

Lord Curzon and the Duke of Connaught went round the ranks, each speaking a kindly word to every man.

His Excellency said to the blind veteran Owen : " Sorry you could not see the Durbar." " No, Sir," he replied, " but I felt it."

Among the native veterans the Duke recognised several who had previously served under him, with whom he warmly shook hands. The Duke spoke Hindustani with ease and fluency.

In conclusion, Colonel Mackenzie called for three cheers for Lord Curzon and the Duke of Connaught, which were heartily given, and again for three cheers for the King-Emperor : this was responded to with great enthusiasm and the cheers were repeated over and over again. The proceedings throughout were touched with pathos, many of the veterans being in tears.

## THE CHAPTER OF THE INDIAN ORDERS.

*January 3rd.*

TO-NIGHT another of the State ceremonies connected with the Durbar took place. This was the investiture of new members of the Star of India and the Indian Empire, the Viceroy as Grand Master holding Chapters of these two Orders. The Diwan-i-Am had been chosen as the Chapter-hall, and additions had been made to it in order to accommodate a large number of spectators. The proceedings were opened by a grand procession. (The names of the members composing it will be found in Appendix I.)

The arrangements made in connection with the ceremonial included the illumination of the Fort gates and of the Diwan-i-Am, the tiers and lines of light being highly

effective. A guard-of-honour was in attendance at the Chapter-hall. The interior of the Diwan-i-Am and its annexe, an admirable imitation of the original building, was most brilliant, as the electric light was so employed that the red sandstone arches and pillars stood out in beautifully clear outline. It was a scene to delight the eye of an artist, though the Diwan-i-Am cannot compare with the Diwan-i-Khas. The room was crowded with some 2000 persons, of whom a large number were ladies, and prominent among these were the distinguished visitors who are guests of the Viceroy. The Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon arrived before the ceremonial began and took their seats on the dais slightly in rear of the chairs of State for the Grand Master and the Duke of Connaught. Presently a blast of trumpets was heard, and then, preceded by an officer of the Royal Staff, came His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught wearing the robe and insignia of the Star of India, attended by two pages—the Raja Sahib of Dholpur and the son of the Thakur of Dilwara; His

Royal Highness's Staff followed. Next came the Viceroy, preceded and followed by his Personal Staff. His Excellency had on the robes and insignia of the Grand Master of the Star of India. His two pages were Mian Hari Singh, son of Raja Sir Amar Singh of Kashmir, and Sahibzada Hamidullah Khan, youngest son of the Begum of Bhopal. Military bands in the galleries played a grand march as the procession moved slowly forward; and as the Grand Master took his seat the National Anthem was played. Then the formal business of the evening was begun.

The various processions were of that slow and stately kind that always obtain during Chapters of Orders. The ceremony of investiture connected with the Star of India lasted half-an-hour. There was, it will be noted, only one G.C.S.I. bestowed, Raja Sir Rama Varma of Cochin being thus honoured. Sir Charles Rivaz and Sir James Digges LaTouche, as Junior Knight Commanders, played an important part, as they had to conduct the gentlemen to be invested to the dais. Sir Hugh

Barnes was presented with the K.C.V.O. by the Duke of Connaught just before the Chapter began. As Secretary of the two Indian Orders Sir Hugh was knighted separately, the other Companions being taken up in groups. This grouping saved considerable time, and it was followed in both the Chapters. At the conclusion of the Chapter of the Star of India, the Grand Master and the Duke of Connaught, attended by their Staff and Their Highnesses the Raja of Nabha, the Maharaja of Jaipur and the Maharaja of Travancore, left the Chapter-hall for the robing-room and put on the robes and insignia of the Order of the Indian Empire. They re-entered in procession, the Grand March being played a second time. Three G.C.I.E.'s were bestowed, and full ceremonial was observed in each case. Then came the investiture of the Knight Commanders by groups and the decoration of the Companions. The Grand Master performed his function with dignity, and a short set admonition or address delivered in each instance, notifying the honour bestowed, was clearly delivered.

The Chapters were the largest ever held in India. All the high dignitaries were present, but the space available was not equal to accommodating Chiefs other than those who are members of the two Orders.



## THE CHURCH SERVICE.

*January 4th.*

A STATE Church Service was held on Sunday on the Western Polo Ground of the Coronation Camp, beginning at 11 a.m.

Picture to yourself tier upon tier of the great polo pavilion packed with a crowd of officers, civil and military, in full uniform, with ladies in their gayest dresses. In front of them troops drawn up across the polo ground, whilst the congregation overflowed on either flank. Far away upon the other side of the ground another stand occupied by fifteen massed British bands, with six hundred performers, themselves assisted by a choir of five hundred voices; behind them all a background of green trees. It was an open air cathedral realised. The central passage of the pavilion was blocked up to form a temporary chancel. The Rev. Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India and Ceylon, conducted

a wonderfully impressive State Service. The Viceroy and Lady Curzon,, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duke of Hesse and all the great officials of State, the Viceroy's guests and many other distinguished visitors were amongst the congregation at this great thanksgiving, the sole event of the whole Durbar programme at which the attendance may be said to be purely European. Before the Service the bands played Meyerbeer's Coronation March from *Le Prophète*, and as the clergy entered the familiar strains of Viviani's *Silver Trumpets* rang across the ground.

Quite a convocation of clergy were present. The Bishop of Calcutta with the Rev. H. O. Moore, his Chaplain, the Bishop of Lahore with the Rev. C. Ferguson Davie, the Bishop of Madras and the Rev. C. G. Foster, the Bishop of Lucknow and the Rev. R. M. Kirwan, the Ven'ble Rev. W. E. Scott, Archdeacon of Bombay and Commissary for the Bishop, the Ven'ble Rev. H. W. Griffith, Archdeacon of Lahore, Rev. T. E. F. Cole, Chaplain of Darjeeling, Rev. C. E. De Coetlogon, Chaplain of Poona, Rev.



P. S. Grove, Chaplain of Neemuch; and Rev. C. A. Gilmore, Chaplain of Quetta.

The Service opened with a special introit, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the Earth keep silence before Him," this being both preceded and followed by a trumpet flourish. Psalm 93, "*Dominus Regnavit*," was then sung to a special chant, the congregation afterwards singing the introit. The special Lesson, 1st Peter, Chapter II, verses 13—17, with its particularly appropriate admonitions, was then read by the Bishop of Lahore, after which the hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages past" was sung with stirring effect. Probably few of the congregation at the pavilion recognised the meaning of a sudden flash and glitter in front of the bandstand which heralded all the singing. It was the simultaneous rising of five hundred bright tin megaphones, each two feet long, and all apparently fashioned from the ever-useful kerosine tin. Admirably did these humble but useful instruments perform their duty, for the responses, psalms, and hymns were heard with absolute clearness in all parts of

the standards. It was necessary to instruct the band and choir by flag-signals, and so capably was this duty performed that the Service from start to finish went without a hitch. After the hymn the Metropolitan took up the conduct of the Service. A number of special prayers were said, including supplications for the King-Emperor, the Royal Family, the Viceroy, the Clergy, the Laity, and the Indian Princes. The last deserves quotation, and was as follows :—

“We make our prayer to Thee, O merciful God, for all Indian princes and rulers within this Empire, beseeching Thee so to guide and bless them that under them Thy people may lead peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The final prayer was that used in the daily liturgy in this country for all the peoples of India, and it was followed by the beautiful *Dresden Amen*.

SERMON BY THE METROPOLITAN.

After the hymn “Fight the Good Fight,” the Metropolitan delivered a sermon.

His Lordship said :—

“Amid the heart-stirring splendours and the intense human interests of this historic occasion and as a definite element in its proceedings, we, brethren in Christ Jesus, are gathered together to worship the King of Kings. We are here to thank God and we do thank Him with all our hearts for what He has given us, for our King-Emperor, his health and happy coronation, and for all the blessings with which this season of national rejoicing has been enriched. Rising beyond even this thankfulness for the gifts that we enjoy, let us lift up our hearts to the Giver as He reigns Himself in infinite majesty and love, and let us worship Him, let us praise Him with the praise which is most acceptable to Him and which best becomes us to offer, the acknowledgment of His unspeakable gift in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ His Son.

“If we left this undone, we should have failed to make our Indian celebrations an adequate commemoration of what was done at Westminster, for that ceremony was

an act of worship, a rite of the Christian religion, and it was such not in form only but with a reality which made itself felt and touched the religious sense of the Empire. To this aspect of the Coronation we are bound to bear our thankful witness. For among the vast multitudes of men of many creeds who make up the Indian Empire of King Edward, we who are here represent his Christian subjects. He is acclaimed as Emperor of India by all her creeds, not least for this reason that he is the true successor of that august Mother of kings, and of peoples, who in assuring her Indian subjects of the absolute religious freedom which they hold from her as an inalienable inheritance and which rests upon a principle of government essentially Christian, — who in making, I say, that ever-memorable promise, did also, in words as winning as they were noble, claim for herself the title and the blessings of a Christian. If we, brethren in Christ, remember that to-day, we shall certainly not lose thereby the respect, rather we shall secure the sympathy, of our

fellow-subjects who are not Christians.

“Of us, then, Christian subjects of the King-Emperor, and servants and soldiers of Christ Jesus, what is it that this day demands? At this moment throughout the Empire of King Edward the general conscience of men is in a true sense awake. Our troubles, our efforts, our blessings have all conspired to uplift the national heart to a high seriousness. And we in this wonderful Durbar have felt, many of us, such a touch of seriousness, such a call to conscience. Through all the pomp and the entertainments we have felt not far below the surface the presence of an immense responsibility. We experience something of what the prophet expressed by the words, ‘Thy heart shall fear and be enlarged.’ Our hearts swell at the greatness of things, at the march of armies and the pageant of nations, at the accumulated results of history, the far-rolling waves of influence, at the vast promises of hope and the vast demands of duty. This greatness of things fills us with awe. We have a

share in that thrill which has moved the conscience of the Empire. Our hearts are lifted up, not alone by pride.

"Let our answer be—'We lift them up unto the Lord,' we acknowledge the call made upon us by these great emotions and these great realities. We will be more devoted than ever to duty and to the service of other men, more pure and Christ-like, more worthy of the Lord. We Christians will try the plain familiar words, but words how far-reaching, to let our 'light shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven.'"

The Bishop of Madras then said a special thanksgiving, and the *Te Deum* was sung to special chants composed and finely orchestrated by Captain Sanford. The Bishop of Calcutta, taking his pastoral staff in his hand, blessed the whole congregation, Stainer's *Sevenfold Amen* being rendered, and finally the National Anthem was sung by all. As the clergy left their places, the bands played the *Hallelujah Chorus*, and this was followed by the

familiar march from *Athalie*. It was a memorable Service.

The performance of the massed bands this afternoon was exceptionally fine and the attendance good, though, owing to counter-attractions, not so large as on previous occasions. Selections from the *Messiah* and Handel's *Largo* formed, with Captain Sanford's Coronation music, the most noteworthy items in an interesting programme.

#### GARDEN PARTY AT LUDLOW CASTLE.

This afternoon His Highness the Nizam gave a garden party in the grounds of Ludlow Castle, where he is in residence. A large number of guests responded to the invitations issued, and on arrival they were received by the members of the Personal Staff and conducted to His Highness. The lawn was encircled by the African Body-guard in their picturesque uniforms, lancers in bright yellow *kurtas* with red plastrons, and Arab sowars. A large *shamiana*, draped in light yellow and pink, had been pitched on the lawn, and the scene was brightened

by many coloured flags and bunting. A military band was in attendance and played an excellent selection of music. • The party was greatly enjoyed by all present, its Oriental surroundings giving it a character quite out of the ordinary. His Highness welcomed his guests most cordially and remained until the last had bidden him farewell. Several Native Chiefs with their suites were present.





# THE LIFE OF THE CAMP

LORD CURZON AMONG THE JOURNALISTS.

*January 3rd.*

THIS morning the Viceroy paid an informal visit to the Press Camp, riding over after breakfast. The representatives of the principal English and Indian papers who are in camp were presented to His Excellency, who enquired regarding the arrangements made for their conveyance, the facilities afforded for passing along the roads on great ceremonial days, the telegraphic and postal arrangements, and their personal comfort in camp. This last, thanks to the courtesy and attention of Mr. Bosanquet, C.S., the officer-in-charge, is assured, the excellent catering of Messrs. Kellner also deserving a word of acknowledgment. Subsequently Lord Curzon visited the camp of the Native Press.

## THE FIREWORKS.

*January 3rd.*

The Police Commission might possibly make it one of their minor recommendations that the rank-and-file of the force should be supplied with watches and taught to tell the time. This would, perhaps, sometimes allow elaborately designed traffic regulations to be carried out with some pretensions to accuracy, and not bring about the hopeless state of affairs experienced by those who went to view the fireworks display near the Jama Musjid last night.\*. Because a bull-head Punjabi peasant declared he heard an apochryphal gong at an imaginary railway station strike an hour that was certainly 35 minutes distant, is hardly a sufficient reason for closing the roads leading to the Kashmir Gate, which was designed to be open till nine o'clock. The result was that a larger volume of traffic was thrown into Chandni Chowk than would otherwise have been the case, and, an impenetrable block occurred, hundreds of ladies and men in

evening dress and uniform leaving their carriages standing and proceeding on foot. There was a certain amount of illumination of the Chandni Chowk, but less than one had been led to expect. As the Jama Musjid was reached, the scene was one of great beauty, the Fort walls and the great mosque which faces it being outlined with the ever-effective *chirag*. The Viceroy, Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and party arrived at 10-15, but it was not for a quarter of an hour or so that the display began with a salute of 101 bombs, which exploded high in the air with a tremendous report, the echoes long reverberating. For an hour Messrs. C. T. Brock and Company, the well-known Crystal Palace pyrotechnists, treated the enormous crowd that had assembled to a most varied selection of bombs, rockets, Roman candles and set pieces. The fire portraits of Lord and Lady Curzon, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Lord Kitchener were easily recognised and loudly cheered; and when, near the end, the King-Emperor and Queen Alexandra were seen

appearing in a brilliant frame with the words "Long may they reign" in colours, great enthusiasm was evoked. The Vice-regal party left shortly after 11-30. What followed baffles description; hundreds of people struggled in the dust and darkness amid plunging and jibbing horses to find the carriages that had brought them, whilst the native crowd swarmed round; and in the chaos the policemen yelled themselves hoarse and confusion reigned supreme. It was an experience, but not one that most people would desire to repeat—till the next Durbar.

#### SOCIETY UNDER CANVAS.

*January 4th.*

We are working rapidly through the programme of State functions, grand ceremonials, and all the various engagements which are under official direction; and at the same time we have sports, pastimes and social pleasures to fill the few vacant hours.

The State Entry, the Durbar, the Investiture, the Church Service—these are the four big events that have "arrived." The

fireworks and illuminations have passed and gone. Polo, football and hockey tournaments, the Assault-at-Arms and the Tent-pegging competitions connected with it are the sports that are still proceeding; while cricket begins to-morrow, the Authentics playing the Gentlemen of India. Dinners, formal and otherwise, lunches in camp, garden-parties, afternoon teas after the return from polo, cosy supper-parties after late home-coming,—such are some of our social pleasures.

Then we have the massed bands playing nearly every day, and there is the Arts Exhibition to visit, though the throngs of people who crowd its rooms make the inspection of its treasures a difficult matter. The city sends its thousands, the charge of one rupee seeming nothing to men who would not usually spend an anna on such a show. The keen sightseer visits the Kutub and other other "objects of interest," ancient and modern; while many a thoughtful student views Delhi from the Ridge and tries to picture the positions held and attacked in 1857.

There is an army of callers abroad in the middle of the day; names are written in books at the bigger camps; cards are left; and when the "lady of the tent" is found at home, there is the usual visit of friendship or courtesy, with its conversational small-talk and the exchange of camp gossip. Personages and persons, diamonds and dresses, are discussed; and many an envious sigh is heard. For there are among us many ladies literally of rank, beauty and fashion—*les grandes dames* of English Society—whose jewels and costumes are well worth the noting. One saw them to advantage on Durbār Day and again at the Investiture, where the display of wealth was not all on the part of the Indian Chiefs. Then at the afternoon gatherings to witness the polo or hear the massed bands there are lovely dresses to be seen, for soft summer tints are all in vogue and the colour effects are often delightful. The dust is scorned, and there is no hesitation in wearing the most costly attire. "A bit of the Park!" is an expression that has been more than once used; and truly Society in camp is of the distinguished order.

It is amazing what artistic taste and cleverness have been exercised in fitting up the interior of tents. There are charming little canvas boudoirs, bright with knick-knacks, pictures, vases of flowers, and the scores of little ornaments that make a room cosy and home-like. Soft carpets are under-foot; many coloured hangings drape ceiling and *kanats*; luxurious chairs invite to rest, and the air of comfort over all is unmistakable. At night the wood-fire blazes up cheerfully and the electric light prevents even the semblance of darkness falling. Well may the dwellers in the homes of the West wonder at our camp-life in India and be enthusiastic over the manner in which everything is managed. Our City of Tents, with no "dark farash" to cast his gloomy shadows over it, is a standing marvel; and so it is to many who think they know India and yet have never seen the like of this before. By day one sees from the Ridge row upon row of tents, with flags flying here and there; the great Central Camp, with the Viceregal House overlooking it and its *shansianas*, breaking

the even lines of canvas, being immediately below us; while away in the distance more camps appear, and the Durbar amphitheatre rests like a thin white cloud above the haze. As darkness comes on the scene changes with magical rapidity; lights gleam out by hundreds and the brilliant purple glow of great arc-lamps dazzles the eye. Later, the roads show more lights, moving quickly, vanishing and re-appearing. These are the fire-flies of the camp, and yet they are nothing more than prosaic carriage-lamps marking guests on their way to dinner-parties or hastening to some function.

And the mention of this ugly and yet expressive word brings to mind several of the scenes that have passed before our eyes in the past week. The glories of the Durbar are still vividly impressed upon us and the spectacle of the State Entry has not yet been forgotten. Your readers must have had their fill of descriptions of rich dresses, priceless jewels and all that goes to make an Indian Chief resplendent. On this point nothing



more need be said. But there are a few minor effects which may even now be noticed. At the Durbar, for example, the sight of the packed tiers of seats, the dense mass of human beings, the sea of faces rising and falling in irregular tides at varying intervals as the ceremony proceeded, was in itself most impressive. Then the roar of cheers from time to time, the plaudits for the veterans above all, were stirring in their fulness, thrilling in the depth of feeling they gave voice to on every side. Enthusiasm ran high, and it swept over one and all, for indifference and impassiveness could not live when so encompassed. Very different was the scene at the Investiture last night. There, ceremonial pure and simple absolutely held the field. It was a set and solemn State performance, hedged round by the inflexible rules which govern Chapters of Orders, rehearsed in every minute detail and full of the pomp that has come down to us from mediæval times. It had none of the crude brilliancy of Oriental Court functions: it was entirely of the

West, and was conducted just as it would have been at St. James's itself. But among the dignitaries of the two Orders and among those who were invested or decorated, there were Indian Chiefs and gentlemen more anxious to get a star, a ribbon, or a decoration from the King-Emperor's Representative and in the immediate presence of Royalty than they would be to receive a jewel of price at common hands. One could not fail to notice how earnestly and with what perfect dignity each and everyone of our Chiefs bore himself. They appreciated the solemn and stately formality, which one of lesser imagination found almost tedious—may the expression be forgiven! What the trans-Frontier Chiefs thought of it all and how those decorated appreciated the honour done to them is quite another story. They were curious figures in the brilliant picture that was framed in the pillars and arches of the Diwan-i-Am, and they seemed scarcely at home amid the blaze of splendour which beat upon them.

But to turn to lighter subjects: say, the humours of the camp. There are many stories floating about regarding the mistakes made by visitors owing to their want of knowledge of the language and their weakness in the matter of the bump of locality. All roads do *not* lead to Delhi, for there are many which take one out into the country, where are many camps miles and miles away. You can get lost as easily in the thoroughfares of this vast encampment as in the streets of a great city, and there are none too many landmarks by which to steer. So our visitors, unless accompanied by the ever-useful *chaprasi* or a sharp-witted orderly, may find themselves in Kashmir instead of Rajputana, in Baluchistan instead of Baroda. It is improbable that there will, for many years to come, be a camp on the present scale at Delhi or elsewhere; but for the guidance of those who follow us, one note should be put up in the official records. This is that signposts by the hundred—I had almost said by the thousand—should be erected. Also that

at night there should be illuminated finger-posts at every important junction of roads, and the names of these roads should glow out clearly in electric light at certain points. There might also be raised high above everything one great light, which would mark the position of the Central Camp, a kind of light-house, in fact, with the four points of the compass, each shown in a different colour. Then we should know how to steer and our coachmen would not wander into devious ways. The hardworked orderly, too, who is as much a stranger here as any of us, and who often travels leagues instead of miles on his weary quest, would find his duties much lighter. By day and by night one has to enquire one's way, and it is no use asking the passer-by—for, like yourself, he does not know.

Here are two stories, humorous enough in their way. Visitor, to Thomas Atkins, at the polo-ground, the pavilion and its approaches densely thronged and an exciting game going on.—“Is this Jodhpur?” Answer: “No, Sir, it is Polo.”

An American citizen walking along the Alipur Road, gazing his fill at all the strange equipages which tear past, suddenly finds himself struck violently from behind and rolls in the dust. He looks up and sees six gaily-caparisoned camels almost treading upon him. As the bobbing heads of these "hairy-scary *oonts*" sway over him, he shrieks :—"H—l! What's 'this?" and hastens to give a clear passage to the smart carriage which the camels are dragging along at a short trot. Here, if you want to know the time don't ask the policeman. As already related, on the night of the fireworks some of the police in the city insisted that it was nine o'clock when it was really half-an-hour earlier, and so they closed certain thoroughfares to carriage traffic. It is not amusing to sit three or four hours in a carriage in the Chandni Chowk on a cold night and only see a stray rocket soaring in the sky. But one must not be harsh with the police: they are being worked harder and harder as the time passes, and they may well be pardoned some shortcomings.

They are only flesh and blood, and their temper, strength and power of resource are heavily taxed.

### WHEN WAYS ARE FOUL.

*January 6th.*

We had our first experience of rain last night. About ten o'clock, while the camp was alive with music, for the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief were giving large dinner parties, the preliminary shower fell. The rain came down quietly and softly, and in less than half-an-hour it was over, but the sky still showed heavy banks of cloud slowly drifting up, and in the early hours of the morning we were awakened by the sharp patter of raindrops upon our tents. There was, however, no great storm tearing over the camps, though gusts of wind came now and again heralding short bursts of rain. The sun struggled through the clouds between eight and nine o'clock, and since then we have had bright sunshine with a light breeze which should dry the surface of the ground during the

afternoon. In the Central Camp all the dust has been laid, and yet there are few quagmires. The trees and shrubs have been washed clean and the lawns, with their little centre-pieces of flower-beds look delightfully green and fresh. They are the oases in the brown plain, intersected by red roads glittering with mica, and very pleasant are they to look upon. Visitors who have come in from the military encampment and the Chiefs' camps miles away speak of much heavier rainfall out there than we had here, and they tell us of roads deep in mud through which riding and driving is a slow and painful matter. The main thoroughfares have been cut up a good deal by wheeled traffic in the past week ; but they lasted well up to to-day. Now, however, particularly in the direction of the Civil Station, they are inches deep in mud and slush, the surface being slippery and treacherous to horses and men alike. I have not heard what is the state of the parade ground upon which the grand review of 30,000 troops will take place on Thursday. Probably, if we have no more

heavy showers, the ground will be improved. The difficulty hitherto, as shown by the rehearsals of the review, has been the dust ; but certainly this has been effectively laid for the moment. Even if there was rain again to-night no great harm would be done, so long as we got a bright day to-morrow and clear weather on the following morning. There is no polo fixture for to-day fortunately, the exhibition games by the Manipur, Chitral and Gilgit teams having been postponed until Friday. The cricket match is proceeding, and the massed bands are playing this afternoon ; but the attendance is likely to be small, as most people are resting so as to be ready for the State Ball in the Diwan-i-Am to-night. In most camps the dinner-hour has been fixed at 6-30 p.m. in order to enable us to reach the Ball in good time. The railway is likely to be largely utilised, as there is a terminus close to the Diwan-i-Am with a covered way leading to that building.

There is no slackening in the busy life of the camp, and all day long the roads are thronged with traffic. Gaily ornamented



coaches and carriages roll by with Rajas sitting in state within them and escorts trotting in close attendance. Visits of semi-ceremony are being paid by Their Highnesses, and they appear in their best array; and one notices how smart and well turned-out are the sowars on escort duty, very different men from the old-fashioned troopers who in years gone by did this kind of duty. The formation of Imperial Service regiments has done much to kill off the Irregulars in the Native States, though to-morrow we shall see in the amphitheatre the Chiefs' retainers in all their picturesqueness of strange uniforms and stranger arms and armour. In the stream of traffic come European carriages of every description, many with coronets upon them. There are splendid teams in evidence, and the value of all the horses here in camp must run into many lakhs of rupees. A motor now and again comes along, but very few of these are in use, and one understands how dangerous it would have been to have opened all the roads to scores of these vehicles. Officers in

uniforms or riding kit, mounted orderlies and orderlies on bicycles, the British soldier stepping out smartly for a visit to the city or returning thence at a leisurely pace, the sowar or sepoy, in mufti, sauntering along with his clean white clothing floating about him—all these make a moving picture on the roads. An elephant comes lumbering noiselessly along with his brilliant trappings and howdah, fours-in-hand from regiments or batteries, with ladies enjoying a drive, thread their way through the press of traffic skilfully piloted by good whips. A Viceregal carriage with its distinctive liveries passes rapidly, and alongside the road comes the railway train with its toy engine busily puffing and its small carriages making as much noise as a big train, while bullock carts, tongas, *ekkas* and *tikka gharis* swell the stream. A watering cart blocks the way, a line of grass-cutters' ponies hidden by their burdens of forage splash through the mud as they plunged through the dust yesterday, and on every side there is life and movement. It is a changing scene with ever-shifting actors upon it—peers and

personages, princes and paupers, for that pillar of the Empire the coolie is here too in his thousands; officers and officials; soldiers and even sailors, for we have an Admiral and his Personal Staff here; citizens and civilians: every estate of the realm is represented. Royalty in person is with us, and in the tens of thousands who people the camps, all rub shoulders at times, though every ceremonial is conducted with the stately dignity that makes it impressive to all who share in it or witness it.



## THE STATE BALL.

*January 7th.*

THE Ball last night was indeed the most brilliant assembly of the kind that has ever been witnessed in India, as well from the number of persons present (which must have been between three and four thousand) and the distinguished personages attending, as from the unique setting of the whole picture. The Diwan-i-Am and its annexe, corresponding exactly in every particular with the Hall of Audience, were a blaze of light from electric lamps, single and in clusters, which were so cleverly placed that the fullest artistic effect was realised. The dark sandstone pillars, arches and ceiling were softened in tone, and the view from

various parts of the great room was marvellously effective. No building in the world could give such strange and yet striking vistas, the peculiar characters of the pillars and the arches having the appearance of being interlaced when viewed from a distance. The dais also was arranged in true artistic manner, and there was nothing incongruous in the framework of the picture that was presented when the room filled. Then there was a vast crowd ever moving under the glow of the electric light, a crowd in which the richness of the dresses, the magnificent display of jewels and the varied uniforms made the whole colouring vivid and most striking, while the presence of a number of the leading Chiefs, specially invited by the Viceroy, added brilliance to the scene, for they were in full dress and wore a wealth of precious stones, pearls and ornaments. By ten o'clock the Diwan-i-Am was densely crowded, and then a blare of trumpets outside the main entrance, where a British guard-of-honour was drawn up, announced the arrival of the Viceroy and Royal party. A passage

was opened out, a procession was formed, the Viceroy and the Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Connaught and Lady Curzon, with the whole of the two Personal Staffs, passing forward to the dais. Shortly afterwards the ball was opened by a State quadrille, in which all the chief personages took part, and then the programme of twenty-two dances was proceeded with. The Viceroy's Band and a mixed string band, composed of carefully selected musicians, were stationed at the two galleries at each end of the rooms, and the music throughout was admirably played. At eleven o'clock supper was served in the Diwan-i-Khas. Shortly after midnight the Duke and Duchess left, and at 1-15 the Viceroy and Lady Curzon took their departure, the National Anthem being played and a procession being formed on each occasion. Dancing continued until after 3 a.m., Colonel Baring and members of the Staff remaining, together with many of the Viceroy's personal guests resident in his camp. All the arrangements were excellently carried out.

The Dewan-i-Khas, which had its 'annexe, also like the Dewan-i-Am, was used for supper, and the room was a picture of unequalled beauty, for the white marble and gold shone out in wondrous splendour, the electric illumination being even more vivid and effective than that of the ball-room, and the glow of the light upon the walls and ceilings can only be described as singularly beautiful and dazzling. The scene appealed to the imagination, and one could scarcely have dreamed of a more radiant spectacle. The delicate and refined tracery of the golden lines on their background of pure white was perfectly revealed; and in leaving this description of the Diwan-i-Khas to the last, I have only followed the line of thought of those who were present, for everyone must have carried away a lasting memory of these beautiful halls.

To-day everyone present at the Ball last night is loud in praise of all the arrangements, and one hears on every side expressions of pleasure and admiration. All this proves beyond doubt that the Ball was a most brilliant success and that

the wonderful scene in the Diwan-i-Am will be long remembered. It would be impossible to describe the dresses worn ; but Lady Curzon's robe, with its beautiful peacock embroidery worked by cunning hands in Dehli, was lovely in the extreme. The sheen and shimmer of the gold upon it were alone enough to fascinate the observer. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught was in white and gold, also a beautiful dress ; while the Duchess of Marlborough, in pearly grey and with a high necklet of precious stones, was among those who drew all eyes upon them. London Society was indeed well represented by distinguished ladies, whose costumes were irreproachable. In the ball-room, generally white and light colours mostly presented themselves, and these were perfectly set off by the thousands of uniforms—for full dress was worn—in the crowd. Of men we saw every branch of the Service represented, and the Cavalry, Horse Artillery and Highland uniforms were specially noticeable. The number of war medals worn and the



long rows of clasps in many instances showed that several regiments which recently fought in South Africa are now quartered in India. The whole assembly, in short, had every element in it to make it a memorable one.



## THE REVIEW OF THE RETINUES.

*January 7th.*

TO-DAY the weather has been perfect, for the rain clouds cleared off during the night and the morning was bright with sunshine, a cool breeze freshening us up after the late hours of the State Ball. The roads had dried and yet there was no dust. The event of the day was the march-past of the retinues and retainers of the Native Chiefs, and it had been arranged that this should take place in the Durbar Amphitheatre so that the spectators might have a good view of the strange and motley contingents that still accompany Ruling Princes on State occasions. The amphitheatre was not as crowded as on the 1st January, but some 10,000 persons must have assembled by 11-30, at which hour the Viceroy and

Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess, of Connaught arrived under escort and took their seats on the dais with members of the Personal Staffs. A band stationed in the arena had played various airs from half-past ten, and the National Anthem was given as Their Excellencies and Their Royal Highnesses appeared. In a few minutes the retinues, which were drawn up outside, began to move forward in a serpentine line, entering the arena so as to have the dais on their left and passing out after having made the whole circuit. Major Dunlop-Smith had arranged the marshalling, and some 3000 Imperial Service troops were detailed by Brigadier-General Stuart Beatson for duty to keep the line of route outside and guard the central part of the arena. This they did very effectually.

The relative precedence of the Ruling Chiefs was not followed in arranging the parade, as the retinues of States whose camps were farthest from the amphitheatre were sent first to enable them to march back home in good time. It was further notified that the order of the procession of each

separate retinue would be that generally followed at the capital of each State on the occasion of great festivals. The following was the order actually preserved: Bombay States, Mysore, Baroda, Central India, Rajputana, United Provinces, Burma and Kashmir. The number of individual States represented was about forty. Kolhapur came first on an elephant with its head and trunk painted slate colour with red and green figuring over this, marching quickly into the arena. A gilded banner was raised high above the howdah. Irregular lancers in red and infantry in green with red *paggris* followed, a band with European instruments playing march music.

The vast crowd of spectators began to cheer at once, and thence onward until after two o'clock the amphitheatre resounded with applause and music, the latter of the most varied kind, for while a good many well-known airs were played, there were the discords of weird native instruments, metal and reed, the occasional skirl of bagpipes and the familiar sound of the horn and Indian drums of various

patterns. The noise at times was almost deafening; but it was quite in keeping with the marching past of elephants, led horses, camels, cavalry, infantry, spearmen, mace-bearers, forerunners, guards, not to mention carriages, *palkis*, *raths*, and wonderful structures drawn by elephants. The pathetic strains of *Annie Laurie* and the cheery air of *John Peel*, used as marching tunes, mingled with native music, and the bass was the loud applause from the spectators. As to the elephants that passed, one lost count of them very soon, and the gorgeousness of their trappings and howdahs seemed more striking than when we saw these huge animals in procession through the streets of Delhi at the State Entry. Many of them salaamed as they passed the dais, and the mahout of one of the Datia elephants made him rise up on his hind-legs, a sight so extraordinary that a roar of cheers greeted the feat. From Rewah there came a carriage shaped like a pontoon, painted in gay colours and with a gilt roof. This was drawn by two elephants. Later on

the glory of this was eclipsed by another carriage drawn by four elephants. This was double-storied, the superstructure representing an Eastern pavilion with the windows draped with brightly coloured curtains through which retainers salaamed. As for the ornamentation of the hundreds of elephant trunks and heads, a score of artists with their palettes covered with every known colour would have failed to have reproduced the patterns displayed. There were probably the finest animals in all India gathered together, and the Maharaja of Benares alone had fifteen which one could not fail to remark. Two gigantic animals from Indore were also very prominent, while Nabha sent an elephant with chandeliers on its tusks. From this State also, it may be incidentally remarked, came falconers with hawks, a number of greyhounds following.

Kolhapur, as I have said, headed the procession, and then came Cutch. Here we saw the first men in chain-armour, and they came in for much applause, as was the case also when the Rajputana and other States

showed their warriors in similar equipment. Later on came four armed men on stilts with swords and shields, who also hailed from Cutch. Sher and Makullah sent Arab and African irregulars, very picturesque figures indeed in their crude colours and head-dresses, but little known in Upper India. The gold and silver guns and carriages from Baroda, drawn by handsome bullocks, were quite a feature in the procession. The green banner of Bhopal was very distinctive of that State. A Datia elephant in armour with an iron howdah looked most warlike ; while a man from Rewah in spiked armour riding a small elephant was quite terrific in appearance. The Jaipur flag of many colours drew one's eyes ; the yellow-clad lancers of Bundi, the Bikanir camel sowars in chain-armour, the Kishengarh horsemen standing on their saddles, and the infantry marching in long quilted coats reaching to their heels ; irregulars from Patiala in smart uniforms, innumerable bodyguards in brilliant colours, passed along. Flags and standards were waved, State emblems were displayed,

horns were blown and drums beaten, actors and spectators being so much in sympathy that there was complete touch maintained. Feats of horsemanship were given, riders backed their animals until they plunged and reared in startling fashion. The best performances of this kind were by two retainers from Alwar, their horses rising almost to the perpendicular.

The contingent from Burma and the Shan States, in their peculiar dresses, with typical hats and umbrellas, had a great reception, and so had the devil-dancers from distant Ladakh in their hideous masks. The Nagas or military ascetics from Kota whirled by, smeared over with ochre, engaging each other in single combat with sword and shield or stick and hand-guard. It was a wild dance, though it cannot compare with the Khattak sword-dance so well known on the North-West Frontier. Among the strange figures was an old dwarf from Nabha, a diminutive grey-beard, and two enormous giants from Kashmir. These men were said to be nearly eight feet high, and certainly with their turbans they looked every inch of this. They



came along nearly at the end, and the sensation aroused by their appearance had scarcely subsided when the last armed body filed past, horsemen from Gilgit and Yasin.

The Viceregal party then took their departure as they came, and the amphitheatre quickly emptied its thousands into the adjacent plain, across which streamed the retinues making their way homewards. The whole affair was completely successful, and only one hitch occurred when the near leader of a team of greys jibbed and showed temper, thus blocking the way for four or five minutes. No accidents happened, and the spectators were plainly much interested and pleased by the procession. The march-past was indeed a spectacle that was full of interest, for it showed how India is changing and yet how in Native States there lingers a good deal of the customs, dress, weapons and armour known to past generations; but it should again be noted that there has been a levelling up as regards the Irregular troops, and this is probably due to the raising of the Imperial Service Corps. Very many of these so-called

Irregulars were well-equipped in the matter of uniform, and they turned out smartly to-day. Some of the cavalry went by in excellent order, and there was quite a swing in the step of the infantry; but in the matter of arms they had still the old muzzle-loader gun, carbine or even firelock. Lances and swords never change; they are now much as they were five hundred years ago. These retainers will probably dwindle in numbers as the years go by, though in State festivals they will still play their part for a time in their chain armour or old-time uniforms. One can safely prophesy, however, that on no future occasion will there be met a gathering on one spot of thousands such as we saw to-day. The elephant may live on. He is the typical animal of the East; and his presence at even Imperial State ceremonials cannot yet be dispensed with. We should be sorry to see him disappear, for certainly during this Durbar period he has added much, by the splendour of howdah and trappings, to the magnificent display of Oriental pomp on more than one occasion.

## THE GREAT REVIEW.

*January 8th.*

THIS morning the review of the troops concentrated in camp here took place, and as we were favoured with perfectly fine weather and a cold but light breeze, the parade was carried out most successfully. The rain of a few days ago had hardened the bare plain on which the force paraded, and though dust necessarily arose, there was none near the saluting flag, and a splendid view was obtained of all the movements. The further precaution had been taken of watering a large stretch of the ground, and after the march-past a small contingent of *bhistis* did some more sprinkling for several hundred yards facing the spectators. There were several thousands of these, including the principal Native Chiefs, Civil Officers, the Viceregal

guests and visitors of all grades and of many nationalities. The crowd of native onlookers was immense, though the parade ground is several miles from the city. From the details given below, it will be seen that nearly 30,000 troops were present, not including those on duty in keeping the ground. The Imperial Service regiments furnished 4420 men and the Volunteers 860. It was a thoroughly representative force of all arms, and each of the four Commands had its quota present, though naturally the Punjab furnished the largest number of troops, the Bengal Command coming next. The British troops of every branch were magnificent, as there were in the ranks a great majority of seasoned soldiers, very many of whom had gone through the South African War and wore medals with six or seven clasps attached, the evidence of as many fights. As for the Native troops, they were, as always, in the pink of condition and quite fit for any service. The Imperial Service regiments showed the great progress they have made in

the past few years and how well turned out they now are. The Volunteers were a small but picked body, and they did more than credit to the Corps that they represented. With these preliminary remarks I may pass on to a description of the review itself.

The spectators began to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and they saw the troops drawn up several hundred yards away, stretching in one long line to such a distance that, even with field-glasses, one could not distinguish the units farthest off. The air was quite clear, however, and the fluttering of pennons and the glitter of lance-heads and bayonets in the sun made a brave show. The red uniforms of many battalions contrasted with the darker green of the Rifles and the dull khaki of several regiments. The brilliant white of thousands of helmets gave place right and left to the brighter colours of *lungis* and *paggris*. Part of the solid mass of the Artillery was nearly opposite the stands and was something to be noted at once, for there were guns of various

calibres, from the jointed mountain-piece on mule-back to the heavy guns drawn by long teams of bullocks.

Shortly after ten o'clock the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, attended by the Army Head-quarters and Personal Staffs, rode on to the ground and assumed personal command of the parade. Everything was reported as ready, and all the troops were in their places. The Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon came next, their carriage being placed somewhat to the left of the Flagstaff. At half-past ten the first gun of the Viceregal salute was fired on the extreme left of the line, and a few minutes later Lord Curzon and the Duke of Connaught, with the Grand Duke of Hesse, Major-General Sir Edmond Elles, Brigadier-General Collins and Colonel Baring rode up. The escort was furnished by the Viceroy's Bodyguard and the Imperial Cadet Corps. The Viceroy was in plain dress with long frock-coat, on which was worn a single star denoting his rank as G.M.S.I. The Duke of Connaught was in Field 'Marshal's uniform. The

National Anthem was played and then the Viceroy and His Royal Highness reined back and took up their position immediately in front of the saluting flag. General Oku, with a Japanese Staff Officer, joined the small group thus assembled and watched the whole review with evident interest.

Immediately the troops began to move, and as they changed their formation preparatory to marching past, they vanished for a minute or two in clouds of dust, but this drifted away so as not to impede the view, the wind fortunately setting in from the right quarter so far as the spectators were concerned. Here a passing wave of excitement swept over us while we were waiting, for a number of Mutiny veterans appeared and were given a front place in the enclosure, a round of applause greeting them. Presently the leading figure in the march-past came in view on the left. This was Major Cowper, D.A.Q.M.G., and following him were two Native Aides-de-Camp, Resaldar Ayub Khan and Resaldar-Major Sher Singh. The Aides-de Camp to the Lieutenant-Generals of