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FOR CONSULTATION ONLY
Prince, Pylons and Patrols

(Being an account of our Second Visit to Delhi, 1922).

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CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

The following pages are an account of our second visit to Delhi, when I found so many new interesting things and the Prince's visit also provided such beautiful functions that I cannot resist the temptation of writing about them. I shall follow the same plan as in 'Tombs, Tents and Gardens,' i.e. put down events in the form of a diary with other special chapters. Thus I shall begin with the journey which was undertaken by six of us on the 29th of January 1922. The Punjab Mail now starts at 12-30 p. m., but on this day, the Prince was proceeding to Nagpur from Hyderabad, and as his special would cross our line, the Mail was started three-quarters of an hour earlier so as to reach Bhusaval before the former came there, because it was from Bhusaval that the special debouched for Nagpur. It was not cold and there is nothing to be described except the fact that there were many people to be seen at the various stations along the Prince's route, all agog to catch even a fleeting glimpse of the Royal visitor. The enthusiasm of the poor people was in greater evidence as we approached Manmad at 5 p. m. There was a great crowd attired in their best, with isolated policemen in spick and span uniforms wander-



ing about while the station-master was quite smart in his red and blue uniform. European ladies were also seen arriving, to wait for H. R. H. There were some Gandhi caps, but the eagerness of the people, not only here but also at previous stations, was genuine, and it did one good to think that H. R. H. would be loyally greeted even as he travelled.

The track from Manmad to Nandgaon is extremely pleasant, passing as it does between cultivated land on both sides, not merely grain fields but beautiful orchards and orange groves. It was the hour of sunset and in a few minutes we saw the fiery globe sink into the azure sky, giving place to a dusk composed of all shades of the prettiest grey. We had dinner at Pachora and at eight o'clock we reached Bhusaval whence we started at the scheduled time.

Bhopal was reached early in the morning next day and Jhansi at 11 a. m. Once again we saw the stately temples and the scintillating lake, and traversed the bridge across the Chambal amidst its charming surroundings, coming to Agra at 4 p. m. There is the Taj Mahal as we steam in! The gleaming white dome, the slender minarets, mute magnets that seem to draw one to themselves even out of the train, but soon our riveted gaze had to be transferred from the Taj, as it vanished in the distance, to the grandeur of Sikandra. And then, four more hours before we punctually arrived at Delhi Station at 8 p. m. There was a great rush at the station that night as many military people were going



north, but we managed to get out our luggage and clear out pretty soon, and so to the hotel in our car which unfortunately stopped a short way from our destination, thereby causing some inconvenience. It was noticeable that, though cold, it was not the cold of 1920—only crisp, bracing weather.

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CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER SKETCH.

I have already given a General Sketch in my previous book, but as I found some new things this time, I must explain those to the reader.

As before, we stayed at Maiden's Hotel, and this place has undergone many changes, all for the better. Readers will remember that I had called the three blocks of the Hotel A, B and C. The last named has remained untouched as it is still comparatively new; block B is also the same but now has been joined to the main block A which has been considerably enlarged and has now two storeys from where one gets a good view. The dining-room, now big enough to hold nearly 300 people, retains its old site in the southern wing of the block A; it is quite plain, having wooden panels reaching half-way to the ceiling, thus making it look like an oak room. The ceiling is entirely white, with electric lights hanging down in opal shades. In the centre of the left hand side of the room is the gallery for the band, about which I shall speak later on. The only decorations in the dining-room are three oil paintings, of T. M. the King and Queen and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. The last was placed on the 18th of February when H. R. H. was the honoured guest of the Princes at our hotel. Before that, the place of the portrait was occupied by a clock.



In the northern wing, separated from the dining-room by the ante-room, is the drawing room, a large and comfortable one. Beautiful bluish-green carpets cover the floor and the walls are adorned with a few select pictures. The furniture is also very good but the piano is not. It is too hard for playing any soft music. Adjoining the drawing-room are the card, billiard and writing-rooms. A long verandah on the west of this wing is utilised as a lounge, and a great improvement is that it is not open but has glass doors all along, so one can sit there quite comfortably whatever the weather.

The garden too has been improved and now is not laid out hap-hazard. A perfect oval of a lawn, marked out by a hedge, is in front of block C, while a semi-circular sunken-lawn, full of rose trees, faces the main block. There are other beds all over the place and some of the flowers are charming.

We had our rooms in block C, two of them being the same as we had in 1920. We found them as comfortable as ever and we were told by friends that we had secured the best rooms in the hotel!

I shall now touch upon the hotel's own string band consisting of eight people—all Goanese. They played every Monday, Tuesday and Saturday night and on Wednesdays at lunch time. Thé Dansants were held every Friday afternoon and a dance on Tuesday nights. The band played really fine pieces and played them well; these were generally compositions by such famous musicians as Wagner,



Flotow, Mozart, Moscowski, Grieg, Gounod and so on, while the overtures of Suppe that they played were those that one never hears in Bombay; in fact all the pieces chosen were of an entirely different type from here and it was a treat to listen to them after the trashy tunes our Bombay bands are all too fond of playing. It speaks volumes that things like 'Swanee' were played only for actual dancing, otherwise the programmes were full of classical music and the good old melodies of English and Italian operas. I was sorry to notice, however, that such pieces were seldom appreciated while jingling fox-trots always secured loud applause. Is it not strange ?

The hotel was chock-full this time, specially during the Prince's week when some princes put up here. The Maharajah of Kapurthala had engaged the whole of block B and had brought a fleet of magnificent cars while there was always a guard of his own State troops near block B. Amongst others were the Chief of Wankaner, the Nawab of Sachin and minor rulers. Most of these princes brought so many cars that the rumour spread that the petrol shortage was due to the fact of a Maharajah having brought a hundred cars, requiring three hundred gallons of petrol for them !

Turning to the city, there were no changes in that, but the first thing that met our eyes on our arrival was a double line of pylons erected along Alipur Road, in honour of the Prince's visit, and near these were military patrols, hence the title of



the present publication. The pylons were huge affairs, about 4 ft. broad at the base and over 12 ft. in height, built of bricks and white-washed. They commenced from Alipur Road, continuing down the Mall and ending at the gate of Viceregal Lodge. For a week after our arrival they were quite bare, then one day we saw them crowned with laure wreaths. Two days later shields and flags appeared and only a day before the Prince's visit was the work completed by linking the pylons to one another with festoons. At the junction of the Flagstaff Road, with Alipur Road, an arch was erected; this also was white with gold-painted kiosks.

The reason for keeping military patrols was that the authorities had to be very careful and rumours were rife that the non-co-operators might be up to mischief. The patrols were in pairs, one English soldier and one Indian, while at cross-roads cavalry was employed.

Going further up the Mall, we saw enormous camps; besides the usual garrison, many other regiments were also in Delhi at the time as well as several of the Indian princes with their retinues, so there was quite a little canvas city erected on that side, but of course it was nothing like the grand camps during the Durbar of 1911.

This time there was no Camp Hotel, but the site of it for a short time was occupied by a regiment. Here I shall end my sketch.



CHAPTER III.

MY DIARY.

February 1st.—This morning my aunt and I went for a walk down the Alipur Road turning into Metcalfe House Road. It is a pleasant little lane and after the dust and heat of Bombay, it was a positive delight to walk there in that clear sunshine and crisp weather. The walk enabled us to view the pylons closely; they were the ugliest things imaginable and I cannot think who ever set up these monstrosities; their subsequent decoration with festoons and flags only cast a flimsy veil over their ugliness. The patrols were there too, and behind them the ordinary police were on duty. That morning we heard all sorts of fears expressed about the Prince,—hartals, insult, attempts on his life and what not. Thank God these fears were unfounded as events showed.

On our way back we saw that a new building had been erected on the Alipur Road and that there were all shops there. A sale was on at one, Trevillion and Clarke.

In the evening we drove down what I used to call the "nameless road" but now find to be the main road in continuation of the Mall leading to Karnaul. As I have already said, the Kingsway area was one gigantic camp; we could not see the whole of Kingsway Station but it seemed to have been



thoroughly renovated and the top-most kiosks were re-painted gold. From here we visited old haunts such as the polo-ground and the Viceregal nursery as profuse as ever with all kinds of flowers that diffused their sweet scent in the evening air.

February 2nd.—This morning we went to the sale at Trevillion and Clarke's; of course one saw the usual stuffs found at sales but there was real reduction in prices and some good bargains were to be had, specially in shoes, a commodity which Bombay shops have made a point to profiteer over. They had better stop it now.

In the evening we went to the Roshanara Gardens; the mausoleum was being repaired, patches of cement indicating where the old work was giving way, and altogether the general appearance was not pleasing.

February 3rd.—This morning we went to the Puranna Killa; this too was in a state of renovation owing to the Prince's visit. It was windy but pleasant and we inspected things closely.

After passing over Sher Shah's mosque and the adjoining wells, we went to the Sher Mandal and I saw for myself the steps that caused Humayun's death. (The ancients seem to have had a fondness for steep stairs, triangular in shape like a Victorian sandwich and the least possible breadth). Shortly afterwards we returned home.



In the evening we attended a *Thé Dansant* at our hotel; it took place in the dining-room which was cleared for dancing and tea-tables were arranged at the sides. There were few visitors, most of the dancers being residents. The dances were one-steps and fox-trots with a couple of waltzes.

As to the dancing, there were dancers, good, bad and indifferent, and all had peculiar ways of their own. Some squeezed, others held each other at arm's length. One pair danced with their palms pointing upwards and another held finger-tips only. There was only one handsome pair of dancers.

February 4th.—To-day we went to the shop of Ramchandra—inferior stock and increased prices; then we went to the Hotel Cecil to call on a friend. The hotel is very much like its namesake in Agra, having two blocks, the frontage of the main one being white and the other, red. The garden too is small and the whole place looks cramped. What a contrast to Maidens! From here we went to Raisina *via* Paharganj. Raisina has developed so much that it will need a chapter to itself. Afterwards we missed our way to the Mutiny monument and so returned home by way of the Tees Hazari Maidan, which is situated to the west of Rajpur Road and flanked by the Boulevard Road.

February 5th.—This morning we went to Safdarjung's tomb; if one goes straight along the Harding Avenue, one comes right in front of it. The tomb's outward architecture is somewhat like Hum-



mayun's, but it is neither so big nor so pretty. The dome, however, is good.

Going up a few steps, we come to a wide court, in the centre of which is the chamber containing the cenotaph. This is very plain, of white marble and with a single floral design. From this chamber stairs lead to the second storey, from where a good view can be had of Kutub and environs. The same scene, though in a lesser degree, is to be had from the lower level of the court mentioned above.

As we walked back to the gate, we noticed the well-kept lawns and the profusion of petunias but really there is nothing much to describe in Safdar-jung's mausoleum.

We returned by a road called Lodi Road from where we could see the tombs of the three kings of the Lodi dynasty, but it was not possible for us to go and see them closely.

In the afternoon we went to Okhla with a friend and had tea there, but first we had to go to the Raisina Hostels to pick him up.

There are two of these hostels, the Western and the Eastern; the former for those members of the legislatures who have adopted European style of living and the latter for the orthodox people. The buildings, fine white structures with pillars and somewhat resembling Maiden's Hotel, have good gardens and lie on each side of the Queen's Way, a road that stretches for quite a long distance.



From here we come to cross-roads and by following Ferozeshah Road we come out at Hardinge Avenue about a mile from the Delhi Gate, from where the road to Okhla is quite straight.

I have described Okhla sufficiently in my previous book so I will not reiterate those statements. This afternoon I noticed that there was more water than last time and we also found a nice shady and quiet spot, a little way off from where visitors usually congregate. Further on, a trellis-work stand was seen where an old woman was frying 'bhajias' and making tea for her masters who had come to picnic.

Then we had our own tea, tossing bits of cake and other good things to stray dogs who looked at us hungrily. I must say Delhi dogs, even pariahs, are awfully docile and well-behaved. They never worry one or try to lick.

February 6th.—This morning we went for a drive in and about Raisina, *via* the Kutub Road. After our drive we had to go and buy more powerful electric bulbs for our car's headlights so we stopped at the Clive Motor and Engineering Works.

It seems that whereas Bombay Police regulations forbid blazing headlights, the Delhi authorities want them, hence our mission here to-day. During the Prince's week, all sorts of orders were issued; some headlights had to be covered with red paper and some with blue and so on, to enable the



Police to differentiate between cars marked 'special' for *burra* people and those of the smaller fry.

February 7th.—As we were starting for our drive to-day, we were told that the road was closed, so we waited. It was then seen that a rehearsal of the Prince's procession was taking place; at first individual regiments proceeded to the Fort, with banners flying and bands playing, also the State Coach, while guards of honour lined the route; the regiments were Lancers, Hussars, Artillery, Highlanders and the Viceroy's Bodyguard. To allow these to pass almost an hour was spent, and we then went for our drive but on returning we were again held up at Ludlow Castle Lane, as the formed procession, coming from the Fort, was once more crossing Alipur Road. It was an imposing sight and the length of the procession must have been nearly a mile.

These rehearsals were continued every day, and so for the whole ensuing week we were treated to this sight. We have never heard such military bands in Bombay; once in a blue moon, it is our good fortune to have one, but in Delhi, every one of these bands was splendid. Their instruments, their style of playing, their tunes—it thrilled one through and through. Pageantry is good, it brings colour into the drab lives of the people; it also reminds one of the very solid existence of the British Raj—may its shadow never grow less!

February 8th.—This morning my aunt and I went for a walk down the Underhill Lane, calling at



Brandon's Hotel, to see a friend. The hotel is small but on the other side of the road are two little bungalows which are utilized as annexes. Our friend being at home, she led us into the sitting-room—it was slightly larger than our bedroom at Maiden's and was arranged in the usual style. Pictures illustrating the Rubayait of Omar Khayyam were seen on the walls.

In the evening we drove along the banks of the Jumna, going there from Asmanpur Lane and finally coming out at Metcalfe House. The scenery and cool atmosphere of this have a very soothing effect on one. Thence we went to the Mutiny Memorial and while passing the Viceregal Lodge on our way home we saw H. E. Lady Reading going for a walk.

February 9th.—This afternoon a party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Kabraji in honour of Sir Thomas and Lady Bennett, who had come to Delhi on a short visit. The guests assembled in the drawing-room of one of the Brandon bungalows and were, for the most part, members of the legislatures. Soon Sir Thomas and Lady Bennett arrived and began chatting happily with their friends, Sir Thomas genial and shrewd, the lady wholly charming. After spending an enjoyable afternoon, the party dispersed.

February 10th.—As I have said, rehearsals were taking place every morning and to-day we got stuck in front of the Fort. It happened that grandfather had to attend a rehearsal at Selingarh next



day and we wanted to see the road he was to go by. However, there was the procession coming along and there we had to wait. A little venturing forward on our part was nipped in the bud as whiz came the Viceroy's car and disappeared into the Lahore Gate. Soon after, the procession as we had been seeing it, emerged. We got a nearer view of the State landau which was very large with huge golden crests and drawn by six black horses with Indian postilions.

At last it was all over and we were free to return by way of the Chandni Chowk.

February 11th.—To-day we accompanied grandfather to the rehearsal at Selimgarh. It happened that though people were told to go there by way of the water-gate on the day of the Prince's arrival, to-day we were allowed to go through the Fort. We go as far as the Naubat Khana, turn to the left and go along a short distance coming to a gate, and cross the bridge connecting the Fort with the Selimgarh Bastion, which is now a huge mound surrounded by high walls all around, on the top of which is a garden and the northern end of which is crossed by the East Indian Railway line. The portion near the line was temporarily converted into a railway station for the Prince to alight and here we met Sir A. P. Muddiman and other officials, for the rehearsal was for the members of the legislatures and those of the Delhi Municipality. In the middle of the garden was a pavilion facing which was a big shamiana for spectators, only 500 of whom



were to be allowed, including the members of councils. The pavilion was not complete but it was here that the Prince was to sit and receive the address of the Municipality. Sir John Wood pretended to be the Prince and every body rehearsed his salutation to H. R. H. It was a funny sight to see fat men and thin men, some in bizarre costumes bowing low or walking backwards.

The garden itself is extremely pretty, having an immense lawn with beds full of flowers and tall waving palms. A good view of the Jumna can be had from the encircling walls. From here we had to go to the Divan-i-Am, the members having to rehearse their bows for the Durbar. The real Divan-i-Am was not to be seen; facing it, a great pandal of canvas had been erected, containing 1,200 seats in tiers. As we went inside we saw the members grouping themselves in front of the thrones which were placed in the centre of the platform of the now visible Divan; a bow—and the tamasha was over. Outside the trumpeters were blowing fanfares.

February 12th.—This morning again the Alipur Road was closed so we went by a by-lane, coming out opposite Plomer & Co., Chemists, to whose place we had to go. Unfortunately, the procession was due here but had not arrived and really would not have done so for almost half-an-hour. Leaving the car in the lane, we wanted to cross the road, but a conceited young constable stopped us. Other people were crossing at one end where there was a sen-



sible officer and upon this being pointed out to him by some one this fifth fly on the wheel exclaimed: "My good man, those people are passing because I (!!) am not there !!!" So much for the police—it is wonderful how stupid a person can be, if he wants to.

Well, we returned to the car, which had got jammed in the lane because there was a long line of vehicles behind and before it so turning was impossible and so was backing; eventually we managed to push into another lane and from there drove to Raisina, wishing to see beforehand the site of the Kitchener College of which the Prince would lay the foundation-stone. But what is that policeman saying? Road closed, 'Lat Sahb' gone to see identical spot! His Excellency had been dogging us throughout the week, so there was no help for it but to drive on to the New Cantonment which I shall describe in the chapter on Raisina.

February 13th.—This afternoon we went to the unveiling of the Lady Hardinge Statue by H. E. Lady Reading. The statue stands in the grounds of the Lady Hardinge Medical College at Raisina; on our arrival there we were led to seats arranged in a circle around the statue; a small dais was erected for Their Excellencies, who came soon after. Then Maj. Gen. Sir William Edwards, I. M. S., rose to make a speech, giving the report of the work of the college and announcing H. E. H. the Nizam's munificent gifts to the same, finally asking Her Excellency to unveil the statue. In a short speech, Her Excellency paid



a tribute to the late Lady Hardinge and said she would do her best to help the work inaugurated by her predecessor. H. E. then unveiled the statue amidst applause.

Now the Viceroy made his speech; he paid a glowing tribute to Lady Hardinge's personality and work for Indian women and assured his hearers that his wife—here looking hard at Lady Reading who smiled—had the same ideals at heart and would follow in Lady Hardinge's footsteps.

Now all adjourned to the several tea-tables dotted over the place, while the Viceregal party were in a shamiana; here we met friends and passed our time in agreeable conversation. From where we sat, I could see the main building of the college, white and red, surmounted at four corners by kiosks, otherwise almost modern in architecture. The windows were packed with girls, most of them with cameras. The other blocks are on two sides of the main one, facing which is the statue.

The statue is of bronze and Lady Hardinge is seated in a high-backed chair. The workmanship is very good, folds of the dress and other details being skilfully done but the likeness is not so good. To those who had seen Lady Hardinge in the flesh, the bronze image does not seem true to the original.

February 14th.—To-day was the day, the great day when India's capital would greet her Royal guest, but as the 'Boy' (as we could not help call-



ing him among ourselves) was not due till 3-30 p. m. we took our usual morning drive. We went along the Mall, trying to find Mubarak Bagh, but as we did not succeed we went into another bagh of the same kind. It was very small and we had to cross three ditches but there was not a single rose to gladden us after taking this trouble so we came out again and went home.

. In the afternoon we did not go to Selingarh to see the Prince, but instead we went to see the procession from the gallery of the Oriental Art Museum near Kashmere Gate. Of course grandfather had to go to Selingarh and father accompanied him. I shall not describe the procession here, but will devote a separate chapter to all the functions held in the Prince's honour.



CHAPTER IV.

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

February 14th.—The Arrival.

As I have said in my diary, we did not go to Selimgarh but went to see the procession from the gallery of the Oriental Art Museum. It was early when we started, yet numbers of people had already begun to assemble, including many school-girls, while European ladies were congregated in the gardens of their houses. The pylons on Alipur Road were somehow looking better to-day and made a brave show with flags and shields of the Empire and the Allies.

The road from Kashmir Gate to the Fort also presented a bright appearance. Most of the European shops in Delhi are situated on this road and the premises of these were gaily decorated with bunting and flags, all entirely new. These were arranged in close clusters and the colours being quite bright as yet, it looked much more festive and decent than the few faded rags that are usually sported in Bombay.

The Oriental Museum too had been decorated in a similar way; besides us, on the gallery, there were some Hindu Punjabi ladies and an English nurse. From here we saw kaleidoscopic scenes:

Here come the Seaforth Highlanders, the Prince's favourite regiment; the sergeant-major's voice rings out clear and authoritative and soon the route is properly lined with the guard of honour.



In the house opposite, spectators are arriving, most of them are nuns—there are two or three pretty little girls ; servants are distributing fans, as it is a warm day.

A neigh, a clatter—it is the horses of the troopers posted near by-lanes, from where are filtering into the road a score or so of peasantry, with bundles in their hands ; they have left their fields, they have come from the districts to see their Shah-zada ; soon their number increases, a score, two score, well-nigh over a hundred and still they come, blocking the pavements, some passing out of the Kashmir Gate. A stalwart, smiling policeman keeps them in order.

Cars go by ; these are the Maharajahs, in their costly robes and rich jewels ; follows Lord Rawlinson's car, the C-in-C. sitting in all the glory of a field-marshal's uniform. Some more officials go by, all resplendent. Solomon was not arrayed like one of these !

Clatter, clatter, clatter, it is the Viceroy's procession going to the Fort ; there are two squadrons of British cavalry, a battery of the R. H. A., Indian Lancers and the Body-guard, the State Coach in the middle—empty—followed by the remainder of the escort. A little later Their Excellencies pass by in closed cars.

The time of arrival draws near ; there is suppressed excitement. The pavement opposite is crowded with Europeans and some Parsi ladies, and the road



is alive with spectators of all sorts and conditions. A few Gandhi caps are seen, as eager to obtain a glimpse of the Prince as the rest.

Boom! The Prince has arrived and the guns in the Fort are thundering forth a Royal salute.

A wait; then the Viceroy passes in procession in the open State landau, saluting right and left, his face wreathed in smiles.

A quarter of an hour elapsed; then the first part of the Prince's procession comes in sight, half a regiment of British cavalry, two batteries of the R. H. A. and Indian Lancers—a roar of cheering as the State Coach appears, bearing His Royal Highness. Dressed in a military uniform, and his face half hidden by his helmet, the Prince acknowledges the welcome of the populace, now looking here, now there, evidently pleased at his reception. The cheering continued till the boyish figure completely disappeared and the other half of the procession came along. I noticed that the majority of these officers and men had long rows of medals and that almost all wore the General Service and Victory medals awarded during the Great War.

The Prince had passed, (a child compared to the burly members of his staff who sat opposite to him in the coach), and touched us all with his magnetism. To see him is to fall under a spell. We were told that at Nagpur, the very people, mill-hands and others, who had decided to carry out a hartal and a boycott, fought their way to his saloon



on his departure and almost worshipped him exclaiming "He is our Bhagwan." The Government may be anything but the Prince was God. Surely H. R. H. may well feel proud.

With these thoughts, we crawled home; crawled, because it was impossible for our car to force a quicker pace through the surging masses. The Ali-pur road was overflowing with humanity, mostly the peasantry we had already seen. It is said that nearly 20,000 of these were present. Some people sneeringly said that the Government had brought them from the districts on purpose, well knowing that the local population would observe a boycott. Rubbish! The local population was all there—20,000 peasantry could not have filled the roads as they were filled, that is enough proof. And as to the peasantry, why should they not be given a chance to see the Royal visitor? The Government did a wise thing and no doubt it was appreciated by those who benefited thereby.

February 15th.—Unveiling of King Edward VII Memorial and Polo.

In the morning the Prince unveiled the Memorial, which is placed in the Prince of Wales Gardens, facing the Jame Masjid. We had seen the statue ere this; it is an equestrian figure of King Edward in bronze, exactly like the one we have in Bombay. I did not attend the ceremony to-day but the rest of our party who went told me that I did not miss anything. The arrangement for spectators was ill-



managed and people had to suffer great inconvenience under a broiling sun, hence although the presence of regimental units with their banners and the rest of the military show might have made a brilliant scene, yet the majority were not able to enjoy it owing to conditions related above.

I however had quite a good view of the Prince from the hotel as he motored down the Alipur road.

In the afternoon we went to the Polo Tournament, which the Prince was going to attend later on. When we arrived on the Polo ground, we noticed that a large shamiana had been erected, continuing from the pavilion, while on both hands were erected open stands. A very large number of people were present including some Indian princes and their staffs. A vast concourse of the poor classes had gathered on all sides of the ground. A match between the Kashmir team and Indian Cavalry was in progress; the Kashmiris were superior all round and won after a well-contested game.

The second match, between the 7th Hussars and the Jodhpur team, was too one-sided; the latter were a powerful combination and beat the Hussars "to sticks." I think the game ended with something like 14 goals to 2.

The last match was between Prince Albert Victor's Own Cavalry and the 11th Hussars; this was an interesting game as the teams were well-matched and some hard play ensued. By this time it was nearly five and H. E. Lady Reading had arrived some time



ago. Special seats had been arranged for Her Excellency and the Prince, but the latter was nowhere to be seen. Then, as the last match was drawing to a close, a slight stir in the last row of the open enclosures attracted attention; and there was H. R. H. on a bench, wearing a yellow scarf and tweed cap, contentedly puffing at his pipe and talking to anybody who came along. He had been playing polo himself somewhere else and had come here after a strenuous hour or so.

At this moment cheers announced the win by the P. A. V. O. Cavalry.

Whilst the Prince was sitting there on his very democratic perch, a Gandhi cap, sitting among the spectators kept turning round and staring in an indescribable manner at H. R. H. till one felt inclined to twist his neck the other way.

As the match ended, people again began to look round where the Prince was, but he had disappeared as suddenly as he had come. H. R. H.'s manner needs no comment—it is this very disregard of conventionality and manifestation of naturalness that are the keynote of his success.

February 16th.—Durbar and Garden Party in the Fort.

A Durbar was held in the Divan-i-Am by the Viceroy for the purpose of welcoming the Prince, when the legislatures also presented their joint address of welcome.



We went to the Fort by the Lahore Gate, but instead of going in through the Naubat Khana (which was reserved for Princes and officials), we took a curve and entered by a gate opening into the lawn in front of the Divan-i-Am. As I mentioned a few pages back, a great marquee had been erected in front of the Divan and seats in it were arranged in tiers as in an amphitheatre, the floor covered with green cloth and the supports and steps painted white. Here 1,200 people were seated, including all the officials and the members of the legislatures, thus the number of ordinary spectators, considering that there were representatives from all parts of India, was naturally small. On the platform of the Divan itself were accommodated the fifty or so ruling chiefs, while a space was reserved for the Prince and Their Excellencies where three thrones were placed.

It is yet quite a long time before the exalted personages arrive, so let us look about us. There sits the Maharajah of Kashmir in a general's uniform and his enormous white turban, the Maharajah Scindia, also in military costume, the Maharajah of Patiala, his bulky figure wrapped in a robe of blue silk covered with jewels, the Chief of Bhawalpur, a mere boy possessing gorgeous pearls and necklaces, the Maharajah of Bikaner, handsome and impressive, the Maharajah of Navanagar in a simple costume, the Maharajah of Bundi with his fierce whiskers and orange coloured sash, the Maharajah of Nabha in a plain black coat and white turban,

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and many more, a medley of colours and rainbow flashes emanating from jewels.

Immediately in front of the Divan are grouped the members of the Council of State on one hand and those of the Legislative Assembly on the other, each headed by its President, Sir Alexander Muddiman in a robe of scarlet and gold, Sir Frederick Whyte in black and gold.

Then we noticed the members of the Executive Council and other officials, all in full dress, i. e. black suits full of gold lace, arranged differently to denote rank, sword and spiked helmet. There is the naval C-in-C, Sir Louis Clinton-Baker in his full dress, Lord Rawlinson in his; there is a Hussar Officer and one of the 17th Lancers—the famous 'Death or Glory Boys'—there is Sir Omar Hayat Khan and the aged Sir Bahram Khan, bent but dignified with a kinky beard dyed red with henna.

And the ladies? Indian ladies were few, so one missed the brilliance and colour that their dresses give to any gathering where they are present. The few that were here were dressed quietly and as to the European ladies most of them wore frocks of subdued colours. Now and then one saw a striking creation or some particularly fine silk or lace, but there were no 'dazzle' effects.

At 4-30 p. m. the tenseness felt was relieved by the strains of the National Anthem, played outside by the band of the Seaforth's as the Prince and the Viceroy entered the Durbar pavilion. All stood in



respectful silence as the two staffs turned inwards and lined the two sides of the gangway till H. R. H. and His Excellency had taken their seats, the former occupying the central throne while H. E. Lady Reading was conducted to her seat on the Prince's left. The Prince was in military uniform while Her Excellency was attired in a mauve dress and a plumed hat.

His Excellency now rose and welcomed the Prince on behalf of the Princes and people of India ; he briefly outlined the political aspirations of India, the success of the new legislatures and then, eulogising H. R. H.'s personality and the services he had rendered to the Empire during his tours, His Excellency assured H. R. H. of the loyalty and welcome of India, and India he assured of the deep and sympathetic interest that H. R. H. feels in Indian affairs.

Four princes, representing All India, then made speeches in succession, the Maharaja Scindia being followed by the Maharajahs of Patiala, Bikaner and Navanagar. Their speeches were unanimous concerning the Prince's personality and services, but their views on India itself varied. The soundest aspirations and ideas were put forward by the Maharajahs of Bikaner and Navanagar ; I would have liked to give a fuller account of their speeches but have unfortunately forgotten their exact words, though I remember the gist of them. After these princes, Sir Alexander Muddiman read the legislatures' joint address of welcome and presented the same in a beautiful silver casket to H. R. H., the members all bowing low as he did so.



The Prince now delivered his address ; it was a brief one, of thanks and sympathy, impressive in its simple directness. On its conclusion the Prince looked relieved ; throughout the ceremony, he had sat on the edge of the throne, nervously feeling his collar, or shifting his legs about ; once he actually bit his finger tremulously, so nervous does he feel at ceremonials.

A fanfare, followed by a roll of drums, sounded outside, thus marking the end of the ceremony. The two staffs rose from their places near the steps of the Divan and again lined the gangway as the Prince and Their Excellencies left the pavilion, walking across to the Divan-i-Khas, in the spacious grounds of which the Garden Party immediately took place.

There is no need to describe the Divan-i-Khas or its grounds ; suffice it to say that the place looked beautiful as it had never looked before, for the Nehr-i-Behesht had once more been brought into existence. The empty tank in front of the Divan-i-Khas was filled with water, the fountain was set playing and lotuses, fashioned out of tin and painted over, were floating in the water.

The ' haus ' or shallow trench that runs through each room in the Fort was also filled up and the water course from Savan to Bhado, across the Zafar Mahal, was not only filled, but made to fall constantly over the carved niches as in the olden days.

Tea-tables were put all over the place, the Royal party taking their tea in the Divan-i-Khas which was



transformed into a modern sitting room with soft sofas and chairs and what not. This was rather a jarring note, I thought. Somehow modern furniture does not suit a Mogul room—it looks too incongruous specially when somebody places a cushion on Shah Jehan's throne and then sits on it.

So till seven o'clock the guests heartily enjoyed themselves in the grounds that never seemed full, when a rocket went up and lo ! the place was transformed into a fairy land. These were the illuminations, 40,000 electric bulbs lighted at one stroke. No pen, least of all mine, can do justice to the scene, but I shall try my best to describe it.

At this moment, we are standing near the tank which has suddenly become a blaze of red ; we notice that the inner part of its sides is lined with three rows of lights, red, blue and green, while hidden under the petals of the lotuses are bulbs of the same three colours. Now the whole thing is blue, now green, the colours being switched on alternatively, but the fountain in the middle remains red.

The buildings, i. e. the Divan-i-Khas, Saman Burj, Rang Mahal and the Museum are all illuminated, their outlines picked out in colours while the Moti Musjid, the Sawan, Bhado and Zafar Mahal are all white.

But the enchantment is not in these ; it lies in the trees, the shrubs and the hedges, for from one end to the other, they present an elfin appearance. I have spoken of the vastness of the grounds in the

Fort—imagine every tree in this area glowing with myriads of multi-coloured lights that look like fiery twinkles in a goblin's eye, add to these the sight of hedges glowing red in the middle of the green, sparks of colour wherever there is a bramble and you will begin to get a faint idea of the scene. Better still, imagine a great holiday in Belshazzars's time, the richly robed throng, the beautiful palaces, the famous gardens lit up in wondrous fashion; with a slight change of words one might quote

“ The Prince sat upon the throne
The Satraps thronged the hall
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er this festival.”

The picture is all the more appropriate as at the time the Prince was still in the Divan-i-khas, surrounded by officials and princes.

From the tank, we slowly wound our way through the grounds, coming upon some fresh marvel or subtlety of illumination at each turn; looking towards the barracks we see the Prince of Wales' feathers shining in white light and also the Star of India; they appear and disappear while another barrack shows revolving discs of light. Great searchlights play upon the whole place, revealing the presence of the ghostly wireless masts.

Wandering on, carefully looking on the ground so as not to tread on a bulb, we come to the Sawan and Bhado. As I have said, water was constantly flowing over the niches of both and in these niches



had been placed coloured lights and the water fell over this, as in the Mogul days, giving a most beautiful effect. But the chief thing in this part was the Cascade of Light erected over the Zafar Mahal. On all four sides it seemed as if it was not lights but real water falling; the contrivance was this: the bulbs were stuck in rows on sheets of tin and when switched on, first the 1st, 3rd, 5th rows and so on were lighted, and immediately these gave way to the 2nd, 4th, 6th, and so on. Thus as this movement was rapidly kept up, the illusion was perfect. It was really an ingenious idea worth admiring.

The trench from the Sawan to Bhado was also lined with lights, so altogether it was very bright in this spot. The Prince had left by this time and the Divan-i-Khas was occupied by the ordinary guests.

From the Cascade of Light we went as far as the Moti Masjid, coming again to the Divan-i-Khas near which is the Hira Mahal, from where one saw the illuminated Jumna Bridge. For Delhi it was grand, but to us, who have seen the Victoria Terminus and the Rajabai Tower illuminated, it seemed nothing. But here the superiority of Bombay or any other place ends. The illuminations in the Fort specially among the foliage, stand unrivalled. These have been said to be magnificent, even in the days of the Moguls who used oil lamps and constructed devices according to their time. To-day there were electric lights and in number, greater than any Mogul could have had; more skilfully put with the aid of modern knowledge and yet having the charm



of olden days and the elusiveness of fairy work—People who have been to Europe, who have seen many kinds of illuminations declare these in the Fort to be unique.

As the verse in gold letters over the engraved arches in the Divan-i-Khas says

Agar firdaus bar rui zameen ast,

Hameen ast o hamin ast o hameen ast !

February 17th.—Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Kitchener College.

The site of this College is at the junction of the Roberts Road and South Avenue in Raisina ; we went there by way of the Delhi Gate and thence by Hardinge Avenue, into Dupleix Road and so to the place of ceremony. All along the route we had seen troopers, Hussars and Lancers, posted at short distances. They were in khaki but their gay pennons lent an additional touch of brightness to the already bright morning ; the sun was shining brilliantly and we had an enjoyable drive, a diversion being caused near Church Road by a runaway horse who fled to the other side as an officer attempted to catch him.

The place of the ceremony was well-decorated with bunting and some of the bareness of the place was hidden by tall palms and other shrubs in pots, pleasingly arranged. The spectators' blocks faced the Foundation Stone, having the dais between them, while facing these blocks were assembled the Guards of Honour and representatives of the Indian



Army. Three bands were in attendance, first playing tunes in turn, but striking up together with the National Anthem as the Prince and the Viceroy arrived.

Before the arrival however, I shall say a word about the spectators' blocks and the Foundation Stone. The blocks were open stands, but the arrangement was good and there was no discomfort. Of course it was sunny, but the majority had provided themselves with sunshades.

The Stone was a huge grey block, all ready placed in the crane, for H. R. H. to lay. Near by was a table, on which were current coins and the paper which H. R. H. would sign, put in a silver tube and then place it, together with the coins, under the stone. The usual silver trowel was also to be seen.

Upon their arrival, the Prince and the Viceroy inspected the Guards of Honour, the former often pausing to say a few words to an extra be-medalled warrior. After the inspection was over a procession of the staffs was formed which, with measured steps, went up to the dais and then lined the road as the Prince and the Viceroy came up. The latter now, in a speech, invited the Prince to lay the stone. The Prince then performed the ceremony which was signalised at its conclusion by a fanfare. A speech by Lord Rawlinson followed and then the Indian Army representatives marched past the Prince (who had inspected them also before the ceremony) who



took the salute from the dais near which a flagstaff had been erected.

The March Past was a goodly show; all the officers and men were stalwart fellows, some Punjabi, some Rajput, some Sikh and of other races. These were the most striking specimens, their faces aglow with the pride and traditions of their race and the thoughts of faithful service. All had two of the Great War medals and not a few were the possessors of the 1914 star.

The Massed Band ceased playing the Review March as the last units filed by and again the strains of God Save the King brought the spectators to their feet as the staff procession re-formed and preceded the Prince and the Viceroy, who were leaving.

We waited till the rush had subsided and then drove home by way of the South Avenue and Ferozeshah Rd. As we approached the end of the latter, we saw a great multitude clustered on a hillock; they had assembled there to greet the Prince and were mostly from the districts and Mahars who had come to attend their conference. The spot here was strewn with rose petals, which must have been in honour of the Prince, and long after he had gone, these people kept up the cry of "Yuvraj ki jai" occasionally changing into "Maharaj ki jai" as the car of a Maharajah, or what they thought was one, passed. Our car was a big one too so the cry went up as we passed! Near Delhi Gate too there



was a crowd and I believe the Prince must have received a real popular greeting. I ought to mention that on the sides of the Lothian Rd., from the Fort till the post office, stands and benches had been erected for the populace and these were taken advantage of to their fullest extent. An arch had also been erected on this road; its skeleton we had seen to be of thick straw mats, but it looked grand enough when covered with green cloth which bore the words "Welcome! The Prince of Wales, God bless him" in gold letters.

Feb. 18, Military Garden Party in the Fort and Princes' Banquet at Maiden's Hotel.

This afternoon the Prince was the guest of the officers of the Indian Army at a garden party in the Fort. For the entertainment of the guests military sports had been arranged, when regimental units gave displays of tent-pegging, trick-riding and a Khattack Dance. We did not see anything of this, as the Divan-i-Khas was reserved for the Royal party and most of the spectators so crowded the open space beginning from Hira Mahal (the sports were held in the field that lies behind the Fort) that we settled ourselves in a shady spot and chatted with friends. It was sunset, yet the sports were not over, so father and I walked about the grounds, coming back to our starting point and from there going further on to the right, when my aunt's eye suddenly fell on a young Highlander officer. We looked too and found him to be the Prince, (accompanied by only two persons), who had evidently stolen away



from officialdom. But he did not enjoy freedom for long. Others recognized him also and soon he was hemmed in by a huzzaing circle; the people who had been watching the sports made a rush in his direction, tumbling over chairs, trampling hedges and smashing electric bulbs. At last H. R. H. managed to escape.

By this time, the illuminations were on and again we feasted our eyes on a scene of unforgettable beauty. We walked about leisurely, enjoying every moment and drinking in every detail till we came to a solitary path when we nearly ran into an officer and lo, it was again the Prince! He was walking very fast and talking as rapidly to a companion, his whole demeanour like that of a person who wishes to elude his pursuers. I think H. R. H. did manage to shake them off this time for we overheard a member of his staff exclaiming: "Oh! he can come back here! We are not going to chase him round." And they didn't, so H. R. H. moved about at his own sweet will, leaving only a moment before we did, and as we went to get our car through the Delhi Gate, we inadvertently brushed past Their Excellencies.

On our way home, we saw that many of the shops and some private houses on the Lothian Rd. had been illuminated, while the Kashmir Gate and the adjoining walls were lighted up with oil-lamps. We had seen all this on Thursday also.

The Secretariat Buildings, Metcalfe House and other buildings on the Alipur Rd. must have been



illuminated too, for we had seen the preparations completed and the scheme on Metcalfe House looked very pretty even when we saw only the bulbs in the day time, so when it was all illuminated it must have indeed looked splendid, but we got no chance to go to Alipur Rd. these days and so missed seeing it.

When we reached our hotel, it was en fête in honour of the Prince who was to dine here to-night as the guest of the Indian princes. The roads were all swept clean, the tubs in the garden had all been repainted that afternoon, the garden itself was looking its best and every body was excited. The hotel was illuminated, the outline of all three blocks being picked out with red, blue and white lights alternately, but in some places, clusters of one colour were to be seen. Above the porch, glowed the Prince of Wales' feathers enclosed in a glass case while right on the top of the main block shone the word 'Welcome !'

A little before eight, the police were stationed at the entrances ; at eight-fifteen, the patience of the residents who had been waiting on the verandahs and balconies, was rewarded, as the Prince's car swept in ; H. R. H. was wearing an overcoat and a bowler which he had to take off again and again in response to cheers. His face was a picture of boyish glee as he bowed and smiled—that smile that is known throughout the Empire.

A greater demonstration took place as the Prince left after the banquet ; no one had gone to sleep and H. R. H. stood up in the car, waving his hat, his fair



hair blown by the breeze and looking as pleased as Punch at the ovation given him.

February 20th.—The State Ball.

This night, we went to the State Ball at the Viceregal Lodge, together with our friends, the Shafis. We went by the Flagstaff Rd. entering the Viceregal Lodge by the main gate; after leaving our belongings in the cloakroom (a tent erected in front of the porch) we proceeded to the ball-room, passing a verandah and a reception room where were a number of portraits of previous Viceroys. Then we slowly made our way into the ball-room; there were only a few yards to go, but there was such a crowd that progress was slow. Eventually all were assembled in the room, to await the arrival of Their Excellencies and the Prince.

The ball-room is a pretty large room, entirely white; there are galleries above on both sides, one of which was occupied by the Viceroy's band and the other by some of the guests. At one end of the room three thrones were placed and in the corner near to it were gathered together the Indian Princes. The guests arranged themselves so as to leave a passage for Their Excellencies and the Prince, and of course this was lined by the Body Guard. The Viceroy's Body Guard have much smarter uniforms than our Bombay Body Guard; the coats are scarlet, but the turbans are of the prettiest dark blue shot with gold.

As to the dresses of the guests, it was impossible to see any one properly in such a crush, so I shall



describe later what I saw from the gallery. At present we could only see the Maharajahs; there was the heir-apparent of Kashmir in military uniform, the Maharajah of Bhawalpur in jewels far more brilliant than those he wore at the Durbar, with a huge emerald, surrounded by diamonds, adorning his headdress; then there was the Begum of Bhopal, and the Rajah of Sikkim in his quaint Tibetan costume of black and orange coloured silk, accompanied by his wife in just as quaint a dress and many other dazzling personages.

Now two A. D. C.'s appeared and behind them Their Excellencies and the Prince, who was dressed in the mess dress of the Seaforth Highlanders, his face flushed and beaming. Hesitatingly he occupied the central throne after Their Excellencies were seated. After a few minutes, we left the room and went to the gallery from where we could see all the show very well.

The State Lancers will commence; already those taking part in it are approaching; first Their Excellencies, Her Excellency dressed in a very pretty gown and looking quite youthful and sprightly in spite of her snow-white hair; Lord Rawlinson, the naval C-in-C., Lady Hailey and others whom we did not recognize. Her Excellency was partnered by the Prince who had to be instructed all the time. I thought the State Lancers would be a solemn affair but it turned out to be the most hilarious turn of the night, thanks to the Prince. He does not know this dance so mistakes were plentiful. Here is Lady



Reading dragging him into position for the bowing; then, in another figure H. R. H. did not know with whom to join hands; he tried to hold Lady Reading who turned him towards Lord Rawlinson, whereupon he promptly tried to grab Lady Hailey, a proceeding that caused the Viceroy to throw up his hands and roar with laughter. No one joined in it more heartily than the Prince, who sometimes danced on one leg in the excitement. And so through all the figures we were provided with amusement till the dance came to an end, the Prince as red as a beet with a merry twinkle in his eye and his nicely-brushed hair all awry.

As there is an interval before the next dance, let me run over the assemblage, touching upon people and dresses. I shall describe the men first as that is easier; the military predominated and amongst these, Highlanders formed the majority; I always liked kilts and the green ones of the Seaforths go very well with their scarlet jackets with gold facings. There were two Air Force Officers displaying the smart dove-grey (or is it blue?) uniform and many of the Artillery and the R. E. I also noticed an officer of a Rifle regiment and numbers belonging to the Indian Army. The Viceregal Staff were in evening dress with blue facings, while we recognized many friends in plain evening dress. The members of the Executive Council wore levee dress.

Now the ladies, but I must warn my readers not to expect much about them for I am not good at observing *their* dresses though I am somewhat better



at faces ! There were not many pretty ladies and amongst the few that were, one saw Miss Edwina Ashley in a cream gown, while Lady Montagu of Beaulieu was easily the belle of the ball ; tall and possessing a good figure, she was attired in an attractive dress which I cannot venture to describe, but I remember she had a girdle of pearls, and instead of the 'headache bandeau' which so many ladies affected, she had a simple one in the form of leaves which suited well the golden-brown hair that crowns her pretty face. I happened to be standing next to her while waiting for the Prince downstairs, hence I was able to see more of her than any other lady. Amongst others was Miss FitzRoy, taller than most people, dressed in terra-cotta and wearing her war medals, the Hon'ble Mrs. Sheepshanks (Lord Chelmsford's daughter) in lemon yellow, Mrs. Barron, Miss Hailey in green and white and so on. The only Indian ladies besides the Shafis and ourselves were the Hon'ble Mrs. Gupta, Lady Dadabhoy and Miss Dadabhoy and Mrs. Sethna, the wife of the Parsi Health Officer.

The second dance, a waltz, has commenced; Their Excellencies are seated and talking to the Princes. The Prince dances with Miss Ashley and soon the room is full of swaying figures and fluttering fans, bright spots of colours, peacock blue, russet and white, mostly huge affairs of ostrich feathers. One sees a good many wall-flowers, probably due to the lack of space.

The other dances, till the interval for supper, were mostly one-steps and fox-trots. The Prince



joined in some, once with Lady Montagu and twice with one Miss Peggy Harrison.

We did not go down to supper, but Sir Mahomed Shafi came to fetch Lady Shafi who was taken in by the Earl of Cromer. During the interval were three 'extras' when the dancers found sufficient elbow room; one of these dances was 'Swanee.' After supper, the Prince danced one round with Mrs. Barron and then again had Miss Harrison for his partner; we were told that she dances very well, hence the Prince's choice.

We did not stay longer, but now left for home, having witnessed a brilliant sight.

February 21.—The People's Fair.

This fair was held in the area known as the Tees Hazari Maidan. It will be remembered that when Their Majesties were here in 1911, a Badshai Mela was held and this fair was something like it on a smaller scale.

From the outside the place looked very gay; arches had been erected at the entrances and covered with bright coloured cloth and ribbons, while the stalls and the pegs marking certain enclosures were also covered with ribbons, the brightest pink, yellow, blue, green, red and all colours. They were gaudy, yet gave a gala appearance that prettier shades would have failed to present.

We got down at the main entrance and went by a path which was lined with Delhi Boy Scouts, some



of them being very smart. From here we were led by our friend Col. Stuart to the pavilion where the President Sir Mahomed Shafi, was "At Home" to a limited number of guests. The Prince was coming later and Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Reading had already arrived.

In this pavilion were assembled the Committee and other officials, some princes and the guests. Before having tea, Lady Reading distributed prizes to girls of a mission school. We noticed that the Viceroy was wearing what appeared to be a long gold chain, but it was only the tinsel garland presented to him by the people. It was heavy and thick and reached down to the knees. Shortly after tea, the Prince arrived, in riding-kit, with his yellow scarf. He was eager to mix with the people and hardly waited to gulp a cup of tea before he was off again, riding through the serried ranks of the people who were mad with joy and who tore after him as he galloped from one spot to another. Sports had been organized, wrestling matches were in progress, numbers of other attractions were there but nobody watched them—wherever the Prince went, the crowd was sure to go! And such a crowd—there was hardly space to move and the dust was awful. Dust lies pretty thick in this maidan and when thousands of feet run over it, the dust-storm may be imagined.

The Prince returned to the pavilion for breathing time when he was presented with an Urdu address. Directly it was over H. R. H. disappeared again and



now we saw him no more, but the thundering cheers announced his departure soon after. Meanwhile, we had been biding our time in a corner, watching the 'stunts' of an aeroplane 'Bharatpur 13', which brought off some good nose dives and looped the loop several times. After this we left, gasping our way out and near the exit we were confronted by a lumbering elephant carrying children on a joy ride. As we were waiting for our car, we saw a panoramic view of the fair. The illuminations (simple festoons and a few points on tents) were just beginning to be lit up while the shrill music of jugglers' pipes deafened us and the dust blinded us. Turning towards the road, we saw housetops crowded with people among whom was to be seen a poor woman in a sari comprising all the colours of the rainbow. Really, beauty is to be found in unexpected places!

Well, we had seen precious little of the fair, excepting its dust. What we saw and felt most was enthusiasm, spontaneous, loyal enthusiasm. The fair being expressly for the people and admission being free, over a hundred thousand of the populace attended and the ovation they gave the Prince must have warmed the hearts of the organisers. It had thrilled us too, as peal upon peal of raucous, thundering cheers had greeted the Prince who struck the right nail on the head by freeing himself from all red tape and mingling with the people as he did. 'Shahzada ki jai!'

I must not omit to say that the success was largely due to the indefatigable work of the Com-



mittee and its President, who was warmly thanked by the Government.

Again, I must not forget to record that at one moment the rush after the Prince was so great that the pavilion was practically deserted, except for Their Excellencies who seemed well pleased at the reception H. R. H. was getting.

And here a word about Lady Reading will not be amiss. Those who have had the pleasure of speaking to her find her to be a most affable soul and clever withal, and her genuine interest and sympathetic attitude will win the hearts of Indians whose bright fortune it has been to get such a lady for their Vicerene.



CHAPTER V.

MY DIARY (*contd.*)

February 18th.—To-night the Prince was the guest of the Indian princes at dinner at Maiden's Hotel, so all the residents had to have their dinner in a shamiana. Two big tents were pitched in the courtyard behind the main block; one of these served as a sitting-room and the other as the dining-room and really everything was most comfortable; inside, nobody would have thought it was a tent and we did not at all miss our usual place.

By-the-bye, even the residents of the hotel had to get passes from the police to be allowed to go to the shamiana, so that it was not possible for any unpleasant or undesirable elements to find an entrance to the hotel while the Prince was there.

February 19th.—This evening we took a very long drive, going first through Chandni Chowk to the Fatehpuri Masjid, turning from here to the right and marking a circle, wherein we passed the sites of two of the old ten gates, the Lahore Gate and the Kabul Gate, and coming out on a broad way called the Circular Rd. This area was very much like what we see in the Sadr, but on that part of the Circular Rd., which we traversed up to the Delhi Gate, we saw only barren tracts on one hand, and on the other a light rail for the purpose of transporting materials for some works that are being carried out there. We also saw lines and lines of iron pipes and passed two more old gates, the Aj-



mere Gate and the Turkoman Gate ; here again is a populous part. From the Delhi Gate, instead of going straight as usual, we turned to the east, to Bela Rd. which is another fine long road, going behind the Fort and ending near the Jumna Bridge. It is very pleasant here in the evenings but a dust-storm marred our pleasure to-day. On this road too, there were pipes and trenches being dug for water-works for carrying the water of the Jumna into Raisina. I must mention that somewhere on the road, between the Turkoman Gate and the Delhi Gate is the Parsi cemetery.

The back view of the Fort is not very imposing but the thickly clustered trees and hedges hide its defects in a veil of natural beauty. Going further, we pass under the arches of two bridges, noticing the water-gate of Selimgarh and so to the Jumna Bridge which we crossed and came upon the Meerut Rd. It is a trunk road and a picturesque one ; the Jumna is not to be seen, but there are avenues of trees throughout the length of the road and on both hands is arable land, the golden grain glistening under the rays of the setting sun. The railway line to Meerut is visible from this road.

A historical touch here is the plain obelisk erected to the memory of Charles Tod, of the Telegraph Service who was cut down by the mutineers in 1857.

As we waited awhile in this quiet spot, we saw native horsemen returning from sport with their



spoil, hooded falcons on their wrists and tired hounds following them. In sharp contrast to this was the slow passage of a peasant, driving home his cart-load of hay to some distant village, softly and lazily singing to himself.

February 20th.—This morning we paid a visit to our favourite Humayun's tomb. I have nothing further to say about it except the fact that the Prince had been to see the Purana Killa the evening before as a rough-and-ready arch indicated. And really, last evening we had seen something like the Royal cars disappearing therein, but we were too far to ascertain it then.

February 21st.—To-day we drove down the Mall and then straight on to the road to Panipat. This is another of those roads that delight me, perfectly quiet except for the humble cultivator at work, passing through fields beyond which are stately woods. Here and there we see what we call "khandier" in Gujrati, shapeless old ruins. I do not know the exact origin of the word, but it seems to cover every sort of ruin, either in good condition or shapeless, partly destroyed or even a mound of stones that look as if they had been something.

We saw a pretty little lake along this road; it was small but with a mirror-like surface and the deepest sapphire blue in colour; a gem of this colour and polish, flashing light from its facets, even as the ripples played with sunbeams, would be considered worth a king's ransom; do people care as much for Nature's gems?



If we had kept up for some fifty miles and odd, we should have come to the field of Panipat, but we turned back a short distance from the lake and then wended our way home through the Grand Trunk Road and Sabji Mandi, passing the Tees Hazari Maidan where preparations were complete for the fair that was to be held that evening.

February 22nd.—This morning we went to a meeting of the Council of State which assembles in Metcalfe House; the room is not very large and has only recently been constructed, exactly on the lines of the council chamber in the Secretariat. From our gallery we could see that the floor was covered with green cloth and that the seats were arranged in the usual horse-shoe shape facing the Presidential chair.

The galleries, too, are as usual divided into sections for the press, general visitors and ladies, the distinguished visitors' gallery being above the Presidential chair. To-day, the attendance of visitors as well as of members was very poor.

On the stroke of eleven the President Sir A. P. Muddiman entered the chamber, the joviality of his beaming, rubicund countenance somewhat lessened by the grave presence of a wig and horn-rimmed spectacles.

After the questions for the day had been answered, Mr. Phiroze Sethna moved that the council tender their congratulations to H. R. H. Princess Mary on her coming marriage; he paid a graceful



tribute to H. R. H.'s charming personality and the resolution was carried by acclamation.

Then followed a debate on Mr. Sethna's resolution brought at a previous meeting, about raising the percentage of Indian judges. Mr. Sethna contended that Indian lawyers were just as good as Englishmen, citing a number of Indians who had brilliant legal careers and also stated that I.C.S. judges should be as few as possible. He argued well, but spoke so fast that I could not catch all he said.

The next speaker was Sir Edgar Holberton who opposed Mr. Sethna, saying it was more a matter of sentimentality and pointing out certain ambiguities in the wording of the resolution. He also asked how Bombay would like a bench of Bengali judges, if no consideration was to be allowed for provincial differences; Bombay murmured amidst laughter that they would not mind it.

Among other speakers who supported Mr. Sethna were Mr. Lallubhai Samaldas and Sir D. E. Wacha; the latter agreed that there should be more Indian judges, but differed from Mr. Sethna on the point that I.C.S. judges were not efficient enough, giving instances of I.C.S. officers who had turned out to be ideal judges; Sir Dinsha observed that the increase in Indian judges was a foregone conclusion, but asked us to remember that Indians owed the present splendid system of judicature to England and the English ideals of justice. As



he was winding up the debate, Mr. Sethna was assured by the President that his resolution would receive the consideration it deserved, whereupon Mr. Sethna withdrew his resolution.

February 23rd.—In the morning we first went to see the exhibits at Mr. Imre Schweiger's, whose house is just opposite to our hotel.

As we entered, the verandah was full of carpets, piles of them, but all rolled up so we could not see the patterns. Then we entered the room; in the middle a platform had been set, covered with an old carpet and arranged in Mogul style with antique embroidered bolsters and cushions, also a scimitar and a pair of embroidered slippers lay in front. There was a ticket on the platform bearing the words "Nadir Shah," so perhaps all this was a representation of Nadirshah's usual seat.

Turning to the show-cases, we found half of them full of the latest Parisienne jewellery belonging to Cartiere's, the great jewellers whose agent was touring India at the time. A great many of these articles were of onyx and diamonds, which are very fashionable at present. There were some really beautiful jewels, the workmanship of which was most delicate and alluring, but the prices were not. Wrist-watches were also there in a variety of designs and carved and chased clocks.

Among the antique jewellery were necklaces and ear-rings in Oriental style, heavy, elaborate and crowded with gems, some enamelled. Then there



were curios, crystal Buddhas, queer and intricate figures carved in ivory, Tibetan images and numbers of other things. Moreover, one show case was full of strings of jade, ivory, crystal and lapis-lazuli. There is a great difference between Indian jade and Chinese jade. The former is deep green and more like beads ; the latter, lighter in colour, has a peculiar lustre and opacity of its own and is much more valuable. Lately, mauve jades have been discovered in Burma and we saw a string of these also ; being rare as yet, their value is very high indeed.

Another room contained arms and armour, coats of mail, heavy swords in handsome scabbards, different sorts of pistols and so on, all of which greatly interested me—more than the jewellery, I must confess !

In the evening, we drove to the Mall, then passed the Polo ground (where chairs in heaps testified to the recent polo tournament) and the golf-links, coming to Malka Ganj, the little village looked down upon by the Ridge and from there to the Mori Gate.

February 24th.—This evening we went to Ferozeshah's Kotla, where we already had been the week before. But I must first say something about our drive, which was past the Zinat-ul-Masjid, on the other side of Daryaganj. Coming to a certain bungalow, we saw in its compound a moving mass of white; it then transpired that this was Dr. Ansari's bungalow and a party was being given to Mr. Gandhi;



I forgot to mention that the high and mighty personage arrived in Delhi on the 23rd instant. This was the only day on which Gandhi caps were visible in Delhi; before we had seen solitary ones but not such a crowd. However it must have been in honour of the day, for next morning there was no trace whatever of Gandhism in the city—the Mahatma might as well have been non-existent.

So we come to the gate of Ferozeshah's Kotla; entering a turnstile, we found ourselves in a great lawn and dotted all round were the ruins; the area is larger than we expected, and once upon a time contained the Fort and palace of Ferozeshah Tughlak, but now the old remains are Ferozeshah's Lat, the baoli and the mosque, besides a few broken walls.

The 'baoli' (well) comes first; it is a very deep one and has a considerable circumference; there are steps into it up to the level of the water which used to be drawn by pails in the ordinary way, but now they have put up an electrically driven pump for that purpose. The caretaker was telling us that the steps we saw lead underground to a secret passage which terminates at the hunting-lodge and well of Ferozeshah, on the Ridge, near the Mutiny Memorial. That well is really known as Ferozeshah's baoli.

The 'lat' is another Asoka's pillar, brought by Ferozeshah from Amballa across the Jumna and hoisted with great ingenuity into its present position. The pillar stands in its majesty at the



top of a broken-down building, and can be reached after short flights of steep stairs. When viewed closely, it is seen to be much thicker than it appears to be, and of course, the writing on it is visible too. The dents having become fainter with time, the writing was being brought into prominence by picking it out with black ink; however, it makes the writing too new in comparison with the pillar and the combination is slightly jarring. The view to be obtained from this point of vantage is the same as that from other old buildings in the vicinity.

The mosque is more than half broken down; only two arches of its encircling screen of stones remain and the big flagstones that paved the floor of its court.

Between these remains runs the smooth lawn so after we had finished our inspection, we had quite a good walk from one end of the place to the other, but beyond the lawn, near the road, lies dust, inches thick. Literally, it is impossible to walk without "putting one's foot into it."

February 26th.—This morning we visited the Oriental Art Museum. There are so many things to see that I do not know how to begin, so like the White Rabbit I shall "begin at the beginning," i.e., with the articles that meet one's eye on entering.

The verandah displays two guns and Burmese brass dragons and draperies; the first show case of the first room contains a pagoda cut out of crys-



tal and other small articles; then there are jade strings and minor jewellery, till we come to a temple carved out of one piece of teak. It represents a Buddhist shrine and the pillars show very intricate and skilful workmanship, but the figures are rather terrifying.

In another show case, placed on gold embroidered centre pieces, were two bases of hookahs. One of them was lovely, made out of jade and studded with rubies in gold setting; there were also gold floral designs. The second room was devoted to ivory ware and Chinese silks; the ivory pieces were very pretty and the silks also. Then we went into a third room, containing arms and armour and a number of Chinese bottles. The beauty of these bottles lies in the fact that they have only a small mouth and are painted on the inside, as only the Chinese know how; they have some ingenious method of doing so.

From here we went to a fourth room; the first thing to catch our eye is a gigantic statue of the god Parasnath, carved out of a single block of jet black marble; it is highly polished and gives forth a metallic sound like a gong, when struck. Other articles carved out of single pieces are a statue of another Hindu deity and a shrine with a canopy, both of white marble. On a table lie boxes studded thickly with turquoises and other precious stones arranged in the shape of human figures; there was also a fearsome looking dagger called the Devil's dagger and numerous other things.



Then we were shown a carpet, in which were interwoven texts from the Koran and which is said to have once covered the tombs of Hasan and Hussein in Karbala; also some very old Persian carpets, a carpet and canopy that used to cover the throne of the Moguls and finally some beautiful embroidered cloths, very pretty designs worked in silver and gold, on either blue, scarlet or orange ground; one of them was exquisite. We were told that these pieces were of old Persian manufacture and were used by Shah Jehan and other Moguls as 'kamarbands' (sashes), but this is somewhat hard to believe as the pieces looked too new and the designs too modern.

Among other treasures we were shown first a large cup made of pale jade, and then a small one which was entirely made out of a single emerald. The former was said to be Emperor Jehangir's measure for his wine, but when Nur Jehan married him, she had the small cup made and measured out his 'chota peg' herself. Never mind the legend, but the emerald cup was really worth looking at. Then there was a ladle, made of the thinnest jade and spoons and other cups. We had spent nearly two hours here by now so we departed.

In the evening we went to Mubarak Bag, but not from the Mall; it appears that Government having acquired some land on that side, the old gate was swept away and a great wall built to mark the new boundary, but we remembered where the back gate was, so we went further and then turning to the



Grand Trunk Road we easily found it. The Bag is in a neglected condition ; there were no rose bushes as of yore, the road was in a worse condition and many trees had been cut down. The only good thing we found was a peculiar tree bearing flowers like orange-blossoms but was not really that.

And now I must say something about our servant and Mr. Gandhi ; this time we had engaged a Mohamedan servant, Sharif by name, who this evening came and asked for leave to go to a meeting that was taking place that evening, and to see Mr. Gandhi as everybody was talking so much about him. So we let Sharif go ; upon his return we questioned him about his impressions and whether he had felt the magnetism of the Mahatma ; greatly astonished, he replied "Uski shikkal to kuch nahi hai !" (He is nothing to look at!) and candidly wondered how any one could be led away by such a person!! He then recounted how last year N-C.Os had pestered him about leaving off wearing clothes of foreign materials and serving Europeans ; Sharif said he had replied that if they would give him suitable khaddar clothes free and pay him fifty rupees per month (that was what he was earning then) he would comply. The N-C.Os gave him up.

Does not a moral adorn this tale ? Sharif was not the only one, there are many like him, so we can infer what the people have really to say about non-co-operation, provided they are questioned honestly and their answers not misrepresented.



February 26th.—This evening we went to the Jantar-Mantar or Jai Singh's observatory; here there are several astronomical devices and instruments in masonry for making celestial observations. We could not understand the structures, but anybody with a knowledge of astronomy would find it most interesting. This observatory is comparatively modern, being not even 200 years old, but even for those days, it is a magnificent scientific achievement.

February 27th.—In the morning we went to the Secretariat's Post-Office which is just opposite the Secretariat; it is a small structure and being generally used for official communications only, there was no hustle or hurry so associated with post-offices. From here we went into the city and crossed a road called the Burn Bastion Road, that is very much like our Pydhonie; it is crowded with bullock-carts, bales and coolies and above all sound the shoutings and warnings of these people. Then we went past the Ajmer Gate, emerging behind the Jama Masjid from where we drove down to the Upper Bela Road and so to the hotel.

February 28th.—To-day we went to one Babu Mull & Co., it is a big shop full of modern jewellery very much like the shops in Bombay. I happened to notice a painting showing Mahomed with some disciples and a portrait of Shah Jehan on opal.

I have forgotten where we went during the next two days, so I must pass on to the evening of



the 3rd March when we went to a new suburb, the name of which, as spoken by a passer-by of whom we inquired it, sounded like Kiroli Bagh; we go by a road going west from the Qutub Road passing an old idgah and a place called Kadm-i-Sharif (Holy Footprint) where there is preserved a large piece of earth with a footprint on it which is said to be that of Mahomed. Going on, we came to the New Idgah and a Hindu temple and then to a hillock from where we could see Raisina nestling below, apparently wrapped in a mantle of snow, an effect caused by twilight and the falling mist. The part where we were at this moment has rocks on both sides, reminding one very much of the hill-station of Matheran. Then we come to the said new suburb, a large area only recently being colonised; a few bungalows have been erected, also the Ayurvedic College, which is built in a Mohamedan style and has latticed kiosks all over. Beyond there is still nothing but barren land and a few fields.

Turning to the right from the college we passed Kishenganj Station and ran into the compound of the Station Office by mistake, but we backed easily and returned by the way we had come. I might add that this suburb is a pleasant spot for a drive being so open, the atmosphere is pure and refreshing.

March 4th.—This afternoon we went to the Flower Show, to give it its full name, the Delhi Horticultural Exhibition, which was held in the Kudsia Gardens, under the patronage of Lady Rawlinson. It was open from 3 p.m. but we went



later. Near the entrance, a tent was erected containing prize palms and flower pots and the silver cups that were to be awarded to the successful gardeners, amateurs as well as professional. The second tent had three long tables full of exhibits including vegetables and fruits. The fruits were not very good but there were some huge specimens of cabbages, potatoes and turnips to be seen. Amongst the flowers, there were some beautiful sweet peas and pansies and roses; the roses were in all shades of red and pink, but though of great size, they had no scent. The best roses were from the Viceregal Lodge gardens; they were in all colours but there was a peculiar variety that we have never seen before; not very big blooms but of an extraordinary salmon pink colour. The sweet peas that we always liked so much in the nursery were also there.

Some gardeners exhibited phlox, but these were no good; the best phlox in Delhi are in the gardens of the Fort and petunias are generally found in abundance in the gardens of mausoleums.

A good many choice flowers were exhibited by Lady Crookshank who was awarded more than one prize.

Prizes had also been offered for the best floral decoration on a dinner table and the first one was awarded to a scheme in green and gold, green ferns and yellow flowers—I forget what they were.

We now came to the refreshment shamiana and after having tea we went to the other end of



the gardens where there were solely vegetable exhibits, and in another part were stalls showing the latest gardening implements and garden statuary. Messrs. Edward Keventer & Co. represented dairy produce.

Finally, Mrs. Barron, the Chief Commissioner's wife, distributed the prizes and left amidst cheers.

A military band was in attendance and played a good programme of music.

March 5th.—This morning we went to the Ivory Palace, a shop where mostly ivory articles are shown. Before entering the show-room, we passed the place where the workmen sit and carve the ivory; we watched them for a while as with tiny instruments and deft fingers they fashioned out some figure or engraved minute designs on half-finished articles.

Lined against the walls of the show-room are cases containing paintings on ivory, framed in ebony or sesame. The plaques are of all sizes and are mostly views of the famous sights of Delhi, Agra and Amritsar, also portraits of Mogul kings and their consorts. The last are also represented in various positions—holding a court, or in procession or getting themselves fanned. There was a grand ebony screen, finely carved in which were set nearly fifty of such plaques. This art of painting on ivory is peculiar to Delhi and miniatures are as well and faithfully done as bigger pieces.



Among the ivory articles were canoes, warships with warriors standing in them, a Rajah's elephant or beasts of burden like camels, every detail brought out, even to the padlock that lies on the chain strapping together the bundles on a camel's back. Then there were long heavy tusks beautifully carved, paper-knives, animals and many smaller things; there was also a very lifelike little statue of King Edward VII in Coronation robes.

From here we went to another room, full of wood-work; carved chairs, screens and tables were scattered about, while some tables had inlaid tops. Two other rooms displayed brass ware and jewellery respectively.

In the afternoon, we went to see Kutub; passing Safdar Jung by way of the Hardinge Avenue we turned to the left, going through the desolate country that was once the site of the two old Delhis, Siri and Jahanpanah; these two were afterwards joined together by some king and a great wall encircled the city to prevent marauders from entering. We saw the ruins of this wall, also a few remains of the fort.

Kutub, I have already described; to-day we saw everything more closely and leisurely than we had been able to do in 1920, so I was able to realise to the full the majesty and beauty of the Kutub Minar. The tapering tower with its magnificent base and the sculptures that enrich each story stands for ever to the glory of Kutub-ud-Din.



Then we went to the tomb of Altamish; to my great surprise, on one of the walls were scratched the names of two Parsi girls, who evidently wanted to record their visit here. I have known people to immortalize themselves on public benches but I did not think that any Parsi girls could be so devoid of a sense of respect, either for the dead or for history, as to inscribe their names on a mausoleum that is considered to be the oldest of its kind yet found in India.

From here we wandered all over the immense grounds in the midst of which these ruins are set; no praise can be too high for the Government for so well preserving the ancient buildings and taking such infinite care of the grounds which are made a delight to behold.

A few yards from Kutub Minar is a place where divers display their art by taking dives from perilous heights. We did not go there, but father did and told us all about it.

On our way home we noticed that the straight road in Raisina is not called Hardinge Avenue throughout but that part of it, starting from Safdar Jung, is termed Prithvi Raj Road. As I have said, the route is an unbroken one, except at two points where it deviates a little, owing to the presence of two broken-down tombs which have been allowed to remain in their places.

March 6th.—To-day was the discussion of the Budget in the Legislative Assembly so we went to



hear it, in the Secretariat building. The room there is the same one where used to meet the old Imperial Legislative Council, the only difference being that it has been enlarged. Before I say anything about the speeches I shall glance over the members. Certain members had formed themselves into a party, calling themselves the Democrats and these had asked to be seated in a group instead of being scattered over the house according to their respective provinces and this request of theirs had been granted. Among them one noticed Dr. Gour, Mr. Rangachariar, Mr. Givala, the local confectioner and others. The National Party, as yet, had not been formed, but we unofficially knew which members belonged to it, and amongst whom was the Chief Whip-to-be Mr. Samarth, smiling and alert.

The President, Sir Frederick Whyte, arrived at eleven o'clock; he also wears a wig which admirably suits his grave visage. Mr. Harchandrai Vishindas opened the discussion; after praising the Finance Member's courage in presenting such a dismal Budget so frankly, he proceeded to point out the inexpediency of further taxing a poor country and protesting against the salt tax, excise duty and military expenditure. The greater part of his speech was devoted to the last named subject, quoting statistics, condemning the Waziristan policy and showing how careless and extravagant was the Supply and Transport Department.

After him spoke Mr. Rangachariar, who is a Madrasi; he is said to be very clever and a good



speaker, but unfortunately he was not at his best to-day. He did not criticise any particular subject of the Budget but raised a general protest; he seemed obsessed with a passion for anatomy for he brought in an analogy about running an obstacle race in tight-fitting clothes that press Indians on the neck and the chest and the feet and then again he said that the new taxation would press heavily on those identical portions of our body. Finally, rising to oratorical heights, he asked when it would all end—"this is certainly not the end!!" he told the Government. The last word looks formidable but it only stands for "certainly not the end" spoken rapidly in the Madrasi style.

Now arose Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas; speaking in a moderate tone, he increased its volume as the iron of the salt tax entered his soul, then it fell again as he despondently said, "but leave the salt tax alone," here waving a sheet of paper in the direction of the President, who however sat as placid and imperturbable as the Rock of Ages, throughout the meeting. Mr. Jamnadas' attack was on the excise duty; he showed that the principle was wrong and quoted Lord Hardinge's Government who had promised to abolish the duty at the earliest opportunity; he also plainly said that if the millowners had to pay more duty, the consumers would be charged more.

This is my condensation of his speech—the vein in which he spoke was something like this "what Finance (thump on table!) member (thump!!)

has ever (thump!!!) presented (thump !!!!) such (thump !!!!!) a (!!!!!!)"—and so on. Not content with thumping, he, at a certain passage rested his folded arms on the table and glowered at Sir Malcolm, who was calmly taking notes. Mr. Jamnadas now wound up passionately, the fortissimo of his tone decrescendoeing into a pianissimo as he sank into his seat.

The best speech of the day was made by Mr. Darcy Lindsay, of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce; he said that the Budget was a deplorable one and he opposed the imposition of the salt tax and excise duty and advised reduction of the military expenditure. He advance sound and reasonable arguments, but as all speeches have already appeared in the newspapers I shall say no more.

After Mr. Percival had spoken, the house was adjourned. It will be noticed that I have not enlarged on the speeches, but I have described the various ways of speaking, because that is what does not come in the papers and one might as well know *how* people speak as what they speak.

Another point that struck me was that speakers often referred to the Finance Member as "my friend" and then blew him up, which reminded me of Ali Baba saying in the pantomime :

"My brother Cassim, that's his name.

I didn't say 'cuss him', but I meant the same."

March 7th.—This morning I had to accompany my elders to the shop of one Haji Alijan who sells



embroideries. His shop is in Chandni Chowk and is quite a small place. We saw the embroideries which were not at all suitable for us. As I was looking round, my eye alighted on a piece of silk on which was embroidered the Jame Musjid, entirely worked in gold thread, with the steps and other details brought into relief.

In the evening we went once more to the Purana Killa; it was a little before sunset and we found this time the pleasantest time to visit this killa which is so open; of course, to see things one must go in the morning, but to saunter about and pass time, the twilight is best.

As we were walking about, father went to see the southern gate which overlooks Humayun's tomb which he had not examined. We happened to look there when he had reached the first storey and if one did not know who he was, he would very likely have been taken for a ghost. Being slight and wearing a grey suit, in that 'dim light father looked very much like a shade of Humayun fitting amongst the ghostly surroundings.

March 8th.—To-day it was the turn of the Council of State to discuss the Budget; a number of questions having been first disposed of, Sir Maneckji Dadabhoy delivered his speech; after going over and commenting on the various other items of the budget, he came to his protest against military expenditure which was emphatic.



Sir Edgar Holberton who followed, defended military expenditure but protested against the machinery and other taxes. He humourously referred to Sir Malcolm Hailey as a doctor always getting out his blue pills and Gregory power. It was a plausible speech, but not convincing.

Mr. Sethna was the strongest speaker and the fastest too. He also condemned military expenditure quoting statistics and suggesting that as one British soldier cost as much as five Indians, why not substitute Indian troops for British? The number would be more and at the same time, the cost would be less. Coming to the excise duty, Mr. Sethna observed that its imposition was "an insult to the intelligence of the country." (My mental query: "what is the amount of intelligence in the country?") Mr. Sethna also regretted the fact of India having made a gift of a hundred million sterling to England during the war; if we had not given away those millions, he said, India's financial position would have been better at this juncture.

Then Mr. Kale rose to speak; I understand he put forward extremely good arguments but he spoke even faster than Mr. Sethna so that I could not understand him much. It was also time for us to leave so we did not hear anything more. The Council of State is a dignified assemblage, hence I did not find any of the amusing incidents of the Legislative Assembly.

Now, I am not a politician, nor do I want to be one, but I think I shall jot down some of the



thoughts that occurred to me at the time, but qualifying them in the light of later events. The opinion was unanimous that the salt duty should go and it has gone, which is a good thing, for, as Mr. Kale pointed out, it was a small thing in itself, but in company with increased cost of other necessities, it would have been the last straw.

Apropos Mr. Sethna's remark about the hundred million sterling, I would like to observe that the Dominions made similar gifts while poor men throughout the Empire, who had invested their savings of years in War Bonds gladly burnt them, thus making a free gift to the Government. Surely a nation like India does not wish to appear less generous?

Well, the legislatures have cut down a little over nine crores from the Budget, in which is included the increased excise duty which proved to be so obnoxious. Of course, they deserve all credit for their stern struggles, and ruthless Government economy and the reduction of military expenditure are reasonable points to press, at the same time I cannot help thinking why fat incomes should not be taxed more and thereby a good bit of revenue be obtained. Members criticised such a measure proposed, on the grounds that if capitalists are impoverished, industries would suffer but there are quite a number of these people whose incomes can be said to be fair game for drastic cuts and they would not be very much the worse for it. Besides these there are others, including mill-owners, whose pockets were filled to bursting point during the war when



England's Navy kept India's shores safe and India benefited to a great extent in trade owing to unusual circumstances while England poured out her blood and treasure. Surely, here is another section who can pay ?

March 9th.—This afternoon, we went to Tughlakabad; going by the Muttra Rd. we passed Badarpur and sped onwards coming to a bungalow by the side of the road. Here we suddenly realized that we were on the wrong road (*i.e.* heading straight for Muttra), so we turned back till we came to the right road which runs west from the Southern gate of Badarpur. It is a nice way, but it was too sunny and sultry so far. Reaching Tughlakabad we looked about for the things to see as at first we noticed nothing but a single tomb on one hand and crumbling walls on the other. However, these were the walls of Tughlak's citadel, which stood on high ground overlooking a vast area. The path leading to the interior of the ruins is not only steep but very rugged, to say nothing of the dust lying inches thick. The first entrance we saw led to the ruins of a smaller fort so we went a little further to the second one. Going up, we found ourselves gazing at fields of barley, while all around us were massive walls of black stone. They are in a very ruined condition, but give a fair idea of the strength of the ancient bastions and buttresses, which must have been great. The site too is a very good one, commanding a view of the country from every corner. There is nothing else in front of it so one can see as far down as the horizon; it must have



been a most advantageous situation for the Tughlaks, specially during wars.

We had expected to see much more in this place but there is nothing here to please the eye; its value lies only in its history and archæology.

Tripping it over the sharp stones of the path with a light, fantastic toe, we went opposite, to the tomb of Ghyasud-Din Tughlak. This also is a massive piece of work in red sandstone with a marble dome and slanting walls. The cenotaph is of plain marble and lies underneath the dome. Anything spoken here is echoed back deeply. Coming out, we stood a while on the steps that lead to the mausoleum and watched the scene before us; here it was much nicer—the beautiful woods and broad fields full of crops, the ears of the grain waving in the breeze. It was also getting cooler.

From here we drove on to Kutub and revived our spirits with tea in those congenial surroundings. After all, we were not disappointed at our visit; firstly it afforded us good fun and secondly, the drive from Tughlakabad to Kutub was worth the trouble of having come there.

March 11th.—This morning we discovered that there was a good dyer's shop at the end of the Mori Road; later, it was also found that his work was satisfactory, for one trial, at any rate. This is not a free advertisement for the dyer, but a piece of local information that may prove interesting to my lady readers.



Before we set out to-day, we had heard of Mr. Gandhi's arrest and were told to keep on the safe side and not go to Chandni Chowk. We did not, but there was no disturbance or excitement whatever, either to-day or on any other day as long as we were there.

It was a curious co-incidence that there should have been a lunch at our hotel this afternoon given to Mrs. Besant by Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas and attended by a large number of members of the legislatures. Not only that, but a dinner was given that very night to Sir Mahomed Shafi by Haji Mahomed Ismail Khan, this also in our hotel, so to my mind the arrest of Mr. Gandhi was very well celebrated.

March 12th.—This afternoon we went down the Meerut Rd. with a couple of friends, intending to have tea in some quiet spot, so we drove along for quite a good distance passing many fields and a pretty little lake till we saw what looked like a dak bungalow, adjoining which was a sylvan retreat. Upon inquiring, we found it to be the residence of a Mohamedan gentleman who courteously asked us to come in and have tea, but we preferred to have it in the open garden behind the house. Here we enjoyed ourselves for a quite a long time, three of us walking about the place (which was full of brambles in parts) when we espied a large monkey who did not seem friendly so we retraced our steps.

As we were leaving, the Mohamedan gentleman informed us that this place called Shah Bagh was



once the property of Bahadur Shah II who used it as a pleasure resort. There is still a marble tablet over the front door of the house giving the date of its construction. From here we went to the Roshanara Gardens and then to the hotel.

March 16th.—In the evening we first went to the Flagstaff Tower and on our way we saw the Viceroy and Lady Reading and curiously enough we saw Their Excellencies again as we were leaving the Flagstaff. We then went to the shop of Holmes and Co. where there were some real bargains in shoes.

On our second round, we went to the tomb of a person whom I have erroneously called Mohamed Shah Rangila in my previous book. This tomb is really of some saint or Pir while Mohamed Shah rests in the cemetery at Nizam-ud-Din.

We stood for some time a little way from the tomb with nothing but vast tracts on each hand, an ideal place for those who want solitude. Only a herd of buffaloes passed us and then a peasant, looking wide-eyed at our car and the lamps which were being lighted.

As we went through Timarpur on our way home, we noticed how rapidly it has developed and what a flourishing colony it has become.

March 17th.—This evening we went for a short drive along the Grand Trunk Road where there is a private garden called Noor Bagh. We did not



go inside, but we saw a gorgeous peacock sitting on the wall screeching for all he was worth.

Opposite this garden is a brick factory. We returned home by way of the Viceregal nursery.

March 18th.—The morning was spent in shopping in Chandni Chowk. It was a very warm day so we bought oranges on the spot and ate them; they were good ones. It was impossible to remain on the road in this broiling dry heat so we beat a retreat.

In the evening, we went to the Mall, and then turned into a road on the right called Coronation Rd., which goes to the Coronation Pillar. It is a beautiful road passing through an area that was recently occupied by camps but was now quite bare, except for the row of lamp-posts, while further on the track was through fields. At a short distance from the Pillar, this road merges into the Kingsway. On our way we could see in the distance Timarpur on one hand, and the Fort, Jama Masjid and so on on the other.

As we were inspecting the Pillar, we saw two Europeans come along and make elaborate preparations for shooting practice. They placed their target discs against the mounds, measured the distance, spread rugs for themselves to lie on and then began shooting. Four shots for each and the practice was over!

March 21st.—In the morning father and I went to the museum in the Fort. First we saw the



War Museum which is on the second floor of the Naubat Khana. Here are shells and other contrivances used during the warfare in Mesopotamia and trophies from the same land. Three showcases were full of shells, some divided into sections to show their composition and explanations were given as to their respective values and methods of employment. There were also a number of 'duds' and shells from German and Turkish guns. Amongst trophies were a German fire-thrower, some shells, Turkish coins, uniforms, arms and ammunition, also Arabian daggers. Then there were charts explaining military badges of rank, the various decorations, etc. Photos of military leaders and regimental units lined the walls. There were also some Red Cross Exhibits. It is a most interesting collection and needs study.

From here we went to the Museum in the Fort. After glancing at some exhibits in the outer room, notable among which is an ivory case studded with painted miniatures of views and emperors, we went into the inner room where there is a collection of portraits and coins. The portraits are of the Mogul Kings and the notable men of their time and also paintings representing some historical event or a scene from court life. Amongst the portraits is one of Akbar, looking very much like Morarji Goculdas without his whiskers. Another thing I noticed was a picture of Jodhbai, "wife of the Emperor Jehangir" so said the English explanatory note. Now on the picture itself is an original Persian writing saying "Jodhbai, jowze-i-Jallaludin Mohamed Akbar Bad-



shah Ghazi," i.e. Jodhbai, wife of the brave King Jallaludin M. Akbar. I cannot understand why there should generally be such confusion about Jodhbai when all reliable history books declare her to be the wife of Akbar and the *mother* of Jehangir, and when the fact is plainly inscribed in Persian. I must explain that I do not know Persian, but my father does and it was he who noticed all this.

In the night, we attended a dinner given at our hotel by Sir Maneckji Dadabhoy; it was a most successful affair.

March 22nd.—To-night a dinner was given to Sir Frederick Whyte by Sir Vithaldas Thakersey; eventually it turned out to be less a dinner than a political demonstration, but I shall refer to that again in due time.

The guests were all members of the legislatures and of course the chief guest sat on Sir Vithaldas' right hand. They had a select menu (all their dishes were carried past our table) including a pudding that was served in the shape of small cottages made of meringue and filled with cream and fruits. Some guests seemed chary of tackling it, till a high official knocked off the roof of one cottage and thus set a precedent, to use a parliamentary phrase.

After dinner began the speechifying; Sir Vithaldas eulogised Sir Frederick and then started about party politics and the merits of the newly-formed Democratic Party, (to which he belongs) which was like the lecture on the merits of the *ladu*; the lecturer



asked, "you all know the *ladu*, what, I ask, is not a *ladu*?" A voice said "Rowlatt Bill" and the lecturer thereupon launched into 64 pages about the Rowlatt Bill.

After Sir Vithaldas spoke Mr. Rangachariar; opening a humorous speech, he declared that one day he took his wife to a meeting of the Assembly and she afterwards asked him who was the doll that sat on a high chair, and upon being told that that was the President, she asked why he used the word 'liar'. Mr. Rangachariar explained to her that sometimes the President prefaced his remarks with the words "I am not a lawyer." Referring to the Democratic Party, he termed it a mere infant, but "precocious in so far that we are already the parent of another child" meaning the National Party. He then grew serious and dwelt on political issues.

Mr. Ginvala followed, but I could not hear much of his lengthy speech. Now arose Mr. Lallubhai Samaldas, indignant at the superiority professed by the Democrats and vindicating the Nationals, but he got very irrelevant in the process.

Mr. Samarth was another National to take up the challenge and owned no gratitude to the Democrats for the existence of his party.

After him, Sir Frederick Whyte thanked Sir Vithaldas and the speakers for doing him honour and lightly dismissed political matters, remarking that sometimes interpellations in his house were



just as important ones as to ask "when is a Law Member not a law member" or "why has not Mr. Bradley-Birt yet made his maiden speech." However, underneath his banter lay a vein of serious thought as he expounded the party system and advised international ideas rather than concentrating ourselves on our own party and country.

Then Sir Frederick presented Mr. Ginvala with a miniature whip in token of the Democrats' appreciation of his services as Chief Whip.

The *Times of India* correspondent observed the other day that when Sir Malcolm Hailey rises to speak, ladies drop their knitting, but his brilliance in the council chamber is excelled by his brilliance as an after-dinner speaker. I was feeling rather tired after having heard all these speeches, but my lethargy vanished as Sir Malcolm rose to speak; his handsome profile towards us and his hands grasping the lapels of his coat, he began by saying that on finding he had to speak he felt like the man who during his wife's funeral, asked the undertaker in which carriage he should follow the hearse and upon being told that he should sit with his mother-in-law, he said "Well, you have spoilt the whole blessed day for me!" Continuing, he complained of his hard lot as the Finance member; for instance, "What has the member for agriculture to do but walk in green fields, in one pocket carrying the serum for rinderpest and in the other the report about weevil found in Burma cheroots?"... "And what does the member for education do but now and



again conjure up a university from the deep?" Sir Malcolm also chaffed Dr. Sapru and Mr. Innes. Thus, throughout in a bantering vein, he proceeded to express his views on political matters, at the same time there was deep meaning in some of his remarks, which were also very sound.

It was nearly half-past eleven and yet another speaker remained—Sir Alexander Muddiman but we did not wait to hear him.

The impression I carried away was of two very good speeches, namely, Sir Fredrick's and Sir Malcolm's. As to its predecessors, with the exception of the two Nationals, it was a thinly-veiled party demonstration emphasising the point that there was nothing so powerful and influential as the Democratic Party and that they were the real politicians and servers of India; the tone of patronage that they assumed towards the National party was really irritating and deserved a stronger reply than the one the Nationalists cared to give to-night.

March 23rd.—This morning we left Delhi for Bombay; a few notes about the journey will be found in a separate brief chapter. Need I say how sorry I was to leave Delhi, to leave a good climate, a good city and last but not least, a number of good friends?



CHAPTER VI.

RAISINA.

Raisina the white city—has developed so much during the last two years and such a maze of roads had been completed that it is a bewildering task to describe it.

One can enter Raisina by two ways, one being the old Qutub Rd. and the other the Muttra Road leading from the Delhi Gate, a mile from which starts the Hardinge Avenue; the broadest road in Raisina appears to be the Kingsway, parallel to which is the Central Vista; at one end of these roads is the area occupied by the Viceregal Lodge and the Secretariat Buildings while at the other end a circle is formed owing to cross roads. All the roads are 'pucca' built, very broad and lined with trees that were mere saplings in 1920 but have now grown tall and thick.

The roads in Raisina are a conglomeration of history, ancient and modern, Indian and English; we had best take an imaginary drive in and out of them and then I shall say something about the buildings and the gardens. Starting from Hardinge Avenue, we cross a road called Ferozeshah Road and then a road named Bhagwandas Rd. after a certain King of Jaipur, and then came to one of the circles I have referred to; here, to the north, go Asoka Rd., Curzon Rd., and Lytton Rd. to the west the Kingsway and Central Vista and to the south Akbar Road and the continuation of the Hardinge



Avenue. If one comes here without a map, one is likely to flounder round and round all day.

Besides these, there are other roads named after historical personages such as Aurangzebe, Safdar Jung, Clive, Dupleix, King Edward, Queen Victoria, our present King and Queen and so on.

Now the buildings; the number of these has doubled since 1920 yet the vista is so large that the buildings seem all too few. These are mainly the bungalows of Government officers, also staff quarters and barracks. Excepting the last, all buildings are built on one plan, flat-roofed and painted white and having a compound. Raisina is really a garden city and the orderliness of its town-planning is evident everywhere.

As to the Viceregal Lodge, its site occupies an area of nearly a square mile, in the centre of which rises a stately building of red sandstone; the first storey is already complete and work is proceeding with the second. Great cranes stand around it and in it, for the purpose of hoisting stones, a work that is thereby done quietly and rapidly, in contrast to Bombay where a small stone cannot be raised for half-an-hour and that accompanied by loud voices lustily singing songs that fall meaninglessly and irritatingly on one's ears.

We never went to see this building closely, but we often drove round it, coming in and going out by any of the twelve gates that are also rapidly approaching completion. The immense space left



for the gardens is marked out and fountains are being erected, also foundations for terraces. By the way, we used to call this Viceregal Lodge the 'dockyard,' because the cranes and certain other aspects very much resemble a dock.

Adjourning the 'dockyard' are the Secretariat Buildings which too, look grand. But I cannot help thinking of the Viceregal Lodge gardens. If those in the present residence of the Viceroy so allure one, what will these gardens be like? It makes my imagination run riot as I think of even the ordinary gardens of Raisina.

As I have said, every bungalow has a compound and some of them are considerable in size. Here grow the loveliest roses, sweet-peas and holly hocks, not to mention the profusion of other flowers. The best garden belongs to Sir Sydney Crookshank and I believe Lady Crookshank is a great lover of gardens; I have not been to their place but my aunt who has been there tells me it is Paradise.

The flowers of Delhi, and specially of Raisina, are wonderful; not only are they extraordinary in size but they remain fresh for a long period, so much so that one would think they were artificial. The roses have not much scent, although the Marechal Neil variety are an exception, but the sweet peas are heavy with perfume; in fact, their very colours are rich, not anæmically transparent such as we find in Bombay. Pansies too grow very well.



Since Raisina is a garden city, there will be public parks and gardens later on; as yet, only a large area has been reserved for what will be the Sultan Raziya Gardens. Other amenities of life will be introduced as time goes and soon Raisina will be a model city.

As it is, it is quite nice; no better enjoyment can be had than a drive down Ferozeshah Rd. which is in a part where there are very few bungalows at present. For the most of its length, it is flanked by barren tracts which are by no means unpleasant.

Curzon Rd. is more wooded and so is Queen Mary's Avenue. The mention of Ferozeshah Rd. reminds me of the Hostels; I have described their outward appearance and one day I had a chance to see the inside, when we called on a friend; the bedroom and dressing room are very large and comfortable and the simple furniture is strong and useful. This particular room was sunny enough and looked out upon the garden, but still the place is not cheery.

Now a word about the New Cantonment which is a mile or two distant from the southern-most point of Raisina. The New Cantonment Rd. is a long straight road going right up to the Cantonment and incidentally tempting motorists to go "full steam ahead." We went pretty fast, the Raisina bungalows disappearing as mere specks as we approached the huge barracks of the Cantonment, stopping at the junction of two roads, Church Rd. and Parade Rd. Stretching in the distance, dimly visible owing to very strong sunlight, was the canton-



ment and all round, barren land. It was late, so we turned back and flew past the barracks again and the bungalows, mostly tenanted by officers. If Raisina bungalows seemed few, these were as mere dots on a sheet of blank paper, but the gardens were lovely.

I repeat that Raisina is a model city, that its buildings will be worth admiring, that it will be a place worth living in, but will it have that indescribable charm of Shah-Jehanabad? I think not; anything that is too perfect, too orderly is also too cold to charm and that is the only weakness in Raisina—it is too perfect.



CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN JOURNEY.

We left Delhi Station at 9-25, arriving at Agra at 1 p.m., when lunch was brought; now, I had been eagerly looking forward to a glimpse of the Taj which we would have got after leaving the station, but we had to busy ourselves with the lunch business and the opportunity was lost. It was a real disappointment—the Taj is too lovely a thing to have been missed for the sake of lunch.

At Gwalior we noticed a great crowd, as it was a race day; the sight was very much like our Bombay roads with their usual heavy traffic, carriages cars, motor-cycles, and a variety of pedestrians with little two-seater cars whizzing through the mass of humanity with Eve at the wheel. At Dholpur, I was attracted by a group of Punjabi women seated on the platform. They were of the poor class and in purdah, but one of them chanced to move her veil and I saw a face with features that would hold their own in any beauty competition.

We arrived at Jhansi a little late and lost still more time there. Of course we had a stroll along the station during the wait and saw some Parsi ladies.

But I must not forget to say how pretty is the track before we come to Jhansi. The train goes over a bridge across some small tributary; the sun was setting and as the fiery orb sank down, there was a blaze of gold, giving place to an atmosphere composed of the prettiest shades of grey.



Though we had been late at Jhansi, we arrived next morning at Khandwa quite in time. It was getting warm now.

Then began a number of stoppages owing to repairs being carried out along the line; we first stopped at Maheji and short intervals occurred till we were within sight of Nasik when a stop of half-an-hour took place. The spot we were stuck on was a pretty one, there being fields on both sides and beyond these, thick woods; on one side was a shallow pool where buffaloes were cooling themselves and boys were frolicking in another such pool.

It had by now become unbearably hot and it was stifling on the Ghats. Only after passing Kalyan did a fresh breeze come to our rescue and from here to Bombay it was tolerable. We arrived at Victoria Terminus an hour late and being even-tide, we found it altogether cooler than the weather we had experienced during our journey.



EPILOGUE.

Our second visit to Delhi is now at an end; the climate this time was a little less cold, thus it was even more pleasant than in 1920, though during the later days of March, we felt the dry heat. Only once did we have a storm at night, with thunder and lightning, but little rain.

As to the city itself, I can have no better impression of it than the first, but these have been greatly enhanced by the new charms we discovered: being familiar with the topography now, we were better able to enjoy long drives and seek out places of interest.

Another thing this time was the Prince's visit, which provided unique functions, so different from the cut-and-dried programme in B'bay. Of course, Bombay cannot have the Fort and its grounds, but garden parties might be made a little less stiff and stereotyped and slight changes in other respects would also be welcome. Delhi is also full of interesting people whom it is a pleasure to know.

But the deepest impressions on my mind have been made by two new and historical subjects, viz: the new legislatures and the Prince's visit.

As to the legislatures, they have done good work, specially about the Budget. People are gloating over the Legislative Assembly's fight and saying 'I told you so!' How many realise that

this success is due to the Reforms Scheme, the despised Reforms Scheme that was to have been wholly rejected? If it were not for the scheme which was formulated by the equally despised but nevertheless true friend Lord Chelmsford, in collaboration with another good friend Mr. Montagu (in connection with whom such disastrous events have occurred) and brought into existence by the sober and solid labour of the Moderates, would India have obtained this institution of which she is now so proud? But, as Mr. Jamnadas would say 'leave the Legislative Assembly alone!' Let us now glance at the Council of State; this is truly a council of elders in as much that most of its members are not only ripe in age but ripe in experience, but unfortunately they have been given little or no power and thus as an institution the council is superfluous.

Would it not be better to have one council and have it elected so that the best men may get in, the best who are already in the Council of State and the best in the Legislative Assembly, together with the best that can be gleaned from the public but eliminating all rabid and hare-brained elements? How much more dignified, how full of wisdom and experience such a house might be and what tremendous weight it would carry on questions that concern the country vitally!

I admit it is a Herculean task to achieve an election of this type. Of course at present it is useless to think of a single chamber, but even if



there are two chambers, their members should be
“Men whom lust of office does not kill,
Men whom spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honour and who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking.”

Alas, how many Indians can withstand a demagogue, how many show a ‘slave mentality’ that even Mr. Gandhi abhors, for ‘slave mentality’ means a blind following of any doctrine, whether it be of a satanic government or a mahatma.

It is necessary then, to have widespread, convincing, constructive propaganda that will make people think for themselves instead of being led away by any one possessing the gift of the gab. The main object is to educate the general electorate and if they are sufficiently educated, it is likely that they may then elect men of the type I have stated. But it needs effort and yet more effort on the part of the sober-minded Indians to bring about such a result and to prevent the rabid section from swamping them.

Now, the Prince; his entire Indian tour, with the exception of Allahabad and Peshawar and the partial failure at Bombay, was an unqualified success. The greatest fears were expressed for Delhi, we were implored not to go to such a dangerous place at



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such a time, we were told the Prince would not get out alive from Delhi and Delhi has knocked these allegations into a cocked hat. Inherent loyalty, coupled with the repugnance that this docile and meek population have for violence, gave the Prince a right royal welcome. Hartal? A few shops, perhaps. Popular boycott? The number of spectators during every public appearance of H. R. H. and the final crowd at the People's Fair give the answer.

Rumours were also rife that the Prince would, at Delhi, announce the repeal of certain Acts or even the grant of immediate Swaraj! He did neither, but he brought a stirring message of sympathy and good-will when he read his address at the Durbar. Malcontents called it a pretence, they construed it in mendacious ways—let it be. He that hath ears to hear, will hear.

I am afraid I have unpardonably dragged my readers from the pleasant places of Delhi into a political morass which many would fain avoid. I am sorry, and now on what note could I end more appropriately than by expressing a hope that every Indian may follow his Prince's motto—'I serve' and that as disinterestedly and faithfully as H. R. H. himself and what wish would find a greater echo in the people's hearts than that of

'GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.'

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