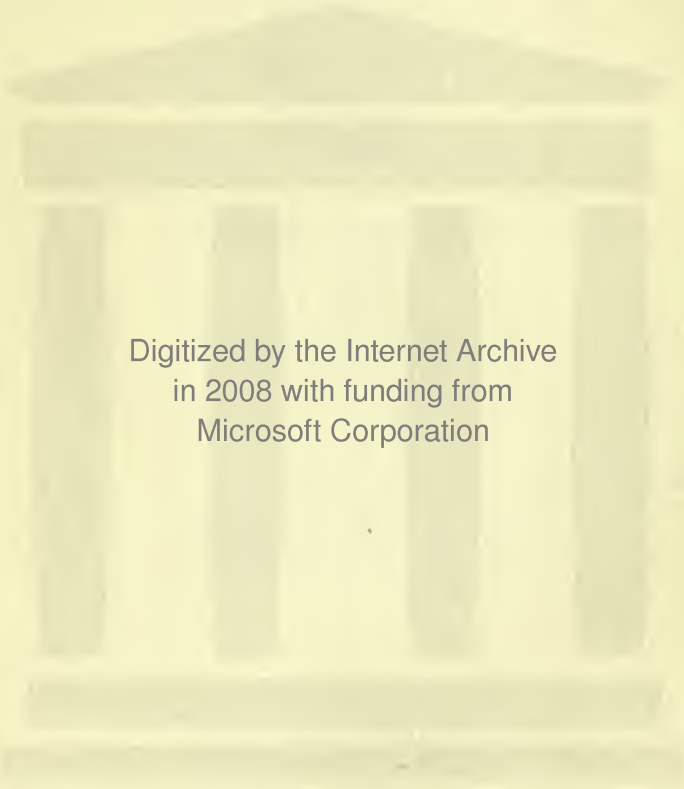

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIAN CAVALRY UNIFORM

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST

A RECORD OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA AND JAPAN

BY

SIR HERBERT RUSSELL, K.B.E.

REUTER'S CORRESPONDENT THROUGHOUT THE TOUR, 1921-2

WITH 23 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE great bulk of this sketchy narrative of the tour of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales through India and Japan was written during the course of the journey, often amid surroundings by no means conducive to quiet composition. But the journalist nowadays spends much of his existence warring against panting time, and I trust this condition will be realized as a leavening influence upon criticism.

I should be faithless to my own sentiments if I omitted to express my cordial thanks to the numerous representatives of Reuter's Agency with whom I came in contact during the course of the tour, for the invaluable assistance and personal kindness I invariably received at their hands. Indeed, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that one of my memorable impressions of the tour will always be the wonderful insight it afforded me into the extent and efficiency, coupled with the courtesy and camaraderie, of this great Agency.

HERBERT RUSSELL

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* From Photographs by Central News.

† From Photographs by Central Bureau of Information, Home Department, Government of India.

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE OUT

THE departure of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from England upon his great Oriental tour was just about as modest in the way of formal ceremonial as it was possible to make it. Indeed, there was almost a touch of incongruity between the spacious splendour which fancy instinctively associated with this imperial mission and the manner of embarking upon it. Portsmouth Harbour looked more than usually bare in the light silvery haze of a typical autumn afternoon when the royal train which had brought the Prince and his suite down from Victoria rumbled slowly to a standstill upon the North Railway Jetty. The *Victory* cradled herself in the softly lapping tide ripple, her spars ruling the flush shed by the rayless sun. The Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* lay in graceful raking contour of black and yellow, straining lightly at her moorings higher up the harbour. Off the old Hard floated a deserted gaunt-looking warship whose lustreless grey side seemed like a garb of half-mourning for her approaching fate at the shipbreakers' hands. The Gosport Ferry clanked laboriously to and fro from time to time, otherwise the premier home of the British Navy stirred only with midges in the shape of picket boats and pleasure craft.

It was the *Renown* herself which conferred the one

touch of real impressiveness upon the otherwise homely picture of Pompey port. Her splendid proportions, painted in hue that was neither white nor grey, and somehow defied exact definition in the category of colour, overshadowed a long length of the railway jetty to which she was leashed. At two o'clock, the exact moment when the Prince's train was due to leave London, the great battle-cruiser had flashed into a rainbow of bunting from stem to truck, from truck to taffrail. *Victory* and *Enchantress* had simultaneously burst forth into flickering traceries. But dressing ship is such a comparatively familiar affair in the all-the-year-round life of a naval port that it really need not symbolize anything of current moment.

True, there was a more definitely distinctive air about the dockyard waterside on this afternoon of October 26, 1921. A big enclosure had been barricaded in abreast of the *Renown* and an acre of red felt distributed over it. The gangway brows sloping between the ship and the wall were garlanded red, white, and blue. One guessed that the Admiral-Superintendent had made a beat-up amongst all available flag lockers, and the result was a riotous jargon of flag language, expressed in an indiscriminate generosity of decoration. There was a lot of coming and going; gold-laced officers jostled dockyard "maties," camera-men roamed restlessly, baggage and barrels, crates and bales were hauled and mauled with the maximum of ruthlessness. The band of the Forton Division Royal Marines seemed suddenly to spring into a symphony of scarlet and brass in the midst of this kaleidoscopic medley, and when they crashed forth into martial measure one somehow felt that they were valiantly striving to coax order out of commotion.

But the unseen hand was at work behind all this seeming chaos, and when the royal train rolled in the wide enclosure was a clear blank, fringed by a guard of honour of statuesque figures. The Prince, in the uniform of a post captain, with aiguilettes, emerged into a little patch

of pale sunshine, the last approving smile of the drooping orb, and simultaneously the first saluting gun winked forth from the *Victory*. Then the green carriages shed their distinguished freight, suddenly stricken to rigidity as the band played "God Save the King." Like a bright little cinema show the ceremonial picture moved quickly: the Prince was on board the *Renown* with his standard rippling gorgeous at the main truck; Prince George, Admiral Gough-Calthorpe, General Seeley, the ever-cheery Mr. Hansell who tutored His Royal Highness, Mr. Walter Peacock, who looks after his Cornwall Duchy, and the rest of the little group who had come upon the quarter-deck to say good-bye, were filing ashore again; the gangways slid quaywards, breaking the last link of communication with the homeland; tugs snorted and trembled on the bow and quarter of the battle-cruiser; rending hawsers splashed into the eddying water, and just as the *Renown* began lightly to pulsate to the first movement of the turbines her band broke into "Auld Lang Syne," which rolled plaintive down the dull roar from thousands of throats ashore.

The farewell refrain changed suddenly into the lilting air of "Nancy Lee" as the vast hull of yacht-like lines gathered way and swam past the Blockhouse Fort. Standing on the upper bridge, His Royal Highness frequently waved acknowledgments to the cheers of God-speed which reverberated along the packed sea-front. As the ship drew a frothing arc towards Clarence Pier the sun vanished past the low spur of Gillkicker, and with a deepening haze closing in from seaward Southsea beach had faded into shadow before the Nab Light tower came abreast, off which hovered the light cruiser *Dunedin* waiting to assume the rôle of escort. And so through the calm dusk into the night the *Renown* worked up to her sea-going stride, until by the time the brave blare of St. Catherine's was abeam she was measuring her wake at the rate of eighteen knots.

The Prince came on deck after dinner to see whether

any glimpse was to be had of the lights of England. The Casquets' beacon, however, was the only sentinel star visible. Whilst the great warship thus churns her way through the darkness the occasion is opportune to take a glance into the after-quarters of her, already dubbed by the wardroom as the "cuddy," wherein will be grouped the little band of distinguished men forming the staff of His Royal Highness. The Earl of Cromer is Chief-of-Staff, an office, on this tour, of very definite political as well as personal responsibilities. He has a liberal heritage of those fine qualities which shone so conspicuously in his famous father during his memorable regime in Egypt. Vice-Admiral Halsey is back again in the ship which he commanded during former Royal Empire missions, but this time as Comptroller of the Prince's Household. Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., sails again with His Highness as Private Secretary, and Captain Dudley North, R.N., and Captain the Hon. Piers Legh, Grenadier Guards, are once more attached as Equerries. Lieutenant the Hon. B. A. A. Ogilvy, Life Guards, is making his first voyage with the Prince in similar rôle. Lieutenant Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., as Aide-de-Camp, continues the post which he held during the Australian tour of the Prince. A brilliant member of the Indian Civil Service, Mr. (now Sir) G. F. de Montmorency, is going out as Chief Secretary, and Surgeon-Commander A. C. W. Newport has recommissioned in his old ship as Personal Medical Officer to His Royal Highness.

The *Renown's* company of some 1,250 officers and men is commanded by Captain the Hon. Herbert Meade, son of that famous sailor, Admiral-of-the-Fleet Earl Clanwilliam. The wardroom officers, presided over by Commander the Hon. E. R. Drummond, are of the typical naval stamp—than which no higher tribute to all that is best in the British race, moulded by culture and developed by calling, is conceivable. It is characteristic of the Prince that he should have specially desired the *Renown*

to be commissioned by officers and men on the roster for foreign service in the ordinary course, without any question of selection. The solitary exception was the addition of Midshipman Prince Charles of Belgium to the gunroom mess at the wish of his royal father.

Across the Bay the *Renown* foamed with long easy curtseying grace upon a lumpish swell raised by a quartering wind. Every vessel sighted seemed to recognize the splendid ship and her mission, and would alter course so as to close in, passing for the sole purpose of hoisting her ensign and dipping—a salutation always promptly returned. Foreign craft were as punctilious in observing this courtesy as those sailing under the Red Ensign. The Prince settled down to sea routine on board his old ship with natural ease. During the forenoon he usually worked in his cabin, and the incessant crackle of the wireless was practical testimony that active touch was being maintained with the world beyond the rolling horizon. Recreation took the form of squash racquets in a little court upon the boat-deck, of energetic promenading of the splendid sweep of quarter-deck, of hockey around the after turret, and of rifle potting at clay disks sent spinning astern. During dinner the smart naval band under Lieut. S. Fairfield would alternate Wagner and Verdi with ragtime and twosteps in some lee-corner of the half-deck: after dinner the few musicians forming the jazz orchestra would be bidden into the "cuddy," when the Prince would occasionally take the drumsticks and produce some meteoric rataplans.

As the *Renown* tramped betwixt the grey humps of the Barlangas and the mouth of the Tagus, with the white fringe of Lisbon tremblingly visible down the gleaming vista, the Portuguese President wirelessed a message of greeting. Down the lofty coast, waxing and waning between violet shadow and golden-brown headlands, the *Renown* churned her yeasty path. Then, with St. Vincent light flashing fiercely across the indigo waters,

the turbines suddenly lowered their subdued rhythmic burr to a slow monotonous chant, the cascading bubble along the bends sank into a soft musical tinkling of foam-bells, and the gigantic ship, her pallid outline vaguely traced by points of electric light, eased down to very leisurely progress that she might not finish her first lap ahead of programmed time.

Dawn of October 29 unveiled Tarifa abeam, with four white-sided destroyers curtsying upon the olive-hued Atlantic billows as they smote the crests into foam, spreading fanwise into an escorting screen. Presently Gibraltar loomed in a violet shadow right ahead, emerging anon into a shimmer of grey and gold as the soaring sun flung its windy radiance athwart the grand old Rock. Nine o'clock found the *Renown* moored within the detached mole, with the *Calypso* and the United States battleship *Utah* vieing with the shore battery in blazing off the noisiest salute, whilst a military band waxed and waned upon the shrill song of the Levanter with the strains of the inevitable " Colonel Bogey."

A brave scene sentient with the kaleidoscopic movement of colour, the familiar picture of the harbour, with Algeciras Bay trembling in sapphire and white beyond the breakwaters and the Rock soaring clear of its clinging clusters of wide-fringed foliage and alabaster-like houses to the barren contour of its ridge. The Prince, in the ever-becoming uniform of a captain of the Royal Navy, dwelt with absorbed relish upon the spacious beauty of it all as he stood upon the quarter-deck a trifle apart from his glittering staff, waiting to receive the little procession of distinguished visitors coming off to pay their homage. The bugles kept the ship's company lining the side pretty rigid with their rapid repetition of the general salute as pinnace followed pinnace alongside, bringing the port admiral, the governor, Admiral Niblack of the U.S. Navy, and the Governor of Algeciras. There was a quiet touch of humour in the fact that His Excellency, the last-named, received no salute as he steamed

into the port for the reason that he made the passage in a vessel without any means of returning the compliment of guns.

Likewise was it a quaint and vivid gala scene into which His Royal Highness emerged on landing at the Waterport Gate. Gibraltar was making holiday in honour of the Prince's first visit and blazoning the fact with splendid profusion of bunting and garlands. The "Scorpions" perhaps beat the British residents in temperamental enthusiasm, but the latter were proudly conscious of the reflected glory of the official splendours. The Fourth Middlesex Regiment furnished the guard of honour, and the fine war services of this battalion were recalled to the Prince by the great show of decorations in the ranks down which he walked, and later in the day during his visit to Buena Vista Barracks, which spot never more exquisitely justified its name than on this particular afternoon.

There was necessarily a good deal of strict formality in the Gibraltar programme, but somehow the sun-basking splendour of the whole environment seemed to mellow this into a wonderful round of very human pictures. The Prince motored out around Europa Point to the little fishing colony on the Mediterranean side originally settled by Genoese. He saw the famous tanks and the tunnel driven through the rock to the naval establishment. He lunched at Government House and spent a long hour in the lovely gardens where boy scouts showed him of their utmost and school children piped "God Bless the Prince of Wales." He received a fine old Moorish chieftain who had come across from Tangier to make obeisance and who had rendered good service to the British at a time and in a place when such service was of particular value.

And when His Royal Highness re-embarked in his blue and silver steam barge he had captured Gibraltar so completely with his magnetic smile and cheery personality that the roaring cheer which followed him out across

the water ended in a very sensible wail of deep regret that he had indeed gone.

It was well after dark when *Renown* steamed out of the harbour after landing the little batch of guests whom the Prince had been entertaining. The ships in port were silhouetted in incandescent traceries, the *Utah* producing very striking effects by playing her search-lights through variegated smoke screens upon the skyline of the Rock. But the great show of the illuminations broke forth when the battle-cruiser had passed through the hole-in-the-wall and slowly swept round upon a course which brought the breakwater abeam. Along the whole length of the mole suddenly sprung up a closely-linked chain of blue and white and green fire-balls, moving in leisurely procession. The rhythmic undulations of these lights to the progress of the men who bore them produced an enchanting effect, heightened at times by concerted evolutions which sent the galaxy spinning like catherine-wheels, and by the occasional complete eclipse and leaping forth again of the sinuous chain crawling away in long wavering gleams upon the black water beneath. The fairylike scene remained in sight until the staring eye of Europa Point light had slid upon the quarter, and then the *Renown* was steadily pulsing up to her full economic speed into the clear obscure of the starlit gloom.

Daylight of November 1, breaking frothing and windy, disclosed the sand-coloured coast of Malta right ahead, with a double string of destroyers dancing through crystalline showers as they kept station on either hand of the *Renown*. *Calypso*, which had replaced *Dunedin* at Gibraltar, crushed into the creaming wake of the battle-cruiser two cables astern. The two spurs buttressing the entrance to the Grand Harbour were passed just as drums and bugles heralded the morning ceremony of hoisting colours, and with the four anchored Dreadnoughts of the Mediterranean Fleet flashing into rainbow dressing the *Renown* swam quietly to her

mooring berth just beyond the Custom House landing.

Valetta looked its sheer best, with the wind-shaken lustre mellowing the rarefied vividness of its terraced stradas and the cameleon-like flickering of colour from the riot of decorations commemorating this great time-mark in the island's history. There came the usual muffled thunder of guns and the palpitation of conflicting bands. And, better still, there came the wavering echo of a mile-long roll of cheering as the stately ship gradually canted to rest in her assigned position.

To the Prince this scene was one of peculiar interest. Malta has figured so largely in the great seafaring traditions of British royalty that curiosity must needs have been largely leavened by vicarious reminiscence as he mused upon the unfolding picture. But the programme of this two days' visit was altogether too crowded to leave much opportunity for leisurely reflection, beginning as it did almost before the *Renown* had come to a standstill. The Admiral-Superintendent, Rear-Admiral Bartelott, was first on board, followed very shortly by the Governor, Field-Marshal Lord Plumer. Then, following a quick succession of coming and going, of bugle salutes and clashing of presented arms, the Prince entered his beautiful little barge and, escorted by the pulling cutters of the Fleet, feathering and time-keeping with splendid precision, made slowly for the Custom House Steps.

To tell the story of all that His Royal Highness did and said and saw during this his first visit to Malta, in never such brief and incomplete form, would be to extend description infinitely beyond the possible limits of this little volume. So narrative must take the form of impressionist vignettes. The first of these is the memorable scene amid which was read the King's proclamation constituting Malta a self-governing dominion. In the pale green ball-room of the three-centuries-old palace wherein the Governor resides, the Prince listened to Lord Plumer delivering this message, himself following with a speech rendered singularly happy by the personal note.

The gathering was a brilliant one, but perhaps the most dominant detail of it was furnished by the two great Welsh Guardsmen, travelling in the Prince's entourage, who, resplendent in scarlet and busbies, towered statuesque on either side the door immediately behind the royal dais.

Another cameo-like memory was furnished by the brief visit to the glorious old Cathedral of St. John, with its exquisite filigree silver gates, and its paving of tombs of the Knights of Malta. By way of contrast the polo tournament at the Marsa in the afternoon gave the Prince an opportunity for displaying to the enthusiastic multitude his skill in the sport he loves so well.

In the evening came a gala performance of Verdi's "Aïda" at the famous little Opera House, which assuredly never presented a more brilliant scene than that upon which its soft lights glowed on this great occasion. The full range of available talent of the repertoire company had been drawn upon, and although the last heavily tragic act was cut the performance was on a scale of vocal and dramatic grandeur which earned the hearty applause of the Prince.

Always true to his love for the Navy, His Royal Highness spent the following morning amongst the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, beginning with a long visit to the *Iron Duke*, flagship to Admiral Sir John de Robeck, wherein his brother, Prince George, was serving as a midshipman. An unrehearsed visit to the Dockyard produced a remarkable effect. Every "matie" who possessed a piece of chalk (such as every mechanic carries) employed it in writing a message of greeting upon the nearest available space, and although the orthography showed a striking degree of originality there was whole-hearted unanimity in the sincerity of the sentiments.

Malta went without breakfast the following morning to see the last of the Prince. As the *Renown* slowly moved down to the sea the lofty yellow crags, mapped

with bastions and towers and steeples and huddled houses, were honeycombed with crowds swarming down to the furthermost vantage points. The church bells swelled into a mad clangour, and the Prince of Wales' own Malta Band, which had never before so fully realized the dignity of its title, gave a manifestation of lung endurance so amazing as to distract attention from the melodic merits of the result. The cheering lingered tremulous on the shrill song of the wind until the great battle-cruiser began to slowly rise and droop to the lively Mediterranean swell, what time the Prince remained upon the fore bridge whence he had ascended on unmooring ship, waving his acknowledgments until the crowds had merged into mere indistinguishable patches of quivering colour.

Early on the afternoon of November 5 the *Renown* arrived at Port Said and anchored abreast of the Arabesque offices of the Suez Canal Company, with the battleship *Centurion* astern, which vessel was hovering in the Eastern Levant on account of our ever-present old friend, the " situation." The Prince landed with several members of his staff, quite informally, and went for a long ride into the desert, returning aboard in time to receive a few guests to a quiet little dinner-party in the " cuddy." At six o'clock the following morning *Renown* got her anchor and very placidly entered the Canal. She is the longest vessel which had heretofore ever made the passage of the waterway, but not the biggest in tonnage, draught and beam, that distinction belonging to the *Malaya*, which in 1920 carried the Duke of Connaught to India.

Still the serious look of responsibility sat heavily upon the face of the pilot and the Deputy-Director-General of the Suez Company as the enormous battle-cruiser drew her swell of displacement along the slimy banks at an average pace of four knots. After Divine Service—the day being the Sabbath—the band played on the boat-deck for the benefit of the medley of Europeans,

Egyptians and Arabs who flocked to the banks. At El Kantara, quite gaily decorated, there was an organized demonstration of welcome, long lines of cavalry and infantry recovering swords and presenting arms whilst harsh music blared forth and husky throats hurrahed.

Just before reaching the pretty little palm-clustered town of Ismailia, one of the escorting aeroplanes performed low-flying evolutions which brought it within breathless distance of the ship's aerials, thrice dropping little tri-coloured streamers, each of which fell aboard. These contained four beautifully finished photographs apiece of the *Renown* making passage of the Canal at ticklish points—a truly smart piece of work seeing that the machines from which they were taken had to fly back to their base to develop and print the pictures.

In the Great Bitter Lake, where the *Renown* anchored for the night, the Prince went for a spin in a forty-knot motor hydroplane, placed at his disposal by the Suez Canal Company, but as he laughingly remarked on returning, although it was very jolly he had really seen little more than a great roaring smother of white water. The famous mirage effects of this region were comparatively poor owing to the season of the year.

Suez opened out of its mountainous embrace at one o'clock the next day. Rumour had it that the ship touched bottom three times in coming through the Canal, but if this were really so it had been imperceptible to those on board, and the pilot, when questioned, only smiled with non-committal cheeriness. The stay here was only sufficiently long to enable a tanker to discharge three thousand tons of oil into the depleted reservoirs of the battle-cruiser, during which time the Prince landed informally and went for a ride through the picturesque place and out into the barren wilderness beyond.

At Suez the Prince, his staff, and the whole ship's company first appeared in whites, and the next few days

yielded ample testimony of the reason why. The trip down the Red Sea was insufferably hot, and the few old voyagers who declared that snow squalls had been known in these tingling waters were howled at in derision. But they got their own back, for the mere effort of ridicule engendered profuse perspiration.

On November 11, Armistice Day, the Great Silence was observed with deep impressiveness. Shortly before eleven o'clock the turbines were stopped and the *Renown* drifted languidly onward through the softly sobbing waters. Near upon a thousand officers and men paraded bare-headed under the quarter-deck awning, with His Royal Highness and the inmates of the " cuddy " ranged around a bunting-covered dais whence the Chaplain conducted a brief service. Prayers and hymns were followed by a breathless hush, then the bugles broke the stillness with the plaintive lament of the " Last Post " accompanied by the subdued roll of drums and shortly followed by the " Réveillé." The turbines began to throb again, the band burst forth into a lively march, and the great crowd upon the quarter-deck melted away, but the " thoughts which lie too deep for tears " which had been touched by this homage to the great dead had produced an impression too profound to be lightly dispelled.

Perim light was blazing and vanishing abreast at ten o'clock that night. There must have been eagle eyes ashore searching the violet gloom for any trace of the *Renown*, for rockets soared and a wireless message flashed loyal greetings to the Prince on passing the " Gateway of India " as she passed.

Next morning the battle-cruiser entered as far as her draught would permit into the horseshoe embrace of the barren rocks of Aden, and dropped anchor. At 9.30 a.m., with the guns of Fort Morbut booming forth and low-flying aeroplanes circling over the barge, His Royal Highness landed at the Prince of Wales's Pier, being the third heir-apparent to set foot upon the shore

of this gaudily-coloured yet romantically picturesque outpost of the Indian Empire.[1]

A crowded programme teeming with true Oriental quaintness had been arranged in honour of the Prince's visit by the Reception Committee presided over by the Resident, General T. R. Scott. At the Residency four Arab rulers, garbed with wonderous spectacular magnificence, were presented to His Royal Highness. Amongst them was Sultan Husein bin Ahmed, the Fadli, more than a century old and quite blind, but despite his infirmity insistent in his resolve to be present. Supported on each side, this venerable figure advanced to where the Prince stood, made a still courtly bow, and as His Royal Highness grasped his hand, uttered some words in a thin treble which being interpreted proved a touching message of devotion and loyalty.

The Crescent, with its blue and white and red arcades festooned with bunting, was a scene of extraordinary animation. Royal Fusiliers vied with the 19th Punjabis in smartness of military pageantry, but the latter undoubtedly had a pull in their wonderful pipe band, which might excite the envious wonderment of any Highland battalion. The 1st Yemen Infantry, with their ferocious-looking conical turbans, made a brave show. At one spot 300 Jewish boys sang a verse of " God Save the King " in Hebrew. At another place 400 Arabic youngsters sang a verse of the National Anthem in their native tongue. Elsewhere 350 children gave a bit of the National Anthem in very full-flavoured English, whilst a batch of lads from the Industrial School presented the smiling Prince with a great, richly carved cigarette-box of their own workmanship.

It was all a great vivid kaleidoscope of life, and movement, and rich glaring colour. In the afternoon the Prince motored out through the Hedjuff Gate over Maalla

[1] At the time of the Prince's visit Aden still remained under the administration of the Governor of Bombay, but the prospect of separation was regarded as imminent.

Plain to the famous crater, where incidentally he saw some of the prettiest little lion cubs imaginable—not, let it be added, in their wild state. After which he visited the Tawela tanks, which since the Second Persian Invasion in A.D. 600 have furnished Aden with its sparse water supply, and which only get filled after a heavy fall of rain, occurring on an average of once in seven years. Here a group of Somali sheikhs, who had come from across the water for the express purpose, signified their loyal greetings in weird but most effective fashion.

Troops and populace alike swarmed the sea-front as the Prince re-embarked. Cheering and yelling followed the royal barge until the enthusiastic uproar was drowned in the stuttering of the engine and the hiss of the wake. Aden too had been captivated by our Greatest Ambassador, but then it is only fair to Aden to add that it meant to be captivated. Never was a welcome more unanimously whole-hearted, more palpably sincere.

In the waning afternoon light the *Renown* raised her dripping anchor to the hawse pipe and started upon the last lap of her voyage to India. The grey *Calypso*, which had faithfully dogged the steps of her giant sister all the way from Gibraltar, was replaced by the white *Comus*, of the East Indies Squadron.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH THE GATE OF INDIA

THE moon, not far past her full, was riding low over the Apollo Bunder when, just before six o'clock on the morning of November 17, the *Renown* came to anchor in Bombay Harbour, about two miles out from the city. The searchlights of war cruisers lying inshore either sweeping the waters or winking glaring messages confused the calm pale effulgence so that the myriad lights of the land were constantly washed out. But already the pink dawn was filtering rapidly into the eastern sky and the eclipse of the moonlight by the coming day was one of the most beautiful pictures possible to conceive.

The Prince, coming out on to the half-deck before the sun had risen, got his first view of India gradually stealing out in rosy splendour through the dying morning mist, a most fitting initial vision of that land of mystic fancies and gorgeous realities, and His Royal Highness lingered upon the world-famous beauty of the Bombay panorama from seaward until the early breakfast had been thrice announced.

What the official programme described as the "ceremonies and functions to be held," commenced shortly after seven o'clock. To be sure, the preliminary welcome had actually begun when the *Renown* was signalled from the lighthouse, three guns pealing forth from the saluting battery at intervals of ten seconds, to be presently taken up by a thunderous salvo of thirty-one guns from the cruisers of the East Indies Squadron assembled in the port.

But shortly after six bells had chimed a flag-officer's launch came snorting alongside and the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill, ascended the gangway ladder.

For the next two hours the *Renown* was the centre of a well-ordered cycle of brilliant movement. The Viceroy, Lord Reading, distinguished by nothing more conspicuous than the Star of India upon the breast of his grey morning suit, came off to the welcoming reverberations of many cannon, bringing with him a bevy of ruling princes, gorgeous in shimmering silk robes and jewelled turbans, who were to be attached to the staff of His Royal Highness throughout his Indian tour. These were the Maharajas of Patiala, Jodhpur, Dholpur, Dhar, and Rutlam, and the Nawabs of Bahawalpur and Palanpur. Three more potentates, the Raja Sir Hari Singh of Kashmir, the Maharaj Kumar of Bikaner, and Nawabzada Haji Hamidullah Khan of Bhopal later joined the royal suite ashore.

The Prince in white ducks crossed with the pale blue sash of the Star of India stood surrounded by his own staff, receiving the visitors to the accompaniment of bugle salutes, short bursts from the band, and the frequent clatter of the rifles of five-score marines 'alternating between the present and the slope. Not long after the arrival of the Viceroy there came Sir George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, who brought on board the Chief Justice, the Lord Bishop, Members of Council and Ministers, Lieut.-General Sir William Marshall of the Southern Command and the Chief Secretary to the Government.

But no mere list of distinguished visitors, in all the blazonry of their rank, can possess much interest unless fancy goes to work to conjure the picture of which they form but a detail. The sun by this time was pouring the full volume of its fierce glare upon the white awnings beneath which these brilliant groupings came and lingered and went before the Prince. A crisp blue wind kept the waters of the harbour lapping pleasantly. There were

ships enough moored around to make a good show of wavering bunting, and the fleet of picturesque fishing feluccas blew along about their business with characteristic undemonstrativeness. The twelve-mile-long island, upon which is heaped the second city of the British Empire (measured by population), seemed to swim away from the golden and white vividness of the near distance into the heat haze towards Colaba and Sewri. The *Renown* herself, lazily winking and trembling in the shaking sunshine with the Prince's standard flaming from her masthead, was perhaps the noblest detail of the whole splendid setting.

By ten o'clock all formal calls had finished and the last of the little procession of launches had departed for the shore. Then it was that the Prince stepped into his own barge, saying au revoir to the *Renown* for the next four months, not without a very sensible touch of regret, one of his last instructions being that his standard should remain flying at the mainmast-head during the remainder of the ship's stay in Bombay.

The disembarkation at the Apollo Bunder was very much more than a ceremony. The historic significance which overshadowed its mere spectacular grandeur raised it to the dignity of an epic. The Prince set foot on Indian soil practically at the selfsame spot where King George V and Queen Mary landed in 1911, only that instead of the old Bander steps, which their Majesties had to reach by a temporary pontoon of barges, he crossed the frontier through the new Gateway of India. True, the permanent pavilion of this great white archway was not completed, but a process of boarding-up, cunningly concealed by a drapery of bunting, gave a very perfect idea of what the finished structure would look like.

Stepping ashore into the midst of a serried guard of honour composed of bluejackets and marines, white soldiers and bronzed sepoys, the Prince was received by the Viceroy, whose words of welcome were heavily punctuated by the roll of saluting guns. Down a vista of red

carpet rose a splendid amphitheatre, fronted by a reception pavilion of Saracenic design, topped by an array of graceful minarets blazing with gilt, and bearing on its central dome the royal coat-of-arms. Within this amphitheatre, rising in thirty tiers to the row of flag-garnished towers bounding it, were seated more than three thousand persons, forming a grouping of most gorgeous colouring in the fierce sun-glare. The black-coated Europeans were but a comparative handful amongst the scarlet and blue and gold of a bewildering splendour of British and native uniforms and the rich shimmering silks and sparkling turbans of Indian quality.

The Prince moved slowly by the side of the Viceroy into the shadow of the densely beflagged pavilion. Here, seated on a gilded dais, still with Lord Reading by his side, he received a bevy of ruling princes and chiefs, scintillant with precious stones, a small host of high officials, officers and civilians attached to his Indian staff, and finally the members of the Bombay Municipal Council. He read the King's address, his first public delivery in India, given with that unfaltering clarity of voice which render his speeches such pleasant hearing quite independent of their context. He listened to the great city's message of welcome, read by Sir Sassoon David, and in his felicitous reply struck the true key-note of his mission when he said to the peoples of India, "I want to know you and I want you to know me."

But the whole shining picture was too immense and too crowded to be reproduced by the mere dovetailing together of details. On all hands looking from seawards, beyond the barriers and the police and the guards, flowed a great murmuring sea of bronze humanity. Into this the Prince presently entered with slow dignity of progress. The royal barouche in which he sat held also Lord Cromer and Sir Lionel Halsey. It was a wonderful coach, almost overshadowed by the enormous red and gold embroidered umbrella held by one statuesque figure and the rich *swrajmukh* poised by another betwixt the swaying

springs. Scarlet outriders preceded the barouche; scarlet postilions guided the four cavorting pairs which drew it. On either side respectively rode Colonel Worgan, Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, Captain Metcalfe and Captain Poynder; in the procession trotted British lancers and the barbarically splendid bodyguard of the Viceroy. There were other stately landaus bearing the brilliant suite, but every eye was trained upon the royal barouche.

The route to Government House at Malabar Point was one splendid kaleidoscopic riot of colour. A perfect forest of Venetian masts (many of which, by the way, were tramway standards and electric light posts skilfully camouflaged) fringed the course. Here and there triumphal arches flung their blazonry across the streets. Many façades were half buried behind bunting. Along Queen's Road minarets pointed to the sky, whilst at Sandhurst Bridge a cluster of the pylons bearing the mural paintings so beloved of Indian art dominated the general decorative scheme.

There was a symbolic significance in these structures which was certainly not lost upon the Prince. It is a time-honoured law of the Hindu faith that the duty of every citizen is to pray daily that his King and Queen may reign over him as long as the sun and the moon shall shine upon the earth, and to illustrate this doctrine the Indian painters of Bombay had invoked the presence of those Gods whose images are in any way associated with prosperity and imperishability. Shiva, Parwati, Chandra-Stekhar, Uma, Virbhadra, Bhairo, Natraj and Lalit were commemorated by the twin pylons near the Apollo Bunder; Vishnu, Laxmi, Garud, Gandharva, Durga and Mahishasur-Mardini adorned the pylons near the Public Works Department; eight Goddesses representing the varied forms assumed by Parwati formed the group by the Flora Fountain. And so on, through a list of Indian deities which yielded one hundred and forty-six panels, more than half of them over nineteen feet long.

Turning from the Apollo Pier Road into Esplanade

Road the immensity of the crowd became very apparent. Expert opinion pronounced the multitude to be far and away the biggest ever seen in the city of Bombay. That under normal conditions it should naturally have been the biggest crowd ever seen in Bombay is sufficiently obvious. But it is a matter of history that conditions were far from normal at the time that the Prince landed in Bombay. So extensive and threatening was the situation of political unrest that very strong influences had been at work for months past to persuade His Royal Highness to abandon the tour, and it will ever stand as testimony to his courage and strength of purpose that he declined to listen to counsels for which it must certainly be admitted there was sufficient justification in the posture of Indian affairs.

That the great school which Mr. Gandhi's steadfast propaganda had called into being would put forth every effort to render the Prince's tour a disappointment, or even a complete failure having regard to its real mission, was self-evident. To this end they organized a *hartal* in Bombay for November 17. Although the word literally means the closing of markets, it is popularly supposed to imply a period of mourning imposing the duty of remaining within the seclusion of home. The *hartal* is invariably preached in the name of religious obligation, whatever its real purpose, and this fact of itself means a liberal hostage to success amongst a people with whom creed is tantamount to nationality as well as religion, and in whom superstition is as deep as life itself. Yet to make assurance doubly sure the political *hartal* is enforced by very direct threats as to what will happen in the event of non-observance of it.

To just what degree intimidation was exercised in the great Bombay *hartal* will probably never be known. But there was abundant evidence that fear of reprisals rather than conscientious scruples was a dominant element in the boycott of November 17th, and that many a Hindu who would have come forth to see the Prince without any sense of self-reproach remained in hiding from real fear

lest he should have his nose slit or his bazaar wrecked.

Probably herein lay the true reason why so many Gandhi caps were to be counted amongst the Indian crowds in the streets on the day of the Prince's landing. This very unattractive headgear, resembling a stunted convict cap of white drill, is the badge of adherence to the doctrines preached by Gandhi. By openly adopting it the wearer proclaims his acceptance of what it stands for. Therefore he may disregard the injunctions laid by the *hartal* without challenging impeachment.

It is not within the scope of this little volume to discuss the sincerity of the Gandhists nor the ethics of the political *hartal.* The simple fact remains that amongst the vast crowd which turned out to witness the arrival of the Prince at Bombay was, inevitably, an immense number of Indians, and that a considerable—perhaps it may truly be said a very considerable—proportion of these wore the Gandhi cap. This point has a further interest in relation to their demeanour towards His Royal Highness. An Oriental crowd is notoriously impassive. This crowd gave a more hearty demonstration of noisy acclaim than had ever been heard in Bombay. There was no mistaking the friendliness of the cheers, of the shouts of " Yuvraj ki jai ! " All of the Indians along the route may not have shouted ; let it be recorded to the credit of their chivalry that not one note of disloyal utterance was raised.

The rioting which took place in Bombay during the period of the Prince's stay really calls for no particular mention in this book. Beginning with perfervid propaganda it rapidly became mere hooliganism. Creed assailed creed and the *badmashes* assailed them all with ruffianly impartiality. The royal visit was the pretext for an outbreak which very soon clearly revealed that it had no logical association with it whatever. The contests were mainly, if not indeed wholly, confined to the Byculla quarter of the city, a district which on account of its ill repute was left well outside of the scheme of the Prince's movements. The only modification in the whole

programme of events resulting from the mob violence was the abandonment of the big rally of school children which had been arranged for the early morning of November 21, and this simply because the parents of the youngsters were afraid to allow them to go through the streets to take part in an occasion which the rioters would naturally try to frustrate.

The simple truth is that Bombay gave His Royal Highness a tremendous reception, on a spectacular scale and of a magnitude unparalleled in the history of the city. The perspective of time enables the distorting episodes that appeared to minimize this fact to be appraised at their real significance, which becomes almost ludicrously small. Indeed, even amongst the extremists a very definite reaction was manifest before the end of the Prince's six-days' stay—a sort of sheepishness and shamefacedness as though born of the realization that they had not really been playing the game towards this royal visitor who, whilst manifestly wishing them nothing but good, could by no stretch of reasoning be associated with what they were pleased to regard as their grievances. Such was the magnetic triumph of the finest Ambassador the Empire has known.

It was inevitable that there should be much formality in all the pomp and circumstance of the Bombay visit. Yet the only events officially described as State functions were the drive through the city on the morning of arrival and a similar drive to the race-course two days later. The almost overpowering grandeur and impressiveness of most of the occasions invariably seemed to derive a mellowing—perhaps it would be more correct to say a humanizing—quality from the cheery presence of the central figure in them all. For his smile is the one touch which makes any assemblage akin and before which the elaborate barriers of high and lofty ceremonial seem to grow strikingly artificial.

The Bombay visit forms a gorgeous medley of brilliant memories. Certain reminiscences naturally stand out in

more vivid colouring than others. The illuminations of the first night is one of these, if for no other reason than that they formed the dazzling forerunner of what was to follow in this way throughout India. By the time that a stream of cars was bearing the bidden guests to the royal reception at Government House, Bombay had become a vast tracery of soft flame. Seen from the Apollo Bunder the ships in port glowed upon the violet gloom in silhouettes of sunbright light, the French cruiser *Destrees* displaying the Prince of Wales feathers in blazing constellation. The Taj Mahal Hotel, the Clock Tower, the University, the Secretariat, Victoria Railway Station, all shed great shimmering halos upon the night. From Malabar Hill the spectacle across the inky gleams of Back Bay was one of a city close limned in radiant jewels touched with the reflection of some unseen glory.

The tropical grove leading up to Government House was bathed in the blending sheen of countless coloured lanterns. The scene at the reception was a symphony of waxing and waning hues. The Maharaja Patiala was a dazzling figure in shimmering pink; their Highnesses of Dholpur and Jodhpur literally blazed diamonds. The Prince himself, appearing comparatively sombre amidst this rainbow garb, moved about freely, shaking hands with all the guests, delighting a pretty little Raja boy by stopping to speak with him, questioning wearers of decorations amongst the crimson bodyguard, and, as a Parsee gentleman of high estate was overheard to remark, "doing everything to make us feel at home."

The Prince's first appearance upon the polo ground is a characteristic reminiscence. He dawned upon the great gathering at the Willingdon Sports Club rather than burst upon them, so quietly did his car enter the enclosure whilst they were absorbed in the semi-finals betwixt Jodhpur and Rutlam. In grey lounge suit, with soft striped collar, tie, and Guards' topee, the puggaree of which was thinly rimmed with gold and scarlet, His Royal Highness had been some moments

watching the progress of the tournament before recognition found its first expression in a rolling roar of cheers. That the greatest of India's sports would claim him for its own was so much a foregone conclusion to all who had ever heard of Hurlingham that the greetings were quite as much the welcome of camaraderie as of loyalty.

Some of the Bombay "shows" were of the order of impressive pageantry, such as the presentation of colours to the 7th Rajputs and the review of ex-soldiers and police at the Oval. Others were of a more intimate character, and on that account of wider popular appeal. Probably the Prince never got such an ovation during his stay in the city as when he went to the wicket during a match at the Quadrangular Cricket Ground, and after missing one ball and swiping a second, left the pitch laughing, declaring himself but a poor bat. His visit to the Bombay University was an event rich in spectacular colour. The informal reception at Government House of twelve Ruling Princes was rendered the more interesting from the fact that these chiefs, in deference to His Royal Highness, had consented to waive all the ceremonial and salutes to which they are entitled—an act of sacrifice which one must needs understand what prestige means to the native mind to realize.

It was more than once remarked during the Prince's stay in Bombay that there was this wide difference between his visit to India and his previous tours—he would not come into the same close contact with the people. That such a result was inevitable is sufficiently obvious, having regard to the totally different racial conditions, the unbridgable variances of temperament and ideals between the ancient races of India and the inhabitants of Canada and Australasia. Forms of greeting that would be quite natural to the latter would be wholly unthinkable to the former. An Anzac might jump upon the footboard of the royal car and grasp the Prince by the hand without the least perception that he was violating any canon of etiquette: a Hindu not

only would not dream of doing anything of the sort but would wholly fail to comprehend the mentality which could even contemplate such an indignity.

This is a point which was probably not generally realized at the time in its true proportions as presenting a very definite problem. His Royal Highness had told the people at the Gate of India that he had come out because he wanted to know them and them to know him. That

> " East is East, and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet "

is a doctrine not admitted in the Prince's words. And even on the first day in Bombay the crowds seemed to have a sense of this, for they cheered as it was unanimously conceded a Bombay crowd had never been heard to cheer before. And cheering, after all, is a great basis for common sentiment.

There is a depth of fidelity in the Oriental character which the European finds it difficult to realize. Once touch this trait and it will find expression in extravagant forms of devotion. Natives completely won by a fleeting smile from the Prince would prostrate themselves to kiss the dust over which his car had passed. True, this form of homage is growing increasingly rare in the big cities, but not because of any change in the impulse which prompts it.

Certain it is that the Prince got down to this sentiment as no royal visitor to India has ever done before. When the political unrest which had been fermented down to the moment of his arrival—and indeed no less after—comes to be recalled, the fact that he moved about in perfect safety from Bangalore to Rawal Pindi, from Calcutta to Karachi, surely amounts to a wonderous tribute to his lovable personality.

The Prince entered with characteristic cordiality into the social side of the programme arranged for his visit to Bombay. The balls at Government House and at the

Byculla Club were gorgeous affairs even as such things go in India, the country of lavish splendour. True, the music was often more lilting than stately. The garden parties at Malabar Hill Gardens and at the Willingdon Sports Club, where His Royal Highness attended an At-Home given by the Ruling Princes he had received four days before, were brilliant in gaiety as well as colour.

But assuredly nothing could have been greater in connexion with the coming of the Prince to Bombay than his manner of going from it. Within six days he had so completely captured the popular fancy of the great cosmopolitan city that his night departure occasioned a scene not likely to be easily forgotten by the tens of thousands who witnessed it. The blazing streets were densely packed with enthusiastic mobs closing in with such irresistible weight around the royal motor that progress became more than difficult. There must have been considerable secret uneasiness amongst those charged with escorting His Royal Highness, recalling as they could scarcely help doing the events of the past few days, but the Prince certainly did not share in this when he stood up and called out to the guard not to press the people back. A quaint touch of irony lay in the fact that this departure from the Victoria terminus had been officially programmed as " private." In point of fact it was the most tremendous, friendly uproarious, public event of the whole visit of His Royal Highness to Bombay.

CHAPTER III

INTO THE NATIVE STATES

THE Prince got his first glimpse of the real India when he visited Poona during his stay in Bombay. For Bombay, with all its teeming life and colour, is no more the real India than London is the England of Thomas Hardy or of Eden Phillpotts. It was shortly after midnight on November 19 that His Royal Highness departed without ceremony from Victoria terminus in the royal special train with which he was to become so very familiar during the course of the next four months.

This first journey through the night was rendered almost eerie by the presence of torch-bearers along the whole route stationed at intervals of about two hundred yards apart. Their smoking flambeaux flashed a ruddy sheen through the carriage windows as the train hummed past them. Dawn revealed the jagged silhouette of the grey Ghats so well known to residents of Bombay as a refuge from the intense heat of the summer months. Shortly after breakfast the train pulled up at the gaily beflagged little station of Poona, and the Prince alighted in the midst of a brilliant group of British and native military officers and civil officials flanking a long khaki guard of honour with bayonets flashing up to the present.

The mission which had brought the Prince to Poona was really one of especial interest. The Mahratta troops had done splendid work during the war, to the professed astonishment of the English-speaking world, which for some quite unintelligible reason had heretofore only

thought of India's fighting races in terms of Sikhs and Goorkas. The prowess of the Maratha warriors was to be fittingly commemorated by the creation of a War Memorial in the home of Shivaji's boyhood, to whose memory the foundation-stone of a second monumental edifice was to be that day laid by the Prince.

That native sentiment would associate with such an event an adequate degree of spectacular splendour was a foregone conclusion, abundantly justified by the result. From the railway station to the Shanwarwada His Royal Highness was escorted by the brilliant white and blue Gwalior Imperial Service Lancers and the equally gorgeous Kolhapur Lancers, together with parties of Irregular Mounted Forces, all under the personal command of Lieut.-General the Maharaja of Gwalior. Indian Princes and many Chiefs who had come from afar for the purpose rode in procession about His Royal Highness. The long route literally palpitated with the garish colours so beloved by the Oriental mind—orange and purple, crimson and turquoise, emerald and violet. Elephants aflame with jewels and brocades swayed by the roadside. Native musicians emitted barbaric strains which made fantastic appeal to the imagination by the very weirdness of their limited refrains. Reedy-sounding tomtoms drubbed monotonous verberations. Oh yes, there was no possible doubt about it that this was the India of one's most picturesque fancies!

As this little volume aims at reflecting impressions rather than at connected narrative, the Poona ceremonials can claim no more space than will suffice to reproduce them in the form of episodical vignettes. Out of the rapidly shifting shining panorama of the morning emerge sundry clear-cut reminiscences. The great picture of the day was the laying of the foundation-stone of the Shivaji Memorial. A spacious shamiana of three sides hemmed in a crowd of more than eight thousand people, arrayed according to dignity, which resulted in some sort of order in the wonderful symphony of costumes, more

particularly in the detail of head-dress. Flags galore shook lightly in the breeze and the eye seemed to everywhere find a dominant suggestion of gold and glitter. Shivaji's lineal connexion with the sun was directly responsible for a great display of magnificently lacquered shields each bearing a central orb in various stages of irradiation.

The actual ceremony followed quite the usual course of such affairs at home. Wherein it differed beyond all comparison was the vividly rich picturesqueness of its setting. When finished, the structure, of which His Royal Highness dedicated the lowering of the first block into position, will consist of a stately equestrian statue of Shivaji, around which will be grouped schools and hostels for Mahratta boys. It will be worthy of the memory of the great seventeenth-century Mahraj who, as the Prince expressed it, " not only founded an Empire but created a nation." A touch of interest which will figure in the memory of this event is that it was a descendant of Shivaji, the Maharaja of Kolhapur, who invited His Royal Highness to lay the first stone.

When the Prince had " done his job " on the lines laid down in the official programme, he suddenly walked away from the ceremonial dais, and proceeded to stroll quite slowly around the shamiana, within arm's reach of the front row of the crowd. There was a momentary pause during which one or two members of the staff hurried forward with expressions of mingled misgiving and perplexity. Then the multitude realized and rose at the Prince in a truly astonishing manner. They cheered the old fallacy about Oriental impassiveness into rags and tatters. He smiled and waved, whilst the cries of " Shivaji ki jai ! " which had followed the end of the stone-laying ceremony changed into a unanimous roar of " Prince ki jai ! " The greatest Ambassador of the Empire was doing his work in his own way.

It was at Poona, on this same ground, in fact, that

the Prince first received pân and itr, and was garlanded. A quaint and pretty little custom this ancient method of expressing the spirit of welcome and friendship. The pân is crushed bettle-nut flavoured with spice rolled in fresh green leaf and wrapped in gold or silver paper in the form of a banana. The itr is a highly concentrated perfume designed to haunt the wearer as long as possible. The bestower of this graceful salutation extends his hand for the recipient's handkerchief, and taking the bottle from an attendant, shakes a few drops of its pungent contents thereon. From another attendant he then takes a tray which may be of the value of a king's ransom, upon which is piled the pân, desiring his guest to take one of the little packages.

Garlanding is really an independent corollary to this ceremony. The necklace which is placed upon the shoulders of the guest is intended to form a lasting souvenir of the occasion. It is usually woven out of spun gold threads, although frequently it consists of chased gold plates linked together. It may be jewelled according to the taste and opulence of he who bestows it. The garland which was put around the neck of the Prince at Poona scintill(ed with lights of colours and brilliance such as virgin gold never yet shed. The Ruling Princes of India were ever regal in their gifts.

A spectacle of less spacious magnificence, the foundation-stone laying of the Maratha War Memorial, was nevertheless a stirring appeal to fancy, finding inspiration in the opening sentence which the finished monument will bear : " In Memory for all time of those men of Maharashtra who, true to the traditions of their fathers, gloriously laid down their lives throughout the World during the Great War, 1914-1918." A profoundly dramatic moment in this ceremony was when the Swami of Chafal—a descendant of Ramdas, spiritual adviser of Shivaji—in deep sonorous notes pronounced a blessing in Sanskrit. But the Memorial, as the Prince said in his address, " is not confined to any caste or creed ; Mahrattas and

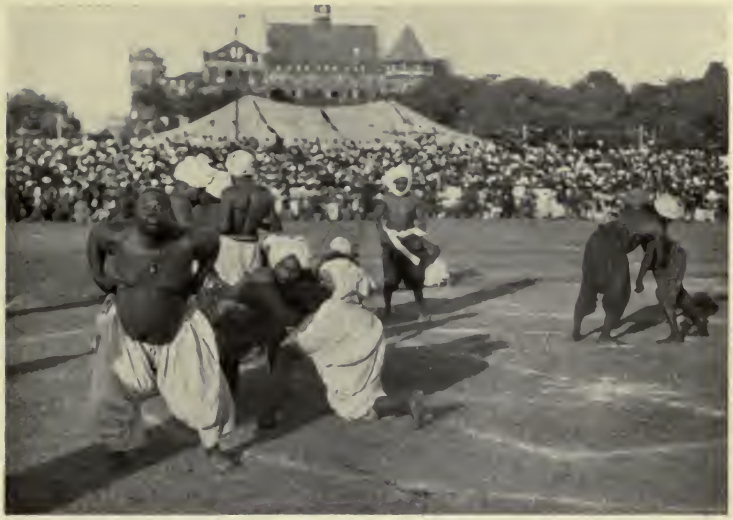
Mohammedans, Mahars, Berads, Bandaris, all will find in it a common object of enduring pride."

The inspection of some four thousand ex-service sepoys on the Poona Maidan was very much more remarkable as a demonstration than as a pageant, striking enough though the mere picture was. As to a given signal a wild medley of Maratha battle-cries, pæans of victory, blessings upon the Prince's head and invocations upon his sword, arose from those bronze ranks. Many such scenes was His Royal Highness to witness during the course of the next four months, but this held the novelty of first impression, for Bombay had yielded nothing like it. Here was the gold and blue and spices of the Indian atmosphere; the white colonnades, peeping through palms, and the minarets and bombe cupolas of Indian architecture, all blending into a setting which was bound to touch every instinct of romance.

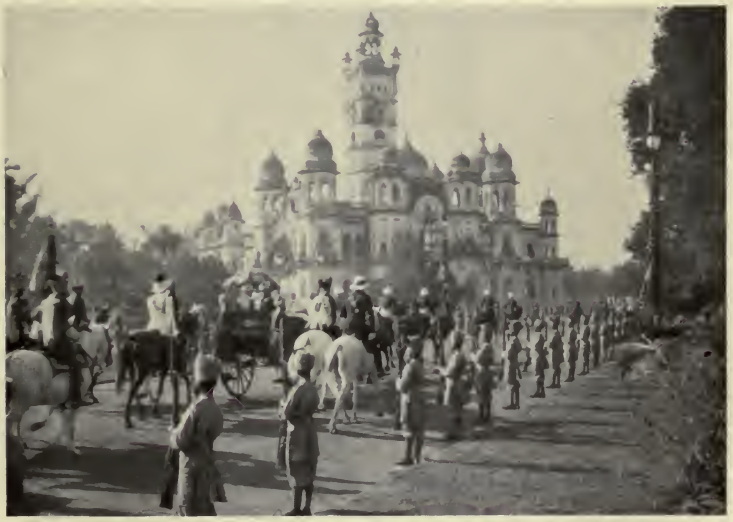
An afternoon spent upon the famous race-course set the seal to the Prince's popularity in Poona. His reception at the hands of the large British element was an obvious conclusion: what remained to be seen was to what degree native sentiment, stirred by the indigenous events of the morning, would carry sincerity into this environment. The first glimpse of the enclosure opposite the grand stand gave its immediate and convincing answer.

Poona was indeed a "fine show" as a demonstration of the genuine loyalty of India. The many natives who scattered gold and silver coins in the path of the Prince that they might recover them hallowed by the tread of his feet, symbolized the true sense of Maharastra.

But Poona was as the fringe of the glamour that lay beyond; the British India reflection, so to speak, of the realities of the Native States into which the train carried the Prince when it halted in the station of Baroda. The reception in the capital of this flourishing State was almost oppressive in its magnificence. The visit was rendered notable for three distinct reasons. The first, and infinitely



AN EXHIBITION OF WRESTLING BY SINDHI NATIVES AT BOMBAY



THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AT LAXMI VILAS PALACE, BARODA

the most interesting, was that it was here His Royal Highness first received news of the engagement of his sister, the Princess Mary. Next, it was from Baroda that he had his first taste of shikar. And, thirdly, it was at Baroda he first experienced the tremendous hospitality of a maharajal banquet.

The Gaekwar, Sir Sayaji Rao, clearly intended that whatever the other Native States might attempt in the way of eclipsing efforts, Baroda should still remain a shining memory. Both by day and by night the famous old city was a blaze of colour and pageantry. The garden party in the luscious grounds of the Moti Bagh, lying within the walls of the Laxmi Vilas Palace, was like a fantasy from fairyland. At home we associate the idea of a garden party with lawns, cakes, and music, together with a critical competition of frocks. They do these things better in Baroda. In the delicious grounds of the Gaekwar's palace were erected half a dozen gaily decorated booths, in each of which was continuous entertainment of characteristically Indian nature. Acrobats in pink tights achieved prodigies of balancing and strength which usually left a sense of intense relief when they terminated without accident. A batch of quite diminutive green parrots maintained their well-established reputation by firing guns, riding bicycles, and doing all sorts of amazing things such as no bird of normal instincts could possibly be brought to contemplate. Earnest-minded musicians produced melodies of altogether baffling motif on instruments for the most part of very primitive design but delicate perfection of construction. Two plump nautch girls held the stage in one booth whilst they sang and danced with unflagging vigour, frequently provoking unintended merriment by parodic efforts to render popular English songs. A party of six little Indian girls gave a display of household duties, a sort of peep into Indian home life, whilst a dozen others, in what was presumably bridal attire, sang an interminable series of monotonous wedding songs.

The five State elephants which had formed one of the "star turns" of the morning pageant of welcome were very much in evidence, their mahouts beaming with invitations to all and sundry to take a ride. The Prince challenged Sir Lionel Halsey to get into the conning-tower, and he replied that if the elephant would "submerge" he would do so. The huge animal having sunk to its lowest possible level, the gallant Admiral clambered into the gaudy howdah. But the uprising was attended with a good deal more liveliness than apparently Sir Lionel had anticipated, judging by his set expression and rigid grip, which caused the Prince to laugh loudly as he shouted to his old friend to "sit tight and hold on!"

There were Boy Scouts and Girl Guides assembled at this garden party, which would have been nothing worthy of note but for the fact that one found all castes and creeds merged in the comradeship of the movement. What this means in India, steeped in centuries of prejudices and traditions which have grown into a second nature, needs no dwelling upon. The Prince was evidently impressed with this striking demonstration of the power of breaking down class distinctions exercised by the movement, for he spent considerable time chatting with the scoutmasters and the leaders of the rather self-conscious-looking lassies in their dark blue sarees.

All wonderfully quaint and truly Oriental was this Baroda garden party. The bullock batteries with shining guns more than two centuries old, the animals trapped in gold and silver cloth, their horns being sheathed also in silver, lent a fascinating touch of barbaric suggestion to the rich grouping of colour. The Gaekwar's flag elephant was another very impressive detail of the great kaleidoscopic picture. It takes three days to get him up to the full gorgeousness of his pomp, and the airs he gives himself in stalking about with the Maharaja's standard leave no doubt as to his tremendous consciousness of his own importance.

It was towards the conclusion of his visit to Baroda that His Royal Highness had his first taste of Indian sport. This took the form of a cheetah hunt for black buck—a species of coursing which it must be confessed has never appealed much to British sportsmen, and which, having seen once, the Prince was frankly disinclined to take part in again. The rendezvous was a brown sandy expanse of country about eight miles from Baroda, with large tracts of thick jungle-like growth of a character to harbour plenty of wild life. The going was iron-hard, the ground being heavily pitted with holes and broken by miniature nullahs, so that rapid riding was anything but child's play.

The Prince, up with the dawn, rode out to the meet accompanied by several members of his staff. The Maharaja of Kolhapur had lent four of his specially trained cheetahs which were brought to the spot tethered in as many carts—finely striped animals which frequently expressed the fact that they were hungry by vicious snarls and spasmodic yelps. The Gaekwar had sent his own cheetah—a magnificent specimen in a green cart standing under the shade of a banyan tree alongside a miniature Hindu temple, and straining at its yellow and red cords in a fashion that set one instinctively calculating their bursting-point.

Cheetah coursing is fast, furious, and short-lived. By every conceivable method of cunning and camouflage the cheetah must be brought within quite short distance of the buck before it is released. Then follows a wild spring and the trail of a lightning-like race through the scrub. If the hunted animal can maintain its lead for about three hundred yards—this is probably an outside limit—its pursuer will be spent and the buck will escape. For it must be remembered that the cheetah starts off cramped from confinement and not too fresh from want of food. Secrecy and silence are essential preliminaries to the hunt ; an ill-timed growl will scatter the game like chaff in a breeze.

The shikaris said there were too many people and too many cheetahs at the Baroda meet to leave any prospect of success. Probably they were right. There was a lot of rushing and a good deal of growling in the dense undergrowth, and black buck were seen making off in the near distance. But there was apparently nothing in the nature of an orthodox kill. The Prince soon left the Gaekwar's horse-drawn tonga and, rifle at trail, moved forward on foot. Accompanied by Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Cromer and Colonel Worgan, he did some stalking and got several shots. In this way His Royal Highness secured his first black buck.

With the sun beginning to sting like a burning-glass the Prince trekked back to a shady shamiana, where he wiped the sand-dust out of his eyes and refreshed himself. The buck was duly carted away for preservation as a trophy of the first shikar, the cheetahs were trundled back to their homes and a tremendous square meal, and as the Prince rode back along the well-trimmed Baroda road he told the Gaekwar that he had enjoyed the morning's outing so thoroughly his only regret was that he could not stay for a big game shoot in that country.

Leaving Baroda that evening on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway the Prince broke his journey at Rutlam, where he presently changed into the metre-gauge train used by his father both in 1905 and in 1912. His reception at this place was characteristic of the manner in which the Native States everywhere greeted him. Although the halt was only just of sufficient duration to enable His Royal Highness to dine quietly with the Maharaja at the palace, the station and the route were illuminated in a magnificent manner whilst immense crowds stood patiently for hours behind the ranks of gorgeous soldiery to get a fleeting glimpse of the future King-Emperor. The palace itself was one shimmering mass of golden glory, its beautiful dome shedding a great halo upon the deep violet gloom.

Daylight the following morning revealed the train

rolling through a country of sand mapped by ragged patches of sage brush, with a contour of jagged hills, grey and barren, bordering the landscape parallel to the right of the railway. Mewar State is a great arid stretch whose inhabitants can snatch but meagre sustenance from its gritty earth, yet for untold generations have they fought uncomplainingly against want not indeed of more, but of a bare enough, because of that clinging to home which is such a deep-seated instinct of the Rajput races. Here nature has decreed poverty and freedom as the heritage of those who would die where they were born—a very material expression of the doctrine that man wants but little here below.

Udaipur, nestling yellow and shining in a great basin of fort-chained crags, was reached at ten o'clock on the morning of November 25. Its remote little station burst in a sudden symphony of brilliant hues upon the stony monotony of the carriage-window panorama. There dawned, with almost startling suddenness, a bright vision of crimson carpet, of sagging rainbows of bunting and garlands, of a wonderful statuary of warriors apparelled in a perfect bewilderment of glaring colours. High officials formed a lustrous group of silks and jewels. Aged men who might be likened to human zebras bore the gold-mounted guns of State, which for all their splendour apparently occasioned some little disappointment amongst the newspaper correspondents at the discovery that they were really only blunderbusses after all, and not cannon, as in the case of the famous gold and silver pieces of Baroda. Elephants and camels loomed beyond the station enclosure, howdahed and caparisoned in purple and gold even more magnificently than the cohorts of the Assyrian. The escorting guard drawn up in the foreground looked fierce out of all proportion to the character of their armament, which ranged from matchlocks and fusils to a very mixed minority of rifles.

The aged Maharana—scion of one of the most ancient

and aristocratic ruling houses in India—was unfortunately confined to his palace when the Prince arrived. He had suffered from a series of fainting fits for some days past, and his physicians resolutely declined to permit him to leave his room that morning, although during the afternoon he equally resolutely overbore their professional injunctions and drove to the Residency to visit His Royal Highness. So he sent the Heir Apparent, the Maharaj Kumar, Sir Bhupal Singh, to receive his illustrious guest. He was accompanied on the platform by Mr. A. E. Holland, the British Agent for Rajputana, Mr. Wilkinson, the Resident, and the twelve principal Sirdars and officers of the Udaipur State.

Forty thousand inhabitants—more than the entire population of the city, for the villages had poured in their people—had spread themselves along the route from the station to the Residency to greet the Prince. Cheering is not a national custom, so there was very little in the way of vocal demonstration. But of salaaming, hand-clapping, and waving there was more than enough to testify to the cordial sincerity of the greeting. At intervals mounted drummers beat a salute upon metallic-sounding tom-toms as the royal procession drove by. Regimental bands, whose vigour more than atoned for any harmonic shortcomings, blared forth the National Anthem. State artillery boomed a reverberant welcome from Chogan with faultless precision of interval. Children from the Maharana's High School made a brilliant patch of colour in their ochre turbans and Rajput costumes. And the blue and golden glory of a perfect Indian winter day was over it all.

One result of the Maharana's indisposition was the abandonment of the formal ceremonies laid down in the programme, in consequence of which the Prince changed into flannels and played tennis upon the beautifully shady court of the Residency.

Udaipur has been called the Venice of India. The description is too limited, for whilst it cannot compete

with the architectural glories of Venice, nature has given the Mewar city a setting which the former is denied. Its name interpreted means "The City of Sunrise," and for the most part it seems to overhang the rolling banks of the Pichola Lake. Viewed from the east the Palace of the Rana, the Palace of the Heir Apparent, the great temple of Jagannath, and the houses of the nobles with their turrets and cupolas rising in airy elegance, form a most striking contrast to the hoary wall and pierced battlements of the lake-reflected foreground. In the middle of this great gleaming expanse of water are the water palaces of Jagmander, wherein a considerable number of fugitives during the Mutiny were hospitably sheltered and fed by Maharana Saroop Singh, and of Jagniwas, which covers an islet of four acres, is built entirely of marble, and is extraordinarily rich in mosaics, historical paintings, and medallions in gypsum. Tropical foliage fringes these alabaster-like buildings down to the very ripples of the sky-blue water. Flower gardens, green shadowed paths, fountains, orange and lemon groves overshaded by palmyras and plantains, cluster amidst the blocks of masonry.

Upon this gem-like lake His Royal Highness embarked for a picnic trip in a motor launch on the afternoon of the day of his arrival at Udaipur. A following flotilla of gondola-like boats turned the scene into an animated aquatic gala. Landing on Jagmander Island with his staff and a party of guests, tea was taken in a pavilion such as the Geni of the Lamp might have conceived. Tintoretto might have painted the picture. Tommy Moore might have sung it into vivid reality. But the blending of exquisitely tender natural colouring with the staring and flaming hues of Oriental creation formed too tremendous an appeal to the eye and the fancy to be reproduced by the word-picturing of prose.

The Prince lingered long amid this scene of enchanting beauty. Then, with the sun gilding the fort-crowned peaks in the west, he again embarked in the motor

launch and crossed to Kas Odi in order to witness one of the great show events of Udaipur—the feeding of the wild pigs. The black brutes, with their formidable tushes and prickly bristles, prowl in herds in the little valley upon the loftiest spur of which stands the Maharana's shooting-box, from the buttressed roof of which His Royal Highness and his party saw the animals receive double rations, less to celebrate his presence than to assure a good show. Several bronze figures, naked to the waist, appeared carrying maunds of maize and uttering hoarse cries of " Ao ! Ao ! " (" Come ! Come ! "). The wild pigs " Ao-ed " readily enough, swarming through the scrub, yelping and grunting in hideous chorus. At least three hundred of these unlovely creatures closed in around the basket-carriers who moved swiftly about, throwing handfuls of maize as they continued to utter their cries. The savagery of the spectacle was more than redeemed by the frequent ludicrous illustrations of the old truism that weight tells. Again and again a hulking boar would hurl himself upon a smaller one and send him sprawling and cursing away from the shower of maize pattering to the ground right under his snout.

The illuminations of Udaipur must always remain one of the haunting reminiscences of the tour in the memory of those who saw them. For nature took such a generous hand in the result that nothing which the mere lavish use of coloured lamps could alone produce gave the rivalry of other places in this respect much chance. Figure a city of spires, and minarets, and cupolas, hanging as it seemed upon the precipitous banks of a lake, limned in soft fire—not the fierce glitter of electric lighting, but the subdued shimmer of thousands of oil-fed wicks—the whole lambent picture faithfully reflected in the tremorless water. All the houses on Sarup Sagar and the island palaces of Jag Mandar and Jag Niwas shed their golden halos upon the deep gloom. Perched remotely upon the invisible heights the ancient fortresses of Mewar glimmered like great hovering constellations of

fire-flies. The vast bulk of the Maharana's palace showed one almost startling patch of black upon the dense filigree tracery of light where the zenana remained unlit.

It was in this same palace that the Prince attended a State banquet on his first night in this city of wonderful light. He proceeded by water to the Bansi Ghat, from the steps of which the great castle is approached along a broad steep incline bounded by sheer walls and passing beneath a broad arch upon the right-hand side of which are a grim little cluster of red hands, denoting long-past victims in the sacrifice of satti. Up this fire-fringed causeway His Royal Highness was borne in an antique palanquin, passing betwixt lines of red-clad retainers who looked almost demoniac in the wavering glare shed by the torches they held at arm's-length.

Here indeed was the shining East—the mystic East—the East whose call conjures fancy with magical and fantastic spell. The banquet itself, in a glowing hall of blue and gold and glass, stared down upon by a stately array of potentates set in gilt frames, was a picture of vivid Oriental splendour. The aged Maharana, being an orthodox Hindu, was debarred from sitting down with his royal guest, but came in when dinner was over in order to propose his health. A striking figure, this venerable Rajput Prince, with his white beard parted and up-curling after the fashion of his race, and his slender, erect form close-draped in a brocaded silken robe lustrous with many hues.

But the Udaipur visit was not by any means restricted to a crowded round of gorgeous impressions. Rajputana has good sport to offer, and the Maharana, knowing the Prince's tastes in this direction, arranged a shooting party at Jaisamand which occupied one day out of the three spent in the Mewar capital. Here some good bags of duck and snipe were secured. Some of the staff went in quest of big game, for the wild Bhil hills are the lurking place of tigers, leopards, and boars, so that

it is not safe to walk about them unarmed. The hunters on this occasion, however, had very barren luck. Still they undoubtedly acquiesced in all sincerity in the sentiment expressed by His Royal Highness when, on bidding farewell to the Maharana, he said how really sorry he was that his visit to Udaipur could not have extended over twice the length of time.

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS RAJPUTANA

LEAVING Udaipur in the golden sunset of a Sabbath evening ten days after he had landed in India, the Prince travelled across the sands and betwixt the crags of Rajputana to Ajmer, which is a tiny enclave of British possession set in the heart of a cluster of Native States. The royal train raised a dense yellowish dust in its progress which penetrated all closed windows and drawn shutters, so that by the time the milk-white coaches rolled into the flag-canopied station at 8.30 the following morning they wore the complexion of poached eggs the yolks of which have burst in the process.

Ajmer is a city of many sights. The Fort of Taragarh, which dominates it upon a crest 2,855 feet above the sea, is alone worth a journey of many leagues to behold. Within it stands the shrine of Sayyed Hussain, to which three centuries later the great Akbar came on foot from Delhi in fulfilment of a vow he made to show his gratitude by such a pilgrimage should a son be born to him. Opposite the fort stands the Arhi-Din-ka-Jhonpra Mosque, which name implies "the house built in two-and-a-half days." Unfortunately for the veracity of the sponsor of this pile, experts agree that it must have taken at least fifteen years to construct. Yet if truth was vague, hospitality evidently flourished heartily in those earnest mediæval days, for Thomas Coryat, writing some three centuries ago, records how he walked from Jerusalem to the Court of "the Great Moghal Resident at the town of

Asmere in Eastern India " and found it only possible to spend £2 10*s.* on the road.

However the Prince had leisure for but very hurried and external sightseeing during his visit to Ajmer since this only extended over fourteen hours. Unfortunately, the Ana Sagar, which, with its lovely marble pavilions at Shah Jehan's Daulat Ghat, is deemed one of the most beautiful artificial lakes in India, happened to be dry, presenting a great drab basin of caked earth, so that the view from Bari Dari where the principal ceremonies of the day were held was bereft of its chief charm.

In fact the Ajmer visit was a " British India day " as distinct from a " Native States day "—which meant that it was one crowded round of official formalities, relieved only by the glamour of Oriental setting. True, there was a strikingly spectacular gathering of Rajput Chiefs in the wonderful summer-house built by Jehangir upon the pale marble terrace of the Bari Dari. But the rest consisted of receiving and replying to a municipal address, of inspecting Boy Scouts who sang a strange wild refrain of welcome, of prize-giving at Mayo College, and a garden party in the grounds thereof, and of a dinner-party at the Residency before taking to the train again.

Mayo College is popularly known as the Eton of India, but the claim may challenge criticism as being rather too comprehensive. Better perhaps might it be termed the college of the Kumars of Rajputana. A stately building, with its minars and cupolas in the classic Mogul style, its beautiful lawns, brilliant flower-beds and stretching trees, it still continues, like David Copperfield, to be conscious of the fact that it is, after all, rather young. The Principal touched upon this in his address of welcome to His Royal Highness. Mayo College, he confessed, " lacks antiquity and the inherited standards of Eton." Well! Many of its inmates can pursue the lines of descent into a remoteness which it often becomes impossible to measure by the standard of known eras.

A fine picture that of the future King of England

presenting prizes to the young flower of the Rajput dynasties and nobility. At the gates of the College a mounted escort of the Kumars in the uniform of Imperial Service cadets served to remind one of the splendid share which this same stock bore in the Great War, often in remote fields where great exploits went unsung by war correspondents simply because they were not there to sing them. Upon a red-carpeted platform in the great hall were seated in a semicircle several rows deep the students ranging from lads of quite tender years to youths in their middle teens. All wonderfully robed in many-coloured silks and turbaned with bejewelled splendour, most of them with glittering scimitar scabbards resting across their knees, this silent group formed a truly striking study. His Royal Highness, in a grey lounge suit, seated upon a silver throne whilst the Principal outlined the history of the Mayo College, dwelt with an expression of fascinated interest upon the vivid spectacle. He gave voice to his impressions in addressing the students before distributing the prizes. "Nobility of birth," said he, "is qualification for entrance to your College, and each one of you come here with your duty marked out to play a part worthy of your ancestry. Rajputana is the home of chivalry, and has splendid pages in its history. Every one of you here can not only make your College worthy of your family annals, but can also inspire its life with influence of those glorious Rajput traditions which surround you and in which you have been brought up."

One episode of this visit to Mayo College greatly appealed to the Prince. The railway saloon carriage in which his grandfather had toured India in 1876 stood in a shaded nook of the grounds. Discovering this His Royal Highness made a thorough survey of the quaint little vehicle, on four spidery wheels, climbing into the stuffy interior, and seating himself on one of the faded cushions remarked that railway travelling must have been a very trying business in those days.

The departure from Ajmer was a picturesque affair;

probably one found it the more so from the circumstance that it was officially programmed as "private." Of course, the mystic atmosphere of the Indian night, pale in the glory of myriad stars, heightened the impressiveness of the groups of Indian sightseers who felt safe in defying the hartal now that it was too dark for their features to be easily observed by the intimidating propagandists. The very silence of these impassive people increased the strange sense of illusionment with which the series of shadowy tableaux was fraught.

At 8.30 on the morning of November 29 the royal train rolled into the station of Jodhpur. The Prince alighted beneath a magnificent gold-embroidered canopy. Here he was greeted by the Maharaja Regent Pratab Singh, accompanied by the young Maharaja of Jodhpur. With these were the Hon. Mr. R. E. Holland, the Agent to the Governor-General, Mr. L. W. Reynolds, the Resident, and fourteen of the principal Sirdars of the State, whose pink and gold and blue turbans made a fine splash of colour even amid such a rich-hued surrounding.

But the two dominating details of that picture were first of all the wonderful hill fort whose overhanging bastions seemed to smile back the sunlight upon the station, and secondly the chain-armoured warriors, a mere glimpse of whom might well make little children afraid to go to bed for many a long night. The eye wandering over the wide circle of the Jodhpur Lancers, the blazonry of brocaded and painted elephants, the kaleidoscopic wavering of the variegated crowds, always unconsciously came back to these insistent details.

The Prince warmly clasped hands with the venerable Sir Pratap Singh. For His Royal Highness needed no reminding of how, ripe in years though he was, the Great War speedily found him in France, reckless in his avowed ambition to end his days like a true Rajput Maharaja, upon the field of battle.

Jodhpur must ever remain one of the sparkling memories amidst the general brilliance of the Prince's

Indian tour. 'At the State banquet in the evening the Maharajadhiraja Umed Singh said that His Royal Highness would doubtless encounter greater splendour during the course of his stay in India, but nowhere greater warmth of welcome. One shrinks from anything in the nature of comparison in the splendid competition of hospitality which the Ruling Princes extended to their future King-Emperor. But yet again may it be said that Jodhpur will ever remain one of the sparkling memories alike for magnificence and that depth of welcome which is such a traditional trait of Oriental chivalry.

The Prince himself at this same banquet most felicitously expressed his immediate impressions of the place and his reception. "Before I came here," he said, "I began to study the history of Jodhpur in the *Imperial Gazetteer*. I have a quarrel with the author of that work, who records that 'Jodhpur, as its other name Marwar, or the Region of Death, implies, is an inhospitable tract.' Your Highness has, however, taken care that I should see a good deal of life in Jodhpur and, whatever the learned author of the volume in question may say, I shall take away with me from Mawar nothing but the kindliest recollections."

It is, of course, true to say that the Jodhpur of the Prince's visit was not the Jodhpur of everyday life. For alongside the clean and quaint little town had sprung into existence a veritable city of canvas. Stretching far around the Rattanagra Palace, where His Royal Highness stayed, were magnificent avenues of tents, with one stately shamiana set amidst them which calls for particular description.

This was a marquee more than 150 feet long and considerably over a century old, having been looted from the Marathas during the merciless struggle between that race and the Rathors. Thus, at any rate, runs the local legend. The interior was of broad white and blue stripes, looking strikingly effective when lit up at night. Richly carpeted and furnished, this superb specimen of the tent-

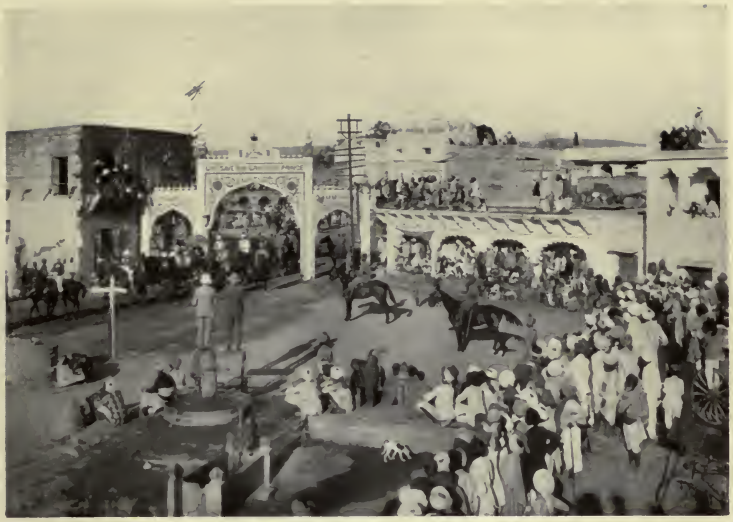
maker's art served the purpose of a general mess for the officers of the Prince's retinue, the Maharaja's staff, and the press correspondents, and it was herein that the State banquet was held.

The first morning in Jodhpur was given over to ceremonial functions, which follow a more or less stereotyped course in all the Indian States. After lunch the Prince was asked to choose his own recreation, and as a result played eight chukkers of polo without a break. Life in a native state flows placidly along an even tenor; it takes something tremendous to disturb its serenity and something phenomenal to maintain the disturbance. Except for the decorations the Jodhpur streets had become normal again half a dozen hours after the Prince's arrival.

A pig-sticking expedition was the great event of the second day in this basking Rathor capital. Or, rather, should it be said from this capital, since the expedition necessitated a motor drive of a good many miles across sand and scrub in order to reach the trysting-place marked by the first of the shikar kotris, or square, flat-topped towers designed for the double purpose of yielding an excellent view of the sport and providing shelter against any infuriated boar—if the pursued can reach it in time.

As it is essential to any prospect of success to begin operations with the first streaks of dawn the Prince and his party left Jodhpur whilst the night still lay heavy as velvet over the land. The first faint blush of sunrise found His Royal Highness mounting the sturdy little pony which was pawing the ground fretfully in its eagerness to get to work. He poised the long deadly lance in a manner which augured ill for the first pig that got in his path.

The hunt was organized in five beats, each consisting of four spears. Daylight ripens quickly in these latitudes, and the prospect grew out of the grey dimness like the waxing of a magic-lantern picture upon a shadowy screen. The red morning revealed undulating ground, much broken, covered with sparse scrub, great boulders, and



THE PROCESSION AT JODHPUR

H.R.H. GOES PIG-STICKING AT JODHPUR

IN THE CENTRE OF GROUP IS SIR PRATAB SINGH, AND ON THE RIGHT THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR

widely scattered trees, and intersected by a perfect trenchwork of nullahs, some ribbed and shallow, others deep and rubbly.

The Prince headed his party into a clump of tangled growth and soon the clatter of scampering hoofs mingled with the startled squeals of fleeing boars. Then came a shrill yelp of anguish as the first victim rolled over to the swift clean thrust of His Royal Highness, who kept his seat and dexterously recovered his spear notwithstanding the violent recoil of the impact.

A wild, exhilarating sport is pig-sticking, and to those who demur to it out of humane considerations it may be said that it probably gives the hunted animal a better chance than any other form of big game chase, whilst it is fraught with plenty of risk to those who follow it. During this first boar hunt by the Prince one of his party was thrown and very narrowly escaped being rolled over by his horse. The tushes of a wild Indian pig are terrible weapons. His Royal Highness was charged by the second boar which he killed, and it called into play all his notorious skill as a horseman to clear the rushing brute and get into position for tilting at it.

By the time the sun was two hours high in the heavens and beginning to bite vindictively the chase had run its course. Several pigs lay stark, their heads being secured for stuffing purposes (not to garnish ball-room supper tables !) and their carcases distributed for the benefit of those natives not by faith precluded from eating the very delectable flesh. The Prince, looking hot, dusty, and touselled, but in high spirits, abandoned the saddle for a motor-car and returned to Rattanagra Palace for a bath and breakfast, arriving whilst the flock of sacred peacocks on the lawn were still preening themselves after their night's roost before settling down to the day's business of strutting and screeching.

In the afternoon the Prince held his first review of Indian State troops when he saw that fine Imperial Service Regiment, the Jodhpur Lancers, march, trot,

gallop, and charge amid a haze of dust that shrouded the glaring yellow parade ground. This was the cavalry which after long and useful service upon the Western Front joined Allenby's Army in Palestine and bore such a distinguished share in that campaign. On one occasion a whole Turkish brigade, supported by a group of artillery, attacked that section of the line held by the Jodhpur Lancers. Throughout a long blazing forenoon, in a temperature of 110° in the shade, the Rajput horsemen maintained a successful resistance. Then two squadrons of the regiment which had forded the River Jordan hurled themselves against the southern flank of the enemy with such irresistible élan that they rolled up the foe, practically wiping out an entire Turkish cavalry regiment and capturing the commanding officer and several machine-guns.

Even more Homeric was their exploit at the Battle of Haifa, when they rode down and took nine field-guns, a large number of machine-guns and twelve hundred prisoners. The Prince recalled these magnificent services in a brief speech of congratulation to the Maharaja who led his men past in a manner which recalled the reply of his veteran father to a lady in a London drawing-room, who asked him whether he rode—" Madam, I am a Rajput!" At the State banquet the night before, His Royal Highness had referred to the fact that he " had the honour of inspecting this gallant regiment of distinction early in 1914," and paid tribute to the memory of Major Thakur Dalpat Singh, M.C., who fell in leading the charge at Haifa.

Leaving Jodhpur at eleven o'clock on the night of December 1, the metre-gauge royal train bore the Prince and his suite deeper yet into the Mawar Desert. Daylight revealed an arid landscape of desolate monotony, only relieved here and there by a thin scattering of moss-coloured scrub. But even this was blurred through the sand-cloud which rolled along with the train and rendered it imperative to keep all windows close shut.

Bikaner stands a veritable oasis amidst this baked sterility—a splendid monument to what the courage and labour of man can achieve against the inhospitability of nature. The fourth largest city in Rajputana, having a population of 70,000, it rears its imposing appearance upon a very slight elevation, compassed by a wall forty miles in circuit, built wholly of stone and crowned with battlements, having five gates and six sally ports. The lofty houses, the shining temples, and the massive fort appeal far less to the fancy than does the abundance of water and the profusion of rich foliage. For neither are the natural attributes of this land of sand, and one scarcely needs to be told that they have only been conjured hither by those same qualities of indomitable perseverance and skill which have left so many almost incredible tokens throughout ancient India.

Thus it was that the sudden transformation from the flat dreariness of the country to the gay brilliance of Bikaner railway station came as quite a startling revelation when, at ten o'clock on this burning December morning, the Prince alighted at a platform carpeted in snow-white, under a pandal of shimmering silk, upon a square of close-woven gold. The tall commanding figure of the Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh—so eminently popular in English society—clad and turbaned in the uniform of Colonel of the famous Camel Corps, stood with hand rigidly at the salute as the train came to rest. With him were the two Mahraj Kumars, Sadul Singh and Bijoy Singh. Around was ranged the usual glittering group of Sirdars and State officials, flanked by a statuesque guard of honour of Sadu Infantry, whose band burst bravely if somewhat blaringly into the National Anthem.

It is inevitable that there must be a certain sameness about all descriptions of these scenes of Indian splendour, pitched as they are in the dominating note of gorgeous spectacle. Yet in truth there was abundant variety alike of detail and setting which it is beyond the limited range of word-painting to convey. Leigh Hunt speaks

of " uniformity in variety," and in trying to translate the impressions of the Prince's Indian tour one cannot but be conscious of the felicity of the definition. But the variety was there all the same even amidst a severely stereotyped repetition of formalities.

The one distinctive memory of Bikaner is the native entertainment given in the Raja Rai Singh Fort after the State banquet in the Ganga Niwas within the same hoary pile. True there had been a review of the famous Ganga Resala, or Bikaner Camel Corps, in the afternoon, when the long-necked creatures tried to emulate the trotting past of the cavalry with grotesque effect which left one wondering how the swarthy troopers maintained their surging seats with their rifles so steadily poised. But camels and elephants had already become such familiar details in the kaleidoscopic round of the royal tour that this fantastic military pageant was a passing incident rather than a lasting reminiscence.

Not so the evening tamasha. This began with a native fire-dance in the great palace courtyard, specially darkened to heighten the weird effect. Around a big glowing heap of charcoal sat a circle of eerie-looking figures drubbing upon tom-toms and chanting low monotonous refrains. When the Prince and the Maharaja had taken their seats amidst the group of guests there suddenly trooped forth a file of black men, naked but for their slender loin-cloths. Passing through the musicians they began to prance in diminishing circles around the crimson heap. Then one sprang right upon it, kicking up a regular cascade of sparks. Another followed him, then another, and the smouldering embers became acrawl with bursting flames. The dancers kept whirling, yelling in an ecstatic manner as they showered the firebrands about. They did not keep up their salamander-like performance very long at a spell, but it was a marvel how they trod the palpitating mound at all. For there was no deception as to the true character of it : the heat was like a blast from a furnace door at a distance of a dozen yards around. From time

to time one of these satanic-looking creatures would snatch up a red cinder and hold it betwixt his lips for full thirty seconds before ejecting it with a yelp of satisfaction which left no room for any idea of pain. One or two members of the Prince's staff essayed to do the same, but got no farther than dropping the embers with lightning-like rapidity and putting their fingers into their mouths instead. They concluded that they lacked the religious fervour which was said to explain the extraordinary endurance of these wild men.

But even religious fervour does not provide a scientific explanation of how any human beings can dance upon an incandescent mound without being burnt. The marvel of the performance came at the end of it, when the dancers, all seemingly delighted with themselves, drew up in a salaaming line for the Prince to inspect their feet. Not only was there absolutely no trace of scorching, but the extremities of these mysterious people were actually quite cool and moist.

From this orgie—or ordeal—of fire the Prince ascended to a great quadrangle upon the roof of the palace, taking his seat in a little gallery fronting the closely latticed walls of the zenana, ablaze with cunning convolutions of electric lamps. Here the stars peered down upon a scene such as Aladdin might have conjured to tax the witchery of his lamp. A band composed of bearded men in soft mauve robes played shrill, reedy music, chased and often overtaken by a kettle-drummer whose sole business appeared to lie in accentuating the discord.

Into this balconied enclosure there trooped—one cannot truthfully say tripped—some forty nautch girls in red and green and blue and pink costumes, all deeply fringed with gold, wearing pretty fancy silk shawls lightly draped over their heads and tinkling ornaments upon their arms and ankles. They ranged themselves in two ranks facing the Prince ; some of them were very diminutive, others were far from young, and their beauty

may perhaps be most kindly described as of a characteristic type.

First these artistes sang and then they danced. As a *pièce de résistance* they did both. Their voices blended well, but struck the European ear as altogether expressionless. Their first effort was an extravagant pæan about the Prince in an interminable number of stanzas set to a somewhat dirge-like air which was considerably obscured by the energy of the band. But since it was received with a storm of applause by those who understood it there could be no question as to its merits as a specimen of Rajput music, and one wondered, with sympathetic curiosity, how it is possible that there can be such an incredible divergence in the whole conception of melody and harmony between Western and Eastern music. This became most acutely emphasized when, at the close of their entertainment, the bevy of ladies plunged into the air of " God Save the King " in Marwari amid such a storm of discords that it really needed the uprising of the audience to set at rest doubts as to what the strident number was intended to be.

The dancing was of a very primitive order. It consisted mainly of a species of shuffling and slow revolving coupled with a certain degree of arm-poising. Of rhythm there was absolutely none. Without any semblance to unison of action a dancer would break out of the ranks as the spirit moved her, do her gyrations stiffly from the hips, and drop back with a little beam of achievement. The band drubbed and droned through it all without pause, and it is only fair to say that there was generally complete independence between time and steps. To the European eye and ear it was fascinating in its quaint novelty, at the same time compelling a hopeless effort at comprehension from the very manifest fact that it all appealed strongly to cultured Indian taste.

A candle dance by a body of nautch specialists was a striking spectacle. All the illuminations were suddenly eclipsed and into the dark arena there filed a batch of

girls balancing glass coronals upon their heads, each of which contained a dozen or so candles. They moved around in a slow procession like exaggerated fire-flies in the gloom, and although their pirouetting was purely tentative their skill in balancing the weighty little constellations was thoroughly deserving the applause which it got.

But the nautch girls were only one "turn" in the Bikaner programme of native entertainments. There was a sword-dancer with a most courtly grace of salaaming and a capacity for horn-piping bare-footed upon razor-keen blades, which the audience were invited to feel for themselves, that was wonderful and fearsome. There was a juggler who pranced about upon the rims of brimming bowls of water without spilling a drop and sat heavily upon fragile glassware with no more damaging results than to produce sweetmeats out of emptiness. There was a fierce bearded antiquarian who introduced to the notice of His Royal Highness the most ancient musical instrument in India, the bin, fashioned, as far as one could see, out of a small tree trunk and catgut, and then proceeded to play it—not with very effective results, for beyond a muffled fitful wail at irregular intervals nothing was audible. But the whole evening was all a very wonderful fantasy with a mystic suggestiveness about it due of course to the romantic environment.

A quiet week-end at the Maharaja's shooting-box overlooking the beautiful lake of Gujner, and the potting of 370 wild duck by the Prince's party—whereof His Royal Highness topped the individual scores with thirty-seven birds—brought to a close the Bikaner visit. And then away northward again for the last halt of the tour in Rajputana, at Bharatpur, which was reached on the morning of December 7. The Maharaja Sir Brajandra Sawai Kishan Singh, who at the head of a large glittering retinue greeted the Prince on his arrival, is perhaps one of the keenest sportsmen and best shots in India, and as

he humorously remarked in the course of his banquet toast proposing the health of his guest, " There have been many shortcomings in our arrangements for entertaining your Royal Highness, but at least we have our loyal duck." Of course, he was referring to the famous shooting in the jheels of Keoladve, three miles out of the city, where in 1914 Lord Hardinge, the then Viceroy, with a party of forty-nine guns, made the record bag of 4,082 birds.

The Prince and his staff shot for less than three hours on the morning of December 8, for the birds were flying very high and conditions were not good. Still, a bag of 1,557 fowl was secured before returning to the Moti-Mahal Palace, in which the Prince accounted for sixty-four and the Maharaja for 117.

En passant, the Maharaja of Bharatpur demonstrated the sincerity of his friendship in a very pleasing manner, for two days after the departure of the Prince a son was born to him, whom he named Edwardman Singh, on learning which His Royal Highness sent a brooch in the form of the Prince of Wales' Feathers with a request that as soon as the little chap was old enough to don a pugaree he should wear it thereon.

The outstanding reminiscence of the two days' stay at Bharatpur is the great night pageant at Akhad. Strictly speaking it was a military review, but curiously interwoven with historic and episodic detail. The stage for this impressive display was a spacious *maidan*, overlooking which rises a big knoll, on top whereof was erected a luxurious shamiana to accommodate the guests. The night chanced to be very dark, notwithstanding the starlight, which greatly enhanced the effectiveness of the show. A close-set row of concealed electric globes, on the stage footlight principle, threw out a bright square of golden light that probably measured two hundred yards across, and the surrounding ground was rendered the blacker by the contrast. As a result one saw nothing but the very vaguest shadowy movement in the deep obscurity until the various features of the procession emerged on to the

shining stage in the full splendour of their variegated colouring. Indeed it was all very like an immense cinematograph with the night as a back curtain, save for the infinitely deeper interest which came from consciousness of the living reality of the panorama.

The performance opened with a great blare of the National Anthem by the massed bands of the State troops, during which a colossal fleur-de-lis above the motto " Ich Dien " blazed up in the near distance to be shortly quenched so as not to confuse the sight. Then from out of the left darkness there rode a solitary horseman, a most richly uniformed figure mounted upon a white steed almost smothered in the splendour of its trappings. The Commander-in-Chief of the Bharatpur State Forces, he advanced slowly until abreast of where the Prince sat. Here his horse rose gracefully upon its hind legs, and in this poise continued its progress whilst its erect rider swept his sabre round to the salute, carried it dropped for a dozen paces, and flashed it up to the recover again. It was a wonderful, indeed a majestic, piece of trick riding, and the Prince heartily led the roar of approval which followed it.

In quick succession there came long columns of typical Oriental pomp and circumstance. Sometimes they moved to the measures of lilting quick-steps, sometimes to the skirl of an admirable pipe band, sometimes to the chorusing of a great invisible assemblage of boy singers giving voice to plaintive Jat war chants. Infantry in red and blue and white, topped by a wavering sea of bright turbans, swung by in perfect rhythm. Curious camel dandhis came and went in a sort of jerky progression. The famous State coach, streaming back the light in many-hued glints, rolled across the alfresco stage. A lion standing quite placidly in an open cart with its keeper calmly stroking its back called forth a murmur of half-startled surprise, as likewise did a small batch of eager-looking cheetahs. There came lumbering elephants, tiny ponies, and cavorting horses evidently being restrained with some

difficulty from displaying the special tricks in which they had been trained.

More than five thousand of the Bharatpur soldiery went through the flood of soft light. More elephants drew ornate guns each of which had its own history of the long past. Still more elephants bore standard-bearers leaning out of their glittering howdahs the better to display their waving flags. Camels harnessed to much more modern artillery followed upon long squadrons of splendid cavalry. The Mule Transport Corps introduced a very modern touch by displaying a captured German field-kitchen. The sense of incongruity was again appealed to when a caterpiller tractor snorted by lugging a miscellaneous train of cannons and wagons, although some attempt to maintain verisimilitude was displayed by the presence of a flanking escort of small elephants. The barbarically dressed bodyguard of the Maharaja received a great round, possibly not less on account of the strange elfin-like music of their horns than for their picturesque appearance.

And so the fantastic pageant went, occupying more than an hour in tramping and hoofing and rolling past, during the whole of which time the Prince sat with his eyes fixed upon the impalpable proscenium of electric light. The Maharaja told him that he had even ordered the engines of the State aeroplanes to be temporarily removed so as to get power enough for adequate illumination. What he did not tell His Royal Highness, however, but what may now be recorded, is that he personally devised, rehearsed and stage-managed the whole of this memorable spectacle.

CHAPTER V

LUCKNOW TO CALCUTTA

ON leaving Rajputana the Prince of Wales entered upon a fresh phase of his Indian tour. He passed from warm welcome and fine sport into regions perturbed by political conditions and where the more strictly official ceremonial of British regime held sway. This is not to imply that his welcome remained any the less warm. But it would be a faithless form of narrative to pretend that it was unattended by qualifying circumstances which caused alike regret and uneasiness.

One felt this on approaching Lucknow. The city had been claimed as a stronghold of the Non-Co-operation Movement, and the extremists had been loud in their campaign. Their frank intention was to militate in every feasible manner against the success of the Prince's visit; and although few doubted that their bark was much worse than their bite, still there was the memory of what happened at Bombay rather uncomfortably fresh in mind. Happily in Sir Harcourt Butler the United Provinces possessed a Governor of rare tact coupled with strong determination. He faced a situation, rendered the more difficult by its very elusiveness, with extraordinary skill, and whilst the immensely preponderating element of loyalty in Lucknow was enabled to give full expression to its sentiments, the other side never attempted anything beyond a mere passive attitude of dissent.

In fact the boycott achieved little more than to accen-

tuate the heartiness of the welcome against which it contrasted. Most of the Indian shops had complied with the order for hartal. But this order did not prevent the presence in the streets on the morning of the Prince's arrival of large numbers of men whose political creed was advertised by their Gandhi caps. Probably curiosity was the mastering factor ; the inherent love for tamasha makes voluntary absence a very real sacrifice.

The royal train steamed into the Central Station at ten o'clock on the morning of December 9, and His Royal Highness was received by the Governor and the principal European and Indian officials. He inspected two guards of honour and received an address in the gaily decorated booking-hall. He then drove in state along the lengthy route to Government House, which lay through densely populated districts. Along the roads were ranged multitudes of Indians, standing on the footways, seated in beflagged stands, and ranged in rows behind the lines of rigid infantry. Squadrons of the 16th Queen's Lancers and " K " Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery trotted in escort. The Prince stopped at the Council Chamber to receive various Chiefs and listen to another address. Shortly after his arrival at Government House he gave interviews to the Nawab of Rampur, the Rajah of Tehri, and a dozen Taluqdars of Oudh. After lunch he played a vigorous game of polo with the Star and Crescents, Ginger Nuts, and Dilkusha on the Martiniere ground.

The Gandhi-ites broke down heavily in their adhesion to the hartal when a large fleet of Army lorries was distributed throughout the city bearing great placards of invitation to " Come and see the Prince and have a Free Ride." The temptation was irresistible, and as the day wore on these lumbering vehicles bore an increasing proportion of Gandhi caps. The gharri drivers were a distinctly unhappy community. They had struck in large numbers, counting upon quite spoiling the festivities for want of transport. Now they saw themselves losing a rich harvest of fares and a great grinning public enjoying

free conveyance. This was making politics too expensive a pastime altogether.

There were demonstrations of loyalty which deserve to stand on prominent record. A big strike had been decided upon by employees of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, in connexion with the eternal question of wages and grievances. These men voluntarily postponed the date long previously fixed for coming out so that the Prince's visit should not be interfered with. The proprietors of various bazaars which remained closed caused word to be passed surreptitiously that they would supply anything they had which His Royal Highness might want through their back doors, and a few of these went so far as to add that they would take no payment.

In spite of the pretty full programme of formal functions which marked the Prince's three days' visit to Lucknow there were some good opportunities for sport; likewise were there various episodes of very distinctive interest. In presenting the prizes to the students at the King George's Medical College, His Royal Highness delivered a characteristic little homily upon the importance of sport in the formation of character. "Games," he declared, "played in the right way develop those very qualities which we most closely associate with the term. No one will succeed at games unless he works hard. No one can play games properly if he is selfish or jealous or is not prepared to join with others to bring success to his side. The combination of points in a true sportsman must be seasoned with the spice of determination and courage, which qualities produce an esprit de corps such as helped the Empire to win the war, and which will carry us through many of the difficulties of life."

The voicing of such sentiments naturally accentuated the ovation which the Prince received when that same afternoon he rode in some races arranged by the Gymkhana Club, twice leading the field past the winning-post. It was in the second race that he mounted Rajah Sripal Singh's "Rainbow" for a six furlongs' romp, and gaining

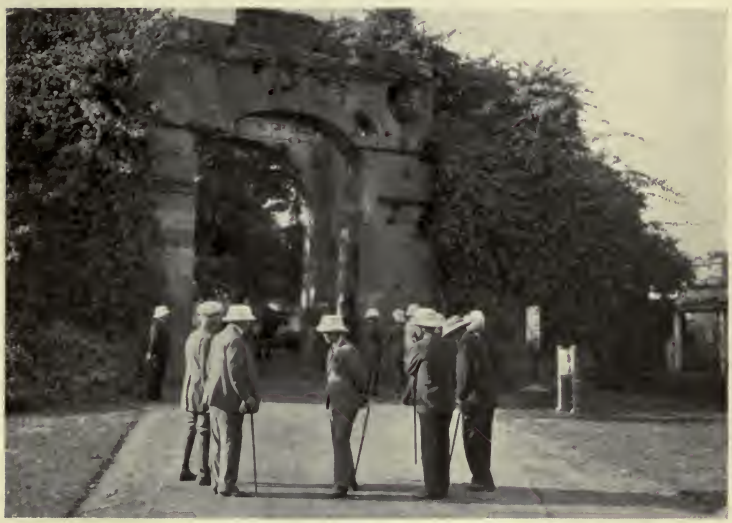
the lead at the bend won easily by three lengths, to a hurricane of cheering which lasted for several minutes. The next race, in which he took part upon Major N. A. H. Campbell's "Smiling Morn," was a more strenuous struggle. With Diana Middleton and Capricorn slightly ahead the scamper down the straight was most exciting. Foot by foot the Prince, lying well down on the neck of his steed and lightly flicking its quarters with the whip, drew ahead, passing the winning-post with a lead of hardly half a length. In the last two contests he each time secured second place. The scene on the presentation of the cups was one of tumultous enthusiasm, and when, smiling broadly, His Royal Highness left the course to return to Government House, the crowd burst all bounds, closing around in an irresistible torrent of delighted humanity, so that for several moments his car was unable to hoot a passage for itself.

The fête given by the Taluqdars of Oudh in the famous Kaiserbagh was the principal spectacular display of the Lucknow visit. The great square was illuminated into a perfect blaze of glory, but the ceremony consisted principally of a superb costume pageant, during the course of which the Prince was welcomed, enthroned and garlanded.

But probably not least amongst the impressive memories of his whole wonderful Eastern tour which will remain with His Royal Highness is that of the quiet Sunday afternoon he spent in the old Residency and its exquisitely kept grounds, about which the peacocks strut as though with conscious pride in their surroundings. The Union Jack, which is never struck from its flagstaff on top of the jagged remains of the tower, rippled languidly, and the wind sighed softly through the trees as though in subdued reminiscence. By a curious coincidence General Sir Havelock Hudson, whose father was aide-de-camp to the great General during the immortal defence, chanced to be rambling amongst the ruins at the same time.

The Prince dwelt long in this spot. He read with

DANCING GIRLS AT BIKANER



A QUIET AFTERNOON IN THE OLD RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

evident emotion the tablet to the glorious record of his own regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in those days known as the 32nd Foot. Likewise the tribute, carved in stone, paid by Lord Canning to the heroes who, by night and day for many weary weeks, kept the ever-swelling army of the mutineers at bay. He saluted the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence upon which rested a beautiful wreath laid there by his command. He commented upon the nobility of the simple epitaph—"Here lies all that could die of William Stephen Raikes Hodson." He descended into the gloomy thykana where the women and children took shelter from the unceasing fire of the rebels, helping amid their own infinite sufferings by tending the wounded and maintaining the spirits of their men-folk through the darkest hours. He looked with wonder at the great guns of the *Shannon* which Peel's Naval Brigade brought up from the remote coast, goodness knows how in an age when mechanical transport was scarcely dreamt of in that scorching land.

It was on this same day that there occurred one of those little incidents so characteristic of the Prince. A letter was brought to him written by a cripple of Unac. In simple but quite excellent English he deplored that he was deprived of seeing His Royal Highness by the fact that he was bedridden with hip-disease ; adding that he was of the same age as His Royal Highness, and had been a college student as long as he could continue to move about. The Prince at once sent him a fine photograph with a cheery message to the effect that whilst he was grieved to hear that one of his own age was bedridden he wished him a speedy recovery and freedom from pain.

The Lucknow visit furnished a striking example of the magnetic qualities of the Prince. It began with a hartal of an unmistakably determined character. Within three days it had developed into a welcome which bore palpable tokens of desire to make atonement for any original inhospitality. Gandhi caps became a much-

successfully defended himself and his family, armed only with a spear.

The outstanding incident of the Prince's visit to Benares was the opening by him of the new buildings of the Hindu University, and the conferring upon him of that University's degree of Doctor of Letters, whereby His Royal Highness became an Indian pandit. He drove to the scene in the Maharaja's silver coach of State, a vehicle which glistened altogether too painfully to the vision in the sun, escorted by flaming horsemen. The route was crowded with a wonderful variety of native costumes due, of course, to the never-ending influx of pilgrims from every part of India, whose presence converts Benares into the most vivid medley of colours and fashions which probably the whole of the great shining East has to offer.

In an immense semicircular shamiana facing the fine University buildings was assembled a crowd which must have run well into double figures in thousands. So densely was it packed that the unfortunate mothers of babies who insisted on crying loudly throughout the reading of the addresses were unable to move. The Chancellor, who was accompanied by the Maharaja of Mysore and all the dignitaries of the University, made a most striking speech, wherein he dwelt upon the traditions of Benares as an age-long centre of religion and culture, emphasizing the fitness of setting up in such a place a modern University and, in a most graceful peroration, calling upon His Royal Highness to declare the new buildings open.

The Prince, standing under a broad golden canopy, made reply in his happiest vein. He grew reminiscent upon the subject of his own University career, crumpling up his notes whilst he spoke in a way which showed he had got away from all rehearsed utterance. "If I can communicate to you to-day," said he, "something of what I felt as an undergraduate about my University it may help you in your careers and make you still

prouder of your University, which I am sure you are already proud of. I think all English University men look back on their time at the University as the happiest years of their lives. When they go up, they have left behind them for the first time the sheltered care of home and the narrow discipline and limited experiences of school life. They are for the first time out in the world. It is a world full of interest, full of splendid possibilities, everything fresh, there has been no time to get tired of anything or be disillusioned. The mind and spirits are in their most enthusiastic and respective stage. Unhampered by doubts they can definitely pronounce each thing as good or bad and take or leave it. They readily receive a direct appeal to their imaginations, fine ideas or of high standards of character and conduct. They have a delightful intimacy with hundreds of young men similarly situated, out of which life-long friendships spring up. As the terms went by, we undergraduates began to feel the unseen presence of those who had left our college and made good in the world. Their influence was with us in our daily round. Hundreds of them men who had been undergraduates like ourselves, who had played in the same parks, who had rowed on the same river, who had attended the same lecture halls, who had worshipped in the same chapel. They had left the college and 'varsity. They had gone out into the world and become greater statesmen or soldiers or painters, writers or divines, men of science or learning, pioneers of industry or commerce. These were men who had helped to make the Empire and helped to make us proud of it. This goodly company spurred us on. We made up our minds that no act or omission of ours should lower those great traditions. We knew that not every one can be good at books or good at games or popular as a leader in the college, but we also knew that every one can try his best or do all or some of these things and we resolved that one who tried should be honoured and respected by his fellows, whatever their tastes, because he

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was keeping up the tradition of the college and University. We went farther and determined that men who did not try were no use to their college or the University. I think that this self-imposed standard which we had inherited from countless previous generations of undergraduates enabled us to get the best out of University life. I believe that it is these influences which give distinction, defying time or change, to training at older Universities. Out in the world or in the Empire a University Degree commands respect, but taken alone its value is only relative, for there are other ways of acquiring knowledge and other tests of efficiency than a degree. If, however, a degree is coupled with certainty that a man has had University life of the right kind as well, its value is infinitely enhanced."

That such counsel and retrospect, expressed with that clarity and vigour of inflection which is one of His Royal Highness's natural gifts, would deeply stimulate the popular enthusiasm which accompanied the ceremony of creating him a pandit, was to be expected. But probably few in that great concourse were prepared for the perfect tornado of applause which rolled in slow-dying echoes down the Ganges. The Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya offered up a prayer in Sanskrit, following upon which the Chancellor drew a rich pink robe around the shoulders of the Prince and placed a turban of golden cloth upon his head.

Lunch at the Ramnagar Palace as the guest of the Maharaja was followed by a river trip under the shadow of the famous ghats. The long vista of high-perched temples, minaretted palaces, and cupola-domed shrines, flushed and sparkling in the sunlight, was one not readily to be forgotten. A vast rainbow-hued concourse had assembled upon the foreshore to greet the Prince when he landed. Report insisted that there was a hartal on in Benares. If so, there were certainly no manifestations of it—in striking contrast to the sulkiness of Allahabad. True, most of the bazaars were closed. But as the

arrival of His Royal Highness was made the occasion of a public holiday there was no suggestion of boycott in this circumstance.

Shortly after sunset that evening the Prince and his staff left for a spell of big-game shooting in Nepal. His send-off upon this brief period of well-earned holiday was really tremendous, even the native police joining in with the cheering of the crowds. And when a native policeman descends to the level of the populace in this way it means that sentiment must be deeply stirred indeed.

The Prince went to Nepal as the private guest of the Prime Minister and Marshal of that State, the Maharaja Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung. He took with him the members of his staff, but not the representatives of the Press who accompanied him on his tour. He travelled on the narrow-gauge line of the Bengal and North-Western Railway to Bhikna Thori, a little station situated within a quarter of a mile of the frontier. On arriving here at 8.30 on the morning of December 14, His Royal Highness was met by the Maharaja and Lieut.-Colonel W. F. T. O'Connor, British Envoy to the Court of Nepal. The camp was pitched on high ground about three-quarters of a mile from the station, but shooting extended over the Chitawan and Shikaribas districts, covering a radius of about thirty miles. For months previously thousands of workers had been employed making roads fit for motoring over through dense jungle and often across very broken ground, leading from the camp to the sites of the beats.

All shooting in Nepal, whether for tiger or rhinoceros, is done from elephants, as is likewise the beating. The country is prolific in these beasts and the Prince was keenly looking forward to good sport. In tiger beating the game is ringed in by a large circle of elephants amongst which are distributed the guns. The circle is gradually narrowed down, the elephants trampling the long grass and thus clearing open spaces through which the tiger can break cover. As a rule the victim remains concealed

as long as possible and the suspense during the last few minutes, whilst the watchers with their guns poised are eagerly awaiting the direction of the rush, is decidedly thrilling.

Hunting was organized on a scale which would doubtless make old-time shikaris, used to stalking their game afoot, sniff contemptuously. Over five hundred elephants had been collected for the purpose. Stages on the roads were connected by telephone with the camp, and a perfect army of look-outs scattered through the forests rendered it practically impossible for a tiger or a rhinoceros to move without its presence being promptly signalled back. The camp itself might more fittingly be described as a white city in canvas. It was most luxuriously furnished and lit by electric light. But for its environment there was really nothing to distinguish it from the best residential arrangements of the tour in the big centres of the Indian States. The spot overlooking the junction of two rivers commanded a magnificent vista of the foothills which rolled towards the distant snow-capped ridge of the Himalayas. Around, the forest clustered dense and near, casting long green shadows over the tents during several hours of the day.

On the border line the Prince's car passed beneath a triumphal arch decorated with the skins of tigers, bears, black buck, and other trophies of the hunt, interwoven with banana leaves. Over the entrance were the words in gold, " Hearty Welcome to Britain's Sporting Prince," whilst on the other side gleamed the inscription, " God Bless the Kaisar-i-Hind's Soldier Son." Crossing into Nepalese territory His Royal Highness ran into a thoroughly orthodox welcome. Men were drawn up on either side the route with brass and copper plates in their hands, containing flowers, fried rice, incense, and the vermilion powder called ibir. These they showered at the Prince, who stopped the car, descended, and gravely salaamed, to the intense gratification of the little community.

He then inspected two guards of honour furnished by the Nepalese Army and the British Envoy's escort, after which, with the Maharaja's own band throbbing out wild strains of welcome, His Royal Highness continued his short journey to the camp.

During the course of this same day the Prince shot his first tiger in the Nepal Terai. It measured 9 feet 6 inches and was therefore rather more than a medium-sized brute. His staff also accounted for three tigers before the cease fire was called for the day.

During the seven days spent in the Bhikna Tori the royal party totalled a bag of seventeen tigers, nine rhinoceroses, two bears and two leopards. The Prince himself did not shoot regularly, spending a good deal of time in the saddle. The evenings in camp were very entertaining. The Nepalese pipers played a regular Highland skirl around the mess table every night. Parties of Gurkhas performed fantastic folk dances round the camp-fires, and one form of amusement into which the Prince and his staff entered with great zest was the lopping-off of tree branches with the national weapon—the kukri, a most deadly blade in practised hands.

It was with unfeigned regret that the Prince left Bhikna Thori at seven o'clock on the evening of December 21 for Patna, where he arrived, by steamer from Paleza Ghat, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22nd. Lord Sinha, Governor of Bihar and Orissa, had but recently been forced into retirement by failing health and was therefore unable to greet His Royal Highness, who was met by the Acting-Governor, Mr. le Mesurier. The programme of the two days' visit was of a very quiet character, the principal item in it being a garden party given by the landed magnates of the Province in Hardinge Park. Patna is one of the most ancient cities in India, its history stretching back over 2,500 years, and it figures prominently in the early annals of British enterprise in Bengal.

The Prince therefore naturally found much to interest

him in looking around this picturesque place which straggles along nearly seven miles of the river bank. He saw the opium factory, reputed to be one of the oldest remaining European buildings in India, likewise the wonderful beehive-shaped granary, known as the Gola, built in 1786, as the inscription upon it relates, " in part of a general plan ordered by the Governor-General and Council, January 30, 1784, for the perpetual prevention of famine in these Provinces," but which, like a great many other of the colossal achievements in this " land of regrets," has never been put to any practical use.

The visit to Patna, interesting indeed though it was, appeared to be designed more in the nature of a break in the journey from Nepal to Calcutta. Yet it materially contributed towards the great main purpose of this tour, which was to enable the people of India to see the Prince. To attempt to measure the effect and influence of any one visit by the character of the official programme framed in connexion with it could obviously only result in setting up a most misleading standard. For frequently the wholly unrehearsed incident would produce a far greater impression than the carrying out of a crowded round of prearranged events. The people of Bihar and Orissa greeted the Prince with very much more delight when they saw him rollicking in the saddle of a polo pony on the afternoon of his first day in their capital than when he appeared before them to the accompaniment of bands and guns and all the glaring splendour of a public arrival. And the result was that his " private departure " for Calcutta on the night of December 23 was the occasion of a very much more enthusiastic demonstration than had heralded his coming thirty-six hours before.

CHAPTER VI

CALCUTTA

THE royal train carrying the Prince of Wales and his suite rolled into the semi-twilight of Howrah Station, Calcutta, at 10 a.m. (railway time) on December 24. The alighting platform was profusely decorated with flowers and draped in bunting of many hues, whilst an enclosed spot dedicated to the ceremony of making presentations had been transformed into a luxurious palm court. Beyond long tiers of seats were occupied by several thousands of spectators, chiefly European, who cheered lustily when the Calcutta Scottish marched in with pipes and drums and strung out as a guard of honour along the regular sea of red carpet.

His Royal Highness was received by a big and brilliant cluster of exalted personages on stepping from the train to the pealing of guns from Fort William. Amongst these were the Governor of Bengal, Lord Ronaldshay and his staff, Lord Rawlinson and his staff, Vice-Admiral Clinton Baker, the Governor of Assam and his staff, the Chief Justice, the Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, Lieut.-General Sir Havelock Hudson, the General Officer Commanding Presidency and Assam District, the Commissioner of Burdwan, the Inspector-General of Police, Calcutta, the Agents of the East Indian and Bengal-Nagpur Railways, and the Chairman of the Howrah Municipality. With all of these the Prince shook hands as they were presented by His Excellency.

After inspecting the guard of honour the Prince entered the shining State barouche, and accompanied by a splendid

escort of Royal Field Artillery, 4th Hussars, Calcutta Light Horse and 35–36th Indian Cavalry drew out on to the Howrah Bridge. Here he got his first sight of Calcutta, a fine bird's-eye view of the great city rising on either side of the turgid Hughli, trellised in by the masts and spars of close-moored ships densely rainbowed with bunting.

But the crowd was the thing that mattered—chiefly because there had been grounds for apprehension lest they might possibly matter very much indeed. The Non-Co-operator organizers had been busy for weeks. They had imported batches of malcontents from the mill districts, at six annas per head per day, to preach sedition and practise violence. During the month immediately preceding the visit of the Prince more than three thousand of these potential rioters had been rounded up by the harassed police, and to clear the air on the day of his arrival another five hundred were collected. Rumour did her very worst with such fertile possibilities. The destruction of the Howrah Bridge was confidently predicted, and a large number of Englishmen, determined to stand no nonsense, kept vigil upon it throughout the night of December 23, in the rôle of a Civil Guard. A complete hartal was sedulously preached, but this probably rather relieved the city authorities than otherwise, for had the million population of Calcutta been in anything of a unanimous sightseeing mood, the congestion along the route must have been simply appalling.

As it was, there was everywhere a goodly crowd, with here and there a dense mob bunched at some particular vantage-point. Especially was this the case at the head of Harrison Road and in Dalhousie Square. Calcutta had " done herself proud " in the matter of decorations. Indeed, her one avowed ambition was to beat Bombay in this respect. The famous, stately Chowringee was superbly mantled and garlanded. Some of the efforts were decidedly novel, as for instance the display given by the Calcutta Fire Brigade, which ran up a lofty

pyramidical arch of fire escapes bearing a cluster of brass-helmed figures from base to apex.

In the beautiful grounds of Dalhousie Square, adjacent to the old Fort William and the Black Hole, the Prince stopped to receive the City Fathers' address of welcome, read by Mr. C. Payne, Chairman of the Corporation. Amid a gay and glittering setting, under the canopy of a great royal crown set above a crimson dais, His Royal Highness spoke his first message to the citizens of India's old capital. Thence on, betwixt window-packed and roof-teeming buildings, echoing the " thundering cheer of the street," to Government House, where the Prince stayed during his visit to Calcutta.

That afternoon His Royal Highness made acquaintance with the world-famous race-course, attending a meeting wherein the principal event was a six-furlongs heat for a cup presented by himself. His appearance upon the ground was the signal for a tumult of enthusiasm which effectually proclaimed the splendid breadth and depth of Calcutta's welcome. The Indian stands were packed in a fashion which only Eastern imperturbability can bear with equanimity. The barriers fronting the grand stand ruled off a perfect sea of humanity mapped by all the colours under the sun. The Prince remained throughout the entire programme. He soon left the royal box to walk about the Turf Club enclosure, chatting and laughing with the most cheery freedom and inspecting the entries for the various events with comments of intimate knowledge. Before leaving he presented the cups to the respective winners, his own trophy falling to that well-known Calcutta sportsman, Mr. Galstaun, who made over all his winnings of the day to a charity nominated by the Prince. The rolling clamour of acclamation which accompanied His Royal Highness's return to Government House was the most convincing answer to those who were still asking " whether Calcutta was going to be a big success ? "

True, the hartallers made a final effort during the

first night. In the native quarter they cut off the light, inconveniencing nobody so much as themselves, and in the darkness there was some rough and tumble work, amounting to nothing very serious. Probably the badmashes did a good deal of snatching to the usual accompaniments of jabbing and kicking. But to associate this sort of opportunist ruffianism with political protest against the Prince's visit as some of the vernacular papers gleefully sought to do, was scarcely even funny.

Christmas Day the Prince and his staff spent quietly —as the word found definition during this very energetic tour. The Indian staff and retinue made His Royal Highness a gift of a regular little clipper of a polo pony, together with their loyal greetings. Divine Service in the Cathedral was the only occasion of His Royal Highness's public appearance during the day.

The great event of Boxing Day was the semi-State attendance at the Calcutta Races in the afternoon. Escorted by the Governor's gorgeous bodyguard the Prince drove to the course in the royal barouche, through streets packed with Indians in holiday attire. The race for the Viceroy's Cup was a splendidly run contest, being won by the general favourite, Mr. Goculdas's "Roubaix," amid a storm of cheering in which the Prince joined. In the evening a State dance was given at Government House—the word "ball" being modified to permit of the wearing of mess-dress—His Royal Highness appearing in the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders. Although he danced with great zest well into the night, he was up and away on a mounted paper-chase before breakfast the following morning, being about the only rider in the entire field who kept his saddle throughout the long romp.

During this same morning the Prince met the great University of Calcutta, assembled in the Ball and Throne Rooms of Government House for the purpose of conferring upon him an honorary degree. Lord Ronaldshay, as Chancellor, opened the convocation, and the Vice-

Chancellor, Sir Ashutosh Mukerjee, after a delightful speech of welcome, robed His Royal Highness in Doctor's gown and hood and called upon him to sign the register of graduates. It was all a very impressive piece of academic spectacle, serving as it did as a reminder of the wonderful march of higher education in India.

The Indian entertainment which took place on the afternoon of December 27 was assuredly the most popular function of the Prince's stay in Calcutta. On the beautiful *maidan* a great circular enclosure had been erected, within the almost grotesquely ornate confines of which seating accommodation was provided for half a lakh of spectators. The programme had been framed under the supervision of a committee presided over by Sir Rajendranath Mookerjee. Valuable co-operation was forthcoming from the Royal Reception Committee and others who possessed particular qualifications for organizing special features of the great historic pageantry. The Prince, on arriving in the vast arena, drove very slowly entirely around it, waving greetings to the cheering multitudes. He then took his seat upon a dais of great magnificence, and the wonderful programme began.

The first item was the intonation of metrical blessings, both Hindu and Mussulman, upon His Royal Highness. The officiating pandits and maulvis were presented and made ceremonial offerings on silver platters, consisting of silver coco-nuts, rice, grass, flowers, and symbolic coins, concluding with the garlanding of the Prince with white flowers. Throughout this immemorial ceremony His Royal Highness remained standing. On resuming his seat the first of the three great processions began slowly to advance. At its head marched a group of devotees clad in salmon-coloured robes, chanting Sanskrit hymns to the accompaniment of soft eerie music. As though to explain the motif of these melodies came thirteen bullock-drawn carts, containing tableaux which symbolized firstly the seven principal notes of Hindu music, and secondly the six principal "rags" or melody-types. Scrupulous

accuracy of classical detail had been observed in the ensemble of each picturesque group, the whole procession being religious in character, representing, amid settings of traditional splendour and extraordinary richness of harmonious colour, the god or goddess whose name was associated with the note or melody. Perhaps nothing was more impressive than the absolutely statuesque pose of the figures ; seldom was it possible to detect so much as a tremor amongst the groups symbolizing the austere aloofness appropriate to the Immortals.

A Tibetan dance formed a strange contrast to the dignity and grace of the musical procession. There was something awe-inspiring about the lama who moved solemnly at the head of a weird crowd, consisting of dancers masked with heads of grotesque animals and ferocious-looking warriors carrying gleaming weapons with most menacing gestures. Clustering in desultory array before the royal dais, the performers plunged into a wild dance, explained as an allegory of the Lord of Death and his myrmidons. The fantasy depicted the manner in which the dead meet the terrible denizens of the lower regions, how they are tried, and judged, and then very abundantly tortured. The animal-headed actors, who played their part with real dramatic intensity, represented the different deities who must be satisfied by those who have been guilty of lust, sloth, hatred, pride, and the other failings of human fallibility.

It was an extraordinary show, with a suggestion of weird mysticism about it, and the Prince looked on with an expression of fascinated interest. To the drubbing of tinny kettle-drums and the hideous wailing of ten-foot-long trumpets, the bizarre mob, in its peacock-hued mandarin drapery, crouched and sprang and capered with most terrifying antics. When presumably the lama was satisfied that the penalties of wickedness had been sufficiently emphasized, the procession reformed, and with their solemn dignity in no way ruffled by their violent exertions, moved slowly on.

THE PRINCE AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS GOING TO A TIGER SHOOT IN NEPAL

THE TIBETAN LAMA DANCE AT CALCUTTA

To the clash of cymbals and the blare of conches there next advanced a number of quite little girls, who performed a series of evolutions emblemizing the loves of Krishna. Dressed in the stiff golden skirts and dark bodices of Manipur, they swayed and tripped through various solemn figures. For the dominant note in all these entertainments is solemnity. The diminutive boy who took the rôle of Krishna had rather a bad time of it, for his companions cast upon him such clouds of the red powder symbolizing the fertility of youth as to threaten that fertility with extinction by the process of suffocation.

Undoubtedly the most absorbing feature of the whole entertainment was the New Year's procession reproduced strictly upon the lines ordained by Akbar—who reverenced Persian tradition—to commemorate the entry of Jamshed into Persepolis. The Nawab of Murshidabad, the great recognized authority upon this ancient ceremonial, had directed the rehearsals and lent the necessary equipment. One might describe the display as a glorified Lord Mayor's Show. There went by the Prince in a mile-long trail, elephants caparisoned in gold and silver, heavily brocaded horses, camels, palanquins, ox-carts, mail-coated cavalry, pikemen, matchlock-men, sword-brandishers, and noisesome drummers. Each section had its distinctive colour scheme, which produced strikingly effective results. The pageant constituted a wonderful picture of a victorious Mogul phalanx of the spacious era which produced the Taj Mahal.

When the Prince rose to leave the enclosure he was greeted by a tremendous outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm. The measuring eye of police officers computed the crowd at nothing less than a round lakh, and when this mass flung its weight into a rush for the royal dais it swept all before it. In a roaring wave they came on to the very brink of the red-carpeted stand upon which His Royal Highness stood well forward, smiling broadly with his hand raised in salute. For several minutes this hurricane of loyalty roared and surged; then to the good-natured

protests of the hard-pressed cordon, it rolled back sufficiently to enable the State barouche to be brought up and the Royal instigator of this extraordinary turmoil to make his escape.

The opening of the Victoria Memorial Hall on the afternoon of December 28 was the most memorable ceremony performed by the Prince during the whole course of his Indian tour. The superb pile, dedicated to the Queen-Empress whose name is absolutely revered in Hindu memory, is designed as an abiding memorial of British rule in India. As a creation of brains and marble it is a magnificent remembrance. For more than two decades Calcutta had watched its marble immensity soaring out of colonnades and carved archways, past fretted windows and superb statuary, to the shining dome fashioned out of material from the same quarries of Makrana, in Jodhpur State, which yielded the slabs for the Taj Mahal. A grand imperial shrine, it must rank highest amongst the architectural glories of India. And yet it is like to long remain a fane of regret, for when it was commenced Calcutta was the capital of India, whereas its completion found her bereft of her heritage.

The actual ceremony as performed by His Royal Highness was a comparatively simple affair. The human setting to it was indeed great and gorgeous—scarlet and blue and gold uniforms blended with chapkan and choga and sari; the white topees and black coats of dull European respectability mingled with the bright silks and shimmering parasols of the ladies from home. The speech-making was unusually lengthy, for there was the history of the Memorial to outline and tributes to pay to those who had carried Lord Curzon's conception to such noble fruition. The Trustees were presented to the Prince by Lord Ronaldshay; a procession was formed from the dais to the great door; this His Royal Highness unlocked with a golden key and the elect passed through from the sight of the people.

It was a full half-hour before they emerged again,

during which time the Prince had toured the marble halls and gazed, very cursorily, it is true, upon the treasures already collected therein. Many of these must have touched reminiscence, including as they do gifts from King Edward VII and Queen Victoria; from King George V and Queen Mary; paintings and photographs chiefly of the Victorian era, and historical Indian relics from Windsor Castle.

Manifold indeed were the activities of the untiring Prince during the Calcutta week. The same day that witnessed the opening of the Queen Victoria Memorial found him visiting the enclosure upon the *maidan* where the poor of the city were being fed and served with blankets. He walked in amidst this gathering of stricken humanity to the accompaniment of a perfect babel of invocations and adulations, the extravagance of which must have made him laugh heartily had they been interpreted. The Hon. Sir Surendranth Banerjea, Chairman of the Committee for Feeding the Poor, who accompanied the Prince, made one or two efforts in this direction, but soon gave up trying to cull gems from the torrent of jabbering.

Again on this same day the Prince, riding back from a short sharp bout on the polo ground, bethought him to look into the Fort. His appearance was immediately followed by a wild rush of men of the Queen's Own Royal West Kents, and of other units, passing the news to their comrades in quarters in a concerted hurricane uproar. They cheered as only British Tommies can cheer, and they sang " For he's a jolly good fellow ! " so *con spirato* that the police half a mile away began to run. Shouting " Thank you, boys, thank you ! A happy New Year ! " the Prince, with his suite, had to make a mild charge to get clear of the enthusiastic khaki mob.

Calcutta saved up her efforts in the way of illuminations until half-way through the Prince's visit, on the principle that concentration would yield greater intensity. Here again she was frankly out to eclipse Bombay. The

question as to whether she did so or not may be added to the little list of problems which includes such questions as who invented the tanks, and who first thought of depth charges ? Suffice it to say she put up a show of dazzling splendour, chiefly remarkable for the wide variety and artistic concording of coloured lights. Dalhousie Square was a fairy-like phantasy of fire. In the centre of the lake the cusped arches and pointed cupolas of a structure of Saracenic design was silhouetted in tremulous glare, the reflection therefrom turning the water into molten silver.

The Bengal Club fought the splendid radiance of Chowringee with a chromatic cobra and a couple of lions with ruby mouths burning on the roof. The United Services' Club answered with a charming harmony of pale yellow, white, and bluish-green. The Grand Hotel blazoned forth in a perfect cascade of pearly chirag lamps. The Ochterlony Monument threw out a wide tract of the shadowy *maidan* in the reflection of its monster column of twinkling jewels surmounted by a fiery crown. The Fort flung the Prince of Wales's Feathers upon the night. When it is added that quite a considerable number of the big business places in the city spent over one lakh of rupees apiece upon their illuminations the imagination is materially assisted in picturing the results.

On the morning of December 29 the Prince embarked in the little steamer *Empress Mary*, and ran up the river to Barrackpore, to present Colours to, and lunch with the officers of, the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. The parade was alike imposing and picturesque. The old Colours were solemnly trooped to slow-time music and then the band became more lively in its welcome to the new flags. In consequence of one of those perversities, however, which will occasionally cause the best laid schemes of mice and men to go agley, no new Colours were forthcoming. They simply had not arrived. So there was nothing for it but for the battalion to march past, and for the Prince to lunch with the officers as arranged. Some

weeks later His Royal Highness bestowed the new flags upon a Colour Party of the regiment which came to Delhi specially to receive them.

It would be easily possible to fill this volume with record of the Prince's visit to Calcutta and still leave much untold. His wonderful energy seemed to rise in cheerful response to the ever-increasing exactions he put upon it. Returning from Barrackpore, he attended a large garden party at Government House. After dinner he entered with hearty zest into what one of the Calcutta papers not inappropriately called a " boy and girl dance." Notwithstanding, he was up betimes the following day and off upon a paper-chase. And this as a voluntary prelude to what he clearly realized was going to prove one of the most arduous days of his visit. The day, indeed, of which he is said to have remarked at the end of it: " Rather rapid! Seven ' God Saves ' and five ' God Blesses ' ! "

The unveiling of the Calcutta War Memorial was the last formal ceremony performed by the Prince prior to his departure. Amid a deep hush following upon the impressive ritual His Royal Highness released the two colossal Union Jacks draping the memorial, disclosing a cenotaph 46 feet high of almost severe beauty. Followed the light clash of rifles brought up to the " present," the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of the Somersets' bugles swelling into the sad lament of the " Last Post." After which the Prince made a round of inspections, visiting parades of ex-Service men, nurses, firemen, police, boy scouts and girl guides, always with the same cheery smile and the kindly word here and there to serve as memorable time-marks to those to whom they were addressed.

The extent of the Prince's personal triumph in Calcutta is not to be measured by any summary of " successful shows." He had arrived in a city whereof at least three-quarters of the inhabitants had long been exhorted, in the name of patriotism and creed, to ignore his presence. The

hartal observed in the native quarters during the first day was pretty complete. It is difficult to believe, on the elementary but sufficiently convincing evidence of eyesight, that by the seventh day there remained any appreciable proportion of the boycotters who had not come forth to view the son of the King-Emperor—and, having seen him, come forth to look again. Human nature is very human in Bengal, a condition with which Mr. Gandhi had not sufficiently reckoned. When the Yuvaraj went in amongst the poor as they were being fed on the *maidan* he, quite involuntarily, struck a staggering blow at the whole fabrication upon which the hartal had been reared, thereby raising the question in readily-suspicious minds as to whether there was not an element of foolery in what they were so noisily enjoined to do and to believe.

Again, Calcutta, possibly more than any other place visited during the whole four months, emphasized the unbridgable difference between the Indian visit and the Canadian and Australasian tours. For here was the deep hereditary antithesis to that spirit of democracy which the Prince had found so amusing and so friendly in the Dominion and the Commonwealth. Here were the people whom, in his own words, His Royal Highness had come out to get to know, but whom he found to instinctively recede from any attempt at nearer approach out of that sheer reverence for Royalty which amounts to a worship in the Oriental mind. Why this should have appeared more sensible in Calcutta was probably owing to the bigger scale and the grander contrasts, which accentuated the absence of those " human incidents " forming such a familiar feature of the Canadian and Australasian tours.

The Prince left Calcutta on the afternoon of December 30, after lunching with the members of the Bengal Club. His departure was officially announced as " private," which merely meant that it was unaccompanied by any military pageantry. At a quarter to three His Royal Highness arrived by motor at Outram Ghat, alongside

which lay moored the *Pansy*, an ex-naval war sloop beautified almost out of recognition of her original rôle. The crowds *en route* were particularly hearty in their farewell demonstration, which was rendered the more significant by the fact that they were predominantly Indian. Along the riverside the masses were principally of the middle and working classes. The Prince made his way to the landing-stage along a rose-strewn passage to the accompaniment of a rolling roar of cheers and a waving of hands and headgear reminiscent of a flower garden in a gale of wind. Here he was met by His Excellency the Governor and his staff, together with a glittering group of high officers and officials. After a brief spell of hand-shaking and thanks the Prince went down the gangway on board the *Pansy* closely followed by his suite.

No sooner was His Royal Highness embarked than the crowd was permitted to pass the police cordon and swarm on to the landing-stage. It was a great sight. For here were the people of Calcutta—the people upon whom the hartal had been enjoined—flocking to cry and flourish their adieu to the Prince. The mob of Bow Bazaar was unmistakably represented, and none were more effusive in their friendliness than they. One characteristic incident is worth relating. A serious-looking Indian was perceived busily distributing handbills amongst the multitude. An astute policeman, hoping to make a haul of Non-Co-operation propaganda, swooped upon him and confiscated his bundle. But when he found that this consisted of portraits of the Prince in naval uniform he magnanimously proceeded to hand them out himself, calmly disregarding the half-tearful protests of the loyal enthusiast whose own out-of-pocket idea he had appropriated.

Standing at the bridge rail as the little steamer cast-off and began to quietly churn her way down the muddy tide-swirl of the Hughli, the Prince was palpably affected by the ardour of his send-off. Continuously he salaamed to the God-speeding crowd surging along the wharf to keep abreast as long as possible. He snatched off the gold

garland which had been placed around his neck before going on board, as though to convey that it suggested a spirit of festivity which he certainly did not feel. In passing the Howrah Jute Mills where male voices were chorusing " For he's a jolly good fellow ! " and female voices were shrieking " Don't leave us ! "—" Come back again ! "—" Come down here ! " he rubbed his eyes. Maybe it was the smoke from the factory chimneys. Equally, maybe it was to rub away the mist of emotion which such a wonderful farewell was bound to raise.

However, relief to any valedictory reflections came in the shape of an amusing little episode during the passage of the Hughli. Somebody drew the Prince's attention to the fact that his personal medical adviser, Surgeon-Commander Newport, R.N., had fallen asleep with his legs crossed upon a little table on the after-deck. In a very few minutes a whole cluster of empty bottles and glasses had sprung into existence around the unsuspecting officer's legs, and then sending for Mr. Fair, the official photographer, the Prince commanded him to take a snapshot of the " great sight." Two days later at dinner, the occasion being Surgeon-Commander Newport's birthday, the Prince presented him with this picture, surrounded on a broad mount with the autographs of himself and his staff.

At six o'clock that evening the *Pansy* arrived alongside the Royal Indian Marine steamship *Dufferin*, anchored in Jellingham Road, whither she had dropped down on the ebb tide some hours previously. The Prince and his staff went on board and shortly afterwards the capstan champed, the engines throbbed, and the voyage to Burma had commenced.

CHAPTER VII

BURMA

THE name of the *Dufferin* will always remain associated with one of the jolliest phases of the Prince's tour. The passage was a delightful yachting trip, only that the yacht was about ten times the tonnage of the biggest yellow-funnelled pleasure craft to be seen riding in the Solent during Cowes Week. Moreover, she carried the added dignity of a Naval escort in the shape of the light cruiser *Comus*. Rear-Admiral Henry Mawby, Director of Royal Indian Marine, was on board, and this accounted for a very unfamiliar flag which flew at the fore. For the gallant Admiral, unable to determine by any known precedent as to whether he was strictly correct in hoisting his flag as a British Rear-Admiral on board a vessel which was not a warship, had conceived the idea of reviving the colours of Commodore of the East India Marine, which had fallen into disuse at least sixty years before. A very picturesque piece of bunting it was, with yellow the predominant hue, but distinctly puzzling to the various merchant ships which were passed.

The weather was stagnant and golden, which means that it was far too hot for all British conceptions of Christmas Week. The sunsets and sunrises of the Bay of Bengal are world parabled for their sultry glories, and Nature seemed to be resolved that His Royal Highness should see of her finest samples in this way. The *Dufferin* churned froth by day and dull gleams by night at between fourteen and fifteen knots, as though in complacent disregard at

the protests of her engine-room officers that she was a poor old bucket in contrast with the *Renown*. Assuredly His Royal Highness and his staff did not think her so. Sufficiently combining the dignity of a State ship with the comfort of a liner, this vessel of vivid memories to hundreds of thousands of soldiers of the King was an ideal craft for such a voyage.

The Prince took all his meals in the ward-room with the officers of the ship. Here was just the spell of rest he needed—although probably quite oblivious to the fact—after the first six strenuous weeks of the Indian tour. Yet his indomitable energy must needs assert itself in the form of what he himself calls " keep-fit " exercise. Whilst most of the members of the staff were stretched in deck-chairs with books on their laps, he would be vigorously swinging a polo stick upon a wonderful contraption which Captain Campbell had caused to be rigged up, and in the cool (or rather the lesser heat) of the early evening would double around the promenade deck, in shorts and a sweater, until one could not but marvel at his extraordinary staying powers.

New Year's Eve will long be remembered by those privileged to take part in the festivities on board the *Dufferin*. It chanced to fall upon a Saturday night, and to the delight of everybody in the ward-room His Royal Highness gave the immemorial Naval toast of the week-end at sea : " Sweethearts and Wives."

At midnight the Prince struck sixteen bells—eight for the Old Year, eight for the New. According to custom this should have been done by the youngest officer in the ship, but probably none felt more pride than he at the honour conferred upon the ship by the simple entry in her log. Then the violet Bengal night echoed with the chorus of " Auld Lang Syne "—drowning the strains of the *Southampton's* band—and a merry party assembled in the ward-room to pledge the Prince in loyal greetings for the year that he had just struck in.

The dawn of January 2 revealed the low streak of the

Burma coast growing in elusive shadow out of the vaporous skyline. The *Dufferin* was moving so slowly through the sand-clouded water that she only left the faintest shredding of wake. Very gradually there unfolded the panorama of the Rangoon approaches, until with tropical suddenness the sun was up, rayless as a billiard ball, and just about as red, and was licking up the mists as by magic.

The eye, seeking to absorb the growing details of the city ahead, was always compelled back to the one spot of glorious dominance. It was difficult, nay virtually impossible, to take in the huge hunch of the petroleum godown, the stately buildings of the Strand backed and fore-fringed by exquisitely green foliage, the crowded minarets of Buddhist shrines, the wonderful Sule Pagoda, the long cluster of ships ranging from fine liners down to tiny lateen fisher craft, with the flagship *Southampton* and the *Clive* clear of them all, the latter puffing forth in Royal salute—difficult, nay virtually impossible, because of the arresting magic of the Shwe Dagon, its great golden dome, more than five hundred feet above the river, streaming back a shimmering halo as though the whole effulgence of Budda's glory were concentrated upon it.

By half-past eight the *Dufferin* was moored alongside the Lewis Street Jetty, scarcely recognizable through its transformation of carpeting and canopies, of bunting and garlands, of silk and tinsel. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Reginald Craddock, with his staff came aboard to welcome His Royal Highness, who immediately afterwards disembarked. In the soft light of a gorgeous pandal he received an address from the Municipal Committee, and his reply was a splendid tribute to the men who made this corner of the Empire. "The name," said the Prince, "which your city bears, 'the city of peace,' or more literally 'end of war,' is an appropriate testimony to what Britannica has done for Burma and Rangoon. No more romantic page in the annals of the development of the Empire can be found than the history of the growth

of this small town of thatched huts which passed under British occupation in 1852, into this vast metropolis and prosperous port of to-day. Where yesterday, wilderness, mud and labyrinths of hovels met the eye a fair capital of one of the richest provinces of the Empire to-day lifts up her proud head. Here railways and craft of the two great river valleys of Burma deliver up spoils of your mines, your oilfields, your rice plantations and your forests to the factories and docks of this city. The shipping of all lands seeks your port to carry your produce to the four corners of the world. There is romance too in the many nationalities which throng your streets and docks. At first sight, amid the multiplicity of creeds and tongues of your citizens the only common tie would seem to be the bond of adherence to the British Empire under whose protection they live and prosper. In spite of such diversity of elements, your city is essentially part and parcel of Burma, and in a true sense the capital of Burma, for in your midst stands the great pagoda, the oldest of all holy places of religion, claiming a larger proportion of followers among the human race than any other, and this building is a supreme expression of the genius of the Burmese people."

Burma had laid herself out to give the Prince a bumper reception. And very magnificently she fulfilled her resolve. Rangoon unanimously forgot that there was such a thing as a serious side to life. To the Burmese this came pretty easily, for they are a happy people whose country nature has endowed so bountifully that there is little left for them to worry about—except, of course, work, which they placidly relegate to the Indian or Chinese immigrant. The tamasha on a grand scale thoroughly suits their temperament. It was rumoured that disciples of the Non-Co-operation Party had been busy seeking to stir up dissent. Burma, which is politically concerned in nothing Indian except the desire for separation, resented this intrusion in a very practical manner. Just what happened to the agitators nobody felt called upon to

inquire too closely. Suffice it that their shadows never fell across the path of the festivities in Rangoon and Mandalay.

There is the spirit of the joy of life in the very look of a Burmese crowd. They beam with the placidity of perfect contentment. Their drapery is chiefly of the floating, diaphanous order, especially that of the women, and riotous with gay colouring, in the harmonious blending of which they are consummate artists. Even the saffron robes of their multitudinous priests appeal to rather than offend the eye. The first day's programme left His Royal Highness comparatively free in order that he might choose his own manner of seeing the Silken East. He informally visited the University and Judson Colleges in the afternoon and looked in at the hall of the Rangoon Battalion of the India Auxiliary Force, a very fine body of men who had turned out in full strength to line the route in the morning, and here he chatted with a number of local ex-service men, many of whom had come in from leagues away to see the Prince. But most of the day he was riding and motoring about the city and in the lovely country beyond it where the air is always musical with the tinkling of the little silver bells hung amidst the grotesque spires of the thickly clustered pagodas.

How thoroughly Rangoon was making holiday in honour of the Prince was well demonstrated on the morning following his arrival, at the Proclamation Parade, which annual New Year's Day event had been postponed in order to confer upon it the character of a Royal Review. The crowds which packed the race-course grounds were something to remember, not only for their kaleidoscopic variegations, but for their magnitude. The conservative speculators put the total at fifty thousand. The more enthusiastic ones plumped for a round lakh. Probably the truth lay about midway betwixt these estimates. Be this as it may, 'twas a monstrous mob, sure enough. Everything which Rangoon could produce in the way of horse, foot, and guns was on parade, ranging from Royal

Field Artillery and Royal Scots, to Tenasserim and Behar Infantry. Indeed, considering the very mixed nature of the review, and bearing in mind that it consisted largely of auxiliary troops, it was highly creditable that the *feu de joie* should have thrice run the length of the very long line with such faultless precision.

After the parade the Prince played polo, the crowd of spectators being even bigger than at the military display. Later he attended a garden party at Government House given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Craddock. Crushes were the order of all the Burma functions ; on this occasion the spacious lawns were almost immovably packed by the social life of the Lower Province, amid which the dainty little Burmese ladies serenely puffed their enormous cheroots. The Prince, frequently fanning himself with his handkerchief, looked distinctly sceptical when he was congratulated upon his good luck in visiting Rangoon during the cold weather.

The races were altogether delightful if only for the reason of their novelty. For the principal events in Burma are invariably run by ponies, which are far from easy to ride owing to an irresistible proclivity to bucking and jumping as a part of the game. But they can make a most astonishing pace and give a truly exhilarating display. The Rangoon course sweeps around almost within the shadow of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, but beyond such shade as may be found within the stands it lacks shelter from the pouring sun-blaze. The result is that a meeting always brings forth a perfect sea of gaudily coloured paper umbrellas alternating with the wide-brimmed rushwork cone which has become the popular idea of John Chinaman's head-dress.

The Prince, whose appearance was heralded by a tremulous roll of cheering which seemed to reverberate in never-ending echoes, followed the races with the liveliest interest. As a keen polo player the sturdy little Burmese ponies naturally interested him greatly. Doubtless he was not unfamiliar with the fine record of this breed

during the South African War. The race for His Royal Highness's own Cup was a splendid contest in which seventeen animals started, nearly all ridden by Burmese jockeys in terrifically coloured jackets and caps, and maintained a furious pace. From the uproar and voluntary destruction of paper umbrellas which marked the finish the winner was clearly a popular favourite, and when the Prince presented the Cup to its owner, a Chinese rice-broker, Oriental impassiveness once more became a term of ludicrous travesty.

The dinner at the Pegu Club and the dance which followed it at the Gymkhana Club will form long-lived memories in Rangoon. Enthusiasm had bubbled up to such a pitch in this charming, ebullient city that there were loud protests against the official arrangements of the Prince's departure for Mandalay on the evening of January 4. This had been programmed as private, which meant but a transient glimpse of a bowing and waving figure in a motor-car betwixt Government House and the station. However, the throngs succeeded in making the progress of His Royal Highness through the route of Chinese lanterns very much slower than had been intended, by the simple expedient of closing densely around his car to the possible concern of a few police officers but to the manifest amusement and pleasure of the Prince himself.

The journey of four hundred miles from Rangoon to Mandalay was one long panorama of shining beauty. That is to say, of course, the period of it which was covered during daylight, for the passage through the paddy fields of the rice country was made by night. Vivid green was the prevailing colour note : amidst this there came and went glimpses of white homesteads, of carved teak pagodas always surmounted by the slender spire of horned " umbrellas " terminating in a gilded cone, of gleaming turquoise streams, with an eastwards background of the distant violet Shan hills which in any country where nature worked on a less grand scale would be claimed as an imposing mountain range. The fairly

frequent stations along the narrow-gauge Burma Railway were a succession of delicious Oriental pictures. The national love for colour richness found expression in flags, streamers, tinsel, and paper devices cunningly wrought into an enchanting symphony of hues. Along the platforms were grouped reposeful school children in rainbow silks, inscrutable long-robed elders at whose behest the youngsters would burst into shrill cheering, boy scouts in wild-looking hats generally struggling sturdily with " God bless the Prince of Wales " on fifes and drums, over-powdered damsels in tight clinging skirts—a great, shining, human vignette of fascinating appeal alike to the eye and the imagination.

The reception which greeted the Prince at all these places was really moving in its warmth and sincerity. If the train stopped, he would receive a greeting of voices and hands and hats which continued crescendo until he was well away again. If the train ran through slowing up, according to instruction, that the spectators might have a good view of His Royal Highness smiling and waving to them from his carriage door—they crowded their enthusiasm into a fine spasmodic furore. Of course the effect was heightened by the sun-bathed picturesqueness of it all, but as a manifestation of simple-hearted welcome, owing nothing to official inspiration nor rehearsal, it was sufficiently touching without the enhancement of a glamoured setting. During the night period of the journey torch bearers were posted along the line at such close intervals that the train seemed to be running between a double dotting of wavering fire, flinging out occasional ruddy patches of jungle.

Shortly after four o'clock Mandalay Hill lay clear in view from the Royal train—a bold, isolated eminence rising to about 1,000 feet, at the green foot of which clusters the square-walled city founded by King Mindon. The prosperous capital of Upper Burma long since overflowed the ramparts designed to mark its boundaries, and straggles around over a wide area, the old town, re-named

Fort Dufferin, being now reserved solely for the use of the military. " He who wishes to live long," runs a native legend, " should seek the shelter of Mandalay Hill which is crossed by the green waters of the Emerald Manda Lake." Truly enough, one sees plenty of venerable folks hereabouts.

The train drew up abreast of a gorgeous silken and golden pandal, beneath the canopy of which were ranged some two thousand European and Burmese guests assembled to give point to the Municipal address of welcome which, after being read in Burmese, was presented to the Prince in a silver casket magnificently chased with allegorical devices. His Royal Highness, in responding, said how he had been looking forward to this visit to " the city of sunshine and pagodas. When Englishmen think of Burma," he continued, " their thoughts at once turn to Mandalay. . . . It is here that we feel we can get to know the Burmese and show our liking for them. It is here that we can succeed in understanding the serene influence of their outlook upon life and bask in the warmth of a nature as joyous as their own sunshine."

The route from the station to Government House was a wonderful picture of Oriental cosmopolitanism. Crowded together were Chins from the west, Shans from the east, Kachins from the north, Chinese from the little known land beyond the borders, and Indians from all the provinces. As usual the children had been ranged in the foreground, and more than once the Prince stopped his car to respond to their greetings as they shrieked and yelled and flaunted banners in a perfect frenzy of welcome. Sedateness flew down the warm wind in rags and tatters: even the benevolent-looking old priests with shining skulls seated in arm-chairs lost their dignity to the extent of smiling broadly.

Next morning found His Royal Highness early out upon the parade ground reviewing a very mixed array which, led off by the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, included some of the newest units of the Indian

Army. Strange men tramped past in the two brigades respectively commanded by Colonel W. G. B. Goodfellow and Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Percy Smith. The Mounted Military Police were reduced to the proportions of toy soldiers upon their diminutive ponies. The Kachin Rifles and the Chin Rifles, composed of nimble little hillmen, went past at a restrained trot grimly suggestive of keen eagerness to get at the enemy. Burma Infantry, Burma Pioneers, Burma Rifles, Burma Auxiliaries—the parade formed a striking demonstration of the extent to which the country is dedicating her man power to her own defence—and the cause of the Empire. For many of these men had seen fighting in Palestine, Mesopotamia, or on the North-West Frontier.

Having watched the Prince play polo with vociferous approval during the forenoon, Mandalay gave herself up to sport in her own fashion after lunch this day. This began with cart-racing along the road under the minaretted walls of the fort. One of the most popular pastimes in Burma, it is incredible what speed is attained by the two small bullocks which draw the light bamboo carts. Only two teams race at a time, and as the Burman does not implicitly trust to the judges the end of the course is marked by a strand of worsted stretched breast high. The breaking of this releases a primitive wooden contrivance, which suffices to proclaim the first pair home beyond any dispute. Gambling is the very salt of sport to the Burman ; he lights his great green cheroot, studies the form of the competitors, and then goes in quest of his favourite bookmaker, whose " odds " are always the same—that is to say, evens both ways. The bullocks scamper and cavort down the course to the accompaniment of an indescribable din of yelling, the clashing of cymbals and the delirious banging of drums : a grotesque and yet most exciting spectacle in which laughter becomes a general paroxysm of delight when one of the carts bumps its two clinging and howling occupants clean out.

The cart races were followed by an impromptu regatta

upon the broad moat in which men and women competed —the latter generally having very much the better of the contests. A distinctly novel method of propulsion employed in these matches much amused the Prince. The rowers, standing erect, twist one leg around the loom of the paddle, and in this way dip and raise the blade with a rapid kicking motion. They claim that this plan is much less exhausting and more effective than hand-pulling, and certain it is that they attain quite a foaming speed in their little craft ; but the system would be impossible save in smooth water.

The real wonder show of the Burma visit, however, was the night entertainment given by the Shan Chiefs in their camp. It was nearly ten o'clock when the Prince arrived at the temporary throne-room of the Chiefs, being conducted thither by a little procession holding aloft golden umbrellas. This throne-room was a great circular pavilion, most ornately decorated and ablaze with light ; within it sat the Shan Chieftains with their wives and families all gorgeously attired and wonderfully bejewelled, the masses of rubies streaming back in ruddy coruscations. His Royal Highness having shaken hands with the Chiefs took his seat and the entertainment began.

First there marched past a contingent of Shan soldiers and police, weird in their quaint attire and stepping out to the strains of most barbaric music. Then came what was perhaps the most remarkable pageant of sham animals ever seen. Elephants, dragons, tigers, ostriches, goats, sheep, butterflies, giraffes, snakes, strutted and gambolled, and sprawled and squirmed past upon a broad patch of sward mistily lit by the gleams of myriad lanterns, keeping time to the droning rhythm of their tribal music and making obeisance to the Prince in a fashion that was often indescribably ludicrous. It was a gorgeous night phantasy, and extraordinarily realistic, notwithstanding that many of the representations were of mythical creatures. The Prince laughed heartily,

applauding almost ceaselessly, and when the great human menagerie paused for breath before him, descended to more closely inspect the make-up of the " beasts," being particularly amused by the vain capers of one of the butterflies—a damsel of most comely face powdered to chalky ghastliness.

Then came a series of dances performed by men to whom civilization was obviously as yet an unsuspected possibility—men stark to the waist who, with swords and daggers, went through antics of such sinister menace that every moment one expected a shriek and a fall. These were hillmen from the remote borders—fellows one would rather not meet on a lonely path if there was the slightest suspicion that they nursed any sense of grievance. Their tribal Chiefs explained to the Prince, through an interpreter, just what their wild capering symbolized, which was rather necessary since an unversed spectator could only conclude that it was meant to typify murder of a most violent form.

But that the Shan States can produce something more than clever mimicry and barbaric revelry the Prince had ample assurance before leaving this quaint Mandalay camp. For he visited the booths of the various Chiefs, wherein was displayed examples of the special industries of their particular territories, and here he saw a rich collection of silver, and ivory, and jewellery : of Shan bags, Shan silks and cloths, Shan swords and daggers, many of these latter positive gems of artistic workmanship. Huge crowds followed him on his round of inspection, cheering lustily all the time as though having started they found it impossible to stop, whilst the great drums throbbed and the reedy pipes waxed and waned in tireless slogan.

Not least amongst the wonders of the show was the great variety of types it attracted together. There were black Shans from across the Mekong, who are said to feast upon snakes ; Hkuns looking dreadfully top-heavy under their prodigious turbans ; Lus from the very borders of China ; Inthas from around the Yawnghwe

Lake; Taungyos in flaming camisoles and emerald leggings, and Taungthus who rolled their life-long growth of hair into enormous buns, kept together with golden hairpins as big as tongs. Most remarkable of all were the Padaung women, with whom elongation of neck is the whole aim of life. This is produced by encircling the throat with brass rings, gradually adding to the number as the lower jaw is forced up and the collar-bones are forced down, until some of the beauties who paraded before the astonished gaze of the Prince had necks at least a foot long. Rumour declares that when the collars are removed for the purpose of increasing the elongation the limp neck is incapable of supporting the weight of the head, which has to be propped up.

There were Kareins with calves swathed in bulging gaiters of black cord; Bres hugging ponderous stone necklaces; Zaycins in atrociously brief white smocks; Yangs who are seldom without a bamboo instrument which emits the strangest of music; Kachins notorious for their very unconventional methods of courtship, and Kaws who worship the spirits of their ancestors when not engaged in the hobby of head-hunting. Altogether one of the most weird assemblages and wonderful entertainments ever set before British Royalty.

The Lieutenant-Governor paid well-merited tribute to the fine effort of the capital of Upper Burma in a message which, incidentally, was obviously intended to stimulate the capital of Lower Burma. "Mandalay a great success," he proclaimed by telegraph. "Large crowds at parade and polo, with immense enthusiasm. Shan Chiefs' entertainment simply magnificent. Rangoon must look to her laurels on 9th and 10th."

Rangoon did. Never was finer rivalry in the sheer enthusiasm of loyalty than was demonstrated between these two cities. The Prince's departure from Mandalay was officially private. The great cheering crowds in the streets all the way from the Residency to the station rendered the term a ludicrous anomaly. It was a send-off

in every way worthy of the traditions of this warm-hearted, impulsive, picturesque race, whose pride of inheritance is so overweening that they have named a certain spot near King Thebaw's palace "The Centre of the World." The contagion of this spirit had spread right down the entire four hundred miles of line. Again and again those in the Royal train heard cheers sweeping out of the violet gloom of the night. At the stations which, on the up-journey, were passed in the darkness, rainbow mobs, sitting and standing and squatting in platform-packed array, serenaded and hurrahed His Royal Highness as long as the train was in sight, whether it stopped or rolled slowly past. Along the country-side the villagers congregated until one wondered where they all came from.

Pegu did the thing in great style. The ten minutes' halt of the time-table justified a public reception. And so suddenly there leapt out upon the green and golden landscape a red carpet, a guard of honour, a band, and a perfect smother of decorations. The Prince left his car and walked amongst the crowd, which seemed to be suddenly awestruck until somewhere a sturdy British voice shouted for three cheers, on which the band was immediately swamped in the tumult.

Rangoon was reached in the early dusk of a Sunday afternoon, and the first impression was the hopelessness of trying to get the Prince away from the station. For all around the exit there gently swayed a sea—nay, a perfect ocean—of humanity densely patterned with vivid colours. But good-humour, to the extent of finding positive joy in being crushed, accomplished what no armed cordon could have done, and the Royal car threaded its way through to Government House with the minimum destruction of silken robes and rice-paper sunshades.

The great event of the second spell of the Prince's visit to Rangoon was the Burmese Regatta on the Royal Lakes. The lakes themselves, with their dense foliage rolling down to the very kiss of the water; stretches of cool savannah

THE PRINCE'S BARGE IN THE ROYAL LAKES AT RANGOON

H.R.H. ARRIVES AT MANDALAY

generally ending in the peep of a nestling pagoda ; gem-like tropical islands faithfully mirrored in the limpid blue—the lakes form the famous beauty-spot of a city renowned for its shining charms. The Burmese made the most of the event. To them, indeed, it meant very much more than a simple regatta : His Royal Highness was going afloat in the *Karaweik Paung* and the affair therefore became one of supreme and celestial moment. For the Burman is very near to the Chinaman in these matters.

The *Karaweik Paung* merits a particular reference. She is the State barge of Lower Burma. Upon twin hulls, decorated with most riotous gaudiness and terminating in lofty upcurled prows supporting immense dragons' heads, is erected a golden pavilion draped around with rich silk curtains. Flags, festoons, and tinsel complete the amazing medley of colour of this very queer craft which is only brought forth upon high gala occasions. The Prince slightly arched his eyebrows as he stepped aboard the *Karaweik Paung*, followed by the Royal Party. Six miniature sampans made fast, five of which contained rowers and the sixth a band of Burmese musicians and dancers, men and girls. At a given word the paddles dipped with remarkable unanimity ; the drums and horns blared forth, and the *Karaweik Paung* started upon her leisurely cruise around the big lake.

The racing in the regatta was rather monotonous to watch. There was a great sameness about all the matches, and none of the novelty of leg-paddling which proved so amusing at Mandalay. The only touch of excitement came at the finish providing two boats were making a close thing of it. Victory is decided by capturing a long rod which rests in a bamboo casing suspended athwart a mark boat. This has to be snatched and withdrawn as the boat surges past, no mean feat seeing that the rod is probably some twelve feet long. If the bowman is at all clumsy the rod will be jerked out of his hand, or he will go overboard. Both ends project

beyond the bamboo casing, and when, as not infrequently happens, two competitors get hold of these simultaneously, a tremendous outburst of splashing and yelling is the result.

But the racing was only one of the many attractions of the Rangoon regatta. There was a colossal sea-serpent, with a dragon's head which, suddenly and unexpectedly, opened wide its capacious jaws and vomited a number of men into the water. There were daintily dressed Burmese girls, ranged in choirs at intervals upon the grassy banks, who sang songs with hundreds of verses for hours on end. There was a most wonderful display of what presumably must be called boxing because it was so described in the official programme. The Prince came ashore from the *Karaweik Paung* to witness this, and laughed heartily at the extraordinary antics of the combatants. Swathed about in the barest minimum of loin-cloths, the bronzed Karens leapt, yelled, lunged, kicked chest-high, closed, buffeted, clawed and did everything which the rules of the prize-ring forbid with such a show of ferocity that one apprehensively looked for truly bloody results. Instead of which when the taunting time-keeper derisively bade the fighters halt they sprang back with grinning agility, each smacking his biceps with tremendous pistol-like reports to denote that he was unbeaten—and, as far as it was possible to detect, also unhurt. Most of the men were of powerful build and how they came out of their whirlwind bouts unscathed was little short of marvellous. One fellow did indeed get a biff upon the nose which produced a trace of blood. This pleased him so immensely that he advanced to before the Prince and salaamed proudly. They were all wonderfully rapid, especially in their footwork, but it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a second-class British boxer could have knocked them out successively without difficulty.

Amongst the enormous radiant and most cheery throngs the Prince walked about with perfect freedom. The unanimous demeanour was that of beaming friendliness, too sincere to need any insistence in the way of

demonstration, which the Burmese temperament finds distasteful to its inveterate spirit of composure. The dear little ladies, in their exquisite flowered silks and muslins, continued interminably to puff at their cheroots and smile happily under their fantastically patterned sunshades. It was all one great delicious Oriental kaleidoscope, with the eternal sweet tinkling of the pagoda bells to remind the faithful that their earthly happiness was but an evanescent incident in the Buddhist evolution of existence.

The end of a perfect day brought with it a fairy-like enchantment of lights and fireworks. The illuminations themselves were on a lavish scale, but it was the picture they lit up which might well have stood for a human conception of paradise. The Royal Lakes, mystic and lambent in the Eastern starlight, slowly waxed forth in a molten shimmer to the springing up of myriad lanterns, vari-coloured as the facets in a stained window. The boats gliding upon their surface became shapes of cloudy radiance, furrowing streaks of soft flame. The dense foliage, amidst which hung countless twinkling stars, took on lights and shadows of indescribable beauty. The *Karaweik Paung* herself blazed into a silhouette of red and blue and green iridescence, whilst the elliptical arch at the entrance to Dalhousie Park glowed forth the inscription "God bless the Prince of Wales" under a great streaming crown.

The fireworks were probably of the commonplace order; nobody noticed that in the fascination of the scene they tinged. The Prince motored very slowly around the Lakes, halting at Scandal Point whence the wonderous vision was to be seen to fullest perfection. Art had done its share liberally, but to a bountiful, luxuriant nature was due the real bewitching splendour of that unforgettable spectacle upon which the glinting dome of the Shwe Dagon looked down against the jewelled velvet of heaven. As figures help the fancy it may be added that 500 electric lights, 5,000 Chinese lanterns, and 12,000 prismatic fairy

lamps were used to illuminate the Royal Lakes on this night.

Rangoon's send-off to the Prince when he re-embarked in the *Dufferin* on the morning of January 10 was the occasion of an amazing and really touching outburst of affectionate enthusiasm on the part of a people but little given to disclose their emotions by demonstration. The progress from Government House to the Lewis Jetty, timed to take half an hour, occupied very much longer because the surging, roaring crowds, handled alike by police and military with most good-natured indulgence, rendered the route frequently impassable until the crawling motor-cars of the Royal procession literally pressed their way through.

The river-banks absolutely palpitated with humanity, whilst the stream itself was teeming with packed craft of many descriptions which the police launches vainly tried to marshal into some sort of order as they scurried about upon the tide swirl. The pontoon was brilliant with bunting, guards of honour, and military bands, which competed with one another in playing the melodies that were so popular amongst the troops in the dark days of the Great War. On arriving at the Jetty, alongside which towered the lofty white hull of the *Dufferin*, the Prince was received by Sir Sydney Robinson, the Bishop of Rangoon, Major-General Sir V. B. Fane, Colonel H. Ross and various officials, who accompanied him to the crimson-draped brow leading up to the quarter-deck. It was a great moment when the ship uncast and began to sheer out into the stream to the crash of a Royal salute from H.M.S. *Comus*. A deep sustained roar of cheering such as Rangoon had never yet heard rolled down the warm breeze. Syrens shrieked and the bands, no longer in competition, swelled into "Auld Lang Syne." When this died out in a final wail the pipers of the Royal Scots came marching down the incline on to the pontoon and strode up and down to the accompaniment of a lilting skirl and twirling drum-sticks. Slowly the *Dufferin*

gathered way, with His Royal Highness upon the bridge waving farewell to the multitudes. The Port Trust launch *Muriel* kept station ahead, her occupants joining in the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," clear above which rose a fine soprano voice which continued the melody until the little craft had dropped astern out of hearing. Every sampan and lighter held its freight of Burmese, flourishing flags and umbrellas and raising their voices as probably never before under the spell of the contagious enthusiasm which the magnetic Prince had kindled.

And so His Royal Highness left Burma, a shining, joyous memory, gradually fading into blue film with the flaming dome of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda the last spot to die upon the sea-line. "It is with deep regret," His Royal Highness declared in a wireless message to Sir Reginald Craddock, "that I leave Burma, where all classes of the people have combined to give me such a splendid welcome. My recollections of the kindness, goodwill, loyalty and enthusiasm which have greeted me wherever I have been in Burma will long remain with me. Please assure the people of Burma of my gratitude and of my affection for them. Kindly convey my thanks to all officials and non-officials who worked so hard to make my visit a success. Lastly, pray accept my very warm thanks for all the kindness and hospitality shown to me. You have both[1] been untiring in your thoughtfulness and care to secure me happy days in Burma."

[1] Referring to their Excellencies.

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH CENTRAL INDIA

DAWN of January 13 revealed Madras, flat, shining and surf-fringed, stretching its tapering shores along the horizon right ahead of the *Dufferin*. Shortly after eight o'clock the ship was berthed at a wharf within the embrace of the fine breakwater, towering over a foreground gay with red carpeting and gaudy uniforms, backed by the variegated hues of a far-strung-out crowd. The Governor, Lord Willingdon, escorted by his gorgeously clad bodyguard, drove into the enclosure very early after the *Dufferin* had come to rest, and to the rolling of guns from the Fort St. George batteries the Prince and his suite landed.

Madras more adequately fits in with one's preconceived ideas of India—that is to say, the romantic India of books and fancy—than any other of the places His Royal Highness had thus far visited. The oldest of the British settlements, it is heavily environed with palms and temples and jungles. There is an indescribable Oriental scent in its languorous air. Its inhabitants are darker and more scantily attired than in other parts of the Great Peninsula.

In view of the fact that a complete hartal had been proclaimed on the occasion of the Prince's arrival, and that certain outbreaks of rowdyism occurred shortly after the passing of the Royal procession, it is due to the vast loyal majority of the Madrasis to state that so far from forming a reproach upon the fair fame of the city these events merely served to accentuate the general warmth and

sincerity of the welcome of the crowded streets. Rumour, ever ready to seize occasion by the hand, rapidly set going alarming stories of pitched battles and heavy casualties. By nightfall the death-roll had reached a round hundred—with plenty more yet to be told! In point of fact, a Parsee cinema proprietor had shot the ringleader of a band of hooligans who had fired his premises, and this was the only death directly attributable to the outbreaks, although when the police and military got to work amongst the badmashes they doubtless did a considerable amount of bashing and bruising. Two or three trams were overturned, a good deal of stone-throwing, chiefly by mere boys, resulted in some window-breaking, and here and there the decorations were torn down.

Of all this the Prince saw nothing nor knew anything until hours later. All the way from the harbour to Government House he was greeted and followed by cheering, clapping and waving. Looking back at this distance of time, with the true sense of perspective which the long interval has brought, Madras, distressed as she then was by the rowdyism of an infinitely small minority, must now realize with satisfaction that she gave His Royal Highness a jolly good reception.

During his five days' stay in Madras the Prince carried out a comparatively modest programme of official functions and took part in a good many social and unrehearsed events. Shortly after his arrival at Government House he received a small body of Zemindars and was presented with an address of welcome. This completed the formal business of the first day, the afternoon being dedicated to the finals in the polo tournament.

Indeed the whole programme of the Madras visit was arranged with a view to leaving His Royal Highness abundant leisure to follow his own inclinations. On the second day the populace had but one opportunity of seeing the Prince, and this was during the afternoon when he motored out to attend the races at Guindy.

The five-mile route was densely lined with spectators who appeared to have one common desire—to express by their enthusiasm their indignation at the incidents of the previous day. The farther the Prince got away from Government House the heartier was the demonstration, doubtless due to the fact that the more distant the crowds the larger proportion of people they contained from the outlying districts. Arriving at the two-and-a-half-furlong post His Royal Highness left his motor and entered the State barouche, driving slowly down to the Royal box, escorted by the Governor's glittering bodyguard. The whole of social Madras was on the picturesque race-course, and the blending of European cheers with the native cries resulted in such a volume of sound as rendered it pretty difficult for the jockeys to restrain their startled horses.

As a meeting it was very much like other Indian race gatherings. What really mattered was the reception of the Prince. When, just before the race for his own cup was run, he left his box and strolled out into the public enclosure, the perfect furore of acclaim was as the final congé to the agitators. There was no further hint of sedition nor rowdyism during the remainder of the Prince's stay in Madras: maybe the organizers of mischief, with their invariable solicitude for their own skins, realized that it would not be quite safe to mention the word hartal again.

Probably one of the most interesting of the unrehearsed incidents of the Prince's stay in Madras was his visit to the Aquarium. This has a world-wide reputation as containing the most remarkable collection of deep-sea fish ever brought together, and His Royal Highness spent quite a long time inspecting creatures of strange shape and wonderous hues trawled up from the tropical depths. He likewise visited St. Mary's Church within the Fort, the oldest British church in India, wherein the garrison chaplain, the Rev. C. De La Bere, pointed out various old colours of John Company regiments, most of which

were carried through the Mutiny, the Register of Lord Clive, the signature of the Duke of Wellington, together with sundry dim-looking monuments.

The 1st Leinster Regiment were lying in garrison whilst the Prince was in Madras, and as Colonel-in-Chief of what was formerly the Hundredth Foot (Prince of Wales' Own Canadians) he paid an informal visit to the officers' mess, following a review of the battalion. Shortly before this the edict had gone forth for the disbandment of the regiment on the grounds of economy, and the hearty welcome accorded to His Royal Highness was naturally tempered with valedictory regrets. Doubtless they felt that abolition was a pretty poor requital for the work they had then but just finished in the Moplah country.

The inspection of ex-Service men upon the island was a notable affair. Indian officers and men who had " done their bit " came from afar in order to take part in the rally, and the result was that the camp was crowded beyond its capacity. Amongst the subadar-majors, jemadars, and havildars were many fine old men with long war records writ upon their breasts. It is pleasing to record that every effort was made to give them a welcome worthy of their services during the four days they spent in camp : their travelling expenses were all paid ; they were taken to the races and to see the flag-ship *Southampton* and the *Dufferin* ; their taste for picture shows was liberally gratified, and as a souvenir of the occasion every man received a fine coloured portrait of the Prince.

That there were routine events of a stereotyped character during the course of the Madras visit was, of course, inevitable. Amongst these was the visit to the University, when the Prince bestowed a number of khilats upon selected pundits, and in return had to listen to sonorous eulogies in Sanskrit and Persian. The visit to the Cosmopolitan Club was rendered more informal than the original programme suggested by a series of dramatic

entertainments, chiefly in the form of native tableaux. The interviews with ruling chiefs, visit to the Legislative Council, inspection of police, boy scouts, girl guides, and school children were all events of interest and colour which do not lend themselves to reproduction in narrative.

Probably in no place which he visited during the course of his Indian tour did His Royal Highness so strikingly impress the inhabitants with his astonishing activity than in Madras. The heavy languid climate had absolutely no effect upon him. The ball in the romantically situated Adyar Club, transformed into a fairy-like fantasy by the cunning use of myriad coloured lamps, kept him dancing into the small hours. Yet the sun was not an hour high the following morning when he was shooting snipe thirty miles away. Apart from the sport, the call of the beautiful tropical hills challenged a prompt response in His Royal Highness.

There is much that deserves relating in connexion with the Prince's stay in this the oldest British city in India, but lack of space only permits a brief and sketchy outline of what befell during the visit. For example, one would like to dwell upon the wonderfully clever performance given by a body of amateurs who called themselves " The Optimists " in the banqueting hall at Government House, but it must suffice to say that the whole glittering audience rocked with laughter, and that at the end of the entertainment His Royal Highness shook hands with every member of the troupe and cordially congratulated them all.

At eleven o'clock on the evening of January 17 the Prince, after dining with the members of the Madras Club, left for Bangalore, which was reached at half-past eight the following morning. The change from the dew-soaked sultriness of the Madras plain to the crystal clear air of one of the most popular stations in India was delightful. For those who love Madras—and few can see it without doing so—deplore its climate, which in the early days of John Company's history, before men had learnt how

to cope with malaria, filled the graveyards with epitaphs to adventurers below the age of thirty.

Viewed from the train as it rolled into the spacious station, Bangalore unfolded in a charming panorama of undulating plain, fading away in shadowy hills, mapped with a loose tracery of foliage amid which peeped the white walls and red roofs of the city. It is a land of boulders, great pale staring shapes crowding the foreground and receding, almond-like, amid the sparse scrub which makes an ineffectual effort to carpet the glaring sand. Indeed the contrast with the oppressive tropical luxuriance of the country amid which Madras stretches panting to the sea is so complete as to render hard the realization that a single night's journey—and that at leisurely speed—can span the difference.

Bangalore was a splendid demonstration of the failure of the extremists to seduce the people from welcoming the Prince. The non-co-operators had exhorted and threatened in the usual manner. Maybe the presence of such a large garrison gave a sense of security, and stiffened the inhabitants to do what they were notoriously intimidated from attempting in other places; namely, defying the injunction to observe hartal. The two-mile route which His Royal Highness had to traverse between the station and the Residency was bordered with crowds beyond computation, natives who, by the vividness of the colours in which they were grouped, had evidently put on their best saris and chadars for the occasion.

The principal event of this fleeting visit was a review of the troops in garrison, in which the very smart evolutions of the Queen's Bays was the chief spectacular feature. His Royal Highness met army pensioners and reviewed policemen; he received an address in Cubban Park and laid the foundation-stone of a war memorial; he lunched with Lord Ruthven, Colonel-Commandant of the Bangalore area; he attended a garden party and afterwards played several chukkers of polo; he dined with the Hon. Mr. W. P. Barton and took part in a small dance at the

Residency, and before midnight was again in the Royal train resuming a tour which, as this example of an average day serves to illustrate, was nothing if not strenuous.

The journey to Mysore along the little narrow-gauge State Railway is one long rich tropical panorama. At one spot the train will be panting through dense jungle, with monkeys bolting into the tangled undergrowth or scrambling up the lofty palms. At another the scape falls away into a beautiful vale, with white temples nestling amongst its slopes and the gleam of water where the surface is free from the green scum of stagnation. Then follows a wide glimpse of the pyramidal hills, bare and grey, which are so profusely scattered over Central India from the Nilgiris to the Mahadeo range. Comes a cutting over-fringed with a delicate lacery of foliage amongst which birds of exquisite plumage but little song skim in flashes of colour. Then rolling plain, pasture-land, and the orderly picture of Indian cultivation, amid which basks the fair city of Mysore.

Largely a model city owing its symmetry and its greenery very largely to the beneficence of the Maharaja Sir Sri Krishnaraja Wadiyar, Mysore still remains steeped in the traditions of the gorgeous East. And very much was this fact in evidence on the morning of the Prince's arrival. Pageantry of truly barbaric splendour, insistent through throbbing tom-toms and clashing cymbals, shrill reeds and blaring trumpets, seemed to weigh down a generation of effort to modernize and to humanize under a heavy atmosphere of incongruity. Not until the Royal party had traversed the long route between the station and the Maharaja's palace was this sense of conflicting elements dispelled. For here the traveller comes upon one of the most beautiful of India's stately palaces, a shining gem of masonry enhanced by a wonderous wealth of carvings in local porphyry, within which is housed the famous throne of ivory and gold and silver enshrined in legendry.

Vallakdars armed with enormous spears confronted the Prince as he alighted at Mysore in an array which was positively affrighting. Before starting in procession, however, His Royal Highness must needs be guarded against the baneful possibilities of the Evil Eye. A batch of very nervous little girls, forming a symphony in chocolate and rainbows, chanted an ode in Sanskrit, at the same time sprinkling the ground with coloured waters.

The programme of the five days' visit followed the usual course of Indian State hospitality, save that it was framed with a view to leave the Prince rather more leisure for sightseeing and sport than heretofore. One of the most interesting experiences was a trip to Seringapatam, distant only about nine miles from Mysore. Here the Prince spent some hours on the island where stands the decayed town, set amid a malarial blight which as long ago as 1811 drove the British garrison up to the breezy plateau of Bangalore. Yet the crumbling place, brooding in a silence only broken by the babble of greenish waters, the moan of the wind through the dense palms and cypresses, and the eerie cawing of scavenger birds, must always retain a fascinating interest for Englishmen. The famous fort so obstinately defended by Tippu Sultan remains sufficiently intact to enable one to follow the course of the struggle, the breach through which the troops of General Harris stormed in 1799 being very apparent.

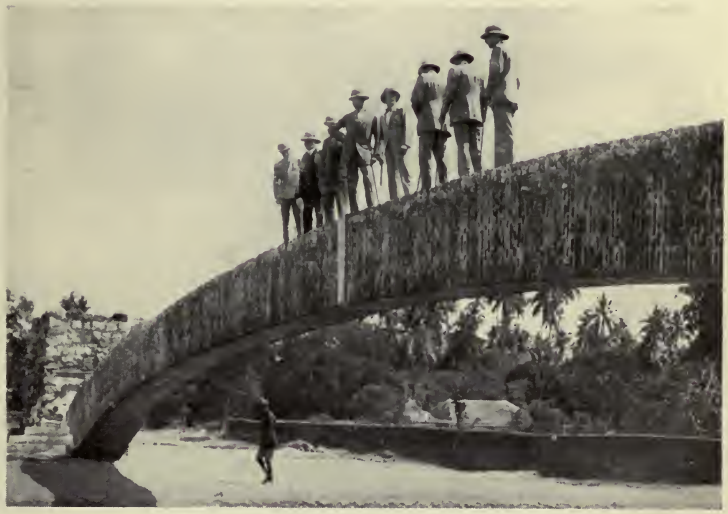
In this almost ghostly environment His Royal Highness spent a long time. He saw the spot where Tippu was killed. He visited the famous dungeons where so many of our men languished—not indeed for years in such a climate—when they were lucky enough to escape the Sultan's favourite practice of having nails driven into their skulls. He lunched in the Darya Daulat Bagh, Tippu's summer palace wherein Wellesley lived after the capture of the place during his command of the troops in the cantonment. The pictures upon the outer walls

of this well-preserved building greatly interested the Prince. They represent with wonderful minutiæ of detail the defeat of Colonel Bailie's force at Conjeeveram in 1780, and whilst characteristically extravagant in colouring and grotesque in grouping, the British soldiers and the Frenchmen under Lally must unquestionably have been depicted from life.

The large temple of Sri Bangamathasami and the minaretted mosque built by Tippu claimed the interested attention of the Royal visitor, as likewise did the mausoleum containing the tomb of Haidar Ali, half-buried in a cypress grove. The priests had brought out a huge garishly gilded Juggernaut car which must have needed several elephant-power to move it at all. From the historic old to the scientific new wound up a most interesting day, the Prince motoring on to Krishnarajasagra—which name he laughingly challenged his staff to pronounce trippingly over the tongue—to see the dam which is being erected across the Cauvery River. This great structure, commenced in 1911, and which will be 124 feet high when completed some years hence, had already been reared to about 80 feet above the river-bed when the Prince saw it. He was told that the reservoir will be the largest of its kind in India, capable of holding 415,000 million cubic feet of water, and that in addition to supplying power to the electricity stations at Bangalore, Mysore, and upon the Kolar Goldfields, it will enable a very large tract of sterile land to be brought under irrigation.

Part of the period of the Prince's visit to Mysore was spent in a shooting-camp at Karrapur, whence a tiger beat and a bison shoot were carried out. But the most interesting event of this spell of sport was a keddah or elephant drive, specially organized in order to show His Royal Highness how the wild animals are rounded-up, to be trained either for ceremonial or utilitarian purposes. This picturesque process has been so often and so fully described that suffice it to say here that this particular drive was on a comparatively small scale,

THE BURMESE BOAT RACES AT MANDALAY



THE PRINCE AND HIS STAFF AT SERINGAPATAM

TESTING A BRICK SPAN INVENTED BY COL. HAVILAND TO ENABLE TROOPS TO CROSS THE NUMEROUS WATERCOURSES

resulting in about twenty-five elephants being ringed around and driven towards the stockade. Of these only five were actually secured. The Prince looked on with close attention, but it was easy to see that his sympathy was all with the frightened animals, which uttered piteous cries and shed very real tears. One or two of them showed fight, but were so hedged in by the herd of tame elephants used to assist in securing them that beyond roaring and trampling and whirling their trunks with frantic energy they could do nothing. There is really no cruelty in the keddah, which is the only method, save the use of pits, by which wild elephants can be secured, but the terror of the brutes cannot but make a spectator feel interest rather qualified by sympathy.

The Mysore visit was indeed delightful and the welcome which the Prince received in this prosperous State was spontaneous on the part of the entire population. Not only in the shining city itself—which has been described as a " playground for elfs and fairies "—was this warmth of greeting manifest. Even in the smallest villages through which His Royal Highness passed there were triumphal arches of a hastily improvised order, and festoons of flowers and coloured paper. The peasants left their work in the fields to scramble to the roadside and salaam to the passing cars of the Royal procession. True, they seldom uttered anything in the way of a cheer, but their demeanour was palpably that of a contented people, pleased at the opportunity to pay homage to the scion of the Great Yuvaraj.

At 10.30 on the evening of January 23 the Prince and his party left Mysore. Throughout the following day the train steamed northwards, through the wonderful hill contours of the Deccan country, and at 8.30 a.m. on January 25 came to a standstill in the large, gorgeously bedecked station of Hyderabad city. His Exalted Highness the Nizam, " Faithful Ally of the British Government," had organized a reception to the Prince of Wales on a scale of splendour worthy of the traditions of this

great feudatory State, and of the hospitality of the first Mohammedan ruler in India. The big city of half a million inhabitants was bedecked with a gorgeousness of colouring and a lavishness of triumphal devices which it is impossible to reproduce in words. The famous Char Minar was emblazoned on its two road-spanning façades with a superb fleur-de-lis and the arms of the Nizam, which when illuminated at night cast a wonderous vari-hued glow far over the bazaars.

The splendid Falak Numa Palace, perched upon the brow of a hill dense with banyans, palms, and tamarinds, was placed at the disposal of His Royal Highness during his four days' stay. Here the Nizam came to pay a State visit almost as soon as he had arrived, attended by a pageant of great spectacular grandeur. For Hyderabad peculiarly lends itself to furnishing picturesque guards since there is no city in India which has such a mixed population nor in which the inhabitants go more formidably armed. In the long, narrow, terra-cotta-coloured streets may be met the Arab, the Sidi, the Rohilla, the Pathan, the Mahratta, the Turk, the Sikh, Persians, Bokharists, Parsees, Madrasis—and a lot of weird-looking creatures who might be anything under the sun outside the category of white men.

The banquet at the Chow Mahla Palace in the evening of the first day in Hyderabad was a wonderful scene of Oriental glory. Myriad points of light streamed in a great golden blaze over wide tessellated courts, amid which played molten fountains, into long receding colonnades, and upon the exquisite filigree work of arabesque archways. The banqueting-hall, reflected in a galaxy of mirrors, seemed interminable in its gilt and gleaming splendours. Even the jaded experiences of two months of Indian magnificence at its best could not dull the sense of profound enchantment stirred by this glorious glittering scene.

The Prince spent a good deal of time in the saddle during his visit to Hyderabad. Apart from polo upon

the Fateh Maidan where he was loudly acclaimed by a big crowd delighted at his skill in their national game, he reviewed the Imperial Service Troops of the Deccan which gave such a splendid account of themselves in the Sinai Peninsula, Palestine, and Syria, and also the big British garrison in Secunderabad. Here a fine display of military sports was put up, the musical ride of the 4th Dragoon Guards and the gallop past of the Royal Horse Artillery calling forth warm eulogy from His Royal Highness.

Hyderabad is rich in historic environment, but the Prince had insufficient leisure to explore scenes and places which assuredly must have appealed to his interest. Yet he had a look at the decaying glories of Golconda, with its grand old castle crowning the brown-baked hill, and the famous adjacent Royal Tombs of the Kutab Shahi Kingdom. Also at the tomb of Raymond, the great French Commandant, whose name is still regarded as sacred in this part of India.

On the evening of January 28 the Royal party was again in the train, bound away upon a forty hours' journey over the most picturesque stretch of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. A day's halt was made at the pretty little town of Nagpur, celebrated for its delicious loose-skinned oranges. Here His Royal Highness attended a durbar at Government House, lunched with Sir Frank Sly, inspected boy scouts, girl guides, ex-Service men and policemen under a screaming sun, and wound up a typical day of this crowded tour by going to a night garden-party given by the feudatory chiefs and leading nobles of the district in the beautiful Talankheri Park, transformed into a fairy vision by the swarms of coloured lamps sprinkled like fire-flies amidst the trees.

Then away again across the Central Provinces, through the gaunt, grotesque Gawilgarh Hills dotted with skyline fortresses, and by the Vindhya Mountains, into the scattered and flat city of Indore, reached at 9.30 on the morning of February 1. The journey was not without

incident. At Bhusawal where the train stopped for coal and water the Prince left the station and paid an unrehearsed visit to the railway school, where he received a great reception from the astonished teachers and the delighted scholars. Here some forty ex-Service men sprang into orderly array, goodness knows how or whence in so brief a time, and the Prince had a word for every one of them. At Khandwa, where it was known His Royal Highness had to change trains, an immense concourse had flocked around the gaily ornamented station, and the picture would have been a strikingly effective one had not the two locomotives effectually smothered it in low-blowing volumes of dense black smoke which called forth some very pointed comments upon the quality of the coal used in these parts.

At Indore the Prince was met by Colonel Blakeway, Agent to the Governor-General, with whom he stayed at the Residency. The Maharaja Holkar called upon His Royal Highness, and the return of this call completed the official programme of the day, leaving the Prince free to play polo during the afternoon. The following morning the Prince was present at a durbar held in the big hall of Daly College and attended by all the principal chiefs of the district. By a somewhat unfortunate coincidence the Maharaja was holding a big durbar in the afternoon, in traditional observance of an important religious anniversary, with the result that neither he nor any members of his large suite were present at the garden-party given in honour of His Royal Highness in the Residency grounds.

Motoring over to the old cantonment of Mhow on the morning of February 3, the Prince reviewed the troops in garrison, numbering over 2,000, including the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, the 3rd battalion King's Royal Rifles, four batteries of Royal Field Artillery and various Indian Army details. A very picturesque incident of this review was the leading past of a squadron of the Dhar Light Horse by the tiny daughter of the

Maharaja, aged eleven years. Dressed in khaki uniform and mounted astride a charger which, in contrast, looked colossal, this self-possessed young lady took her place at the head of the column and gave her orders in a peremptory childish treble, saluting with the utmost sang-froid as she passed the Prince, who returned the sweep and drop of the miniature sword with a gravity so profound as to make one suspect a struggle to suppress merriment.

The five days' visit to Bhopal, where His Royal Highness arrived on the early morning of February 4, will remain a particularly bright memory in the long vista of reminiscences of the Indian tour. A beautiful old city, bountiful in minarets and bombe domes, set amid gem-like surroundings of lakes and hills and verdure of a richness rare in the heart of India, the Prince promptly pronounced Bhopal "a good spot." The personality of the Begum, the only woman ruler in Asia and the only hostess to entertain the Prince throughout his entire tour, is one of strong appealing interest. A dainty and yet thoroughly regal little figure she looked, in a light blue burqa, veiling without altogether hiding her features, as she came forth upon the station platform to greet the Prince on alighting. During the State drive to the Lal Koti Palace she sat beside His Royal Highness in the great dazzling barouche overshadowed by a wide crimson umbrella, chatting with the utmost vivacity in admirable English, and pointing out various places of interest and beauty.

Indeed, to think of Bhopal in connexion with the visit of the Prince of Wales is almost instinctively to think of this gracious little lady of mellow years who strove with unsparing personal effort to demonstrate her affectionate loyalty to the British Ruling House. Strictly orthodox in her faith, she was thereby debarred from sitting down to eat with her guests at the State banquet given at Sadar Manzil on the evening of the Prince's arrival. But she came in at the end of dinner to propose the health of His Royal Highness, and made her speech the occasion

of an announcement which forms the highest possible testimony to her qualities as an enlightened ruler. This was nothing less than a decision to extend to her subjects the privilege of representative government. The opportunity taken to associate the presence of the Prince of Wales with such a momentous step drew from him a warm eulogy upon the close personal interest which the Begum has ever displayed in the well-being of her people. "The decision," said he, "which Your Highness has announced in your speech to-day of associating your subjects more closely with your Government is a signal proof of this interest. I am convinced that this generous step will evoke the warmest gratitude in the hearts of your people. Outside your own State, Your Highness has been indefatigable in attending the conferences which the Viceroy has called together from time to time, and in offering your valuable advice in all matters connected with India and the Empire, in which it was sought, or you felt that it could assist. Nor can I remain silent as regards an aspect of Your Highness's work in which you stand alone, and have no rival. I allude to Your Highness's services to the women of India. As the only ruler of their own sex in this vast continent, Your Highness has rightly felt the claim which the women of India have upon you, and Your Highness's personal efforts to lead to their enlightenment, promote their welfare, and increase their happiness, have been unwearying. I know the close appeal which this aspect of Your Highness's life has made to my mother, Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress."

Bhopal is staunchly loyal to its great spectacular traditions. The durbar held there was probably the most gorgeous of any similar ceremony throughout the entire tour. The Prince and the Begum were seated upon thrones of turquoise and gold in a hall of white marble with arches that seemed to groan under their burden of gilt. The floor was covered with a perfect sea of the costliest carpets, in wonderful hues of crimson, rose, scarlet, and sea-green. But most striking of all

was the colour-scheme of the uniforms and costumes, in which turquoise, the royal hue of Bhopal, was the dominant note, blending in exquisite harmony with the surrounding splendour.

However, the ceremonial programme was confined to comparatively small limits so as to allow His Royal Highness plenty of opportunity for recreation. He spent a couple of days in a special shooting-camp at Kachnaria, twenty-two miles from Bhopal, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan, third son of the Begum, and some members of his personal staff and the collective results of the shikar were seven tigers killed. That His Royal Highness thoroughly enjoyed his visit to Bhopal, and that he was speaking in all sincerity when he expressed his regret at not having been able to stay longer, is pretty well indicated by his farewell message to the Begum. "On leaving Your Highness's State," he wired, "I thank you most warmly for all your kindness and hospitality. I had a most gratifying reception in Bhopal. Your Highness and Your Highness's sons did everything which could have been done to make my visit interesting and enjoyable. It was a great pleasure to me to make Your Highness's acquaintance. I take away most pleasant memories of my stay in Bhopal."

The restrictions upon the space-limits of this little volume will not admit of the recording of much so well worth describing in the way of what the Prince did and saw in Bhopal—and for the matter of that in many other places during the course of the Indian tour. Therefore we must now follow His Royal Highness in his departure from Diwangunj Station at ten o'clock on the night of February 7 for Gwalior, where he arrived at 8.30 the following morning. Here the scene was set with the most dazzling pageantry, which in the opinion of those qualified to judge has only been eclipsed in modern Indian history by the famous Delhi Durbar of 1911. The Maharaja Scindia had arranged an elephant procession from the station to the beautiful Palace of Jai Bilas. In

took their seats in the emblazoned canopy: the other members of the Royal cortege clambered into their places, and the procession started.

Tom-toms throbbed and bins wailed as the wonderful shining array melted into movement. Hiradaz having heaved himself to his feet, swung into his place, and strode off with the obvious conviction that it was the business of everybody and everything else to conform to his movements. On ahead went chobadars in shoals, cavalry with their booming band, artillery, turbaned sepoys, prancing horsemen, swaying camels, gold and silver palkies, nalkies, and other varieties of gorgeous palanquins, down the long bronze-packed thoroughfares and vivid bazaars, under triumphal arches, every one of which concealed its little band of furioso drummers and trumpeters.

Indeed, if spectacular magnificence alone were the standard of success in the Prince's Indian tour, Gwalior might fairly claim to top the list. Probably she is the richest of all the native Indian States; probably also her Maharaja possesses the highest degree of picturesque imagination. The durbar in the grand hall of the Jai Bilas bore excellent testimony to this. The setting, of course, was tremendous in cumulative effects of cream and gold and enormous candelabra, not forgetting the wonderful carpet all in one piece, weighing seven tons. But there was a touch of romantic fancy which one missed in the stately monotony of other durbars in the form of a bevy of marvellously draped dancing-girls who throughout the ceremony sang and chanted.

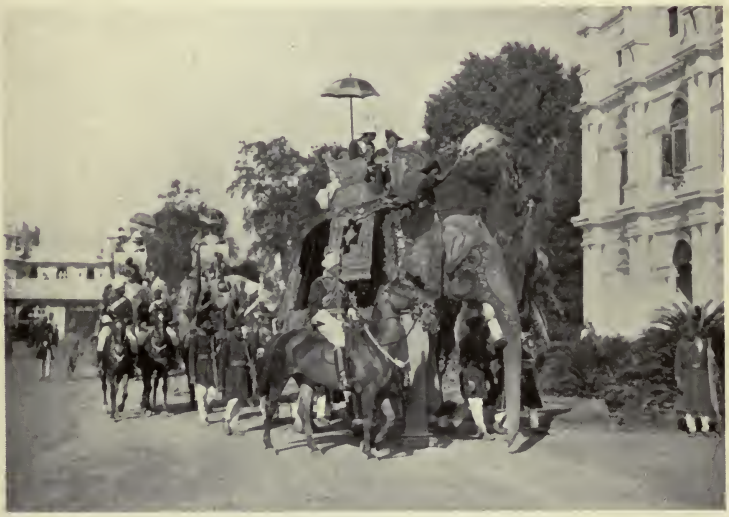
The opening by His Royal Highness of the King George Park (the gift of Scindia to his people) was a typical example of the manner in which this genial and generous Maharaja did things. With a solid golden key the Prince opened a solid golden padlock and swung back the great gate whilst the guns from the grand old fort, perched upon the abrupt crest of the 300-foot rock which dominates the city, boomed forth in salutation. Then the populace

streamed in and the fun began. All kinds of sports had been arranged, which the Prince watched, often with hearty laughter. The big tank, not yet flooded into a permanent lake, made a splendid amphitheatre, wherein congregated acrobats and jugglers from the villages, schoolboys who raced, and strong men and wrestlers who had come in from afar to challenge local championships. Bands played with more vigour than harmony and the whole show was, in fact, a rollicking tamasha.

The Prince did some good riding in the gymkhana races which, like everything else in Gwalior, were thoroughly well done. An enormous crowd gave every manifestation of delight when, in the second race, His Royal Highness entered the course on "Bonnie Lad." It was a field of "cracks," and his plucky little mount was outclassed. He transferred to "Rainbow" for the next event—the horse upon which he had been so successful at Lucknow—and came in fourth out of twelve. In the Scindia Cup he rode "Irish Folly" third, but in the final race, mounted on "Destiny," he was barely robbed of first place by one of his own staff. At the end of the gymkhana the Maharaj Kumar George appeared, his smiling face scarcely visible above the level of the table bearing the prizes, and presented these to the winners.

One reminiscence of the Gwalior visit must certainly not be omitted. This was the brilliant review by the Prince of Scindia's troops, many of which had rendered such fine service in the Great War. But what made the spectacle so interesting was the presence in the ranks of the Imperial Service Infantry of the two children of the Maharaja, dressed, armed and trained as privates. In khaki, carrying miniature rifles and full field kit, they strode past with the sturdy sepoys, taking two steps to their one, but otherwise conforming perfectly to all evolutions. For the Maharaja believes that the best qualification for commanding is to have served. Surely a doctrine none will venture to gainsay.

PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE GEORGE OF GWALIOR AT THE PARADE GROUND



H.R.H. AND THE MAHARAJA ON THE ROYAL ELEPHANT "HIRAGAZ"
ARRIVING AT GWALIOR PALACE

CHAPTER IX

THE LAST STAGES

LEAVING Gwalior on February 12 and re-entering British India across the frontier of the United Provinces, the Prince of Wales may be said to have started upon the last stages of his Indian tour. For although there were two breaks—each, by the way, of much interest—arranged for in the time-table of this journey, the destination was Delhi, generally regarded as the culminating point in the Imperial significance of the tour.

The first halt was at Fatehpur Sikri, the famous deserted city of the Moghul Empire. The sun was just rising over the red sandstone palaces and mosques grouped upon the towering rock over an area measuring seven miles around as the Royal train came to a standstill at the little wayside platform and the Prince and his staff alighted to make a brief pilgrimage of these wonderful silent monuments to the greatness of Akbar.

For thirty years the work of rearing these stately pleasure domes and majestic fanes proceeded upon the colossal scale with which the Moghul dynasty exacted material form to its gorgeous fancies. But four years after completing the sublime Buland Darwaza, leading to what Fergusson considers the grandest mosque in India, Akbar died. Already the desolation of the splendid pleasure city had been decreed, for tradition says that as his clouded end approached the Emperor pondered upon the folly of building so many "houses" on a "bridge" which, like that of Lucerne, is decorated with the Dance of Death.

Two hours amid surroundings which could not be exhausted in all the daylight moments of two weeks gave the Prince but slight opportunity indeed of exploring the fascinating wonders of Fatehpur Sikri. Yet he managed to visit the fantastic Diwan-i-Khas, designed for the meeting before Akbar of different sects in controversy, as at Rome before Julian the Apostate. Also to look into Christian Lady's House, where a quite unsupported tradition has it there lived a Portuguese lady to whom Akbar was married. Possibly there may be association between this legend and the Christian suggestions of some of the fine, well-preserved, fresco-work within the building. The symbolic devices in the tessellated courtyard, or Khas Mahal, likewise greatly interested the Prince.

Although the city is indeed deserted, a little group of people from the surrounding districts had wandered into it to see the Prince, and some of these gave a rather remarkable exhibition of high diving into the Holy Well, a small sheet of greenish water reputed to be of great depth. Climbing on to the roof of an adjacent building, these stark-naked men raised their arms above their heads, uttered strange cries and jumped, feet first, from a height of at least thirty yards into the stagnant pool. In descending they managed to hurtle their bodies forward, otherwise they must have alighted upon the brick rim of the well: they struck the water with a prodigious splash, and from the time which elapsed before their re-emergence must have plumbed pretty deep. The Prince paused for a minute or two to watch them, but he had remained to the full time-limit of the programme amid the silent palaces and temples of Fatehpur Sikri, frankly deploring that it was not possible to spare much more leisure amid this strangely ghost-like relic of the gorgeous long past.

By breakfast-time the Royal train had resumed its journey, and at eleven o'clock in the morning it made its second stop of the scheduled trip, at Agra. Here

the Prince attended an " At-Home " given by the United Provinces' Chiefs within the old fort—another of the great memorials of Akbar, into which he retired when he abandoned Fatehpur Sikri. The red bastioned walls, flaming dully in the sunlight, are more picturesquely imposing than militarily formidable, the outer casing of stone being little more than a veneer of masonry over a 70-foot-high bank of sand rubble.

But amongst all the ancient glories of Agra the compelling call of the Taj Mahal subdues the rest. The city itself was in a state of hartal, and there was no particular reason why the Prince should have broken his journey there at all seeing that his visit was of a purely private and informal character with no official engagements to fulfil. No particular reason, that is to say, outside of the Taj Mahal, which it may be admitted was a very sufficient one.

The Prince visited the sublime sepulchre twice: once during the afternoon, when he entered the interior and tested the famous echo of the central dome; once by moonlight. The exquisite, almost ethereal beauty of Shah Jehan's tomb in the lunar light has been so often described that suffice it to say the Prince was very fortunate in having a full moon and a perfect violet night, " clad in the glory of a thousand stars," under which to view the most perfect architectural poem in the world. He lingered long in the avenue of dark cypress trees in the opening of which the mausoleum is framed, gazing in a silence more eloquent of deep admiration than any words.

It was at 3.30 on the afternoon of February 14 that the Royal train arrived at the station of Selimgarh, adjoining the bastion of the great Delhi Fort from the ramparts of which boomed forth a Royal salute as the Prince of Wales alighted on the outskirts of the capital of the Indian Empire. Presumably the reason for selecting this point of entry in preference to the city station was that it is much closer to Viceregal Lodge, in the grounds

of which His Royal Highness stayed during his visit. Furthermore, the arrangement obviated a drive through the native quarters, especially the famous Chandni Chauk, which has been the scene of so many manifestations of political unrest.

For there had been some apprehension that the Non-Co-operative agitators would attempt to stage a considerable demonstration at Delhi. In point of fact a curious situation had developed upon the very eve of the Prince's arrival. The Congress Committee of this party had passed a resolution calling for the abandonment of all Non-Co-operative activities, and the great hartal, which had been organized weeks ahead of the Prince's visit, was called off. Big placards in blue and white had been mysteriously posted overnight bearing the injunction to desist from any kind of dissentient display. This did not suit the more turbulent spirits, and many of these notices were over-posted with slips calling upon the people to pay no heed to them, because " Our leaders are weak." Such conflict of advice gave the native population opportunity to act as it pleased, with the result that most of the bazaars were closed, but their proprietors flocked into the streets to see the sights—a sort of compromise with the hartal edict which had been observed in other places.

As a consequence vast crowds had flocked to the various vantage-points along the route from Selimgarh to Viceregal Lodge. At the station a very brilliant assemblage had gathered to welcome the Prince. The background to a little sea of red carpet was formed by guards of honour furnished by the 2nd Leicester Regiment and the 10th Jats. The Viceroy stood opposite where the Royal coach was signalled to stop, surrounded by his personal staff in glittering uniforms. After greeting His Royal Highness, Lord Reading presented Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief, members of the Executive Council, Sir Alexander Muddiman and Sir Frederick Whyte, Presidents of the Council of State and

the Legislative Assembly respectively, Sir John Wood, the Political Secretary, Mr. Barron, the Chief Commissioner of Delhi, and Sir Umar Hayat Khan and Sir Jamsetjee Jijibhoy, the two members representing the two chambers of the Indian Legislature. When this ceremony was over, the Viceroy with his staff left the platform and returned to Viceregal Lodge accompanied by his bodyguard and escorted by two squadrons of the 16th Lancers, 148th Battery R.F.A., and 17/19th King George's Own Lancers.

Following upon the departure of the Viceroy from Selimgarh Station the Prince inspected the guard of honour and then, accompanied by his staff, proceeded to the dais facing the shamiana where members of the two Houses of the Indian Legislature were waiting. On arrival on the dais the Prince passed to his throne and the Presidents of the two Houses presented to His Royal Highness the members of their respective Councils, with whom the Prince shook hands. These presentations over, the City Fathers, headed by Mr. Macworth Young, the Deputy Commissioner and the Chairman of the Municipality, gave an address of welcome.

The procession in which the Prince rode from the station to Viceregal Lodge was on a stage of magnificence worthy of the traditions of the ancient capital of India. Following the Royal barouche, with its scarlet postilions and triple pair of superb chestnuts, came three landaus and a string of shining motor-cars. The escorting cavalcade was made up of detachments of the 19th Hussars, "C" Battery R.H.A., and 11/12th Cavalry. The procession passed through Lahore Gate of the Fort, where a dense mass of people, including a large number from surrounding districts, loyally and warmly greeted their future King. The cortege then went along Lothian Road, Kashmere Gate, Kudshia Bagh, Alipore Road, Khyber Pass, the Mall, and Circuit House Road. Several fine triumphal arches with long festoons of flags spanned the route, which was lined by the 2nd battalion of the

Queen's Royal Regiment, 2nd battalion Leicestershire Regiment, 2nd battalion Seaforth Highlanders, 10th Jats, and 2/8th Gurkha Rifles. Considering that the route extended over two miles, it was well packed, at many places the crowds being dense behind the fringe of soldiery.

The Prince did not stay in Viceregal Lodge itself during his visit to Delhi, but in a pretty little bungalow specially built for the occasion in the grounds facing the main façade. The official programme was naturally rather heavy with formal functions: the round of these began on the morning after the day of arrival with the unveiling of the King Edward Memorial. This is a fine bronze equestrian statue of the monarch in the King Edward Memorial Garden, upon a pedestal to which, as the Viceroy reminded the Prince, his Royal Father had attached the memorial tablet rather more than ten years before. The monument is the result of an appeal by Lord Minto, in response to which more than 80,000 people, representing all sections of the Indian communities, subscribed the five lakhs of rupees which it was estimated as likely to cost.

At the State banquet that evening His Royal Highness made one of his best speeches of the whole tour. In the course of it he said:

"I am now more than half through my visit to India. I need not assure you that my visit has been one of absorbing interest. I have keenly enjoyed every feature of it, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Your Excellency, whose guiding hand drew the track on the map along which I have travelled. I should also like to offer my most cordial thanks to the Government of India and all the officials and non-officials who have done so much to ensure the smooth running of all arrangements connected with my visit. I know what a lot of hard work and organization it has entailed, and those responsible for the arrangements may congratulate themselves on the result of their labours.

"There are, I believe, some persons who come from

England, and after spending even fewer weeks than I have in this country give their valuable views and impressions about India to the public. You must not expect me to-night to disturb their monopoly. I am content for the present to remain a reverent student of the many wonderful things which the book of India has to unfold. There is only one impression which I have formed and to which I can give publicity to-night, and that is the kindness which I have met in India, which has made me feel that I have been among friends."

The Imperial Durbar held on the afternoon of February 16 was perhaps rather disappointing as a spectacle judged by the standard of comparison with similar ceremonies in the past. There had been a general idea too that this event might be made the occasion of some momentous utterance by the Viceroy, and that His Royal Highness might also have something to say of great significance in its bearing upon the future of India. To be sure, it was only a case in which the wish was father to the thought, since there were absolutely no tangible grounds for such an expectation. His Excellency did indeed refer to the fact that the Prince's visit " found India in heavy waters. But may it not be," he continued in his silvery eloquence, " that the unpropitious elements now visible are but the froth and foam which ever appear upon the surface when progress rides the waves ? " Felicitous imagery, but with a practical application amounting to exactly—nothing. The Prince in his response more than once skimmed very thin ice with wonderful skill and tact.

Held in a huge shamiana erected within the great Fort, perhaps the most interesting feature of the Delhi Durbar lay in the fine speeches of welcome delivered by representative Indian Princes. The Maharaja of Bikaner led in tones of most perfect cultured English, fluent and rich. He was followed by the Maharaja of Gwalior, who mingled greetings with a very pleasing vein of reminiscence. The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, memor-

able to the older generation as Ranji Singh, the great cricketer, payed deep tribute to " the lovable, the tactful, the experienced ambassador of fellow-feeling and friendship between all the scattered parts of the Empire." The Maharaja of Patiala struck a note of personal loyalty, traditional on the part of his house to the British throne which amounted to a truly fine piece of rhetoric.

The Durbar was followed by a great garden-party in the beautiful compound of the old Moghul fortress. In company with Lord and Lady Reading the Prince made a cursory tour of the famous stronghold which lasted until dusk was deepening into night and the gardens burst into a blaze of illuminations, amid which a flaming waterfall of subdued colour was the *pièce de résistance.*

The remaining principal official functions of the Prince's Delhi visit can only be briefly touched upon. On the morning of February 18 he laid the foundation-stone of the Kitchener College in New Delhi—a wide-flung city of almost melancholy monotony which is growing up upon the plain around Raisina. This College, in the words of the Viceroy, will form an avenue of entry into an Indian Sandhurst, so that the sons of native officers may attain to full executive rank as holders of the King's Commission. Lord Rawlinson, in a touching eulogy of his old comrade, thanked His Royal Highness on behalf of the Army for laying the stone.

On the way back to Viceregal Lodge after this ceremony one of those incidents occurred which bring out the deep human sympathy of the Prince in such strong colour. Along the Muttra Road the members of the Third All-India Depressed Classes Conference had assembled to greet His Royal Highness. As the Royal party approached the square covered with jasmine and rose petals which had been prepared there arose a great clamour of " Badshah ki jai ! " and " Shahzada Sahib ki jai ! " The Prince, after learning from hurried inquiry what the character of this gathering really was, ordered his car to stop and the Chairman of the Conference,

Mr. G. A. Gawai, M.L.C., to be presented to him. This gentleman had evidently hoped for such an opportunity, since he had prepared a modest little address which he now produced and read to the Prince. It ran thus :

" On behalf of the members of the All-India Depressed Classes Conference, permit me to thank Your Royal Highness for the interest Your Royal Highness is taking in the uplift of the depressed classes in India, and for the sympathetic message received yesterday by this Conference. May I request Your Royal Highness to convey to His Imperial Majesty our message that there are in India 60 millions of human beings who are untouchables, and that these should be raised if India is to be made really fit for Swaraj."

The Prince replied in most sympathetic terms, and as he drove away was cheered with a degree of feeling surely seldom revealed by an Oriental crowd.

Later on during the day His Royal Highness made another great score by delivering a little speech in Hindustani. The fact that he had specially studied it for the occasion in no way affected the surprise and delight which resulted. The occasion was the presentation of Colours to the 16th Rajputs. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Prince addressed the Regiment in words which every man in the ranks could understand, delivered with characteristic clearness and, as even the most critical listeners confessed, with perfect pronunciation.

This particular day, which was the most crowded of the Delhi visit, ended with a grand banquet given by the Ruling Princes of India to His Royal Highness in the big hall of " Maidens' Hotel." The Maharaja of Gwalior was in the chair, and on the other side of the Prince sat the Maharaja of Jodhpur. All the Native States' Rulers were either present, or came in after dinner (if orthodox), or were represented, and as all were clad in the full magnificence of Durbar dress, the spectacle was a very gorgeous one. The turbans especially made a most wonderful showing, the lights sparkling amid a perfect sea of jewels.

The Begum of Bhopal came in for the drinking of the toasts and sat immediately behind the Prince, who held a long animated conversation with her.

The last of the formal State functions was the ball at Viceregal Lodge on the night of February 20. It goes without saying that this was a most imposing gathering, although really too crowded for effective dancing. More than fifteen hundred people were present, and the splendid, dark-panelled, bunting-canopied hall, at the head of which His Excellency sat enthroned, was an unforgettable scene of colour and movement, amid which the priceless costumes of the Indian Princes glittered and shone with bewildering brilliance. His Royal Highness, in the kilted mess dress of the Seaforth Highlanders, took part in the so-called State Lancers which opened the ball. A circle of the scarlet-clad Viceregal Bodyguard kept clear an adequate space on the floor, and the set was made up as follows: The Viceroy and Lady Rawlinson, the Prince of Wales and the Countess of Reading, the Earl of Cromer and Lady Hailey, Sir William Vincent and the Countess Fortescue, Sir Malcolm Hailey and the Viscountess Falmouth, the Naval Commander-in-Chief and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, the Governor of the United Provinces and the Countess of Hardwicke, the Commander-in-Chief and Lady Vincent.

It must be confessed, however, that the State Lancers rapidly became more amusing than dignified. In fact, they ended as a sort of staid romp, in which the figures became hopelessly mixed and everybody was laughing heartily, particularly the Prince, who clearly regarded the whole thing as good fun.

On the evening of February 21, after having attended a garden-party given by officers of the Indian Army at the Kudsia Bagh, the Prince departed quietly from Delhi. Although he had filled a pretty strenuous programme of formal functions in the capital he had likewise found opportunity for a fair amount of sport. On three days

he played polo, and on another took part in an impromptu military gymkhana, in which tent-pegging and lemon-cutting were the principal events. That his personal magnetism had fairly captured the hearts of the populace was well proved by the tremendous reception he received on his appearance at the People's Fête on the Maidan near the Fort not very long before his departure from the city. His arrival was unheralded, but as soon as it was discovered a crowd which must certainly have run into six figures closed around in such solid compact that it took nearly half an hour to thrust and squeeze and crush an avenue of escape through them. A wonderful scene, the confused roar of the shouting masses drowning the conflicting blare of many bands and the shrieking of roundabouts, until the babel found rhythm in a great unanimous slogan of "Yuvraj Prince ki jai!" The Prince, in khaki riding kit, was laughing and waving and evidently thoroughly pleased with the novel scene and, keeping a tight rein upon his horse that it should not injure any of the surging crowds who were invoking upon his head all the most flowery blessings which Oriental fervour could conjure, he gradually escaped from the human maelstrom of this tremendous tamasha. His Royal Highness could scarcely have devised any form of farewell to the Delhi populace which would have appealed more to their hearts and their fancy.

The Delhi week had proved rather a tax even upon the indomitable energy of the Prince of Wales, and with thoughtful consideration the Maharaja of Patiala arranged that the programme of the three days to be spent in his capital should be as free from official obligations as it was practicable to render them. There was the invariable ceremony of mizaj pursi, and the exchange of visits after the Prince was installed in the Motibagh Palace on the morning of February 22, and there was a review of State troops and ex-Service men during the afternoon. The following day, however, was given over entirely to relaxation, including pig-sticking (in which the Prince

killed two boars) and a gymkhana, whereat local wrestlers showed their prowess with an energy which it made one perspire to watch. So with the third day, when a shoot and polo were the only items arranged for the entertainment of his Royal Highness. The State banquet this night was on a scale of heavy magnificence, even for Punjab traditions, and after this the Prince resumed his long northward journey.

On the way to Lahore a break of little more than two hours was made at Jullunder Cantonment to enable His Royal Highness to lay the foundation-stone of the first of King George's Royal Indian Military Schools, and inspect a rather remarkable gathering of pensioners. Amongst these were Dogras from the Kangra Valley who had tramped under the blazing sun for three and even four days for the privilege of parading before the Prince. Many veterans, wearing medals and decorations dating back over three generations, were present, including one fine-looking old fellow who had fought through the Mutiny.

Lahore, at which city His Royal Highness arrived at 3.30 on the afternoon of February 25, proved another of the gratifying contradictions of the tour. The place had earned for itself an unenviable name in connexion with the non-Co-operative movement. The bazaar quarter was declared unsafe for any Englishman, and in point of fact it was stated that no Englishman had entered it for some months prior to the Prince's arrival. The question as to whether His Royal Highness ought to go to such an alleged hot-bed of sedition was gravely debated, and the general tendency was to counsel abandonment of the visit. Of course, such advice was given in the best of good faith, but without a sufficient appreciation of the fact that if one thing more than another was calculated to harden the Prince in his resolve to carry out the programme at Lahore it was the suggestion to cut it out as not quite safe.

Lahore gave the Prince a great reception—" better

than she deserved to do," as a sergeant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers was overheard humorously to remark after the State drive from the station to Government House. The extent to which the city decorated and illuminated itself was the most effective form of protest against all the admonitions of misgiving. The electric supply of the place proved unequal to meeting the demand imposed by the festive efforts of thousands of inhabitants, who, not to be defeated, fell back upon chiragh, or oil lamps, with the result that the city waxed into a brave blaze of splendour after dark. There may have been a hartal proclaimed; there probably was: in any case, those best able to judge estimated the voluble crowds drifting through the streets until a late hour as considerably in excess of the actual population of Lahore itself.

On such occasions as presented themselves the Lahore multitudes proved that their sentiments towards the Prince of Wales were of the heartiest, staunchest loyalty. The demonstration which greeted his appearance at the workshops of the North-Western Railway at Mughalpura was amazing in its spontaneous enthusiasm. Gandhism was notoriously strong amongst the thousands of workers employed in these great factories. But with a splendid unanimity they put the Prince above all political creed. Here it was that the magnificent Royal train in which he toured the length and breadth of India on its broad-gauge railways was built. Mr. M. F. A. Hadow, the Agent to the N.W.R. Co., who met His Royal Highness at the entrance to the locomotive shops, told him that the daily average of workers who failed to put in appearance was about five hundred: on this particular morning the number failing to pass in their checks was only a trifle over one hundred.

The Prince made a tour of all the departments, examining the rolling stock and fittings under construction with the liveliest interest and, through an interpreter, asking countless questions of men of all grades. Those who had frankly regarded this visit as of a rather risky

character quietly withdrew out of range of the triumphant smile of His Royal Highness as it progressed, and even the indefatigable Mr. Burt, the genial Scotland Yard officer travelling with the Royal retinue, beamed with relieved satisfaction before the tour of inspection was half through. Incidentally, the best commentary upon the Prince's reception at Lahore is that it was the only place in India in which Mr. Burt took a night off.

At the end of his round of Mughalpura Railway Works His Royal Highness was presented with a beautiful little model of his own coach in the Royal train. It was a perfect reproduction in all details, and when the roof was removed the Prince gazed into a Lilliputian replica of his saloon, even down to the last electric-light switch.

The second occasion when the Lahore crowds found opportunity to give His Royal Highness a great welcome was when he visited the mela or provincial fair. This is a purely Punjab institution, generally held on an occasion of great public rejoicing. It was estimated that not less than fifty thousand people had assembled upon the great maidan outside the walls of the fort where the booths and the roundabouts were pitched, a very considerable proportion of these having come in from the surrounding country. On the arrival of the Prince he mounted a horse and rode twice entirely around the great arena in front of the people. After this he proceeded to a shamiana to watch the sports. A number of picturesquely attired sirdars from the Western Punjab rode past with their retainers, following upon which a squadron of Patiala State Cavalry carried out a very smart musical ride. Then came wrestling matches, weight-lifting feats, ball throwing, ghara balancing by Nat nomads, and sundry acrobatic feats which greatly amused the Prince. When he entered his car to leave the mela the excited crowd made a rush which nothing short of volleys of ball ammunition could have resisted. Cheering in strange guttural chorus they pressed around the Royal vehicle in such a solid phalanx that it was only

possible to push them back by proceeding at a snail's pace. Good-humour and respect were palpable in the demeanour of the multitude, and even after His Royal Highness had gone shoals of them flocked to the shamiana and did "pooja" before the golden chairs upon which the Prince had sat in company with the Governor, Sir Edward Maclagan.

A "fox" hunt was organized whilst the Prince was at Lahore, the chief point of difference between this and the home sport being that the game is a jackal. Meeting at Shahkikoi early in the morning several jacks were drawn and some good running resulted. But owing to the lateness of the season and the height of the crops all the odds were in favour of the hunted, and the hounds only made one kill.

At the Lahore Gymkhana Races the Prince himself rode for the Princess Mary's Cup which he presented in commemoration of his sister's wedding-day. Mounted on Major Vanrenan's "Jenny Wren" he came home first in a magnificent sprint, to thunderous applause. Then came a disappointment. By some singular misunderstanding it was not the Princess Mary's Cup he had ridden for at all, but the Steward's Cup. The former was won by another of Major Vanrenan's horses, the name of which—"All Clear"—was regarded as of happy augury.

The departure of the Prince from Lahore at eleven o'clock on the night of March 1 was programmed as "private." But Lahore was not going to have this. The populace turned out in tens of thousands to give a send-off to His Royal Highness. They improvised illuminations which, added to those already existent, fired the heart of the city with a red-hot glow. Along the whole length of Empress Road were drawn up lines of Kashmiris and Jammu men, all white-robed, who bore aloft great streaming flambeaux. Outside the turreted station, silhouetted in traceries of red, white, and blue light, a bunch of Khattaka had made a big bonfire,

around which they danced a weird tribal dance, flourishing their swords as they leapt and whirled.

The troops lining the route made an effort to hold back the crowds but with indifferent success. As the Prince neared the station to the accompaniment of a perfect storm of cheering, which made one wonder whether this was really India or a cup final football ground at home, the rush bent the line. The arrival of a little procession of cars completely broke it, and then the delighted multitude poured through. The Prince reached his saloon before the platform was stormed, and stood at the door laughing and waving to the victorious mob. And in this fashion Lahore gave the final lie direct to those who had predicted that she would not be a good spot for the Prince to visit.

The next place laid down in the itinerary of His Royal Highness's tour was Jammu, the winter residence of the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir. But the pretty little city of tall spires and golden pinnacles nestling among the foot-hills of the Himalayas had recently suffered from a visitation of plague, and the judgment of those who decreed that it would be unwise for the Prince to stay there may be commended as at least more shrewd than proved to be the counsels regarding Lahore. So the village of Satwari, five miles distant, was chosen instead, and a great camp sprung up upon the sandy plain as by magic.

It might well have been an English April morning—and a sharpish one at that—when the Royal train halted within sight of the snow-capped peaks of the world's grandest mountain range. The keen air was then tolerably clear, but as the morning advanced the mountains gradually faded into a gathering gloom ; a howling wind raised a great sandstorm ; rain fell, thinly at first but later in a driving cascade which turned the powdery earth into swimming sludge, and finally there rolled down off the mountains a really first-class thunderstorm.

It may be supposed that under such conditions the

TAJ MAHAL, AGRA

DEVIL DANCERS AT JAMMU WITH THEIR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Prince's visit was of rather a dreary character. Nothing of the kind ! He held a review of the Dogras and other Kashmir State troops who had done such fine service during the war, before the weather broke. He managed to snatch several chukkers of polo during an afternoon lull. When the elements were kicking up their worst fuss the Prince spent a long and interesting time in rambling through the exhibition of Kashmir products, where he was presented with a fine set of heads of native big game, and where he confessedly found it difficult to leave off buying amongst the beautiful silver ware and famous shawls. By the way, the shamiana wherein the State banquet was held was entirely canopied under the roof with Kashmir shawls from the Maharaja's collection, many of them several generations old, and said to be worth at least twenty-five thousand pounds.

In fact, despite the weather, the pre-arranged programme was pretty successfully carried out. After dinner there was a really fine display of fireworks, amid considerable astonishment, since everybody expected that the rain would have quite done for these. Then a body of lamas gave a devil dance to the inevitable accompaniment of fire and grotesque head-pieces, and although it was virtually impossible to make out what all the antics were intended to represent, yet the final appearance of some policemen chasing several of the dancers suggested a humorous method of conveying that the devils had got the worst of it.

On the journey from Satwari to Peshawar the Prince stopped at Sialkot, where he inspected the 2nd Indian Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Colonel-Commandant C. H. Rankin, and at Sarai Alamgir, where he laid the foundation-stone of the second of King George's military schools. At Jhelum he also alighted to walk down the ranks of a large gathering of pensioners, leaving at sunset and arriving at the extreme northernmost point of his railway travelling in India at 8.30 on the morning of March 4.

A great band of warriors from the frontier hills were

assembled at Peshawar Station to greet the Prince: Pathans, Afridis, Dogras, Zakka Khels, Jibzils, and Mashuds; all armed to the teeth and muffled to the neck in their huge poshtins. They made a most picturesque contrast with the smart guards of honour of the P. of W. Own Yorkshire Regiment and the 1/89th Punjabis. Staunchly loyal to the British Throne, these fine tribesmen later craved opportunity to display their sentiments in very effective fashion. It appears that a batch of badmashes decided to try and establish a hartal. Their pretext was the old political one: their real purpose undoubtedly was to reduce the bazaars to a condition in which a looting expedition would be a comparatively easy affair. They succeeded so far that, from sheer intimidation and without any real reference to Khilafat, most of the shopkeepers closed down. The consequence was that when the Prince made his State drive through Peshawar the place wore a somewhat deserted appearance. Moreover, a mere handful of boys, under the leadership of a brazen-voiced Sikh, several times interrupted the reading of the address of welcome to His Royal Highness by shouting "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!" and then dodging to another spot to repeat the cry.

This infuriated the chiefs from the frontier hills. Came a deputation of them to Sir John Maffey, the Chief Commissioner. With deep humiliation they protested that the traditional reputation of their country for hospitality had been sullied by a band of rascals and a crowd of curs. Would His Excellency give his sanction to a bit of reprisal for such an outrage? The chief spokesman, a grand old Afridi with flashing eyes and flowing beard, said that five thousand hillmen only awaited the word to open the bazaars, and take the roof off every one. The Chief Commissioner expressed deep appreciation of the friendliness which prompted this offer, but added that he was afraid it really would not do. He assured the malik that His Royal Highness

was under no misapprehension as to the loyalty and hospitality of the frontier races, and did not for a moment regard the threats and funk of the very few as representing the sentiments of the whole. However, the indignant tribesmen were not to be denied some satisfaction for the slur cast upon their repute, and there was a very large crop of black eyes and thick lips in Peshawar city that evening.

One of the most memorable events of the Prince's stay in the North-West Frontier Province was a visit to the Khyber Pass. The journey was made in weather of glass-clear brilliance, in the teeth of a northerly wind sweeping with icy bitterness down the tremendous gorges that begin betwixt the Shahgai Heights. It was a wonderful experience this passage of the twenty-eight miles through the magnificent gateway into Central Asia. All along the bare sky-searching heights, often seeming to rise sheer athwart the path of the tortuous road, were signs of the vigilance and strength with which this key to India is guarded. Every ridge is dotted with sangars, forts, or blockhouses, most of which have been the scenes of deadly struggles. Naturally the garrisons of these almost countless posts turned out either to salute the Prince or watch the passing of the little procession of Royal cars, and although these guards were in isolated parties yet it needed no effort of computation to realize that collectively they amounted to a veritable army. Along the roadway, across the roadway, up the cliffs and down the cliffs ran the aerial ropeway, ceaselessly carrying its suspended trollies of food and stores up to the depots, whilst in and out, twisting and vanishing, to re-appear terraced along dizzy crags, was the railway that is to presently link up Northern India with the Afghan frontier.

At Landi Kotal the Prince stopped to inspect the troops of the 1st Indian Infantry Brigade quartered there; lunching with the officers of the 2nd Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He continued his journey to

Landi Khana, dropping down the precipitous route over Michni Kandao, some 3,000 feet, and halting at the very boundary of Afghanistan. Here the view was magnificent. The eternal snows of the Hindu Kush glimmered against the pale blue of the sky at least a hundred miles away. A vast expanse of billowy country, green and smiling, rolled away towards Dacca, Jelalabad and Cabul, a scene impossible for any Englishman to gaze upon without a surging up of stirring memories, and the Prince asked many questions which showed his intimate acquaintance with the history of this troublous frontier as he mused upon the spacious picture.

On the return journey a large gathering of tribesmen met His Royal Highness at Sarkai Shigr and presented him with half a dozen of the fine horned sheep of the country, and some ancient specimens of Afghan arms. They also showed him, with much pride, a modern rifle made in an Afghan factory, a weapon which appeared a precise replica of our own latest pattern short rifle and, incidentally, formed a rather unpleasant commentary upon the futility of trying to stop gun-running amongst the border peoples.

The original programme of the Prince's visit to the great military area of North-West India underwent considerable modification in consequence of a decision to abandon the Army manœuvres, which he was to have attended, on economic grounds. Still from the time of his arrival in Peshawar until his departure for Karachi to re-embark in the *Renown*, most of his engagements were of a military nature. After leaving Peshawar he reviewed the Nowshera garrison, the parade, under Colonel S. G. Loch, being the largest His Royal Highness had yet seen in India. Breaking his motor journey at Taxila to lunch with Sir John Marshall, the Prince viewed some excavations which have been in progress for several years and have thus far resulted in revealing remains of a great city, believed to be that of the former capital of the kingdom of Taxila.

Late in the afternoon of March 9 the Prince reached Rawal Pindi, where he spent three days as the guest of the Commander-in-Chief at the Circuit House. Here he held a grand review of the forces which were to have been mobilized under the original plan of holding manœuvres, just over ten thousand troops of all arms being on parade. Amongst these were the 2nd Connaught Rangers, and the knowledge that this fine old battalion was making its last appearance on a ceremonial parade before going home to be disbanded was a pathetic commentary upon the splendid esprit with which they marched past to " St. Patrick's Day." On the following morning the Prince presented Colours to no less than five Indian regiments [1]—a deeply impressive piece of pageantry—and pinned the Victoria Cross upon the breast of Sepoy Ishar Singh, the first Sikh to win it.

After leaving Rawal Pindi the Prince paid several fleeting visits to places more or less *en route* to Karachi. With the exception of a sightseeing trip to the Malakand Pass, and witnessing the final events in the Kadir competition (during the course of which he mounted as a non-competitor and made a fine run in the Hoghunter's event), these visits were all in the nature of military functions. Not the least important as well as distinctly the most interesting amongst them was the formal opening of the Prince of Wales' Royal Indian Military College at Dehra Dun.

One amusing episode arising out of the trip to the Malakand Pass deserves to be recorded. The Swat and Dir tribes, at war as usual, held a unanimous but informal truce to enable the warriors to leave their battle lines and come down to see the Prince. The purpose of their excursion fulfilled, they returned to business. Unfortunately for himself, however, the Dir generalissimo spread relaxation over too long a period, with the result that the Swats were back in their

[1] The regiments were the 27th Cavalry F.F., 73rd Carnatic Infantry, 1/22nd Punjabis, 35th Sikhs, and 36th Sikhs.

entrenched positions right athwart the path of his only possible route of return. As they were naturally only too anxious to capture him, his adventures in rejoining his army should make a thrilling little story —always, of course, presuming that he succeeded in rejoining at all.

CHAPTER X

VOYAGE TO JAPAN

THE *Renown*, looking more yacht-like than ever in all the glory of glossy white enamel, sailed from Karachi just after sunset of March 17. The Prince had taken his farewell of India in a little round of ceremonies in its "nearest port to Europe," chief of which was the unveiling of a Baluch war memorial. The great battle-cruiser lay anchored outside the harbour, and His Royal Highness embarked in the escorting ship *Comus* to re-join her. The *Renown* had dressed overall, rainbow-fashion, and guard and band were mounted upon the quarter-deck, but unfortunately official sunset overtook the Prince's launch and, true to naval tradition, all bunting was struck and preparations for what is known as "paying compliments" abandoned. So the splendid warship got her anchor and steamed away into the gathering dusk with no ceremony whatever.

The passage to Colombo was comparatively uneventful. After the bracing freshness of the North-West Frontier the Prince and his party found the heat rather trying. But against this there was an undeniable sense of satisfaction in the feeling of "getting on with it." Although the *Renown* was actually going in the other direction, yet somehow one vaguely felt that the voyage home was beginning with the departure from India. Probably this was due to the fact of re-joining the ship after four months' absence: after all, she was the direct link with home.

At six o'clock on the morning of March 21 the *Renown*

passed the south-western head of the Colombo breakwater, packed with cheering sightseers; two tugs swooped upon her, setting their fendered noses against her side to butt her into berth, and after a good deal of swirling of foam from under her counter she came to rest.

At eight o'clock, the hour for the hoisting of Colours, the Ceylon Garrison Artillery fired a salute of thirty-one guns. At nine o'clock the Governor, Sir William Manning, accompanied by his staff, boarded the battle-cruiser to welcome His Royal Highness, returning to the jetty again to receive him on landing an hour later. Colombo gave the Prince a truly great reception. Not only the whole of the city population but great shoals of visitors from far around thronged the streets. Of bunting and triumphal arches there were plenty, but it is scarcely unkindness to say that the beautiful place, set amid such a rich endowment of nature, can gain nothing from any attempts in the way of gala adornment.

The seven-mile State drive was, indeed, one sustained triumphant progress. The business of formal address and reply at the great shining landing pandal was soon disposed of. Along Colpetty, Flower Road, and the Galle Face the Prince motored to one sustained roll of cheering. The golden atmosphere lit with striking vividness the white and green and turquoise colouring of houses and palms and ocean. That interesting colony of the rice merchants, the Chalmers Granaries, was wonderfully decorated with cunning devices in bright yellow straw. School children seemed to literally swarm —smiling, cheery, well-nourished youngsters, all ranged in orderly array, with flags in their hands and lips parted in readiness to instantly cheer any passing motor on the off-chance that the Prince might be in it.

One loyal enthusiast, in his laudable desire to "go one better" than anybody else, had assembled several elephants outside his garden gate, and stood proudly alongside them. But to the Prince and his suite, fresh as they were from India, such a display was but *toujours*

perdrix—especially as the animals were not painted nor caparisoned in any way—and probably this ambitious effort would have gained no more than a passing glance had not somebody pointed out that it was years since an elephant parade had been seen in Colombo, although of course there are still plenty of the animals remaining in Ceylon. On which the Prince stopped his car and said a kindly word to the gentleman who was doing his utmost to persuade the animals to salute with their trunks.

Colombo naturally wanted to see as much as possible of His Royal Highness during his brief stay. But the programme of official engagements was kept down to very slender proportions so as to leave the Prince free to follow his inclinations. What these inclinations were likely to be Colombo proved uncommonly shrewd in guessing, for wherever His Royal Highness appeared during the long intervals betwixt announced functions, there was always a great cheering concourse to greet him.

A garden-party at Queen's House on the afternoon of the day of arrival; a review of and presentation of Colours to the Ceylon Light Infantry (of which regiment the Prince is Honorary Colonel), and an inspection of returned soldiers, boy scouts and cadets, all the following morning; a visit to the All-Ceylon Exhibition, where some fine specimens of Matale lacquer-work were proffered to him; attendance at and active participation in the Ceylon Turf Club races—these were the principal public events of the Prince's stay in Colombo. But it was the polo ground which attracted the biggest gatherings when it became known by that mysterious process which wafts unproclaimed knowledge to the world that His Royal Highness would be playing.

A trip to the old capital of Kandy was a delightful experience. Leaving the Fort Station at nine o'clock on the morning of March 23, the Prince and his party spent three and a half hours in a special train, winding and climbing through scenery of indescribable beauty.

The flat paddy fields of the first few miles gave place to billowy rubber plantations and thick-set tea estates. At Rambukkana, where the real mountain ascent begins, the train stopped for another engine to be attached to the rear. Then onward and upward, sometimes through deep gorges steeped in green twilight, sometimes along the rim of tremendous chasms whence the superb view was only lost by fading into the sunny remoteness.

The eighty-mile journey itself was almost in the nature of a State drive. Not only was every station thickly peopled with rainbow-hued crowds, and arched and hung with a tropical luxuriance of emerald and golden growths; every crossing along the line, every hedge to the scattered houses sentinelling the route, every shady opening in the dense forestry held its little bunch of spectators. They all waved flags or bandannas or something, and they all swelled into a crescendo of delight when the Prince at the open window of his saloon flourished back to them. And in this wise the train rolled into the gala camouflage of Kandy Station.

Want of space forbids any attempt at indulgence in the raptures which this gem-like city, set around an azure lake in the deep embrace of most luscious mountains, never fails to stir in those who enter it. The comparatively few hours which the Prince spent here were all pretty closely mapped out, yet wherever he went and whatever he did, the glory of nature-blessed Kandy was always with him. Mere formalities, indeed, seemed almost a banal intrusion upon the captivating claims of this elysium. Yet let it be said that these were of a character, and carried out in such a manner, as to harmonize, as far as possible, with the haunting loveliness of their setting.

Kandyan Chiefs in durbar, for example, formed a picture admirably suited to the background; fine-looking men whose Oriental splendour of attire was completed by the winding around their middles of eighty yards of coloured calico—a climatic anomaly which they smilingly confess

their inability to explain away. The guard of honour at Planters' Hall was the most fitting it would have been possible to conceive, drawn as it was from the Ceylon Planters' Rifle Corps, which sent such a splendid proportion of its men—all of the officer class—overseas during the Great War. The night perahera of 152 elephants trudging in procession to the barbaric music of the Tamils, in the eerie light of hundreds of torches and the fitful gleams of a fairy-like entanglement of illuminations, was a fascinating reminiscence of the ancient splendours of this last stronghold of the kings of old.

The Temple of the Tooth is not a particularly impressive affair as Buddhist architecture goes. But superstition and environment have endowed it with an almost awe-inspiring quality of appeal even to the most prosaic fancy. The Prince walked by a covered way from the Audience Hall in which the durbar was held to the Dalada Maligawa, wherein is guarded the sacred relic. The High Priest unlocked a massive iron door, afterwards penetrating a whole succession of cages, until at length he produced the casket in which reposes the Tooth. This is about two inches in length, slightly curved, and more like the tip of a young elephant's trunk than anything else one can liken it to : the Prince gazed upon it with silent interest whilst the High Priest explained in tones subdued by reverence that it was on rare occasions indeed this relic was exposed to human sight.

Before returning to Colombo the following day His Royal Highness visited the Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya—claimed to be the most beautiful nursery of tropical verdure in the world—and planted a tree not far from the spot where King George performed a similar ceremony when he visited Ceylon. At eleven o'clock on the morning of March 25 the Prince re-embarked in the *Renown,* which promptly got under way bound for Port Swettenham. His stay in the lovely island had proved so enjoyable that he expressed his intention to try and put in more time there on the return voyage than

the original programme provided. Lord Cromer left the Royal party before the *Renown* sailed, and Brigadier-General C. R. Woodroffe joined the Prince's staff as military secretary for the Japanese tour.

On the second evening at sea there was given before the Prince, his staff, and all available members of the ship's company, one of the cleverest amateur plays ever performed on salt water. The "book" was by Paymaster-Commander F. W. Walshe, M.V.O., O.B.E., and the music was arranged by Lieut. Samuel Fairfield. Described as a "new revue," the title of the piece was "The Cruise of the *Ditty Box*, or, Nothing Serious." The whole fore part of the immense battle-cruiser was awning-ed and canvas-walled into the "Foc'sle Theatre"; the stage, although small, was most adequately equipped, and the scenery and costumes were amazingly good. The following is the cast which for considerably more than an hour kept His Royal Highness and the whole "house," probably numbering eight hundred people, in a running ripple of laughter, frequently deepening into tempestuous gusts of merriment:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

(The Characters are given in the order in which they appear.)

Mrs. Crusoe (A Widow),	*A.B. Johnson.*
Robinson Crusoe (Her Son),	*Pay.-Cdr. Walshe.*
Lanoline Twankey (Mrs. Crusoe's Niece),	*Lieut. Prentice.*
Billy Barnacle (An Old Salt),	*C.P.O. Perrett.*
Rev. Secundus Lessen (Chaplain),	*P.O. Tel. Durn.*
Peter Pickledrop (Canteen Manager),	*Midshp. Lambert.*
Paravane Twankey (Mrs. Crusoe's Sister),	*Mid. Hoskyns-Abrahall.*
Jack Shackle (Seamen),	*Pte. Hoy.*
Tom Spunyarn	*Tel. Stoker.*
Ben Bollard	*Pte. Onions.*
Larry Lanyard	*A.B. Balley.*
Sam Splice	*Ldg.-Sea. Kaye.*
Jack Shalloo	*Boy Weekes.*
Catgut Reed (Director of Music),	*R.P.O. Carfrae.*
Frederick Fidler (Band),	*Pte. Sidey.*

Snooker Pool (1st Lieutenant),	*Lieut. Billyard-Leake.*
Charlie Checkline (Side Boy),	*Boy Gouldsmith.*
Robert Ramrod (Corpl. of Gangway),	*Pte. Davey.*
Bobby Blowhard (Bugler),	*Bugler Smith.*
Thos. Truncheon (Policeman),	*A.B. Mills.*
Spiro Zammit (A supposed Deserter),	*Pte. Trafford.*
Dusky Ducky (A Nautch Girl),	*Sto. Gundill.*
Gunga Din (A Conjurer),	*A.B. Morgan.*
Equerry,	*Sergt. Farrow, R.M.A.*

Scene I

Kitchen in Mrs. Crusoe's House near Bonfire Corner.

Scene II

Quarter-Deck of the Schooner "*Ditty Box.*"

Scene III

A part of India's Coral Strand.

The voyage to Malaya was otherwise uneventful. The wreck of a large steamboat was seen ashore on the western spur of Nicobar Island, and land was often sighted—generally shadowy in the distance—after entering the Malacca Strait. Shortly after midday on March 28 the *Renown* came to anchor in the mouth of the wide, mangrove-fringed lagoon around the head of which is built the little town of Port Swettenham. After lunch His Royal Highness, accompanied by his staff, landed. The gateway through several miles of mangrove swamps is not the most picturesque entry into the riotous tropical beauties of the Malay Peninsula, but it has a strange, indefinable fascination. The heavy atmosphere, seldom stirring above a moan of stifling wind, seems laden with the mysterious spirit of this romantic land. The lagoon whispers to the shores it laps of the strange sights its tributaries have seen in their course through the dense twilight of the jungle.

But Port Swettenham was merely a jumping-ashore place for the Prince, for after staying upon the landing-stage just sufficiently long to receive the Sultans and other officials, he entered his motor and started for Kuala

Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States. The drive lies through miles of rubber estates; an almost interminable vista of symmetrically-laid-out avenues, with many red and yellow bungalows nestling amongst them. True, one gets a deepening impression of sameness from this endless panorama of well-ordered ranks of rubber-trees, but it is the monotony of a beauty that can never pall.

Kuala Lumpur, palpitating in sunlight and bunting, was reached at about five o'clock in the afternoon. The spacious streets of this comparatively modern city were packed with a wonderful medley of races—such an admixture as probably would be met with nowhere else in the shining East. There were Tamil coolies, mostly out of a job in consequence of the depression in the rubber market, and therefore able to give themselves up unreservedly to the more important business of enjoyment. There were Chinese mechanics, all wearing the same air of bland contentment. There were Japanese traders, looking rather less bland and a good deal more knowing. There were large clans of Hokkienese, Ujongese, and goodness knows how many other -ese. And the great thing was that each of these had entered into rivalry to outdo the rest in the matter of decorations, with the result that Kuala Lumpur made a brave show of arches and colour.

The Malaya Sultans in particular specialized in this competition. The Perak arch in Jalan Rajah had a wonderful black and gold mosque roof with four great dragons supporting the scarlet and gold lacquered corners. The Selangor welcome consisted of six fine white pylons. The Padang arch was a pure white Gothic structure. But the *pièce de résistance* was the Negri Sembilan, a tremendous affair of rainbow colours, with aboriginal tree-dwellers living in the atap hutches amongst the boughs atop, flourishing their spears and flicking their sarongs in most terrifying manner.

It was all so novel that the Prince spent a considerable

time in touring the kaleidoscopic streets. After dinner he proceeded to the Selangor Club (popularly known as the " Spotted Dog "), less for the purpose of taking part in the dance that was in progress there than to witness from the veranda the great Chinese Lantern procession, which starting at about eight o'clock went on until well after midnight.

The Prince saw several of these Chinese Lantern processions during his tour of the Far East. Some of them may have been a little more ambitious; certainly none was more impressive than that at Kuala Lumpur. Including school children, nearly 4,000 people took part in it. Lighted transparencies of various designs were the principal feature, and these included three immense dragons, four lions, a Spanish bull, and four great signs borne by members of the Selangor Chinese Women's Athletic Association (shade of the tiny feet cult!). Upon a ponderous motor-lorry a seven-storied tower had been erected within which amateur Chinese actors and actresses performed a very cryptic play as they moved slowly on. The Celestial Hairdressers' Guild provided a wonderful dragon-boat from which grave-looking men dressed like mandarins kotowed most profoundly as they passed the Prince.

On the day following his arrival at Kuala Lumpur His Royal Highness received the Malayan Sultans and took part in various formal ceremonials. In the afternoon he played polo during heavy tropical rain, in the presence of great crowds whose enthusiasm no weather could daunt. Next morning, accompanied by the Governor, Sir Laurence Guillemard, the Prince returned to Port Swettenham, and went on board the *Renown*, which thereupon left for Singapore.

It was a typical equatorial morning when the battle-cruiser slowly rounded St. John's and came to rest in the man-of-war anchorage. Early as was the hour, the sky was already brassy with sunglare, whilst the land seemed to swim away into the near distance of the silvery haze.

There had been heavy rain during the night and the earth was giving off steam and strange odours as the sun rose. But the fierce rays soon ate up all vapours, and before the Prince was ready to land Singapore stood out in vivid clearness of detail, splashed with the colouring of profuse decoration, to which the great fleet of gaily dressed shipping within the harbour largely contributed.

Landing at Johnson's Pier to the booming of a salute from Fort Canning, His Royal Highness paused to inspect the guards of honour from H.M.S. *Durban* and the Burma Rifles, and then proceeded to the presentation enclosure opposite Raffles' statue, where he received the formal welcome of the colony. He next unveiled the War Memorial, paying deep tribute to the devotion of the men who left Malaya to die " that we as an Empire might live." But the great scene of the day was the Prince's inspection of ten thousand school children of all nationalities assembled in what is known as the Children's Corner of the St. Joseph's Institution. Boy scouts and girl guides had come from all parts of the peninsula, and the real significance of this gathering lay in the racial variety of the huge crowd of youngsters who had come together, to stand for hours under a blazing sun, in order to greet a Prince to whom quite a considerable proportion of them owed no formal allegiance at all. The " Banzais " of the Japanese tots and the hand-clapping of the Chinese kiddies were amongst the heartiest of the demonstrations. The Prince was plainly touched by the wonderful scene, for leaving his car he walked slowly around the entire assemblage, frequently pausing to speak to those in charge of the various contingents.

The grounds of Government House presented a strangely fantastic spectacle on the arrival of the Prince. For herein were assembled the guards of the forces of Johore, and the retainers of the Rulers of the Unfederated Malay States, together with a motley crowd of Sulus, Muruts, Dyaks, Dusuns, Kenyans and Kayans, all in ceremonial war dresses, with spears, blow-pipes and shields. The

Rulers themselves had come to pay their homage, and His Royal Highness received in succession the Sultans of Johore, Kedah, Kelantan, and Brunei, together with the Regent of Kedah and the Rajah of Perlis.

Singapore had plenty to offer the Prince alike in the way of ceremonial, sightseeing and recreation. He got some rattling good polo on the Balestier Ground, which was in perfect condition, and enabled him to ride his three mounts, Highland Lad, Magic, and Bay Rhum pretty hard. He attended the regatta, and from the pavilion of the Yacht Club saw some fine sailing matches and some very exciting paddle-racing between Malay and Brunei dugouts, the crews of which seemed to regard yelling as an indispensable hostage to their prospects of success.

The opening of the great Malaya-Borneo Exhibition was perhaps the most interesting of the Prince's many activities whilst in Singapore. Extending over sixty acres of the reclaimed ground of Teluk Ayer, it was a really notable display of the rich natural resources and industrial activities of these lavishly endowed lands. Striking evidence of the cosmopolitan character of Singapore's population was furnished by the guard of honour which received His Royal Highness on arrival at the main gate, this being formed of smartly kitted Chinese and Malay Companies of the local Volunteer Corps. He made the round of the great godowns wherein were amazingly interesting exhibits of forestry, mining, agriculture, arts and craft (the silver ware and sargon fabrics were exquisite in this department) and a fine collection of wild jungle animals.

The Dyak's hut particularly interested the Prince. Under the roof hung several bunches of smoked human heads, but as these were all more than fifty years old they were regarded rather as the relics of a bygone hobby than as an unpleasant reminder of any surviving practice. The Dyaks themselves were a somewhat melancholy little crowd, squatting about the matted floor in a lifeless

manner due, it was explained, to the fact that they had been inoculated and had grave forebodings as to the result.

On the other hand, a batch of the wild men of Borneo, who apparently had no cause to suspect sinister designs on the part of those who had lured them away from their native jungles, gave a war-dance before the Prince in the stadium of the exhibition. It was the usual ranting, howling, frenzied performance of the "noble savage," depending chiefly for its effect upon hideous camouflage and murderous gestures with spears and kris.

The Prince delighted the vast crowd at the races when he mounted Bay Rhum in the polo pony race and gave an admirable exhibition of horsemanship. The *Renown* Ball, held in the Memorial Hall, was a brilliant affair, and whilst some hundreds of couples were fox-trotting within, an enormous Chinese lantern procession was filing past without, through streets ablaze with coloured illuminations. His Royal Highness remained amongst these festivities until shortly before midnight, and then returned to the *Renown*. The following morning, before Singapore was astir, the battle-cruiser weighed anchor, and escorted by the light cruiser *Durban* of the China Squadron, left for Hong-Kong.

Dawn of April 6 found the *Renown* creeping cautiously through a heavy chilly mist, deepened yet by frequent rain-frets. At the mouth of the Lyemoon Passage the weather had become so thick that it was decided not to attempt the intricate channel, crowded at all times with junks and coasters, until it cleared somewhat. So, with the high shadowy land of China waxing and waning, and often vanishing altogether, the anchor was let go and the great ship came to rest upon the babbling tideway. About three-quarters of an hour later, however, the haze thinned somewhat, and preceded by the *Durban* showing her searchlight as a guiding star, the *Renown* went ahead again, and just before ten o'clock, with her band playing a lilting quick-step and the guns of ships and batteries ashore winking and crashing, swam quietly to a standstill

in the man-of-war anchorage abreast of Hong-Kong town. This stretch of water was a brave picture, notwithstanding the depressing weather, for not only was the whole of the British China Squadron herein assembled, but four very smart-looking Japanese cruisers had arrived to escort the *Renown* to Yokohama, and the American *Wilmington* and the Portuguese *Patria* also added their guns to the general thunderous greeting.

Hong-Kong showed a cheerful disregard to the drizzle which shrouded the Peak nearly half-way down its height. The water front was literally smothered in drooping flags and swaying lanterns. The *Renown* was hardly anchored before a tremendous eruption of Chinese crackers and squibs took place from three lighters moored off Murray's Pier—the welcome of the Japanese community, terminating in a great drifting procession of yellow dragons, intertwined flags, chrysanthemums, variegated globes and other pyrotechnic devices. Red was the predominant colour of the mass of decorations which seemed to swarm up the dark background of the hill-side. Every veranda had become a gaudy tracery of vari-hued bunting; every roof supported either garlands, fleur-de-lis, or electric signs.

The triumphal arches were such a fine effort that they deserve a brief note of description. The Chinese arch, outside the Taiping Theatre, was a structure of bamboo and red-painted matting eighty feet high. Heavily adorned with highly-coloured flower and figure designs, it was fascinating in its oriental picturesqueness. The reception pavilion in Statue Square was a symphony in evergreens and bloated crimson paper lanterns. The Indian archway in Queen's Road bore a group of life-sized elephants in dull gold, surrounded by characteristically bright floral designs. The Naval Dockyard, Taikoo Dockyard and the China Sugar Refinery had all reared loyal legends on lofty frames. The imposing buildings along the Praya were almost curtained out of sight behind tier upon tier of flags.

About half-past eleven His Royal Highness landed in

the Royal barge. He was met at the head of Blake Pier by His Excellency the Governor, Sir R. E. Stubbs, Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Duff, Major-General Sir John Fowler, Sir William Rees Davies, Sir Paul Chater, the Governor of Macao, Vice-Admiral Sapuro Hyakutake (commanding the Japanese light cruiser squadron) and a large gathering of officials and naval and military officers. He was then carried in a wonderful palanquin of scarlet and gilded rattan, borne by eight sturdy Manchus in white-plumed hats, along the crowded Praya to the reception pavilion where he first inspected the guards of honour furnished by H.M.S. *Southampton* and the 2nd King's Regiment, afterwards entering and receiving addresses of welcome from the British and Chinese Hong-Kong and the Shanghai communities, read respectively by Sir Paul Chater, Mr. Lau Chu-pak, and Mr. E. C. Pearce. The American Consul, Mr. W. H. Gale, then followed with an address on behalf of the foreign community of the Colony.

The Chinese address was such a wonderful example of the florid extravagance of style in which Celestial greetings to the exalted are couched that a literal translation of it may prove of interest:

"Your Royal Highness, lovingly bearing the Royal token, draws nigh from afar in Princely array.

"Long have we looked up to Your Royal Highness and now we welcome you as plants the gentle rain.

"With one accord we show forth our feeling of gladness and fashion our hymn of praise.

"We who have found home and shelter in Hong-Kong are enriched by the quickening dew of your favour.

"Now that for the first time the Heir Apparent has vouchsafed us the signal honour of his visit, 'tis meet that the streets and lanes resound with song; high and low the people dance with gladness; the willows, that droop their heads along the bank, joyfully brush the Royal Banner; the flowers that fill the earth with flying blossom join in welcome to the Princely Palanquin.

"Reverently we admire the surpassingly youthful wisdom wherewith Nature has endowed Your Royal Highness. All the world looks up to your pre-eminent virtue.

"In the Palace of your Sire, your filial piety has ever been extolled; in your Royal studies 'twas your delight to sit at the feet of learning.

"In your heart you have cherished benevolence towards your people and a world embracing love; in your actions you have displayed kindness to all men and a wide humanity.

"Millions have enjoyed the fruits of your unselfish labour; the whole world has tasted the delights of your Royal condescension. You reverence civil rule, and esteem martial glory.

"You are well versed in the arts of war by sea and deeply skilled in the strategy of battle by land.

"In the year 1914, when Great Britain raised her righteous army, and the titanic struggle began, Your Royal Highness entered in person the ranks of war and yourself donned the cuirass and the helm.

"You comforted your soldiers and shared their joys and hardships. You were present at your post and shirked not pain or danger. Till at the last you prevailed to sound the clarion of victory in the field, and to raise the pæan of triumph o'er the vanquished.

"Verily your merit o'ershadows the age, and your fame covers the world.

"Scarce were the weapons of warfare sheathed ere you received the Royal Envoy's Staff.

"You bore your floating banner to the lands that own your sway, and the enrolled nations felt their loyalty grow yet deeper. You went with gifts of polished jade to the countries that hold your friendship, and the glad bond of sworn faith was drawn yet closer.

"And now once more you have driven forth from the Royal City, and staved your steeds in the Fragrant Isle.

"Her thickly clustered dwellings are blessed as by the beneficence of bright rain; her plants and trees and other

living things are touched as by the virtue of creative spring.

" Whithersoever your radiance reaches, songs of praise rise with one accord ; in the rhythmical movement of hands and feet, we all show forth our sincerity of heart.

" Brighter the Sun, rounder the Moon—Your Highness reacheth to a fuller power.

" We pray for unbounded blessings on Your Royal Highness, that we, the people, may receive never-failing peace.

" Reverently with folded hands and bowed heads we offer our hymn of praise :—

" Hail, Imperial England, thy might hath no peer
Within the realms that Ocean circles.
Great is thy call, O Heir to the Throne ;
Thy ways are a pattern to all the world,
Through the charm of thy person, thou makest known
Thy Sire's virtue to distant lands.
At the altar of covenant thou hast thy place ;
To this islet, set in a magic sea,
'Tis vouchsafed to welcome the Phœnix banner.
The heavens reveal a smiling face,
And earth resounds with shouts of gladness.
May abundant blessings be showered down and happiness descend upon all living things.
With uplifted faces we acknowledge thy sheltering care,
We are clothed with honour that shall not pass away."

After this rather prolonged ceremony of welcome His Royal Highness was carried up the steep incline leading to Government House in another gorgeous palanquin borne by coolies in white trousers, red coats dotted over with white crowns, and mandarin hats. At the entrance to the House he was met by Lady Stubbs in the uniform of Chief of the Girl Guides, and a batch of Boy Scouts, under the Rev. G. T. Waldegrave, who greeted the Prince with their " grand howl " and the old Chinese " Kong Ying " salute. To a sturdy little patrol-leader, named Lo Kwok-chung, His Royal Highness presented a gilt cross for bravery in rescuing a lad from drowning at Kennedy Town.

By this time the rain had settled into a steady downpour, and it looked as if the day was going to be spoiled for all further outdoor functions. However, the Prince carried out the pre-arranged programme, even to the extent of attending the races in the Happy Valley. The illuminations and the great Chinese Fish Procession were rather enhanced than marred by the haze of drizzle, through which the mass of red lanterns glowed in a sort of nebulous incandescence which, viewed from the water, made it appear as though Hong-Kong was being consumed by lambent fire, whilst an interminable pageant of lurid demons—the Fish Procession—marched solemnly through the inferno, bearing aloft great shining carp and dolphins.

The Prince ate his first chop-stick meal whilst in Hong-Kong, attending a Chinese banquet of about thirty courses, each one more mysterious than the last.

Sir Paul Chater asked the approval of His Royal Highness to erect a statue in commemoration of his visit, but received the characteristic reply that the Prince would prefer that the money which such a monument would cost be devoted to some purpose of more practical benefit to the community. Possibly His Royal Highness was thinking of his visit to the Hong-Kong University when he made this suggestion.

The Peak was still shrouded in mist, and the Kowloon shore was little more than a grey smudge when the *Renown* weighed anchor and put to sea. Ahead of her went the *Durban*, of the China Squadron ; astern followed the Japanese cruisers *Kiso, Ohi, Kumakuma,* and *Tama,* a very smart and business-like quartette of slate-coloured, spoon-bowed, triple-funnelled, fighting ships.

It soon became clear that the *Renown* was going to lose the luck of the weather, which she had carried all the way from England, on the last lap of the outward voyage. Going through the Formosa Channel the wind hardened to half a gale, bringing up a lumpish sea which made the great battle-cruiser very lively and set her consorts flinging their heels about amid a flying smother of spray.

The French armoured cruiser *Montcalm*, rolling southward before the surges, fired salutes to both the British and Japanese flags—a courtesy which the cruisers would gladly have dispensed with in view of the obligation to return the compliment with their decks awash. Whites gave place to blues and oilskins ; instead of avoiding the sun people followed its fitful radiance under the lee of turrets, deck-houses and bridges, and thus the Prince approached the Land of the Rising Sun.

CHAPTER XI

THE WELCOME OF NIPPON

DURING the evening of April 11 the *Renown* entered the smooth water under the lee of the coast of Japan, and although it was blowing and raining and generally miserable when the sun set, the weather improved throughout the middle watch and dawn broadened upon a clear, crisp morning, with the glorious cone of Mount Fuji rearing in blue and silver contour into the sky twenty leagues abeam, and the beautiful expanse of Yokohama Bay shining ahead.

Japan stretched out her welcome with the break of day. Upwards of twenty airplanes came circling close down over the *Renown*, releasing tiny balloons suspending British and Japanese flags, whilst from a long straggling string of motor-boats daylight fireworks puffed into white balls of smoke. The harbour was decked in gala attire, whilst just outside of the fine Yokohama Breakwater lay the First Battle Squadron, the Battle-Cruiser Squadron, and a group of destroyers of the Imperial Japanese Navy. With stately leisureliness of progress the *Renown* swam past these: bands swelled into "God Save the King," bugles shrilled the salute, and guns flung back a prolonged roll of echoes across the water from the Bluff.

Scarcely was the anchor down and the rainbow dressing of bunting flung from stem to truck, and from truck to stern, when a launch bearing the ensign of the Imperial *Chrysanthemum* came alongside the starboard gangway, and Prince Higashi Fushimi, personal representative of the Emperor, Count Chinda, Chairman of the Committee of

Welcome, Sir Charles Eliot, British Ambassador, and Captain Colvin, Naval attaché, ascended to the quarter-deck. They remained on board only long enough to welcome His Royal Highness at the gateway of the Empire, then returned to the shore to be present when he arrived at the landing jetty.

In the full-dress uniform of a captain of the Royal Navy the Prince of Wales stepped out of the Royal barge on to the riotously beflagged stage fittingly set for his entry into Japan. The scene was one of splendid pageantry, heightened yet by the trembling sunshine of the breezy morning. A double guard of honour of soldiers and sailors formed a long aisle down the dense crowds. When the Imperial Marine Band had finished playing "God Save the King," Prince Higashi Fushimi presented to His Royal Highness Admirals Yama and Kato, Governor Inouye of the Kanagawa Prefecture, Mayor Kubota of Yokohama, and Mr. S. Suzuki, the port collector of customs.

Then came the usual round of formal ceremonials. The Prince inspected the guards of honour, and accepted bouquets from Miss Doreen Holmes, daughter of the British Consul-General, and Miss Toyoko Inouye. He received addresses from the Mayor, the Governor, the British Association of Japan and the Indian community—the last contained in a magnificent elephant's tusk inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Then, accompanied by the Imperial Prince at the head of a glittering entourage, His Royal Highness walked down the Customs Compound platform to where a special train stood in waiting, and to the first roar of that greeting—"Banzai"—which was to become so familiar during his stay in the country, left for Tokio.

The journey to the capital—during the course of which the Prince changed into the full-dress uniform of the Welsh Guards—was indeed an amazing revelation of spontaneous friendliness. The railway was flanked by practically unbroken multitudes along the whole distance,

and everywhere above the sea of bright kimonos and more sombre male attire rippled miniature Union Jacks. Indeed, it was easy to believe the allegation that there were distributed amongst these railside crowds many more Union Jacks than existed throughout the whole of the British Empire. The Prince frequently appeared at the door of his saloon to wave, and his appearance was invariably the signal for a terrific *crescendo* in the running roar of " Banzais."

His Royal Highness's first glimpse of Tokio showed him a perfect ocean of faces overflowing the station plaza and filling the great vista which ends in the green embankments, grey walls and clustering pines of the Imperial Palace. It is not a good view, because two towering skyscrapers in the foreground kill all idea of romance. Happily it is not necessary to look far to encounter the quaint, stunted, reposeful picturesqueness of the real old Japan.

The great station was a veritable blaze of splendour. A red carpet covered a long length of No. 3 platform at which the Royal train drew up, and assembled hereon were the Prince Regent, five Princes of the Blood, the Marquis Inouye, the veteran Admiral Togo, and a big semicircle of statesmen, court officials, admirals and generals, dazzling in their profusion of gold lace and magnificent headgear. As the Prince of Wales stepped out the Imperial Guard flashed their bayonets up to the present, the band broke into " God Save the King "—and then an amazing thing happened. A body of British residents farther down the platform took up the words of the anthem, and almost immediately the air swelled from thousands of Japanese throats in a volume which all but drowned the band. Such a thing in Japan, where Royalty had always been greeted with the solemn respect of utter silence, was revolutionary. The Japanese court officials looked shocked and startled; the Prince of Wales, standing rigid with his hand to his busby, could not repress a smile.

Then, speaking in Japanese with an earnest air, and looking straight at his Royal guest and not at the interpreter, the Prince Regent welcomed His Royal Highness to the capital of his country. Following upon which, the Princes and their staffs left the station whilst a glittering escort of Lancers wheeled into line; a grand procession was formed; and the Tokio multitude had their first sight of the Prince of Wales.

The drive to the Nijubashi, in the palace grounds, was one tremendous demonstration on the part of hundreds of thousands of people, mainly armed with flags or coloured umbrellas, which equally served the purpose of something to wave. The school-children made the most noise, particularly the girls who did the "Banzai" business as though their very lives depended upon shrillness. In the Paulownia Hall of the Palace the Empress received the Prince who, after a short informal chat with Her Majesty, motored over to the Akasaka Palace which was to be his home during his stay in Tokio.

To record in full the round of ceremonial functions which claimed the almost ceaseless attention of His Royal Highness during his week in Tokio would be impracticable within the limits of this volume. So the record must be confined to the more characteristic and picturesque events in the long cycle of visits, receptions, garden-parties, banquets, and the like. From the very outset the Prince's personality deeply impressed the people of Japan. Never before had they been given opportunity to come into such close contact with Royalty. Instead of a figure exalted by tradition into a sacred exclusiveness, to be only looked on from afar with bowed head and bated breath, they beheld, at first with astonishment, but very soon with affection, a young man of thoroughly human temperament, full of humour and sporting instinct, and able to do the things of everyday life without ever the faintest suggestion of a sacrifice of dignity. The revelation appealed deeply to their rather sentimental imagination. It was the unsuspected touch of nature which

made them all akin in admiration and respect. Prepared to welcome the heir to the British throne in the manner prescribed by centuries of national custom, the Japanese nation yielded up its heart, and the vast gulf which had always heretofore existed between Royalty and itself seemed suddenly to become an artificial, a futile, a meaningless void.

Take, by way of illustration, the gala performance given at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio. The Prince Regent had never before attended an entertainment within these walls. So when he, accompanied by fourteen other Imperial Princes and Princesses, entered the dress circle and sat down in a plush arm-chair in the front row, alongside a similar chair occupied by the Prince of Wales, the packed audience stood fascinated by the realization of an epoch-making event. Of such momentous significance does the dramatic profession of Japan regard the event, that April 18 has been decreed a perpetual festive anniversary.

A memorable picture, that magnificent interior of a theatre of European elegance, adorned with roses and chrysanthemums, with practically the whole audience toying with Union Jacks and the Prince of Wales alone waving the Japanese ensign. Japan's greatest actors held the stage through four varied examples of the national drama. Koshiro played Benkei, the Warrior Priest, in the famous play "Kanjincho," with Uzaymon as the courtly keeper of the barrier of Ataka, and the eighty-year-old Matsusuke perfect in the part of a faithful watchman. In the "No" posture dance symbolizing the vendetta of the Soga Brothers the rôle of the beautiful daughter of Soga-no-Goro was filled with extraordinary skill by Baiko. Another great female impersonator, Utayemin of the Kabukiza, was introduced in the pathetic little tragedy of Lake Biwa, when the Lady Koto, haunted by the refrain of melancholy music from the waters, drowns herself weighted in her husband's armour on learning that he has been slain in battle.

The review of the Imperial Guards Division on the Yoyogi Parade Grounds, with Fuji filmed against the blue sky a hundred miles away, was another very impressive event of the Tokio visit. The Prince appeared on parade in the uniform of a Japanese General, which honorary rank had been conferred upon him on the day of his arrival in the capital. He was mounted upon a perfect charger from the Imperial stables, called Toyokoma, "The Well-Bred Horse." The Prince Regent wore the uniform of a Lieut.-Colonel of the Imperial Guards; he was likewise superbly mounted upon a steed called "Yamabuki." Upon the saluting base were grouped various Princes, distinguished Generals, glittering staff officers and foreign attachés. Beyond stretched a crowd the dimensions of which could be measured in tens of thousands.

There was the snappy precision of a Potsdam parade about the evolutionary ceremony of the review. The troops, in yellowish khaki with red-banded field-caps, marched past in a sort of stamping goose-step, to a somewhat monotonous march sustained by the massed bands. There were just over 10,000 of all arms on parade, under the command of General Nakashima. The colours of the various regiments were very interesting: several of them had been so often in action that nothing remained except the silk borders. The marching past occupied nearly an hour: one of the prettiest features of it was the trotting by of the artillery harnessed to teams of very sturdy little horses.

The Imperial Cherry Blossom Party in the grounds of the Shinjuku Palace was rendered somewhat of a misnomer by the fact that the blossom had been abnormally early and was nearly all gone by the time this annual festival was held. On the whole it was little more than an ordinary garden-party save, of course, that it derived a quaint picturesqueness from the abundance of rich national costumes of many colours. Of late years, Japanese women have shown a reaction from the tendency to

adopt Western attire, realizing that apart from any question of patriotism their own dress is much more artistic and beautiful than the modern "creations" of Europe.

During the course of the Cherry Blossom Party volumes of smoke were observed to be rising from the heart of the city, and presently the word was passed that the "Imperial Hotel" was in flames. As many members of the Prince's staff were staying here some anxiety was felt lest their belongings might suffer. As it turned out this apprehension was more than justified: the hotel was completely gutted, and the Prince's aides and other members of his retinue, including several officers of the *Renown*, were left with nothing more than the uniforms they were wearing when the outbreak occurred.

The duck-netting hunt in the beautiful grounds of the Hama Palace was a novel form of sport into which the Prince entered with great zest. The event is an annual one, a survival from the days of the Tokugawa Shogunate. The birds are shepherded into covered enclosures, from which access is had to narrow, deep-banked canals by means of hatches. On these being raised, the duck make their escape, and the hunters, crouching behind low parapets, armed with what resemble big shrimp nets, try and catch them as they emerge. This is very much less simple than might be supposed, and the proportion of birds captured to those which escape is very small.

In the course of a two-hours' hunt the Prince succeeded in catching three ducks. The Prince Regent and a considerable party also took part in the sport, but although several of the members of the Japanese staff had had considerable experience at the game, none netted more birds than His Royal Highness. Falcons were occasionally released to swoop after the escaping ducks. The Hama Gardens are regarded as the best specimen of pure Japanese landscape art in the neighbourhood of Tokio; they are about two hundred years old, and the double cherry trees, tiny red maples, and gnarled and

twisted pines which flank and dot the velvet-smooth lawns have long developed into full maturity. One comes upon many wonderfully picturesque details, such as a bronze statue of an old samurai, sword in hand and bow and arrows slung across his back, standing in the shade of wide-reaching branches, or a diminutive thatched tea-house rising beyond a curved bamboo bridge from the rim of a gem-like lake, or a shining pavilion of black and gold and tatami set upon an island aflame with camelia. The kashindo, or deep-set little streams from which the duck are netted, are largely concealed by bamboo thickets and dense shrubbery to give the hunters better hiding.

The Prince certainly did all that was possible to gratify the eager desire of the people of Tokio to see as much of him as the crowded round of engagements would permit. He visited Hibiya Park to see a mass gathering of students from the normal schools, colleges and universities, and when he exclaimed "arigato de Gozaimasu" in such a clear voice that the whole assemblage could catch it the roar of delight might have been heard a league away. When a concourse of the youngsters of this "Land of Little Children," as Kipling has called it, marched up to the Akasaka Palace to sing "God Save the King," the Prince came out upon the balcony to listen, standing at the salute whilst two thousand trebles struggled very creditably through the English words. After which he said: "I thank you very much for coming here to-day. It is wonderful how well you have learned my national song. It moves me very deeply to hear you sing the national hymn of my mother country so far from my homeland." Those children were so pleased that they remained outside the Palace until the Prince came forth to cheer him and wave their flags.

At the garden-party given by the Marquis and Marchioness Inouye at their Azabu home His Royal Highness saw the "beauty and the chivalry" of Japan in an exquisitely perfect environment. A very large number of debutantes and young girls were present, and their gorgeous kimonos

and obis transformed the shady grounds into a moving mass of vivid colours.

But although official ceremonies and official functions claimed most of the Prince's time in Tokio, he found opportunity to see some examples of the recreations of the country. The Japanese game of polo, so very different from our own, greatly interested him. The teams are confined within very narrow limits, walled around. The polo sticks have small cup-shaped nets in place of the mallet head, and the game consists of picking up the ball and delivering it through a hole in the wall which represents the goal. Great skill of horsemanship and cunning of wrist are necessary to overcome the rather huddled opposition.

A display of the Sumo sport of the daimyo and samurai of ancient Nippon was followed throughout with absorbed attention by His Royal Highness. Upon the lawn of the Sendagaya home of Prince Tokugawa a wrestling pavilion was erected—a weird, thoroughly Oriental structure of red, green, white and black. Amongst the guests who sat upon the lawn were several Japanese ladies of very high degree.

As the Prince took his seat there emerged from the shrubbery at the back of the platform a man in brilliantly coloured kimono and a wonderful head-dress ; he carried a great wooden fan, and his sandals clacked noisily as he walked. This was the umpire—a personage of even more arbitrary powers than a Western prize-ring referee. Close behind him stalked three stupendous wrestlers, clad only in dark blue loin-cloths, and short aprons of rich purple embroidered in gold and silver to represent sea-waves. The third of these bore a huge double-handed sword. Bowing low to the Prince, this trio gravely went through a series of movements designed to display the muscular development of their bodies. Then other small parties followed, all similarly attired, and carried out precisely the same performance, after which, the programme proper began.

The first bout was a one-round wrestling match. The two competitors divested of their aprons looked both grotesque and terrible as they squatted within arm's reach of one another after anointing themselves with water and salt from buckets of symbolic signification. The umpire eyed them in grim silence, then suddenly dropped his poised fan as the signal to begin. Followed a brief spell of squirming figures and writhing limbs during which the umpire snarled like a frenzied dog; then one of the pair went on his back and the umpire signed that the contest was over, bestowing a little bouquet of artificial flowers upon the victor.

Half a dozen such matches were held, each becoming fiercer than the others, until the mould of the platform was flying in showers. In the final bout Onishiki, the 1917 champion and popular favourite, defeated Tochigiyama, another champion. The true sporting instinct was very apparent amongst the wrestlers, and after the contests most of them gave demonstration matches. At the end of the competitions His Royal Highness went up to the pavilion accompanied by his host, Prince Tokugawa, and, through him, expressed his appreciation of the fine display given by these disciples of Sumo.

Tokio's great Peace Exhibition at Uyeno claimed a visit from the Prince, who spent two hours in surveying the examples of Japanese industry and art collected in the gaily garnished halls. Naturally, the British section came in for sympathetic attention, and His Royal Highness expressed to Mr. Arthur Buckney, who conducted him around, his satisfaction at the representative character of the display here. Governor Usami, President of the Exhibition, presented to the Prince an address of welcome enclosed in an exquisite gold lacquer box.

Before bidding farewell to the capital the Prince made a journey to Nikko, celebrated for its shrines and its beautiful mountain scenery. The trip to this village gave His Royal Highness his first view of the great natural

glories of Japan, for the attractions of Yokohama and Tokio are essentially man-created, the country around being comparatively flat and featureless. It was dark when the Royal train rolled into the valley station after a passage across the rice and barley country marked by cheering and flag-waving demonstrations on the part of peasantry, a big proportion of whom must have come for miles in order to do their bit in the great national welcome.

The drive through the long street—the single thoroughfare of Nikko—from the station to the Imperial Villa was like a prolonged vista of fairyland. Festoons of paper lanterns shed a soft, vari-coloured illumination, but the powerful headlights of the car in which the Prince rode threw up the passing picture in bright detail. Cherry blossoms and red and white bunting garlands fringed the neat, low, fragile-looking dwellings built to give without collapsing to the incessant earthquake shocks which sweep through this district. And here, as everywhere the Prince went in Japan, the same closely arrayed crowd, " banzaiing " and flag-waving.

The Royal procession halted at the great black gate of the Imperial Villa, which looks down the majestic cryptomeria avenue leading to the tomb of the first Tokugawa Shogun. His Royal Highness paused on alighting to say a few words to the white-haired principal of the village school whose youngsters were struggling bravely with " God Save the King," and to watch a lantern parade of three thousand young men who, to the bleating of pipes and drubbing of drums, filed past the Villa grounds—a wonderful scene, the lanterns glowing and wavering like fireflies through the cloudy gloom of the night, rendered the deeper by the looming shadow of the near mountains.

Daybreak revealed the ridge of these same mountains glistening with snow, the rills from which swelled the white cascade swirling in monotonous roar under the red lacquered span of the Sacred Bridge. The Prince was up and out before the sun had climbed above the noble

skyline. He made first for the world-famous tomb and temples of Ieyasu Tokugawa, the first Shogun to make Yeddo (now Tokio) his capital. Entering the eternal peaceful green twilight under the stately cryptomeria groves, he went through the beautiful Yomeimon and Karamon, lingering to study the marvellous art of the carvings, and so on to the sanctuary, the tomb, and the pagoda-roofed buildings of the great shrine. Descending the steep steps vanishing and reappearing in serpentine windings up the heavily verdured mountain-side came Shinto priests in white and green and black and purple robes to welcome the Prince. Here and there a straggling sunbeam sifting through the interlacery of the towering groves caught the red and gold roofs of temples almost hidden amid the sentinel trees, touching them with a radiance which seemed mysteriously fraught with the spirit of the place.

His Royal Highness was profoundly interested by and impressed with the Nikko shrines, and frankly deplored his inability to spend a much longer time dwelling upon their exquisite beauties. But a trip to Chuzenji, to see the mountain lake, had to be got through, and so with a last lingering look at this sacred scene of wonderous repose His Royal Highness entered the crimson lacquered Rolls-Royce of the Imperial Household and spun away to the high-perched village of Misawa. Here further ascent became impracticable save by the time-honoured method of mountaineering. Pulling off his cap and stuffing it into the pocket of his tweed coat, the Prince shouted to his staff to come on and was soon chuckling at the heavy labouring of some of them to keep pace with his own agile strides.

From the track which passes by many tea-houses as it soars towards the snow-capped peak of Nantaizan, the Royal party branched off to look down the tremendous ravine into which the Kegon waterfall leaps in rainbow halos. Here some rickshaws had been ordered in which to continue the ascent. The exhilaration of the sunlit

morning and crisp air was evidently upon the Prince, for with a mischievous laugh he called to Admiral Halsey to take a ride after the exertion of his climb, jumping betwixt the shafts and poising the vehicle as he spoke. The gallant sailor, with just a shade of dubiety passing over his face, stepped into the little vehicle, bumping into the seat as the Prince started off with a jerk. The inevitable happened. The Prince found the pace down the dangerous mountain path getting just a little too brisk, and swerved rather sharply so as to bring up the rickshaw. Suddenly it loped over the edge of a furrow causing Sir Lionel to grip the sides with the balancing sway born of long familiarity with a heaving deck. The wheel that had taken the furrow was badly buckled, and the Prince, violently tinkling the kurumaya's bell, shouted with glee to his companions to see what he had done. Nor would he permit the Admiral to escape until a photograph had been taken.

There was rather a slump in rickshaw stock after this, and the Prince and his party decided to walk on to the "Lakeside Hotel" at Chuzenji, where they lunched; following upon which His Royal Highness embarked in a motor-boat and crossed the blue mountain lake to Shobuga Hama, which means "Ice Flower Beach." Thence down three long miles of narrow gullies and rocky declines, back to Nikko, the Prince whistling cheerily, whilst his companions secretly wished that he would not go quite so fast.

On the night of his return to Tokio the Prince was the guest of honour at a banquet given by the Baron and Baroness Mitsui in their gorgeous home in the Imaicho Azabu. His Royal Highness had been entertained at State dinners by the Prince Regent, Count Uchida, Minister for Foreign Affairs (on which occasion the famous posture dance play, "Musume Dojoji," was performed), by the Prime Minister, and he himself had given a grand banquet at the Akasaka Palace. But in point of sheer magnificence and extravagance of luxury the Mitsui

affair was easily first. Indeed, it was said to be the most costly dinner-party ever given in the capital of Japan. The banqueting-hall had been specially constructed for the occasion, the walls being of white Japanese woods panelled with mahogany, and the ceiling of dark timber held together by great gilded metal straps. Cherry blossoms mingled with rich silk hangings and tapestries in the decorations; gold plate was set before the guests (who numbered ninety), together with orchid button-holes and handsome silver and gold souvenirs. The menus were hand-painted upon cards inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

After the dinner His Royal Highness was shown the priceless collection of ancient Japanese armour, swords, pictures, embroidery and other examples of bygone national arts which are housed in the Mitsui mansion. Then in the family theatre, built in a court-yard the centre of which contained a fountain spraying high above a circle of pine-trees, His Royal Highness and the guests witnessed a performance of a "No" dance called "Momijigari," given by twenty-one well-known players, with Manzaburo Umekawa as the leading star. Like most Japanese productions the story savoured rather of heavy tragedy, but it was wonderfully dressed and staged and most effectively acted, and at the conclusion of it the Prince congratulated the players upon their work.

Early on the morning of April 22 His Royal Highness took his final leave of Tokio, proceeding by train to Yokohama to fulfil a round of engagements in that great port before abandoning all formalities in a tour of pure sight-seeing. Here he was met by representative members of the Yokohama Allied Communities, and proceeded to the General Cemetery to unveil the Allied War Memorial Gates, bearing bronzes upon which are inscribed the names of nearly a hundred men who fell in the Great War. A solemn and deeply impressive ceremony, the spectacular portion of it was virtually confined to the

vast crowds which packed the route from the Railway Station, along Main Street, the Bund, Yatozaka Hill and the Bluff. As usual, school-children carrying flags were especially prominent, probably for the reason that they were arrayed in front of the grown-up spectators.

At the Cemetery a guard of honour, with band and buglers, from the *Renown* was drawn up. The Services were conducted by the Rev. Herbert Manchester, D.D., pastor of Yokohama Union Church, Father Labarbiere, priest-in-charge of the Mission Catholique, the Rev. Eustace Strong, of Christ Church, and the Right Rev. Ray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tokio. When the Prince, after a touching address, had released the flags concealing the handsome granite gateway the Right Rev. Bishop McKim, of Tokio, delivered a short oration, the massed buglers sounded the "Last Post," a one-minute silence was observed, during which His Royal Highness stood stirless at the salute; the bugles then swelled into the "Réveillé," and the Japanese crowds who had stood bowed in reverence raised their heads again.

His Royal Highness shook hands with the clergy and advanced to a group of the relatives of the fallen. He spoke to several "Gold Star" mothers—a trying ordeal in view of their trembling under-lips and moist eyes—and read the list of names upon the bronze tablets. Of these sixty-two are British, fifteen French, and seven American. So overcome was the United States Consul-General, Mr. George Scidmore, by the deeply appealing character of the ceremony, that just as the Prince was unveiling the Memorial he swooned and had to be carried from the cemetery.

This was "Yokohama Day" in the plan of the tour, and very thoroughly did His Royal Highness fulfil his share towards making it a most memorable occasion. As one delighted resident observed: "He seems to be everywhere, we have seen so much of him." He was the guest of the Yokohama United Club, where he spent

some time. Learning that the Seamen's Institute was next door, he went in there to thank those in charge for the hospitality they had shown to the men of the *Renown* and *Durban*. In the evening he went on board the Japanese flagship *Nagato*, and dined with her officers in the ward-room. The warships in port were brilliantly illuminated, and the *Renown* gave the most wonderful display of fireworks ever seen even in this land of such spectacles, discharging upwards of three thousand rockets, twelve hundred of which went up in one single burst, cascading fire in a vast torrent of splendour.

Landing again directly after dinner His Royal Highness motored to the Gaiety Theatre to attend the ball given by the British Community. The Bund and Yatozaka were lit up into noontide effulgence, the searchlights of the warships being trained upon the seafront. *En route* the Prince stopped his car to watch the passing of a lantern procession formed by five thousand young men from the Yokohama higher schools. The interior of the theatre was a fairy-like vision of flame hues and flowers blending into that perfection of gay harmony which seems so peculiarly an Oriental art. The British Consul-General, Mr. E. Hamilton-Holmes, received the Prince and conducted him to the stage which had been transformed into a regular bower. Then the jazz band of the *Renown*, alternating with the Yokohama "Bluffers" and Bijou Party, did their liveliest until just on the eve of midnight, the following day being Sunday. The Prince danced with great zest; on one occasion, after having gone through a fox-trot encore with the charming daughter of the British Consul-General, he asked the orchestra to play the "ripping tune" for a third time.

Before leaving Yokohama next morning His Royal Highness attended early service at Christ Church. He sent a request to the Rev. Eustace Strong, asking that the hymn, "Pleasant are Thy Courts above," should be sung, which was done. At eleven o'clock the Prince and his suite left Yokohama station in the Royal

train for Odawara. The send-off he received was a splendid tribute to the completeness with which he had captured the hearts of the Japanese people; for it was not only the immensity of the multitudes which packed the route waving Union Jacks and Rising Suns in such profusion that the colour effect was as of swaying avenues of cherry-trees in the blossom season; it was the palpable sincerity which rang in the hurricane of "Banzais" rolling ahead of, abreast, and behind the Imperial car, with its smiling and flourishing occupant, all the way from the Prefectural building to the railway station.

CHAPTER XII

THE HEART OF JAPAN

WITH the departure of the Prince of Wales from Yokohama on the morning of April 23 what may be called the second phase of his Japanese tour began. None are more keenly alive to the beauties of Japan than the Japanese; none better masters of transpontine adjectives for describing them. So although with characteristic courtliness it was arranged that His Royal Highness should be honoured to the full extent of Imperial etiquette, it was also planned that this round of formal hospitalities and ceremonies should be crowded into the first few days of the visit, leaving the Prince free afterwards to view the beauties of Japan. True the itinerary was pre-arranged: this was essential to ensuring transport and accommodation. Also the members of his Japanese staff [1] accompanied His Royal Highness throughout his travels. But from the time of leaving Yokohama frock-coats and top-hats—the *costume de*

[1] The staff of Imperial officials and officers attached to His Royal Highness during his stay in Japan was composed as follows:

Count Sutomi Chinda, G.C.V.O., G.B.E.
Major-General Toyohiko Yoshida, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.
Mr. Nobumichi Sakenobe, K.B.E., C.I.E.
Rear-Admiral Katsunoshin Yamanashi, K.B.E., C.M.G.
Captain Shinjiro Yamamoto, K.B.E., C.V.O., C.B.E., I.J.N.
Commander Kai Kurokawa, C.V.O., I.J.N.
Viscount Keimin Matsudaira, C.V.O., C.B.E.
Lieutenant-Colonel Masanosuke Tsunoda, C.I.E., C.V.O., D.S.O.
Marquis Tsuneyasu Nakanomikado, C.V.O.

rigueur of Imperial life—were finally stowed away, and apart from time-tables the order of the day was "go as you please."

On arriving at Odawara the Prince lunched with H.I.H. Prince Kanin; he then motored to Yumoto Villa in the village of that name which had been placed at his disposal by the Baron Iwasaki. The Prince Regent, who travelled independently—in a tweed suit and cap to the manifest consternation of the disciples of daimyo traditions in his suite—stayed at the Miyanoshita Detached Palace, about four miles away. Miyanoshita is a deliciously quaint little town nestling amongst the pines and cryptomeria of a stupendous gorge in the mountains of Hakone. On the high-road to Lake Shoji and the "peerless Fuji," it is the centre of one of the most beautiful districts in Japan.

The weather broke and became what the Prince described as "real homely" on the morning after his arrival at Yumoto. That is to say little fleecy white clouds began to wreathe round the mountains soon after sunrise; mists from the sea came creeping up the valley; the watery blue of the sky gradually went grey and then a sullen slate, and the rain began to patter, to hiss, to sob, whilst the sloping streets of the sweet little town poured their offerings down to the foaming streams that came and went amidst the dense greenery of the rolling landscape.

Most people said, "What a pity!"; the Prince said, "What fun!" Buttoning his macintosh around his chin and pulling his cap well over his nose he actually walked the four steep miles from the Iwasaki Villa into Miyanoshita to "do" the place. The great industry of the town is the manufacture of toys and puzzle-boxes—those fascinating products of ingenuity and matchless workmanship. Here and there are curiosity shops with a fame world-wide amongst lovers of Japanese art; but in the main, the clean-looking little bazaars, with their sliding glazed fronts, display dolls, and pictures, and cabinets, and

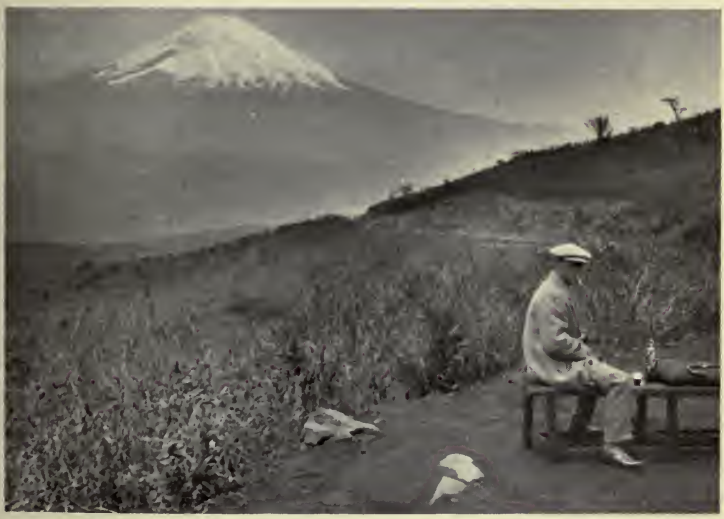
casquets, generally inlaid either with the design of a torii or the outline of Fuji, and so amazingly cheap that it is difficult to break away from the dainty little kimono-clad women or the bowing haori-wrapped men who keep them without having bought at least a rickshaw full of stuff. For fifty sen—a trifle over a shilling—Miyanoshita will provide puzzles enough to drive a dull intellect entirely dotty.

This exploration of Japanese shops proved an ideal wet-day novelty, and the Prince and his staff were fully occupied until lunch-time. The populace, with that politeness which is instinct in the Japanese peasantry, and is even stronger than their intense curiosity, kept well in the background, apparently considering themselves adequately rewarded for an hour's standing in the rain if they saw His Royal Highness within a hundred yards' range.

However, during the afternoon the sun broke through and rolled up the drizzle into a great woolly cloud, which gradually dissolved beyond the mountain-tops. But the meteorological experts at Tokio were very pessimistic: they pronounced the improvement as only a flash in the pan, and when asked point blank advised that the projected trip to Shoji, whence the best view of Fuji is to be got, should be abandoned, as the roads beyond the pass over the mountains probably would be unfit for motoring. The prophets proved only too correct upon this occasion. The spell of sunshine enabled the Prince to play tennis with his staff, but before nightfall that same day it was again raining in torrents and blowing a whole gale of wind which filled the air with whirling showers of double cherry blossom petals and cryptomeria leaves.

It was in weather of this sort that His Royal Highness motored over to Hakone to lunch with the Prince Regent. The drive was one of wild picturesque beauty along the serpentine road, often skirting a sheer precipice which made the bare idea of a skid or a hitch in the steering-gear a very grim one. The superb panorama

ILLUMINATED FISH IN A CHINESE PROCESSION AT HONG KONG



THE PRINCE ON THE SUMMIT OF LONG TRAIL PASS WITH MOUNT FUJIYAMA TWENTY MILES AWAY

waxed and waned through the driving smother of rain and mist. From the summit of the ridge, swept by gulches which frequently caused the car to rock, the view unfolded for a brief spell, but only to become blurred again at the beginning of the drop down to Hakone. It was more than a pity that one of the fairest lake views to be met with the world around should have been denied to the Prince by the weather, but as he remarked to his Imperial host when he deplored the fact, "I come from England." At which the Prince Regent gave an understanding laugh.

From the window of the hall in which luncheon was served there was nothing more to be seen than a sullen sheet of water melting into greyness out of which occasionally vaguely loomed shadowy mountains. Yet from this palace, crowning a most commanding spur, the scene on a clear day is exquisite beyond words: above the vivid colouring of turquoise and green shimmers the silver peak of Fuji-san, between the slopes of Nagao-toge. However, as his Royal Highness remarked with unquenchable cheerfulness, there are more ways than one of seeing Fuji, and his table, being set before a tokomono containing a wonderful kakemono of iris, there was beauty enough within doors to divert the attention from the cheerless prospect without.

The following morning the Hakone district was visited by the most severe earthquake shock experienced in the Empire for twenty-eight years, which killed four people and did damage to the extent of more than a million yen. The members of the Prince's staff who were awaiting his arrival from Yumoto at Miyanoshita, seated in the "Fujiya Hotel," were suddenly startled by a low deep roar which seemed to come sweeping through and over the earth at an incredible rate. Then the building began to shudder, to sway, to creak and groan, and to rock like a ship in a cross sea, whilst the thunderous echoes reverberated through it in most terrifying fashion. As rapidly as it swelled did the earth spasm subside, and

with many muffled sounds of relief the hotel seemed to find itself again.

About a quarter of an hour later the Royal car pulled up at the entrance to the hotel, and His Royal Highness entered. He looked rather puzzled at the first expressions of relief uttered by his staff upon seeing him, and demanded to know what they were talking about. When he learned that there had been a very real earthquake, he was very frank in his annoyance at having entirely missed all sensation of it in the motor-car. In fact, the Prince did not know that anything of the sort had happened at all until he was told of it at the hotel. But a Japanese officer riding in the following car, afterwards said that he realized by the swaying of the whole landscape and more particularly the undulations of the trees such as no wind would be likely to cause that one of the periodical visitations was passing over the country, although all sensation was absorbed in the oscillation of the car.

During the afternoon of this same day His Royal Highness walked over to the Miyanoshita Detached Palace to bid farewell to the Prince Regent. He was accompanied by his entire suite. The Prince Regent received his illustrious guest in the reception hall, accompanied by Prince Higashi-Fushimi, Count Chinda, and other members of the Imperial Reception Committee. The Prince of Wales, after warmly shaking His Imperial Highness by the hand, thanked him for having come all the way from Tokio to say good-bye. He assured him of his deep appreciation of the reception he had received from the Empress, from His Imperial Highness, and from the entire nation, wherever he had gone. In taking leave, he assured the Prince Regent, he felt much regret that they were not likely to meet again for a long time to come. But His Royal Highness added his conviction that his visit to Japan would prove as beneficial in its influence upon the friendly relations between the two countries as had the memorable trip of His Imperial Highness to Great Britain the year before.

The Prince Regent thanked His Royal Highness for the warm sentiments expressed by him. He heartily agreed that the old ties of friendship between the two nations would be strengthened by the present visit, and joined in the regret that there seemed no prospect of a future meeting for a long while to come. After which the two heirs to the great thrones of the West and the East again cordially shook hands and parted.

To the Prince Regent the visit of the Prince of Wales had meant more than he could attempt to express: perhaps, indeed, more than he could then fully realize. It was nothing less than an epoch-making influence upon the whole relation of the Japanese dynasty to the Japanese people. Tradition had outlived the spirit of the age, and the doctrine of sacred exclusiveness lingered as an irksome legacy from the era of the Mikados. It needed just the example of the Royal democracy of the Prince of Wales—the demonstration of how the highest dignity and the open expression of human sympathy are perfectly compatible—to inspire the change for which the time was ripe. That the Prince Regent welcomed the occasion for crossing the rubicon of rigid alienation which had heretofore always stood between the Imperial House and the people there was abundant evidence to show; that the people, on their part, were deeply gratified by the result is now a matter of history.

In bright sunshine, with visibility of glass-clear clarity probably due to the heavy rains of the preceding two days, the Prince motored up to Nagao-toge, or Long Trail Pass, the afternoon before he left the Hakone district, to get a view of Fuji. The road, a military one, climbs the mountains to a height of about 5,000 feet above sea-level, ending in a long straight tunnel driven through the crest of the range. Emerging from this tunnel the glory of the sacred mountain bursts full upon the sight. About twenty-five miles distant, the perfect cone, snow-capped at the time the Prince saw it, seems to stand out against the sky with an ethereal beauty which

one cannot blame the inhabitants of old Nippon for declining to believe is merely atmospheric.

So impressed was His Royal Highness with the fascinating scene from the Nagao-toge Pass that on his return to the "Fujiya Hotel" he asked that cars might be provided to take all the members of his retinue who had not yet seen Fuji up to the Long Trail tunnel. The fine weather drew larger crowds of spectators than heretofore: on this last afternoon in Miyanoshita, when it became known that the Prince was lunching in the hotel, a big concourse assembled in the grove leading up to the front entrance, many of them poising cameras; seeing which, His Royal Highness quietly slipped away by the kitchen door, an act which the vernacular papers acclaimed as the crowning touch of democracy!

Whilst staying in the Hakone district the Prince received a complete Japanese evening dress outfit, consisting of a kimono and haori of black habutai; this was a present from the Prince Regent, who gave similar outfits to all the members of His Royal Highness's staff. Upon the latter were embroidered five mon, or family crests, which His Royal Highness selected, the design he adopted as his personal crest being known as "The Circle and Double Piers," a daimyo crest of great antiquity. The outfit also included a white *crêpe* obi, white tabi, a pair of walking sandals of felt, and a hakama of Sendaihira cloth.

The Prince took farewell of Yumoto on the evening of April 26, after attending a garden-party at the villa of Baron Iwasaki. He motored over to the big town of Kozu, through long avenues of waving red lanterns, and shortly before eleven o'clock left in the Royal train for the old capital of Japan.

Kyoto, the city of temples and tea-houses, was reached at half-past nine the following morning. The word had gone that the Prince's visit to this charming place of reposeful antiquity was to be strictly private in character. But Kyoto did not interpret this mandate as meaning

that she should not put on her most gala attire for the occasion; nor that a perfect legion of city, prefectural, and other officials should not assemble in smiling and bowing array at the railway station; nor that gorgeous arches of welcome should not span the quaint old streets, and festoons of flags form a radiant background to the enormous crowds. In fact, Kyoto did the thing—quite informally, of course—on a scale of spectacular magnificence worthy of her immemorial traditions.

The Prince drove direct from the station to the Omiya Palace which was to be his home during his week in Kyoto, through streets in which close-knit ranks of infantry had to press hard to maintain a narrow lane betwixt the banzaiing multitudes. After lunch His Royal Highness decided to visit the tomb of the Emperor Meiji at Momoyama, no less out of interest in the famous shrine than from the desire to pay a tribute to the memory of the great ruler under whom Japan emerged from her centuries of isolation into the community of nations. This is an edifice after the style of the Korean tombs, only on a very much bigger scale. In form it resembles a colossal hive, being faced over with grey stones and glazed, so that it looked like a tumulus of lacquered rock. No spot in all Japan is held more sacred by the disciples of Shintoism.

The sun slanted in splendour upon the white gravel drive leading through the grove of cypresses to the torii by which access is had to the fence-ringed, vigilantly sentinelled enclosure, as the Prince passed through under the guidance of Count Chinda, accompanied by his staff and a large number of Japanese court officials. Mounting the first of the low terraces leading up to the tomb, His Royal Highness removed his cap and bowed towards the shining mound, then placed a wreath made from the sprigs of the sacred pine and tied with the British colours upon the primitive little altar consecrated to votive offerings.

Bowing again the Prince retraced his steps down the

gravel walk, gazing upon the beautiful picture of the Yamashiro Valley, a wonderful contrast in mellowness and vividness of colouring, framed in the square of the torii. Then, turning to the left, he proceeded by a serpentine path to the tomb of the Empress, which is very similar to that beneath which rest the remains of her former husband but on a smaller scale; here he also placed a wreath.

Early the following morning the Prince left Kyoto for a long day's outing upon Lake Biwa and a visit to Gifu. Contrary to the experience of Hakone, the weather did its utmost to "apparel in celestial light" the beauty and glory of a scene that at times indeed really did seem to be "of a dream." Motoring from the Omiya Palace to Otsu, along a pine-scented mountain route, the close-set villages dotted outside which seemed to be linked-up by cheering school-children, His Royal Highness embarked on board the brand-new ferry steamer, *Midori Maru*, resplendent with bunting, glass work, and burnished metal. As usual, the whole population of the township, gay with variegated colours and flags, had turned out to welcome the Prince, and followed him—always at a respectful distance—down to the very brink of the lake to continue the banzai chorus until he was out of hearing.

Biwa is the biggest lake in Japan, and one of the most famous beauty spots—if a sheet of water twenty-five miles long can be called a spot—in that richly endowed country. The voyage was naturally arranged to display all the pictures and all the industries of the lake to fullest advantage. The sun had drawn up a light golden haze, and whilst this somewhat obscured the wonderful panorama of the lofty shores it added a sort of mystic charm to the slowly unfolding scape. Casting off her moorings the pretty little steamer started out upon her maiden trip. Immediately there darted forth from various nooks in accompanying procession a big flotilla of racing skiffs and gigs, ranging from the single outrigger to the spidery

eight. These latter were manned by club crews in smart rig, who gave some really fine exhibitions of expert rowing, ending with bumping matches in which more than one boat filled when it became no longer possible to keep pace with the increasing speed of the steamer. The gig which maintained the lead was pulled by young men who had bright Union Jacks woven into the backs of their jerseys.

Furrowing the azure water into a wake of molten gold the *Midori Maru* steered a mid-lake course, dwindling the cluster of sparkling houses and spires beyond the wharf whence she had started into toylike proportions. There was abundance to engage the interest of His Royal Highness. In an array of tubs and bowls placed around the little quarter-deck were live specimens of every type of known fish found in Lake Biwa. When the Prince had inspected these one of the staff suggested that it would be good sport to return the wriggling fish to their native waters. It proved quite good sport indeed before the decks were finally cleared, the eels causing much laughter. As for the little fresh-water turtles, they were merely liberated from their tubs, on which they showed a remarkable instinct for the shortest cut to escape, waddling to the bulwarks, clambering over them, and falling with a sousing splash into the lake.

About an hour after leaving the pier the *Midori Maru* stopped her engines to enable the Prince to watch the process of trap fishing which is carried on in these waters. A regular labyrinth is formed by driving double rows of long bamboos into the ground, and stretching nets outside these resting on the bottom and rising above the surface. At the end is a small seine. The trap is well baited so as to attract fish into it. The water is beaten by the fishermen before hauling the seine so as to chase the prey into it. Quite a good harvest of carp and smaller fry was brought in over the gunwale whilst the Prince looked on.

Proceeding again, the trim little steamboat placidly

ploughed her way past a double panorama of fairy-like enchantment, sometimes clear and tender in the near distance, sometimes dim and shimmering in the farther reaches. Shortly after lunch the isle of Chikubushima was rounded, the dense foliage rising sheer from the water in which it was mirrored to the summit, whence peeped out the sequestered gables of a temple. The solitary inhabitant, a caretaker, of the sacred spot, came slowly down to the kiss of the water, waving a Union Jack with dignified swaying. After this the vessel anchored and the Prince embarked in a narrow high-prowed boat with Governor Notta and some of the staff to witness " ameneuo " fishing, carried out with parachute-like nets. Thence past the golden sands and slender pines of Takeshima, with its little bevy of cheering inhabitants, to Hikone pier, where His Royal Highness left the *Midori Maru* and ascended the steep bright green hill on top of which is perched one of the most ancient and interesting feudal castles in Japan.

But the perfect end of a perfect day was the cormorant fishing expedition to Gifu, whither the Prince and his party proceeded by train from Hikone station. It was quite dark when the shores of the Nagaragwa were reached, so that the illuminated pageant ranged abreast of the bank showed up to full advantage. Briefly it may be explained that this form of fishing, practised since immemorial times, is based upon the fact that light will attract fish and that cormorants will swoop upon them. The birds are ringed around the neck to prevent them from swallowing their prey, and are leashed on the principle of falconry.

Embarking in a gorgeous little barge, radiant in the glow from many lacquered and paper lanterns, the Royal party was punted and towed up the stream to the rendezvous of the cormorant fishers. Here hovered ten boats of the quaintest description; from the gondola-like bow of each was suspended a kind of brazier filled with flaming pine-knots. Along the water-side myriad lan-

terns bobbed and swung, whilst there were frequent bursts of fiery stars and miniature aerial cascades of light. A flotilla of twenty crimson-lit barges carried the privileged spectators.

Standing statue-like in the bow of each fishing-boat was the cormorant master, clad in short skirt of rice straw, a blouse of dark blue, and an umbrella-shaped hat. In his left hand he grasped the strings controlling a dozen cormorants, which, had they realized their collective strength, could easily have pulled him overboard. As it was they were palpably too engrossed in their prey to bother about anything else. Indeed, the more often they were hauled in and robbed of their beak-gripped victims the more excited they appeared to get. It was a captivating, eerie picture, this red, glaring scene of screaming, rushing birds and wriggling fish, and the marvel of it was how any one human being could control a dozen of the wide-winged creatures without a hopeless entanglement of their hauling strings. The Prince sat beneath a silken canopy from which hung rows of the famous Gifu lanterns, but he frequently left his seat to get a clearer view of the sport.

For more than an hour this fantastic catching of " ai " went on ; then, with the torches and braziers beginning to burn low, the procession of boats made for the shore, and to one prolonged *feu de joie* of " banzais," His Royal Highness disembarked and returned to Kyoto, reaching the Omiya Palace in the small hours of the morning, sun-tanned, tired, but full of the experiences of a fascinating day.

The following day the Prince paid a visit to the Kyoto University to receive an address of welcome from the students, one of the very few formal functions which he attended during his stay in the ancient capital. This is the highest seat of learning in the Empire, being presided over by Dr. Yoshinao Kozai, and marks a curiously interesting mingling of the ideals and classics of East and West. Retaining with jealous pride all that is best

in the traditions of old Japan, the University Council is distinguished by a breadth of view which results in the reflection of current thought and practice throughout the entire course of studies. Although the present title of Teikoku Daigaku, or Imperial University, only dates back to 1886, the history of the institution carries us well into the Tokugawa period. The Prince was keenly interested in the various features of the group of colleges, particularly in the seismological laboratory of Professor Omori, where delicate instruments are ceaselessly ticking out the movements occasioned by the conflict of the pent-up forces of the earth which find such an uncomfortable playground in this part of the world.

Leaving the University His Royal Highness went to see the Imperial Palace, the Nijo Palace, and the other palaces of Kyoto. He looked in at the Public Hall to receive a greeting from the Mayor, and in the evening dined with the Prefectural Governor. There had been some expectation that he might appear in Japanese costume on this occasion, but the rumours to this effect, which kept the waiting crowds upon the tiptoe of curiosity, were not justified.

Between this round of prearranged events the Prince spent his time wandering about amongst the delightfully quaint and picturesque streets of Kyoto, sometimes quite unattended. It was on one of these occasions that he lost his way and had some little difficulty in making himself understood to the inscrutable policeman to whom he addressed his inquiries. When he was suddenly recognized the effect, in His Royal Highness's own words, was "rather funny."

On Sunday morning, April 30, the Prince attended Divine Service at St. Mary's, the American Episcopal Church, the majority of the British residents in Kyoto being present. Bishop Tucker confined his sermon to five minutes' duration, in the course of which he delivered some admirable sentiments on the subject of international unity. In the processional were two Japanese clergy-

men and the two Bishops of the Kwansei (the Right Revs. St. George Tucker, of Tokyo, and the Bishop of Osaka).

After Church the Prince motored out to the Shugakuin Detached Palace along the upper reaches of the Kanogawa, halting at the foot of Hieizan for tiffin. The gardens of this Palace are exquisite in the springtime, containing as they do many of the little maples, the leaves of which are a soft red at this season of the year. In the evening His Royal Highness entertained his Kyoto hosts to dinner at the Omiya Palace.

The following day was another occasion of outstanding memories. Kyoto has been called the City of Temples, and it was natural that His Royal Highness should desire to inspect the fascinating architectural charms of these edifices. During the morning he spent some hours in the Hongwanji and Kinkakuji Temples. In the afternoon he motored out to Kameoka, whence he shot the famous Hodzu Rapids. Seated in a boat of special construction, at the head of a procession of fourteen similar craft, His Royal Highness made the passage of one of the most richly picturesque rivers in the world. The deep green water, flowing betwixt densely pine-wooded gorges, seldom less than a thousand feet high, frequently cascades in foaming torrents down steep declivities. The speed of the stream at the time was not much more than seven knots, for the water was rather low, but this was enough to keep the cataracts at Katsuragawa, and all the way between Kameoka and Arashi-yama, aboil around the obstructing rocks.

Clasping a Japanese flag in one hand, and gripping the gunwale with the other, the Prince sped through a halo of spray with evident delight in the sensation. Skilled boatmen guided the craft through the roaring rapids. Along the banks, often high up amidst the overshadowing woods, but down by the water's edge wherever foothold was to be got, the mountain villagers had turned out in their thousands to cheer and wave the Prince on his

course. The bright kimonos and flags amongst the peaceful hues of the crowded verdure made a wonderful symphony of colour. Beyond the loud sobbing welter were many silent pools in which the forest heights were reflected with that wonderful vividness which is so characteristic of Japan, whether in nature or in art.

A great little voyage of pure scenic delight and the exhilaration of wild movement, that rush down the Hozu river. The Prince's boat docked in the sandbank at Arashi-yama an hour and twenty minutes after launching into the whirl, and His Royal Highness, rather damp but smiling with satisfaction, jumped out, flourishing his flag to five thousand school-children who were yelling "Banzai," and gazing up at the exploding fireworks which flung back such startling echoes from the mountain stillness.

After tea at the villa of Count Otani, formerly chief abbot of the Hongwanji sect, the Prince motored back to Kyoto. At night he dined with the Mayor, and saw a beautiful performance of the Miyako Odori. In the last dance of this Japanese stage epic the eight girls carried Union Jacks and Rising Suns, instead of the colours of the Conference Powers as arranged in the original text of the Imperial poem from which the performance was dramatized. The scenic effects were a feast of light and colour, staged with an extraordinary wealth of moving detail, such as breaking waves, driven snow, dancing fireflies, the rising of the sun, and the like. The Prince warmly applauded the players and the production, accepting a pair of silk flags and a fan bearing the Union Jack and the Rising Sun which one of the actresses had waved in the symbolic finale.

A visit to the tea centre of Uji brought to a close the official duration of His Royal Highness's stay in Kyoto, no further event having been planned. Spring showers, with an ashen sky threatening worse, rather cut short this outing. The Prince arrived at Ogishiba about three o'clock in the afternoon and walked through the wisteria

garden, in full bloom, to the ten-centuries-old Byodo Temple, where priests in robes of purple and yellow greeted him. Passing the ancient Ho-o-do, or Hall of the Phœnix, His Royal Highness came to a river-side field where the best tea in Japan is grown. Here twenty-four women, in blue and white kimono, with red and white head-dress —a pretty combination of the British national colours— were tea-picking under the straw thatch which is spread over the bushes to preserve them.

As they felt over the leaves, deciding which to pluck and which to leave, these women chanted a low monotonous refrain, the "Song of the Tea Pickers." It was explained to the Prince that they were specially chosen from amongst the few remaining families who still knew the song which has come down from the Tokugawa period: some were young girls; others were bowed and toothless.

Mr. Fukuda, the over-lord of Uji, together with his doll-like son and daughter, met His Royal Highness and conducted him to the garden pavilion, where the time-honoured tea ceremony was fulfilled with all due etiquette. Then Admiral Halsey, casting a sailorly eye at the sky, expressed the opinion that it was well to get back to Kyoto before the threatened deluge came.

The following morning, that is to say on May 3, His Royal Highness left Kyoto for Nara. He received the usual magnificent send-off—only rather more so, if possible. The Prince was unfeignedly sorry to leave the ancient capital, where he had spent a thoroughly pleasant, unconventional week, and from which he had made various excursions of absorbing interest.

Arriving at Nara shortly after eleven o'clock, after a spin through the hilly tea plantations, the Prince was greeted at the quaint little station by the Governor, the Mayor, a great gaudy crowd, and a shower of daylight fireworks. Here he stayed in the "Government Hotel," a pretty gabled building perched above a lake and well ensconced amid cryptomeria groves. His first visit

was to the Kasuga shrine, reached along a winding path overhung with the olive green foliage of immemorial trees, and flanked and crossed by stone lanterns and torii. Thence he proceeded to Todai-ji, near which hangs the colossal bell cast in the year 732, from which His Royal Highness produced a deep, mellow boom of exquisite tone by launching the striking beam against it.

Here stands the Daibutsu, the largest image of Buddha in Japan, looming dimly beneath a shrine roofed with enormous beams. Before this great bronze casting the Prince stood for some moments in silent contemplation ; doubtless His Royal Highness was conscious of the spell which this relic of the ages casts upon most people who view it.

Horyu-ji, the most ancient remaining Buddhist temple in the Land of the Rising Sun, also appealed strongly to His Royal Highness. There is a strange, mystic atmosphere dwelling upon these aged shrines of Nara which cannot be translated by words. The deep repose of the place, with its greenish light shed from sheltering cryptomeria and guarding pines ; its secluded deer parks ; its sleepy, basking streets, and its close environment of Shinto and Buddhist fanes, seems impalpably to push back the centuries and reincarnate the fantastic generations which awakened to the faiths these hoary structures arose upon.

After tea in the Public Hall of Nara—which had been temporarily converted into a museum of local products—the Prince and his suite went into the great deer park to see and participate in the feeding of the herds. After all, there is much to be said for a doctrine which chooses the soft-eyed gazelle as a sacred emblem, and this thought probably occurred to more than one member of the Royal party as they watched the delicate little creatures come bounding from out of the glades to the shrill blare of the keepers' horns. Large tubs of oaten cakes were ranged before the pavilion where the Prince and his

staff watched the mobilization of scores of deer, all so tame that any one of them would rub its nose upon the coat-sleeve of the most forbidding-looking person—not wholly to the advantage of the coat-sleeve—as a reminder of its right to be fed.

So the Prince and his staff went down upon the velvet-like sward and handed out cakes to the clustering animals. Presently His Royal Highness began throwing the cakes at various members of the party, who threw back, and the business developed into a species of snowball match, which the deer apparently thought great fun, judging by the way they bucked and gambolled and rapidly reduced the supply of missiles. There was a good deal of brushing, and rubbing, and wiping to be done by the time the deer feeding was finished.

Whilst in Nara His Royal Highness visited Shoso-in, wherein are preserved about three thousand specimens of the various articles used by the Imperial Court in the eighth century, and spent some time in the Temple of Hase. On the afternoon of May 5, he travelled by electric tram to Osaka, spending a couple of hours in the Castle, and once more receiving an overwhelming demonstration in the streets of the "Manchester of Japan" of how spontaneous and sincere was the welcome of Nippon.

CHAPTER XIII

THROUGH THE INLAND SEA

THE few hours which His Royal Highness spent at Osaka and Kobe may be likened to a whiff of prosaic modernity driven into the picturesque course of the tour amid the surroundings and in the atmosphere of what, in tourist parlance, is called "the real old Japan." With the exception of a Japanese dinner given in his honour by the Governor of the Hyogo Prefecture, the reception at Kobe was quite of the frock-coat and silk-hat order. Even the kimonos and haoris of the streets were on a relatively modest scale, the "billycock" and "reach-me-downs" of Western utilitarianism being rampant. The ball given by the British Community at the "Oriental Hotel" was aggressively British—save that the decorations brought one back to a consciousness of surroundings. In one thing only were these fine cities still characteristic of the real old Japan: this was the heartiness of their "banzais" and the prodigality of their paper lanterns.

Shortly before midnight His Royal Highness, accompanied by his own suite and the Japanese staff, went on board the very handsome little turbine steamer, *Keifuku Maru*, built for the Korea service, and now about to make her maiden trip. It was not a good morning for sight-seeing when she left Kobe bound for the Inland Sea. A heavy mist which frequently developed into a searching drizzle shrouded the horizon down to within a two-mile circle, through which the land waxed and waned in fitful shadows, so that by the time the vessel had

passed Tarumi and entered upon the broad expanse of the Sea of Harima there was little to be seen but a cheerless welter of waters.

"Can't be helped!" said His Royal Highness with unimpairable cheerfulness, and forthwith sought recreation in the ship herself. There proved to be some fine exponents of double swordsmanship amongst the Japanese retinue, and these gave an exhibition under the upper-deck awning. Then came ju-jitsu, in which the Prince and his staff took a hand, amidst a good deal of hilarity; and so the time passed pleasantly enough, until the mist began to roll up and the sun thrust through stray watery shafts. During the afternoon visibility had become quite good, although the atmosphere maintained its sombre hue.

The Inland Sea, or Seto-Naikai, is one long panorama of fairy-land. Although in places it is so wide that the opposite coast-lines are out of sight from a middle course, it is virtually impossible to lose sight of land since the placid waters are so studded with islands. Frequently the coasts approach one another until the sea becomes a mere narrow strait; a double picture of gleaming coves fringed with white sand; of nestling bamboo villages; of verdant pines sloping skywards into the low clouds; of lonely temples with their red lacquered outpost torii; of jagged headlands rising sheer from the kiss of the tide; of many wide stretches of wavering rice fields and dark green tea gardens. Betwixt the islands glide many fishing sampans garnering a large proportion of the staple food of the country; gaudy shoe-shaped hulls supporting a good spread of matted sails. Blood-red lighthouses stand solitary at intervals along the mid-channel, for Japanese art insists upon contributing its effects to the vivid colour scheme of Nature in this land.

The first halt in the voyage was at Takamatsu, where the *Keifuku Maru* cast anchor just outside of the substantial stone mole early in the afternoon. On landing

the Prince was met by the Count Matsudaira amid a scene of extraordinary vivacity, rich in moving colour and set in an environment of extraordinary beauty. He drove to the stately Ritsurin Park which, although not heretofore ranked with the three famous parks of Japan (Mito, Oakayama and Kanazawa), is as beautiful as any of these. The first lord of Takamatsu, Matsudaira Yorishige, related by blood to the Tokugawa Shoguns, began to lay out the grounds, but it was not until a century afterwards that the fourth lord completed the work.

Here, in this exquisite vista of miniature hills, lakes and streams, His Royal Highness received addresses of welcome from the Governor of Kagawa Prefecture and the Mayor of Takamatsu; after which he took part in carp feeding as a preliminary to carp fishing; to which mixed process the fish appeared quite accustomed, since it is the practice to return the victims of over-confidence to the water. After tea in a pavilion such as some genii of rare imagination might have created, His Royal Highness with his party motored through the teeming and cheering streets of the town to the foot of Yashima, the frowning mountain of historic fame. As the Prince slowly ascended the steep path, Dr. Masujiro Honda told the story of how, nearly eight hundred years ago, the Taira clan, having stolen the infant Emperor from Kyoto, took refuge upon the apparently invulnerable eminence; how the Minamoto clan came to wreak vengeance, and how, after the great chief Yoshitsune had routed them from Yashima, they were finally exterminated, with the thoroughness of daimyo methods, in a battle near Shimonoseki.

Returning, the Prince dined with Count Matsudaira at his country villa. The banquet was purely Japanese, the great silk-hung, matted, lantern-lit hall, with the dainty little geisha serving the dishes, presenting the most perfect picture of the old feudal life of the country which His Royal Highness had yet seen.

The following morning the passage of the Inland Sea was resumed. The weather had become blue and sunny, with just sufficient tendency to haze to give a charming Turneresque effect to the scenery. About four o'clock in the afternoon the *Keifuku Maru*, with the two grey Japanese light-cruisers which escorted her, came to rest in the deep green waters of Miyajima. This sacred island—so sacred that according to tradition no human being must be born nor die upon it, a doctrine now more honoured in the breach than the observance—is one of the San-Kei, or Three Beautiful Scenes of Japan. Rising in precipitous rock to a height of more than thirteen hundred feet, it is densely clad with pine, cypress, cherry, maple and cryptomeria. Delicious chines yawn down to the sea, nestling in which are the inns and tea-houses for pilgrims, the dwellings of fishermen and image-carvers, and the abodes of the numerous priests who make up the population of the island. There is a very sensible air of sacredness brooding over this elysium: the lives of the people centre around the temple, which is one of the chief fanes of Shinto Worship in the Empire, and although there are shops wherein the necessaries of life, and curios, chiefly in the form of carved wooden ware, may be purchased, the spirit of commercialism seems strangely absent. As at Nara, the deer which roam about the village are sacred, and so religiously are they guarded that dogs are prohibited upon the island. Small wonder that the pretty creatures are tame enough to feed out of the hand of any stranger.

On landing the Prince paid a quiet visit to the Itsukushima Jinja, or Miyajima Temple. This is dedicated to three goddesses: Itsukshima-hime, Tagori-hime, and Togitsu-hime, daughters of Susano-o. The first building on the existent site dates from the reign of the Empress Suiko, A.D. 592, and very quaint legends hover around it. The goddesses, it is said, desiring a habitation upon the isle, appeared to a man named Saeki-no-Kuramoto, bidding him make known their wishes to the Empress.

In proof of the truth of the vision they added that a strange star would appear over the capital, and that a crow, bearing a twig of Sakaki, the sacred cleyera tree of Shintoism,[1] would arrive and present the twig to the Empress. The course of events fell out as predicted, and the Empress commanded Saeki-no-Kuramoto to build the temple. The crow was proclaimed sacred, and had a shrine built in its memory by an aged man from Hiranosato. To this day the crows which nest upon the summit of Mount Misen are said to be nobler in mien than their companions of the lower slopes (which are alleged to worship them) ; each year, on September 18, certain rites are carried out at the Hayatani-no-Jinga, or " Parting from the Offspring," Temple, when four sacred crows, two old and two young, descend and remain until evening, when the young return to Misen and the old fly away to their ancestral home in Kii, where the priests are performing the ceremony of " Waiting for the Return of the Crows."

From the Temple the Prince walked along the sea-shore to have a close look at the great red torii, or Sacred Shinto Gateway. Probably after Fuji this is the most pictured structure in Japan. Rising out of the water (save at very low tide) it is the largest of the temple portals in the country, likewise probably the newest, having been built in 1875. The great main pillars 45 feet high are of camphor wood, the transverse beam is 73 feet across. This torii differs from the other sacred gateways which form such a favourite motive in Japanese art in that it has double barred pillars on each side the main ones to strengthen them.

The rather curious anomaly of some war trophies mounted amidst this scene of religious repose attracted the Prince's eye, and he made a close inspection of them.

[1] " Punch " ridiculed the present writer's reference to the " sacred Shinto tree," contained in his message from Kyoto, describing the visit of His Royal Highness to the Tomb of the Emperor Meiji, at Momoyama.

They proved to be a great Russian gun captured on the famous 203 Metre Hill at Port Arthur, and a battered section of the steel sheathing of the warship *Kasuga* as she came out of the Battle of Tsushima.

But if Miyajima was beautiful by day it became a dream-like fantasy at night. Ashore the temples, the halls, and the pagodas, stole out upon the gloom in shimmering traceries of crimson fire, with the lambent shape of the great torii in the foreground. Afloat a big flotilla of sampans, gaily illuminated, skimmed around the *Keifuku Maru*, casting molten gleams under their dark shadows. When presently thousands of large coloured paper lanterns were sent afloat from the beach, and came drifting slowly out, spreading over the sea and tinging it with the hue of blood, the picture became exquisite.

The following morning His Royal Highness transferred to the flagship *Kiso*. The cruiser immediately got underway, bound for Etajima, where stands the Imperial Naval Cadet School. Landing for a tour of inspection, His Royal Highness was received with staccato volleys of "banzai," and a good deal of banging of guns and fireworks, through all of which ran the insistently recurrent bugle chant of the "general salute." After greeting His Imperial Highness Takamatsu (third son of the Emperor), who was a cadet at the school, the Prince made the round of the buildings, and saw the future Togos carry out a remarkable tourney peculiar to the College, which, he was informed, frequently resulted in the spilling of the honourable blood. On this occasion, however, the enthusiasm which works up to such a climax was discreetly restrained, although the spectacle was sufficiently exciting without this final touch of realism.

Leaving Etajima in the *Kiso*, the Prince proceeded to the great naval station of Kure, in the outer anchorage of which lay the *Renown* and her escorting consort, the *Durban*, all dressed up and ready to start upon the first homeward lap. An imposing assemblage of Japanese

warships welcomed His Royal Highness with their batteries and flags. Here the Prince lunched with the Naval Commander-in-Chief and his staff, and made a tour of the arsenal, wherein the chiefly noticeable feature was the immense quantity of finished war material marked for scrapping in loyal compliance with the terms of the Washington agreement.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon His Royal Highness bade farewell, and amid a furore of cheering, trumpeting and booming, scurried out in a picket-boat to the *Renown*. That he was glad to set foot again upon the ship for which he has such an affection born of long association goes without saying; that he also felt a pang of genuine regret that the occasion marked the preliminary step to his departure from the warm hospitality and captivating charms of Japan was equally certain.

However, there was yet another stage to be gone through before the final farewell. Still escorted by the two faithful Japanese light cruisers, with the *Durban* shepherding her course, the *Renown* swept majestically out of the Kure anchorage on to the blue waters of the Sea of Aki. Dawn of next day found her quietly threading her way into the deep embrace of Kagoshima Bay, abreast of the town of which name she came to anchor for the last time in the waters of Nippon.

Landing in this spot, so famous alike in British and Japanese history, His Royal Highness was greeted by the Governor of the Prefecture, the Mayor, and a large, brilliantly uniformed retinue. With his suite His Royal Highness motored out to Prince Shimazu's villa at the foot of Shiroyama to lunch—his last meal of the tour on Japanese soil. It was a fitting environment, this picturesque abode of the heir of a great daimyo, for such a valedictory occasion. The house nestles in the heart of the most beautiful seaside garden in Japan. At the back of it rises thickets of bamboos and woods of pine; in front stretches a natural luxuriance of flowers,

shrubs, rocks and streams, with a wonderous little pavilion built from materials given by the King of the Loochoo Islands in the days when he was vassal to the Lord of Satsuma. The babbling of a waterfall, the seething of the turf, and the sighing of the wind through the foliage, blends into a music more lulling than any human harmony.

Here the Prince sat, gazing across the deep blue bay at Sakurajima, its peak lost in the clouds, and learning how, in the terrible eruption from that same volcano in 1914—the lava of which still honeycombs its base in a barren smother—Kagoshima was all but wiped out, whilst a fearful toll of life was taken under a daylight sky that would have been black as midnight but for the lurid glow from the gushing crater.

Here, also, he heard from his host the pretty legend associated with the villa—for in Japan every structure must have its legend. In the course of a banquet given to celebrate the completion of the house a pair of cranes swooped down from the blue, and after feeding awhile in the yard, perched themselves upon the roof. This was the happiest of omens, since the crane is a national emblem of longevity. So the villa was promptly christened " Ki-Kwaku-tei," the pavilion of the happy crane. His Royal Highness expressed the hope that the augury would always be justified.

After lunch came a programme of entertainments which included flute-playing, archery on horseback, and a game somewhat similar to ninepins, all of which are peculiar to Satsuma. A Samurai procession, a dance by children and a quarter-staff dance (bo-odori) were also in the programme, but the Prince had not time to witness these through; for the visit to the Industrial Museum was an engagement which must be filled, since it was here that an official reception was held, an address of welcome presented to the Prince, and souvenir gifts, in the form of Satsuma " niwayaki," or flower vases, produced in a private kiln, offered by the Governor. The

relics of the feudal family which were shown in the Museum greatly interested the Prince, various of these having a direct historic reference to the relations between Satsuma and Japan.

Later in the afternoon the Prince ascended the hill of Shiroyama, sacred in the eyes of the people of Kagoshima as the death-place of the great Saigo Takamori, the hero of the revolution in the tenth year of Meiji (1877). On this hill, with its superb view across bay and country, in the cave of Iwasaki, Saigo, who had drawn his sword against his Emperor from what he considered patriotic motives, held out with his little band of devoted followers for twenty days, and when the last shot had been fired committed hara-kiri with them, thus ending the revolution. Close by the cave stands the monument erected to their memory (for they died like Samuari), and in the temple beyond are their honoured tombs.

It was nearly five o'clock when the Prince embarked in the Royal barge of the *Renown* amid loud cries of "sayonara," giving place to a farewell hurricane of "banzais." His Royal Highness proceeded first to visit the *Durban*, which was under orders to break-off at a given rendezvous in the China Sea, where the *Cairo* would replace her as escorting ship. Going on board he said good-bye to Captain Ballard and the officers, with most of whom he had come in fairly constant contact during his stay in Japan. He next went across to the Japanese flagship, *Kiso*, being received with a Royal salute as he ascended the gangway ladder, at the head of which stood the Rear-Admiral commanding the light-cruiser squadron, and his staff. To these the Prince said farewell, for, although this ship and her consort were keeping company with the *Renown* down to the mouth of Kagoshima Bay, there would be no further opportunity for speaking with those on board. His Royal Highness then took leave of the *Ohi*, after which he returned to the *Renown* to bid a last farewell to his Japanese staff, and other distinguished people, including

Admiral Togo, who had come to Kagoshima to see him off.

With the band on the quarter-deck playing "Rolling Home to Merrie England," and the Prince on the bridge flourishing a Japanese flag, the *Renown* broke out her anchor just after six o'clock on the evening of May 9, and started upon her homeward voyage. The music changed to "Auld Lang Syne" as the turbines began to throb. The weather was grey and altogether cheerless, as though in harmony with the general spirit of regret, for although it is certain that the Prince and all with him on board the *Renown* were glad to be under-way for home, they were really sorry to be leaving Japan. The country had proved such a joyous one; its people had been so magnificent in their hospitality and the sincerity of their friendship. They had more than acted up to the sentiment of their first national greeting, "Irasshimashi! O tori, kudasai!" ("Welcome and welcome —please you to come in.") Realization of this naturally became more acute at the moment of parting, and whilst "Rolling Home" brought beaming satisfaction to every face, "Auld Lang Syne" touched a very sensible emotion of goodwill and gratitude.

It was falling dusk and beginning to drizzle when the great rocky outposts of Kagoshima Bay were reached. Here the two Japanese cruisers, which had been steaming in line about a mile ahead, changed course eight points to starboard, intending to wheel as near the *Renown* in returning to port as was prudent. His Royal Highness mounted the upper bridge to be in as commanding a position as possible for waving adieu; the band took post upon the forecastle, whilst every available officer and man of the ship's company lined the rails to give the departing escort a "jolly good chuck-up."

Jolly good it was too, and deeply impressive, amid the shrouded setting, this mutual cheering of the two great Navies of the West and the East. As the *Kiso* and *Ohi* came frothing abreast of the *Renown*, their crews ranged

along their topsides in statuesque array, the band burst into "Auld Lang Syne," and a thousand British throats gave vent to a perfect tempest of hurrahing which seemed even to quell the fretful voice of the damp wind. Across the waters came back the familiar roar of "banzai." Then discipline went by the board on both sides. Men broke from their orderly array to swarm atop of turrets whence they could wave and yell to fuller advantage. His Royal Highness twirled his white-topped cap around his head until his arm must have ached. For fully five minutes the furore of enthusiasm was maintained. By the end of this time the cruisers were becoming shadowy in the deepening dusk. The band of the *Renown* ceased playing "Auld Lang Syne" and crashed forth into the refrain of "Rolling Home" again. When this was finished the coast of Japan had vanished into the gloom, and the *Renown* settled down to sea-going routine for the night.

CHAPTER XIV

"ROLLING HOME"

AT eight o'clock on the morning of May 13 the *Renown*, accompanied by the *Cairo* (which had replaced the *Durban* at sea), and escorted from the three-mile limit by United States destroyers, anchored in Manila Bay. Owing to the heavy draught of the battle-cruiser it was deemed inexpedient to take her inside of the breakwater; moreover, there is always the possibility of a typhoon at this season of the year, in which event she would have been better off in the open roadstead.

Scarcely had the two British ships dressed over-all with flags, and the *Cairo* finished firing the usual salute to the United States Ensign, when H.M. Consul-General (Mr. T. Harrington) came on board the *Renown*, followed closely by Major-General Omar Bundy and Captain Z. E. Briggs, U.S.N., who were attached to His Royal Highness during his visit, together with various other officers and officials. At ten o'clock General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of the Philippines, arrived to welcome the Prince in the name of the President of the United States, at whose special invitation His Royal Highness was making a call at the islands.

The landing of His Royal Highness an hour after this was the only really formal affair of the Manila visit. With airplanes doing "stunts" overhead, white launches scurrying around, and warships blazing off salutes, the Prince, in the undress white uniform of a post-captain, sped across the intervening league of water in his beautiful

little blue and silver barge, to the gaily bedecked stage of Admirals landing. Here, in front of a gorgeous pandal, various presentations of American officials and British residents were made, whilst the band of the military guard of honour played "God Save the King." Then, heartily cheered by a large crowd of Filipinos, and surrounded by an escort of United States cavalry, the Prince and his suite drove to the Malacanan Palace, and changed into mufti for a day of recreation.

The polo in the afternoon was cut short by an accident which, happily, proved to be less serious than was at first feared. The Prince was riding hard and bending well forward to swipe the ball when an American officer cut at it not more than three yards away. The ball flew up and caught His Royal Highness upon the eyebrow, the peak of his helmet taking the full force of the blow and breaking under it. The result, however, was a nasty cut, which bled freely. The Prince shouted out that he meant to finish the chukka, but the other players stopped dead, and a general exclamation of consternation broke from the crowd. Surgeon-Commander Newport came running up and, holding the pony's head whilst the Prince dismounted, led him to the pavilion to examine the damage. He considered the cut sufficiently serious to need stitching up, and although the Prince protested loudly that he was really all right and quite able to finish the game, his personal medical attendant insisted that he should return to the ship and rest. So the Royal party got back to the *Renown* just before dark, where the most alarming rumours spread like wildfire, notwithstanding Admiral Halsey's statement that the mishap was not really at all serious.

Still, the accident was very unfortunate, for it precluded the attendance of His Royal Highness at the banquet and dance given in his honour by the Governor-General, as well as resulting in a black eye of first-class order and a certain degree of pain which the Prince bore with the most cheery fortitude. However, he was not to be deterred

either by the pangs of the wound nor the sense of disfigurement from continuing the pre-arranged programme next day. On landing he received a most enthusiastic reception, doubtless enhanced by the sympathy touched at sight of his bandaged eye. Accompanied by the Governor-General, His Royal Highness went for a drive around Manila, the picturesque old Spanish quarter of which greatly interested him.

The garden-party given by the British community at the Manila Club was somewhat marred by the heavy thunderous rainstorm which drove the guests from the beautiful palm-shaded grounds into the building. Returning to the *Renown* just before dark, which falls early and suddenly in this latitude, the Prince gave a dinner-party to his American hosts and some of the leading British residents. The following morning, escorted by a flotilla of United States submarines, he crossed the pretty bay in his barge to Cavité, where he inspected the naval establishment and great wireless station, lunching with the Commandant and his staff. His Royal Highness was very keen to enter in the polo match at Manila that afternoon, but his personal medical attendant was inexorable in his opinion that a one-eyed game was very likely to result in another accident.

At seven o'clock on the evening of May 7 the *Renown*, again accompanied by American destroyers, departed from Manila Bay. Before leaving His Royal Highness imparted to the Press of the Philippines a message expressing his appreciation of the kindness of President Harding in having invited him to visit the islands, and his thanks for the cordial welcome with which he had been received.

About midday on the 17th of May the Royal battle-cruiser, accompanied by the *Cairo*, came to anchor in Port Victoria, the beautiful natural harbour of Labuan. The island takes its name from this haven, the Malay word signifying "anchorage." A tropical gem, twenty-nine square miles in area, this tiny outpost of the Empire

at the time of the Prince's visit contained only seventeen European inhabitants, the " principal residents " numbering eight, including ladies.

Shortly after the *Renown* had come to rest abreast of a white palm-fringed beach the Resident of Labuan and the Resident of the mainland settlement of Brunei came on board, having been invited to lunch with the Prince. In the course of the afternoon His Royal Highness and several members of his staff went ashore in tennis flannels and attended what, with somewhat laboured precision, was programmed as a " small " at-home in the gloriously green grounds surrounding the verandade bungalow dignified as " Government House." Meanwhile most of the officers and a large number of the men of the two warships made for the beach and were soon raising a little surf of their own in the glass-clear water, quite heedless of the caution from the inhabitants to 'ware sea-snakes (which swarmed round the lighted gangways of the ships after dark) and the malignant bonita.

Labuan is a delicious island, with maybe a couple of dozen shops about the size of dolls' houses in the little bazaar straggling along the water-front, and a dense jungle-like growth of lofty palms, coco-nut trees, and bamboo thickets, amid which peep out the matted and atap-thatched dwellings of the placid inhabitants. Quite good red sanded roads intersect the wild luxuriance of trees, often running under shady green tunnels of arched boughs, and generally flanked by flowing rivulets in which crocodiles, lizards and frogs appear to find a fat living. Birds of blue and red, and parakeets of rainbow colours keep up a noisy chatter. Beyond the beach stretch many wide patches of savannah. As the Prince remarked, quite an ideal spot in which to play Robinson Crusoe.

The following morning, after an early breakfast, the Prince and his staff transferred to the cruiser *Cairo*, and proceeded to Jesselton, the British North Borneo Com-

pany's principal port. Here His Royal Highness was presented with an address " on behalf of the British subjects, the Chinese residents, the Natives, and all others living in . . . this most far-flung outpost of the British Empire." Previous to coming under British sway only about forty years ago this country was a veritable no-man's land, where the weaker were ceaselessly harried by the stronger, and the Dyaks carried on head-hunting at their pleasure. In his reply the Prince referred to an intention which circumstances had prohibited him from carrying out to visit Sandakan, in Sarawak. He paid special tribute to the manner in which, during the Great War, " you gave freely of your best, both in volunteers and in gifts to war funds, whilst your constabulary and your tribesmen by their loyalty made easier the task of those whose duty lay in keeping your flag flying out here."

A Malay pony race proved a most diverting spectacle. There was evidently fierce gambling upon the events, and methods were employed which would absolutely paralyse any member of the Jockey Club. The principle of pay and ask no questions was the only one upon which the bookmakers found it expedient to do business, knowing as they full well did that their customers have a system of their own for getting satisfaction when anything is done not wholly to their liking.

Returning to Labuan for the night the Prince made another trip in the *Cairo* next day to Brunei. An amusing little story is told in connexion with the arrangements for this visit. It was intimated to the Resident that His Royal Highness would be glad to inspect any British ex-Service men who might be in the place. The answer came : " I am the only ex-Service man. Do you wish a parade ? "

Off Sabo Point the Prince and his suite transferred to the launch *MacArthur*, and in her proceeded up the shallow river to Brunei. The beautiful scenery of these regions has been so exquisitely described by Sylvia, Ranee of

Sarawak, in her little history of the famous Brooke heritage that no apology is needed for quoting a short passage which faithfully mirrors the sort of picture that unfolded as the Prince sat in the stern-sheets of the tiny panting steamboat :

" I love Sarawak. How can I then with a cold unbiassed eye unroll the velvet mystery of it to a public who may find in it a flaw and think it worthless ? If it were possible to shift these drawing-room critics into a " sampan," and paddle them through silver streams where palm trees tremble in delicate delight at the cool kisses of the morning breeze ; if it were possible to shut out cities and show them the sky and straggling Kampong peeping out from between the branches of the jungle, like little Malay girls concealed behind their veils ; if one could convey the enchantment and the torment, the provocative pleasure of it and the haunting pain, then, and only then, could this history be a success."

On landing the Prince was received by the Sultan of Brunei and a bevy of wonderfully attired officials. Entering a very gaudy palanquin a procession was formed to the Labau, or audience hall, where a durbar was held —much more quaint than impressive to those who had recently had such memorable experience of the meaning of this word in India. On the conclusion of the ceremony His Royal Highness and his party changed from uniform into flannels, and went to the waterfall where a picnic lunch and bathing afforded plenty of fun.

But the great feature of the Brunei visit was the display given by a large group of the wild men of Borneo. Dyaks of the Gat, Kayans, Kenyahs, Milanos and Kadayans had come together to greet the Prince. Few of them wore anything more than loin cloths around their grotesquely tattooed bodies, although here and there was a sarong or a baju. All carried spears and slung the creese. These were the men who, at the Dyak peace-making at Simanggang, only eighteen months before, had forsworn head-hunting, and it must be confessed their looks did not lend to the belief that their promise

was made in voluntary sincerity. They danced, brandished, and yelled, very much as others of their tribe had done before the Prince at Singapore, only that in Brunei they were amid their own natural environment. It was a wonderful show, but somehow it recalled Dickens's views upon the "noble savage."

By the time the *Cairo* got back to Port Victoria it was dark and blowing half a gale of wind, with heavy rain. The *Renown* had weighed anchor and stood seawards, so as to be able to take up a position which would yield a lee-side to enable the Prince to get aboard. As it was, the passage in a picket-boat was distinctly "tricky," and resulted in wet jackets for the whole of the Royal party. Having embarked His Royal Highness and his companions, and hoisted in the boat, the *Renown*, followed by the *Cairo*, proceeded on her voyage.

The next place of call—chiefly for the purpose of replenishing the oil-tanks—was Penang, off which the *Renown* arrived at nine o'clock on the morning of May 23. Owing to the amount of water she drew, the great battle-cruiser had to anchor some eighteen miles from Georgetown, where the Prince landed from a tug during the course of the morning. Beyond receiving a deputation of leading residents and inspecting a guard of honour of ex-Service men the Prince carried out no formal ceremonies in the beautiful port of Malaya. The streets were packed with patient multitudes, notwithstanding the heavy rain, and His Royal Highness met with a magnificent reception as he motored slowly from the jetty to Government House. An informal lunch at the Penang Club, followed by tennis, filled in the time during which the *Renown* was taking in some three thousand tons of oil. After only about eight hours in Penang the Prince returned to the ship, which immediately weighed anchor and resumed the homeward path.

On emerging from the Strait of Malacca into the Bay of Bengal the *Renown* ran into the south-west monsoon, which had broken exceptionally early and with consider-

able weight. She began to curtsy in long stately measures, flinging showers of spray over her forecastle. By the second day it was blowing with " force 6 " on Beaufort's scale, and as the battle-cruiser was steaming into the teeth of it at seventeen knots there was the weight of a gale in the warm rush that swept the deck. The *Renown* herself made beautiful weather of the steep, frothing seas, smiting them back disdainfully in hissing bursts which necessitated closed hatches, but the little *Cairo* at times buried herself in the white smother, affording a fine spectacle to those aboard the *Renown*, but a very uncomfortable one to her own people.

As a result of the monsoon it became necessary to effect a change in the programme. The *Renown* was due to spend three days at Colombo. But the wireless brought news that such a heavy sea was running off the port, with so much " run " inside the breakwater that it would be very hazardous to attempt to take a vessel of the length of the *Renown* through the narrow, tide-swept entrance. So when it was officially announced that the ship was going to Trincomalee instead nobody on board was at all surprised. The people of Colombo had given the *Renown* such a " splendid chuck-up " on the outward voyage that a good deal of disappointment was felt that the monsoon should have been so annoyingly premature.

Still, Trincomalee turned out to be a very pleasant substitute. It is a wonderful natural harbour, set amid the fullness of the green and gold of Ceylon. The old town, rich in historic associations, is perhaps a little too placid for the tastes of men seeking a kick-up ashore, although it has good sport to offer within easy walking distance, and more than one crocodile died cursing the monsoon. The Prince motored over to Colombo, where he spent a couple of quiet days, rejoining the ship on the morning of May 30, shortly after which she sailed.

The passage across the Indian Ocean was less boisterous than had been anticipated. The light cruiser *Comus*

replaced the *Cairo* at Trincomalee, and accompanied the *Renown* for the rest of the voyage, being due home to pay-off. In the evening of June 5 the two ships came to anchor off the barren isles of Great Hanish, in the lower part of the Red Sea, where an Admiralty oiler was in waiting to replenish their oil-tanks. Early the following morning the Prince landed with a little party and got some shots at a species of antelope, although how any form of life manages to find subsistence upon the baked lava nakedness of the group is incredible.

At Suez, where the *Renown* arrived on June 9, His Royal Highness, together with his staff, landed during the afternoon and proceeded by special train to Cairo. Five aeroplanes escorted him across the desert: the train stopped at Nefisheh, where His Royal Highness descended to greet the Governor of Ismailia and a party of British officers who had assembled to welcome him. On arrival at Cairo he was met by Lord Allenby, with whom he stayed at the Residency.

In the course of the following day the Prince astonished the inhabitants of Cairo by his extraordinary energy. At seven o'clock in the morning he was trying polo ponies on the Gezira ground. Later in the day he played six chukkers at the Sporting Club. In the cool of the late afternoon he visited the famous bazaars of the city. His Royal Highness concluded the day by attending a military boxing tournament at the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, where the British troops, under the command of Lieut.-General W. N. Congreve, V.C., gave him an enthusiastic reception. After the contests he distributed the prizes.

The following day the Prince was the guest of honour at a State lunch given by King Fuad, with whom he had previously exchanged visits on the morning after his arrival. On this occasion he received the decoration of the Collar of the Order of Mohamed Ali, the highest the King of Egypt bestows, and which is reserved for crowned heads, His Royal Highness being the first to receive it. After playing tennis at Gezira and dining

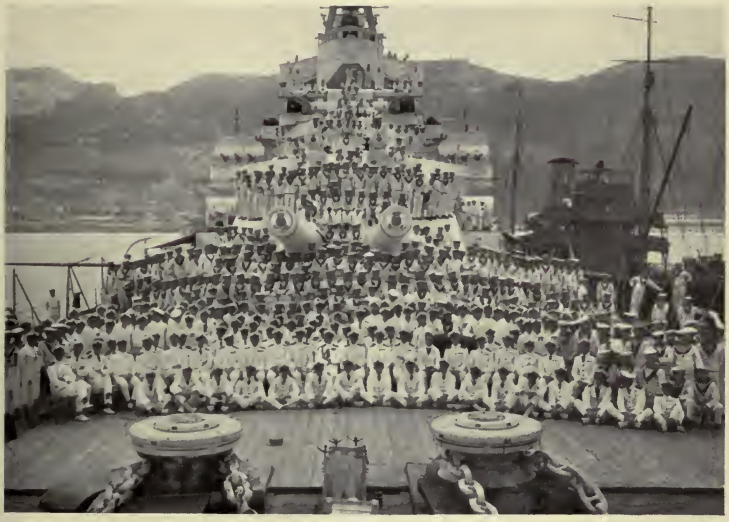
quietly with Lord and Lady Allenby, His Royal Highness left Cairo for Port Said, getting on board the *Renown* again at two o'clock in the morning. Before eight o'clock that same morning the battle-cruiser was steaming out of the long bottle-neck entrance to the port, with the shore batteries firing a Royal salute.

The passage of the Mediterranean was comparatively uneventful. The *Renown* stopped for a few minutes close in to the mouth of Valetta harbour to put ashore a stoker who was suffering from double pneumonia. On the morning of June 17 she anchored just outside Gibraltar breakwater to take in oil fuel for the last lap of her long voyage. The Prince landed informally, and after lunching with Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien made a tour of the famous galleries and other places of interest upon the Rock. At eleven o'clock that night the *Renown* raised her anchor and quietly steamed out around Tarifa.

The Bay was in very friendly mood. Everybody was busy packing-up, and the Prince and his staff paid more than one valedictory visit to the ward-room and the gun-room. Many ships were sighted, and these invariably hoisted their ensigns in order to dip them, and often blew three saluting blasts from their syrens. More than one of them altered her course to pass as close as possible, and a big liner, homeward bound from South America, stopped her engines, "manned ship," and her bugler sounded the "general salute." The wireless operators of the *Renown* were nearly driven to distraction taking in and acknowledging the messages of congratulation which came from every ship for leagues around that picked up the battle-cruiser's tune.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of June 20 word was passed that the Eddystone was in sight, and there was an immediate rush for the forward triple-gun deck. The day was grey and misty, but with a promise of improvement in the occasional pale shafts of sunshine which broke through. An escort of Devonport destroyers, coming up like black spots on the northern horizon, formed the

AN ANCIENT FORM OF FOOTBALL ("KEWARI") PLAYED AT KYOLO BY COURT RETAINERS IN QUAINT DRESS WITH SHINTO HEADWEAR



H.R.H. WITH THE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "RENOWN" AT GIBRALTAR

first hand-stretch from home. A little later, the shadowy outline of Rome Head was showing out of the haze ahead.

His Royal Highness, dressed in the uniform of a post-captain, stood upon the upper after-deck as the *Renown* slowly rounded the Plymouth Breakwater light. To the present writer he expressed the hope and belief that the great adventure had indeed proved worth while. The Greatest Ambassador had covered more than forty thousand miles and visited over one hundred places since leaving Portsmouth on October 26, 1921. And then, with a little smile of pleasure as he gazed across at the tender summer picture of Mount Edgcumb, the Prince exclaimed: "Ah! This is England again indeed!"

And England welcomed him back as never before.

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