

ful Mahratta neighbour. The space enclosed by the city wall is so large compared to the number of houses, as to give the impression that, when it was first laid out, Rampura was expected to become a much more important centre than it at present seems to be. The population is about twenty-thousand, about a third probably being Mahomedan, and the rest Hindoo.

The chief men in the town, the Soubah, with the Tehsildar, a subordinate official and a Mahomedan Moulvie, before whom all law cases among the Mahomedans are tried, live in an old palace which is shown with pride to visitors. The palace is built on the highest ground in the town. Indeed one feels as if one were going up-stairs all the way from the city gate to the court yard. From the outer court to the entrance door is just like a still steeper stairway. After that I can give no idea of the plan of the house. It is all narrow steep stair-ways, small verandah rooms, little dirty court yards, in which are kept cows and buffaloes, larger rooms in which many writers are sitting on the floor, cross-legged, with piles of papers about them, and apparently busy with "affairs of the State." A large tank containing dirty green water, in the centre of which was a raised stone or cement platform, is evidently considered the gem of the building, or perhaps divides the honours with a large arched verandah room, called the Throne room.

One afternoon the Soubah came out in state on an elephant to our tent to call on us, accompanied by his chief officials, and next day he received us at the palace, and showed us all its wonders. The view of the country around was well worth the climb to the top of the house. Immediately at our feet lay the town, its white roofs shining out amid the masses of foliage of the beautiful Indian trees. A little beyond the city wall lay an artificial lake, fringed with trees and shrubs, and little shrines with their slender shapely pillars, and airy dome-like roofs mirrored in the water, and, one could fancy, enamoured, like Milton's Eve, of their own delicate beauty. All around were fields of poppies, now showing their loveliest colouring, interspersed with fields of cold weather crops in all the daintiest shades of green and olive. Just beyond lay a barren belt of jungle, and beyond that another faint green line reaching to the foot of a long low line of blue hills. Over all a warm, rosy evening light was shining, softening the roughness in the landscape, and giving even to the unlovely stretch of jungle a certain beauty of colour which harmonized with the brighter and more glowing tints around. "And the earth shined with His glory," were the words I thought of while looking at the lovely picture.