

# ROYAL SEAL ON CANBERRA.

## DUKE OPENED FEDERAL PARLIAMENT.

### SCENE OF GLITTERING POMP AND SPLENDOUR.

#### MULTITUDES UNDER BRIGHT AUSTRALIAN SKY.

CANBERRA, Monday.

Amid a dazzling assemblage of brilliantly uniformed men and smartly frocked women, under a perfect Australian sky, H.R.H. the Duke of York to-day opened the stately Parliament House at the Federal Capital.

Multitudes from all parts of the Commonwealth witnessed the simple opening ceremony, and the awe-inspiring spectacle of the military manoeuvres.

Serious and intent, the Duke performed the ceremonies of opening the door of the house, unveiling the King's statue, investiture, and establishing the seat of Government.

Thus, with pomp and dignity, was a new chapter in Australian affairs opened.

The historic ceremonies which witnessed the opening day of Parliament House and the inauguration of the Commonwealth in its rightful home will live in history as one of the greatest epochs in Australia's life. Although the camping areas were chiefly distinguishable by the absence of tents, thousands of people poured into Canberra at the last minute rather than brave the freezing conditions under canvas out on the picturesque but bleak plains.

From an early hour to-day great tides of motorists swept into the capital from all points, and found their confluence at Parliament House, where the stands rapidly filled, and where other points of vantage were quickly occupied.

It was a brilliantly set stage for the wonderfully imposing pageant which marked the ceremonies. The frost, which had mantled the ground as with glistening snow, and which had hung like a vast pall over the whole territory, gradually melted away and unveiled in the clear, bright sunlight a majestic canvas as a setting for the great scene.

#### BREAK OF DAY.

As though in happy augury of the great event the weather, which after a week of threatening grey skies and icy winds, finally cleared up into brilliant sunshine for the final rehearsal on Saturday and continued gloriously sunny over Sunday. To-day dawned without even a trace of fog. Only a slight frost whitened the sere grass of the open spaces. The immense pageantry of the day unrolled itself under a sun which shone resplendent from the moment it appeared above the horizon. The Duke's travels, which have been so often marred by rain, on this occasion of crowning importance were blessed with a day in keeping with the magnificence of the panorama spread out on the rolling plain within the circling blue hills. The stars were still shining in the sky when the notes of the bugles in the camps of the troops struck the first jubilant note of the day's doings. Next there throbbed out the strains of a band, waking the other tented dwellers on the plain.

Through most of the areas set apart for them were bare little communities of civilian campers which had sprung up over the week-end within easy walking distance of Parliament House. The bivouacs of the shivering civilians, though scanty and scattered compared with the trim neatness of the rows of military and naval and air force tents, looked picturesque nestling on the slopes of the rolling ground with the blue smoke of their camp fires curling up in the still morning air. All roads have been leading to Canberra. Since early on Saturday morning there has been no train out of the capital. Nearly a dozen trains from Sydney and Albury have poured in streams of people to swell the gathering army of spectators. Strings of motorists who had timed their arrival for the morning of the opening swept into the city. The gracefully winding roads were alive with traffic. Troops were early astir and, to the measured thudding of drums and music of bands, were moving into their positions by 9 o'clock. For the firing of the salutes the artillery wheeled into line on the ridge opposite Parliament House with their guns pointing away in the direction of the mountains.

#### FINE FEATHERS.

Men should never decry women's love of fine feathers after the opening of the Federal Parliament at Canberra to-day, because their own bright clothing completely outshone any effect that women's garments may have made. Frocks and frills were reduced to a draggled and dowdy display of wine tones and sombre black, in comparison with the scarlet and purple of the Church and the Bar, the brilliance of gold epaulettes, and the dazzling effect of high lights upon rows and rows of medals. No woman's hat equaled the glory of the bushies and marabout hats of the aides. The flash of diamonds worn by the Duchess of York and Dame Nellie Melba were outshone by the gleaming adornments of the men. Gen. Chauvel's breastplate of medals and orders completely hid all the khaki of his uniform, and no rarer lace than that worn by officials of the Senate was seen on any woman's dress. The Consul for China (Mr. Quei Tze-King) looked as splendidly trim a figure as any flapper, and many a slim silhouette envied the Indian delegate (Dewar Bahadur Rangachariar). The

waited a favourable opportunity to get possession of them.

In the circle the women ruled the day. The men displayed little animation. Women felt that the Duchess represented their sex in all the proceedings. Their pride in her, reflected their pride in woman in general. They sat back, content, and were pleased. Seldom has such gladness been made audible. They were glad for the beautiful day, for being able to have such a good view of the Duchess, for hearing Melba sing, because the soldiers looked so nice, because they had not put on too thick a coat, because the children had a good view. Expressions of thankfulness for these things flowed in an endless stream.

But the thoughtful women sat in silence. The gratitude they had in their hearts was inarticulate. They saw in the distance the strong surrounding tower of hills, the long stretches of surrounding country, the manifestations of worldly prosperity. They saw the colour and pageantry of the forces that protected it. They heard again in memory the voice of the Duke of York when he said "if Australia listens to the voices of the noble army of the dead, and if the great army of those living and those yet unborn, is determined to march in step with them towards the ideals for which they died, then the glorious destiny of this country will be assured for all time."

#### GLITTERING SCENE.

The memorable scene outside Parliament House presented an historic picture of all the elements that go to constitute a young democracy. Ordinary felt hats in the most exclusive stands were as common as glossy top hats gracing those in smart frock coats. Several among the elect smoked their pipes while waiting for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess. The Lord Mayor of Sydney was a picture of sartorial magnificence in all his trappings of office. The consular representatives in their cocked hats and in all the gold lace of their office also looked truly splendid. The Speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly (Mr. Dooley) was in his robes. Dame Nellie Melba was holding a levee of her own, and was laughing with State Governors and other persons of high estate with an air which must have made some of the other women feel envious.

It was a dazzling picture of brilliantly uniformed men and of smartly frocked women, under a perfect Australian sky.

Solemnly the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce, walked up to the dais, and walked back again to await the royal visitors. Their mien was not at all suggestive of the rejoicings inseparable from the birth of a great city.

Away in the distance the guns in a thunderous salute threw out wisps of snow-white smoke. There was a shrill fanfare of bugles by the marines of the Renown. Away on the less exclusive stands a volley of cheers arose. The Duke and Duchess had come into the picture.

#### ARRIVAL OF ROYALTY.

##### LANEWAYS OF TROOPS.

As the hour for the royal arrival drew near the swiftly gathering masses of motor cars became the sources of rivers of people flowing towards Parliament House. The streams banked up around the square made by the two large outer stands. It is estimated that by the time the Governor-General arrived between 40,000 and 50,000 people were massed around the enclosure. The serried ranks of humanity framed an impressive picture of the assemblage, which was to greet their Royal Highnesses. The high light of the picture was in the gorgeous canopy of red and purple and gold hung over the steps of Parliament House, sheltering the array of representative citizens. This was the rich setting for the scene to which the Governor-General, in his official uniform (with Lady Stonehaven and Capt. Curtis, A.D.C.) added an extra touch of colour when he drove up from Yarralumba in his carriage, escorted by a detachment of the Seventh Light Horse, with lance pennons fluttering. After leaving the official residence five minutes in advance of the Duke and Duchess, the Governor-General and escort moved along the pretty winding road through the hills, and, after passing Blandfordia, entered a laneway of troops and the men of the navy and air forces, which extended for about half a mile. Through the blue and brown ranks and bristling hedge of bayonets their Excellencies drove at a smart pace. Cheers rippled through the crowd as they drove up to Parliament House

troops sternly erect, and in the centre of the big picture was the imposing guard of honour in all the brilliant trappings of ceremonial. Representatives of the navy, army, air force, the Royal Military College at Duntroon, and the Royal Naval College at Jervis Bay, splashed the scene with their smart uniforms, and were set off by the more serviceable khaki of the other arms of defence. Here stood also in impressive formation children from the district schools, an army of Boy Scouts, drawn from all the States, and Girl Guides. This was the great scene amid the crash of guns, of band music, and of resounding cheers, into which the brilliantly uniformed Duke and the smartly frocked Duchess stepped, as they alighted from the State carriage and proceeded to their place, after having been greeted by the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, the Prime Minister, and Mrs. Bruce, the President of the Senate (Sir John Newlands), and the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Sir Littleton Groom).

Here were the nation's elect, including the Governors of the States and their wives, Federal and State Ministers, and other distinguished figures, as well as the picturesque representative of India, Diwan Bahadur Rangachariar, and with the Diwan representatives of other dominions. Thus, amid the glitter and pomp of brilliant pageantry was the world's newest capital blessed in the great part which it is setting out to play in history.

The significance of the occasion spiritually had not been overlooked. The services of invocation for the blessing of God on the new capital also marked the occasion.

#### The Voice of Melba.

Then came the stirring moment when, at a given signal, Dame Nellie Melba, gorgeously frocked, and looking impressively majestic, uplifted her glorious voice in The National Anthem, whose stirring notes, ringing out clearly over the vast congress, were taken up by the Canberra Philharmonic Society, by the band, and by the multitude. It was a stirring moment when the vast assemblage, swept by the significance of the occasion and the spirit of it, lifted the National Anthem above the commonplace, and invested it with its full meaning.

#### THE DUCHESS—UNSMILING.

It was with stately and measured steps that the Duke and Duchess, whose serious faces suggested that they were conscious of the big part they were playing, walked into the magnificent Senate chamber and took their places on the dais, surrounded by the leaders of the nation in all the brilliant panoply of ceremonial dress. Flanking the dais were Federal and State Ministers and legislators, representatives of the three arms of defence, their uniforms ablaze with ribbons and medals, church and civic dignitaries, elderly High Court and other Judges, the members of the consular corps, leading figures in the commercial life of Australia, and others.

The Duke had been well informed of his part, for he went through without a hitch and without a smile. He was careful, incidentally, to move his coat tails out of the way lest he should sit on them when he occupied the magnificent chair provided for him on the dais. He read the King's message, inaugurating the capital, in clear, deliberate tones.

It was hoped that in his speech the Duke would settle the vexed question of the pronunciation of the word "Canberra," but he dodged it by referring to it simply as the Federal capital.

#### OPENING THE DOOR.

##### DUKE'S GOLDEN KEY.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce), in a speech, in which he emphasized the deep significance of the occasion, asked the Duke to open Parliament House. The Duke, fitting the occasion with a felicitous speech, opened the door with a golden key, which will be preserved by the nation, and a duplicate of which was handed to the Duke as a souvenir. Keys of the House were also handed by Mr. Bruce to the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Bruce said:—"Your Royal Highness—It is my privilege to invite you to open the door of this building—the future home of the Parliament of the Commonwealth. We recognise that this occasion marks the beginning of a new era in the history of Australia. We look back on a story of accomplishment that fills us with pride. We look forward with confidence that we will prove worthy of the great destiny that lies before us. In this, an hour of national heart searching, we rejoice at your presence with us. His Majesty the