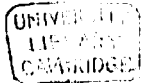




#### HIS MAJESTY AT FOLLY HANG

This picture, which the author is privileged to reproduce by gracious permission of His Majesty, shows the King shooting at one of the Sandringham coverts. It was painted by Mr. Ward Binks. The original hangs in His Majesty's gunroom at Sandringham. "He never takes an easy shot and never risks a long one" was a well-known shooting man's summary of the King in the field.



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# KING GEORGE V AS A SPORTSMAN

AN INFORMAL STUDY OF  
THE FIRST COUNTRY GENTLEMAN  
IN EUROPE

BY

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WITH 52 PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS



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the estates where he is from time to time in residence. It is a great tribute, and one which many men who have made their marks in world history, both monarchs and others, have never been able to evoke.

So I like to think of Balmoral not only as the King's Highland home, not merely as a notable centre of Scottish sport and agriculture, but as a place which means something very vital in the growth of Scottish history—the development of Scotland's loyalty from the regional dimensions of the clan and of Scotland to the greater ideal of a world-wide empire of the British races.

## CHAPTER V

*The King's Durbar visit to India—Big game hunting in Nepal—Tiger, rhino and bear—A tiger in mid-air—Chased by a rhinoceros—A memorable visit.*

ON December 18, 1911, the King, during his Coronation Durbar tour of India, began a ten days' visit to Nepal, the independent state which lies between the Indian frontier and Tibet. This brief visit was the culmination of an exhausting and intensive State visit during which the King and Queen had received the homage of the entire Indian Empire. His Majesty had, indeed, appeared before many millions of his subjects, and greeted in person practically every ruling prince, chieftain, nawab and malik of any importance within the boundaries of India. The visit had provoked an outburst of loyalty and of complete devotion, probably unparalleled in the modern world.

For it must be remembered—and many people at home seem unable either to appreciate the fact or its importance nowadays—that the Indian believes that, although all men may be equal when dead, they are most certainly unequal when alive. To him the King is the King, the sacred personification of the highest ideals of the community, attachment and devotion to whom have a sacred significance that it is difficult for

the Western mind to grasp, for the Indian idea of sovereign power is one of those peculiarly Oriental principles in which the spiritual and the mundane are closely interwoven.

But it may well be understood how great a strain was imposed upon Their Majesties by the progress and constant responsibilities of this tour. Not a moment could be called their own. The King, with that devotion to detail and determination for which he is well known, insisted upon knowing all the many different and conflicting likes and dislikes, customs and foibles, principles and prejudices of the various princes and peoples with whom he came in contact.

It was, indeed, as though one man was attempting the almost impossible task of assimilating the hundred and one characteristics of the hundred and one different peoples of an Empire, within the space of a few months. Yet this is what His Majesty attempted and achieved. History will write down that Durbar tour as a triumph of tact, diplomacy, personality and popularity. King George proved then, as he has proved on many other occasions, that the bond of the Crown which links the Empire is no mere phrase or constitutional principle, but the very real personality of the man who in his very self typifies the principles for which he stands.

A feeling of relaxation and relief must therefore have come to the King when, on that 18th day of December, he began a shooting tour in Nepal which was to give His Majesty the most exciting sport of his life.

Nepal has been long known for its natural beauty,

no less than for its tigers, its Indian rhinoceros, its Himalayan bears, and the wild and almost impenetrable wilderness of its forests and jungles in the Terai of the Himalayan foothills.

It is a truly royal hunting-ground, and one in which few Englishmen, other than members of the Royal Family and some of the Viceroys of India, with members of their suites, have had the privilege of shooting. This privilege is jealously preserved by the rulers of Nepal, who invited the King-Emperor to the best their State could offer.

The suite in attendance upon His Majesty included His Highness the Duke of Teck (the late Marquis of Cambridge), the late Lords Durham, Stamfordham and Annaly, Lord C. Fitzmaurice (afterwards Mercer-Nairn), Sir E. Henry, and General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien; Sir Derek Keppel, Sir Colin Keppel, the late Sir Charles Cust, Sir Havelock Charles, Captain Godfrey-Faussett, Major Clive (now Lord) Wigram, the late Brigadier-General Sir Rollo Grimston, Colonel (now Major-General Sir Harry) Watson, Captain Hogg and the late Mr. Jacomb Hood.

During the stay, a total of 39 tigers, 18 rhino and 4 Himalayan bears were bagged, more than 600 elephants being employed. Two shooting-camps were established, both in the Chitawan Valley, fifty miles apart but connected by roadways which had been specially cut through the jungle and forest. Including the suites, beaters and the attendants, more than 14,000 people were engaged on the shoot, an astonishing number, but when one considers the immense difficulties of trans-

port, commissariat and attendance, not to speak of the far greater difficulties of rounding up tiger and rhino, in dense and almost impenetrable jungle, the total is not so extraordinary as it seems.

When His Majesty had made his six months' tour of India as Prince of Wales in 1904-5 he had enjoyed some big game shooting in Central India and Rajputana and had been invited to Nepal. But a severe outbreak of cholera in the neighbourhood of the Nepalese shooting-camps necessitated the abandonment of the visit. This caused the keenest disappointment in Nepal, as well as to the King himself. He therefore the more readily accepted the invitation which was renewed in 1911, but it looked as though the fates were to be unpropitious on this occasion also, for the visit was preceded by the unfortunate death of His Highness the Maharaja Dhiraja, or King, of Nepal, titular ruler of the country, who died on December 11, after a serious illness which had lasted for some months. His Highness had, however, expressed a particular dying wish that the visit should not be cancelled, and it was therefore carried out according to plan.

The King reached the borders of Nepal at 10 a.m. on December 18, 1911, at Bikna Thori, a station on the Bengal & North-Western Railway, which then formed the terminus of the line towards Nepal. He was received there by Major-General His Excellency Maharaja Sir Chandra Shumsher Jang Bahadur Rana, Prime Minister and Marshal of Nepal, the actual ruler of the State. The British Resident in Nepal, the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. Manners-Smith, V.C., with the

Residency Staff, the magistrate, and the principal officials of the neighbouring districts of British India, were presented to His Majesty, together with the Maharaja's sons and the members of his suite.

After a short and more or less informal conversation, the King left for the first shooting-camp in a car with the Maharaja and Brigadier-General Grimston. They were followed by a long and tedious procession of thirty elephants and thirty-five motor-cars and other vehicles. The frontier of Nepal was crossed about a quarter of a mile from the station, in the middle of a river-bed on the farther bank of which a most imposing triumphal arch had been erected. Here red powder and parched rice were showered over His Majesty's car, the Nepalese token of a welcome and auspicious visit to their country. Simultaneously a hundred and one guns thundered out an Imperial Salute from the hillside above.

Thence onwards the visit took on a more informal character and became a shooting expedition rather than a Royal tour. Indeed, the actual shooting started about a dozen miles farther on the journey, when the second son of the Maharaja, General Baber Shumsher Jang, met His Majesty in the valley of the Rui with news of tiger near at hand. Elephants were waiting by the roadside, and His Majesty immediately climbed on to the "pad" animal provided for him and proceeded to the spot where the tigers had been marked down, a mile and a half through the jungle.

The method employed in Nepal is to "ring" the tigers. Several square miles of country are driven in

beforehand by hundreds of "pad" elephants until the tigers have finally been concentrated in "rings," which may perhaps be 300 yards or more in diameter. The undergrowth was anything from twelve to fifteen feet high in places, practically the height of the elephants themselves, and made shooting more than difficult. Naturally, in such dense, high jungle it would be comparatively easy for a tiger to break back through the line of advancing elephants and escape if there were not sufficient elephants to make the line formidably dense. Hence the need for employing so large a number. Without them it would have been as impossible to drive the tigers as to hold water in a sieve.

When the "ring" has finally been formed by the pad beater elephants, the "ring" gradually closes in until the elephants are almost touching each other, thus reducing the diameter of the circle to between two and three hundred yards.

It is here that howdah elephants, which carry either guns or privileged spectators, come into their share of the fun. They enter the "ring" from different points, each leaving a space of about eight pad elephants between himself and the next one—say, twenty-five or thirty feet apart. It is most necessary to be so close together as otherwise a hasty or incautious shot might very easily kill someone on the other side of the "ring."

By this time, naturally, the tiger or tigers in the "ring" are desperate and in a highly dangerous condition, in which they sometimes charge the oncoming elephants, either leaping or climbing right up to the

howdah itself. There is more than one case on record of a tiger having been shot at a range of a yard or less as he endeavoured to rake the sportsman out of his howdah. It is no game for bad shots, hasty, excitable people, or those with no stomach for danger.

As soon as His Majesty arrived on the scene he transferred from his pad elephant to a howdah on the back of another animal, and, accompanied by the Maharaja, entered the "ring." The undergrowth rose nearly to the height of the howdah itself. Above it and around on every side could be seen the topees of the various guns, the turbans of native officials and mahouts, and the tips of the waving trunks of elephants. A babel of noise filled the air. Elephants trumpeted, squealed, tramped the ground and rumbled thunderously in their stomachs. You can hear an elephant's stomach rumble half a mile away on a still day. Somewhere in the middle of that "ring" of dense, forest-like grasses and jungle canes were two, if not more, tigers. But to look for them, even from the back of an elephant, was rather like looking for a rabbit in bracken which is shoulder-high.

So into the centre of the "ring" went four or five seasoned old pad elephants, long hardened to the sight and smell of tiger, long since past that sudden spasm of fear which even the most blasé hunter is likely to experience for a second or two when he first hears the blood-curdling roar of an infuriated tiger and sees the great striped body launched in its charge, a thunderbolt of death and anger in mid-air. It is one of the most terrific sights in the world.

Almost within a minute of the entry of the pad elephants into the "ring" the King was to see a remarkable spectacle. Scarcely had the elephants begun to trample round in the jungle grass than, with a shattering roar, a tiger leaped over a small watercourse, disappeared in the undergrowth, and, a second later, came out like a shot from a gun straight at the King. His Majesty threw up his rifle, fired instantaneously and dropped it, badly wounded. It immediately vanished into the cane, where a series of blood-curdling growls could be heard. A wounded tiger is no joke, and this one was not more than a few yards from the King-Emperor's elephant.

Almost immediately after it had disappeared a second tiger dashed out, leaped the watercourse in one magnificent bound—and dropped dead in mid-air, shot clean through the neck, killed instantly. The King had bowled him over with a superb snapshot exactly as though he had been shooting a running rabbit with a game gun. One likes to think that all his deadly practice at galloping deer on the hillsides of Balmoral found in that moment its high point of performance. That particular shot made an immense impression upon the Maharaja and his suite, to whom, as to all properly constituted people, the art of marksmanship is part and parcel of the qualifications of a real man.

The "ring" of elephants then advanced and a minute or two later the wounded tiger bolted straight in front of His Majesty, who, getting no more than a brief glimpse of it as it streaked across an open patch, killed it with one shot.

After this the party returned to the cars and motored over native roads for a distance of nineteen miles to a spot where another "ring" had been formed. Meanwhile, the Duke of Teck, Sir Charles Cust and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien had gone off to another ring in a different direction.

By the time the Royal party arrived at the second "ring" the midday sun was hot and lunch and a cool drink seemed the most appropriate prelude. So a brief tiffin was taken at long tables set out in the jungle and, with the minimum waste of time, the howdah elephants were mounted and took their places inside the "ring."

The King refused to take the first shot, and requested the Earl of Durham and Lord Annaly to do so. The pad elephants thereupon began to beat out the undergrowth in the centre of the "ring." Out came a tiger with a magnificent spring, charging directly at one of the elephants. Lord Annaly got him with his first shot, but the tiger went on. Lord Durham, snapshotting as he got a brief glimpse of it, bowled it over and that was the end of that. There were no more tigers in the "ring," so the pad and howdah elephants formed into line to beat the Terai for rhino, much as one would walk up partridges on a smaller scale.

An enormous brute presently started from some thick bush and went off grunting and charging through the thick stuff like an express train. It offered a most difficult shot to the King, who had to take it at an angle. However, His Majesty fired, but, so far as could be seen, without effect, for the rhino went on with a

## KING GEORGE V AS A SPORTSMAN

rare turn of speed and was seen no more. A little farther on two more jumped up in front of the King, who pulled off a right and left, killing the first one dead and severely wounding the second, which he dispatched with a third shot. Lord Annaly and Lord Durham bagged a third between them.

After this a move was made back to camp, which had been pitched on the bank of the River Rapti. The camp is worth more than passing description. It had been pitched by the Maharaja in the centre of a crescent bend of the river, thus affording a splendid view of the broad sweeping current in front; behind lay the dense green forest of the Terai, while in the far distance the stupendous, snowy rampart of the Himalayas loomed to the north like the edge of the world.

The bungalow which had been put up for the King consisted, in addition to a special suite for His Majesty, of a dining-room to seat twenty-four people, and a drawing-room with electric light. Round the bungalow were a number of tents, laid out in the form of the letter "S." These accommodated His Majesty's suite of eighteen and the Residency staff of five.

Outside the actual confines of the camp a forest of smaller tents accommodated the escort: the taxidermists—a most important part of the entourage—the hospital, the laundry, post offices, motor-cars, stables and other services.

Lower down the river the Maharaja had pitched his own camp, which he occupied with some members of his family and his staff and principal officers. Behind this camp, farther back in the jungle, was a veritable



Central Press  
"RINGING THEM UP"  
The tigers were driven in over several square miles of country by nearly 600 "pad" elephants until they were hemmed in "rings," in undergrowth which was frequently as high as the elephants themselves and made shooting extremely difficult. The bearded figure in a dark coat on the elephant next to that of His Majesty is General Baber Shumsher Jang, of the ruling family of Nepal. The guns included the Duke of Teck, Lord Durham, Lord Annaly, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Sir Charles Cust, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, Sir Henry McMahon, Sir Clive Wigram, and Colonel Watson.

city of tents and huts in which were encamped 12,000 of the Maharaja's followers and retainers, in addition to over 600 elephants, who had 2,000 attendants and mahouts. These numbers will perhaps give some idea of the scale of the expedition, and the extent of ground covered and its difficulties.

Each night baits were put out for tiger over a large area of country. News of the visits of the tigers during the night was brought in by fast runners each morning.

It was never possible during the stay to make an early start—as indeed it never is—for the simple reason that the Terai dawn is ushered in by a dense, white, clinging fog which hangs above the ground until about ten o'clock in the morning, or perhaps later, when it clears off and the chill of the nights, which are intensely cold, gives place to the heat of the mid-day sun. The dew at night was so heavy that it was impossible to walk from one tent to another without rubber waders or overshoes.

No news whatever of tiger came until half-past twelve on the morning of the second day. Then a runner arrived with information of one which had been on a kill during the night only a mile or two off and was located at the moment in very thick, high grass. The King, the Duke of Teck, Lord Annaly and Lord Durham at once mounted pad elephants and went to the spot at top speed, the elephants plunging through the jungle like ships in a short sea, throwing their passengers about and shaking them up considerably. The tiger was soon spotted, but for some time the guns were unable to see him as he kept strictly



PART OF THE BAG  
One tiger killed by the King was 9ft. 6in. from nose to tip.—The figure in a white jacket behind His Majesty is H.H. the Maharajah Sir Jodha Shumsher Jung of Nepal.

Central Press



to the long grass, where they could hear him growling furiously and see the tops of the grass shaking as he plunged and charged from side to side of the "ring." At last he offered a snapshot to the King, who got him with his first barrel and dropped him stone dead.

By then it was time for lunch, which was a hurried meal. The elephants then formed up in line and took a beat homeward through the grass and jungle. Nothing more, however, was seen with the exception of a few small buck at a distance.

While this had been in progress, the other members of the suite had gone out in several small parties and had quite fair luck. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Sir Colin Keppel each bagged a rhino, while Sir Charles Cust added a tiger to the total, which was now beginning to attain very respectable proportions.

The following day provided quite a lot of thrills and excitement, and His Majesty had the rare experience of seeing four infuriated tigers charging the "ring" of elephants all at once, one of them actually scrambling half-way up an elephant's trunk.

Soon after breakfast news came in of both tigers and rhino, so the King and his suite formed three different parties. His Majesty was the only gun in the first, but several of his suite were with him as lookers-on. They reached the first "ring" shortly before eleven o'clock, and here the King bagged a tigress with comparatively little fuss. A second "ring" was then formed close by and here the fun began. Not only was there a tigress in the "ring," but a cow rhinoceros and her calf. The cow rhino will

stand no nonsense from anyone and is a most formidable animal. Weighing the best part of two tons, a rhino charges blindly at its opponent, and stops for nothing short of death. This cow put down her head and charged straight at the "ring" of elephants, thundering over the ground like some prehistoric monster, her calf galloping madly at her side. The "ring" broke at once, for although the elephant will stand up to a charging tiger, he is, with notable common sense, the first to give way to a rhino.

So the cow and her calf escaped. The tiger must have slipped out at the same time, for no more was seen of it.

Lunch was the next and most obvious thing to do. Afterwards another "ring" was formed and here a most wonderful sight was seen, for it was discovered that no less than four tigers were in the "ring." The pandemonium was indescribable. Roaring and snarling in a blood-curdling chorus, the tigers charged madly from side to side while the surrounding elephants trampled and trumpeted and the mahouts screamed and shouted. One tiger broke the "ring," but some of the elephants immediately ringed him up again just outside the first "ring," an extraordinarily quick and clever manœuvre.

Then suddenly one tiger came like a thunderbolt out of the grass, straight at one of the elephants and sprang clean on to its trunk, mauling it severely with its claws. The King dropped it with a single shot. Meanwhile the other elephants, with the singular, almost human, intelligence of their kind, had plucked branches off

the surrounding trees and bushes, stripped them of leaves and twigs, and were brandishing them violently in front of themselves with their trunks, to scare off the other three tigers. The noise and excitement of the scene can better be imagined than described.

The upshot was that His Majesty bagged all three of the remaining tigers.

A move homeward was then made, the long line of elephants beating the country before them. They had not gone far before a big bull rhino thundered out of the bush straight across the King's path. His Majesty wounded it with his first shot and killed it stone dead immediately afterwards. The King's bag for that day was five tigers, a rhino and a hog deer.

When camp was reached and notes were compared, it was found that the Duke of Teck had bagged a rhino, Captain Godfrey-Faussett had got a tiger and a bear, Sir Colin Keppel a tiger and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien a bear.

It had been a day of thrills for everyone, for Sir Colin Keppel had slightly wounded a tiger in his "ring" which rushed into a thicket of tall grass. Immediately, the most paralysing uproar started in the grass, and the party of guns, converging on their elephants, saw that the tiger had stumbled on a she-bear and her cub. The bear immediately gave battle, and while the human beings watched, the tiger and the bear fought it out savagely, the bear standing up on her hind legs and lashing out with her fore-paws. Both were settled with a bullet, but not before the party had witnessed a battle which few are privileged to see.

But worse than this was the experience of Major (now Lord) Wigram. He was on the way home on a pad elephant when a rhino, whose temper had probably been roused by having been shot at earlier in the day, plunged out of the grass and charged straight at him. The elephant charged madly through the jungle, smashing through grass, bushes, young trees and cane-brakes like an express train, with the rhino thundering and grunting in its rear. Major Wigram was lying flat on its back, clinging precariously to the ropes on the pad, with the second mahout on top of him, both of them in imminent danger of being swept off at any moment by an overhanging branch. Had that happened the rhino would have made short work of them both and left little for identification purposes. Luckily he gave it up after half a mile and changed over to another pad elephant, which he hunted like a greyhound for no less than four miles before giving up the chase. Whether or not the mahout on the second elephant enjoyed his doubtful distinction we do not know.

His Majesty was at the first "ring" close to camp well before midday on the following morning. Here the beaters had surpassed themselves, for in the "ring" were no less than four tigers and a Himalayan bear, rather a rarity in the low Terai. The King killed the bear and a tiger with a right and left and eventually got the other three tigers as well, after a most exciting period during which they charged the "ring" of elephants again and again.

The rhino steeplechase had by now become almost

an established fixture, for Captain Godfrey-Faussett was also hunted by a big bull, as Major Wigram had been the day before. He, however, managed to get a shot at his pursuer and killed it.

Next day the same procedure was gone through again and the King killed three tigers, missing with one shot only. After this they formed a line of elephants and beat the low country for rhino. News came that one was some way out on the left. All the elephants immediately started in that direction. But the jungle was dense and the going difficult. The shouted directions and cross-directions of the mahouts confused the others, and within a few minutes the whole army of elephants was in a state of chaos, scattered all over the place. Suddenly, a big bull rhino blundered up out of the grass right in the middle of them, and charged blindly towards the King. Sir Charles Cust gave him a bullet, the King fired from the back of a plunging elephant and missed, and the rhino turned and went straight at three pad elephants, who stampeded in all directions. Captain Godfrey-Faussett killed him with a longish shot.

Altogether this was an eventful day for everyone, for no less than seven tigers and another Himalayan bear were killed by the other guns, who were the late Lord Durham, Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Sir Derek Keppel, Sir Colin Keppel and Sir Henry McMahon—a total, for the entire day, of ten tigers, a rhino and a bear.

The next day, the 24th, was Sunday, and in the morning the King and his suite attended a service con-

ducted by the Rev. J. Godber, the Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta.

That evening the Royal party moved into a new camp about eight miles off, at a place called Kasra, which was practically a duplicate of the previous camp.

The King and his suite again attended Divine Service early the next morning, Christmas Day, after which the Royal party set out for the jungle, some miles away. Here the King had barely entered the "ring" before a big tiger charged straight at his elephant through the grass. His Majesty dropped it with a single shot, straight through the heart—a magnificent beast 9 ft. 6 ins. in length.

A second "ring" had been formed, but the King preferred to beat the jungle for rhino, so the Duke of Teck and Lord Durham took over the "ring." His Majesty had not been on the move long before a big cow rhino jumped up in front of him. He fired and missed. Immediately the rhino wheeled round and charged the King at top speed. It was touch and go whether she would stampede his elephant or bring it crashing to the ground. But the King, with remarkable coolness, threw up his rifle and without more than a second's pause to aim, pulled the trigger, and the rhino crashed forward on her knees, shot clean through the chest, stone dead.

Here was another example of His Majesty's truly remarkable skill with a rifle on fast-travelling game. No "deliberate," orthodox rifle shot could have done this.

The reason for this rhino's particular viciousness was

soon apparent, for a well-grown calf was seen in the grass. The elephants tried to "ring" him so that he could be captured, but without a moment's hesitation the little chap charged the "ring" and scattered the elephants, three times his own size, in the twinkling of an eye, and escaped.

At lunch that day the ladies of the party came out at the King's wish, bringing with them the three little daughters of Colonel Manners-Smith, whom His Majesty had specially invited.

After lunch the King went after more rhino and bagged another one with a single shot.

Elsewhere, the Duke of Teck and his party were having almost more excitement than they wanted, for they ringed up no less than four tigers, and a scene of the most tremendous excitement took place. The tigers, maddened by the screams and trumpeting of the elephants and the shoutings of the natives, charged the elephants wildly. No less than three tigers sprang on to the trunks of different elephants, and one scrambled right up to the animal's head, snarling and growling furiously, until it actually came within reach of the mahout, who laid about it with a bamboo pole and beat it off.

All four then rushed into the thick grass, while the elephants screamed round them, the natives yelled and clamoured, and the guns put bullet after bullet into the grass to drive the tigers out. Out they came and three were bagged, one getting away—altogether a very lively day. The bag for Christmas Day, 1911, was four tigers, three rhino and a hog deer, which

the King shot. At night the members of the suite dined with His Majesty to celebrate Christmas.

On the morning of Boxing Day, news came in that out of sixty baits put out the previous evening only one had been touched by tigers. Evidently the bags of the previous days had begun to thin out the stock of dangerous game. So His Majesty directed that lots should be drawn for the tiger by the Duke of Teck, Lord Durham and Lord Annaly. Lord Durham was the lucky gun and he set off on his pad elephant, eventually getting the tiger. Meanwhile the King, with Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Sir Eric McMahon and Sir Charles Cust, took a line of elephants and after a long beat, put up one rhino, which His Majesty bagged.

Not a single thing was seen during the afternoon, and next morning it was reported that no tigers had touched a bait anywhere over a wide area of country. There was, however, news of a tiger's pug marks at a certain spot, so the King set off on an elephant for the place. A "ring" was made and the grass beaten out, but nothing was there. After lunch, however, while the King, with Sir Henry McMahon and Colonel Watson, was beating a stretch of country, a tigress broke out of the grass, eluded the elephants which tried to stampede her into a "ring," charged straight at those nearest her, scattering them right and left, and rushed past the King. His Majesty got off both barrels in quick succession, missing her clean with the first and bowling her over dead as mutton with the second. It was the twentieth tiger that he had bagged since his arrival.

On the next day, the 28th, the last of his stay, His Majesty started shortly before twelve o'clock to a spot where a "ring" had been made, following news of a tiger overnight. For some time the animal could not be put on the move, but at last, amid a terrific clamour of native shouts and the animal's growls, it broke straight across the King's front. He and the Duke of Teck fired within half a second of each other, and the tiger somersaulted with two bullets in its neck.

It looked as though both had struck him in the same fraction of time.

Tiffin was served soon after in the jungle and then the Royal party went off by car along a very bumpy, dusty, ready-made road, to a spot twelve miles off, where another "ring" had been formed. Here the tiger broke almost immediately, and the King bagged him with his first barrel—the last shot he was to fire in India, and his twenty-first tiger.

The bag for the whole party during the ten days consisted of 39 tigers, of which His Majesty killed 21, 18 rhinoceros, 8 of which fell to the King, and 4 bears, one of which was His Majesty's.

The late Sir John Fortescue, in his history of the Royal visit, records that the previous night the motor mail-cart from the camp ran over a full-grown panther, breaking its back and smashing the lamps and the windscreen of the car.

On the evening of the 28th the King-Emperor, who in the morning had reviewed a brigade of four Nepalese regiments commanded by General Judha Shumsar Jang Bahadur Rana, who has now succeeded his brother as

Prime Minister and Marshal of Nepal, thanked his host, the Maharaja Sir Chandra Shumsher, for the splendid sport and hospitality which he and his suite had enjoyed, and bade farewell to the ruler of the gallant Gurkha State.

The Royal party's departure was impressive. The train left at six in the evening. As it steamed away, the Nepalese batteries thundered out a salute of a hundred and one guns, which crashed and reverberated across plains and dense jungle, seeming to throw back its farthest echoes from the mighty walls of the Himalayas, hundreds of miles away.

A great crowd of many thousand natives cheered the King-Emperor as the train gathered speed, and many of them ran, shouting wildly, along the metals in its wake. At every station through which the Royal train passed that night the people congregated in their thousands, shouting, "Victory to the King."

Next day, at Muzaffarpur, the crowd broke through the cordon of troops and police, threw down the barriers and swarmed round the train in a seething multitude, anxious only to touch the feet of their King, who stood, in full view of all, on the open platform of his saloon car, with his suite about him. It was an amazing and an unparalleled demonstration of spontaneous loyalty.

Thus ended King George's brief but memorable shooting expedition to the jungles of Nepal, the only relaxation which he permitted himself during the whole of that historic Durbar tour.

Before closing this account of His Majesty's visit to

Nepal, it is worth placing on record that the Maharaja of Nepal, on whom His Majesty had conferred the G.C.V.O. and the Gold Coronation Medal, with a present of 2,000 rifles for his troops and many thousand rounds of ammunition—with other gifts to his suite and officers—presented in turn to the King-Emperor a collection of animals indigenous to Nepal, as he had done also in 1904-5.

The collection included a young elephant, a young rhinoceros, bears, snow leopards, panthers, a wild and rebellious Tibetan jackass, a pair of savage Tibetan mastiffs, Barasingh, sambur, hog deer, chetal deer, jackals and mongooses, with other smaller mammals, together with peacocks, jungle-fowl, several varieties of pheasants and partridges—altogether over seventy different species, all of which were dispatched to the Zoological Society in London. A collection of beautiful specimens of Nepalese art was also presented and is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.

## CHAPTER VI

*Her Majesty the Queen in India—Her visits to Agra, Bundi and Kotah—Pageants of medieval splendour—A good day's duck shooting—A tiger hunt in the Bundi jungle—Lord Shaftesbury's bear.*

WHILE His Majesty was enjoying this remarkable and exciting shooting tour in Nepal, Her Majesty the Queen was on a tour of her own, during which she visited the most remarkable monuments in India, relics of the old magnificent days of the Moguls. In addition her suite were given opportunities for sport which are worth more than passing mention in a book of this nature.

When the King departed for Nepal, the Queen left Delhi for Agra, accompanied by Prince George of Battenberg, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Miss Baring, Major-General Sir S. Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel Bird, Major Hill, Major Money and the Hon. John Fortescue. On arrival at Agra Her Majesty drove to a camp which had been prepared for her in the quiet and lovely grounds surrounding the Agra Circuit House. Here she was within sight of the great sandstone fort of Jumna, and the incomparable beauty of the Taj Mahal. Although Her Majesty had had an extremely busy