

**RIFLE, ROD, AND SPEAR IN  
THE  
EAST: BEING SPORTING  
REMINISCENCES**

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Rifle, Rod, and Spear in the East: Being Sporting Reminiscences by Sir Edward Durand

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SAMBUR AT HOME (in the Swallow).

[Frontispiece.]

# RIFLE, ROD, AND SPEAR IN THE EAST

BEING SPORTING REMINISCENCES

BY SIR EDWARD DURAND, BART.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.  
1911

## PREFACE

CONVINCED as I am that a love of sport lies deep in every British heart, I am emboldened to revive a few fading impressions of happy hours long past, and to present them to the public, in the hope that this old-world record may interest or amuse sportsmen of a later day.

Sport never dies—and though weapons have been perfected, means of communication improved, whereby wider fields and greater opportunities have been opened up, whilst sport itself in its many branches has become more organised, yet the rules of the game remain fundamentally the same, even in these days of cordite and arms of low trajectory and deadly precision.

If this be so, it is possible that a hint may be gleaned here and there, from a glance at the following pages, that may prove to be of service at a pinch.

Some amongst us might yet be found ready to listen to a yarn from the lips of Assur-bani-pal, could that old Assyrian be brought back to tell us the story of his right and left at lions on the



Babylonian plain, to boast of the speed of his horses, and bear witness to the pluck of the charioteer who played up to him.

Although willing enough to leave a record of his feat in the literary medium of his day, the monarch might well have hesitated before opening lip or page to challenge public criticism in these censorious times, if only from the same disinclination to make use of the ever-recurrent personal pronoun that oppresses lowlier men—whereby, indeed, we are robbed of many a good record.

Youth, with its wondrous inheritance of swift intuition, and correct appreciation of its unquestionable superiority over Age, is yet ever quick to extend a kindly measure of indulgence to any old haverer—any *laudator temporis acti*, who will talk sport whilst it reclines on the softest sofa in the smoking-room beneath a cloud that veils alike the genial smile of appreciation, the cynical glance of indifference, and the critical silence that implies reserve in the acceptance of stated fact.

Relying on the easy sufferance tendered by my sons (to whom, as my original victims, I dedicate this volume), and hoping that a similar indulgence may be granted by the sons of others, I refuse to be defeated by dread of the recurrent “I”—yet, even so, I will ask them to consider each anecdote as told by a different individual, or, better still, that any recorded incident happened to themselves, and

is merely an account of their own personal achievement or failure—when the capital “I” will sink into insignificance, and the writer stand acquitted of the criminal charge of egoism.

The book makes no claim to be considered as a work of art, no pretence of posing as a sporting classic; its object being but to tell the simple story of happy days passed in the jungle, as memory—picking up her many-coloured beads at random—strings her necklace on a thread of thanksgiving.

