning over it. I believe, as a fact, the head touched his foot as it fell. It never moved again, the spine being broken. This was a lucky shot.

We found elephants but they got our wind, and we were returning home when we unexpectedly came on a small herd. They, too, got our wind and fled in various directions. One crossed us at right angles and M. killed it dead. This was a splendid shot, and a curious sight, as the great beast was going so fast that when shot it fairly turned head over heels like a rabbit!

On some days we varied our proceedings by going out separately in various directions. One adventure is vividly in my recollection. The sun was just rising on the horizon as I halted on the edge of a clump of jungle overlooking a considerable expanse of open. The damp grass caused our lengthened shadows to present the peculiar phenomenon of being surrounded with light. This appearance, is, in my experience, confined to Ceylon. The silence was profound, only broken by the rustling of those pests of the Ceylon jungles, the land-leeches. They are generally provided against by wearing leech-gaiters, linen coverings from knee to ankle, for they will get through any sock. I always wore boots, which formed an effective protection when strapped at the top. In high jungles, however, the leeches will penetrate by the neck or sleeves. Their bite is apt to fester, especially when they are pulled off; the application of tobacco or salt is the safest, for it causes them at once to let go.

When the mist rose the first object it revealed was a herd of spotted deer. I put my hand out for the express, when Sinho grasped my arm and pointed in another direction, where five or six sambur were now to be seen. Sinho had to carry out the delicate maneuver of moving them quietly. He crawled out into the grass. At last the herd got his wind, and up went all their heads. He stood up and they bounded gracefully off to the left. I was now able to walk across to another clump without driving the deer before me. Thence we moved cautiously on till we struck the tracks. The herd were moving on fast, and it was an hour before we saw them again. They were about seventy yards away, and

moving to the left. The tracker drew my attention however to the right, with the word "*hora.*" Surely enough there was a large very black-looking solitary elephant, going to the right. The ground was quite open, so we could only wait. At last he disappeared in the covert again and after a minute or two we were running swiftly after him. He had now entered a large jungle, and probably had the intention of lying up for the day. We proceeded cautiously, but I think he heard us, for when I caught sight of him his head was turned back towards us. I at once let drive, though he was a little far (about thirty yards), and round he came and charged home. The left barrel turned him and off he went. Catching up the smooth bore, I followed at the top of my speed, and by vigorous spurting overtook him sufficiently to give him both barrels behind the ear—a deadly spot—one of which ended the struggle. He was nine feet high, reckoning in the usual way by his foot. Twice the circumference of an elephant's foot is equal to his height at the shoulder. So that a nine-foot elephant's forefoot would be nearly eighteen inches in diameter. This was the largest Ceylon elephant I ever shot, though the size may seem moderate to the reader. But elephants are smaller as a rule than is imagined. A nine-foot elephant is a very fair specimen in Ceylon; one standing ten feet would be noticeable in India, while an eleven-foot elephant is a veritable giant, even in Africa.

The following up of a bolting elephant is a process not unattended with danger, and was the original cause of the death of poor Varian, the greatest of Ceylon elephant shots of my day. He was one of the two told off especially to accompany the Prince of Wales when out shooting. While he was closely following up a retreating elephant (I am not sure that he hadn't actually hold of the tail to help him along) the brute suddenly kicked out and sent him flying. The blow struck him on the right side, and caused an abscess on his liver. It was successfully healed and he went home to Ireland to recruit. I saw him after his return, and little thought it was for the last time. He then told me he had killed one hundred and two elephants! Not long afterward, when out shooting, a buffalo

trod on him, The injury revived the abscess and he died of it. It will be long before a better sportsman than Varian handles a rifle there.

Going home I noticed a small herd of spotted deer. As we wanted meat I shot a buck, and to my ineffable disgust a magnificent black panther, which had probably also been stalking them, jumped up at the shot and bounded gracefully off. I put up the back-sight and had a shot at him, but without effect.

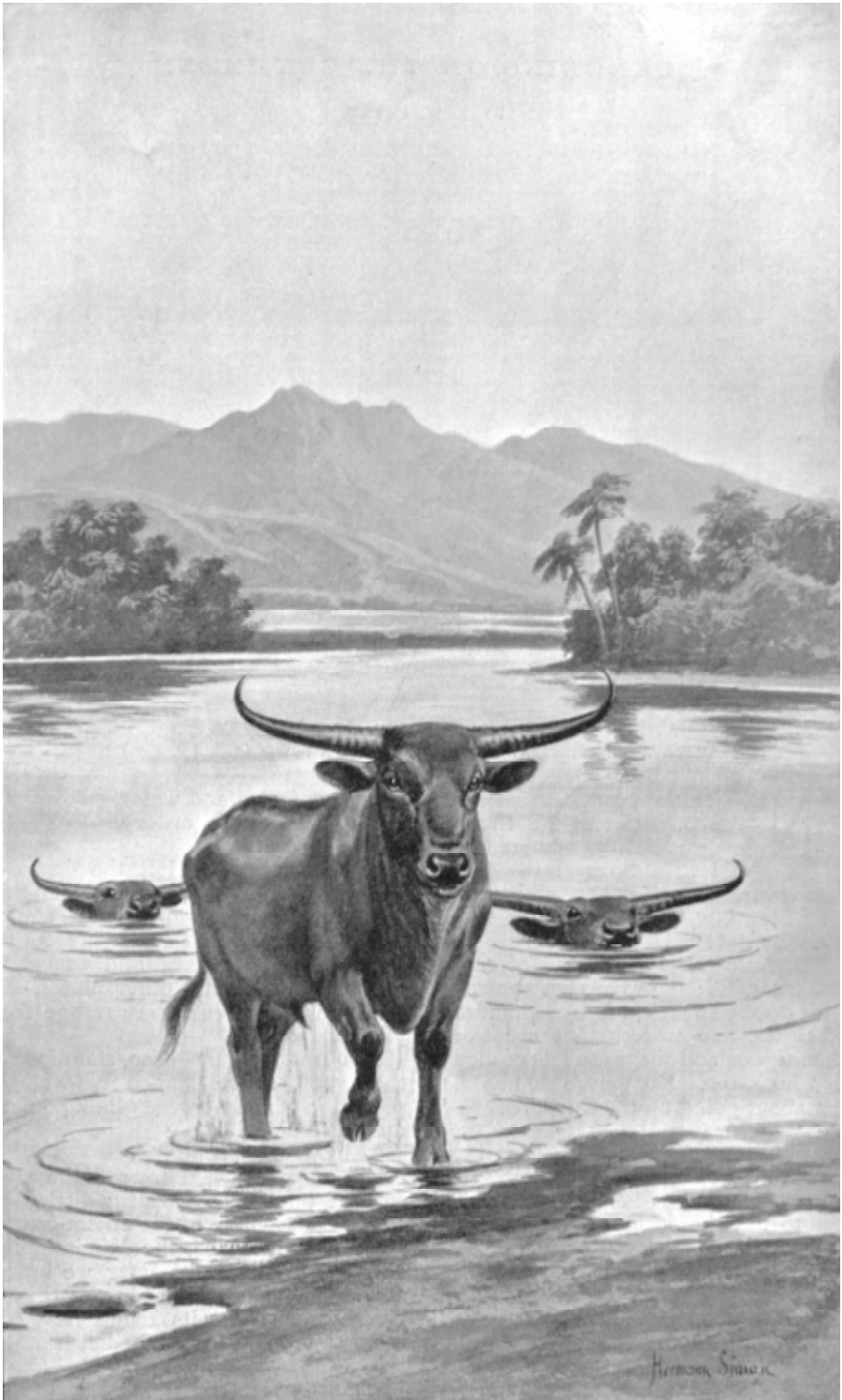
The return to camp was sometimes amusing. We used to walk in quietly, and when all were assembled one of the three would produce a tail (an elephant's tail is the trophy always taken). Perhaps another would be produced, or even one apiece. H. was always furnishing a surprise. Once he produced two tails, the result of a right and left shot—a wonderful performance. Another time he produced a round lump, which, on inspection, proved to be the root of an elephant's tail, a stump about five inches long. It came off a rogue, which also had hardly any ears. Rogue elephants frequently have their tails half missing, and part of their ears. It is said to be done by the victor in the fray. M. one day produced a splendid panther, and another day an alligator's head. He had met the alligator on the river bank, and fired two barrels into it. As it still wriggled off, he drew his knife and, jumping into the river, caught its paw and stabbed it several times. A foolhardy exploit, which I don't advise my readers to emulate.

One more day may be of interest. We had arranged to go out alone, but in the morning Appu Sinho was down with fever. The others kindly offered to make a joint shoot of it, but I knew they had their plans fixed, and declined, hoping the fever would soon go off. Well, I waited till nearly midday, and then I had some breakfast and went off alone. I took the heavy rifle, as it was too late for any chance of deer stalking. For a time I saw nothing, but at last the binocular showed me some dark objects a long way off. As the wind was favorable, I tramped steadily on, till I had made them out plainly to be a herd of buffaloes. They were lying in a handy position, to windward of a belt of jungle. I stalked steadily up to them, and got within about forty yards. Two fair bulls were nearest me. One

dropped to the right barrel, and one to the left. Imagine my delight, which, however, was rather marred by seeing the second bull stagger to his knees and move slowly off in an opposite direction to that taken by the herd. I quickly followed, passing on my way the first bull, which was lying quite still. When I reached the place where the second bull had fallen, there was a lot of blood, and more on the track. I followed it up into jungle, moving cautiously. Then I heard a crash, followed by silence. Going on a little, I found where the bull had lain down again, and more blood. This happened several times, but I never caught a sight of the brute. Meanwhile the sun was sinking low on the horizon. All at once, while following the tracks, I noticed they crossed the prints of a booted foot. At first I thought they must be those of one of the others, but soon I came to the conclusion that the buffalo had moved in a circle, and I was crossing my own trail. It was at this moment I made another discovery. In a muddy place I plainly noticed, partly over some of my own footmarks, the spoor of a large panther. Following on a little, I became certain that as surely as I had followed the buffalo, so surely had the great cat followed me. This decided me, and, with a look at the compass and the setting sun, I abandoned my bull and was off to camp. It was a long way, and dark before I got there, and fancy often made me think I heard something behind. At last I saw a flickering light, and was pleased to meet a couple of coolies with a lantern, who had been sent to look out for me. Whether the panther was really following me, I can't say. Probably it was trailing the smell of the blood.

I sent out next day for the head of the first bull I had shot, but Appu Sinho, rather to my surprise, came back and said he could not find it. So I started off myself and soon found the spot, but the bull was not there. There was the place he had fallen, even the mark where his horn had struck the earth, but he was gone. At first I thought he had been taken away somehow, but the marks went to prove he had simply got up and walked off. He had probably been hit on the root of the horn and stunned. So, having shot two bulls, right and left, I got neither.

SNAFFLE.



Painted for *OUTING* by Hermann Simon.

“AS WE REACHED THE PLACE THE BULL CAME OUT OF THE WATER.” (p. 230.)