

Bradford, head of the police and responsible for the safety of the person of the Prince; Major Sartorius, V.C., in charge of tents and servants; and Major Henderson, linguist.

The first announcement of the intention of the Prince to visit the Indian Empire was made by Lord Salisbury to the Council of India on 16th March, 1875. The matter was subsequently discussed at length both in Parliament and in the Press. The condition of affairs in India, where the mass of the ruling princes and chieftains had still to realise that the rule of the Honourable East India Company had given place to a greater governance, rendered the visit of the future Sovereign of paramount importance; and the Prince's sagacity was seldom more admirably exemplified than in his determination to visit India as the Heir-Apparent of the Crown. That the scheme was entirely and supremely successful in achieving the object for which it was designed, was due to the Prince's zeal, ability, tact and indomitable vigour. He gave his whole mind to the enterprise; thought of everything in advance; and set aside his personal comfort and convenience from first to last. Only one regret was present in the minds of all: the regret for the unavoidable absence of the Princess.

The whole history of the episode has been so excellently well told by the late Dr. William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent, who was a member of the suite, in his *The Prince of Wales's Tour* (London, 1877; Sampson Low) that any detailed account of it on my part would be superfluous.

The Prince left England on 11th October, 1875, and embarked in H.M.S. *Serapis* at Brindisi on the 16th. In the Suez Canal we heard of the purchase of Suez Canal shares by the British Government. The *Serapis* arrived at Bombay on 8th November.

Thenceforward the Prince's tour was an unresting progress of Durbars, receptions, dinners, visits, processions, ceremonies, speeches, addresses, fireworks, entertainments, investitures, reviews, varied only by intervals of sport. From Bombay,

whom he owned a great influence. He was one of the finest soldiers and most delightful companions it has been my fortune to know. In 1876, he already had twenty-five years' service, including the Trans-Indus frontier affair of 1852-57, the Mutiny (in which his name was a terror), in China in 1860, in the Umbeyla campaign of 1863. He was Colonel of Probyn's Horse, 11th King Edward's Own Lancers; afterwards Keeper of the Privy Purse, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the present King when he was Prince of Wales; and since 1901, extra Equerry to the King.

Probyn and I assisted at a surgical operation. A mahout had his hand smashed; and we held him while the surgeon amputated his finger and thumb.

Major-General Sam Browne, V.C., had served in the second Sikh war with distinction, and during the Mutiny led the surprise attack upon the rebels at Sirpura, at dawn upon 31st August, 1858. Almost single-handed, he charged the guns, receiving the wound resulting in the loss of his arm. For this service, he was awarded the V.C. During the Prince's tour he represented the Indian Army; nor could a finer or more efficient representative have been selected.

Major Bradford had performed gallant and distinguished service in the Mutiny. He had lost an arm, under circumstances which may be worth repetition. Together with a brother officer, Captain Curtis, and a trooper, Bradford was tiger-shooting. Seated in a *mechan* (tree-shelter), he wounded a tiger, breaking its back; his second barrel missed fire; and Bradford fell from the *mechan* on the top of the tiger, which seized him. Bradford thrust his fist down the beast's throat; and while Curtis was trying to get another shot, the tiger mangled Bradford's arm up to the shoulder. Curtis eventually killed the animal. The party had a long and painful distance to traverse before they reached help. Bradford's arm was amputated without chloroform. In 1890, Bradford was appointed commissioner of police in the Metropolis, at a time when there was a good deal of dis-

content in the Force, and speedily proved the worth of his unrivalled experience and ability.

Surgeon-General Fayrer, I remember, had a remarkable way with snakes. He kept a selection of the most deadly reptiles in a wheelbarrow, nestled in straw. With his naked hands he would uncover them, and, deftly catching them by the neck, force them to exhibit their fangs.

Someone composed a set of irreverent verses dedicated to the surgeon-general :

“ Little Joe Fayrer
Sent for his bearer
And asked for his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And found it a K.C.S.I.”

Dr. W. H. Russell, the famous war correspondent, who in his letters to *The Times* during the Crimean war did so much good service, was a most delightful companion. He is remembered by all who knew him, both for his talents and for his sympathetic and affectionate disposition and his unfailing sense of humour. He was one of my greatest friends. During the voyage, he occupied the cabin next to mine.

The Prince having requested him to provide himself with a uniform, Dr. Russell designed a kind of Ambassadorial dress of great splendour, with so generous a gold stripe to his kersey breeches, that we told him he had gold trousers with a white stripe inside. These effulgent garments unfortunately carried away when the doctor was climbing upon an elephant, on his way to a Durbar. I executed temporary repairs upon his person with safety pins ; and implored him not to stoop. But when it came to his turn to bow, bow he must ; the jury rig parted, and a festoon of white linen, of extraordinary length, waved behind him. Fortunately, the assembled Indian Princes thought it was part of his uniform.

At Mian Mir, during the ceremony of a great review of troops, Dr. Russell, who was riding among the suite mounted on a half-broken Arab, was suddenly heard to shout, “ Whoa, you villainous brute ! ” At the same moment, several of the

suite were knocked endways. The Arab then got the bit in his teeth, and tore away past the Prince down the whole line. Dr. Russell's helmet was jerked to the back of his head, his puggaree unfurled in a long train floating behind him, he vanished into the distance and we did not see him again until dinner-time. He passed so close to the Prince, that had the doctor another thickness of gold on his gold trousers, there would have been an accident to his Royal Highness.

The Duke of Sutherland, during the Prince's journeys overland in India, took an intense delight in driving the engine, from which it was hard to tear him away. We had halted at a station where the customary ceremonial had been arranged, and had changed into uniform, all save the Duke, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Where can he be?" said the Prince.

I submitted that he might be on the engine, and went to see. Sure enough, the Duke was sitting on the rail, his red shirt flung open, his sun-helmet on the back of his head. In either black fist he grasped a handful of cotton waste, with which he was mopping up the perspiration of honest toil. He hurried to his carriage to change into uniform; and presently appeared, buttoning his tunic with one hand. In the other he still grasped a skein of cotton waste. The Prince looked at him.

"Can nothing be done?" said the Prince sadly.

The great elephant hunt in Nepal took place on the 25th February, 1876, under the auspices of Sir Jung Bahadur (afterwards the Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.). A herd of wild elephants, captained by a male of gigantic size and valour, who had already vanquished Sir Jung's most formidable fighting elephants, had been tracked down in the forest. Sir Jung determined that, come what would, he should be captured. Sir Jung led the Prince and several of his suite, all well mounted on horses, into the forest, to the rendezvous, to which the wild herd was to be driven. But in the meantime, the big elephant had given the hunters the slip.

I was of the hunting party, and I had the stiffest run of

my life, and at the end of it there were left besides myself only my companion—I think he was Mr. Greenwood—and six Indian notables. Mounted on swift pad elephants, we pursued that tremendous beast at top speed from four o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, bursting through the jungle, splashing through rivers, climbing the rocky steeps of hills upon which there appeared to be no foothold except for monkeys, and down which the elephants slid upon their bellies. So we rode hour after hour, hanging on the ropes secured to the *guddee*, lying flat upon the steed's back to avoid being scraped off his back by branches, until the quarry, escaping us ran straight into Sir Jung Bahadur's party of horsemen.

There, in an open space set with sword-like reeds, stood the elephant, his flanks heaving, his head and trunk moving from side to side. He had one huge tusk and the stump of the other.

It was the business of the horsemen in front to keep him employed in the open while the champion fighting elephants, Jung Pershaud and Bijli Pershaud, were being brought up. Again and again he charged, the riders eluding his rushes, the Prince among them. A stumble or a fall—and nothing could have saved the rider. Presently the elephant, wearying of these profitless tactics, wheeled and took refuge in a swamp, where the reeds and rushes hid him. But there was nothing to do but await the arrival of the fighting elephants. The fugitive employed his respite in cooling himself by pouring water over his heated person. In the meantime, Jung Pershaud, the terrible rogue elephant, somewhat fatigued like his quarry, was drawing near. Jung Pershaud, in order to give warning of his very dangerous presence, was hung about the neck with a large bell, like a railway-station bell. When he was not in action he was secured with ropes.

Presently, from out the jungle, there sounded the uneven, minatory clangour of the bell. Everyone shouted that Jung Pershaud was coming. The hunted elephant paused in his ablutions, turned about, and, pushing the foliage aside with

tree. He bent his vast strength to a last effort to escape, so that the tree creaked and shook under the strain. He cried aloud in despair, and then stood silent, refusing all food.

They set him free upon the following day, having sawn off his great tusk; which was presented by Sir Jung Bahadur to the Prince.

A few days before the great hunt took place in Nepal, Sir Jung Bahadur's regiment of elephants paraded before the Prince. They numbered more than 700, and were drilled to manœuvre in companies to the sound of the bugle. After the hunt, the Prince reviewed Sir Jung's army: a corps which, as the message from the Queen delivered by the Prince recalled in gracious terms, had tendered valuable help to the British arms upon an important occasion. The total strength of the army was 114,000 infantry and 420 guns. The infantry, in addition to rifle and bayonet, carried the *kukri*, or curved knife, the national weapon. We witnessed an exhibition of its use by the soldiers, who vied with one another in cutting, with a single action, slices of soft wood from a baulk, the cut making a diagonal section. More by good luck than by merit, I succeeded in cutting the widest section; and perceiving it to be extremely improbable that I could repeat the performance, I refused the invitation to try again. Sir Jung Bahadur presented me with the *kukri* I had used. I have the weapon now.

With this weapon, I slew a boa-constrictor. Riding an elephant after tiger, on which occasion shooting at any other game was forbidden, I saw a boa-constrictor, and dismounted. The great snake was lying asleep, coiled in a hole in the ground and half hidden in foliage. Selecting a narrowing coil, I cut nearly through it. The snake darted at me, and I finished it with a stick. Although it was dead, its body continued to writhe until sunset. For a long time I kept the skin, but unfortunately it decomposed.

My brother Lord William and I were out pig-sticking, and were riding after a boar. I got first spear, when the

boar knocked both me and my horse clean over. The boar went on, then turned, and as I was in the act of getting up, came right at me. Remembering what an old pig-sticker, Archie Hill, had told me a man should do if he were bowled over and a boar attacked him, I rolled over on my face, presenting my least vital aspect to the enemy. But my brother, cleverly turning his horse, killed the boar within a few feet of me. The beast's head is preserved at Curraghmore.

During the whole time of the Prince's stay in India, one of his suite, the members of which took it in turns to discharge the duty, remained on guard over his person at night. I have in my possession the pair of pistols with which the gentleman on watch was armed.

On 10th January, 1876, the Prince visited the Cawnpore Memorial. "There was deep silence," writes Dr. Russell, "as the Prince read in a low voice the touching words, 'To the memory of a great company of Christian people, principally women and children, who were cruelly slaughtered here'—the name of the great criminal and the date of the massacre are cut round the base of the statue. No two persons agree as to the expression of Marochetti's Angel which stands over the Well. Is it pain?—pity?—resignation?—vengeance?—or triumph?" Perhaps my aunt, Lady Waterford, could have enlightened the learned doctor; for she it was who designed the monument, which was carried into execution by Marochetti.

A certain officer in high command was extremely agitated concerning the exact degree of precedence due to him—or rather, to the Service to which he belonged; a matter not easy to settle amid the throng of British dignitaries and Indian potentates. The officer chafed sorely at the delay; nor was he soothed by the injurious remarks of a junior member of the suite, who dealt with his dignity in a spirit of deplorable frivolity. At last, however, the junior member approached him with the aspect of sympathetic gravity proper to the occasion.