

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

APRIL 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—Journal.

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through the foreleg or hind, I forget which; and if it had not been for Duchess keeping him till I got up, I should have lost him."

"Bravo, Duchess; let's drink her health," was Mr. Vert's comment." "How came such a steady sportsman as you to have a misfire, though?"

"I found afterwards that the cap had got a bit of stuff into it in my pouch or pocket. I generally look into a cap; but this was one without any shiny stuff at the bottom, and indeed, loading in a hurry as I did, I may not have looked into it at all. The bear I bagged was a female. I went back to the sugarcane, but could not find any more."

VENISON.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND ASSAM, 1862.

CHARLIE HILL having written to me a very flourishing account of sport in the Pong-Loung Mountains, near a place called Thayet-Pin-Kin-dât, I persuaded Captain Tongue, of the 60th Rifles, and Ireland, Assistant Commissioner, to accompany me there. We started in a boat on the night of the 9th April, 1862, and got to Galay, distant about 65 miles, at 1 P. M. Found the elephants and Bunlong shikaries there, had tiffin, and then started for *Kyankee*. The jungles were burning all round us; so in many places we had to run for our lives. The elephants have a great dread of fire, and they will not face it. We got to *Kyankee* at dark, had a bathe in the river, and afterwards a good dinner, and early to bed.

April 10th.—I was busy all day inspecting works; but we bathed both morning and evening in the river, and very refreshing it is too.

April 11th.—Started for *Kapahlanguay* en route to Thayet-Pin-Kin-dât. We got off at 7 A. M., the road exceeding pretty, though it is uphill and down-dale, intersected with numerous mountain streams with nasty rocky beds. Betel-nut and orange groves very numerous, and the mode of irrigation wonderful. We pushed on and got to our destination at 10 A. M.,—good going, considering we could not go out of a walk, and the distance a good thirteen miles.

The elephants did not arrive till 12 A. M., so our breakfast was a late one. These mountain streams have deliciously cold water in them, very convenient both for bathing and cooling here. We slept on the ground in a wretched shed, and had a false alarm of a tiger during the night. This part of the country is infested with man-eating tigers; so we had to be very careful in seeing how our camp-followers disposed of themselves at nighttime.

April 12th.—Started at 6½ A. M. up such a hill! It took us an hour and a half to get up to the top of it, and it was so steep that we

could barely crawl up it, resting every five minutes; as for the elephants they could scarcely get up it at all. The hills here are very steep, and the water-shed is not reached. So it is a case of no sooner having arrived at the top of one range, than you have to descend again to re-ascend a higher range. This was our fate all day. We got to the banks of the Permah-ben Creek at 10 A. M., and breakfasted. Near the stream we found a resting-place or *teh*; but it was so full of fleas and gad flies, that there was no remaining inside it. It was also stockaded with pointed, spear-like bamboos to keep out man-eating tigers. We remained in the vicinity of this creek till three, hoping to see something of the elephants; but as they did not appear, we went on to our destination, where we got about 5 P. M. This is a stockaded post, and has a strong force of Police in it. It is the only pass in these parts from the red Karen country into the plains, and is therefore of some importance. We put up in the hut inside the stockade, but found it anything but a desirable residence, being full of bugs, flies, and gad flies. The elephants did not arrive till after dark. One of the mahouts had helped himself freely to our brandy, had got drunk and by inducing his elephant to charge those in front of it, had sent them all flying down a narrow pathway, upsetting their loads, and making a sad havoc amongst our stores. Made a holy example of him by giving him a good thrashing.

April 13th.—Directly I saw the nature of the country, I came to the conclusion that no shooting was to be had off the elephants, whatever might be the case, could we afford time to remain and attempt to stalk. Abused Hill like a pick-pocket for sending us there. We got out the elephants and tried a beat in the valley, but as it was a quaking bog, had to desist very soon. Undoubtedly there were bison, rhinoceros, and tigers about; indeed we put up two of the last during the short time we were out, but shooting them was out of the question; the grass was fifteen to twenty feet high, and the soil so bad that no elephant could or would venture upon it. We determined to move back and try some of my old haunts.

April 14th.—Sent the elephants on ahead, and overtook them at the Permah-ben stream. Got to Kapahlam quay at three; bathed in the river on our arrival; elephants turned up in the evening.

April 15th.—Started early; got to Kyankce at nine, but the elephants did not arrive till twelve.

April 16th.—We started for Ananbo at 6 A. M., and got there at 2½, distance twelve miles, not counting the crossing of the river, which took some time. We shot some pigeons *en route*. After breakfast moved on to Thaban. Road at this season very good, but woefully dusty. Found that the villagers had built me a good house near a stream; got all the shikaries together, but the jungles had not been properly burnt, so did not anticipate much sport.

April 17th.—Started our camp, but went across country ourselves. We put up a lot of deer, but the grass was so dense that we could not get fair shots at any of them. By a fluke I shot one sambur,

and missed a hogdeer. Ireland got two snap shots, but missed both. Ordered the jungle to be re-burnt. Paid for the teh, and gave also Rs. 15 for burning jungle.

April 18th.—We went to Chandly-ah to-day, and saw a lot of deer *en route*, but made very bad shooting, and failed to bag a single one, though we did hit one or two. Marks of game abundant.

April 19th.—We saw a lot of game to-day, but all shot badly, and, moreover, my elephant, which was usually as staunch as one could wish a beast to be, was very unsteady to-day, running away several times, even from a pig, and thus losing me many fair shots. Ireland bagged a sambur, and he and I wounded a fine buck sambur, after which some Burman shikaries, who wore out on an elephant on their own hook, went. They eventually got him, and they also come across a herd of bison, and wounded one badly, but lost it, as they funk'd to follow it up.

April 20th.—We moved camp to Ragboo, shooting *en route*. I bagged two samburs and one hogdeer to-day, and lost two others. Ireland lost one. Tongue got nothing. Near the village up jumped a very fine buck thamine. Ireland and I fired at it; it ran about one hundred yards, and then died. On examination, it was found only one bullet had hit it, and that behind the shoulder; so Ireland and I tossed for it, and it became mine. It was impossible to say who shot it.

April 21st.—To-day we went after bison, and got into grass, where shooting was out of the question; but there is no doubt big game, judging by the footmarks, must be very plentiful. Two or three years after this Colonel Blake came across bison in this very place, and wounded one or two of them, but lost them in the heavy grass. For a wonder, I shot a peafowl on the wing with the Purdey's rifle to-day. We then went on to a Karen village, where we breakfasted. In this village was an old man, seventy years of age, who had never washed in his life; he said if any Karen ever washed, he was sure to be eaten by a tiger; so his tribe never used water for washing purposes. He made a point of being drunk three times every week, and he was altogether about as disreputable an old man as I have ever seen. They never change their clothes until they are forced to do so by the suits in use having worn away, no end being left to cover their nakedness. We tasted some of their arrack; it was beautifully clear, white, and smelt and tasted like whiskey. They make it out of the rice. After breakfast a man took us to a bheel, where he said he would show us wild buffaloes. Tongue remained with me, whilst Ireland went off a considerable way to the right. He came upon a tame herd, and fired into them, wounding two badly. We also came upon tame ones, but fortunately did not fire.

To-day we separated (*April 22*), Ireland and Tongue going back towards Tongho, and I on to Shoayghine. Ireland shot a peafowl with ball, and then sambur going back. Tongue got two samburs, whilst I did not fire a shot, but rode in at once to Shoayghine, where I remained a week, and then rode into Tongho in two days.

Our third regular trip into the jungles did not begin till very late in the season. Both Lloyd and I had a lot of work to get through, so could not start as soon as we ought to have done. However, on the 11th May, Lloyd went out to Nank Sedank, and I followed on the 13th. I could not get away till late, and the road was so bad from the recent rains, that at one time I was on the point of turning back. However, I plodded on; got caught in heavy rain, lost my way, and after innumerable difficulties got to my camp at 6 P. M. Found Lloyd had bagged a sambur and had seen about twenty others.

May 14th.—We came upon a herd of elephants to-day, and had them beaten towards us. We wounded four,—one very badly,—but failed to bag. We then came upon fresh tracks of bison. These I followed into the heavy pass, whilst Lloyd remained outside. He came upon two bison, and wounded them both. One came up to me, and I polished it off; the other one got away. I got one sambur to-day.

May 15th.—Both Lloyd and I wounded bison to-day, but lost them in the infernal high grass. We each got one sambur to-day.

May 16th.—Moved camp from Monk Sedank to Zaosegam on the Pue River, distant about twelve miles; *en route* came upon quite fresh marks of bison, and our men who came behind us saw two cross over the road. In the afternoon we went after them, but failed to find them.

May 17th.—Went across country on elephants to Myetchin. *En route* Lloyd made very good shooting, and bagged one barking deer and two hogdeer. I got one sambur. In the afternoon Lloyd went out again and shot a thaminie. Heard Colonel Blake had arrived at Kyankee.

May 18th.—Rode into Kyankee. Found Colonel Blake had gone on to Banlong, instead of following my instructions. Found Watson in a *zayat* very seedy, and persuaded him to return with us to Myetchin. Sent elephant to Banlong for Blake.

May 19th.—Blake joined us at daylight, after *chota hazree*. We got on the elephants and went towards the Nga-Eein. We came across a herd of elephants, but again we failed to bag, though we hit several very hard. Blake and I had an exciting chase after a tigress; but though I sighted her, I could not get a shot at her, and she got away. I got a snap shot at her young one, but missed it. Colonel Blake got during the day three samburs, Lloyd four samburs, Watson one sambur, whilst got three samburs and one dalael or hogdeer. One sambur I came upon suddenly; it stood looking at me within fifteen yards. It was raining hard at the time; both barrels of my smooth bore missed fire; still he never moved. I had just time to get the long rifle, and take a snap shot as he turned to bolt, and hit hard; he ran down a nullah, and fell back in attempting to run up the other side; but he picked himself up again, got across the nullah, staggered up against a tree, and fell dead. One of Lloyd's samburs was the largest I ever saw, but it had no horns to speak of.

May 20th.—We are out very late this season; the grass has grown up very heavy and high, and the rain is incessant. We came across bison tracks and followed them up, but did not come up to them. Very foolishly I was tempted to fire at a huge boar that stood and looked at me; it fell down to the shot, but picked itself up and disappeared. Blake got a buck sambur and a buck thamine. I shot a buck sambur, but it run 200 yards before showing signs of being hit; it then lay down, and was dead before we got to it. It had been shot well behind the shoulder, and the bullet had passed through the upper part of the heart. Lloyd got a sambur. Watson nothing.

May 21st.—We again followed up bison, but they were too alert for us; so we left them and took to shooting at sambur. Unfortunately in doing so disturbed a herd of buffaloes, who scampered away unhurt. I at last shot a pig, and Colonel Blake hit a doe just under the root of her tail, the bullet sticking in her throat; she of course fell dead. Near home a sambur took a nullah in a flying jump; but it fell dead on the other side, as, whilst in the air, I shot it well behind the shoulder. Blake shot two more samburs; Lloyd two samburs and a dalael; Watson got nothing.

May 22nd.—Soon after leaving camp, I shot a sambur through the head. We then followed bison, and in doing so, saw a buffalo, who, ignorant of our presence, came up to us here, were in echelon, and all fired together and doubled it up at once, before she had a chance of escape. Blake got one sambur, so did Lloyd.

May 23rd.—It is wonderful how the bison manage to keep clear of us. Several times to-day we were close upon them, but they would not allow us to get within shot.

I shot during the day two samburs. Blake got one sambur, and Lloyd a pig and sambur.

May 24th.—We followed up buffalo tracks to-day, and came upon them, lying down in a mudhole. Colonel Blake killed his outright with one ball, Lloyd and Watson wounded three or four, whilst I, who happened to be some way off to the left, only got long shots at two big bulls as they ran away; and though I hit both hard, yet they soon got away. I then went after those Lloyd, Watson, and Blake had wounded, and we killed two of them very soon,—one a large cow with fanhorns. We had good luck to-day, killing no less than 3 buffaloes, 3 pigs, 3 buck thamine, and six samburs. We got home at dark.

May 25th.—A great pity Colonel Blake has to leave us, as he is the best of companions, and a capital shikaroc and shot. He went off to Kyankee, and Lloyd and I moved to Banlong.

May 26th.—Lloyd and I went out alone to-day. We each bagged five samburs; and when going home saw a lot of thamine. We got off the elephants and stalked them, and unfortunately both fired at a magnificent buck lying down. My ball hit it in the head, and Lloyd with the small Burdey in the rump. We tossed for the head, and I lost. Close to home I got a pig.

May 27th.—To-day we rode into Tongho; this being the end of our third organized trip into the jungles.

Whilst copying this out of my old journals yesterday about three o'clock, the villagers, at a place called Kamblepoor, fifteen miles north of Gowhatty, Assam, came and begged me to shoot some buffaloes which had taken up their abode in the midst of their villages in a canebrake, and had taken to gore the ryots. I was most disinclined to go out, as I really do not care to shoot buffs, and as I had cut my centre finger a few days previously in shooting rhinoceros with very heavy charges, (the recoil of the first barrel had caused the damage,) and I was afraid to fire at all with the right barrel for fear of re-opening the wound, but the people prayed so hard to be rid of their enemies, that I went out. The first buffalo, a bull, was lying in an open bheel, and let me get within sixty yards of him, and then walked towards me shaking his head. I brought him down with a shot in the chest from the left barrel of the breechloader No. 10 bore, but he picked himself up and ran about forty yards further. I then got a good shot at the shoulder and brought him down. A fine bull. They then took me to the centre almost of a village, where there was a marsh and horrible cane jungle. In this I soon put up two more buffaloes, and after a chase came upon them; they were inclined to show fight, but I killed the bull with a ball in the throat as he stood looking at me, and the cow I knocked over with a ball in the shoulder; but she managed to crawl into such horrible jungle on three legs that I could not follow her. She is sure to die, as I fired 3-oz. conical, driven with five drachms of powder, into her. On another occasion I will relate how in three days' shooting, ten days back, Captain Bowie and I shot and bagged six rhinoceros and wounded another. I have now shot six of these animals since June last, and they seem to me to be more easy to kill than buffaloes; they are more plucky, as a rule, and allow one to get nearer, which, perhaps, is the secret of their being so easily killed after all.

PUNJAB, }
30th January, 1868. }

THE GENUS, "BORE."

THE pages of the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine* used always to be open to the discussion of subjects of natural history, and at times much novel information was elicited for its readers. I am glad therefore to see that the Editors of the new *Oriental Sporting Magazine* have again invited attention to the subject. These descriptions in the old Magazine were generally confined to accounts of the habits of the lower orders of the animal world. It is my intention to fly my kite a little higher; and though I purpose to describe the habits of the

genus bore, I shall confine myself entirely to the bores which infest the higher circles of the animal kingdom, with which we lords of the creation, and those belonging to us, are more constantly brought into contact—a class of beast which requires no night watches in the primeval forests, as a preparatory step to leaving their habits and modes of life.

The genus bore does not confine itself to any particular latitude, nor is its natural habitat limited to any degree of longitude. In that limited circle called society, it is found at home and at ease as often and as much as, without its pale, in the outside world. It not only infests the circles of the "bonton," but also the lower strata of human society; and it seems to be made, as a choleric skipper once described his consigne and agent, like the musquito, for the sole purpose of annoying people.

There are many sub-divisions of the genus bore. The bore official, the bore legal, the bore clerical, the business bore, the pompous bore, the military bore, the naval bore, the serious bore, the funny bore, and many others.

There are certain striking attributes which all these different sub-divisions possess in common. Extreme confidence in their own powers; a total want of it in respect to all others of their class; a prevailing idea that the world would come to an end if things were allowed to go on as usual without reference to themselves; and an utter ignorance of, and seeming indifference to, the fact of the great, very great, bores they really are.

First, the bore official (*Sus-publicanus* of Cuvier). This is a considerable family in this country as well as in Europe. Habitat public offices, which it generally infests to that degree, that people cannot enter them on account of its offensive habits. It is a bold animal, not given to attack those in search of it, but is very obstructive when found; and, as a rule, when met with, it has been found to be the best method to get rid of it as quickly as possible; for, like the beaver which dams up the stream of a whole river, just leaving quite a quiet silent pool for itself to desport in, it will dam up the stream of public progress and improvement, just keeping a few quiet back waters in the shape of snug berths for itself and its kind to flourish in. Latterly the world has so set its face against this portion of the bore family, that it is being slowly eradicated from this country. Whether it will ever be as scarce as the Dodo, remains yet to be seen. There is no doubt that the country which is free from the presence of this animal at once shows to the eye of the traveller the blessings of its absence by the surprisingly thriving appearance of everything around.

The legal bore (*Sus-forensis* of Buffon) is also an obstructive as well as destructive animal, and in its power of destruction far surpasses its congener, of which I have just treated. It is a restless, dissatisfied animal, gluttonous, as a rule; and if it once breaks into a thriving pasture, the devastation it will commit is beyond belief. It is very discriminating in its attacks; for instance, it rarely, if ever,

attacks a variety of its own species (*sus forensis* var. *judex*); the latter is generally a grave, stolid animal of some weight, and to fall foul of it, generally ensures defeat for the common *sus-forensis*. Added to this, it never commits its ravages on poor soils, which do not give good crops. These are avoided by it; but rich lands are its delight. Its chief food is a peculiar sort of grain, called *pecunia*, a golden grain to the eye; it will go any distance, or do anything to harry this crop. Like, as the lion has its jackals to hunt up prey, so the *sus-forensis* makes use of a lower order of its own family, *sus-forensis* minor, (*Pette foggerus* of Buffon) to hunt up whatever plunder is to be had. These latter generally hunt in couples, sometimes in a leash at a time, and very rarely singly. Though the *sus-forensis* is generally supposed to be a higher order of the family, yet it is surprising how often it has happened that it has pined and faded away altogether, when, from aversion or other causes, the *sus-minor* will not hunt for it, or bring it any plunder. The *sus-forensis* is entirely dependent on the *sus-minor* for discovering the sowings of the *pecunia* crop. It is only fair to it to say, however, that the *sus-minor* has not the same power of appropriation and digestion. The stomach of the *sus-forensis* is so strong, however, that, even when gorged to the full, it has never been known to return its food. As a rule, it is shy and wary, very dangerous and treacherous to meddle with.

The *sus-clericus* is in appearance a good deal like the *sus-forensis*, and doubtless if it got the same chance, it would make good use of its opportunities. There is almost more variety in the individuals of this class than of any other. There is the *sus-various* of Buffon; its chief food consists of stoles, chasubles, and other such weak food; stands over a good deal at the knee, and probably, owing to weak food in which it delights, it is afflicted with that constant nodding of the head so generally observed in all of this variety. There is another subdivision which is called the *sus-niger*, the real true black bore of the old original type. The habits of this class are much alike, but the difference in individuals is most striking. They chiefly prowl about cloisters. They are very easily domesticated, and in Europe almost every parish keeps one for a pet. Some ladies even go so far as to talk of their pet *sus-clericus*. When once the *sus-clericus* has been petted by ladies, it becomes utterly useless; it grows fat and oily, snappish and uncertain to friend and foe alike. The best way of treating it is to let it alone.

The business-bore (*sus-mercator*.) There is a pretty good type of this animal to be found everywhere. It is so well known, that it appears to be a work of supererogation to describe it closely. It has a most wonderful digestion. It feeds on all known grains produced in the world; on most fibres; on some dyes, oils and oilseeds, and at a particular time of year, some of the genus enjoy a gorge of cotton. Although, as I have before said, a great variety of food is not desirable, a mixture of two or three kinds, mingled with the pecuniary crop is, what it thrives best on. Those that are of a restless disposi-

tion, and that delight in a variety of food, never thrive, but generally fail by degrees, and get lower and lower in condition. *Pecunia* is to the *sus-mercator*, what the opium pipe is to the opium smoker, what groundsel and hemp is to the canary. Its habits are generally restless and uneasy from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; but at the latter hour it seems to get composed and settles down for its wonted rest. As a rule, it is a good-tempered animal, and the majority of the class can be thoroughly trusted.

The pompous bore (*sus-egotisticus*) is the most offensive of the whole genus. This class is made up of outcasts from all the other divisions of the bore family. There is no well-defined individual type to guide the eye. It has been known to be lean and lanky, with stilty gait and outstretched head, as if in pain at being out of its element. It has been also known as bullet-headed, twinkling eyed, deep in the chest, and large in the paunch. The pompous bore is not so rare as it has been. It would not repay its cost for the Acclimatisation Society to introduce it here. In fact, when it obtains a footing, it becomes a nuisance, and requires extermination. The chief food of the *sus-egotisticus* is a species of soft food called I, which it devours ravenously, and makes a great deal of noise when devouring it, as if desirous of letting people know what it is about. It is a curious fact that, if taken back to its birth-place, the *sus-egotisticus* begins to pine, for it cannot then indulge in its usual and favorite food, I.

The *sus-miles* is so called from its pugnacious; habits. It is a reasonable and tractable animal, if properly handled. It thrives in any climate with ordinary care; its chief food is pegs, weeds, and other food of that kind.

The *sus-nauticus* is so called from being amphibious; it is a difficult animal to handle. It requires strong food; night-caps are indispensable to it. It also thrives on belaying pins, mainbraces, anchors, weatherbows, and other such like strong food. Confinement to the land, and change of food, such as its congeners thrive upon, generally serves to give it a disease commonly called podagra.

The serious bore and the funny bore are so common that they need no description. The one or the other infests all countries and places. They are as well known as the sparrow at home, or the *mynah* in this country. Both of them are generally rapacious, and the only difference I can find between them is, that the effect of food on one is to make it surly, on the other to make it sociable, the difference being attributable to the better digestion of the one as compared with the other.
