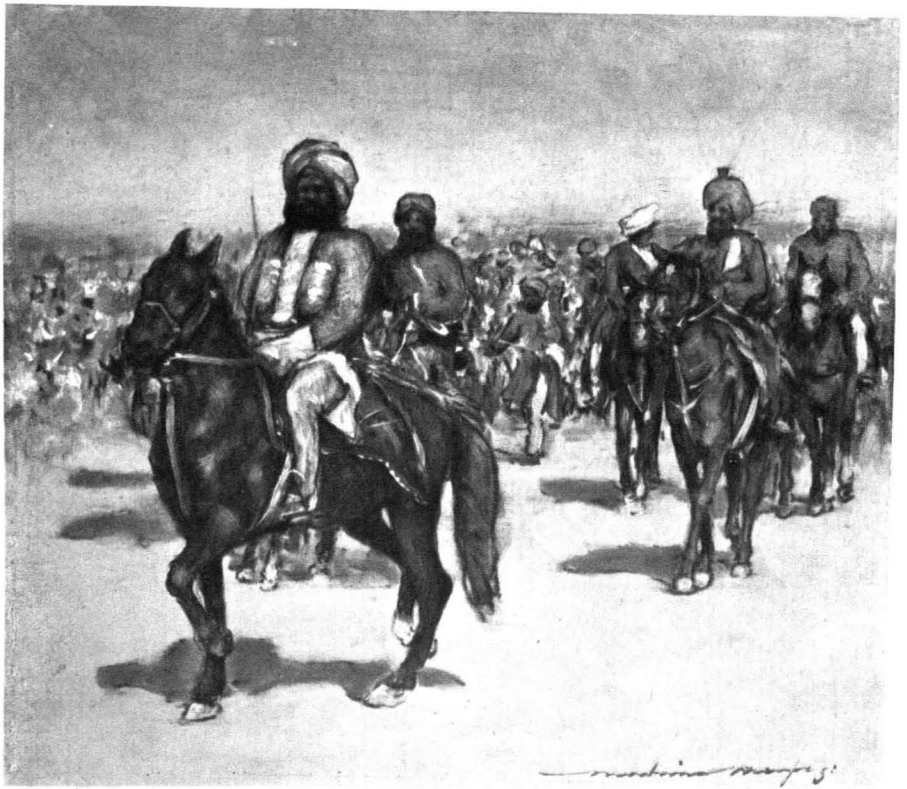
witness the display. To see native troops parading shoulder to shoulder with the British, wearing the same uniforms, marching under the same colours, each and all filled with the same fealty to the King Emperor, could not but impress the world with the strength of our hold on India.

It was a blazing day. The sun flashed on the bayonets and accoutrements of the apparently unending line of troops drawn up about a quarter of a mile from the flagstaff and waiting for the arrival of the Viceroy. There were two enormous stands —one for the Viceroy's guests and high officials, and the other for the general public. Almost every man was in uniform; the stands formed a blaze of scarlet and gold; while all round the Review ground natives thronged in their multi-coloured clothes. Surrounded by an exceptionally brilliant staff, Lord Kitchener was stationed facing the flagstaff on a magnificent charger. At half-past ten precisely thirty-one guns were fired. It was the Royal Salute; and Lord Curzon, wearing morning dress, was seen approaching on horseback. He was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, a soldierly figure in Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Duke of Hesse in dark blue. Preceding the procession was a small detachment of the Viceregal

NATIVE HORSEMEN IN THE REVIEW OF
NATIVE RETAINERS



bodyguard in their scarlet-and-gold; following them were the Imperial Cadets, magnificent as usual. The troops fired a Royal Salute as His Excellency reached the saluting point; the National Anthem was played; the Royal Standard was unfurled. Lady Curzon and the Duke of Connaught were driven in their carriage to the enclosure.

The march-past was headed by Lord Kitchener's staff, Sir George Wolseley, Sir Bindon Blood, Sir Robert Low, and the Commander-in-Chief riding apart, accompanied by a single orderly. As he passed the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief saluted slowly and ceremoniously, and handed him the parade state of the forces. It was an imposing spectacle—the Viceroy, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Kitchener, the heads of the Staff, and the native Rulers, who one by one, as they led on their troops, circled round and took up their positions by the Viceroy. It was one of the most picturesque groups of soldiers you could possibly imagine—one of the most mixed and varied. There was the workmanlike figure of Lord Kitchener, keen and absorbed; a native servant continually carrying messages backwards and forwards; the Duke of Connaught in scarlet; the Grand Duke of Hesse in dark blue; the soldierly young Maharaja of Idar;

young Patiala, a gallant little figure in salmon-and-gold; the ancient Maharaja of Nabha on his fiery arab, bent and old, yet soldierly and dignified still; and countless others. The Viceroy, in dull-coloured frock-coat and gray helmet, was the only neutral figure in the brilliant group.

The march-past was wonderful. The men moved like some magnificent machine. Nearly every troop of cavalry was perfect, never deviating a hair's-breadth from the straight line. Some regiments were more or less coldly received; others were cheered loudly and wildly from the moment the first pennon fluttered in the distance until the last horse disappeared from view. The Anglo-Indians among the audience were deeply interested. They knew every regiment and every commander. Slighting or enthusiastic remarks were heard constantly as to the horses, the men, their manner of riding, and other matters interesting to a soldier, but unintelligible to a civilian. The patriotic excitement was tremendous. Men forgot themselves, and spoke or shouted out their thoughts on the impulse of the moment. Just before the Ninth Lancers passed the atmosphere was electric. The people were quiet—quite quiet—expectant. As the regiment came into view the whole stand rose and

ARMED CAMEL RIDERS FROM BIKANIR

THEY remind one of a page from Scott—the friends and foes of one's boyhood.

cheered itself hoarse; women waved their handkerchiefs, many of them not knowing why they did it; men flourished their sticks and shouted bravos. That mighty cheer must have been heard for miles around.

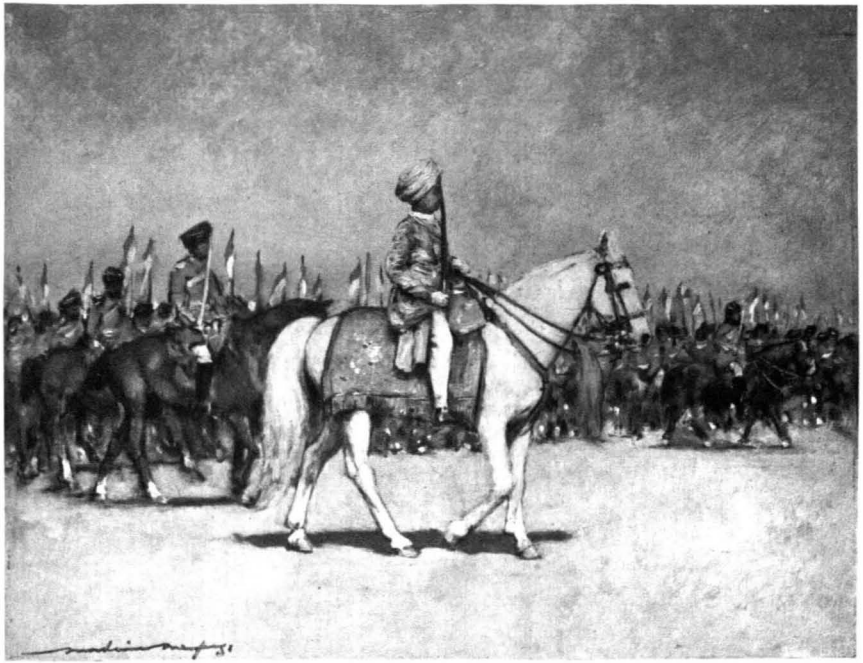
I was down close by the saluting point, and could study the Viceroy. His face was set and immobile as a flint; but just as the Ninth Lancers advanced to within thirty or forty yards of the flagstaff his horse began to be restive, to fidget and circle round, showing that, though the man's exterior was calm and unruffled, he was inwardly anxious and nervous. Lord Curzon must have made some slight nervous movement, and the horse felt it, as well-bred horses do. It seems a little thing, this; but to us who were watching the tension was so great that it appeared important at the moment. There is no doubt about it: the fact of the Viceroy's own guests standing up and cheering showed exceedingly little tact. Even though they may have questioned his treatment of the Ninth Lancers, this was hardly a fitting moment to give way to their feelings. It was a distinct stab at the Viceroy. Here was Lord Curzon, who had taken a certain measure from conviction. He would have equal justice between

native and British; these murders had been increasing; and there came a moment when he must put his foot down firmly. He did what from his standpoint he knew to be absolutely right. For his own guests to choose that moment to insult him did seem hard and ungenerous.

The regiments passed by in alphabetical order—an unending stream of perfectly equipped, faultless lines. To mention all would be impossible. Those who attracted most attention were the Hyderabad Lancers, magnificent riders; the Royal Field Artillery, marching past in perfect order, distinguished batteries having fought through the South African campaign; the Royal Irish Rifles, whose popularity was quite extraordinary; the Dragoon Guards; the Hussars; the Imperial Service Cavalry; the Alwar Lancers, led by their young chief, a splendid horseman; the Gurkha regiments; the King's Royal Rifles; the Sappers and Miners, with pontoons and balloons; the Bikanir Camel Corps, led by the young Maharaja of Bikanir; the Gordon Highlanders; the Argyll and Sutherlands. These last were perhaps most popular of all. "Don't they look sweet?" the ladies cried. "How prettily their kilts swing as they march along." "It is curious how popular

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF PATIALA

THE little eleven-year-old Maharaja bore himself with great dignity and gravity and saluted the Viceroy with his little sword with all the composure of the oldest of his warriors.



the Highland regiments are with the ladies," I heard one man remark; "but I must say they are splendid fellows," he added grudgingly. The Sikhs made a gallant show. So did the Madras Infantry, the Welsh regiments, the Bombay Light Horse, and the Jats. Perhaps the greatest applause of all was accorded to Patiala, a soldierly little figure bearing himself magnificently at the head of his Lancers and riding on a white pony. He was in a salmon-and-gold dress and wore a pale green turban. The young Maharaja rode with surprising dignity, head erect and his little sword proudly drawn,—a slight figure among so many grown and bearded men. As he passed the Viceroy he saluted as well and as easily as any veteran there, and the people on the grand stands clapped and shouted until they could shout no more. The ladies' hearts with one accord went out to him. "Isn't he a dear?" "Isn't he a darling?" they cried. He was a mere child, only eleven years old. The Maharaja of Nabha, an elderly gentleman,—but, oh, how proud and dignified as he marched by to-day on his fiery horse at the head of his Infantry —followed young Patiala. The contrast as they circled round and took their respective places among the groups of officers was extraordinary—

the little boy and the old chief Nabha: the one whose life was only just beginning, and the other whose life was so nearly completed.

One could not see the troops in the distance. They were covered with clouds of dust as though with a gauzy veil. Now and hen a horseman would flash out of the haze; but just as suddenly thousands would disappear. As they drew near it was extraordinary how little dust they created, and as they passed the Viceroy there was practically none. Heavy mountain batteries passed; yet there was hardly any dust. The people on the stands wondered how the miracle had been achieved. We by the flagstaff knew. All along the line for almost a mile running parallel with the troops, a trench had been dug and filled with water. All along the trench were stationed bheesties (water-carriers) with brown skin bags filled with water. There were hundreds of them. You couldn't see them from the stands; but directly a regiment passed which created any dust, swarms of these coolies ran out and in an instant spread themselves all over the ground, sprinkling as they went. They looked like part of the earth themselves: their bodies were brown, their faces were brown, and their skins were brown. They did

ARMOURED HORSES

their work with rapidity and dexterity. I thought them extremely picturesque.

We did not stay long on the stand, but wandered about on the Review ground watching these coolies. I found Mr. Raven Hill, instead of sketching the Headquarters Staff, hard at work on a group of the bheesties; and I could not help thinking, as I looked, how much more picturesque they were, and how much better they grouped themselves, these sons of the soil, men of no more consequence than the lizards in the sand.

It was interesting to watch the ladies with their cameras. How keen they were! Many of them employed staff officers to carry their kodaks, and came right out in the broiling sun down by the trench in order to take snapshots of the soldiers as they passed. It was amusing to see well-known London Society women completely forgetting themselves in the anxiety of the moment, and running full-tilt down the slope to get a snapshot of a native ruler or a native horseman. The kodak fiend seemed to have settled on all the visitors at Delhi and made them its own. There was nothing that quiet, dignified people would not do for the sake of getting a good snapshot. You would see a clergyman creeping stealthily under the cordon,

and across the space of ground set apart for the Viceroy and officials, until he came within six yards of them, and then snap his kodak in their faces. He only wanted a pair of list slippers and a dark lantern to complete his burglarious appearance. Many people from the stands shouted out that the clergyman blocked their line of vision, and that he was to be taken away; but he was not hindered.

The last event of the day was almost the best of all. When the Infantry had withdrawn, the Cavalry and Artillery formed up a quarter of a mile away in three separate divisions—three great masses of men parallel with the stands. It was a splendid force, one that would sweep all before it and could not be checked. At a given signal the whole mass advanced towards us at full gallop, one plunging wall of horses and metal and wheels. There was a great rumble and the cracking of many whips. For a moment we held our breath: it seemed as though that tearing mass could never stop: it must sweep us away, stands and all. In an instant, however, and with a precision beautiful to see, the troops halted, turned about, and galloped off the plain. It was perhaps one of the most successful manœuvres of the whole successful day.

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE
GROUPS IN THE RETAINERS' PROCESSION

Getting home was a difficulty. The crush was tremendous. It took us a good three hours to get back. The police wrung their hands, and in despair gave up organising the traffic. Three-quarters of the time we were standing still; every carriage had the horse's head of the following carriage thrust in at the back. We fed the same horse with biscuits all the way back. It got to know us, and we were there long enough for the creature to become quite fond of us. You can get an idea by this of the compactness of the mass. You would see a distinguished English officer trying to use his authority to cause a move-on; but it was absolutely useless. Peppery Anglo-Indian officials grew purple in the face and swore at their drivers; the best-tempered people became irritable; the dust seemed to enter every pore of one's skin; it spoilt the ladies' dresses, filled their hair and eyes and mouth; nearly every face was covered with a pocket-handkerchief.

VII

THE PRESS CAMP

AN ELEPHANT AND RETAINERS FROM BIKANIR

The jhool upon this elephant and the embroidery on the velvet is worth a king's ransom.

VII

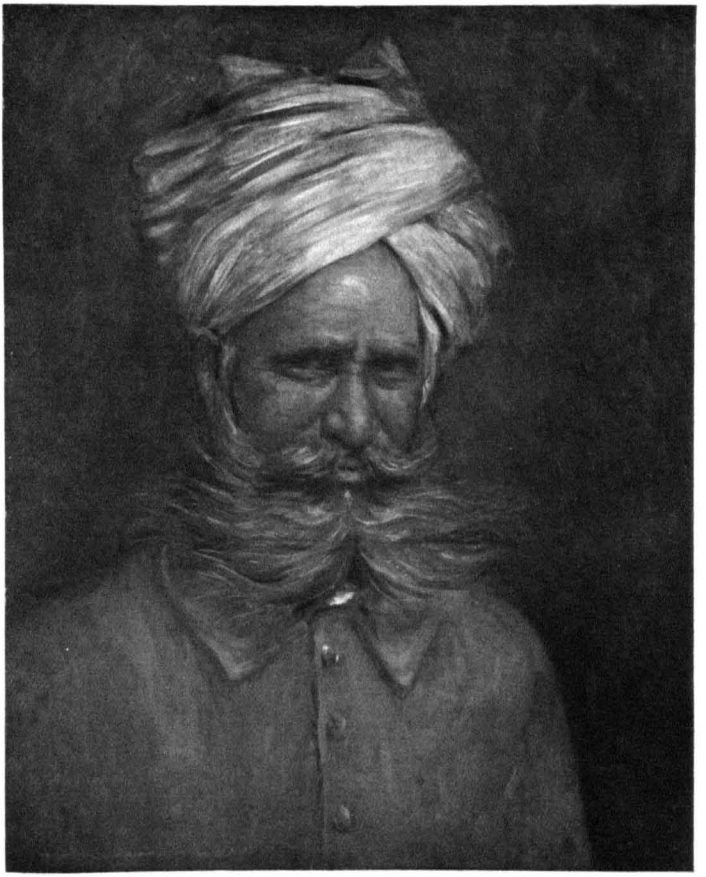
THE PRESS CAMP

THE Press Camp was far away the most brilliant at the Durbar. It was universally acknowledged that the food was better, the wine better, everything better — most notably the conversation and the table-talk. From the moment I moved with my kit from Number One Camp to the Press Camp I was in a changed atmosphere. I found myself among workers, real workers — not people who worked occasionally and tried to combine work with gaiety, but really hard workers. You might come in at night at any hour, sometimes daybreak, and still you would see almost every tent illuminated, and catch a glimpse through every doorway of a bent figure in shirt-sleeves in the midst of a pile of papers, with a green-shaded electric light pouring down upon the bowed head and swiftly-flying pen. Mind you, these men would be up again at five

or six o'clock in the morning, with very little rest in between. They would have breakfasted and be on the scene of action before the more luxurious Durbarites had thought of taking their *chota hasri.*

Hard work they had, too, to recall their impressions of that marvellous Durbar. It is not that the impressions were lacking; but how is a man to succeed when the printers in London are waiting and he has only a few hours to convey any idea to the British public of, say, the Chandni Chauk on a particularly bright day, when not only would the crowds be clothed in gorgeous turbans and rich attire, but also the colours would change like the moving glasses of a kaleidoscope—where you would see figures unwinding themselves, unwrapping portions of their garments —perhaps a violet cloak thrown off revealing citron-yellow underneath, and so on, and so on, continually throwing off colours and revealing others? And these colours seemed to reflect colours into other colours. This will sound strange to any one who has never seen it; but I state a fact. For example, you would see a gentleman floating down the street in a yellow turban and dress so brilliant that all the blues

A RETAINER FROM CENTRAL INDIA



became greens at his approach. What resource has painter or writer to compete with things like these? Merely a palette in one hand; pen and ink in the other! Small wonder that they become dazed, colour-blind, exhausted. There are occasions when words are useless and pigment is but mud.

The correspondents and artists were all very charming people. There was a cameraderie among them, and a sympathy one with another through failures and successes, that was truly delightful. With all their hard work, they never seemed to lose their appetite for social gatherings. They loved these little gaieties, and enjoyed themselves during their leisure hours like a troop of light-hearted schoolboys. Always asking one another to dinner, and forming small parties at the separate tables, every one knew everybody else; and they seemed as though they had been there for years. It was like one big family.

One always got the latest information at the Press Camp. Nothing occurred but that these astute people were well posted as to its every detail. From the moment one entered the Press Camp one seemed to be in the centre of everything.

Our first meal at the Camp was luncheon; and at least a dozen different correspondents came up and offered suggestions, and showed a keen and kindly interest in us. Among the most helpful was Mr. Chirol of *The Times*. There was no jealousy in the Press Camp, no anxiety to outdo one another: everything was talked out, and every one was ready to help. You would often see two or three artists dash out of their tents and fly across to the tent of a journalist opposite with pictures they had just painted: the journalist was to give them titles, so as to help the pictures from the literary standpoint. Then, again, it was not unusual to see three or four journalists circled round Mr. Melton Prior or Mr. Jacomb Hood, getting them to describe details of dress and the colouring of different scenes.

Everything of interest that had occurred during the day was discussed during dinner. Journalists and draughtsmen moved round the fire in the luxurious drawing-room and chatted until all hours of the night. The correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* was specially brilliant as a conversationalist. He and Mr. Chirol and Mr. Sheldon were clever talkers. Then, there would be the interesting and quaint asides of Mr. Melton Prior,

A RETAINER FROM ALWAR

One of the horses for which the State is famous.

remarks which had never anything to do with the subject in question but were always very amusing. He spent nearly all his spare time getting his hair cut.

There was a great excitement in the Camp after the Military Review, the last event of the Durbar; and one and all were furious with the behaviour of some of the Viceroy's guests, who had the exceedingly bad taste to cheer the Ninth Lancers. They talked it over until two or three o'clock in the morning. One and all agreed that it was a cruel stab at Lord Curzon, and that, no matter how strong their sympathies might have been with the Ninth, to cheer in the presence of their host was inexcusable.

The Viceroy quite won the hearts of the journalists the day that he visited their Camp. He spoke a few pleasant words to each of them. They all came away pleased; although each man felt that he might have said something a little different, having just missed saying the right thing —while some had said nothing at all.

At our first dinner in the Press Camp we were surrounded by journalists and literally pounced upon for new words with which to express colour. There were two or three artists there; but they

had seen so much that they were colour-blind. Even although the Durbar ceremonies had only been going on for two or three days when we arrived, the painters had painted and the journalists had written themselves out. It was always the same thing. You would see a man rushing off to the telegraph station with a cable that he was sending to his paper. "Look here," he would say: "just look at it! Isn't it dry stuff! And I have got to send that off! It is nothing at all—nothing at all! I say that things are 'glorious' and 'gorgeous' and 'wonderful'; but it doesn't convey any impression of the real thing to those at home." All were depressed more or less by the futility of their work. The black-and-white artists showed their distress in the same way. They were limp, unable to give any impression at all. They felt as I did, and as we all did, that it was impossible. During my first few days at the Camp, in the course of conversation I happened suddenly to say two words that expressed the gorgeous colouring of the Durbar, "clean-cut and gem-like." These apparently innocent words of mine had the effect of a human body thrown to the lions. They were pounced upon instantly and devoured! It was only for the first day or

SHAN RETAINERS CARRYING A BRASS GONG

A Burmese gong which was sounded during the procession, and which gave out a peculiarly rich and resonant note.

two that I was able to think of new adjectives. After that I was as completely played out as themselves.

There is no doubt about it: the journalists were well cared for in Delhi. In fact, they were in clover, and had everything they wanted. They had bicycles, horses, and carriages, and the best seats for every ceremony. It was really a marvellously good time for them—almost like a picnic on a large scale, except for the excessively hard work.

SHAN CHIEFS WATCHING THE DURBAR

One of these chiefs has fifty wives, and is known as "The Flower round whom the Butterflies flutter."

VIII

THE RAJPUTANA CAMP

A RETAINER OF RAJGARH

VIII

THE RAJPUTANA CAMP

One of the first things we determined to do on arriving at Delhi was to occupy ourselves with the Native Chiefs' Camps, and devote every morning to them. I was lucky enough to come in touch with the very man who could help me more than any one in Delhi, Major Dunlop Smith. He entered into the spirit of my work, and immediately wrote letters to the officers in charge of the different camps telling them to be prepared on certain stated mornings to parade all their chiefs' retinues. This meant a great economy of time. Each day when I arrived at the different camps I found them in a whirl of excitement, and each day I had a magnificent rehearsal of the great Retainers' show that was to follow. One of the first camps visited was the Rajputana Camp. We spent a whole day there. In a way it was perhaps one of the most

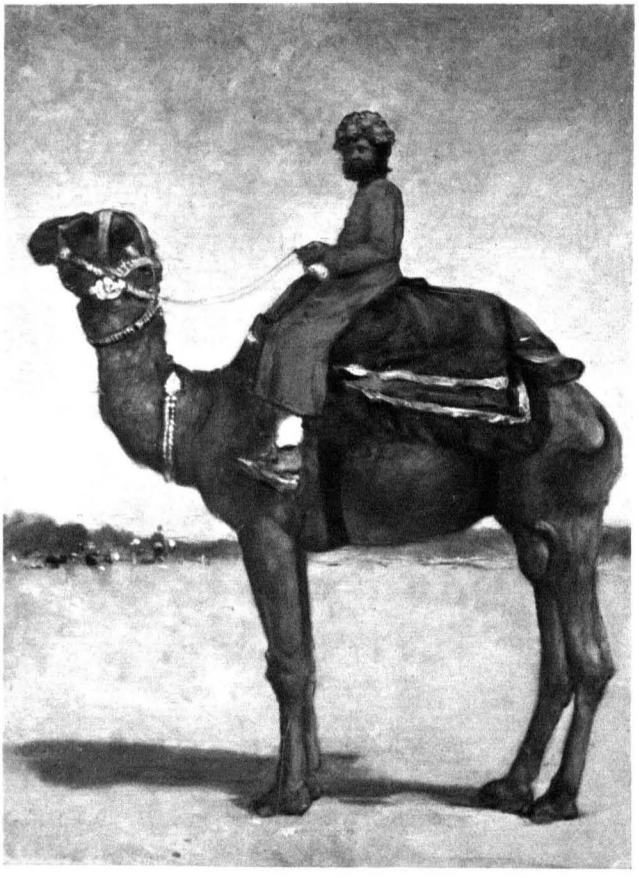
interesting of all: because of the infinite variety of the costume and the great kindness of the officer in charge, Major Minchin.

At daybreak we had started out in our yellow tonga, taking with us the map we always carried and which never seemed to be of any use. It had taken us about three hours to find the Camp, which was only half an hour's distance off. The route had been elaborately explained to the driver and to me, and I checked him throughout the whole journey by my map. We had constantly stopped at cross roads to examine the sign-posts, and questioned the passers-by; and in the end, after two long hours, we had managed so successfully that we did not know where we were.

It was then that Major Dunlop Smith appeared on the scene. He certainly was our good angel at all times, and we hailed him with joy. We told him that we had lost our way, and were looking for the Rajputana Camp. He smiled. "Do you know," he said, "you are coming in exactly the opposite direction?" "To ensure your safety I will lend you two of my Sikhs to act as guides." Instantly two magnificent persons in blue and steel left his side and galloped in front of our little tonga. Our carroty-haired driver was on the

A CAMEL RIDER FROM KOTA

These huge animals passed by quite noiselessly except for the jingling of their trappings.



point of bursting with pride. He was always a proud man, and in the habit of carelessly slashing the natives about him with his whip. With these two mounted soldiers riding in front of us, their pennons fluttering and their armour glistening in the morning sun, this half-nude carroty-bearded person was as proud as a peacock. We were safely escorted to the Rajputana Camp, and Major Minchin took us in hand.

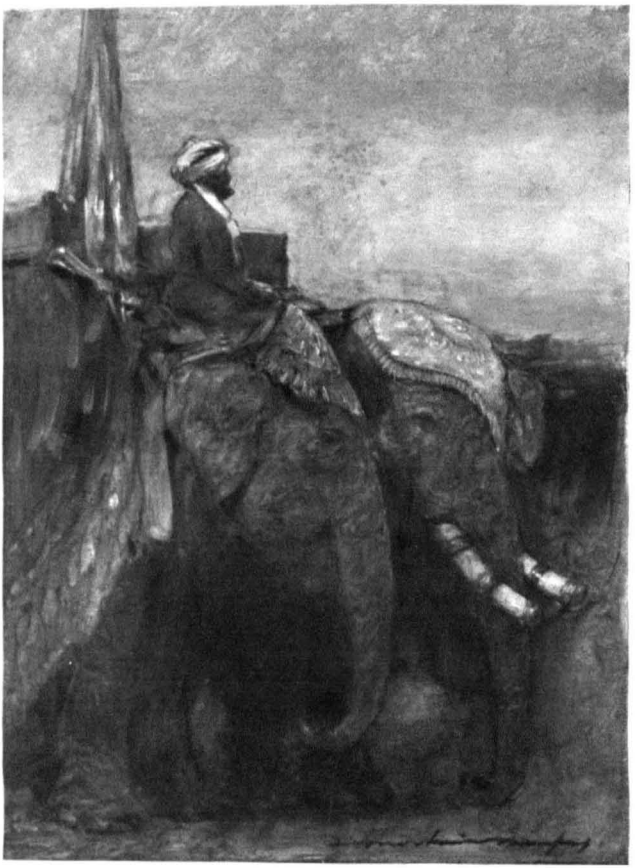
There was a tremendous bustle and preparation going on—lines of elephants in gorgeous trappings, camels, horses, and hundreds of retainers—and we felt a little embarrassed as we realised that this tremendous show, which must have taken hours to prepare, had been arranged entirely for our benefit. The great array of retainers was grouped on a vast plain some minutes distant, and I shall never forget the sight they presented as we rode up. There was the great wide-spreading plain, stretching as far as we could see, and in the middle all these hundreds of jewel-bedecked men and animals. It was like a handful of jewels sprinkled on silver sand—a veritable treasure island in a silver sea. We studied the different States one by one. It was marvellous to watch them as they marched past—some galloping, others flouncing by

on horses that walked on their hind legs, and all sorts of curious things happening constantly. One thing that appealed to us as being rather extraordinary was that nearly every one of these men seemed to occupy an important position in his particular State. Sometimes, when I wanted one of them to move, I would catch him by the arm and lead him away. Afterwards, to my consternation, I discovered that he was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces! There was no difficulty in getting these people to sit: they were all only too anxious.

A most interesting group was Jaipur. There was one magnificent figure, a man, on an elephant covered with gorgeous trappings, carrying the State standard, along with two more on horseback, one carrying a silver trident and the other kettledrums. Then, in the same State there was a group of elephants carrying the insignia conferred by the Mogul Emperors, together with ten horsemen in chain armour. These chain-armoured people, very grim and warlike, looked as though they had stepped from out of the Middle Ages. Their head-dress was of brass, with a nodding golden plume; their armour was of shining steel; and in their hands they carried lances with red-and-white pennons. There were all kinds of

JAIPUR ELEPHANTS

RETURNING home tired after the day's work, and longing no doubt to be rid of their burdensome finery.



warriors in Rajputana, each group more gorgeous and extraordinary than the last. Some of the irregular cavalry of Kota were very rich in colouring. Each man seemed to have been allowed to follow his own feelings with regard to the colour of his dress. Many of them were armed with swords and old shields. Kota, perfect jumble of colour, was interesting material for the artist. There were rough-riders, mace-bearers, umbrella-bearers, with banners of all shapes and colours. In Kishengarh there was a whole regiment of horsemen in chain armour. They carried an old-world atmosphere. In this same State quilt-coated warriors had been prepared for us. These were men with slate-gray quilted dressing-gowns and quilted head-dresses, with protectors for their ears. This curious feather-bed armour was supposed to protect them from sword-cuts. Strangely enough, these men did not look ridiculous. There was a certain fitness about them.

In the Rajputana groups the colouring was gorgeous; but at the same time the costumes were eminently practical. These people were all warriors. One could see that at a glance. There was no suggestion of the circus about them. Everything they wore was designed for work.

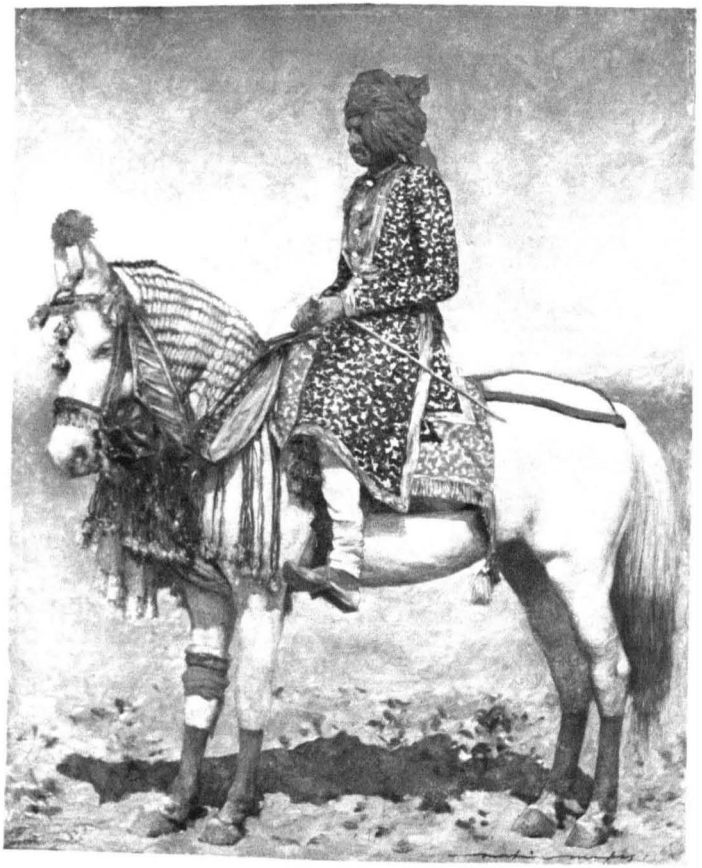
Even the performing horses from Alwar, which passed before us on their hind legs, almost waltzing as they walked, did not look at all out of place. They had been trained for a very practical purpose. In the Alwar group there were men on elephants, with old matchlock guns, and fourteen men on foot, some with silver spears and some with maces. The Alwar group was particularly interesting from the artistic standpoint—warriors on elephants in old costumes, and everything out of date. They had worn these dresses all their lives, and one felt more in the Alwar State than in any other that this was the last time the men of the Orient would be seen by Westerners in these ancient garbs. Soon the old order would give place to new.

The painting of the horses was very quaint. They were nearly all adorned just as the elephants were. For example, there would be a white horse with his legs and half his tail stained a brilliant yellow. There was only one animal that looked ridiculous in the Alwar group: that was an elephant carrying a pair of chandeliers with candles attached to his tusks.

There was one group where some very clever trick-riding was done. One man rode on his horse at all angles. Sometimes he rode suspended from

A PERFORMING HORSE FROM THE ALWAR STATE

To help the colour scheme, the legs and tail of this horse have been stained.



its tail, sometimes underneath it; and all the time the horse was galloping at full tilt, while we held our breath in fear. I have never seen such marvellous trick-riding in any circus in Europe. While this performance was going on my attention was distracted by the sight of a man carrying a long stick with, on the end of it, something curious which he handled carefully. I inquired what this was, and discovered that it was a rocket. There was an entire regiment of people with rockets. They were very formidable people, who held an important position in battle. They fired the rockets off during a skirmish. No one seemed to know exactly what they did now, or why they were there; but these old gentlemen with the rockets were ready on an emergency to scare the enemy and put them off the scent.

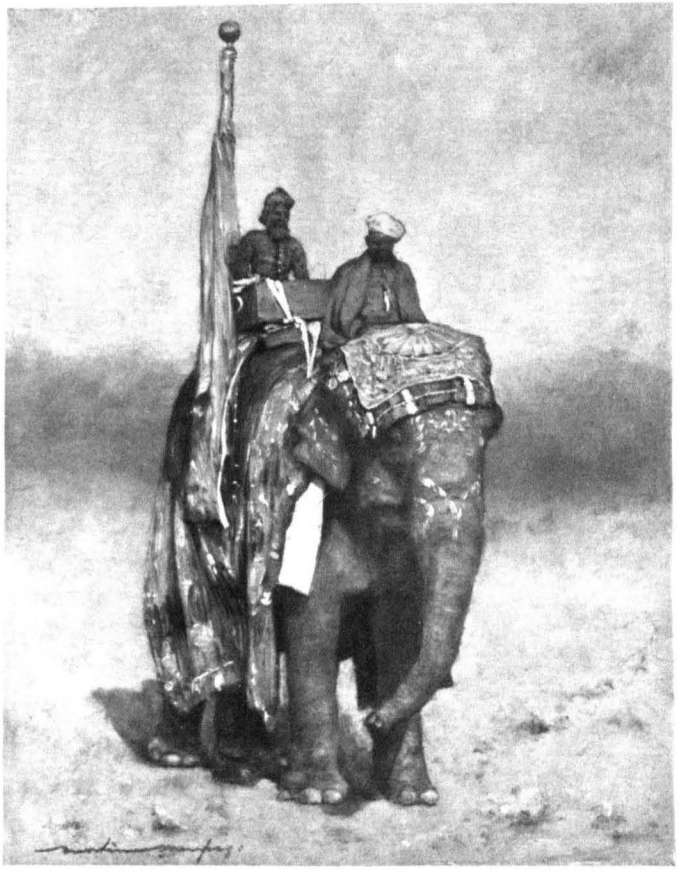
One of the most beautiful elephants in Rajputana was in Bikanir. This animal bore shining silver scales that rattled as he walked. Then, there was that beautiful State chariot which I have talked of before—the State chariot drawn by two bullocks bedecked in silver chain-work, as beautifully finished as a lady's purse, and adorned with innumerable tassels of old-rose and silver.

In the Kotah group there were fifteen religious

military ascetics. Some of them, as they paraded before us, held mock fights. Smeared with brown earth, and painted in stripes of yellow ochre, they were scarcely dressed at all: in fact, the costume of these gentlemen consisted entirely of stripes. They were extremely comic in their gesture, and we remarked directly we saw them that if they behaved in that way on the great day, they would bring down the house. They reminded me of two fowls when I noted the way they crept up and circled round one another with terrible war-like gestures, raising their arms to strike a terrific blow—a blow which was never struck,—and then the whole pantomime would begin over again.

The handling of the Great Delhi Durbar was a stupendous work. When you think of the number of special trains it must have taken to bring these Chiefs and their retinues to the scene, one wonders how it can ever have been accomplished with so few mistakes. One State alone of the Rajputana group took three special trains to bring them to Delhi—not counting the camels and the mules and the horses, which walked all the way from their native country. Jaipur, Jodhpur, and many others all came down from their magnificent palaces in the hills, palaces

AN ELEPHANT FROM THE SANDY
WASTES OF RAJPUTANA



of marble and those grim fastnesses which were stormed so many times by Mogul Emperors, but were never taken—palaces in which the romance of India and Indian life is being played day after day. The Rajputana chiefs have in their veins the proudest and the oldest blood in the world. The Maharana of Udaipur claims a descent of one hundred and forty generations before Agamemnon. The State of Udaipur was held by his ancestors long before any country in Europe had a nationality. Think of that! It almost makes one's brain whirl.

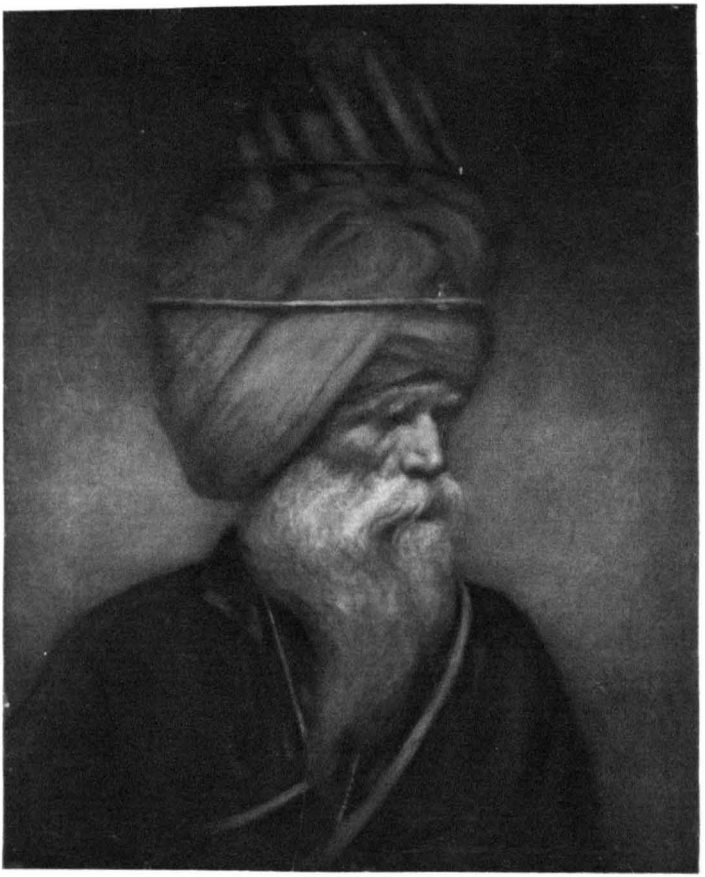
When Rajputana had unravelled all its glories before our eyes, leaving us faint and weary and almost colour-blind, we left that dazzling plain with its thousands of gorgeous retainers, and went to call on one of the residents in the Camp. It was refreshing to sit in Mrs. Stratton's, the drawing-room of the beautiful Mrs. Stratton, who certainly deserves that title, being one of the most beautiful women in India. Her tent was quite the most artistically arranged that I had seen in Delhi. The reason was very obvious. The owner was a painter; he had exhibited pictures in the New Gallery and in many places. They told me that they had been entertaining the Viceroy lately, and Captain Stratton described

some of the shooting parties which Lord Curzon attended. One day, he said, the Viceroy, out shooting, found himself, except for a few coolies, alone in a wood, in which Captain Stratton came upon him. His knowledge of the native language was extremely limited, and he was endeavouring to persuade the coolies to move on in a certain direction. He only knew one phrase, which he repeated continually, and that meant that they were not to stir! Captain and Mrs. Stratton spoke of the Viceroy—as indeed every one in India spoke—as being a man of broad sympathies and simple nature, interested in the smallest details of his great office.

On our way home, we passed through the native quarter of old Delhi, where the streets swarm with people. There were no English officers, no tourists, no signs of the Delhi Durbar. The Durbar might have been thousands of miles away for all one saw of it there. The natives moved about sleepily, lazily; half of them were sleeping on the wayside, or sitting and staring at nothing all day long. I doubt if the majority of them knew or cared a fig about the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward. Down the middle of the broad road was an avenue of giant old trees,

A SIKH SPEAR-BEARER

His turban is stuck full of war implements, and he comes from the golden temple of Amritsar.



throwing a flickering pattern, like delicate lace-work, of sun and shadow on the road beneath. On either side of the street were crazy houses, brown-stained, and ramshackle, keeping together as though by a miracle; they were like children's card-houses, all on a slant and "tipsy." The balconies to the windows were of brilliant blues and greens; and there were striped red-and-white awnings, torn and faded, kept up on either side by slender sticks. I saw a child step out on to the balcony with a naked brown baby in her arms, and I trembled for its safety as she trod on the frail old woodwork. Down in the streets the shops were a blaze of colour. Curious shops they were, high up off the ground like berths in a steamer; and strange things were for sale—fritters and blocks of pudding stuff, and sweet-meats, brown, fried cakes, lumps of dried meat hung up in strings, chillies, oranges, and all kinds of delicacies. Some of these shops are eating-houses; men, women, children, and even babies sit outside in the road, munching and tearing at unsavoury food. The street was brown, the houses were brown, and most of the people were brown; for they were nearly all poor, and dressed in a kind of soiled linen. Still, there were the

vivid patches of colour, the reds and vermilions and yellows and greens of the more clothed people —which were like a handful of flowers thrown on silver sand. You saw women in blood-red dresses —the regular Indian red of the pictures one has seen of Nautch girls. Here was the Nautch girl to the life, and it was evidently her work-a-day attire. Her accordion-pleated skirt swung to and fro as she walked; her bare arms and feet were decorated with clumpy gold and jewelled bracelets; there were jewels on her clothes, in her ears and nose. She was every bit as beautiful as the Nautch girl of pictorial tradition. Her features were just as aquiline, her big eyes just as flashing; but she was not dancing to the sound of sweet music. On her head she carried a large sort of double-barrelled brass drinking-vase, or else, perhaps, supported on her shoulder, in company with another woman, a long pole, on which was suspended a long kind of palanquin—one did not know what it contained, but it was closely covered. What magnificent types one sees in the streets!—men clothed in a few dirty rags with the features and bearing of Apollo. They might have been young gods instead of penniless peasants, by their column-like necks,

A KASHMIRI SOLDIER

One of the peculiarities in the dress of these Kashmiri soldiers is that the inner and outer turban must always harmonise.