

was—our tiffin basket. In one of these disadvantages, however, the law of compensation worked, and we mounted for our cityward ride quite contented to have missed so much of the romance of the situation.

We returned from the palace by another road which led us much nearer the city, and from which we could see the many dome-shaped mounds, monuments of the lost Oojein. In one of these mounds has been found the door of a temple which is believed by the people to be the entrance to an underground passage to Benares. Some digging has been done of late years in these mounds, and occasionally, things of value are found. Any one, on the payment of a rupee, is entitled to explore and keep whatever he may find in one cubic yard of ground.

After riding some miles in the country we again crossed the river and entered the city. Our way was along a narrow street which runs the entire length of the town, and on which are all the principal shops. In appearance it is like any other street in a purely native city, very narrow, and not too clean, with high houses on either side, in the verandahs of which all business is done. The street is at present being metalled, and we came across a common nineteenth century steam-roller, which, however, looked a very small and insignificant affair from the top of our elephant. We rode along on a level with the second stories of the houses, and saw, far below us, the men in their verandah shops, weighing out seers (a seer is about two pounds) of food grains or of ghee, (clarified butter that always is very dirty butter) or little parcels of spices or opium; measuring yards of bright colored cloths; counting money, carefully trying each coin to see that it was good; cutting hair and trimming beards, and doing other tonsorial duties, the public performance of which would not be considered "good form" with us. In one establishment we saw a process of brewing going on that would make a teetotaler of the greatest lover of his "glass." As it was about noon many had stretched out and were sleeping as soundly as though in the quietest and most secluded room. Flies and smells were as bad as usual, I have no doubt, but we missed much from our elevation. Oojein, I believe is a notoriously filthy place, though I don't understand how one Indian town can be more notorious than another in this respect.