

their hair growing low on their foreheads, their flashing black eyes, their shapely limbs, and the haughty pose of their heads. They were all more or less handsome ; and how lazy ! They sat about for hour upon hour, most of them, as though they had nothing in the world to do but simply gaze. Boys were plaguing the drivers of empty carriages as they passed, and inciting them by all the means in their power to get off their perch and use the whip. They often got a smart whack ; but the fun of the thing was quite worth it in their opinion. It was extraordinary how they created excitements out of nothing. I saw two small boys evidently planning something wicked. Soon they began to fight and yell and dash one another on the ground, one of them pretending to set his teeth in the other's arm. Every one dropped work and bustled up ; and soon a great crowd collected, the traffic was suspended, and some soldiers stopped and tried to separate the brats. Suddenly both the urchins got up, smiled round on the audience they had collected, and made off as fast as they could go.

We drove through the native quarter and back to the Press Camp to prepare for a great function.

A SOLDIER OF HIS HIGHNESS DOGRA  
SOWAR



IX  
THE PUNJAUB CAMP

BODYGUARD OF HIS HIGHNESS DOGRA  
SOWAR KASHMIR

THE uniform of these men is much like the ancient French cuirassiers—the man on the left with his sword drawn is an officer.



## IX

### THE PUNJAUB CAMP

WE spent several days at the Punjaub Camp. The great help given us by Major Dunlop Smith made everything easy. He prepared for us not only the Punjaub groups but also Kashmir and Baluchistan. On the first morning at the Punjaub Camp we found that Mr. Jacomb Hood and Mr. Raven Hill had arrived before us. As we came up they were sketching the two holy men from Amritsar. On that first day we did very little work. Most of our time was spent in being taken round by a native officer to see the treasures of the various States. We saw gold howdahs by the dozen, State tents, solid silver chains, gold-embroidered carpets, and marvellous old pictures, until our brains whirled with the magnificence of it all. Another day Major Dunlop Smith handed us over to an officer in charge of the Kashmir

Camp, a native who spoke English perfectly and acted as umbrella-bearer as well as interpreter.

One by one the different Kashmir types were trotted out before us to be sketched. There were men in armour, looking like old French cuirassiers, with dark blue uniforms, breast-plates, brass helmets, and mailed gloves. It was a splendid opportunity. Strings of these people were brought out to stand in the sun firmly and steadily while I sketched them. They were nearly all types with beautiful features, and they were dressed in the most gorgeous costumes—emerald-green sheathed swords, purple brocade trimmed with gold, and all the richest colours you can imagine. There were no two alike, and each man seemed to have used his own feeling with regard to colour. Many of them were retainers of His Highness Dogra Sowar. One man came before me, a soldier with a heron's plume in his turban; and he was so magnificent that I promptly made a study of him as he stood there. He wore a blood-red turban trimmed with gold, in which the heron's plume waved bravely. Over his cobalt-blue coat was thrown a mantle of purple trimmed with gold; there was a gold belt and pouch of gold;

**A KASHMIRI PUNDAT**

THE splash of orange on the forehead of this high official is a caste mark, which he washes off and repaints every morning.



round his neck hung an orange ribbon decorated with rubies and emeralds, as well as strings of pearls, tightly wound; and two large and perfect pearls adorned his ears. He was a soldier. There were no others exactly like him. Some were equally gorgeous; but they were all different in get-up. A Kashmiri pundat was all white, with silver slippers. The only touch of vivid colour about him was his caste mark; that was of a rich orange, and placed in the middle of his forehead. The umbrella-bearer, the gentleman who was explaining things, informed us in a stage whisper that the pundat washed the orange caste mark off and painted it on again every morning. This Kashmir group was especially interesting because of the extraordinary variety of the types. There were men from the hills—men whose homes were spread over tremendous tracts of country; men who had never seen one another before, now brought into close contact; hill shepherds—curious people, with gentle, sad faces, and sad-coloured dresses of gray wool, with furs, and red untanned leather boots.

After we had exhausted the Kashmiri groups we went back to the Punjaub Camp. We spent many days in this delightful place. There was

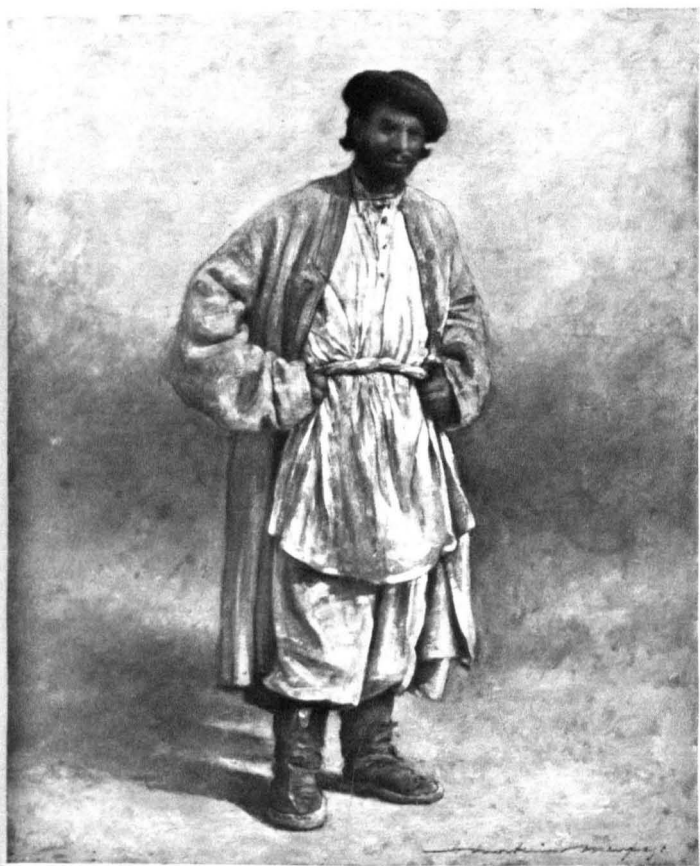
gaiety about; indeed, the Punjaub was one of the brightest camps at the Durbar, and simply because of Major Dunlop Smith. One feels that one must talk about him. He is just the character of man we want in India—a man who is not only respected but also loved by the natives: a very strong character, yet intensely sympathetic. Major Dunlop Smith is destined to “go far.” His grasp of detail is marvellous. I saw a good deal of his handling of the Chiefs’ Retinue Procession, and it was simply wonderful. He was very thorough and complete, and set to work much as a painter would, keeping many of the groups straight with regard to placing in the procession. In short, he made them work from old pictures, pictures that he himself had brought from the Punjaub solely for that purpose.

One day, when we arrived at the Camp, the Major had around him two or three old native pictures, with a view to planning a portion of the Retainers’ Procession on the same lines. He showed great appreciation, and when I examined these pictures I began to realise how excellent they were. I was in raptures. The technique was simply marvellous; the pigment pure and clear and crisp. These ancient Indian painters

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A HINDOO HILL-SHEPHERD OF KASHMIR

THE leather boots of this man are lined with fur, and he wears fur next to his skin, clothing which he found somewhat irksome during the fierce heat of Delhi.



had very different pigment from that which we use. It was curiously like the best of the old Chinese work; they must have used a very crisp white.

While I was explaining the beauties of one of these pictures to the Major, he suddenly talked of an artist, a native in whom he was very much interested, a man whom he would like me to meet. He sent for the artist. This was an opportunity I had longed for—to be able to talk technically to a native artist. In a way he expressed the feeling of Indian artists generally; and our conversation left me saddened rather and disappointed. I began by asking what white the old painters used. He said, "Oh, that white no good—only common white you buy in bazaars. Much better Chinese white—the white of Robertson you get in England—that very fine." I was disgusted. It was a knock-down blow to me; yet I battled with him. I got on to another track. I talked about the little clean-cut lines in some of the old work, lines no thicker than a hair, evidently put on with a brush so fine that one marvels how they could ever have been made. Here the artist was much more encouraging. He told me that for executing this fine work

the brushes must be made specially by the artist. I was glad to hear him say this. He told me that all artists in India made their own brushes, especially those for doing the fine work, the small work.

A description of the native method of painting a picture, as nearly as possible as it was told to me by the artist, may be interesting. First of all you buy your black, in a sort of crystal; then you boil it and add a little gum. This is your black, the pigment used for outlining. Then you prepare your other colours in much the same way, by adding gum to the powders, and sometimes honey. In hot weather honey is always used, because it flows more freely. To test the proper consistency of the pigment, you put a little touch on your nail: if it should brush off it is evident that there is not enough honey. The natives do not use a muller, as we do, to grind colours: they use their thumb, and work the pigment round on a slab until it becomes an impalpable paste. When they have prepared their colours, they begin with a very fine brush to outline the subject in the finest possible lines with minute elaboration and completeness. Then they begin to mass in their broad tones, using body colour throughout. After these broad tones have been washed in, the picture

A SIKH WARRIOR



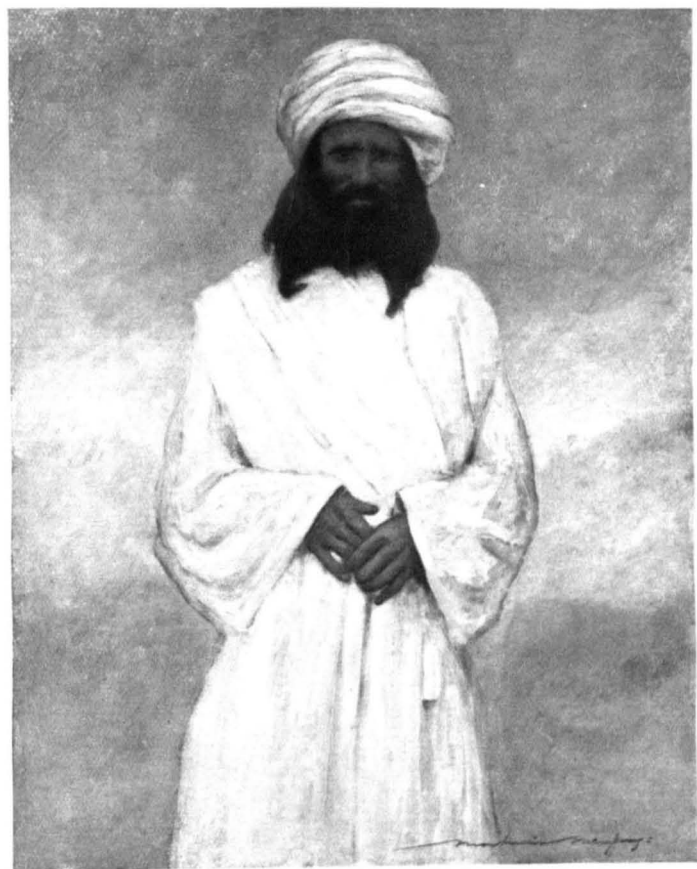
is by no means finished. It takes days to complete. They do not, as we do, load the colour and put it on thickly. They make infinite changes of colour in the washes, until they eventually get a solid patch of colour quite opaque. When the drawing is thus mapped out with these patches of opaque colour, they begin with very fine brushes to draw their detail. This they do in a series of hatching flat strokes from right to left, gradually using finer brushes as the space is filled up, and finish by little touches until the solid, compact, opaque tone has been procured. Then they begin to put in the finest detail of all, and by hatchings the shading becomes ever finer and finer until it looks as though it had been done in one wash. An artist will often finish up with a burnisher to get little microscopic touches, and, for very fine detail, so as to get a highly-finished surface. If in some of the pictures the artists have a good deal of gold, they use a chemical to change the colour of the gold to green-gold and red-gold, so as to make that particular portion harmonise with the rest of the picture.

Such, roughly, is the native method of painting a picture. "Of course you have learnt this method in the native schools?" I said.

"Oh no," he answered. "You can never learn these things in a native school: the artists will never tell one another anything: everything is a secret." I told him that, in my opinion, there should be no secrets in art. "Ah," he said, "in Europe it is different; but here everything is secret!"

I felt pleased with this artist, and satisfied. His description of the native method of painting had been very interesting, and had quite come up to my expectations. Directly afterwards he shattered all my hopes for Indian art in one fell swoop by remarking that this old method was of no use whatever, and that the only good principle was that of the Bombay School, which all the artists were now endeavouring to copy. After having listened to this fascinating description with enthusiasm, as though he knew what he was talking about and believed in it, to be told that he was following in the footsteps of the Bombay School of design was depressing. Then he went on to talk of perspective and drawing from the antique, and soon I began to feel that things were fairly hopeless. As a sort of final touch, he undid a paper parcel and showed me in a tawdry little gold frame an appalling miniature of the Viceroy

FROM THE HILLS, BALUCHISTAN



—niggled, small, and with no merit in it whatever. This man is a typical native artist. Nearly all his fellow-craftsmen seem to face art in the same way—so different from the artists in Japan, so much less artistic,—and we could not help feeling that there was in very truth no living art at all in India, and that the Viceroy, strive as hard as he may, will not produce revival.

After luncheon the Major took us to Jind, and there we saw a series of strange gentlemen. Sikhs they were, most of them dressed in blue, and bearing war implements and steel rings. They had circles of steel round their necks, similar circles round their turbans. At first it was a puzzle to me why they should carry these hoops; they were flat like quoits, had a sharp knife-edge, and appeared in most unexpected places—round the neck, round the waist, and on their turbans. Were they worn for decorative reasons? I discovered that the hoops were used simply as implements of war. They are deadly weapons. The Sikhs throw them at their enemies, hurl them along edgeways as you would a quoit, and cut off heads as easily as you would slice a lemon.

One of the incidents that attracted my attention

was the falsetto shriek of an old man standing under an archway at the entrance gate. He was a big man, though very old, with white hair and piercing black eyes; and he was mounted on a tiny pony, the size of a Shetland. He wore a huge conical turban, about four feet in height, covered with steel daggers, and hoops, and weapons of all kinds. He was a celebrated religious fanatic from the golden temple of Amritsar. The song he was singing was the names of ten Gurus in the form of a chant. A few days before the Sikhs had celebrated the birthday of Govind Sinh, the tenth and greatest Guru, the man who made the Sikhs into a religious and political power. The ninth Guru, Teg Bahadur, was a very religious man. His ambition was to reform the Sikhs; but he fell into the hands of the Great Mogul, who wanted to kill him, and was continually searching for some pretext to do so. At last Teg Bahadur, when walking outside his prison, was found guilty and accused of looking towards the Mogul's zenana, a heinous sin. He answered the accusation in these words: "I was not looking towards the zenana. I was looking south for the white race who will come from beyond the sea to tear down thy purdahs and destroy thine empire."

A TYPICAL BALUCH

He comes from the hills—a fierce, untamed creature.



Thus Teg Bahadur sealed his own fate. He was beheaded immediately. His words lived among the Sikhs afterwards, and his prophecy was spread far and wide; while his memory was kept green by the next Guru, the wise Govind Sinh. On the day when the Sikhs helped us so bravely at the assault of Delhi, and the Mogul rule was ended, Govind Sinh shouted out as a battle-cry the name of Teg Bahadur. That is partly the reason why the Sikhs are so friendly towards us. They feel that British rule in India has come to stay, and that it was the wish of Teg Bahadur, the great Guru, that it should be. The name of this great and glorious martyr acted as an impetus to their courage, and the Sikhs flung themselves boldly into the thick of the fight. The day of the Durbar the Sikhs made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Teg Bahadur to renew their vows of loyalty to the King Emperor. Their sacred book, the *Granth Sahib*, was brought forward, and they saluted it reverently while their bands played "God Save the King!" It was on this same anniversary that the screaming fanatic we saw at Jind clothed his pony in breeches and made a Sikh of him.

On another day, Major Dunlop Smith ordered

all the Baluchistan chiefs to be brought round to the Patiala Camp. There were about a hundred of them, all dressed in white—morose, severe-looking people. They were the very last to give in to British rule, and they didn't look as though they had quite given in yet, or as though they were likely to, so long as their race existed. They made a magnificent picture with their long jet-black beards, and their dark, extremely handsome faces. They wore long white flowing robes, and looked almost like biblical figures. I was surprised to find that etiquette was a great point with these men. They were extremely touchy, and stood on their dignity in quite a remarkable way. They would insist on being sketched each in his proper order. I chose one man to sit for me as being the most picturesque, and, to my astonishment, I found all the others turning their backs, and going off muttering, and glowering at me under their bushy eyebrows. However, they came back when I told them that they were necessary for my picture, and smiled and muttered among themselves, much like contented tiger-cats. These fierce hillmen are inordinately proud of their personal appearance.

When we left the Camp they came up to us

## TWO BALUCH CHIEFS

WILD, untamed men, who seem as though they have not even yet completely subjected themselves to British rule.



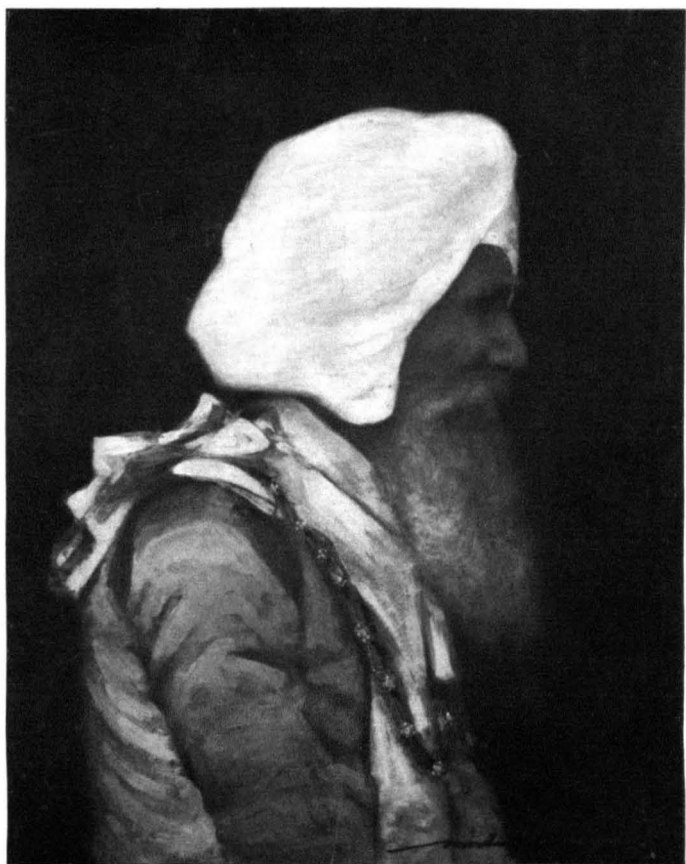
one at a time and insisted upon shaking hands. Most of them had never shaken hands in their lives before; but the first Chief, a more or less Europeanised person, had done it, and they must all follow suit. On one of the last days we spent at the Punjaub Camp, the Major told us of an interview he had with Nabha the old king. The Maharaja called on him, and said, "I shall soon be leaving Delhi now. I, the King, have rested on this ground in this Punjaub Camp; and I wish to place enough money in the bank to free this land from taxes for ever." As the Major said, this kingly speech was just like the dear old Nabha.

The Major was rather unhappy about the young Maharaja of Patiala. He was anxious, he said, to get the child away directly after the festivities. The boy's tendencies were somewhat frivolous, and he was enjoying the social side of the Durbar rather too heartily for the Major's peace of mind. The night before, he told us, Patiala had had an uproarious time at an evening party. The ladies had petted him, and he had become altogether too light-headed. It was time, said the Major, that the boy returned to his books. He was a kindly little chap, with a

cheery nature, and with care, Dunlop Smith told us, he might develop into a very fine man ; but he was so much surrounded by temptations, and his father's example had been so bad, that the Englishman's task was difficult.

#### THE MAHARAJA OF NABHA

ONE of the oldest Maharajas in Delhi. When leaving Delhi he placed sufficient money in the bank to free the land where his camp had been from taxes for ever. "For," he said, "I, the king, have rested here, and henceforth the land must always be free from encumbrances." A truly kingly act.

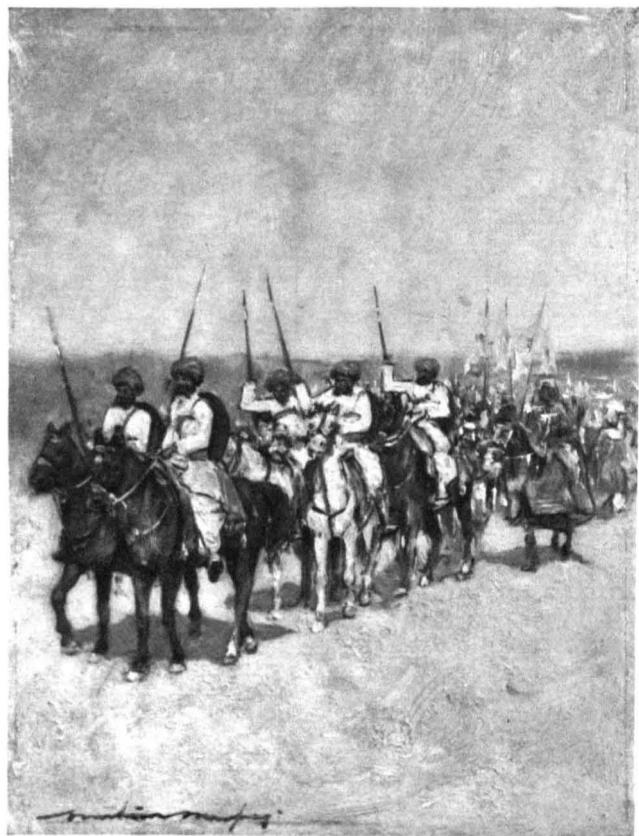


X

BARODA CAMP

**SPEAR-BEARERS FROM CUTCH**

A THRONG of mounted retainers, with silver-adorned  
saddlery.



## X

### BARODA CAMP

ONE day we went with the representative of *The Times* and other friends to lunch with the Gaekwar of Baroda. We were received by the Private Secretary, the Political Agent, and other officials, who took us into a large tent to sign our names in the visitors' book. It happened that just at that moment a neighbouring Maharaja had called on the Gaekwar. While waiting for our host, we looked at some of his jewels and the famous gold-and-silver cannons of Baroda. We were first taken to see the gold-and-silver ornaments of the oxen that drew the cannons. It was surprising to realise how many scores of thousands of pounds' worth of precious metal was kept in rickety old wooden boxes and guarded by an old man who seemed to be more or less of the coolie class. He had a bunch



In the end we saw so much gold that we began to talk of it by the pound weight. At every moment I held a handful of gold—now a jewelled garter worn by a sacred ox, and anon a solid gold covering for the horns, ten pounds in weight.

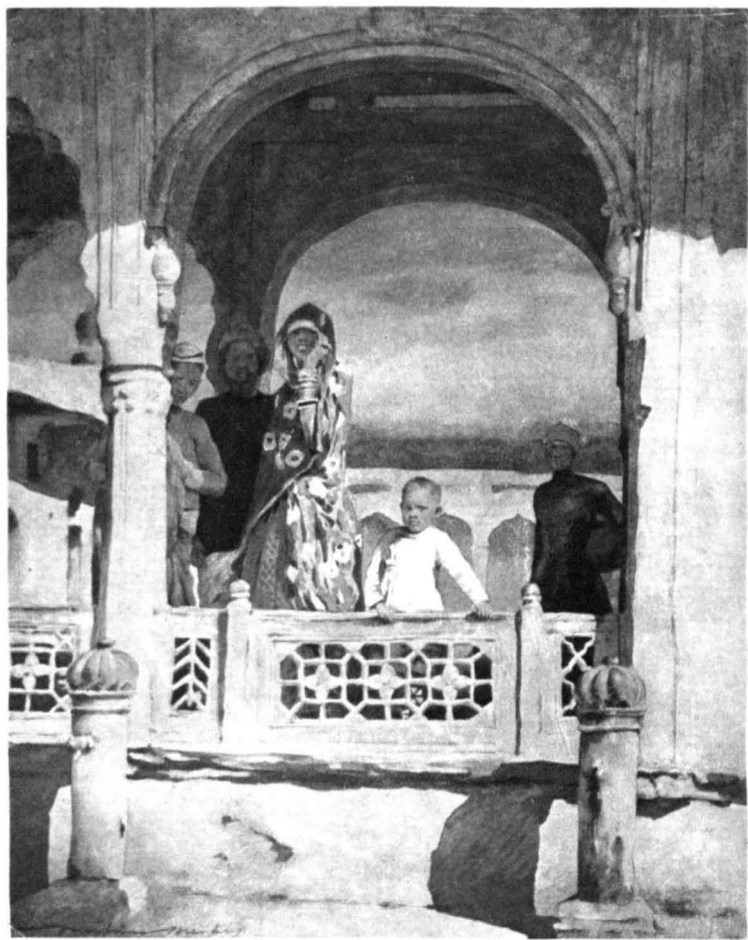
There was a surprise in store when we reached the tent where the Gaekwar's jewels were kept. They brought out a diamond necklace. It was almost a breastplate of diamonds of perfect purity—a necklace for which a millionaire might crave in vain. One diamond is said to be the third largest in the world, very little less than the "Koh-i-noor," the second largest. Hanging immediately underneath was a heart-shaped diamond, very nearly as large. Even these two massive gems did not appear so very enormous when surrounded, as they were, by scores of others, some of them larger than a child's marble. On seeing this wonder, a lady clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh why didn't His Highness wear that beautiful necklace at the Durbar?" "Because," said an official who was standing by, "that is only one among the Gaekwar's store of jewels. The necklace which His Highness wore at the Durbar was worth three times as much as this one. Here is

something you will admire," he added, as he drew out a pearl necklace, five or six rows of pearls all as large as pigeon's eggs, so large that it seemed difficult to realise that they were in truth pearls. Through want of exposure to the light, they had become lustreless, and one felt that it would be good to throw them into the sea. There seemed to be over them a film which, if once unveiled, would reveal untold glories.

We went on from case to case seeing diamonds and rubies until our brains spun and we could see no more. The light and fire of those glorious gems were too much. It was a relief to leave them and go out into the open air again. The jewels fascinated one and exerted a strange influence.

The Gaekwar himself came forward to meet us as we entered the drawing-room. He was dressed in white satin edged with gold, and he wore five or six strings of pearls round his neck. He spoke in a most intelligent and interesting way. There can be no doubt that he is one of the most enlightened and powerful of Indian Princes. It seems strange that the Gaekwar was once only a village boy. In default of an heir, the Queen Dowager adopted and brought the child up as

WATCHING THE PAGEANT



successor to the vacant throne of Baroda. Also, it is strange that for all his ability, great wealth, and high position, this Prince is unable to persuade the poorest Brahmin begging at his gates to drink out of the same cup with him, or his high-caste neighbour to ally himself by marriage with his family.

The luncheon was modern and European, served on solid gold plate. The Political Resident was there—a man who is supposed to counteract the Ruler's conduct in affairs of State—to humour him and yet stand firm. That is a somewhat difficult position ordinarily; but with the Gaekwar of Baroda the Resident's post is quite a sinecure. The State is so sensibly governed that the Resident has developed into a companion to the Gaekwar when he travels, and his chief duty consists in insisting that proper respect is paid to his Highness's person.

The ladies of our party went into the zenana, and were entertained by the Maharani of Baroda. They told me their experiences afterwards, and were one and all enthusiastic in praise of their hostess. She talked and gossiped with them, they said, like any English lady. Indeed, she is an enlightened Princess. She has been to London

with her husband, and has mixed in English society. She is never seen by any man save her husband, not even by the British Resident; and she affirms that "native public opinion is not yet prepared for any radical change in the condition of Indian women." She took the ladies into her bedroom, they told me; and her maid brought out all her dresses—cases and cases of them—cloth of gold, silks sewn with pearls and rubies and diamonds, silver-spangled chiffons, and endless joys such as made them terribly envious.

**XI**  
**THE SIKKIM CAMP**

CHIEFS OF THE SHAN STATE



## XI

### THE SIKKIM CAMP

EVERYTHING was native in the Sikkim Camp. There was less money spent on it than on any other at the Durbar. Still, perhaps just because there was no attempt at the introduction of European furniture, the effect was quite splendid. Directly one passed the threshold one felt in another world. These people were more gentle, more easy to understand, more emotional, than the Indians. They seemed to be more of the temperament of the Burmese, and showed their feelings more. I noticed an old man sitting down on a stone, crying. He stayed there for some time in the same position, always weeping. When I asked them why he was showing this extreme grief, they told me that he had had his money stolen from him that morning, and he had been crying ever since. There he was, when I left, still sobbing just like a baby.

I was told that the young ruler of Sikkim had helped to design and to carry out much of the decoration of the Camp himself. This was in order to economise; for Sikkim is not a rich State, and he was so anxious to make a good show. Where riches failed taste stepped in, and in my opinion at least far eclipsed the other. The whole Camp was very artistic in the way it had been planned out. Unfortunately, it was so far away that very few people went to see it. Of the large tents, one was used for a reception-room, and full of interest, almost like a museum, filled as it was with quaint curios very well placed, arousing more interest than the art exhibition. The camp costume was different from any other I had seen. There was not all that gold and gorgeousness: it was very simple, and the colours were subdued. In fact, the people in appearance reminded me of the Burmese. There was a girl there who acted as a servant to one of the ladies, and she was quite pretty and fascinating. Indeed, what struck me most forcibly about the Sikkim Camp was the simplicity of the people. They were like a camp of children.

After leaving the Sikkim Camp we went over to the Burmese. There we saw the famous gong

A SOLDIER OF THE MAHARAJA OF  
SIKKIM

THIS is the old dress of the men in the Raja's army ;  
they are especially proud of the peacock's feathers in  
their caps.



which is carried in all religious ceremonies and great processions. The men who bore it wore enormous hats—Leghorn hats—very much like those worn by London omnibus-horses in summer. This Burmese Camp was quite distinct. Here one met with perfect joy. It was all happiness, and the people showed their joy in every way; yet it was not an energetic, it was a languid, happiness. We were entertained there by one of the Shan Chiefs, and presented to his wife and family with much ceremony. When we arrived they were all smoking enormous cheroots—the wife, the servants, and even the pretty children—and cigars which were quite a foot in length. I never saw people who were slower or more dignified. We were presented to them by an official, and quite five minutes passed before anything was said to us at all. The Chief went on smoking and drinking small cups of strong tea, and so did the family. Then the lord and master spoke, but only for a few seconds: he went on again smoking and sipping his tea. It was quite ten minutes before we were made known to the wife and family. These last were more or less subservient: they all seemed to be occupied in looking after the Chief—his tea, and the lighting of his cigar. They all sat for me just in front of

the tent, surrounded by their paraphernalia for tea-drinking and smoking.

The women were exceedingly pretty ; their hair was dressed very smartly, as neatly coifed, indeed, as that of American women : it was carefully brushed until it was glossy. Their faces were whitened and their lips painted a brilliant carmine. They all wore a flower, generally a pink one, in their hair. Each costume composed a different scheme of colour. They all wore silks, and the wife had a soft, rose-coloured skirt, with a little white cambric bodice and black satin band round her waist. She was quite a poem ! Throughout the whole Camp I noticed that the colouring was fair and delicate—not the rich vermilion and reds of India, but delicate rose tones, pinks, and blues. This was the colouring that met one's eyes everywhere in the Burmese Camp. It was a gracious relief.

A SHAN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE

He drinks tea and smokes cheroots all day long, while  
it is her duty to talk to him and amuse him.



XII

THE CENTRAL INDIA CAMP

A HAWKSMAN OF RAJGARH



## XII

### THE CENTRAL INDIA CAMP

WE started for the Central India Camp very early in the morning ; but, as usual, we lost our way, and did not arrive until late. The British Resident in charge was not quite so charming as most of the men with whom we had come in contact. Perhaps we had been spoiled by the extreme courtesy we had met with everywhere in India. All the camps were rather near, and we walked from one to the other.

In Dhar there were some particularly magnificent elephants, with silver howdahs and gold saddle-cloths, driven by men in purple-and-gold with gold-and-orange turbans. The retainers were in brown with red turbans. Then, there was a real old warrior, with a gold helmet, carrying an orange banner—an old man standing apart in the sun in a yellow jacket, blue breastplate, orange-

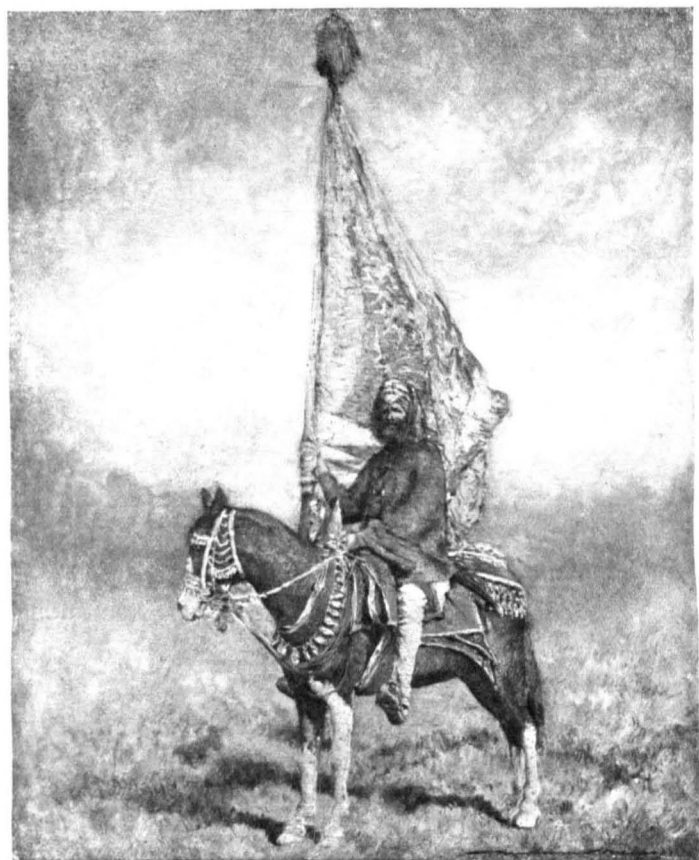
and-gold waistband, and turban of the same hue, in his hand a lance with red streamers.

At Narsingharh there was a huge elephant with a boy sitting astride its tusks; high above him towered a great golden howdah and a small golden umbrella; hanging about him were red velvet and golden tassels.

Every one was only too anxious to sit to me at Rajgarh. Some arranged themselves against a tawdry temporary erection, and tried to elbow one another out in order to get good positions. I moved them all about as I chose, pushing some back and pulling others forward. I found out afterwards that these were all great men, and that I had been pushing about Commanders-in-Chief and Rajas. They all wore differently-coloured dresses. There were two venerable men with very white beards in light blue with orange turbans and pink sashes. Others were in black with coloured pompons. Some had old-rose and silver dresses; others sported butter colour with pink turbans. All carried flaming banners. It was superb—a marvellous collection. There were the dogs and the falconers—a magnificent group. One of the falconers carried a bird on his gloved hand. He was dressed in vivid colours, and was a

A STANDARD-BEARER OF CUTCH

PERHAPS one of the finest figures at the Durbar.



splendid type. Then, the hounds, a whole pack of them, had bright yellow jackets edged with red and brilliant grass-green; so on, and so on. They seemed to be building up in beauty of colouring, these camps of the native Chiefs: each seemed more brilliant than the last. The officer who was looking after us seemed much more interested in a motor car than in native costume or art; but even his lack of enthusiasm could not damp us. Everything we saw was a picture, and the people themselves were intensely interested.

Perhaps one of the finest figures I saw in India was in Central India. He was a standard-bearer, with a gold helmet and steel chain-armour. It was the dignity of the man that impressed me chiefly. He had a black beard parted at his chin and brushed smartly up to his ears. He carried an enormous orange banner with a gold device, and his horse wore trappings of blue with a red and green checked saddle-cloth. This figure we saw later at the Retainers' show. He stood out even surrounded by so much fine manhood.

Scindia had only begun to prepare when we arrived. We could not wait for him, and went on to Rewa. Rewa was especially gorgeous. There we saw vivid emerald-green banners and

elephants with gold trappings. To describe in detail the costumes and trappings of the various animals would be wearisome, and would not convey a true impression. You can only imagine all the most brilliant colours you have ever seen, and then understand that these were twice as brilliant and in motion in a clear atmosphere under a burning sun—colours that you could not look at in any country save India, for they would blind you. Rewa seemed to be the last word in gorgeousness. One had seen elephants smothered in gold, and horses caparisoned in vivid colours; but here they had gone as far as they could go in gorgeous colour and richness of detail. For example, there would be an elephant with the driver and the bearers all in gold, and in different qualities of gold—all gold. My poor little palette compared with this sparkle in sunlight was almost pathetic.

In Gwalior we noticed a levelling influence, a change. The colour was sadder, and the costume fast disappearing, giving place to Western improvements and military ideas. It made one reflect, and was depressing for the moment.

This wonderful Central India Camp, with all its priceless gems and glittering heaps of precious