

IN FARTHEST BURMA

THE RECORD OF AN ARDUOUS JOURNEY
OF EXPLORATION AND RESEARCH
THROUGH THE UNKNOWN
FRONTIER TERRITORY
OF BURMA AND
TIBET

BY

CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD, B.A., F.R.G.S.

Late Indian Army Reserve of Officers, attached 1516th Mahrattas

AUTHOR OF

"THE LAND OF THE BLUE POPPY," "BY THE WATERS
OF KHAM," &c., &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS & TWO MAPS

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THE PLAINS

As for the forests and mountains which enfold this smiling plain, it is difficult for me to convey any adequate idea of their immensity and utter desolation.

To the north lie the sources of the Mali hka, flowing in half-a-dozen big rivers down from the snowy Lohit divide, on the other side of which is the Lohit river, with the Mishmi Hills and Tibet beyond.

To the west lie ranges of mountains, tier on tier, inhabited by Singphos (who are none other than Kachins), beyond which the waters flow down to the Brahmaputra and the Chindwin.

To the south lies the unexplored country between the two branches of the Irrawaddy, known as the "triangle."

To the east lie the mountains we had crossed with so much difficulty, and beyond them the wonderful mountains of Yun-nan.

All this country is scarcely known—the few travellers who have crossed it here and there have done so as quickly as possible, often starving. Much of it is known to a few frontier officers only. Yet there are wonders hidden behind the black wall of forest, such as the dwarf Nungs of the Taron, to the north-east, whose huts are built in the tree-tops; the black Marus, spearing their fish from canoes; the unscaled peaks of Noi Matoi, Daphla Bum and many other snow-capped giants; unexplored rivers, and the passes into Tibet—oh! wonders for the explorer and naturalist.

Big game is said to abound in the mountains, though I had found the sodden jungles apparently devoid of

life. Tiger, rhino, sambur, elephant, bison, *burbal*, pig are all spoken of—Prince Henry met with tiger, two horned rhinoceros, and antelope on the Assam ranges to the west, and British officers have told me of many tracks on the path between Fort Hertz and Myitkyina. Musk deer and takin are common, so it is said, on the mountain ranges to the north, and barking deer came right into Fort Hertz.

But the reader must not imagine that Hkamti Long is a sportsman's paradise—he certainly will not if he has followed me closely.

The jungle is all but impassable, the climate very bad. There is no food, transport is often unobtainable, and there are all the discomforts of a hot, wet country to contend with—leeches, ticks, sand-flies and many more.

However, there is a certain amount of snipe and duck shooting on the open plain, imperial pigeon in the forest, and jungle fowl and pheasants in the long grass round the fringe of the jungle; while in the Mali hka is to be had some of the best mahseer fishing in India, fish up to eighty pounds in weight having been taken in its waters.¹

One evening I walked out to see some pagodas near Putao village—they stood alone in the paddy-fields, shaded by palm-trees, green islands in a golden sea.

Entering the biggest through a narrow tunnel,

¹ The record for mahseer taken at Fort Hertz, an eighty-six-pound fish, belongs to Mr Langley of the P.W.D. But the most successful fisherman is probably Mr P. M. R. Leonard, of the Frontier Service, who has captured many big fish from fifty to seventy pounds in weight.