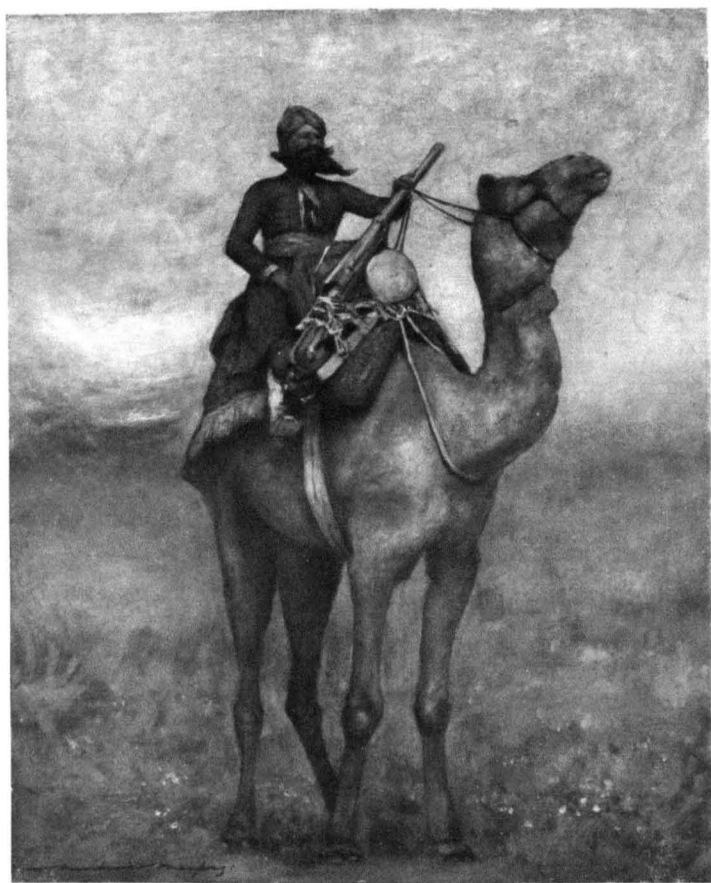


loud enough to wake the buried heroes, and tell them that they had not died in vain.

Once more the National Anthem was played by the massed bands, and the pursuivants trotted out of the arena.

Then came the ceremony of presenting the ruling chiefs to the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught. Sir Hugh Barnes stepped forward to ask permission, and one by one they filed past to do homage to the representatives and brother of the King Emperor. It was interesting to note the different bearings of the chiefs. Some, who had been to Europe, strode on to the arena in an assured way, shaking hands with the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, and backing out gracefully; others were shy and self-conscious; some lost their heads, and forgot the little speech they had prepared; some presented their swords; others merely bowed. Each chief seemed to vie with his neighbour in making a dazzling display of jewels. Every sword was encrusted with diamonds and rubies; every mantle was sewn with designs in pearls and precious stones. There were priceless diamonds of perfect purity on cloth of gold—one glittering line of treasure and beauty. It was interesting to witness the contrast of the

A SWIVEL-GUN BEARER FROM
RAJPUTANA



various races. One and all lost their shyness when they reached the Duke of Connaught. He took them kindly by the hand, and said a few courteous words to each. Every man left the dais with a contented countenance. First came the ruler of Deccan, His Highness the Nizam of Haiderabad, a loyal prince noticeable for his extreme simplicity of dress. He was followed by the great Mahratta prince, the Gaekwar of Baroda, in a white dress with a red turban and most magnificent jewels. His is one of the richest states in India. Then came His Highness the Raja of Mysore, a man with very large dominions; the Maharaja of Kashmir; the Rajput princes; the Hindu princes; the Mahratta chiefs; the Sikhs; the Indian Mussulmans; a striking figure, Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, who laid a jewelled casket at the feet of Lord Curzon; Pathan chiefs; Shans from Burma; and chiefs from the Shan states. To mention each one individually would be impossible. One chief wore starched accordion-pleated skirts of brilliant green. A ripple of laughter ran round the arena as he appeared, and I heard one of the soldiers along the route say, "Hallo! there goes Fanny!" On the whole, however, the spectacle was most impressive.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of presentation Sir Hugh Barnes stood before the throne and requested leave to close the Durbar.

The Viceroy and Lady Curzon then left the amphitheatre. The Duke of Connaught followed. They were cheered to the echo. The vast crowd slowly dispersed. We all felt that we had been privileged to witness a great event destined to become historical for ever.

LORD CURZON AND THE DUCHESS OF
CONNAUGHT ON THEIR WAY TO
THE RETAINERS' SHOW



V

• THE PROCESSION OF RETAINERS

A TYPICAL GROUP IN THE RETAINERS'
PROCESSION



V

THE PROCESSION OF RETAINERS

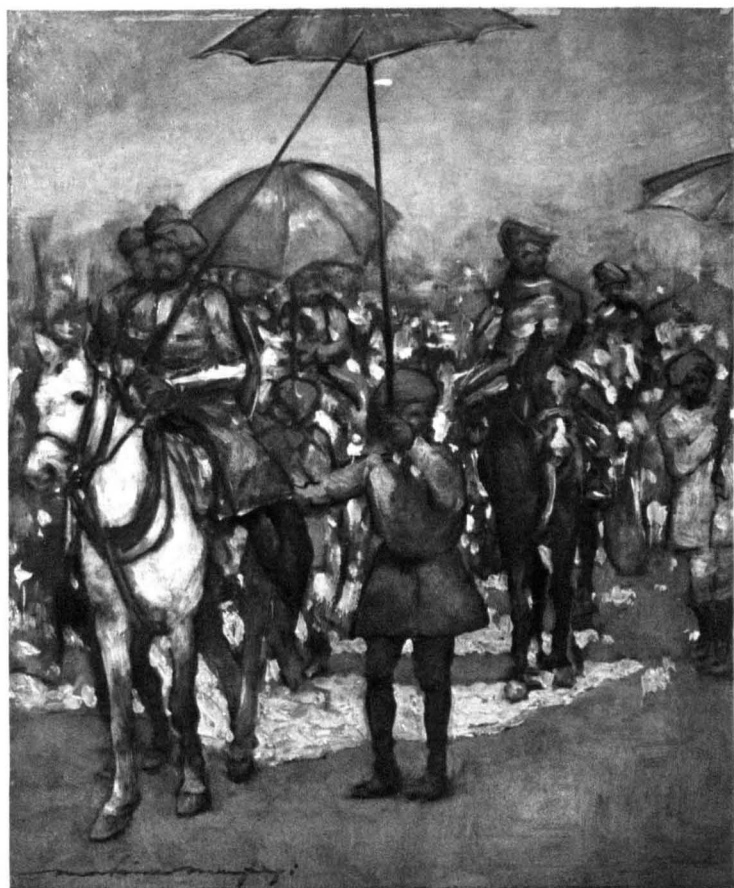
OURS was a gentle start. We wandered about on the plain outside the arena sketching different groups, and had our breath taken away before the review began by pictures that were simply magnificent. One broad sweep of changing, glittering colour was stretched out before us for mile upon mile, formed of clumps of retainers from the tribes of India. There were tribes from Cashmere, from the highlands and the lowlands, camels, elephants, men in armour, animals in armour, and costumes of every conceivable colour and form. It was a bewildering show. Almost the first figure we saw as we approached was a man on horseback with a banner, a faded salmon-coloured banner, with a gold device on it, suspended from a long pole of carmine,—a splendid figure, powerful and full of dignity. His dress was of

vermilion covered with chain armour, the vermilion breaking through here and there. On his head was a gold covering; his gray beard was combed from his chin upwards, and swept away on either side. The horse was almost as magnificent as the rider: it had cobalt-blue reins, vermilion and emerald-green checked saddle-cloth, with old-rose tassels, and a blaze of silver and gold everywhere. This creature stood just like a statue. He never moved. There he was in the brilliant sun, a picture waiting for me. I made a sketch of him.

To describe the scene as a whole would be impossible. All one can do is to give little peeps of the different groups we saw about the grounds. Suddenly we would run right into a gold-and-silver cart, a blaze of colour, a harmony in red, gold, and old-rose. The cart was of gold plush fringed with green-gold, and bearing a wealth of old-rose tassels. The oxen were draped with great coverings of blazing silver metal formed by myriads of small polished discs; their horns were encased in silver and tipped with gold; and round their necks hung strings of silver bells. The driver was dressed in clear brilliant blue touched with silver and a green-gold cap. Inside sat a figure

THE SHAN CHIEFS' RETAINERS AT THE
NATIVE REVIEW

MAJOR DUNLOP SMITH made them open their umbrellas
at the last moment ; certainly it added interest and
brilliancy to the group.



clad in fair pink silk. Troops of camels passed us with emerald-green saddle-cloths, ridden by men in bright vermilion. The Baroda gold-and-silver cannons glistened like patches of living fire in the sunshine, and away above everything else towered an enormous erection with dozens of people inside. As we drew nearer we discovered that this was an elephant four-in-hand from Rewa.

Thus the motley throng went on, each group more dazzling and more barbaric than the last. It was an ideal opportunity for the painter. One does not more than once in a lifetime get a chance of seeing thousands of tribes together. Here we saw groups that we should never see again. Here were people, living thousands of miles apart, who had probably never seen one another before, camped so closely that one could move from State to State in a few strides.

Major Dunlop Smith helped us in every way possible. He was a conspicuous figure among this mediæval host. He seemed to be everywhere! One saw him on his white arab going from group to group encouraging and stimulating with his kindly smile and smoothing away difficulties as if by magic. He never missed a detail, and it was obvious to the most casual

observer that this retainers' show was all Major Dunlop Smith from beginning to end. But, although in the midst of elaborate organisation, he always found time to dash up and point out a picture or describe a group of warriors. "How do you manage to know them all?" I asked him once. "Well, you see," he said, "I was afraid that these fellows would imagine they had been brought here to form part of a circus show; and if I can address them by their names, and say, 'Now, So-and-So, I am very much pleased with the way you have behaved so far: do your best in the arena,'—it helps things." Time passed all too quickly among this gorgeous assemblage, and before we were aware of it the Viceregal party had been sighted.

We stole back to our places just as the carriage swung into the arena. Lord and Lady Curzon, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Grand Duke of Hesse took their seats on the dais. The signal was given: a wail of weird native music was heard in the distance, and the first of the brilliant pageant, a huge elephant hung with emerald-green and surrounded by mahuts clothed in crimson, loomed into sight. For two whole hours this moving band of colour circled round the

A STANDARD-BEARER
THIS is the State standard of Jaipur.



arena. State after State passed by, each one more bizarre and picturesque than the last. There were monstrous elephants hung with jewels; flaming banners; mail-clad horsemen; crimson velvet and cloth of gold; masses of precious metal; glittering fringes and tassels. It was almost too brilliant, too bright, too strange. One's brain could not take it all in. If you could only have arrested the procession now and then and isolated a portion of it, there would have been some chance of remembering and realising what you saw. That was impossible, and artists and writers groaned aloud with dismay as each new and brilliant combination of colour appeared. How could any one hope to convey any idea of that bewildering spectacle to the people at home? There are occasions when words are useless, and this was one of them. All the poor writer can do is to shut himself up and hammer away at it, sentence by sentence, picking and choosing his words, writing and rewriting.

It was quite an informal affair. The Durbar was more deeply impressive and the State Entry more significant; but both these scenes might have been repeated more or less exactly in London or elsewhere. The review of the Princes'

retainers was unique. No one in that arena had ever seen, or ever would see again, anything to approach it. For days we had been satiated with marvellous spectacles and colour-schemes that left us breathless; but this was something different, something more wonderful than all. One felt that one was living in another world, the picturesque old world of a hundred years ago. Even Anglo-Indians more or less accustomed to such scenes could not but admit that here were types and costumes that they had never seen or dreamt of. It was not merely a Barnum's show to amuse the jaded Westerner: there was nothing grotesque or ludicrous in this array of native retainers. It was a historic pageant. Here were real men dressed in real costumes that they had lived in and knew how to wear. They carried with them their own atmosphere round the arena. Sometimes the different States followed so closely on one another's heels that their atmospheres overlapped; but they never intermingled—each one was isolated, separate, distinct. Nor was their arrangement the result of accident. Infinite care and pains had been taken in the massing together of the different States, and every detail of colouring or accoutrements was correct. For example, Cutch

EMBLEM-BEARERS OF CUTCH

One of these golden vessels contains water from the
Ganges and whenever the Maharaja is athirst he is
enabled to drink of the water of the sacred river.



was a State that gave splendid scope for picturesque effect. This had been copied from two fine old original paintings of the Dassava ceremony held a century ago. Major Dunlop Smith showed to me the pictures.

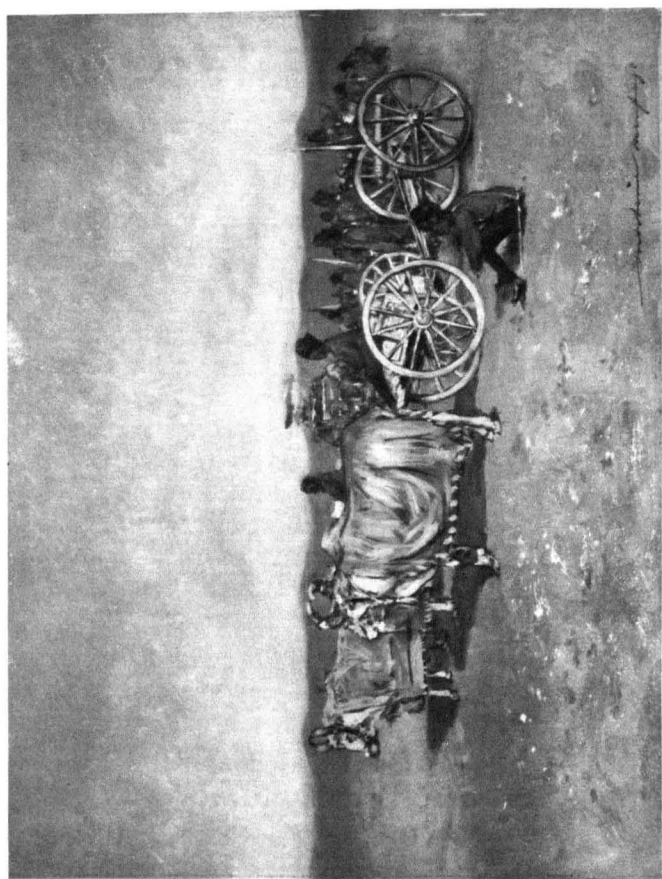
We sat among the Punjaub chiefs to watch the procession. Young Patiala was just in front of us, and a gorgeous person in salmon and gold sat next. I didn't know who he was, and I did not dare display my ignorance by asking ; but he was a very affable gentleman, and undertook of his own accord to describe the different States as they passed. "Look!" he cried, as a surge of red, violet, and glittering gold came into sight. "Here comes Cutch." I could well understand his enthusiasm as the groups drew nearer. Cutch was almost all gold—solid burnished gold. There were great blazing triangular-shaped fans of cloth of gold with colour breaking through them, sometimes salmon, sometimes emerald-green, and sometimes peacock-blue. Men on camels dressed in vermilion turbans carried salmon-and-gold banners surmounted by golden emblems. These banners and emblems played an important part all through the procession, and added their quota of colour and brilliance. They had been presented by the Mogul

Emperors, our friend in salmon informed us, and acted as a stimulus to remind the various States that they formed part of the Mogul Empire. Our friend of the green and vermilion checked saddle-cloth had an important position in this Cutch group, and as he sailed past us he blew out his whiskers with a self-conscious air. He seemed to have had an extra brush-up, and he looked so glossy that I almost wished I had waited until now to sketch him. Roars of laughter shook the audience as some men on rainbow-coloured stilts, their heads on a level with the roof of the arena, passed by. These stilted gentlemen, although they appeared somewhat ridiculous, were of the greatest possible service in actual warfare. Behind each man came a servant with a long red pole. For a brief moment I was confused; then I quickly realised that, of course, the pole was for support. A man twenty feet up in the air on stilts without any chance of rest is in a more or less hopeless condition, and this was simply a resting-pole. These warriors are very bold and brave people: they sometimes have to attack men on elephants and are carefully chosen for the task.

There was a pause, and a sound of quaint music reached our ears; as it drew nearer one realised

THE GOLD AND SILVER CANNONS OF
BARODA

THESE cannons are of solid gold and silver. They are so brilliant that in the full sun of mid-day one can scarcely bear to look at them.



that there was a band of Arabs, and one could not help feeling as one saw them that at some distant period there must have been some connection between Africa and this portion of the coast. They were low-class people, these musicians, a sort of camp-followers and hangers-on. Only the very lowest classes in India can be induced to form part of a band. A Sikh never will. He is a fighter, and to walk about and play a musical instrument would be absolutely impossible. You could as easily picture Kitchener playing the concertina as a Sikh blowing a trombone: the thing is preposterous. Fancy Kitchener playing at a picnic—not all the time, but just when his special part came in!

Next came the gold and silver cannons of the Gaekwar of Baroda. As they advanced with the sun full on them, one could see nothing but golden rays shooting out from a clump of fire. Here was no tinsel, no Alhambra and Empire make-believes, but solid gold and silver. Even the horns of the oxen were encased in gold, and precious golden tissue covered the sacred beasts.

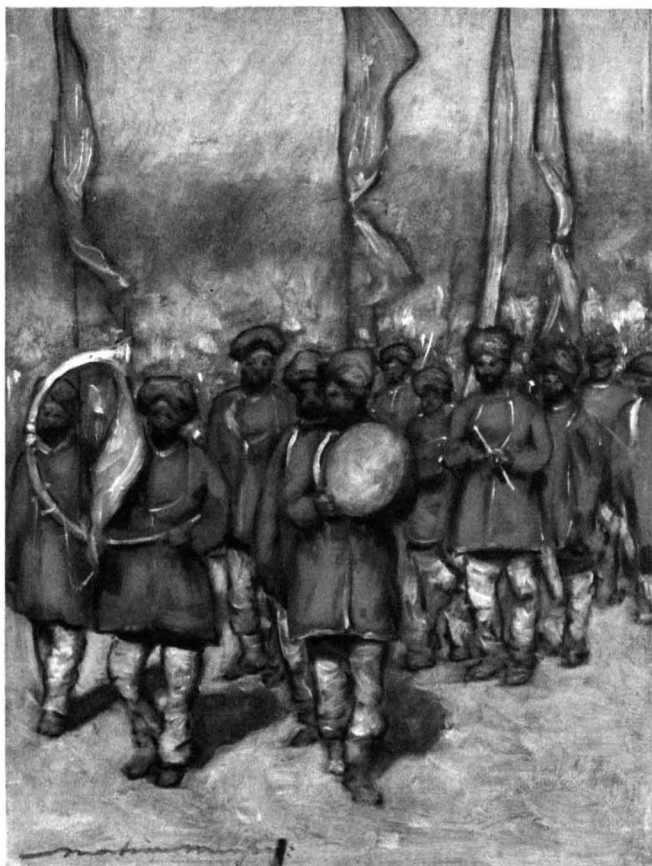
In the rear of Baroda came Gwalior leading Central India. Here one noticed a change. A levelling influence had been at work. The

colour was a little saddening; and the costume was evidently disappearing, scumbled over by Western ugliness. The men knit themselves together and marched squarely in rigid lines. They were more angular and had less of that delightful swing and looseness so characteristic of the East. This group made one reflect, and it brought home to one the discouraging fact that the native costume is fast disappearing and giving place to military uniform. You could not help feeling that this Retainers' show would be the very last of the sort that would occur.

Our friend of the salmon robe showed the keenest interest in a group of bards that passed by, chanting as they went songs on the glories of their land. These men, he told us, are privileged people. All kinds of advantages are attached to their position. They may even go the length of informing the Chief of his shortcomings. True, they clothe their chidings in an artistic form. They have some little home truths to tell him, and they chant them in the form of songs in such a poetical way that half their sting is lost. In fact, it is a scientific study with these bards to wrap up bitter pills in the sweetest of sugar-plums. Stiff with golden embroidery, the Gwalior elephants

NATIVE BARDS FROM THE CUTCH
STATE

Whose chief feature is a curious kind of bugle which
at intervals gives out a curious kind of gurgling sound,
much like a turkey in pain.



attracted all eyes. There were twelve of them—the first three of blazing gold, and the rest grading off to silver and copper, becoming paler and paler until they reached a neutral gray.

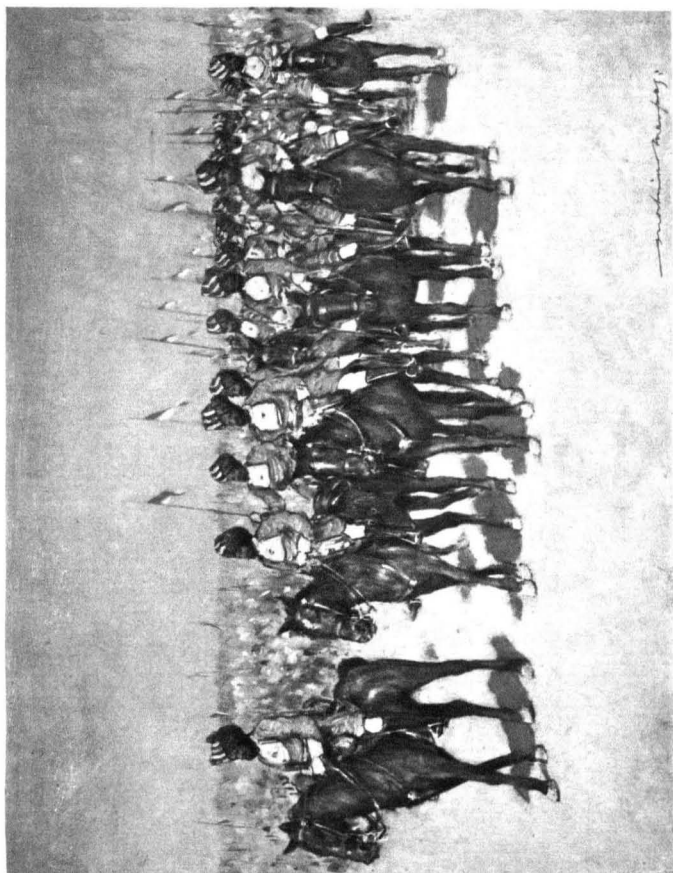
It was odd to see amongst all this gorgeousness a woman's covered litter pass; and I asked the salmon gentleman why it was there, and what it could be. He said that this was from the State of Bhopal, the only State in India ruled by a woman; and then began to talk to me about this woman ruler. It appears that wherever she goes the preparations for screening her from the vulgar gaze are most elaborate. If she attends an evening party a space is always cleared round about her; and a native never dreams of passing the Zenana save in a crouched position. Her husband has no social standing at all: he is almost like the drone in the bee-hive: even the sons are of more consequence than he. The daughter, curiously enough, occupies the same secondary position that a girl would in any native State: she is never mentioned. My informant was a most intelligent man, and as the procession passed I asked him questions about the wives of some of the native rulers. He told me how strict the etiquette was, and how careful one has to be in talking to men of their

women-folk. For example, one could never dream of asking a Mogul if his wife were better when she had been ill: that would be considered too intimate, too personal. You should say, "I hope things are getting better in your house?" To mention the word *wife* is considered coarse and vulgar in the extreme.

This procession was more or less familiar to us. We had had it all paraded before us in miniature every morning for the last ten days from early sunrise until noon. I knew all the principal figures personally. I had sketched them and talked to them, and as they passed many of them smiled in recognition.

Perhaps the most imposing spectacle of all as it swept past was Rewa. This was quite a gorgeous clump. First came a banner of vivid emerald-green, followed by a warrior on an elephant smothered with huge metal spikes. There were spikes on his breastplate, spikes on his back, spikes on his head, spikes everywhere—a most ferocious-looking creature! Fancy butting into him unawares on a dark night! He seemed every now and then to suffer from a spasm, and the metal spikes rattled almost like kitchen utensils. His was the only figure that might have verged

BOMBAY RETAINERS



London May 1905

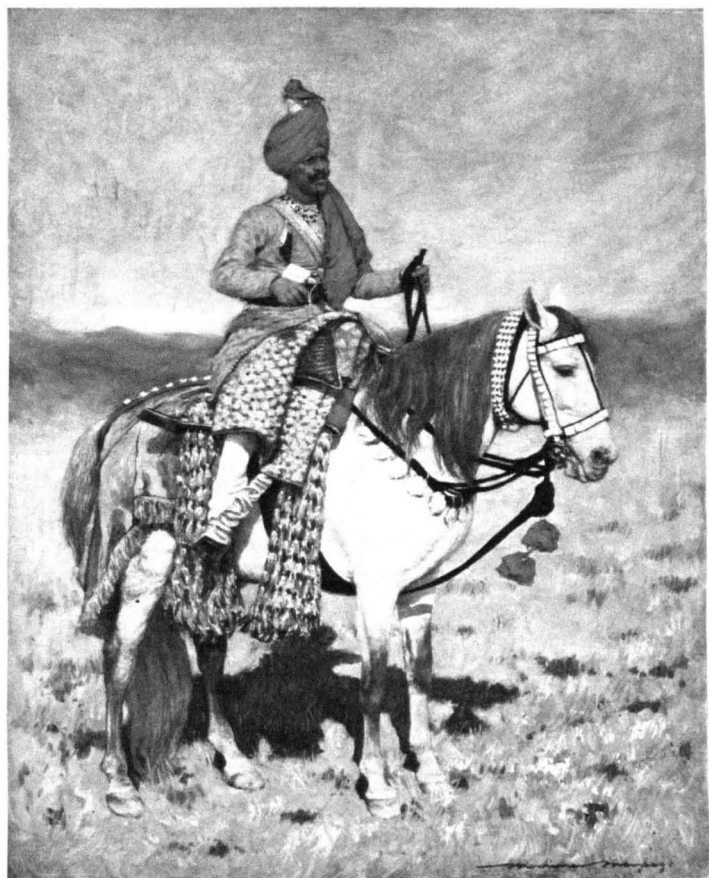
on the ridiculous—this spiky warrior's. He shook himself violently as he passed us and blew out his moustache. He knew us, for I had had a long sitting from him only the day before. Close behind him followed a line of elephants—a jumble of jewel-studded howdahs, cloth of gold sweeping the ground, and mahuts in red with pink turbans. One had barely time to take this in before a silver palanquin in the shape of a lion, carried by men in dust-coloured clothes, passed, quickly followed by Rewa irregular troops in green and yellow uniforms and a vivid blue which, amid other conditions, you would have condemned as mercantile.

The next group to attract attention was Orcha. This State was represented by a group of mounted bards playing on the quaintest instruments I have ever seen—most of them two-stringed, others three-stringed. The salmon-coloured gentleman, as they passed, interpreted some of the marvellous things they were chanting. It was all one long poetical rhapsody, he said, on the beauties of their country. One of the bards carried a horn of enormous dimensions. How he ever held it was a marvel to me. It gurgled out the weirdest sounds you could imagine. The only noise that at all resembles it is that which a turkey makes

when it has been hurt—badly hurt. It had very much of the turkey character about it. This bard seemed to be playing away on his horn quite independently of his companions ; but the salmon-robed gentleman told us that it had been carefully rehearsed and very accurately placed in the orchestra—this gurgle. How brilliant were the horses, and how proudly they marched past, tossing their gorgeous plumes, jingling their silver bells, and walking with a skittish movement, almost a skip ! You saw the cobalt-blue shadows dance and tremble on the golden gravel path. These were not trained as ordinary horses are : they were of a special breed, and had been taught to walk with dignity : magnificent creatures, exquisite in form : and as to colour, their owners had simply “let themselves go” and hung them over with every tassel and square inch of cloth of gold they possessed. The trappings were one blaze of colour. Clumps of gold and silver succeeded old-rose and salmon tassels ; green-and-gold and vermilion-and-gold saddle-cloths ; massive silver anklets ; plumes of every colour—the sight was dazzling ! Their bodies had been treated as an excuse for decoration, just as a wall would be, or a woman’s face. Their tails had been stained, and harmonies had been created on

A FAMOUS DANCING HORSE--BOMBAY
CHIEFS' CAMP

THIS horse waltzed round on its hind-legs with quaint dancing steps before the Viceroy on the day of the Retainers' procession.



their bodies. For example, a white horse would have yellow legs and a yellow tail. Many of these "creations" circled round the arena on their hind legs; others literally danced, springing forward in leaps and bounds with their legs gathered under them, and executing curious dancing steps in a way that could never be equalled by any circus horse. Nevertheless, these dancing and prancing horses did not appear ridiculous: there was a certain fitness about them. They are of a special breed that has been trained for generations—not to go through amusing circus acts, but for a very grim and serious purpose, as we have discovered to our own cost. In warfare they were no target: they sprang on one side, or ducked, just like a professional boxer or wrestler. Their riders were able to swing about their great swords, mowing men down by the score. Perhaps they are not the sort of horses that would do for modern warfare; but, nevertheless, they are superb creatures, and as they passed our salmon friend waxed indignant. "You Westerners are spoiling the indigenous stock," he said: "you are destroying the native horse." The man was furious; and, seeing these magnificent fiery creatures, uninitiated person as I am, I could not help feeling that it was a terrible thing to let the

breed die out. My neighbour talked in such a depressing way about the influence of the West in this direction that I began to picture the native horse of India extinct and placed as a specimen in the British Museum. Horrible! Fancy seeing this noble arab side by side with the elephant in the hall, and being brushed up day by day by the Museum attendant until there was not a hair left on him; simply living there as a specimen!

In Rajputana we saw real workmen. How devoted the old Raj is to arms! Here were horsemen in chain armour, stern and forbidding of demeanour, clothed in metal from head to foot. The only frivolous touches about them were the golden plumes on their casques and the red-and-white pennons that fluttered on their lances. They took one back to the olden days of battle and bloodshed: they reminded one of boyhood's heroes. How much more awe-inspiring are these mail-clad warriors than our khaki-clad brave soldiers of to-day! One man, the most grim and impressive of the whole warlike contingent, wore a silk sock with a large hole in the heel. Such incongruities are quite usual in India. Rajputana was a warlike group: almost every man carried a weapon of some description. There were squadrons of

QUILTED SOLDIERS OF KISHENGARH

THESE are not dressing-gowns, but padded garments, which form an excellent means of defence against sword-cuts, and are less expensive than armour.



irregular cavalry, and one caught a glimpse of dark fierce eyes through face-guards of polished steel as the famous Jodhpur horsemen passed by. A group of warriors from Kishengarh wore long slate-gray quilted coats, and quilted head-dresses bound with green as a protection from sword-cuts. Rather like dressing-gowns they seemed ; but very formidable and inaccessible were these quilted people, with their shields of brass and spears of steel. Bikanir brought quite a new departure in the shape of fifty camel-riders in chain armour, with lemon-yellow saddle-cloths trimmed with apple-green. Both Jodhpur and Bikanir were more or less sad in tone, save for a few touches of colour ; and the two groups seemed curiously suggestive of the reddish sandstone of their native country. My salmon neighbour informed me that this reddish sandstone or old Pagwa colour is the colour of the Fakirs, and was matched from the tone of the earth for military reasons, much as we use khaki now. These sad-toned groups were rather a relief : they gave one a rest, and formed the necessary blank spaces after so much brilliant colour. More warriors followed from Rajputana—horsemen with bows and arrows ; camel-riders with burnished swivel-guns that shone in the sun

like great mirrors ; spearmen and matchlock-men on foot ; rough - riders and men carrying hand-grenades or rockets ; and a crow-catcher in red and silver with green petticoats. Then, there were the Nagas or military ascetics, grotesque figures covered with ochre, performing wild dances. There seemed to be a free fight going on between two of them with spears and shields all the way round the arena.

Palches and all sorts of quaint native vehicles formed an important part of the procession. There were brilliant carts of golden plush hung with violet tassels, the bullocks covered by jewels and silver scales, the drivers dressed in blue, silver, and gold ; palanquins of gold and silver embroidery lined with green and old-gold, carried on carmine poles by attendants in red and yellow. Round each carriage and each elephant walked attendants. Men in red and gold carried blazing orange-and-gold fans with gold fringes ; others, in purple dresses with orange sashes, carried cloth-of-gold and pink banners ; men in yellow and green carried daggers heavily inlaid with gold and jewels, gold and silver clubs, peacocks' feathers, black and gold hung with precious stones, umbrellas of gold, pink, orange, and green, punkhas spotted with gold ;

SOME NATIVE VEHICLES

THESE are marriage-carts, drawn by bullocks.



and so they went on in an endless stream too complex to be described.

A huge elephant had a blazing crown of gold upon his head. "That," said the salmon-coloured man, in hushed and reverent accents, "is the *Granth Sahib*, the sacred book of the Sikh brotherhood." "And what is this other book?" I asked, as a gorgeously-dressed horseman appeared, carrying on his arm what seemed to be a large golden book. "I suppose that contains the State secrets?" "Oh dear no," my informant answered, somewhat shocked. "Inside that case is a mirror." Then he explained to me that whenever the Maharaja of Bundi goes visiting, his servant follows behind with his mirror, his comb, his carpet, and his drinking-jar. Whenever the Raja is athirst, he can drink from the jar of the sacred Ganges water. Whenever he meets a chance acquaintance the carpet is spread on the ground, the glass is placed in position, and in the most dignified manner he descends and combs his hair. It is a far cry from Delhi to Burma; but there were the Shans from the farthest corner of their country, dressed in orange-red plush skirts, carmine jackets, and great waving straw hats bent about in fantastic shapes. They walked with great dignity.

Some carried banners, others golden umbrellas ; and two stately people held between them a huge gong, hung on a vermillion carved pole, which every now and then gave out a deep mellow booming sound in accord with the stateliness of the procession. I caught a glimpse of them just as they were entering the arena, and I saw the ever-present, active Dunlop Smith dash up on his white arab and say a few words to them. In an instant a blaze of gold shone over their heads : the umbrellas were opened, and looked like a cluster of golden toadstools. I saw the Major afterwards. "I thought they made a better picture so," he said ; and there was no doubt about it.

The Punjaub group was perhaps the most uninteresting in the whole review. This was quite a new world altogether—no coats of mail, no prancing horses and crazy bullock-carts, no old emblems illustrating quaint traditions ; but lines of soldiers correct and orderly. Western influence showed itself in every detail, from the uniform of the mace-bearers to the shape of their weapons.

"Here come the Sikhs !" cried my salmon-robed neighbour enthusiastically. I turned to see an army of fierce fighting men dressed in dark blue, wearing huge conical turbans decorated with steel

A RETAINER OF THE SHAN CHIEFS

WEARING the Leghorn hat and quaint costume which made the Shan chiefs so different from the Indian retainers, he is a pleasanter, milder, more talkative sort of person.



circlets, and bearing several weapons. These were military devotees. One splendid old fellow, with long white hair and gleaming eyes, rode into the arena on a pony, his feet nearly touching the ground. He was a fanatic. He was clad in a coat of mail, with heavy breastplates back and front; in his hand he held a spear; and as he neared the Viceregal daïs he checked his pony, and, waving his spear on high, in a queer falsetto voice, chanted with great impressiveness the names of the ten Gurus. "Sat Sri Akal!" he shouted. "Only the Nameless One is real." On the anniversary of Govind Sinh all the Sikhs went in a solemn procession to his tomb to do homage to his name.

The day before the ceremony this old fanatic came to Dunlop Smith, and said, "Sahib, I have got a great idea." The Major, who is always prepared to feel with his people in any of their little eccentricities, smiled, and expressed himself as anxiously waiting to hear. "To-morrow is to be the great ceremony," said the old fellow very earnestly, "and I, a devotee, a Sikh, am going to attend with my pony. Now, Sahib, I have decided to make a Sikh of my pony. I have made a pair of drawers for him, and he is to wear them on the

great day." The explanation is that every Sikh is compelled to carry five things on his person, and one of them is a pair of drawers. Thus, in order to become a member of the sacred brotherhood, that wretched pony was to career off to the Retainers' ceremony in a white cotton leg-gear! Of course, Major Dunlop Smith was ready-witted. "What a splendid idea!" he said. "I am so glad you thought of it." When the poor old man appeared, and we saw the back view of the pony in his white drawers going out of the gate, the whole camp was convulsed, and we had to rush indoors lest he should hear.

The retainers of the young Maharaja of Patiala were very gorgeous. There were stately elephants richly caparisoned and remarkable for the beauty of their howdahs, an enormous silver sedan chair, and Patiala's own marvellous gold-and-silver state carriage drawn by four white horses and upholstered in pale pink. It was one of the most splendid items in the procession, and the crowd cheered. The young ruler looked excited and pleased; but, as fate would have it, just as the carriage passed the Viceregal daïs one of the horses jibbed, and, despite all the pushings, whippings, and persuasions, refused to move. Patiala, a handsome boy dressed

IN THE RETAINERS' PROCESSION



in brilliant blue and hung about with pearls and jewels worth a fabulous sum, was sitting directly in front of us. Another young ruler sat next him. Patiala's arm was thrown round his companion's shoulder, and as the carriage broke down I noticed his effort not to show emotion. He was so young that he could not entirely control his feelings: there was a nervous twitch in his face, and he kept looking towards his carriage. At last, after five minutes or so of vain exertions to make the horses move, they were taken out from their traces and led round the arena. It was marvellous to watch the indifferent manner in which young Patiala laughed and chatted with his friend, who was fighting his disappointment bravely.

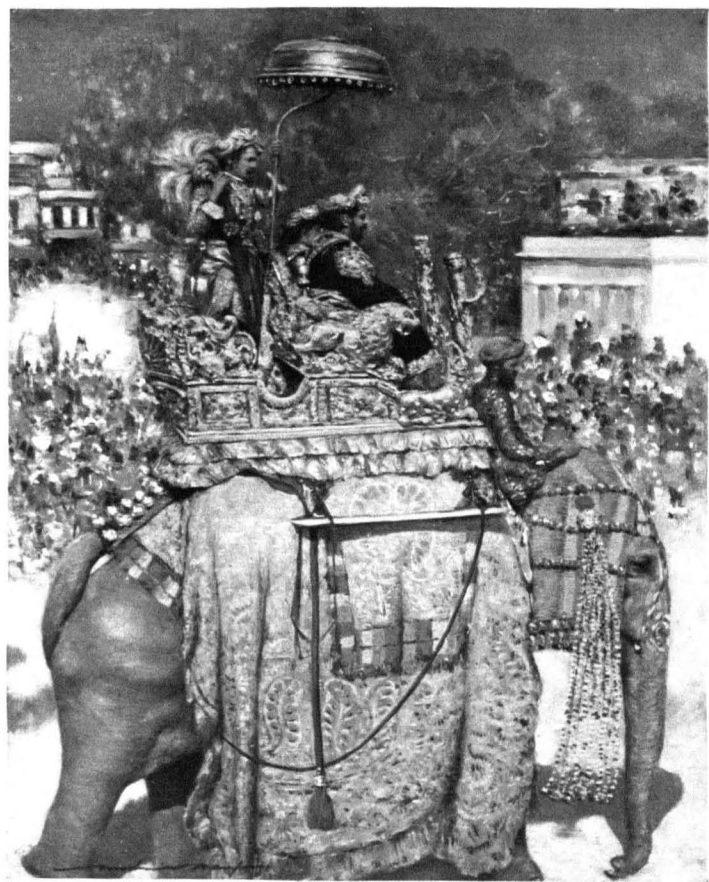
As the procession passed, my friend in the salmon dress began to point out various interesting and celebrated people sitting in the arena of the crowded amphitheatre. There were the picturesque figures of the Chiefs from the Shan States in the old court dress of the Kings of Burma. With their high conical headgear of pure gold blazing with emeralds and diamonds, and their gold-winged robes, they looked like walking pagodas. Stolidly and impassively they watched the gorgeous retinues of the Chiefs of India pass by. Many of them had

never been to India before; yet they sat there quite unmoved, as though it were the most natural and everyday occurrence. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar was dressed in a magnificent costume with jewels—a striking contrast to Maharao Bundhi in his workmanlike dress. Sir Pratap Singh, honorary Colonel of the Imperial Cadet Corps, was a gallant figure. My salmon friend waxed eloquent on the subject of his virtues. “Ah,” he said, “but he is a great soldier! He is proud of his C.B. for Tirah—prouder of that order than of all his other decorations. All the rest were given him because he was a Maharaja; but his C.B. was given him because he was a soldier.”

Maharaja Nhama was there, that splendid, soldierly old Sikh, with his clear-cut features and long white beard: an ascetic-looking man. All seemed to be anxious to impress him with the Retainers' show: they did not want him to think that it suggested a circus or in any way lacked dignity. He was dying, and he knew it. This was the last procession he would see, and it was only by stupendous will-power that he was able to join in the Durbar celebrations. Even now Maharaja Nhama goes out hawking on his favourite horse, which is full of fire.

THE STATE ENTRY : A DISTINGUISHED
MAHARAJA

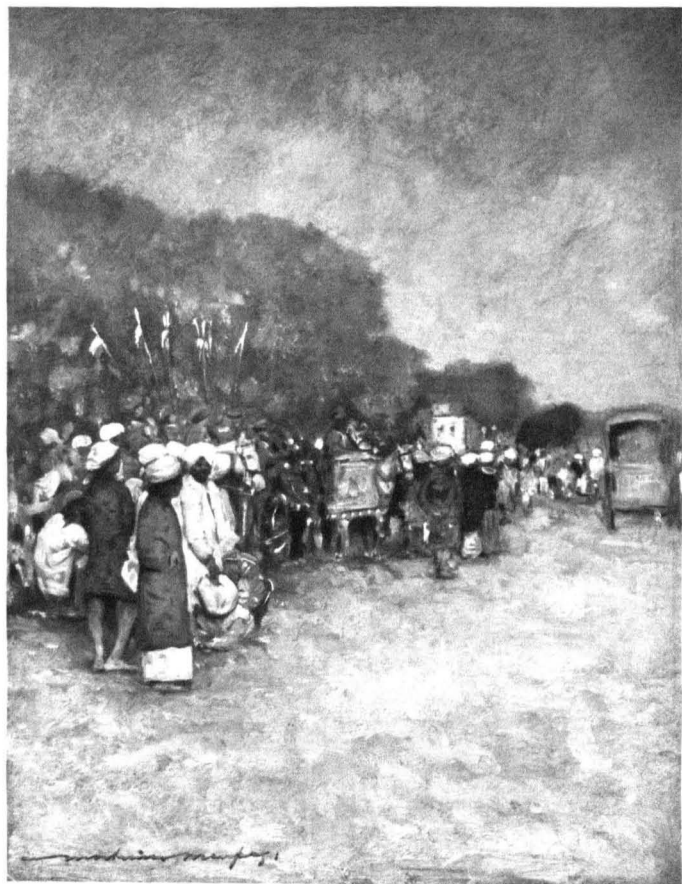
ONE of the elephants who, by its amazing revelation
of splendour, struck all Delhi dumb with wonder.



British officials have often tried to persuade him to ride a tamer beast; but Maharaja Nhama is such a stickler for etiquette and dignity that, so long as he has an ounce of energy left, he will appear as a king should appear. Indeed, one could not picture this splendid old man riding anything but this especial kingly steed.

ON THE ALIPUR ROAD

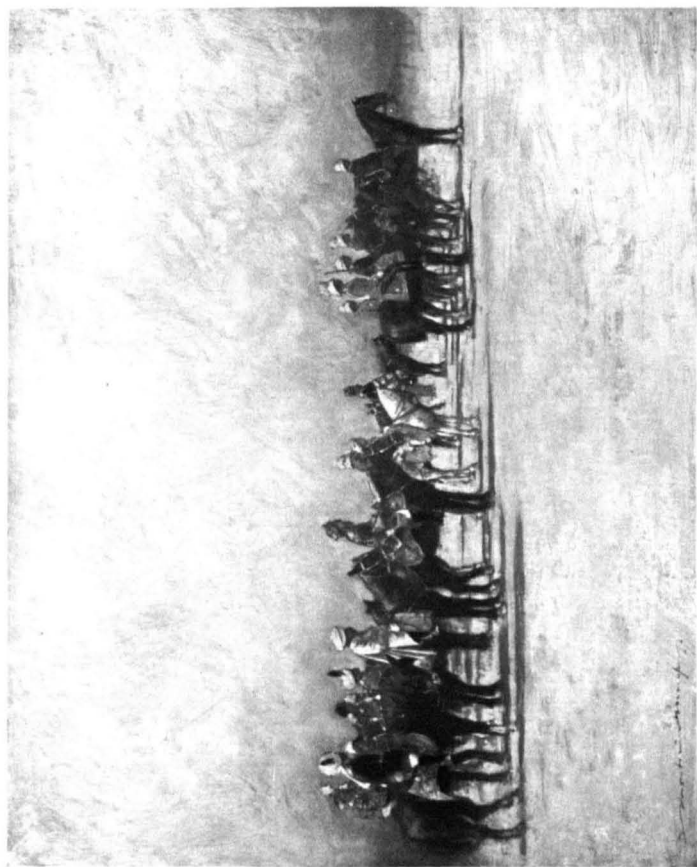
THE natives during the Durbar were so overcome with the magnificence and splendour of the proceedings that they could do nothing but stand by the roadside all day long in wide-eyed, wide-mouthed wonder.



VI

THE REVIEW OF THE TROOPS

VICEROY REVIEWING THE TROOPS



VI

THE REVIEW OF THE TROOPS

THIS was Lord Kitchener's day, the day for the military. The troops had played a prominent part in all the great ceremonies ; but this was a day set apart for them alone, when they had an opportunity of showing themselves in all their splendid strength. Thirty thousand British troops were gathered together in Imperial Delhi—a glorious sight, a sight to make our rivals tremble. The natives themselves were never more impressed than at this Military Review. Weapons and fighting men invariably appeal to the native mind, and this tremendous display gave them an idea of the power of the British Raj.

Not only did the Review impress the natives : also it impressed the whole world, or, rather, the representatives from almost all over the world who were gathered together on the grand stands to