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**HIGHNESSES
OF
HINDOSTAN**



MAHATMA KULKARNI AND HIS BROTHER STARTING THEIR JOURNALS

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

by

E. L. TOTTENHAM

(Sometime lady-in-waiting to
H. H. The Maharani of Baroda, C.I.)

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TO
BARODA'S MA-SAHIB

FOREWORD

"HIGNESSES OF HINDOSTAN" is mainly a serial description of life in an Indian State, of visits elsewhere, and of relations of that State's Ruling Family to the outer world of other States, of British India and of the West, during a period of vital years which included the Great War.

To make Indian forms of human behaviour more understandable is what this record attempts, in the hope that with completer pictures may come a clearer understanding of, at any rate, one of those great Ruling Houses of Unknown India—so different from British India—that wait to-day aloof and benignly interested in the result of the ferments within ferment seething outside their frontiers.

The ordinary Westerner knows little of these Ruling Princes, whose position is well stated in that admirable work, *The India we Served*. Its author, Sir Walter Lawrence, G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B., to whom my thanks are due for permission to quote from his book, gives the number of these Ruling Houses as 675, with a sway over a population of seventy-two millions, in an area of 824,000 square miles. He writes (see p. 179): "From a geographical and strategical point of view, the States are of great importance, and though seventy-two millions of people seem insignificant when compared with the vast population of British India, it must be remembered that in quality the people of the States are the thoroughbreds of India, and some of them possess a real nationality. . . . The States have their Charters in their Treaties, which give them sovereignty qualified by the fact that they are under the Suzerainty of the King Emperor. . . . In a hundred and seventy-five States the Suzerainty of the King Emperor is

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exercised by the Supreme Government of India in the person of the Viceroy; while in five hundred States it is entrusted to the Provincial Governments.

"Whatever may be the outcome of Indian reform, provision must be made for the fulfilment of the obligations towards the Indian States which are contained in the various Treaties. They are recorded in a convenient form in the eleven volumes of Aitchison's *Treaties*, a work which used to be known to the officers who aspired to service in the Political Department of India, and is very well known to the Rajas and their advisers. They were made, for the most part, when the British swept in full and powerful tide over the great Peninsula and brought peace—The *Pax Britannica*—to the distracted and almost exhausted States of India."

This writer, who knows his India, and has such affection for her, may well have his further opinion quoted. He says (pp. 182-3): "I regard the average Indian State as better suited to the happiness and temperament of the Indian than the huge unwieldy administrations which are responsible for the vast Provinces of the Indian continent. And I believe that the average State ruled by Rajas of the standard which I have known is better calculated to bring content and opportunities to the people than is the present system of British India, a bureaucracy of British mark, largely administered by Indians. The Indian is rather a fine and sensitive subject for experiments in government. Spiritually he moves in regions wider than are known to us; but materially he likes limits and prefers to live with his own fellows within those limits. His ideal is for small homogeneous units. It gives him no gratification to feel that the King's writ runs through British India, and that everywhere he can find the same law, the same school and the same gaol. The Indians love differences, variety, and some opportunity for excursions from the monotonous tenor of their lives, and dislike having drab monotony forced on them by the Government.

"Now, in an Indian State, there is some escape from

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monotony. . . . In the Indian State the Raja is flesh and blood, and can be met coming round the corner at any moment. He is real, he is theirs. There is infinite and delightful variety among the Rajas, but there is a remarkable similarity in the administration of their States."

The years of my being inside and looking out from the fascinating Inner Courts of the Palace of Baroda State came to a natural end in the summer of 1920, when Their Highnesses the Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda were once more in England after a prolonged absence. But the termination of service with the Maharani Saheb did not, however, terminate friendship, and when, in January 1927, I re-visited Baroda as guest of Her Highness, all previous happy relations immediately were renewed.

The Maharani Saheb went through the synopsis of this work with the intention of which she was in complete accord, and she agreed that the story would end well with its record of the Viceregal visit of 1919. Many of the personages herein mentioned had gone from this world, and as Her Highness spoke again of their living effect upon the Baroda House, her eyes suddenly lifted to a silver-framed picture of an Indian prince, which never, during my years of service, had I expected to see stand upon any table here! And he, too, was gone.

On the second evening, when seated on the left (Lady Dunedin was at the right) of the Maharajah Saheb at a dinner party in the Lakshmi Vilas Palace, I offered congratulations to His Highness, first on the successful visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Baroda, pictures of which I had seen in the New York papers in early 1922 when I was in America; and secondly, on His Highness' presence with Their Majesties in the Royal Box at Ascot in 1926.

The Maharajah showed great interest in this book-in-the-making, and when I asked for his permission to be very frank according to my knowledge of Palace affairs in Baroda State, he smiled affably and answered: "I s-e-e!

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That is very good. And you are the right person; you know us so well. . . .” Then more gravely: “Besides, you are intelligent and all that. . . .” and he tapped his forehead significantly!

I had kept no diary in all those years (1911-1920) other than books for photographs, invitation cards, newspaper cuttings, etc., but, without my knowing it, full letters home had been preserved, and it is from these I could draw for the report of episodes which a generally good memory otherwise had not registered.

The publishing of these records some years later than originally planned has but added more zest, because of the political developments in India, to the author's desire that readers of *Highnesses of Hindostan* will not look upon the Indian States, much less on the one whose life it has been attempted to describe, as anachronisms. All the States are full of life and longing to live. Their social conscience waits on the Past while it weighs the Present, and for both Past and Present the old motto holds good all down the ages: TIME TRYETH TRUTHE.

London, 1934.

E. L. TOTTENHAM.

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CHAPTER I

I HELD in my hand a letter from an old friend. "What are you doing? . . . How would you like to come out to India? . . . "

India!

Rajahs, jewels, elephants, tigers.

The enchantment of the East.

The Coronation Durbar!

The study of peoples, their ancient philosophies and religions, magic and traditions.

Adventure!

Such were the pictures which flashed into my mind that June day of 1911 in England.

I accepted the invitation with alacrity, but with never a guess that ahead lay years of life at Indian Courts, of familiarity with their baffling political and personal problems, and of rare opportunities to feel the pulse of Indian royalty react to Western domination.

Anticipation began to give way to the real, when, on the night of Friday, November 17th the same year, steam from the Punjab mail filled with its white volume the lofty roofs of Colaba Station, Bombay, where my carriage, piled with luggage, had stopped, and chattering, half-clad creatures were swooping down the steps to seize something to carry into the train waiting to pull out at ten o'clock.

My servant in attendance had been sent down to Bombay by my hostess, Frances West, to meet me and escort me to Baroda. Now in the Bombay station turmoil, I, of Europe, was bewildered; Asia could be dealt with only by Asia. Standing aside I watched Sadoo, a striking

person in long white coat and trousers, dark eyes flashing under a white turban, as he marshalled to the engaged coupé some ten porters laden with luggage, the last one carrying a large basket of oranges, Sadoo's rug for the night-journey, and a dustpan and brush of minute proportions—seemingly a precious possession since it was deposited with care on my hatbox in the coupé.

The half-naked carriers vociferated loudly over their payment, evidently to their judgement quite inadequate, and in my bearer's opinion far more than they deserved. Still jabbering they melted away, and my night journey began.

In the cool of the early next morning I looked out on a flat, dried-up countryside, at low trees from which swung big, silvery, long-tailed monkeys, who, terrified by the noise of the train, dropped to earth and scampered off on all-fours. Grey buffaloes shuffled along sandy lanes hedged with cactus, and near level-crossings were huts where naked, brown children stared with still-sleepy eyes at the great train bound for an Unknown Land outside their State. Next a private halt was passed close to fine iron gates into park lands, and the long express, which had gradually been slowing down, now stopped at the central platform in a big station—Baroda.

Though it was only five o'clock, there waited my friend, a short, trim figure, her hazel eyes and aquiline nose almost hidden under the large white topee of the day. Greetings exchanged and luggage cleared, we set off in her victoria along a wide road across which was slung gay bunting.

"It's not for you," Frances laughingly hastened to explain. "The Rajah of Cochin is here on his way to the Durbar."

"I shall pretend it is for me"; and I leant back against the cushions to appropriate for myself some of the joy of the Rajah's flags, mentally contrasting these conditions

with London, where, six weeks before this day, Frances and I had last seen each other.

We had been college friends, but seldom had we met, and only occasionally written, until, this summer, old memories had prompted her to write that letter asking what I was doing. For the last two years she had been English tutor and secretary to the premier Maharani of Hindu India, Her Highness of Baroda, C.I., and with her and the Maharajah a tour of the world had been completed, Their Highnesses rounding it off with the London season. In July, at Ranelagh I had had the honour of being introduced by Frances to the Maharani of Baroda. After which all plans for this visit to India had taken shape. . . .

Now I was actually in Baroda State, and the flags flying everywhere were but signal of the beginning of that gorgeous spectacle, the Delhi Durbar, the magnet that had drawn many Westerners to India—at which country hitherto I, for one, had only been able to look through a curtain of glamour manufactured in Europe.

As we drove along the road, in whose centre at that time ran trams drawn by horses, Frances pointed out each item of interest. To the left was the college, a handsome building in its own playing-fields. Ahead was the bridge over the River Vishnamitri. A shady road to the left, by a temple, led over a culvert to Cantonments or 'Camp', where was the Gymkhana Club, also the British Residency and the lines of the native regiment with its British officers—this last the result of the 'Alliance of Mutual Benefit', and a proof that the British would protect Baroda from 'external aggression'.

We passed the gates into the Public Gardens, but where the main road led on to the city, our coachman turned to the right into Indira Avenue, in which great banyan trees met overhead, their boles smeared red to protect them from destructive ants. The hospital here, with its staff of English matron and nurses, was presently to be replaced by a modern one higher up the road. Past

another curve we came to the iron gates of their Highnesses' private entrance into the Park. At the sharp turn there, was the bungalow of Colonel Birdwood, the then G.O.C. Baroda army; and beyond that the *Khangi* or Household Office—dealings with which were fraught with much trouble and amusement, it was said.

So into a fine boulevard and past low buildings whence issued weird instrumental noises, for the State Band was practising. On the other side of the road stretched a dusty parade-ground. To the right was the Palace demesne, on whose tall, iron railings clung more of those same silver-haired monkeys seen from the train; some of these swung away into the trees, others sat still and made grimaces at us passing and at the sentry who stood at the Park's main gates, where handsomely wrought iron glittered with gold. Beyond, through trees and tall palms, appeared now the white façade and great tower of the Lakshmi Vilas Palace—veritably the 'Abode of Wealth,' and the home of that Hindu Ruling Prince, His Highness Maharajah Sayaji Rao Gaekwar III Sena Khas Khel, Samsher Bahadur, Farzand-i-Khas-i-Dowlat-i-Inglishia, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

A little further on was my hostess' bungalow where, turning in between white pillars, we drew up under a porch above which blazed a mass of purple bougainvillea.

This bungalow was typical of the *pukkha* (brick-built) houses put up by the State for officials and others of rank.

Frances took me upstairs to a good-sized room at the front of the house and across a matting-covered floor, through the french window out on to a large square balcony above the porch, which the thick-grown brilliant creeper, so noticeable from below, made quite private. Here was placed now an inviting breakfast of tea and toast and fruit, and I sat down with the utmost pleasure to my first *choti hazri* in India.

But Frances was preoccupied. Almost perfunctorily she had questioned me about the voyage. Probably Palace

affairs engross her, I thought, and she will talk later on. The thrill of local interests was already beginning to affect me as I gave account of the brightest spots in my three weeks' journey.

At seven my hostess looked at her watch. She had to go to the Palace, first to play tennis with the Princess and then to read with Her Highness. So the *ayah* was summoned to unpack my luggage, which had followed in a bullock-cart; and the Indian woman's face became one round smile as the new outfit was gradually disclosed, to be put away as she chose—after which I could never find anything myself.

I now explored my room that had many doors and windows, the latter having to be closed daily before noon against the outside heat. It opened not only on to the balcony but also into a large sitting-room with its own broad open balcony, and here a stout, Indian houseman was wielding, in true housemaid fashion, the minute dustpan and brush just brought up from Bombay. Beyond this central room was my hostess' bedroom, corresponding in every way to mine, except that its balcony was smaller.

Then I wandered downstairs, through an arch into a little drawing-room, simple but comfortable, whence an open doorway gave on to the gravel drive. I passed on into another sitting-room where french windows and low steps led into the garden. Beyond this room was the narrow dining-room with its centre table laid for two, and through it was the pantry, leading to the kitchen and out-houses, or go-downs.

The bright, general colouring of all the walls was not exactly English, and the style of the solid furniture was mixed. Lamps were evidently in use (electric lighting only came three years later), and the punkahs were still hand-pulled.

I bent down to smell Indian pinks in a bowl, then looked out into the garden where a tall shady tree grew close to the house. A path by a conventional parterre of

flowers with a stone vase in the centre, was hedged about with flowering bushes. The gardener stooping over a bed of pink cosmos was being watched furtively by monkeys in the trees above. It was too hot to go out, so I picked up a Hindustani manual from a table and sat down, idly memorising 1, 2, 3,—*ek, do, tin*. But eagerness to hear plans for the visit to Delhi soon made the grammar pall, and I was more than ready for my hostess to return at half-past eleven.

Punctually the victoria arrived, and Frances spoke directions in Hindustani to the coachman. She came up the steps of the first drawing-room, gave her hat to the butler, and threw herself with a sigh of content into an easy chair. "Unpacked and comfortable, I hope?" she asked. "I'm hungry!" She called to the butler, now hovering in the room beyond.

We 'breakfasted'. Frances was still preoccupied, and conversationally I was flat, feeling almost that I needed silence for taking in this wonderful new life. I noticed the white cotton gloves of the servant as he handed the dishes of the four-course *déjeuner*—dishes which emerged in turn from a cupboard with heavy doors that stood in the pantry. That, Frances explained, was the hot-case; at the bottom was a *sigari*, or charcoal open brazier; and in this zinc-lined case lay the secret of how meals in India can be served up hot, however late the householder or guests may be.

Over our cigarettes in the cool, middle sitting-room downstairs—the only room that did not need to have its windows closed to the midday heat outside—Frances expanded a little.

"Our voyage out, ahead of you by two weeks, was such a difficult one. I had to act as buffer. The Maharajah was not at all well either. However, thank goodness, plans for the Durbar visit engross everyone, and Their Highnesses leave in a week. You are invited to be their guest at Delhi in the Baroda Camp. So you and I follow on the 28th. This afternoon you must write your name

in the Visitors' Book at the Palace. I've ordered the carriage early, for I hope you will like to come with me afterwards as I pay return calls on the 'Camp' ladies. At the club we shall probably see the Resident; he has no wife, so we don't call. He has just had Sir Valentine Chirol staying with him. Now let us go and sleep till four o'clock, when we'll have tea in the lounge-room between our two rooms." She yawned, excused herself because of her early rise, and led the way upstairs.

The following ten days were a maze of new experiences, added to introductions to people in their own houses or at the club. This clubhouse was a long low building situated in the middle of 'Camp', and on its outer wall a tablet related that the ground and the money for building had been presented by the Maharajah. Within the compound were gravel tennis-courts and a badminton shed, and just outside the veranda of the clubhouse everyone sat and read the papers and gossiped and had drinks. Here I came to know the "Average Army Man and the desolating vacuity of Army Society, notably among the women-kind," as Kipling says; and my prayer went up that I might never get so apathetic as some women seemed. It was quite a shock to have a man in the Baroda State Service declare in confidence that his life was one of "waiting for mail-day and waiting for pay-day," the first weekly, the other monthly—and that thus his eleven years of work had gone quickly! Where was love of work?

At our bungalow I was thrilled by all sorts of things; the grey and black-striped squirrels which overran the house; the lizards playing the spider-and-fly trick on mosquitoes; the monkeys who clung to the balconies; the exquisite colourful sunsets; the possibility of meeting snakes after dark; the magnificence of the stars; the tucked-in mosquito-net that made one's bed a veritable meat-safe.

The day after my arrival had been a Sunday, and in the Camp church of St. James's, where the padre on his

monthly visit was officiating, this new phase of life for me was further emphasised by the additional words, in India, in the Prayer for the Britannic Royal Family: "Our gracious Sovereign Lord, King George, *Emperor of India*." . . . All interest in the sermon being preached faded out before visions of the approaching great Delhi Durbar.

On the Monday afternoon, Her Highness the Maharani was giving a tea-party at the Palace to the European ladies in the State. As Miss West was in charge of the arrangements, we started early, driving past the sentry, through a side gate, into the beautifully kept grounds of the Palace, by clumps of tall and graceful bamboos along an avenue where palms and mighty trees rose above smooth green lawns and flower-beds, and thus we came to Her Highness' entrance at the side of the gravel sweep in front of the grand, main Palace, whose Indo-Saracenic architecture was so new a style to me. The splendid Household Guard, lance in hand, dressed in a white coat with scarlet vest, white trousers and heavy top-boots with ringing spurs, stepped aside as our horses' hoofs echoed under the high porch, and the carriage stopped.

Up six broad marble steps, and we were in a corridor stretching to right and left. Overhead was a pale blue-and-white-sectioned ceiling. In front a red-and-white-tiled hall led into a palm-court open to the sky. A whole armoury of spears was on the left wall by a panel of looking-glass. There glared at us a great stuffed tiger shot by the Maharani. To the right was a staircase; and marble-pillared vases, a tall mosaic clock and statues of beautiful figures, stood in hall and stairway corners. The A.D.C.'s table was at the back of the hall.

We passed up the shallow stairs, our feet noiseless on the heavy-piled blue carpeting. At the top, directly facing us, was the doorway of the Maharani's drawing-room, and to the left was a big lounge where Her Highness generally sat in the mornings. Another wide stairway led up to the Princess' rooms above. Beyond the lounge was



THE HOUSEHOLD GUARD

a corridor, edged by a fine balcony, whence one looked out across the Park and down a long ride through what seemed a deep wood. Again such beautiful trees.

The hour was early. No guests had arrived. The Family was not visible, so we went into the handsome drawing-room furnished in Empire style. Here heavy gold-framed paintings of value lay against panels of red brocade. The hangings were white and gold and so was the ceiling. An upright piano was in one corner, and pictures, silver-framed photographs, ivory figures, mounted tusks and jewelled boxes stood on occasional tables or in show-cases. A centre table, with a purple velvet, gold-embroidered-and-tasselled cloth, supported photographs of the Baroda family and relations. Flowers in crystal vases, and palms, completed the decorations.

A man-servant was now bringing in a Crown Derby tea-set on silver trays, and plates of cakes and sandwiches for European tastes, "made by the French *chef*," said Frances, as we moved to the inner balcony round the palm-court seen from below.

Then suddenly the Maharani herself appeared through one of the many doors open on the further side, and we advanced to meet Her Highness, who was kind enough to remember having met me at Ranelagh. She sat down on a cushioned bench in the corridor and thereafter showed little interest in my existence, but talked with Miss West until it was time to welcome the arriving guests.

I could then stand aside and remark Her Highness' mobile features. There was the little scarlet circular marriage mark showing on the broad forehead between delicately pencilled eyebrows. (At Ranelagh I had imagined, as many others have done, that it was a real jewel. But I learnt that this little mark is applied fresh daily.) Now pleasure, uncertainty, or boredom would flit plainly across her face, half hidden though it was by the radiant *sari* of gold tissue whose end, drawn over that beautiful round head, gave the owner a halo of

'apartness'. The Maharani, standing at the head of the stairs, shook hands with each European woman, whose clothes, whether hailing from London or Paris, or 'made on the veranda', caused the wearer to appear of very ordinary extraction in contrast with her hostess.

Tea, followed by ices, was served to the guests scattered about the lounge or in the drawing-room, or as they stood on the balcony over the porch listening to the State Band—a band that amazed one by its talent. I heard that it was trained by an Englishman, Major Wood, and also that preference elsewhere in India was always given to bandsmen from his school here.

Princess Indira came up smilingly as I stood eating a strawberry ice to the strains of the *Chocolate Soldier*.

"I met you at Maharajah Gwalior's party at Ranelagh, didn't I? London's very far away though just now. How do you like Baroda?"

I replied that I was fascinated by everything, and at the moment preferred Baroda to London.

She laughed. "You won't for long, I can tell you!" Here a turbaned servant brought up cigarettes. As the Princess continued talking I noted how her fine black *sari*, closely embroidered with spots of gold, covered a well-developed figure, and its long folds added grace to her medium height. Under it she wore a low-necked, short-sleeved, silk-chiffon blouse. In the centre of her forehead, too, was the red mark of marriage or marriage-ability. Her nose, which was not quite as beautiful as her mother's, was pierced as for a nose-ring, but that afternoon her only ornaments were diamond and ruby bangles and long diamond earrings.

It was a pleasure to watch the expressive and responsive small, well-cut features as I spoke of the London season in which she had been such a star, particularly after the announcement of her engagement to the Maharajah of Gwalior. For my offered felicitations the Princess thanked me prettily, though with no enthusiasm over the marriage prospect. She said:

"It was partly in my honour and partly to repay hospitality that Scindia gave that party at Ranelagh to which you came. I had a strenuous time; for in addition to my social engagements I was shopping for my trousseau. You must see, some time, the lovely linen I've ordered—Gwalior's gift. All the initials are being embroidered with a coronet and the initials I.S., 'Indira Scindia', you know. 'Scindia' is the family name like our name 'Gaekwar'." She smiled as she added: "Many English people make a mistake over our name and think 'Gaekwar' a title. So absurd! But as the papers do it, we have to put up with it."

Even as she talked and laughed she was obviously not at rest. Nerves jangled somewhere. What a perfect specimen of the flower of Indian womanhood was this Princess of Baroda! For her to be a second wife and live in *pardah*, surely it was retrogression to the *n*th degree. This would be her lot in Gwalior State.

By sunset-time, when it was Her Highness' custom to take a drive, the guests at the Palace had melted away.

Frances and I were to dine at the Birdwoods'. Their large and airy bungalow gave on to a large compound where, at this season, bush upon bush of scarlet poinsettias blazed. A grapevine and jasmine luxuriated along the upper balconies of the house outside which we sat when dinner was over. At this party I was initiated into the specialised Indian gossip of Europeans that never talks of things, but always of people; and the general conversation this night was so personal that I, the only newcomer, felt embarrassed by my enforced silence. The free mentioning of names was another great surprise, for, on the voyage out, an important Calcutta lady had advised me: "Repeat as much gossip as you like, but never repeat the names of the parties or of your informant." Also, books and newspapers were hardly mentioned. The guests did not seem to read, or else they were unused to discussing such world-topics as filled the journals, about which one would talk at home. For the first time, also at

this party, I became aware of the fear that dominates most white people in the East lest they be missing some good thing if they do not hear all that is being said around them. How often have I not had a conversation with my partner broken off by his hearing, with his further ear, something that directed his immediate interest into another channel and left my boat of conversation stranded! Perhaps I myself have been guilty too.

Before we departed at eleven o'clock that night the hospitable 'General' of the Baroda Army arranged that, two mornings later, he would show me all the special features of his Military Department: the famous gold and silver guns; the rich velvet and silver and gold trappings of the magnificent State bullocks; the cavalry horses and lines; and lastly, the State elephants in their large compound.

When the morning came, I saw thirty of these huge beasts in the place that formerly held a hundred of them. The elephants posed for their photographs. They saluted us. They played tricks. One great creature, while fanning himself, moved forward to fan me. Alas! I did not stand my ground. Then the howdahs with red velvet cushionings, the Maharajah's victoria-shaped glittering golden howdah, the Maharani's plainer gold one, and the lesser howdahs with bright brass fittings, and white mattresses atop; the elephant-ladders and bells and trappings for all the State ceremonials when display was interpreted as greatness: all were shown to me whose being was filled with lust of colour.

Through the cookhouses for the elephants we passed to the storehouse for their mighty appetites—appetites that could discern between the *chupatty* (flat cake of country flour) made by a woman's hand and that made by a man's, and decide for the former! The appetite of the superior or first-class elephant, such as the Maharajah's own animal, was quite satisfied with (*per diem*):

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50 lbs. of flour (to be made into 31 large cakes),
150 lbs. of hay,
200 lbs. of gram,
150 lbs. of water.

And the meals of the others would be graded according to their class.

After being taken round the sights of Baroda, it was a positive relief to turn from wealth to scenes of street poverty, and then drive over the bridge high above the river that flooded the road itself during the heaviest monsoons, into the beautiful Public Gardens.

Here were lofty trees of all descriptions; a gracious avenue on either side of which waved even taller and more graceful bamboos than those in the Palace grounds; flowering bushes massed for effect with palm trees towering above them; in the centre of a well-kept sward a bandstand. Close to the gardens' entrance were the museum and picture gallery, the latter containing the nucleus of a fine collection made by a London connoisseur with practically *carte blanche* from His Highness to acquire pictures of all schools of art. The Indian art was at that time in the hands of an Indian-Jewish artist.

At the far end of the gardens a very considerable 'Zoo' was laid out. There were many beautiful drives, and one boundary of the gardens was the river, on whose further side the picturesque Kamnath Temple rose above a wide flight of steps leading down to the water. The first time I saw the place, a man of splendid brown physique, wearing nothing, stooped on the lowest step, washing a bright orange *dhoti* (loin cloth). Overhead the sapphire sky was background for a flight of green parrots which alighted on a talipot palm. At this spot the river was most sacred, and when the floods were deep and high, worshippers came to bathe; even the Maharajah himself had done so in his younger days.

The excellent State Band, which we had heard from the Palace balcony, was this day playing modern music

in the gardens for the Baroda world to hear. The shady road round the stand was lined with carriages of every kind. There was the *pardah* carriage of the Princess with its attendant *manchary* (guard). A dogcart passed, driven by one of the young English officers of the Camp regiment. In an open landau sat the 'royal grandchildren', Frances called them, and an English nurse in attendance.

"Grandchildren? How?" I asked. "The Maharajah has no son married, has he?"

She answered: "You remember I said I would show you at the Summer Palace at Makarpura, where we shall drive one day, the picture of the Maharajah's first wife, Chimnabai, who died five years after her marriage? Her son was Fatesingh Rao. The second and present Maharani, Chimnabai II, treated the motherless child so sweetly, that the boy, when he learnt for the first time that she was not his real mother, burst into tears. He grew up well and was at Oxford for a year; then he married. He only died two years ago. But shortly before that, his wife, Padmavati, had a son whom you see over there with his two little elder sisters in stiff red velvet caps. That youngster, Pratap Singh, is the heir to the *gadi* or throne; and he is the centre of a party which sees in him the embodiment of old-fashioned hopes, and which declares that the Maharani hates the child. But, as she says, 'These people, they talk nonsense!' It is true that while he lives none of her three sons will succeed, that is, if ordinary succession is allowed; and the law of primogeniture obtains unless there is no heir, when adoption, as in H.H.'s own case, may happen. Succession is not capricious."

Many races were promenading now on the lawn in front of the bandstand. A few riders, English and Indian, stayed awhile on the gravel circular drive. Marathas, Gujeratis and Parsis; some cycled up and, dismounting, placed their machines in the fixed stands at the roadside; others sat in *shigrams*—gay little roofed vehicles, special to Baroda, like governess-carts, drawn by ponies



A SHUGKAI

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

whose harness tinkled with as many bells as there were looking-glasses round the cart.

At six o'clock, when the sunlight faded in a rose-coloured sky, the band, with their English conductor, stood up to play 'God save the King' and the Baroda State Anthem. The last sounds as we drove out of the gate nearest to Camp on our way to the club were the roaring of the lions being fed in the Zoo.

Each day passed quickly before we departed for the North. I felt the heat but enjoyed it.



Written by Dr. Pathan. Re-arranged by Major R. Wood, Director of Music,
Baroda State.

On Monday evening, November 27th, Frances and I left for Delhi.

The countryside at first was brown and flat and harsh. Then in Rajputana came rocky eminences, broad rivers—some almost dry—and hilly districts which showed clear in the glowing sunset.

The Resident of Baroda, travelling by the same train, courteously invited us to his carriage where, in an hour's run between two stations, he told us in able fashion the romance of the very haughty State we were passing through.

Next morning we were shivering in biting cold on Delhi Main Station, and we walked briskly to the waiting car—its chauffeur in the green-and-gold Baroda livery,

with a brilliant pink muffler tied round his head under a peaked cap. Then we were out in a traffic unique, in which motors, victorias, bullock-carts, camel-carts, tongas drawn by ponies, bicycles, *ekkas* and other country-vehicles, all jostled together, their drivers with heads muffled up closely to keep out the cold. We drove through the historic Kashmir Gate, past the statue of Nicholson in the gardens facing the gate, then along the Alipur Road to the City of Tents, twenty-eight square miles of canvas put up for the Durbar visitors.

From the newly-made Coronation Road we turned into Kingsway, the road that terminated in the amphitheatre for the great Coronation spectacle of December 12th. Our car wheeled right, under a large Indo-Saracenic arch, where a magnificently-clad, tall sentry, lance in hand, paced the entrance, and we had arrived in the Baroda Raj Camp. This occupied the finest position on two roads, and faced the temporary Durbar Station.

Inside the camp was a good lawn outlined with whitened stones and tall palms. To the left was a gravelled walk and the line of visitors' tents. On the oval grass was a fine pavilion of wood, and beyond, facing the gateway, was the big dining-tent. Beyond that again were the tents of the Maharajah and Maharani and Family.

After exploring our double tent Frances and I came out to look at the scene. Against railings between road and camp grew tall sunflowers—the Baroda emblem. Next to our camp, and reaching all along the roadway, the gaily decorated, temporary homes of other Maharajahs and Rajahs showed flags flying, gardens gay in the daytime and still more so at night when, all outlined with electric lights, they made the loveliest fairy spectacle, at which poor folk gaped in wonderment.

In the Baroda Camp were Mr. Seddon, I.C.S., who was Dewan or Prime Minister of the State, his wife, and a cousin; Dr. Mayer, who, Mauritius-born and London-trained, was then His Highness' doctor, and in charge of the Baroda State Hospital; the English tutor of the

twelve-year-old son, Dhairyashil, being educated at Mayo College, Ajmeer; and Miss West and myself. Also in camp were Mr. Gupta, Bengali-born, and retired Indian Civil Service, a valued Baroda officer, and his daughter. The Maharajah's brothers, Anand Rao Gaekwar and Sampat Rao Gaekwar, also were there; and Mr. Tek Chand, another Indian 'heaven-born' with aspirations towards Dewanship; and the A.D.C.s in attendance on Their Highnesses.

The Resident of Baroda was in another camp.

I went at once to write my name in Their Highnesses' Visitors' Book and, after unpacking, we had a spin up on to the Ridge to the commanding tower, where the Visitors' Book of the Viceroy was kept. Again we inscribed our names.

During the first afternoons we watched the splendid polo, and then stayed to listen to the music of forty massed bands, 1,500 strong. The mornings were spent in touring the city where houses were gay with bunting, and with loyal greetings such as: '*Ere lies the body of Sikh Guru who prophesied the advent of the British in India*'; and '*Hail King the best of thy Race*'; and '*Radha Krishna and Ladho Parshad with their Family heartily welcome Their Imperial Majesties!*'

Wonderful were the scenes: the Jumma Musjid on Fridays with its hundreds of people kneeling after the reading of the Koran and the worship of the Sacred Hair of Mohammed; the marble beauty of the palaces in the Fort with its great Mogul-built walls; the rehearsal for the Royal arrival; the tea-party given by the Maharani of Baroda to all her lady-callers; and to these events was added a flying visit to Agra, to see that exquisite Pearl Mosque in the fort, and on the banks of the Jumna River, standing proud and alone, the inexpressible beauty of the Taj Mahal.

On December 7th was the arrival of Their Majesties and their reception by the Ruling Princes. On succeeding days came the finals of the polo tournament; the presenta-

tion of colours; the Durbar; and that most beautiful of garden-parties in the grounds of the Palace in the Delhi Fort, and the unique opportunity of witnessing in the marble halls made *purdah*, the gorgeous array of the Ladies of India as they were presented to the Queen Empress.

The Durbar days have been described privately and officially, but of especial happenings in the Baroda Camp little may be known.

Somewhat tired by the many events of those ceremonial days, we all met at dinner on the eve of the 12th, the Coronation Day. That morning, as we returned from the fort, we had seen the grandees coming back in their equipages from a rehearsal at the amphitheatre, when places were shown for the brilliant ceremony next day, to be witnessed by one hundred thousand people.

I heard my neighbour say casually to Mr. Sampat Rao, the Maharajah's brother, then filling the office of 'Lord High Chamberlain' in Baroda State: "How did the rehearsal go off?"

"Oh . . . Maharaj didn't go," Mr. Sampat Rao replied; and it transpired that he had gone instead, and that the Resident would further instruct the Maharajah in the necessary procedure.

The Twelfth of December dawned cold and grey, but by ten o'clock the sun had well warmed up the frosty atmosphere, and two hours before the arrival of Their Majesties, Miss West and I had entered the amphitheatre.

We found our places and, like all Europeans who imagine the Princes of India in bright colours and brilliant jewels, we had our fill as we looked down aisle after aisle of splendidly-clad humanity—East and West gathered there to see Royal magnificence in the persons of the King Emperor and the Queen Empress from beyond the seas. Frances took me down to the front rows where were all the Ruling Princes and Chiefs of India and Burma, some sitting, others parading the grass lawns. I was presented to Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, who sat in her chair, enfolded in a golden *sari*, her face invisible.

Deep and full was her voice, delicate and shapely was the little hand that pressed mine when, after a few minutes' conversation, we passed on.

Close by the Begum Saheba's seat was that of the Maharajah of Baroda who, in simple friendly fashion, shook hands and talked of London. His Highness was wearing his Maratha full-ceremonial dress, which, for a man advancing in years, is simplicity itself: plain white trousers; a gorgeous pink-and-gold, brocade, inner coat over the trousers; and on top an all-covering, long-sleeved coat of sheer fine muslin, patterned everywhere. The same mode of dress the Maharajah had worn that year in the Coronation Procession in London. (Later on in Baroda I was let into the secret of this pattern; an intricate design of flowers and birds in relief and bas-relief, executed by one family alone, who hold the inherited office and train the thumbnail specially for the purpose.) This coat had taken three months to do, and the work was as exquisite as the finest lace or embroidery or artist's painting. Also His Highness wore a string of great pearls (not the famous ones), as well as all manner of decorations. The riband of the Star of India had somehow been omitted, but this the Resident apparently had failed to notice, and cause such omission to be rectified, when he arrived at the Baroda Camp to accompany the Maharajah driving in state to the amphitheatre.

Some twenty minutes later, as my friend and I made our way back to our seats, we saw that the Maharajah of Baroda had taken off his necklace and given it to wear to his youngest son, Dhairyashil Rao; he had thought the boy had no jewellery, was young and so ought to look brilliant—for himself it did not matter; and in any case, surely the King Emperor's decorations and medals were all-sufficing. And, wearing that necklace, must he not look somewhat barbaric to the eyes of the great English just arrived in Delhi, with whom he had been exchanging greeting—men and women who had seen him throughout the London season dressed as one of themselves?

His attire of expensive simplicity, topped by the neat red-and-gold Maratha *pagri* and completed by the gold-mounted cane (which replaces now the ceremonial sword of olden days, and which equally was carried by the Rulers of Hyderabad and Mysore and others), certainly looked better without the jewels of Asiatic Sovereignty. But others did not think so, and dearly was the Maharajah of Baroda to pay for his 'civilization'.

First to arrive now was the Governor-General-and-Viceroy, and all spectators were to stand. Then came a blare of trumpets, the rumble of a hundred and one guns, and the vast concourse, with an unforgettable thrill, rose again to acclaim the arrival of the King Emperor and the Queen Empress.

The Durbar was formally declared open. Their Majesties received the homage of the Governor-General; the Governors of Provinces followed him; next came the Ruling Princes of India.

In order of precedence, His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad went forward first, to make his obeisance to the two exalted Personages seated on high at the end of that path of red carpet between the Royal Shamiana and the official amphitheatre. The red strip passed, four steps had to be mounted on to a dais, above which was yet the higher dais where Their Majesties sat in splendour.

Second on the list of the rulers was the Maharajah of Baroda. He stood up and, accompanied by the Resident, took the fateful, carpeted path. Here the Resident stayed to await the Maharajah's return, and His Highness stepped up on to the dais.

Suddenly my race-glasses were snatched from me by Frances, who fixed them on the Maharajah. Even without them I could see that this Ruling Prince, on whom all eyes were fixed more critically than ever, was having a bad moment. After making his deep obeisance, he backed from the Presence, got up against a pillar, faltered in his confusion as to direction and, seeing no exit, turned to enquire of an official nearby as to what he was to do and



INNER COURT OF THE FATEH MOSQUE AT AGRA

where to go. Thus an ill-fate made him, all unwitting, seem to turn his back on Majesty, and in consequence the Baroda Family was to suffer obloquy for some years.

At the end of the great spectacle, the Maharajah Gaekwar returned to his camp, and presently went for a stroll that took him by the camp of the Governor of Bombay, who had always seemed friendly. Certainly the Maharajah had no appointment to see Sir George Clarke (as he then was), but he was most surprised when message was returned that the Governor was 'not at home' to him. That something was really wrong was impressed on His Highness next day when a nervous Indian friend in Government service, bustled in and told the Maharajah, who found it unthinkable that it could publicly be said that Baroda had insulted Their Majesties. At his suggestion, and in conjunction with his English Dewan and the Finance Minister, the Maharajah wrote a letter to the Governor-General, assuring him of his own unswerving devotion to Their Majesties, and of his grief and regret that such a thing as intentional insult could ever have been thought possible of himself. His Highness had no idea that Lord Hardinge would give him the alternative of not being present at the Reception that night or of allowing the letter to be published. When the other Ruling Princes heard of the situation they were astonished that so much was made of the incident. Report also had it that one, with an ancient grudge against Baroda and desirous of Baroda territory, pressed for his own advantage, urging punishment of his compeer.

Loud was the howl of the 'wolves'. Most of the pack, for their breakfast, had already gloated over the horrid news from London that this same Ruling Prince was involved in an English divorce case; which scandal turned out to be vampirism and blackmail on the part of a woman well known to the police. But at the time no epithet was bad enough for 'The Gaekwar'. "He should be stripped of his rank and deported; his salute of

twenty-one guns should be reduced, etc., etc." They clawed at the history of Baroda State.

Later, in 1914, when I discussed the Durbar with my cousin, George Lefroy, then Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of the Anglican Church in India, he said: "I saw nothing wrong. I never could understand why they made all that fuss about the homage of the Gaekwar. I did not know of the London scandal at the time, and that ultra-critical eyes were looking at him. But I can quite see that exaggeration of the slightest imperfection would be made by his carping critics. For myself I thought that several of the Rulers who followed were far more awkward. But then, the English let nothing pass!" And his Irish eyes twinkled.

A year later, from Lord Hardinge's military secretary, I heard that after the Durbar the Viceroy had defended the Maharajah's single obeisance to the Majesties—he had acted according to the instruction of the Resident given as they drove to the Durbar—and represented that there had been no intention of insult. But the Baroda Resident, when summoned, said he knew the Maharajah better, and that the State was honeycombed with sedition. (Now this reply might be reckoned curious as, for the past six months, during the Ruler's absence out of India, all power had been in the hands of the Resident and officials who could have cleaned up the State, if indeed it needed it. But consequent history did not substantiate such a statement, nor would the English Dewan, seven years a minister, support it.)

The howl of the 'wolves', however, lasted long. Newspapers, motion-pictures, revues, private accounts, official records—all took hold of partial truth, lost sight of inner wisdom, and condemned their victim in fashion neither politic nor humane.

It required a man of some character to stand up against this buffeting tide of antipathy. His friends stood by the Ruler, who was the idol of his people, who, in his single enthusiasm for his country, would speak and write

on the latest ideas for India, whom the newspapers freely praised. It is said that a man who is popular with the public is not popular with the government, and that a man favoured by the government is not the idol of the people. In the Maharajah's case, only Time would reveal the truth of things.

The special train conveying the Baroda family and suite back to the State, left Delhi on December 17th. Shortly before the start, the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior entered the dining-tent, where we were having tea, and sat with us while he waited for the Maharajah of Baroda to be free. Not he nor any of us then foresaw the domestic trouble ahead.

The journey was rife with mystery. I was left alone a good deal, as Frances West spent most of the time in Their Highnesses' drawing-room car. But in the evening I learnt the disturbing news.

"This time," said Frances, "it is Indira Raja. She was particularly told to have nothing to do with certain people in Delhi. But, instead of staying in camp, she went off by herself much too often to the Cooch Behar Camp, where she had a gay time dancing with one of the brothers, Jitendra, who has fallen in love with her, as she has with him."

"How did she know the Cooch Behars?"

"The girls were at school with her in Eastbourne."

An onlooker then, little did I dream that destiny had selected me to be one of the chief actors in the love drama of those two whom the Delhi Durbar had brought together!

As we drove home through the streets of Baroda, the half-completed wedding arches looked ominous. With inside knowledge of the girl's heart, revealed by a conversation on the train, I doubted if the Gwalior match would ever take place.

That very afternoon the Maharajah Gaekwar received an express telegram from the Maharajah of Gwalior, who was still in Delhi. Great was the amazement of Their

Hignesses when they read: "*What does the Princess mean by her letter?*"

What letter was this?

They sent for their daughter, and to their horror they heard that, before the special train had left Delhi, she had posted a letter to the Maharajah of Gwalior, breaking off her engagement! . . .

However, in spite of troubles at the Palace, the social life of Baroda swung along with a certain amount of gaiety. I was made an honorary member of the Gymkhana Club. Every night there were dinners and dances. Private and club tennis-parties took place each afternoon. On Boxing Day a party of us drove out to Ajwa, thirteen miles away. This road was the only one of length near Baroda city, for in that poor soil roads were too expensive to make and keep up. It was amazing to learn that this State, the size of Wales, had no way out to the rest of India except by railroad! To-day, however, there are plans to connect all that side of India by roads.

At Ajwa our party lodged in the Maharajah's *pukkha* bungalow, outside which, at night, the blazing camp-fire was festive. We were often out early in big boats upon the fine reservoir lake here that supplied Baroda city with well-filtered water. We shot duck in the late evening, when it was difficult to distinguish birds and flying-foxes, and one green-and-grey sunset-time, we chased a game crocodile that eventually was shot and landed. The heat of the days changed to almost frost at night as the year came to its end.

CHAPTER II

ON New Year's Eve, leaving the party at Ajwa, I returned to Baroda to stay with the Andersons (he was the engineer of the State Railways) and make, next day, my first acquaintance with the Mohammedan Memorial Festival, the Mohurrum, when, in Baroda State, Mohammedans celebrated and Hindus participated. In this the Hindus but followed the example of their broad-minded Ruler, who, out of sympathy and goodwill to all his subjects, took part, in conjunction with his ministers, in the festival procession of the Shiah sect of the Mohammedans.

From the balcony of a lofty old building (which housed the library that the Maharajah's brother, Shrimant Sampatrao Kashirao Gaekwar, had collected for the public benefit) we looked down upon the main street and a deafening tumult. Men, striped as tigers, or painted to be blue devils with bells on their backs, or dressed to fancy in old European clothes, comported themselves frenziedly or performed sword dances and beat their breasts to the sound of drums. Sometimes groups, waving aloft branches of trees, would stop short to dance, in slow time or mad circles according to their wild inspirations. Acrobats and jugglers threw themselves along the road, looking for applause from the crowded balconies. On men's shoulders now came the 'tabuts'—light wooden structures which, covered with glittering tinsel, gold and silver paper, and flowers, real and artificial, represented the mausoleum erected on the plains of Karbala over the remains of the murdered Hosein, son of the Prophet's daughter Fatima. Each successive 'tabut' was bigger and more striking than the other.

At the end of the procession came the grandees on elephants marvellously decorated and caparisoned. Slowly

and last, his great painted and be-tasselled elephant bore the Maharajah Saheb, sitting in full State panoply in the gold howdah. Holding on to its framework were the bearers of the gold umbrella and whisk and fan, insignia of sovereignty.

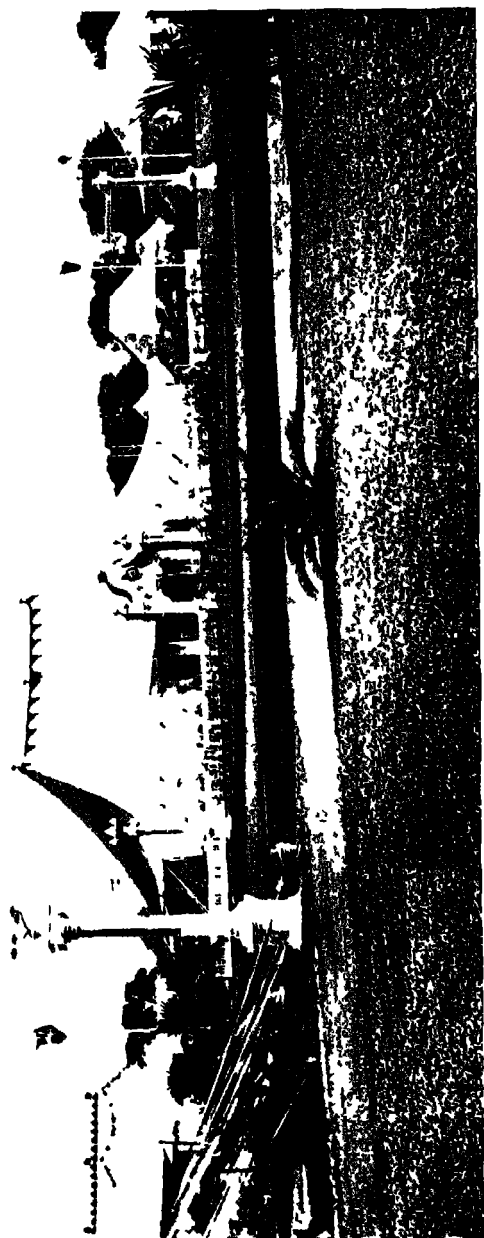
The tumult and the crowds passed through the main streets away to a parade-ground on the city's outskirts where the spectacle ended. The 'tabuts' were floated out according to Mohammedan custom upon the tank or lake there, its tiny pot of sacred fire being salved from the gaudiest of all by priests waiting in the water.

The whole night long there was no peace. From the Andersons' bungalow, built on the edge of the bazaar, we could hear tom-toms beating and sound of wild dancing and feasting that continued till the sun rose next day, quenching the hot fervour of the festival-makers until the next occasion. Then in the noonday silence one asked, could such festivals really be religious?

At the invitation of the English matron and nurses, I next visited the State Hospital with its hundred and ten beds in narrow, stone-floored wards. Each man-patient was clad in white cap and white pyjama suit, and he had his own water-jar, filled daily by the waterman of his caste. In the women's wards the patients were folded in *saris* of red, for white would denote widowhood. The nurses said that for the same reason the utmost difficulty was experienced in getting the women to take off their glass bangles.

Outside each ward, in the compound, was a small line of single rooms where could live the family of the patient. A wife was there with her four children, two of whom ran about in birthday suit, without even the usual bracelet.

Not far from the hospital was the jail. Often one met a batch of convicts, dressed in white shorts, coats and caps, all faces cheerful, returning after having done special weeding work for the State Gardens Department. The prisoners were lightly fettered together and accompanied by policemen in red with high-peaked caps, and carrying



THE BAKODA CAMP AT THE DITHI DUKHAK

guns. Behind the prison walls an admirable course of instruction went on in arts and crafts as well as agriculture, and the jail hand-made *dhurries* (rugs) were bright assets for bungalow floors.

On the public roads barefooted men and women worked at road-mending. Water-carts with sprays as wide as half the road, passed, drawn by hefty bullocks. All draught-animals wore bells, whose sound evoked memories of Switzerland, and very necessary at night-time were such bells when the driver swayed fast asleep on his rough seat and the bullock took control! But, in the daytime, all traffic had to be on the alert for the Maharajah, when every vehicle would draw to the side and stop until the Ruler had gone by in motor or in carriage-and-pair, or possibly in an elegant little carriage drawn by white bullocks, reminiscent of other days.

It was delightful to ride a horse courteously lent me from the Maharajah's stables, and we would often trot up the road towards Makarpura, the Summer Palace in its beautiful grounds five miles away. We passed not far from brickfields and met tiny donkeys carrying bags full of bricks, the rubbing of which against the other was strangely like the sound of rushes blown by the wind. We would see native riders, who never trot but always canter when they are not ambling; or bullock carts on which the drivers sat guiding by catching hold of the upper end of the animal's tail; or occasionally wedding-parties, as January was the wedding month. Often famine-stricken people were passed, coming in from the country to beg the generosity of Their Highnesses.

One morning I rode out with the Princess, through the streets of the city, where people stared at me so much that I had to ask the reason. Then I heard that I, on my side-saddle, was considered 'advanced', since the correct mode for the Eastern woman is to ride astride, even as the Princess did. On the way home we walked our horses under the unfinished Grand Entrance to the Palace gates, discussing the vexed question of her marriage; and

the girl, glad to speak with an unbiassed newcomer, talked freely.

"I will marry Gwalior, as it is my duty to please my parents," said the Princess, smiling sadly, "but I do not love him."

"What about Gwalior?" I asked. "He is modern enough to want more than an obedient wife."

"He says that if I marry him, it must be for love. If I do not love him he will not marry me. What am I to do?"

Poor child! She was indeed in deep waters. And that night she had to meet at dinner a South Indian Rajah who was looking for a wife! Myself present at the party, I noticed his admiration for her.

During those days the Maharani's impatience made her hard in her attitude to her daughter, who was now threatened with complete *pardah*. Even with Miss West Her Highness seemed by no means pleased, because the former expressed a firm sympathy with Indira Raja in her distaste for a marriage that would mean neither love nor freedom.

"How do you get through such uncomfortable times?" I asked Frances.

"Oh, I just go on as if nothing had happened!" was her philosophic answer.

If the Gwalior alliance took place, Frances was determined to accompany the bride to her new home. She even talked with me of taking her quietly away now, to England, anywhere. But here came in the question of money, and purse-strings were tied very tightly in Baroda.

Often as Frances and I drove about, we talked over the ideal education for the families of Ruling Princes. She spoke of the strong democratic leanings of the Maharajah, who had had his daughter educated, till she was fifteen, in the Baroda ordinary schools, where she passed the Bombay Matriculation. She had then been sent to a finishing school in Eastbourne, and at the end of a year had taken her place in society and travelled round the world with

her parents. Her love affairs had been more or less in her own hands, as the Maharajah had refused to allow her to be married at the usual early age. She must think for herself, he had said.

As for her brothers, they had enjoyed the best opportunities that schools and universities in England and America could give. The eldest, Jayasinh Rao, was shortly to return from Harvard where, for three years, he had been known to his fellow-students as 'Mr. Jayasinh.' The second boy, Shivaji Rao, was at Christchurch, Oxford. Their education had been in the nature of an experiment evolved by their father, whose own education had been conducted, from the age of twelve, by tutors and Government. As a boy being trained to be a model prince, His Highness had had no companions nor friends to open his heart to, and thus he had been driven in on himself. He had had no training in things ordinary, had never mixed with people, and even in games had never played cricket, only becoming proficient in Indian ways of riding and tilting, etc. At seventeen he had ascended the *gadi* (throne). Therefore the Maharajah had tried to give his children what he himself had missed, or thought he had missed.

In the first week of the New Year the English papers floated rumours that the Gwalior-Baroda match, announced with such éclat in the middle of the London season of 1911, would not take place. Some even alleged as reason that the intending bridegroom, having disapproved of the conduct of his prospective father-in-law at the Delhi Durbar, had broken off negotiations.

On the other hand, the Indian papers gave full details of the ceremonies, of routes being decorated, archways erected, and invitations to hundreds of guests. The date fixed for the wedding had been January 25th, two days before which the bridegroom would make his state entry. But, they said, the date was now changed. Some journals declared that the original day had been found to

be astrologically inauspicious. Others hinted that this postponement perhaps meant no marriage after all.

By all alike the match was reviewed, and the gist of what the advanced papers said was that:

“The ruler of the State of Baroda, His Highness Maharajah Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar, G.C.S.I., the declared champion of Westernised ideas, was now proposing to marry his daughter, the Princess Indira, to Major-General His Highness Maharajah Sir Madho Rao Scindia of Gwalior, G.C.S.I., no social reformer, yet an enlightened prince, imbued with reverence for his mother, and the conventions for which she stood, viz. *Purdah* for all women, including the bride who should be the mother of his son.”

Here was the crux.

“By his first marriage Gwalior had no children. An heir was what he sought rather than an alliance. The Princess Indira would take her position in his State not as the daughter of the House of Baroda, but as the potential mother of a possible heir. Till the heir arrived, the bride would conform to the conventions of the women’s quarters and their customs.

“Head of the household would be the first wife, that gentle little lady whose highest hopes had ended in the greatest disappointment that an Indian woman can know. She would have to bear in her seclusion with the introduction of an extremely modern girl. There was hardly likely to be happiness for either lady.

“Not long ago the Maharajah of Baroda had opened a Conference in Bombay on Health and Sanitation, and had said: ‘Our only weapon is education—education of women, because it is their part to influence home life and to fashion future generations. It is insufficient to teach boys and girls to read, write and cipher. We must deal with their life in their homes. For this purpose I appeal to the educated portion of the people to set the

example and by personal practice and precept teach their neighbours.' ”

The Ruler's practice in his own family was called in question.

January 25th—the fateful day—now passed. The Gwalior marriage had been announced publicly as “postponed—entirely for personal reasons.”

To us, on the inner side of things, it was known that the Princess had informed her suitor that she was quite willing to go on with the marriage, but that she did not love him. To which he had replied, with pride deeply hurt, that he had made one *mariage-de-convenance* and that he was not going to make another; that he would break off the match in February. Would the Princess not think again?

The friendship of Gwalior for Baroda was still staunch and loyal, despite the persistent rumours that it was the Delhi incident which had stopped the wedding—a rumour whose author probably never knew that till May 1913 the Maharajah Gwalior hoped against hope for the fulfilment of his dream; anything might happen in a year, and he knew the family towards which report said that the eyes and heart of his adored Princess were turned.

One afternoon at tea-time Frances, who was tired with festivities and cares, was rejoicing out loud that we had no engagement for the evening, when a letter arrived from the Raj Mahal (Palace) inviting us both to dine at eight o'clock.

Refusal was out of the question.

Now these family dinner-parties were often quite difficult affairs, for we were expected to enliven the feast with gay conversation and amuse the Maharajah, and Maharani if she were present. The custom was to adjourn after dinner to the billiard-room where, as we sipped coffee, the Maharajah would play a very fair game with one of the party. At half-past ten, usually, good nights were said.

But on this occasion some one suggested an elephant

ride by moonlight. Orders were immediately telephoned to the *Hathi-Khana* or elephant stables, and at nine, thirty Their Highnesses descended to the porch by the Durbar Hall, a porch built specially high to allow of the huge animals' entering with howdahs on their backs.

The Maharajah's elephant knelt down. Behind it, in the moonlight, towered three other monsters, their wide faces painted, a vast red-and-gold cloth hung over each back, and silver ladders for mounting slung at each side. With an effort I clambered up after His Highness into his gold howdah, hooded like a victoria, a little bar was thrown across in front, and I was warned to grip the sides. The *mahout* (driver), who sat above the elephant's ears, his feet thrust into rope-reins round its neck, then looked to see that his precious charge was secure, and forthwith prodded his steed with a sharp poker-like weapon.

Immediately a vast heave-up on the right laid me flat back in the howdah, face up to the stars. Another heave on the left, a roll from the back as in a heavy sea—and we were up some twelve feet from the ground, the Maharajah laughing merrily at my gasping surprise.

Then in brilliant moonlight began a stately progress, preceded by a *sowar* (mounted messenger). Beside us walked some six white-turbaned men with long iron-pointed poles in case the elephants were refractory. Bells of beautiful tone swung from chains at the animals' sides, to warn all of the approach. As the procession passed out of the grounds and along the road, I asked the Maharajah what an elephant's run was like. The great beast was made to show his paces, but the run was too uncomfortable to keep up for more than fifty yards.

We turned back presently into the Palace grounds by another gateway, past the Moti Bag Palace, where the grandchildren lived, and then along a dark avenue at the end of which was silhouetted the brilliantly-lighted, massive, and yet graceful-towered, Palace above which shone the moon at its full.

By now it was every one's bed-time. The elephants

knelled down to deposit each Highness outside the Maharani's porch. Up again we two were lifted into the air and, having waved hands in good-bye, we were transported to the bungalow where the elephants, as they unloaded us, snorted and puffed and sneezed as if in protest at being kept out of bed so late.

About this time we were invited to see a Nautch dance at the Palace. It was arranged in the Durbar Hall, and the guests were seated in a semi-circle, while the troupe of musicians stood at the far end. These were five in all, and they thrummed and piped and sang, and through their music dictated movements to the two dancing-girls, who hailed from Tanjore. One was fat and the other too thin. Both were arrogant of bearing. They were dressed in very full skirts of brilliant material. Their bodices were of bright brocade with gold lace edgings. Round their necks glittered precious stones, and nose-rings, anklets, brooches, toe-rings, finger-rings, and bracelets from wrist to elbow, showed their wealth. Hair ornaments and flowers completed the details of their dress, whose folds swayed and fluted as the dance progressed.

The movements of their arms and hands were wonderful. Every sinew and muscle seemed to move independent of bone and joint. Their bodies bent and curved and swung, steps and gestures in keeping with the slow-drawn music, which gradually and strangely stirred the players, dancers, and their audience.

In a picture-dance an imaginary serpent bit the girl playing before it. She fell to the ground, to the dismay of her companion, who, ministering sweetly to her, soon brought her back to life, when they both danced away in happiness.

Yet another, in which they showed the lightness of their feet and the mobility of their hands, was the Kite Dance. They fluttered up and down a strip of carpet, bending here and there as a phantom kite at the end of the long string was caught in the air by wind or tree-top. They drew it down, they let the kite swing free, and then they

lost it, picturing by wilder movements the emotions of a child whose toy has gone.

I had now to leave Baroda in order to pay visits promised elsewhere; and Frances suggested that my going might coincide with the Byculla Club Ball in Bombay early in February. She would come too.

As we spoke there fell, unexpectedly, heavy rain, followed by brilliant sunshine, and I exclaimed there must be something good in store.

"Mango showers!" said Frances. "You've seen the blossoms on the mango trees? They say that without these showers in January the fruit later cannot be good."

The Maharajah came in to tea with us the day before we left. In his simple white attire, charming and friendly, he sat in a low chair and appreciated out loud the life of a small house, our lack of responsibilities, of trammels of caste or community; and especially my freedom to travel wherever love of adventure beckoned. His Highness gave me a warm invitation to visit Baroda again and promised a signed portrait of himself.

The yellow-rose decorations at the Byculla Ball; a visit to Nagpur; two gay months spent in Calcutta; a week-end visit to Darjeeling to see Mount Everest and the mighty Kinchinjunga, were events of the next months, during which time I kept alive a sincere wish to have further dealings with the Baroda House.

At the end of March I was in Calcutta and making arrangements to spend the summer in Kashmir, when an eventful letter arrived. Miss West, whose mother had died, was returning to England. Another lady interviewed had not given satisfaction to Her Highness, who now asked if I would come to her, a friendly arrangement at first.

Without question I would. I accepted by telegram, on certain conditions to which, in turn, agreement was telegraphed me. So I now made plans for going south, in the first week of May, to Ootacamund, whither the Baroda Family would depart at the end of April.

CHAPTER III

OOTACAMUND, or 'Ooty', as it is familiarly called, is the most beautiful of hill stations in the tropics. Round it are the Nilgiri Hills—wide rolling downs whose charm is enhanced by far-off peaks, by trout-streams, lakes, ravines, *sholas* (copses), and fine motoring roads that twist and turn and rise and fall. Here hunting and golf are of the very best, in air that is like old wine. The 'Call of the Nilgiris' is unforgettable.

On every side Ooty is approached from the hot plains below by well-built roads and easy gradients, and daily a little train from Metapulaiyam puffs its way up the 7,000 feet, to go down again next day. At the far end of the residential part of Ooty which lies around and above the native quarter, where also European shops of importance are established, a fine lake with a good road round its shores curves away into the distance.

Above this lake, at its upper end, was Woodstock, the summer home of the Maharajah of Baroda. Upon the top of a slope stood the house, recently re-built, one-storeyed, with large windows and gables; it might be an English country house. In the centre of the long low building was the dining-room, on each side of which were drawing-rooms; beyond these were bedrooms. Thus a complete house existed on either side of the front doorway. To the right lived the Maharajah, and on the left side the Maharani and her daughter.

A wide veranda at the end of the Maharani's suite opened on to a delightful lawn, where, on my arrival that 8th day of May, I was taken before Her Highness.

"Bring a book! Any book you like, and you can read it with me," the Maharani said, as we sat out on the lawn during the first hour of that introductory morning and talked over what she wished me to do.

Presently she suggested going through the gardens.

Down the red, broad drive with exquisite greensward on each side, one passed shapely beds where flowers, tropical and English, bloomed luxuriantly: sweet peas, carnations, pinks, fuchsias, bushes of plumbago and heliotrope, antirrhinum, tall lilies and dahlias, pink and white cosmos, scarlet geraniums, gladioli, mombretia, forget-me-nots, pansies of the richest colours. Beautiful trees, flowered and evergreen, had seats beneath their shade. Entrancing paths led away round ferned corners. The drive ended where a band of eucalyptus trees abutted onto four, fine red-gravel tennis courts.

Delighted I turned to ask: "May I teach you to play tennis, Maharani Sahab?"

Beautiful brown eyes smiled up at me. "I don't believe you could. I should never do it!" was the answer I got.

Back at my hotel I considered this first problem—the suitable book to choose for Her Highness. What were her tastes? What book was one likely to find in Ooty?

The *Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, which I myself was enjoying, was a happy choice. Reading its spicy politics and recordings with the appreciative Maharani, the mention of high personages whom she knew well by repute, and its abundant humour and pathos, gave one the quickest possible insight to the character of this most interesting of Indian Ladies, in whose service I was temporarily established as tutor-companion and secretary to herself, and tutor to the Princess Indira.

A new arrival in Ooty must do the correct thing! The courteous wife of an Indian civilian (brother of an old friend) gave my fortunate self a list of people on whose wives it was one's duty to call: Members of Council, Generals, Residents, etc., etc., and I must write my name in the Visitors' Book at Government House, also at Fernhill, the summer residence of the Maharajah of Mysore. When people lived in out-of-the-way spots, visiting cards might be sent by post. . . . Such was the system in the Madras Presidency, and it took me two weeks to work



GOULACAMUND - THE IR. HIGHWAYS - HOWE - HANIS PARTY

out this amusing and generally unprofitable game of 'calling,' after which invitations began to drop in.

Her Highness often arranged to fetch me from my hotel to accompany her upon the hillsides and see sunsets of indescribable beauty. Such informal walking and talking with an original lady, amazingly frank for her station and race, was a revelation. The Maharani came of a Deccan family related to the Junior branch of the Raja of Dewas, and for the first time I was in close touch with the Indian Intelligentsia, of whom the ordinary traveller knows nought.

Her Highness made early inquiry as to my politics. The same query had been made by the Government of India before giving sanction to service with Baroda, through one of my references, Sir Cecil Brett, a judge of the High Court of Calcutta. Now, as I replied "Conservative," the Maharani said concisely:

"I am sorry. You ought to be Liberal!"

For the Maharani's own problems it was fortunate she was not Conservative, as her life was a medley of the bondage of Eastern customs and inheritance and of her own urgent desire for a natural freedom. Her critical faculties and judgement of life other than her own were naturally good, though sometimes she got things out of focus through the strain of prolonged staring at them. I was to learn much from my service with her.

The second time of tramping the hills with Her Highness, there came up the subject of her book, *The Position of Women in Indian Life*, which, before leaving London, I had bought to read on the voyage. "It has attracted much attention, of course Your Highness knows," I said. "May I present my congratulations?" And I expected her to look interested.

"Oh, nothing very much!" was her disconcerting answer. And it was indicated that foisted upon the Maharani's name had been perhaps too many ideas of the Indian collaborator.

We then spoke of the Baroda tour (*swari*, Her Highness

called it, using the Marathi vernacular) in the United States in 1911 and, as I had been over part of the route taken, I found the Maharani's criticisms of Americans at home and abroad most piquant. We shared appreciations of their directness and vitality and so generous hospitality. She said the Baroda Party had been greatly fêted.

Part of my daily morning duty at Woodstock was dealing with correspondence. Personal letters had to embody the ideas of the Maharani expressed in somewhat unusual fashion. Begging letters were uncountable, and many were the requests for permission to translate her book. I had to order additions to Her Highness' wardrobe from London or Paris or Bombay, and, to help me to understand the Indian dress, Mrs. Burrows, an Indo-Briton of the finest type and faithful waiting-woman of the Maharani, showed me cupboards full of *chaulis* (little bodices worn by all Indian women) and *saris*, of which there seemed to be one for every day of the year!

As time passed I learned how tactfully to correct the Maharani's spoken English. She appreciated all suggestions, realising that her grammar was weak. She had an innate feeling for the beauty of a well-turned sentence, for carefully chosen words, in themselves a picture. Much laughter did we have together, especially over her phrase, "Will you have a tea?" which, though corrected, occurred again and again about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Some three weeks after my arrival, when we were out walking, the Maharani suddenly said, "You must stay with me more than four months. Please do. I should like it to be two years."

Immensely surprised and gratified, I replied that I should love to, but that I had promised a friend in England to return and live with her.

Her Highness only repeated: "No, you must stay with me."

Hunting was now in full swing. Twice a week the Maharajah, in regulation pink, went off to the meets. The eldest son, Jayasinh Rao, just arrived from Harvard,

would follow with Dhairyashil, the youngest boy, on the fine horses brought down for the season from Baroda. Occasionally the Maharani and I accompanied the Maharajah in his car to the meet at nine o'clock, and when he had mounted we in the car followed along the roads, keeping hounds and huntsmen in view as long as possible.

On the second Saturday the hunt was crossing by rocks over a rough stream through which the jackal had bounded, hounds in full cry, when Jayasinh Rao's horse suddenly lost its foothold, slipped back, but, in recovering, unseated the Kumar, who fell heavily on to his head.

He was brought home unconscious and lay thus for two days. Absolute quiet was ordered and nurses were established. After the third day there was no danger, but a headache persisted and the Kumar found his neck strangely difficult to turn.

I saw him occasionally, for he seemed to feel that I talked a language he could appreciate, and the fact that I had once spent a day at his *alma mater* began the friendship.

As a baby Jayasinh Rao had had a bad fall, followed by acute pneumonia; and this accounted in the Maharani's mind for the difference between him and the rest of the family. His legs were short and his body long. Between very square shoulders his head was set deeply, and he poked forward slightly as he walked. His eyes were large and clear and the nose was good. His lips were thick and pouting above a small but firm chin.

In the darkened room, his head now surmounted by a cool bandage, the Kumar found it difficult to refrain from the smoking forbidden by the doctors, who also said, "No books for twelve months, no alcohol for six!"

This accident had caused enough distress, but there was more to follow.

Nine days after Jayasinh Rao's fall a 'bomb' dropped into the Baroda family circle; a telegram from Simla expressed the Viceroy's sympathy over the accident to

Shivaji Rao (the second son) at Oxford, and asked for better news.

The Maharajah came quickly to Her Highness. What could it mean? They had heard nothing.

An A.D.C. was dispatched hastily to Government House in Ooty, where he was informed that Reuter's Sunday telegram had announced that the Maharajah of Baroda's son, after the Australian cricket match at Oxford, had been ragging, had fallen, and was suffering from a slight concussion!

All that Monday there was great woe at Woodstock. Express cables were sent off to the Dean of Christchurch, and to Mr. Harding, sometime Secretary in Baroda to the Maharajah and now tutor-agent for this son in England. Tension eased a little when replies said the boy was slightly better.

My part was to sympathize with the Maharani as she talked of the past and of these accidents on successive Saturdays. She dubbed herself 'unlucky,' and the priest in the suite was kept busy. A big blue sapphire she had lately bought was thought possibly sinister in influence.

With the idea of diverting Their Highnesses, I suggested they should visit the Toda Festival taking place on the Saturday. Though doubtful at first, they were, however, glad to be there when we stood amongst the wild hill-people who were celebrating the new roofing of their temple.

Some say the Todas are the lost tribe of the house of Israel! Their language, a mixture of Sanskrit and Tamil, few can understand. In looks and feature they are very South-European. Their physique is splendid, and their hair, thick and bushy, falls to the shoulders. The women pay great attention to their hair, worn in long curls, heavily greased. All have it parted, and the children under seven have the central half of the head shaved. The women do not mix with the men, but when the family sees or wishes to greet a fond father, the women and children alike have to kneel down before him. The

man's response will be to draw first the big toe of the right foot and then that of the left foot, exactly down each hair-parting!

When the Todas come out of their huts in the morning all salute the sun, which they worship, by 'thumbing the nose.' But with them the gesture is entirely reverent.

This day an old man at once strode forward to our party and almost claimed relationship with me because he had been to England and had seen Queen Victoria! I asked how he had got there, and he swelled with pride as he replied: "I was took to be in Barney's (Barnum's) Circus."

It was now midday. All the Toda men, wrapped in heavy white cloths, were congregated round the little temple on the hill where the ceremony of re-thatching was just completed. A stone rampart, four feet high, was crowded with men, some clad, some not. Conspicuous amongst them stood the high priest, his magnificent grey beard and hoary chest, his purple turban with gold line running through its folds, and a semi-circular wand in hand, attesting his position.

In the enclosure two men were devil-dancing and praying; naked they strode up and down, holding their hands together; passing each other, in deep continuous monotone they repeated: 'How how—how-how-how!'

Presently, that ceremony over, all streamed away to the lower and bigger temple, where again they squatted or stood upon the wall, and more devil-dancing took place. Some fourteen priests stood close together in a circle, fingers interlaced, left foot on the inner side; in a weird step they moved forward, chanting an invocation to the Sun.

Noon having passed, it was time for the tribe to eat, and the men sat down in a wide circle, while the women took their food by their own huts. We watched them drink a mixture from a mighty pot, and then eat rice and vegetable foods. They do not eat meat, for their animals, their only care, are sacred.

More dancing was to follow the midday rest, but as we had reached the 'tired limit', our party left.

Coming home one evening from a walk on the downs, I met the Maharani with the young Maharani of Mysore, whom now I saw for the first time. Her face, round like the moon, showed a philosophic acceptance of life. In 1900 this girl, Pratapa Kumaribai of Kathiawar, had been married to the Maharajah of Mysore. There was no child, and so the brother of His Highness was the Yuvaraj, or heir. He, too, was married, but in 1912 had no child either. (To-day he has a son, who is to succeed to the Mysore *gadi*.)

These two exalted ladies were now talking English as their common language! The Mysore vernacular is Canarese or Telugu, and that of Baroda Gujarati and Marathi.

Since Fernhill was close to Woodstock, Princess Indira of Baroda, who led a very separate life at home, constantly visited the Mysore ladies. These princesses, all sisters of the Maharajah, were known as the First, Second, Third and Fourth Princesses, and in their united company Indira Raja would often walk upon the downs.

Everyday, for an hour or so, I was supposed to read English with this Baroda princess. "She must get more balance," said the Maharajah on the day I had taken up my duties at Woodstock, when he talked of her future. "Read something worth while," and His Highness had suggested Macaulay's *Essays*. So Indira Raja tried hard to rivet her attention on Warren Hastings, but oh, how much more amusing it was for her to seek the pictures of her fashionable Western acquaintances in the *Tatler* or the *Sketch*! I used to find her in the mornings, her face after her bath plastered with an almond cream made by her women, and not a bit ready for work. Her toilet so interested this good-looking girl who was very attractive to the other sex.

Besides her Mysore friends there was the Maharani of Vizianagram, a girl of twenty-three with a son of nine

years, then staying in her own house at Coonoor. Coonoor is a thousand feet lower than Ootacamund, and thither I drove one day with Indira Raja, who was to spend time with her friend. Just near the house we came upon the lady walking, many rings in her nose, two long plaits down her back, and wearing high-heeled yellow buttoned-boots, over which fell golden bangles. Indira Raja, in London-bought *sari* and Paris shoes of dainty cut, got out to join her. And as with my own friends I climbed the Droog Peak, I thought how I should like to have heard the conversation of those two Indian girls of high rank whom I had left walking along the road.

At last the afternoon came when the Maharani desired her first lesson in lawn-tennis. She began with wearing her usual heeled shoes. She tried to keep her *sari* ordinarily over her head, but each swing of the racket sent the *sari*-end flying, until finally she evolved the satisfactory plan of drawing this portion across the left shoulder, round the neck and down to the waist under her right arm, where it was well tucked in. Gradually Her Highness saw the wisdom of wearing shorter *saris* and no jewellery; and then her little feet were fitted for white buckskin shoes by the local 'Hellstern'.

At first, four minutes were quite long enough for Her Highness to try to play, as exercise of this kind was foreign to her, and she had not run since she was married. But she was determined to play well, and steadily every day she was up at the courts. Then one afternoon, just before leaving Ooty, the Maharani's first four was arranged, when she and I challenged the Maharajah and his A.D.C.

The days passed easily with one entertainment or another. There was a skittle gymkhana, given by 'Seven Ladies of Ooty', when the game of musical chairs was played from motors; animal concerts evoked much laughter, as did tilting from motor cars; also spinning contests, in which a girl had to wind a skein of wool round a man's waist and roll it off again into a ball. One

evening I persuaded Their Highnesses to patronise an entertainment of thought-reading and conjuring tricks. At home after dinner they generally played bridge.

Tuesday was always 'shandy', or market-day, and it amused the Maharajah and Maharani to go and potter about amongst the vendors who squatted from dawn till early afternoon under unclosable umbrellas made of rush leaves. From these wild people one could buy pine-apples for twopence, golden mangoes, and all sorts of vegetables, English and Indian, very cheaply.

Early in June the beautiful ballroom at Fernhill was lent by the Maharajah of Mysore to the Baroda Highnesses for an afternoon party. Owing to the strong feeling about *pardah* amongst the Mysore ladies, the Maharani of Baroda and her daughter generally remained *gosha* (as being *pardah* is called in Mysore State), but on this occasion—the first time she had ever done so—Her Highness stood beside the Maharajah to receive their guests. Upstairs, from behind the *pardah*, all the Mysore ladies gazed upon the brilliant scene in the ballroom below where their menkind were mixing freely with the European guests, for whom the chief amusement was roller-skating.

But when another party was given a few days later in the grounds of Woodstock by the Maharajah of Baroda, the Maharani Saheb had elected to be *pardah*. I begged Her Highness to come out for a short while, to receive in the garden the European and non-*pardah* Indian ladies, but she refused, saying: "The Mysore ladies will be indoors and I must be with them." For they were her most honoured guests.

Then from June 15th our world was daily deluged by the monsoon, which arrived punctual to the day as fixed by the Meteorological Office. Driving rain and mist enveloped Woodstock and, as there would be perhaps half a fine day in ten wet ones, activities were too limited. Therefore it was decided to leave Ooty.

The Maharajah of Mysore had invited the Baroda



COSHA LUDAH LADIES OF MYSELF AND BALODA

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Highnesses to his State for the Mysore Week, the first in July. This invitation was cordially accepted. After that visit it was planned to return to Bombay to meet Shivaji Rao, who was being brought back to India "to escape European temptations," as his mother expressed it, during the long vacation. From Bombay the family would go to Poona, where a house had been rented for the season.

So the Baroda party left Ootacamund by car, and presently we were plunging down into the heat, through lovely jungle, the home of wild elephants, along a road where great, red, cathedral-like pillars reared themselves at amazingly regular intervals—the marvellous work of ants.

At the Mysore State boundary, gay archways had been erected and crowds had assembled to see the distinguished party. On we sped through an avenue, miles long, of banyan trees arching overhead. The country opened out, and then we were in Mysore city, lying under the protection of the rocky Chamundi Hill, on whose crest gleamed a Hindu temple.

Their Highnesses were located in the Chamundi Palace, and their suite in a palatial bungalow a mile away.

Perfect were the arrangements here. A carriage and pair was at my disposal. Tickets and programmes for the races and polo tournament were handed us on arrival, and there was a race meeting that very afternoon. Upstairs on each dressing-table were new tooth-brushes, scent, face-powder, tooth paste, and 'Eau de Quinine pour la tête'! Downstairs a delicious lunch was waiting.

At the racecourse, outside the grand-stand, we encountered the Maharajah of Mysore with his brother, the Yuvaraj. His Highness was dressed in a long white coat buttoned up to the neck, white trousers, feet in patent-leather shoes, and on his prominent forehead lay a tightly folded, dark red *pagri*. Having asked courteous, hospitable questions, the Maharajah passed on with his suite to the paddock.

After tea I went to the *purdah* ladies' room to see my Maharani. There I bowed again to the Dowager Maharani of Mysore, who, with her long, clever face, ascetically thin, and brilliant large black eyes, stands out in my memory as the most striking of all the Indian ladies I met during my eight years in India. Heads, as well as faces, of the Mysore ladies were visible, never being veiled by the *sari*, whose end, brooched on the left shoulder, was drawn round the neck to lie in folds on the breast. This mode, which obtains amongst all the South-Indian women, shows off their well-groomed, gleaming and abundant hair.

To my amusement I found the *purdah* ladies anxious to bet! The Baroda Maharani handed me monies to lay on any horse, and off I sped to get tips for the last race, after which I was able to hand Her Highness some sixty rupees.

The races ended, and from the front of the stand the grandees drove away and the crowds dispersed. At the back of the building the *purdah* ladies were departing in their unique way which curiosity made me stay to watch.

First, the palace retainers spread round the exit doors in a large circle, to enclose the motor-cars minus their drivers. At a given word a great piece of brocade-cloth which each servant helped to hold, was lifted by poles, the top part above head-level, to be kept there until the signal was given that the ladies were safely in their cars, where all blinds were already drawn down. Swiftly then the curtain vanished, the drivers took their seats, and the party proceeded to the several palaces.

That evening the New Palace presented a glittering sight, for the Maharajah was giving a musical party. By a quarter to ten we were driving through the entrance gates, under arches lit with dazzling, coloured electric lights and so to the great portico.

Up low wide steps we passed into colonnaded halls. The grand staircase traversed, we came through marble corridors to the reception-room, with its blue-and-gold

pillars, and doors of wood exquisitely inlaid with pictures in ivory. This was the music room, where every kind of instrument was shown, the private collection of the Maharajah of Mysore, who was genuinely musical.

Two doorways were at the far end, with cloth-of-gold hangings reaching to the floor. Here and there in the lovely curtain, little half-moon slits were visible, and so intriguing that I stared at them, and at last found what I had expected—a pair of eyes behind each slit!

Sir Hugh Daly, the Mysore State Resident, with whom I was talking, watched my eyes return again and again to the cloth-of-gold curtain. He said, smiling: "Yes! The ladies of Mysore and your ladies, too, are behind there. They are probably wondering what you and I are saying. Presently I may go in to see them, though it is rare for a man to enter. I, however, am privileged."

Those curtains drew me, and in a few minutes I left the Resident, went along the corridor and into an ante-room, where I found the Princess of Baroda and the Yuvaraj of Mysore deep in talk. They courteously waved me on into the further room, all blue and gold, with looking-glasses everywhere, and little tables that held cakes and sweets for refreshment.

It was queer to be so behind the outer world. There sat the Dowager Maharani of Mysore, and with her the Maharani of Baroda, each on a chair, holding the flap of the curtain and looking through at all the people in the room whence I had come. I was bidden to sit down also and have a peep, and then came the expected question: "What did you and Sir Hugh Daly talk about?"

On the Saturday morning the Maharani had gone out when I arrived at the Chamundi Palace, but, luckily for me, on the doorstep stood both the Maharajahs, who bade me drive on to the stables, where the Ladies had gone to see the horses. The guard there said no one might be admitted, and he pointed to the closed gates so covered with tarpaulins that no eye could peer through. However, the magic words, "The Maharajah of Mysore

has sent me to join the ladies," uncovered and opened the gates, which promptly were closed again.

In front stretched a large courtyard. To the left was the Visitors' Room, and just there were the ladies and the Baroda sons being shown round by the Yuvaraj of Mysore. The party now proceeded to visit the horses, both hunting and race. Each stall was open, with a bar across the front, and at the back, on the whitewashed wall, was the horse's name and pedigree. His name was also on his bucket, and a framed record showed what weight of food of all kinds he had had during the past six months. We visited the race-horses of the first afternoon—Milford Lake (whom I had backed unsuccessfully), Miracle, Priam, Mary B., Eustace, Little Speed, and others. The horses who were to run this same afternoon, had leather nose-cases on, to prevent their eating.

Next came the four milk-white State horses, one especially white with not a touch of black about it. It had all the lucky marks, they said; but I did not hear what these were. Once a year the Maharajah would ride it, at the great Daserah Festival in October.

Last of all we saw the carriages and harness-room.

Then the Ladies stepped into their motors, the blinds were pulled down, and someone honked a horn to summon the drivers. As the cars drove off, from behind one of the blinds there waved a bare arm—Her Highness' good-bye to me.

That night, after the races, we eighty guests for the week dined at Government House, the Maharajah of Mysore being our host. He was present, but, as a strict Hindu, he did not eat with any others than Hindus. Two long tables reached from the dais to the far end of the banqueting hall, where was a gallery for the orchestra. Large paintings decorated the walls, and from the roof hung brilliant glass chandeliers.

My dinner partner and I commented on the marvellous organisation of the whole week. Exactly the same thing had impressed the Maharajah of Baroda, who now asked

his host the secret. "Trust someone and do what he wants," was the reply given—the particular 'someone' being the Military Secretary, Colonel Jones, who had *carte blanche* about everything.

Immediately after dinner most of the party went on to the Town Hall for an Indian play, scenes from the Mahabharata, at which we, in our ignorance seeing only the crude, laughed behind our fans. The demon of the play, dressed in gay cretonne, acted like the old-style clown. Noise was made enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, all accompanied by music strange to our Western ears. In the second play we were shown 'Brahma, the Creator, seated in Heaven, hearing an account from Yama, the Lord of the Lower Regions—Hell (thus the programme gave it), of the deserted condition of Hell, all because King Rukmangada and his subjects strictly kept the fasting rite.' So Brahma created Mohini to test the King and lure the good man from his austerities. This enchantress went off to the mountains whither the King had already been summoned to extirpate wild beasts, and there awaited him, when she danced so entrancingly before him that the King fell a prey to her fascinations. But, in the end, he was saved from her and granted salvation.

Next day we visited Chamundi Hill, over 3,000 feet high, at the top of which human sacrifices had been offered until the days of Hyder Ali, who stopped this. The goddess Chamundi, whose temple is here, had derived her name from her slaying of two giants, Chanda and Munda, and the powerful lady was said to wear an elephant hide and a necklace of corpses!

I was carried up the steep steps of the hill in a comfortable cane arm-chair slung on bamboo poles swathed in red. The porters took rest half-way up, by a sixteen-foot-high figure of Nandi, the sacred bull of Shiva, hewn out of the solid rock about A.D. 1659. The summit of the hill gave fine views of Mysore and of the plains, from which other hills stood out like so many ant-heaps.

The temple had a towered gateway wonderfully

carved with myriad figures on each line of carving. We Europeans were not allowed inside; we could only look through and up steps into the shrine, in front of which was a square-sided, tall, silver pillar. Dimly, as the priests waved flaming torches up and down, we could see the outline of the goddess, jewel-decked and garlanded, seated in her shrine. Strange music sounded, and there came down a priest with a green shawl thrown about him, followed by another in white, bearing a silver tray where burning charcoal smoked next to strings of flowers and a pile of pink dust. The flowers were presented to me, and while I dived into my bag for a rupee, the priests turned aside their heads and waited, such sweet serenity and abnegation on their faces, men whose creed surely was, 'Seek not, strive not, wrong not'.

Beyond the temple in a lofty shed stood the lion-car, twenty-five feet high; the lion, rampant and breathing out flame, held on his back a seat ready for the goddess, Chamundi, over whose head would be held a gold-fringed umbrella in the October procession.

We came down the hill in chairs more comfortable for ascent than descent, and were stared out of sight by an enormous black-and-red-striped salamander, whose colour, as we passed it, changed to the pale green of fear that made it look as petrified as the stone beneath it.

Visiting, later, the Zoological Gardens which had been started by the late Maharajah, we talked with the superintendent, Mr. Hughes, a wide traveller, who was gradually collecting all animals and birds. We looked at giraffes from Somaliland, twenty feet high, fourteen feet to their withers; creatures with simple faces, but whose long black tongues tried to curl round my parasol. The orang-outangs from Borneo had bowls of Mellin's food in their hands, and when they had finished their supper they each drew their beds to the end of the house, folded the blanket down, got into bed, and, drawing up the blanket, tucked themselves round with it as they laid their heads on their pillows. There were also lions from British East

Africa, and a baby elephant five feet high. Adjutant-cranes with thick bills stalked about the gardens, and in the centre of a lake was Bunny Island, where the rabbits had eaten even the roots of the grass.

Mr. Hughes showed us jackals, and also a pet hyena, which hated the local people and which often he used to scatter a noisy and too prolonged wedding ceremony at night! We faced the tigers, six years old, who could only be doctored by means of a bicycle pump, for the superintendent would put a quinine pill into the pump and then blow it right down the throat of the tiger as it gaped close to the bars.

After the racing was all over Their Highnesses of Baroda motored the nine miles to Seringapatam, that last fortress of the famous Tipu Sultan. Here, on the walls of the Summer Palace, in the Dariya Daulat Bagh, one saw decorations, in perfect condition, representing phases in Tipu's career, and picturing fantastically the victory at Polilore, in 1780, of Hyder Ali's forces over Colonel Baillie's English and French troops.

Two miles farther on was the great black mausoleum of Hyder Ali, the last home also of his son, the 'Tiger of Mysore', set amongst the heavy palms and cypress trees of the Lal Bagh. The Maharani came out, impressed, as indeed we all were, by the effect of the place. "I can quite understand," she remarked, "that Tipu said it was better to live a year as a tiger than a thousand years as a sheep. I think so too."

Two days later our party left for Poona.

It seemed exceptionally hot here, as the Baroda family settled into No. 4 Queen's Gardens, a moderately comfortable bungalow with a shady veranda all round. The garden was like every other in Poona, and contained fine trees which sheltered the extraordinary pot-gardening, such a marked feature of the place, all plants being in pots placed on stands or on the ground itself. There are

no beds of flowers. Results of potting seemed very good, the roses particularly being fragrant and shapely.

I repaired daily to Queen's Gardens from the Connaught Hotel, on foot or in a tonga—those delightful Indian pony-carts where the driver sits in front and the passenger behind gazes out upon the road traversed.

The Maharani had a craze now for piano music. A hired upright piano was placed in a side room, and here Her Highness would sit, in elegant *sari*, with ropes of pearls and emeralds round her neck—the emeralds uncut and looking like a green glass necklace!—while I instructed brain and fingers. She showed much promise, for she was musical and played the Indian *sitar* well, so she could correlate her own music with the piano-sounds, though the notation was so different. If ever bored, I could take heart of grace from the colourful jewels worn by my distinguished and first pupil in music; or peep down at her little bare feet pressed hard against the body of the piano.

It was so important to get exercise in Poona that tennis and badminton courts were being made behind the bungalow, though they might be used for six weeks only! I was fortunate enough to have a pony lent me, and on 'Tommy' I accompanied the Maharajah, riding two or three times a week. He was always courteous and friendly, yet formal too. Much of the confidence in Europeans that he had had before the Delhi Durbar had been shaken by the incidents of the past few months, on which, of course, I did not touch, though on anything else His Highness desired to discuss, one's informative and critical faculties were exercised to the full. Someone at his court had said that the Maharajah was interested in *nothing*. I found, on the contrary, that everything interested him, but always as a means to an end—and that was attainment of ideals he had set himself as Steward of his State. The multiplicity of things he had to attend to would naturally disable him from devoting much time to any single interest.

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Soon after arrival in Poona Her Highness set out one morning in her Fiat car to pay her duty call by appointment on the wife of the Governor of Bombay, at Ganesh-kind, the beautiful Government House five miles away from Poona city.

As we neared the great gates the motor clock showed ten minutes to twelve, and accordingly the chauffeur was ordered to go slowly. It was three minutes to noon by the same clock, but by the gate-clock three minutes past the hour as we turned into the park-drive leading up to Government House.

Met by an aide-de-camp, the Maharani was conducted, myself in the rear, to a quiet little drawing-room, where Her Highness sat for ten whole minutes, waiting—which seemed rather extraordinary. Was it usual for the great Ladies of India to be kept waiting?

Then the Maharani began to move about the room. She called my attention to the brass pots standing as ornaments upon the mantelpiece, and she whispered: "We use these pots in our lavatories!"

I suppressed an almost hysterical chuckle, for at that moment the door opened and there entered the Governor's Lady.

She greeted Her Highness gravely, and the conversation was stiff. Her Highness was friendly, but her hostess was distant.

Was there trouble?

The visit lasted ten minutes.

As we drove away the Maharani drew out of the little pocket in her brocade bodice, her own diamond-circled watch at the end of its long diamond chain. She observed aloud that the car clock was different. That was it. She had sinned. She had arrived five minutes late for her call on the Governor's Lady.

This accident was duly distorted into being intentional rudeness on the part of the Maharani of Baroda, whom I now began to hear spoken of as 'very seditious.' This charge I repudiated vigorously, but, in my capacity

as buffer, how one realised the full meaning of the saying, 'Give a dog a bad name. . . .'

Other misconstructions occurred, and one outstanding, when the Maharajah was to attend a cricket match in which his son, a possible Blue, and just arrived from England, was playing.

Early that day chairs were taken over from the Baroda bungalow to the spectators' stand, and duly were allowed to be placed in the second row in a good position by the servants, who then went away. Half an hour before the match other hands rearranged everything, and the three brocade-seated Baroda chairs were transferred to the front, where the Governor and party were to be.

The Maharajah arrived with his English A.D.C., Captain Rigg, and, seeing his own chairs, he made a straight line for them and sat down. To his great surprise, an official came up to request His Highness to take his seat elsewhere, as all that row was for His Excellency and Party.

Realising that a mistake had been made, the Maharajah, full of courtesy, at once rose and made his way to the hard and only seats left at the back, whence, with unshaken interest, he watched the match and play of his son.

But the faces of some of the spectators flamed with anger, and I heard an ugly expression which showed an entire lack of true comprehension of the incident. I myself flushed with shame at the harsh judgement.

Also rough treatment was meted out to His Highness' Indian coachman, who, about half-past five, had drawn up the carriage and horses in an empty space, not knowing it was ahead of the Governor's car. So the Maharajah, who left the match early for his usual short walk before sundown, found no vehicle awaiting him, only a terribly anxious *sais* (groom) who bowed himself to the ground and then pointed to the carriage at a corner a hundred yards away.

Few were the names of English people inscribed that season in the visitors' book at No. 4 Queen's Gardens. Of Indian names, of course, there were many.

The convention for calling in the Madras Presidency is reversed throughout the Bombay Presidency, and the new-comer is called upon by those already in residence. Once again I had social godparents, and by Colonel and Mrs. Richard Gamble I was introduced, called upon and received numerous invitations.

The wet season had now set in. At the end of July, this city of 'Mr. Byramjee Jeejeebhoy' and 'Mr. Jussuf Juffoor' (Poona's prominent citizens), was flooded, and in five days nine inches of rain were registered. The two rivers overflowed their banks, and the Holkar Bridge, to which the Maharajah and I had often ridden to see the beautiful waters and hills beyond, was completely submerged. On one side communication with Kirkee, the military cantonment, was cut off, and the mails missed the Bombay weekly steamer, as a railway embankment on the line in the Ghats between Bombay and Poona was washed away. There passengers had to get out and walk a mile to join another train, and 1,500 coolies worked on repairs on the line and carried the travellers' luggage over the gap in transit. Such discomfort could not be thought of for the Maharajah of Baroda, who had to return to his State, and therefore he motored the whole way to Bombay, whence a telegram later announced to the anxious Maharani his safe arrival.

Heavy rain was falling, too, the night of the ball at Government House, Ganeshkind, where hospitable friends, the Rieus (he, Secretary to Government), took me. The gardens, electrically lighted, were unusable; but inside the beautiful house all was gay with uniforms—scarlet, pale blue, buff, black and red and black and green. In strict order of precedence the guests on arrival were marshalled through the corridor, along which the splendid bodyguard stood like statues, each man over six feet, in scarlet uniform with dark blue *pagri*. And the Excellencies received in the ballroom.

Quite a different appearance next day had the same Government House at the *pardah* party given by Lady

Clarke, when not a trouser was in sight! Ladies, ladies, ladies—European, Parsi, Hindu, Mohammedan, from every part of the Presidency—clad in brocades and silks and satins, sparkling with jewels on every available part of their persons, sat or stood and stared at each other.

The party was entertained with refreshments, with an unexpectedly frivolous recitation by a Parsee girl, a violin solo by a woman of the missionary university settlement in Bombay, by a Marathi song, and with conversation. I had talk with Lady Jehangir, an important Parsi lady; with the Lady Ali Shah (mother of H.H. The Aga Khan), whom the Maharani, with myself in attendance, had visited in her own house; with the sister of the Brahman high priest of the Deccan; with Mrs. Puddumjee, secretary of the Indian Ladies' Club, which had given a reception in honour of the Maharani of Baroda; and with other able and delightful women. What an opportunity it was for sympathetic study of racial psychology! Brains of another order, beauty of another type, brilliance of another world displayed that afternoon made one feel that Europe must see more of Asia, but that Asia should not see more of Europe.

Poona began to look gloriously green as the result of the heavy rains, and the crops in the fields outside the city made one think of England in May. Occasionally rainstorms recurred, and then the Asiatic would tuck up his *dhoti*, or trousers, if he wore them, higher and yet higher, until the rain could wet only brown legs, the rest of the garment being under the shelter of his coat! And an umbrella patched with pink added a festive note to any storm.

About this time Her Highness received an interesting letter from H.H. the Begum of Bhopal. In Delhi, with the enthusiasm engendered by the presence of Their Majesties in India, many new schemes had been considered by the Ruling Princes for the betterment of conditions of all classes, and especially in education. Her Highness of Baroda talked often, privately, of a scheme

she herself had at heart—the founding of a school in Central India for the daughters of good Indian families, where would be available an upbringing and education similar to that of the best type of English private schools.

But now the Begum of Bhopal had written to her 'dear sister' asking for her support in founding a girls' school at Delhi in commemoration of the Queen's visit. As I sat facing the Maharani at her writing-table in the broad veranda of the Poona bungalow and made notes of the reply to be sent to her 'sister,' I became aware that this proposed school was likely to breed difficulties, that financial support by the Maharani must depend entirely on the generosity of the Maharajah, that small sums such as Her Highness could give out of her 'pocket-money' would be of no use, and, last of all, that local troubles, such as famine, could be quite useful as spokes in the wheel of progress outside the State.

Then Her Highness signed the letter:

"With love and good wishes,
 "Your affectionate sister,
 "CHIMNABAI GAEKWAR."

This proposed school never did materialise, any more than did the effort to found a school in India by an Islamic emissary from Egypt, where was taking place in this year an Islamic revival that India's Mohammedans watched, in case it might be a political move.

In Poona the girls of Parsi families attended a very good school founded by Miss Susie Sorabji, sister of the famous Calcutta lady lawyer. I was invited to pay a visit here to see in particular the Lotah dances, in which the girls combined, by dance and drill, shapely grace and perfect posture as they held the small brass bowls—the lotahs—above their heads in taper-fingered hands, or balanced them erect: an art over which I enthused to the Maharani next morning as we settled to the piano.

"You will see more of that Lotah dancing," she said,

“at the Women’s Festival, the Nag Panchmi, for which we are shortly to return to Baroda.”

On our way home we passed through Bombay. This August 18 was Coconut Day, and thousands of people amused themselves on the *Maidan* with the usual attractions of a fair: merry-go-rounds, wrestling, conjuring, musical entertainments, sales of hot and sticky sweetmeats and toys. I went on to the seashore, to the gathering of a multitude where Hindu priests presided over pious celebrants offering prayers to the sea now the monsoon was over. ‘God be pleased,’ such was the burden of their prayers, ‘to keep the sea quiet so that the ships may move over it in safety!’ Each man would throw into the sea sanctified water, flowers, rice, and lastly coconuts, all emblems of the fruits of the land suitable for propitiation of the gods. The lower minds amongst the crowd, the opportunists, retrieved the nuts, and thus got something for nothing by selling the coconuts over and over again.

Once more, then, the Maharani and her daughter were settled into the Lakshmi Vilas Palace at Baroda.

For the Princess, her return home evidently intensified latent emotions which had begun to show themselves at Poona, where she had declared hysterically that she would give up ‘Jit’, marry someone in her own caste, leave him the day she was married and go off to London or Paris to live as a divorcée! Now, in Baroda, in a white-heat of fixed purpose, she wrote to her former suitor, Gwalior, returning the engagement ring and other presents, expressing her sorrow at the trouble she had caused and emphasising that it was all her own doing and in no way that of Their Highnesses.

By return of post came a letter from the Maharajah Scindia to the Maharajah of Baroda, who apparently had written at the same time as his daughter, to the man who might have been his son-in-law.

Her Highness, with a sad and significant smile, shewed me the letter which Gwalior, signing himself ‘Your child’, had written in the most generous spirit, thanking

His Highness for all his kindness, asking him to assure the Princess Indira of his interest in her engagement to his 'friend Cooch Behar, Jit,' and of his wishes for their happiness and prosperity. He also conveyed his thanks to all who had been connected with the affair, and further thanked His Highness for kindness and consideration in Europe and in Delhi.

"Had such a thing happened in earlier times," Her Highness presently remarked, "Gwalior would have invaded Baroda with an army!" She added with emphasis that the Princess was *not* engaged to Jit Cooch Behar, that she should never marry him.

'Happiness and prosperity' seemed the last thing likely for the Princess upstairs, in whose bedroom and sitting-room stood large photographs of the Cooch Behar girls and their second brother, Jitendra.

Palace routine went on as usual, and the festival, for which the Maharani had returned to her State, began with a charming entertainment to some fifty Indian ladies in the new Durbar Hall. Entering by the covered upper gallery from Her Highness' side of the palace, I saw the ladies dancing, singing, or squatting happily on the floor, while the Maharani, at the end of the lofty room, was seated on piled red-velvet cushions. Arrayed in a golden *sari*, her feet bare, diamond anklets glittering, and her big toes encircled by rings of diamonds, she talked with the ladies brought before her, or watched the nautch-dancing and singing which began at the end of the hall whenever the guests tired from their own amusement.

What a contrast it was between this entertainment and a tea-party in Their Highnesses' London house, where, over a year ago, I had seen her entertain many titled ladies and talk as well as most of them, the *élite* of England!

The Nag Panchmi Festival next day, when the Cobra, 'Protector of the Female Sex', is worshipped, was the one occasion in the year when the Maharani Saheb was

supreme in the State, and the whole Baroda army acted as bodyguard of its 'Masaheb' or mother. It was her day of days.

That afternoon, in front of the ladies' side of the Raj Mahal, on the broad drives or on side paths, many gorgeously painted elephants, with deep-toned bells and scarlet-and-gold trappings, swayed as they waited within respectful distance of each other. The sight and smell of the elephants made my horses kick and plunge in terror, so that the coachman moved away some two hundred yards, to wait until he could see the Maharajah leave for the city, for His Highness, too, would be a spectator of the ladies' great procession. Then was my time to start.

One after the other the Court ladies climbed up on to their elephants and the *chicks* (curtains) were let down. The Princess Indira followed. Last of all Her Highness came down the marble steps of the palace to the huge beast kneeling at her feet. Then the elephant lifted up her glittering howdah and placed the Maharani Saheb as the crowning feature in the procession already started.

From the balcony of the Library Building there was a perfect view of regiment after regiment, preceded by its band, marching past—the General, with waving plumes and in full dress, on his grey steed at the head of the army. The gold and silver guns on the silver carriages followed. The State bullocks, gaily caparisoned, drew the State bullock-carts, and State horses with rich housings stepped proudly after.

Finally the *sowars* came clearing the crowded streets for the elephants who passed majestically, swaying the howdahs in which sat the Court ladies, the curtains not so opaque as to prevent men's catching sight of elusive charm inside.

Last and most stately of all came Baroda's 'Masaheb'.

When the procession had gone by I posted off in my carriage, which had waited near, to the parade ground, where all the troops were drawn up in regular formation,

and I stood by a canvas-walled enclosure, inside which a *shamiana* or pavilion had been erected.

Presently across the open *maidan* heaved the elephants. At the entrance to the enclosure each animal in turn knelt down; against its side high poles were hoisted, fixed with curtains covering the ladder for descent; and by this protected way (much like a fire-escape) the ladies came to the ground and vanished into the *shamiana*, where I had permission to enter and see the rites.

The Maharani, after a general salutation, sat down upon a dais, and all the ladies came to bow low before her. She proceeded then to a further tent, where, on a platform, was an altar with the cast skin of a cobra stretched across a branch of laurel, a swathing of red gauze to shield it from impertinent eyes.

In front of the altar, on a low silver stool, the Maharani sat down. Brilliant and beautiful, she bowed before the 'god,' the symbol of worship. To the spirit of the rite her spirit made obeisance.

A priest squatted there, breathing hard and fast, as from his lips poured *mantra* after *mantra* (texts from the Vedas). Another priest presented flowers and sacred gifts as offerings for the shrine.

Twenty minutes passed thus in the propitiation of the Great Protector of Women.

Her Highness now returned to the first dais. Here she joined hands with the Princess (who to-day wore a large nose-ring of pearls), and all the ladies joined hands and walked round the dais singing sweet little songs as they circled.

Then, with hand upraised, the Great Lady gave the signal for all to seat themselves on the carpeted floor round the dais, and handmaids hurried in with trays of special foods and sweets.

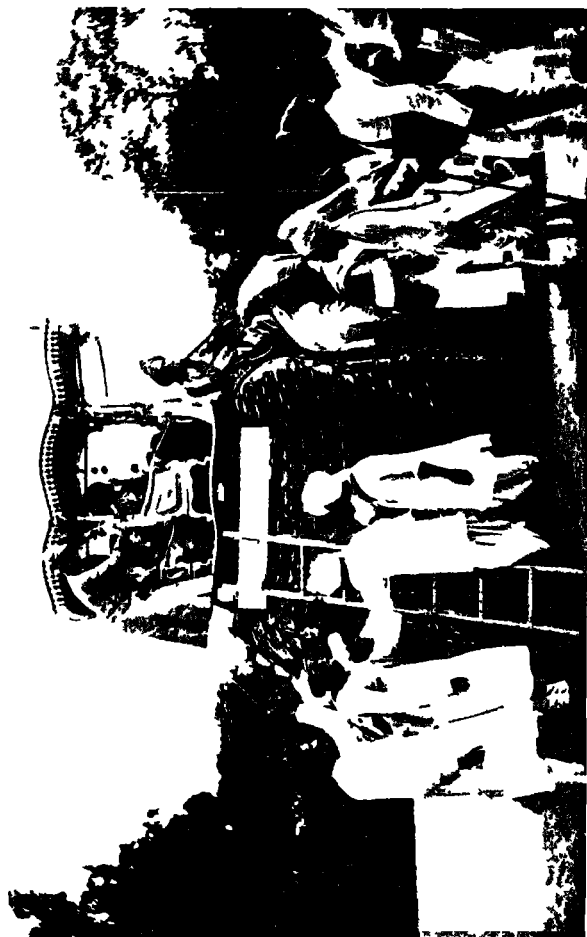
Gradually the Maharani's energy faded out. She was very tired, I knew. Earlier than usual she sent word for her carriage to draw up by the entrance, and her long-tailed American horses bore her swiftly home.

But next morning Her Highness was on the tennis-courts at half-past seven, and she was another person. After the morning game of tennis her habit was to return to the palace, and, having bathed and dressed, to be ready at 9.15 for her piano lesson, in which she was still interested. After that she would read English or write to some of her many friends, Indian and European. Her first meal she took at noon. Her Highness sometimes made coffee at 9.30 and it was delicious.

Alternated with tennis with the Maharani, I went for early rides with the Maharajah Saheb or with the Princess, but seldom both together. His Highness would talk on many subjects, and especially now discuss the correct expenses of a lady of his 'royal family'. In Baroda the term 'pocket-money' instead of 'private purse' was used for such expenses, the budget for which, so I had gathered at Poona, was too often a cause of discussion: for no increase had been made to it since Her Highness' wedding-day. A commission had indeed visited Indore State to compare the budgets of the royal ladies in the two States, but no change had resulted. Budgets for each member of the Baroda House were a serious matter and at the root of many a trouble—just the same as in the West, where allowances are not always made to accord with the ideas of the expender or with the position of the donor!

More and more did palace affairs engross and family scenes charm one. Such a picture as the twenty-second birthday morning of Maharaj Kumar Shivaji stands out very clear. Her Highness was seated in the lounge when, along the corridor leading from the Maharajah's side of the palace, came Shivaji Rao, in white lawn overdress, white trousers and patent shoes, a pink Maratha cap on his well-shaped head with its fine eyes, Grecian nose and curving lips without fullness. His bearing was distinguished, and his square shoulders topped a well-knit frame.

He bowed low to his mother and laid at her feet the symbol of good fortune—a coconut—which she touched



FRANCES INDIKA HAS MOUNDED HER EFFORT FOR THE NAG PANCHMI PRODUCTION

in acceptance. Then she stood up and made a circle with her hand round the head of her son, saying words of blessing, and lightly kissed him on the cheek.

The Kumar smiled sweetly, and next turned to Princess Sitabai of Indore, a connection of the family, who performed the same rite, but without the salute. Then he left, to go to the Durbar Hall, where, at the Durbar being held in his honour, he was garlanded and presented with the State's good wishes for his future happiness and health. Shortly after that day, August 27, he was away upon the seas, returning for his last year at Oxford University.

The malarious, damp heat of the rainy August days was followed by a blessed break of drying sunshine at the beginning of September, when the whole country was green and full of life and promising crops. To the freshness of the days was added the glory of the star-lit nights, when myriads of fireflies flashed and flickered in a ceaseless glow through the dark trees and low bushes. Dragonflies and gorgeous butterflies flitted through hot afternoons; green parrots in full flight, disturbed by monkey-traffic in the trees, would scream across the open spaces; the ubiquitous sparrow hopped in and out of one's rooms; monkeys thought nothing of dashing across the courts in the middle of games of tennis. Sand-flies and mosquitoes were the only trouble.

On the first Sunday in September I drove direct from a dinner-party at the palace to the station, for the night train for Bombay, *en route* for Poona, where Their Highnesses also would stay a very short time before leaving for Simla. The Maharajah arrived in Poona the next day; and the afternoon train brought Her Highness, just in time for the races.

The Maharani watched the field from the grand stand. *Purdah* this day was entirely discarded. She talked horses with successful owners, personal friends, mostly wealthy Bombay and Poona Parsis. Her Highness, stirred by the excitement and the sight of the beautiful

animals, began to consider herself having a racehorse or two. She even gambled successfully at the totalisator which, that season, had been introduced in the Bombay Presidency.

The variety of people on the Poona racecourse was as absorbing as the horses. There were the Arab horse-dealers wearing thin overcoats that reached to the ground, on their heads what looked like small, red-and-white, kitchen tablecloths jammed on by side-pads of hair joined together by rolls of cotton-covered wire. The shiny high black hat of hoof-shape worn by the Bombay Parsi made one stare. Fashionable and advanced Indian girls, rouged, powdered, jewelled, paraded the lawns equally with the modish European women whose male escorts were in top-hats and tail-coats, or lounge suits.

During these few days in Poona I came to know Miss Wildman, head of the Red Cross nurses in India, who was retiring the next year with three medals and a hundred and fifty pounds pension for all her twenty-nine years' service to the country. The curios she had collected were amazing. And how would she get them home? Poona brass was very special, she said, and I ought to buy some.

So one evening she called in her victoria, drawn by two mules, to take me through the bazaar. Presently, at a tiny shop, the large lady mounted the steps and, without hesitation, seated herself on the box whence the *bunnia* (shopkeeper) had just risen, and discussed the prices of brass.

I was horrified. "But your dignity?" I said. "How can you sit down on the same seat where the man has been sitting?"

"I sit here," she laughed, "to make him feel that I am on his level and therefore below the level of his prices!"

Meanwhile the shopkeeper, dressed above the waist with a wonderful, triple, solid gold necklace, with gold ear-rings, one at the top of the ear, the other at the lobe,

with two gold bracelets on his stout arms, and a large ring on the forefinger—stood waiting her pleasure.

"Look at his loin-cloth!" said Miss Wildman. "It is stuffed with rupees. I know him well. He is a Croesus, but pretends to be poor. And he thinks he makes himself holy by the religious marks on his forehead, each one made by a brass marker in shape like an old-fashioned seal." Her fingers dived into a deep bowl and brought out a handful of what might have been old Georgian seals.

She looked up at me. My attention had been distracted by brass finger-bowls, six of which became mine at four *annas* (pence) each. "Aha!" she said. "I see the brass of the country has laid its brazen finger on your heart too!"

It had. My next acquisition, in which copper vied with brass, was a Mohammedan milk-measure, graven all over, which to-day is a boon to a pipe-smoker.

The *bunni* meanwhile had sent for his sick child, and now the boy, some three years old, dressed only in jewellery, and lamp-black round the eyes, gazed dully at us as it lay in its father's arms.

My companion put her practised hands upon the child's body, and "Keep it in bed," she ordered. "Give it milk and water only. If you can, get ice and use a little in water, for you must bathe the child three times a day. He has fever. None of your bazaar medicines!" Miss Wildman spoke severely. "Those will only kill him."

She told me as we drove away: "I expect it will die. These people allow no air to their sick. They fill the room with relations and friends, and they have a priest performing rites in one corner and a rowdy devil-dancer outside to keep away the evil spirits of disease. Perhaps they may follow my recommendations, as I have a reputation with them all. Or the new moon may help the poor mite, for they believe in the 'bright fortnight' before the full moon." She pointed overhead to where, in the rose evening sky, a perfect crescent glistened above the dark entrance to a fruit-market we were about to visit.

Before us now was a stone-paved marketing hall, dimly lit here and there with oil lamps. Inside we could just discern the figures of men and women seated in the midst of the piled fruits they sold, their eyes flashing out of the gloom, a flickering light on a long brass candlestick catching the red of a *sari* that matched the open pomegranate by which the seller crouched.

So, past the Peshwa's fort, we returned home.

In Simla, the house lent by the Maharajah of Patiala for the six weeks' visit of Their Highnesses was now reported ready, and the Baroda party, leaving Poona, arrived on September 17 at Oakover, which was situated at the far end of the Mall.

In sight of the snows, how different was the atmosphere! Distant mountain slopes, rushing streams, deep valleys and white-tipped ranges, the far-off 'Roof of the World,' seemed to bring freshness and fairness into the hearts and minds of the residents of Simla. Certainly the general attitude towards the Barodas, from Viceroy downwards, was kinder than that in the hot plains below. In Poona the military had reigned supreme. Now amongst the gods of government in Simla it seemed that a politic view of life and a broader judgement of others ruled over the busy whirl into which our party plunged.

The game of 'calling' began again. The Maharajah of Baroda had to leave his card on members of council, and this, against the grain, was done. For the Maharani questioning what she should do, it was decided by the Viceroy, and she was informed through the new Resident of Baroda State, who was in Simla at the same time, that, since Her Highness was not entirely out of *purdah*, and since the Maharajah Gaekwar had paid the due formality to councillors, it would be courtesy for the ladies of these same members of council to inscribe their names in the visitors' book of the Maharani Gaekwar of Baroda.

Which arrangement was concurred in by all the ladies save one, who refused to accept the general feeling of *noblesse oblige*.

From twelve till two and from four till six I spent the early days of our stay in calling on these high dames and others to whom I had introductions. 'Visitor's name and rank, or rank of nearest male relative' had to be inscribed in the book at Viceregal Lodge gates; and cards were left at Barnes Court, where lived the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, then Sir Louis Dane; and at Snowden, the house of the Commander-in-Chief. Frequently, after being pulled in a rickshaw up a precipitous slope to a house where one had to call, one found at the top a notice, fastened to a tree or railing, that Mrs. — was 'not at home'; and the only useful thing accomplished was that one knew where the lady lived, which might be of use or it might not! Climbing here and there, occasionally on foot, sometimes sunned, more often soaked, I was not quite sure if the simple hill-women I met were not better off than most of us. These women wore trousers over which a shirt fell to above the knees, and on top of the shirt was a waistcoat. A yard or two of muslin draped the head, its end hung down behind; while nose-rings, earrings, bracelets, and anklets showed the extent of the family fortune. Their social amenities could not cause heartburning.

From the beautiful balcony of Oakover could be seen the Himalayan snows through the dark boughs of deodars, over the tops of rhododendron trees, beyond oaks and other deciduous trees on the slopes below. The Maharani sat much in this balcony, and often she talked of the old times and lamented the passing of the days of good sense and good manners when European middle-class ladies 'knew their places' better (it is a good expression) than to show to the Ruling Princes of India rudeness of back and speech. In those days, too, the Viceroy's Lady required no curtsy, recognising that she was not the representative of the Queen, though her husband repre-

sented His Majesty the King. "But it will come all right," she said. "They will learn."

Their Highnesses were hospitably inclined, and one Sunday night Sir Henry and Lady McMahon were of the party who came to dinner. He was the Foreign Secretary.

After dinner Lady McMahon sat herself down beside me and questioned with interest of my life with the Maharani. How had I come to be with her? Had I been at the Durbar? "My husband," she said, "was master of the ceremonies there, and so I was mistress of them at that wonderful *purdah* Ladies' gathering at the time of the garden party in the fort, when the Ladies presented the Queen with a lovely jewel."

Regretfully I said how counter attractions had kept me away.

Lady McMahon continued: "Then you did not see how the Maharani was dressed on that occasion. The Queen commented afterwards on the difference between the jewellery worn by other ladies and that worn by the Maharani. It was noticeable . . ."

At that moment Her Highness beckoned to me to bring Lady McMahon to her sofa, and I was left to wonder whether righteousness or the reverse had been attributed to her. Previously the Maharani had told me that after special thought that day she had decided to wear jewellery which in taste and value would do special honour to the West, of which the Queen was the great representative. So she had selected two of the seven strings of the priceless Baroda pearls as her only ornament. When Her Highness appeared at the gathering, one over-familiar Indian lady, decked out with bright and showy cheap stones in filigree-gold setting, had greeted her with reproof for the simplicity of her ornaments. "Is this nothing?" the Maharani had replied, as she lifted the pearls and then let fall again on her brocade bodice the strings that could have bought up all the jewellery in the room.

Now Lady McMahon, seated beside Her Highness, was continuing the theme, and the Maharani was looking

pleased and bright, for her guest was saying: "What a beautiful gathering of Ladies it was in Delhi last year! I shall never forget it, nor that afterwards the Queen commented on the difference between your jewellery and that of the other Ladies. Her Majesty realised then what a woman of taste Your Highness was, and how travelled, to be able to break from the old ideas of covering yourself with jewels. . . ."

Her Highness recounted the conversation proudly when the party broke up.

The Viceroy and Lady Hardinge were extremely cordial during the stay of the Barodas in Simla. They had met first at the dog show at the Town Hall the day after Their Highnesses arrived. The Maharajah and Maharani dined at Viceregal Lodge, they lunched there, and in their company Lord and Lady Hardinge watched the football tournament matches at Annandale Club. Their Highnesses greatly appreciated this friendliness, for their hearts were still sore. But when His Excellency went away on tour, to my critical eyes the general courtesy seemed to lessen. However, there was not much contact with Europeans, as our own walks and expeditions filled the days of the Baroda party.

In the evenings and mornings there was a decidedly cold nip in the air. So fit and braced did we now feel that, walking back six of the eight miles from Mashobra to Simla, was as nothing one Sunday that we spent on this beautiful hill. At noon we had eaten breakfast, served amongst lovely trees and wild flowers, and after it the Maharajah and I, both flower lovers, had rejoiced in finding white violets cheek by jowl with white Michaelmas daisies and maroon rose-avons. The Maharani, meanwhile, composed herself in the attitude of a Buddha at the bole of a splendid tree where ferns luxuriated.

It was easy, too, to climb to the top of Jakko, 8,000ft, where was a temple with innumerable monkeys that would rush for food at the call of the priest, who, in his red shirt, red cap with big ear-flaps and long grey beard,

resembled Father Christmas. I watched the old Rajah monkey domineering over the rest. Suddenly came the revolt. Three of the biggest monkeys dared to stand up to him, then ended the quarrel by chasing the old rogue round the temple, over its roof and down the steep *khud* (precipitous mountain side). Revolution even on Jakko! . . . Turning to go, I handed a rupee to the old priest, who, bidding me wait, brought a little red bag, its contents tightly tied up, which he said I was to eat with my next *khana* (food). But, needless to say, I enjoyed my subsequent luncheon party without the *fakir's* addition.

In Simla, that autumn, a certain Major Reginald Austin, R.A.M.C., had electrified this little world of Britons planted for a season amongst the Himalayas, by preaching that the national feast—breakfast—was completely unnecessary. "If you want to be healthy like me," said this giant of reconstructed physique and specially great physical endurance, "eat *nothing*—until midday!"

"What!" said everyone. "No porridge, no bacon and eggs, no fish, no kidneys on crisp toast, no cutlets, no toast, no jam, no marmalade, no hot scones, no butter, no tea, no coffee? Why, the whole world would break down if it did not breakfast. And this man, a soldier too, a man of sense, educated in regulations second to none, whether for the regiment or for the human body!"

Everyone, however, including the Barodas, sat up and took notice.

"We must reduce our weight," said the Maharajah to the Maharani. "Let us have Major Austin to do it in his own way."

So daily performances went on at Oakover under the supervision of the athletic major—breathing exercises and gyrations marvellous—when Their Highnesses would endeavour to plant their feet together and bend their short backs right over until their faces touched the wall on the level of their knees—a feat the instructor could easily accomplish, but which the Maharajah, with his

small stature and big weight of 154 lbs., and the Maharani with her 149½ lbs., found their backs refuse to entertain.

"Anyway, we'll walk and walk, as you say we ought to," said Her Highness with her fascinating smile, "and we'll try to do a little of what you advise. I do feel better for all these exercises."

"I have lost a couple of pounds in a week!" the Maharajah congratulated himself. "I must watch what I eat, Major Austin. But, you know, you English do not help us to eat a little. Your menus are really very large."

When the day of departure from Simla came, as our special train left the hill station my ears were alert to hear the salute accorded by Government to the Maharajah Gackwar of Baroda. Each of the twenty-one guns sounded clearly. Now I could quote Simla to those who asserted that the Baroda salute had been reduced.

At Kalka, the terminus of the mountain railway, Their Highnesses required a walk after the four and half hours' train journey, so we strolled into the bazaar and bought some melons. These fruits were carried for us by a small boy who, as he stalked unconcernedly beside the Maharajah, gave out his young views of life and marriage, to the amusement of the Maharani and myself walking behind, and listening to the talk of those two whose paths in life were so widely divergent.

It was here that I said good-bye for a short while to Their Highnesses, for I was away to Lahore; to stay with my cousin, then the '*Lat Padre*' (Lord Bishop) of Lahore; to see the great Daserah Festival, to watch on the *Maidan* the burning of giants, forty feet high, in memory of the victories of Rama; and then to see the Golden Temple of Amritsar—Amritsar where a policeman greeted me at the clock tower to present the printed rules for Europeans: I must take off my shoes, I must be accompanied by a policeman, and I must take no photographs of women bathing, nor from inside the temple. . . .

Meanwhile, the Princess Indira, whose ears had troubled her in Simla, found them still more troublesome

on her return to Baroda, and immediately I returned from the north she was sent down to Bombay in my care, to stay at the Jaya Mahal ('my white elephant,' the Maharajah always called this Bombay palace of his), situated on the top of Malabar Hill at the farther side from Back Bay, with views straight out to sea.

Four doctors consulted; there was no aurist-specialist at that time in Bombay, and the operation necessary was duly performed by an Indian doctor, while the two English stood by, one being Dr. Mayer from Baroda.

After a week I was recalled to Baroda by a telegram from the Maharani; not for any special reason, but because she liked to have round her the people and things that appertained to herself. I appreciated the fact.

I was located now in the house in Baroda where first I had been the guest of Miss West, and all was very cosy. My butler was a gem, the *hamal* (house-man) a treasure, the cook could make an excellent soufflé, the *punkah-wallah* 'punked' regularly, and the *mahli*, or gardener, supplied ferns and fresh flowers daily (I suspected, from the Raj Mahal gardens, as my garden could not produce so many!). Besides these servants I had my *ayah*, the cook had his 'boy,' and there was the sweeper-woman,—the *mehterani*, the 'untouchable'—who did everything that the other servants would not do; eight in all, not counting the coachman who was part of the provision by the State for my horse and carriage, as was also a riding horse. I wondered if I should have a dog or a *chowkidar* (watchman) for protection at night, and presently decided on the dog. The *ayah* slept just outside my bedroom door, but the other servants were in their quarters well away from the house.

The beginning of the Baroda season was marked by a dinner party given at the Residency in honour of Her Highness, who, on that occasion, dined out for the first time in her own State! This invitation was due to the clever management of the sister of the new Resident, and the Maharani was as thrilled as any débutante, because

underneath this happening lay a meaning special to her own circumstances.

How much was hoped at the Palace from the new Resident who had arrived in June in Baroda! Surely the relations between the Palace and the Residency should be those of a firm alliance whose machinery would ever be oiled by sweet reasonableness, particularly on the British side? The Resident's duty in the Indian State had been so clearly outlined in the days of the 'Great White Queen', when from time to time treaties and engagements were being made with the Ruling Princes and Chiefs who found it true wisdom to ally themselves with the British race. The Resident was to maintain, at all costs, happy relations with the Ruling House. Honourable dealings were to add a glorious stability to the influence of the British Empire in India, particularly amongst the Princes and Allies whose friendship was to be reckoned as a priceless flashing jewel in the crown of Great Britain.

Once more the vexed matter of the Delhi Durbar incident was brought before the Indian public when, on November 18, the *Advocate of India* reviewed an article written by the Viceroy's brother in the English *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The paper said:

"Although Indian readers are familiar with most of the facts set out in the article under consideration, the case made out is one which, in justice to His Highness, calls for republication.

"After ten months' silence—during which one of the ruling princes of India, one of the most loyal and certainly one of the most enlightened, has lain under an unjust suspicion of disloyalty and deliberate discourtesy at the Delhi Durbar—Lord Hardinge, brother of the Viceroy of India, has raised his voice to clear the Gaekwar of the charges levelled against him. Why this has not been done before is a mystery, for the grave attack of certain leading journals and the insults

of lesser papers have constituted a deplorable injustice, and raised popular anger against a ruler who has deserved better at British hands. The few who are acquainted with the facts, especially with the antecedent circumstances, have been constrained to hold their peace, knowing that no voice not official or exceptionally influential would be listened to in all the hubbub, and that no credence would have rewarded a plain statement of the truth when the charge had apparently the high authority of the Press.

"At last Viscount Hardinge has broken silence; but even he has not gone as far as the facts justify. He, as an eye-witness, declares that he 'has no hesitation in saying that the whole thing has been greatly exaggerated,' and after testifying to the high status of the Maharajah, he gives us to understand his entire disbelief in the charge of disloyalty, and for 'disloyalty' he rightly substitutes 'nerves'. If he, together with those who moved the public to indignation, had been more fully conversant with all the circumstances, he would, one may believe, have spoken sooner and dismissed in still more emphatic terms the whole fabric of the charge. Here, then, is the story of this absurdly magnified incident—of how a simple mistake in the excitement of a moving and epoch-making moment has been distorted into wilful rudeness, political *gaucherie*, and disloyalty amounting almost to sympathy with sedition. All this, after even his *amende honorable*, the Gaekwar, one of the most chivalrous and prudent of men, has had to suffer in silence for the best part of a year.

"For years those who have been admitted to the friendship of the Gaekwar have known his views on British rule in India. He has never hesitated to proclaim that rule to be not only beneficent, but absolutely necessary and essential, declaring that if it were once withdrawn, the nations of India would instantly be at one another's throats; and he holds it to be inconceivable that British rule could be exchanged for any



GIANT FIGURE AT THE DASERAH FESTIVAL, LAHORE

other. At the same time he is an enthusiastic educationist—it is known that his is the only State in Asia, and one of the few in the world, with compulsory free education—and cannot see eye to eye with those who hold that education is the road to sedition; on the contrary, he considers that enlightenment is the path to loyalty. No one who knows him and has watched his work, his technical schools, his museum, his public library, etc., will challenge the truth of this statement or doubt the soundness of his views.”

The newspapers might justify the Maharajah, but the incessant pinpricks from the Europeans in India—that ‘paradise of the middle classes,’ as someone justly calls it—could not but be felt by His Highness. However, he was big enough to pursue his own high-set course above all pettiness from others and to hope for the best from the best. The great do not defend themselves. The Maharajah had friends like Lord Lamington and Lady Reay (Lord Reay had been Governor of Bombay), who had written their sympathy and emphasised the fact that ‘discontent is not sedition.’ But so much unfriendly criticism, the lack of opportunity for His Highness to give vent to his feelings, his early training to ‘keep himself to himself’, made sad the ‘Little Man’ (as we English at his Court affectionately dubbed him), but it did not sour him, fortunately. His health, naturally, was affected. But for all that, he carried out his projects for the general good, in which hospitality played a large part.

The Maharajah declared now that he was going to entertain a great deal that ‘cold weather’ in Baroda, and every week there were dinner parties and tennis parties at either Lakshmi Vilas Palace or at the Makarpura Palace where the Family, finding Baroda the opposite of cold, took up their abode for a fortnight.

On November 22nd came rain—an almost unknown thing in this month—and it fell for twenty-four solid hours. The reported one-inch might do a serious damage

to the cotton crops. In houses that leaked badly, with servants who caught cold only too easily, we felt almost injured at this outburst of wet, during which the Orientals girded up their loins so literally that all might see the loin! But it made Baroda cooler for the Maharani, who therefore returned to the Lakshmi Vilas Palace.

The Maharani's days still began with her game of tennis. Her enthusiasm was maintained (as it is even to-day), and she made great progress. Then the time came when Their Highnesses played together in public on the hard-courts in the palace grounds, and the officials who could wield a racquet would vie (so one imagined) for the Maharani's favour, under the impression that according to their ability in the game her interest would be theirs. Certainly lawn tennis in Baroda was given a tremendous impetus that year.

Then the Maharajah invited all Baroda Society to witness a cheetah hunt beyond Makarpura Palace. At the far end of this palace grounds, a gate led out to Sandurpura, undisturbed country through which were bullock-cart tracks, but no roads as yet. In a couple of miles' radius lived a herd of black buck which was to serve as fair game this morning for the cheetahs.

These spotted, lithe creatures were kept by the State for just such hunting as we were to witness. We found them tied on low carts drawn by bullocks, and it was their potentialities rather than their appearance that made us at first keep away as they stood with keen eyes searching the horizon. Only after the arrival of the Maharajah were they hooded; that is, a stiff-peaked band of leather was fastened across their eyes and tied at the back of the head so cleverly that, when within respectful distance of the quarry, both rope and hood could in one quick move be released by the keeper.

The boldest spectators then seated themselves on the splashboards of the carts, where the cheetahs swayed against them and moved uneasily to and fro, scenting something of prey ahead. Gradually the party neared the

trees, and silence was ordered. Next we must leave the carts and proceed on foot. The cheetahs were now standing at the cart-end, ready to spring at the game actually there, but not yet seen. That hateful hood! But each cheetah, trained by its keeper, knew the moment would come.

In whispers we pointed out to each other the small black herd grazing calmly by a belt of trees. We stopped. We advanced again. Away there, making a *détour*, had gone the carts. Presently someone shouted: "The cheetah's off!" and we hurried nearer to see the horrid sport.

Now the black buck is the only one in the herd to be brought down, and the cheetah, while it is being trained, is taught, by the use of a piece of black buckskin, to make for that and that alone. Raw meat is its reward, and the cheetah learns gradually that the whiter doe is never to be touched. Of course in captivity the cheetah grows too fat, for it has none of the natural wild stretching of limbs in climb or race; consequently, at a hunt like this, after a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, the cheetah's wind is gone, and unless it has brought down its prey in that limited run it will lie down, useless for further hunting, and the buck easily escapes.

To-day the cheetah in a flash was at its quarry's throat. The buck put up a great fight while the herd scattered in all directions; but, too soon, the beautiful silky-eared animal was down on the ground, horns useless, speed exhausted, strength ebbing away as the destroyer sucked at the cruelly bitten neck.

In the wild the cheetah would suck and suck the life blood of its prey until, utterly sated, it would crawl off to sleep. But now domestication made a difference, and while the cheetah's teeth were buried in the smooth furred throat the keeper gently put on the blinding hood and roped his charge again. Meanwhile, a huntsman cut open the buck, and having extracted a bloody mess in a long wooden spoon, he gradually made the cheetah transfer its desires from the neck of the animal down to the entrails,

where it gorged and gorged anew. Thus the head with its fine horns would be saved. The body, after being carefully skinned, was to be cut up then and there, and that afternoon in some favoured kitchens would hang presents of venison from His Highness. Mine was one.

The party of spectators now returned to the Summer Palace, where a generous breakfast awaited, and from ten till eleven we ate and talked, afterwards being entertained by the gaily-dressed Nautch girls with their musical troupe, whom some of the guests had not seen.

That same night Their Highnesses and the Princess went down to Bombay for a wedding, and were away a few days.

At the local theatre a good Gujarati company had installed themselves for six months, to play three nights a week, and I went one night to the performance, which began at half-past nine. The staging and scenery were excellent; the signal for miraculous scene-shifting was the bang of a gun! The players, dressed in Elizabethan style without ruffles, did well; the women's parts were taken by men or boys, whose deep or broken voices gave an amusing touch to the dramatic situations of the performing maidens. The orchestra was a tiny harmonium and a drum. The thread of the plot was no clearer at eleven o'clock than at the beginning; so I left them to it, knowing that the elucidation might not come till two or three in the morning, when the play was to end.

The Maharani stayed in Bombay a day or two after the Maharajah had left, to interview prospective brides for her eldest son, Jayasinh Rao. There was one particular girl who had all the necessary qualifications—family, health and caste, but her eyes were nervously uncontrolled.

"A condition of nystagmus," said Doctor Balabai the next morning after Her Highness' return when she summoned him to give opinion of the trouble. The doctor, a Gujarati of unusual appearance, fair-haired, blue-eyed, spectacled, of sweet temperament, was family-friend as

well as Palace physician. "It is probable," he continued in his low voice, "that it will pass with time, but she should be given glasses."

A photograph of the possible bride had arrived by post, and the Maharani handed it to me for criticism. At that moment there came along the corridor the quick footsteps of the prospective bridegroom, who then joined the party and the discussion. He turned to me to ask: "What do you think? I suppose I ought to get married sometime, and the sooner the better." He took from my hand the picture of the girl, who was well-formed, just less than his own height, with good features and a certain immature distinction in general appearance. She was the daughter of a Zamindar, a small landowner of good family.

"How old is she?" I asked the Maharani.

"Thirteen," answered Jayasinh Rao quickly. "This girl is all right. It is just the eyes that are wrong." He nodded at my suggestion that he should go to Bombay to see her, and if the meeting were fraught with interest, to carry on. "You're right," he said. "I'll go down to Bombay and see the little girl."

The glamour of the romantic unknown was upon him. Also, with marriage would come definite status, and money and jewels and property would be settled upon him as a 'family man'. He would be dependent no longer upon the Maharajah for his bread and butter. Being under the parental roof held serious limitations. When he married he would be his own master. So, as marriage seemed to be the road to freedom, that road he would take as soon as possible. It seemed quite congruous that in the transitional stage of young Indian life a Harrow-cum-Harvard educated princeling should marry a child of thirteen. His father was the first in India to make a law for his State that twelve was the earliest age when a girl should be married, thus condemning infant marriages. In fact, in 1904 an Infant Marriage Prevention Act had been passed—an Act that was to mould

public opinion and to pave the way for the great advance of twenty years later! Now, in 1912, in this case of the Ruler's own son, it was an advance, even if the girl were young, to have the man educated and as old as twenty-three.

While the Kumar went down to Bombay, a magnificent game took place in the palace billiard-room, when Gray and Stevenson made marvellous breaks before an admiring Baroda Society. The Maharajah spoke to me, seated that evening beside him, and evidently his thoughts were on the ideal daughter-in-law, not on the game. He had been to that wedding in Bombay—marriage was in the air. "She will have to be very carefully educated, on broad lines," he said; "and with only the best Western influence brought to bear upon her education. . . ."

The Maharani's thoughts, too, despite her keenness for the game, at which she was a good player, were with her son in Bombay; and when presently I joined her, Her Highness informed me that at Belgaum, where she had gone to interview a girl, she had met parties from Gwalior searching for a bride for their Maharajah!—

Jayasinh Rao duly returned to Baroda satisfied, and he bade his mother 'go ahead!' So, after the casting of omens with the usual astronomical paraphernalia, the date of the marriage was fixed for the third week of February 1913.

As there had been changes in the Residency, so in the Dewanship, for Mr. Seddon had left the State, and his place was filled at the end of the year by Mr. B. L. Gupta, he who had been at the Baroda Camp in Delhi. Mr. Gupta was ever an able official and a loyal friend to the Palace. With his well-educated and charming daughter as hostess, he celebrated his new position by giving a garden party at the Delhi Pavilion in the Public Gardens a few days before Christmas.

The year closed in gloom with the outrageous attack on the Viceroy at the state entry into Delhi on December 23rd, when foolish hands endeavoured to confuse British

supremacy by hurling a bomb at Lord Hardinge, seated with Lady Hardinge on an elephant, passing in grand procession through the main street, the Chandi Chowk.

The shadow of that outrage was long. It was the chief topic of our conversation in the Baroda Palace at a family dinner party the same night that I returned from ten days 'casual leave'. The Viceroy was the Friend of Baroda, and the Maharajah and the Maharani had immediately telegraphed united and individual expressions of deep sympathy to Lady Hardinge, whose replies had been courteous and reassuring.

CHAPTER IV

THE Maharajah kept his ruling finger on the pulse of his State by making tours during the cold weather, so he was often away from his capital. This January His Highness delayed going out on tour in order to become acquainted with the English colonel and officers of a new regiment just arrived in Baroda, so these were now invited, first to a garden party at the Palace, and then to join a pig-sticking hunt and camping party at Dabka, when the Resident of Baroda State and his sister were also to be present.

To reach Dabka, reputed to be the most charming spot in all the State, we had to go first by train to Padra, and thence by tonga or on horseback along eight miles of rough tracks to a bluff above the river Mahi, just where it turned to make its wider way to the sea, distant by nine miles.

Here had been planted a fine camp. Two lines of tents looked at each other, and at the farther end stood the big dining-tent. While the Resident and his sister were located in the only brick bungalow near by, Colonel Walton and his officers and their wives, and a few of the important Baroda officials and their ladies, lived in the tents.

Their Highnesses, to whom it was sweet, even for a few days, to get back to the atmosphere of the simple past, stayed in an adjacent 'palace' approached through farm-gates that opened into a courtyard, round which the house was built in ancient style. There, the first evening, I led the English ladies to be received by the Maharani, who listened with smiling acceptance to their expressions of delight in the camp arrangements and surroundings.

From Saturday to the following Wednesday the camp

was alive with the joys of life in the open air, on horseback, on elephants, on foot, in solid English boats brought overland from Baroda, and in the pleasure of united interests and happy circumstances—guests of a host and hostess whose deputies excelled themselves in consideration of the comfort of Their Highnesses' visitors.

The first afternoon, after tea, the country tent-party lounged on the cliff-terrace in long chairs, or we potted with rifles at *chattis* (large pots) placed on the sandy foreshore of the river opposite the bluff, having first disposed of the alligators basking over there in the sun.

After a sumptuous dinner, conjuring entertained us until we separated to our tents. Here to stretch out close to the sandy floor, to look up into the peak of the tent and feel there was only a flimsy covering between one's bed and the star-studded sky; to hear the cry of jackals in the distance or near by the squeal of an elephant; and then to lose oneself in dreams of unusual hunting—it was all so good!

On Sunday, boating, fishing and shooting prepared us for the next day, when the programme said we should start at 7.30 a.m. for 'pig-sticking in the Bhata'.

For a month beforehand the wild pig had been fed with gram to allure them to the more open jungle country suited for the chase. Here they were peacefully disposed to remain, and sport should be good, for the boars were reported to have fine 'tushes'.

That Monday morning elephants bore away the ladies, Indian and European, in shady howdahs, to accompany the beating line that would gradually drive the pig towards the four parties on horseback.

But long before they left, fifty riders had started to take up distant positions by tree-clumps. And there in silence we waited, listening for the blowing of horns to announce the approach of the quarry or watching for the waving of white flags by men stationed in treetops.

About nine o'clock our wait was rewarded, and we were away after three boars, five sows and their piglets.

Gradually we centred on one boar which gave us a splendid run, for it hid in low bushes, then turned, fiercely gashed the foreleg of a horse as it rushed back on its tracks and under the animal, and forward again over banks and down and up *nullahs* (deep ravines). But at last the riders closed in on it and it fell with the spear-thrusts. Ruth Anderson and I being in at the death, had to be 'blooded'; but my horse, more humane than its rider, hated even the smell of the gore that was ceremoniously daubed on my coat!

The cheetah-hunt next morning was not lucky, as the black buck were shy; disturbed, no doubt, by the boar-chasing of the day before. So, in the afternoon, Colonel Walton of the newly-arrived regiment, took out a small party of two men and two women to shoot black buck. We drove into the more open jungle and left the tongas. I had borrowed a rifle from the battery of Mr. Sampat Rao (who had recently been for a shooting trip in East Africa), and now it was my draw to stalk the buck seen in a wild track. His doe standing by him, warned him of me in the distance, but he took no extra heed than to move away some ten yards or so, all the three times she warned him as I drew nearer and nearer.

His horns measured nineteen inches wide and twenty-one and three quarter inches long—quite a good pair, they told me.

The Maharajah dined with all his guests at the farewell banquet, which was as happy as the best of family parties. Afterwards it was my pleasurable duty to escort Her Highness from the old palace to join us all—this a great innovation—and watch dazzling fireworks, golden showers, coloured rockets, sparkling stars and circling globes of light, that made the dark river below the bluff and the low-lying country beyond bright as the day.

We returned to Baroda, full of a delightful *camaraderie*, to recount to those left behind the joys of a tent-party at Dabka which the Maharajah Saheb said would be repeated the following year.

Then on the last night of January misfortune befell me, for, when driving in a high dogcart, the young horse shied violently at white-clad figures emerging suddenly from an invisible sidepath on to the narrow dark road, the cart overturned and the shafts broke. I could not wish anyone to know the agony of my two-mile drive home in a shigram, right shoulder dislocated! And on the way, doctor and nurse had to be fetched to set the bone at my bungalow. . . .

But Their Highnesses' sympathy lessened the awkwardness of lopsided living, and everyone was friendly and helpful. On the third day after, when I resumed my place in the Palace, the old cousin of the Maharajah, Kaka Saheb, came up and touched my arm in its sling to show his sympathy, as, fourteen years before, he had done the same thing. Within the week I was sympathising with him, for, as he was playing a game of badminton, out again went his shoulder, and then he and I both went about the Palace, arms in slings, and both laughed at, particularly by the Maharajah Saheb, who loves his quip.

But one's activities were not too limited. In the early mornings the carriage followed behind as I took a constitutional along the shady Makarpura Road, which, reserved for the Maharajah, had already been watered from the conduits built along either side. One morning the Maharani herself cantered unexpectedly out from a sandy lane and greeted me gaily and patronisingly, for there was I on foot while she rode! Generally it was the other way. But a month later I was accompanying Her Highness on horseback, by the road that avoided the city's main traffic, down to the race-course, where she much enjoyed the surprise of the Resident, who had never seen her mounted, and who now cantered alongside for a few furlongs.

My sympathy and affection for the Maharani Saheb increased daily. The first four months in her service had now lengthened into eight, and I for my part was quite

decided to stay if Her Highness wished to prolong the engagement. So, her desire ascertained, I went one morning in February to see the Maharajah in his library, where His Highness, with his unfailing courtesy, stood up to greet me and bade me take a chair.

"May I put a question, Sir?" I began. "It is quite out of order, I know, but I do like dealing with principals!" (At this he smiled.) "There has to be a formal engagement if I continue in Your Highnesses' service, and as I have a great wish to do so, I came to ask if you would like me to stay."

"We like you," was his quiet and quick reply. "We should like you to stay."

"Thank you very much, Maharajah Saheb. I am so pleased." And the interview was at an end.

The sanction of the Government of India had to be obtained formally through the Residency for this definite engagement of a European in a 'Native State', and I asked the Resident to look through the agreement to see if all were fair and square, as of course it was.

Spring was with us now and, at the time of the festival that marked its arrival, the charming Indian equivalent of New Year cards of good wishes from friends for health and happiness were sent to Their Highnesses. The Maharani's writing-table was piled with small red-brocade bags, each with its little label, and she opened that from the Maharajah of Indore to show me the contents—a white dry sugary stuff like popcorn. Its name was *Tilgul*, and its meaning was "Sweet wishes of 'let us forgive and forget'," she said. "We have sent the same from the Palace to all our friends. It is made of cinnamon and molasses. Taste it."

Celebration of the festival was made that same afternoon in the new Durbar Hall, when the Maharani held a full Ladies' Durbar, at which, an interested spectator, I squatted on the floor like all the rich-hued crowd. Her Highness, who wore many jewels (diamond toe-rings, anklets, bracelets, rings, and necklace, and strings of

pearls), her *sari* of a rose-pink cloth of gold (made in Benares and bought in Simla), sat on red-velvet-and-gold cushions at the end of the hall.

A procession was formed, and the ladies circled past the pink curtains at the open balcony-doorways and over the white-carpeted floor. Each one stayed in front of Her Highness to present her offering of *Tilgul*, and she salaamed low, two hands to the forehead, the body bent forward to the ground. Her offering being placed in a large golden bowl, the lady passed back to her row to sit until all offerings had been made, during which time a music-troupe with their singer, dressed in wide silver-embroidered skirt and head *sari*, and wearing silver leggings and anklets, sang heartily and played.

Then the palace women came round to present to the guests *pan-supari* and a portion of rice and sugar cane—symbolical good wishes—which return gift was carefully tied up by the recipient in a large handkerchief or towel and handed to a waiting-maid to take away.

Princess Indira was present at this ceremony, but there was no heart in her enjoyment. Ever since December her parents and she had been estranged. The Gwalior episode was finished, and she refused to entertain other marriages suggested. Most certainly she wanted to marry. But the only suitor to touch her heart was the lover who, dancing with her at Delhi, had pointed out that they two in the whole world were destined for each other. His sisters were writing constantly to her, and she declared herself engaged to 'Jit'. But the Maharani would not admit of any engagement, for it was serious, this difference in caste.

The Maharajah only grasped how much of his own tenacity of purpose and strength of character had been inherited by his daughter when, in the middle of February, a note was delivered to him from the Princess.

She stated in writing—she could not speak these things—that she wished to settle the date of her marriage for March 18th, and to leave for Calcutta on the 15th. She

had done nothing yet because she so desired her father's permission and her mother's consent. She expressed herself sorry for the trouble she had been to her parents, but she begged for the date to be settled so that the banns could be published. The tone of the letter was filial, even affectionate, but her mind was evidently made up.

The next morning an A.D.C.'s note asked me to drive with Their Highnesses later in the day. The cavalry escort was dismissed before the carriage had reached the racecourse, and then the Ruler and his Consort talked depressedly and anxiously. Neither of them was well, and they could not see the future clearly. What did I think of Indira Raja's letter? I could only urge patience and put forward the knowledge I had privately of the Cooch Behar family.

But permission for the marriage could not be given, and the Maharajah sent a message to his daughter to say so.

Late that night a note from the Princess asked me not to read with her the next morning as she felt 'frightfully blue,' and meant to go for a long ride by herself. She realised, she wrote, the need for pulling herself together and facing the new situation. I was to ride with her the following Sunday morning.

On that ride the girl's eyes were jaded from worry. Primitive emotions stirred. She wanted to marry, and she was immovable in her decision that, somehow or other, she would wed Prince Jitendra of Cooch Behar. She spoke of her lack of money; her jewellery was mostly State property, and her monthly allowance always had to be accounted for and the bills shown, and any of it not spent had to be returned to the treasury. If she ran away she would get nothing from her father. The prince had no money either. "How money or its need spoils happiness!" she said; and it was sadly that she turned her horse homewards. But our canter in the sandy lanes had helped to clear her brain for the coming struggle when she would not give in.

Festivities for the wedding of the eldest Maharaj

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Kumar were now all arranged. The bride would arrive on Monday February 24th; and from the station, after her reception, the bride, on an elephant, her party in carriages, would be escorted in procession to the Nazar Bag Palace in the city, where they would stay.

All during the week before, guests, Indian and European, began to arrive. The wedding was to be a brilliant affair. Among those who came were the Maharajah and the Yuvaraj of Mysore and all their ladies; the Maharajah and Maharani Holkar of Indore with their two beautiful children; the Maha Rana of Rajpipla; the Maharajah of Bhavnagar; the Maharajah of Darbhanga; Rajah Sir Harnam Sing and Lady Harnam Sing; and also the charming and naïve poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, from Hyderabad, Deccan. The palaces and city were filled to overflowing.

The official programme of festivities was distributed and said:

Wednesday, February 26th . . .	Arrival of guests
Thursday, ,, 27th . . .	Procession and wedding
Friday, ,, 28th . . .	Cheetah hunt
	Military sports
	Public fête
	Ladies' <i>pardah</i> party
Saturday, March 1st	Girls' gathering
	Elephant sports
	Banquet and fireworks
	Public fête
Sunday, ,, 2nd	Departure of guests.

The actual opening day of the ceremonies was Sunday the 16th. At eight o'clock that morning the Maharajah performed the *Akshata* ceremony, or presentation of saffron rice to the 'royal family-deities', invoking them even as friends for the marriage ceremony. Then followed the presentation of *Akshata* to the 'Kith and Kin and others'.

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Between the 16th and the 24th the decorations were completed. Along the main streets where the procession was to pass, all buildings were hung with garlands of imitation flowers, coloured lanterns and gay paper decorations; from lamp-post to lamp-post swung feathery festoons; in front of shops was placed trellised woodwork where, at night, glowed small white and coloured tumbler-lamps burning coconut oil. From every roof flags flaunted. The towered archways wherever four streets met, were brilliantly gay. At the palace main gate a handsome white wedding arch, in Indo-Saracenic style, was erected, with an upper balcony for musicians to play processions in and out. Along the roads all posts were swathed with brightly coloured cloth, and beflagged wires were slung across. Even the trees were used as stands for more flowers and flags. The ordinarily dull railway station was lightened up with bunting and red drugget and masses of tall palms and ferns.

Here, on Monday the 24th, the little bride arrived, and her big elephant proceeded with her to the Nazar Bag Palace in the heart of the city.

Next morning at eight-thirty began the ceremonies. First that of

Sakharpura, a presentation of a packet of sugar-candy with a coin in it, to the bride by the father of the bridegroom.

Then the—

Huldi procession, that brought the bridegroom's male party to the Nazar Bag Palace, where at ten took place the ceremonies of:

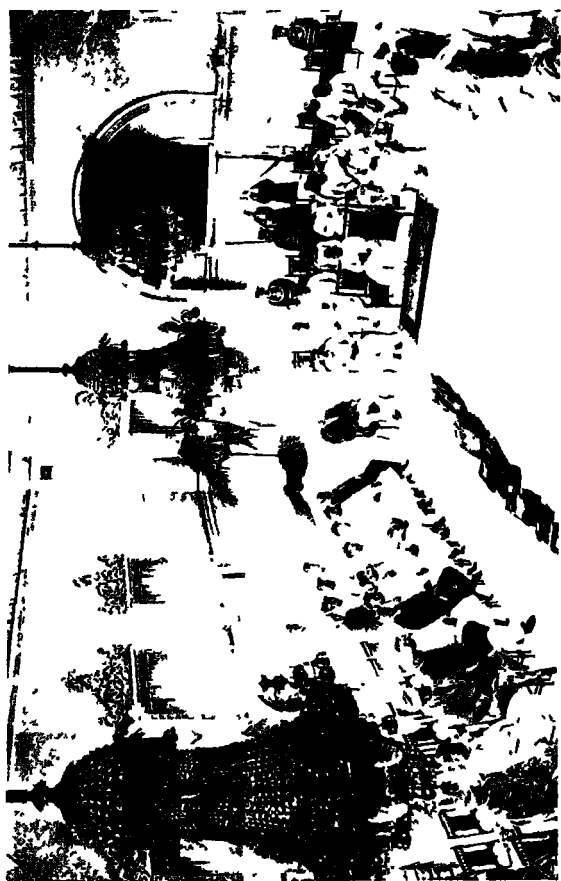
Tila, making a mark on the forehead;

Patrika Pujana, worshipping the horoscope;

Uшти-Huldi, when *huldi* (a red powder) was applied first to the bride and then to the bridegroom;

Mandap-Sthapana, when the fathers of the bride and of the bridegroom together tied a bundle of hay to the *pandal* (tent-pavilion), for the marriage;

THE WEDDING DUKBAK



HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Ghana, a particular ceremony of grinding corn before the *Devapratishtha*, Consecration of the Deity, and the *Anushthanarambha*, the beginning of the religious rites; *Wak Nischaya*, or the final agreement over the ceremonies, took place at six o'clock and continued until the evening when *Gadaganer*, or a feast, was held at the Lakshmi Vilas Palace, in two different halls, for the 'male members' and for the 'female members.'

The day ended with the performance of a Gujarati drama in the theatre, beginning at ten and ending at three in the morning, by which time all parties involved must have felt thoroughly wound up!

Thursday the 27th was the day of the wedding.

At eight-thirty that morning the *Akshata* to the Residency took place, when the Maharajah Saheb, accompanied by the father of the bride and a mounted escort, arrived before the doors of the Resident.

"Why don't Your Highnesses issue invitations beforehand?" I said to the Maharani at the time. "Might not people be engaged if they are only invited on the actual day of the function?"

"It is not polite in our eyes to ask people before the ceremony is about to take place," was her reply. "I may know what is arranged, but I do not expect to be invited until the day has actually dawned. Now His Highness has gone down to Camp to invite the Resident according to our formalities, with all the pomp and circumstance that is suitable to his position."

That afternoon from three o'clock onwards came the ceremonies of:

Telvana, when the bodies of the bride and bridegroom were anointed with oil in their several homes;

Wardhawa, a ceremony of reception (generally at the boundary of the village) for the bridegroom only, which involved a procession in great pomp from the Lakshmi Vilas Palace to the Nazar Bag Palace;

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Mula, the invitation to the bridegroom from the bride's side for marriage, when a procession was made from the Nazar Bag to the Lakshmi Vilas Palace; during which time the bride was to worship the goddess Parvati and the god Siva.

The bridegroom having accepted the *Mula*, then set out in procession from his home to the Rajah Rajeshwar Temple at the boundary of the city, where he was met and worshipped (*shrimant pujana*) by the father of the bride.

At six-fifteen the procession was re-formed and the bridegroom proceeded to the Nazar Bag Palace where, in the *pandal*, the ceremony of measuring time by a pot and water was being performed, prior to the actual marriage ceremony.

In the marriage pavilion itself all the European guests had by this time taken their places, the Resident and his sister, of course, in the front row, all others, according to their luck or conceit, on the chairs placed in rows facing the dais, where presently they would see the bridegroom and bride.

Then came a stir outside; the bridegroom had arrived, and at the door the father of the bride was making an offering of respect to the bridegroom. All turned and stared.

The scheduled time for the actual marriage was six-forty p.m.

Now the gorgeously dressed bride was brought in from the back and placed upon the dais. Here, between her and her bridegroom, who had also just taken his seat, a curtain was to be held until the moment before the *kanya dana* or the giving away of the daughter in marriage. Then followed the *granthibandhana*, the tying of thread on the wrists of the couple. Next was the taking of the *sapta padi*, when the bride and bridegroom walked together the Seven Steps which made the marriage irrevocable. At this moment the custom is for the nearest

male relative to flash his sword (with a lemon on its point, to show it is a peace-time ceremony) over the head of the bride as an indication of his protection of her, and his nearest male relative does the same for the bridegroom; this custom a relic of the old days when marauders might interfere with a marriage! And to-day we saw the symbolic swords gleaming over their heads.

During all the proceedings the tongues of the priests rolled out Veda texts. At given moments the recitations ceased, and rice and confetti and small dried sweets, as symbols, were thrown by the spectators towards the happy pair.

Laden with heavy scented garlands, they were now seen seated on the dais before the spectators, and the curtain between the two was down for life! But each other's faces they could hardly discern. Festoons and flowers and pearls hung from the bridegroom's aigretted turban of red and gold, and marriage garments of sheer fine muslin and beautiful brocade hid his form. The little bride beside him had her cloth-of-gold *sari* drawn well over her face, from which depended nose-rings and ear-rings, and her neck blazed with jewels. Her golden-ankleted feet and be-ringed toes were scarcely visible.

Behind the dais was a *purdah*, through which we could dimly see the 'female members' of the contracting parties, and in the centre of the group was the Maharani Saheb.

The Maharajah, during the early part of the ceremonies, had been seated in front with the Resident and his sister next to him. After the bond had been made irrevocable His Highness received the congratulations of his guests, the Resident, the Maharajahs, the Rajahs, Chiefs, Thakors, and the European ladies and gentlemen—who all were offered *pan supari*, gifts of nosegays and scent. At the same time, in the adjoining palace, the Maharani was holding a ladies' *darbar* to receive congratulations.

That same night, after separate dinner parties given by the bride's side for both sexes, was the ceremony of *soon-mukha*, at the Nazar Bag Palace, when the mother of

the bridegroom looks at the face of her son's bride and gives her sweetmeats and ornaments, greeting her as now a member of the family of her bridegroom.

There was little rest for the important parties concerned; so none appeared at the cheetah hunt next morning, when the European guests were to be 'amused' by this sport. The bride's mother had an important duty to perform—to cook a breakfast 'of respect' for the mother of the bridegroom, Her Highness the Maharani Saheb, who was herself much occupied by the distressing fact that the Maharajah Saheb was not at all well and could hardly accomplish his large share of the ceremonies. Indeed, that morning-fever had kept him to his room.

For this reason, therefore, the Maharaj Kumar Shri Dhairyashil took the place of his father at the big durbar in the great hall of the Lakshmi Vilas Palace, when the deputations from the various States were presenting their gifts—the *poshaks* and *nazars*—of valuable cloth and plate.

The most interesting presentation came from H.H. the Begum of Bhopal by the hand of her minister, Khan Bahadur Israr Husan Khan—rich *poshaks* for the Maharajah and the Maharani and the bridegroom, and two plates of solid gold containing old gold *mohurs* (coins).

A present and congratulations were also sent by H.H. the Aga Khan.

Following the presentations, the Dewan of Baroda, Mr. B. L. Gupta, on behalf of the absent Maharajah, thanked the members of the Deputations and said:

"I am asked by His Highness to convey his lively sense of gratitude to the princes and chiefs for their kindness in sending the rich and beautiful presents on this occasion. His Highness expresses his deep regret for his inability to receive you all personally, owing to his continued indisposition, and therefore he desires me to convey his thanks to his brother chiefs and nobles for the rich gifts they have sent him on the occasion of the

THE CHELSEA VIOL



wedding of his Kumar. He greatly appreciates their kind feelings towards him and hopes that by mutual goodwill and efforts on his and their part the friendly and cordial relations which now exist will be strengthened and continued for ever."

The durbar was then dissolved.

In the afternoon all might watch military sports on the Waresha Parade Ground, while in the sunk-garden at the palace took place a 'curtain-party' for Indian ladies only.

But our thoughts now centred on the night event, when the bridegroom, in procession, was to take his bride home.

After a banquet in the camp for European guests, I invited two American youths to come with me. They had happened into Baroda just for this festivity, of which they had heard rumours in Bombay the day they landed, and they wanted to see everything. We drove to the outskirts of the gaily lighted city, its streets bright with coloured lanterns and glaring torches, and noisy with fireworks and crackers. Near the banks of the Sursagar Tank, outlined to-night with fairy lamps of every hue, and in the centre of whose waters were reflected a brilliantly illuminated barge and rafts, we took up a position where three roads parted. Here about midnight would pass the grand marriage procession of bride and bridegroom from the Nazar Bag Palace to the Lakshmi Vilas Palace.

The roar of cannon presently announced the start of the torchlit splendour. Regiment after regiment passed with banners, pennons, cavalry and bands. Carried aloft came all the marriage symbols of wealth and health. Then rockets blazed out the near approach of the central figures of the procession.

Just ahead of the glittering bridal-elephant the band was playing strains familiar to our ears. My companions turned to stare at each other. One said: "Why, that's the Harvard Song! How extraordinary! . . ."

"The bridegroom was at Harvard," I explained. "He had the band taught the music of it."

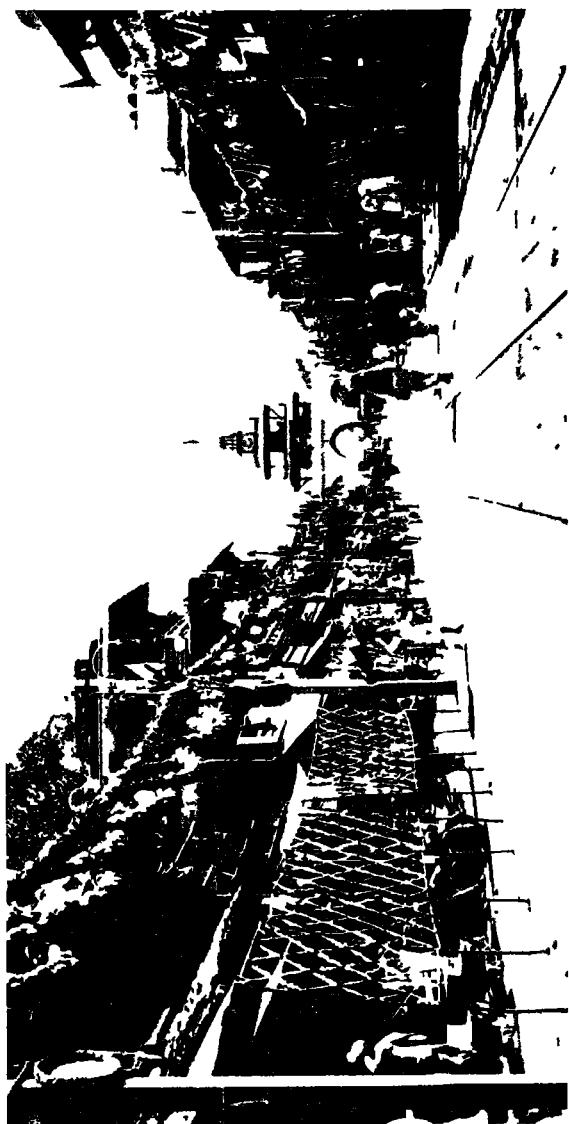
"Gee!" gasped the young men. "We'd forgotten. He was in our class there. Say, Buddy! . . ." And they gazed with a hundred per cent more pleasure and amazement at their former class-mate now going through the greatest ceremonial of his lifetime in this medieval fashion.

By two o'clock the party had reached the palace, and when the bride entered her husband's home, the ceremony of worshipping Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth and Prosperity, had to take place. At the goddess's shrine lay emblems of Plenty and of Wifehood, for she, wife of Vishnu the Male, is all that is termed Female; and here the little bride, hitherto named Putlibai (Dolly) now received her new name—Shakuntala Raja.

The sun looked down at half-past eight on more worship of deities going on in both the Palaces. At nine, in the city, the Nyaya Mandir (Law Court Buildings), was the prettiest and gladdest of sights, with all the girls of Baroda in holiday dress to make entertainment and feast. The day continued with a special repast for the Indian guests, after which came a picturesque affair in the big Durbar Hall, viz. the return-giving of gifts to the members of deputations. Even then the festivities were not over.

That afternoon in the military club of the Baroda Army, a select audience listened to the poetess-guest, who had been prevailed upon to recite some of her poems. In yellow *sari* Mrs. Naidu stood up, eyes flashing in charming shyness, and recited choice verses, to which her own tongue did not do justice. Displeased with herself over the expression of them, she would not continue, but broke up the audience who gladly would have listened to more.

Vastly different a staging was the Agad, to which the party then drove. This high-walled arena at the end of the city was the scene that afternoon of elephant sports. The walls were thronged to the top with the city people, while the guests of the Maharajah were accommodated in a tiered balcony close to the gateway by which the



BARODA CITY DECORATED FOR THE WEDDING

elephants entered from the *hathi khana*, their stables. We looked down into the arena, first at the exquisite little green parrots performing marvels, then at wrestlers locked in combat, at acrobats, at buffalo fighting buffalo, and ram butting ram. Lastly elephants were baited by riders, who seemed every minute in danger of annihilation; but when incited by their keepers to fight a fellow elephant, the animals stubbornly refused to provide any thrills.

The most important of concluding functions was the State Banquet that night. Rich decorations, brilliant illuminations, glittering jewels of princely guests, picturesque dresses of Indians, and gay toilettes of European ladies with their more sombre-clad lords, made a wonderful picture in the Durbar Hall, on which the Maharani and her *pardah* ladies looked down from the carved and shuttered balconies on three sides of those upper galleries. The angel-trumpeters who supported the archways blew silent pæans of wedding airs that made the magnificent crystal chandeliers depending from the carved ceiling flame and glow electrically with all the colours of the rainbow.

But the Lord of it all, the Maharajah, was not well enough to be present. So his new-wedded Kumar, Shrimant Jayasinh Rao, presided over the banquet in the place of his father, who might not feast. And at the conclusion it was the duty of the Dewan, Mr. Gupta, to propose the health of the King Emperor and read the Maharajah's speech, which said:

"I deeply regret that I am prevented by sudden indisposition from taking part in the present festivities on the occasion of my son's marriage and at being unable to appear before you to propose the health of His Majesty the King Emperor. It is a toast often drunk in silence. But on this joyous occasion my heart is too full to permit my proposing this toast without giving utterance to the feelings of a sincere friendship and

attachment which I bear to the person of His Majesty and my unswerving loyalty to the British Throne. I, with some others present here, have the proud privilege of being personally acquainted with His Majesty, and have marked with increasing gratification the anxious care with which His Majesty, both before and after ascending the Throne, has watched over the interests and welfare of his Indian subjects. His message of hope and sympathy, which was cabled to us soon after he had visited India as Prince of Wales, sent a thrill of joy and gratitude through the length and breadth of the country, and his recent visit to India as King Emperor has endeared him to all sections of the Indian community. I am proud to own allegiance, and express my heart-felt loyalty and devotion to such a sovereign. May he live long and rule with success and with untarnished glory over the British Empire, on which the sun never sets.

"I cannot conclude this speech without referring to the just and high-minded nobleman at the head of the Indian Government who so ably and truly represents His Majesty. The recent dastardly attempt on the life of His Excellency, Lord Hardinge, conspicuously brought to light those sterling qualities of head and heart which pre-eminently fit him and his noble consort for their exalted position, and it roused in the hearts of the nation feelings of sympathy, admiration, and loyalty unparalleled in the annals of India. We rejoice that the cowardly attempt failed and that so precious a life had been spared to us, and we join our prayers to those that have gone up from many a church, temple and mosque, and from palaces and huts alike, for the speedy recovery of our beloved Viceroy.

"THE KING! . . . God bless Him!"

We raised our glasses of champagne (Dry Monopole).

The Resident then proposed the Health of the Maharah Saheb, to which speech, after the toast had been duly

honoured, the Dewan gave felicitous reply, with terms of praise for the Resident as being "a true well-wisher to the Baroda State and trusted friend and adviser of His Highness."

The toast of the Married Couple followed.

After the toast of The Guests the company went out on to the lawns of the Palace, to witness splendid and locally-made fireworks on the parade *maidan* on the other side of the road.

Baroda then gradually emptied of visitors, but the Mysore family were to stay on awhile, and the ladies were present at a general *pardah* party on the first Sunday afternoon in March, at the Moti Bag (Lesser Gardens) in the Palace grounds, when the only male allowed was the photographer! There, for the first time in public, we saw the little bride, Shakuntala Raja, shy and dainty.

The next night four of us European women gave a party at the gymkhana in Camp, and I was on my way home from it at one o'clock in the morning, soft cool air and peaceful stars lulling me almost to sleep as I drove, when suddenly my eyes were jerked open.

A policeman had stopped the carriage just beyond the Palace gates, and the coachman, as he answered my question, "What has happened?" pointed ahead with his whip.

The road was shut, hemmed in by walls of curtain, outside which, on the pathway at every five yards, stood soldiers with fixed bayonets!

Obviously I must walk the rest of the way; so, the carriage dismissed, I drew aside a curtain flap and stepped into the enclosed road, where flags waved and women stood like statues, bearing on their heads great acetylene lamps.

I walked down the centre.

At the far end glowed a strange red-lit scene that drew me on past my gate and to the outer rim of its wide circle. Was it the Palace people I saw? . . . Could it be they? . . . Yes, it was!

Engaged in a riotous carnival, the families of the bride and bridegroom and their guests, men and women, were wildly hurling a red powder at each other and looking as far removed from London and Harvard as they could be! In the middle of the revels were the Maharani and Indira Raja, the Maharajah of Indore and his Maharani, his step-sister Princess Sitabai of Indore, Mami Saheb (the Maharajah's aunt), and nieces of Her Highness. All mad. Fireworks exploded. Wild laughter came, it seemed, from red-devils. Shrieks rent the dark night. Cave-men and cave-women were celebrating in primitive fashion.

Suddenly out of the *mêlée* rushed that young villain, Dhairyashil Rao. I saw his hands, full of red powder, uplifted to throw. In a comedy of terror, I screamed to him to desist, to have pity on my evening dress. Shouting and laughing, he daubed the red stuff all over my hands, insisting that I must at least have some share in this relic ceremony of ancient times.

With difficulty I made him go away. Then as I turned quickly in hopes of getting safely home, a woman, emboldened by the Kumar's daring, stepped out and, to my utter disgust, smothered me with a great handful of this red powder. More would have followed from her companions, but I stopped it with severity of tongue and commanding hand, and beat a hasty retreat from the scene of *rajabhati*, about which I had learnt enough.

Till four o'clock the Palace party stayed with their fireworks and foolery. It had begun in the night at half-past nine with the meeting from opposite directions between the bride's party and that of the bridegroom, when the skirmish started in which this red powder was the harmless weapon of mimic offence and defence. The bridegroom's party was of course victorious. The cave-man must win!

While the pale dawn became red as the colour they were washing off, the ladies of that midnight madness took *rasa-nhani*, or cleansing baths, in buildings nearby. But I, whose pillow was deep pink when I woke, had to

carry a crimsoned head to Camp, to ask a friend, since my *ayah* was sick, to shampoo it clean again.

All public traces of the wedding were now removed. In the quiet week that followed a letter was brought me from Mrs. Burrows, that indispensable retainer of the Maharani. It said:

“Her Highness would like you to come over an hour earlier than the usual time, as she wishes you to take the young bride in hand. Arrange the time convenient to you.”

This I had been expecting, though nothing official had been communicated, and it was three weeks after my beginning to “take the young bride in hand” that a *khangī* (chamberlain’s office) letter came saying that the *tippan* (orders) regarding the extension of my service had been sanctioned by His Highness with this modification, that the words “or any other member of the Royal Family” may be added after “teacher to Shrimati Raj Kumari Indira Raja.”

The new husband and wife had their suite on the top floor of the Palace, on the Maharajah’s side—this a temporary arrangement until it was settled what Jayasinh Rao should do in the State—and here I began to instruct his bride, young, undisciplined, but eager to advance. She had never contacted the Western world before her arrival in Baroda, and I was the first Englishwoman in her life. At first, teaching her was all impressionist work, and often delayed by the unexpected. For example, if as she sat in the sitting-room Shakuntala Raja heard her husband’s footsteps or voice along the corridor outside, she would stand up quickly and, covering her face, run away into a corner, while I patiently waited till she came back. We would settle down to work, then again suddenly she would rush to the corner, for, with ears quicker than mine, she had heard the same footsteps return and pass the door.

Finding it best to train her muscular memory first and

approach her brain through her fingers, I cut out the letters of the alphabet in sand-paper, and these she would trace over with her forefinger while she repeated the sound I uttered, and she was encouraged to draw the letter in the air as she herself pronounced it. (For long afterwards this habit held her until her English writing became automatic.) The shape of the letter was thus so quickly impressed on her brain that in twenty days my little pupil could write correctly a pronouncement of English words of three letters!

The English instruction books in use in the Baroda schools were worked through by this brand-new little princess in the Palace. She also began to learn the piano. It was most amusing when she objected to being shown, whether at the piano or at the table in her reading, anything she did not do quite correctly, to have her vigorously push away my hand, saying, "Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!"

In the alphabet repetition I would wickedly try to make her say "J" for Jayasinh Rao!" But at that she would only giggle and refuse to be drawn, for it is not seemly for a bride to mention her husband's personal name, nor indeed her own.

The numbers gave my pupil the greatest difficulty. She would insist on pronouncing 12 as 'twel-uv' and 6 as 'sick-us.' But when it came to 'sick-usteen' (16) and 'sick-usty' (60), I gave it up and waited for time to cure that six!

When the wedding guests had departed, the Maharajah left for Khandala in the Bombay Ghats, to recoup after his prolonged indisposition, but he could not pick up strength, despite the helpful and unusually cool mornings and nights when he returned. His thoughts took him to Europe, where he could drink healing waters and lead the simple life he often said he craved for, to regain a once robust health now undermined by the ceaselessly throbbing machinery of State.

The Holi Festival took place after our Easter-time and

lasted a whole twelve days, when tom-toms beat their messages all night, huge fires blazed from sunset to sunrise, and wild orgies and dancing gave outlet to festal feelings. For this holiday the offices had closed, but, prior to that, notice was given to all concerned that Their Highnesses and suite would sail for Europe on April 19th or May 3rd.

The Maharajah Saheb had now to go through ceremonies attendant on his birthday, fixed this year by the birds of omen for March 28th, when he would have completed fifty years of life. Of these, thirty-three had been spent incessantly toiling. Few people realise that from his twelfth year the 'Little Man' had not been free from responsibility, that there had been no more real childhood for him since the day, so long ago, when the old Maharani Jumnabai had taken him up on her lap and caused him to share her food plate—this a signal mark of favour. Three little brothers, poorer members of the House of Gaekwar, had been brought for her inspection from their simple home at Kawalana near Nasik; and Her Highness' selection had lighted on the 'serious one,' who might therefore be fitted to be educated for the '*gadi*' or throne, then vacant, since the Maharajah Mulhar Rao Gaekwar had been judged by his compeers as benefiting the State best by his absence.

On the eve, now, of his fiftieth birthday, Sayaji Rao Maharajah invited me to dine and listen afterwards to the Indian music competitions taking place. East and west and north and south had sent musicians to compete for the Highest's favour, as in Baroda State was true understanding of Hindu music.

It was a marvellous scene one looked down on from the balcony over the main porch of the Palace. Under the dark dome of night arc-lamps flared. Below these, on the wide lawns, sheets of white were spread and showed up such picturesque groupings of small bands of musicians. One's eyes and ears revelled in beauty of sound and colour. To strange dividings and unions of musical tones by pipes and flutes and stringed instruments and drums,

was added the vibrant timbre of the human voice. The musicians improvised, they gave free rein to pent-up emotions and spiritual feelings, and poured out a continuous melody of golden melancholy. One especial group that stood upon the lawn is unforgettable: a beautiful girl singing, accompanied by two players on Eastern violins, whose strings gave out dream-sounds of wood and wind and water, forces magnetic with toleration, truth and love.

Such was the atmosphere of the music party, which would only fade out at the approach of daylight, and reluctantly I rose to leave just before midnight.

The Maharajah Saheb bade me goodnight. Would I accompany him, he asked, to the review, the Birthday Review, next morning?

So, along the road towards Makarpura, at seven-twenty a.m. His Highness' car sped and then stopped at the corner where the main road from the city joined. The State carriage awaited the Maharajah, who transferred to it with his A.D.C., while I went on in the car. The cavalry escort galloped ahead of the Maharajah on to the parade-ground, and at the saluting base His Highness mounted his charger and took the salute of his troops as they marched past.

This little army of Baroda was a good sight. The Maharajah, far-seeing, sure of the peace of Indian affairs under the control of the British, his treasury and troops immediately at the disposal of the British Government in case of need, would not share in the Imperial Service movement. Far more satisfying to pay the paramount power for the privilege of having his own troops! And these were dressed in uniforms made by a European firm who were expressly ordered not to let them in any way be copies of a uniform worn elsewhere.

From the review the Maharajah returned to hold his birthday durbar at the Palace, to which the Resident came in state, his salute of thirteen guns being given as he arrived and left the hall. The British officers of the 104th

Wellesley Rifles came punctually this time. On their first appearance in the State at the durbar on January 1st they had arrived late, and there had been fearful trouble, when clocks, clerks and carriages had all been involved in their excuses. On this occasion very good care had been taken to ensure arrival to the minute.

The proceedings were short. The British were duly garlanded after they had presented their congratulations to His Highness the Maharajah. And when they were leaving, the Maharajah, who must ceremoniously accompany the Resident down the carpeted strip from dais to farewell doorway, himself departed to his rooms, leaving the rest of the durbar to the care of his Kumar, Jayasinh.

Throughout the State the golden jubilee of their Maharajah was celebrated with enthusiasm and pomp by his subjects. His picture, placed in a palanquin, was carried in procession through towns and village streets. Thanksgiving ceremonies were performed by Hindus, Mussulmen and Parsis, and prayers for the Maharajah's long life were offered in temples and mosques. Food and clothing were distributed to the poor, and sweets to the school children, and a general holiday was observed. An evening durbar was held in the Palace hall, when addresses were presented by all the municipal and local boards of the State, and the legend on one's invitation from the municipality to assist at the celebrations read:

"Of Citizens the ruler with purpose high,
Immortal Sayaji thy fame will never die."

In his short and eloquent reply to addresses presented, the Maharajah said that his mission in life was the welfare of all; he had done his utmost to make his government a success, and he looked for the sympathetic co-operation of his people.

The programme of jubilations terminated with a grand evening party, fireworks and illuminations.

Owing to the early heat, the Maharani found Bombay cooler than Baroda. Nearly all the Europeans in Camp

were departing to the Hills, but I did not feel conditions trying, despite the fact that I was busy packing up in my bungalow, for the date of our trip to Europe was approaching.

Yet another sort of packing was being done on the top floor of the Palace. In the Princess' sitting-room, stripped and deserted, stood trunks and cases full of her belongings. Indira Raja, foiled in her plans to journey to Calcutta to wed there the Maharaj Kumar Jitendra of Cooch Behar, had therefore determined with him that at the end of April, when her parents planned to sail for Europe, he should come to Bombay, and from there escort her to Calcutta, where the marriage ceremonies according to the rites of the Cooch Behars' religion, Brahmo Samaj, would take place after her initiation into the Samaj.

This change of religion alone was a bitter enough pill for the Hindu Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda to swallow, but their daughter contemplated it without displeasure. Between herself and her parents relations now were of the stiffest, and Indira Raja's one pleasure lay in the society of her brothers, who looked upon her plans as 'rather a lark.' Of the seriousness of the financial side for their sister they were quite aware, as in their father's State money was husbanded like water. If she did go to Cooch Behar without a penny, as was threatened—well she and Jit would get over it. Life was too short to think of troubles, and cares were dismissed in cigarette smoke. Indira Raja, too, smoked incessantly, thinking only of the man whose picture showed a face Mongolian in type and quite straightforward, but whose health records were unfavourable.

It became daily more essential for the Maharajah Sahib to have his rest-cure in Europe.

Now came information of the imminent presence in Bombay of the Cooch Behar family, and something must be done about the Princess, who was certainly to go to Europe and *not* to Calcutta. So when we left Baroda on April 13th the Princess was delivered into my charge by

THE MAHAKAVATH'S BIKUTIDY KUTIM



an anxious Maharajah, and in the Jaya Mahal on Malabar Hill I was never to let her out of my sight.

The advice given to His Highness before he made his ceremonial departure from the State had been, "Take the bull by the horns and wire to Cooch Behar to stop the party coming to Bombay." But the telegram had been despatched too late, and the Cooch Behars converging on Bombay, actually arrived the day our party reached the port.

In Bombay now there were two suitors for the hand of the Maharajah's daughter: one planning to carry off a willing bride from unwilling parents; the other, most devoted, twice her age and smiled upon by authority. Of the latter, the Princess told me she knew he would give her a good time, despite his years, as he liked Europe better than India; but she could not marry him as she loved the other.

To this 'other,' who really meant business, the Maharajah of Baroda now sent a summons to come to the Jaya Mahal, where, in the marble-floored reception hall, he sat to receive his visitor as at an official ceremony, the Resident on his right, the Prime Minister on the left.

From the gallery above, the Maharani and I, unseen, could watch the unwelcome suitor of the Princess make his way up the cool length of the room and stand before His Highness and bow.

The Maharajah greeted him and said briefly: "I wish you to know that it is quite impossible for me to allow you to marry my daughter. It can never be, and my attitude will never change."

"It is very hard," came the slow reply of the Prince who, as discussion was impossible at so official an interview, must retire. Outside by the entrance he was stopped—the Maharani wished to see him. Then he asked to be allowed to see the Princess, and, that interview permitted, in the next five minutes he was gone.

Indira Raja, in the afternoon, expressed a wish to go down to the Fort for shopping, to a modiste who had on

order her little blouses for wear under *saris*. Here I awaited the princess outside the fitting-room and was considerably amazed when she came out on too-friendly terms with the woman, who kissed her affectionately. Should I have been warder there also?

A few hours after our return home the Maharani sent for me. She had a letter in her hand. "Look!" she said. "I have just been given this by the Rajah that we both know of who asks Indira's hand. The letter was not for him, but for Jit Cooch Behar!"

The writing was that of the Princess. I was puzzled.

"It seems," continued Her Highness, "that when you were both out, Indira handed it privately to the shop-woman, who promised safe delivery into the hands of the Cooch Behar family. Why she gave it to our friend the Rajah Saheb, who can tell? Anyway, he realised something curious was afoot, and so he brought us the letter!"

The Maharani discussed the next move, for the missive showed that Indira Raja would not hesitate to escape from the house and make her way to the Cooch Behar hotel. Evidently the two had planned elopement at that less-than-five minutes' interview in the morning!

The A.D.C.s and I sat outside on the grass lawn that evening, in sight of the fine iron gates that open on to the back of Malabar Hill, and I warned them, saying how restive the Princess was, that she was constantly going to the window as if waiting for someone or something. "If she can escape she will. Could you have only very trusty servants posted on night duty and let the gate-keeper be the same man who saw the Cooch Behar car drive up this morning? I shall be thankful when we get her safely on board to-morrow."

The attempt predicted was indeed made one hour before midnight, but the news of it reached me only next morning, and the lady concerned heard nothing at all.

The Maharani was busy with the court astrologers and their books when the Princess and I drove down to the steamer at nine. Their Highnesses followed an hour later. Until the ship's gangway was drawn up, a sharp watch had to be kept lest the angry girl escape, and it was with the greatest relief that I saw the shores of India recede. Now we could all have an interval of rest at sea.

But on the heels of this thought came a summons for me to the saloon, where the Maharajah sat at a writing-table and the Maharani by him. His Highness had made out a draft of a letter to the Viceroy, and he asked me to copy it quickly for him to sign and dispatch by the pilot. The Maharani evidently was anxious, for her protective instinct was ever alive to save the Maharajah from any impulsiveness, and in this instance she challenged some sentences and wished the meaning to be expressed more tactfully.

I gathered that the 'Little Man' had received recommendations from the Viceroy about not meeting certain people in Europe, and that the Maharajah of Baroda considered he had the right to protest. Also he had written details of the vain attempt made the previous night to carry off his daughter, and had suggested that His Excellency let the Cooch Behars know in some effective manner that their behaviour was unjustified.

The pilot was already in his launch when the First Officer ran down the ladder with the letter.

"What a pity it was not too late!" said Her Highness, who did not approve all its contents.

I returned to the Princess, who naturally was rebellious owing to the situation forced upon her, and the complete confounding of the marriage arrangements made in Calcutta. She had just learned that her reception there had been announced in the papers which she saw on board only after we had sailed. She kept apart now, made her own friends, and accepted drinks and cigarettes from various admirers, who took up the cudgels for the heroine of the romance of which they also had read:

"COOCH BEHAR MARRIAGE

"Calcutta, May 2nd.

"Great preparations are in progress at 'Woodlands,' Calcutta, the residence of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, for the wedding of Maharaj Kumar Jitendra Narayun, the brother of the Maharajah, and Princess Indira, the only daughter of His Highness the Gaekwar. The marriage will take place on Monday next. The bridegroom is very popular in sporting circles in Calcutta.

"The Cooch Behar party, headed by Mr. N. M. Sen, Civil and Sessions Judge, and Mr. G. Sen, Comptroller of the Maharajah's household, have left for Bombay to escort the Princess to Calcutta, where she is due to arrive on Monday. The Maharajah of Cooch Behar has not arrived in Calcutta yet, but the Dowager Maharani is here. Three sisters of the bridegroom are away in England.

"The Maharajah of Cooch Behar leaves for England on the 17th instant, when Prince Jitendra and the Bride will also accompany His Highness. The Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar also leaves by the same steamer. The Rev. Promotho Lall Sen, uncle of the Prince, will officiate at the marriage ceremony."

This statement had, of course, been seen by Their Highnesses of Baroda. A very hot fire burned under the quiet exterior of the Maharajah, who found the behaviour of his daughter distasteful. The Maharani had no hesitation in denouncing it with extreme displeasure shown by face and words, and it would happen that in her evening constitutional along the deck, when she often met her daughter also taking a walk, the Maharani would say in Marathi biting words to the girl, or cut her altogether. The Maharajah, too, as he passed would check her laughter—laughter that often sounded forced and hysterical. Parental reproofs that I had to deliver had to be softened: I could not give them *verbatim*. I had to see

what telegrams she sent shorewards, what she was doing, why she was later than ten p.m. in going to bed. Much of this surveillance was against the grain, and I had to incur the hostility of fellow-passengers, who did not understand the situation.

This struggle on the part of the premier princess of Hindu India was fraught with tremendous interest. The girl was in the throes of a moral struggle against her elders to gain freedom, striving subconsciously to build up a new and ampler structure of morality on foundations that were still sound. In reality her crime, looked at in the light of the past, amounted to nothing but common sense. But at that time, 1913, the two generations felt a hostility that was certainly a-moral, and on both sides mistakes were made that caused great suffering. No one should say, however, that the full responsibility fell on the home, which gave but little sympathetic understanding; or on the community, which gave no freedom of choice; or on the education of the girl, which had tended only to alter her habits without giving time for assimilation that takes years to fructify in anyone. The Baroda parents did not realise that, as someone says, "With adolescence comes a tremendous pull of loyalty towards friends outside the family group." Then for Their Highnesses, public opinion was over-important. They were blind also to the latent strength in their own child, fed partly by her marriage's being deferred till she was over twenty (an unusual departure from the Hindu routine governing family life), and partly by the innovatory movements sponsored by the Maharajah Gaekwar in his own State after having seen the world.

"It's Father's own fault," Indira Raja declared one day in her cabin on this voyage. "I could have married at sixteen, but Father said I was too young and should wait longer so that I might have a voice in the matter myself. . ." She walked about the small space and, as she took up the gold tongue-scraper from her tray, she continued: "Now I taste all the bitterness of life. I make my own choice, and

yet here am I a prisoner. There is much to be said in my favour for refusing to marry Scindia and this other Rajah. . . .”

But the Princess did not think of all the efforts her august father had made on her behalf away from the beaten path that she of her own free will was to leave presently.

Then came our party's arrival in France, and after a few days spent in Paris the Maharani crossed over to England to see her son, Shivaji Rao, at Oxford. Soon she and the Princess, with their suite, left London for the Hotel Splendide at Evians-les-Bains, where the Maharajah Saheb had arrived a few days previously, and where, presently, came also a mysterious visitor whose identity was never disclosed by the reception office, and with whom the Princess was stated to have had some communication *sub rosa*. Could this bearded old man have been the Prince of Cooch Behar, who had left India two weeks later than the Baroda party? Can one guess from his own privately published booklet:

A Knut

A Knight

A Kvery

that contained his witty version of the romance begun at Delhi?

“I was attending a social and ceremonial gathering on a gigantic scale, where tens of thousands had congregated to do honour to a great personage, when I was struck, pretty forcibly too, by that eternal imp of mischief, Cupid. He must have constructed a special arrow, dipped in a special love-potion, and given his bow an extra severe twang, when he pierced that part of me which lies on the north western side of my body. Not being a sentimentalist, it is not possible for me to set forth my emotional feelings in the language of the bards. I will consequently only say that I started ruminating about matters to which I had given no

serious thoughts before. The lady being willing, one might foolishly imagine that the rest would be plain sailing. Far from it. I was only at the beginning of my troubles, and it was brought home to me very suddenly that such things as parents do exist. The parents in this case happened to have been hers. There is a great deal to say in favour of the remark about 'the course of true love,' etc. For I encountered difficulties, and still more difficulties, to surmount. *Tant mieux!* A drink at the end of a strenuous game is the more acceptable. Needless to add, the desire of matrimony being reciprocated made matters easier for me. I will not bore my readers with accounts of my peregrinations over half the face of the globe in this connection. They rather reminded me of Guy Boothby's book, the title I mean, *Across the World for a Wife.*"

To this day I do not know what happened at Evian-les-Bains, as I had been away for a short leave.

Rumours now came to the Maharani that the Cooch Behar family had landed in London. "In that case I shall stay abroad," she declared, adding that she was not going to risk meeting them or having any more trouble. Her Highness knew that a correspondence, even though forbidden by the Maharajah, was probably being carried on by her daughter, who, further, was getting together what the Americans call a 'hope chest,' all sorts of modern clothes. The Princess was leaving her exquisite *saris* folded in her wardrobe, and it displeased her mother to see her not wear their Indian costume, but attempt the then very tight modish skirts and coats, and small hats of bright colours worn on the back of her head. But thus clad the daughter was a fine foil to her distinguished mother, who always kept to the *sari* dress, wearing outdoors in Europe a cloak or long coat with the *sari* end drawn as usual over the head.

On July 10th the Maharani reached Marienbad and settled down at the Hotel Weimar for a month's 'cure.'

Of course her daughter went with her; and it was a time of routine and revolt. Before the four weeks were over, Her Highness had left Marienbad for St. Moritz where, at the Suvretta Hotel, she was joined by the Maharajah. He, after taking the waters at Contrexéville, had just been over to England to see Shivaji Rao, who was ill. With His Highness was Dr. Mayer, from Baroda.

In this hotel came the crucial point of the Princess' affairs.

It was clear that she had something up her sleeve. The gay wardrobe she was collecting on the Continent was not for her own pleasure or to dazzle Baroda on her return to the East. Telegrams and letters were being received, and her maid was obviously acting in collusion.

The day after our arrival, the Maharajah's doctor, together with Khasa Saheb Pawar, came to join me as I sat in the hotel lounge. (Mr. Pawar was the husband of Her Highness' niece, Jijibai, and they two, taking a short vacation from his law studies in London, had met Their Highnesses here.) Now Dr. Mayer, the only preamble his usual disarming giggle, said: "I hear the Cooch Behar family are at some place down the line. More than that, there are two men, known to belong to that State, staying in Room 121 here!"

This was indeed serious. What must be done? Dr. Mayer had nothing to suggest. We decided we could only take care that the Princess did not run away, and the management must not allow any intended departure on her part without confirmation from one of His Highness' officers.

A week later as I was chatting with Indira Raja before she got up, there came a knock at the door, and into the hand of the maid was given a small box directed to 'The Princess of Baroda.' The label bore the words 'From Room 121.'

I went cold all over. Carelessly, however, "Won't you open it?" I said, and it was no small shock to see disclosed two sets of underclothes! "What is this for?" I asked.

"My friends think I might need some more undies on my way to them from this hotel," the Princess calmly replied.

The incident had to be reported to the Maharani, who was very upset at these secret plans of her daughter. After much consultation, Dr. Mayer, Khasa Sahab Pawar, and I came to the conclusion that, to avoid scandal, Their Highnesses must yield to the inevitable and that we three might go down to Berguin, where the Cooch Behar party was staying, and in a dignified interview tell them that the desired marriage should take place, but *in our way*, not theirs.

Their Highnesses being at last persuaded of the necessity for yielding to the force against which they were really powerless, we three went down to Berguin where, in an interview with the sister of the Cooch Behar Prince, we took this stand: The Princess of Baroda was of age, she had to be satisfied; her parents would do nothing and there would be no marriage-portion. Having watched this mouthful swallowed, we negatived the lady's suggestion that her party should escort our Princess to London. No. Their Highnesses would send their daughter, we said.

"Everything now hinges on the health of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar," said the Maharani when she heard our report of the interview and of the indefinite information about his health in England. "If the Maharajah is alive the marriage can take place. But if 'Jit' is already the Maharajah, it will be absolutely impossible for one Maharajah to marry into the family of another Maharajah without the latter's consent." To the end Her Highness hoped that the hand of death would interfere, for the Ruler was very ill in a nursing home and his recovery was doubtful.

Three days elapsed before it was decided that the Princess, under my care, and accompanied by her Father's A.D.C., Captain Parab, was to go to England where, all scandal avoided, the marriage was to take

place, with more or less complete satisfaction of legal and parental demands.

Most distressing was the parting on August 19th between mother and daughter, when the traveller came in to say farewell. She burst into tears, kneeling at her mother's feet, and murmured words of sorrow and regret. But her last appeal met with no response, and with tears welling from her eyes, the Princess left the room. She could not know that behind the closed door the Maharani, outwardly cold as ice, but raging inwardly, as frustrated family pride battled with mother-love for her child, turned away from the spot where Indira Raja had knelt, and, sinking down in a chair, wept unrestrainedly.

The Maharajah Saheb talked quietly with me, urging, "You must be careful that everything is done as legally as possible." He gave into my hands letters to his old friends Sir Krishna Gupta, Mirza Ali Baig, and to Lord Curzon, asking for their help. He emphasised the importance of finding out the state of health of the Cooch Behar Maharajah. "You will do all that's needful, I know." And gravely he shook hands.

The journey began mournfully. The Princess sat in the corner gazing out at the scenery as the little engine puffed round corners where the front of the train could see the end carriage as the line curved. Presently she brightened. Was she looking out for someone? I had noticed that the two occupants of Room 121 in the Suvretta Hotel had been on the platform of departure and had boarded our train. Also Indira Raja had been telephoning to Berguin just before we started. Soon I was to know all about it, for the guard came bearing a pencilled note for Indira Raja from 'Lilla Sen,' the lady interviewed at Berguin, who wrote that 'Jit' had wired her that morning to travel by that train, to ask her could they be married on the Thursday. "I can see you from my carriage every now and then," the note said further. "Cheer up, Childie. You will soon be with Jit. . . . This train is shaking so. With love and a big kiss . . . "

Quietly I said: "Tell them to go by another route. We are going by Amiens. We shall be staying in London at the Buckingham Palace Hotel." And in silence I mused on the completeness of all the Princess' arrangements.

At Amiens the two men of Room 121 left the train, satisfied, no doubt, that the Baroda word was being kept.

From Boulogne I dispatched various telegrams to ensure a comfortable and guarded arrival in London, and in the Pullman car at Folkestone I settled down to enjoy an English newspaper, where the first thing to catch the eye was this announcement:

"THE GAEKWAR'S DAUGHTER.

"SEQUEL TO BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

"From our Own Correspondent.

"St. Moritz.

"I am informed to-day by the Gaekwar of Baroda, who, with the Maharani, his family and suite, has been spending the summer here, that the Princess Indira, his daughter, to-day left for London, where she intends to marry Prince Jitendra, brother of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar.

"The Gaekwar and the Maharani will not be present at the marriage.

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"Princess Indira came to Europe in the middle of May, when she is reported as saying: 'I have been engaged to Prince Jitendra for a long time and have always wanted to marry him. I was to leave for Calcutta on May 3rd for my marriage on May 5th, but at the last minute my parents refused to sanction my marriage. It is supposed to be a question of caste; there are also other questions.' "

Our party was the centre of interest as the train rushed up to London. Those faithful friends summoned by wire from Boulogne were waiting at Charing Cross, and they

surrounded us. Soon we were driving rapidly to the Buckingham Palace Hotel, where the Princess, kept more or less *pardah*, settled into the previously engaged small suite of sitting-room, two bedrooms and bathroom.

London tingled that August with the thrill of what some of the papers called

"INDIAN PRINCESS'S ROMANCE"

Reporters thronged the hotel lobbies but were not to be interviewed, and thus all sorts of inaccurate information with variations kept Britain agog as to what was happening to the Princess within the walls of her hotel.

The legal side of the situation was thoroughly investigated by Mr. Birkett, the Maharajah of Baroda's solicitor, to whom His Highness had written: "*I am totally against the alliance, and only bow to the insistence of my daughter, who is of age.*"

Sir Krishna Gupta brought information that the India Office did not consider it necessary to be aware of or to be represented at the marriage. He added on his own account: "The marriage can go through, but no law can cement it. All centres on the religious ceremony." And Mirza Ali Baig urged delay, putting forward a strong plea on the eugenic side of the marriage.

Meanwhile the Princess might not be left alone night or day.

A solemn conference of all the parties interested took place, and its results are best related in the letter I dispatched to the Maharajah Gaekwar in St. Moritz, when I had seen the Princess off to Wimbledon in the charge of Mirza Ali Baig, who promised that he and his wife would take care of her as if she were their own daughter.

The letter gave names of those present at the said conference, and after formal preamble went into details as follows:

"Mr. Birkett stated the case:

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

(1) How the marriage could be wholly valid if ratified by marriage again in Cooch Behar after civil and religious marriages in London.

(2) How essential it was that proper provision should be made by the bridegroom for the premier Princess of India, who was giving up everything for him.

"This stated, Mr. Ali Baig took the reins in his own hands and strongly, and more strongly than we could have, insisted on this provision for her future and safeguard of her interests. He was amply supported by Sir Krishna Gupta, and though at one time there seemed to be a complete deadlock, Mr. Baig triumphed, and the whole business ended in the drawing up and signing of a marriage settlement by the lawyers and parties concerned, by which the Princess becomes immediately after marriage possessed of all the Prince's revenue and property and he is dependent on her for everything.

"This was all accomplished by a stroke of genius on the part of Mr. Ali Baig, and then the Prince lunched with the Princess and us all, and later on took Mr. Harding to tea with the Maharani of Cooch Behar, to discuss further arrangements.

"The ceremonies are fixed for Monday and are in this order:

10.30	Initiation (in hotel)
12.00	Civil marriage . (registry office)
12.30	Religious marriage (in hotel)
1.00	Lunch

"Only the Cooch Behar family will be present on their side. On ours will be all those who were present at the conference, as well as Captain Parab, A.D.C.

"The Princess has gone to Wimbledon under the loving care of Mr. and Mrs. Baig, and she has a car at her disposal. I am fetching her to-morrow evening back to town. She is well and brighter.

"Dr. Mayer arrived yesterday after she had gone.

"I have received Your Highness' messages and all will be done most suitably.

"Captain Parab will start Monday evening for St. Moritz, and I shall hope to follow on Wednesday.

"The faithful friendship of those men to whose care Your Highness committed the Princess has been fine, and they have safeguarded her interests as far as was in anyone's power to do so. The situation was a most delicate one indeed."

In St. Moritz the Maharajah Saheb watched events. He had sent me a telegram:

"I hereby state that you are in absolute charge of the Princess and you are not to let her go from under your protection until thoroughly satisfied by Birkett and other friends that her interests are properly safeguarded.

"MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR."

There was always the possibility that my charge, fearing that legalities might dash the cup of happiness so near her lips to the hard ground where lay so many other efforts to get free, would make an "indecent haste in completing the marriage," the very thing His Highness of Baroda had written to me to avoid. The solicitor wished me to be protected legally, in case anything in the nature of physical restraint upon the Princess had to be exercised.

An insured parcel now arrived for the Princess containing a pair of gypsy diamond earrings from her father. She telegraphed at once her thanks, the first communication addressed by the wandering child to her parent. "*I do appreciate it and send my love.*" In reply came this: "*My sincere hope is that you will not make any haste for which you may later on have to suffer.*"

Meanwhile the lawyers seemed satisfied. Marriage settlements had been drawn up by them, and they firmly insisted that these be signed before the civil ceremony.

On August 25th *The Times* announced in its list of forthcoming marriages:

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

"THE MAHARAJ KUMAR OF COOCH BEHAR AND PRINCESS INDIRA OF BARODA

"We are requested to state that the necessary arrangements for the marriage between Maharaj Kumar Jitendra Narayan of Cooch Behar and Princess Indira Gaekwar of Baroda have been now concluded, and that the marriage will be celebrated according to Brahmo ceremonies early this week. We understand that the circumstances in both families have made it necessary to celebrate the marriage as quietly as possible."

Most of the papers got early wind of the fact that the romantic couple were to be married first at a registry office; and in many of the evening journals of the 24th the world was told of interesting scenes that would take place on August 25th.

On the Sunday evening Indira Raja said she wished to write some letters of thanks, and presently she handed me one addressed to her father, which would have moved a heart of stone. She assured him of her desire to be worthy as his daughter, and again of her devotion and her appreciation of all he had ever done for her; and she begged him not to be indifferent to her. She also expressed the hope that he would forgive her, and some day receive her and Jit.

"Your mother?" I then asked. "You will write to her too, won't you? Her heart is so tender, really, and she does so love you in spite of her disappointment." That parting sorrow of the Maharani's was fresh in my memory.

The Princess burst into tears. When soothed, she took up her pen and, in a short letter to her mother, she expressed sorrow at the pain and worry she had caused, and begged forgiveness. She gave me the letter to read, and when she saw that its contents moved me, she pressed my hand in silence. Then, with a sigh, as if a gate had closed on her past life, she indited other letters, charming expressions of thanks to Mr. Birkett and Sir Krishna

Gupta, which I would deliver after she had left next day for Maidenhead.

Monday, the eventful day, August 15th, 1913, dawned grey and dull. Indira Raja lay in bed till eight o'clock, reading in the Brahmo-Samaj manual the chapters duly marked by the Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar, who was to be the Chief Initiator in the religious ceremony, when the Hindu Princess of Baroda would enter her new faith.

On my coming in to wish her the happiest day of her life, the Princess held out the book, saying, "The religion seems to me a very pure form of our own. I think my heart will be quite honest when I have to say in the initiation ceremony that I renounce any other faith. I haven't got any faith, you know, really, and this seems good."

We talked together of the future, of the necessity of mutual respect and friendship and partnership, even of separateness, in domestic life. Her fingers squeezed mine and she held me close. Then she hopped out from bed and vanished into the bathroom.

Meanwhile her maid set out the different dresses the Princess would wear at the three ceremonies: first the initiation into the new religion, next the quiet formal union at the Harrow Road Registry Office, and thirdly the marriage ceremony of the Brahmo-Samaj; the first and last ceremonies taking place in the hotel.

The newspapers of that date give the best description of the happenings of that morning, when Mr. Birkett and I stood, and also knelt, *in loco parentis* to the daughter of the Maharajah and Maharani Gaekwar of Baroda.

The ceremonies had taken place, and the wedding party was seated at the luncheon table decorated with the bride's favourite flowers, when a telegram was handed to the Princess, now Princess Indira of Cooch Behar. Reading it she smiled happily and, after showing it to her husband, she passed it over to me at his right hand. It was from her father and said:



PRINCESS INDIRA ON SS EGYPT

"I wish you all happiness and a steady good life of usefulness.

"MAHARAJAH GAEKWAR."

I smiled back at the bride, on whose face was written the complete satisfaction felt at this direct message from her father, and her cup of happiness would have been complete had the Maharani sent a message. But none came, nor was likely to come, from that proud heart in St. Moritz.

The same evening the newly-wed Prince and Princess motored down to Maidenhead for a short honeymoon.

Three days later I journeyed back to Switzerland and, as the train rushed onwards, the pictures of the wedding that was, and of the wedding that might have been had Indira Raja married Gwalior, often engaged thoughts which now had to turn to consolation of her parents.

I was back in St. Moritz on August 28th, and within the hour at the Suvretta, in Her Highness' room, where she waited my coming.

"Maharani Dearest!" Until her fit of passionate weeping was over my arms supported Her Highness; then I led her to a chair and myself sat down on the floor close by, to tell in every detail of the daughter whom her mother reckoned 'lost.' First to be spoken of was the true friendship of Sir Krishna Gupta and Mirza Ali Baig. Her Highness began to smile as she heard of the detectives I had had posted at Cromer to gain information regarding the illness of the Cooch Behar Maharajah, and of how little they had gathered. She was well satisfied with the general guarded way the most important of the newspapers had put the parental attitude. Everything had to be told, even though it added to her unhappiness.

Exactly three weeks after the marriage of Princess Indira to Prince Jitendra the papers announced the death of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar at a nursing home in Cromer! Thus Indira Raja's husband became Ruler, and, "She is now Her Highness the Maharani of

Cooch Behar," said the Maharani Gaekwar as she mused over her daughter's new circumstances through the demise of the brother-in-law. "The late Maharajah was always spoken of as a very charming man. 'Raji', as he was usually called, was a great sportsman. . . ."

I predicted that Indira Raja would be a tremendous help to her husband in the difficult administration of the State; and to see how true indeed this came, one has only to read how their early life was described in Prince Jitendra's own book:

" . . . the narration of domestic life. When you first put a horse into harness it is apt to either jib or bolt. I did both. But the judicious mingling of sensible exhortation and an occasional 'jab' at the curb-chain soon put matters straight, the result being the most evenly-matched pair imaginable between the shafts of a most perfect coach of matrimony. About this time the untimely death of a relative left me in sole possession of fine property, which had seen more prosperous days, and I found myself heavily involved in debt. My first care, therefore, was to put the bricks in their proper places again, and strengthen the foundations of a tottering building. At first sight this seemed a stupendous task, but on settling down to work out facts and figures, I was satisfied that the outlook was not so very black, provided that judicious administration was practised. Matters were facilitated, as I had the full sympathy of a staunch 'pard.' It was she who would cheer me up when everything appeared to be going wrong, and help me to look at the future through a different pair of glasses. A year or so after our marriage there emerged into this world a small stranger of feminine gender, and in due course a son and heir made his presence felt. By now sunshine had chased the clouds away, and the golden hours passed all too quickly. Our pet hobby seemed to be travelling, and even when we were not travelling we seemed to be in

deep contemplation about our next journey. A cousin of mine, quite a wag in his way, once inquired why I did not permanently live in a railway carriage. . . .”

But the story is still about 1913, and Their Highnesses of Baroda were in St. Moritz.

During the early weeks of September it was Mother Nature who brought a certain amount of calm back to the disturbed hearts of the Maharajah and Maharani, when they walked in the lovely woods or took drives by the lakes, and the Maharajah would seek after wild flowers as he had done in Simla days. But neither Highness could get the full benefit of the ‘after-cure’ to the Marienbad and Contrexéville visits. Their children gave them such anxiety.

The affairs of Shivaji Rao now engrossed the thoughts of Their Highnesses. His career at Christchurch was definitely over. In the early part of the summer term he had shared in a foolish ‘rag’ that had invaded the privacy of the Dons, his fellows had left him to bear the brunt, and it seemed that because he was the son of the ‘Gaekwar of Baroda,’ he had been made the scapegoat—so his Tutor reported—in an escapade which otherwise would have been passed over. The boy had been sent down, but had been allowed to sit for his schools. News now arrived in St. Moritz of his failure in the examination. We wondered if the examiners had been particularly hard on him, and it was difficult for his mother to believe in justice.

So the Baroda party left St. Moritz, spent a few days in Paris, and then crossed over to England to stay at the Hyde Park Hotel, London. Their names were duly inscribed in the Royal Book at Buckingham Palace, but they waited in vain for an invitation that would make them pass through its gates.

The Maharani’s resolution to see nothing of her daughter remained unchanged. A little news filtered through about the young couple, who had established themselves in Cambridge Terrace temporarily; their

immediate return to India was postponed because the young Maharani had fever and needed the care of a nurse. In answer to my inquiry as to her health and plans had come a wire: "Sailing 17th October. Thanks for letter. Love. Indira." The youngest Baroda son, Dhairyashil Rao, now brought to England for his further education, openly went about with his sister and her husband, though his parents disapproved. I, too, would gladly have seen something of her, but it could not be arranged, as the Cooch Behars still felt keenly the 'snubs' they said they had received prior to the marriage. But Indira thanked me "with her love for all I had done for her." She knew what it had meant. And I kept the little note she had written the day after her wedding, which said: "I can't express in a letter, but you know all I feel about everything, and I hope you will tell father and mother all I feel." To effect a reconciliation was now her great hope, and mine too. But I was glad that no accidental meeting occurred in the shops or theatres between mother and daughter during the time that both were still in London.

The future of Shivaji Rao absorbed the thoughts of the Maharajah and Maharani, who discussed with their friends, the Maharajah of Indore then in London, and others, what was the best career in India for a man who had brains and an athletic trend, after an education at Oxford and a London life. He had to be taken care of, too, for his health was shaken.

The parents decided that return to India was essential for him. They had been reading a book which describes the life of an Indian Raja who came back to his own country after having enjoyed all the interests and outlets of Western life, and having been fêted by European society. Out in the East he is alone; and, almost a pariah when West meets East in India, he curses the day when he left his own country! This, said the Baroda Highnesses, must not happen to their son. Already had he been treated hardly? This letter from the tutor-agent had been received:

30.10.13.

"I was in Oxford paying up Shivaji Rao's accounts, and took the opportunity of calling on Dr. Carter.

"He was able to give me further details of Shivaji Rao's examination, and also, despite his evident bias against Baroda and everyone who had anything to do with it, he repeated what he had told me before, that he was quite satisfied that Shivaji Rao had worked really well during the winter and spring, at any rate. He seemed to think that his accident last year had affected his power of learning and remembering, and that so far as his actual *work* was concerned, S. had done as well in the examination as anyone could reasonably expect considering the handicap under which he was working.

"It seems that the two papers in which he did badly were one of the Roman Law papers and the paper on Real Property.

"He also told me that thirty-five per cent. of the candidates failed, so that there seems reason to suppose that the standard was rather strict than lenient.

"I also saw Mr. Fisher, who spoke very nicely about S., for whom he seemed to have a genuine affection. He also mentioned the principal difficulty which I myself found in helping S., viz. the fact that he would agree that some friend or other was not good for him, would agree to give him up, and then return to him as soon as one was out of sight. But he, too, seemed to think that the accident had made a great difference in Shivaji Rao's character, particularly as regards will-power."

Their son would have to be married, and as soon as possible. With this thought uppermost in their minds Their Highnesses and party left Marseilles for India on October 24th.

Calm seas, good breezes, and the company of someone new, my charming French friend, Madame Jacq, who was coming out to spend the cold weather with me, did much to make the voyage more cheerful.

I had heard from Frances West how the attitude of all Indians seemed to change towards their womenkind as the ship ploughed its way into their home waters. Now I should see the most exalted case of all, that of the Maharani of Baroda who, in Europe, had been like any other Western woman, going to the theatres, entertaining, eating in restaurants and living in hotels, as if *purdah* had never existed for her. So when once more I stood on the platform of Baroda Station I was on tenterhooks to see how much or how little *purdah* the Maharani would keep when Their Highnesses' special train arrived from Bombay, on November 8th.

The Maharajah stepped out first on to the red-carpeted platform, and he passed smiling and bowing through the line of his State officials drawn up to receive him. Immediately after him came the Maharani, also smiling and bowing; and behind her followed Mami Saheb, the Maharajah's aunt, whom an hour before I had watched drive up to the station in a *purdah* carriage and who now, for the first time in her life, was exposed to the public gaze! The party passed out down the steps and into the open carriage-and-four that waited, with cavalry escort preceding.

Two hours later at the Palace I ran upstairs, and greeted the Maharani at home again. "How perfectly lovely, Your Highness! I was wondering all the time what would happen. Did the Maharajah tell you before you left Bombay?"

The Maharani laughed. "No, I didn't know what to do till we got to Baroda Station, and then he said as I waited my orders: 'Oh, you just come with me,' and I followed him. Mami Saheb says that she was absolutely blind with nervousness, she saw nothing, she looked at nobody, she just watched my heels in front of her!"

A new era seemed to have dawned after this Europe *swari* (trip). Three days later there was a garden-party at the Palace, when the Maharani appeared before all her guests and, at the instigation of the Maharajah himself, actually played tennis in public.

Their Highnesses' return to the State was celebrated by arena sports. From the upper-balconied pavilion we watched the Maharani, with her ladies, arrive behind the curtains and thence, unseen, gaze at her people, a gay mass seated on the top of the *agad's* high walls. We looked down into the sandy arena where, just below us, trained parrots performed. The little green beauties went round on bicycles, they shot with bows and arrows, they turned somersaults, they swung through hoops, they drove carriages and pairs of themselves, they loaded cameras and took pictures, they cleverly threaded blue beads, one danced while another played the piano, and they actually fired miniature cannon and took the explosion more calmly than we did. The next show was buffaloes who put up a very good fight, and the arena might be said to have rocked with laughter when the conqueror, in tearing after his flying foe, put his nose down too low to the ground and turned a complete somersault! Men in the arena crowded up to the bull and patted it loudly on back and neck. The buffaloes were superseded by elephants, who were also in good fighting trim. They were brought in by the gate below us, and when the chains were released from their ankles, it was queer to see each beast carefully lift the hind foot to feel the ankle and try if the chains were gone from the other leg. The rub was so delicately done. A contrast was their consequent fiercely combative mood, which made it necessary for the *mahouts* to blow fire at them, when the smoke blinded the antagonists, who only then plunged apart.

With the apparently full approval of His Highness, the Maharani began to appear in public yet more and more. There was to be a pagal-gymkhana given by the regiment in Camp to celebrate the return of Major Bailey and his company from a successful expedition against a wild tribe of Bhils. On my way to Camp that afternoon, I called at the Palace to see if Her Highness, who that morning was uncertain about her going there, would be driving with the Maharajah Saheb, or by herself with me in attendance,

or not going after all. I found that she was to drive down with the Maharajah. So one more blow was struck that day at the roots of *pardah*-dom in Baroda! At this gymkhana there was much applause when Her Highness shot at and broke her *chatti* in first-class style, for she was an excellent shot.

On yet another occasion a tennis party at the Residency was delighted and surprised to see the Maharajah and Maharani arrive together. Her Highness smiled significantly at me, for she knew that I knew she was feeling her way very quietly. She also came to a tea party I gave, when, out of courtesy to my friend, Jeanne Jacq, all the guests were to talk in French; and as the Maharani was having French lessons from Jeanne, she entered charmingly into the spirit of the party.

Now another marriage, that of Shivaji Rao, was to take place at the Palace. For a long time the date (December 18th) had been fixed, but not the bride! At length selected was the daughter of a Baroda Sirdar, a girl of fifteen, who had been through the Baroda schools, and whose mother the Maharani described as "a very sensible woman." The wedding was to be a much quieter affair than that of the eldest son, as the time was short; but the brilliance of spectacle would be the same, and, of course, the procedure.

The year closed with a spell of cold, and gay entertainments were general. The Maharajah and Maharani honoured the Birdwoods with their presence at a Christmas Day dinner party, when the Buzzard Christmas plum-pudding I had brought out from London was an important part of the menu, which gave us demoiselle-crane in lieu of turkey. Then I arranged a dance in the new Durbar Hall, with the State Band to play for East to dance with West—such an innovation!

On the last day of the year a concert took place at the Palace, and local talent supplied the programme. The concert began at 10.15 and ended at 11.45, when all paraded down to the Lower Hall, where the State Band was to play in the New Year.

CHAPTER V

THE New Year had begun!

Many of us, hands outstretched in friendship, made our way to the High Table where the Maharajah Saheb gave happy reciprocating greeting and good wishes. The band struck up 'For Auld Lang Syne' which was followed by ringing cheers for His Highness, whose health the Resident proposed, and by the tribute 'For he's a Jolly Good Fellow.' Then our host left, as also the Residency party, and the rest of us sat down to an excellent supper.

The Maharani, receiving later my fervent good wishes at the beginning of 'my' New Year, congratulated me, for His Highness, she said, greatly pleased with the concert and party, wished me to have a special gift of three hundred rupees to mark the occasion. In her own charming way she showed satisfaction that one connected with herself had been so successful in pleasing her Maharajah.

In addition now to work with Her Highness the daily education of the two young brides was in my care. These two made a good contrast. Shakuntala Raja never forgot her seniority in position, but she was younger and less educated than Kamala Devi, who had attained to the fourth standard in the local schools, already knew a little English, and fortunately, found it easy to play second-fiddle. Their education in English was done in serio-comic fashion, and luckily the Indian strong sense of humour held good with my pupils as it did with Her Highness, for they learned and laughed at the same time, in such willing co-operation with me who enjoyed teaching them both. The Maharajah Saheb inspected once a month the progress of his daughters-in-law.

They had also to be educated to give correct European courtesies to visitors. For instruction in table manners I 'breakfasted' several times with them upstairs, at a table arranged in Western style, when they learnt to handle knives, spoons, forks and napkins, and have the glass of water on the right. Their own training had been to eat with the right hand fingers and keep the left hand free and clean for the glass of water placed that side.

The great world was opening up before the eyes of these young wives who had become 'princesses', and I had to see that they were not too bewildered by it. When early in January they made their *début* in society at the Residency *pardah* party, they charmed everyone with their sweet simplicity.

But the education of daughters-in-law always gave way to Their Highnesses' wish for companionship, as for example when a morning *shikar* (hunt) was planned, and Jeanne Jacq and I were invited. At half-past seven the Maharani had started off in a tonga with Jeanne; and Kaka Saheb, the Maharajah's old-world old cousin without whom no family party was complete, followed in a second tonga; while the Maharajah, with myself, rode at the head of a cavalcade preceded by two police *sowars*. We were going to a 'country cottage' built by a former ruler close to a 'tank' (open space of water), right away beyond the model sewage-farm outside Baroda city.

Near the tank, where it was hoped to find wild duck, were *babul* trees, and here two tents had been erected for the rest or sleep of Their Highnesses if so desired. They, while 'breakfast' was being prepared, went off at once to shoot what they could; a few doves, a couple of partridges and only one duck. The Maharajah was a very good shot, as was Her Highness, who lately had been doing some clay-pigeon shooting from her balcony at the Palace.

Presently Her Highness came back, to sit down on her heels in company with ourselves and a waiting woman, and, being an expert cook, to pluck the birds and roast

them on the hot ashes of a dried-cow-dung fire! The Maharajah looking on, teased us all in turn until the merry party sat down at table to a many-course meal even in the jungle. Afterwards, till half-past two, Their Highnesses were out again with their rifles, while Jeanne and I took rest under the trees till it was time to return to Baroda.

The Mohurram, in the second week of January, passed off without any serious trouble between the two religious factions. The city was agog with devout fervour, and, as Jeanne had a great desire to see it and would have only this opportunity, the Maharani suggested we should ride on an elephant through the streets between nine and eleven that night. But we had accepted an invitation for 'dining outside' (as my *ayah* called it), and among the dinner guests were to be the Resident and his sister, with whom one had to be—well, a little particular over etiquette. Could it be done? Our hostess would not move in the matter; and when after the dinner I asked permission for us two to leave early, I was made sadly aware that offence had been given. However, my friend and I had an exciting time in the packed streets, as our elephant, which hated horses, shied at each one that passed. And an elephant's shy is noticeable. Next morning how the Maharani laughed at Jeanne's account of it all, in her own charming English.

A month or more after the recent wedding, the last ceremony, *rajabhati*, took place in the road outside my bungalow. Again the road was enclosed by *purdahs*, and when illuminations and fireworks marked the opening clash of the two parties, we sallied forth to watch, for I had promised Jeanne more amazement. Which, indeed, she had, and red powder too, at the hands of the Maharani herself, who ran to meet us innocents, who fled, and she turned away.

Presently Her Highness sent a message for us. This time, being on guard, we managed to escape the red powder with which the bride's and bridegroom's families

were so covered that they looked like demons. At half-past eleven we left hurriedly, as then the Maharani, obviously intent on sport, was advancing with her whole party again in our direction.

Their revelry spoiled our sleep, for it was kept up till nearly three, when all went off to a *shamiana* for baths, and then held a *darbar*. But at least we had kept clean! . . .

It was usual in olden days to have great military doings to exercise men and horses at the time of the season's change. This custom had its outlet in the week of pig-sticking and general *shikar* at Dabka, when the Baroda Army officers and their horses were gathered in force, and to which the Maharajah Saheb annually invited all the Europeans of importance in his State. So very successful had been the party of the previous year that everyone this January started from Baroda with double the enthusiasm and spirit of *camaraderie* felt in 1913; and we settled down to tent-life in that charming spot above the river for three days which promised to be as sweet-scented as the garlands and bouquets presented to us on arrival.

Their Highnesses were to come next day.

The cheery party of Europeans consisted of the Resident and 'Miss Resident' and their brother; Colonel Walton, Major and Mrs. Bailey and four officers, all of the 104th Wellesley Rifles; then connected with the Baroda State service were Ruth Anderson, Gladys Birdwood and a friend, Jeanne Jacq and myself; also Captain Rigg, English A.D.C., and Mr. Macrae, our Commissioner of Police, loaned to Baroda State by the British India Government.

The first night we had gone to our tents and were fast asleep, when suddenly there broke in upon my consciousness urgent sounds of whistles, loud cries of '*pani lao* (bring water)', a dazzling light near by, and shouts at our doorway in imperative tones: "Come out of the next tent, ladies!"

Jeanne was sleeping at the further side of the tent. "Quickly, there's a fire, get out at once!" I called and,

hurrying over to the *ayah* who lay in the bath-tent passage, I stirred her with my foot. Hastily donning a wrap, I then emerged to find the next tent ablaze and the men of the camp in pyjamas busy cutting it down.

What was the cause? Apparently a servant had passed along and a match thrown down had lighted the tent. It was amazingly lucky not to have the fire spreading down the whole line. "Had the wind been blowing this way," said someone, "we should have had to go back to Baroda as we are!" Loud merriment greeted this remark, for we were all in night attire.

Mr. Macrae, stable and authoritative, presently came up to me. "Luckily we have not had to cut down your tent. All is perfectly safe. I shall disperse the lookers-on, and I think we can go back to sleep." He cut short our warm thanks for the business-like way the tent had been saved.

The programme next day was to be boating on the river and bird-shooting in the *bhata*, the often-flooded and rich alluvial soil on the other side of the river. In the afternoon the Palace party would arrive, and, after our dinner, there would be a nautch to watch, while the European ladies would go to say 'How-do-you-do?' to the Maharani Saheb.

Now came a little incident which was to cost me, at any rate, much heart-burning and, in the eyes of officialdom, to bring another cloud of suspicion upon the reigning House.

Our dinner ended late. At nine-twenty-five I looked at my watch, for at the half-hour was our time to visit Her Highness. It was for the Resident's sister to make the move; but she sat still, and it was only after Captain Rigg had drawn my attention to the hour that she informed me she had previously sent word to the Maharani that she would not be coming that evening. Hastily then I marshalled the other ladies and, late now, we walked to Their Highnesses' compound.

At the gate we were met by a manservant coming

quickly from the house. "Ma-Saheb not calling!" he said in his quaint English, addressing me. He salaamed as in some surprise I repeated his words. "To-morrow," he said, and stood aside.

I had to explain to the ladies that the Maharani did not want us to visit her then—perhaps she was tired, and we certainly were late. We returned to watch the nautch in progress.

The next afternoon, after our return from pig-sticking, to which most of the ladies had gone on elephants, I was engrossed in a book on the terrace when the Resident came up and bade me go to the Maharani and find out why she had refused to receive the English ladies the previous evening. He was serious and insistent, and I was made aware there was more in this than met the eye.

So at the convenient time I found the Maharani playing badminton; and after trifling remarks designed to lead tactfully up to the important question, I said: "We were so sorry not to have seen Your Highness last night. Why did you stop our coming?"

"You were late," answered the Maharani, herself a most punctual person. "It was after half-past nine. I was waiting, and I sent a maid to the window to watch for you. She said the nautch was just beginning, and as I knew Madame Jacq hadn't seen one, I sent a man quickly to catch you and say 'don't come'." Her Highness smiled sweetly as she gave me all the answer I wanted.

I offered our apologies for being late and appreciation of her thoughtfulness. When I asked if we should come that evening instead, she replied: "Don't bother now. I shall see you all in Baroda."

As I walked back along the sandy drive leading to the camp the stars were brilliant overhead and the moon was rising. I found the Resident having his sunset drink, and explained, thinking that would end the matter. But he amazed me by saying that the English ladies were angry, that it was a grave political matter, and that he would have to see the Maharajah about it.

After dinner when Jeanne found that I was still concerned about the incident, naïvely she asked: "Why does the Resident mind? We all wanted to see the nautch."

Indeed why did he mind? During the evening I learnt it was the vanity of a woman who had the ear of the Resident which had caused the trouble.

After our return to Baroda next day, the Maharani, seeing that something was the matter, insisted that I tell her. Great was her astonishment at being so misjudged, but she was glad to know the facts; and it was well that she had been forewarned, for, two hours later, the Resident had a special interview with the Maharajah Saheb, complained of the way the Maharani had treated the English ladies and said she must apologise.

Her Highness explained the occurrence to the Maharajah, who treated it laughingly, but he remarked that she must be careful.

Loyal as I wished to be, of course, to my race, nevertheless I insisted to the Maharani that she was not to apologise.

"Certainly not," was her reply. "There is nothing to apologise for, though I am sorry there has been trouble."

The incident did not end there. Five of us ladies who were said to have been 'insulted', had the courage to write to the Resident disassociating ourselves, who were connected with the Baroda service, from any complaint made, and asking if the affair could be put straight. We received only a formal acknowledgment, and we hoped the affair was ended; but alas, it was not.

Between the Palace and the Residency communications now were not nearly so happy as at the beginning of the year. In the Palace Aitchison's *Treaties* were often taken up, and lamentations made over the electrical atmosphere politically.

It may have been this 'electrical atmosphere' which caused Their Highnesses to decide on a visit to Delhi and Lucknow, starting on January 31st. The Maharajah Saheb wished to see the officials in Delhi, and Her High-

ness had a dear friend, the Rani Rampriya, in Lucknow.

But before the party left Baroda two delightful Americans, Professor Shepherd and his wife, from Columbia University, New York, had arrived, and it fell to me to show them the sights. The Professor was an authority on Spanish-American history, and great was his excitement one day in the New Stables when he saw the necklaces of heavy coins worn by the State bullocks in processions.

"Why," he exclaimed as he examined them closely, "these are old Spanish and Austrian pieces. Most valuable too. How can they have come here?"

But Mr. Fahey, the head superintendent of the Maharajah's stables, could only suggest that they might have been picked up in the old days at the port of Surat or at Broach (an hour's train away from Baroda), when India's inland trade was carried to that erstwhile flourishing port.

Again, the Shepherds viewed in the Nazar Bag Palace in the city, the famous seven-stringed pearl necklace, worth more than a crore of rupees (100 lakhs) and made up of 288 graduated pearls and 168 diamonds (total weight 11,000 grains), of best quality colour and of the finest water. "What would Tiffany think of it?" the visitors murmured to each other. And in the same case lay the diamond necklace that contains the Star of the South, a Brazilian diamond, the seventh largest in the world, its weight 125 carats, its worth 9 lakhs of rupees (a lakh then = 100,000 Rs.). It had been in the aigrette of Napoleon III and had been purchased by the Baroda Maharajah, Khandi Rao, in 1867.

In a room across the passage in this Palace was yet another jewelled sight. Upon the wall hung the oblong-shaped and famous pearl carpet, which had been on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum in London. The original reason for its making was as evidence of the friendly attitude of the present Maharajah's predecessor to the Moslem religion, and it was made in duplicate, the



NAUICH IROUPEI AT BAKODA

first to be dispatched to Mecca to go over the Tomb of Mohammed. This one now only remained. Its value at the time of making was 68,500 rupees, but this day it was worth 2 lakhs. The piece consisted of three big diamond-set flowers along the middle portion, and thirty-three smaller flowers along the border; in the floral design are 1,269 rubies and 569 emeralds. The remaining portion of the carpet, in size 6 feet by 10 feet, is made of seed pearls, except the blue, green and red lines in the floral design, which are of coloured glass beads.

Our party now proceeded to Delhi and at 8 a.m. on Monday, February 2, the Maharajah of Baroda's salute of twenty-one guns boomed out. All were established in an hotel, Jeanne Jacq also accompanying the *swari* at Their Highnesses' express invitation.

I took Jeanne sightseeing, through the Palaces of the Mogul Emperors, to the mosques and the bazaar. In a brass shop she haggled nervously over the price of a beggar's-bowl that she greatly desired to take back to France. While she considered between two, one twice the size of the other, I happened to remark aloud that the smaller one was truer to life.

"No, Memsahab," the shopman quickly intervened. "This big one is rich beggar's bowl. Rich beggar have three cities and camels. Very like bowl this. Rich beggar have much worship."

"Jeanne, you must have the big bowl and be a rich beggar!" and I laughingly handed over the seven rupees asked. Next morning we saw actually such a bowl used by a wayside *fakir*. Was he a 'rich beggar'?

We were motoring along the then finest road in India, leading to the Kutb Minar, that loftiest of prayer-towers, built by the Mogul Kutb-uddin when he proclaimed himself Emperor at Delhi, and planted there a new dynasty and religion. His day was long over. Now, centuries later, we Europeans were passing evidence of great new work going forward, brick kilns and tall chimneys; and the tent-life of the British directing mind. (Such an en-

campment is always the same: a gateway, a drive lined with flower-pots or potsherds, there are palms or ferns against the hardness of the Elgin Mill tents, and the chick-blind, green with red and yellow centre, gives privacy to the entrance; servants' tents lie behind.)

New Delhi was a-building. Three lakhs (300,000) of young trees had been planted by the Forestry Department. (These had good time to grow up before the new city really was opened in 1931!) In three years from then (1914) Government House was planned to be built and inhabited. But who knew what developments might not happen, other dynasty rise, old prophecies come true? Did the land resent the foreigner? The ancient iron pillar near the Minar, there since A.D. 400, had seen change upon change and always an advance in civilisation. No longer in a jungle, as I had seen it first in 1911, it stood now in the midst of green and gravel paths that lacked only garden seats for us sightseers, who had suddenly become hungry.

We breakfasted on the famous chicken cutlets and omelette of the *khitmatgar* (caretaker-butler), and we were sent sweetmeats by the priest from the temple. The Maharani had already preceded us to the temple to worship and give alms. We aliens were allowed only into the first court, and here we found Her Highness' Paris shoes and parasol sitting outside while in the inner court she herself stood, in silk-stockinged feet, holding a garland and listening to the priest as he recited blessings from the goddess. At the temple-entry there smiled down on us two large stone tigers over whose strange heads hung innumerable bronze bells, in rows, with dangling chains.

But time was up and we had to get back to Delhi, as the Maharani was to call upon Lady Hardinge by appointment. At the Viceroy's camp I sat outside in the ante-room; the Maharani wanted private conversation. I remember she was not so cheerful when she came out as when she went in, and Her Highness was thoughtful all the way home.

Jeanne and I had duly inscribed our names in the Vice-regal visitors' book and paid the calls obligatory even for this short stay in Delhi. We were invited to tea with Lady McMahon, and we found her on a grass lawn round which were flower-beds full of home flowers like phlox, verbenas, Indian pinks, larkspur, petunias, nasturtiums, candytuft, cornflowers, and hollyhocks; tennis lawn and all, accomplished since last November, when she had begun to work on the bit of jungle that the garden then was! Now in February it was a thing of such beauty.

We saw how nervous people were since the attack on the Viceroy at the end of 1912. Lady McMahon related that one recent morning, just as Lord Hardinge was coming out of the Secretariat opposite her house, a horrid brown creature had suddenly dropped over the wall and hidden among her precious flowers. Her feelings, that possibly from her garden the dreadful deed would be done, were inexpressible. Going up to the man she sternly ordered him off the place. He would not move. She bade a *chuprassi* turn him out: but the servant said he could not do so. She stood in despair, and then thanked God as she caught sight of Colonel Maxwell, V.C., the Viceroy's Military Secretary, coming her way; she begged him to help her. Colonel Maxwell gave one glance at the fellow, then assured her: "He is a C.I.D. man. He is all right." But Lady McMahon had had a terrifying five minutes!

There came to call on me at my hotel General Birdwood, next Commander-in-Chief gossip surmised (and with truth), and certainly so if Lord Kitchener were to succeed this Viceroy. Our visitor was charming and tactful; he drank tea with us and told how his uncle in Baroda had asked him especially to call. But though the Dabka incident still rankled, I could not bring myself to talk it over with anyone else till I had seen my particular friend, Colonel Maxwell, with whom I was to dine that night.

In front of the cheery fire in his drawing-room-tent in the Viceroy's Camp, Colonel Maxwell and I sat that

crisp cold evening for half-an-hour's talk before dinner. "Please tell me," I said, "if there is anything special against the Maharajah of Baroda? I feel as if we were up against something unknown. He, too, feels as if he were considered unworthy of frank treatment."

Now my host's family and mine were old friends, and this fact would cause him to warn me if any warning were necessary. He knew that I was as British as I could be, and that though on occasions I might seem 'pro-India', it was not a true conclusion that I must therefore be 'anti-British'. In this difficult position he would help.

"No," he replied. "There is nothing except the aftermath, of course, of the Delhi incident."

One sensed that there was a 'set' feeling on that subject. However, I gave a short outline of the facts as we knew them in Baroda, but only to lead up to the main point—the difficult situation that had arisen since the camp at Dabka.

"Well, would you like to see the Foreign Secretary? I'll ask Mr. Wood to lunch to-morrow, if you wish."

I gladly accepted the opportunity, and then Mrs. Maxwell came in. With warm courtesy she seconded her husband's invitation to lunch next day in their pretty home in the tent land surrounding Viceregal Lodge, where official life was established since the time of the Delhi Durbar, until the great move to New Delhi took place.

After that lunch Mr. Wood lent me his ear. Yes, he had heard something about it, he said, and he put questions, in answering which I did not hesitate to defend the Maharani. Then he said slowly, "The thing does not seem to me to be very serious, but I think an A.D.C. should have brought that message."

"But I was equivalent to the Maharani's A.D.C. There was only one aide, on duty with the Maharajah, in this camping party," I protested.

Mr. Wood smoked his cigarette slowly. Then he said: "Well, if the Resident holds out the olive-branch to you, you will not refuse to take it?" His clever eyes smiled at me.

"Of course not. I love peace too well; but I do not want the Barodas to feel hurt in any way or be misunderstood."

Before we joined the rest of the party, I had also asked the Foreign Secretary if I were allowed to accept presents from Their Highnesses. It had been said to me that I should not take that present of the Maharajah after the New Year's Eve party.

"You are not in British service," he replied. "You can accept anything they like to give you."

I returned to my hotel, comforted for the sake of Their Highnesses, with whom I talked before they left for Lucknow. Jeanne and I were to visit Agra, for her to see the wonderful human beauty of the Taj Mahal, first in the warm glow of an opalescent sunset, again in brilliant moonlight that same night, and the next morning by the hard light of day. After seeing Cawnpore also, we re-joined Their Highnesses in an hotel at Lucknow.

The evening that the Maharajah and Maharani were to dine with the Lieutenant-Governor of this new province (whose formation had been one of the Delhi Durbar 'boons' or announcements) I was in Her Highness' room as she finished dressing.

The Maharajah entered, attired in conventional European evening dress. "Please will you pin on this order for me?" he requested in simple friendly tones, and he put the 'Star of India' into my hands. I gladly complied, and as I set about pinning it on the correct side, His Highness complained of the cold, saying: "But these clothes you people wear are so much warmer than our own. Each country has its ceremonial dress according to the thermometer, you know!" I laughed and missed the fastening of the pin. "Haven't you done?" he said, but not at all impatiently. Then the Star was fixed and the Maharajah was ready. He saw me looking at his bare head, its crisp greying hair smoothly brushed back from the low forehead.

"Aren't you wearing your red topee, Maharajah

Saheb?" I asked, as I turned away to perform a similar pinning office for the Maharani's Order of the Crown of India.

"No," he answered. "It does not suit this evening dress. —*Chalo* (let us go)," he said, briskly turning to the Maharani.

Next day Her Highness confided to me that the officials, she considered, had been very stiff and haughty at the party, and she believed that the Resident had just arrived to see the Maharajah on something important.

Had anything happened amiss at this dinner? Both Resident and Dewan had been guests there also, and they could have protected the 'Little Man', surely? Trouble seemed inevitable. Did people intend that he should err on the thorny official path? If it were expected of him, it would certainly happen!

On the return to Baroda, after another short stay in Delhi for an official dinner party, the Maharani and I paced the busy station at Rutlam, while exchange was being made into the special train (price £50) that was to carry us through the last four hours of the journey home. She told me that the Maharajah had been considered by the officials in Lucknow as guilty of discourtesy in that he wore no head-covering, and had chosen to appear not in Baroda dress. "Also there was some trouble or other," said the Maharani, "about drinking the King's health at Delhi just now. Maharaj didn't drink it because he had no water given to him."

One could visualise at this party at Viceregal Lodge, the Maharajah Saheb's lack of interest in details of eating and drinking, his real interest in his hostess's conversation, his letting pass the servant who should have served him with liquid for the toast (as a Hindu he would refuse the wine); and then his sudden realising when all were standing that his glass was empty and it was too late to be served. He would not have the *nous* to pretend to drink from an empty glass; he was too sincere and simple-minded in etiquette.

The Maharani was now taking more part in the public life of her State. Shortly after the return from Lucknow, both Their Highnesses sat together on the platform in the Nyaya Mandir Hall at the annual prize distribution of the city girls' schools, when, for the first time in her life, the Maharani, instead of the Maharajah, gave away the prizes handed to her by the inspectress of girls' schools.

Again, two weeks later, the lady librarian requested the pleasure of all feminine company at a ladies' *purdah* party to be held in the Central Library, at five o'clock, when there was a charming gathering of mothers and children round their Maharani.

Whether this gradual emergence of Her Highness into public life really pleased the Maharajah or not it was difficult to say. He had no settled programme, I believe, only a great desire to do what was best in the evolution of women's ways and extension of their influence into public life. Certainly much depended on his feelings at the last moment as to whether the Maharani would appear at public functions. If the Maharajah expressed no wish, she did not go. It seemed as if on occasion a 'royal thumb' must needs impress itself!

But at the Palace entertainments, regular and formal, the Maharani more and more took her place as hostess. Before dinner parties the guests gathered in the big drawing-room with its gay colourings, on the Maharajah's side of the Raj Mahal, and awaited the coming of Their Highnesses. The Maharajah Saheb entered first by one of the light-curtained doorways and would greet all his guests. These would then be conscious that Her Highness had entered by another doorway and expected salutation. When dinner was announced His Highness led the way along the corridor with the senior lady, Her Highness following next with the male of most importance: the rest of the party according as the table-formation of the A.D.C. had paired us.

In the ways of her household the Maharani was really interested, but up till now she had not felt that she could

or should do anything to alter things. Her library was to be rebuilt this year. If they went to Europe, as was probable, the Maharani proposed to buy more books, for the lure of books was upon her. She often consulted the State architect, Mr. Coyle, over the plans for the new arrangements and decoration, and her lessons in Sanskrit and her French lessons with Mme. Jacq were constantly being interrupted by building projects.

Next, the house-keeping on the Maharajah's side of the Palace engrossed Her Highness' attention. "The left-hand side of the Palace has always kept up the traditions for the right-hand side of the Palace," said an A.D.C., Captain Sadekar Pawar. And Her Highness might rightly be proud of her old servants and perfected service and appointments. Now at her desire a commission was appointed to inquire into the Maharajah's kitchen expenses—the European kitchen, not the Hindu kitchen. The personnel of the commission included Captain Rigg, two Indians and myself.

"Huh!" ejaculated Captain Rigg, when he and I met at the club after the order had come to us at the end of February. "I expect we shall get poisoned when we come to limiting other people's snips! There must be heaps of leakage, and our French *chef* and English major-domo will not like us a bit."

But I was intrigued over all that it meant. Every day at four o'clock, for three weeks, the commission sat. We examined accounts, we interviewed the staff, we looked through the stores and considered the capacity and ventilation of storerooms and larders. We criticised the pantry methods, which then were most primitive. We investigated local bazaar supplies and those daily sent up from Bombay. We arrived early to see how supplies were delivered in the mornings; we visited local meat-shops and fish-mart, such as they were; and we went over the vegetable gardens at the jail and in the Public Gardens, both of which 'fed' the Palace.

We found that some nineteen rupees per head per day

was being spent! This did not include entertainments, wine or smokes; only the dinners, teas, and breakfasts of the Palace party and any guests for those meals. There followed much quaking in many shoes.

An immediate and unexpected result of our investigations came out at the Gymkhana Club one evening when the Maharajah's A.D.C., capable Captain Nimbalkar, greeted me after tennis. "Do you know what you've done? The order has gone forth that if the A.D.C.s wish for a cigarette, they have to ask for it and sign a *chit* (note)!"

Captain Rigg, sitting near, burst out laughing. "That would be the natural result!" and he, a chain-smoker, thought of the days when he had to be on special duty at the Palace.

"What did you do before?" I asked.

"There was a new box every day!" Nimbalkar airily replied; and we agreed the curtailment was merited.

Now in my own household the bazaar account was about two and a half rupees per head per day, and it included guests for every meal and wine and smokes. Whether the servants could make much or little was revealed to me by a curious letter I received about this time:

"MADAM,—

"I the undersigned Fatu humbly begs to state that your Butler Bhana is a lyer man i.e. you are paying Rs.3 for Corosine Tin but Its price Rs.2.7 remaining annas Nine Bhana is keeping in his pocket. Bhana is buying Coals of eight annas and eight ans. keeping in his pocket. By this he is doing in everything. If you do not faith in my speech you may enquire from Cooly when you will find true fact. Also he is mixed water in Milk. Please enquire from your Aya, and do needful for this.

"Bhana Butler had done mischief with Miss Waste so he has discharged from his duty.

"If you will enquire with Cooly he will call another best Butler. Bhana has theft at Bombay. Please consider all matter."

And I came to know, too, the expenses that a servant would shoulder light-heartedly. For example, my butler's mother died suddenly, and he asked for the loan of five rupees as he had to borrow a hundred rupees for a great feast. I refused, and the picture of his state of finance made me blink, for his pay was fifteen rupees per month, and now *dastur* (custom) was making him spend a hundred rupees on a feast of eighteen days following the death. He would be obliged to steal from me!

As in a small house, so in a Palace.

The departure on leave of the Resident (for whose 'olive-branch' I had waited in vain) took place the same night as my moonlight smoking-concert party, to which I invited the station, including the Assistant-Resident and his wife, and everyone accepted.

It was the spring festival-time of Holi. The preceding night Jeanne and I had ridden through the bazaar, to find that in all the streets there were deep holes in which were to be piled wood and flowers and garlands, to be set ablaze next day about sunset-time—an act of worship and an indication of hopes for a good year to follow. On this night of my party the city was full of sound and revelry. The tom-toms that beat, came occasionally to the ears of the guests who now sat outside in the garden and listened to the excellent music of the State Band, to Indian musicians, to English songs, and to the recitation in sweet monotone of Persian ballads, by a Mohammedan lady.

Suddenly all heads turned towards the gate, and there walked in, to join the party, the Maharajah Saheb accompanied by his A.D.C. and preceded only by a servant with a lantern. A few minutes later the Maharani drove up in her car. Since I was about to sing, Jeanne

Jacq, acting co-hostess, went forward to greet Her Highness, and the two beautiful women of the East and the West sat side by side under the trees. Above was the brilliant moon; below, coloured fairy lamps made gay the dark branches and bushes. When it was time for supper in the *shamiana* erected on the lawn, the Ruling Family departed, and the last guest had gone at midnight.

Holi ended with the celebrations for the Maharajah's birthday on March 17th. It was a grand occasion.

That morning by special train the Maharajah Holkar of Indore arrived, and Baroda boomed with salutes here and salutes there. The Indore party stayed in the Makarpura Palace and came into Baroda by motor car. There was a review of troops, and thereafter two durbars of state and solemnity. But the greatest of ceremonies took place in the afternoon when the Maharajah of Indore was to unveil an equestrian statue of the Maharajah of Baroda, which had been erected by his grateful people to commemorate his silver jubilee—the Maharajah Gaekwar's twenty-five years of beneficent reign.

The report of the silver jubilee committee said: "The Equestrian Statue symbolises the modern spirit of Progress, and His Highness as leading the subjects of his Raj in the march of Progress, with a determination and firmness all his own. The work was entrusted to Mr. Francis Derwent Wood, A.R.A., who executed the same within thirty months. The total cost came to about sixty thousand rupees."

Before the ceremony the road from the Lakshmi Vilas Palace to the Public Park (in front of whose gates the statue had stood hidden under a canopy for months past) was lined by the State troops in full-dress uniform with regimental colours and standards. Guns were planted at the usual places. A guard of honour of the State infantry with band and colours was drawn up near the statue, and more guards were located up the road to the cantonment. All roads converging to the statue were decorated with flags, bunting and festoons.

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

The invited guests, "ladies and gentlemen of the Station as well as State Sirdars, Darakdars, Officers, and respectable merchants and Bankers of the City" (thus the programme), seated in the spectatorial *shamiana*, heard the artillery salute of nineteen guns fired in honour of the Maharajah of Indore, as Their Highnesses started from the Palace in the gold carriage-and-four, with Household Cavalry as escort.

The two Rulers arrived.

Then—amazing sight!—Her Highness the Maharani drove up accompanied by the two Maharanis of Indore, the two young princesses, and Princess Sitabai of Indore. They got out and their open carriages rolled away.

Where was *purdah*?

We watched the grandees welcomed by the President and members of the silver jubilee committee and received the 'Royal Salute of the Guard of Honour'. Seats were taken on the dais in the decorated pavilion, and an explanatory report was read recounting the many reforms conscientiously and deliberately worked out by the Maharajah Gaekwar.

We heard of the significant advance in departments of administration, the development of agriculture, local arts and industries, the formation of local boards and municipalities, of co-operative institutions in rural areas, the diffusion of mass education in remote parts of the State—free and compulsory, the liberal provision for higher education in high schools and colleges and by free public libraries, the sanitation and improvement of villages and towns, sites for recreation and amusement, social service, the network of railways, waterworks, irrigation tanks—all the work of the present Ruler, to whom this happy period of security and peace and progress was due.

The Maharajah Holkar of Indore next spoke, shortly but sincerely, of his admiration for the Ruler of Baroda, who had greatly dared to persuade his countrymen to give up obsolete ideals of individual and social life. Notable



TWO YOUNG WIVES NOW PRINCESSSES

reforms had been carried out in the unique position held by a native state, whose peace and prosperity were assured through British rule. Baroda led the way in reforms such as compulsory education and social legislation, and the other native states were closely following the results. He was certain that the Maharajah's name would go down to posterity as that of a man who rose much above his surroundings, and as one who steadily pursued the good of his people irrespective of caste and creed.

The grantees then trailed across the red strip of carpet from the pavilion to the base of the statue, which the Maharajah Holkar unveiled ceremoniously (and without a hitch). The guard of honour gave a 'Royal salute'. The State artillery fired twenty-one guns. Garlands and bouquets handed round completed an extremely pleasing function that must have been gratifying to the Maharajah of Baroda, who, at the Palace evening party, was congratulated again and again upon the success of his life work.

The thoughts of the Maharajah Saheb were centred on the coming trip to Europe, for which he felt he required a man of parts, to be his companion for six months. On his behalf I wrote to Dean Strong, at Oxford, who might know of a "man of ripe and keen intellect, of achievement in the sporting world, a social entity, and cosmopolitan in his interests." His Highness had a desire to study comparative religions, but it was not an essential qualification for his companion-to-be, although knowledge of the historical and social-economic sides of national polity was a necessity. (Such a companion was not to be found!)

Diversion out in the jungle was now sought by the Maharajah. He joined Her Highness, who had long made preparations for a tiger-shoot, and she was in admirable form, as shown by her recent target-practice in the Palace grounds. Jeanne and I would have accompanied her, but she said it was too rough and insanitary for the former, who had had fever. Therefore Her Highness had

gone out alone and little expected the Maharajah to arrive. When he did the luck was his, for he bagged the tiger, nine feet, one and a half inches. He returned immediately over the hundred and fifty miles from Fort Songad to Baroda, in time for the Hindu New Year's Day, a big durbar, and the general holiday. Then again the Maharajah went into the district to complete his tour of work. Her Highness meanwhile remained a few days longer out in camp where she shot a panther, and then moved still further into the cool jungle life she dearly loved.

Baroda was now really hot. In my bedroom, that faced west, every afternoon the thermometer registered 90 degrees; and Jeanne who was feeling *dépaysée* found the heat trying. As she recovered from a tiresome fever she had ample time to watch the monkeys who played around the bungalow and garden and were too active for the *mahli* who tended so carefully the celery and chillis and tomatoes that they attacked. We relished the lettuces they left, but as the rascals wasted too much, I sent for the monkey-scarer. He came with his bow and arrows and as he entered the gate he uttered a terrific yell enough to frighten any monkey away! We wondered he did not use an air-gun. Then we realized that monkeys would have no racial memory except for bows and arrows, and the gun would only be useful against monkeys perhaps five generations hence. Even then, what would Humayan, the monkey-god, say or do, if the sacred creatures were hurt in this State?

We saw also the simian life take its spring medicine, supplied by the tall neem tree that overshadowed the bungalow. The monkeys, old and young, sat on the branches fresh with new sap, pulled off the immature leaves and chewed them lustily. We learnt how young monkeys, that one imagines never to be afraid to jump or drop, actually have a natural fear in their callow days. We watched a party of them swing together for quite twenty minutes in a clump of bamboos above a corru-

gated iron roof, where the drop would be only some four feet. They swung and they hesitated, then summoned up all their courage, and dropped. One tiny thing still clung to the branch, terrifying itself with fear during a whole five minutes, then suddenly it ventured the leap and, alighting safely, tore off at once to the middle of its mother, which it gripped hard, burying its face in her hairy bosom. Mamma-monkey, feeling the baby hands tight about her, ambled away well out of sight of the chasm the little one had braved, and sat down to soothe her *butcha* (baby) with motherly pats and murmurings.

On April 18th Their Highnesses and suite were really en route for Europe, and we stood on the deck of the s.s. *Mantua* waving farewells to the friends who had come down from Baroda to see the party off.

Their Highnesses had interesting conversation on board with my cousin, now Bishop of Calcutta, who was voyaging home on furlough. After being enlightened by me about the Durbar incident, he held out to the Maharajah an extra warm hand of friendship, for his compassion was aroused. He saw how suffering had left its mark on His Highness' face and on his general health, how adversely the murk of political suspicion had affected this ruler, who recently had received an intimation from the Government of India that too soon he was visiting Europe again. The Maharajah also had been handed a list of political suspects whom he was not to see in Europe. This paper His Highness gave into my charge, saying with merriment a little nervous though so casual: "Here is a valuable thing. *You* had better keep it!" Probably this interesting paper was the irksome outcome of the Maharajah's protest to the Viceroy the previous year in that missive which had given the Maharani anxiety as the pilot waited for it.

After arrival in France a short time was spent by Their Highnesses in Paris, where the days were filled with

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

intensive shopping, consultations over jewels to be reset, meetings with their French friends, French lessons from the Berlitz school, and roller-skating lessons at the Rink, the rendezvous at that time of fashionable Paris. The Maharani had begun to roller-skate at Marienbad in the past year, and being fairly accomplished she had actually tried in India skating round the marble floors of her own Palace! Now in Paris she took the opportunity to become more adept.

Then all lessons ended suddenly, for, one morning, when a melodious waltz was being played, Her Highness, who had been going round with the young English instructor, slipped, caught her foot in the man's skate, and both came down. Dazed but, fortunately, conscious, she was helped to the waiting-room while I made all haste to gather up the pearls of her necklace, broken with the impact. (The loss of even one was a serious matter, and one was never found, anyway by our party.) For the next few days the Maharani was kept in bed with a cut upper lip and bruised body. Probably this fall was the cause of a continuous ill-health that troubled her for quite a decade.

It was good, therefore, for Her Highness and His Highness, too, to be going to Evian-les-Bains for the cure during June, this month of drinking the waters being preparation for the more strenuous cure that the Maharajah would have at Vichy or Contrexéville, and the Maharani at Carlsbad, in July. While I took a month's leave, Jeanne Jacq joined Their Highnesses once more; immediately she had landed in France she had dashed off to her family, whom again she rejoined after I came back to take Her Highness over to England.

The early days of July of this eventful year, Their Highnesses spent in London at Claridge's Hotel, a good centre for the shopping that kept the Maharani busy. She ordered beautiful coats at Liberty's or Jay's. In

vain we sought for a hat to suit her moonlike face. She interviewed the Fiat Company over her new car. She chose motor rugs, manicure sets, new luggage, china, material for *saris*. Photographers, doctors, and special and useless hair-treatment, had their place in the full day. The afternoons were filled with callers, tea parties and lessons in lawn-tennis at the Queen's Club, where both Their Highnesses had been made honorary members. The Maharani was too occupied to go to the Ham and Petersham Rifle Club, of which she had been made a life-member that year. Dinner parties, theatre parties with suppers sometimes to follow, rounded off the busy days. But regularly Her Highness took a brisk walk in the Park, and occasionally we drove down to Wimbledon, where she revelled in the fine air on the common.

Quite ready for the journey to Carlsbad on the morning of July 14th, Her Highness walked down the platform in Victoria Station and past the news stall. She caught sight of a poster. What? Lady Hardinge dead? But the latest news had been that she was progressing after the operation for which she had returned from India. It was a shock to the Maharani, who instantly dispatched the A.D.C. to telegraph a personal message of condolence to the bereaved Viceroy in India. The shadow of death spread itself over the whole journey to Austria, and little did any of the party know what we ourselves were to go through before we saw London again!

At Carlsbad the Maharani established herself at the up-to-date Hotel Imperial, and at once began the 'cure,' taking it most seriously according to the directions of Dr. Toepfer. Her Highness drank waters, she had mud baths or mud packs. She went thrice a week to the gymnasium, where all apparatus worked at reduction by electricity. She ate a dull diet, and she walked, and she walked, and she walked! We wondered which did most to reduce her weight, of which a French doctor in Paris had said:

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"But, Altesse, you are not really fat, not as our French-women are!" (My own weight went down without any 'cure' through the dutiful routine of walking and talking.)

At the Hotel Imperial, patronised by the ultra-fashionable world taking the 'cure,' the company of the Baron and Baroness de Rothschild gave Her Highness pleasure. But the general over-dressing and other ways, and distasteful atmosphere, caused the Maharani to wish to move to the Savoy West End Hotel. "It's dowdy, but it will do," she said as she went over that building, twenty years behind the times in style and furnishing, but patronised by aristocracy.

It was fortunate that Her Highness had so decided, for, on the 25th (Saturday) night, this bombshell was thrown into our midst at the Imperial, announced gravely in the middle of a dance we were watching from the gallery.

War is declared between Austria and Serbia.

Next morning a hundred of the hotel staff, waiters and engineers had gone to their units. A *valet de chambre* dropped down dead after receiving a telegram from his colonel. The political situation suddenly took on the form of an ogre.

The Maharani consulted her doctor, who commended her change of hotel. "What you, Highness, should do," he said, "is to go on with the cure. Stay until August 13th as you had planned. See! The Burgomeister urges all to exercise tranquillity. Everything will be normal shortly. There will be no difficulty in getting away." Then, with ironic laughter, Dr. Toepfer gave us the first war gossip: how the Chief of the Serbian General Staff had been at Gleichenberg in Austria, taking a cure; dashing back to Serbia he had been recognised by a detective, who demanded his papers; as he had not got them he had been deported as prisoner of war to Budapest!

Next day the doctor himself had gone to the war.

The town, peace invaded, was desolated. Most of the Russians had fled home. The French hastily returned to

Paris. Some panicky Americans departed for Switzerland. The Hotel Imperial shut!

The proprietor of the Savoy West End Hotel maintained his aristocratic standard at lunch and dinner with orchestra and cuisine. His daily habit was to talk personally with the most important clients at their luncheon tables. He would come to the Maharani and, affably smiling, tell her not to worry over the Maharajah, of whose plans she could get no news. But it was well to obtain passports, he said on the second day of her stay. They were always useful.

Then came Wednesday, August 5th.

About ten o'clock I met Sir Robert Fulton, also staying at the Savoy West End Hotel, I on my way to rejoin the Maharani at the baths, he returning in all haste to the hotel to his wife. He called out without preamble.

"Oh . . . the worst news possible! *England has declared war on Germany!*"

I gasped and stared as he went on: "There is no possibility of getting telegrams or letters through. I've been supine in not taking money out of the bank, and now I can get only a little, and that not English. . . ."

I could only stammer: "Oh, how dreadful! How dreadful! . . ." and hurry straight to the office of the British Vice-Consul, where I was greeted with the news that our passports had arrived.

That afternoon the Maharani interviewed the Kur-Sekretär, to ask what was the best chance of going away. The Baron held out little hope, but said he would ask the Governor of Prag if a special train and safe-conduct for the Baroda party to Trieste or Switzerland could be arranged.

Later I went down to ask the stationmaster if he knew when trains would go through to Switzerland. It was just as well that our party should travel.

He shook his head.

With some acrimony of tone I said: "Only God knows, I suppose!"

"Indeed, God does not know!" replied he. "*Der Gott ist nur für Friede, nicht im Krieger Zeit!*"

The stationmaster was right, I mused, as I wended my way back to the hotel. The idea man makes of God is suitable only to peace time. In war other ideas are born.

The evening paper on August 6th was headed in bold lines:

"WELTKRIEG!"

and announced the declaration of war from the British Embassy in Berlin, and the departure of our Ambassador!

We were involved in a World's War, at the beginning of which the papers made the German Emperor frankly declare:

"Ich kenne keine Partei mehr, ich kenne nur Deutsche."

From that day onwards the attitude of the Germans in the town quickly changed, and our shopping became uncomfortable. The strain was great, but the Maharani kept up her daily walks and any parts of the cure she felt inclined for, in order to make the long days pass. She sent constant wires to the British Consul at Lausanne, asking M. Galland to ascertain the Maharajah's movements and quickly to wire his reply. She felt she could not move until she knew where he was.

It was very difficult to provide distractions for the Maharani, who missed the gossip of the newspapers that no longer arrived; but her fellow-guests in the hotel, including several well-known people, helped to pass the time at lunch or tea, at a rare game of tennis or at bridge.

During our walks great bargains were picked up in the shops. Her Highness bought, below cost price, Italian embroidered lace bedspreads and tablecloths and cushion covers, which the shop people preferred to sell at a loss rather than take again to Italy. The fur shop had beautiful silver-fox skins, originally priced at 12,000 kroner, but which, just before her departure, the Maharani acquired for 8,000 kroner only. The shops of antiques began to fill with the heirlooms of families who needed money in

this terrible war, and here again Her Highness acquired priceless treasures, which, later, in her drawing-room at Baroda, were mementoes of those harrowing days.

Then a telegram was received from the Consul at Lausanne, and the Maharani smiled broadly as she handed it to me to read: the Maharajah was well and proposed that Her Highness should meet him at Ouchy. She said:

"Maharaj has no idea that I am stuck here. How can I possibly meet him? Please will you ask Mr. Aulich to come?"

The hotel proprietor sent for a map, over which the Maharani and he pored. He was sure that special arrangements could be made through Galland at Lausanne, acting with the Ambassador at Berne, to allow the party into Switzerland, in spite of the constant reports that Switzerland had closed her doors to any more foreigners, and that food supplies were practically exhausted.

On August 11th the British Vice-Consul at Carlsbad received this telegram from Vienna from the British Ambassador, Sir Maurice de Bunsen:

"Foreign Office telegraphs the Maharani of Baroda requires advice and assistance please call on Her Highness and inform me whether there is anything that can be done for her.

"BUNSEN"

and Mr. Gann brought it up to the Maharani who, thankful that her presence on the Continent was at last noticed by the powers-that-be, discussed her answer and finally sent this telegram:

"Maharani well wishes join Maharajah Ouchy will not travel alone would go with special train with other English desires military escort thanks for enquiries."

"I believe," said Her Highness, "if I asked for a train, then other people could come too." But this was not to be. That night the political horizon looked blacker than

ever, and at seven o'clock we learnt that England had declared war against Austria!

A telegram arrived through Lausanne saying that the Maharajah was going to London and begged Her Highness to join him. But how could she? I urged Her Highness to go to Vienna by motor car. She would not hear of it. "No," she persisted, "I will go through Switzerland, because His Highness has said, 'Meet me at Ouchy.' I don't believe there is no money and no food in Switzerland," she replied when I told her that someone in the hotel had received a post card on which was written: "Marooned at Lausanne." However, in the end she wired to de Bunsen (a telegram that was never answered):

"His Excellency British Ambassador Vienna. Please advise me if you go what I can do.

"MAHARANI BARODA."

On Friday, August 14th, Mr. Gann gave me this telegram to show Her Highness. It bore a red paper stamp, the letters SSS, State and Special, and was addressed to the British Consul at Carlsbad:

"Before leaving Vienna I should like British visitors in Carlsbad and neighbourhood including her highness maharani of baroda to know that at my last interview with the austro-hungarian minister for foreign affairs I expressed hope that his excellency would cause facilities to be provided as soon as possible for their conveyance to a neutral frontier count berchtold courteously took notice of my request and I cannot doubt that British subjects in austria and hungary will be treated with consideration

"BUNSEN."

The Maharani now felt 'marooned' in Carlsbad!

One afternoon Her Highness and I were returning from our usual woodland walk when we were stopped by two American women, who said: "Pardon us, ladies, but there is a row going on outside the Savoy Hotel. You can hear

it. We advise you not to go in there just now." They begged us to excuse their speaking; they had seen us in the hotel.

The Maharani and I stopped, listened, and realised the warning was indeed necessary. Below us we could hear the harsh murmurs of a crowd, alternately singing national songs and being addressed by energetic speakers. We waited a minute or two and then decided to make our way quickly back to the hotel, which we entered through a side-door, and so passed to the front veranda where congregated the hotel visitors, some afraid, some curious, others angry.

Outside the gates there now raged a small mob of two or three hundred people, demanding the instant giving up of four French *chefs*, who, a week ago, had missed the last train to France and whom Mr. Aulich gladly kept for the extra comfort of his guests. The ringleader, a barber just returned from Paris, was stirring the crowd to wrath by descanting on the horrible atrocities perpetrated on innocent women and children in Belgium, and by relating how his own shop in Paris had been stormed and smashed and himself maltreated.

"Out with them! Out with them!" the crowd shouted.

The efforts of the governor of the town and the hotel proprietor to calm the excited and ever-increasing rabble and make it move on, were useless. They had to promise that the men should go.

At length we saw a barouche drive in. Silence prevailed for a few minutes. Next the sound of wheels was heard, and in the returning carriage could be seen two of the French *chefs* sitting with their backs to the horses, smoothing their moustaches to hide the fear in their hearts. Opposite to them and facing the crowd sat the Austrian constables.

They drove out of the gates, the horses restive and nervous as the crowd pressed forward to see if the Frenchmen were really there. An open carriage had been demanded. When it was realised that two of the four

chefs had escaped, an angry cry arose. Hoots and hisses made the horses rear with fright. An agitator near the gate rushed at the carriage which, owing to the press, could not move. His uplifted stick gave the signal for blows to be struck, and blood flowed freely. The coachman lashed his horses forward and forced a way for the carriage, which disappeared round the corner, the crowd in full pursuit.

In the hotel one or two people collapsed into tears or hysterics. But the Maharani bore the nasty sight unmoved, except to say, "Poor men! Poor men!"

"There goes our dinner!" said someone standing near us as the carriage vanished from view.

That night Her Highness had a fright, and I a narrow escape. I went out to dine with Mr. Gann at the Weiss Haus, having promised the Maharani that I should be in by nine o'clock. The repast took long to serve and by the time the pancakes came I was almost eaten up by concern about my return. My host escorted me back as quickly as we could make it, and we were not far from the hotel when suddenly he said, "I think I'd better go," and before I had recovered from my amazement he had gone. In two minutes I understood why.

The hotel gates were being shut. I just managed to squeeze through as round the corner surged some two thousand angry people, the sound of whose hoarse voices must have reached my escort.

Inside the hotel the Maharani was on tenterhooks; every time anyone passed she had started forward, hoping it was myself. Why had I been delayed?

We went into the hall, where the hotel guests had gathered. The Americans were strangely quiet now, and one in particular, lately become a French princess, was green with fear. It was a queer thing to see a woman's importance drop away from her like that. Before, she had been so haughty, demanding all she could for her rank. Now she was as quiet as the woods. Outside one could hear the cry of the mob for the French and Russian guests

believed to be in the hotel. Agitators excited the crowds with inflammatory speeches and songs. It was a terrible time of suspense. Twice the gates were rushed. The Governor and the proprietor of the hotel seemed powerless.

Through it all the Maharani stood out upon her balcony, her back against the house and in the shadow, to see without being seen. We heard eleven o'clock strike. The crowd now became tired, and, as it began to move off, gradually the Town Guard slipped in one by one from all sides of the hotel and enclosed us for the night, which I spent on the sofa in the Maharani's sitting-room with the doors open between us.

This event brought home to the Maharani the dangers of the situation. Here was she on one side of Europe and the Maharajah on the other side, with the great curtain of war between them. Her anxiety about him increased as she heard of German advances in France and the dangers of mines in the English Channel.

Early next morning she telegraphed to His Excellency Count Berchtold at Vienna:

"I am very disturbed by dangerous demonstrations at this hotel twice yesterday could you give instant orders for protection of myself and party at Carlsbad and arrange to protect to the frontier as I must leave the country at once

"MAHARANI GAEKWAR OF BARODA."

Further telegrams were dispatched, one to Galland at Lausanne to have arrangements made to assure our crossing the frontier; and to the Grand Hotel Bellevue, Munich, to engage rooms. Then I telephoned to Baron Gerlach to say the Maharani was coming to see him.

"Highness," the Baron urged, "you should go to Vienna under my escort. You will be quite safe, and from Vienna the Minister for Foreign Affairs will give you safe conduct into Switzerland or into Italy."

"No, Baron," said the Maharani. "I will go through South Germany into Switzerland. There is no war at

Munich; so, if you please, send a special messenger to Prag to get permits for me and my party. I am sure I shall be all right by that route."

The Baron kissed her hand, and as we left his office the Maharani built all manner of castles in the air, even saying, "London on Sunday next!"

On the 17th came a telegram from Count Berchtold at Vienna asking for the names of the Baroda party, and later on a cheering message arrived from Lausanne saying that easily should we pass the Swiss and French frontiers.

The Maharani's courage rose, and her satisfaction with Vienna took us for a walk in the rain to buy Austrian badges to wear next day, the Emperor's birthday. With badges of yellow and black Her Highness went down in the morning to join the crowds of people round the Emperor's statue in the Kaiser-Platz. The statue was decorated with flowers. Two enormous flags floated above it. Bands played. Troops of soldiers marched up and deployed. Officials arrived and then the Bishop. The Town Guard lining up at the statue were such old men, so medieval-looking in their green velvet tunics and trousers, and wearing large, round, felt, stiff hats, on which bunchy oak-leaves were fastened flat against flowing cock-feathers. Then came the Governor in procession from the church. The Bishop pronounced the benediction, the Governor made a short speech and the band played the Austrian National Anthem. It was all so dignified and unwarlike.

Returning from the birthday celebration the Maharani was met in the hotel by Mr. Aulich, who said in a whisper: "Altesse, you remember your telegram to Graf Berchtold at Vienna after the mobbing of the hotel? Well, our Governor here has received a telegram asking, 'What ze dickens do you mean by allowing such a thing to happen?' And to-day the Governor Jordan has asked me what personage in my hotel sent the telegram and why I allow it to go!"

Her Highness patted the nervous hotel proprietor on



THE MAHARAJAH'S CAVALRY ESCORT

the arm and said consolingly: "Never mind! The good God will make up to you for this. You did not tell, of course?" and she laughed.

Her Highness had just come from being weighed and she must now tell Mr. Aulich how cure changing to care had shown that was equally potent a reducer. So she added brightly, "What do you think? In this hotel of yours I have lost exactly one stone!" The Maharani looked for congratulations and received them from the diplomatic and smiling Mr. Aulich.

By August 20th all the Americans had gone and the hotel was very quiet. Before that day great had been their talk and discussion, the guessing and calculating. One American, to get away from it all, used to play patience by himself upstairs for hours! Then early in August the American Ambassador in Berlin (whom his fellows in Carlsbad familiarly called 'Jimmie Gerard') had required an exact list of his countrymen, for, he said, the U.S.A. Government had chartered ships and was sending the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to superintend the embarkation at a neutral port of all American citizens. Now there was to be a special train to take them to Havre. One, Mr. Rice, promised me papers recording the home-arrival of the 'Americans marooned in Europe'. With a wicked twinkle he said, "I am so looking forward to seeing some people on the third day after we leave here. I am going to photograph them and then, later on in America, I shall make my fortune!" Which plot I could only pretend to think diabolical.

But the American train did not carry away the 'Princess'. She said to her protesting friends that she had decided to keep to her marriage nationality, that she would motor to Vienna the next day and leave the country through Italy. Which she did. But does she know that we saw her start, with her huge innovation trunks labelled in large white letters with her former American name?

The question of money had been disturbing the Maharani's clerk. However, relief was at hand, for Coutts'

Bank in London, acting under instructions from the Maharajah, wired one thousand pounds through the Credit Anstalt at Zürich to the Credit Anstalt at Carlsbad. The courteous manager, Mr. Lederer, gave it in cash, Austrian, Swiss, German and English monies, and thus bills could be paid and embarrassment avoided. Few people left Carlsbad so clear of debt!

All preparations and papers for departure were completed, and on Friday, August 21st, the Maharani was to start off on her way to rejoin the Maharajah now in England. It was planned to drive to Eger, the frontier town; and Baron Gerlach, the Kur-Sekretär, would accompany her, as also an officer, Lieutenant Kuttel, beside the chauffeur. The servants and luggage had to go earlier by train.

Through a peaceful countryside, where only women worked, the car travelled; here and there small boys, in imitation of their seniors at war, put up small hands to bar our progress. We drew up at the 'Kaiser Wilhelm Hotel' in Eger and descended. While I ordered breakfast to be ready for eleven o'clock, the Baron went to the commandant with our papers, but in half an hour he was back, and, in agitation, sought the Maharani.

"Highness, I have grave news!" He then told how military passes were required from all foreigners. Orders had come to the commandant only that morning to stop any travellers without them. He said the party could go on into Germany with the papers held (*viz.* an open order from the Governor of Carlsbad and also the permission to leave Austria from Graf Berchtold, Minister of Foreign Affairs), but that they might be stopped on the frontier, now made two stations from Eger, to be detained there, probably in great discomfort, by the officials, until orders were received from Headquarters. "Further," said the Baron, "the Germans in Eger have been inquiring about Your Highness' party. They have no idea of Indian royalties and they consider you may be related to the Royal Family of England! They argue that 'India is

British Dominion, therefore the Maharani is British, therefore she is against us.' . . . The Commandant strongly advises Your Highness not to go into Germany, but to return to Carlsbad or go direct to Vienna. . . . As it is, they have kept your papers saying they will send them to the Minister of War in Vienna."

The Maharani took her defeat gracefully, and then came the sad return, at the beginning of which we ran over and killed a goose. But the authorities had *cooked* ours! The Baron confessed to being thankful when we were out of Eger and in the open country, away from soldiers and the rigidity of military orders.

Mr. Aulich, horrified to see Her Highness back in Carlsbad, accompanied her upstairs and listened to what had happened. Then he said: "Altesse, you must not take any other advice than mine. I will send you as a private party, with no escort and in a car and with a courier that I can guarantee." He planned out the journey by Linz and so to Innsbruck and on to Zürich. "The luggage shall start to-morrow in charge of a porter who will take it all the way by slow train to Zürich, where Your Highness' courier can meet it and take it to London. Just keep out only two suitcases each, to fit on the motor cars." He begged the Maharani to rest. He would see to everything. He assured her all would go well this time. The cars would be ready on Monday; this was Friday.

Early that Monday morning the 24th, I superintended the packing of the two automobiles. Into Her Highness' car were stacked tins of benzine, provisions, bottles of soda water, dressing-cases, cushions, rugs, books and papers. In the second car, laden in similar fashion, there packed themselves Mrs. Burrows, who carried the jewels in an old unsuspecting-looking holland bag; the Indian clerk, Ambergakar (luckily a man over fifty); and Yumna, the Indian maid, old and sensible (she had accompanied the Maharani four times to Europe and was 'travelled'). The money was also with the second car, in a shabby tin box. The contract had been signed for 4,400 kroner in

Austrian money, to be delivered to the chauffeurs on the frontier at the end of the journey.

At half-past eight Her Highness came down. Herr Aulich waited with a great bouquet of pink roses to present to her, and a lesser one for me. We waved adieux to our friends at the windows, and heard Herr Aulich's last words of advice: "Do not turn back. Stop there if you have to, and telegraph to our good American Consul."

We drove out under the hotel gate-arch, and then the jovial-looking courier smiled back at us and patted his pocket which contained our passports. His competence had been assured by Herr Aulich.

The Maharani sat back, her feet on a benzine can. "Why does he smile?" she asked.

Later we knew.

The day was glorious. The road was red with rowan berries from the overhanging trees. The splendid crops were being garnered by old age and childhood. Five miles outside Carlsbad, where a great tree trunk barred the road, a sentry demanded passports. We watched his face anxiously and sighed with relief when the cars were allowed through.

We passed over the cobbled streets of Pilsen, thence to Budweis, where the very geese seemed to have mobilised against us, for in regiments they came, cackling angrily, with outstretched wings, across the road as the cars approached. It must have been *pâté-de-foie-gras* country. Near Budweis hosts of wild duck on a lake aroused the Maharani's desire for sport.

By half-past seven in the evening we were in Linz. The cars stopped close to the Police Bureau, and the courier took the papers, expecting difficulty, as the Police there were reported to be *schrecklich*. We sat outside in the car with the hood up, to diminish attention in the gathering darkness. After an interminable time the courier returned. All was well. We could start for Gmunden, where the night was to be spent. The car-lights presently

flashed on a level-crossing where gleaming bayonets and ready rifles showed what would happen if the car refused to stop. Further on, as we entered a village, a soldier shouted at us, and, slowing down, we came to a high barrier of carts stretched across the road with some twenty soldiers on guard. But here the courier was hailed by a friend and we got through happily. At every village the Maharani said, "This must be Gmunden," but it was exactly midnight when at last the car rolled up to the Hotel Austria, whose manager had given us up.

Tuesday, August 25th, was a very hot day. Her Highness strolled into the market-place of this choice lakeside town and looked at a splendid row of Amazons holding butter and eggs in their baskets, doing to-day what they had done all their lives. Far, far away was the World War!

By eleven the car was ready and we were on the road to Bad Ischl, the Emperor's country-seat, exquisitely situated amongst lakes and mountains. After this point the road became more and more mountainous, and motor-cars were evidently rare, for horses and bullocks drawing carts had no liking for us. Higher and higher we mounted, we travelled up and down passes and crawled in and out of barriers across the roads. As the shadows of the magnificent evening lengthened, the hillsides seemed dotted everywhere with armed forces—such was the effect produced by the tall stakes with projecting twigs on which hay had been thrown to be dried, and which in the dark, assumed the proportions of men!

It was striking midnight when we arrived in Innsbruck.

The town and its river were beautiful, and the place so full of medieval history. Early next morning I drove to the cathedral to see the famous statue of King Arthur and other statues of his Knights, the grand fighting men of very different days.

But on return to the hotel, to my horror I read on the posters:

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

WEG NACH PARIS FREI NAMUR GEFALLEN

Fear gripped my heart. 'The road to Paris open, Namur fallen.' Should we ever get to Paris in time? And a distinctly hostile attitude to us was noticeable at the Post Office, where passports had to be shown before the Maharani's telegram to Lausanne could be accepted.

The cars started late. Then we climbed up and up, away into Tyrol, with high mountains on right and left, through peaceful villages, up and down the steepest of passes, and thus arrived at Landeck, only seventy miles from the frontier.

As the cars stopped in the main street, the courier, Joseph Wagner, said: "We have to get another tyre. Everywhere else they have been commandeered by the Government. We may find one here." He went away to assist the chauffeur in the search which turned out to be in vain.

In a few minutes he was back, and stood at the window on the left side, where I sat. He handed me a humorous local postcard being sold in aid of the Red Cross Society. Thereon I read a menu of a truly wonderful war dinner!

DEUTSCH-OESTERREICHISCHE SPEISEN-KARTE

Russen Gezwiefelt
Gewichste Serben
Einmarinierte Französen
Engländer mit Kraut
Kosaken am Spiess gebraten
Montenegrinischer Hammelbraten mit un-
garischen Säbelhieben garniert
NEUHEIT! SPEZIALITÄT!

Belgisches Gulasch à la Lüttich
Französisch Filet, preussisch gespickt à la Bajonett
HEUTE ABENDS GANZ FRISCH AUS PARIS EINGE-

TROFFEN

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

Französischer Siegeskohl und englischer Ochsen-
maulsalat

Die Zeche zahlenden Wirte

NIKOLAUS, PETERLAUSL, NIKITILÄUSERL.

I put away the card, wondering what the kings whose names footed the bill-of-fare would have to say to its cost in this or the next life! Then as I saw the passports in the hand of the courier, I asked him if he did not need the 'open order' of the Governor of Carlsbad which I had reserved as a trump card. I fingered it as I spoke.

"*Nein, nein!*" said he. "I have got you through the police on these," and with a somewhat roguish look he put into my hands the individual passports duly viséd at each big town where we had been obliged to stop.

I glanced over them, then almost choked with hilarious laughter.

The whole party, including myself, was written down as

WEST INDIANS FROM SOUTH AMERICA!

The Maharani begged to know why I was so amused. (The conversation had been in German.) What sort of jest could there be on such a trying journey? Her eyes stared hard.

I gave her the exact detail, and then called upon the good Wagner to explain.

With great volubility he excused himself, for he saw that Her Highness was none too pleased. He said that for only five kroner he had persuaded the clerk at the Governor's Office in Carlsbad to describe the party as he thought best. The police did not know the difference between East and West Indies, and South America was neutral. Such an easy solution! But, all the same, the police had been '*schrecklich*', especially at Kitzbühel the previous night.

At this point the driver returned, and the courier seemed glad to take his seat and proceed.

During the climb from Landeck to Feldkirch the Maharani sat silent. Now only did she understand why

heavy sheets of brown paper had so carefully covered up the luggage on the back of the cars. Her title printed in white letters on the cases would have attracted attention and contradicted the names given on the passports. Presently she began to laugh over the great jest, which was priceless. The courier's astuteness? Or was it Herr Aulich's? Never shall we know.

Feldkirch was reached. The party exchanged into carriages drawn by beautiful horses. The contract money, 4,400 kroner, was handed to the chauffeurs. The courier was to accompany us further to be able to assure Mr. Aulich in Carlsbad that he had left the Maharani safely on Swiss soil. So we drove on and through the principality of the Count of Lichtenstein, and arrived at the high-roofed wooden bridge over the river that divides Austria and Switzerland.

Here we were stopped. Our passports were taken away.

Presently the officials returned with them. Permission was accorded to proceed. The officers saluted and stood aside, little knowing that they were allowing passage to Her Highness the Maharani Gaekwar of Baroda, C.I. and no *West Indian from South America!*

As we crossed over that wooden bridge into a neutral country, its planks rattled sweetly in my ears. There was a fraction of suspense as, on the other side, our passports were again considered by the Swiss officials, a body of whom gathered as we came. They allowed us to enter Switzerland.

Courteous farewells were spoken to the good courier, whom by now the Maharani had forgiven. Wagner was enthusiastic at the success of his mission and the *kudos* he accorded himself outshone the gold in his hand. I persuaded him easily to give me my own passport, though he protested he would get into trouble, as the Austrian officials demanded their return. He went over again into hostile territory waving his hat above his head.

For Her Highness there followed a drive in weary

silence. But the silence was, for me, one of inexpressible relief from a prolonged strain. At Ragatz the night was spent, and early next morning the express train via Zürich carried the party to Ouchy-Lausanne.

The hotel at Ouchy was strangely peaceful. I telephoned to M. Galland, who received Her Highness's most grateful thanks for all the reassuring telegrams and intermediary communications that had kept up her courage at Carlsbad. He gave her the latest news of the war.

"Now what shall I do?" she asked. "I wish to get over to London as soon as I can. You tell me the Maharajah is there?"

The Consul assured her he was. "I recommend Your Highness," he said, "to start at once for Paris."

"But my luggage . . ." expostulated the Maharani. "As we passed through Zürich to-day the clerk got out there to wait for it, and he will bring it here."

It was difficult for her to realise the unimportance of luggage in the Continental upheaval which might swallow her up if she delayed. The Consul at length succeeded in impressing on Her Highness the gravity of the situation in the North of France, and how she had better be gone. The clerk should have directions sent him by telegram to travel direct to Paris to rejoin his mistress there.

Two days later we travelled in a terribly crowded train supposedly through to Paris, but at Lyons the train disgorged all its passengers, and the connecting train on to Paris, in which only second-class seats were available, was crowded to suffocation. So the party stayed the night in Lyons, and next morning we secured the last four first-class seats in the night train, when the maids would share Her Highness' carriage.

Lyons was filled with soldiers, and war-feeling ran high and hot. I persuaded the Maharani in the morning to attend High Mass in the Cathedral—this for the first time in her life. Later we drove to the hospital and were

allowed to go into the corridors and talk with the wounded. That evening, while we were waiting at the station, there steamed in a train packed with wounded French and with German prisoners. Now Her Highness began to see the aftermath of battles, and it was a shock to her. Her compassion was aroused for the sick and the suffering soldiers, whose wants were being supplied by the Red Cross people. She called the attention of a porter to a German prisoner who, with head bandaged, had waked up only after the supply wagon had passed his carriage; and there he leant from the window pathetically holding out his empty glass bottle.

"Do get that poor prisoner some water: he is thirsty," she begged.

"*Qu'il ait soif!*" was the grim retort of the porter, who went on to tell how the previous week some prisoners in a train had been attacked by the women of Lyons with umbrellas and scissors till the police had had to interfere. "*C'est la guerre!*" He shrugged his shoulders.

Our train was in at last. We could get no help in bestowing the suitcases and extra impedimenta of the journey, and the Maharani loaded herself with what she could carry. As I lifted up a heavy suitcase from the platform that was so much lower than the train, to be received by Her Highness, who stood with outstretched hand in the doorway of the carriage, I asked: "What would your ladies in Baroda say if they could see Your Highness doing this?"

"They will cry when I tell them!" she replied, and she stooped to get a better purchase on the suitcase. Then we settled for the long journey to the capital.

In the Hotel Ritz in Paris Her Highness learnt quickly enough that it was a false calm that she had known in Switzerland. The Allied Forces were giving back and back against overwhelming pressure, and the Germans, forcing their way to Paris, might arrive at any minute.

The Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, interviewed the

Maharani at the Embassy. Small, old-looking and frail, he was very quiet as he gave Her Highness advice to leave Paris as soon as convenient and to go via Havre. There was no indication in his manner of the urgency of affairs. Yet the expedition with which his courteous secretary, Mr. Reginald Bridgeman, made out our passports, wrote letters to the Secrétaire-Général of the Railway and to the British Customs authorities at whatever port we landed, and further telegraphed to the Consul-Général at Havre to announce Her Highness' imminent arrival—all showed that there was no time to be lost. How little time there was we only realised as we travelled!

The Maharani could not think Paris was the same place that she knew. Streets were empty, most shops closed and many boarded up in case of bombardment. Streams of people waited outside the banks. In the *Galleries Lafayette*, about to close, Her Highness bought a supply of silk stockings, fearing she would get no more for many months. Newspaper sellers might not raise their voices, and they wore the name of their paper pinned across the shoulders.

On that last afternoon in August I drove off to interview the Secrétaire-Général of the Railway, M. Tony Reymond, at the Gare St. Lazare, but he had just gone, having received the sad news of his son's being wounded. So I sought the Sous Chef-de-Gare; and having waited my turn in the queue with Sisters of Mercy, poor women and others, eventually I was at the desk and presented the Ambassador's letter, which he immediately sent away by a messenger to see if the request could be fulfilled. Meanwhile I was to sit and wait.

The messenger came back. Yes, all could be arranged for the Maharani's departure. Thankfully I returned to the Ritz, to find that—amazing feat!—the luggage from Carlsbad had safely arrived in Paris. Now it was to be dispatched by Dieppe and Newhaven, though the party was proceeding by Havre and Southampton.

In the Ritz we heard that the war-outlook was terribly

serious. The lobbies swarmed with British officers but just arrived by air from Compiègne. We listened to stories of treachery and tragic loss at Mons, and of four French generals having been shot. The Germans were only thirty miles distant, and even blown-up bridges would not delay them long from the walls of Paris. All the good hotel furniture was now packed away. There were few servants about, and the dinner was an ill-served meal. Next morning some declared they had heard the distant boom of enemy guns! Poor coffee and black bread of the coarsest was served for my *petit-déjeuner*, and Her Highness fared little better.

The scene at the terminus on the afternoon of September 1st was unspeakable with its agitated and crushing throng. Arrived at the barrier I bade Yumna, the Indian maid, cling to my coat-tails, and Mrs. Burrows put her hands round Yumna's waist. All three were laden with small baggage. At last, by sheer force, I pulled the women through, and we hastened down the crowded platform to the reserved carriage.

Then I must return to the hotel to fetch the Maharani. In the street not a single taxi-auto was to be had, so in utter desperation I approached a smart lady with the Red Cross Badge on her arm, and implored her to take me in her car to the Ritz.

Here the Maharani was waiting. Her car was ready.

By main force again Her Highness was propelled through the barrier at the station. As she came down the platform there stood near our train M. Reymond, whom, after presentation, the Maharani thanked so prettily for all the arrangements made. Gallantly he escorted her to her carriage, and then he was called away.

Into our immediate foreground now arrived a very fat man, with two women, carrying an innocent black bag and dress-boxes tied up with string. The man held a fierce-looking dog by a leash. The sight of me in our carriage-doorway seemed to upset him, and there took place an interchange of statement between myself, very

polite, and himself, extremely angry. "You are in the wrong carriage!" was his hot declaration as I refused him entry into our compartment exactly opposite the doorway. The empty one next to us must be his, of course, but he could not or would not see it.

Then he conferred with the women; he consigned the dog and the boxes to their care and went off, shaking his fist and declaring that if he found I was in the wrong carriage, "*je vous chasserai.*"

Presently he was back again, a thousand apologies on his lips. The next compartment was his. Thereupon a porter lifted those mild-looking but weighty boxes into their place, and as he passed me he whispered that they were the '*Banque de France!*'

Indeed grave was the situation, if the Bank were leaving Paris. I told the Maharani that its presence meant safety for us in this through carriage to Havre, and we pretended she had saved the bank!

Our crowded train steamed out. People stood in all the corridors, and grumbling loudly at having no seats, only tickets, they peered enviously at two empty places in our compartment. Slowly, slowly the train moved through the country. At junctions we passed other trains, garlanded and gay with flags and full of French and English soldiers. At Rouen at eleven p.m. I bought water for Her Highness who then, for another first time in her life, had the experience of drinking water straight through the bottle-neck! There climbed into the train two English privates, their regiment mown down by German artillery at Mons, themselves lost and now on their way to the base at Havre. The Maharani took the letters that they wrote at our suggestion to be posted in England.

So the night wore on.

Havre was reached at two-fifteen a.m. and the steamer to England had gone! The hotels were said to be packed and there was no room anywhere. Ambegaokar, the Indian clerk, escorted Her Highness to the Hotel Moderne in case there were room, while I sat for a short spell in

the station yard awaiting their possible return, and snatched a brief respite under the stars.

But in an hour the Maharani required me. She was sitting disconsolate on a chair in the hotel's stone-floored hall, many others in like predicament around. She was made more comfortable by another chair for her feet, and the hotel manager was persuaded to give her a room in a few hours. He provided black coffee there and then. At half-past six the room would be free and Her Highness could rest.

Breakfast was served at seven in the coffee-room, and I sat down by Colonel and Mrs. Cahusac, grateful people whom I had advised at the Gare St. Lazare in Paris to come to Havre. As we talked, all somewhat disturbed by events, there arrived a Colonel Harrison, full of news which changed our blue outlook to sunshine. *Seventy thousand Russians had been brought round by Archangel and had landed in Ostend* to be a nice surprise-packet for the Germans! We almost cheered the speaker.

Outside on the quay were stacked some three hundred motor cars which had brought Belgian refugees. Rumour said that Havre was to be left an open city and that the petrol supply of the town was to be emptied into the river. The Germans evidently were expected. England was so near and yet so far. Time was short.

At half-past seven the Consul-General, Mr. Churchill, who had had the Ambassador's telegram, received me. He shook his head when I asked him about the Southampton packet. "The ordinary boat went last night, packed from bow to stern," he said. "Today is Wednesday. Every inch of the next one is reserved. I could not promise you a seat till next Monday. However . . ." he meditated for a moment, and folded his dressing-gown closer, "I might get room for you on a hospital ship, but I don't know."

"Her Highness will be satisfied with any ship," I assured him.

"I will do what I can," returned the Consul. "I must

ask the Admiral. Would the Maharani perhaps include a few others in her party?"

"She would acquiesce gladly," I said, and of course his own relatives, a party of whom had arrived by our train, should join us.

Then I left him, to gather together at his suggestion a few others bound for England; the Cahusac party, and Mr. Justice and Lady and Miss Scrutton. By eleven o'clock I was back at the Consul's house and Mrs. Churchill met me saying: "Can you be ready in ten minutes? You can go on the hospital ship. My husband is getting a motor car lent for the Princess."

Gladly indeed did Her Highness step into that car and, as we drove along the quay, Mr. Churchill pointed out H.M.S. *Sentinel* steaming homewards with Lord Kitchener on board! "He has been over to Paris to see General Joffre about that awful Mons incident."

The hospital ship, splendidly fitted up, gave us a warm welcome. The kind doctors and nurses put their cabins at our disposal. But it was necessary to wait, as the hospital trains expected had not arrived.

All that afternoon we sat in the harbour watching steamer after steamer go out, laden with Belgian and British soldiers, the latter singing at the tops of their voices, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary.' Havre was being evacuated, nursing camps and hospitals were all packed up, soldiers and horses were embarked, the base was being moved to Nantes or Bordeaux, whither the Government was going this very day from Paris.

The Maharani watched the wounded being brought on board. One poor man, reason completely gone, was strapped down on the deck, his agonised face turned up to the air and the light. "I cannot bear it," cried Her Highness. "Oh, why can't we start? This is too much!" That man's look haunted her.

Up the river now came the American battleship *Tennessee*, of whose fame we had heard in Carlsbad as coming all the way across the Atlantic to carry home

American refugees. This was a fine distraction, and I should have taken the Maharani on board to see if any Carlsbad friends were there but for the uncertainty of our own departure. At last, at one o'clock on September 3rd, orders were received to wait no longer, and we gladly proceeded out of the harbour and over smooth seas towards the English shore.

Southampton was packed and there was no room in the hotel. The last train had gone, and the General would not permit us to travel in the military train to London. The Maharani agreed that we should finish this extraordinary journey by taking the night mail after midnight, to arrive in London at half-past four, 'with the milk.' While she sat in the hotel lounge I sent a cable to Captain Rigg in Baroda announcing the Maharani's safe arrival in England, also a telegram to Claridge's Hotel asking for Her Highness' usual suite, and for a motor car to meet her at Waterloo.

The grey hours passed. At last we entrained, and at Waterloo Station, where it seemed there was no night, Claridge's commissionaire was waiting to take the Maharani to Hotel Washington, as Claridge's was full.

Where was the Maharajah, we asked. Neither Thos. Cook, their agents, nor Indian friends, nor the usual hotels had any information of his whereabouts. By a chance meeting with an Indian we learnt that he was at Harrogate. Presently his reply message came. The Maharani, who had wired to ask what she should do, tore the paper slowly into pieces, saying: "Just like Maharaj! He says in his telegram, 'Shall I come down to you or will you come up to me?'" She threw the fragments into the waste-basket.

The next morning the Maharajah arrived, and with relief I handed over the care of Her Highness. The Maharajah had no idea what she had been through, and his simple greeting to me was: "You look rather tired!"

While Their Highnesses spent three weeks in Scotland, I rested in the New Forest, and picked up the threads

of war-happenings. I learnt that just about the time when the Maharani had first attempted to leave Austria, the Maharajah of Baroda, as well as other Indian Ruling Princes, had offered all the resources of his State to the British Government. No wonder the Germans at Eger had been inquiring about Her Highness of Baroda! That Austrian Governor had been our very good friend in turning the party back.

On their return to London the Maharani informed me she had heard that the India Office was saying that she had refused to accompany Sir Maurice de Bunsen when he left Vienna. "You've got all the telegrams safely?" she asked me with some annoyance. It was that same day that Her Highness had received the Aga Khan and laughed with a contempt justified, as he so anxiously questioned her, saying:

"Is it true? I heard that you were crying. That your jewels had been taken from you. . . .!"

Her Highness had been the heroine of a great adventure and had come through brave and unscathed. What variegated stories there would be about it in India!

The Maharajah Saheb had intended returning to the East on October 24th, when it would be necessary to go on board at Tilbury because of war-conditions obtaining in the Channel and in France. As Indira Raja once said to me: "We never know if we are going until we have gone!" and it was true on this occasion, for within half an hour of departure, Thos. Cook's agents had orders to cancel all arrangements. His Highness had an attack of gout.

However, a fortnight later, the *Maloja* steamed away with the party down the gloomy English Channel, and arrived without incident or accident at Port Said, where the Army of Occupation held everything with tight hand. The Turks were said to be only five miles away, and Port Said was afraid. In a Sindhi shop the Maharani gave

good advice to the Indians who confessed to her that many of them wished to go away but that the Government would not allow it. "Better stay," said Her Highness. "You are quite safe here!" Then, telegrams sent off, we returned to our steamer and almost collided with a boatful of thrifty harbourmen, who rowed up to the *Malaja's* side, threw over into the water a great net as for lobsters, pulled away with might and main for fifty yards and returned to haul in the rope, until they drew up the net now full of coal that had been dropped between the steamer and the collier-raft. Our boat then skirted round two French cruisers, from whose rigging waved a novel form of bunting—the French sailors' trousers hanging out to dry!

So on into the golden sunshine under blue skies with a cool wind, and in the Red Sea we met great convoys of ships, packed from stem to stern with men, horses, arms and munitions from loyal Australia and New Zealand. Battle cruisers led this uniform line, out of which occasionally a ship would come heading towards us, to turn and rejoin the line—this an airing for the horses on board. One pictured the Australians seeing for the first time the opalescent colours of the desert, the camels and the camps of soldiers, the earth-works thrown up recently towards that desert, the Indian soldiers guarding the railway line to Cairo that runs parallel with the Suez Canal, and at the beginning of it all, Suez, which the Maharani declared to be 'more lighted than London.'

Our first night in the Indian Ocean was the only occasion all through the voyage that the ship's lights were kept low, and when we arrived in Bombay we learned of the imminence of the *Emden* and her doings. She might have done for us!

As conjectured, there were many stories rife in India anent Their Highnesses. A local paper said that the Maharajah had sent his A.D.C. to rescue Her Highness from Carlsbad, that the Maharajah himself had been detained in England because of his (supposed) German



VIEW FROM THE STEPS OF HER HIGHNESS PORCHWAY LAKSHMI
VIJAY PALACE BAKODA

proclivities. Report said that His Highness was a spy; also that he had given vast sums of money to the Kaiser. The greatest effort of all was that the Maharajah had been shot, the Maharani also, and that his body and hers were being brought back in boxes to be delivered to the Residency at Baroda!

In Baroda State grave anxiety had been felt on account of Her Highness' presence in Austria. My cable from Southampton to Captain Rigg had been placarded all over Baroda city, information sent to every official, and the schools given a holiday in thanksgiving for their Maharani's safety.

The whole of Baroda city was out to rejoice on the day that the Maharajah and the Maharani were due to arrive home, when they would show themselves to their subjects.

"What will His Highness do? Will he drive alone through the city, or will you accompany him?" This I asked the Maharani in Bombay the night before. I was going on ahead to Baroda, to be there to receive her.

"I don't know. There are no orders yet," Her Highness replied.

The State coach, with its six beautiful horses, was waiting outside the decorated station at Baroda when the special train steamed in. Down the red-carpeted entrance-steps first walked the Maharajah Saheb, and then came the Maharani looking very grave and dignified. The open coach bore them away, together, for the first time in the State annals, to make a slow progress along the main streets and through enthusiastic crowds, constant halts being made for reception of addresses of welcome and thankfulness. From all over the State people had flocked into Baroda city; and round about the Palace main gates, above which a triumphal arch had been raised, a vast crowd stayed all day. Every hand held a leaflet containing words of supreme rejoicing, with pictures of their Maharajah and Maharani surrounded by garlands. That night the city was exquisitely illuminated.

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The festivities lasted three days. At the sports in the *agad* (arena) Their Highnesses again showed themselves to their people, and the very elephants celebrated the event by putting up a rare fight, in which one elephant knocked the other down!

After such stirring times in Europe Baroda seemed indeed a backwater. At the club Reuter's telegrams were posted nightly, by courtesy of the Acting Resident, Mr. Jardine. We women knitted valorously while we discussed the latest news; and at weekly work-parties we stitched hard for the supplies of Mesopotamia, whither had gone Mr. Macrae and Dr. Mayer. Colonel Walton and his regiment had gone to the Gulf. Captain Rigg was back with his old regiment in France. Those Englishmen who for varying reasons could not join up, were drilled twice a week down at the racecourse. At State expense, rest-rooms on the railway-station platforms were provided for every train-load of troops passing through on their way to the Front, and the State Band played them in and played them out. The State provided for the men excellent meals and cigarettes and sweetmeats. Subscription lists were not popular, but the Blue Cross Fund appealed generally, for the horses it saved, and I was able to forward home a good £20 subscribed by Indians and Europeans alike.

Christmas would be a quiet season, but everyone did their best to be cheerful. One almost snatched at any chance to divert the ever-present tension, and it was with the feeling that the young were the very antithesis of the torment in the West, that one afternoon I invited to my bungalow four beautiful Indian girls, the two wives of the Baroda sons, and two of their friends. The girls lighted up the sitting-room with the beauty of their gold and pink, orange and purple *saris*. The air was bright with their friendliness, and their laughing eyes and mouths and gleaming black waving hair were unspoilt pictures. They admired the old-Sheffield tea equipage, and the tea-cloths of Italian filet-lace and embroidery

bought with such advantage at Carlsbad; but of the dainty sandwiches and Buzzard cake they ate little, confessing later that they found English food so insipid.

After tea we played games until a music lesson claimed one. The rest begged me, "Come out with us for a drive to Makarpura." There we played like children, jumping flower-beds in pretence that ghosts had been seen and were following, and other such nonsense. One girl took a gun from a passing *shikari* and, firing it up in the air, shrieked "Germans!" I fell flat where I stood. It was easy to join in their fun.

Then a concert was arranged for the thirtieth night, when in the College Hall the audience, mainly Indian, showed a great appreciation of Western music, and the Indian Soldiers' Relief Fund benefited by some £30 collected.

At the Palace there were a few dinner parties. The major-domo and the French *chef* had departed, but their successors had been well trained and had been good pupils. In Camp there was but little entertainment. It was an inevitable effect of the distant war that people began to retire into themselves, to show that one's house is one's 'castle'. Books—our 'silent friends'—and the English mail, regular despite the enemy, gave more rest than meeting one's fellows. Then, for me, Raj Mahal affairs needed all the vitality one could give them. The Maharani was not well, and her sons were an unending cause for anxiety.

CHAPTER VI

SINCE the early days of January all inmates of Lakshmi Vilas Palace had been (in the words of Lady Dorothy Nevill), "awaiting the arrival of a very near relation whom they had not yet seen," namely, the child of Shivaji Rao, the Kumar last married; and when the baby boy appeared on Saturday, January 23rd, the happy fact was announced to the expectant city by a reverberating State salute of twenty-one guns.

The princely father had a first duty to perform, to take the babe up in his arms as recognition of its being his own child and to give it a mouthful of honey—a symbol that he would give his son sweetness all his life. Then the Maharani Saheb, a proud grandmother, held in joyful arms the small mite that weighed but three and three-quarter pounds.

The schools were given a holiday and an ambitious local press printed for public distribution a folder 'In Commemoration of the Birth of the New Prince,' bearing the portraits of the father and mother, and this legend below: "When a great prince or a son is born in the house of a great king or illustrious queen, Science and Knowledge spread of themselves in the land of his birth."

From seven till nine in twelve successive nights the Brahmin priests chanted invocations and prayers for mother and child, round whose bed coconut-oil lamps were kept burning. In the corner of their room I saw a sword and five arrows, symbolic means of defence for the baby; a pen and paper, in case the goddess wished, in the night, to write the boy's fortune; coconuts as a sign of plenty; palm leaves for shade; and all kinds of nuts and foods as symbols of supply for him.

On the twelfth day the *Barsa*, or naming ceremony,

was to take place; and for that the Maharajah Saheb returned from the district where he was as usual inspecting progress.

Durbars were to be held by each of Their Highnesses.

The Durbar Hall of the Maharani was covered as to its floor with fresh white sheets, on which stood prominently the silver cradle, handsome local work, with flower garlands hanging above. In front of it sat the young mother, her baby in her lap, and opposite was the Maharani Saheb, on her red velvet cushions placed against the wall. From the gallery above we spectators watched.

A chorus of small girls sang a christening hymn, and then with much ceremony the new babe was lifted into its cradle. Now was the psychological moment for the child to be given its name, and it must be the first to hear it. The mistress of the ceremonies, a near relative, bent down to whisper the name clearly in the little ear. Then she stood erect, and in tones that rang out to the very silent assembly and to the Maharajah's envoy, the *Khangī Kharbarī*, waiting at the doorway, she pronounced publicly the name of the boy.

Meanwhile the Maharajah Saheb, in his Durbar Hall, was seated in full Durbar. On his right was the Resident, on his left the Maharaj Kumars. In the front rows below the dais were the British officers of the regiment in cantonments, and all the higher Baroda officials, officialdom tapering off to the far end of the hall, to the last man admitted to Durbar position.

The time of waiting was being passed in watching a State nautch with musical troupe.

Then all backs stiffened and heads turned, for footsteps were heard, and up the red-carpeted aisle the envoy came till he stood before the Maharajah Saheb. He salaamed and announced the new child's name: it was **UDAI SINGH**.

The Maharajah received the congratulations of the Resident and of the colonel of the regiment; and the

happy father, too, accepted felicitations and congratulatory wishes for his newly-acquired parenthood. The debt to his ancestors had quickly been discharged! Immediately after the usual formal garlanding and giving of *pan supari* the Resident and the British officers left the Durbar, his usual thirteen guns announcing the Resident's departure.

Upstairs in the Ladies' Durbar an ever-changing maze of colour went on as the Baroda ladies presented their symbolical and practical gifts: coconuts and caps for the baby and bright *saris* for the Princess, who looked the personification of radiant motherhood! Great was the admiration of all for Kamala Devi, who had vindicated once again the honour of women. No need for *her* to fasten strips of cloth on the sacred shrine or tomb of a holy man, or to offer her bangle of glass to the goddess with urgent prayers to make her fertile. She had brought forth a man-child. She was wife *and* mother now.

The moral aspect of Hindu wifehood presented itself in print to me next morning when, in cataloguing the latest books added to Her Highness' library and sorting all manner of pamphlets, I came across a folder whose contents were summarised as a 'Service Book for the Wife.' Each page was headed 'How the Hindu Lady Adores her Husband,' and the first bore a picture of a typical reverend husband of angelic face, with a devout and devoted wife sitting before him, her eyes downcast and hands uplifted. I read:

"The wife can attain salvation by her all in all concentration on her husband. To develop that concentration the Hindu wife daily absorbs the worship summarised within:

THE COMMANDMENTS FOR A CHASTE WIFE

THE WIFE MUST ALWAYS

1. Adore her husband,
2. Await his command,

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3. Follow him even in dark,
4. Attend him with a smirk,
5. Be contented with all his doings,
6. Have his comforts her seekings,
7. Feed him in hunger,
8. In thirst give him water,
9. Nurse him in ailments all,
and
10. Love him best of all.

THE WIFE MUST NEVER

1. Disobey her husband,
2. Try him to command,
3. His company relinquish,
4. Wear a temper peevish,
5. Wrangle with him,
6. Go against his theme,
7. Enjoy anything privately,
8. Break his peace abruptly,
9. Disregard him in any way,
and
10. Her husband's evil pray.

It was difficult to subscribe to the letter of the pamphlet and its commandments, but one could support the spirit of them, how the self-discipline of the Indian woman makes of herself the real home of the man, his guardian and therefore the guardian of the race. The pamphlet stood for wholesome restraint and an ordered life.

Other thoughts obtruded themselves as I drove home. The 'chaste wife' was a negative creature; her life no test of positive virtue. Again, the 'one' to be adored, to be served, was he who held the purse, in the disbursement of whose contents nowadays the Eastern woman—Hindu or Mohammedan—was as interested as her Western sister!

There was the case of a certain Begum, of which I had made full notes for Her Highness' information. This lady's confused affairs had had to be settled by appeal to

the Bombay Government, when her Nawab husband, being childless, had decided he should marry another wife. The Begum had said she must then live apart; but what was she to live upon? she asked. The British Government settled that her jewellery should remain in her possession and be her capital. But then the Nawab still insisted on marital rights, even in her private establishment set up in Bombay; and her anger over the intrusion brought her affairs once more to the British for final settlement. Early this year the Nawab had claimed the jewellery, stating that lists were incomplete and some of it had been sold. To this the Begum had returned that if three thousand rupees a month were settled on her and guaranteed by the British Government, he might have the jewellery; also, that there was no proof of the loss of jewellery, as so much had been reset and there had been no list given at the time of marriage. The Appeal Court settled that the jewellery according to the Begum's list be accepted and, for sentimental reasons, be left with the lady, to be deposited in the bank to serve as guarantee for the monthly income of three thousand rupees from the State. The Begum promised that if the State, for any good reason whatever, such as war or famine, required the jewellery, she would return it. An arrangement was made, too, that dresses worn previously by the Nawab's mother, and any silver articles, all having sentimental State value, should now be returned by the Begum.

The matter really seemed concluded, when a new decision was made by the Nawab that the Begum should have the allowance as long as Her Highness lived in becoming style. It would only be taken away (1) on account of the conduct of the Begum, (2) if the State needed it. The Nawab was imposing these latest conditions to prevent his being insulted and denied the privileges of husband when he visited her.

But as this allowance was thus made subject to change of opinion, the Begum, of course, raised objections, to

which the Nawab answered that now he would only allow her one thousand five hundred rupees a month and that the jewellery, worth three lakhs, should be returned. Whereupon the lady bitterly replied that such an amount was not equal to an annuity; and she was met with the retort that then she might give up the jewellery and keep the allowance of three thousand rupees, or give up the allowance and keep the jewellery. So the Begum, playing for safety, decided to keep the jewellery, and (to use their own expression) *FINISH*. . . .

Seen in their peculiar setting where they lived their natural lives and expressed their temperamental implacabilities, un-haloed by the glamour, say, of the illustrated columns of a London weekly, such ladies appear scarcely tragic in their 'martyrdom to circumstances.' Which circumstances could so easily be paralleled in the West! India is no more guilty than any other country where men and women amuse themselves with triangles; and when any wife, anywhere, becomes 'angular,' who is to solve the problem?

I had arrived late this morning at my bungalow, and I sat down at once to an Indian 'breakfast' that Her kind Highness had had sent over to me from the Palace. The tray had come covered with a 'cloth' of big flat tree-leaves sewn together; and underneath, in some eight little dishes of leaves shaped and sewn, lay rice and sweetmeats and all kinds of spicy, hot things which Her Highness knew I had learnt to enjoy.

The meal over, I had to listen to my new butler, Ramji, who, clad in a long, clean white coat with broad white belt, white Jodhpur trousers, a fresh white turban on his head, asked permission to retail in full the story of a trial-by-ordeal he had been obliged to hold that morning, all because a silver fish of flexible pattern I had recently bought for twenty-five rupees in the Friday street-bazaar had disappeared.

Naturally I could not allow this loss to pass unnoticed; so Ramji had been told that the police would have to be

summoned if the fish did not appear back in its place. The man had asked gravely for a few days' grace, when, acting as if I knew nothing of the disappearance, he would question privately every one to do with the house and compound. The garden boy, under suspicion, was asked if, for two rupees, he could buy another such fish in the bazaar, and the youth had replied he thought he could, but not of the same colour. Here was proof that he had been in the sitting-room, forbidden ground! The boy absconded, and incurred still further suspicion as one of the veranda plants was found at his home by the gardener. Ramji, a peace-loving person, had asked me if he and the boy's father might settle the matter.

"Yes. But if the fish is not restored soon I must deduct twenty-five rupees in proportionate parts out of all the servants' wages; or else call in the police!" This ultimatum had made the butler turn to his gods for help.

While I smoked a cigarette Ramji told me he had spent three rupees and four annas on sanctified rice and flowers from the shrine of the goddess. (The item never appeared as such in his bazaar-book.) This morning he had bidden all the servants gather after I had departed for the Palace, and had ordered them to bathe and purify themselves. They were then to be given the rice to chew and put out again, when it was certain that blood as well as rice would issue from the mouth of the culprit. The gardener had bathed first, and as he had to wait for the others, he had asked the butler, master of the ceremonies, if he might finish his work of changing the flowers, for "perhaps the Miss Saheb would come home early and be angry if they were not fresh." So off he had gone. Having put new flowers in the drawing-room, he came into the hall-room again, when lo! from the middle of the tired blooms in the big vase on the centre table, his amazed eyes saw the tail of the lost fish curving over, its head down amongst the stalks. Out he had rushed to his assembled fellows, the vase held high for all to see. The trial-by-ordeal had proceeded no further.

Ramji said he was convinced that no one in the gardener's department had taken the fish and restored it, but the thief, whoever it was, evidently had wished to implicate him. He salaamed low. He had vindicated the honour of the bungalow. All was well.

The butler was dismissed to his well-earned rest, and at last I could turn to my waiting letters brought by the postman generally before midday. I opened first one from Colonel Maxwell in Delhi. "We are having heavy rains, but the tents we live in are rainproof. When are you coming to pay your promised visit?"

I wrote a quick reply: I would come as soon as Her Highness would spare me, and as she was very engrossed with the new baby it might be possible towards the close of this very month.

The Maharani was agreeable to my taking ten days' 'casual leave', especially as it was to Delhi that I wanted to go. So I left Baroda at half-past four in the morning of February 20th, and on arrival at midnight in Delhi I was greeted by my host, and conducted to the Viceroy's car borrowed for the occasion. Two scarlet-clad *chuprassis* saw to the suitcases, and I was bowled off to the City of Tents.

On my breakfast-tray next day a note from Mrs. Maxwell said: "Don't hurry to get up. At ten-forty, however, you should start for the Council. Sir James Roberts is escorting you." (Colonel Maxwell had told me I should see the session.) About ten o'clock I came into the drawing-room tent with its comfortable English interior, and greeted my hostess, a woman of strong personality and yet one who could completely efface herself.

Out of doors was brilliant sunshine, a cloudless sky and a crisp, frost-finished air, so invigorating after the dry heat of Baroda!

Presently Sir James Roberts, the Viceroy's doctor, drove me to the Secretariat and we talked about Baroda. I told how Their Highnesses liked our new Acting-

Resident, Mr. Jardine (a great friend of his), and that quite typical of his attitude to the Palace was his immediate throwing into a drawer a lump of red tape with which the châtelaine of the Residency had always decorated her brother's writing-table! (Mr. Jardine had told this story at the Baroda Club.) I spoke further of the twenty-year-old litigations over land which he had settled in Baroda favour, and of the general satisfaction he had given during his time at the Residency.

"Yes, he's a great man for clearing up messes—a good political officer," was Sir James's comment.

Arrived at the Secretariat we made our way up to the corridor where pillars and white curtains shut in the gallery, from which one had a clear view of the Council Hall below. Quite half of the members seated there were Indians.

Punctually at eleven o'clock the aide-de-camp entered to announce:

"HIS EXCELLENCY,"

and the assembly rose as the tall and impressive Governor-General took his central place; but he did not sit.

"It is with regret . . ." were the first words of Lord Hardinge, as in deep tones he addressed the standing House and announced the death of Mr. Gokhale, a prominent Indian Member of Council. He gave a short outline of the career of the man whose loyalty and sincerity had accomplished a satisfactory settlement of the Indian question in South Africa. ". . . and so, out of respect to his memory," concluded the Viceroy, "I propose to adjourn the Council until to-morrow, Wednesday."

Sir James and I made our way down again to the car.

Outside the Maxwells' tent a *chuprassi* waited with book for me to sign for an invitation to lunch with Lord Hardinge on Thursday, at one-fifteen o'clock.

That same afternoon, with my tea-tray, came yet another invitation from the Great of India.

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

*The Aide-de-Camp in waiting is commanded by
His Excellency the Viceroy
to invite*

.....
*to a Garden Party on Thursday,
the 15th of February, 1915, at 4.30 o'clock.*

And thereon was my name. I was indeed in Olympus!

The Olympian women worked hard in the mornings for the Tommies fighting in the heat of the Gulf and of Mesopotamia. At midday on the Thursday I folded up the shirt engaging my fingers and changed for luncheon at Viceregal Lodge, to which I walked across the green lawns.

I was introduced to the house party as each came in: Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, and Lady Carmichael; Sir Ross Keppel; and Sir Valentine Chirol. I had already met Captain Alec Hardinge, A.D.C. to his father, and Mr. Metcalfe, the Viceroy's Private Secretary, as he was my partner in the tennis tournament on hand.

Presently the Viceroy entered, followed by his fifteen-year-old daughter, Diamond, tall, fair-haired and handsome. His Excellency shook hands as I curtsied, and then he led the way to the oak-panelled luncheon-room, and sat down at the oval table. On his right was Lady Carmichael, and he called to me to be on his left—to the surprise of the A.D.C., for that place was, I learnt later, always reserved for the beloved daughter.

On my left was the Governor of Bengal. Now I had been in Calcutta at the conclusion, in March 1912, of the long Viceregal reign in that city, and at the last brilliant and enchanting evening party given by Lord and Lady Hardinge in the grounds of Government House. On the following April 1st I had stood at the top of the great staircase of the same house, when Lord Carmichael of Skirling had arrived from the Madras Presidency to assume the office of Governor of the Presidency of Fort William. To-day, at the Viceroy's luncheon table, I was

seeing him again and I could well understand the secret of this Governor's great popularity; it was live personal interest! The Indians in Madras and Calcutta greatly loved him, and he had a name for fathoming quickly the subtle genius of the Hindu character.

At once Lord Carmichael began to talk of the former Princess of Baroda, now the Maharani of Cooch Behar, which State lies north of Calcutta. "The new baby is to be christened," he said, "and I have been asked what suggestion I can make for a name beginning with 'I,' as the mother wants the child to have the same initial as her own. I said to them, 'As the father's name is Jit, why not call the baby 'It'?'—in Latin, of course, for they could make it 'Illa'!"

"But that would plural 'It,'" I laughed, with relish of his wit.

"Well, there's plenty of time," was his rejoinder. "I believe they really will call her 'Illa'. I hear the lucky day is fixed, and Lady Carmichael has been invited."

I asked how the couple were settling down, and treasured all the good news I heard. There was uphill work, but steady progress in the Cooch Behar State.

The Viceroy then turned to me and asked how much of Delhi I had seen, and if I had been out to New Delhi. He said:

"The first citizen of New Delhi was born last year, and they called her 'Raisina', which, as you may know, is the old name of the place where New Delhi is being built."

The tennis tournament was spoken of, and also tiger-shooting. But all was only preliminary conversation, for Viceregal thoughts were centring on Baroda, and I was questioned next as to what sort of improvements were going on there. The Viceroy showed great interest in hearing of the Industrial Home for Women recently opened. I told him of the museum and the zoological gardens, and then of the picture gallery and the collection being made by Mr. Spielmann and stored at present in Chancery Lane, of pictures including works of Cimabue

down to those of modern artists. The table generally was amused by my telling how in Carlsbad I had lent the 'Madonna in Art' to the Maharani, who, one evening, looked up from her quiet absorption of the pictures and, somewhat enviously, remarked: "I must say your Virgin has a lot of hair! . . ."

Then His Excellency asked what the little Baroda grandson was like. I described the native element closely surrounding Pratap Singh, answered questions about his health and education at the hands of the English lady-tutor (whom I had selected in London), and further told of the pomp and ceremony of his escort and of his attendance at every public function.

To the next question: "Are all the Baroda sons well?" I answered: "I think so, Sir."

"Don't 'think so'," and the words came sharply. "I know all about their weaknesses from the Gaekwar, who is very upset about them."

I leapt to the defence of the sons of the Maharani.

Luncheon over, Lord Hardinge led the way out along the corridor. As I waited to follow Lady Carmichael, suddenly she waved me forward, for the Viceroy had called my name.

In the beautiful drawing-room His Excellency motioned to me to sit down, and without preamble he began to talk of Baroda affairs. "Why is it, why is it, that the Gaekwar sees unsatisfactory people in Europe? The other Chiefs never do!" He mentioned three renegade names.

I replied quickly: "Your Excellency, these people force themselves upon His Highness. For example, all through France, last year, a certain doctor followed the party, and his molestations only ceased when he was threatened with the police by the Maharajah's Dewan. And this man's name was not on that list, which is still in my possession. The Maharajah knew what sort of man he was, though the Secret Intelligence did not. . . . He does not encourage these unsatisfactory people," I pleaded.

"The Chiefs all speak against him. It was I who advised the King not to see him in 1913. And then last year, that dinner incident in February. Why did he do that?" The Viceroy showed anger.

I explained. "The Maharajah drinks nothing at meals by order of his doctors. May I tell you exactly, Sir? . . ." The Viceroy nodded, and I continued: "When the servants passed along to fill the glasses for the toast of His Majesty, the Maharajah put his hand over his wineglass to show that he did not want wine, for he, a Hindu, could only have water to drink. At that moment he could not interrupt the conversation, and he did not think he would himself have to ask for the water. When everyone stood for the toast, the Maharajah did not have the *nous* to lift his glass and pretend to drink. Which, consequently, has been put down to him for unrighteousness." . . . I then enlarged on the fact that the Maharajah had no one to help him and tell him things. His heart was good, all was his misfortune and not his fault, that he seemed to have no luck. And, further, that the Maharani who often was called seditious, had no influence in affairs at all, that she was ever fighting her own circumstances for herself and her sons. "The Maharajah has got no one to help him," I repeated. "And now he feels he is being treated like a naughty boy who can do nothing right. If only," I urged, "Your Excellency would pat him on the back. . . !"

The Viceroy broke in: "Let him do something first and I will."

I hazarded that an invitation to Viceregal Lodge would work a wonderful change.

"But what would the other Chiefs say?" Lord Hardinge ruminated for a moment or two, then: "I am not convinced," he said. "But it is the first time I have heard these explanations. I have given him up, and I told the King so."

"O Sir!" I begged, "do give him another chance. I cannot emphasise enough his awkwardness in spite of his position. His sons frankly say: 'Our father was not born royal'."

"Then that flippant letter of his in answer to mine before he went to Europe last year. It made me very angry."

I told how the Maharani had begged him not to send it and how the 'naughty schoolboy' attitude had come uppermost.

Lord Hardinge shook his head. "It is very difficult," he said.

"You spoke, Sir, about the other Chiefs," I dared then to say. "The Maharajah is not popular with them since he has come to the front through his advanced administration; but they would at once follow the lead of the Viceroy who held out his hand to Baroda."

Again Lord Hardinge shook his head. Then he rose and shook hands while I curtsied low and, with intense feeling, thanked him for letting me speak.

The Governor-General left the drawing-room by another exit, and I returned to the hall to meet the interested looks of the party waiting there.

Presently Lady Carmichael got up to go, the party dispersed, and I walked back to the Maxwells' tents.

At the garden party that afternoon, to which all Delhi came who had written their names in the Viceregal Book, my thoughts were still full of the luncheon hour and of the Viceroy's conversation. I watched Lord Hardinge amongst his guests. The great man, then inspecting the 11th Lancers, whose Indian officers were being presented, could not know all the truth in the intricacies of administration. Too often would his eyes have to look through others' eyes and see only what he was shown.

Such interesting things one heard in Delhi, this world-in-itself—For example, at the Maxwells' luncheon table there was the artist Mr. Nicholson extolling the patience of his distinguished sitter, whose portrait was to join those of other Viceroys in the Council Chamber in Simla. "He talked a good deal," said Mr. Nicholson, "without requiring an answer from his painter!" This during the three-quarters of an hour His Excellency had given him

that morning. Then Mrs. Maxwell told us how greatly Mr. Nicholson had pleased Lord Hardinge by the gift of a totally unexpected picture of Diamond, the daughter whom some small children in Simla called the 'Horrible' Diamond, their tongues being unequal to the strain of the title 'Honourable'!

At the dinner party of the Finance Member the following Sunday, there was much critical talk of the architectural schemes for New Delhi, and someone condemned the specimen bungalows erected by architects who did not understand Indian conditions. Opinions at the table were unanimous that those architects recently arrived from Home should be made to spend a hot season in the plains, so that they might build 'feelingly'! And how we all laughed at the story retailed that when Mr. Kipling saw Mr. Baker off at Victoria on his way to India, he was reported to have said to him: "Good-bye, my dear fellow; now you are off to build the frying-pan in which you will never fry!" . . .

My escort home from this dinner was Sir Valentine Chirol, earlier described to me as "the man who knows more than anyone of the Chancellories of Europe." I asked if he thought there would ever be a United States of India as I believed must eventually come.

He replied: "I suppose so too. But in the meantime there is so much jealousy. A man of the North is so different from a man of the South. A Bengali in office in Madras told me that he considered he deserved far more compensation for living in Madras than an Englishman did for working in India. 'For,' he said, 'the Englishman has his friends and compatriots everywhere, whereas I, a Bengali, have not.' " . . .

So understandable that! In one place always there were several races, several tongues, and, of course, severing politics. In Baroda the indigenous Gujarati temperament differed from that of the Maratha implanted on the soil. A local saying: "Make friends of your enemy," was an indication of the disguise of every day. It seemed, never-

theless, that under the ruler in an Indian State all sorts and conditions were united in content, and that the respect of the people for the ruling house was greater even than that felt in Great Britain, and that this general amity must be a powerful asset for stability of government. I talked in this strain to Sir Valentine, who agreed, stating that he had found more stability under the Ruling Princes than under British Administration.

Now I had 'impossible' visions about the Indian States, with which, however, I did not bore my escort. Supposing the Ruling Princes were eventually to absorb into their States all of British India, instead of its being given over to the new middle class, the fungus growth, uncontrolled, which had sprung up in the hope of self-government, a growth which might even menace the great States! Then, if such a vision were fulfilled, it would be the Ruling Princes, remaining allies of Great Britain, and having their own safety as an United-States-in-Alliance assured by Great Britain, who would promote the true progress of All India. It could even be possible that the large, untouched, potential army of the 'Untouchables' would be the indigenous class for the British or the Princes to draw on for support if extra arms or service were needed.

But I only said out loud: "A thoughtful Indian told me that no longer does a man want to live with his parents after he is married. He breaks away to make his own life. Family life is losing its hold over its 'family members' as they say. Will not this affect the political outlook generally, as the very oldest roots of life are thus cut into?"

Sir Valentine was nearly asleep; he just murmured that it might be a good thing. Then the car stopped and I said good-night.

"Oh! tell Mrs. Maxwell," Sir Valentine was awake enough to say, "that I am coming in to breakfast tomorrow, to enjoy their cold bacon! . . ."

Two mornings later, laden with glorious sweet peas from the Viceregal gardens, I drove away in moonlight for the early Bombay express, and at midnight was back in Baroda.

The Maharani listened eagerly to all I had to relate, and the morning passed quickly in hopeful discussion of possible results of this visit. She must have told His Highness, for, a few days later, the Maharajah Saheb desired my company on a ride to Herni to see hawk-hunting. The road was good, but conversation was so interesting that we arrived late, to find the *shikaris* had given up the party and gone home. However, His Highness did not mind, for hopes that had faded were stirred to fresh life, evidence of which was noticeable in his sane speech the following Sunday when His Highness opened the Baroda Health Exhibition.

The eldest Kumar, Jayasinh Rao, engaged in the Civil Service of the State, was now the proud father of a little girl whose advent was acclaimed with half the importance that had been given to the baby boy of Shivaji Rao. The new child's mother, Shakuntala Raja, aged fifteen, developed amazingly with motherhood, and she ordered about with much authority the English nurse, twice her age. The little family, still installed on the top floor of the palace, was soon to move to Vishrambag, an old house in the Raj Mahal grounds.

Shivaji Rao and his family also were to move into another old mansion in the Palace grounds. While the Prince held magisterial office and went daily to work, his wife filled in the day as mistress of her house, 'Chimanbag', according to the programme I was bidden draw up for her, in which lessons and motherhood went on *pari passu*. Kamali Devi worked really hard and with heart and soul. Her devotion to the Maharani was charming, and in this daughter-in-law Her Highness found a new daughter and a solace.

But for the husband, Shivaji Rao, the study of law at Oxford was a very different thing from administering it in his father's State. It was easier to administer not according to book but in keeping with the good old medieval ways, and thus the Prince argued when one evening in his own courtyard a violent dispute arose

between two of the grooms. What good was jurisprudence here? He settled the point by having both men strapped down with two large lumps of ice bound under each armpit!—the agony of which would cure them for all time.

For others, ice and ices were the most pleasant things during these hot spring days. With the electric fan turning at full speed, my war knitting or book in hand, the old *dhirzi* (sewing man) squatting on the veranda while he made quilted pads for my neck and back preparatory for a promised tiger-shoot, I passed the afternoons comfortably enough after my morning occupations at the Palace.

Her Highness was waiting now for *khobar* (news) about tiger. Immediately news came Their Highnesses and party left Baroda, and at midnight on April 1st I climbed into a train on a siding, to take the top berth, in unspeakable heat, in a carriage shared with Sitabai Saheb of Indore, Mami Saheb and their maids, all bound for Songad, where a magic wand had created a camp in the depths of the jungle.

It was indeed a Maharajah's camp. There was no lack of special trains, waiting tongas and horses and carts. A motor car was brought one hundred miles to carry Their Highnesses for two miles! Hot baths, iced drinks, fresh fruits; armchairs, newspapers and magazines; refreshments on the journey or actually out after tiger—were always ready. At night, the safety of Their Highnesses was assured by sentries pacing up and down.

The countryside was fascinating. Some trees were leafless, others in full blossom; again, some bore fruit or berries, others sprouted with green and fresh red leaves. The birds sang deliciously, and at dawn one could hear the haunting cries of monkeys, perhaps distressed by the presence of a tiger. The thermometer showed thirty degrees difference between the heat early and that of mid-day.

One blazing afternoon the party started off for a *hakar* or general drive, across the river, which was crossed in

the English boats specially brought from Baroda. After half a mile on foot we mounted horses to take us to the tongas waiting in the jungle to convey the party further. These tongas, beautifully balanced, and cushion-padded, were so built that the wheels followed the same track as the hoofs of the horses drawing them; thus where two horses could go side by side, two wheels could follow. The tongas took the most impossible-looking tracks, their wheels often two to three feet deeper than the crown of the track, but the passengers scarcely felt the angle. We went over stones and rocks and tree-trunks as if merely pebbles were in the way, and to cross rivers was just child's paddling.

In the *hakar*, a rush of blue-bull, bison, panthers and tigers had been expected, but the only creatures brought down were a jungle cock by the Maharani and a sambhur by myself.

We changed camp on Easter Day, and how we broiled in the heat! The early hours were the best part of these days, but we never met together till ten in the morning, and then we drank toddy, whose delicious freshness is best compared to a mixture of ginger-beer and milk. The country folk drank heavily of *mohra* (a government monopoly) which we tasted in one of the many liquor shops. (The smell of the *mohra* trees in bloom made me think of mousey corners in cupboards!) The potent drink, in colour lighter than whisky and faintly resembling it in taste, was enough to deprave the jungle people, and, indeed, their expression was childish and mean, and their physical development slight. The women wore, high up the throat and low down on the breast, huge necklaces looking like thick mufflers, but really they were made of cowries and stones with a string of blue beads in the middle.

The last day of our camping gave the best sport. After an exhausting climb up hill and down dale, through thick pampas grass and over dry watercourses, all in the blazing sun of the early afternoon, we reached the *machans* (safety



GOING AHEAD

CHILDREN'S PARTY AT WOODSTOCK

platforms) in the trees. Far and near we could see ranges of hills. Below was the deep ravine where the tiger was thought to be hiding. Now the cries of the beaters were heard, and almost at once something red streaked through the bamboos and up and across the opposite bare spur of the hill. The coolies' shouting from the trees made the tiger turn, the Maharajah's rifle spoke once, the Maharani fired twice, but the tiger, unhurt, turned up a *nullah* and vanished.

However, the Maharani was not going to let the tiger or its mate be lost. At five next evening I accompanied her down to the river by our camp and waved her across, for she intended to sit up all night over the kill. The spot-light was fixed to her rifle already.

But in four hours Her Highness was back again, and being warmly applauded as we saw her prey fastened on a *charpoy* (native bedstead) coming across the ford, carried by twenty coolies. She told us that only fifteen minutes after settling into the *machan*, she heard two loud roars, a tigress bounded up, stopped, sat down, then quietly rolled over, her bullet in its neck.

It seemed a horrid familiarity to feel the tense muscles and padded claws of this 8 ft. 6 in. tigress, now laid out in the centre of our camp. But still more horrid was the taste of tiger-soup and tiger-cutlets served as a jest, at dinner, specially for me!

During the camping party there had been much discussion as to where to go for the hot weather. Now, back in Baroda, Their Highnesses decided to leave in two weeks' time for Ootacamund where Woodstock was kept ever ready for their reception.

A few days after reaching their southern home the Maharani paid her formal call on the wife of the Governor of Madras, Lord Pentland, and arrived two minutes earlier than the time appointed. We sat waiting for seven minutes. Then in came Lady Pentland, with profuse apologies. She had been out with the hounds this lovely day and had run it too close. Would the Maharani forgive her?

The Maharani, who privately recalled how unrighteous she herself had been accounted when at another Government House she had been some minutes late, was at once appeased by the sweet simplicity and obvious regret of Lady Pentland, who now talked with the sympathy of the true Scotch heart of the House of Aberdeen. It was about their children that the two ladies were able to converse as friends, and Lady Pentland's boy and girl were brought down to say "How do you do?" The Maharani was so interested in their upbringing on special lines of reform, a protest against the falseness of conventional ideas for children of the age.

Three days later the return visit of Her Excellency was made, when her eyes were opened to a new world—the home of an Eastern lady, well travelled, blending together the best of the East and the West; for Woodstock was decorated and furnished with a rich simplicity of taste. Sweet flowers perfumed the dainty drawing-room, outside whose french windows was a balcony covered with roses, and beyond that lay grassy lawns and brilliant flower-beds, with graceful trees and vistas of further beauty, and the lake itself. The Maharani, greeting her distinguished visitor, gave additional charm to unexpected surroundings.

Lady Pentland promised the Governor's and her own presence at the garden party to be given ten days later at Woodstock.

Other friends of Their Highnesses were staying in Ootacamund—the Maharani Holkar of Indore with her beautiful little son and daughter, the lively young Maharani of Vizianagram, the Rajah of Kollengode, the Rajah of Bobbili, and, of course, the whole family of Mysore. There was a constant interchange of hospitality.

The Maharajah of Mysore gave a garden party at Fernhill, and in the course of it I went into the house to see the ladies in *purdah*. While I was talking with the young Maharani, suddenly a thrill ran through the room—their Maharajah was ushering in Lord Pentland in company with Her Excellency! An advance indeed!

HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN

When I spoke of it later to the Maharani of Baroda, I heard, with surprise, that only two weeks previously the Maharajah of Baroda had seen, for the first time, the Dowager Maharani of Mysore. And yet the families had known each other for years.

Plans now began to crystallise for visits presently to be paid by the Barodas to the Rulers of Travancore and Cochin, and to Kollengode. This last was an important Rajah in the Malabar District, who was adopting Western ideas with gusto and yet keeping to his own dress. He had two delightful little children, who came to the Woodstock children's party.

The success of a party only for children, held in Baroda earlier in the year, had inspired the Maharajah of Baroda to gather together in Ootacamund all the youngsters that would come. A big list was made up, and besides the children of Indian nobles, the children of those Europeans who had called on Their Highnesses were invited. Numerous applications were received from other parents who wanted their offspring to be asked, but I replied to all suggesting they might come and call first, and then the invitation would follow. That party was such a pretty sight, and the enthusiasm of the children over the conjurer and the band and the tea and, most of all, the presents given at the end, brought lovely smiles to the faces of the Maharajah and the Maharani, who were photographed standing up behind the rows of their little guests.

Lawn tennis parties of an informal nature took place at Government House and at Woodstock in return, and these friendly visits both gave pleasure and restored some measure of confidence to Their Highnesses. His Excellency played a good game of tennis, but Lady Pentland always looked on.

Then a hunt meet was arranged to take place on Woodstock lawns. Everyone gathered at half-past seven on a tropical morning of wind and rain and sunshine by the breakfast tents, or sat at small tables on the grass to enjoy

bacon and eggs. The horses, the hounds and the riders, the Maharajah and Lord Pentland together, while the Maharani and Lady Pentland stood near, were photographed by that indefatigable photographer, Willie Burke, who screamed at the horses until he was hoarse, but he secured their attention and a fine picture.

The weather was now anything but kind to outdoor enjoyment. Glowing wood fires indoors alone enlivened the stormy drenching days that were like a wild English October. The coolie women were to be seen everywhere picking up sticks and bits of bark blown off the trees; and once, as I bicycled round a sharp corner, I was nearly undone by a load twelve feet long poised on a woman-carrier's head. Yet, despite the weather, the gardens were filled with roses, asters, agapanthus, honey-suckle, and hedges of heliotrope; and in the muddy ditches throve the arum lilies habitually used for party decorations!

Their Highnesses left early in July on their shooting trip to Kollengode.

As I had three weeks' leave I was invited by Lady Pinhey, wife of the Resident of Hyderabad, Deccan, to visit them at the fine new Residency, built for the hot season, at Bolarum, outside Hyderabad. An amusing story became current after Colonel Pinhey's name had figured in the recent list of Honours accorded at the time of the King's birthday; an Indian lady wrote post haste to his wife: "I am so glad you are now a lady by name, I always knew you were a lady by nature."

The night I arrived at Bolarum the Residency party was to dine with the Nizam of Hyderabad, India's premier State. We had to start half an hour before the appointed time, eight-thirty, and all the eleven miles of route seemed one long whistle as each policeman notified the next of our car's approach. The police rule was: four whistles for His Highness the Nizam, three for the Resident, and one for any other person.

The young Nizam, the premier Muslim Prince of



Photo Willie Burke

LORD AND LADY PENTLAND GRACE A HUNT MEET AT WOODSTOCK

Photos by Colquhoun

India, and thirty years old, was in European dress on this occasion, his head enfolded with a yellow turban in which waved a gold aigrette. As at dinner the Ruler ate of all the European dishes served, I expressed to my neighbour some surprise, since it was the fasting month of Ramazan. The answer given me was: “*His Highness has fasted the first day. He is above religion and therefore now can do what he wishes! . . .”

As we left the glittering new palace of great dimensions, I longed to be able to visit the *zenana*, to see the forty-five wives of the day who lived behind the screened windows. But no European had ever penetrated into those inner courts.

In clean air without rain, but with lovely clouds above us, we visited next afternoon the ruins of Golconda, where enormous boulders had formerly been used for its fortifications. From the top of the citadel the green well-watered country below showed up the domed roofs of the mighty tombs where were buried most of the Kings of Golconda, to whose unsurpassed markets once had come all the treasures of the known world. As we sat having tea by a queen's tomb, we talked of the true meaning of the famous ‘mines of Golconda’: the markets were as mines!

After all I was to see the Nizam's Palace ladies, at a *pardah* party in the city of Hyderabad. No white person is allowed to enter this city without a pass, but, being Residency party, we were exempt. We drove across the bridge over the river Musi, through the fortress gate and by narrow streets to a towered palace. Along the approach to it stood the Amazon Guards of the Nizam, women of African origin, dressed in blue tunics and baggy trousers, with small stiff caps on their heads! (It is an extremely ancient Indian custom to have female guards in close attendance on the royal person.) An Amazon band was playing, the bandswomen being of the same *jat* (class) as the guards.

* The unique style of ‘Exalted Highness’ was bestowed upon this ruler by His Majesty the King in 1918.

In the hall was one glitter of chandeliers, of jewels, of satin and silk. The ladies of the palace *zenana* sat amongst fellow Mohammedans, and they wore diaphanous delicately-hued veils over their heads and reaching to the waist, below which came black or bright-coloured satin trousers, these so tightly fitting that the legs must have been stitched into them! Beautiful were the jewels on ankles and wrists, hands and necks. Most ladies had their hair in two long plaits, and their oval faces and brilliant eyes gave an unusual foreign appearance. Though they could not talk to us Englishwomen, they seemed to be gathering every detail, to judge by the close way they observed our doings.

On the road home we stopped at the Mecca Musjid, the largest mosque in India, which contains the tomb of the late Nizam. The muezzin was even then calling to prayer from a high white turret. In the courtyard we were given roses from off the royal tomb, by a priest who said His late Highness was able to exercise the attribute of kings and cure any snake-bite by his touch; and these very roses, he declared, could do the same.

Now, myself in this city, I could learn from Lady Pinhey the truth of what the Maxwells in Delhi had told me of the Viceroy's recent visit to Hyderabad. "Was it really true that the Viceroy progressed through an empty city?" I asked.

"Perfectly true," she replied. "The Nizam drove all his people out of it. He was taking no risks! It was an extraordinary sight—not one gaping face, just a solemn procession of official gorgeousness through silent, empty streets, and at the further gate the entire population massed on the hill slopes outside the great walls! The people only returned into their city at sundown."

"Shades of Delhi, 1912 . . . ?" I suggested, and Lady Pinhey nodded.

There were letters awaiting me which enabled me to plan seeing more of the Deccan, as Their Highnesses of Baroda were only due back in their own State about

July 26th. The few days to spare I might spend at Ellora, about whose beauty Sir Alexander Pinhey was enthusiastic. He applied to Sir Faradoon Jung, a Parsi, and the Nizam's right-hand man, for permission for me to go and visit the wonderful caves, Buddhist, Brahmanical and Jain, carved in the hillside and stretching away underneath, in vast pillared halls. (But the bats inhabiting these spoilt their wonder for me, despite all the cigarettes I smoked in self-defence.)

Being guest of the Nizam, I stayed in the comfortable State Bungalow on the edge of the lonely and lovely plateau of Ellora. Behind the plateau lay Roza, a royal Mogul city, walled and towered, with arched entrance gates from which at every sunset a drum was beaten. Here the Emperor, Aurungzeb, lay buried behind a simple marble lattice, and not far off was the tomb of Shah Alam, his son.

This city of Roza spoke only of the great past. Its present life was inert, as every child born in it received from the Nizam two rupees a month for its support. In the inner courts of the mosque were dreams of colour, and archways and strange cloisters and deep pools, and in front of the silver doorway of a tomb were whitish stones. "Out of these used to come silver," said the priest sadly. "But to-day there is no faith to bring it."

Their Highnesses now had returned to Baroda and established themselves at the palace at Makarpura.

The Maharani was full of the visits they had paid to Malabar, Cochin and Travancore, all States of Southern India that had once maintained powerful navies. "I have never been in such scenery," she said. "It was Elysium on earth; though," she added with a twinkle, "Elysium was mostly lagoons, inlets and rivers. The atmosphere of Malabar was full of colour, like all the glory of my precious jewels put into air and water. It was all so hot but exquisite."

"Delicious picture! And what about Travancore?" I asked.

"The Maharajah of Travancore is a very orthodox Hindu: so orthodox that we who had been across the Black Water"—(Her Highness used here the ordinary Indian expression for ocean travel)—"had lost caste, and so we were not allowed to enter the temples of Travancore*, nor did we ever eat with the Maharajah Saheb. But he arranged fine *shikar*, not so good, though, as what we had at Kollengode when, as you know, Maharaj and I each shot a rogue elephant and a bison." . . .

A few days later came the Nag Panchmi Festival, when again Her Highness would do worship to the Cobra, the Protector of all Women. The same procession took place as the last year and the Maharani, in *purdah* fashion, was carried by her elephant across the *maidan* to the *shamiana*. To my surprise, no veiling curtain surrounded Her Highness as she made the awkward descent of the ladder placed against the side of the kneeling, gold-and-green-chalked-and-painted animal: despite the backward movement, she did it extremely gracefully. Then, after the ceremonies, she drove away in a four-in-hand through the city in a most un-*purdah* fashion!

Next day she asked me: "What did you think of my going *purdah* in yesterday's procession?"

"It was quite right on that Day of Days."

"Yes, I thought so," the Maharani replied. "Being not *purdah* I can go *purdah*." And she smiled proudly at her own wise version of life.

The racial memory of the Maharani was now being stirred by her reading in the series *Rulers of India*, of the reign of Asoka, the greatest of India's kings. In him Her Highness saw the protagonist of her own Maharajah as she read of this man of strong will, of his unwearied application for forty years in carrying out his high aims, and of his sparing no toil in the pursuit of ideals. Those were indeed heroic days, when the Muslim chariot had not yet arrived to drive over India and choke with its veiling dust

* The Maharani's protest at the time resulted in the relaxation of such stern orthodoxy after the accession of the present Maharajah in 1931.



BARODA'S MASAHEB IN THE NAG PANCHMI FESTIVAL PROCESSION

the natural life of India's own women. It was thrilling, too, to read of 'India under Harsha (A.D. 606-648)' from the records of Yuan Chwang's travels in India as a pilgrim, seeking after the saving knowledge of which India had the monopoly in Asia. For ten centuries streams of Chinese students had flowed into India's seats of learning. Those were fair times, when earth and sky yielded up their secrets not only to the man but also to the woman metallurgist, astronomer and chemist; when the erudition of Aryan women, their often more than equal share in practical politics, philosophical research, and religious and secular teaching, gave them naturally a status that to-day was a lost treasure.

And here, in 1915, was the modern Maharani of Baroda re-living the days when the Princess Rajyasri sat behind the king and heard the pilgrims discourse before King Harsha (who, actually, had once taken possession of Kathiawar and Gujerat, that is, most of the present Baroda State). "If only," sighed Her Highness, "the right spirit could stir India's women to-day, what wonderful things would be done!"—Could it have been due to the spirit-influence of the historic Princess Rajyasri that in 1926 Her Highness became the Honorary President of the National Council of Women in India, and a year later presided over and addressed the first All-India Women's Conference at Poona? Who knows? . . .

A request now came from the Maharajah Saheb that I should go round the English-speaking schools, then make and submit my report direct to him. I was to 'point out defects and suggest remedies.'

Education in the State was compulsory, for His Highness greatly desired that not a single subject should 'put stones on his own feet,' i.e., be his own enemy, by neglecting to educate himself or his children. School hours were from eleven to four-thirty and on Saturdays from seven to ten a.m.; Sunday in schools and offices was always a holiday.

The inevitable corruption of our English language as

taught by foreigners was grievous. When I asked some English-teaching teachers how they worked to keep up and improve their English, "Oh!" said one optimist, "I am very up-to-date man. I read *Times of India* and *Bombay Chronicle*." Many boys had never heard an Englishwoman speak and could not understand my English or any but their teachers'! (That even happens over the French taught in English schools!) Then the curriculum! Why should these Indian lads have to study the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *John Gilpin*? What were they to them? It was not surprising to read a boy's senseless prose version of John Gilpin's holiday preparations: "John kissed his righteous lady because of her economical temperance." You recall she 'had a frugal mind'.

The Maharani had much to say of English education in the State. She thought it ideal but quite often useless for His Highness to send students to America and to England. "These people have B.A. and M.A., but no manners. They use such long words that I have never heard, and they do not understand what I say. . . . Now that Gujerati man who told you he had learnt his good English from Scott's *Marmion*. I am sure his talk sounded like a thick shell, and that there seemed to be an empty space between the real man and his speech! Was it so?" I could only laugh and agree.

The College, to which the Principal, Mr. A. B. Clarke (a Cambridge Double First and Double Blue), invited a visit, had, in 1911, some four hundred male and three women students on its books. Now in 1915 the numbers had doubled and there were twenty women students, all working for the requirements of the Bombay University. Later, when Mr. Clarke became Minister of Education in the State, he made valuable changes and specially developed the training colleges. Also an able Englishwoman became head of the Maharani Girls' High School, and the education of boys and girls proceeded on the best lines. Any who preferred technical education could

pass on to the *Kala Bhavan*, the School of Industries founded in 1890, and learn mechanical engineering, weaving, dyeing, carpentry and drawing, or work in the State furniture shops.

The need of continuation schools for the teachers, and of evening classes for pupils who had left school early, I emphasised particularly in my personal report to His Highness.

The Library is a very remarkable feature of the State's educational progress. In 1910 an extensive and original scheme had been worked out by an American expert, Mr. Borden, and the Maharajah engaged Mr. Newton Dutt to study the management of English municipal and other libraries, and to bring his wide knowledge to Baroda State. In 1927 the library movement in the Baroda Raj included a principal library of 105,000 volumes in Baroda City; 648 libraries established in the 2,000 villages of the State; reading rooms; travelling libraries; local library associations; and the actual training of librarians for British India and other States who followed the Baroda example. The children's room in the City Library, the special reading room for women, the cinema educational films shown for literate and illiterate in town and village—were some of the further facilities of that unique public library system of Baroda State, which also included the translation of English works into the vernaculars, Gujarati and Marathi.

About this time (1915) the Maharajah Saheb made a frontal attack upon the hitherto close preserve of the priesthood, and issued an order that in future all priests were to pass an examination when their noviciate was ended. At this unparalleled act of autocracy, the Brahmin heart filled with consternation. Sacred Dwarka on the coast shook to its foundations, but ten years later acknowledged the Maharajah to be right. His Highness never intended to bid for popularity, but he did intend to popularise knowledge and truth. In his southern home he had heard much of the Brahmin-ridden countryside. In his

own State his was the only thumb that must be felt. (This rule of thumb of the Maharajah was most intriguing to watch!) By his order to the priests His Highness now gave fine cause for rejoicing to the non-Brahmin party, which was growing stronger and stronger every year. This party urges that the 'Untouchables' should be allowed to enter temples and to draw water from the public wells.

All over India the monsoon this year had been most unevenly distributed, and, in Baroda State, the rains had failed in some parts, and famine was three-fold: in fodder, corn and water. One day, in passing over the Vishnamitri River bridge, I saw in the water below a mass of rose-leaves floating on the sluggish current: a goddess had been invoked with offerings and prayers to fill the river. Immediately she sent torrents of rain that lasted for a day and a half! The previous year provided such a contrast, for then, during two days in August, the river had risen to three feet above the bridge's parapet, the hospital near had been flooded, and the nurses' quarters had been so full of water that they had to walk over on their furniture to get dry into bed! Only on horseback could people then get about in the streets. But this August famine relief works had to be opened for the people and cattle flocking in from the districts. All that meant unrest, and great anxiety was felt by the royal 'Steward' about supplies for his State. Would they last over the cold weather and through the next hot season?

Early in September Their Highnesses left Baroda for Mussoorie and from the very beginning that visit was beset with misfortune. Their first bungalow was very damp and uncomfortable, so they changed to another. The rains were heavy and the snow-topped mountains were nearly always obscured by drooping white clouds. Both Their Highnesses developed bad colds, that of the Maharani turning to pneumonia, and for some days our anxiety was great. When she was well enough to be moved, she was carried in a *dhooli* (bed on bamboo poles

with top and sides covered in) up to the Château Kapurthala, lent by the Maharajah of Kapurthala. This beautiful house was furnished in French style, and from the many balconies one had gorgeous views of plains and snows. At once Her Highness made rapid strides forward in health; and when she took interest in newspapers, letters and new blouses, and could enjoy her food, we all gave thank-offerings to our various gods!

During that anxious time the Maharajah Saheb required my companionship, and after his morning walk, he would sit upon the asphalt tennis-court in the terraced gardens and read or talk and discuss. One day, picking up a novel which His Highness had just finished, I looked curiously at the phrases and words he had underlined—his usual habit as he reads. The hero had finally been depicted as seeing only a 'long stretch of sad grey years ahead of him'; and this sentence the Maharajah had underlined twice.

Undoubtedly the 'Little Man' was depressed. The near presence at Dehra Doon of the Viceroy (who was fishing as his recreation in this his annual brief respite from work) had brought reminders of old troubles. Certainly there had come a bright interlude lately when happy things had been said of the Maharajah in the papers and especially by the *Pioneer*, over his munificent gift to the Viceroy of five lakhs (then £33,000 odd) for airplanes for the War in the West; a fleet of sixteen, to be called 'Baroda'. But the letter that the Maharajah had just written with my assistance and dispatched by the hand of his Dewan, asking the Viceroy if he might not meet him somewhere near and have a talk, had been replied to with a polite negative, and also with a vague reproach, which was confirmed later by Colonel Maxwell, who met me as I was returning to the Plains.

Recently had come to my hand a book of lectures which had been delivered in 1881 to the young Ruler of Baroda by Rajah Sir T. Madhav Rao, K.C.S.I., a minister who could speak with authority, since he had been Chief

Minister in three States (Travancore and Indore were two) during the course of twenty years. These weekly lectures on fundamental principles to make the Maharajah Gaekwar a truly model prince, had inculcated that 'It is the first duty of the ruler to promote the happiness of his people.' The lecturer had spoken clearly on such subjects as fame, firmness, anger, the vice of obstinacy, menials and intrigues, pardoning, respect of others' feelings, the ruler's exalted position, moderation, public works, education and so forth. Which all had influenced the sensitive, shy youth to 'achieve greatness' after greatness had been 'thrust upon him'.

Now at Mussoorie, while waiting for the Maharani to get quite well, I came to hear from the Maharajah himself of those early days. He said once: "If I had my life again, I would only make four annas change. Twelve annas same, four annas difference. I would add more rashness! . . . I missed my father sorely when the old Maharani adopted me. He was a fine man but very reserved, and we were great friends. I used to wave to him from the balcony of the palace (the Nazar Bag), taking care no one saw me, so that the old lady, Jumnabai Maharani, should not be jealous. I had no inclination for wrong-doing, I only wanted to be a good ruler and to be under nobody's thumb. . . . I had no training in things ordinary, and I never mixed with people. What you can teach me in five minutes, by myself I took five months or five years to learn. . . ."

His Highness spoke of his first wife and how he considered he had married three years too early. He had been but sixteen years old, and five years later she had died. Her family was of good Tanjore stock and she had been well brought up and was of sweet temperament. He had had no understanding of illness, and suddenly she was gone. After six months, when he could not sleep, it was decided he should marry again. . . . His own mother had lived for a long time in Baroda, near the racecourse. It was forty years after the day when he, as a



A JUNGLE WOMAN

youngster, had left his home, that he revisited the old place near Nasik; and how strange it was to find that the gigantic bridge and culvert of his boyhood was a mere nothing, and that the hill so distant in the child's idea was but a stone's throw away! Also His Highness spoke affectionately of his tutor, Mr. F. E. H. Elliott, whom the Maharani had described to me as 'the straightforwardest man I ever met.' How gladly would the Maharajah have had him more often by him, but Mr. Elliott was on the Land Settlement Board and had had to be frequently out in the district. . . .

I learnt that the name 'Gaekwar' did not mean 'herdsman' but 'Protector of Cows', that is, Protector of Religion, Defender of Faith. The ancestor of the family was said to have gained the name through having saved a number of cows by closing the *kawad* or door against a band of men intent on butchery. The protection of cows had come to be looked upon by Hindus as the duty of the king. Also I learnt history: that the Gaekwar family in Baroda, the Holkar in Indore, the Scindia in Gwalior, and Nizam in Hyderabad, not one of them ruled in their native country! They were of the successful invaders. . . . The Gaekwar family of Baroda never had become feudatories of the British Government. Initial relations had been that of an ally. The English had secured their footing in Gujerat through alliance with the then Gaekwar, and they were given a fortress in order to collect levies and tribute for him. In exchange for the reaping of great advantages, they secured Baroda from 'external aggression'. But nowadays, whether he was in the position of servant or king was sometimes hard for the present Maharajah Gaekwar to say.

On this very point His Highness had been ably advised in those 'Minor Hints' of the Minister who had said: "Is not the great Gaekwar able to do what he likes? may be said by foolish and ignorant persons. Your Highness must not allow yourself to be influenced or excited thereby in the least. Take it all coolly and calmly. With a gentle,

royal smile answer them by saying: 'My education and reflection have convinced me that the Maharajah is truly great who constantly respects the laws which have been designed for the good of the people. I am determined to act under that conviction'. And again: "The safest, the simplest and the soundest way for the Maharajah to avoid or to minimise the interference of the British Government is to himself govern his country in the best manner possible."

But practical politics are by no means always according to book or treaty.

The Maharani, convalescing well, was now advised to return to her own warm climate, so she and the Maharajah took special train home to Baroda, where Her Highness must needs take care of her health and play the invalid when she would much rather have played games.

From the functions of State, however, Her Highness could not altogether stand aside, and here was the Dewali Festival approaching—the Feast of Lamps, when *poojah* (worship) is done to all possessions. The Maharani usually did *poojah* to her jewels, but being unwell, she gave worship only to her big diamond necklace.

The Maharajah Saheb went to do *poojah* to the Treasury.

During the festival every house after sunset was illuminated with fairy lamps. The main tower of the Raj Mahal blazed with coloured electric lights, and one evening I found the entire front of my bungalow decorated with little lights. Fireworks were let off in every part of the city. The cattle, precious family assets, walked about with daubs of red on their backs and heads. Inside the houses the womenkind dressed in their very best and spent many hours in making sweetmeats, some of which they offered to the festival's goddess, Lakshmi, and others to their friends, as part of the joy and light side of life that the festival was intended to celebrate.

A durbar took place in Her Highness' hall, when all

State officials came to offer homage to the Maharani. She sat upon a *daïs*, with the feminine members of the Ruling Family to the right and to the left of her, on lower seats, all veiled by a great curtain that hung down, the middle portion alone transparent. From the officers' side of it the faint outline of the Maharani Saheb could be seen, but to her those present were clearly defined. The men, leaving shoes outside the doors, came in stockinged feet to sit down on the white-sheeted floor, each in his rank, and at the appointed moment they came forward according to precedence, to salaam before Her Highness and to offer the piece of gold that ceremony demanded. This the Chamberlain of the Household (the *Khangi Kharbari*) received from each officer who had had to buy it from the Mint, and as the ceremony came three times a year, the State reaped quite a nice little harvest, for the Treasury received all the coins back again.

With the imperfect health of the Maharani, the Palace outlook registered ups and downs like her clinical thermometer! She was distinctly better, but as the tiresome heat of November had limited her strength, presently it pleased Her Highness to take the doctors' advice to spend a month in Lucknow, where we found the bracing climate was a mixture of an English June and bright November; maximum and minimum temperatures were 76 degs. and 36 degs., and at night how one revelled in fires! The Maharani saw her friend, the Rani Rampriya, here, and had a lazy time, only writing a few letters, and hoping that His Highness, who was in Baroda, working, and not too well in health, would join her presently.

Without anxiety, therefore, my promised visit to Calcutta, to be hostess at the Metropolitan's house-party for Christmas, could be fulfilled, and in due course I was giving to my cousin the greetings of the Maharani, who had pleasant memories of the Bishop's friendliness.

It was equally good fun to have fingers in a Bishop's

Palace pie as in a Maharajah's Palace pie! And speedily I made changes to increase my cousin's general comfort, he being quick to approve them or disapprove. He warned me that entertainment in Calcutta had been reduced to a minimum, so I might find it dull, as he was immersed in work. I must amuse myself with old and new friends; the car was at my disposal, and if I wished to go to a theatre, why not do so? Perhaps I might rejoice in the cathedral and the possibilities of church-going, and he added drily: "I do not suppose that daily attendance at the cathedral and having prayers in the chapel before luncheon, and compline at nine-thirty after dinner will make the balance of your annual church-going in India over-full?" and his laughter rang out above mine. So I filled the days with motoring and shopping, with luncheons, teas, races, dinner parties, and plays, and we had a steamer-picnic up the River Hoogli, when the Bishop was lent the Police Commissioner's launch.

At the races one day, after lunching with some friends, I stood with my host in the paddock to watch the horses led round. Suddenly I was aware of an Indian lady very fashionably dressed in Western style, insistently bowing and smiling at me. I recognised the ex-Baroda princess, and in the friendliest fashion smiled back, but had no opportunity to speak with her. As we moved away my host assured me that the young Maharani was doing good work in the Cooch Behar State, pulling it together, cutting down frivolous expenses, and being a wonderful help to her husband. Also she was charming to deal with and most philanthropic.

I gathered much in Calcutta that I could repeat on the Bombay side of India, that is as different as, say, China from Ceylon! It was certain that, with the example of her father before her, Indira Raja would make further innovations and developments in happy conjunction with her husband, in a State where the chief interest had to be its finance. Rumour said that its coffers had been empty for years, owing to the European tastes of its rulers.

CHAPTER VII

THE Maharajah Saheb had telegraphed to me in Calcutta: "I wish you and the Bishop a happy New Year. I shall be in Lucknow on the 6th." So I returned that day, and was glad to find the Maharani better and that husband and wife were able again to take morning walks together; in which I now joined them.

On the Sunday our party, after motoring some distance from the city, set out on foot for a five-mile walk along the Grand Trunk Road, which, constructed by Lord Dalhousie for military purposes in the forties, had evolved from being then as hard as iron to the dustiest of dusty roads. But it was well shaded by banyan trees whose little red figs lay reddening that dust. We passed by a collection of huts shaded by patriarchal trees, and saw a learned and devoted teacher seated against a great tree-trunk, while his open-air class swayed before him in the rhythm of repetition that fixes an idea. The young voices rose and fell, rose and fell, such cadences seeming proper background for the news I was giving Their Highnesses about their daughter and the improvements which she was reported to be making in the Cooch Behar State, how its State debt was practically nil, and the family debts being steadily reduced under her careful management.

"Rumour even has it," I added frivolously, "that Indira Raja locks up the whisky bottles, and knows to an ounce how much butter is being used in the kitchen. . . ."

"Takes after her Daddy," chuckled the Maharani, who never could resist a 'dig' at the finance policy of her lord.

Between Indira Raja and her parents no definite reconciliation had as yet taken place. Even if, as individuals, they might become friends with her again, as

Maharajah and Maharani in a Maratha Hindu community they were limited in their actions, for the priests had not yet forgiven the outrage done to their religion by the young Maharani of Cooch Behar. Over the arrival of her first baby, a girl, telegrams had passed between the parents and their daughter. Later, news came that Indira Raja's heart was affected, and the Maharani, her motherly feelings all stirred by receipt of this letter, at once wired:

"I am very sorry to hear your heart is affected. Keep very quiet. Take every care and don't worry. Send me immediately doctor's latest opinion. Am dispatching cook.

"MOTHER."

And a special cook travelled across India to make the Baroda dishes for which the sick and prodigal daughter longed.

This first month of 1916 was to bring great grief to the Palace in Baroda, as the little child of Jayasinh Rao and Shakuntala Raja died suddenly through a chill, after only ten months of life. Thus the sixteen-year-old mother was bereft of her baby, and her arms were never to hold another. It seemed as if the loss were especially great for the Maharajah, as he had adored the little grand-daughter and played much with it as it lay beside him while he worked in his study. But with him, as with them all, the first outburst of grief changed to an acceptance of change, and life went on as before.

The Maharani, whose enthusiasm over lawn-tennis never waned, now began to vision Baroda as the centre for championships of that game in India. A committee of management accordingly arranged the 'Maharani Chinnabai Gaekwar Lawn-Tennis Tournament,' to begin on January 31st; and so well was the tournament sponsored that the best of Indian players were drawn to Baroda. The capital was indeed gay that week, and the Maharajah Saheb was daily At Home at the courts.

Every afternoon the Maharani was there, watching her own 'Wimbledon'! Each night dinners were given to the competitors by Shivaji Rao in the Nazar Bag Palace. At the very successful conclusion of play the Maharani felt assured that the next year's tournament would be still further patronised by the best players in India.

When the tournament week was over Their Highnesses went out to Dabka for the annual pig-sticking and *shikar* camp. Again the usual munificent arrangements were made for a camp for Europeans; but alas, few availed themselves of the graceful invitation from the Palace.

Meanwhile, in Baroda city, immense preparations were going forward for the approaching visit of H.H. the Maharajah of Mysore and his family. At the *buggikhana* or stables, it was exciting to watch the cavalry and carriage horses that were to take part in processions being perforce introduced to elephants. Many young horses or imported walers had the liveliest objection to the four elephants that towered in the centre of the exercising ground, round which were driven these kicking, plunging and snorting youngsters, put between shafts with sophisticated elders to whom elephants were little more than old slow-coaches! The Maharajah's charger stood there quivering and showing the utmost dislike to having a panther-skin with head placed upon its back, and it reared and backed and snorted as if ancient jungle enemies had met. The *kamdar* (head of the stables) had to make much of the animal while, from behind, another attempt was made to see how the skin would do as a saddle covering. But the idea finally had to be dismissed as endangering His Highness' safety.

The State railway-saloon was presently sent down to Bombay for the use of the Mysore party, and then the day dawned when His Highness, the Maharajah Shree Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.S.I., of Mysore, would arrive in Baroda. Outside the station a guard of honour from the State infantry, with its regimental band

and colour, was drawn up. Escorts from the State cavalry had been detailed on duty for Their Highnesses the Maharajah and Maharani of Mysore, and Her Highness the Dowager Maharani of Mysore, and the Yuvaraj and his Yuvaradni.

A salute of twenty-one guns was fired as soon as the Maharajah of Mysore alighted on the Baroda Station platform, and a salute of nineteen guns followed for his Maharani, whom none might see.

The Maharajah of Baroda received his male guests at the station, and the Dewan Sahib introduced the Baroda officers to the visiting Maharajah; after which reception the grandees proceeded to the decorated waiting-room where they accepted garlands, bouquets and *pan supari*.

Meantime, in the grandest *purdah* fashion, the Maharani of Baroda had received the Ladies of Mysore and conducted them through a covered lane of brocaded cloth to the waiting carriages with their blinds drawn down—three four-in-hand carriages, one carriage-and-pair, and other *zenana* carriages—all to proceed to Makarpura Palace by the Indira Avenue Road.

Both the Maharajahs now walked out of the station and inspected the guard of honour, after which their start also was made for Makarpura Palace, the party in two carriages, each a four-in-hand. The procession passed at a slow trot through the city as far as the Goyagate, when the pace was increased up to the place where the guests were to change into motors for the remainder of the route. All along the roads groups of schoolboys and girls were posted, and they welcomed Their Highnesses the Maharajahs with songs and showers of flowers as the carriages passed.

In the afternoon took place a prize distribution ceremony for the female training college, the girls' high school and the city girls' school, when the rewards were distributed by the Maharajah of Mysore. *Purdah* arrangements were made in the hall so that the Mysore Ladies might share in the proceedings. That same night the

guests witnessed a theatrical performance at the Sayaji Theatre and only returned home at three in the morning.

A shooting trip to Ajwa was organised next day and sports in the arena and an evening concert at the Lakshmi Vilas Palace. On the Wednesday the guests inspected the jewellery and the gold and silver guns. They watched military sports and yet another performance at the theatre. They visited the Public Park and the museum, the chief offices and the furniture workshops. The last day concluded with an evening party in the Palace grounds, followed by a grand durbar, when gifts, garlands and bouquets were presented to his host by the Maharajah of Mysore, and to the Yuvaraj of Mysore by Prince Shivaji of Baroda. For the departure that night the streets were lined with troops, and salutes of twenty-one guns and nineteen guns were fired next morning at sunrise.

There the reader has a summary of the State visit of a Maharajah to another Maharajah, and the sights of Baroda!

It was scarcely to be wondered at that His Highness of Baroda seemed tired, as, the following afternoon in the College Hall, he distributed to successful entrants their St. John Ambulance Certificates.

Too soon now came a spell of heat, and Their Highnesses longed for Europe, where the Great War still raged. Each morning at ten o'clock the thermometer at 106 degs., *cus-cus tattis* were lowered over the Palace's exterior façade and water was played on these grass curtains to cool the interior of a Palace which had been built with the wrong aspect, for it faces due West and East! These *tattis* had to remain down till after five o'clock, when the sun was well behind the building.

But as it was impossible to visit Europe, both Their Highnesses, on the recommendation of their recent host, the Rajah of Kollengode, decided to try a course of oil baths, with a Malabar physician in attendance—which treatment was claimed to be equal to a cure in Europe.

A certain regimen was prescribed, no work or exercise was allowed during the treatment, and no sleep was permitted in the afternoon, by which means the two noble patients certainly slept better in the hot nights. This was some gain, of course.

When March 25th came and the Maharajah Saheb celebrated his fifty-third birthday, ordinarily a review of troops would have been held. But this was postponed as His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir was about to arrive for a formal visit, on his way down to Bombay.

Now this Ruling Prince was so extremely orthodox a Hindu that he took food only with his own people, and, as his ceremonious life demanded two and a half hours *poojah* before he ate, he dined generally at 1 a.m.! For his prayers and worship eighty pounds (lbs.) of flowers were required every day. On the night of his departure, His Highness was requested with great deference that just the absolutely necessary servants only should be kept and the rest go early to the train. I heard that thirty stayed behind: five to help His Highness to dress, eight to help him to eat, and the rest to wait on those thirteen!

However, the visit of the Maharajah of Kashmir had this for result—that Their Highnesses of Baroda were invited to go to Kashmir as State Guests from May till October, and they were in mood to accept.

The quinquennial changes at the seat of Government in British India fell due this summer, and on April 1st, the P. & O. s.s. *Kaisar-I-Hind* bore away the ex-Viceroy, Lord Hardinge. With him went Colonel Maxwell—who was killed, alas, soon after he had joined his regiment in France.

The new Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, inspired confidence from his record. It would be good, too, for Indian women to have a Viceroy's Lady again in the land. But would it be too much to hope that she might not have preconceived ideas of Indian ladies who, now so Westernised, no longer smiled and flattered and kowtowed as in the old days, and in consequence were likely to be misunder-

stood? All womanhood in India was concentrating hopes on the leading English Lady in the land, just as politicians were waiting on the Viceroy's first pronouncements.

The last public gathering in Baroda before Their Highnesses left for Kashmir was an All-Indian Music Conference under the patronage of the Maharajah, which was largely attended by musical enthusiasts from all over the country. Titles of some of the lectures and addresses were: 'A Short Historical Survey of Hindustani Music, its present condition, and the means to improve it and place it on a Scientific Foundation, with a view to make its study as easy as possible'; 'Persian Influence on the Music of Hindustan'; 'The Intonation of Indian Music'; 'The Staff Notation Adapted to Indian Music'; 'The Shrutis and Swaras of Indian Music'; 'The Relative Pitch of Notes in Indian Music from Ancient Times to the Seventeenth Century'; 'The Ancient Hindu Scale of Twenty-two Shrutis'; 'The Missing Shruti and Connected Questions,' etc.

All speakers emphasised, and practical artists supported, the teaching of music in Indian schools, its educational value and its need for reform, to give music its right place in Indian culture as a fine art, and the assembly was strongly in favour of the founding of an Academy of Music in India.

The Maharani Saheb did not attend the conference, but was content to hear privately of the work accomplished.

Then it was time for Their Highnesses to depart for the North, and they left on April 16th.

I was to follow the Family and to be in Srinagar by May 1st. As I packed up my bungalow—the books in newspaper parcels safe against depredations of the silverfish insect, and in zinc-lined boxes clothes freely covered with neem-tree leaves disliked by moths and their ilk—all the fabled beauty of Kashmir rose before me. I had almost forgotten there was such a thing as cherry blossom or apple or almond blossom. English fruits, too, grew

there, and as for the flowers, they were beyond one's dreams. These visions were still more refreshing while, in tremendous heat, the train carried me north to Rawal Pindi.

Their Highnesses would be of the very select few motorists on the hundred and ninety-six miles' journey from Pindi into Kashmir. Others travelled then mainly in landaus or tongas or *ekkas*, and I elected to travel in a tonga. Every six miles my tonga ponies had to be changed, the driver giving gay notice of our approach to a pony-station by sounding his horn. The ponies galloped their miles along a mountain road gently sloping downwards all the time, with a river far below the *khud*. Strings of loaded camels were passed bearing supplies for the 1st Yorks, encamped by the roadside not far from the Kashmir boundary. The first night was spent at Dulai in the picturesque *dak*-bungalow which Lady Ripon had christened 'Honeymoon Cottage.' On the mountain road followed next morning, the tonga ponies swerved dangerously from side to side, while sheer below rushed and foamed the River Jhelum, where oleanders and wild white roses and scarlet hibiscus grew together between its rocks. We only arrived at Baramulla after dark, so the thirty-five miles on to Srinagar had to be accomplished next day. My other ponies had been wild enough, but the Baramulla ponies were the wildest! For four miles I bore with their danger, and then got down and walked the last lap, to enjoy to the full the glorious colours of this new country opening out: purple of all shades upon the hills backed by white snows, brilliant yellow mustard fields, green water, blue and tall white irises growing everywhere.

If one judged of one's stay from the manner of arriving in Kashmir, it would certainly be set in great charm and adventure.

The Baroda family, which included the Maharani's grandson, Udai Singh, as he was not very strong, was established in a choice *châlet* at Gupcar, twenty minutes

away by tonga from Srinagar and close to the Nishat Lake, whose waters reflected far-away mountains and their high crowns of snow. All over the chalet's porch honeysuckle and roses grew, their sweet scents wafting in as Her Highness and I spent delightful mornings together, talking or writing or reading, often interrupted by the arrival of merchants, with beautiful Kashmir shawls of most delicate embroidery in Persian patterns for the Maharani to select from a maze spread out on the floor.

His Highness of Kashmir, when his distinguished guests had arrived in his State, gave a big garden party at the Nishat Bagh, a famous Mogul garden that lies at the foot of the mountains on the far side of the Dhal Lake. Here grassy terrace after terrace gleamed with waterfalls and playing fountains, and under lofty and spreading chenar (plane) trees, that day scarlet hand-embroidered large *gubbas* (carpets) were spread. Many people, European and Indian, had gathered together to do honour to the Chief Guest, the Maharajah of Baroda, and every hand held a paper on which was printed a pundit's poem celebrating the occasion, whose title and first verse ran thus:

"KINGS MEET

"Nishat is happy, Nishat is joy,
The bulbuls sing, the fountains play,
And happy are woman, man, and boy,
Two *Suns* of India meet this day."

In the middle of the party in progress we saw the Maharajah of Kashmir laying down his enormous turban at the feet of a new arrival—a splendid 'Friar Tuck,' with grey short-cropped hair and jovial face, his stout figure clad in a pale heliotrope muslin shawl—a personage in religion, evidently.

It was absorbingly interesting a scene, which ended before sunset, when the guests who had convened by road or across the Dhal Lake in *shikaras* or gondolas, returned to Srinagar.

The *shikaras* are the ordinary conveyances in this city,

whose streets are waterways or canals. On the banks above these canals all shops are built, and directions to find a shop are given according to its nearness to any one of the wooden bridges which span the river. By the First Bridge was the Kashmir Maharajah's Palace, and here one day I had stepped out of my *shikara* in the river on to wide stone steps that led up into a glass hall where the Visitors' Book was kept. Beyond this hall lay the intricate mazes of the Ruler's abode, where Europeans were seldom invited.

Out on the Dhal Lake wonderful hours could be spent in a *shikara* with a sympathetic companion, a basket of black cherries or a tea-basket, a new novel, and my adventurous cocker spaniel. All round the horizon one looked at towering mountains; swallows flashed over stretches of water whose gleam was broken by dark romantic canals; the domes of sacred mosques stood out upon promontories, and picturesque hamlets built on piles lay at the water's edge. The atmosphere was radiant with colour and life.

Just such were the conditions on the afternoon of a visit I paid to the Shalimar Gardens, gardens more lovely than the Nishat Bagh, at the furthest end of the Lake. By the high-walled entrance we were told that no man might enter, for the garden was reserved. All the same, my companion and I came through to a pillared open summer-house round which fountains played, and I had begun to prepare tea when, down the long walk beside the flower-girt canal, there came quietly a black-clad duenna-like figure in company with the Guardian of the Gate. Between them it was made clear that my male companion was unwelcome, that, for the time being, the garden was *purdah* on account of a Rani (of a Northern State) at that moment in the upper summer-house, but that in half an hour she would be gone. So the man-intruder had to go away temporarily and I promised him tea would be ready when he might come back. The duenna then sent away the gate-keeper and returned up the path.

Presently she came down again and, with eagle eyes, peered all round my summer-house. Apparently satisfied, she now signalled to the party waiting out of sight, and there fluttered out from amongst the distant trees and flowering bushes three exquisite butterfly-figures in diaphanous garments of pale lavender, yellow and rose—and behind them three attendants in scarlet.

The charm of the picture was so impelling that I went over the stepping-stones to meet the little unknown Rani, who, on seeing me, was filled with curiosity. She took my hand and wanted to see what I had been doing, and she came to investigate the tea-basket and kettle. In silver tones she asked how many children I had, and on the spot I made up a family of two boys and one girl, even stating the years of my fictitious children. The Rani was enchanted to find that I had the same number as herself! From children her interest passed on to my gold watch-bracelet, and in return I showed admiration for her jewellery. Hand in hand we walked down the path to the arched entrance. The gate was now opened, and there stood an old carriage without horses and without coachmen, a thick *purdah* surrounding and hiding it from the roadway. The steps were let down, and the beautiful butterfly-Rani climbed into the coach and the blinds were drawn. The duenna summoned the coachmen with their horses, and while the buckling was going on, a small hand held mine through the window, then, letting go, it waved and waved until the equipage was out of sight. And I returned to my summer-house and tea-making and modern Western ways.

This *purdah* system for Hindu ladies was very marked in Kashmir, and the Maharani of Kashmir was never able to visit the Maharani of Baroda at Gupcar. But most friendly letters passed between the two ladies, and occasionally the Baroda Maharani was the recipient of 'sweets, which'—(and the Kashmir Maharani wrote in English)—'I think will be kindly accepted; these are only prepared in the inner palaces by our maids.' Several

times the Maharani Gaekwar paid a special visit to the *zenana* ladies, accompanied by Udai Singh, at the special request of the little hostess, whose own child of two-and-a-half years had died.

Gupcar was now felt by Their Highnesses of Baroda to be too hot, and the suggestion to go out camping immediately was only delayed in being carried out because of the great three-day annual cricket-match of Kashmir v. Visitors, about to be played.

This match was the event of the season. During the afternoon His Highness Major-General Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, himself went in to bat. His short, thick-set figure was buttoned up to the neck in a lengthy, blue brocade coat; long and tightly crinkled trousers covered his legs; his bare feet were encased in silver slippers. Upon his head was folded a heavy white turban. His bat tucked under his arm, His Highness passed from the pavilion to the wicket, accompanied by Prime Minister and A.D.C. Bowling for His Highness was always underhand. Three runs were made; the Maharajah ran (by proxy). "But he's out!" cried my neighbour as the wicket fell to the next slow ball. No. The Maharajah was still batting. For, with total disregard of rules (made for the proletariat), His Highness must score twenty-three runs before he could be given 'out'. And this day the patient figure stood, bat in hand, for half an hour, playing his own cricket! (What is the good of being a Maharajah if you cannot make your own cricket regulations?)

June 7th came, and the Barodas left Srinagar by motor, first to visit the Avantipur ruins and the Bijbihara Temple, remains of a very early civilisation. By eleven o'clock camp was reached at beautiful Achibal (just over sixty-six miles from Srinagar), and here the Maharani immediately set about fishing for the famous trout. The *khansamah* of the *dak*-bungalow hurried up to greet the new visitor with a bunch of white jasmine, well aware that the book he produced for inspection held his own



ASHMOL
MUSEUM
IN
OXFORD

praises sung by all and sundry. Its pages recorded the names of Kitchener, Hardinge, Suffolk, Errington, Princess Duleep Singh, Kapurthala, Baroda and many others; but the nameless man who wrote in July 1912 the following eulogy, surely has acquired merit for himself:

"S. Peter said to Gabriel with concern upon his face:
 'Supposing I was seedy, who'd you get to fill my place?'
 But Gabriel said, 'To fill your place there is a man of
 worth,
 One, Samad Khan, the man who keeps the Paradise on
 Earth.' "

From the old Mogul summer-house which had been turned into a camp for Their Highnesses, we watched the clear stream come down from the wooded mountain heights, pass swiftly through the garden and over a weir into a big pool, thence wind under shady trees, over sandy spits and miniature rapids, into the far distance. But the fat trout were cunning, and the cuckoo called softly, "No luck, no luck, no luck."

His Highness, needing exercise, now mounted his pony, and the Maharani gave up her rod and climbed into the waiting *jampan* (rickshaw) for a progress alongside the swirling stream, where grew glorious wild roses.

Next day, they planned to motor to Vernag. On the roads, travelling in a heavy car seemed safe enough, but when the Rolls Royce came to cross rustic wooden bridges over dashing streams, there was bound to be trouble. Our road now rose steeply on to a bridge some seventeen feet above a wide river, and the car wheels were turning slowly over the wooden planks when—c-r-a-c-k—c-r-a-c-k—CRASH! The bridge had given way and the car was falling through!

"Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" cried the Maharajah. "What shall we do?" and he and I bent forward, anxiously trying to open the door that was fixed at a horribly acute angle.

"This door, this door!" urged Her more sensible Highness from her side, where the car was tilted right up.

Having climbed out to safety we looked at the gaping hole in the floor of the bridge. Most fortunately for us, two sturdy piles here had saved the car from crashing into the stream below. We had then to while away a couple of hours on the other side of the river as some fifty coolies with tree-trunks and ropes gradually drew the big car to safety. Presently we continued the road to Vernag, but on every bridge we dared to cross sitting in the car, our hearts were in our mouths. The Maharajah would not move, but the Maharani and I got out fourteen times; so many were the streams to be crossed before we reached the Mogul Gardens.

As we sat under the cool arched entrance to the great Blue Pool at Vernag where once the ladies of the Emperor Jehangir's Court had sat to feed the fish, the Maharani said: "Do you know what I was thinking last night? I couldn't sleep, so I planned a garden to be quite different from all other gardens."

The Maharajah, stretched in a long chair beside the Maharani, began to tease her as she took my pencil to draw the plan of her garden. Her Highness bent towards me and said, laughing:

"Do you know what Maharaj will do? He will remember my plan, which is so beautiful"—here she held it out for me to admire—"and then he will give directions and say, 'Oh, I had the idea a long time'."

We giggled long and marked our laughter with morsels of *chupatty* thrown to the leaping fish, whose guardian priests provided the cake.

Their Highnesses now wished to walk. Crossing the road before entering the garden, we passed a *saddhu* or holy man in his orange wrap. He had been watching us keenly, and I remarked on his blue eyes to the Maharani, who whispered back: "Not a *saddhu* but a C.I.D.!"

We turned into the sweet gardens of Nur Mahal, Jehangir's Queen, at the foot of the fir-covered hills of the Bantnal Pass. Here fruit trees grew side by side with lofty chenars. The waters from the Pool poured down

under the roadway into a straight canal that ran the whole length of the garden and passed over a waterfall into the stream below, where three little islands formed a fairy picture. Built over the waterfall was a stone summer-house *baradari* (twelve doors) whose framework was carved stone lattice, and the roofing, like all Kashmir roofs, was covered with grass-grown earth. The beauty of water linked with gardens made by the Mogul Emperors had turned Vernag into an exquisite halting-place for their courts between Delhi and Kashmir. No wonder that the dying Emperor Jehangir had wished to be buried here; but death stayed him at Lahore.

From Achibal an expedition one day to Martand took us across a river which the Maharani crossed in a *dandy* (a long box-like seat carried on the shoulders of six coolies), while the Maharajah and I rode Kashmir *tats* (short ponies). We mounted to the top of the plateau, whence one obtained a great view of hills and woods behind which lay snow-topped mountains. In ancient times, report said, this had been a land 'flowing with milk and honey' and inhabited by eleven and a half lakhs of people! To-day only a small village remained.

From out of the distance a cavalcade was approaching, to greet His Highness, I imagined. But no, it was a 'wading (wedding) party,' so I was told by the riders, who salaamed deeply and gave their answers in English to my question as to what their party meant. In the centre, on a white horse, rode the boy-bridegroom aged about twelve, dressed in rich crimson velvet and gold, with an aigrette on his velvet cap.

As we neared the village houses we noticed such fertile crops of rice, barley, maize, and fruits and flowers in abundance. Beyond the houses stood out the ruins of a great temple, their stone pillars possibly built in Bactrian times, or in the days of Alexander, or in A.D. 800. No one knew. The sanctuary and part of the nave still stood. The trefoil arches of the cloisters all round the outer walls showed there had once been a large monastery. The

massive masonry had been the work of those fabulous engineers whose fate was usually death at the hands of their masters so that no rival edifice should ever vie with that they had reared.

We descended a steep hill which gave us views of the Lidar Valley and came into the village of Bajwan, where lofty chenar trees provided shelter for our temporary camp. The headman and his people, all so fair that they might have been Europeans, came out to meet Their Highnesses, who then were led to the sacred tanks to feed the gobbling fishes.

Two days later we camped at Rishnagri, where the Maharani was persistent in her fishing. From seven o'clock till eleven, which was breakfast time, she whipped the river for mahseer, and again in the afternoon till sunset the fascination of the sport held her. But it bored the Maharajah who, following her example, took his rod; then the restlessness of the water infecting him, soon he would be gone back to camp for a lesson in Sanskrit from his waiting pundit.

Another day the party visited the Haribal Falls, beyond Rishnagri, where lived a sacred hermit whom later Her Highness went up to visit. His house was in the centre of a small village, and below the windows of the holy man's upper room were grouped several of his disciples who made way for us.

As we bent our heads to enter the low doorway, the Maharani turned to me and said: "We have to take off our shoes here, and go before the saint in stockinged feet. Do you mind?"

I looked down at my boots that must come off. But I could not let the Maharani have the adventure all to herself, so, boots in hand, I followed her up dark narrow stairs, the A.D.C. behind me.

From a low-roofed inner room came the sound of voices, and as we reached the doorway, a pundit came forward and respectfully greeted Her Highness, whose shoes now lay on the top step outside the door.

The room, its floor planks polished by much traffic, was some twelve feet square. To the right was an open window. Against the far side was a low couch heaped with coverlets and rugs and rags, whence rose human shoulders and a head! It was said that the hermit had not moved from off his bed for twenty years.

Long shaggy hair fell over the holy one's broad forehead. Bushy eyebrows shaded brilliant dark eyes on each side of an aquiline nose. His beard was unkempt. Full lips opened over fine teeth. He looked a man of forty-five: an extraordinary person who might have been any nationality. Trim up his head and he might have been Jesus Christ. Put him, clean, in Oberammergau, and he would have been the Apostle John. Translate him to Russia of the old days and one might think him a Tolstoy. Here, in the centre of his rags, sat this anomaly of civilisation, restless hands working all the time at a rough piece of embroidery, needle flashing in and out, while in low tones he began to speak in Urdu to the Maharani. She had seated herself on the floor some six paces away, after she had salaamed deeply and been bidden to sit down.

I squatted behind Her Highness and gazed at the unique spectacle—this ragged creature, round whom was woven a fabulous story, being revered by the Premier Lady of India, whose beautiful eyes and russet-brown cheeks this day were set off by an amber-red *sari* with rose border, round her neck a diamond watch-chain, on her right hand a big yellow diamond.

Reverently Her Highness answered the holy man's questions, which he punctuated with mutterings. From time to time he cleared his throat, then spewed the contents with perfect aim straight out of the window, following it with low unpleasant laughter when, from below, a murmur rose, showing that the expectorant had administered unexpected sanctity to a disciple outside. The pundit who served him stood by, and presently his services were required with a copper pot for a still more personal matter, which proceeded before our eyes without any

apology. Then again the needle was threaded with fresh silk, while in silence we watched the stage.

Suddenly, to my amazement, I was addressed, and in perfect English. "Why are you in Kashmir? How long are you staying?" My surprise almost pushed out the question, "What the devil are you doing here?" But I remained silent. Supposing he were an Englishman lost on purpose, I would be the last one to discover him to the world, to reveal a magnificent joke on civilisation. There was, of course, the possibility of being mistaken. In either case, who was I to interfere with the man's programme? Therefore, maintaining a deferential attitude, with dignity befitting the situation—(after all, I had taken off my boots for him)—I stood aside now for the Maharani to pass, for she had been dismissed by the holy man. When, re-booted, I came down to the house doorway, I shot out like an arrow, lest his beastly spit should fall on my disgusted shoulders. That low animal laugh had not been exactly aesthetic!

After two happy weeks in camp Their Highnesses came down the river in their spacious house-boat and crossed the lake to Gupcar. But not to stay. Next day they motored the twenty-six miles to Tanmarg, and in *dandies* ascended slopes of two thousand feet into the saucer that is Gulmarg, where the Maharajah of Kashmir had placed at their disposal yet another comfortable chalet. Here Their Highnesses took part in all the social life of the very gay and very full hill station. In August they went off to join in the great pilgrimage to Amarnath amongst the snows, and I made a little expedition of my own after bear in the Aru valley.

On their return Their Highnesses made excursions, one day climbing to Lianmarg, eleven thousand feet up, to see the exquisite edelweiss, that grows on the open hillsides amongst ferns and bushes, in company with sweet-pea, borage, campion, and other wild flowers one would pick in England. Another day the party went down to the Nishat Bagh, to lunch in the hotel and then paddle out

on the lake amongst the perfect lotus flowers, these larger than big peonies, their creamy petals tinged pink and gold, the calyx a solid yellow, all standing up proudly a foot or more above the buds, which, rose-red-brown and green, just peeped above the surface by the huge leaves lying flat upon the water.

In early September the Barodas left Gulmarg for Gupcar, and thence went out on a shooting trip when the Maharani hoped to find bear and *barasingh*.

But before this shooting trip took place the Maharani greeted me one morning with the best of news. The post had arrived and she gave me three guesses as to what it had brought. My efforts being wide of the mark, Her Highness then announced with such intense satisfaction that one wished the Viceroy could have seen it, "An invitation has come from the Viceroy to His Highness and me to visit them at Simla as we return from Kashmir!"

"O Maharani, I am so glad!" Certain memories of Colonel Maxwell's last words at Dehra Doon about a new Viceroy and the Maharajah, rushed forward; but I only asked: "You are going of course?"

"No," she replied, drawing the end of her *sari*, that had slipped, more firmly across her head, "I think His Highness should go alone. It would be less bother if I did not go."

This visit was most successful, without *contretemps* of any kind, and the Viceroy and Lady Chelmsford earned golden opinions from the Maharajah for their cordiality.

Thus a new era began for His Highness. His health had vastly improved in Kashmir, his position in the Indian political world had been reassured by Viceregal hospitality, and at the Princes' Conference in Delhi, the first week in November, the Maharajah of Baroda took a leading part. Since that time he has never looked back politically, and his able speeches at the Round Table Conferences in London in 1930 and 1931, are historical data.

Before I left Kashmir, Mr. (now Sir William) Barton, then the Judicial Commissioner of the North-Western

Province, and Miss Barton, had invited me to come a little further north and to stay with them in Peshawar, to see the Khyber Pass, the furthestmost end of India. It was therefore under the best auspices that from October 6th to 20th I was shown the frontier life. The Khyber Pass was open only on Tuesdays and Fridays for the traffic to pour through from Afghanistan to India, and at Ali Musjid, beyond which only Viceregal guests might go, Miss Barton and I watched the caravans of wild-looking Cabulis and Afridis, their laden camels and donkeys trailing through the deep ravine road below the scrub-covered rocky hillsides that are crowned by look-out towers.

As the Bombay Express bore me southwards, I wished sincerely that just such a broad-minded, fair-judging man as Mr. Barton could fill the post of Resident at the Court of Baroda.

In three years' time that wish was to be fulfilled.

Back in the heat of Baroda both the Maharajah and the Maharani felt that they had returned home too early. Her Highness was further disturbed by a plot, fortunately discovered in time, against the Maharajah's life. Also the noisy celebration of the Mohurram in the hot late days of November, did not add rest to stifling nights.

Then the Maharajah went down to Bombay, where Lord Willingdon had succeeded Lord Sydenham as Governor of the Presidency. Lord and Lady Willingdon invited him to stay at Government House, and of course His Highness accepted. Here in Bombay, the centre for all the sinews of war in Mesopotamia, and the home of the wounded, Lady Willingdon's unbounded energies concentrated on supplies and hospitals, and there came a day when Her Excellency's brilliant smile and prolonged handshake made it impossible for the Maharajah to keep for his own use any longer his beautiful 'White Elephant' upon Malabar Hill.

So the 'Jaya Mahal' was turned into a magnificent sanatorium for invalided officers, and the purple colour that Lady Willingdon loved was the predominant note



THE MAHAKANT OF BAKODA PERSISTENT IN FISHING

in its arrangement for quite another purpose than the architect had planned. But in return for such generosity the Willingdons promised to visit Baroda in the coming January, to open the fine new Hospital now almost completed.

Her Highness again permitted me to accept the invitation of the Bishop of Calcutta for Christmas, and by December 13th I was on the other side of India. Very different here was the atmosphere from that of Bombay; there were no signs of war, only the Hoogli River was noticeably empty of the usual heavy traffic.

In state, on December 22nd, H.E. the Right Honourable Frederick John Napier, Baron Chelmsford, Viceroy and Governor-General, arrived on a visit to Calcutta; and on Tuesday, the 26th, the Governor and Lady Carmichael requested the pleasure of the company of the world and his wife at Government House, "To meet Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Chelmsford."

As my cousin and I opened our invitations and considered the date of the party, I asked him this question: "In the List of Precedence, who comes first, you or the Chief Justice?"

"I say that I do. He says that he does. We never can agree." The Bishop laughed. "Privately speaking, I ought to. The Church comes before the Law!" . . .

The Metropolitan had the right of private *entrée* at Government House, so at nine-forty-five on the night of the party he, in his purple cassock, and I mingled with the *élite* of the East and the West in the reception-rooms, where the roped-off space on such occasions marks the sheep from the goats! I caught sight of the young Maharani of Cooch Behar with her husband, who was certainly looking better than when he had been in Bombay, and to-night he was remarkably handsome in a long pale blue brocade coat and a pale blue *fehtah* or turban, its gleaming aigrette broochéd with diamonds. That actual picture, as a photograph, I little imagined would stand one day on Her Highness' table in Baroda.

CHAPTER VIII

LORD CHELMSFORD's first Proclamation Parade took place on New Year's morning, when the air was bright and bitterly cold until the sun was high in the sky. The parade, which celebrates annually the first Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India in 1858, was of exceptional brilliance, and thousands of Indians watched, while on one side of the ground stretched a long line of motor cars filled with European and Indian spectators. The Viceroy's bodyguard, with scarlet uniforms and spotless white saddleskins, bright pennons fluttering in the sunshine, formed a brave picture as they preceded the Viceroy and the Governor with their A.D.C.s. The Viceroy, in morning coat and white topee, with the Order of the Star of India glittering on his breast, sat with perfect grace and ease on a magnificent black charger, a dignified solitary figure standing out in front of the saluting flag. Lord Carmichael, on his bay horse, took up position in a line behind the Viceroy.

From the Metropolitan's motor car I watched the inspection of troops, the march past, and the gallop past, that closed in fitting style a Parade which for dignity and precision of movement had seldom been equalled. All through it flowed the spirit of the Great White Queen's Proclamation, which concludes: "It is our earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement and to administer its government for the benefit of all our subjects resident therein. In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward."

And the earlier words of the proclamation anent the Allied States were to be remembered also, viz.: "We shall

respect the rights, dignity and honour of Native Princes as our own. And we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government."

"Internal peace and good government" was assuredly the case in Baroda State, to which I returned a few days later. At the Palace the Second Open Lawn Tennis Tournament was in full swing, the players even better than those of the year before, and brilliant matches took place.

Then the Maharani went away for a few days to Bombay, and I had time to select from my books one to enable Her Highness to sublimate the difficulties of internal affairs at the Palace, for the two elder sons were causing anxiety to their mother, who therefore was tired and tried and disheartened.

My selection lighted on that great book of the Italian patriot Mazzini, *The Duties of Man*—and it proved to be the right book at the right moment. The fire of Mazzini's words, and his simple and personal philosophy, went straight to the heart of the Maharani. She fully appreciated his saying, "Your Country should be your Temple. God at the summit, a People of equals at the base." But when she read the opening words of Chapter VI, "The Family is the Country of the Heart," the Maharani was deeply affected and her soul was moved in sympathetic understanding.

"It is a wonderful book I am reading, Doctor, or at least wonderful to me," Her Highness said to dignified little Dr. Balabai, who came up to see her. He, too, must read it.

Impressed by her enthusiasm, the Maharajah himself took the book away; after which, until a second copy could be procured, Her Highness had to send daily to his side of the Palace to recover it for her own reading! When it became intensely hot in Baroda and the Maharani went out in the jungle for a few days' *shikar*, I was invited by

the Maharajah Saheb to read with him this book of Mazzini, in which the 'Little Man' was interested. In the broad religion of the Italian he found the best of Hinduism. He noted phrases and thoughts to be used in speeches, and he discussed every point, especially social service. As he read aloud, he wished pronunciation and manner to be corrected. It was true, as he had said in Mussoorie, that he always wanted to learn. Indeed His Highness would jestingly call a servant his *guru* (teacher) if he knew something he himself did not know.

So, during those early days of 1917, Mazzini was the craze at the Court of Baroda, and the Maharajah even proposed having the book translated into the vernaculars for the good of the State. His people also must glimpse the patriot's vision that "the city of the soul was the Temple of Humanity sending forth a new religion of duty, sacrifice and brotherhood," and apply it to their personal lives, even as Their Highnesses in the Palace were doing at a difficult time.

But would the C.I.D. confuse Mazzini with Garibaldi, the names being usually coupled without real knowledge of the divergent characters? The *Life of Garibaldi* was a proscribed book in Baroda State, and new copies ordered in 1912 by the librarian to replace the originals bought in 1907 had been destroyed by the Bombay Post Office by orders of the police. Let that Department first read and then condemn, if it could!

The Governor of Bombay and Lady Willingdon now fulfilled their promise to visit Baroda State, and the ceremony of opening the new General Hospital on February 23rd was accomplished with great éclat. The distinguished guests pronounced themselves well pleased with the fine modern building, whose floors were of marble that might have been quarried in the State but happened to be more cheaply brought from Italy. During the Excellencies' short stay of two days, Baroda was *en fête*. Olympic games took place, and after a brilliant banquet in the Durbar Hall, there was held a concert of wholly

Indian music. Their Excellencies on their return to Bombay wrote such friendly letters, and the *Times of India*, in reporting the visit, lauded the Maharajah Saheb for having given up his beautiful home on Malabar Hill for an officers' hospital, and for thus having to put up with an hotel when he visited Bombay. Gradually, it may be seen, the attitude of the Press world was altering.

Early in March the Resident at the Court of Baroda changed, and we welcomed Colonel Macdonald with whom, the Maharani bade me, "you must make friends." The canny new Resident, I found later, had begun his political career under my brother-in-law, General Wylie, Resident at Bhopal; so all went well, in spite of a humorous impertinence on my part one evening at the club. I had come out to the gate, where a car that I did not recognise was waiting. A friend followed me and I called out, "My new car—no, not mine, I see! But let's get in all the same." Then, swinging round, we saw the new Resident on our heels, and he was the owner. Laughing apologies were ended by his insistence that he should take us home, and I could not help wondering what his predecessors would have thought of this charming informality. How such small things helped one on one's way! As also did Colonel Macdonald's acceptable suggestion, three nights later, that he should call for us two at nine o'clock to take us to the station to bid farewell to the regiment, departing for Aden. That Resident—God bless him!

Tremendous dust-storms blew over Baroda as the hot weather began. First there rushed on us a gale of hot air. A dead and ominous silence followed, while a small dark cloud appeared on the horizon. Then, unless doors and windows had swiftly been shut, the house would be blown inside out and filled with dust; and half an hour later rain fell in torrents. Our nights were terribly hot, and it was little rest to go to bed. On the night that recorded the highest temperature Shivaji Rao, balance upset, clad only in night-shift, dashed out of his house, Chimanbag, and down to the Palace half a mile away. Like a gust of wind

he passed the sentries and rushed straight upstairs to his mother's bedroom, where he threw himself into her arms.

Next morning at eleven o'clock the Maharani came to the table where I sat and where the clerk had just placed her cheque-book ready for signing. But she would do no business. She was deeply disturbed. She told me I might go home again. "Shivaji Rao is better, but the doctor says he must be kept very quiet. I am going to sit with him, as he does not like me out of his sight." It was pitiful to see Her Highness so sad and so alone with it all. She could not look on him as a wicked son. She was his mother. Her temperament was so different from that of the Maharajah Saheb whom I had but just left after his reading hour, laughing and pulling crackers with his grandson. His masculine polarity was unbending, her feminine too easily swayed where their children were concerned. Small wonder that bitterness should sometimes show itself, as on the day after that sad disturbance, when the Indian secretary-reader to the Maharajah Saheb was in Her Highness' presence. The business of the interview over, the Maharani enquired casually of the man what the Maharajah was reading with him, and hearing that it was a book on the world's religions, she asked what he thought His Highness' religion was.

"The Maharajah Saheb says he is an agnostic, that his religion is the service of humanity."

The Maharani's voice rang with scorn as her embittered mother-feelings overcame all sense of dignity, and she cried:

"'Humanity'? The man who has money and power does not know humanity!" . . .

Troubles did not come singly in the Palace. The youngest son, Dhairyashil, was growing more and more restive, and soon came the day when he bravely declared that money was nothing to him, that he would go out into the world and seek his fortune. To begin with, he left Baroda and went across India to Calcutta to his sister of Cooch Behar.

For the hot weather every hill station had been suggested for Their Highnesses. The Maharani, very unwell owing to the heat and her domestic concerns, would gladly have gone north; but instead, as His Highness wished to take a course of oil-baths under the direction of Malabar physicians at Ooty or Coonoor, it was decided to go to Ootacamund, and thither Their Highnesses departed, making the journey mostly by car.

Once again the views of the great downs at Ooty brought to Her Highness a temporary mental peace, and her physical health was improved by the wonderful air. She had little patience to read now, and she spent much of her time in motoring or in the Ooty shops. The station was crowded, as the usual exodus home was checked for Europeans, who, if they did not visit Ceylon, Japan or Australia for their leave, flocked to the Indian hill stations. The war had limited all supplies, trains were cut down, no return tickets were issued, and accommodation was generally difficult. Their Highnesses' stay at Woodstock was in any case to conclude after the Maharajah's oil-baths treatment.

The courtesy of Lord and Lady Pentland added to the healing qualities of the Barodas' surroundings, and Her Highness began again to talk of other things than family concerns. One day, as we drove amongst the wide downs, she was able to discuss a plan simmering for long in my mind, namely, the starting of an adult school in Baroda for the ladies of Baroda, who might thereby gain the utmost profit from their contact with the travelled Ruling Family and provide a greater interest to their men-kind, who had to keep pace with their progressive Maharajah.

"*Purdah* is going, there is no doubt," said the Maharani, whose English always showed how tired she was. "But now here it is. The result may be mischief-making more and more when Indian men and women are together. But educate the women up to the standard of the men. Then the Indian home will be ideal. The women love

their husbands. And love is the strongest force. By love, I do not mean 'passion'. If you want to know, my idea is that the Indian woman is not passionate. She does not know what that means like you Western people. But man is superior and woman knows it. What is her devotion to her husband? . . . She is but running after the men. In Europe, see the running after men! It gets worse and worse. I see it. . . ."

"But," I interposed, "it is power, Your Highness, that the women are after, not after the man himself."

Her Highness refused to think so. She continued the 'passion' theme, and said of herself: "I marry at fourteen. I do not know what it is to be passionate. These people are fools who say that if an Indian woman does not marry she will be a prostitute. That is not true. May I tell you? The majority of our women do not know what is meant by the word 'passion': they have never felt it."

(Corroboration of this statement of the highest Indian lady in the land was given me later by English nurses in India, who declared their belief that matrimony and child-bearing for the large majority of the Indian female sex was a 'cold-blooded affair' of the body and not of the heart!)

What, therefore, would education bring to the ladies of Baroda involved in my scheme? The discussion with Her Highness passed now to the language difficulty. I had refused to learn Marathi, the Palace vernacular, so as to avoid possible complications. The ladies of Baroda spoke mostly Gujarati or Marathi, but no English, as they had married before English was introduced into the school curricula. All teaching would have to be done by oral methods, in their homes or in mine. In my bungalow, Her Highness agreed, they would profit most, though at first strange surroundings would tie their tongues. Visits to their houses should also be made to accustom them to receive and entertain European visitors in correct fashion. With reference to this, the Maharani said:

"European life spoils Indian men for life in their

Indian homes. Many of our men are going to Europe, and the women they meet there they do not find amongst their own ladies on their return. That is the thing. It is sad. Trouble and worry are increasing for Indian women unless they are educated like the European ladies. We have to see why that is, and what we can do to prevent unhappiness."

So I was assured of Her Highness' support. Next, approach must be made to the Dewan and thereafter to the Maharajah himself, at the suitable time.

The oil-baths treatment for the Maharajah now came to an abrupt end. The Malabar *hakims* found that they could not endure the cold of Ooty, so they deemed it advisable for their distinguished patient to stop the treatment, and themselves to hie home to hot Malabar. But they left the Maharajah Saheb certainly better, and he added to the benefits gained by being out of doors a great deal, following the hounds, or playing tennis, or walking with his Norfolk spaniels which had been brought down from Baroda.

The Maharajah could acquire some measure of peace, but the Maharani could not settle down. She declared she might go on a pilgrimage or she might depart for Poona quite soon. Heavy thunderstorms, that broke every afternoon after May 24th, spoilt her tennis, and so time hung heavy for her heart, anxious about her sons. Then into the simple life Their Highnesses were leading, came yet another invitation from the Viceroy to stay with him and Lady Chelmsford in Simla, in September or October. Which so friendly invitation the Maharani could not refuse. Nowadays she would gladly have concentrated on her children only. The effects of the world war and official relations and her own problems overcast her days, and her soul longed for peace—peace that seemed always withheld.

The official atmosphere was clearing all round, and how Their Highnesses appreciated the fact! The Pentlands were such loyal, real friends, and now Lord and

Lady Willingdon had also invited them to stay at Government House, Ganeshkind, Poona, early in July.

This visit to the Governor of Bombay was immensely enjoyed by Their Highnesses. Host and hostess were so charming and natural, and Her Excellency a marvel of energy. The A.D.C.s were perfect and polished, and all arrangements for guests so admirable. The three days passed far too quickly, and then Their Highnesses motored away to Bombay and next day arrived in their State.

Once again in Baroda, the Maharajah Saheb wished me to read daily with him, in his study at the far end of the corridor beyond the Durbar Hall gallery, and it was here that I took my opportunity to propound to His Highness the scheme for furthering the education of the married ladies of Baroda, which already had been discussed with the Dewan. The Maharajah was speaking of his visit to the Baroda High School the previous afternoon, and he said how impressed he had been with the brightness of the girls, whom he would like helped in every way.

Thereupon I broached the new idea, and the book-filled shelves all round gave me further inspiration. "The Dewan agrees, Your Highness, that the classes should be for grown-up, high-class ladies whom the men can meet in society. Such a class should not be under the control of 'red tape'. It cannot therefore be under any department. I, with my high ideals, would not wish to touch work already established, and I require a free hand and your blessing, Maharajah Saheb."

His Highness listened intently, then said with his own special little sideways nod: "You may do anything you like." And he uttered the short whistle for which the attendant A.D.C. waited in the anteroom, and he dictated a pencil note.

So the Dewan's wife became my earliest pupil, and at her bungalow the first class took place, when the round-faced, large-eyed, comfortable mother of seven children, began her education in European language and ways,

where, years later, she was destined to take part as 'Her Ladyship'—not only in India, but in London.

This class excited much interest among the Indian men, one of whom incited his wife to write and present the letter herself at my door. It read:

"I heard that you are teaching English to my mother-in-law.

"Therefore I came to see you. And I intend to learn before you. I left my school before seven years ago and then I married. After my marriage I learnt something in the house. So I do not know correct English. And I have no practice to speak in our house. Please will you teach me to speak?

"Yours affectionately,

"PUSHPABATI."

Presently I received orders to leave Baroda on September 8th to reach Simla on the 10th. Their Highnesses would live in an hotel till October 1st, when they and their suite would go to stay with the Viceroy for three days. Colonel Macdonald, the Baroda Resident, would also stay at Viceregal Lodge at the same time, and his friendliness augured a successful visit.

The arrival of the Maharajah Gaekwar in the hill station of Simla was 'public,' so twenty-one guns (sounding exactly like monkeys dancing on a tin roof!) announced the news at noon, when high officials met Their Highnesses' special motor train from Kalka.

Rooms had been taken at the Cecil Hotel. No other housing was available.

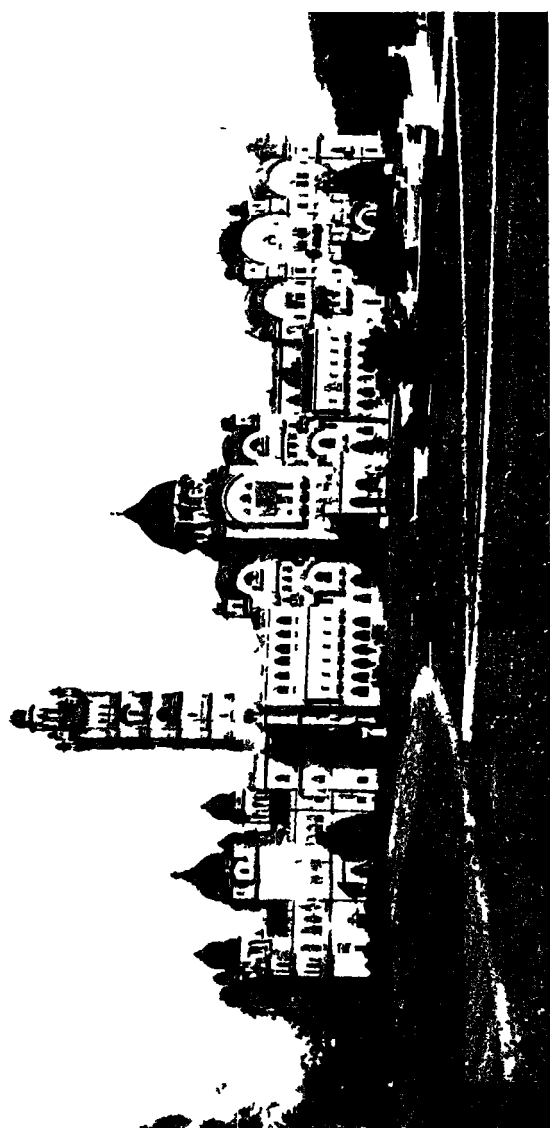
From here on September 18th the Maharani set out in procession to call upon Lady Chelmsford; her rickshaw in front, pulled by six green-coated yellow-banded *jhampanis* (pullers), myself behind in a less grand rickshaw, and the A.D.C. in his behind me. Away to the left one looked down to the valley, and beyond to the hills and tree-crowned slopes, in a brilliant sunny air where no clouds loomed till later in the day.

The call was for twelve o'clock. An A.D.C. greeted the Maharani, and we proceeded through a lofty hall, thence into a drawing-room where I waited with Her Highness until Her Excellency came in, when, after being greeted and curtseying, I departed to join the A.D.C.s in the hall and compare these men with the smart staff of the Willingdons. Lady Chelmsford was friendly, and Their Highnesses were invited to dine at Viceregal Lodge that same night.

I was to dine with Rajah Sir Harnam Sing and his lady, and I hoped Their Highnesses were faring well as I set forth in drenching rain to my party. The Rajah Saheb said that in all his thirty-five years of Simla he had never known such rain, and entirely fine days since March could be counted on one's fingers!

This family of Harnam Sing was of the ruling line of Kapurthala, but Sir Harnam had turned Christian and had given up his right to the succession. They were all now of the Christian religion. One son had been killed at the Front; another was an I.M.S. doctor who, overworked in the war, was recruiting his health in South Africa. The third, a great tennis player, was in the Indian Civil Service; and there was a charming daughter, Bibi Amrut Kuar, also a fine tennis player. Lady Harnam Sing, a Bengali lady distinguished in appearance and personality, was honorary secretary of the Purdah Club in Simla, and this evening she talked of the special party on October 5th, in honour of the Maharani of Baroda, who had presented a large sum for starting the club. There was to be an address, and I absorbed hints of what was necessary for the Maharani to say in reply.

Next morning I heard Their Highnesses tell of bad staff work at their dinner party at Viceregal Lodge. Ushered into the drawing-room in exactly the same manner as the commoner guests, account had not been taken of their presence. They had had to stand, and no introductions had been made to while away the few minutes before the announcement of Their Excellencies'



BARODA PALACE RECLINES ITS EXHIBENCY THE VICE ROY

appearance. This reception contrasted badly with that accorded by the Willingdons in Bombay. What patience was required of the Easterner, before real sympathetic understanding was established! "You people gain our love by sympathy, not by patronage," was a true statement made by the Oxford-trained mouth and Indian mind of one of the Maharajah's private secretaries. Was

the war-conditions obtaining, that made the official air rarefied in Simla and the attitude of the British to an Indian Prince seem to be: "Everything that we do is right, but what you do may be wrong"? Their inferiority-complex could be strained too far. But Their Highnesses, as usual, after the first outburst, treated everything in the grand manner. There were so many kindnesses and compensations after all.

October 1st ushered in a day when the snows were clear, and lovely peak after peak gleamed against the brilliant blue sky that had replaced the constant mist and rain of the past fortnight.

The visit to Viceregal Lodge was to begin that afternoon. Colonel Macdonald and I set out in our rickshaws at four o'clock, and as our *jhampanis* entered the great gateway, he said jestingly, "What are we to say when we get there? If you say to the A.D.C. who greets us, 'Please, we've come,' I will say it too!" As we laughed, the pullers turned to ask if they were to stop at the first door or the one beyond. We did not know, so we stopped at the first door. No A.D.C., only a *chuprassi*, who did not know what to do with us. We were then conducted upstairs by back ways; it seemed we must have stopped at the wrong door, as indeed we had!

From the gallery overlooking the beautiful long hall I could see choice children dancing in the ballroom at the end, and such a frivolous atmosphere lightened the feelings of oppression which now descended on me. I viewed my rooms in Olympus. In the sitting-room a large french window gave on to a balcony looking towards the everlasting hills, and just below was the Council Hall, where

earlier the clash of debate had been heard. The room inside had green furnishings, brightly polished tables, gleaming brass bowls, vases full of flowers, a tall lily plant, and the lightest of novels in the staidest of bindings marked 'Viceregal Lodge Library'.

There had been no sound of other arrivals. Their Highnesses, where were they? At half-past four I wandered downstairs feeling very unshepherded, and met an A.D.C., who exclaimed: "I didn't know you'd come. Come along and have tea," and he ushered me into the drawing-room, where already seated at a round table for tea were the Viceroy, Lady Chelmsford, Their Highnesses and others. How charming the Viceroy was! "Now sit here and have some tea!" and he looked for a chair to be placed by him.

The delicious 'home-made' tea was followed by tennis for the Maharani, who was glad to get exercise, and the rest of us watched the children rehearsing a pretty play, the funds raised by which were to go to the Red Cross Society.

At eight, people were arriving for the dinner-party at a quarter past, and in the large drawing-room we grouped round the fire till just before Their Excellencies were due, when a big semicircle was formed in front of high curtains. At the precise moment these curtains were swiftly drawn up, four scarlet and gold *chuprassies* stalked solemnly across the stage, four A.D.C.s followed in pairs, and coming further forward, announced:

"THEIR EXCELLENCIES."

The Viceroy and Lady Chelmsford then appeared, and each took a side of the waiting circle of guests and came round, shaking hands with everyone, the name being first called out by the accompanying A.D.C. Those staying in the house only curtsied.

The procession into dinner was pompous. The Viceroy, going first, took in the Maharani of Baroda. Lady Chelmsford followed on the arm of the Maharajah of

Baroda. In the lofty, long, wood-panelled dining-hall, from whose walls gleamed all preceding Viceroys' coats-of-arms, at the oblong table the Viceroy sat in the centre on the right, and Lady Chelmsford in the centre on the left. Behind each guest's chair stood a scarlet-coated servitor, and the band played while we ate off silver plates engraved with the British coat-of-arms.

Dinner over, there was a sudden silence. Everyone stood. The Viceroy gave the toast 'THE KING.' We loyally murmured, "God bless him!" and lifted our glasses. In the next minute each lady took three paces to the side, thus forming a 'merrythought' procession headed by Her Excellency, who, now in the entrance, had turned to make a deep curtsy to the Viceroy. The Maharani, according to Indian habit, made a deep bow in her turn. A lady from alternate lines passed to the curtained exit, turned to the standing Viceroy and gentlemen, curtsied deeply, and so we all backed out of the presence.

In the drawing-room Lady Chelmsford sat on a sofa and talked at first with the Maharani of Baroda. Then the eldest daughter, Joan Thesiger, came up to each woman in turn and with her simple phrase, "Will you come and talk to mother?" led one to the side of Her Excellency. I was asked if the Barodas were comfortable, and how long I had been in India. As I replied, Her Excellency rose at the entrance of the Viceroy.

With him conversation was less formal. Lord Chelmsford spoke so easily of Simla, of Baroda. He asked what books the Maharani was reading, and I remember the Viceregal surprise as I told how Mazzini's *Duties of Man* had taken possession of Their Highnesses, how the poetry of Mazzini had appealed to the Maharani and his politics to the Maharajah. With no desire to leave at the end of the allotted minutes, I had to retire before the man who had two and a half lakhs to spend on his work and no questions asked—Sir Charles Cleveland, Director of Criminal Intelligence.

At half-past ten precisely Their Excellencies came round to say 'good-night,' and the last curtesy to Lady Chelmsford made my ninth since four o'clock! The guests, like released children, then trooped off to the old Council Chamber for soup and sandwiches, which would brace up those who had far to go in their rickshaws into the cold night now bright with the moon. Presently I went up the beautifully carpeted, low, broad staircase, and along the pictured gallery to my room, and then up again to the Baroda suite above the Viceregal rooms, to find Their Highnesses sitting by the bright fireside and wanting to talk.

While I was writing next morning in my sitting-room, the Metropolitan arrived fresh from the bedside of the Viceroy who was tied there by a bad cold. My cousin had come in to say good-bye to me before returning to Calcutta. Though suffering intensely from osteo-arthritis, his mentality and humour were as acute as ever as he retailed his talk on high politics, saying, too, how very straight he had spoken of the Government of the country. "Now," he said, "I want you to give a message from me to the Maharajah. When I had tea with Their Highnesses at the Cecil the other day, he asked me for the names of books giving an outline of the Christian religion. I wrote to the Oxford Mission in Calcutta and I had the reply this morning, suggesting two or three books. Now listen! My friend ends up his letter with: 'But what the Maharajah really needs is a stern commentary of the Ten Commandments!'"

The Bishop could not contain his laughter, and though I joined in his hilarity, at the back of my mind was the thought of how little that Calcutta missionary understood His Highness. Then with a last injunction to be sure to come to Calcutta for Christmas, George Lefroy departed; and I never saw him again.

To luncheon at Viceregal Lodge that day the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Munro, came with Lady Munro. Sir Charles had risen high and he knew men.

When he took command, there were a hundred and fifty padres in the army, and a story runs that he had them all to tea, then preached to them the sort of sermon he wished them to preach to the men, gave them his blessing and sent them away! There he was, after the lunch was over, holding back at the foot of the stairs up which little Margaret Thesiger, aged seven, wished to drag him to see her father. He pretended to be so afraid! The child's sweet laughter rang out all the way as they passed to the Viceroy's room.

Lady Munro was most friendly. She was so interested in the Maharani and admired her calmness towards life. She said: "I think Her Highness is wonderful. I asked her at the Purdah Club if she did not feel awkward sometimes as to our etiquette, and her reply was, 'If I do not know what to do, I do nothing.' What a model for us!"

The Maharani, during her walk on the Wednesday morning, went down from Viceregal Lodge to the Red Cross Dépôt, where all the Simla ladies were hard at work. A bureau also had been started to register women for war work in India. Then the V.A.D. work was developing, and every woman was pleased to wear her fancied cap and to knit from early morn to dewy eve. Her Highness was duly impressed by all she saw.

The pinch of war was only just beginning to be felt in India in 1917. In the shops there was much impatience. "All our boots and shoes went down in June," a boot-maker reported. Mrs. Gamble, whose husband, now General Gamble, was at the head of the Indian Defence Force, had ordered clothes in December for the Simla season and expected them out in March or April. The parcels arrived at the end of September, having been turned out of the ship at Port Said to make room for munitions going east, and then they had been forgotten. I know that some women even made use of submarine activities to declare that their Paris wardrobes (purely imaginary) lay at the bottom of the sea!

Every entertainment in Simla was in aid of the war.

On the Wednesday night of the Baroda visit to Viceregal Lodge, a play was to be staged at Barnes Court, the house of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Michael O'Dwyer. In connection with this our Indian A.D.C. had come to me that morning asking: "What is to happen? Her Highness hasn't called, has she? I am told by the Resident that there are likely to be difficulties if formalities have not been exchanged between the two ladies."

We both laughed, for here was the old, old question rising again and at a very critical juncture. The Viceregal house party was to attend the play, and one of the Viceroy's guests was refusing to call on the hostess of the evening. This guest considered that for one in her position it was the part of the other (whose husband, when the Viceroy was in Simla, took second place) to call upon her. When I had been about to pay my own call at Barnes Court, my suggestion, backed by good reasons, to take the Maharani's cards, had been met with refusal and counter reasoning. It was a difficult situation and one on which Lady Chelmsford must have been informed. I ventured to take the matter into my own hands, and at three o'clock went off to inscribe in Lady O'Dwyer's book, the name of Her Highness. On my return I faced the music at once. But I need not have troubled, for neither the Maharani nor the Viceroy came down to the early dinner. Both had such heavy colds that they could not leave their rooms, and the house party proceeded without them.

At nine o'clock, in company with Miss Anderson of the Viceregal suite, I had the unique experience of driving behind powerful horses through Simla; for only three persons in that hill station might then have carriages—the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Commander-in-Chief. All other mortals went in rickshaws or on foot. We had arrived, of course, before Lady Chelmsford, so we waited outside the full hall until Her Excellency came along with Lady O'Dwyer and the Maharajah

of Baroda, when we filed in to our seats, the audience standing the while. The play, *Facing the Music*, was clever, amusing and well-acted.

The Viceroy was better next day and was down at lunch. He asked where his daughter Joan was, and on hearing she was in her room with a cold, he said almost impatiently: "Really, I am so busy these days that I never know, when a daughter is not here, if she is ill or out!" He went on to tell how he was always trying to catch up with time, and that in Delhi in March he would promise himself, "In the six months in Simla I shall be able to do all the work that is left undone." But alas! he was no better off now than then.

At that moment little Margaret entered, wanting a plum for dessert. She came to stand at her father's knee, and as he caressed her golden hair, I told His Excellency how charmed the Maharani was with the child who had come the day before to Her Highness to say that, if she liked, she would take her to see the fairies, only first of all the Maharani would have to learn to jump, as she (Margaret) often jumped down the *khud* and then on from hill to hill before she reached Fairyland! . . .

But now Lady Chelmsford had risen, for at this meal it was for her to precede the Viceroy, and we followed out to have coffee in the hall. After twenty minutes Their Excellencies made the move to say good-bye, and the Baroda visit was over.

The Maharani, who had found the days exhausting, retired to bed in her hotel with a temperature of 102 degs., and thus was too unwell to be present at the Ladies' Party at the Purdah Club on the 5th. So I had to read Her Highness' speech that answered Her Excellency's thanks for her large donation of five thousand rupees, with the suggestion that the clubhouse, when the requisite sum was raised for its establishment, should be called by the name of Lady Chelmsford, who had taken such keen interest in this club for both European and Indian ladies.

It was natural that the Maharajah's thoughts should

turn to his own State as to a home of refuge after all his official life in Simla. Indeed, it was necessary he should return, as a big riot had occurred in Baroda.

The Baroda Government had tried to raise a Labour Corps for Mesopotamia, and had promised three or four rupees per head to people who brought in recruits. Stories became rife that many villagers were being impressed; and private servants now carried heavy sticks and requested *chits* from their masters to say they were already in service. Rogues must have made use of the government scheme to squeeze money out of poor wretches, and blame fell upon the police, who were probably implicated. So great a fear was induced that the villagers refused to bring their produce into the city. Meat and vegetables grew scarce, and prices mounted. Wood especially was three times as dear as before the war. "Saheb," said my butler gravely to me, "it might come that we should ask a piece of wood from a neighbour, but we never thought it would come that we should be asked to return it!"

The Maharani's state of health made their home-coming a week earlier than planned, in spite of the plague that was spreading as the cold nights fostered unhealthy conditions in the houses. As a plague-rat was reported to have been found in the Lakshmi Vilas Palace, Their Highnesses on arrival went out to stay at Makarpura Palace.

It was here that Her Highness decided to write a real letter to her only daughter, who often wrote to her mother. It was Dewali Festival, and sweetness and love were in the air. The mother told of her own and of the Maharajah's continued ill-health, and of her not going to Bombay because she was anxious about Kamala Devi's approaching confinement. She asked about Dhairyashil (who was attached to the Court of Cooch Behar), and she confided her cares over the future outlook of Baroda. The letter closed with the information that Indumati (the elder little daughter of the widowed Princess) was to be married

in February and that the Kolhapur Maharajah, whose son was to be bridegroom, would probably visit Baroda on his way to Delhi for the Princes' Conference.

The Maharani then broke away from letter-writing to cook delicious sweets, that she made me share. That very morning my sweeper-woman had come round with a little burning lamp and a plate containing red powder, and as I held out a rupee to her, she waved the plate round my head, affectionately repeating the Dewali blessing. My *ayah* had once compared positions:—"Maharani big Hindu, me little Hindu." This Dewali season the Maharani had blessed me; and so did the *mehterani*, the 'Untouchable!' I loved both women.

The two next Festivals, of Daserah and Mohurram, came very close together, and it had been feared that all over India communal clashes might occur. But all passed off quietly.

In the Daserah Procession this time the Resident accompanied the Maharajah Saheb. Elephants, soldiers, gold and silver guns, gold carriages, horses laden with silver housings and mounted drum beaters, came first. Then followed the Maharajah in the gold howdah on his blue-painted elephant with cloth-of-gold trappings, servants in dull brocade standing at the sides of the howdah holding over the Ruler the State umbrella and fan and heavy fly-whisk. On another elephant beside the Maharajah the garlanded Resident rode, conversing with His Highness.

Here was an example of the minute attention necessary for observance, when the British Resident was involved in a State function. In the 'Minor Hints' was written: "The Resident accompanies His Highness in the grand Daserah Procession. It is desirable to see that the elephant which the Resident rides on this occasion is of about the same height as that which His Highness rides; that the animal is made to walk fully abreast of His Highness' elephant; that the howdah, decorations, etc., of the animal are according to custom—a proof of His Highness' wanting to show all the respect due and customary."

And further: "As the British Resident appears to it, so the Native State supposes the British Government to be."

Imagine, then, if the mahout of the Resident's elephant had political views and, intentionally—unintentionally, let his elephant fall slightly back in the great procession, what trouble might not brew? The populace would see it, their Maharajah would not be aware of the difference, but bazaar talk afterwards would spread reports, etc., etc. So much depended on the 'angle of vision' I myself found, for, from my position where three roads met, I would have said the Maharajah's elephant was an arm's length in front of the Resident's! It was not really. But, as they say in Marathi, 'It takes a thief to hear the footsteps of a thief!' So a suspicious person will see what he is looking for.

Shortly after the Mohurram Festival had ended there arrived in Baroda the Maharajah of Kolhapur, a large-figured sportsman of the old school. The visitor had come for the Betrothal Ceremony between his heir of twenty years and the rising thirteen-year-old granddaughter of Baroda, and he bargained with his host, and a large dowry was fixed officially. The marriage was to take place in April, the actual date according to the auspiciousness of the days. When he had gone to converse closely with the bride's parent and party at the Moti Bag Palace, I bluntly asked of the Maharajah of Baroda:

"What excuse can one give to people when they say, 'What! the Reformer allows his own granddaughter to marry so early!'"

His Highness showed me that no exceptional step had been taken. He added that the mother and the other family were using pressure, and I knew well that there was much difficulty in getting husbands at all.

The mother, the widowed Princess—to give her her full title and status, the Yuvarajni Shrimati Padmavati Baisaheb Gaekwar—before she married in 1900 Fatesingh Rao, the Heir or Yuvaraj of Baroda, was of the Nimbalkars of Phultan. By that alliance the House of Gaekwar,

which had risen to eminence in the time of the great Shivaji, had become united to an ancient family once the bitter enemy of the Founder of the Maratha Empire.

Now her elder daughter was to marry into the Kolhapur family, the House of Bhonsales, direct of descent in the female line from Shivaji. And her younger girl was to become engaged to the Heir Apparent of Mudhol, that House of Ghorpades once bitterest foe of Shivaji. (This alliance came to nothing, and the girl married elsewhere.)

Four great Maratha families were thus to be united on this side of the Gaekwar House.

But nowadays what use was marriage between famous fighting families? There was no outlook in marriage. There was nothing to fight, except the wife! And here was the grave danger of present-day Indian matrimonial venture. Subconscious inherited antagonisms might be vented by the husband on his wife, and she return in full the hatred of her male ancestors. Possibly this was the cause of some of the marriage-sadness that India held.

Much better then to do as the Princess of Baroda had done—break away from all inherited feelings and marry for love. Or not at all. Indira Raja had made a success of that venture of hers, and now she was on the very eve of reconciliation with both her parents.

After the departure of the Kolhapur Maharajah from Baroda Their Highnesses left their capital to spend a week in Bombay before going South to the wild elephant trapping being arranged for them in Mysore State.

The days in Bombay were eventful for, after four long years of separation, the reconciliation between Indira Raja and her mother took place. The Maharajah had already seen his daughter with her husband in Delhi at the Princes' Conferences, and on another occasion in Bombay; but up till now the Maharani of Baroda had steadily refused to be reconciled, though communications had passed between them.

It was a wonderful moment for all when the mother folded her arms round her weeping daughter and they

mingled their tears together. The husband was in Bombay, but the Barodas did not see him, and the Maharani refused again and again her daughter's constant request to include him also. "He has caused me too much pain," said Her Highness. "Wait!" . . .

When her parents departed from Victoria Station, Bombay, on their journey to Mysore, Indira Raja was present on the railway platform. I greeted her gladly and showed my delight that between her and her mother at last there was peace, and from her charming attitude I understood her to be grateful for any share I might have had in the accomplishment of her heart's desire.

The *Times of India* had stated in November that "His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda will be the only distinguished guest at the Kheddah operations in Mysore State early in December."

Previous visitors at one time or another had been the Duke of Clarence, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Viceroys Lord Amherst, Lord Curzon, Lord Minto and Lord Hardinge. The event was one of special importance.

Their Highnesses stayed at the Summer Palace in Mysore City, and the suite was accommodated in Government House till Friday, November 30th, the day of departure for the Chamraj Nagar Forest in the south-east corner of the State, where, at the foot of the Billigarungum Hills, a wonderful camp had been made.

The top of a low hill had been entirely cleared of trees and jungle growth, a red road encircled it, and round this some twenty-four white tents were pitched. On the crown of the hill was a forest bungalow, now turned into most comfortable quarters for the Maharajah and Maharani of Baroda, and nearby were the tents of the *gosha*, that is *pardah*, Ladies of Mysore, and of the Maharajah and Yuvaraj of Mysore. In front of the bungalow, in a choice little garden, actually a fountain played.

A bamboo structure was in the centre of the camp ground, its upper part a look-out, the lower part for the

band—this the happy suggestion of the Maharajah of Mysore, who, two days before, had motored out to see the preparations. From this look-out could be seen the far-away Nilgiri Mountains, a wide sweep of forest country, and the hills and gorge down which the wild elephants had come.

On this very site Sanderson, the premier elephant *shikari* of India, had once pitched his camp. His intrepid skill and daring feats still lived in the memory of the natives around; and his book *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India* was on the table in the general tent, side by side with the latest novels, newspapers and magazines.

The whole camp was furnished with that lavish hospitality for which His Highness of Mysore is so justly famed. Electric light was installed everywhere. The daily fare was sumptuous. A signalling station had been set up on the nearest hill, and news was heliographed often from Mysore to camp, and camp to Mysore.

Guests from Bombay, Bangalore, Mysore and Attikan had already arrived.

Just before sunset an escort of Mysore Lancers galloped in ahead of the cars of Their Highnesses of Mysore and Baroda, and the flag was run up to announce the arrival of the distinguished visitors.

Three miles away, at the end of a red, narrow road through bush and jungle, was the enclosure, a half-acre of ground, crossed by an elephant path, with a good stream running through it, and encircled by a deep, safe trench that shelved inwards to the bottom. The herd of wild elephants, who for years had been destroying crops, spoiling homes and endangering the lives of the *sholagas* or hillmen, had gradually been driven down through the gorge and trapped into the enclosure whence all escape was blocked.

The smaller enclosure or pound for imprisoning and roping the wild herd was formed of stout uprights twelve feet high, arranged in a circle of twenty feet in diameter,

and strongly backed by deep-driven sloping supports, all lashed together or fastened to trees growing on the spot. A gateway and a funnel-shaped approach was made on both sides of the pound, and these were disguised as if they were the very jungle itself.

All round above this inner enclosure was the spectators' gallery, ten feet from the ground, just out of sight of the elephants, who seldom look up. And because such heavy rain was falling a roof had been added to the structure, making it a miniature forest theatre, complete with gallery and steps.

Brilliant sunshine lit up the enchanting sight as we came into the clearing at eight o'clock next morning. Crowds of countryfolk had gathered. What excitement was in the air! As we walked round by the deep trench, past the shanties of the beaters, whose glowing fires lit up the surround at night, we could make out dark forms in among the bamboo, and occasional trumpeting or squealing or bubbling told us that the herd had felt the general stir.

Presently the *koonkies*, or tame elephants, whose gentleness, obedience and patience in dealing with the wild ones, became the admiration of all in the days that followed, splashed over the river to bar the wild ones' passage or to drive them on to the funnel.

Suddenly a horn blew, the signal that the Maharajahs had arrived and operations were to begin. Instantly on all sides resounded the beaters' cries, shots were fired, beaters armed with clappers (split bamboo sticks whose knots made loud claps when shaken) clapped, and into sight shuffled the herd. They were all but in the funnel-approach, which looked like thick bamboo growth, when our wind came to them (in our excitement we had forgotten to keep down on the path above), they twisted here and there, broke back, and plunged over the stream, trumpeting and charging. Dead silence followed.

After a little time once more we heard the beaters' cries and shouts, and again the thirty elephants,



BEADERS WITH CLAPNETS

including babies who kept close to and actually under their mothers, poured down to the river. Here they but bathed their feet and turned back again, a cow trumpeting loudly as she charged a beater. Two *koonkies* who, mahout-less, had crossed the river to give the wild ones a lead, came back to their mahouts, and all vanished into the surround.

It was midday now, and trappers and trapped and spectators must rest and eat.

At three o'clock the drive began again. The wild herd splashed across the stream, once more the big tusker and his cow and calf at their head. The rest were following well and were actually right into the funnel when these suddenly turned, charged the *koonkies* behind them and away they rushed back over the stream. But the tusker and his family had gone on into the inner stockade, the gate was let down with a clang, shutting in the three and some dozen following *koonkies*. The once fairy bower now became a scene of fear and rage and destruction as the wild ones stormed and trampled and pulled down the bamboos. The *koonkies* gradually pushed the prisoners into the middle, and breathlessly we watched from above the daring courage of the ropetiers who, under the tame elephants, twisted in and out and gradually hobbled the monster's hind legs with double ropes secured to the stockade. How Leviathan strained when he realised what had happened! He snapped the front ropes like cotton, swung round and made for the structure just where stood the Maharajah and Yuvaraj of Mysore. With trunk and tusks he began fiercely to break it away, and it seemed we faced instant destruction. The spectators rushed to the gateways and ladders or leapt the ten feet to the ground, where the multitude was scattering wide. But the Yuvaraj and his attendant foresters drove the elephant back with loud shouting and blows and pricks from spear and bamboo; the *koonkies* closed round him, and as he tried to back again, his hind legs crossed, he lost his balance and fell

crashing to the earth! Here he lay for an hour while cunning craft roped his feet once more and his neck, and he was left thus for the night, during which he gave a great deal of trouble.

Next morning the tusker was to be taken to the kraal. Three of the tame elephants massed in front of him, round their bodies the long ropes secured to the tusker's neck. Three more *koonkies* behind him had knotted round them the double ropes twice looped round his great ankles. Slowly the exit gate was pulled up, and the move forward began. The tusker objected, stood with feet firmly planted while the *koonkies* tugged and tugged, the ones behind pushing hard. Suddenly a thrill of horror ran through the gallery—the tusker's head-ropes were slipping and were half over his head! Another tug on his part and he would have been free to turn and rend us all or break through the open gateway. The *mahouts*, warned by the shouts, looked round, backed their animals in again, and in half an hour the tusker's ropes would defy any strength. Thus, bellowing with rage, he passed out and was hustled forward into the jungle avenue, prodded by the tame tuskers behind when he protested and strained too much. Down in the stream he drank greedily, and then was forced up to his new prison in the jungle, where we saw him with his hind feet bound to a many-rooted tree, with exactly four feet play of rope, and a long neck-rope and slighter ones on the forefeet, coiled round a tree in front of him. Other elephants stood near to prod him gently and talk to him, as restlessly he swayed to and fro, charging us with upturned trunk if any ventured too near. That same morning his cow was tied to trees about fifty yards away from him, but the little calf was allowed to remain free by her as it would not wander far.

Twenty-one of the wild herd had been driven into the pound the next day, but those still at large in the surround did their best to escape, for we saw many of the light bridges over the trench broken down, and bamboos and

trees lay crumpled on the ground! The prisoners were all deftly secured with ropes and then taken down to the kraal where their taming and training would begin. Most of them would be used for draught work or lumber work, or would become as other *koonkies*. In Mysore city streets we had seen great water-barrels on carts drawn by elephants!

On two days of the Kheddah Their Highnesses went off for *shikar* to the near hills, and it was during the first expedition that the Maharajah of Baroda shot a bison. The second day they chased wild elephant, and when they returned to camp at five o'clock they heard that the road was unsafe and that all the camp guests had been kept within bounds, as in the night a big tusker had come in from the forest to visit his friends in the kraal, from whom he had got separated while they were being driven down from the mountains.

For us in camp, that morning had passed and the afternoon and still the road was unsafe. At five we saw Their Highnesses of Baroda and the Yuvaraj arrive back, hold talk with Theobald, the white hunter with them, and then motor away down the Kheddah road. Full of excitement we followed hard on their track, but we were stopped at the top of the slope leading to the kraal. Then we heard a shot, and hastening on, we found the Maharani of Baroda looking down at the dead rover she had just that moment killed! Theobald had taken her quietly to stand between two *koonkies* placed on the road side of the kraal. The roving tusker was then a hundred yards away and facing them. Her Highness waited on Theobald's signal till the rover turned sideways, when she fired behind his ear and he fell.

After Their Highnesses left, we went up, with a certain lively awe, to touch probably for the first and last time in our lives a warm dead elephant. We learnt his size by measuring his foot (twice round an elephant's foot is his size at the shoulder) and this beast must have been just under nine feet high. About thirty-five years old, in his

full vigour and strength, he had absented himself from his companions possibly for the sake of solitude, but more likely because he was biding his time till he was able to meet the other tusker. He had kept more or less to the jungle where the herd was, following its movements, and by giving way he had avoided molestation until the day should come when he could assert his position in the herd. On this very day he had faced his rival when he had found him in the kraal, for the captive tusker's shoulder showed a great gash given by his tusks, and we heard that in the morning there had been a battle royal between the two, in spite of the tusker's being severely handicapped by the ropes that bound him. Now the rover lay dead where he had wished to be king!

As we left the scene, the fires of the mahouts were burning brightly in the growing darkness, and their food was cooking. The captives were being fed with banyan branches, and a cow who had a bad sore on her side was allowing her appointed mahout to dress it. Then our last visit was paid to the tusker. Forty-five years of life and careless freedom he had lived; how then could one expect captivity not to break his heart?

The next morning the distinguished visitors were gone.

From Bangalore Their Highnesses motored forty-three miles to Kuntagul, where was the Mysore stud farm. Here a hundred years ago Tipu Sultan had started breeding horses, and the work had gone on ever since under the best conditions. Eight stallions, forty-five brood mares, and their progeny—thoroughbreds, Arabs, racers—lived in luxury. On a course of six furlongs we watched the two-year-olds being taught to race by themselves. Four at a time were started off, and these were urged onwards by men stationed at intervals round the course. The little beauties fully entered into the spirit of the race, coming in on the straight with such speed and swinging movement, so lithe and so light. We applauded, then patted the winner.

Still further entertainment in Mysore State had been



THE MAHARAJ OF BAKODA HAS SHOT THE FOLLOTT TIGER

arranged: to visit the Gersoppa Waterfalls, the most beautiful in India; and on the way there to see Shimoga, the third town of importance in the State, which was bustling with excitement and eagerness to give a hearty welcome to the visitors. Its manganese concerns, prospective iron works, pencil and paper-pulp factories, and arecanut trade, were making its importance. Here the Maharajah of Baroda declared as open a fountain that was presented to the town by the Yuvaraj of Mysore.

After an hour's rest, Their Highnesses set off in motor cars on the drive through the Malnad country. At every village were garlanded archways, where men stood on one side and women on the other with hands full of offerings of lemons and flowers. The cars passed on clean red roads by open glades, up hill and down hill, through stretches of cultivated land with grass cut and stacked, the stubble covered with a blaze of purple-flowering weed, down by a bright lake, under arching bamboos, up into forests whose cool depths hiding death and beauty, stretched away to distant hills. The road wound down and down, then turned sharp to the left, and ended at a blue stretch of water on which floated barges and canoes and rafts. A motor car was just going across on a raft built over three dug-out canoes, and propelled by stout bamboo poles. Their Highnesses' barge was festooned and hung with the jagged leaves of the sago palm; fruits depended from the roof, and necklaces of flowers. Motors were waiting on the other side, and the party proceeded upwards to the Gersoppa Falls.

To our ears now came the thunder of water. The road turned sharply. Suddenly, a wonderful picture; a great yawning chasm, four distinct cascades of tremendous height, and across them a belt of glorious rainbow—sight and sound and colour beyond dreams. Volcanic rocks had perpetuated the split roughness of the primeval cataclysm, so here ever was dancing froth and foam and airy smoke, that swept down to the caves and pools and rose in mist to take the fall again. Greater than Niagara

in height, the Raja Fall poured in one unbroken column 830 feet downwards. Into a vasty cup the second fall precipitated itself, roaring its misty volume; the third, the Rocket, shot downwards in divided sprays. Last of all, La Dame Blanche, in no such haste as the other three, fell—delicate, dainty, and airy—over the mountain side. Blue pigeons and swallows flew in and out of the trees that crowned the chasm, the birds nesting and resting without disturbance on the great rock that overhung the Raja Fall on the further (Bombay) side of the River Sharavati, from whose bed, two hundred and fifty yards wide, the waters took the leap.

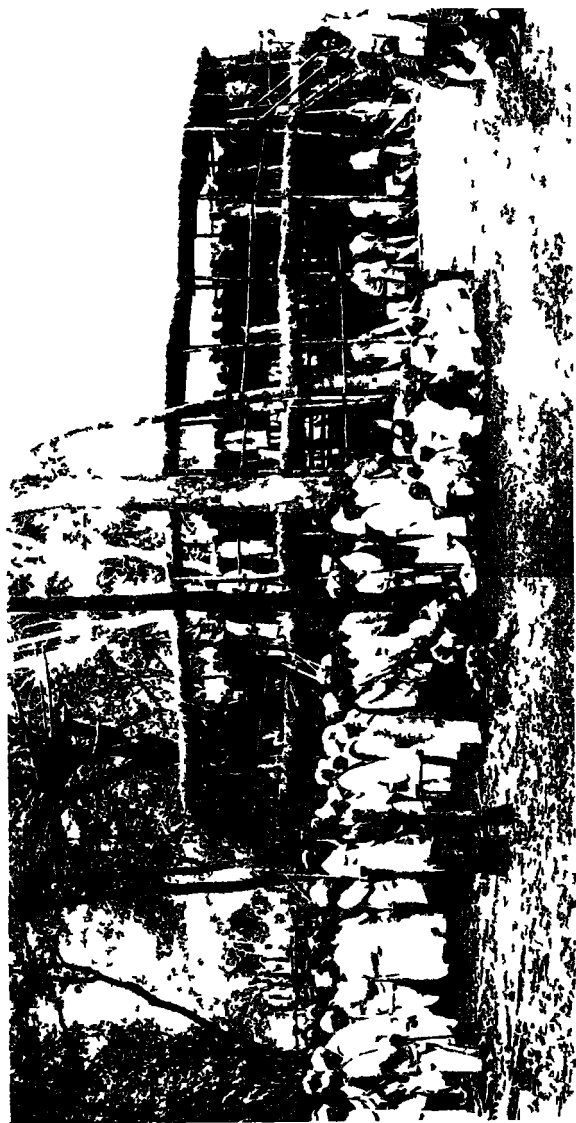
At night a searchlight was made to play all over the Falls and the gorge, but nothing could equal the exquisite picture that had greeted our eyes in the afternoon. Great bonfires and rockets and golden rain breaking into the blackness of the night, but showed up the Falls in pure and different beauty.

The Mysore Maharajah's private secretary, Mr. Campbell, had made most excellent arrangements, similar to those on the occasion of the recent visit of Lord and Lady Willingdon, of whom he spoke.

"What energy she showed!" said this humorist. "Her Excellency made us go here, there and everywhere. She climbed right down to the bottom pool, even over the weedy, slippery rocks, to the deep water's edge; but I refused to risk my life that last twenty feet and waited till she returned, satisfied to have missed nothing. My face was flaming, my heart beat violently, my composure had almost deserted me when I entered camp and the tent where the Governor sat at his table. He caught sight of me. 'Good God!' he ejaculated, 'What has that woman been doing to you?' "

Glorious cold weather now prevailed, but our return to Baroda was forbidden as plague was rife and further increased by the people's crowding inside their houses to be warm.

So Their Highnesses arrived in Bombay on December



MAISON

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE

14th, to stay, not in their own Jaya Mahal (which was still the sanatorium for invalided officers), but in a house on Malabar Hill lent by the Nizam of Hyderabad; and they found the city extremely full. The Viceroy's presence from the 20th to the New Year added to the local congestion, which was still further increased by the arrival of Deputations and Commissions to surround a Political Visitor from England, Mr. Montagu, on whom all discontent now centred its murky hopes. That he had arrived at all was a matter of luck, for a mine exploded only a few miles ahead of his steamer, which was therefore detained outside port for a day, in order that its course into harbour should be swept. Much discussion was going on as to political results, and the Hindu *Punch* pictured in its pages this Secretary of State for India in a tightly barred and bolted cage of bureaucracy, literally chawing up deputations and addresses! The dumbness of the Englishman somewhat damped the hopes of all. He never spoke—except once, so the story ran, when he cut short an excessively eloquent Indian, Member of a Deputation, by this sarcasm: "You seem to think that every difficulty can be overcome by a peroration."

CHAPTER IX

"The Maharajah has to work hard all his life. It is not as if he should work very hard for a few years and then retire from business. This circumstance all the more imposes Moderation."

Such advice in the lecture on 'How to avoid Worry' had been given by the *Guru*-Minister, Raja Sir T. Madhav Rao, to the Maharajah in his youth, and his education and temperament absorbing it successfully, His Highness had gradually attained to a fine art of avoiding cares by making people responsible for themselves. But it had been a difficult process, the Maharajah told me. As a youngster he used to receive every Thursday any petitioner who could gain access to the palace gardens or halls, and listen to prayers for justice and help. In his early days of rule, when he walked abroad, people used to throw themselves before him and, catching hold of his feet, beseech their Rajah for his promise to investigate their particular case or to give for their need. At first, through tenderness of heart, he had yielded to the urgency of the moment. Then, "But Maharaj promised!" became so frequently used as a weapon of defence by the petitioner, that the young Ruler adopted the plan of bidding the man "You go and speak to my secretary." Even that became liable to abuse, so in time his people were made to take up their own cases in courts of justice, "to have courage to stand up for themselves and prove it. All pleas were to come on paper for the sake of evidence when he who needed help would be helped to succeed."

Now some fifty years of administration had methodised all controls, but the Grand Director of the State, the Maharajah, daily seeing secretary after secretary, minister after minister, was a living proof that work mastered him

and directed all his days and ways. His Highness, kept away from his own capital in the early weeks of 1918, was obliged to live and work in a small house in Bombay (hired for the modest rent of two thousand rupees for two months!) after the house generously lent by Hyderabad had been required again for its owners. Hitherto the Maharajah Gaekwar's beautiful home on Malabar Hill alone had made Bombay life and climate palatable to him, and now I felt urged to protest, saying:

"Cannot Your Highness offer Her Excellency a lakh of rupees?" as compensation for its evacuation by the invalid officers then revelling in its perfect situation and utter comfort.

No. The Maharajah must keep to his bond, he said.

As for the Maharani, she longed for her tennis and home-interests and grandchildren. Social life in Bombay was amusing enough for a few days, but not for weeks on end spent in a small house. Her Highness was now reading a great deal more, her particular need being information on the status of women, and *The Laws of Manu* claimed her close attention. Also lately on the agenda for the new-made Chamber of Ruling Princes had been the question of Regencies and Minorities. It was important to be informed, not only for herself and her State, but also for the many people who, sure of her sympathetic outlook, came to ask her advice and help.

One morning a widowed Rani was to have an interview with Her Highness. Announced by the A.D.C., the visitor entered, a slight figure in black *sari* and without jewels. Another woman also in black followed her. Nervous and sharp-featured, the Rani advanced in front of the Maharani, and with her right arm she made a wide circle round the head of her hostess and laid a handful of rupees at her feet. (This offering was swiftly removed by a waiting palace maid.) The Rani was then bidden to sit down.

She poured out her story. She had become Regent. She did not agree with the Administrator appointed—a

bunna. Over some slight dispute she had decided, in dudgeon, to go off to Benares, and she had gone, but not secretly at all. Yet it was published in the papers that she had disappeared! She had returned to her State only to meet with more difficulty and disagreement with the Administrator. She had dismissed two people, one her private servant, and had been hauled up for this as high-handedness, by the Administrator. In anger she had resigned the Regency. Now the allowance had been stopped. What was she to do?

The Maharani answered: "You are wrong. I can see your nature is too active. For Regent you must be passive. You must think quietly and then do it. To be Regent is nothing. The Administrator does everything. Your nature is wrong," she repeated and, bending forward to look into the Rani's face, she smiled into the wide hazel eyes.

The Rani also smiled—a little grimly—for there was truth in the accusation. After a silence, "Will Your Highness help?" she asked.

"What can I do?" The Maharani did not see how it was possible, but she gave more advice, and her magnetic sympathy for the trouble of another high-spirited woman made her visitor depart in peace.

Her Highness then turned to me to explain the situation. I had sat by, understanding the spirit, but not all the actual words of the interview. She said in roused tones:

"Sec. Here it is. These people keep their women ignorant. Then this happens. The women are *purdah*. Whom do they see? Whom do they hear from? Menials! And it is with menials' ideas that the woman thinks when she becomes Regent."

The Maharani got up from her sofa. I stood up too.

"No, you sit. Let me walk." And while she paced up and down, she discoursed still further on the importance of education for women.

Quite a different visitor that morning was a Palace



THE JYOTI BAI BOMBAY SHOWING GALLIES OF THE SHIP

clerk, just out of hospital after an operation. In his devotion to the Ruling Family he had begged to be allowed to see his 'Ma-Saheb,' the State's Mother. Clad in very white lincn, he came in nervously, half-laughing, half crying, and with his hand waved the silver of a couple of rupees around Her Highness' head and then dropped them at her feet, before which he prostrated himself and kissed the hem of her *sari*.

Protesting, yet accepting, the Maharani bade the man rise. Then he squatted on the floor, and with the hesitation of a still sick person, told his tale. Presently, that subject exhausted, he answered questions about his small boy who had accompanied him and who sat by his father, staring at the beautiful lady of whom he had heard ceaseless talk in his Baroda home. His parent said how clever he was, and getting on well at school. "But what a little miser he is! If he has one *pice* (the smallest copper coin, equal to 1-12th anna) he will bury it deep down in the most inside bag of a lot of little bags."

The Maharani laughed, and the man judged it to be the right moment to take his leave, the young miser also performing the salute of bringing the hand three times from ground to forehead while the body was bowed in the presence. Both father and son backed out of the room.

Her Highness rose. "Now I am going for my breakfast," she said.

Early in February there was a *purdah* party at Government House, and it was on this occasion that the Maharani caused Bombay Society to rejoice by showing herself in public to be reconciled to her daughter, the Maharani of Cooch Behar.

The drive from the gates up to Government House stretches for a mile along low sea-cliffs, where rich ferns grow at the base of lofty trees, and scarlet hibiscus bushes blaze. In the house itself the reception rooms showed very rare in effect, there being many screens and chairs of the carved black wood so much used by the old John Com-

pany, floors of marble, open doors and verandas giving views to the sea or to Back Bay and the city below.

Government House was a series of bungalows, that of Their Excellencies being right on the sea-cliff, and furnished in the same mode as the State rooms, only with Lady Willingdon's noted personal touch.

Lady Willingdon stood by the main entrance on a platform to receive over eight hundred women—these a selection of European ladies, many Indian ladies, and, it seemed, every nurse in Bombay.

On the gravel tennis-court this day was a large marquee for refreshments. Beyond were grassy slopes, and a look-out, where stood a war-trophy—a Turkish boat brought across the desert, one of those in which the Suez Canal was to have been crossed by the Turks in February 1915! All round the war-trophy were home flowers one loved: scarlet salvia, Iceland poppies, phlox and pinks. Then, as the sun set, lighting up to a rust-red the trunks of the casuarina trees, we passed over a small bridge and down to the Durbar Hall where local talent amused us with a species of *Folies Bergères* for over an hour.

It was with pleasant memories that we returned to the city, down Malabar Hill, with the glittering lights of the circling bay, aptly named the Queen's Necklace, standing out against the darkness of sea and shore.

Shortly after this party the Maharajah of Baroda left the humid climate of Bombay for the hills of Deolali, and the Maharani went with him. For myself I could have ten days' leave, and it seemed a suitable time to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. H. S. (now Sir Henry) and Mrs. Lawrence in Sind, where, as Commissioner, he was about to tour in the North, and, after inspecting the proposed Barrage site at Sukkur on the river Indus, to visit Khairpur-mirs, a little State on the borders of Beluchistan, seventeen miles south of Sukkur. What an opportunity for me to see more of the wilder inner side of India's life!

Thus I suffered a night's train-journey through the

desert of Sind and woke to find myself and all my gear grey with its dust. Ten hours were spent waiting in flat-roofed Hyderabad, Sind, where every house has a wind-funnel downwards from the roof to cool its inside; and next day I reached Sukkur, a Biblical-looking city set in a countryside potentially rich when the regulated waters of the Indus shall have fertilized it. The river here was spanned by a great bridge similar to that over the Firth of Forth.

Four days later the Commissioner's party duly arrived at Khairpur-mirs. Fifteen guns boomed out to salute the representative of the British Raj, and he and his wife, with the Political Agent, were borne off in a barouche drawn by four camels. In the second carriage followed the Political Agent's wife and myself, with the Assistant Commissioner and the Vazir or Minister. The British party was accommodated in a fine modern-furnished house standing in a garden gay with roses and violets, and flags waved everywhere, even along the garden paths!

Exchange of visits of ceremony took place between the Mir or Ruler and the Commissioner. The aged Mir arrived officially to welcome his guest, and from a distance we watched the solemn custom that obtains in this State for the honoured guest and the Mir to hold each other's right hands as they proceeded from carriage to *daïs* in the reception hall. This custom held right hands together even in a *khudna*, or shooting look-out, in the jungle!

Four days followed of festivities, when the old Mir showed all his treasures to the Commissioner. Twice we were out early to shoot hog-deer, that extraordinary horned pig, driven by beaters towards our *khudna*. On the third early morning we were only to watch the feeding of the wild boars in the centre of the shooting preserve.

It was a unique humanitarian picture that we saw from a great shelter made of boughs. Through the narrow opening between the leafy overhanging roof and our well-hidden seating (just like an opera-box), we looked out

at ride after ride radiating from ourselves as centre. In front lay a carpet of grass and weed. Just beyond stood out an oval patch of dark earth amongst the trees whose mole-brown trunks arched over or lined the green paths down which presently the wild pig would come.

Suddenly a most melodious long-drawn note, a voice to draw the pig-heart against its will, sounded clear through the jungle:

“Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h,”

and a man—could it be Pan in Khairpur?—in deep-blue baggy trousers, with fawn-striped shirt and gorse-yellow turban, came by, swishing in his rushy basket the grain loved by the boar. Calling sweetly:

“Ahri, ahri, modi, yah!”

he scattered the grain on the bare brown earth, and immediately green long-tailed parrots swooped down to it. Then at the far end of the middle ride there peered in a big tusked boar, grey-grown with spiky, wiry hair, and he, seeing nothing to fear, advanced, followed by two grey sows with a family of six tawny-striped little pigs.

Now down all the rides, singly and in groups, the wild pigs trotted in, hurrying yet timid. The ousted parrots, glinting green in the sun's rays, screamed up into the trees, to swoop again where the grain lay scattered and secure. One great boar chased all his fellows who came too near his circle. Another heard our whispers and his warning grunts drove his neighbours out of sight, all except an old sow who stopped her piglets' flight, inculcating on them that where food and fear are, food comes first!

Once again, and a third time, ‘Pan’ returned with laden basket, his fear-dispelling voice, with:

“Ahri, ahri, modi, yah . . . ahri, ah-h-h-h-h” summoning his pets, who loved him, yet vanished when he moved.

Under the charm of it all, we waited till ‘Pan’ had gone, and pigs and parrots had disappeared to sleep.

On the last afternoon we watched very different sights: Sports that included a tug-of-war on camels, and a wild *shidi* dance of men with bare feet on hot embers!

There was a State banquet that evening, when the Commissioner laughingly reminded the Vazir of what had happened ten years before, when, as Collector at Sukkur, he had visited Khairpur. He had found very bad food arrangements made for his reception and had in consequence complained to the Vazir. Four hours later there had arrived a letter from that official expressing the greatest regret and stating that the two cooks responsible had been given three months' rigorous imprisonment! Such were the old days.

To-night modernity reigned, and here was present one of the Mir's sons who had returned from the Front in Palestine, where he had proved the truth of the Turkish proverb "When the Nile waters enter Jerusalem, Turkish rule will end." That impossibility had become a fact through modern engineering miracles; the Nile waters had been translated to Jerusalem, and this boy had drunk of that river at Jaffa.

Fireworks and illuminations and a theatrical performance, in Urdu, of an adaptation of *King Lear*, ended the British visit.

The Commissioner and party now spent five delicious days on the official steamer, progressing slowly down the changing channel of the River Indus, two hundred miles by map, but by boat five or six hundred. Sometimes there were bright green crops along the edge of the river, or high eroding banks with tamarisk trees, and often sandy shoals where, at midday, the pale-green, long-snouted, fish-eating crocodiles basked. Occasionally the flat-bottomed steamer grounded in a shallow channel, and the crew chanted as they slowly worked the boat free. A man in the bows took continuous soundings, and the rubicund old captain hurled sequent orders at his

crew, descendants of slaves from Abyssinia. Then we sailed on a summer sea in the midst of a desert. On the horizon sand-devils would often curl up into the sapphire sky. Aegrets flashed overhead in silver loops. Hundreds of pelicans massed in unusual flight. Herons and flamingoes and hosts of geese in warlike wedge passed over our heads. On the river fisher-boats floated like gondolas, often with a tame pelican in the bows. It was explained that a man swimming under water with the head of a goose fastened on his own head, would lasso the wild pelican when within striking distance, and in this way the great bird was snared to be tamed and used for fishing purposes. Frequently we watched bronze-bodied fishermen lying prone on top of their gleaming fishing pots in a glassy midstream, stretching out in front of them a six-foot pole and net attached, to catch that prime salmon fish, the *palah*. The river was often vast, more than a thousand yards across, and in flood it might be anything from five miles to twenty. Then again it narrowed between low soft cliffs.

The peaceful progress of our steamer-party was disturbed by news of the uprising of the Marris in N.E. Beluchistan, a tribe whose attitude was of local importance since the majority of Beluch tribes had been satisfactory through the war. The Commissioner therefore had to return at once to Karachi, and I took train to Baroda.

Home again on March 5th, I heard from the Maharani in Deolali that I was to wait instructions, and presently she returned to her own city.

Once more in her Palace in Baroda, Her Highness followed the trend of Western affairs very closely. She, too, had doubted the safety of the situation in France. The gloom of that month was to be unforgettable. Sitting in her peaceful, shady drawing-room on March 24th, she read aloud the newspaper leader. Sighing, she put down the paper and said:

"I have just thought, while we are sitting here quietly on this couch, what awful pain and horrors are going on

there. . . ." She pointed on the map to Cambrai. "How terrible it is for the poor men having to suffer!"

Her concern and sympathy were great. Together we alternately hoped and feared. According to the course of events in the West, so did the star of the British Empire wax and wane in importance in the Eastern mind.

It was a great relief to plunge into totally different depths, namely of English grammar and composition, which Her Highness desired once more really to master. I came half-an-hour earlier to the Palace on purpose. Intentions were so good and such valiant efforts were made, but the Maharani's struggles over the subjunctive gave her a headache! In the middle of a concentrated effort on prepositions, suddenly an A.D.C. would arrive to present a message from the Maharajah, or to ask her wishes for an entertainment; then the doctor would come to talk, or Her Highness would become distracted by a telegram from her daughter who, expecting an addition to her family, was not at all well. How could direct speech or analysis or any severe grammatical exercise be attended to in such circumstances?

Baroda now began to fill with guests for the Kolhapur wedding, and those people who came from Bombay were pleasantly surprised to find that in Baroda a cool breeze blew during the daytime and that an eiderdown or warm shawl was necessary for the early hours of the dawn.

On April 2nd the wedding of the little granddaughter of the Maharajah of Baroda and the Heir of Kolhapur was accomplished. As the Bombay Presidency more or less controlled the affairs of this Maratha State south of Bombay, the Chief Secretary to Government and the Political Secretary were both present for the great day, April 1st. During the previous week there had taken place ceremonies of further betrothal, presentations and bath g. But on the 1st came the procession of all the State could show, infantry, cavalry, bands, hornblowers, gold and silver guns, State bullocks and horses, and symbols of prosperity, the bridegroom following in a gold

howdah on a big elephant painted from trunk to tail a delicate yellow.

The actual marriage ceremony was in the Indumati Mahal, the annexe to the Palace, and the next day, which was the Maharajah of Baroda's birthday, there was a banquet, after which fireworks would herald in the grand homeward procession together of bride and bridegroom from the Indumati Mahal to the Nazar Bag Palace, where the bridegroom stayed.

But hour after hour of that cool, illuminated night passed by and yet the marriage procession did not appear. Behind the scenes was the Maharajah of Kolhapur, vexed, and threatening that the marriage should not be consummated even at this very last moment. Once again money was at the root of all the trouble, and from midnight till three in the morning the Maharani was engaged in pacifying the grasping visitor, her personal guarantee saving the situation.

So the very last hour of the night of April 2nd saw the marriage procession take place. Had it been delayed longer the auspicious date was over and the match must be left unfinished. As things were the superstitious felt strongly that there could be no happiness come of this marriage, and after-events have proved them sadly correct.

The Maharajah of Kolhapur then worked off his roused feelings by driving, with bare feet, a team of four horses he had brought, with his own cheetahs behind him in the brake, over the rough countryside beyond Makarpura, in pursuit of black buck.

A few days later the young couple departed for Kolhapur, where the bride would stay two weeks and then return to her mother in Baroda for an allotted time.

There was but little peace left in the Lakshmi Vilas Palace. All news from Europe was most depressing, the heat daily was increasing, and every scrap of energy, physical and mental, had to be conserved. One had to "cut one's coat according to one's cloth", of which the



CERSOLIA FALLS
(Lady Willingdon climbs right down)

Indian version, "*Chudderse ziyada tang mat phailao* (Don't stretch your feet beyond the blanket)", seemed far more picturesque.

The Maharajah presently went up to Delhi for the great War Conference summoned by the Viceroy, and the Maharani, following the course of events there, read aloud to me the Viceroy's address. "What a fine speech it is!" she said. "But he should have made it more touching, and appealed to our emotions more. That is what we Indians need."

At this conference the Home Rule element endeavoured, in a somewhat huckstering spirit, to thrust in the spoke of Home Rule. The attempt was quashed by the very presence of the Ruling Princes, for it was outside their province to listen to or take part in any such argumentations.

Everywhere the Radical spirit, to use the old term, was becoming stronger and stronger, not only in British India but indeed in the Indian States too. Autocracy's day seemed ending. In Baroda the Maharajah had a very clear intimation of coming changes. Long before this, however, there lay at the back of his mind, autocrat though he was, a great desire to give up into other hands the reins of government. But would government give him up? He might be tired with his stewardship, be desirous of a hermit-life of solitude and simplicity. Yet he might be too tied to attain to that state. I said to him once: "I suppose, Your Highness, you will be the last Maharajah of Baroda? The next ruler will be the President of the Baroda Republic." To which the Maharajah replied: "That may come. Indeed, if I could trust Jayasinh Rao, I should like to retire in his favour as Regent or President or whatever you like to call it."

Only a few days later a certain party in the city sent him a deputation to say that as the great Durbar Hall in the Palace was upkept at the expense of the people, it was considered that the Maharajah should give that hall for the coming deliberations of the municipality! This

caused a stir in the Palace. The Maharajah's Lord High Chamberlain returned answer that the reasons were not quite logical enough to allow the innovation that year. And so the matter dropped. But it was an indication that Democracy or Communism might thrust home when it could.

In the first week of May, prior to the departure for Ootacamund, the Maharani went down to Bombay to meet her daughter who, with her husband, had come across from Calcutta *en route* for Poona where they had taken a house for the season. Report still gave great praise to the reforms in the Cooch Behar State, and the general happiness of the couple seemed established. But not yet would the Maharani of Baroda see her daughter's husband.

At Ootacamund the first month passed with unbroken sunshine and was spent by the Maharajah in hunting and bi-weekly tennis parties, and in the interchange of charming courtesies with the Governor of the Madras Presidency, still Lord Pentland, and his lady.

One morning as Her Highness and I drove along the red road into Ooty, she said: "I wonder why Jayasinh Rao has not been invited to Government House? He called when he arrived two weeks before we did. He wonders why, and so do I. Do you think he has been left out on purpose?"

"Oh no! Some mistake," I assured her.

The thought of Jayasinh Rao and his affairs was uppermost in the Maharani's mind. His allowances from the Maharajah were still overdue. She spoke of this disturbing fact. She was feeling at the end of her powers.

"I am so tired!" she said pathetically. "I'd like to die!"

"Oh! Don't say that; it makes me sad." My words came from my heart. Then in a lighter tone and laying a hand of affection on hers, I added: "Well, shall I give you a little poison?"

"I wouldn't mind a bit," was her quick response, and our united laughter brought her temporary healing.

Neither Her Highness nor I was as carefree as before, but we still loved laughter.

By post that afternoon there arrived for me an invitation to dine at Government House on the Sunday. When I showed this to the Maharani on the tennis-courts a few hours later, I said, "I shall only accept, Your Highness, if you will let me have a car to take me there and bring me back."

The Maharani's eyes flashed satisfaction. Here was the opportunity for Jayasinh Rao's affairs to be put straight. The favour was willingly granted, especially as it was an unusual thing for me to ask.

On that Sunday night I sat on the left of the Governor at a delightful informal dinner party, when, besides the staff, only another woman and her husband, both friends of mine, were present. The Governor talked much about the Barodas, in whom he was sincerely interested. Gradually the conversation came round to the subject of the eldest son.

"But he is not in Ooty, is he?" Lord Pentland asked me.

"Yes, Your Excellency, he has been here since May; he wrote his name at once in your book."

"But—but—but—" The Governor was distressed. "I did not know. How can it have happened?" The dates of events were discussed and it was obvious that a short visit of Lord Pentland to Madras had somehow caused the omission of any invitation. "Please tell the Kumar of my regrets at this happening," he said. "I shall ask him to dinner at once, and trust he will accept the invitation I shall send him to-morrow." The Governor hardly tasted his special vegetarian dishes; his mind was at work on a situation that he would never have allowed had he known.

After dinner, in her disarming, simple way, the Governor's Lady dotted the *i*'s and crossed the *t*'s of her Lord, whose last words to me as I said goodnight were: "Now, don't forget my message!"

Next day Jayasinh Rao accepted the express invitation that arrived.

The monsoon now set in, but not too strongly at first. The Maharajah was quite well and happy, and the Maharani also felt better at the beginning of July, when the wattle, with its fluffy, yellow flower fringed the roads that led on to the downs. Here the winds of heaven blew through body and through soul with their cleansing, sweetening strength. The full force of that monsoon wind we experienced one afternoon when the party motored halfway up Dodabetta, the highest peak in the Nilgiris. At the end of a climb tea awaited us in a sheltered spot, and afterwards the Maharani and I made the ascent to the old Observatory at the top of the peak, nine thousand feet high. As we stood on the railed balcony the wind blew like a gale on the Sussex coast. We looked down to the plains of Mysore on one side, and on the other to the Gate of the Nilgiris, through which gap in the hills we could see the hot plains below and the train ascending.

In the third week of July the move was made to Poona, and on the way I paid a fleeting visit to Coimbatore, where, at the Madras Forest College, I saw the eighty-seven students, many of them sons of Zamindars or landed gentry, who would go back to their homes and improve local conditions. The top student of that year's work had been one of the Depressed Classes, an Antiyaja, an 'Untouchable'! This result would thrill the champions of that cause and go to prove further what the 'Untouchables' Deputation to Mr. Montagu had claimed, viz. their right to share everything with the other castes. On hearing of the Antiyaj success at Coimbatore, the Maharajah of Baroda smiled with satisfaction, for he had schools and hostels for the Antiyajas in his own State, and he had championed their cause at a conference of 'Untouchables' held in Bombay early in the year. This people, the Sweeper Caste, who for centuries had been clearing up other peoples' messes, must surely have an immense knowledge of how things should be done, and hold the power to perform them. Slowly but surely the Depressed Classes were forcing their

way upwards, and why should not the forty millions, in time, sweep all before them? Their ancestry—for are they not the people of Mohanjo Daro?—will one day stand India in good stead.

Their Highnesses' house in Poona actually adjoined their daughter's bungalow, and here the reconciliation took place between the Maharani of Baroda and her son-in-law; and it was horses that did it! However, a certain amount of constraint remained in spite of the fact that Her Highness accompanied Cooch Behar to the races and consulted him over the racehorse she herself proposed one day to run.

The Governor and Lady Willingdon spoke with pleasure of this reconciliation when I went out to lunch at Ganeshkind—a luncheon party where one ate with special greed the plum-pudding that the Governor's lady felt even then was the symbol of unity of Empire, and which they always had on Sundays. Here I met General Sir William Marshall, commanding the forces in Mesopotamia, on short leave in India and who, in his mufti, was so quiet and unassuming that he might have been anyone else.

After hearing of General Marshall's presence in Poona, the Maharani of Baroda invited him to tea with her and her daughter, when they discussed the obtaining of a commission for the youngest Baroda Kumar, in the forces in Mesopotamia. This possibly was even then under consideration by the Viceroy, and later the desired commission became a fact. But alas, the Kumar's record showed that civil life was easier for him, and he returned to his father's State. However, military training and discipline and the friendly counsel of General Marshall himself taught him much, and in years to come he was to prove the successful leader and organiser he could be when, his parents absent in Europe, the full responsibility of the State devastated by floods, fell on his shoulders and he was able to make his parents proud of their son.

In August the Maharani came home to Baroda, where

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life was made endurable by a little rain. Then influenza, in its second sweep over India, attacked Her Highness, who, as soon as she was able to travel, went again for three weeks to Poona, where her daughter could comfort her. But in the State the epidemic was causing a daily mortality of fifty to seventy-five, and for the poor the situation was aggravated by the high prices of foodstuffs and cloth. Relief measures were inaugurated by the Baroda Government and hospitals, and all thoughts turned more to religion and its comfort.

Their Highnesses now felt they needed the tonic air of the Himalayas. A Maratha Conference in Gwalior at the end of October and the Ruling Princes' Conference early in November in Delhi, made Mussoorie a suitable choice. So departure took place for the North.

Two weeks of this hill station made Their Highnesses feel well and brisk. They both underwent a course of electric treatment, which had such a good effect that when, after three weeks only, the hospital moved down to Dehra Doon, the royal patients moved too.

But in Dehra Doon the influenza epidemic raged. The servants at my hotel were down with it and, once or twice, dead bodies lay along the side of the road as I returned to my hotel. The death-rate in Delhi on October 24th was three hundred and seventy-six *per diem*, an increasing rate, and this fact determined the postponement of the Conference of Princes.

The Western horizon, meanwhile, was clearing, and at last there dawned the Great Day, November 11th, 1918. Late that same night the club at Dehra Doon heard of the longed-for Armistice, but the ordinary public learnt the glad news only from the large headlines of the local papers next morning. The news caused the Maharajah to hasten his return to Baroda, where already preparations were on foot to celebrate peace in fitting style.

November 27th was a general holiday in India, and in Baroda it was the first of a three-day celebration throughout the State. On that Wednesday four thousand poor

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were fed in Baroda city, when the feast lasted from mid-day till dusk; and while it was in progress all were made aware of the reason for rejoicing by official song-singers, who told of the glorious deeds of the Allied Forces. I had occasion to drive through the bazaar, and my carriage-horse went wild when we met the fire-engine, all decked out with wreaths and garlands and preceded by a band, as it proceeded through the streets in honour of the Armistice.

There was a largely-attended garden party at the Residency, where the new Resident, Mr. (now Sir) Lennox Russell, and his wife welcomed Europeans and Indians. Everyone was given a cardboard labelled:

"RESOLUTION

"November 27th, 1918.

"Assembled here to-day to celebrate the cessation of hostilities, we desire—

"—firstly to express our reverence for the memory of those who have sacrificed their lives on behalf of right and liberty and our sympathy with those who held them most dear;

"—secondly to record our gratitude to all those whether British, Indians, or Allies who have fought for the cause whether by land or by sea;

"—thirdly to express our thanks to all those whether men or women who have helped to hasten victory or relieve suffering;

and

"—fourthly to record our faith and hope that the trials undergone, and the victory we now celebrate, may confirm and perpetuate the bond of brotherhood between all races of the Empire who share its ideals of right, liberty and justice."

which pious patriotism the Maharajah Sahib, supported by Resident and Dewan, read aloud, and then called for

cheers for the King-Emperor, while all stood at attention during the playing of 'God Save the King.'

At night the city and the Sursagar Tank were illuminated, cannons were let off at intervals and a fireworks' display turned night into day.

The following morning all the school-children were fed with sweets. In the afternoon specially fine sports took place in the arena, and thence everyone of standing drove to a sunset-tea that I had arranged in the Public Gardens, when a military torchlight tattoo was carried out in most effective style—quite good enough, said the Maharajah, for the Viceroy to see at his promised visit the following March.

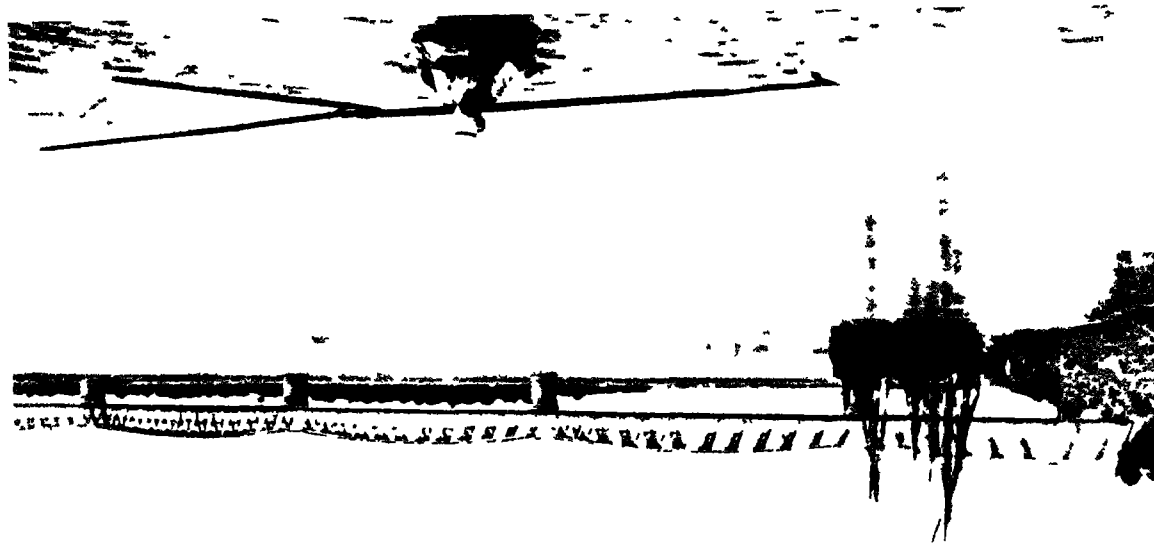
The third day we witnessed police and military sports on the *maidan* opposite the Palace, and celebrations ended that night with a great banquet in the Durbar Hall of the Palace, when, in proposing the toast of His Majesty the King-Emperor, the Maharajah Gaekwar spoke in splendid terms.

Many would rather have had the money expended on the celebration of victory spent on the poor, for poverty and distress were everywhere. In the weekly Friday open bazaar in Baroda, bullocks, that in good days used to fetch one hundred to two hundred rupees each, now could be bought for fifteen to thirty rupees.

The Jam Sahib, Ranjit Singhi, who was guest of the Maharajah in early December, was at a Palace tennis party and, in talking after our game, he compared the position of his own State. He said: "In Kathiawar the famine of fodder is as serious as it is in Baroda. We hoped to save seventy-five per cent of the bullocks and fifty per cent of the buffaloes and cows. But I fear that the poor man will have to lose his buffalo, and the pity is not so much for him as for his children. We have had no rain this side of India, and the months of next February, March and April will be very serious."

December and the approaching Christmas time, the first after the cessation of war, and the thermometer at

PAVIA FISHING ON THE RIVER INDUS BELOW THE POINT (OLD) BRIDGE, NAR HYDRABAD, SIND



68 degrees, brought a fresh vitality into general society. I bethought me of riding-parties as a new amusement, so one afternoon, on returning to the Palace with the Maharajah's Christmas letters I had written and now brought for his signature, I suggested to him that a riding party be arranged for his next free evening. "The day after to-morrow, Your Highness?"

"Yes, if we are not dead," he said, using the little phrase that was his favourite method of qualifying an engagement!

The rendezvous was at the Gymkhana at five. "Quite like Brighton," laughed the Maharajah as he mounted his horse and joined the party of nine who awaited him and his A.D.C. We started off, cantering almost the whole way for about ten miles through sandy tracks and narrow lanes. Then turning back as a wonderful sunset coloured the sky, we arrived in darkness at a quarter-past six at the Club, when the horses were led away by the waiting syces. His Highness, an unusual visitor at the Gymkhana, walked in in cheerful mood and sat down to drink coffee, and to arrange yet another ride, when we should start from and return to the Makarpura Palace.

The Maharani expressed her satisfaction with all that I could do to make His Highness feel that life was not so dull after all. Then the Maharajah went off to Bombay, where his 'White Elephant' was once more his own, and was being repaired and restored to its pristine use.

The Bombay Presidency had now to lose its popular Governor. Lord and Lady Willingdon, before they sailed for Home, sent out charming souvenirs to all those who had been their guests at the various Government Houses. This card was folded and sealed with their coronet on ribbon of her favourite purple colour. Inside, in the Governor's handwriting, was the legend, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and the card held their signed portraits, and pictures of Government Houses in Bombay, Poona and Mahableshtar. Those Excellencies were greatly missed.

At this Christmas-time my thoughts were much in Calcutta, with George Lefroy. He had been to Singapore in July for special treatment, taking a three-months' leave, the first he had had since 1914, and in his letter informing me he wrote gaily that the Archdeacon assured him the Diocese might be all the better for it! He was very tired and looked forward immensely to the rest. His return to India had then coincided with the influenza epidemic which had laid him low, and he never recovered his hold on life. That the spirit of the Bishop should stay with his body till the night of the very day (January 1st) when he had settled to resign his See, was wonderfully like him.

A magnificent testimony to his splendid life and personality was given by the tribute of the living, in the newspapers and at his funeral, when the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor of Bengal—all of whom happened to be in Calcutta at the time—were present. Under the two great trees by the little path that he always trod between the Palace and the Cathedral, his remains were laid. But I picture him still in his purple cassock, with bare head, limping bravely across the tramlines, off the road into the Cathedral compound and along the path to the vestry.

Despite my lack of heart for festivities just then, I arranged a New Year's Eve concert and supper party in Baroda, which met with two opposite criticisms: the Maharajah's "a tremendous success. I have so enjoyed it!"—while the Bank Manager called it "a tuppenny-ha'penny show!"

But work for and with the Maharani gave solace. Her Highness was naturally endowed with a wonderful sympathy for others in the great events of life or death, and this gift was to increase through her own burdens that every year grew heavier and heavier. At the end of this year, 1919, poignant heart-grief was impending, when first she was to lose her beloved son, Shivaji Rao, through pneumonia, Their Highnesses being absent in London;

and thereafter to see her first born, Jayasinh Rao, travail through four years of illness which must end fatally. Then the fine steel of Her Highness' nature did bend, but it did not break, for life had already taught her that whatever happens, one must 'carry on.' The pride of their race is aptly expressed, though crudely, in the words written to me, not so long ago, by the motherless niece of the Maharani (who in 1918 had bade me undertake a part of the education of the girl, then sixteen): ". . . I am born Maratha, so I hate to beg or say Yes, Yes, to everything which does not agree to my view, I don't say that I am always right but I will not give in to please anybody or to gain anything. . . ." Chandraprabhai's aunt, however, had added to her inherently proud qualities a philosophy in which many a bereaved Western woman shows herself grievously lacking.

My class of Baroda ladies, who were now coming every afternoon at four o'clock to my bungalow, progressed apace. This work was definitely more for social education than the institution started in Bombay by a philanthropist, Mrs. Nikambe, for the scholastic improvement of married ladies, and which the Maharani, when in Bombay, had asked me to visit, as she was sending a donation. Mrs. Nikambe there had wide scope and her institute's roll had shown the names of four hundred ladies during a period of four years; and, indeed, so successful had been the scheme that the Begum of Bhopal had invited its founder to that State with the idea of starting a similar work.

The outlook of Indian ladies generally was so restricted, and their abilities narrowed inwards by the woman's abnormally intensified interest in home and husband. The reader remembers the advice earlier in this book anent the attitude of the chaste Hindu wife. Times have changed indeed, but in 1919 that influence was still a paramount force in society. And yet, "We are unhappy in our homes," an Indian man had said to me, and he told how much the men were going outside for interest and appreciation of the progress of life, as their wives

had not heard of such progress, did not want to believe in it, and were content with the past and the present. He hoped much from the fact that his wife was one of my pupils. In my house these ladies saw a life and interest very different from their own and if they did not like it better than their own, that was good. But the Western feeling in the hundred-and-one things that go to make a European's home anywhere, must have made their subconscious thought, "What is there in this that is different from my own life?" stir up the Spirit of Questioning which it was my aim to foster. There was a chance that it might be a devil of a spirit that was stirred, but they and I took the risk, though only I realised the danger. One of the ladies had light hazel eyes, which the Indian thinks an unlucky possession. The husband naïvely told me that he had been warned against the lady when he had suggested marrying her, but that so far he had had no cause to regret that step!

Still faithful was my earliest pupil, the Dewan's wife. She was now taking part in all the European entertainments where I watched with care that she fulfilled her obligations and did the right thing. There had been a *purdah* party at the Residency, when the Indian ladies had been set down in a long row to watch poor tennis and badminton. Refreshments had been offered only when it was time to go, and then the trays bearing the ices carried also this warning: "The milk used for these ices is not guaranteed!" That slice of humour and the beauty of the well-watered green grass were the only two points of relief in an afternoon of boredom. So the Dewan's wife, in spite of the Indian tendency to reduce all gatherings to stiff form, felt complete understanding when in talking over the function, I remarked: "If your party is to have life, avoid long rows as you would a serpent!"

Several of these pupils of mine were present at the annual prize distribution held in the quadrangle of the Maharani High School when, not the Maharani, but the Maharajah Saheb gave away the prizes. In the pro-

gramme of entertainment there took place a Maratha dialogue, *The Duties of Women*, adapted from one entitled *The Rights of Men*. We heard how Saralabai, a wealthy and learned high-born lady, announced her intention to retire from the world. She was conversing with her women on the subject when the arrival was announced of Saraswathi Devi, a social reformer who, after having had the situation explained to her, convinced Saralabai that she would do better to remain in the world, seeking to improve it, rather than to retire from it.

Another quite different meeting which I persuaded the ladies to attend was that of the races, which Colonel Rigg, now commanding the Baroda Army, organised at the end of January. There was no real race-course in Baroda, merely a mile and a quarter track, and the land inside the course was all cultivated, and houses and trees thereupon could not be removed. From the small stand spectators could see the last two furlongs, and enthusiastic race-goers can just be content with the start and finish. That the Maharajah was pleased with the success of the meeting was all that was important. That our horses who had raced were thoroughly upset and gave no peace to their riders for the next few months was of small account!

Now that the war was over, the Maharajah would have been away as soon as possible to Europe had it not been for the great difficulty in getting passages home. "He badly needs a European spa," said Her Highness, as she saw affairs of State weighing too heavily on him; and on the subject of the Maharajah's health, the Maharani held a conclave with a Kashmir *swami* (high priest) visiting Baroda. For an hour we listened to the words of wisdom of the *swami*, a handsome man, clean-shaven, fair of complexion, with bright brown eyes and grey hair, who, this really chilly morning, sat in a big armchair, his legs crossed under him, and wrapped himself still more completely into his white muslin scarf and yellow Kashmir shawl, whose folds draped themselves over his close-fitting shirt of natural wool.

The Maharani sat on a chair opposite, and as the air was too cool, her black velvet coat with white satin lining was brought to cover her shoulders. Near her, on a white floor-mattress, sat the Maharajah's aunt, Mami Saheb, handsome in dark-red *sari* and orange shawl. Both ladies asked many questions of the *swami*, who talked of the properties of herbs and trees, and how tree leaves and herbs, if only we knew all about them, were good for eating. He spoke particularly of the medicinal value of Kashmir herbs. He appreciated the Maharani's innate inclination towards simples as against Western medicines, which had been roused by beneficial treatment from one of the brother-owners of the Srinagar Hotel, Kashmir, who through his *gujar* (peasant) wife possessed a great knowledge of herbal lore that he had promised should cure the Maharajah.

Presently the holy man took his leave, and then Sitabai Saheb of Indore came along, dignified, with a facile wit and ready laugh. It was the morning for discussion of natural cures evidently, for Her Highness began again, addressing me:

"Now here it is. Sitabai told me yesterday that I can improve my hair and it will grow quite thick, if I eat a rice pudding that had been made in the afternoon, and it has to be put out at eleven in the full moonlight with a cloth over it, until half-past three or four o'clock, when I am to eat it!"

I burst out laughing at the idea of eating lunatic-rice-pudding at dawn so as to promote hair growth! The Maharani laughed consumedly too.

"And I ate the first last night!" she continued, patting the scalp that was a little too thinly covered. "I have to eat three—one at each full moon!"

"Nothing but suggestion, Maharani," I declared, and I demanded of Sitabai Saheb, did she really believe in her cure? But she laughed and gave no reply, for what pleased her most was that Her Highness had been provided by herself with a new thrill.



SHABAI BHAGWANT OF INDORI CLIMBS TO HIK MACHA

There was always something stirring or disturbing afoot for us in the Inner Courts of the State's life; but now, for all, whether outside or inside, from the very beginning of this year no fact had been held to be of any importance except this, that the Viceroy was really about to fulfil his promise made in Simla the last October, that he would visit Baroda. All else was, as an Indian put it, "Drowned in the Viceroy's Visit", and this would take place at the end of March. Even the championship tennis tournament attracted less interest, perhaps also because it had been advertised late.

Her Highness felt that at hand was the Day of Reinstatement for the Maharajah in the eyes of the unkind world. For her all her life was bound up in the success of the Maharajah Saheb. She had no idea of rivalry. In an outburst of wifely devotion she once said to me: "He was my glory. As his wife I shared in his radiance at the pinnacle top. . . ." She had also shared in the clouds that lower on summits! Sometimes it had seemed to her that justification would be for ever postponed. She wanted above all things that the Maharajah should be recognised for what he was. Past misunderstandings seemed so unjust to her who knew better, and the clouds hung low over her even when she tried to throw herself light-heartedly into other activities. Now political sunshine was about to disperse finally these clouds, which certainly had been growing gradually thinner. The Maharajah and the Maharani knew how to be patient; they had waited to be understood.

At last it happened.

On Monday, March 28th, the Viceregal salute of thirty-one guns boomed through beflagged Baroda, and the British National Anthem, played by the State Band, told the spectators massed along the route that the Viceroy had actually arrived. His Excellency had been welcomed by the Dewan and the First Assistant to the Resident at Saklaya Station, where his train entered Baroda territory.

The last Viceroy to visit the State had been Lord Minto, in 1909, and His Excellency had been driven away from Baroda station behind a team of six beautiful horses. Then, indeed, the public felt the scene was worth coming out to see.

But in 1919 the Great Person went by in a Rolls Royce car. In a flash he was gone! No doubt the Viceroy was content, but the public dispersed feeling 'empty'.

The Maharajah accompanied his distinguished guest out to Makarpura Palace, which was to be his residence. Thither at noon the Maharajah repaired again to pay his ceremonious visit of welcome. He was accompanied by the Resident, the Maharaj Kumars, the Dewan and others; and the Ruler's arrival at the Palace was greeted with a salute of twenty-one guns. The Maharajah, received by the Political Secretary, was conducted to the Durbar Room, where His Excellency awaited him. An interesting ceremonial followed in the introduction to His Excellency of the Dewan and other *Durbaris*, who offered tribute or *nazars*, each of five gold *mohurs*, which were touched by the Governor-General and then remitted.

In the Lakshmi Vilas Palace Durbar Hall, at two that afternoon, the State Durbar took place. The beauty of the great hall was enhanced by official magnificence. The mosaic floor was mostly concealed by red carpeting. The reader knows the lofty decorated walls relieved by a second row of archways behind which lie the corridors and outer arches of the Palace. The wooden galleries, on two sides carved and fretted with delicate artistry and usually reserved for the ladies, were on this occasion open and packed with spectators. We saw dependent from the flat, gilded roof the eight magnificent crystal electroliers whose glass sparkled and glowed in the brilliant sunshine that was gently filtering in. Crimson silk curtains were draped at the entrances, and groups of plants further decorated the great room, now filled with chairs in parallel rows to accommodate the large Durbar audience. At the further end was the dais on which was a silver sofa, and behind was a mass of greenery.

At each entrance to the hall there stood at attention one of the Maharajah's tall bodyguard, clad in white buckskins and gauntlets, scarlet tunics slashed with gold, shining Wellingtons, and dolmans of pale heliotrope edged with fur.

At a quarter past three a band stationed outside the Palace struck up the National Anthem, and the guns of the royal salute heralded the approach of the Viceroy. The Governor-General, alighting from his car, was received by the Maharajah and the Resident, and immediately entered the hall where, on the dais, he took his seat in the centre, the Maharajah at his left. Formality required the introduction again of the Princes to the Viceroy. The Resident presented the Dewan, the *sirdars* and officers of the State, who approached His Excellency and repeated the ceremony of tribute. Then the Governor-General was garlanded by the Maharajah, who offered him a bouquet, rose-water, attar, and *pan supari*. The Resident and Officers of the Regiment were also given these offerings of hospitality, and this completed the ceremonious visit of the Viceroy, who departed as the band played the National Anthem and his salute of thirty-one guns boomed out.

At the State Banquet that night in the same Durbar Hall, never had been witnessed such a brilliant scene, of which Her Highness the Maharani decided, with her usual acumen, that it was better for her to be a spectator from the galleries above. At the end of the banquet His Excellency the Viceroy rose to speak:

"Your Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen: At the outset I must thank Your Highness for your very friendly greeting and for the terms in which you have referred to Lady Chelmsford, who, if circumstances had allowed, would have greatly enjoyed visiting with me the capital of your State. Next, I must express my deep regret at the affliction which the failure of last year's rains has brought to so many of Your Highness' sub-

jects. May I, through Your Highness, offer them my sincere sympathy in their misfortunes? By liberal provision for relief of every kind Your Highness has evidenced the deep solicitude which you feel for their welfare. Your Highness has referred to the political and social problems which confront us at the present moment in India. We, in British India, may learn a good deal from observation of what has been done in Indian States in the way of testing and proving new paths of advance. Baroda has been fortunate in having for the past forty-three years a ruler who has devoted so much care and thought to the promotion of the welfare of the people. In your efforts to bring the benefits of literacy to the entire male population of your State, to spread knowledge among women, to uplift the backward and depressed classes, to promote the public health, to improve economical conditions and to induce a desire and an aptitude for local self-government, Your Highness has addressed yourself to questions, the right solutions of which will bring about the cure of many political ills. No greater service can be rendered to India than that of taking these matters in hand, as Your Highness has done, not merely as a theorist or idealist, but as a practical administrator, conscious of actual needs and familiar also with the difficulties which are involved in the breaking away from old traditions. By wise promotion of a system of political and social order, aiming at the combination of all that is best in Eastern and Western civilization, the ruler of an Indian State may do much to show the path of progress to the peoples of India. I echo Your Highness' regret that my visit to Baroda must needs be so short, and I thank Your Highness warmly for Your Highness' cordial hospitality. I shall carry away the most pleasant recollections of my visit to Baroda, and I trust that Your Highness will at all times regard me as your sincere friend and well-wisher.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the

health of our distinguished host, His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar."

The following morning His Excellency visited the State Library and also laid the foundation-stone of the railway Workshops that would further the development of rail enterprise in a State whose railways were in lieu of roads.

By six o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th all the guests had assembled for the garden party at the Palace. A large *shamiana* was erected in the gardens, but as yet the chairs inside were empty. Outside were grouped the State entertainers, chief amongst them the gay green parrots, whose clever feats increased every year. Elephant swayed darkly on the distant paths. Nearby a leaf-bare cotton tree showed its scarlet flowers, tulip-shape, against the sapphire sky. Beyond the tennis courts an early-flowering gold-mohur tree flamed. The green lawns were full of contrast and colour, with the pale-hued *pagri*s and severe red-and-gold Maratha caps of the Indians, an occasional, glistening brocade coat, the delicate coloured dresses of the European ladies, and the black long coats or light suits of the Indian and European men.

Our expectancy hovered between pleasure and question, as the band played on and the quarter after six o'clock struck. No Viceroy had appeared. The new Police Commissioner, naturally pale, was obviously disturbed.

At half-past six still no Viceroy. Mr. Maffey, his Private Secretary, was only answering my remarks slowly, his eyes he kept turned towards the Palace.

Forty minutes of tension!

Then across the well-kept lawns three figures came, the Viceroy between the Maharajah and the Maharani—conversing in the friendliest of fashion.

Her Highness next morning was full of the Viceroy's afternoon visit to the Palace. She said in tones of happy triumph:

"His Excellency had tea quite alone with Maharaj and me in my drawing-room. He has promised to visit

us again, and he kept on saying that Lady Chelmsford certainly must come with the girls next cold weather. After tea we showed him all the Palace, and when he saw the long corridors and the palm courts and the balconies, he was delighted. Twice he said, 'I shall make my wife quite jealous!' " Here the Maharani laughed merrily. "And he said it a third time when I showed him my library, and my boudoir and my dressing-room, and then our bedroom and the gold bedsteads. He was really impressed. Do you know, I believe he had thought we were jungly people!"

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