

The Prince of Wales in India.

ROYAL SHOOTING CAMP, TERAJ TANDAH.

Saturday, Feb. 12.

The *Times* correspondent telegraphs:—The shooting party has just come in. To-morrow will be a day of rest that will be much appreciated by man and beast, including tigers, which last have been kept in some anxiety by our activity. A seat on an elephant's back for seven or eight hours is inconveniently fatiguing to the inexperienced, even under favourable circumstances, but when it comes to travelling in howdahs all day in the sun through deep swamps, in which the sagacious creatures flounder convulsively, and going up and down the banks of jungle streams or through dense forests, in which one is in constant trouble about one's face and eyes from branches and briars, the sense of relief at the end of the journey is almost lost in the apathy of weariness. This will all pass away, we are assured, and elephants will become as easy as hansoms.

So far, the Prince has not had a good chance at tiger hunting, for one running shot at 50 yards in long grass cannot count as a fair opportunity; but it is too early in the season. This cool weather, in which the sun, however, is nearly as hot as can be borne with comfort, makes the tigers lively. They are out on their travels seeing the world and cultivating acquaintances, but at a later period flies and sunshine render the Terai almost intolerable to mankind. Then tigers lie quiet after meals in shady, sequestered places. Deer, sambur, cheetahs, pigs, and nyghau abound hereabouts, but they are considered trifles to tiger hunters.

THE JOURNEY FROM JEYPORE TO NYNEE TAL.

My last telegraphic summary was from Jeypore. The journey from Jeypore to Agra last Monday was accomplished in good time, and in a few hours more a special train conveyed the Prince of Wales from the hospitable camp of the Lieut. Governor, of which such agreeable memories will always remain with his guests, to Moradabad, in Rohilcund, where the railway line terminates. The Maharajah of Jeypore's reception was in all respects very stately and becoming, and it was with real sincerity that the parting words of friendship were uttered and the Maharajah's request to be remembered sometimes in England will surely not be forgotten. The Rajpoots express the utmost satisfaction at the Royal visit, and Jeypore felicitates itself because the Prince killed his first tiger there.

There was to have been a fight between a tiger and a rhinoceros at Gwalior, but in the preliminary trial the latter killed the former instantaneously, before the Prince's arrival. The Prince does not desire these sports, but they are considered essential at Native Courts to State pageantry, and certainly are not so cruel as steeplechases, where men and horses are killed or hurt grievously. Wild beasts are scarcely entitled to the consideration of a Humane Society, certainly not so much as self-torturing Fakirs, who are to be seen all over India engaged in peculiar religious exercises without hindrance.

There was no exhibition of the kind at Jeypore, though the Maharajah has a fine menagerie. He cultivates the fine arts, promotes education, improves the State by public works, and sets a good example to native princes. He has not the military tastes of Scindiah, but devotes himself to social matters, and takes great interest in European politics and has *The Times* read to him regularly. He governs, however, with a strict hand. In Scindiah's dominions killing a cow is punished by two years' imprisonment. In Jeypore the sentence is still more severe. In Cashmere it is death. These Princes would be rather horrified at the practices of English cattle-drovers, and yet they see no harm in wild beast fights. In addition to exquisite specimens of Jeypore work and photographs taken by himself, the Maharajah presented the Prince of Wales on leaving with an enamelled sword—a real *chef d'œuvre*.

The journey from Moradabad to Nynee Tal was very agreeable. The carriages were horsed by the Royal Artillery from Bareilly at six miles stages. There was a guard of honour of the Royal Irish, with bands and colours, at the station. Gen. Payne and staff were on the platform, and an escort of the 16th Bengal Cavalry. At Barhinee the Prince made his first acquaintance with an Indian hunting camp, of course on a scale of great magnificence, their being nearly 200 elephants, including those of the Nawab of Rampore and Gen. Ramsay, 550 camels, 120 horses, 526 coolies, 60 oxcarts, about 1,000 native camp followers, 75 of the 3rd Goorkha Regt. and band, 20 troopers of Probyn's Horse, camp police, &c. It was a canvas city complete in itself, clean as a new pin, and beautifully organised.

Having breakfasted in the spacious mess tent, the Prince continued his route to Nynee Tal in a carriage to the foot of the hill, where he mounted and rode up. He arrived just in time to see the snow peaks under the most favourable aspect, rose-hued in the setting sun. It was bitterly cold in the camp at night, and the natives from Southern India suffered severely—indeed, a chorus of coughing was heard all night. Blankets have been served out since to all the camp followers, but they are black and give a funeral aspect to them as they sit round the camp fires.

THE PRINCE IN THE JUNGLE.

The Prince, on returning from Nynee Tal, was met by the shooting elephants, and under General Ramsay's directions the country was beaten for tigers, which were reported to be near at hand. After several blanks, the Prince and party were posted round a patch of deep grass and reeds with water near it. The elephants, formed in line, were sent in to beat. Nothing was seen at first, and, unfortunately, the Prince was shifted to another place. Immediately after the Prince had moved, out rushed a splendid tiger within 20 paces of where the Prince had just been stationed, but whence he had now removed some 50 yards further. The Prince fired, but the grass was high, and the tiger, which received the fire of others of the party, got off untouched. Subsequently a leopard was started from the jungle, which the Prince wounded, and which was killed only after several balls had been lodged in it. Deer were found on the way home, and afforded good sport. The novelty of the scenery and of the life in some measure compensated for the disappointment in respect to tigers. Around the vast plains and forests of the Terai the jungle extended as far as eye could reach to the blue Himalayas. At night a great fire is lighted, and the Prince sits, wrapped in his cloak, listening to General Ramsay's stories of Indian life, and discussing the arrangements for the next day's sport. On the 11th, after having breakfasted at the camp, the party was divided into two, and beat the country across to a place called Peepup Perow, 13 miles to the eastward, but, as on the previous day, there was no luck. Tracks of a tigress followed by three cubs were made out at one place, but the most diligent perquisition by elephants failed to discover their lair. The country is swarming with other game. Peepup Perow will not be found on maps, except those of the local officers. There is no village there; indeed there is no fixed population visible hereabout at all, but in open glades and spaces cleared by fire we burst upon grass sheds which are built by people from the hills, who migrate here in winter to feed their miserable herds on the coarse herbage, paying the Government for the privilege. These people seem quiet, inoffensive, and poverty-stricken enough. There are no roads—only tracks through the forest; at all events, the shooting parties do not come upon regular highways. But Kumaon makes great strides, and yields an increasing revenue to the Government, though not by any means equal to the amount it yielded in former days under the Native Princes. On the 12th the camp was again broken up, and the Prince, under General Ramsay's direction, made a wide sweep through a singularly wild district, but no tigers could be found in the most likely places. It was dark when the Prince moved into a new camp at Tendah; but, though he had shot no tigers, the elephants were loaded with game, including 15 varieties.

THE HOME OF WILD BEASTS.

As these lines are being written on Saturday night, the Prince of Wales is seated in front of a blazing camp fire, listening to the music of the excellent band of the 3rd Goorkha Regt. Goorkhas playing Verdi, Offenbach, Donizetti, Mozart, with a chorus of jackals and wolves in the distance, clear moonlight and stars shining, and this in the heart of the Terai, the home of wild beasts, where the Royal Standard was floating till sundown! The camp at Peepup was broken up at ten this (Saturday) morning, when three parties were formed to shoot on the way to a place nine miles distant; but detours in the jungle are long and many, and the distance absolutely traversed was considerably more. There was some appropriate tiger ground, which General Ramsay beat admirably, but the landlords were not at home, and it is a drawback to a tiger search pure and simple that other game must pass unmolested. When the coverts were found void, the Prince and his party shot on their way to the camp, and a great variety of game was obtained—deer, several species of wild boar, and birds.

The two parties of which Mr. Colvin and Mr. Prinsep had charge, got their fair share of sport, but beat for tiger in vain, and were content with sambur, cheetah, and other large and small deer. This part of the Terai is composed of prairie and primeval forest intersected by streams which in places form deep morasses, in which tall elephants were buried up to the shoulders. The wilds teem with strange birds, peacocks, partridges, parrakeets, vultures, plover, falconidæ, snipes, quails, water-fowl, and an infinity of reed birds, some very minute and beautiful. There are also wolves, jackals, foxes, porcupines, four species of deer, and two of antelopes. The grass is so very high that the course of the game is to be tracked only by the waving reeds and the agitation of the elephants. Only tigers are wanting to complete a sportsman's paradise; but there are plenty of them to come, and it will be a great disappointment if at last a score are not killed before the Prince turns southwards to Allahabad, where, by the by, there are to be a Durbar and Star of India investitures. The people are very anxious that tigers should be killed, as they cause enormous losses in cattle, and interfere with agriculture.

Every one is well, though all the visitors except the Prince of Wales are somewhat tired by elephant marches. At the river