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CHAPTER III.

LUCKNOW'S WELCOME—POLO AND RACING: PRINCE'S SUCCESS AS A RIDER—THE MEDICAL COLLEGE SPORTS: H. R. H. PRESENTS PRIZES—MILITARY FUNCTIONS: PARADE AND PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—VISIT TO THE RESIDENCY—A DAY IN ALLAHABAD—BENARES—HONORARY DEGREE FROM HINDU UNIVERSITY—SHOOTING TRIP IN NEPAL—PATNA.

FOR a number of reasons, but chiefly because of the reports which had penetrated the Native States wherein the second stage of the Prince's tour was passed, main interest centred not on the ceremonies attendant on the Prince's arrival in Lucknow but on the reception accorded to him by the people.

Of that, rumour gave a picturesque and prophetic account. There was to be a *hartal*, before which all other *hartals* in all other cities would pale to insignificance. The shops, the bazaars and the houses would be closed and shuttered. There would be no movement in the streets. The city would be as a city of the dead. And the Prince, when he should come to drive in procession through the city streets, would drive down a long bleak alley fringed with lines of troops. At best, there would be, for spectators, a tiny sprinkling of officials, subordinates, ex-service-men and others whom Government might be able, with desperate efforts, to collect to grace the occasion.

What was the reality? Out of a population of some quarter of a million people there must have been close on a hundred thousand on the streets along which the Royal procession passed. They stood in rows, pressing hard against the troops lining the roads. They perched upon the house-tops or upon stationary vehicles. For the first quarter of a mile of the processional route seats in ascending tiers—triple, quadruple and, at some places, quintuple tiers—had been built. They were filled to overflowing by eager sightseers. No window of any house on the route but framed a few faces, no balcony but glowed with the gala dresses of men and women holding high holiday. All the open spaces were packed with humanity as a barrel with herrings. Only in the Kaiser Bagh did the crowds grow meagre, and here, within the gardens, a commanding view was given to many hundreds of people from a monster shamiana raised on a lofty terrace. Where the route swept from the gardens into the main street of the station, the crowds gathered and thickened again. And, as the Prince passed, he was greeted with deep and reverent salaams and the tumult of a cheering multitude.

Before this signal demonstration of a people's welcome the dignity and grandeur of the official ceremonies faded rather to the background. Yet these were notable. For some the setting was quaint, even unique. At the railway station, for instance, where the station hall (in which the municipal address was presented) reminded one by its *decor* that Lucknow is a considerable industrial centre and the headquarters of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway Company. It flaunted, not the flags, the banners, the devices and the shields which properly belong to a military patriotism, but the products of workshops and handicraftsmen. There were model signal boxes, culverts and crossings, there were rails and sleepers, there was a trolley, and as if emerging from a tunnel in the wall, there was a locomotive complete as far back as the steam whistle.

It was altogether fit and proper that the city fathers should speak their first words of welcome to their Royal visitor amidst surroundings which spoke of the city's daily life. Fittingly, also, it was not alone upon Lucknow's historic traditions that the address they presented dwelt. It touched upon its modern developments and the schemes of expansion in which the municipality was immers-

ed. When the Prince had replied to the municipal address, he set out, in a State procession, for Government House, pausing for some minutes at the stately building in the Kaiser Bagh which shelters the deliberations of the Legislative Council of the United Province. From the Council he received an address. Significant point was given by the thronging crowds outside the building and the enthusiasm of the people's welcome to that passage in the address in which the President emphasised that the Council stood before His Royal Highness, the elected representatives of more than 45 millions of people, in a country which is the very heart of ancient Hindustan and to-day is one of the most populous provinces in His Imperial Majesty's Dominions. The whole ceremony took little more than a quarter of an hour and at its end the Prince resumed his journey to Government House, passing through crowds of expectant cheering people.

In the afternoon, before a large crowd, the Prince played polo at the Lucknow Gymkhana. The majority of the Indians who attended went to the polo ground on shanks mare, but a fair number took advantage of motor lorries which plied from the city to the ground. These lorries were the outcome of an ingenious notion for countering the non-co-operators' propaganda. They were labelled, in English and vernacular, "Come and See the Prince: Conveyance Free," a device which appealed to thirty souls and weary pedestrians. Seldom were they without a full freight and it is undoubted that they contributed largely in swelling the crowds by bringing to the ceremonies in Lucknow many people whose spirit, as far as seeing the Prince was concerned, was willing but whose flesh was weak.

There was a dance at Government House in the evening. It was all that there is of entertainment, excellent music, a beautiful ball-room lit mellowly by the soft glow of inverted ceiling lights, pretty women in as pretty dresses, men in the glory of uniform and lavish refreshment—Meredith's rustic, who could "eat 'og for a whole hour" could have made no impression on the supply—contributing to an evening's enjoyment which ceased only as the night merged with the morning.

Saturday was a full day. In the morning the Prince reviewed several thousand troops on the Lucknow parade ground. The troops comprised the 4th Cavalry Brigade and the 19th Indian Infantry Brigade. A ceremonial military parade is always impressive. The clockwork precision with which huge masses of men move and are moved, the beautiful rhythm of a company marching in step, the nodding heads of the trained horses of the cavalry as they step proudly along, the glitter of the lance points and the bayonets, the fluttering pennants, the stirring music from the massed bands and the tattered regimental colours, recalling desperate assaults and triumphs on stricken fields, all combine to move the feelings of the spectators. There were few hearts, one imagines, among the many thousand people assembled on the outskirts of the parade ground, which did not beat a little faster as the troops, in the taut rigidity of the salute, swung past the Prince at the saluting base.

After the parade was over, the Prince motored to the grounds of the Medical College, where he witnessed the concluding events of the University sports. A large and distinguished company was present. But more gratifying and more significant was the presence



The Race Course, Lucknow: H.R.H. going out to win his first race in India.

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of several hundred students. Popular wherever he goes, the Prince is never more so than when he associates with those who are just entering upon the battle of life. And he was in his happiest vein when, after the decision of the last event, a magnificent and monstrous tug-of-war, in which the winning team, after the most exhausting struggle, nearly pulled their adversaries off the face of the map, he came to present the prizes to the successful competitors. With each he chatted gaily. For each he had an appropriate word. And, before he gave the medal or prize in reward for athletic pre-eminence, he shook each heartily by the hand. The Prince concluded with a short speech in reply to an address of welcome read

by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, declaring his keen interest in all that pertains to the rising generation within the Empire and dwelling on the significance of sport and athletic contests in the moulding of all that is best in manly character.

The afternoon saw His Royal Highness on the race course where a gymkhana meeting had been arranged. He had expressed a desire to enter a horse (one of his own polo ponies) and, later, to ride. He rode in four races, and with success. In one of the races he rode the favourite. But in the first of the races, that in which he brought in Major Campbell's Smiling Morn a winner, there were two other horses which were considered "certainties" by the cognoscenti. It was indeed a good race. The start was perfect, and it was only a couple of furlongs from home that the Prince's mount and Middleton, the horse which nearly beat him, began to draw away from the field. Between these two it was a neck and neck race. Both riders near the winning post used the whip vigorously. Delirious excitement found vent in shouts of "Go it, sir. Stick it! Oh well ridden!" and effervesced in clamorous cheering as the Prince passed the winning post by the barest half length. Never was a more popular win on the Lucknow course. Never was more popular winner so acclaimed as was the Prince when his mount was led from the course into the paddock.

At night, after dinner, the Prince attended an entertainment given at the Baradari by the Oudh talukdars who presented an address to him. Before leaving, the Prince watched a display of fireworks which was remarkable in many ways, not more so for its fire than for its smoke and smell.

Sunday morning was devoted to a military church parade, at which the Prince presented colours to the third battalion of the Worcester Regiment, going on thence to inspect a pensioners parade. Among the pensioners were two notable figures, one an old man the other an old woman each of whom, the former as a combatant the latter as a nurse, took part in the defence of the Lucknow Residency. The Residency itself, hallowed by one of the most glorious episodes in British military tradition, was visited by the Prince in the afternoon. The trim lawns and gravelled pathways, the flowering syringa and the soft murmur of trees moving in the wind little recall the scenes which the place has lived through. Many of the buildings have entirely disappeared. The spots where were once redoubts are now marked only by mounds of turf. But the shot-torn walls of the Bailey Guard Gate, the stained old tomb-stones in the little cemetery, each with its simple inscription telling of a soldier's passing or of womanly fortitude broken only by death, and the crumbling rugged walls of the Residency building, call vividly to the mind the hail of cannon balls, the carnage, the suffering and the heroic endurance of this sixty-years old siege. The Prince marked his visit

by sending a wreath for the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence. Upon the tomb, still clearly decipherable, is the famous epitaph "Here lies Sir Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul".

The Prince left Lucknow at night for Allahabad.

Only a few thousand of the citizens of Allahabad came to see the Prince when he arrived on the morning of December 12. Of these the majority were Englishmen and Anglo-Indians. Very many Indians had during the preceding weeks declared their intention of attending the initial ceremonies of the visit. But the well known methods of the Non-co-operators, whose peaceful persuasion is the merest camouflage for terrorisation and intimidation and whose non-violence is a lying synonym for the bludgeon and the *lathi*, had got to work in the meantime and had kept them away. It was the old story of organised violence prevailing against the disciples of the doctrine "anything for a quiet life."

The Royal train arrived at the wayside station of Prayag—which by the way is the ancient name for Allahabad—at ten o'clock in the morning. The pre-arranged programme was carried out in its entirety. First the Prince drove to the University where he received an address of welcome and an album of photographs showing Allahabad's finest buildings and "beauty spots." There was an unmistakeable note of enthusiasm about his welcome by the students and graduates of the University—there was

an imposing array of graduates, both men and women. It became even more pronounced when the Prince became the instrument for the granting of a boon. Mingled with the students' cheers were shouts of "Week's leave Week's leave"—how students all the world over love their work! The Prince turned first to the Vice-Chancellor and then nodded to the students to signify that the boon had been granted.

On leaving the University, the Prince drove to the High Court where he was received by the Chief Justice and the Judges. Practically all the members of the bar were present and had the honour of meeting His Royal Highness. The latter, before leaving, was conducted over the building on a tour of inspection whereupon, amidst cheers from a considerable crowd, the drive to Government House was resumed. The route lay through the charming tree-embowered Alfred Park. Here a welcome awaited the Prince which was in striking contrast to the bare sun-baked streets on which small groups were assembled at intervals. School children numbering at least 4,000 had gathered there and stood armed with flags under banners which indicated the schools to which they belonged. Shrilly and joyfully they cheered, a world of happiness expressed in their faces. The last function was held in the grounds of Government House where under a *shamiana* the President of the Municipal Board presented an address of welcome to the Prince.

The Prince reached Benares on the morning of December 13. It is with a deep and reverent interest that one comes thither. A city which from the earliest dawn of mythology has occupied in the imagination of the devout Hindu a place of greater significance than even Rome to the devoutest Papist, a city to which more than a million people throng every year, a city which stands on the sacred Ganges, whose banks it has lined with ghats from which the devout may plunge their bodies into the waters and sanctify the flesh, a city which is girdled by that road unlike any other in the world, a mere ribbon of thick, soft sand along which every pilgrim must trudge to



The Prince and a Lucknow Mutiny Veteran.



State Elephants at Ramnagar Palace, Benares.

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the end of his 36 miles if he is to attain the highest degree of merit—such a city cannot fail to capture the thoughts of all who come to it. Unfortunately, there was no time within the space of the few hours allotted in the Royal tour to Benares to visit, far less to examine, any part of the great repositories of Hindu lore and religion. A fleeting glimpse of the ghats and the temples in shining panorama was all that was vouchsafed.

But if His Royal Highness had little opportunity of exploring the venerable sanctuaries of Hinduism, he at least did one thing which of itself may be counted of as great significance as any formal act he had thitherto performed.

That one thing was the opening of the new buildings of the Hindu University and the acceptance of the University's Degree of Doctor of Letters. The University itself is one of the most impressive monuments on the difficult road along which education in India has travelled. It owes its inception to the labours of a band of public-spirited Indians who, convinced that the pace at which Government could supply the growing needs of the youth of India for higher education was not fast enough, decided to found a University without its aid. They succeeded. For some years now the University has been teaching within old buildings in the heart of the city. Besides being the only University in India born of private enterprise, it has the added distinction that it seeks to preserve, and by its special classes in Hindu theology does preserve, much that is best in the ancient Hindu culture.

The growing body of students and the need for more up-to-date appliances—the University proposes to devote much of its resources to the teaching of science and applied science—made it incumbent on the governing body to find new and more spacious quarters. A site well chosen on the city side of the Ganges in the midst of meadows and trees was selected, and six years ago Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone. The buildings, three in number, simple in form, with little of ornate embellishment about them and built of a delicately tinted sandstone, are occupied by the thousands of the University's students.

Some six or seven thousand people found seating accommodation to view the ceremony of declaring the buildings open. Many more occupied ground adjacent. And all were united in eager enthusiasm which found vent in cheers and applause when His Royal Highness arrived, driven in a silver coach and escorted by the State Cavalry of the Maharaja of Benares. He was received by the Chancellor of the University, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, and other University dignitaries, and by them was conducted to his place under a crimson and gold canopy. From there His Highness the Chancellor delivered an address in which he dwelt on the aspect of Benares as an age-long centre of religion and culture, and emphasised the appropriateness of setting up in such a place a modern University, concluding by requesting His Royal Highness to declare the University buildings open.

The Prince's reply was, in the main, directed to the students instead of collectively to the University. The charming personal note he imparted to these passages was in the most felicitous vein. The frequent applause and shouts of agreement with which

his remarks were punctuated, coming as they did, for the most part, from the students themselves and senior school boys present, testified to their popularity.

But the applause with which His Royal Highness's speech was received was as nothing compared with the tornado of enthusiasm which burst forth when, having assumed the robe of Doctor of Letters, he put on the pale yellow turban which is the distinguishing mark of a Pundit of Benares University. In the assumption of that headgear the students and the spectators rightly divined an act of symbolism denoting that, as the Chancellor aptly said, just as the Prince is a Canadian to Canadians and an Australian to Australians so, among Indians, he is, if not in outward form, at least in spirit and sympathies, an Indian to Indians.

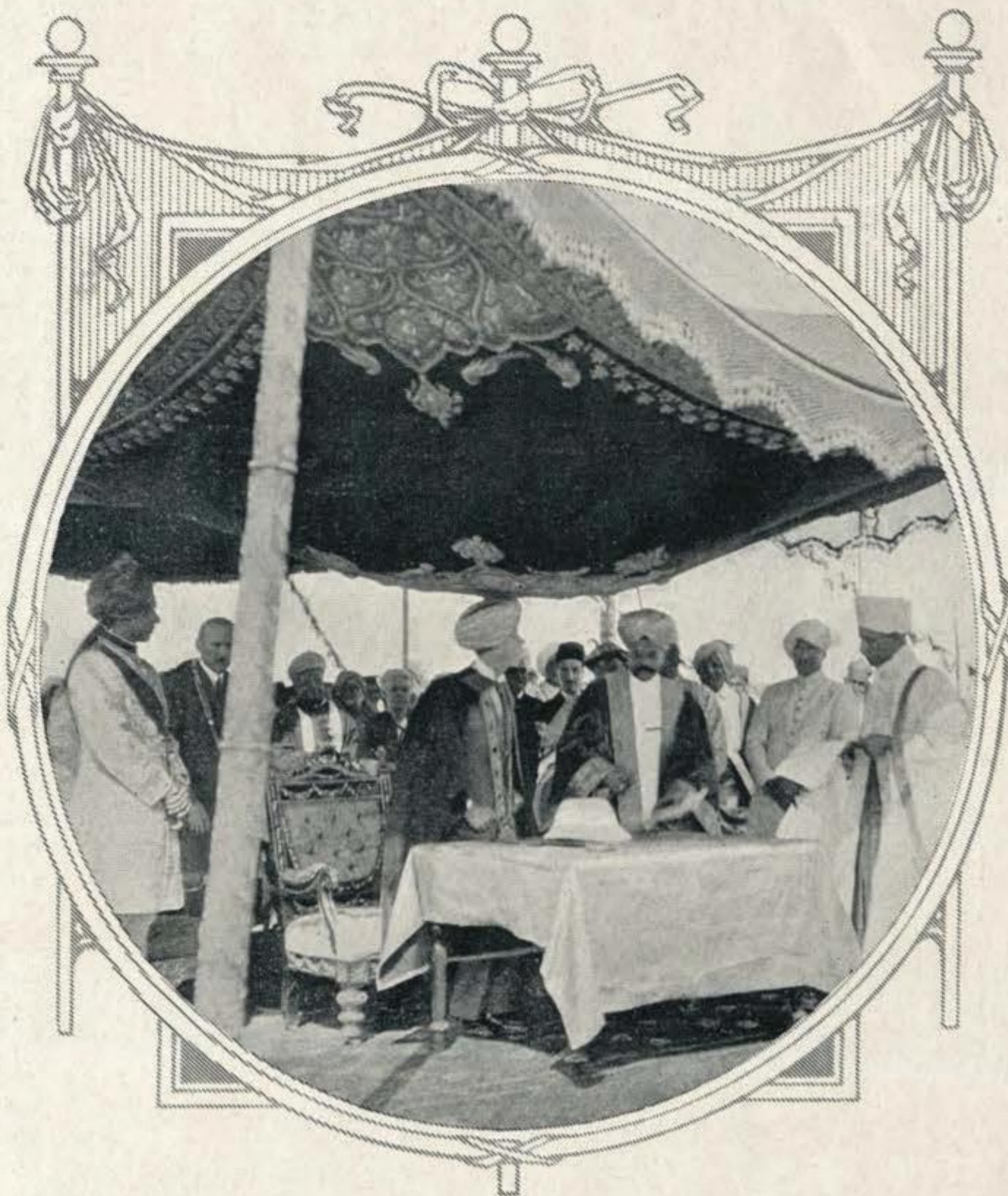
Later His Royal Highness was a guest at a State luncheon given by His Highness the Maharaja of Benares at Ramnagar Fort. There were some eighty guests. Returning from Ramnagar to Benares, the Prince went down the river in a motor boat. There was a *hartal* in the city. But assuredly there were no signs of *hartal*

about the vast crowds which had congregated on the river bank—the holy bank—on the ghats and wherever they could catch a glimpse of the Royal visitor. Still less were there signs of *hartal* in the triumphant shouts and cheers which came wafted over the river into midstream. At night the Prince left Benares for a shooting camp in Nepal.

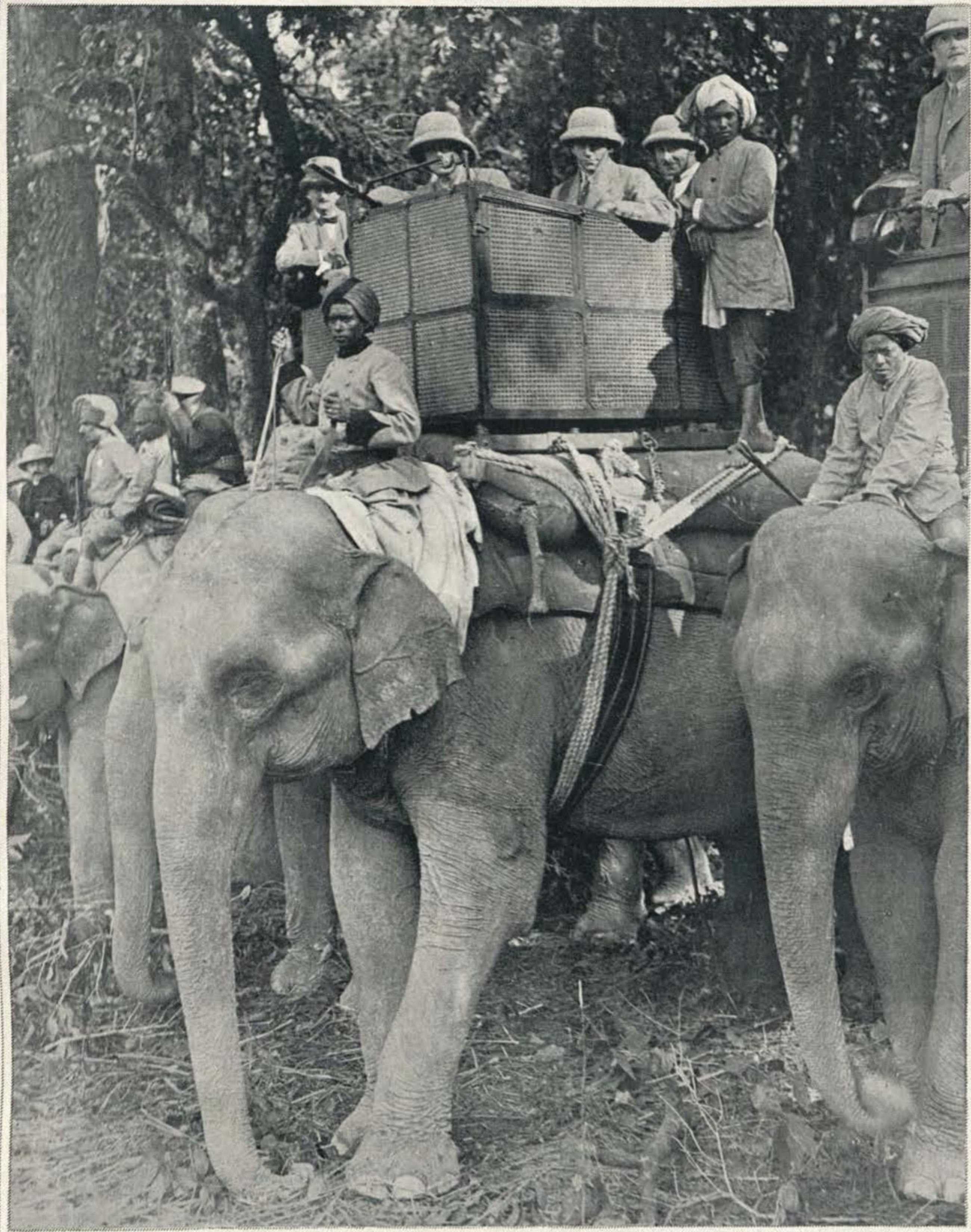
The Prince, arriving in Bikhnathoree on the Nepal side of the frontier on the morning of December 14 at once went into camp. There was a tiger beat, by elephants, in the afternoon and the Prince shot his first tiger, a fine beast measuring nine feet six inches, the skin of which will probably be among his most treasured possessions in the future. A week was spent in the Nepal Camp and it proved to be an enjoyable time. The arrangements for the Prince's visit were carried out with great forethought and care. The camp was pitched on the edge of high ground in the forest overlooking the junction of two rivers. Fronting it was a magnificent view of the foothills, covered with forest and rolling outward to the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. The ground on which the camp stood

had been covered with dense undergrowth up to the beginning of November, and the labour of clearing it and arranging for the accommodation of the Prince and his staff and other guests, of installing electric light, laying down grass, and providing a water supply and approach roads was no easy task, especially when the workers had to contend with late rains and outbreaks of malaria.

Beyond the camp, far into the hills, a series of jungle roads passable for motors had been opened up. These roads led to points more than thirty miles distant from the camp and stages on the roads were connected with the camp by telephone and by signalling arrangements. No tiger could kill, or rhinoceros take a midday siesta, without instant information being transmitted to the camp. Over 500 elephants were collected at various points on the route, and by the agency of the telephone or by horsemen, it was possible to concentrate parties of these to ring a tiger or pursue a rhinoceros at almost any point within 35 miles of the main camp. With this perfect system of intelligence and with the untiring assistance of the mem-



H. R. H. in the gown and turban of a Doctor of Laws of the Hindu University, Benares.



AFTER THE KILL: THE PRINCE ON ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS WHICH ENCIRCLED A TIGER.

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bers of the Prime Minister's family, it is not surprising that a good bag was obtained. The total head of game killed amounted to 17 tigers, 8 rhinoceroses, 2 bears and 2 leopards. There was no blank day and on every occasion the various parties who went out from the Prince's camp in pursuit of big game came into contact with their objective.

If the days were full of pleasure and excitement, the Prime Minister had determined that the evenings should also have their amusements. The band of the Nepalese Army played every night in the camp, and Nepalese pipers recalled memories of the highlanders round the table in the mess tent. Parties of Gurkhas executed folk dances round the camp fires and His Royal Highness and his staff vied with the



The Prince in Nepal. The top picture shows H. R. H. in a howdah waiting for a shot. The other shows the Prince's first tiger.

experts of Nepal in cutting branches with the national weapon, the *kukri*. His Highness the Maharaja, owing to ill-health, was able to accompany the shooting parties only on one occasion, but he was a constant visitor to His Royal Highness' camp and was untiring in supervising all arrangements and in the scrutiny of every detail connected with sport or with the entertainments of the guests of the Nepal Government.

On the conclusion of the shooting trip in Nepal, the Prince arrived in Patna, the capital of the Province of Bihar and Orissa, on the morning of December 22. This, the youngest of the Indian provinces, and particularly its capital, is one of the most packed of the repositories of Indian traditions. As Pataliputra, it was famous as a spot visited and blessed by the great buddha and as the capital of the first all-Indian Empire under the Mayurian kings. The rocks and the edicts of Asoka provide references to the city's existence and fame. It was the centre from which Buddhism set forth to conquer the souls of the world. It was the focus of Hindu revival under the Guptas in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. And



At the Girls' High School, Patna: Prince and Headmistress.

it figured as the last battlefield between the Phatans and the Moghuls and between the English and the Padishas of Delhi for the lordship of Northern India. Now, however, it bears these scars lightly and seems little else than a pleasant spreading city, straggling among plentiful trees.

There were few people on the processional route when the Prince arrived, but there was a large gathering at the stadium on the maidan where the first ceremony was held. The ceremony was the presentation of an address by a representative body of Patna's citizens. The majority of those present found shelter from the sun's rays beneath a semi-circular awning supported on a forest of venetian masts. But all round this awning on spreading embankments of beaten earth, thronged many thousand of lesser folk. Their raiment was humble but the eager spontaneity of their cheers comprised a welcome worth all the gorgeous trappings of the ceremonial put together. Nor were they content with the glimpse they had of the Prince listening and replying to the address of welcome. At the earliest opportunity, as soon, indeed, as the procession from the stadium set out for Government House, the crowd broke from the containing ranks of the police sepoy and fled to the nearest vantage ground overlooking the route, whence they might see the Prince depart. Some few, youthful and fleet of foot, set forth in pursuit of the procession, hoping to catch it up and get in a last round of cheers. They may have succeeded in their laudable object. When last seen, they were heartily plugging away, pursuing and perspiring, and gaining slightly on the rear ranks of the cavalry escort.

Polo in the afternoon and a reception at Government House, characterised by a pleasant informality, filled the rest of the day.

On the second day of the Patna visit the Prince reviewed the police on the polo ground, going on to inspect a parade of Indian ex-officers and the boy scouts. He left at night for Calcutta.