

gentlemen. It was impossible to distinguish without the aid of a field-glass distinctive figures, for the distance was so great that the thousands merged together, while on the upper platform running along the whole length a dense crowd congregated. The effect of all this great concourse was to dwarf the dimensions of the amphitheatre and to make the arena contained within the tiers of seats appear almost too small for the purposes for which it was intended, and yet the massed bands collected at the foot of the Flagstaff seemed only a small group of men. Near the entrance and beyond there were visible the infantry regiments of the Viceroy's Escort, the *paggris* of the 15th Sikhs showing up in a line of golden colour. The background was a low ridge covered with moving figures. The 30,000 troops assembled outside were not visible from the central part of the amphitheatre, but they were drawn up in readiness for their share in the day's ceremonial. Music from the massed bands, under the able conductorship of Captain Sanford, filled in the interval of

waiting. This was longer than at first intended, as half-an-hour had been added to the fixed time given on account of the *Id.*

Looking round the amphitheatre some of us noticed a small block on the left still empty, and only a few knew that this was intended as one of the highest places of honour. Presently two tottering figures were seen being led from the entrance towards the block by some British soldiers and sepoys. Instantly the news was passed that these were the first of the Mutiny veterans, and cheers at once broke out. A few minutes later the main body of the veterans, the men who had shared in the siege of Delhi or in the desperate fighting at Lucknow, marched into the arena. They were preceded by a band playing a triumphal march, and then occurred a scene never to be forgotten. As the heroes filed in a wild burst of enthusiastic cheering and plaudits burst forth. The thousands of spectators rose with one accord to do honour to these men, whose names may not live in history but who were to all

present a living testimony of the great deeds done nearly half-a-century ago. They came on—Europeans, Eurasians and Natives—a small body of a few hundred, the leaders marching with firm step and manly bearing in spite of their age, some in old uniforms, but the majority in the plain dress of everyday life. But there was nothing of the commonplace about them, for the glitter of the medals on their breasts lighted up the ranks, and we knew them for men who had seen the stress of war at its fiercest, who had fought against desperate odds, and had come out victorious and covered with glory. Not so far away lay the Ridge, where many of them had looked down upon mutinous Delhi and whence they and their comrades had rushed to the final assault, and our feelings were stirred to the depths as the little band paced on slowly and painfully. Sikhs, Gurkhas, Pathans and other warlike races were all represented. Age had dealt heavily with more than one, and the lurching gait, the bowed back, the doubtful attempt to keep step were pitiful to see. But they were still

the men who had fought and bled for the Empire in their hot youth, and we honoured them as we honoured no one else throughout the long, long day. There was emotion among us to the verge almost of choking the cheers in our throats, and there were tears in the eyes of many a woman who gazed at this most touching of spectacles. The veterans were placed in their seat of honour by the kind hands of sturdy soldiers; and then came borne to us the air that, of all others, softens our hearts, and sometimes saddens them too—*Auld Lang Syne*.

As the strains died away, tumultuous cheering echoed through the amphitheatre. Whatever we had to witness after this could not, with all its pomp and pageantry, wipe from our memories the faces and figures of these war-worn warriors of a past generation. To Colonel A. R. D. Mackenzie belonged the great honour of leading these men, himself a veteran whom the years have touched lightly and who could lead a charge to-morrow. And here I may remark that in all the Indian Army in India itself there is now



only one officer on the Active List who could claim to have joined in this short march. This is Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Low, who was present throughout the siege of Delhi and was here to-day watching his old comrades-in-arms go by.

At high noon suddenly the skirl of the bagpipes was heard, and there marched with quick step into the arena a strong company of the Gordon Highlanders, the guard-of-honour for the Viceroy. Splendid specimens of fighting men these, nearly all wearing two medals, the proof of their campaigning in South Africa. They formed up in front of the dais, cheered every yard of their way. Again more music from the massed bands, and then came the distant sound of the first gun of a salute, notifying that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had started from camp. Before Their Royal Highnesses appeared, however, there had arrived the Grand Duke of Hesse, who was received with the customary honours. As the salute continued we watched the open space beyond the entrance, and soon, dancing in the sunlight, came the lance heads and pennons

of a cavalry detachment. Emerging from a dust-cloud the squadron wheeled sharp to the left and entered the arena at a trot. There was no mistaking the regiment. It was the 9th Lancers, who had furnished one of the two squadrons escorting the Duke and Duchess. The 9th wrote their name in imperishable letters in the historic pages which record how the English soldier fought and died before Delhi, and, with the exception of the Gordon Highlanders, they were the first troops to enter the amphitheatre to-day. They were greeted with rounds of applause and cries of "Bravo the 9th!" as they rode on, superb in turnout and the *beau idéal* of perfect English cavalry. As the Duke and Duchess of Connaught drove in they received a great ovation, cheer after cheer ringing out. His Royal Highness saluted constantly, and not until he had seated himself on the dais did the applause subside. He was in Field Marshal's uniform, carrying his bâton and wearing the collars of the Garter and the Star of India with the ribbon of the Order of the Indian Empire. Her Royal High-

ness, who also took her seat on the dais, wore a light dust cloak for the moment, which hid the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Edward VII., and Coronation Medal. The 19th Bengal Lancers furnished the second squadron as escort to Their Royal Highnesses, and they were fitting comrades of the 9th Lancers.

When the last gun of the salute had been fired, the massed band played the Coronation March composed by Captain Sanford, hearty applause being given at its conclusion. There was again a pause, but at a quarter to one the head of a cavalry detachment once more appeared, and five minutes later the Viceroy and Lady Curzon drove into the arena. The Bodyguard and the Imperial Cadet Corps added state to the entry. There were renewed cheering and plaudits, and as Their Excellencies went to the dais, the guard-of-honour presented arms, the bands played the National Anthem, a salute of 51 guns was fired, and the Viceregal Standard was flown from its flagstaff. Lord Curzon was in full dress and wore the collar of the Star of India, the

ribbon of the Indian Empire, together with the stars of both Orders. He took his seat on the chair of State, which was slightly in advance of those occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Lady Curzon, who looked the picture of beauty in a dress of pale blue, richly embroidered with Indian goldwork, had a chair to the right of Her Royal Highness. The Viceregal Staff and the personal staff of the Duke of Connaught were in the rear. The Imperial Cadet Corps had wheeled to the left and then dismounted. They had attracted much attention, and now as they came swinging along on foot, with Major Watson at their head and Sir Pertab Singh, Maharaja of Idar, and Captain Cameron, Adjutant, closing the short procession, they were loudly applauded on their way. They marched on to the dais and sat with the Personal Staff, forming a distinctive body that might be accounted as a second guard-of-honour.

Then began the great ceremony of opening the Durbar, an elaborate programme having been carefully devised to give stateliness and dignity to this part of the proceedings.

Sir Hugh Barnes, Foreign Secretary, who has had to bear the heavy burden of responsibility for the arrangements, advanced to the front of the dais, bowed and asked formal permission for the opening. This was accorded by the Viceroy, and simultaneously the massed bands sounded a summons to the Herald, Major Maxwell, who with his trumpeters was waiting on horseback near the entrance to the arena. A flourish of trumpets was the prompt reply, and then the Herald advanced. A second flourish was sounded, and yet a third as the small cortège, brilliant in scarlet and gold, halted in front of the dais, the twelve trumpeters dividing in equal numbers to right and left. The Herald, by command of the Viceroy, read over the King-Emperor's proclamation, ordering that his Coronation should be celebrated in India by a Durbar at Delhi on January 1st, 1903. Major Maxwell read the words in clear and resonant tones, and his voice must have reached to the furthest limits of the amphitheatre. When he had concluded, a fourth flourish was sounded by the trumpeters, and the Royal Standard

floated out from the high flagstaff in the centre of the arena. The guard-of-honour presented arms, the bands played the National Anthem and the Royal salute of 101 guns commenced. This lasted nearly fifteen minutes, a *feu-de-joue* being fired at due intervals by the whole body of troops massed outside. The bands shared in this ceremonial by playing the National Anthem and other music. The Herald and his trumpeters had meanwhile ridden to the entrance, and a final prolonged flourish of trumpets ended this part of the ceremonial. Silence then reigned throughout the amphitheatre, and His Excellency the Viceroy rose and addressed the Durbar.

#### THE VICEROY'S SPEECH.

LORD CURZON said :—

“ Five months ago in London His Majesty King Edward VII., King of England and Emperor of India, was invested with the crown and sceptre of the English kings. Only a few representatives of the Indian Empire had the good fortune to be present at that ceremony. To-day His Majesty has, by his Royal favour, afforded an

opportunity to all his Indian people to take part in similar rejoicings, and here and elsewhere throughout India are gathered together in honour of the event the Princes and Chiefs and nobles who are the pillars of his throne, the European and Indian officials who conduct his administration with an integrity and devotion to duty beyond compare, the Army, British and Native, which, with such pre-eminent bravery, defends his frontiers and fights his wars, and the vast body of the loyal inhabitants of India of all races who, amid a thousand varieties, of circumstance and feeling and custom, are united in their spontaneous allegiance to the Imperial Crown. It was with the special object of thus solemnising his Coronation in India that His Majesty commanded me as his Viceroy to convene this great Durbar, and it is to signify the supreme value that he attaches to the occasion that he has honoured us by deputing his own brother, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, to join in this celebration. It is twenty-six years since, on the anniversary of this day, in this city

of Imperial memories and traditions, and on this very spot, Queen Victoria was proclaimed the first Empress of India. That act was a vindication of her profound interest in her Indian subjects and of the accomplished unity of her Indian dominions under the paramountcy of the British Crown. To-day, a quarter of a century later, that Empire is not less but more united, the Sovereign to whom we are met to render homage not less dear to his Indian people, for they have seen his features and heard his voice. He has succeeded to a throne not only the most illustrious but the most stable in the world, and ill-informed would be the critic who would deny that not the least of the bases of its security—nay, I think, a principal condition of its strength—is the possession of the Indian Empire and the faithful attachment and service of His Majesty's Indian people. Rich in her ancient traditions, India is also rich in the loyalty which has been kindled anew in her by the West. Amid the crowd of noble suitors who, through all the centuries, have



sought her hand she has given it only to the one who has also gained her trust.

“Nowhere else in the world would such a spectacle be possible as that which we witness here to-day. I do not speak of this great and imposing assemblage, unparalleled as I believe it to be. I refer to that which this gathering symbolises and those to whose feelings it gives expression. Over 100 Rulers of separate States, whose united population amounts to 60 millions of people and whose territories extend over 55 degrees of longitude, have come here to testify their allegiance to their common Sovereign. We greatly esteem the sentiments of loyalty that have brought them to Delhi from such great distances and often at considerable sacrifice, and I shall presently be honoured by receiving from their own lips their message of personal congratulation to the King. The officers and soldiers present are drawn from a force in India of nearly 230,000 men, whose pride it is that they are the King's Army. The leaders of Indian Society, official and unofficial, who are here, are the

mouthpieces of a community of over 230 million souls. In spirit, therefore, and, one may almost say, through their rulers and deputies in person, there is represented in this arena nearly one-fifth of the entire human race. All are animated by a single feeling, and all bow before a single Throne. And should it be asked how it is that any one sentiment can draw together these vast and scattered forces and make them one, the answer is that loyalty to the Sovereign is synonymous with confidence in the equity and benignity of his rule. It is not merely the expression of an emotion, but the record of an experience and the declaration of a belief. For, to the majority of these millions, the King's Government has given freedom from invasion and anarchy, to others it has guaranteed their rights and privileges, to others it opens ever-widening avenues of honourable employment, to the masses it dispenses mercy in the hour of suffering, and to all it endeavours to give equal justice, immunity from oppression and the blessings of enlightenment and peace. To have won

such a dominion is a great achievement, to hold it by fair and righteous dealing is a greater. To weld it by prudent statesmanship into a single compact whole will be and is the greatest of all. Such are the ideas and aims that are embodied in the summoning of this Coronation Durbar.

#### THE KING'S MESSAGE.

“It is now my duty to read to you the gracious message which His Majesty has desired me to convey to his Indian people :—

“It gives me much pleasure to send a message of greeting to my Indian people on the solemn occasion when they are celebrating my Coronation. Only a small number of the Indian Princes and representatives were able to be present at the ceremony which took place in London, and I accordingly instructed my Viceroy and Governor-General to hold a great Durbar at Delhi in order to afford an opportunity to all the Indian Princes, Chiefs and peoples and to the officials of my Government to commemorate this auspicious event. Ever since my visit to India in 1875 I have

regarded that country and its peoples with deep affection, and I am conscious of their earnest and loyal devotion to my House and Throne. During recent years many evidences of their attachment have reached me, and my Indian troops have rendered conspicuous services in the wars and victories of my Empire. I confidently hope that my beloved son the Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, may, before long, be able to make themselves personally acquainted with India and the country which I have always desired that they should see and which they are equally anxious to visit. Gladly would I have come to India upon this eventful occasion myself had this been found possible. I have, however, sent my dear brother the Duke of Connaught, who is already so well known in India, in order that my family may be represented at the ceremony held to celebrate my Coronation. My desire, since I succeeded to the Throne of my revered mother the late Queen Victoria, the first Empress of India, has been to maintain unimpaired the same principles of

humane and equitable administration which secured for her in so wonderful a degree the veneration and affection of her Indian subjects. To all my feudatories and subjects throughout India I renew the assurance of my regard for their liberties, of respect for their dignities and rights, of interest in their advancement, and of devotion to their welfare, which are the supreme aim and object of my rule, and which, under the blessing of Almighty God, will lead to the increasing prosperity of my Indian Empire and the greater happiness of its peoples

“Princes and peoples of India, these are the words of the Sovereign whose Coronation we are assembled to celebrate. They provide a stimulus and an inspiration to the officers who serve him, and they breathe the lessons of magnanimity and goodwill to all. To those of us who, like my colleagues and myself, are the direct instruments of His Majesty's Government, they suggest the spirit that should guide our conduct and infuse our administration. Never was there a time when we were more desirous that

that administration should be characterised by generosity and lenience. Those who have suffered much deserve much, and those who have wrought well deserve well. The Princes of India have offered us their soldiers and their own swords in the recent campaigns of the Empire, and in other struggles, such as those against drought and famine, they have conducted themselves with equal gallantry and credit. It is difficult to give to them more than they already enjoy, and impossible to add to a security whose inviolability is beyond dispute. Nevertheless, it has been a pleasure to us to propose that Government shall cease to exact any interest for a period of three years upon all loans that have been made or guaranteed by the Government of India to Native States in connection with the last famine, and we hope that this benefaction may be acceptable to those to whom it is offered. Other and more numerous classes there are in this great country to whom we would gladly extend and to whom we hope, before long, to be in a position to announce relief. In the

midst of a financial year it is not always expedient to make announcements or easy to frame calculations. If, however, the present conditions continue, and if, as we have good reason to believe, we have entered upon a period of prosperity in Indian finance, then I trust that these early years of His Majesty's reign may not pass by without the Government of India being able to demonstrate their feelings of sympathy and regard for the Indian population by measures of financial relief, which their patient and loyal conduct in years of depression and distress renders it especially gratifying to me to contemplate. I need not now refer to other acts of consideration or favour which we have associated with the present occasion, since they are recorded elsewhere. But it is my privilege to make the announcement to the officers of the Army that henceforward the name of the Indian Staff Corps will cease to exist, and that they will belong to the single and homogeneous Indian Army of the King.

“Princes and peoples, we turn our gaze for a moment to the future. A great

development appears, with little doubt, to lie before this country. There is no Indian problem, be it of population or education or labour or subsistence, which is not in the power of statesmanship to solve. The solution of many is even now proceeding before our eyes. If the combined arms of Great Britain and India can secure continued peace upon our borders, if unity prevails within them between princes and people, between European and Indian, and between rulers and ruled, and if the seasons fail not in their bounty, then nothing can arrest the march of progress. The India of the future will, under Providence, not be an India of diminishing plenty, of empty prospects or of justifiable discontent; but one of expanding industry, of awakened faculties, of increasing prosperity and of more widely distributed comfort and wealth. I have faith in the conscience and the purpose of my own country, and I believe in the almost illimitable capacities of this. But under no other conditions can this future be realised than the unchallenged supremacy of the Paramount Power, and



under no other controlling authority is this capable of being maintained than that of the British Crown.

“And now I will bring these remarks to a close. It is my earnest hope that this great assemblage may long be remembered by the peoples of India, as having brought them into contact, at a moment of great solemnity, with the personality and the sentiments of their Sovereign. I hope that its memories will be those of happiness and rejoicing, and that the reign of King Edward VII., so auspiciously begun, will live in the annals of India and in the hearts of its people. We pray that under the blessing of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe his sovereignty and power may last for long years, that the well-being of his subjects may grow from day to day, that the administration of his officers may be stamped with wisdom and virtue, and that the security and beneficence of his dominion may endure for ever. Long live the King-Emperor of India !”

I have already noticed the manner of delivery and the substance of His Excellency's

speech, and I need only add that every word was heard by the great majority of those present. There were several bursts of cheering during its delivery, and one very marked when the King-Emperor's desire to send the Prince of Wales to India was made known. Lord Curzon stood with head uncovered while reading His Majesty's message to his subjects. The speech lasted some thirty minutes and ended at 2 p.m. The Herald and trumpeters once more appeared before the dais. Another flourish was sounded and the Herald, raising his helmet, called for three cheers for the King-Emperor. The whole of the vast audience rose and the cheers were given with immense enthusiasm, the Viceroy, the Duke of Connaught and everyone in the amphitheatre raising their voices in this testimony of fervid loyalty. Then from the outside came the thundering roar of cheers from the troops. Yet again the National Anthem was heard and another salute, and the second scene in the Durbar had closed, the reading of the Proclamation being taken as the first.

## PRESENTATION OF CHIEFS.

There was, however, still a most important ceremony to be gone through. This was the presentation to the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught of the Ruling Chiefs attending the Durbar. The ceremony was arranged so that each Chief might offer his individual congratulations to the King-Emperor through the Viceroy and in the presence of the Duke of Connaught. His Excellency and His Royal Highness rose and advanced to the edge of the dais and the Chiefs were conducted to them. This took almost an hour, and the assembled multitude in the amphitheatre watched the presentations with lively interest, for they could see figure after figure pass by literally gleaming with diamonds, pearls, emeralds and all the gems that earth can yield. There were, besides, varieties of rich dresses and Oriental costumes which excited admiration, surprise and even amazement, for never has there been seen such boundless wealth displayed in personal adornment. Here is a description of one costume alone from among many that were

even more costly—a red plush coat heavily embroidered with gold to the shoulders and with a deep gold waist-belt; necklets, armlets and bracelets of diamonds; a turban fringed with large uncut emeralds, from the midst of which sprang an aigrette with base thickly set with pearls, the plumes tipped with rubies and diamonds; sword belt and scabbard heavily jewelled; rings of great price on nearly every finger, and thick golden bangles weighing down the feet. In other instances ropes of pearls were hung round the neck; turbans were circled again and again with jewels; breast-plates of emeralds were worn, and diamonds were scattered in profusion about the dresses. The latter were of every shade known to the Eastern dyer, while the gold and silver embroidery was marvellous in its fineness and occasionally most striking in the harmonious and artistic patterns wrought. Not only among the Ruling Chiefs, but among others of lesser degree and those who came as honoured guests there was brilliant display, and the Prime Minister of Nepal was a notable figure among these.

To return, however, to the ceremony of presentation. First came His Highness the Nizam, and in his case absolute simplicity of dress was noticeable. He wore but few jewels, and yet his plain frock-coat seemed in keeping with the quiet dignity of his bearing. He conveyed his congratulations in an address which he read to the Viceroy, and the Duke of Connaught listened with marked attention. Then came the Gaekwar in white with red turban, and wearing some of his magnificent jewels; the Maharaja of Mysore, a Prince whose career is full of promise, the Maharaja of Travancore and His Highness of Kashmir, a well-known figure to many; and so on through all the long list of the Rulers of Native States. One figure focussed all our attention for the time; it was that of the Begum of Bhopal, the only woman ruler in all India. She was in a dress of pale blue and gold, thinly veiled in bright coloured muslin, her jewels mostly emeralds, and a crown of gold surmounting her veil. Her Highness carried a golden casket in her hands. This she presented. The Viceroy

uncovered in receiving her ; the Duke gave her a military salute ; and when she had completed her presentation the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon engaged her in conversation. Her Highness had, as befitted her special status as a Begum, these special honours shown to her. The traditional loyalty of Bhopal has never been higher than since her accession.

It would be impossible to describe the appearance of each Chief, but there were some that should be noticed. The venerable ruler of Nabha with his flowing white beard, a chief of the old school, was there ; and, contrasting with him, was the young Maharaja of Patiala escorted by his uncle the Kuar Sahib ; Sir Pertab Singh, Maharaja of Idar, with his easy soldierly bearing ; the younger generation of Princes in the Imperial Cadet Corps ; the Maharaja of Gwalior, in the costume which suits him so well ; the handsome Bikanir ; and Bundi in the Rajput costume that has survived centuries ; young Kotah, a picturesque figure ; Cooch Behar looking his best in white, and scores of others who filled the

scene with their brilliancy of colour effect. The Khan of Kalat, the young Mehtar of Chitral, the Nawab of Dir, Arab Chiefs and men whose titles are scarcely known to the outside world, were all present, each anxious to have his congratulations conveyed to the King-Emperor. The Shan Chiefs, in their beautifully worked coats, gold embroidery and their pagoda-like gilt hats, passed along in a group, and we scanned them with attention, so different from all the others did they seem.

The presentations came to an end at last, and then the Foreign Secretary asked for formal permission to close the Durbar. For a few minutes escorts were on the move, salutes were being fired and the Viceroy and Lady Curzon were entering their carriage to depart amid cheering. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught followed, and again His Royal Highness had to pause to acknowledge the enthusiasm which rose and swelled in cheer after cheer. The Coronation Durbar had closed, great in its inception and greater still in its realisation. We may be said to have seen all India strong in its

loyalty, steadfast in its devotion, united in its love for its King-Emperor, who indeed holds "Dominion over palm and pine" and rests his power on that large-hearted loyalty and personal devotion which have always characterised the Indian people and their Chiefs towards rulers who inspire them with trust and affection. We know how widespread is that dominion, how deeply based that power, and yet with the cheers of an army and the plaudits of a multitude still ringing in our ears, there come the echoes of those earlier cheers which shook the amphitheatre as the veterans marched on their way, a day nearer to the last outpost of all whence no soldier ever returns.

The tumult and the shouting dies,  
 The Captains and the Kings depart,  
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—Lest we forget.



## FEATURES OF THE DURBAR.

*January 2nd.*

ONE hears on every side to-day expressions of praise, admiration and approval of the manner in which the great Durbar was conducted and the smoothness with which everything ran, thanks to the care and forethought exercised by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Hugh Barnes, and the officers who assisted him; and also to the efficiency of the military staffs and the soldiers told off for duty at the amphitheatre. The police had a trying and wearisome task in marshalling the carriage traffic. It was a comparatively simple matter to get the thousands of people to the Durbar, as their arrival was spread over some hours; but it was quite a different affair getting them away again. Where several roads converged upon one great thoroughfare such as the Durbar Road, there was a hopeless block and jam of vehicles. In one instance these were eight or ten abreast and the line was hundreds of yards long. Progress was at the slowest rate, and it seemed as if

the tangle of horses, carriages, traps, torgas and dogcarts could never be unravelled. A score of accidents should have happened, but, happily, no mishaps of any consequence occurred. Once on the main road, all was plain sailing, for a single line was rigorously enforced and rapid way was made. As we shall have to go to the amphitheatre again for the review of the Chiefs' retainers, some plan might be thought out for preventing a repetition of yesterday's congestion of traffic. So also with the review of the troops on the 8th instant. Thousands of vehicles of every kind will be there, and the departure may be a matter of extreme difficulty unless something can be done to regulate the traffic. As to what will happen at night on the occasion of the fireworks, the Investiture and the State Ball none of us can surmise. The Native police are often powerless in face of obstinacy by coachmen and drivers generally, who will persist in pushing on, and there are not enough European officers and subordinates to enforce the orders issued. Everyone

will doubtless get back to camp in the end, but it may be a trying ordeal for many in the cold night air. But if we want to take all the pleasure offered, we must submit to some discomfort and inconvenience, and the less we grumble the better.

Many of our visitors from countries far removed from India are slowly recovering from their amazement at the Durbar and the magnificence of the Ruling Chiefs who attended. The purely ceremonial part, with its flourishes of trumpets, thunder of salutes and the military environment generally did not so much impress them as the presentation of the Native Princes, when as loyal feudatories they passed up to the dais and there tendered their congratulations to the King-Emperor's representative and to His Majesty's brother. It was this ceremonial which had the most marked effect after that emotional scene when the veterans filed past and the amphitheatre rang with frantic cheers. Truly the stranger within our gates, who passes from one show-place to another, rushes through Native States, seeing fortresses, tombs, temples and

monuments but rarely the Chiefs themselves or their courts, knows little of the wealth that lies hidden in tower and vault, in the *toshakhana* or the inner apartments which the *pardah* veils. At some big festival or annual celebration the splendour may be revealed, but it is probably dulled by tawdry surroundings which those who know the East are sadly familiar with. But here at the Durbar there was no drawback to lessen the marvellous effect of grouping together in one spot scores of Chiefs, each vying with his neighbour in dazzling display. And when one by one they passed on their way, from men stricken by age or illness to the child led by the hand, the revelation of riches, of the personal possession of jewels worth millions if all thrown together in one glittering heap, of dresses whose lustre of colour and embroidery shone out in undimmed beauty, the revelation of all this could not fail to raise wonder and amaze; for if so much could be disclosed in the single effort after personal adornment, what boundless stores must be lying in distant treasure-houses?

The attention, then, of our visitors was concentrated upon the Durbar rather as a spectacle than as a great assemblage full of political meaning and imperial significance. It may be urged that there was no occasion to read a moral in it while its spectacular effect was in the ascendant ; but its very impressiveness arose not from the sight of individual splendour but from the composition of its many units and all that they represented to us. The men themselves and not their pearls and diamonds and emeralds, their gorgeous dresses and their shackles of gold and silver, were what we looked at and studied. There was the contrast of races, the striking personality of this or that Chief, the studied demeanour of another, the self-consciousness of many and the bewilderment of a few who came from remote States. We saw the cultured Chief, speaking fluent English and with memories of many visits to Europe, who had witnessed the crowning of the King-Emperor and who now appeared amidst his natural Indian surroundings ; and alongside him was probably sitting a

ruler strong in his adherence to the ways of his forefathers, orthodox to the extreme in his religious faith, and proud to wear his national costume ; Chiefs of the enlightened school, anxious to follow the ways of Western civilisation at a break-neck pace, and others, enlightened too, but wiser in their methods, seeking their subjects' welfare in time-honoured ways ; here one whose methods of government or rather misgovernment had more than once called down upon his head censure and rebuke, and again another who had consistently administered his State on the broad lines of sympathy and generosity to his nobles and people ; yet again men of force of character and weaklings, those with firmness of purpose and those with wavering minds. How few of us know the inner history of the Native States with their constant intrigues and their shifting scenes of passionate quarrel and family strife.

The younger generation of Ruling Chiefs seemed almost in the majority, and of these passed many of whom great things are expected and who have so far trod

steadily in the path of progress. The older men, who have lived their lives under different conditions to those obtaining now, could speculate on the future of such as these, wondering perhaps towards what goal the Sirkar was leading them and whether there were pitfalls on the way. There were sons of Chiefs whose careers opened brightly but ended in darkness, and boys whose fate had been shaped by accident tempered by the will of the British Government. College students or Imperial Cadets, they were for the day Ruling Chiefs, and they were privileged to take their seats in high places in the Durbar. But there were others far different from Indian Maharajas and Rajas, Maharanas and Maharaos, Mirs and Thakurs. The Khan of Kalat crossed the dais, and his presence brought up memories of cruel bloodshed in Baluchistan when his predecessor ruled. The young Mehtar of Chitral greeted the Viceroy, and we called to mind the fierce old Mehtar who ruled his State with an iron hand, his ill-starred son, the soldierly Afzal, and his equally luckless successor, whose assassination was

in keeping with the bloody traditions of the State. The boy made his exit, and there came the Nawab of Dir and the Khan of Nawagai, Chiefs from beyond the Swat Valley, whose power lies not in riches but in the strength of their *lashkars* of fighting men. Umra Khan might have been there instead of fretting his soul out at Kabul had these two men not turned their faces to the Sirkar, or if a great ambition had not swamped him. Nawab and Khan played their parts in 1895 and again in 1897, when the roar of the terrific wave of fanaticism along the North-West Frontier startled all India. Yet they were here amid the host of Indian feudatories, on whose bejewelled figures they turned envious eyes. The lesson they read was doubtless of the security that comes from a strong controlling power, the riches that are amassed during unbroken peace, the absence of dangers to which they themselves are hardened. And yet later came the Manipur Chief from the old north-east frontier far removed from Gilgit and Chitral, Malakand and Bajour. There was a dark page of history



to be unrolled here also; but it could be left unread on such a day. All the Chiefs were together for the first and probably the last time in their lives, though many may gather on some less momentous occasion. There was unity of purpose, community of feeling in their assembling; and if their interests in life are widely separated, they have at least joined hands and sat in one Durbar, the like of which they will never see again. In their scattered camps they may now be pondering over the meaning of it all; but this at least must be clear to them, that they are all embraced within the bounds of a great Empire, and that as their services are to their Sovereign, so will their reward be now and in time to come.



## STATE BANQUET IN CAMP.

*January 2nd.*

At the State banquet last night His Excellency the Viceroy entertained His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and a large and distinguished company. His Excellency, in proposing the toast of the King-Emperor, spoke as follows:—

“YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, YOUR EXCELLENCIES, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I rise to propose the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor of India. This afternoon we carried through, I hope with success—(cheers)—the great ceremony that had been devised for the celebration of His Majesty's Coronation in this country, and the spectacle was one that must have stirred the heart of every beholder. (Cheers.) It brought home to every European or Indian inhabitant of this land the vivid reality of the Constitution under which we live and by which a

far-away and invisible mainspring guides with resistless energy and power every movement of this vast political machine, and I hope that it may also have impressed our various illustrious visitors and guests with the conviction that this Indian possession of His Majesty is no mere dead-weight tied on to the heels of the British Empire, but a dominion, a continent, an empire by itself, rich in its own personality and memories, self-confident in its strength and aglow with abundant potentialities for the future. (Loud cheers.) To be King of the United Kingdom and of the British Possessions beyond the Seas is a great and noble title, but to be Emperor of India is in no respect less and is in some respects greater—(cheers)—for powerful empires existed and flourished here while Englishmen were still wandering painted in the woods and when the British colonies were wilderness and jungle, and India has left a deeper mark upon the history, the philosophy and the religion of mankind than any other territorial unit in the universe. (Cheers.) That a British sovereign should in the fulness of

time have been able to do what no predecessor of his ever accomplished, what Alexander never dreamed of, what Akbar never performed, namely, to pacify, unify and consolidate this great mass into a single homogeneous whole, is in my judgment the most impressive phenomenon in history and the greatest wonder of the modern world. (Cheers )

“Your Royal Highnesses, Your Excellencies and Gentlemen, I venture to say that but one regret has filled all our minds here to-day. It is that His Majesty the King-Emperor has not been able to be present here in person to receive the homage of his loyal feudatories and the acclamations of his Indian people. (Cheers.) There is indeed no necessity for an Emperor of India to come out here to be crowned. His Majesty was our acknowledged and sovereign lord as soon as the throne was vacant nearly two years ago. But India would dearly have loved to see the face of her Emperor and to listen to his voice, and some day we may hope that as time and distance continue to dwindle under the

magic finger of science, it may be found possible for the Viceroy, on some future occasion like the present to be eliminated as a superfluous phantom—(laughter)—and for the real figure to appear upon the scene. (Cheers.) However that may be, we are met here in honour of a sovereign who, though he may be absent, is with us in spirit, and whose royal message, which I had the privilege of reading this afternoon, shows how proud he is of the allegiance and how devoted to the interests of his Indian people. (Cheers.) At the Durbar it was my duty to address more particularly the various classes of His Majesty's feudatories and subjects who had assembled to render him their homage and to listen to his words. But the presence at this table here to-night of so many illustrious representatives of foreign Powers and of eminent persons from all quarters of the globe enables me to point to the fact that the possession of India drags with it other and outside responsibilities and brings us into relation—I am glad to say peaceful and amicable relation—with all the Powers and

principalities of the East. We are honoured here by the company of a distinguished representative of the great and allied empire of Japan—(loud cheers)—and by an envoy from that enlightened monarch the King of Siam—(cheers)—and at our Durbar there were present to-day the envoys or representatives of our friend and ally the Amir of Afghanistan—(cheers)—of the friendly kingdom of Nepal and of the Sultan of Muscat. Among our guests are the Governors-General of the Indian possessions of the two powerful and allied nations of France and Portugal, with whom our relations are those of unbroken peacefulness and concord. (Cheers.) Further, there have appeared, for the first time at a gathering such as this, representatives of those great British Colonies beyond the seas, Australia and South Africa, whose star is destined to rise ever higher and higher and whose Governments, as time passes on, must be brought in still closer connection with our own. (Cheers.) Finally, we have here prominent members of the Imperial Legislature of the British Lords and Commons, who have journeyed across

the ocean to join hands with us in this great ceremonial. (Applause.) I think I am entitled, therefore, to claim that it is no mere local celebration, but a great and imperial solemnity of far-reaching interest and application that we have been enacting to-day, and it is before an audience that is typical of all that is best in the British Empire, of our established dominion in Asia, of the friendly sentiments of our neighbours and of the sympathetic regard of our own kith and kin across the seas, that I now propose my toast (Loud cheers.) I give you all, gentlemen, with feelings of profound respect, of devotion and of enthusiasm, the health of His Majesty the King-Emperor of India." (Loud and continued cheers.)

The toast was drunk with all honours.

The Viceroy then rose to propose the health of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. His Excellency said:—

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES, YOUR EXCELLENCIES, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—There is only one other toast that I shall present to you this evening. I said just now how greatly His Majesty the King-Emperor had

regretted that he could not be present here in person at the celebration of his own Coronation; but as this was impossible, His Majesty took the one step that, had there been a plebiscite on the subject in India, we should all have voted for unanimously—(loud applause)—namely, he deputed a member of the Royal Family, a near relative of his own, to represent his family on this occasion, and the Prince and Princess of Wales finding it impossible to visit India in the present winter, though we hope that is an honour only for a little while delayed, His Majesty's choice fell upon his Royal brother the Duke of Connaught—(loud cheers)—whose presence at the ceremony to-day and here again to-night is regarded by all of us with quite exceptional pleasure and delight. (Cheers.) These are our feelings both because we regard His Highness's visit as testifying in the most unmistakable way to the attitude and interest of the Sovereign, and also because there is no prince—I might go further and say no officer, for after' all his Royal Highness has been one of ourselves and has



served the Crown in India—(cheers)—who has more endeared himself to the people of all classes in this country—to soldiers and civilians, to Europeans and Natives—than His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. (Loud cheers.) He comes back to us, therefore, not merely as the delegate of our illustrious sovereign, but as the old friend whom all India reveres and loves—(cheers)—and if I may be permitted to diverge for one moment from the strict track of my toast, I would add that these sentiments on our part are enhanced by the knowledge that His Royal Highness has brought with him the gracious Princess whose popularity in India is not second even to his own. May I also say, though it is not perhaps absolutely germane to my toast, with what pleasure we see here another member of the Royal Family, His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hesse, himself a reigning sovereign and a grandson of our late Queen, who has honoured us by joining our company and whose presence is a compliment and a delight to us all. (Loud cheers.)\* And now to revert to the

subject of the toast. I hope that His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught will carry away to His Majesty the King a favourable impression of the prosperity and loyalty of his great Indian dominion. I can assure him that we regard it as the highest honour that he should have come out to be with us on this momentous occasion. (Cheers.) When our Delhi functions are over, we hope to arrange for him a pleasant tour through the scenes and among the people to whom he is so much attached, and when he sails away from our shores, I hope that India will always keep the firm and agreeable resting place in his memory that the Duchess and he already occupy, and will, by their present visit, confirm in the affections of Europeans and Indians alike in this country. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I ask you to join with me in drinking the good health, pleasant journey and safe return of our illustrious guest His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S REPLY.

His Royal Highness, who on rising to

respond to the toast was very warmly received, said :—

“YOUR EXCELLENCIES, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I am indeed very sensible of the very kind manner in which you have proposed my health on this great and auspicious day. I can assure you that it was a great pleasure and satisfaction to myself when His Majesty the King informed me that it was his wish to send me out to India for the Coronation Durbar to represent his own family. (Cheers.) I never expected that I should have such good fortune. My soldiering days now are cast in a very different climate. Ireland is a very different place from India and Dublin is a very different place from Delhi—(laughter)—and I was never more astonished than I was on being told that I should come out to India again. It is a great pleasure to me to come—a pleasure to come again to a country to which anybody at all interested and having served the Crown in it must be deeply attached. There is also the feeling—I must say a somewhat sorrowful one—that when I was

here before I had the good fortune to serve under three Viceroys and two Commanders-in-Chief, and that now I am no longer connected with India, except in my heart. (Loud cheers.) But I think it requires very little assurance from me that I do and always shall take the very deepest interest in everything that affects the happiness and prosperity and the greatness of His Majesty's Indian Empire. (Cheers.) I have many friends here, both British and Native. (Cheers.) To see them well and getting on in the world is a great satisfaction to me, and what especially gives me pleasure is to meet the Native Army once again. (Cheers.) As you know, Sir, I was first connected with the Bengal Army, as it was then, in this Command, the Meerut Division, divided with that of the Rawalpindi Division, and then for nearly four years I had the Command of the Bombay Army, and therefore I may say that my interests are Indian and not confined to one Presidency or another. But during the twelve years that I have been in India the whole of the forces have taken their share in the

defence of our frontiers and of our interests, both in India and beyond the seas, and I am glad to think that, whether it was in South Africa, whether it was in China or whether it was on the frontiers of India, every branch of the Indian Army has known how to maintain its reputation, for which I can say with confidence that the Indian Army is respected by the armies of all other nations. (Loud cheers.) It is a bad day for any army when it does not get the chance of active service, and it would be especially so for the Indian Army if they were to be locked up year after year. However, this is a slight digression from the toast. May I be allowed to say for the Duchess of Connaught that she, equally with myself, rejoices to be again in India, and that she was very proud to be present at the ceremony of to-day, and may I also, with reference to Your Excellency's remarks about my nephew, say how highly he appreciates the pleasure of visiting India and of being your guest, and further, may I on this New Year's Day tell you, Lord Curzon, how grateful we all are for

your great hospitality and for the very kind and cordial welcome you have given us. Thank you all, gentlemen, for the kind manner in which you have drunk my health." (Loud cheers.)



## THE MUTINY HEROES.

*January 2nd.*

THE enthusiastic reception by the great Durbar audience of the small band of veterans was greatly appreciated by them. In the evening a special dinner was held in their camp, and was of a most interesting character, many reunions taking place for the first time since the events of 1857. Thus a veteran of the Lucknow Relieving Force found his *vis-à-vis* at table one of the heroes of the Residency defence. The story of the Mutiny was retold; old recollections were revived. The first veteran who was led to a seat separately was Arthur Owen, 1st Madras Fusiliers, unfortunately quite blind. He was present with the Relieving Column at Lucknow. After dinner he recited Havelock's March with considerable dramatic effect. R Dennett, one of the first to re-enter Delhi,

made a speech in which he referred to the great reception by the distinguished audience. "The cheers," he said, "were not all for us, but for those we represent, those gallant comrades who fell at our side." He concluded by proposing "The memory of our dead comrades." This was drunk in solemn silence.

An address had been prepared for presentation to Lord Curzon at the Durbar; but the length of the programme rendered this impossible. Thirty-two were present at the dinner, including the venerable Rev. Mr. Ferguson, a padre of the Mutiny. All expressed their pleasure at the comfortable arrangements made for their reception. The recounting of personal stories and much unwritten history of the Mutiny made the evening a most interesting gathering. It ended by the singing of *Auld Lang Syne*.

#### THE VICEROY AND THE VETERANS.

*January 3rd.*

This morning the veterans were honoured by the receipt from His Excellency the



Viceroy of an invitation to meet him at Viceregal Headquarters. They were marshalled in camp, some in uniform, many in ordinary dress, all decorated with medals—Crimea, Defence and Relief of Lucknow, and Delhi. A photograph was taken of the group and they were then driven to the Viceroy's house. They lined round the lawn making a picturesque and unique group, 27 Europeans and 300 Natives, who were decorated with many medals. Lady Curzon and her guests watched the scene from the balcony. His Excellency, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, came out, and heartily shook hands with Colonel Mackenzie.

Colonel Mackenzie at once presented the following address :

“ May it please Your Excellency,

“ We, the Indian Mutiny Veterans, Europeans, Eurasians and Natives, beg most humbly and respectfully to tender to Your Excellency our most heartfelt and sincere thanks for Your Excellency's kind invitation to us to witness the Delhi Durbar, and to earnestly solicit the favour of Your Excellency's kindly conveying to His Gracious

Majesty King Edward VII. and Her Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra our heartiest congratulations on the auspicious occasion of Their Gracious Majesties' Coronation.

"May Their Majesties' reign be long, prosperous, peaceful, and happy, is our fervent prayer."

(Signed) A. R. D. Mackenzie, Colonel, on behalf of the following Indian Mutiny Veterans :—D. E. Young, A. Freegrade, Rance, R. Hardaker, A. C. Johnson, R. Boileau, E. Des Brosses, P. O'Donnel, A. Owen, W. Rautliff, R. Dennett, C. Adams, J. Rogers, J. M. Courtney, G. Bailey, R. P. Dunn, J. H. Quilter, J. M. Sansman, W. Ferguson, C. Briscoe, E. DeCruze, Brown, P. Gately, T. Price, J. Crummy, R. Caldeira, Pritchard.

Lord Curzon in reply said : " This is one of the unrehearsed events of this great Coronation Durbar ; but it is none the less agreeable on that account. It is most gratifying to His Royal Highness and myself to meet you here to-day, especially so as we missed the pleasure of seeing you march

through the amphitheatre. Nothing could be more appropriate than that men who 45 years ago fought and suffered on behalf of the Empire should take part in the great ceremony of the Durbar. I am told that you were received with the greatest enthusiasm and that it was the most pathetic and moving event which had ever taken place in India. You must have felt proud men that day. You have asked me to transmit your address to the King. This I will do, sure that of all the addresses which have been sent on this occasion, none will give him greater pleasure than this one."

Colonel Mackenzie in reply said: "On behalf of all my brother veterans—Europeans, Eurasians and Natives—I thank Your Excellency for the kind words you have spoken and for your promise to lay before His Majesty the King-Emperor our most loyal and devoted homage, for I may truly say that there is not one among us who would not gladly give what remained to him of life for the honour of our Emperor and the glory of his Empire."