

THE
ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JUNE, 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*



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charged home every time, and it was only because he had one tusk that he did not do more execution to the horses and elephant.

When we returned home, we took a photograph of the beast with gallant Cock and Frank along side, looking very demure, hat in one hand, and spear in the other.

JOE.

Purneah, 25th April, 1868.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND LOWER ASSAM.

(Continued from page 364.)

AFTER serving the Government for thirteen years in Burmah and the Cocos Islands and the like, I found myself transferred to Assam. At first I was sorry to leave a country where I had served so long, and where I had many friends. But I am very fond of sport, and I knew that in Assam I should find the very best. One great drawback in Burmah was that, with the exception of snipe, there was little or no small game. Before I had been in Assam one year, I had bagged to my own gun twenty-two buffaloes, one rhinoceros, thirty-seven florikan, and a lot of other small game, a few deer of two or three kinds also had been killed, and I had wounded one tiger, which afterwards died; also three rhinoceros which were never accounted for, though very*badly wounded. I had also been one of a party when three rhinoceros had been killed. This *year I have managed to kill six rhinoceros, twelve buffaloes, thirteen deer, two tigers; and as I have not time to copy out journals regularly, or in their order, I purpose giving accounts of trips, without reference to time, or in the order in which they occurred.

1867. *June 9th.*—Started for Torrah Barree Ghaut *en route* to Burpittah at 3 P.M.; went all night.

June 10th.—Got to the ghaut at 7 A.M.; no elephants have come in as yet, though I sent them off in ample time to be here five days ago. Had to send in to Boyd, who was kind enough to send me out a palkee. However the elephants turned up at 3; so I sent back the palkee, and remain here till to-morrow.

June 11th.—Stirred the people up at 4½ A.M., and got off soon after 5. I went across country, whilst I sent the things by the road. The people report the existence of very many tigers, and I hope to come across them. After going about three miles through paddy fields, came upon a fresh trail, which looked like buffaloes'. We followed it up carefully, but, before going far, found it was the trail of a very large rhinoceros. Loaded all the guns, and followed up

very carefully and cautiously. The elephant I was on was in an awful funk, and tried to bolt several times, but I had a good mahout up who kept him straight. When we came to the fresh dung, the elephant tried again to bolt, and would not go near it. It is curious how rhinoceros dung in one spot whilst they remain in that locality. I wonder the natives don't shoot more of them, for nothing would be easier than to dig a hole near one of these heaps, and to shoot the animal on its morning or evening visit. We followed about two miles, and suddenly, through the high grass in front of me, there being a jheel to my right, I saw the outline of a huge body. Neither the elephant nor mahout saw it; so stopping the elephant, I took a dead pot at what I guessed to be its shoulder. When the smoke cleared away, (I was using a breech-loader, No. 10 bore, by Lyoll,) for a second nothing could be seen, but presently out rushed a very fine rhinoceros into the bheel. Directly it saw me, it pulled up and turned round, and I gave it the left barrel well behind the shoulder. It fell on its knees, picked itself up, and rushed at me open-mouthed. I dropped the Lyell, and took my old Lang, and gave it right and left into the chest, and took up another Lang, a sister weapon, and both No. 10 bore, carrying a winged ball. But the dose proved too much for my friend, who turned and bolted screaming; he ran about fifty yards, and then knelt down, put its hind legs under its belly, rested its head on the ground, and expired with many a loud groan. Odd to say, all this time the elephant never moved; but when we came upon the rhinoceros lying stone dead, she overpowered the mahout, and ran away for nearly half a mile. I at last got her up. We cut off the head, which had a fine thick horn, about seven inches long, and we also took the shields off the shoulder. It was all that four of us could do to hoist the head on to the pad elephant; we then made for Burpittah, and got there at 11 A.M.

June 12th.—Started pretty early this morning for Bornugger; got on the track of a rhinoceros almost immediately, and followed him into his lair, but could not get into the swamp on account of the very heavy entangled null jungle. I could hear it feeding distinctly, and I was probably not more than ten yards off. Yet I could not drive it out, nor could I get in; so reluctantly left him. After that I saw three pigs and eight buffaloes in a bheel, but I did not care about them, and let them go. Near Barry's garden I came upon seven buffaloes; and as one came up to me, I shot it. I then saw one with very thick horns, the points of which all but met, forming with the forehead almost a complete circle. I shot this brute for the sake of its head. I find, if you get pretty close, that, with a conical bullet weighing close upon three ounces, driven by five drams of powder, they have no chance. I then went to Barry's garden, and put up in his bungalow.

June 13th.—Got Barry's mahout, a Cacharee, the best tracker I have ever seen, and a plucky mahout. Sent the things by road to Barry's second garden, and struck off into the heavy jungle

after rhinoceros. Of these I put up two, but did not see either. About 12 I came upon a herd of buffaloes lying down in a mud hole; and seeing that two had fine heads, I fired right and left into them. Both fell on their knees, but both got up and bolted. The cow lay down immediately; and as I passed her, I put a ball through her head. She had horns that measured ten feet eight inches in circumference from one tip to the other, outer measurement across the forehead. The bull I knocked down; and as he could not get up, I left him, and chased the herd, and shot one more. I then went back for the bull, but he was gone. When I got to the village of Mina Muttee, I told the villagers, and they went off like a lot of vultures to bring the meat in; they found the bull dead next day in a mud pool. His head was not very fine: short of ten feet; so I left it. My traps did not arrive till 4 P.M.

June 14th.—I had the devil's own bad luck to-day, wounding and losing three rhinoceros. There were too many of them, and the fresh marks were so numerous, that I kept missing the true tracks, and following up the wrong ones. Started at 6 A.M. Beyond Barry's tea garden, I saw a barra singha, or, as I call them, a marsh deer. He had a fine head; so I fired at him, though I was never within 200 yards of him; missed of course. After crossing a nullah, I came upon fresh marks of two rhinoceros. The mahout tracked beautifully, and in due time I came upon one. I got to within thirty yards, and fired right and left into it; it screamed in the way they do, and bolted. In following him up, I came upon its mate, and wounded that badly, and off we went at full score, the mahout a little too eager, and over-shooting the marks of the wounded one, and taking up the marks of fresh ones which the wounded animals had evidently disturbed. In this way I went on for a good five miles, and then tracked back; followed a fresh track near the spot where I had wounded the first one. I came upon it very shortly, evidently the first I hit. I fired into it again, and this time followed carefully by blood; but though the brute looked seedy enough when I first came upon it, no sooner had I fired into it, than it became as fresh as a two-year old, and led me the deuce's own chase. I followed it into Tarree, a broad-leaved rush that grows everywhere near the banks of the nullah, and which is always a favorite resort of elephants and rhinoceros. Here I lost tracks of the wounded one, as the whole ground was covered with fresh marks; but in hunting about amongst the heavy grass, where there were a lot of pools, I got another shot at a rhinoceros, but not at close quarters; and though I followed it by blood a long way, I lost it. I was now eight or nine miles from home; the heat was fearful. I was in the Terai, close to the foot of the Bhootan Hills, where it appeared to rain incessantly, but not a drop would fall where I was. I would have given anything for rain. Going home, the villagers told me they had picked up another buffalo, besides the three I knew I had either killed or hit yesterday. I fired several shots into the herd, but had no idea I had done any further damage. Got shots at a marsh

deer, but missed, the ball falling between the front legs as it stood facing me about 160 yards off.

15th June.—Bad luck again to-day; did not come upon fresh marks for a long while; the scimmages of yesterday appear to have disturbed this part of the jungle; so went off to the right; came upon a fresh track; put up a rhinoceros, but could not get a shot; he never allowed me to get a sight of him, though at times he was within a few yards of me. We then went towards where we knew mud holes to exist, and, seeing no fresh marks, were not careful as to our movements. We came to a pool, and, instead of going into it by the direct path, as the ground was very much cut up, the mahout turned off to the right, choosing a better way to go into the *null* jungle. To my disgust, to my immediate left there was such a rush. Two rhinoceros were lying in the mud pool; and if I had but gone in straight, I must have got shots at both, as I should have come right on top of them. As it was, though not five yards away, I could not see them owing to a strip of high grass intercepting my view. I chased these brutes for two hours, but never got a sight of either; one knowing brute hid till I had passed, and then rushed back past my spare elephant. I put up another rhinoceros, but never saw him. If this was not bad luck, I don't know what is, but I deserved it for not bagging the rhinoceros yesterday.

16th June.—Moved back to Barry's first garden; saw nothing *en route*.

17th June.—Started this morning, intending to go to Pakah *via* Bhawanipore, as I was told the two were close to each other; in fact, that one could be seen from the other. Such a march of it as I had! We had to cross over five swollen rivers, each beyond the depth of an elephant; so we had to load and unload till we were all heartily sick of it. At 2 p.m. I got to a village, and as no one seemed to know where Pakah was, I pulled up, and it was fortunate I did so, as my baggage did not turn up till 6 p.m., and two of my servants had gone astray to Barpittah. I had to send an elephant after them.

18th June.—Crossed three rivers to-day,—no easy work, considering the elephants have to be unladen each time, and such a thing as a ferry boat is unknown. About 12, as I was going though some fine deer-looking grass, up got a florikan. In going after it, I put up two marsh deer. I then saw another. Whilst deciding which I should go after, up got the florikan, and I missed it clean! I then followed the buck; missed it with the first barrel, but hit with the second. These deer take an awful amount of killing. I hit this five times before it dropped. It had a nice head; so I cut it off. Some villagers then came up and asked me to shoot some more deer for them. I did not know where we should encamp for the night, as Pakah seemed a myth; so I would not remain long here, though deer appeared plentiful. I, however, put up a doe, and shot it dead, and left it for the villagers. I then shot a couple of florikan; why, I don't know, as I cannot eat them. Found Pakah a lake, and put

up in a *Nam Ghur* in the jungle near the Bhut. Traps did not come up till dark.

19th June.—Went after a deer; had to go back to yesterday's ground, as all the country here is inundated. The ground I passed over ought to have been swarming with tigers and deer, but it was a long time before I saw one. I fired at a dog a good 150 yards off, and hit it, but it got away. When I had quite despaired of seeing anything more, up got a most splendid buck and two does. I made a good shot at the former, hitting him at a distance of a good 200 yards. I followed up sharp, and after an exciting chase brought him down. Ho had a very fine head, and I was glad at having bagged him. My traps had gone on; and as I had to go in chase, I could not devote much time to sport to-day. They say a stern chase is a long chase, and so I found it to-day. My chupprassees had taken my things to a village surrounded by impassable nullahs; so I moved on to another, and made my people follow me. I got no more shots this trip, but reached Gowhaty on the 21st, after a very unpleasant two days' march.

(To be Continued.)

CRICKET.

MR. LEAKE'S ELEVEN vs. WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Played at Kandy 23rd, 24th, 25th April; the weather was dreadfully hot for the first two days, and this made the play rather slow. Messrs. Leake and Downall had succeeded in getting two good Elevens together for their fourth annual match. "The Waifs and Strays" were rather weak in the bowling line, and got pretty well punished by Messrs. Swan and Shelley in the second innings. However, had the match been played out, a good share of leather hunting would, I think, have fallen to the other side. The result of the 1st innings was very close, Messrs. Browne, Down, Leake, and Symons playing well. The second day I followed up sharp, and after an exciting chase brought him down. Ho had a very fine head, and I was glad at having bagged him. My traps had gone on; and as I had to go in chase, I could not devote much time to sport to-day. They say a stern chase is a long chase, and so I found it to-day. My chupprassees had taken my things to a village surrounded by impassable nullahs; so I moved on to another, and made my people follow me. I got no more shots this trip, but reached Gowhaty on the 21st, after a very unpleasant two days' march.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—In your February number there is a letter from a private breeder protesting against Government stud-bred horses being allowed to compete for the Indian Champion Produce Stakes to be run for on the Calcutta Course in December next, on the grounds that it is impossible for any private individual to compete with an overpowering Government Stud. I also am a private breeder, but cannot agree with your correspondent on this point.

It will be hard to compete with "an overpowering Government Stud," I admit; but I shall be happy to try my chance next December, and only regret that there are not twenty stud-breds entered for that race instead of two.

It is by encouraging large fields to start for these Produce Stakes that horse-breeding in India will be best promoted, and there are so few private breeding establishments in this country, that it would be impolitic in the extreme to narrow the field from which horses could be drawn for this purpose.

One suggestion I would beg to make to the Stewards of the Calcutta Races.

Queen's Plates were given in England originally to encourage horse-breeding, and therefore it was considered advisable to make them free entrances, the only charge being a small registration, &c. This principle I would partially adopt in India. The present Governor-General will not give or recommend Queen's Plates; but the principle of these plates might be extended to Produce Stakes. I would make these races free on some such terms as the following:—The Indian Produce Stakes for all 3 year olds and 4 year olds bred in India. Calcutta weights for age *raised one stone*. Entrance free. All horses declared to start to pay 10 G.Ms., and each horse nominated to pay a registration fee of one G.M., to go to the second horse.

If this plan were adopted, breeders would enter freely, and racing men would have a very large field to select from at the commencement of the training season.

I am, dear Sirs,
Yours truly,
F. A. VINCENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

MY DEAR SIRS,—I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns between "Pegasus" on the one part, and "Q. E. D." and "Nestor" on the other part. "Pegasus" appears to be the champion of the walers, but shouts "the wrong way!" as they say in Ireland, as he labours to prove that they are, as racers, so inferior to English horses that the latter can give them three stone as 3 year olds, two stone as 4 year olds, and one stone as aged horses. Perhaps they can; but

"Public Form," the only true guide to such matters, does not endorse this view of the case. "Pegasus," in his different letters, justly argues against the unfairness of altering a weight for class scale, because one waler, *Vanderdecken*, had proved himself so superior to all comers; but it appears to me that Pegasus uses a similar argument in supporting his view of the case; which is that because one English horse, *Morning Star*, had (to use his own words) "during the last few years proved, by public running, superior to all the best Colonials but one," therefore English horses can give walers the allowance decreed by the Calcutta Turf Club. *Morning Star*, when in England, ran under the name of "*Kate Price*," and was certainly, not a higher class animal than *Dr. Swishtail*, *Silver Star*, and *May Fair*, although she *turned out* better in India; and the running of these three horses during the present racing season clearly proves that there are at present many walers in India who could beat the English horses at *even* weights; but I think that fact is now so obvious to all, save those who won't be convinced, that further discussion of this point is, I trust, unnecessary, and I feel convinced that the Stewards of the Calcutta Turf Club will, before next racing season, raise the weights to be carried by Australian horses at least 12 lb.

CASTOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIRS,—The Pangolia or Manis mentioned in your last number by Kunos is the Pangolia, Manis Pentadactyla 241 of Jerdon's Mammals of India. It is by no means rare, though not often caught; they are found all over India, but more generally near the hills. One was brought to me for sale in March. The men who captured it had bored a hole through its tail to secure it with a rope. They fed it with milk and small round balls composed of ghoor, ghee, and atta. I filled a box half full of earth and put the animal in it, placing a lid on the top, kept down by a large stone, having previously removed the string from its tail. About 8 P.M. it managed to wriggle itself out, lifting the lid. However, it was seen before it could get far away, and secured and replaced in its box, with a huge piece of marble more than one man could lift on the lid. Next morning the box, which looked externally all secure as it had been left the night before, was found, to my utter astonishment, to be empty. These extraordinary animals must have immense power in their backs and forelegs to effect such an escape as this. They can cling on to anything by encircling it with their foreclaws, and it is nearly impossible to drag them off. I have seen several of them in different parts of India, but never heard of any lasting very long in confinement. The natives were in great fear of it at first, thinking from the way it darted out its long tongue that it was poisonous.

I would also like here to mention another fact of Natural History that I have never met with before. There are two leopards (*Felis Pardus*) a male and female, confined in the Zoological gardens of this station. They have lived together for some time in social bliss, but suddenly. The other night the male attacked the female and ripped her up from neck to tail. I mention this as I never before heard of a male of any animal taking such an extraordinary idea into his head. The animal is perfectly quiet and gentle with his keeper and the sweeper, and never attempts to touch them, though he had previously committed broaches of the peace by killing a goat, a female markhar, and a dog, when he was chained to a tree before his rage was finished.

Yours truly,
ZOOLOGIST.

Lahore, April 30th.

EXTRACTS.

THE ARABS PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF WALES BY THE SULTAN.

The notice of the Royal Arabians led to some very animated correspondence on the merits of the Arabian in the columns of *The Field*, commencing in this wise. Notwithstanding that there is something of a romantic notion still associated with his uses, beauty, and worth, the Arab horse has gone clean out of fashion in this country, and it would be strange if this were otherwise. However much we may owe in the first instance to the Desert steed in the establishment of our own now unequalled breed of horses, it is very clear that we can reap no further advantage from any return to the original strain. From the Arab, Barb, or Turk, we should obtain neither size nor symmetry, speed nor stoutness. What with his loaded shoulders, his short quarters, his thick neck, and his cow hocks, the Arabian will rarely "prove" as a stand-still horse; while, when set going, almost all the public trials ever published have been yet more against him. We have ridden an Irish mare as a hack in Rotten-row that subsequently "lost" a champion Arab in an eight or nine mile match over the sands of Egypt. Such examples might be infinitely multiplied; but it may be sufficient to say that in the conditions of the Goodwood Cup 'pure Barbs, Turkish, or Arabian horses,' are allowed 32lb., and that even then they have never been known to live either the pace or the distance; nevertheless enthusiasts will occasionally crop up, who, looking to the number of weeds, jades, and cripples which are annually exposed on the English turf, consider it would be better to go back to the fountain head for something imbued with more heart and endurance. But in arriving at this conclusion our reformers overlook the fearful ordeal to which the race-horse is submitted. He is backed, tried, and extended, his powers exerted to their utmost before, he is two years old, and by the end of his third year or second season he has done double or treble the work the good old sort ever did in a lifetime. No wonder, then, if he gives way, or if his courage or his limbs fail him! But put the Arabian to the same test, and where would he be? Or nurse and coddle