

question as regards what is meant by "real cricketers," I mean men who have and do all they can by money (according to their means), time, and trouble, and by precept and example, to promote the game, especially on village greens, according to the rules of fair play uncontaminated by hero worship, average, championship and sensation.

F. G.

Sport in Bengal.

THE number of English sportsmen who visit India during the winter season is increasing from year to year. Each of them sets forth armed with rifles and guns, and spears and hunting-knives, and with much hope that it will be his good fortune to slay those wild beasts of the forest which are the more prized as they are becoming rarer and more difficult to find. Each of them starts primed with some good advice from "fellows who have been in India." Each of them probably takes with him some of the best books which have been written on sport in India. To those sportsmen who expect to visit the Lower Provinces of Bengal, we can now confidently recommend a new book by Mr. Edward Baker, late Deputy Inspector-General of Police in Bengal.

Mr. Edward Baker's book is called "Sport in Bengal; and how, when, and where to seek it." It contains a large store of information, founded mainly on his personal experience, and illustrated by numerous well-told tales of his varied adventures with game of all kinds. Mr. Baker has provided a map to show the outlines of the country in which his operations were carried on. "Lower Bengal," as he prudently remarks, "contains mountains, hills, and highlands, as well as flat plains, and green savannahs, and extensive morasses. Some people seem to think that Bengal is one broad plain, dotted with palm-trees, and bamboo clumps, and a few villages."

Mr. Edward Baker was not, we believe, any relation of his distinguished namesake, the great African hunter, Sir Samuel Baker; but he had a natural love for sport, and his opportunities for indulging it were such as fall to the lot of few men. When he went out to India, some forty years ago, he was employed at first in superintending the Government salt manufacture; and as salt was made along the shores of the Bay of Bengal, he was at once introduced to those unhealthy tracts, abounding in tigers, buffaloes, wild boars, and deer, among which the native salt-makers passed a precarious existence. It became at once his duty and his pleasure to make war against the wild animals. Subsequently Mr. Baker joined the Bengal Police force; and being speedily raised to the rank of Deputy Inspector-General, he again had great opportunities for sport. For the official duties of a Deputy Inspector-General required that he should travel far and near to

inspect Police-stations; and it has always been a recognised fact in India, that those Police-stations which are nearest to jungles, abounding in wild animals, require the strictest supervision; so that it was again Mr. Baker's happy lot to be able to combine business with pleasure, in his hand-in-hand pursuit of game and crime. Mr. Baker's book was written in India in 1886, but he unhappily died of cholera at Barrackpore, early in 1887.

Mr. Baker's adventures are narrated in separate chapters on Tiger-shooting, Pig-sticking, Buffalo-hunting, Bear-shooting, and other similar headings. It seems that Mr. Baker's career was nearly cut short in his very first encounter with a tiger. He was specially invited to Chittagong to destroy a tiger, which had killed or maimed some sixty of the people engaged in the salt manufacture. At that time he had only three muzzle-loading smooth-bores as a battery; but nothing daunted, he went with two native *shikarees* to search for the enemy. At first the intelligence was not encouraging. The tigress had not been heard of for a week, and the people hoped that she had left them. "I met," writes Mr. Baker, "and conversed with a man who had been rescued from her fangs, with the loss of an arm. About a month or six weeks ago, he was walking at the edge of the jungle, in company with two or three others, whose business it was to cut fire-wood. They were conversing, without any thought of danger, as there was no heavy covert near, when with a low growl the tigress was upon him, springing from a bunch of grass, hardly capable of hiding a hare; and he was seized by the shoulder, into which was buried one of her upper fangs, while her huge paws clasped him in an iron grip. My informant stated that on first being seized he was not conscious of any great pain, and he supposed that he fainted; when however he recovered his senses, he felt himself being dragged by the arm, through bushes and thorns, the tigress uttering low angry growls, seemingly in answer to the shouts raised by his companions. Presently she stopped, and lay down beside him, as if with the intention of then and there making a meal of him, though she did not worry or otherwise injure his body; but as the shouts increased and came nearer, she stood up snarling, advanced a pace or two, and then with a sulky grunt bounded off, leaving him on the ground, from which he was quickly raised and carried away by his companions." "This," as Mr. Baker remarks, "was as close a shave as a man could have." This tale only stimulated his own desire for revenge. After thirteen days of diligent search, and after spending several nights sitting up in a tree, watching for the tigress, he at last came upon her in broad daylight, as she was in the very act of crawling along a ditch, stalking up to a man who was quietly cutting fuel. Mr. Baker's shots were well planted; but he had exhausted his last barrel before the wounded tigress fell dead at only a few yards from his feet. We have given but an abstract of Mr. Baker's story, but those who read it *in extenso* will find it one of the most thrilling and exciting tales of tiger-

shooting that have ever been narrated. But we must leave his other tales about tigers, and pass on to different game.

Mr. Baker's experience and success in shooting wild buffaloes far surpasses anything that has hitherto been recorded in India, within our knowledge; although Colonel Cody, or Buffalo Bill, may have killed more bison in America. Herds of wild buffaloes used to live along the sea-coast tracts, where Mr. Baker was employed when he was in the Salt Department, and if their number is now very much diminished, it is in no small measure due to Mr. Baker's own rifle. The male wild buffalo is a very large and dangerous animal. Mr. Baker writes thus:—"Stalking bulls in the open country—that is, in country not covered with dense jungle, but dotted over with bushes, patches of grass, or clumps of trees—used to be a favourite pastime with me, when I had abundant opportunities of indulging it. A man who can rely on his nerve and aim may enjoy good sport in stalking these huge and savage beasts; but to do so successfully, he must be armed with two or more powerful guns or rifles, the latter for choice, and not less than ten or twelve gauge; and he ought to possess some knowledge of the habits and characteristics of the animal. Moreover, the utmost caution should be observed in following up and approaching the wounded beast, as it is under such circumstances that most of the fatal accidents have occurred. Lastly, when charged, as the sportsman will be on many occasions, and desperately too, he must hit in a good and proper place, and then he may tumble over his adversary headlong and dead almost at his feet, or make him swerve on one side or other."

We can only give some brief details of the many exciting buffalo hunts which Mr. Baker describes, when he was on foot, or on horseback, or in the howdah on an elephant. In one instance, having only light smooth-bores with him, he pursued a savage bull on his elephant, but failed to stop him. He then mounted his horse and chased his enemy, firing at it repeatedly, until it plunged into the broad river Megna. Then he got into a boat, and overtaking the buffalo, killed it by a lucky shot in the eye, after a very narrow escape of being knocked out of the boat by the sweep of the animal's horns. Again, he tells us how he and a companion were sitting at lunch under a tree, when they were run over by a whole herd of buffaloes, that rushed upon them from the jungles; and though he and his friend escaped unhurt, one of their native followers was tossed up into the tree, but luckily was more frightened than hurt. On another occasion, he and a friend watched a fierce combat between two large bulls, competing for the mastery of the herd of cows, who complacently looked on, until one bull fell dead to Mr. Baker's rifle. Another day he and a friend had a herd of some seventy wild buffaloes driven to them, as they were posted behind a small mound of earth. Mr. Baker writes thus: "The sensation of being in the very midst of a mob of such savage and powerful beasts was exhilarating, both from the novelty of our situation,

and its dangerous exposure to the attacks of wounded and partly disabled animals, which might turn upon us; and the mound was not sufficiently steep or lofty to afford absolute security." Rather a contrast this to the comfortable butts from which we shoot our grouse in Scotland. Mr. Baker and his friend stopped three fine bulls and one cow-buffalo out of this big herd, as it rushed past them. With his ten-gauge Westley-Richards rifle and steel-tipped bullets, Mr. Baker often killed a charging bull with a single shot. On the other hand, he records two cases in which native followers, rushing in precipitately to cut the throat of a fallen buffalo, apparently in its death-struggle, were knocked over and trampled to death, in less time than it takes to tell the tale. The Mussulmans always want to cut the throat of a dying animal, with the ejaculation "Bismallah," so that its flesh may be eaten by themselves and their friends without any qualms of conscience.

The rhinoceros is a beast which many Indian sportsmen have desired to kill, but have failed to do so. Mr. Baker was more fortunate. He has hunted them on the reedy banks of the river Berhampooter, in Assam, and in the forests of the Sunderbuns on the coast of the Bay of Bengal. English visitors to India may, perhaps, kill a rhinoceros, if they are so fortunate as to obtain an invitation from the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, or if they can arrange to join a party of friendly sportsmen on the banks of the Berhampooter. They can hardly be advised to go into the Sunderbund in quest of rhinoceros, or other large game, on account of the dense jungle and deep tidal creeks; whilst the climate is likely to cause serious illness to them and their followers. In shooting rhinoceros in Assam, it is usual to pursue them with a line of elephants, whilst the sportsman rides in the howdah. Mr. Baker gives "as an example of a successful day's sport," a spirited narrative of his adventures, when he and his three companions killed three rhinoceros and wounded three others in one day. He was almost as fortunate on many other occasions. But it is often rather unsatisfactory work to seek for rhinoceros in Assam. They usually dwell in the marshes covered with reeds some fifteen feet high, in which the line of elephants and howdahs is utterly lost to view. It may be that the rush of some large animal in the reeds is heard; but it is almost impossible to fire at it, or to see where it goes.

Mr. Baker gives the following graphic account of his encounter with the rhinoceros in the Sunderbuns: after long careful stalking through reeds and bushes he at last came upon some fresh tracks; and shortly after, as he himself sighted the animals, his gun-bearer softly whispered "elephants," as he had never seen a rhinoceros or the picture of one—"On the margin of a broad mud-hole stood a huge rhinoceros, gravely watching two companions enjoying the mud-bath from which he had recently emerged. They were fully two hundred yards from us, too far a shot at so tough a customer. Backing out, I made a sweep round

through the bushes, not altogether unmindful of the possibility of a tiger being an interested spectator of my movements, and wriggled my way to a position within sixty paces of the mud-hole, the wind favourable, and the enemy's broadside bearing almost directly on me. As soon as my breathing had settled down to its normal state, the big rifle was directed to the neck, but my aim was rapidly changed to a little behind the shoulder, and the bullet told truly with a loud smack. On feeling the wound, the rhinoceros threw up his head with a grunt, and glared round for the enemy who had struck him, and before his position was changed a second bullet hit him on almost the same spot, and brought him on his knees with a groan. He was up again instantly, and dashed into the woods, with blood spurting from his mouth. At the report of the first barrel, the other two rhinoceros rose from the mire, but paused, on failing to discover aught on which to vent their wrath; and then seeing or scenting the smoke, galloped off after their leader, the larger of the two receiving from my second rifle one ball in the fore-ribs, and a second in the head. I reloaded as fast as possible, and followed on the broad trail, and before I had got fifty yards, a loud crash announced the fall of one rhinoceros, and I almost stumbled over its huge carcase lying in the death agony. Dashing on upon the bloody trail for another hundred yards, I came to the bank of a narrow creek, just as one animal was disappearing in the wood on the opposite bank, whilst the other was rising out of the water, struggling to extricate itself out of the sticky mud. A shot planted in the middle of the back, over the loins, followed by another just behind the head, caused the stricken beast to plunge forward stone-dead, its foreparts on the land and the hindquarters in the tidal-water in the creek. The natives with me, who had never before seen a rhinoceros, gazed with awe as they walked round and examined the strange form and monstrous bulk of the fallen beasts."

Although it is rather a come-down from tigers, and huge wild buffaloes, and rhinoceros, Mr. Baker has much to tell of his doings with the smaller, though hardly less dangerous animals, such as panthers, wild-boars, and bears. In his chapter on panthers, Mr. Baker has given his reasons for employing that name instead of leopard, which has usually been recognised as the cognomen of the *Felix Pardus* or *Leopardus* in Bengal. It was believed, that whilst in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies the animal was commonly called the panther, sportsmen in Bengal had always styled it the leopard. It is, perhaps, of no particular importance; and it does not much signify that Mr. Baker also believes that he has found two varieties of panther. He is evidently not very scientific; and it may be conceded to him that there are "greater and lesser" panthers, which differ in size and in the colouring of their skins. It is usual to shoot leopards on foot; but there is sometimes considerable danger connected with it, which that good sportsman Mr. F. B. Simson wrote of "as only a fair sporting risk." Leopards

are occasionally speared from horseback, and Mr. Baker has given an animated account of the adventure in which he was engaged with some friends, when two leopards were thus brought to bag. But it is too long for quotation, and it would be unfair to make an abstract of it.

So many good men and true have taken part in hog-hunting, or pig-sticking, and such good accounts of it have been published from time to time, that it was hardly possible for Mr. Baker to find anything very new to tell about it. Nevertheless he appears to have been rather a glutton at this form of sport; and he tells how he and his friends, "in my country near Tumlook," killed eighty boars in six full days' hunting, "and be it understood," he adds, "good sized boars too, not a half-grown grunter among them." Mr. Baker would have been a useful hand in Chicago before pig-killing had been reduced to a science in that famous city. There is no doubt that Mr. Baker conferred a great benefit on his allies of the Calcutta Tent Club (who made him an honorary member), by introducing them to the Tumlook country, where hogs were very numerous, in the days when the Government manufactured salt under Mr. Baker's supervision in that part of Bengal. Mr. Baker seems to have supposed that he was the sole surviving member of the old Calcutta Tent Club; but on that point he was strangely mistaken, as it is still possible to find at the Indian Clubs in London, and in other parts of England, fully a dozen worthy representatives of that excellent Institution. The Calcutta Tent Club was equally famous for its hospitality, and for the excellent sport which it provided, even in the vicinity of Calcutta, before the hungry German clerks in the mercantile offices had taken to shooting the wild boars, and the sows, and their little ones. And what is more to the point, the English visitor to Calcutta will still find a remnant of the old Tent Club in existence, and if he can get an introduction to Lord William Beresford, or Mr. Franklin Prestage, or any other member of the club, he may make sure of being put in the way of taking a fresh spear off a fine old hog within a practicable distance of the Indian metropolis. A special train on the Eastern Bengal Railway swiftly takes the huntsmen, with their horses and spears, and attendants to favourite coverts where wild hogs still abound.

Bear-shooting is a sport which can be obtained with some facility by any one paying a passing visit to India. There are several places within reach of the East Indian line of railway, and not very remote from Calcutta, where bears can be almost always found. If sufficient notice is given, the native *shikarees* will mark down some of the bears to their caves. A bear in his cave is usually inclined to come out when a lighted firework is skilfully thrown in towards him; and then the sportsman must take good care of himself, for the bear comes out very quickly and his rush is not easily stopped. Mr. Baker observes that "there is a widespread notion that the bear usually rears up on his hind legs in attacking

a man. As a matter of fact he does not do so; but runs at his enemy, and knocking him down, both bites and claws him. Armed with strong incisors, and fearfully long and powerful claws, he inflicts the most dreadful wounds. Should a man stand up to him armed with a sword or with an iron-bound club, the bear may rise up to get a blow at his head, and they may be sometimes seen to rise up among the low bushes so as to obtain a look round in order to discover their enemies. But the sportsman must not wait to shoot till the bear rises up and shows his white breastplate as is commonly expected, or the bear may put in the first blow which would be awkward."

It would be very imprudent for a stranger to go out to shoot bears without some experienced companion. It is not safe to trust only to native shikarees, or gun-bearers, who too often run away with the second gun at the critical moment. The bear is very tenacious of life, and the great length of its fur makes it difficult to plant a bullet in a vital place in the body, whilst the brain is small and well protected. Mr. Baker quotes the following adventure of his friend Mr. Pughe, of the Bengal Police, which should be a caution to beginners. "Some years ago I was beating a hill in the neighbourhood of Mount Parisnath, when a bear broke on my left. I ran to cut him off, and waited, as he came shambling down. I had two steady shots, but before the smoke from the second barrel had cleared, he was on me like a shot, and seizing me by the left thigh with his teeth he turned me round with a savage growl, and made off down the hill. He had bitten me deeply, and carried off two large pieces of flesh, leaving me bleeding profusely. Thinking he had done for me, I determined on having his life also, and I had him driven up again towards me, when he, sorely wounded, escaped into a cave, I limping after him as well as I was able; but before he could be smoked out, I became faint from loss of blood and had to be carried into camp, and thence eighty miles to my headquarters, to lie six weeks on my back, the doctors pronouncing my escape a very narrow one, the femoral artery having been saved by a quarter of an inch. Since then I have more than paid off all scores between Bruin and myself, and though in that instance I failed to take his scalp that day, his body was brought in afterwards by the Soutals."

Mr. Pughe described to Mr. Baker several other exciting adventures with bears; but space is wanting to tell any more of his or Mr. Baker's feats of prowess, which are fully recorded in the book. Although Mr. Baker has not avoided the temptation which besets an old sportsman of doing a little word-painting, when in the solitude of his study he deals with the bare entries made in his note-book, the reader will feel satisfied that every incident had some substantial fact for its foundation. Where a writer had such an ample store of sporting experiences to draw upon, he had no need to invent any new facts. When two old Indian sportsmen meet in the smoking-room of their club and begin to compare their

experiences, it probably does sometimes happen that they unconsciously give a little colour to the stories with which they cap one another's experiences, and if the untravelled English reader is occasionally inclined to fancy that Mr. Baker has at times wielded the pen of Munchausen, he may dismiss his suspicions, and only permit himself to discount (if we may use the term) the colouring of the anecdotes.

Although we have dealt with the most salient features of Mr. Baker's book, there must remain unnoticed several valuable chapters in which he treats of shooting deer and crocodiles and many kinds of feathered game. Nor can we enter upon a discussion of his advice to his brother sportsmen as to the gun and rifles, and shot and shell which they should take into the field, or as to the clothing and boots which they should wear, or as to the dimensions of the *sola topee*, or pith-helmet, with which the Indian sportsman *must* always protect his head and neck against the sun. There is however one point on which we are disposed to lodge a respectful protest against Mr. Baker's advice and practice. For the reader will not fail to note how frequently he refers to the pleasures of eating and drinking, and smoking, in the course of a day's sport. The maxim which was always followed by the best Indian sportsmen of our acquaintance was invariably to take the least possible amount of refreshment of any sort whilst in the hunting-field; and to defer the pleasure of a good smoke until they had returned to camp and were seated in comfortable armchairs.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

The "Dethronement" of the Foxhound.

"No mug is so firm that you cannot capsize it;" and with equal truth it may be asserted that the position of no popular idol is so assured as not sometimes to be assailed. Another attempt is being made to dethrone Shakespeare; and in the columns of a weekly contemporary the modern foxhound is the subject of a lively argument. Those who care not particularly about either question may perhaps derive some amusement by watching which will be throned or dethroned first, the bard or the hound. Whatever bets may depend upon the settlement of the matter will probably be drawn, for we know that he remains unconvinced who is convinced against his will; and, as both puzzles must be unravelled, so far as they permit of solution, by opinion rather than by proof, both sets of disputants will argue themselves out of breath, and the controversies will die out, to be revived again hereafter with all their original vigour.

It has occurred to some people that the modern foxhound is losing, or has lost his nose, and must therefore need crossing with