

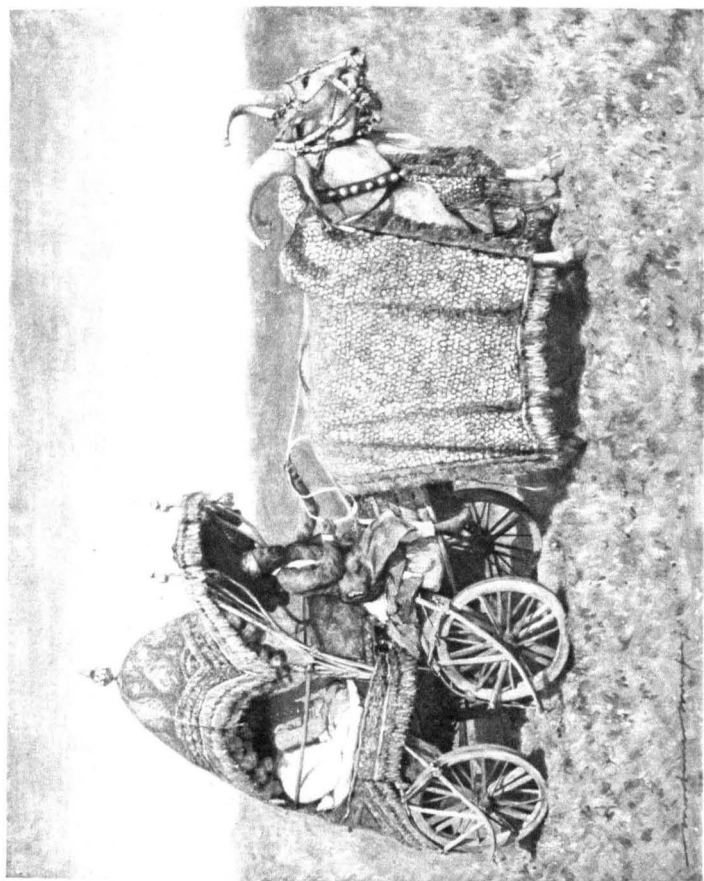
III

THE STATE ENTRY

ON the day when the Viceroy was to make his state entry into Delhi we were up at dawn, shivering with cold but enthusiastic, and anxious to be off, for we knew that our tickets, though they would admit us to the Jumma Masjid, did not reserve seats there. Our tonga was yellow—a brilliant lemon-yellow—drawn by a white horse whose bones stuck out pathetically, and driven by an aristocratic old gentleman with a beard dyed magenta to hide the ravages of time. He was a person of some importance and some caste, as one gathered from the contempt with which he treated the world: from the stately policemen down to the naked water-carriers, all classes were the same to him, and he struck at their faces indiscriminately as they came into our path. It would not have done for the Park, this lemon-yellow tonga; but

there was a great fitness about it. It was a capable vehicle and very healthy.

I shall never forget the traffic on the way to the Jumma Masjid, a confusion never dreamt of in Piccadilly; even a Derby-Day mob would pale beside this crowd of native sightseers. Myriads of carriages passed and repassed, all going in different directions. There seemed to be no definite arrangement. The police were doing their work exceedingly well; but a regiment of soldiers would have been powerless in such a throng. It was simply one mass, spreading over the road and overflowing on to the pathways and into the ditches—one seething mass. Carriages and foot-passengers were jumbled together in inextricable confusion; the screaming, the jostling, the noise, was beyond description. Never within the memory of man has such an extraordinary collection of vehicles been gathered together. There were tongas of every conceivable shape and form: some gaudily decorated and filled with gaily-dressed natives; others, plain and khaki-coloured, occupied by dust-begrimed Europeans; antiquated broughams and victorias drawn by every kind of animal from a mule to an elephant; crack cavalry regiments, their accoutrements glistening in the



morning sun ; racing camels passing rapidly by with their long, shambling gait ; shabby landaus filled with gorgeous native gentlemen and followed by their retainers ; coaches occupied by young English misses in muslin frocks, men in uniform, and smart society belles—each and all on their way to the Jumma Masjid. The dust embraced and enveloped us, Europeans and natives alike ; dust lay thick on our carriage cushions ; dust entered at eyes, nose, and mouth, and choked our utterance. Slowly the great stream of traffic moved on—a swaying, screaming, jostling, noisy mass.

How we reached our destination is a mystery to me. One little incident enlivened the tedium of the journey. There was a fight between two elephants. Bored and irritated by the long wait, one elephant made a dash at another, and a battle ensued. Ere long, from somewhere in the background, another elephant appeared upon the scene—whether instigated by his keeper or not I cannot say. On he came, lumbering along, his trunk swinging, a sagacious look in his eye, determination in every step. Right into the middle of the combat he marched, looked down on both his brethren somewhat scornfully, and then began to hammer and belabour the biggest, the bully.

With a calm judicial air, beautiful to behold, he chivied the unfortunate animal about until it was thoroughly cowed and dispirited. Then as majestically as he had come he sailed away, his devoir accomplished.

I was greatly struck, as we moved slowly along, by the kindness and gentleness of the natives. In this dense mass of handsome dignified people one felt curiously sordid and stupid and out of place. This Durbar, with all its gorgeous pageantry and native magnificence, seemed no show for the Saxon. Its mere existence had been brought about for the glorification of our most powerful and splendid race; yet wherever one saw a European in Delhi his presence jarred upon you. You felt that he was a blot in an otherwise harmonious whole. We are strong physically as a nation, and it was marvellous to watch how an Englishman jostled his way through the crowd and forced himself in front of the natives; but it was not a pretty spectacle. In the midst of a sea of gorgeous colour, a rainbow crowd of slim, graceful figures, with all the dignity of the East in their bearing, this elbowing wedge-shaped form, looking almost like a torpedo in its attitude of violent determination, gave one a pang. As he

A RETAINER FROM JIND



pushed and cuffed the men about him one felt a sensation of shame.

On the way we passed a long line of retinue elephants, belonging to the ruling chiefs, waiting to join in the procession. They burst on our jaded senses and dust-dimmed eyes like a dream of the Arabian Nights suddenly come to life. It was a foretaste of what was to come. We knew now that our eager expectations were not to be disappointed. The Durbar would be more than we had anticipated. This was a splendid rehearsal of the great ceremony that I was to paint, and a splendid opportunity to study these gorgeous creatures quietly; but I was foolishly reckless. I was like a greedy boy with a plate full of strawberries, trying to cram them all into his mouth at once. I feasted my eyes on each elephant; I gloated over each magnificent combination and each harmony, the emerald greens, the carmines, the violets, the golds, and the vermilions; and the result was that, before I had passed more than half the glittering throng, my sense of colour was exhausted. I was satiated: I had seen too much. Then I realised that here in India, to avoid the danger of becoming colour-blind, one should nurse one's eyes, not stare and exhaust oneself

in colour, but always keep some strength in reserve.

Major Dunlop Smith was in charge of the saluting elephants. "This is an anxious moment for you," I cried, as our tonga drew up for a moment before his white charger. "Good heavens, man," he answered, "it will be the happiest moment of my life when I see the last of these brutes! At any minute there may be a grand burst-up of the whole thing. One slip, one fractious elephant, and the procession is thrown out of gear! Any moment this may happen. I daren't think of it." I myself thought, as I saw him manage his cumbersome troop, that under his vigilant eyes there was little fear of calamity.

X I shall never forget my first sight of the Jumma Masjid. It was worth coming from the ends of the earth to see. What was it like? What can I compare it with? Anything that we in England have ever seen? I think not. Perhaps a garden is nearest to it—not a Surrey garden planted with stocks and mignonette, but an ideal garden such as we have all dreamed of, with banks studded with gorgeous, flaming tropical flowers. No : that will not do : it must be a garden of jewels, a garden set with jewels, with pearls,

AKALIS FANATICAL DEVOTEE

ONE of the aged Sikh warriors who fought so bravely
for us during the siege of Delhi.



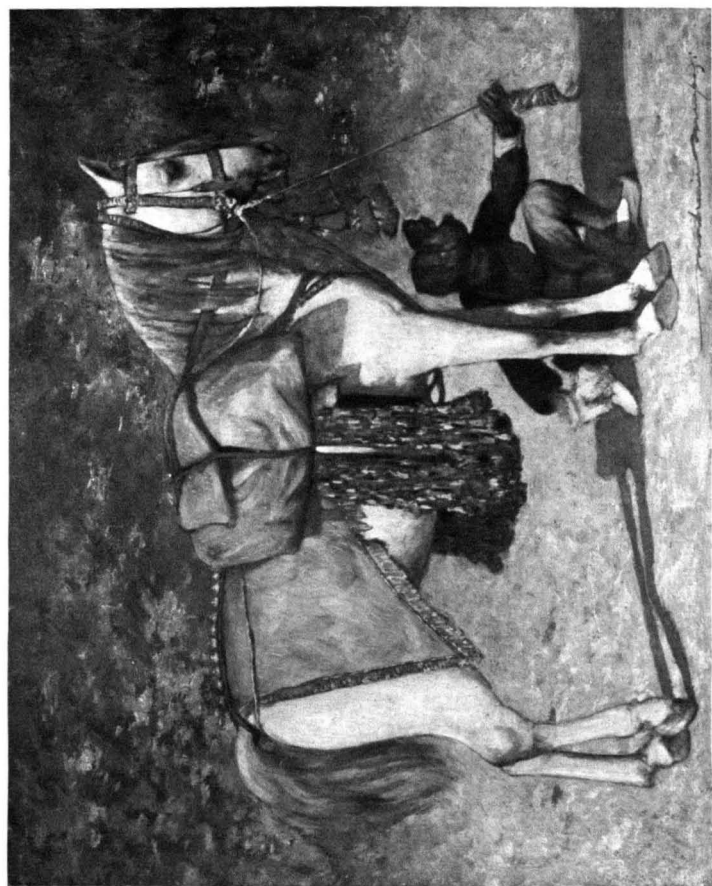
sapphires, rubies, and diamonds. How impossible this scene is to paint—impossible to imagine, impossible to describe! The streets, the houses, the roofs, the steps, and the benches massed about the Jumma Masjid teemed and vibrated with colour; the flower-beds stretched far as eye could see; it was a garden for a fairy princess. Poor painters, poor palettes! How futile your efforts must be! X

We felt like beetles, dull-coloured beetles, and terribly Saxon as we forced our way among these living flower-beds and mounted up to the terrace reserved for Lord Curzon's guests. The temple was already filled with people, a brilliant throng, the women in their gayest dress, and all the men in uniform. I discovered the vantage position for painting, and flew to it, only to find a little ticket pinned to the seat with the name of a well-known artist on it. After wandering round for some time in search of a seat, at last I found a very good position for my work. One man rushed up to me and said, "Menpes, rejoice! I have saved a wonderful place for you in the tower—simply superb!" "Yes; but I have already got two lots of seats," I explained. "Never mind. You shall have three. You shall rush about from place to place. I guarantee that yours will be the best

pictures of the state entry." With that this energetic little man hurried me off to the tower. I saw that this position would be of no earthly use for my purpose: it was too much of a bird's-eye view. In fact, the whole building seemed wrongly constructed from the painter's standpoint. It was too high up. I began to wish that I could have a position on the steps of the Jumma Masjid among the Moslemin, so as to be more on a level with the procession as it passed. I asked a young A.D.C. if this were possible. He answered immediately in the affirmative with the alertness and intelligence which characterised all Lord Curzon's staff of helpers. He introduced me to an old native official in a gorgeous costume, a man of some position and well known to the populace. This gentleman, he explained, would take me into the crowd and clear a space for me wherever I chose to paint. Looking down upon the surging mass of people packed as closely as mosaic, I thought it impossible that there could be a square inch of space among them; but directly the gold-laced aide-de-camp appeared above the steps and the gorgeously-dressed official followed by myself descended, the mass melted and separated, leaving a long, clear pathway.

A FAMOUS LED HORSE IN THE RETINUE
OF THE RAO OF CUTCH

No one but a Maharaja or the son of a Maharaja has
ever ridden this noble horse.



It was a kindly, gentle crowd. No one came near me, no one even touched me : perhaps because from their standpoint I was too mean a thing to touch. No one stared at me : perhaps because I was not sufficiently decorative to arouse their interest. Certainly I felt rather a poor creature standing in the midst of these stately people. All this preparation—the pathway cleared, the gold-laced aide-de-camp, the gorgeous official,—what was it for? I took out my paint-box and blushed. The folly of it, the absolute futility ! Here was I standing before a scene which no artist save Turner should ever have attempted to paint, calmly unfolding a stupid little paint-box and squeezing out tubes of Reeves's water-colour, pigment which, compared with the glowing tones around me, looked like mud. Still, I shut my teeth firmly and went on doggedly, scarce knowing what I was doing, but trying to brazen it out : I too am an Anglo-Saxon. Presently I plucked up courage ; for there, a few yards off, was another of my craft working away with pencil and note-book. This was energetic little Melton Prior. He also was out in the crowd, but rather more to the fore than I, and right on the line of route.

As I worked, my vigorous friend of the tower

episode forced his way through the crowd and stood at my elbow. He stood there for some minutes without saying a word. I glanced down at him. His face was purple; his breath came in short gasps; he seemed ready to burst with some hidden anger. Too much occupied with my work to care what happened to any one or anything, I laconically inquired what was the matter. Then he broke forth. He had been turned out of the tower. I had been turned out of the tower. Six members of Parliament had been turned out of the tower. All this was to make room for Lord Curzon's friends. The legislators had been allowed to remain there for two hours only: to be turned out at the last moment neck and crop without a word of warning! I murmured something about the tower not being such a good position, after all, as I squeezed out some more rose madder. "Yes; but you don't understand," he spluttered excitedly. "The position is not especially good; but I am slighted, you are slighted, we are all slighted." At last I turned round, exasperated. "My dear fellow," I said, "I don't care a brass farthing whether I'm slighted or not! All I want is to paint this picture. Now, just look for a minute at the gray of that sky. Would you believe that——"

SHAN CHIEF AT THE DURBAR

ALTHOUGH never having visited India before, these chiefs watched the gorgeous retinues of the Indian princes pass by with perfect equanimity.



He was gone. I was talking to empty space. Disgusted with my lack of sensitiveness, he had turned on his heel and marched off to air his grievances elsewhere.

Later in the day I met the very A.D.C. who had caused all this disturbance. "You've distinguished yourself now!" I cried. "Oh, I know they are all awfully cross. It had to be done, you know. I couldn't help it," said he.

All these minor disturbances affected me but little. Did the fate of nations lie in the turning out of the members of Parliament, I should, I am afraid, have been but little perturbed. There were several hours to wait; but, with so much to study, time could not pass otherwise than pleasantly. It was a blaze of colour—simply a blaze! To see the artists with their boxes vainly trying to paint was pathetic. I looked at my poor little palette of colour and dragged myself about the place limply. Rembrandt couldn't have painted that scene in black-and-white. He might have suggested it, but only to one who had seen it. Then one felt the value of precious stones to work with, or something very different from ordinary pigment. It must be painted in the jewel-like, gem-like manner, and bit by bit, facet by facet. To attempt to paint it in flowing

water-colour were to reproduce a sunset in silhouette. The crowd was a mosaic one, and the people were like living tapestry. There were lilacs, violets, grass-greens, apple-greens, lemon-yellows, oranges, and little splashes of jewel-like colour formed by the turbans. The background to all these wonderful tones was gray, a sombre gray monotone. Delhi is not a red city brilliant and full of colour. It is a gray city. The sky, though blue, was a sad blue. The streets, the buildings, the earth, the dust, all were gray. What setting could be more exquisite for the jewels before me, what background more perfect for the pictures that were to come, the gorgeous pageantry that was to sweep over this lovely colourless canvas? ✕

As the time drew on one began to feel nervous and restless. The tension was too great. We couldn't talk. We could scarcely think. We simply held our breath, and waited. The crowd of natives remained passive. Nothing seemed to affect them. They showed no emotion, made no demonstration, throughout all the long hours of waiting. You couldn't tell what they were thinking about. They were just a dignified crowd. You felt that this was not their show—that it roused no enthusiasm in them. Some of their

AN AKALIS FANATICAL DEVOTEE

THIS old warrior is such a religious enthusiast that on the day on which the birthday of Govind Sinh was celebrated he clothed his pony in a pair of drawers and thus made a Sikh of him, for this article of clothing is one of the five things essential to the true Sikh.



own smaller processions would have interested them infinitely more.

Of course, as the cannons boomed forth the royal salute, and one knew that the procession was well on its way, the inevitable animal appeared on the line of route, the wretched mongrel Derby dog. The dramatic moment was spoiled ; the magic silence was broken ; thousands of eyes were riveted on the creature ; dismay and annoyance fell upon the heated and harassed officials. Full of occupation, gay and careless, quite oblivious to viceroys and processions, the Derby dog whirled and circled in the dust. Impudence was his characteristic. He would threaten an elephant or bite a Maharaja with equal indifference. Wherever there is a procession, a review, a Lord Mayor's Show, he is always there. He will even attend a funeral, and wait until the burial service is being read to bark at the bishop. Forbid all dogs, chain them up, expel them off the face of the earth, and he would still be there—this sandy-coloured, tousled, short-legged, mongrel dog. Still, he served his purpose here in India. We were all so unnerved and strained that it was untold relief to laugh even at a puppy.

X Every spectator amongst all those thousands

felt the impressiveness of the moment. Every eye was strained for the first sight of the glittering throng. Every one was waiting for the first notes of the National Anthem. Slowly the blazing procession came into view, unwinding itself and presenting a wholly new scheme of colour every moment. ✕ It was never the same. It was as hopeless to follow each effect in detail as to catch every flash in the swimming skirts of Miss Loie Fuller. Each instant produced its own glory.

A I shall not attempt to describe that scene as I saw it. I have neither the power nor the presumption for such a herculean task. It would only end in failure, in a dry catalogue of an artist's colourman. All I can do is to mention roughly the various sections as they passed. First came the Dragoon Guards and the Horse Artillery; then the heralds, picturesque figures, with their silver trumpets and mediæval dress; the Viceroy's bodyguard on fine bay walers; and the Cadet Corps, handsome slim young figures in their gorgeous blue-and-white uniforms, headed by the dashing Sir Pratap Singh. ✕ It was the elephants we had come so many thousands of miles to see; and we held our breath until they appeared, swaying and irresistible — a gleaming, glittering,

LORD AND LADY CURZON ENTERING
DELHI

THIS elephant was used by Lord Lytton at the
previous Durbar.



bejewelled throng. One felt a thrill of patriotism as a magnificent elephant towering high above all the rest came into view, the handsomest and finest of all, at sight of which thousands of voices as though from one throat murmured, "The Viceroy!"

Every hat was raised, every turbaned head bent low, before that youthful, joyous figure under the glittering golden umbrella. One felt that no other Englishman could have carried himself better or have fitted into that magnificent picture more perfectly than Lord Curzon. He was the right man in the right place. His elephant, you felt, was an animal created for regal processions, for carrying the representatives of kings—slow, massive, majestic. The huge beast seemed conscious of his success. ✕ He was also conscious when he was being made a fool of. There were two clowns in the procession, the pantaloons, the jesters in a solemn scene. One carried a chandelier on each tusk, and another sheepishly fanned the flies off his master with a huge feather punkha. They hated it, these elephants, just as much as a schoolboy when he is made to kiss a girl in public; but to us they were a relief from so much dignity, and acted as an antidote, as did the Derby dog.

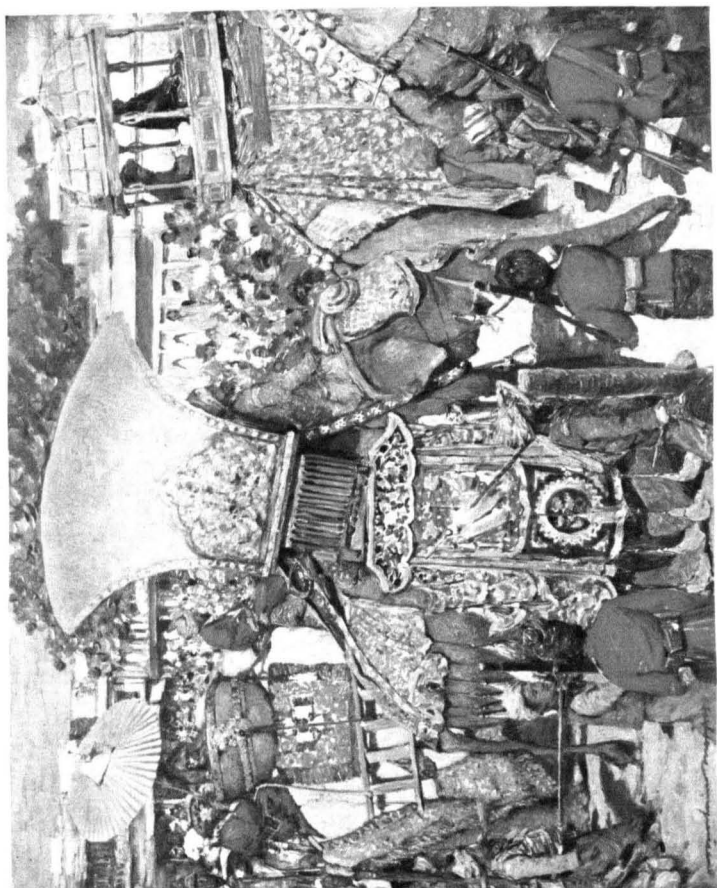
✕ How shall I describe that retinue of elephants?

I tear my hair, and think, and think, until I feel I must go mad. I see it all so clearly : can I not coin words ? Can I not dip my pen in purple and gold ? It was almost like looking at the sun. Yellow spots danced in front of one's eyes : one had to turn away into the gray courtyard, and lose an elephant or two, to get relief. You could not see the procession in a continuous way as a whole, because of the blinding colour ; but by treating it almost scientifically, by nursing oneself to see colour intelligently, one obtained swift, true impressions of crisp, luminous pictures that burned deep into one's brain. Most people gazed, and gazed, and were blinded, exhausted : they lost all feeling for colour.

This was a scene for Turner. Turner, who could paint the sun, was the only man to paint this procession of native rulers. You never seemed to get the last word in colour. An elephant would pass covered with cloth of gold and ropes of pearls. "This is the finest of all," you would say ; "colour has gone as far as it can go." Then suddenly another marvellous combination would spring upon you : a group of elephants in gold, emerald green, and jewels, looking like bubbles ready to burst with brilliance, and making the surrounding colours faded

BURMESE ELEPHANTS AT THE STATE
ENTRY

THESE elephants in order to reach Delhi in time for the Durbar started from Burma in October, walking several thousands of miles.



and pale by comparison. For once one felt grateful to the dust, the dust that at times rose in clouds and hid portions of those marvellous colour-schemes from our sight, as with a curtain of yellow gauze, bestowing upon them a dream-like mystery marvellously enhancing their unearthly beauty. Every now and then an elephant would rise clear and tangible from this dream of Arabian Nights, and one would catch for a moment a glimpse of some historic potentate, only to be lost the next moment as he passed into the throng of his fellows.

For hours that seemed unending the great procession dragged its glittering pageantry along. The different races gathered together from the length and breadth of India were singularly impressive. Fierce, white-robed Baluch and Pathan chiefs who had never even seen one another before, riding side by side with European officers—what a contrast! There was the sullen Hyderabad, with his beautiful note of yellow, and Lord Kitchener riding alone in his uniform of a General, his hand resting on his side,—not the stern, impassive figure we read of in newspaper reports, but ruddy-faced and happy, the smile on his lips broadening to a beam as he passed the Jumma Masjid, where many of his friends were assembled. As the end

of the procession passed I rushed back to the Jumma Masjid, and, gazing far ahead, watched this great pageant like a spangled serpent glimmering through zones of light and shadow into the opalescent distance, scumbled with the eternal dust.

The day was over. Every one was exhausted, limp; everything about us seemed squalid and sad. Only then we remembered that we were starving. Colour for the moment is all-satisfying; but the effect wears off. The next thing to do was to go home. Getting back to camp was always a serious part of the day's work. For hours we wandered about, vainly trying to find our little lemon-yellow tonga. Luckily, we came across a learned professor with a group of friends who had travelled with us on the *Arabia*. We sat down on stones and held counsel. The professor said we must treat the situation from a purely military point of view: it must be thought out systematically. A body of scouts was formed, and I was given a very prominent position. We started with very clear ideas as to the carrying out of this manœuvre. We had brought it down to so fine a point that to miss the tonga was a sheer impossibility. Had it not been thought out scientifically and proved by algebra?

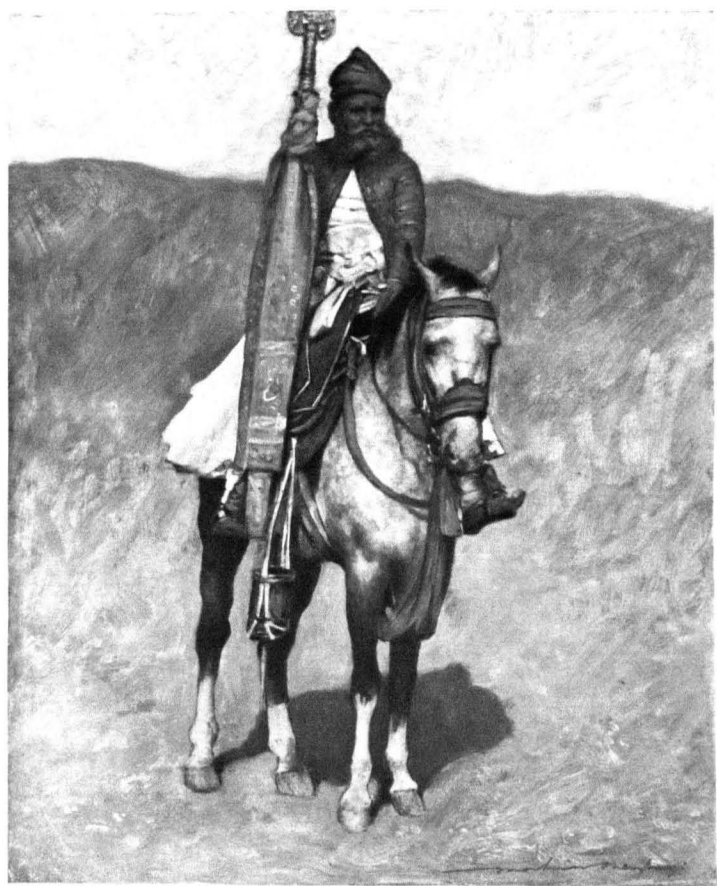
A ROYAL RETAINER OF RAJGARH



Suddenly a shout indicated the tonga had been found. And—oh what humiliation!—by the doctor, who had scoffed at our nicely-laid plans and trudged off pigheadedly on his own account! We crowded round him excitedly. "How did you find it?" "What system did you work upon?" he was asked. He had no imagination, and his explanation was crude in the extreme. "Well," he said, "there's nothing much to tell. I was walking along, and I ran into the tonga. I knew it belonged to Menpes, because it was yellow." Because it was yellow, forsooth! It hurt one's sensitive feelings even to hear him. With pained expressions, we got into the tonga and drove back to Number One, the camp of the millionaires, not at all a fitting place for a painter, its very atmosphere spelling philistine materialism. At luncheon there was the usual struggle on the part of every one to describe what had been seen during the day, and the conversation was richly flavoured with such comprehensive adjectives as "sparkling," "gorgeous," "magnificent." How much meaning do such descriptions convey to those who did not witness the pageant?

IV
THE PROCLAMATION

A JAIPUR HORSEMAN
He carries the silver trident of Jaipur.



IV

THE PROCLAMATION

THE great day arrived, the day on which His Excellency Lord Curzon proclaimed at Delhi the Coronation of His Most Gracious Majesty the King, Emperor of India. Although the ceremony had been postponed for half an hour because of the new moon, which obliged the Mussulman chiefs to worship at the Jumma Masjid, by ten o'clock the roads were thick with traffic of all kinds—silver and golden carriages carrying the chiefs and their attendants in gold-embroidered coats and turbans weighted with precious stones; smartly-equipped landaus and victorias containing British officers, civil and military, smothered with orders; judges; generals; governors and consuls; distinguished foreign visitors; representatives from Europe and the far West, Japan, Siam, Afghanistan, Burma, Baluchistan, and almost every part

of the world ; men on camels ; natives in tightly-packed wooden carts ; regiments of cavalry, British and native. It was one continuous stream. As we circled out of Number One Camp in our little yellow tonga, we worked our way into this long procession and formed part of the slowly-moving stream of humanity. It was impossible to see where it ended and where it began : all one could do was to travel slowly onward. Now and then an adventurous man would dash ahead by digressing into a ditch, almost capsizing in the attempt ; but for the most part the procession never varied, and the same vehicle kept in front of us all the way to the amphitheatre.

It was an impressive sight as we approached : the great brown, far-reaching plain, and the white and blue horseshoe-shaped amphitheatre, with its arcaded galleries and tiers of seats, its cupolas gleaming in the sun, and beyond, the huge army of the King Emperor, 30,000 men, horse, foot, and artillery — one broad sweep of bristling forces. The long procession of carriages was packed with wonderful order and precision. Each person was given a number identical with that of the driver. Twelve thousand people alighted, gradually filing into the amphitheatre as they took their places.

A PATHAN HORSEMAN

THESE men are celebrated for their magnificent horsemanship.



The organisation was perfect. We brought a servant with us to carry our luncheon, and he joined us there, but had forgotten the lunch. Through the courtesy of Mr. Barnes, we held four tickets and a permission to wander about the amphitheatre and sketch during the ceremony. We left our seats in charge of the servant, and moved in the arena with the crowd. The sights we saw—the groups of natives and the chiefs and princes in their gorgeous costumes—were almost beyond description. I should think that never within so small an arena have so many precious stones been massed together. You could scarcely look anywhere without seeing a blazing jewel. All the most notable men in India were assembled in that amphitheatre. There were the Nizam, in a plain, dark blue uniform with a yellow turban; the Gaekwar of Baroda, in white satin; and hosts whose names we did not know. Perhaps those who attracted most attention were the Shan chiefs. They were wearing solid gold dresses, belling out like pagoda roofs, and great headgears of blazing gold. The crowd stared at them, and countless cameras snapped under their very noses; yet they never moved. We walked round the arena for about two hours; but whenever we returned there

they were, still in the same position. One was standing with his arm on a chair; the other was sitting sedately. As they wore skirts, it was difficult to say whether they were men or women. They had never been to India before, or seen anything approaching this grand ceremony; yet they showed not the least emotion, staring stolidly before them like two of their own Burmese idols. The amphitheatre was a blaze of colour, nearly every man wearing a uniform of some kind. All the glory and pride of India were assembled—Pathans, Shans, Rajput chieftains, Baluchi chiefs. Gathered together under the roof of that great amphitheatre were representatives of one-fifth of the whole human race. There were emissaries from the old Powers of Europe too, the young Republic of America, and the great countries of the Far East such as China and Japan—tourists, soldiers, civilians, and, best of all, the beautiful Englishwomen. These outshone the glittering gorgeousness of the native princes by the sheer loveliness of their faces. The natives stared, the rajahs gasped, at sight of that bouquet of Englishwomen. It was superb. I am sure the world has seen nothing like it before, and I could weep to think that it may never look upon the like again.

A RAJPUT OF RAJGARH



It was a surprise even to India. All these natives must have gone back to their States saturated with pride and loyalty : they will never forget what they saw that day.

Towards the daïs the colour effect was somewhat spoilt. We were looking full at the sun, and could see nothing but a blinding white sky, while the crowds appeared misty and hazy. When walking round the arena quite close to the different groups the colour was quite gorgeous. From the artistic point of view, the only fault one could find with regard to the arrangement of the Durbar ceremony was the quality of red that had been used round the arena. It was of a bluish tint, and rather a mistake. At eleven o'clock a bugle was sounded, the arena was rapidly cleared, and all returned to their places. Two thousand men were massed in the arena playing stirring tunes to beguile the period of waiting. Every one had arrived. The amphitheatre looked one solid mass of people : in front the daïs, with its gold-embroidered carpet and silver chairs of State, and all round in the front row the long line of ruling chiefs—a blaze of colour. Behind the daïs was a gallery enclosed with latticed framework, in which the native ladies sat to watch the ceremony. There

was a tremendous excitement when the Imperial Cadet Corps, with their blue-and-silver uniforms and jet-black horses, passed by—as fine a set of men as you could find anywhere,—all native rulers or the sons of rulers, trained as soldiers.

All eyes were fixed on a shuffling, shambling band of white-haired old men who came immediately after them, some of them on the verge of the grave, led along by stalwart young soldiers, and bravely trying to step out to the tune of “See, the Conquering Hero comes!” A thrill ran round the audience as they approached; for these were the Mutiny veterans of Delhi and Lucknow, the men who held India for the Empire on the Ridge at Delhi through heat and battle and pestilence and hardships. What a contrast!—these smart young cadets, and this rickety collection of old gentlemen, some in weatherbeaten tunics stained and faded with the sun, others in frock-coats of ancient pattern buttoned up the wrong way, but on every coat a medal! And the people! They stood up and cheered and shouted until they were hoarse; women wept hysterically, and strong men sobbed. The whole assemblage rose to do them honour. One felt that but for these men there would have been no brilliant pageant to-day, no

VETERANS OF THE MUTINY ON THE GREAT DAY

THE most interesting incident of the whole Durbar was when these ancient soldiers marched into the arena to the tune of "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" Some of them were almost dying, but they stepped out bravely to the stirring old march. The entire audience rose to their feet, and cheer after cheer rent the air; for they all felt that but for these hoary, badly-dressed old men there would have been no Delhi Durbar at all that day.



Delhi Durbar. Age had laid a heavy hand upon the Mutiny heroes ; but many of them marched with a firm, elastic step to the strains of the stirring old military march. One man, over a hundred years old and quite blind, was led into the arena by a young brother-in-arms ; he turned his sightless eyes towards the cheering and feebly saluted. He dragged himself round the arena ; but it was his last walk. He died the next day. The veterans took their seats amid tumultuous cheering. Some of them during the ceremony stole from their places and sat out in the sun. They were then in exactly the place where they should not be, and the native police gently led them away ; but they crawled back, refused to move, and were left there. It was their day, and they knew it, and were allowed to do whatever they liked, even if it interfered with the march-past. Perhaps in all that splendid fortnight nothing made a deeper or more lasting impression upon one than the sight of these splendid warriors.

At noon we heard the skirl of the bagpipes, and a company of Gordon Highlanders, headed by pipes and fifes and drums, marched briskly into the arena with fixed bayonets. All of them were picked men, stalwart fellows who had seen active

service. They were the Viceroy's guard-of-honour, and lined up smartly in front of the dais. It was a hot day, and these men were standing with the sun full on their faces. They were all of fine physique; but the sun was too much even for them, and one by one of them dropped during the ceremony, and were carried away into the shade, until there were many gaps in the long, straight line.

Perhaps never before have so many cameras been at work together. Nearly every one had a kodak, even many of the natives themselves; and there was the sound of ping! ping! ping! all over the place, and the buzz of the cinematograph.

Suddenly we heard a rattle of muskets in the distance. It was the guns outside on the plain firing a royal salute—one long, continuous rattle, beginning very loud and going off faintly into the extreme distance. Each battalion took up the salute, one after the other; and the clean, sweeping way in which it was done was magnificent. Then a squadron of British cavalry appeared in the distance. It was escorting the carriage containing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. As the cavalcade approached, we discovered that it was the Ninth Lancers—pennons fluttering and lances

A MOUNTED MACE-BEARER



gleaming—a magnificent regiment. They were greeted with cheers and shouts of “Bravo, the Ninth!” The Duke and Duchess received an enthusiastic welcome. The National Anthem was played by the massed bands, and the whole audience remained standing.

Their Royal Highnesses then took their seats on the daïs. The Duke of Connaught, who was in the uniform of a Field Marshal, looked a kingly figure sitting there, his gold baton on his thigh and his breast smothered with orders.

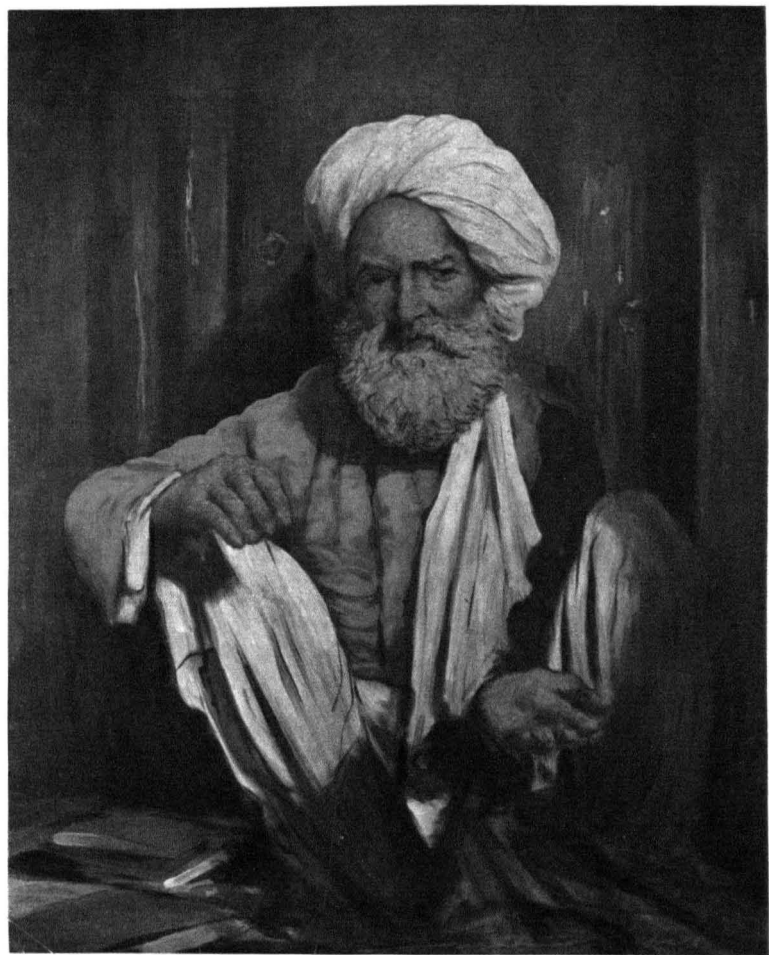
There was a pause of a few moments, and a dense cloud of dust was seen far off. It was the Viceroy. Gradually the Fourth Dragoon Guards came into view; then a flash of scarlet, the Viceroy's bodyguard; and lastly, the Imperial Cadets, resplendent in blue and silver. The Viceregal carriage was drawn by four magnificent horses with outriders in scarlet and gold. As their Excellencies ascended the daïs, the entire audience rose in their seats, a royal salute boomed out, the Viceregal standard was unfurled, and the massed bands once more played the National Anthem. Very beautiful in a pale blue dress embroidered with gold, Lady Curzon took her seat near Her Royal Highness. The Viceroy bowed to the

Duchess of Connaught and the audience, and took his seat on a marvellous throne upholstered in red velvet and ornamented with a golden crown and silver lotus leaves.

The picture was complete. It was the most brilliant assemblage one could possibly imagine.

Now all was ready. Sir Hugh Barnes stepped up to the daïs with a profound bow, and asked formal permission for the Durbar to be opened. The Viceroy assented; and the pursuivants, making deep obeisance, faced the arena and gave a signal to the bandmaster. Instantly the drums rolled, the bugles sounded, and the massed bands gave out stirring music. In answer there was a flourish of trumpets, clear, sweet, silvery notes; and the Herald appeared on his jet-black charger, a gigantic and stately figure, looking as though he had stepped from out an ancient page of British history. The sun shone upon the golden embroidery of his dress and on his silver mace. Following him came the drummer and twelve trumpeters—six British and six native,—in crimson coats ornamented with gold, the trumpets bearing the Royal arms and the Royal cipher embroidered on satin. They halted for a moment, and sounded another flourish. Then

A BEGGAR



they divided into two sections, joining once more as they reached the dais. Again the trumpets sounded sharp and clear like a call to arms. The Herald saluted. Leaning forward, the Viceroy commanded him to read the King Emperor's Proclamation declaring the Coronation of His Majesty the King Emperor of India.

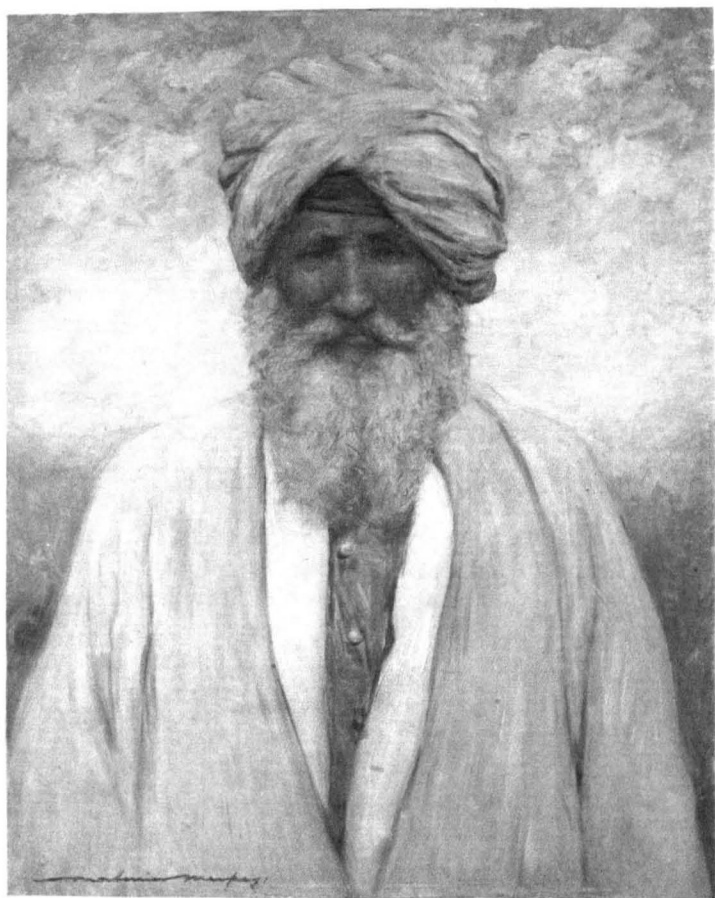
Absolute silence reigned throughout the entire audience as the Herald wheeled his charger round and read in a magnificently clear and resonant voice, perhaps the finest the world has ever heard, His Majesty's Proclamation. At the close he wheeled his horse round once more and saluted the Viceroy. Another flourish of trumpets was sounded, and the Royal Standard was unfurled, floating proudly out upon the breeze. The soldiers presented arms; the massed bands struck up the first grand notes of the National Anthem; and the crowd rose to their feet as one man, while a thrill of loyal enthusiasm ran like quicksilver round the arena. Then there was a pause.

That was the supreme moment of the ceremony. One felt it. It was dignified, impressive, and quiet, almost saddening, because it was so impressive. There was no frivolous talking, no cheering. It was simply a dead quiet. The sun

shone upon the silver throne on the Viceregal daïs, on the glittering jewels in the amphitheatre, on the uniforms of the men ; but, above all, it seemed to illuminate and linger round the central figure of the Viceroy, quietly clad in his official costume, standing in the presence of all those great oriental chieftains, upholding the supremacy of the Imperial raj. Never for one moment did he allow the quiet stateliness and the dignity of the Englishman to be overshadowed by the colourful magnificence of the oriental potentates. Nothing impressed one more amid the pomp and magnificence of this oriental ceremonial than the modesty of the Englishman who stood there bathed in the glory of the Eastern sun, holding in his hands the guiding strings of the British rule. ✕

Then the guns on the plains fired an Imperial salute. There was another flourish of trumpets, and, rising from his throne, Lord Curzon addressed the Durbar. He spoke in a clear, calm voice, never faltering. The King's message to the Princes and People of India was received with loud cheers. So, also, was His Majesty's reference to the prospective visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The manner in which the Viceroy seized hold of interesting points of British policy, and

A RETAINER FROM CUTCH



placed them unflinchingly and vividly before his hearers, was exceedingly diplomatic. How he vindicated in their presence that rule against which their fathers had attempted to fling themselves five-and-forty years before! Thus were the martyrdoms of John Nicholson and Henry Lawrence proudly and for all time avenged. In the very place where the heat of the Mutiny had been greatest, all factions and all jealousies were stilled for ever. As he stood erect and strong, his left foot resting on a footstool, Lord Curzon looked a born ruler of men, a worthy representative of that Sovereign in whose name he wields a unique power.

His speech was greeted by a vast acclaim. Then the Herald and the trumpeters trotted into the arena, and lined up in front of the daïs. One silvery peal rang out on the quiet air; and the Herald, turning towards the audience, raised himself in his stirrups, waved his helmet on high, and shouted in his clear, reverberating voice, "Three cheers for the King Emperor!" In an instant the whole audience sprang to its feet and gave three mighty cheers for the first Emperor of India. The cheering was taken up by the troops on the plain outside. Their voices might have resounded as far as the gates of Delhi. They were almost