

THE  
CORONATION DURBAR  
AT DELHI

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ALLAHABAD:

*PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PIONEER PRESS.*

1903.



*Imp. 119126*  
*Dec 10:01:11*

## INTRODUCTION

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THE root idea of the ceremonies known collectively as the Delhi Coronation Durbar is almost too obvious to require setting forth: it lies in the need for impressing upon the mind of the Indian people the fact of the King-Emperor's accession to the Throne. Those who may still deem it necessary to seek for its justification may be referred to Lord Curzon's speeches on the subject. His Excellency may be trusted to justify his action in the matter better than could any one else. Sufficient here it is to say that as far back as historians go, and indeed in the misty regions of legend, it will be found that India has looked upon a Durbar, as an appropriate way to signalise great events, though the name itself may only date from the Mahomedan conquests. However, this

is not concerned either with political history: its entire object is to give an idea of the Durbār as it was from day to day. But the Special Correspondents of *The Pioneer* who wrote these letters took it for granted that their readers were already acquainted with the general appearance and situation of the camp; and if this is to be a permanent souvenir, something more in the way of description would seem to be necessary.

By a reference to our map it will be seen that to the north of the city of Delhi lies the Civil Station, where most of the permanent European residents live. Here was situated the Arts Exhibition, and many of the visitors and Native Chiefs put up in the hotels and private houses of this quarter. Bounding the Civil Station on the west is the Ridge, of Mutiny fame, running north and south, with its southern extremity not far from the north-west corner of the city wall. From this corner also runs the Grand Trunk Road in a north-westerly direction, and in the angle formed by the Ridge and this road lay the main body of the Camp, while to



the south of the road the camps of the Native Chiefs and the Imperial Service Troops were situated. Those who know India need not be told that its distances are great, and that space is not considered as at Home. In the undulating plain fringed with trees the various encampments nestled here and there, and to walk round them would have been a long day's journey. Just underneath the Ridge was the Central Camp, composed of the Viceroy's Camp—itsself 2200ft. by 1850ft.; the camps of the various Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, Chief Commissioners and Agents of the Governor-General; and those also of the Commander-in-Chief and the four Lieutenant-Generals. Farther on were situated the military encampments, and at the north-west corner of the Camp was the Durbar amphitheatre, a huge horse-shoe rampart of earth, with tiers of seats, a lawn with a flag-staff in the centre, and in the inner bend the pavilion from which Lord Curzon made his speech. The size of the structure will be realised when it is stated that it would be represented by a circle placed in a square with sides 576 ft. long

To the west of the amphitheatre was the Review ground.

India has little to learn in the art of camping, for in the cold season it is a favourite mode of life, and Indian tents are large and roomy structures, carpeted and furnished like an ordinary house, while the State tents are often of great size. But, for the Durbar, splendour as well as comfort was considered, and the tents were hung with bright fabrics, while lawns and flower-gardens were laid out in the principal camps. As there was abundant time for preparation, wooden floors and brick fire-places were put in and the electric light was installed. The Native Chiefs vied with one another in their encampments, racking the ingenuity of their skilled craftsmen and gardeners for effective displays, while one Chief—the Gaekwar of Baroda—of the order generally known as “enlightened,” added also all that could be done by the science of the West. For getting about in this huge encampment there was, of course, a network of roads and there was also a system of light railways.

Such, in brief outline, was the camp, the largest and the most splendid ever pitched in India, perhaps in the world. It contained thirty thousand troops, more or less, and a great civil population besides. In it were represented most of the races of the world, from the negroes of the Nizam's Bodyguard to the Shans of Eastern Burma. It was a city in itself, with its civil government and its police, its laws and regulations, its shops and its hospitals, its suburbs and its West End, its parks and its bustling thoroughfares. These same thoroughfares showed the strangest medley of East and West, from the camel-cart to the motor-car. Whatever else it was, the Durbar must be accepted as having been a wonderful and an impressive symbol of the Empire.



*Reprinted from Special  
Telegrams which appeared in  
“ The Pioneer.”*

# THE DELHI DURBAR.

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## THE DURBAR CAMP.

*December 28th, 1902.*

SPECIAL trains have continued to arrive to-day and yet more are due to-morrow morning. All but belated visitors, however, are now here, and everyone is awaiting with expectant interest the first act in the great Durbar programme. Order has been evolved out of chaos in the last week or ten days, and the various camps now present a restful appearance. There may be small troubles and minor worries within our canvas city. Late arrivals with no local knowledge may wander for hours seeking their destination; others may haunt

the railway station in search of baggage that has vanished in mysterious ways, and yet others may pursue will-o'-the-wisp telegrams, which flit from camp to camp owing to insufficient addresses; but on the whole there are on every hand signs of orderly arrangement and direction by those vested with authority here.

So much for the view which the ordinary observer, who has settled down comfortably, may take; but behind the scenes there is still the busy official machinery at work, for countless details have to be thought out beforehand. In the Foreign Secretary's and the Military Secretary's offices work is unending, and until the hour when the Viceroy steps into the train on the day of his departure, the strain and anxiety will continue. State functions are matters of serious concern always. Here, with an occasion so momentous and with ceremonies unprecedented in India, those functions, from to-morrow onwards, with scant breathing spaces between, will tax the resources of all who are responsible for their smooth running. One single hitch

may mar the most elaborately contrived spectacle, a word of misdirection by a subordinate may cause hopeless confusion, the misreading of orders may leave a high dignitary or Ruling Chief stranded. In short, a score of mishaps may occur in spite of all precautions, and then—well, then, thoughtless critics will forget all the toilsome efforts of those who planned and contrived these State ceremonies and will cast blame where probably it should not fall.

So, thus early in the day, let us not fail to remember what has already been done to bring this vast camp, or rather congeries of camps, into its orderly state, its self-contained condition. There may be roads that are far from perfect, dust may be inches thick alongside the metal, the guidance and control of traffic may vex impatient spirits, distances may seem hopelessly long, some of one's friends may be hard to find, and signposts may not help us much in our journeys of exploration; but there are compensations. Enter one of the big camps, and trim lawns. neat roads and

footpaths are immediately in evidence. The rows of tents seem to promise comfortable quarters, and the promise is not belied, for many of the interiors are pictures of snugness and cosy surroundings, where women's hands have been busy. Hospitable mess tents, great and small, are everywhere to be found; and certainly one of the pleasures of the camp will be mutual entertainment. There is a social life already here, and to-day was quite one for callers. Hereafter we may have less time for such amenities; but there are off days judiciously arranged, when sports alone will claim our attention, and then we shall make more visits and look up friends who will only too gladly give us welcome.

All this is, of course, outside that circle of official engagements, duties, ceremonies, etc., in which so many here present will have to revolve. At present one sees but little of this, for we are playing in the *lever du rideau* which precedes the big dramatic performance, with all its revelations of pomp, splendour and display. To-morrow, when the Viceregal procession winds through the city, we shall



begin to realise what this Durbar period has in store for us, and then every trifling drawback should sink into insignificance.

Of the life in more distant camps I can say little; but there are ripples of rumour as to the magnificence of the various Chiefs' surroundings, their luxurious reception tents and richly furnished and well-appointed *shamianas*. Much of this you have heard of already, and reality probably exceeds all that was foretold when these outlying camps were slowly growing under the hands of artistic workmen.

Miles away lies the huge military encampment, where the troops are resting and recruiting after their trying experiences at the Manœuvres. They will soon have more duties to discharge, for their attendance in strength will be required to-morrow, and again on January 1st, while later on there will be the big Review, when every man available will parade.

The scene at the Polo Ground this afternoon reminded one of Lords at a 'Varsity match. There was an immense gathering to hear the first performance of the massed bands.

English visitors were numerous, including many arrivals by last mail. Some nineteen hundred performers took part in to-day's programme, but some time before the Durbar ends Captain Sanford hopes to bring the entire body under his bâton. The programme of nine pieces to-day was well selected, and the execution throughout was admirable. The *Grande Caprice Militaire*, under Captain Sanford's direction, and the *Lost Chord*, conducted by Mr. Gandee, Bandmaster of the 1st North Staffordshire Regiment, were among the most appreciated items. The *Uhlans' Call*, conducted by Mr. Gibson of the 9th Lancers, also demands special mention. The excellent time and expression observed throughout bore witness to the great care expended on rehearsals.



# THE STATE ENTRY.

A MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT.

*December 29th.*

DELHI was astir early this morning, while in camp there was life and movement from sunrise, for the troops, which had to play an important part in to-day's pageant, had a long march to make before taking up their allotted positions over the long line of route. Careful rehearsals had shown, with singular exactness, the time required for each phase of the ceremony, and clear orders could consequently be issued. There was military precision in every movement connected with the marshalling of the regiments, and all fell into their places without the least semblance of disarray. The arrangements governing the State procession through the city had also been

Carefully rehearsed, and the small army of elephants was mobilised in positions whence it could move along quietly and in imposing order. Taking the city itself first, the crowds of natives who congregated in the streets from eight o'clock or earlier, and thousands of others who swarmed on the housetops and at the windows, were full of excitement at the prospect of the day's festivities and the wonderful sights they promised. Loyal mottoes at every turn, flags and bunting, triumphal arches and all those decorations which native ingenuity can produce, testified to the universal holiday-making, and even the squalid thoroughfares had lost some of their ugliness in the play of colour that lighted them up. Nothing short of a magician's wand could transform modern Delhi into a beautiful and attractive city, for save and except the Jama Musjid, the Fort, the old imperial buildings, and the historic walls and gateways, there is nothing striking in the whole place. But Delhi is so rich in associations that appeal to one's imagination, so interesting as once the capital of a great

empire, that one can traverse its streets without too close a scrutiny of the commonplace surroundings that offend the eye. To-day the city was teeming with life, and there were vivid pictures, side by side, of Oriental pomp and poverty, of magnificent display and of humble rejoicing; for this was an occasion when the people as well as their rulers and chiefs shared in a great spectacle. The setting of the State procession was found in the crowded streets, in the background of houses with their occupants eager to see all that should be presented. It was a living framework, impressive in its own way and having features of interest that changed as the day wore on and the crowds moved from point to point.

So much for the city within its walls. Outside in the vast camp beyond the Ridge, and in all those other camps scattered over the plain, there was all that expectation and excitement which come when actors and spectators in the same grand ceremony are mingled together for the moment but have to go their own ways in a little time.

High officials and their guests had to part, Chiefs and their retinues had equally to separate, except that, in each instance, there were members of the personal staffs to be retained in attendance. Soon after eight o'clock those destined to be spectators only were preparing to start citywards, and an hour later converging streams of carriages of every description, from costly vehicles to lowly tongas, were flowing in in ever-increasing volume along the roads leading to the Kashmir and other gates. Ample directions regarding the routes to be followed had been issued; but given all these, there were still blocks and confused knots of carriages here and there. A city gateway affords a narrow passage at the best of times, but here its narrowness made itself more than ever felt, and yet, marvellous to relate, no serious accidents occurred. Restive horses might give trouble, reckless drivers might break the line and others try short cuts, but still head-way was made and the city streets were eventually entered safely. The carriage-way was fairly well kept by the police, and the crowd

was as easily managed as Indian crowds always are.

There was a triple row of vehicles through the whole length of the Chandni Chowk, and as we slowly passed along time was afforded for a study of the motley gathering on either hand. Every section of the populace was represented, and the mixture of varied costumes was most noticeable. The doorways and verandahs boasted of many inscriptions done in coloured paper and tinsel, and again and again repeated were the words, "Long live the King-Emperor." Our destination was the Jama Masjid, and as we neared it there were seen already seated to the right and left of the roadway native spectators, who had thus early taken up their positions, fearful of missing the slightest event in the day's programme. Here the scene was highly picturesque, as one saw patches of brilliant colour, green and yellow and scarlet, from rows of turbaned heads, while more mottoes and flags fluttered overhead. On the left, further on, were rows of seats

covered by a red and 'white awning; here many European sight-seers had assembled. As the great mosque itself was reached, there came into view an enormous crowd thronging its approaches, densely packing the space beneath its red walls and surging about its broad flights of steps. Tiers of benches had been put up, and on these were seated hundreds of persons who had some claim to consideration as Durbaris, retainers of Chiefs, or as units in the great nondescript army of native visitors that has gathered here. Pathans, Baluchis and others from beyond the border and people from all parts of India were there, and no more diverse assembly could be imagined. Carriage after carriage drove up. The European spectators passed up the steps and gained the vast open space in the Jama Musjid, about which are galleries from which a sight of all Delhi can be obtained. It was a bright and gaily dressed crowd—uniforms, military and political, abounding, while the ladies were in their gayest holiday attire. A cold wind moved lightly over



the city, and the sun, though shining out brightly from the cloudless sky, had not attained any power; so we sought out our seats and then paced across the quadrangle for very warmth's sake.

It was fully ten o'clock before most of us had reached the Jama Musjid, and we knew there was a long wait before us; but time passed quickly, as there was an ever-changing panorama below us to watch. Later came visitors of distinction from the Viceregal Camp, those who had journeyed from England to witness this triumphal State progress, and who were full of enthusiasm and expectation as scene succeeded scene. Well-known members of Society were recognised, men of note and position exchanged greetings with friends, and there was animation and brisk conversation all around. Snapshot photography was in the ascendant in some quarters, in others field-glasses were focussed and the ground was swept for unrehearsed incidents, or in an effort to discover some effect not at first noticed. Almost under the shadow of the Fort

walls gleamed out from amid the trees the bright trappings of elephants drawn up and awaiting their turn to march slowly past. Nearer at hand was the prosaic sight of hundreds of carriages parked in open spaces ; while to the left of them, on the other side of the route, one saw the skeleton preparations for the display of fireworks which will delight us some nights hence. Presently the troops began to appear, marching smartly along, halting and then quickly moving into position on either side of the roads. Then came a period of comparative rest, and a military band played lively airs at intervals. At about 11-30 there came the sound of the first gun of the salute of 31, fired from the Fort, and we knew that the Viceroy had arrived. And here I will leave the scene at the Jama Masjid for a time in order to describe the State arrival at the railway station.

By eleven o'clock there had assembled all the Provincial Governors and Heads of Local Administrations with other high dignitaries, the Commander-in-Chief and

Lieutenant-Generals and all the Ruling Chiefs. The platform was crowded with a brilliant throng, and the wealth of jewels and rich ornaments worn by the Chiefs was dazzling to the eye. The station was decorated in evergreens and red, military bands were drawn up, and outside stood a British guard-of-honour. The Grand Duke of Hesse arriving from the camp completed the distinguished company present. The Viceregal train was more than punctual, for it drew up at 11-25, Lord and Lady Curzon immediately alighting, both looking in excellent health after their stay at Dehra. His Excellency was received with all customary formalities; the National Anthem was played and the guns of the Fort began their salute. Greetings were exchanged between the Viceroy and those who had gathered to meet him, and a quarter of an hour later the train containing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Viceroy in person, who presented the principal officials and Chiefs. The National

Anthem was again played and a second salute was fired. Then a move was made through the station gates, where the guard-of-honour presented arms. The Duke of Connaught and the Viceroy inspected the guard, and this ended all ceremonial at the railway station. The elephants told off for the procession were waiting near at hand, and a few minutes after noon a start was made along the route, which troops were lining from end to end. All had gone smoothly so far, and as the Viceroy and Their Royal Highnesses left, the Chiefs, who all had their elephants ready, mounted to their howdahs and fell into line two by two.

To return now to the Jama Musjid and describe the scene as witnessed from that point of vantage. The salute of 31 guns, which announced the arrival of the Viceroy, had scarcely come to an end, when the second salute began, thus indicating to us the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. There was an appreciable pause between, of course, but we did not take note of this, as everyone was now full

of expectation, and minutes fled with wonderful rapidity. About a quarter past twelve we saw the head of the procession appearing along Elgin Road, parallel with the Fort, and five minutes later a leading figure passed under the Jama Musjid. This was the Inspector-General of the Punjab Police, Mr. Charles Browne, whose appearance betokened that the Civil power always leads in India. Then came the Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Viceroy's escort, Captain Rice, the first military officer in the pageant, and following close was a squadron of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, the front ranks carrying lances with red and white pennons and the rear ranks with swords only, H. Battery, commanded by Major Lecky, passed next in that perfect order which always marks our horse-gunners, and then came three squadrons of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the band striking up as they approached. Two staff officers followed, with Brigadier-General Collins in command of the whole escort, and immediately in the rear appeared Captain Maxwell, the Herald,

mounted on a black horse, with trumpeters in attendance. Captain Maxwell was a striking figure. One can scarcely describe with accuracy the uniform which he wore, but it was resplendent with gold embroidery, the lions, the crown and the imperial cypher betokening his status. His trumpeters were likewise richly bedecked. And this small but compact body drew all our attention for a short period. The Viceroy's Bodyguard, superbly mounted, followed on, and then we had our admiration excited by the splendour of the Imperial Cadet Corps, led by the Maharaja of Idar, whom we know best as Sir Pertab Singh. Light blue, white and gold were blended in their uniforms, the colours of the Star of India: their jet black chargers contrasted admirably with those colours and with the snow-leopard skins, which one could not fail to notice.

Thus far we had seen only the cortège, but our eyes wandered beyond the ranks of mounted men, for marching straight down the road, in slow but stately majesty, there appeared the elephant procession, which

everyone had come to understand was the grandest spectacle of all. And we were not disappointed. It was, indeed, a magnificent sight, and all description must fail to give an adequate idea of its character—its brilliancy of colour and its ever-changing features, the variety of howdahs and trappings and the gorgeousness of the dress adorning the persons of the Chiefs who followed in the wake of the Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The leading elephants bore the members of His Excellency's and Their Royal Highnesses' Staffs, and then appeared Lord and Lady Curzon on a richly caparisoned elephant with a silver howdah resplendent in the bright sunshine. A murmur of admiration, breaking into short-lived cheers, rose from the crowd. His Excellency acknowledged these by repeated salutes, Lady Curzon by smiling greetings and gracious salutations to all. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught followed immediately, more cheers hailing them; but the impassiveness of Oriental crowds was brought home to us on this

as on other occasions. They come to feast their eyes on a spectacle, and they are tongue-tied, for they express their admiration and delight in murmurs and ejaculations rather than in the loud and spontaneous cheering which Western races indulge in. They are impressed and are almost silent, but their appreciation is not the less deep and abiding; so, if enthusiasm seemed to be lacking, we must take it that in their own manner they expressed their feelings of surprise, pleasure and delight in the gorgeous ceremonial that was being enacted in Oriental fashion.

As the head of the elephant procession passed, there came slowly and in duly regulated order the highest nobility of India, in all the glory and pomp that our imaginations have ever pictured. His Highness the Nizam and the Maharaja of Mysore led, the Maharajas of Travancore and Kashmir coming next, and we were soon deep in admiration at the display of the gold and silver howdahs, sumptuous clothes, richly embroidered, the sheeh of



jewels, the bright colours of turbans and apparel and the kaleidesopic effects that were revealed as the procession skirted the Jama Masjid. More guns had been fired to announce its coming, and the Viceregal Standard now floated over the Fort. But we had paid slight regard to this, for the spectacular scene of the day was within our sight, and it well repaid all the waiting. Elephants with painted trunks and heads, with trappings almost sweeping the ground, stepped onwards, bearing their loads with seeming consciousness of the part they were undertaking in the ceremonial. Here and there a trunk waved a fan or curved upwards as if saluting; but not a sign of unrest appeared, and there was no break in the continuity of the march. Howdahs of every pattern were to be seen, high and low, long and short, silvered over or bedizened with gold, balanced on the broad backs, draped in yellow and red, purple and blue and green. Long silver chains depended on either side of the massive heads and made a musical jingle at every step. Men with maces marched alongside

In some instances, and attendants held bright-coloured umbrellas over the heads of the Chiefs, who sat in every attitude in their howdahs. 'Some fifty elephants passed and many familiar faces were seen, for the Ruling Chiefs are well known. Here were grey-beards and children, men in the prime of life and those in their early youth, some so richly appavelled that one marvelled at their appearance, others in simple attire, and one Rajputana Chief in beautifully worked chain armour. So about fifty went on their way, two Shan Chiefs with a strange group of retainers closing this part of the procession.

As the elephants marched out of sight, there came on a line of carriages, in the first of which was His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse, with an escort of the 15th Hussars. Then followed the Governor of Bombay (whose turnout and horses drew attention at once), the Governor of Madras and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. All these were accompanied by their Staffs and escorts, a detachment of the Punjab Light Horse escorting Sir Charles Rivaz.

In the rear of these carriages appeared a small cavalcade comprising the Commander-in-Chief's Staff. A solitary figure on a horse that was never for a moment still, but passaged restlessly from side to side, was at once recognised, and there was a hum of applause from the European spectators. It was Lord Kitchener on *Democrat*, a horse once with a great reputation on the English Turf. His Excellency had Mounted Volunteers as an escort. Then followed the carriages with the Lieutenant-Governors of Burma, Bengal and the United Provinces, each with his escort, Mr. Bourdillon having a detachment of Light Horse with him. The executive Members of Council came next, and then, on horseback, Major-General McLeod, Commanding the Forces in Bengal, with his Staff.

Here we had a change from officialdom to something that brought to mind our frontier away on the North-West, for there appeared the Khan of Kalat and the Agent to the Governor-General in Baluchistan, followed by Baluch Chiefs—wild-looking men these.

With long locks of hair hanging down and sweeping their shoulders. They were mounted on sturdy ponies, and sat like men who knew what life in the saddle meant. Next came Colonel Deane from the Frontier Province, riding at the head of the Pathan Chiefs, each man doubtless with a history of blood feuds to his name, but well pleased now to swell this State entry into the old Moghal capital.

Finally in carriages appeared the Chief Commissioners of Assam and the Central Provinces, with their escorts, and the procession was closed by the 11th Bengal Lancers riding past, squadron by squadron, soldierly in bearing and splendidly mounted. The spectacle was, however, not yet over, for after a little pause the line of elephants we had previously noticed near the Fort were set in motion, and by and by came a second procession. These elephants bore the retinues of the Chiefs, and though not so gorgeous in their turnout, they showed an even greater blaze of colour and more extravagant efforts at ornamentation of howdahs and trappings. Quite a little

burst of enthusiasm was excited by a baby elephant bearing a young boy on his back. Who or what he was no one seemed to know; but he had many a fair hand waved to him. Men trooped on foot in this minor procession, and one could understand what irregular soldiers in many States are.

When all had passed we flocked out of the Jama Musjid, meeting at the gateway a small stream of worshippers, who were entering the mosque to offer up their prayers. Silent and unobtrusive figures these, lost in our midst; but steadfastly setting their faces towards their place of prayer. All this time the main procession had wended its way through the crowded streets of the city, eventually emerging through the Mori Gate, and so on to the Rajpur Road. Here the Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught halted so as to bid farewell to the Chiefs as they passed on to their Camps. His Excellency and Their Royal Highnesses dismounted from their elephants and entered their carriages, which were driven to the Flag-staff Road. Another halt was then called.

and the procession was witnessed as it moved forward. The carriages were escorted by the Bodyguard and the Imperial Cadet Corps, and when the procession had come to an end, the road to the Central Camp was taken. The Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were received by a guard-of-honour on their arrival at the Circuit House, and a final salute of 31 guns announced that the day's ceremony was ended.

The State entry was a signal success, a pageant that impressed everyone, and it was carried out with perfect smoothness. The procession took about an hour and a quarter in passing the Jama Musjid, while the time occupied from the railway station to the arrival in the Central Camp was about three hours. All the principal Ruling Chiefs were present, except the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharana of Udaipur. The former has been detained by the death of a Dowager Maharani; and the Maharana of Udaipur by the illness of his only son. They are expected here for the Durbar on January 1st.

*December 31st.*

LOOKING back upon the ceremonial of Monday, one recalls many things which will serve to impress the State Entry into Delhi upon the memory of all of us who have an eye for colour and an appreciation of scenic effect. The elephant procession was in itself a spectacle that fascinated one, for it was invested with a magnificence that made the scene in the streets impressive in its brilliancy, marvellous in its wealth of gorgeous detail and admirable in its completeness. The India of to-day has passed long beyond the age of "barbaric pearl and gold," but on occasion there can be produced scenes which for the moment set us back in imagination amid those days when Emperors, Kings and Chiefs dazzled ambassadors and travellers from the West with the splendour of their courts, and delighted their own subjects with a pageant symbolic of their boundless wealth, their power and their majesty. The ruler whose star was in the ascendant had necessarily to show himself at great State ceremonies amid surroundings that would

stir popular enthusiasm, excite or confirm loyalty, strengthen his hold upon his State, and cause his fame to be more widely known. Delhi, Agra and other capitals witnessed, therefore, State ceremonies on a scale of grandeur that varied according to the purpose to be served or the immediate end to be gained. Under the British dominion the need for these immense durbar has almost passed away, though in the larger Native States the Chiefs will still welcome a prince of the blood royal or a Viceroy in the old traditional way.

Here on Monday the leading Chiefs contributed towards making the State Entry a ceremony surpassing even those of Akbar and Aurangzeb. It was the combination of the pomp and splendour at the command of each Indian Prince, so far as they could be drawn upon to deck a single elephant, which made this pageant so striking. On each howdah and amid every set of trappings there was such a glitter of gold and silver that the whole living line was resplendent. There



was no break in its brilliancy, no tardy defects to lessen the vivid glow of colours, which flushed and changed as the stately procession went on its way ; and in the howdahs themselves there sat princely figures so ablaze with jewels and gold, so covered with rich apparel that we could not but gaze in pleased amazement at their wealth of ornamentation. Upon the dress of several of the Chiefs still in their childhood there had been loving and artistic hands at work, so that these minors should not be less beautifully and sumptuously arrayed than their elders. Simplicity of dress in some rare instances could be noted ; but this only added to the effect of the bright colours which made up the body of the picture. It was noted also that all, both young and old, bore themselves with dignity and with steadfastness of demeanour. They had their part to fill in this imposing ceremony and they filled it to admiration.

As to the procession of the Chiefs' retinues, there were in 168 elephants, — Hyderabad having 16. Gwalior 14. Rewah

The howdahs were all occupied by Sirdars and attendants. As the elephants of the Viceroy and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught passed this long line, drawn up near the Fort, the retinue elephants saluted with their trunks. This kind of salute is always effective in its strangeness, and once seen can never be forgotten. Major Dunlop-Smith had the marshalling of these elephants, and he managed it perfectly. It may be further remarked that in the Chandi Chowk, as the Vice-regal procession paced along, there were constant outbursts of enthusiasm, the impassiveness of the thousands of spectators breaking down and their feelings being given full expression.

To-day has witnessed no further State ceremonies, as everyone is preparing for the Durbar itself to-morrow. Polo matches and the playing of the massed bands have filled the morning and afternoon, while this evening there are many dinner parties, as our social life demands this form of pleasure.

The weather has completely changed, and all to-day there has been a warm

soft air enveloping us in camp without any of the cold breeze which has hitherto prevailed. The sun has quite made its power felt, and there are forebodings of rain next week, unless the cold once more sets in. As, however, the sky remains clear, we need not fear the advent even of showers for some days to come.



## ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

*December 30th.*

THIS morning the Viceroy opened the Arts Exhibition. As already stated, this great collection of Indian arts and handicrafts finds its home in an immense white building erected in Kudsia Gardens. The nature of this building and the method of its construction; how that, despite its apparent solidity and permanence, it is in reality the creation of a few months and constructed mainly of wood and plaster with iron supports: all this has been recorded before. Suffice it to say that an extremely striking effect has been produced, and that the main elevation in the Saracenic style, with its ornamentation in tile work and fresco painting, carried out by the potters of Lahore, Multan, Halla and Jaipur and the pupils of the Mayo School of Art at Lahore

respectively, deserve the special attention of visitors. Arrangements were made to seat some 3000 spectators in front of the platform, and the rule of "first come first served" held good for all, with the exception of the Viceregal house-party. The result was that many visitors of distinction, who arrived somewhat late, found standing-room only. The Governors and the Lieutenant-Governors, together with the Members of the Viceroy's Council, the Commander-in-Chief and numerous Ruling Chiefs, had places on the platform itself. Shortly after half-past-eleven, the time fixed for the opening ceremony, a flourish of trumpets and the National Anthem announced the arrival of the Viceroy, who was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Her Royal Highness following with Lady Curzon. Dr. Watt, the Director of the Exhibition, received the distinguished party and conducted them to their seats, which were fitly of inlaid Indian work. No time was wasted in preliminaries, the Viceroy at once rising to deliver his speech. His Excellency said :—

‘YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, YOUR HIGHNESSES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is now my pleasant duty to proceed to the first of the functions of the present fortnight and to declare open the Delhi Arts Exhibition. A good many of our visitors would scarcely believe that almost everything that we see before us, except the trees, is the creation of the last eight months. When I came here in April last to select the site, there was not a trace of this great building, of these terraces and of all the amenities that we now see around. They have all sprung into existence for the sake of this exhibition, and though the effects of the exhibition will, I hope, not be so quickly wiped out, the *mise-en-scene* is, I am sorry to say, destined to disappear. Perhaps you will expect me to say a few words about the circumstances in which this exhibition started into being. Ever since I have been in India I have made a careful study of the art, industries and handicrafts of this country, once so famous and beautiful, and I have lamented, as many others have done, their progressive deterioration and decline.

When it was settled that we were to hold this great gathering at Delhi, at which there would be assembled representatives of every province and state in India, Princes and Chiefs and nobles, high officials, Native gentlemen, and visitors from all parts of the globe, it struck me that here at last was the long-sought opportunity of doing something to resuscitate these threatened handicrafts, to show to the world of what India is still capable, and, if possible, to arrest the process of decay. (Applause.)

"Accordingly I sent for Dr. Watt, who is responsible for everything you will see inside there—(applause)—and I appointed him my right hand for the purpose. Far and wide throughout India have he and his assistant, Mr. Percy Brown, proceeded, travelling thousands of miles, everywhere interviewing the artisans, selecting specimens, giving orders where necessary, supplying models and advancing money to those who needed it. Three conditions I laid down to be observed like the laws of the Medes and Persians. First I stipulated that this must be an Arts exhibition and nothing else. We

could easily have given you a wonderful show illustrating the industrial and economic development of India. Dr. Watt has such an exhibition, and a very good one too, at Calcutta. We could have shown you timbers and minerals and raw stuffs and hides and manufactured articles to any extent that you pleased. It would all have been very satisfying but also very ugly. But I did not want that. I did not mean this to be an industrial or economic exhibition. I meant it to be an Arts exhibition, and that only. My second condition was that I would not have anything European or *quasi-European* in it. I declined to admit any of those horrible objects, such as lamps on gorgeous pedestals, coloured glass lustres or fantastic statuettes that find such a surprising vogue among certain classes in this country, but that are bad anywhere in the world, worst of all in India, which has an art of its own. (Applause.) I laid down that I wanted only the work that represented the ideas, the traditions, the instincts and the beliefs of the people. It is possible that a few articles that do not answer to my definition



may have crept in, because the process of Europeanisation is going on apace in this country, and the number of teapots, cream-jugs, napkin rings, salt-cellars and cigarette cases that the Indian artisan is called upon to turn out is appalling. But, generally speaking, my condition has been observed.

“My third condition was that I would only have the best. I did not want cheap cottons and wax-cloths, vulgar lacquer trinkets and tinsel, brass goods and bowls made to order as in Birmingham or perhaps made in Birmingham itself. What I desired was an exhibition of all that is rare, characteristic or beautiful in Indian art. Our gold and silver ware, our metal work and enamels and jewellery, our carving in wood and ivory and stone, our best pottery and tiles, our carpets of old Oriental patterns, our muslins and silks and embroideries, and the incomparable Indian brocades, all of these you will see inside this building. But please remember it is not a bazaar but an exhibition. Our object has been to encourage and revive good work, not to satisfy the requirements of the thinly-lined purse.

“Such is the general character of the exhibition. But we have added to it something much more important. Conscious that taste is declining and that many of our modern models are debased and bad, we have endeavoured to set up alongside the products of the present the standards and samples of the past. This is the meaning of the loan collection which has a hall to itself, in which you will see many beautiful specimens of old Indian artware lent to us by the generosity of Indian Chiefs and connoisseurs, some of it coming from our own Indian museums, and some from the unrivalled collection in the South Kensington Museum in London. Many of these objects are beautiful in themselves; but we hope that the Indian workmen who are here and also the patrons who employ them will study them not merely as objects of antiquarian or even artistic interest, but as supplying them with fresh or rather resuscitated ideas, which may be useful to them in inspiring their own work in the future. For this may be laid down as a truism, that Indian art will never be revived

by borrowing foreign ideals but only by fidelity to its own. (Applause.)

"And now I may be asked what is the object of this exhibition and what good do I expect to result from it. I will answer in a very few words. In so far as the decline of the Indian arts represents the ascendancy of commercialism, the superiority of steam-power to hand-power, the triumphs of the test of utility over that of taste, then I have not much hope. We are witnessing in India only one aspect of a process that is going on throughout the world, that has long ago extinguished the old manual industries of England and that is rapidly extinguishing those of China and Japan. Nothing can stop it. The power-loom will drive out the hand-loom and the factory will get the better of the workshop, just as surely as the steam car is superseding the horse carriage and as the hand-pulled punkah is being replaced by the electric fan. All that is inevitable, and in an age which wants things cheap and does not mind their being ugly, which cares a good deal for comfort and not much for beauty, and which is

never happy unless it is deserting its own models and traditions and running about in quest of something foreign and strange, we may be certain that a great many of the old arts and handicrafts are doomed. There is another symptom that to my mind is even more ominous. I am one of those, as I have said, who believe that no national art is capable of continued existence unless it satisfies the ideals and expresses the wants of the nation that has introduced it. No art can be kept alive by globe-trotters or curio-hunters alone. If it has got to that point, it becomes a mere mechanical reproduction of certain fashionable patterns, and when fashion changes and they cease to be popular, it dies. If Indian art, therefore, is to continue to flourish or is to be revived, it can only be if the Indian Chiefs and aristocracy and people of culture and high degree undertake to patronise it. So long as they prefer to fill their palaces with flaming Brussels carpets, with Tottenham Court Road furniture, with cheap Italian mosaics, with French oleographs, with Austrian lustres and with German tissues

and cheap brocades, I fear there is not much hope. I speak in no terms of reproach, because I think that in England we are just as bad in our pursuit of anything that takes our fancy in foreign lands, but I do say that if Indian arts and handicrafts are to be kept alive, it can never be by outside patronage alone. It can only be because they find a market within the country and express the ideas and culture of its people. I should like to see a movement spring up among the Indian Chiefs and nobility for the expurgation, or at any rate the purification, of modern tastes and for a reversion to the old-fashioned but exquisite styles and patterns of their own country. (Applause.) Some day, I have not a doubt, that it will come; but it may then be too late.

“If these are the omens, what then is the aim of this exhibition and what purpose do I think that it will serve? I can answer in a word. The exhibition is intended as an object-lesson. It is meant to show what India can still imagine and create and do. It is meant to show that the artistic sense is not dead among its workmen; but that all

they want is a little stimulus and encouragement. It is meant to show that for the beautification of an Indian house or the furniture of an Indian home, there is no need to rush to European shops at Calcuttá or Bombay ; but that in almost every Indian State and Province, in most Indian towns and in many Indian villages, there still survives the art and there still exist the artificers who can satisfy the artistic as well as the utilitarian tastes of their countrymen, and who are competent to keep alive this precious inheritance that they have received from the past. It is with this object that Dr. Watt and I have laboured in creating this exhibition, and in now declaring it open it only remains for me to express the earnest hope that it may in some measure fulfil the strictly patriotic purpose for which it has been designed." (Loud applause.)

The speech ended, the Viceroy and party proceeded to make an extended visit of inspection of the Exhibition. An interesting incident occurred in the course of this. The Envoy of the Amīr of Kabul was presented by Mr. Dane, officiating Foreign Secretary,

to the Viceroy, who, in turn, introduced him to the Duke of Connaught. The Duke rubbed up his Hindustani, but the Envoy explained that he did not speak that tongue, whereupon the Duke expressed his regret that he could not converse in Persian, but found sufficient words to remark that at this season it must be exceedingly cold in Kabul. That His Royal Highness shares the King's faculty for remembering faces was shown by his ready recognition of the Rao of Cutch, with whom he stayed at Bhuj when Commander-in-Chief of Bombay. He and Lord Curzon exchanged pleasant reminiscences of their stay with this Chief. It was a quarter to one when the Viceregal party left, and a number of the general public subsequently inspected the Exhibition.

It is impossible to attempt a detailed description of the exhibits or even of their different classes, except in general terms. The buildings comprise four great sections: the main or sale gallery; second, the loan-collection gallery; third, the jewellery gallery; and fourth, the artificers' gallery

of workshops, and within each of these galleries the same main classification has been observed, namely, into metal-wares, stone-ware<sup>s</sup>, glass, and earthen wares, woodwork, iron, horn, shell and leather wares, lac and lacquer wares; textiles, embroidery, braiding, lace, etc., carpets, rugs, baskets, etc., and finally the Fine Arts.

These are again sub-divided into 50 divisions, so that from these figures alone some idea of the size and extent of the exhibition may be gathered. Indeed the only question is whether it is not too big. In the opinion of a competent judge, in fact one of the actual judges who awarded the prizes, a more useful purpose would have been served had the building been smaller and the exhibits one-third only of those actually admitted. It is, of course, in the loan exhibition that the costliest and rarest works are to be found. Here upon the walls are spread out some old and now tattered carpets, still showing the exquisite colours and pure designs that have made them the samples for present-day weavers.



In glass-cases are set out some priceless pieces of glass and metal-work, borrowed from the South Kensington Museum, and one has only to look at these to see at once the difference between the work done by the artists who worked for Art's sake and the debased and almost trashy products that have in these days come to be accepted as typically Indian.

The Gaekwar of Baroda lends a great carpet or table cover entirely made of precious stones,—pearls, turquoises and rubies—with flowered designs worked out in larger gems. Old arms from Jodhpur, Kashmir shawls of fascinating beauty, an enormous carpet worked in the delicate stitching usually found only in these shawls, a silk velvet carpet in a glazed-frame, and a thousand other things bewilder the eye as one takes a walk round. In the Sales Gallery a good many articles are to be found—photograph frames in wood and metal, sideboards, overmantels, writing-tables, what-nots, carved screens and the like—which show how the best Indian designs may be adapted to European requirements.

The leading feature of the Exhibition is the rooms in which this capacity for adaptation is worked out in detail, such as the Madras Room, intended, to quote the abstract catalogue, "to exemplify the accumulative and realistic Dravidian style of South India, often spoken of as Swami"; the Bombay Room, exemplifying the elaborate and intricate Jaina style of architecture and ornamentation; and so on through the Punjab Room, the balcony of which is magnificently executed, the Burma Room and a dozen others. In the Jewellers' Court are the stalls of divers jewellers, the best known to English ears being Messrs. P. Orr and Sons and Messrs. T. R. Tawker and Sons, both of Madras. It is believed this room contains the most valuable collection of jewels ever brought together in one building.

Finally there are craftsmen actually at work, whose handiwork may be bought from them direct. The exhibition is certain to attract many visitors in the next few weeks.

## THE DURBAR.

*January 1st, 1903.*

THE Coronation Durbar is now an event of the past. To-day witnessed a gathering unprecedented in splendour in India, unique in all its arrangements and surroundings, impressive in general effect and complete even to its smallest details of ceremony. And here it may be said as a preliminary, that those who wish to grasp the full meaning of the Coronation Durbar, its great political significance, its wide-reaching effects, should read with careful attention the speech of His Excellency the Viceroy, which was eloquent, emphatic and impassioned in turn, clear in its exposition of facts, and, above all, conveying from the King-Emperor a message of sympathy and affection to his people in India. His Majesty had directed that a day should be specially set apart in this country to celebrate his

Coronation, and on this day his greeting was given to his subjects through his representative, the Viceroy, and in the presence of His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Connaught. As we gathered in the vast amphitheatre we did not perhaps realise how direct was the personal interest of our King-Emperor in the Durbar. That was at the beginning, but later on all this was brought home to us, and His Majesty's gracious message excited the deepest feelings of loyal devotion throughout the vast assembly, representative of every class, European and Indian, and containing within its ranks every man of note in the country and many from beyond its borders.

So much I have said in order that some idea may be formed of the impressive character of the Durbār, for it was something far beyond a pageant such as we witnessed on Monday, though it lacked none of the essentials of splendour that the occasion demanded. On the contrary, there was everything in the shape of military display, elaborate ceremonial, the stately passing of Princes and Chiefs,

which could make the scene one of surpassing brilliancy. To describe the events of the day at length, it must be explained that the amphitheatre lies some few miles away from the Central Camp on the site which witnessed the Proclamation Durbar of January 1st, 1877, the intervening ground being mostly covered by the encampment containing the troops forming the Viceroy's full escort. A series of carefully planned roads leads to and from the amphitheatre, and the light railway runs within a short distance of it. The means of access were therefore ample, and before nine o'clock streams of carriages had set in, concentrating upon one point, from Delhi and from the various camps. There had also begun to pour across country and along every road thousands of persons on horseback and on foot, all uniting finally in a vast concourse which it would have taken many amphitheatres to accommodate. Troops were on the march, regiments passing onwards to their allotted places, while the railway kept depositing hundreds of passengers as each train drew up. Along the main

thoroughfares richly ornamented carriages, with escorts of the most varied kind, rolled onwards, carrying the Chiefs and their personal attendants; and one got rapid glimpses of gold-embroidered coats, of turbans weighted down with precious stones, and of necklaces worth each a king's ransom. There came also all the high dignitaries and leading British officials, Councillors, Generals, Governors, every civil and military officer in all India of rank and position, with their orders and medals to remind us of good service done and rewarded. Judges in their court robes, with Chief Justices to head them, Consuls in uniform, foreign visitors of high distinction, Envoys and officers from Eastern countries, the minor nobility of India and a throng of others representing the classes that are not within the official circle. India had sent from its extremest limits its men of rank and position, Europe and the Farther West had lent their contingent, Australia and South Africa had their representatives, Japan had its messenger of goodwill, Afghanistan, Siam, Nepal and other king-

doms and States beyond our borders had joined to swell the gathering; while from the distant borders of Burma on the east to the far-away snow-bound countries of the Western Himalayas and the Hindu Kush region, to the deserts of Baluchistan, the shores of the Persian Gulf and the rocky wastes of Aden, Chiefs had journeyed to render the homage which they owed to their Sovereign. In no continent save Asia, in no country save India, could such a gathering together of races, such a massing of nationalities, such a mingling in one common crowd of thousands ordinarily separated by creed, caste and custom, ever be possible.

In all due order and with marvellously little confusion some twelve thousand persons gradually filed into the amphitheatre, tier after tier of seats filling after each carriage had passed to its proper entrance and its occupants had alighted. The direction and control were admirable, the lettered sections and the numbered seats preventing confusion, while the consideration shown in conducting the

Ruling Chiefs to their places was worthy of all praise. By eleven o'clock the amphitheatre was almost full, and then the scene was wonderfully effective. The dais with its gold embroidered floorcloth and its silver chairs of State, over which four *chobdars* with maces kept watch, was unoccupied; but to right and left on the ground-level stretched the line of Ruling Chiefs seated in all their splendour of rich attire, with jewels sparkling in the sunlight, and each with a little group of relatives or attendants almost as magnificently arrayed. Immediately behind them came personages of lesser note, while in well-arranged groups were our principal civil and military officers, from Governors and the Commander-in-Chief downwards. Full-dress uniform was everywhere visible, and the soft-toned summer dresses of ladies gave delightful relief to the vivid splashes of colour that might otherwise have wearied the eye. Behind, and to the right of the dais were the Viceregal guests. Looking from tier to tier one saw one solid mass of people, Europeans and Natives, ladies and