

SPORT.

BY SIDNEY A. CHRISTOPHER.

BIG GAME SHOOTING.

BURMA is the paradise of the sportsman seeking big game, for he can always obtain more than sufficient to satisfy his greatest lust in nearly all parts of the province. From time immemorial the Pegu Yomas, the Arakan Yomas in Lower Burma, and all the hilly tracts extending from Mandalay to beyond Myitkyina and the Chinese frontier on the north, and again from Mandalay to Hsipaw Lashio on the north-east, and from Thaza Junction on the Burma Railways to Kengtung and beyond in the Southern Shan States, have been renowned for both the variety and quantity of game. All the chains of hills specified above are more or less clothed with large tree jungle, considerable areas of which are reserved by the Government. It is in these reserves particularly, and obviously, that the larger game make their home. To shoot here it is necessary to obtain permission and a licence at a nominal fee from either the Deputy Commissioner or the Deputy Conservator of Forests, in whose charge the area is situated. Taking for granted that the seeker after big game has acquired some knowledge of the habits of the game, the first consideration is as to the weapons he should possess. The nature of the jungle in most parts of Burma in which the larger game are to be found is such that one must have a weapon with tremendous smashing powers, for one invariably meets the animal one is seeking in very thick cover and at very close quarters. The 4- or 8-bore rifles, taking 8 to 12 drams of black powder, are being quickly replaced by the high velocity cordite rifles. These rifles have the advantage of being less bulky in one's hands and have little or no smoke after firing. My personal preference is for the double high velocity .577 cordite, taking 90 grains of cordite and

650 grains of bullet wholly or partially covered with nickel. These weapons are very well and successfully built by Messrs. Westly Richards, and are guaranteed to be equal to an 8-bore rifle in smashing power. I have personally tried several of these guns by the same makers with the best results. It is necessary to have a second gun as a "stand-by," to be carried by one's trusted shikari or tracker. If expense is a secondary consideration, I should prefer to have a duplicate of the above-mentioned rifle, otherwise any substantial and serviceable rifle would do. For the replenishing of the larder, which is an important consideration on a shooting trip, the Winchester Repeater Company's repeating 22-bore rifle is a useful weapon.

In order to obtain satisfactory sport it is as well, if possible, to obtain an introduction to the officers of the district in which it is intended to shoot. Their sympathies having been enlisted, one can then make enquiries of likely Burmese who are familiar with the jungles, and who have some sporting instincts in them. They may be engaged, say, for eight annas to a rupee a day per man. I personally prefer, when possible, to call for volunteers to accompany me for the sake of the sport. There are often many only too willing to do this, and it is generally found that they are the best men. The kit and commissariat department one should carry in a shoot in Burma depends greatly on the taste of each individual. Khaki clothing I have found to be invaluable. Khaki knickers, made very wide at the hips and easy at the knees, to permit one sitting with comfort on one's haunches if necessary, and which will not double up between the legs when riding, are undoubtedly the best. Of course, good cotton putties are worn with them with any boots that are comfortable and easy. A mosquito net, which, however, must under no circumstances be made of the usual curtain cloth, is an indispensable adjunct for use,

with a cork mattress and suitable pillows. Tents are bulky to carry, and the higher off the ground one sleeps the better. When a suitable site near water has been found, the followers can build a platform against a tree or in the fork of one, with cover and sides complete in a few hours with the greatest ease. During the rains a sheet of canvas might be carried to be spread over the platform; a folding canvas easy chair and a straight canvas chair are also conveniences. The Burmese follower, however, requires none of these comforts. Tin provisions should be taken in case fresh daily supplies are unobtainable. For the Burmese followers rice, ngapi (an absolute necessity), onions, chillies, &c., are required. With regard to transport, where there are cart tracks, carts can always be obtained, except in the rains, to carry the goods and chattels. Where there are no cart tracks the loads must be carried by men. Of course, it is a great advantage if one can hire or obtain the use of an elephant for this work, and, once the camp has been pitched, one can use him in the search after game. On the back of an elephant one can approach in these thick jungles almost all wild game without the fear of disturbing them.

The Elephant.—The elephant inhabits all high timber jungle in hilly districts, and it is there that one has to look for him. There was formerly such an indiscriminate slaughter of these apparently harmless pachiderms, that in the year 1879 an act was passed for their protection, called the Elephant Preservation Act—Act VI. of 1879. This act has been applied to different localities at various times, and now, I believe, relates to the whole of Burma. Elephants are not allowed to be shot except under certain conditions provided for by the act. There is not much difficulty in following elephant tracks either on soft or hard ground, because it is rare that they can desist from breaking young saplings and

branches of trees *en route*. When they have been alarmed, however, it is astonishing how noiselessly they can move through thick undergrowth. When near an alarmed elephant one can almost "feel" the spot where it is standing, if the expression may be allowed, and yet in very few instances can it be seen plainly, and it is rarely one obtains a clear long shot. The elephant has usually to be tracked to very close quarters, and it is on this account that one needs a large and heavy weapon. The question as to which is the elephant's most vulnerable point has been scientifically and carefully worked out by more experienced and successful sportsmen than myself. The head shot from the front and sides, to get at the brain, is the most sought after. It has been said that in days gone by, before the annexation of Upper Burma, and when the natives were allowed to shoot elephants, that these natives, opportunity permitting, often fired at the sole of the foot of an elephant, laming and partially disabling it, so that they could follow up and kill at leisure. This is not at all an unlikely story when one takes into account the crude native-made weapons and the equally crude powder and bullets that were used. Elephants are anything but quick sighted or quick of hearing. They are fairly keen scented, but not particularly so. They are noisy feeders, and generally make their meals at night time, when they can be heard breaking bamboos and branches a long way off, whilst the baby elephant may be heard squealing amidst the crash and din. I remember an occasion in March, 1901, when my followers and I were overtaken by darkness and obliged to camp on the way to the hills where I had intended to shoot bison. A rude shelter was cleared and a crude platform, about five feet off the ground, made for me to sleep on. The ground was sandy and full of thorns. Towards midnight there was a bright moon, and about one o'clock my Burmese boy, who was too nervous to sleep, and was squatting on my platform hugging a gun, which he could not have used, awoke me in great alarm. The noise of the breaking of branches and bamboos, and the squealing of a herd of elephants, was distinctly heard at a considerable distance. Every one in camp was astir, fires were put out, and all waited in expectation and silence. Shortly an elephant was heard approaching, and I calculated that the five feet platform was not the place for me. I clutched my gun and with the intention of descending the platform asked for my slippers, but these could not be found, and whilst still trying to find them,

the elephant arrived within forty feet, and could be seen curiously investigating the camp. According to the Burmese, a herd of elephants, besides the males and females and young, also includes what they call the "hans." The "hans" are young males which have not attained the dignity of leaders, and yet could hardly be termed "babies." These elephants are the ones which cause trouble and do mischief. They keep on the outskirts of the herd and get into all manner of scrapes. They are also very nervous and generally dangerous. It is a well-known fact that courageous elephants are the quietest and, if I may so term it, the "best behaved." The double-tusked elephants are called the "swai sone" by the Burmese, the single tuskers "tai," and the tuskless one "hine." I call to mind one experience which bears out my contention that elephants

unwise to talk or make any kind of noise when on shikar bent, my men were talking and whistling to a companion who had lagged behind, but this apparently had not disturbed the elephant in the least. Wild elephants, when on the prowl after food, destroy more than they actually eat, their ponderous feet laying flat whole fields, whilst to get at bamboo leaves, of which they are very fond, they break the bamboo close to the root, and practically destroy the whole clump. Elephants are fairly plentiful almost all over Burma, and are to be found within a three hours' journey of Rangoon.

The Gaur.—The gaur, miscalled bison, can be obtained in fair numbers in Burma. They are coveted for the handsome trophies they carry, and are tracked in the same manner as elephants, and like elephants, again, are usually met at very close quarters. In the dry months



BURMESE TSAING SHOT IN THE BASSEIN DISTRICT.

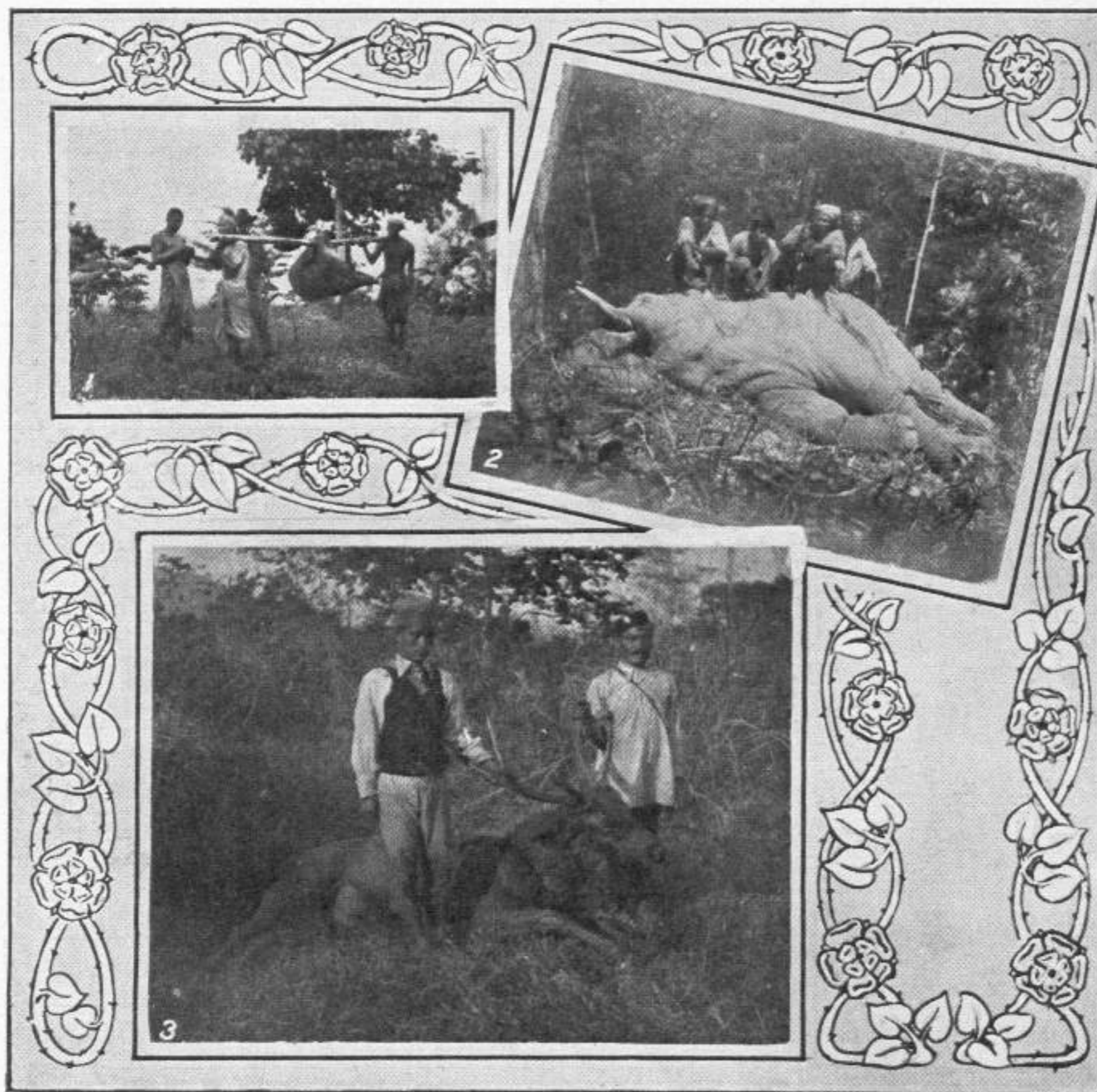
are neither so keen of hearing nor have their sense of smell so highly developed as is sometimes thought. I had obtained a permit to hunt the elephants which had persistently visited the paddy fields of some Burmese, situated close to the Government Reserves. When arriving in the locality I came across innumerable old and fresh tracks on the edge of the jungle, showing that the herd had stayed four or five days in the vicinity. I followed these tracks into the hills for over ten miles and then stopped for breakfast, convinced that they had gone right away into the interior. Imagine my surprise when I returned back on my tracks to find that I had passed an elephant within ten yards and that he was still at the same spot. We did not discover him until we were almost on him, and this so demoralised us that we allowed him to go free. Although it is

they are found in the interior of the hilly districts, where they may be stalked and bagged in very thick cover only. During the early mornings and evenings they may be found on the banks of dry yet damp streams feeding on the grass and shrubs. Unlike elephants, these animals are exceedingly shy, and it is rarely that they visit paddy fields on the edge of the jungle as elephants are occasionally in the habit of doing. Their sense of sight, scent, and hearing are very keen, and it is seldom that a sportsman can stalk them to their couch during the day and successfully bring them to bag. I have on many occasions stalked them to very close quarters, knowing by a peculiar instinct where they were without being able to see them, and then there has been a sudden commotion and rush and the whole day's stalk ends in a blank. With the small bore Mauser I very

often stalked bison to within 20 feet, and then was unable to fire at them owing to the thick cover and the inadvisability of inviting a charge. I had hoped to meet them grazing either in a valley or on the open top of a hill and so get a picked shot, but this opportunity only came once. It happened in this way. A friend and I were out after bison, and we were quietly making our way in between two hills when we disturbed one which had been lying down on the hill to our left. It dashed away along the spur of the hill for some distance and then down with the intention of crossing the valley to the hill on our

place of the bison which escaped. This was the nearest chance to a clear shot that I ever obtained in periodical excursions after bison extending over ten or eleven years. Towards the end of the rains about September and October, what is commonly known as bison grass, called by the Burmese "pyangsa myet," grows to a height of two or three feet in those parts of the forest below the hills where the trees overhead are sparse, and along the banks of streams. This grass is so tender and succulent that bison travel far afield to find it, and then is the time for sportsmen desirous of obtaining a trophy or two. The bison

It was during the long vacation of 1906. I had decided to devote a few days to bison, and after some little searching managed to get upon their track. One morning we put up two animals which provided a long chase. I finally devoted my attention to a huge bull which was making towards the hills. I made sure of coming up with it during the course of the day, but, after a very long trudge, I gave it up, and about 5 p.m. returned towards the shooting box, which I had made the centre of operations. On arriving at the starting point, we decided that we should split our party into two sections, with a view to getting a wild pig on the way home for the pot. I decided to follow the lower track, the one nearer to the outside of the Reserves, but we had hardly separated when my tracker came to a halt before some fresh-looking footprints across the path. A couple of hundred feet away was a stream where we could see bison had been drinking, and I immediately gave up all thought of wild pig, and was after the bigger game. It was not more than fifteen minutes before we came to our quarry, a huge monster, with its body covered by a bush and its head visible and turned away from me. It was the work of a moment for me to fire at the junction of the head and neck, but the cocking of the rifle must have attracted the animal's attention, for just as I pulled the trigger, it turned its head, saw me, and was away in the bush. I felt that I had hit him, and followed in great excitement. A spot of blood, the size of a five-shilling piece, showed me that the bullet had gone home, and we continued the chase confident of the result. There was tremendous commotion in various bushes on the route taken by the animal, but we dared not enter them without the greatest caution. Somehow or other, we could not get a sight of the beast, and at last, as night was falling, we had most reluctantly to return to camp. The next morning about the first thing I saw was the bison which had given us so exciting a chase the night before, lying within a hundred yards of the spot where I first fired at him. It was quite alive, but lying down. On sighting us, he made a desperate attempt to get up and charge, but was bowled over by my second shot. I discovered that the poor beast had been hit high up on the shoulder, owing to his having moved at the identical moment that I fired. He had a compound fracture of the shoulder, and, having lain down, the wound must have become quite sore and the limb stiffened. He was an immense beast, and carried a fine pair of horns, but the horns of the bison are all large in proportion to the size of the animal. Two days afterwards I brought to bag a bison



1. PIG SHOT ON THE PEGU YOMAS.

2. WILD ELEPHANT.

3. MALAYAN SAMBAR.

right. We rushed forward and by some chance I reckoned that it would take a path which was fairly uncovered on the side of the hill to our right. I immediately covered the spot with my rifle, intending to draw the trigger on sight of the animal passing. My anticipation proved correct, but just as I was about to shoot our shikari bobbed his helmet covered head right in front and I just managed to take my finger off the trigger in time. It was a most extraordinary piece of good luck that we had not a dead shikari in

generally come down from their haunts in the evening and make tracks back very early in the morning, but if undisturbed for any length of time they may remain for days without returning to the hills. Having discovered the locality where the animals have been in the habit of coming for the grass, it is probable that patience and perseverance may be rewarded with "a bag." It was at such a spot that I killed my first bison. It stood 6 feet 7 inches at the shoulder. The details of this particular hunt may perhaps prove interesting.

under very lucky circumstances. I followed a herd of them in a circular track, but they had been startled and would not stay long in any one place. We continued the chase until about 11 a.m., and then gave it up. Returning to the starting point, I made myself quite comfortable under a shady tree, and waited as patiently as I could for my breakfast. It did not arrive, so I sent my tracker to see if he could find the carriers, but instead of beating up the carriers, he startled a bison, which came trotting up to where I sat. It was with the greatest comfort and ease that I bowled him over in his tracks. It was a young full-grown bull, measuring 5 feet 6 inches at the shoulder. Another time I tracked a bison to within quite ten yards of where it was lying, but try as I would, I could not catch a glimpse of it. After waiting about fifteen minutes, there was a great commotion and the beast fled. A subsequent examination proved to us that the bison had been lying with his head in our direction, and had in all probability been carefully watching our movements the whole of the time. In the opinion of some hunters, an infuriated bison is more dangerous than a wounded tiger, but to quote the words of Adam Lindsay Gordon:

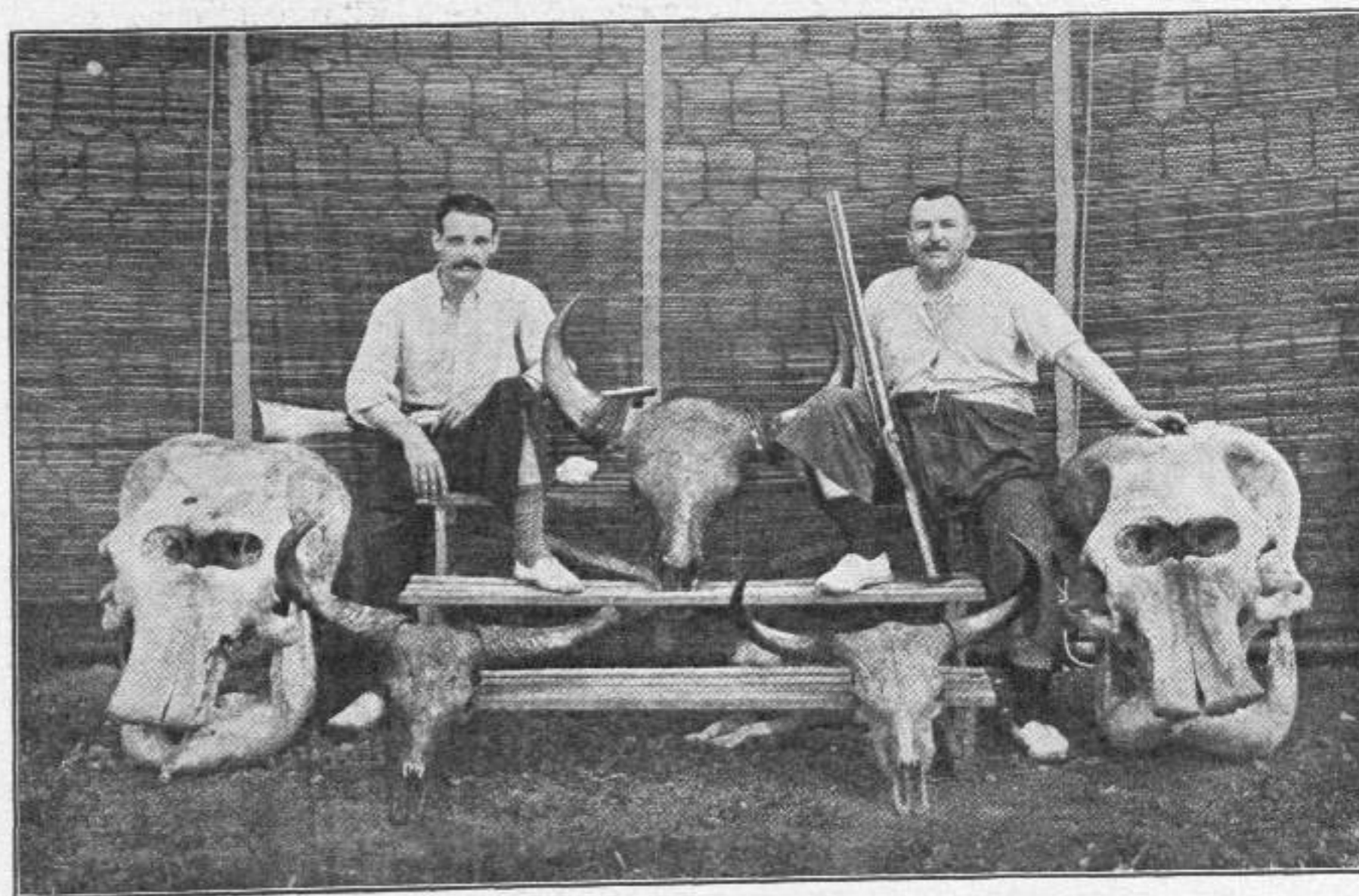
"No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Can possibly find its way."

The Rhinoceros.—The *Rhinoceros Sumatrensis*, which inhabits the hilly tracts, is a comparatively small animal. To the north of Tenasserim, on the borders of Burma, however, the *Rhinoceros Sondaicus*, a larger animal, is to be found. But the Burmese speak usually of three varieties—*Kyan Soosa*, meaning the thorn-eating rhinoceros; the *Kyan Meza*, the fire-eating rhinoceros; and the *Kyan Thudaw*, the good or harmless rhinoceros. Whether the fire- and thorn-eating rhinoceros are of the same variety I am unable to say, as the Burmese descriptions of the animals are very vague. Natives whom I know have been hunters for thirty or forty years are only able to say that the fire-eating animals have been seen eating very warm ashes after a forest fire, and that the thorn-eating species are extremely partial to thorny jungle. I have, however, ascertained that the *Kyan Thudaw* is the tapir, which is not uncommon in Arakan, Tavoy, and Mergui. I have had some exciting and unsuccessful chases after rhinoceros, up hill and down dale, but it was some time before I was able to bag one. In April, 1908, I came across a Burman who said he knew where a rhinoceros wallow was to be found. He brought me to it, and, as luck would have it, we found the

owner at home. To say that the place was hard to find will convey no idea of the difficulties we had in locating it. The wallow was situated in the pocket of a hill surrounded on all sides by steep hills covered with dense jungle. The only approach was by a narrow and tortuous path between the hills, and the wallow was cut off even from this approach by a natural screen of thick bushes. A Burman stupidly fired without properly sighting the animal, and slightly wounded it. As a result away it started up the almost perpendicular hill opposite to us. We followed as quickly as possible, came across it by a lucky chance, and brought it to bag. I have subsequently paid several visits to the wallow, and have taken snap-shots of it, because I was so struck by the remarkably-complete way it served its purpose as a quiet and secret

ings, extending over ten years, I have never encountered the animal by any chance, except once, and this happened in the most unexpected way, which I will describe later on.

There are various methods of getting within striking distance of a tiger. One is to await on a raised platform for its return to "a kill" of a buffalo or a cow; another is to erect a platform on a convenient tree near the path taken by the tiger in its nightly rambles, for the tiger for various reasons prefers a path already cleared to making its own way through the jungle. The systematic marking down and beating out of tigers, as practised in India, is almost unknown in Burma. Moreover there is a difficulty rarely occurring in India which sportsmen in Burma have to contend with. When a cow or even a wild animal has been killed by the tiger, the



SKULLS OF ELEPHANTS, BISON, AND TSAING.

retreat. The rhinoceros was shot within forty miles of Rangoon, and no other sportsman has to my knowledge heard of, much less seen, a "rhino" so near to the town.

The Tiger.—The circumvention and subsequent killing of a tiger has a curious fascination for the sportsman; at least it has for me. It is an easy enough animal to kill if one can shoot straight when a good opportunity offers. It is the opportunity that is difficult to obtain. Tigers are not so plentiful in Burma as the stay-at-home people imagine, and yet they are by no means uncommon. The very nature of the beast—close, silent, and stealthy—makes a chance meeting very unlikely. I have been in jungles where innumerable footprints and signs, from a few minutes to a couple of weeks old, have been met with continually, but in all my wander-

carcase when found is generally cut up and taken for food by the Burmese, who are not very fastidious eaters. When they leave the flesh it may be taken for granted that it is in the worst stage of decomposition, and the smell of the carcase is one of the discomforts, besides mosquitoes, ants, and other insects equally vile, a tiger shooter has to contend against. Moreover, the natives of India, who breed cows for the sale of milk in Burma, are quite apathetic about giving information when a tiger is in their district, and the Burmese would have no such reason for carrying the news and will rarely go even a mile or two out of their way in order that preparations may be made to kill the marauder. There are, indeed, innumerable difficulties of one sort or another to contend with, so that the sportsman may perhaps be

excused a little pride in pointing to his tiger trophies. I have heard and read both of the easy manner in which tigers are killed and of the tenacity with which they cling to life as though possessing the proverbial nine lives of the cat. All tigers I have bagged have been killed with one shot apiece. A wounded tiger is one of the most dangerous animals in the jungle, so that when tiger-hunting it is not a wise policy to fire at random.

According to the uninitiated, one would suppose the tiger heralds its approach to its "kill" by a grunt and a growl, but as a matter of fact it is quite dumb on such occasions, and the noise made by its velvet-padded feet is less than that of the ordinary cat. However one may watch and wait, it is very exceptional to discover a tiger approaching at any distance; he arrives, but how or from where is left to the imagination. There is no particular season which may be regarded as offering more chances of success than another for tiger shooting. Just before the rains, when the ground is covered with dried leaves and the slightest step makes them crackle and rustle, and when consequently the stalking of their prey becomes more difficult, tigers that would otherwise rarely leave their usual haunts are often driven by hunger to carry off a cow from the outskirts of a village. These may be called "the cattle lifters from necessity." The "cattle lifter" pure and simple, on the other hand, prowls around the villages and commits depredations more often in the rainy season than any other time. In the months of December and January the tiger in the forest is most noisy. It is regarded by the Burmese as the mating season for these animals. They perambulate the cleared paths of the jungles calling to one another, and it is perhaps during these months that the huntsman has most chance of bringing one to bag by waiting on likely paths. Stories of the stealth, cunning, and daring of the tiger are legion. Many of them appear no doubt to have found their source in the imagination of the writers, but an experienced hunter will hesitate before disbelieving even the most improbable. Who would believe, for instance, that in March, 1903, a tigress had walked on to the Shwé Dagon Pagoda and had actually been shot there? I was one of the first to arrive upon the scene, but I did not take my rifle because the information appeared so incredible. Col. Lawford, who was in charge of the garrison, arrived at the Pagoda at the same time as myself, and a few minutes after Capt. Jennings came along bringing his rifle at the Colonel's request. Capt. Jennings' first shot killed the

tigress, which measured about 8 feet 6 inches. Residents will also recall how a leopard entered the town of Bassein and was only killed after a Mr. Gordon had been badly mauled about the arm and shoulders. A leopard has also been shot on the Pagoda at Pegu and another in Government House, within the fort in the heart of Mandalay. All these episodes occurred within a few years.

My first success in tiger-hunting was due largely to my companion, and the greater part of the credit for bringing the animal to bag should properly go to him. I happened to draw first blood with a very bad shot; the shot fired by my friend was an effective one. The animal was a tigress, measuring 7 feet 6 inches, in very poor condition. It was the hottest time of the year 1903. A Hindu lost his favourite heifer, and arming himself with a bamboo stick and accompanied by a young relative, he went in search. Hardly a hundred yards from his village he came upon the tigress feeding off his heifer. He pointed to her with his staff, and before he could say much the tigress pounced on him, putting one paw over his shoulder and biting the old man's knee badly. The tigress was beaten off, and when we arrived the old man was still alive with his wounds very much swollen and plastered over with some native concoction. We advised him to go at once to the hospital, but he replied that he would rather die whole than have his limb amputated. But to return to the methods employed in killing the tigress. When we arrived at the place where the dead heifer had been, we found only a few knuckle bones left. This was not encouraging, but we elected to at any rate wait till dark, as we had nothing better to do. We did not trouble even to make a platform. The unexpected, however, happened. The tigress turned up before dark, and went within a hundred yards of the village. I fired and wounded her very slightly. Next morning the unexpected again happened by our discovering and bagging her within a few yards from the spot she had been fired at the previous night. The first wound the tigress had received was so very slight that she could have gone miles without inconvenience, but although there was little of the heifer left, and she was so close to the village, she elected to stay in the neighbourhood. I obtained my second tiger in 1903 with a lucky shot over a "kill" in the forests. The "kill" was an enormous wild boar, which we accidentally discovered whilst after bison. It was in the interior of the forest, miles from any human

habitation, and there was every reason to believe that the tiger would visit it early in the evening, if not before dark. As a matter of fact, it did not turn up till 11 p.m., and I was unable to save the skin owing to the inroads the insects made before daylight.

Before I shot these tigers I had often felt a curiosity to know how the presence of a tiger would affect me whilst sitting on a platform some height off the ground, and practically safe from any attempt from the leap of the beast. I found that I had no sensation of nervousness on either occasion. The next curiosity that beset me was as to how I would feel on meeting a tiger on the level. I did not have long to wait, as the desire for killing tigers grows. During the Easter holiday of 1909 I went in search of "rhinos." It was the hottest time of the year, and I had arranged to camp in the forest as close as possible to the ground I had intended to shoot over. Having left Rangoon at 6 a.m., I arrived at the station about 9 a.m. At 12 noon, after breakfast, I elected to make tracks for camp, although it was very hot. At 3.30 p.m. on the same day I met my tiger under a bamboo bush on the way to camp, fired at it, and bagged him with the single shot. He was a fine male in splendid condition, measuring 8 feet 9½ inches from tip to tip. I personally do not believe that tigers in Burma much exceed the above-mentioned measurement. It will therefore be seen that with luck in one's favour one can bag a tiger within ten hours from the time one leaves Rangoon.

In conclusion, I might add two facts. In the first place, one cannot shoot tigers by stalking them in the jungles like other game. If one tried to stalk a tiger, which never runs, but rather slips away, one would have the tables quickly turned, and find oneself being stalked. Secondly, the Burman has an exaggerated idea of the size of a tiger. He always refers to a tiger being "nine taungs" (nine hands), *i.e.*, roughly 13½ feet. I once surprised a very old shikari by measuring out 13½ feet on a piece of twine and showing it him. He never again referred to the length of a tiger as nine taungs.

The Leopard.—Leopards are fairly plentiful in the jungle of Burma. Their habits are similar to those of the tiger, and the method of hunting them is the same. When wounded, they are perhaps even more dangerous than the tiger, owing to the lightness of their build and their ability to climb, and the slightest wound from the claw of the leopard is generally fraught with serious consequences, as in the majority of instances blood poisoning will

ensue. I remember one occasion, when armed with a new large bore rifle, nearly walking on a leopard lying across my path at 5 p.m. in the evening. A well-known old Burman shikari, who used often to accompany me, had a sad experience with one of these beasts. He managed to borrow a gun, and, whilst in company with another young shikari well-known to me, shot at and wounded a leopard late at night. The two men, throwing discretion to the winds, followed the wounded beast through the pitch darkness, with the natural result that soon the leopard was following them, and the older man was badly bitten by the leopard whilst the gun remained all the while useless in his hand. His plucky companion attacked the beast with a stick, and after he had been honoured with a bite on the arm, he succeeded in driving it away. The old Burman hovered between life and death for a long time, but eventually recovered. This mishap occurred, I may add, within a very few months after he had had his thigh ripped open by a wounded boar. The Burmese names for leopard are *Kye Thit*, *Thil*, and *Thit Sin*, the last name is usually applied to a large animal.

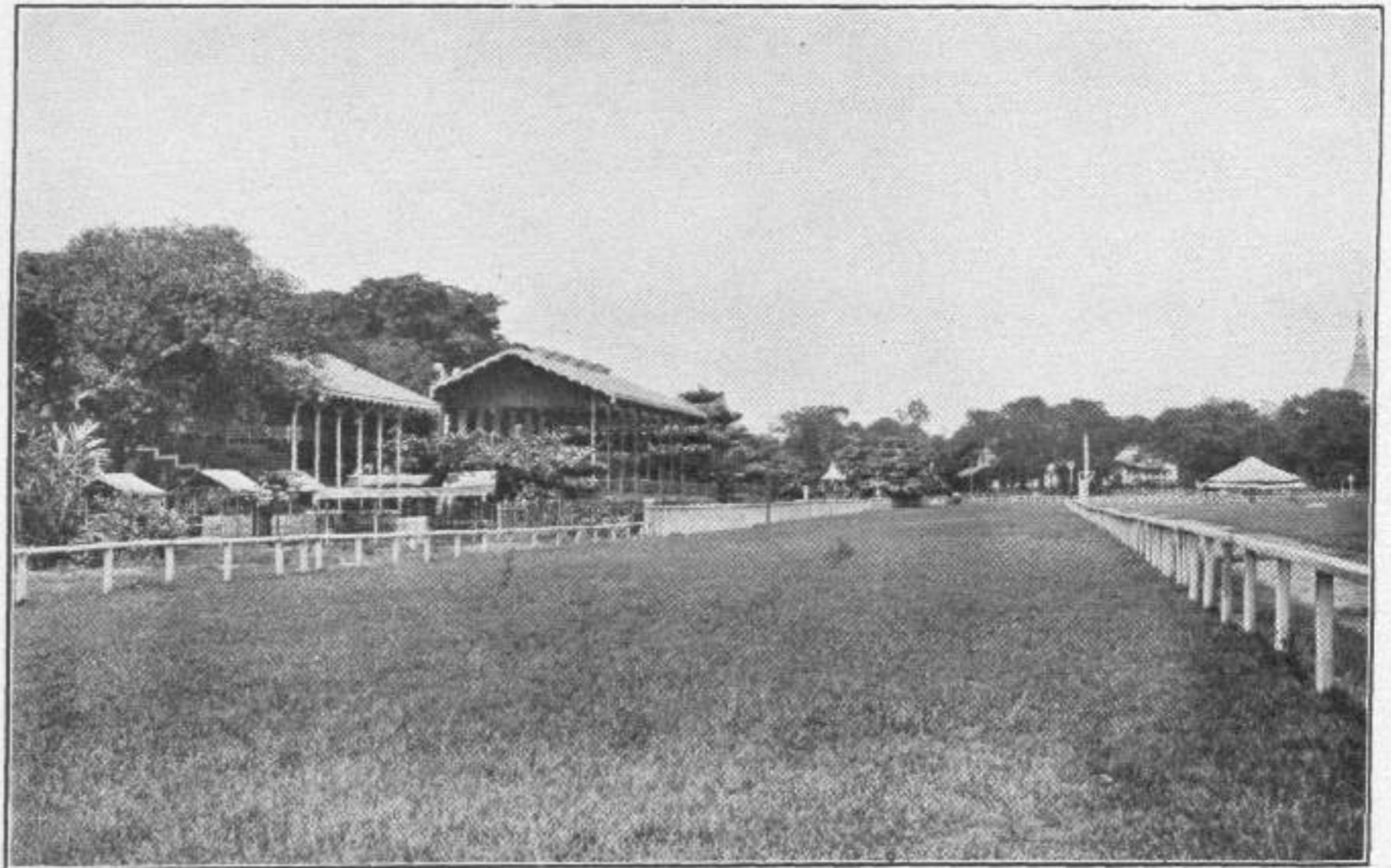
The Tsaing and Wild Buffalo.—The Burmese Tsaing is a much larger and handsomer animal than the Indian and Malay Peninsular varieties, it is more active than the bison, and more dangerous when wounded. Good numbers are to be found in the jungle. The wild buffaloes occupy large tracts of pine jungle in part of the delta division of Burma. They are very daring, and charge in a body when disturbed. A few may be found on the Prome line, but these are probably the descendants of tame buffaloes which have escaped, and have since run wild and multiplied.

HORSE RACING.

There can be no question that racing in Burma was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time. The last two or three years have shown an enormous increase in the popularity of the sport, and now meetings are held fairly frequently in all parts of the province, principally, of course, in Rangoon. In the early days, the only animals competing were pure Burma ponies, which were imported from the Shan States. They were then brought down in batches of 300 or 400 at a time, and stabled in all kinds of queer places in and about Kemmendine, where the Shan village was. Then, in 1876 or 1877, Mr. Clark, an assistant in the firm of Messrs. Edmund Jones & Co., obtained a lease from Government for the piece of ground on which the Brothers' School now stands, where

he had stables built for the accommodation of Shan ponies. Out of the first batch that came down, the European sportsmen selected twenty, and drew for them in the same manner as is now adopted with the griffins, which arrive twice a year from Australia. Among those who subscribed for this batch were Dr. Henderson, Mr. J. G. Dickson, Mr. Backhausen, Mr. Harris, Mr. De la Cornove, and Mr. John Reddy. The first pony was drawn by Mr. Harris, who, appropriately enough, called it "No. 1," and a rare good pony it turned out to be. He won the Shan Produce Stakes, a special race provided by the officials for this batch, and numerous other events, being quite the champion of his day. He was blind in the left eye, but, in spite of this disadvantage, he won over

the year 1887, when Capt. Schuyler was honorary secretary of the race meetings. He proved a most popular official, and it was largely, if not wholly, due to him that horse racing was placed on such a firm footing in the capital. Mr. Hoare followed Capt. Schuyler as secretary, and after him came Mr. Stokes, who filled the position until the early part of 1893, when he resigned, and his place was filled by Mr. C. Stewart. Some three years later the interest in the sport seemed to wane, and for a considerable time there was no racing at all. Up till now, all racing had been carried on under the ægis of the Burma Turf Club, a purely local body, managing its own affairs, and unconnected in any way with the Calcutta Turf Club. About the beginning of the present century the sport



THE RACECOURSE, RANGOON.

Rs. 14,000 in the course of his career, at a time when stakes were considerably smaller than they are now.

About the year 1875 Dr. Frost imported several Arab stallions, which were sent to various parts of the country, one going to Allammyo, one to Paungde, one to Tharrawaddy, and one to Prome. The first descendant from one of these Arabs and a pure Burmese pony was "Valentine," which was raced in Rangoon by Mr. Ribbenthrop, at that time Conservator of Forests, and won many races against Burmese ponies. Next came "Prince," which was brought down from Mandalay by the late Mr. Darwood. These half-bred ponies were sent to Rangoon at frequent intervals, among them being "Free Lance," "Mascotte," and "Monreve," and a special class had to be arranged for them, 13-2 and under.

Racing started in earnest in Rangoon about

was revived under the management of the Rangoon Race Committee, acting under the rules of the Calcutta Turf Club. Capt. Walker was honorary secretary for a while, then Colonel Pritchard, and after him Capt. Faunce. In 1902 Mr. Stewart again undertook the duties, and officiated until the middle of 1906. During his term of office the present course was made, and the stands and enclosures erected. Major Cecil F. Harrison was appointed secretary, in succession to Mr. Stewart, and holds the position at the present time. In the old days there were four classes for Burma ponies—12½, 12-2, 13 and 13-1—but it became difficult to classify the pure Burmese pony after a while, on account of so many other breeds being introduced into the country, and the Indo-Burman class was formed. An Indo-Burman meant a pony foaled in Burma, whose sire or dam was wholly or in part Burmese. In a few years,