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TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA: AN AWKWARD FIX.



TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA: THE COUP DE GRÂCE.

SPORT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

[“SEE RISKS RUN BY THE PRINCE IN INDIA.” PAGE 20.]

Our Illustrations.

RISKS RUN BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE genial bearing and kind-heartedness of the Prince of Wales seem to be counteracting all the bad effects that might not unnaturally have resulted from certain ill-advised proceedings in connection with his visit to India; and most Englishmen will rejoice that his Royal Highness has thus far passed scatheless through those dangers which many feared would beset him during his trip. There are not wanting those, however, who still entertain strong doubts of the Prince's safe return to this country; and, as this feeling is more prevalent than may be generally imagined, there can be no harm in giving public expression to the foreboding, and in hoping at the same time that the person of his Royal Highness will be more efficiently protected than it hitherto has been, according to the reports of the special correspondents of the London press.

We learn that up to the Prince's arrival in Calcutta he had been subject to mishaps no worse

than a "spill" from a carriage and a tumble from horseback, the former accident occurring in Ceylon, the latter in Madras. But his Royal Highness is now about to enter on more dangerous ground. The Prince will soon traverse the districts wherein, only eighteen years ago, there broke out the most ruthless and sanguinary native revolution of which we have record. The



fire was extinguished; but may not some embers still glow with that fiery intensity characteristic of Hindoo fanatics?

The authorities have been warned in time; and no one can say the warning was unnecessary of a

conquered country which has a class of poisoners, and which has, moreover, a secret society including assassins of the class to which the murderer of Lord Mayo belonged.

THE HINDOO THUGS AND POISONERS

pictured in the accompanying illustration may be referred to among the most detestable criminals.

The Artist who furnished the sketch of this ill-favoured group of Thugs and Poisoners wrote:—"While at Meerat I was glad of the opportunity afforded me to sketch some specimens of this choice variety of Hindoo. The public are now pretty well acquainted with the first through the groups of clay figures in the British Museum, which are said to have given the first hint of garrotting to the London scoundrels. The second are not so well known, though their operations are probably quite as extensive. They work in gangs, like the Thugs, but use a stupefying drug made from the detura, instead of the handkerchief, and women are the chief agents in decoying their victims. The usual plan is to attach themselves to some migratory family, who may be supposed to carry all their property in jewels or cash upon their persons. The women of the gang



HINDOO THUGS AND POISONERS.

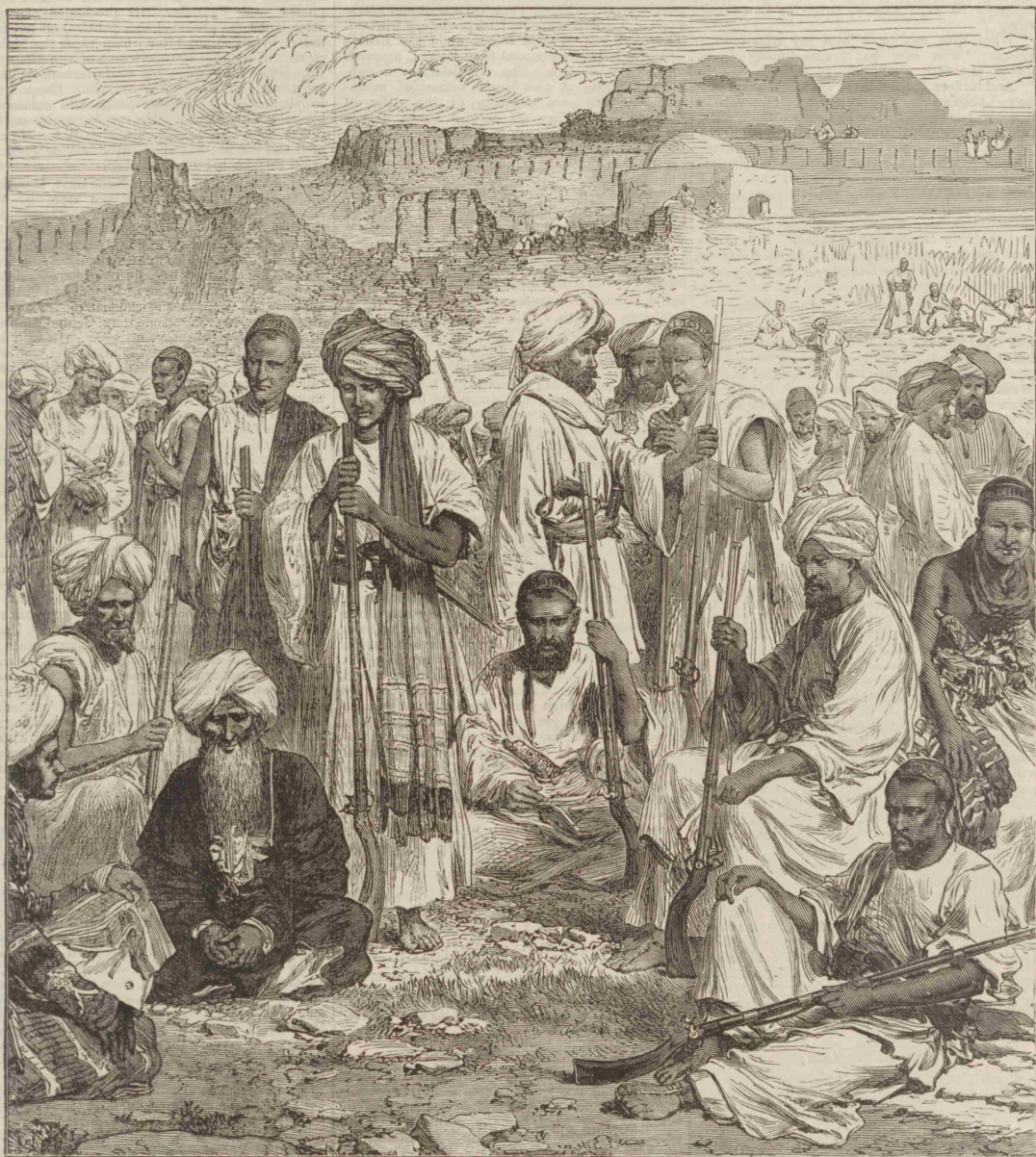
to escape acquaintance with them at the serai, or on the road, by attentions to the children, giving them sweetmeats, &c. When they have arrived at a place which they think convenient for their operations they invite their victims to a feast, and administer drugged food and sweetmeats, which soon stupefy them. They are then stripped and left to die; while such children as are too young to understand what has happened are taken to Delhi, or some other large town, and

sold; often, too, a young girl may be spared if one of the gang happens to take a fancy to her. She is well watched at first, but soon takes to the excitement of their wandering life, and becomes an active member of the society. In the illustration there are two Thugs—one with the rumal or handkerchief in his hands, exactly as they hold it behind their victims when on the point of throwing it over their heads; the other squats fronting the spectator. The man with a

bundle over his shoulder is a rubeeb—i.e., policeman in disguise, as a detective. The rest are poisoners.

OTHER SOURCES OF DANGER TO THE PRINCE

were pointed out in an important letter written from Bombay by Mr. Archibald Forbes, the graphic special correspondent of the *Daily News*. This remarkable statement, to which public at-



WILD AFREDEES AND KHYBEREES OF INDIA.

tention, perhaps, has not been sufficiently drawn, ran as follows:—

"Nothing can be more bewildering than the strangely opposite contrasts of opinion among persons whose experience of India gives their opinions every claim to respect as to whether the Prince of Wales is running any specially serious risk. I do not mean risk to his health from climatic influences in the expedition on which he is at present engaged. I journeyed from Suez to Bombay with a highly-distinguished and experienced general officer, who has served for upwards of forty years in the Punjab and the North-West Provinces, and who assured me, with genuine emotion, that he never would have a night's assured rest until his Royal Highness was safe out

of the country. He adduced as among the reasons for his uneasiness the sullen faces, the swagger of would-be defiance, the scarcely concealed hostility of the fierce and stalwart inhabitants of Cawnpore and Lucknow—characteristics which had become impressed on myself on the occasion of a visit I last year paid to these cities, when I could not resist the deliberate conviction that their populations were kept down solely by the visible display of superior force. He adduced an episode of Lord Northbrook's progress through the streets of Delhi, on which occasion the orders were that the route should be rigidly kept clear—that no native, be he whom he might, was to be allowed inside the cordon; and when, in the teeth of all these precautions, a man suddenly sprang up, none could tell whither, at the Viceroy's bridle-rein. It was not, it is true, a dagger that he held, but only a petition; but, whether with

petition or with dagger, he was there in the very face of the most elaborate and studied precautions; and, argued the General, if a man with a petition could circumvent all these, what was to hinder a man with a dagger from doing the same? Other persons, I am bound to say, of wide and long experience, make light of all such apprehensions, and, while owning that a fanatical or lunatic attempt is possible, assert that there is no more likelihood of it in India than at home.

"As I was walking up the brilliantly-illuminated pathway from the landing-place on the Island of Elephanta up to the famous cavern-temples, on the occasion of the Prince's visit, a Civil Servant of unimpeachable shrewdness and coolheadedness, a man to call whom an alarmist would ensure your being laughed at, touched me quietly on the arm and pointed to the right and left into the umbrageous gloom outside the cordon

of lights. The brushwood came close up to the pathway, there were facilities not alone for the concealment of a desperado or a fanatic, but for the laying of an ambush on a large scale. And the back was guarded by named policemen stationed on each side at intervals of twenty paces.

"What man can say?" (said my friend in a whisper) "who may be lurking among these bushes, and with what intent?"

"And lurkers, indeed, there were, who presently showed themselves, not, however, with weapons in their hands, but with cheers on their lips. This is certain, that the opportunity has offered itself, not once during the past week, but a score of times, for attempts on the person of the Prince. He is constitutionally fearless—I had almost said reckless—and the police and escort arrangements, although well and skilfully devised, have apparently not been based on any apprehension of the possibility of any such attempt. . . . But then obtrudes the reflection that Bombay is notoriously not a fanatical city, and there occurs to the memory

THE MYSTIC NAME OF THE WAHABEES.

It has happened to me to have some conversation with regard to this mysterious sect with the gentleman who probably knows more of them than any European in India—Mr. Taylor, an ex-civil servant, who, when Commissioner of Patna, was instrumental in breaking up their head-quarters in that city and in apprehending a number of their ringleaders. The story of Mr. Taylor's action against the Wahabees of Patna is pretty well known throughout India, although people at home are not so familiar with it.

A batch of them were tried and found guilty of procuring a "jihad," or crusade, against the British Government, of denigrating emigrants throughout Bengal to organise plots and of forwarding men and money to aid our enemies on the frontier. The head centre of the Patna Wahabees was a man named Ahmed Golla, who was sentenced to be hanged, but, in connection with several of his fellow conspirators, had his punishment commuted into transportation for life to the Andaman Islands. He was living at Port Blair when Lord Mayo was assassinated; and although a prisoner, scarcely more than nominally so, he was treated with extraordinary leniency, and it was known that there was a constant intercommunication between him and his friends in Patna. The Wahabees are the Mohammedan Puritans; they accept the exact letter of the Koran, and will recognise no deviation from that letter. They abhor and reject all festivals, and their bitterest hatred is directed against the infidel and the belief that Paradise is reserved to all compassing the death of one of the hated races. They are austere, wily, suspicious fanatics; and Mr. Taylor is strong in the conviction that the intrigues of the body, since the trial to which I have referred, are being carried on with greater spirit than ever. An attempt was made on the life of the Judge at Patna on the evening of the day he had passed sentence on the apprehended conspirators. Chief Justice Norman had rejected several applications made to the Sadler Court in the course of the Patna trial and was expected to sit in judgment on the appeal. He was murdered on the steps of his own court just as that appeal was coming on. We all remember

LORD MAYO'S FATE;

and the Government of India know that his tragic ending has been distinctly traced to the venomous fanaticism of Wahabee plotters; and, yet more, that the Wahabees glory in secret over the act, and that they have among themselves a kind of chant of triumph.

"We have five knives; two of them have already drunk blood; three still remain thirsty."

"Mr. Taylor argues that such is the extent of the ramifications of the Wahabee organisation, that for aught we know there may be a Wahabee fanatic in any wood at any street corner; and he holds that the Prince should be so efficiently and assiduously guarded that under no circumstances should he be allowed to close in around him. Now, it is certain that several times during his Bombay visit he has been closely hemmed in by masses of natives, and that not outside a cordon of armed guards, but the people have been buddled up close to the pinnis of his carriage. His Royal Highness does not appear to know what fears; but, then, fearlessness does not of itself constitute a sure protection against harm."

THE INDIAN HIGHLANDERS

portrayed by our Artist this week—the wild Afreedees and Kyberies—are not to be confounded with the secret plotters referred to in the fore-

going letter. They are amongst the Indian natives who may be expected to give the Prince a cordial greeting should they happen to descend from the hills to Peshawar or some other city on the occasion of a visit from his Royal Highness. The people of the Khyber Pass are a bold and active race of highlanders, fond of predatory warfare. They inflicted terrible losses upon the British army in its hurried retreat from Cabool, upwards of thirty years ago. The Afreedees are a subordinate tribe of this small nation of mountaineers, who are subjects to the ruler of Afghanistan. They all require to be closely watched by our Punjab frontier force, which is organised for that express purpose.

TIGER-SHOOTING

will probably be the next Indian sport in which the Prince of Wales will engage; and a brace of tiger-shooting sketches accordingly figure on our front page. In our Christmas Number we quoted the remarks of the "Old Shekarry," an experienced Indian sportsman, on this exciting branch of sport, which he stated was not so dangerous as might be thought. Lest the Engravings in our present Number should prove alarming, we may add a further quotation from the book of the Nimrod above alluded to—"The most favourable time for hunting all kinds of large game in India is during the hot season, as by April or May most of the grass and rank undergrowth is burnt up in the jungle, and the intense heat of the sun has so dried up the face of the country that the water supply is reduced to its lowest ebb; consequently the *felled*, driven by thirst, leave the denser forest and seek the lowest valleys, where pools of water remain all the year round, or frequent the *kaandis* and tamarisk thickets that afford dense and extensive cover in the immediate neighbourhood of most of our rivers in the Central Provinces and the Deccan. To stalk a tiger on foot in dense cover is often quite impracticable, as, where there is thick undergrowth, the hunter can rarely see three yards before him, whilst every step he takes is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, who, if he choose, travel round him and take him in the rear without the slightest sound betraying his movements. When the country is covered with high grass, it is almost impossible to drive out a tiger even with a strong gang of beaters; besides, this is dangerous and uncertain work, and in many cases the tiger will break back through the beat without giving the sportsman a chance of a shot. Under these circumstances little or nothing can be done without the aid of trained elephants, when the quarry can be tracked and followed up to his midday lair, and killed with but comparatively little danger from the howdah."

THE

PRINCE OF WALES'S BESTOWAL OF THE STAR OF INDIA.

DR. RUSSELL gives an animated description of the grand "Chusper of the Order of the Star of India," held by the Prince of Wales at Calcutta, on Saturday last:—

ARRIVAL OF THE RAJAHS.

"Scarcely had the splendour of uniforms and costumes somewhat toned down when the procession of the first Knight Grand Commander entered Colonel Osborne, the Political Officer, preceding eight Sardars in much splendour of brocade and jewelled turbans. Then came a solitary native officer bearing quaint devices on a silken banner, which announced the Begum of Bhopal, a small figure almost swathed in stuffs of many colours, over which was an ample light-blue satin robe, with white shoulder-knots of the order, assisted by two native pages in very handsome dresses with bare feet. The face of the principal figure was thickly veiled, and the ladies on the rows of seats whispered that she never veiled until lately. The Begum sat down in the front row and never uncovered her face. A lady, said to be her daughter, and the Sardars sat behind her. The banner was suspended over her seat. Close behind the pages of the Begum came the Political Agent, Mr. Trevor, leading the procession of Salar Jung. Eight Sardars marched in, Mohammedan nobles, all dressed in that charmingly striking arrangement of colour and fashion which is the joy of artists and horror of martinet, and which the West has taught to another memory of by the word uniform. The banner-bearers were tall and of stately presence, Sir Salar wore a small white turban, quite

plain. The train was borne by two pretty, bright-eyed pages, dressed in green and gold. The Nizam's Minister has fine features. His manners are dignified, and there is no more remarkable man. In contrast to his studied simplicity came Pottiala. His procession of eight attendants was preceded by a political officer, followed by a banner, after whom came the Maharajah. He wore £100,000 worth of the Empress Eugenie's diamonds on his white turban, and the great Sanci diamond as a pendant. These were supplemented by emeralds, pearls, and rubies on his neck and breast. His pages, as by subtle intent, were not by any means so fine. He sat next the Begum, but apparently had no fund of small talk for her Highness.

"Lord Napier of Magdala came next, attended by General Hume, Captain the Hon. R. W. Napier, Surgeon-Major Bradshaw, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Davidson, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Moore, and one native Major, Lidayat Ali. The train was borne by two midshipmen. As he took his seat next Salar Jung he courteously saluted him and the veiled Begum of Bhopal and Pottiala opposite, as well as the Colonel of Indian Engineers who was summoned by Colin Campbell to Lucknow eighteen years ago. He won his many honours, and none who knew him who will not wish him long life to wear them. The Maharajah of Travancore is most enlightened, but a thorough Hindoo. He is learned and benevolent, but full of prejudices. He came next. He is very like Mr. Buckstone, if one could fancy him in Oriental garb. Among his attendants were his Dewan, Sashia Sastre, and Madhava Rao, born, perhaps, one hundred years too soon.

"Preceded by naval officers—Mann, Hammet, Gough, Mansell, Mangles, Forbes, Drummond, and by Barrowes—bearing a train with many an ancient quartering, recognised by all, appeared Sir Bartle Frere, his train held by two midshipmen. He was as striking a figure as any, always excepting his successor, Maharajah Rewah, whose procession, led by Major Banne-man, consisted of eight Sardars, any one of whom would make a sensation in a London or Paris theatre. They were like animated nuggets, ambulatory mines of jewels. One especially wore a most striking chain of armour, arabesque breast and back pieces, jewelled casque and plume of gold, and enamelled gauntlets. Rewah himself reminded one of the great King on whose palace wall fingers wrote his sentence. His face was covered with a saffron-coloured pigment, which hides all traces of skin complaints. His features are fine and expressive, and gentle. He wore a crown like a headpiece. The gold, exquisitely worked, was blazing with gems. He sat next the Rajah of Travancore. The Maharajah of Jeypore's procession included eight Thakooras, headed by Colonel Benyon; and very characteristic native pages, with caps, doublets, and trunk hose of light blue satin, which contrasted with their dark faces. Next, Maitland headed the Maharajah Holkar's procession. That burly gentleman looked like an Indian Henry VIII in his robes. His pages were in Vandyke brown and gold. Next came the Maharajah of Cashmere, Major Jenkins in front. There were eight most resplendent warriors and courtiers finely shawled and jewelled, but they were utterly eclipsed by the magnificent Maharajah and his train, carried by pages in green velvet tunics and pink turbans. In the last, Grand Commander Maharajah Scindia's procession. Colonel Hutchinson was at the head. Eight courtiers preceded the gorgeous chief of Gwalior. He sat next Holkar, who scarcely turned his head.

"But brilliant as Scindia was, Europeans noticed him comparatively little, for the procession of the Prince was advancing in two lines.

THE PRINCE WAS IN FIELD-MARSHAL'S UNIFORM, with a white helmet and plume. His train was carried by Messrs. Grimston and Walshe, naval cadets, in cavalier hats and cloaks, tunics, trunk hose, and rosetted shoes, all of blue satin. They wore cavalier wigs. The Prince took his seat on the dais, the band playing "God Save the Queen," and all standing. The interior was very imposing; the drooping banners were a blaze of colours. The Viceroy ordered the secretary to read the roll of the order. General Aitchison did so in a loud clear voice. Each member bowed and sat down as his name was called. The Chapter was then declared open by the secretary, who reported the business to be the investiture of the persons named, and read a warrant from the Queen, dated Balmoral Oct. 25, directing the Prince to invest them. The Viceroy and the members of the order rose, bowed to the Prince, and sat down. The Prince returned the salutation, and received from the secretary grants