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SERINGAPATAM



THE GUMBAZ

SERINGAPATAM

By
CONSTANCE E. PARSONS



1162 AHMED SHĀH RĀJA
JAGADĒV RĀJ SAN 2
THE MYSORE ROYAL SEAL

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*' This fortress, still an object of
deep, even passionate interest to
numbers who flock to visit it.'*

—Colonel Malleison.

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To
EMELYN MARY SPARKES
To WHOM I OWE
SO MANY HAPPY INDIAN DAYS
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

PREFACE

IN this guide book to Seringapatam, the second volume on the Mysore State, my hearty thanks are again due and hereby offered to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore for several books, and for the impression of the Mysore Royal Seal and for gracious permission to use the Palace Library; to the Rev. Henry Gulliford for the loan of many valuable old books on the history of Mysore and Seringapatam; to the Palace authorities in Mysore, and the Archæological Department, especially to Dr. Arthasastra Visarada Mahamahopadhyaya R. Shama Sastri, B.A., Ph.D., and Dr. M. H. Krishna Iyengar, M.A., D.Lit.

And for generous permission to quote extracts or poems I am deeply indebted to and gratefully thank the following authors and publishers :

Messrs. Constable & Co., for permission to quote from the late Mr. Lewis Rice's *Gazetteer of Mysore*, his *Mysore and Coorg from the Inscriptions*, and his *Epigraphia Carnatica*. As acknowledged in the first volume, *Mysore City*, 'direct quotations from these books (described by a "Failed B.A." friend as "monumental mines of learning") are indicated, but a very great number of the following pages owe something to one or other of those books. Indeed, to attempt to write anything on Mysore without their help would be almost equivalent to attempting to write a book in English without using any word in the Oxford Dictionary.'

Mr. Ernest Raymond and his agents and publishers, Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, and Messrs. Cassell & Co., for

the lines on page 93 from *Tell England*; and the secretary of the *Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society*, Bangalore. Mr. M. Aruldasan and the Rev. F. W. Spencer for reading the proofs and for many suggestions and criticisms. Also Sir William Beardsell, Dr. Louis Dame, the Revs. R. W. Boote and F. W. Spencer, and Messrs. A. V. Varadacharlu & Son for photographs and permission to reproduce them, and Mrs. David Doddwell for the loan of her drawing of Mir Mahammad Habibulla Saheb.

Ootacamund, 1931.

C.E.P.

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*Prepared from the Survey of India Seringapatam Guide Map with
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N.B.—The visitor is advised to view the places in the order here indicated. Even if he arrives from the north he will do well to drive the furlong or so from the Wellesley Bridge to the Mysore Gate, and then to follow this itinerary.

However short the time at his disposal he should endeavour to see at least the places marked by an asterisk.



THE KAVERI, SERINGAPATAM

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THE island, formed by the river Kaveri, of Seringapatam, is about three miles long from east to west and one mile broad ; and lies—ten miles from Mysore and seventy-five from Bangalore—on the high road and the railway from Bangalore to Mysore.

While there are many ways of reaching the island—trains two or three times a day and, from Mysore, buses frequently—vehicles in Seringapatam are very few indeed, and visitors who do not arrive by car would do well to write to the stationmaster asking him to engage some conveyance (it may be only a pony *jatka* or tonga or a bullock cart) to meet them at the station.

Those who spend a day in the island, and it cannot be thoroughly explored in less than a day, should take provisions with them.

HISTORY

‘Seringapatam has a history,’ says the Rev. E. W. Thompson, ‘which only the labour of years can unravel.’

The earliest inscription found records that in A.D. 894 TIRUMALAYA, a Ganga petty chieftain, founded in the jungle-covered island two temples ; one to Sri Ranganatha Svami and a smaller one to his tutelary god, Tirumala Deva, enclosing them within a wall. He it was who gave the place its name of Sri Ranga-pattana, or the City of Sri Ranga.¹

¹ *Ephigraphia Carnatica*, Shikarpur, 234.

The temples quickly acquired a great reputation, so much so that Gautama Rishi, a thousand years ago, left the *tirthas* of the far north to live on a tiny islet in the all-forgiving Kaveri and to worship and do penance in the larger temple.

* * * * *

Early in the twelfth century (the dates vary between 1103 and 1133) VISHNUVARDHANA, king of much territory, with a capital at Halebid, Talakadu and Melkote—in fact wherever he happened to reside—was converted to the Vishnuite faith by its great apostle, Ramanujacharya, and granted to him and his disciples a tract of country, still known as Astagrama or the eight townships. This extended on both sides of the Kaveri, near to and west of the island.

In 1454 the DANAYAK (or Lieutenant) TIMMANNA, a descendant of one of Ramanujacharya's disciples, laid the foundations of the fort, having during a personal visit to the Vijayanagar emperor received permission to build a fortress and to govern the Astagrama. Grants relating to this event and to others in the lives of his descendants are preserved in the archives of Mysore.

In 1495 the rule of the Vijayanagar empire extended to Seringapatam, which was captured by NARASA, the founder of the second Vijayanagar dynasty; who, 'quickly damming up the Kaveri, when in full flood,' says an old inscription, 'crossed over and captured the enemy alive in battle. Taking possession of their kingdom he made the ancient Seringapatam his own.'

It then became one of the four places governed by viceroys of that great Hindu empire, so soon to be in turn conquered by a Muhammadan one. In the sixteenth century the Moghul empire dissolved into many lesser

states, of which the most powerful, that of Bijapur, advancing to the south and west, little by little encroached on the Vijayanagar territory and finally, in 1565, at the battle of Talikota defeated the Vijayanagar general, Rama Rayal, his (the records aver) million men and 2,000 elephants.

Rama Rayal's brother, TIRUMALA RAYAL, who was Viceroy of Seringapatam, fled—not empty handed, if the almost incredible accounts are true. He managed to carry away on the backs of 500 elephants one hundred million sterling, and with it reached his town in safety. His namesake and successor held the position of viceroy until, in 1610, old, worn out and diseased, he relinquished it to the powerful Mysore ruler, RAJA WADIYAR. The raja removed his capital to the island and here it remained until the Restoration of 1799. Here was the seat of government, and the palace of the Vijayanagar viceroys became the palace of the Mysore Wadiyars (overlords).

* * * * *

Raja Wadiyar and three later rajas consolidated and greatly extended the Mysore dominions. They were followed by a succession of weak rulers, puppet kings who more and more became submissive to their *delavayas* and *dewans* (commanders-in-chief, and prime ministers), until in 1761 HAIDAR ALI, a Muhammadan trooper in the Mysore Horse, rose to become Dewan, and the virtual ruler of the state.

He not only usurped all power in the kingdom of Mysore, but emerged at last successful from prolonged struggles with the Mahrattas, who hated him for encroaching on their territory, and with the Nizam, who feared his rising power and despised him as an illiterate upstart.

The struggle cost him much before any success was assured. To the Mahrattas especially he had again and again to yield lands and tribute. As M. Michaud says in his *Histoire des progrès et de la chute de l'Empire de Mysore* (written a hundred and thirty years ago): 'Les Mysoréens payoient un tribut aux Marattes, et avec un peu d'or ils avoient acheté un siècle de tranquillité.'

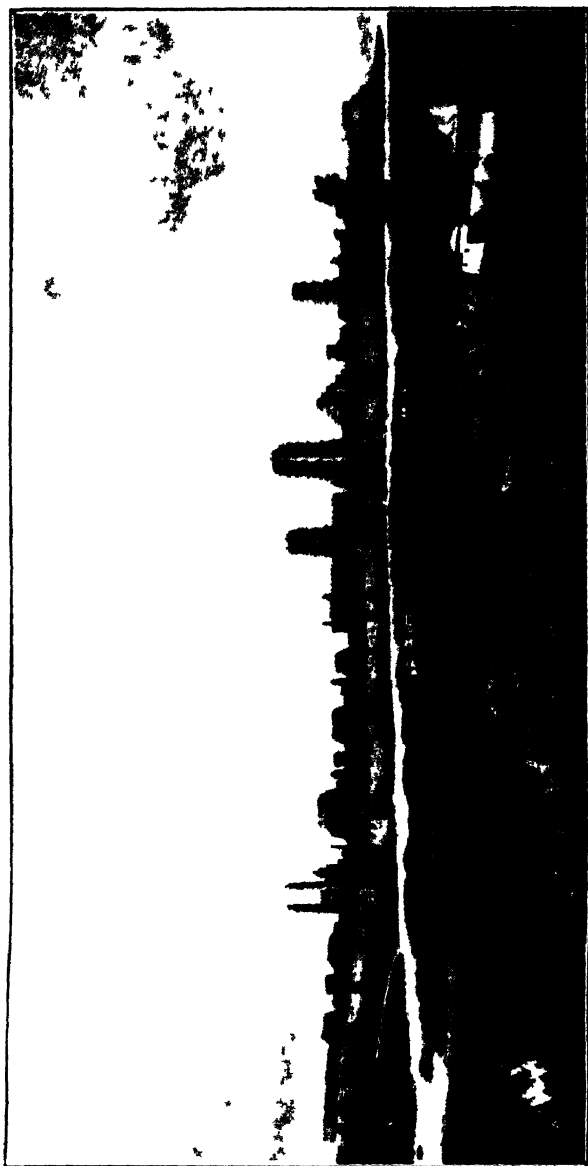
Hardly had Haidar won or bought peace from these rivals than he had a stronger combination still to oppose.

During the eighteenth century the English, trading peacefully in Bombay, Surat, Masulipatam and Madras, were forced by the internicine feuds all over the country, first to military protection, then to alliances defensive and offensive, and finally to the great struggle against the French which lasted for over a century.

A prominent cause of the wars which now arose between Mysore and the English was the fear which Haidar Ali inspired in the minds of the Mahrattas and the Nizam, who proceeded to ally themselves with the English against him. In the first campaign Haidar was successful. Appearing before the gates of Madras he forced a frightened Council to an ignominious treaty.

The capture of Mahé by the British was resented by Haidar; and in the campaign which followed it occurred Colonel Baillie's defeat at Pollilur and the capture of the majority of the British who 'in defiance of faith and the law of nations' were imprisoned in Seringapatam from 1780 to 1784, and in many cases to 1799.

After Haidar's son's—TIPU SULTAN'S—conquest of Bednur (Nagar), and Mangalore, a peace was concluded and a treaty was signed in 1784 by which all prisoners on each side were to be released and restored, and all places captured to revert to their former owners. The first



SIRINGAPATNAM IN 1792

provision was only very partially kept by Tipu, who retained many British captives. Carelessly or callously the Council in Madras failed to enforce it; and the prisoners retained lingered on for varying periods. Some died from ill-treatment, a very few escaped with their lives, or survived to see the Great Liberation of 1799, but a few were released in 1792 when the Third Mysore War was ended by Tipu's capitulation to Lord Cornwallis. In 1791, after besieging and capturing Bangalore, Cornwallis had approached and attacked Seringapatam from the north; but owing to difficulties of transport and the failure of supplies was compelled, after a successful engagement, to retire. Returning in February 1792, he drove the Sultan's army before him across the river, gained possession of Shahar Ganjam, the Daria Daulat and the Lal Bagh and forced Tipu to conclude a humiliating peace.

* * * * *

The Fourth Mysore War culminated in the historic siege of Seringapatam by General Harris, the death of Tipu Sultan and the consequent restoration of the Hindu Wadiyars to their ancient throne, under British protection, in May 1799.

Many volumes have been written—some by those who took part in the assault or visited the island while its conquerors still lived there—describing the preparations (from 5 April to 4 May) for the siege and the final assault and capture. These have been condensed in the most graphic and interesting way in *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*¹ by the Rev. E. W. Thompson, M.A., a book which every visitor to Seringapatam who wishes

¹ Sold at the Wesleyan Book Depôt, Mysore. Re. 1.

thoroughly to understand the military tactics employed, the details of the actual warfare and the thrilling events which immediately followed the assault, should have in hand. Another brochure, *Romantic Seringapatam* (As. 8) by the Rev. Edmund Bull, M.A., presents very clearly 'the political and dynastic connecting links between the Mysore of the past so closely connected with the rise and fall of Seringapatam,' and many interesting sidelights on the places we are about to visit.

* * * * *

The following account of the operations of the British armies—directed by Lord Mornington, the Governor-General, commanded by Generals Harris and Stuart and led by General Baird—are greatly condensed from the pages of Volumes I and II of the *Gazetteer of Mysore*, Wilk's *History of Mysoor*, and narratives by Major Dirom, Major Allan and Col. Beatson.

'Since the siege of 1792 Tipu had greatly strengthened the fortifications. Double ramparts and double ditches were added to the northern and western faces, thus creating a fortress within a fortress. Besides this a new line of entrenchments was formed from the Daria Daulat to the Paschimavahini Bridge. General Harris arrived before Seringapatam on the 5th of April, after defeating Tipu at Malavalli and outwitting him in regard to the route. The south-western angle of the fort was chosen as the point of attack. . . .

'General Stuart, having subdued the Mysoreans on the Coorg side, safely effected his junction with the main army on the 14th, notwithstanding the active and well-conducted exertions of the Mysore cavalry under General Kamar-ud-din to check his progress. He took up his position on the north side of the fort. The regular siege

may be said to date from the 17th, and it was decided ultimately to storm the western angle, across the river.'¹ The Sultan now again attempted negotiations and was informed that the terms previously offered would be held open only till three o'clock next day. Despair seized him and he abandoned military preparations for divination and propitiatory gifts to gods and priests of any creed.

'Meanwhile the approaches and breaching batteries of the besiegers were steadily advancing, and on the morning of the 2nd of May began to form the breach—next day reported practicable.

'Before daybreak on the memorable 4th of May the assaulting party, consisting of 2,494 Europeans and 1,887 Indian troops, under the command of General Baird, had taken their stand in the trenches, with scaling ladders and other implements ready. The Sultan had persuaded himself that the assault would never be made by daylight. At one o'clock, however, General Baird . . . led his men into the bed of the river. Though immediately assailed by musketry and rockets, nothing could withstand their ardour and in less than seven minutes the forlorn hope reached the summit of the breach and there hoisted the British flag.'

* * * * *

The defence was entrusted to the following officers:

General Seyyid Saheb, Tipu's father-in-law, was in charge of the south-west angle—the one attacked—assisted by Seyyid Gaffur. (See page 145.) Tipu's eldest son, assisted by the Dewan Purniah, held the northern ramparts and Sultan Battery. The second son had

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, II, p. 413.

charge of the southern battlements and the Mysore Gate.¹

General Kamar-ud-din was away opposing General Floyd.

The Sultan himself for fourteen days preceding the siege lived in a curtained-off part of the Kalale Diddi Water Gate; and here consulted the stars, practised divination, poured gifts on priests and moulvies and intermittently and despairingly directed operations.

On the day of the assault Colonel Wellesley remained in support in the trenches, seconded by Major-General Bridges and Major-General Popham.

On reaching the summit of the breach General Baird's two columns wheeled off. One, commanded by Lt.-Colonel Dunlop, to the west and northern bastions; the other commanded by Colonel Sherbrooke and accompanied by General Baird, along the southern walls.

Colonel Sherbrooke's forces in less than half an hour, having got possession of the southern ramparts, arrived above the eastern (Ganjam) Gate. Colonel Dunlop's party on the northern ramparts met with more opposition. He was wounded; the leading officers disabled or killed. Then, led by Captain Goodall and Brigade-Major Lambton the column 'pushed forward with irresistible ardour, killed many and drove the enemy before them to the north-west angle'. Here they met the troops, commanded by Tipu in person, who, with the Sultan, were forced to retreat to the far east bastion and then attempted, by way of a water gate, to flee into the citadel. Captain Goodall's party arriving at the north face of this gate fired obliquely

¹ Buchanan says that Tipu's eldest, but illegitimate, son was Fatah Hyder. Of his two legitimate sons Sultan Mohay-ud-din was the elder and Moiz-ud-din the second. Major Allan's narrative gives the name of the second son as Abdul Khalik.

into it from the rear, while it was attacked in front by the troops who had made their way from the south and eastern walls.

In the water gate (since destroyed) Tipu Sultan died. His body was found by General Baird, Colonel Wellesley and Major Allan, taken to the palace and with all honour and ceremony, buried the next evening.

His family was sent to Vellore; the five years old Krishna Raja Wadiyar was enthroned in Mysore and the British remained in possession of Seringapatam.

* * * * *

Dr. Buchanan thus describes Seringapatam as he saw it in May 1800. 'The island has a most dreary and ugly appearance; for naked rock and dirty walls are its predominant features. The fort . . . is an immense, unfinished, unsightly and injudicious mass of building.

'Tippoo seems to have had too high an opinion of his own skill to have consulted the French who were about him, and adhered to the old Indian style of fortification, labouring to make the place strong by heaping walls and cavaliers one above another. He was also very diligent in cutting ditches through the granite, but as he had always in hand more projects than his finances were adequate to defray he never finished any work. The town is very poor. The streets are narrower and more confused than any place I have seen since leaving Bengal. The generality of the houses are very mean. Within the fort Tippoo allowed no person to possess property in houses. He disposed of the dwellings as he thought fit and on the slightest caprice changed the tenants.'¹

¹ *Travels in Mysore, Canara and Malabar*, I, p. 42.

A contrast indeed to the well-planned streets, open spaces, new buildings and electric lighting which Seringapatam, peaceful and prosperous, enjoys to-day.



TRAVELLING FROM MYSORE TO SERINGAPATAM ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD FROM MYSORE TO SERINGAPATAM

THERE is, at the Mysore toll gate, a choice of two routes to Seringapatam: One is by the main road, and one through Cole's Gardens. The latter, being the quieter, should be chosen. The surface of both is excellent, the main road being tarred.

Hundreds of iron posts (electric light standards), outline the REVIEW GROUND, where once a year at the close of the Dasara ceremonies the Maharaja comes in procession to the *Banni Mantapa* and here reviews his troops. Between the review ground and the bungalow in the gardens and surrounded by a stone platform, is the sacred *banni* tree which plays so important a part in the ceremonies of the last day of the feast.

A few miles from Mysore are the

KRISHNARAJENDRA MILLS

to which visitors are admitted on presentation of a visiting card. The main articles of manufacture are cotton yarn and hosiery. The cotton comes chiefly from Davangere, Ranibannur and Bellary.

* * * * *

About midway between Mysore and Seringapatam is the

GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL FARM
AT NAGENAHALLI

which 'affords facilities for testing various implements of cultivation, for the improvement of cultural methods, for testing the manurial requirements of soil . . . crop rotations and suitable varieties of plants and seeds'.

The farm has done good work in the few years of its existence but malaria is so prevalent around it that Government contemplates giving up the farm and establishing a station where experiments in paddy-growing will be undertaken, and in paddy-growing only. For here we come to the great belt of rice fields as we dip into the Kaveri valley.

Next to rice, ragi is the staple food of the people, who may indeed be divided into rice-eaters and ragi-eaters; and the preparation of the ground is interesting, for, says Colonel Wilks, 'The whole world does not, perhaps, exhibit a cleaner system of husbandry than that of the cultivation of ragi in the home fields of Mysore'. The seven times ploughed land is left open to sun and air, then covered with carefully and skilfully prepared manure. The ragi seed is sown broadcast, covered by the plough and raked by the harrow. Sheep are then driven backwards and forwards over the field, and single furrows, six feet apart, are drawn next day. In these furrows the ryot drops bean seeds (*avare* and *tovari*), pressing down the earth with his foot. Fifteen days afterwards the land is hoed from east to west and twenty days after that from north to south. Constant weeding completes the process, which should ensure an eighty-fold return within three or five months.

Some of the stretches and windings of the road are very beautiful. The way is bordered by old, picturesque,

gnarled and twisted trees: banyans, pipals, tamarinds and wild olives, and with mango *topes* (groves)—a relief to the landscape and a great feature of the country side. Thirty-five years ago there were in the Mysore District alone 2,416 *topes*, containing 81,402 trees, and 844 miles of its roads had been planted with avenues. The numbers have greatly increased since then.

Behind the *topes* rise occasional clusters of coconut and date palms. Here and there are *neem* trees (the *Melia azadirachta*) sacred to Lakshmi, of which every part is medicinal, antiseptic or insect proof. Scarlet hibiscus glow: the deeper crimson and paler pink of oleanders light up the sombre hedgerows of grey-green agaves and of the prickly pear or prickly cactus (*Opuntia*). Its large, thick, flat, oval, sage-green leaves apparently grow out of each other, and the poor things' fantastic contortions are hardly beautified by the starlike clusters of sharp thorns and the shrill yellow blossoms which, as Stella Benson says, 'it wears pathetically on its angular and whiskered knuckles'.

Here and there fragrant sandalwood trees—the property, wherever they take root, of Government—are scattered. Above them tower the slender Indian cork trees, *Millingtonias*, with their lovely deep green foliage, a fitting background to the clusters of pure white, drooping, heavily scented flowers. Then the spreading branches of the *Pongamia* or Indian beech catch the eye. In the hot weather its sprays of white flowers, tinged with rose and lilac, falling, spread a carpet for the weary traveller who seeks the shelter of the tree; and when decayed form a rich manure. The scent is delicate, and delicate, too, are the lovely shades of apple green, bronze, and orange which the leaf buds wear.

A few silk cotton trees (*Bombax malabaricum*) make in the spring magnificent displays of crimson-scarlet masses on their leafless boughs ; golden cassia buds and blossoms are everywhere. Akin as they are, few trees look more unrelated than the sparsely scattered acacias ; the *babul* or black acacia—which is the shittim tree of the Bible—with its feathery leaves and insignificant flowers ; and the pagoda trees, whose very strongly scented trumpet blossoms veil the bare boughs in cream-white masses, and whose leaves, when they follow the flowers, are large and thick and glossy.

After harvest the *huchchella*—the foolish oil, or gingeli oil plant—shakes its golden blossoms over the ochre and umber of the fields. In spite of its name it is a useful and generous plant, taking little and giving much. It requires neither weeding nor manuring, and yields the greater part of a favourite sweetmeat ; an inferior but much used cooking oil ; the camel's most prized food. What remains after all this giving is a valuable manure.

Now and again we pass a field of the handsome *Palma Christi*, the castor oil plant, whose four-feet-high, mauve-flushed, crimson stems support the ornamental leaves, large and palmate, of a deep blue-green, also flushed with purple. Leaves whose seeds, says the occultist, render men invisible.

In the evenings glow-worms and fireflies, miracles of flashing light, sparkle among the bushes which edge the many ancient water-channels. More than a score of different kinds of birds may be seen, without leaving the car, in these eleven miles—from the great kites which, like the Merman's whales,

go sailing by,
Sail and sail with unshut eye
(O'er) the world for ever and aye,

to the tiny jewelled sunbirds darting among the dark masses of the mango trees.

Squirrels, adorable to watch and maddening to hear, flirt and flash across the road and up and down the trees. Those who do not know the oft-told story of the origin of the stripes on the Indian squirrel's back may care to hear it now.

When the ogre, Ravana, carried off by force and guile the Princess Sita to his kingdom in Ceylon every kind of creature rushed to assist her distracted husband, Rama, in the search for his beautiful and devoted wife. To reach Ceylon, a bridge across the sea, at which all sorts of animals worked feverishly, was begun. Rama saw a squirrel stumbling eagerly along, carrying pebbles in its tiny paws; and stooping down he gently stroked the little creature's back, saying, 'My thanks. Go quietly, little brother.' When he lifted his hand the marks of his three fingers were printed in golden hairs, and to this day the Indian squirrel bears these honourable bars.

The road is a busy one. Buses pound and bullock carts rumble along it; droves of tiny donkeys stagger under burdens tied on immensely high-peaked saddles. Groups of brilliantly dressed gipsy women, Lambanis, chattering in their strange mixed Kutni dialect, swing by. Their dress is a remarkable one and extremely picturesque. The skirt is immensely wide, swinging and swaying with every motion of the wearer. The overdress or *sari* is usually a mass of intricate and handsome embroidery, worked in black and scarlet on a cream or dull-red ground. It is said that each woman embroiders her own robe, taking a year to do it; that each *sari* lasts a year, is worn continuously, and is replaced on a festival day, after bathing, with feasting, dancing and ceremony.

'The women wear the hair in ringlets or plaits, hanging down on each side of the face, decorated with cowries and terminating in tassels. The arms and anklets are profusely covered with trinkets made of bone, brass and other rude materials.'

Their customs are unique and are guarded with such close secrecy that death is the penalty for divulging them. Their priests' rule is absolute. The different communities (and there are some twenty-six clans) recognize each other by masonic signs. They are credited with practising sorcery and witchcraft, and until withheld by the stern arm of the Law, infanticide and human sacrifice.¹

The small village of KALASTAVADI, through which we pass, was once a large and important Jain centre, covered with *bustis* (Jain temples) of which hardly a trace remains. One hundred and one of these are said to have been demolished to provide material for enlarging the great temple of Sri Ranganathasvami in Seringapatam. Small temples rise by the roadside, the largest being to Siddalingappa and to Somesvara.

We next come to

SULTANPET

and stop for a moment in the shadow of this lonely shed and wayside pipal tree—for here is historic ground.

The picturesque Virajanadi Channel which flows quietly past was the work of Chikka Deva Raja nearly 400 years ago. It irrigates about 7,330 acres and from it a revenue of Rs. 45,888 is derived.

In 1799 all around this spot were five large *topes* of

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 230.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF SULTANPFI

To face page 17

coconut, arecanut, bamboo and other large trees, and especially great quantities of the betel plant. To irrigate the latter the ground was everywhere intersected with water channels five and six feet deep. The stock of material supplied by these trees, 'an advantage no other situation near could afford,' induced General Harris a month before the siege to choose ground just south of this bridge for his headquarters.

Tipu, with his craze for erasing the past and painting the future and the surrounding country red and bespattered with his name, had here designed a city to be called after him Sultanpet. The name, a few road-side Muhammadan graves and this humble, lonely shed are all that remain of his Dream City.

The interest of the place, however, is due, not to the ancient waterway, the groves, the military encampment of a famous army, or to the City That Never Was, but to the fact that here, over the very ground we travel, the great Duke of Wellington lost his force, and lost himself and lost heart, and sustained his one defeat.

The chivalry and self-sacrifice of Sir David Baird—whom Wellesley more than once supplanted—saved him from the consequences of this disaster. Consequences, as Captain Elers points out, which would have been followed by a court martial for losing his troops on that April evening 'if he had been an obscure soldier of fortune'.

The city was so much in the air that Sultanpet was still known as The Betel Tope when, on 4 April 1799, a considerable force of Tipu's troops and rocket men assembled there. General Baird was ordered to dislodge them. In dense darkness he led his men over the many deep water channels, to find that the enemy had taken fright at his approach and had abandoned their post. One

of his officers volunteered to guide him and his troops back to camp; but after some time Lieutenant (afterwards the famous scientist, Colonel) Lambton declared that they were all being led due north to Tipu's camp instead of to their own headquarters in the south. Here, just where we halt, General Baird put a firefly on his pocket compass and found that the lieutenant was right. They faced about and, surprising on their way an enemy picquet, returned to camp with the men and horses they had seized.¹

Next day the enemy regained possession of the Sultanpet Tope and other neighbouring outposts and this time the task of dislodging them fell to the lot of Colonel Shaw and Colonel Wellesley. The former, with the 12th Regiment, was completely successful in taking possession of all the posts to the left.

Sultanpet Tope was Wellesley's objective. 'Advancing at the head of his regiment, the 33rd, he was instantly attacked in the darkness of the night on every side by a tremendous fire of musquetry and rockets. The men gave way, were dispersed and retreated in disorder. Several were killed and twelve grenadiers were taken prisoners. The report of this disaster ran through the camp like wildfire and the mortification of Colonel Wellesley is described as having been excessive.'²

When, a month later, their comrades took Seringapatam, their grief and horror turned to fury on learning that these twelve grenadiers and other English soldiers taken in assaults on outposts during the siege had been brutally murdered by Tipu's orders. 'Though General Baird could

¹ *Life of Sir David Baird, Bart.*, I, p. 172.

² *ibid.*, I, p. 173.

not bring himself to credit the report it eventually proved to be true. Eight were . . . men of the 33rd who had lost their way at Sultanpet. Some of the officers of the regiment, sent by Colonel Wellesley, identified the body of one man, a peon having undertaken to show where the European prisoners were buried. These unfortunate captives were murdered at night . . . by twisting their heads, while their bodies were held fast and thus breaking their necks.’¹

‘The others had all,’ says General Baird in his official report to General Harris on 6 May 1799, ‘been put to death about ten days before in the most barbarous manner, by having nails driven through their skulls.’ They were murdered in a square building behind Nanja Raja Urs’s house, called the Hackery Stables.

To return to the disaster at Sultanpet. Colonel McKenzie tells us that he and Wellesley lost their way in the darkness and it was not until they had groped about for several hours that, alone, they reached the camp. Wellesley, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, threw himself on the camp dinner table and fell asleep.

Was it a haunting memory of that terrible night which inspired the Duke’s famous phrase about two o’clock in the morning courage?

He was still sleeping when the troops paraded next morning. General Harris, who had arranged for him to command a detachment to retake the *Tope*, paced the parade ground impatiently. When the troops had been waiting for more than an hour for their sleeping leader Harris ordered General Baird to take command. In the five minutes that followed he rose, as was his way, to

¹ *Life of Sir David Baird, Bart.*, I, p. 191.

heights of generous self-effacement. At the word of command he mounted his horse; then when about to start, he wavered and turned to General Harris with a plea that Wellesley (his junior and inferior officer, be it remembered) might still be given an opportunity to retrieve the 'misfortune' of the night before. While the General hesitated Wellesley appeared: he took command and regained possession of the *Tope*.

What, one can but wonder, would have been the effect on history—Mysore history, English, world history—if the future Duke of Wellington had been captured with his grenadiers? ¹

A little farther on, just before we catch the first glimpse of Paschimavahini, is a remarkably fine banyan tree; a tree which—we have Milton's authority for it—grew in Eden,

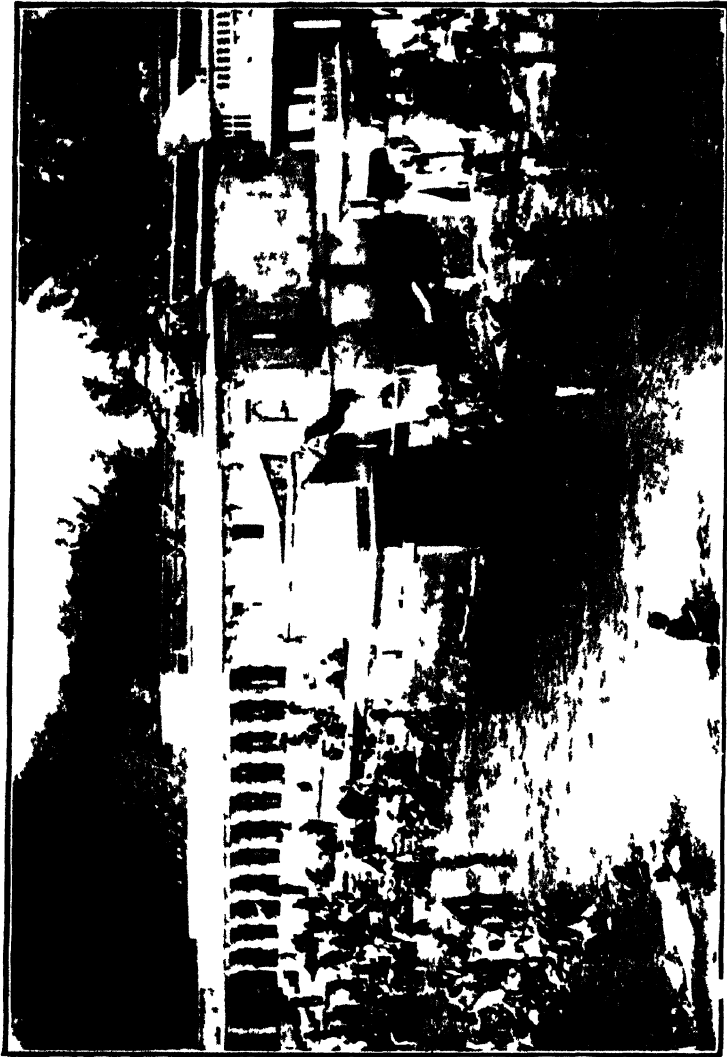
Those Leaves

*They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,
And with what skill they had, together sowd.*

*The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes,*

¹ Wellesley, in a letter to his brother, somewhat naturally makes light of the 'defeat', which he thus describes:

'On the night of the 5th we made an attack on the enemy's outposts which, at least on my side, was not as successful as could have been wished. The fact is that the night was very dark, that the enemy expected us and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle. We lost an officer, killed, and nine men of the 33rd, wounded, and at last as I could not find out the post which it was desirable I should occupy, I was obliged to desist from the attack, the enemy also having retired from the post. In the morning they re-occupied it and we attacked it again at daylight



THE BATHING GHAT PASCHIMAVAHINI

*Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between.*

—Paradise Lost, IX.

We now come in sight of the river, the fort walls and the bridges of Seringapatam. As we round the corner to

PASCHIMAVAHINI

we pass on the west the memorial, enclosed in a garden, to the Rani Kempananjammannavaru, the wife of Khasa Chama Raja Wadiyar IX and the mother of H.H. Krishna Raja Wadiyar III. She only survived his birth a few days.

Across the road on the river bank is the long white bathing ghat, with its private rooms for the royal family. A road to the west leads to the Krishnarajasagara Dam. But we curve round to the right, on to one of the most beautiful of Mysore's many beauty spots—the Paschimavahini Bridge.

Paschimavahini means 'flowing to the west' and the westerly direction gives the river here an added sanctity. For the Kaveri, holy from source to mouth, is doubly so where it is joined by a tributary; trebly so when, as here, it flows opposite to its general direction.

Whatever non-Hindus may feel about her sanctity no one whatever his creed or country can refuse a tribute to the extraordinary beauty of these two or three acres

and carried it with ease and little loss.'—*Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, by G. R. Gleig.

Partizans of the two generals have recorded the facts and their interpretations thereof in widely differing ways. Those who desire to follow the controversy farther will find the Duke's side represented in his *Supplementary Despatches*, published some years after Sir David's biography.

of river side. There can be few places on earth, which in such small compass, offer more loveliness: few as quiet, except when an eclipse or some saint's day draws multitudes to bathe and worship; and chattering monkeys clamber over the temple roofs and on the bridge, making sudden raids on any eatables in sight, exacting willing or unsanctioned toll of plantain, bread and nuts.

Beside the bridge—there are probably few bridges in Asia from which as many photographs have been taken—are little temples, little choultries, little bathing ghats and a giant pipal tree, surrounded by the snake-stone crowded platform of immemorial custom.

The bridge in olden days disputed with the one over the south branch of the Kaveri the name of the Periyapatna Bridge, recalling the time when Periyapatna, now little more than a jungle village, was of greater consequence than Seringapatam itself. Over the bridge an innumerable company of notable and illustrious persons has passed. Not a few of them owe their fame to the deeds they performed and the history they helped to make within a morning's march of this spot; to the prosperity their wise statemanship brought to an unsettled country in very troubled times.

*A road of honour, a road of flame
And a shining road of tears.*

For all who crossed the bridge were not, alas! illustrious and triumphant persons. From the Coorg country especially for many a year a procession of starved, wounded, beaten and manacled captives, men and women, boys and girls, stumbled over it to noisome dungeons from which the majority were soon flung out, dying or dead. They came like water and like wind they went. And British officers not a few were carried over it to be foully



PIPAL IRFF AND SNAKE STONES PASCHIMAVAHINI BRIDGE



THE PASCHIMAVAHINI BRIDGE

murdered in Mysore ; amongst them, Captains Sampson, Rumley and Fraser.¹

In 1732 a dramatic scene took place here. The late Raja had died without an heir and of his nine wives the Dowager Devajammanni, acting for a short time as Regent, adopted Chamaraja (VII) of Ankanahalli as Raja. He was then 24 and was called from Karugahalli where with most of the other Arasus he was living, to Seringapatam. The Rani sent a deputation with stately ceremonial, to meet him at this bridge ; but before he was allowed to cross it he was compelled to promise to obey the Dowager Queen in all things. This was a promise he did not, or could not keep, and his attempts at reforms, particularly those in Devajammanni's establishment, evoked the revolution which in less than two years swept him and his young wife away to the inferno of Kabbaladurga and death.

* * * * *

At the east end of the Paschimavahini Bridge is a stone inscribed ' Skelly's Post, 26th April, 1779 '. Major Skelly, one of the heroes of Sibbald's Redoubt in 1792 (see page 104), was stationed here before the siege ; Major Wallace's Post, also indicated by a stone, is a little distance away.

If time permits twenty minutes may well be spared to take, close by the latter sign-post, a rough cart track leading west to a prettily situated, tree-embowered little temple erected in memory of Khasa Chama Raja Wadiyar IX (great-grandfather of the present Maharaja). He died, in virtual captivity, of smallpox in 1796.

A few yards beyond the temple a strip of shelving bank at the water's edge gives a clear view of the tiny

¹ See *Mysore City*, pp. 139-140.

GAUTAMA MUNI MANTAPA

on the rock or islet known as the Gautama Kshetra, in mid-stream, north of where we stand and west of the breach. An inscription on the rock runs ; 'Gautama Muni bathed in this sacred place, the true place of union with Paschima Ranga'.

The *rishi* is said, in ages long ago, to have lived in a cave, now closed up, under two boulders on the north side of the islet ; to have done penance here, and to have worshipped at the Ranganatha Svami Temple.

Opposite the *mantapa* (which is also clearly seen from the monument at the breach) on the north bank of the river, were found Ganga inscriptions of the ninth century referring to the Kalbappu hill at Sravana Belgola, and describing its summit as marked by the footprints of the *munis* (sages) Bhadrabahu and (the Emperor) Chandragupta.¹

Still farther to the west we come upon the two cannon which mark the spot from which the storming party dashed to the assault on 4 May 1799.

* * * * *

Returning to the main road by Wallace's Post we proceed towards the island, noting on our right two tiny *mantapas*, set—when in rainy weather pools reflect them and the trees around—most charmingly. Almost abandoned all the year, they too have their annual hour of glory, when, whitewashed and decorated, they receive the wondrous Diamond Crown or *Vayira Mudi*—the crown which no human eye, save that of the priest at Melkote, may see without the penalty of immediate blindness. Here the veiled crown is placed while its numerous

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, II, p. 295.

guards rest on their journey to its destination—the head of ‘The Darling Prince’ at Melkote.

We now get a clear view of the weathered stone and mellowed brickwork of Seringapatam’s battlements; the very shot marks of the 1779 assault, and the repaired breach, ‘that silent witness of a marvellous feat’ and what remains of the almost impassable belt of thorny trees which some 130 years ago encircled the island. Between us and the fort flows the Kaveri. It is full of rocks and of tiny islands ‘lifting their fronded palms in air’, a river often unfordable. To these and other obstacles to offensive crossing it was said that Haidar and Tipu added another—crocodiles.

In his *Histoire des progrès et de la chute de l’Empire de Mysore* M. Michaud informs us that ‘Quelques-unes de ces forteresses ont des fossés dans lesquels on nourrit des crocodiles, ou plutôt des alligators, pour en défendre l’accès’.

But Mr. Sanderson, in his *Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India* declares that ‘the few crocodiles that are found in the Mysore rivers very rarely attack people; and fishermen who have paid heed to them tell me that if they come across a crocodile whilst following their employment it will skulk at the bottom and not move though handled; apparently believing it escapes observation’.

Scurry confirms this, for he says, ‘The river was infested by a number of alligators when I left it, though there were none when I first went to it; they are not formidable, being remarkably timid. I and others have frequently amused ourselves by throwing stones at them.’

Crocodiles in these rivers today are neither so ostrich-like nor so unaggressive!

Did those, we wonder, who were attacked resort to the drastic remedies recommended in Edward Tapsell's *Histoire of Serpents*, written in 1608? 'The Crocodile,' he says, 'runneth away from a man if he winke with his left eye and looke stedfastly uppon him with his right eye; but if this bee true it is not to bee attributed to the vertue of the right eye, but onely to the rareness of sight, which is conspicuous to the Serpent from one eye. . . . The biting of the Crocodile is very sharp, deepe and deadly, so that wheresoever he layeth his teeth, seldome or never followeth any cure. But yet the counsell of Physitions is, that so soone as a patyent is wounded he must bee brought into a close Chamber wher are no windowes, and ther bee kept without change of ayre or admission of light. For the poyson of the Crocodile worketh by Cold Ayre and Light, and therefore by the want of both is to bee cured.'

* * * * *

We reach and cross

THE SOUTH BRIDGE

of which Dr. Buchanan wrote in 1800: 'On the south branch of the river a bridge has been erected which serves also as an aqueduct, to convey from the upper part of the river a large canal of water into the town and island. The rudeness of this bridge will show the small progress that the arts have made in Mysore. Square pillars of granite are cut from the rock, of a sufficient height to rise above the water at the highest floods. These are placed upright in rows, as long as the intended width of the bridge and distant about 10 feet from each other, secured by being let into the solid rock, and their tops being cut to a level, a long stone is laid upon each row.

Above these longitudinal stones others are placed contiguous to each other and stretching from row to row in the direction of the length of the bridge. The whole breadth may be 20 feet. One half is occupied by the aqueduct, which is secured at the bottom and both sides by brick and plaster. The road is laid with gravel and secured by a parapet wall on one side, and by the aqueduct on the other. But, however rude such a bridge may be it is of most essential convenience to the town. . . . though the construction was attended with great expense!'

The worthy doctor's strictures hardly seem deserved. The bridge has a stern beauty of its own, and a structure which has withstood the tremendous assaults of the river in flood time for nearly 300 years—for it is said to have been built in 1656—may be a rude, but is undoubtedly a well-constructed and enduring one.

Under the bridge runs

THE BHANGARA DODDI CHANNEL

about which there is much mystery and much romance. Colonel Wilks, when acting Resident in Mysore, signed a statement containing the following sentence: The Bangara Doddi was constructed by Mahadeva-dannaik, son of Soujir Naik in 1249.

Other histories emphatically declare that it was the work of Kanthirava Narasa Raja Wadiyar, about 1656, and the origin of the name is quoted in *The Annals*, with the legend of that Raja's *Gandharva*, or Golden wife. That is, one whom he had married, without other ceremony, by the exchange of a golden necklace or belt, or strings of flowers. It is said that when the Raja wished to give her a diamond chain she begged him instead to build two bridges over the Kaveri, and 'to

cause the river's diamond drops to encircle the gardens of their capital'. Gladly agreeing, he built the south and north-western bridges and then—'a great wonder'—the channel to which he gave the title of his much loved Gandharva 'wife'. It waters the Daria Daulat Gardens and the Lal Bagh, and by an underground conduit, part of the fort. *The Annals* claim that Kanthirava Narasa Raja also constructed the aqueduct to carry the channel.

Having crossed the bridge we are now on the Island of Seringapatam. An island steeped in history and drenched in memories—bitter, pathetic, terrible; in records of brave deeds and dirty deeds; of diabolical cruelty, of high courage and, on both sides, of loyalty to the death. Here for over 900 years men lived violently and violently died.

Some enter it only over an old stone bridge. Some through the ivory gates and golden, and such encounter everywhere the Romance of the Haunting Past.

CHAPTER III

GATEWAYS, AND THE PALACE OF THE MYSORE RAJAS

THE MYSORE GATE

ONCE the chief southern entrance had, as was fitting for a fortress within a fortress, gates within gates, on a twisting road. Of these gates three still stand.

Two incidents, one gruesome enough, invest this outer arch with sombre interest.

‘Chunda Saheb,’ records Colonel Wilks, ‘was murdered at the instigation of Mahammad Ali. It is a fact of public notoriety that his head was immediately sent to that personage, and after being subjected to unmanly insult, was delivered to Nunje Raj and by him sent to Seringapatam; where it was suspended in a *cheenka* (net) over the southern Mysore Gate, to be gazed at by the multitude during three days as a public trophy of the victories in which the troops of Mysoor had certainly not as yet borne a very distinguished part. Chunda Saheb was treacherously murdered in the same choultry in which, sixteen years before, he had profaned the holy Koran by a false and treacherous oath.’

Chanda Saheb, or Husse’n Dost Khan, was the rival (favoured by the French) of Muhammad Ali (supported by the English) for the nawabship of Arcot. He was ambitious, popular with the troops, generous and brave. But his memory is stained with a crime strangely revenged.

Under pretence of reinstating Munka Rani, wife of Timul Naik, chief of Madura and Governor of Trichinopoly, he swore in the 'Dalvai *mantap*' (a small *choultry*), on a packet covered with gold embroidery which contained, not the Koran as he professed, but a brick, to restore the Rani's rule. But when, says Kirmani, 'he had drawn her into his snares by oaths and treaties he broke his promise and his oath . . . and caused her to be put to death in the most barbarous manner'.

His assassination took place sixteen years afterwards in this very Dalvai *mantapa*.

The other incident, related in full by Colonel Wilks, was the fight for freedom in the labyrinth of these gates, of some 12,000 to 15,000 men, women and children on 7 February 1792. On the advance of Lord Cornwallis into Seringapatam, Purniah, then Treasury Officer, had in his charge the money issued for payment to the troops. When the action commenced he at once loaded the treasure on camels, his hand being severely wounded by a musket ball in doing so. The camels, jostled by the crowd, were hardly noticed by the English troops, and arrived safely at this gate without the loss of one rupee. Here the *Ahmedy Chelas* availed themselves of the confusion which ensued and the way of retreat by the now open Mysore Bridge; and the whole body amounting to 10,000 men, many accompanied by women and children, marched off with their arms to Coorg and thence to their respective homes.

Hundreds of other fugitives and followers passed in crowds over the Mysore Bridge and many did not stop till they reached Nanjangud. A number of foreigners who had, willingly or unwillingly, served Haidar and his son, seized the opportunity to quit a detested service.

Among them was an old man named Blevette who had constructed most of the redoubts. Several other French artificers, sent by Louis XVI, were only too eager to avail themselves of the first chance which offered to return to their own country.¹

Purniah sought to rally those who had departed or were departing by an offer of a further distribution of two lakhs, but the offer 'brought back a much smaller number than he had expected'.

Almost opposite this gate, a little to the north-east is the original

FLAGSTAFF

erected by Colonel Wellesley on the great cavalier. It was near here that, on the day of the siege, the colours of the 23rd Regiment were shot down. Some privates fought their way to the spot, and hoisted and defended a red infantry jacket.

It was from this cavalier that Major Allan on the day of the siege, 'had a distinct view of the palace and plainly discovered a number of persons assembled in a kind of Durbar: one or two being seated, others approached them with the greatest respect'. He saw, too, the confusion and terror which ensued in the palace when General Baird drew up his troops at the gateway and demanded the Sultan's submission.

* * * * *

We now turn to the west and, close by, see

THE ELEPHANT GATE

a very picturesque one. Like the Mysore and Ganjam gateways the opening was lofty enough to allow the pass-

¹ *The History of Mysore*, II, p. 248.

age of elephants with their howdahs. It was originally protected by a drawbridge. Notice the grooved channels through which the chains passed.

The gate, which was built by Tipu in 1793, has, on one side of the arch, a marble slab bearing in Persian characters an inscription of which, on the other side, the English translation is as follows :

‘In the name of God the Merciful, The Padshaw (Emperor) began the construction of the Fort, on Tuesday the 9th, in the month of Kusraree, in the year Aburjid 1219, commencing from the birth of Mohamed The Prophet, when the heavenly bodies were auspicious and in good conjunction with each other. Under the influence of these stars this fort is filled with ornaments, articles of consumption and wealth (i.e. all the requisites of war, peace and greatness) and this fort by the grace of God will ever remain free from all misfortune.’

It was less than six years afterwards that this memorial of the Sultan’s wisdom and might was stormed and taken—a memorial which was to endure

*Till the stars are old
And the moon is cold
And the books of the judgment day unrolled.*

* * * * *

Following the road inside the fort to the west we pass a magazine, the old Garrison Racket Court or Ball Alley and, quite near the latter, a lonely simple tomb shadowed by a solitary tree. It is the resting place of GENERAL SEYYID SAHEB (his daughter was one of Tipu’s chief wives). He was cleverer as a revenue than as a military officer: an amiable and kindly man. He was severely wounded during the siege, close to the round tower of which the remains can be seen almost due south of his

grave, and in spite of all that Major Dallas ~~could~~ do to save him died on that fatal day. A full and very moving account of his being found by the Major is given by Colonel Beatson and quoted in *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*.

On the mud cavalier behind this round tower Captain Molle of the Scottish Brigade, who on this same fateful day had pursued the enemy so far almost single-handed, 'planted a flag and displayed his hat on the point of his sword'.

Close by and east of the Ranganatha Svami Temple, a stone's throw from the road we follow from the Elephant Gate to de Havilland's arch, and just before we reach it, is

THE MEMORIAL *MANTAPA* TO H.H. KRISHNA
RAJA WADIYAR III

This quiet, unassuming little building stands on the site of the ancient palace of the Vijayanagar viceroys, later occupied by the Mysore rajas. In this palace Krishna Raja Wadiyar III was born in 1795. The *mantapa* was opened by his grandson, the present Maharaja, in July 1915, with a speech in which His Highness referred to 'that signal act of generosity and justice, the Rendition of Mysore in 1881, due to the recognition by the British Government of the high personal character of my grandfather, of his patience and fortitude and of his unswerving loyalty to that Government during many years of adversity'.

The *Annals* record that when he was born his mother put him in a jewelled cradle, and that his father, Chama Raja Wadiyar IX, sent him in procession through the chief streets of Seringapatam. If this was allowed it was the last flicker of royal splendour the family was to display before the Restoration.

His mother died within a fortnight and his father, from

smallpox, within a year of his birth. On Chama Raja's death the family was banished from the palace, which Tipu partially demolished, to the miserable hovel in which they were found on the capture of the capital in 1799.

It was in that wretched mud hut, under the north wall, almost opposite this site, that the little prince lived for three years; guarded with the utmost devotion by his grandfather, Nandi Raj Urs, his aunt-stepmother Devajammanniyavaru, and the indomitable, far-seeing Lakshammanniyavaru, widow of Krishna Raja Wadiyar II. To the devotion, wisdom and persistence of these two Ranis the delicate child owed his life and throne. For those three years, from babyhood to childhood, were spent in abject poverty and daily risk of murder.

Dr. Buchanan tells us that 'shortly before the siege the whole family had been stripped by the merciless Mir Saduc of even the poorest ornaments, and the child from bad treatment was so sickly that his death was expected to happen very soon. This was a thing probably wished for by the Sultan, the family having fallen into such contempt that the shadow of a raja would no longer have been necessary.' Not knowing apparently of the transfer from the palace to the hovel the doctor proceeds, 'The family of the Raja having been closely shut up in the old palace, knew very little during the siege of what was going on. In the confusion of the assault, having been left by their guards, they took refuge in the temple of Sri Ranga.'

We have another account from the pen of the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley. 'The long imprisonment which several branches of his family had suffered, the persecution and murder of many of their adherents by Hyder and Tippoo and the state of degradation and

misery in which it has been the policy of both these usurpers to retain the surviving descendants of their lawful sovereign. . . .’

He describes the visit paid to the little Raja in this miserable hovel by the Commissioners, of whom the Duke was one, accompanied by the famous Dewan, Purniah, on 24 June 1799: ‘Although every preparation was made for our reception it is not easy to describe the state of misery in which we found this persecuted family. A portion of the apartment in which we were received was concealed by a curtain, behind which the Rani and other female members of the family were stationed. . . . The Raja, who is said to be five years old, is of a delicate habit ; his complexion is fair and his countenance very expressive. He betrayed symptoms of alarm on our arrival but these soon disappeared. He seems to be of a timid disposition and to have suffered considerably from restraint.’

Here then, where the memorial now stands, was the palace of the rajas from early in the seventeenth century, when Raja Wadiyar made Seringapatam—not Mysore—his capital. Here he revived and elaborated the Dasara ceremonies. Here at dead of night Kanthirava Narasa Raja Wadiyar, one of the noblest and most picturesque figures of his time, slew, disabled or ‘turned-to-water-the-hearts’ of the twenty-five desperadoes sent by the chief of Trichinopoly to return with his head.¹

From this palace Chikka Deva Raja Wadiyar started out in 1700 with a great procession to meet his Envoy, Linganna, bringing from Aurangzeb, at Ahmednagar, the Emperor’s permission to sit on the Mysore ivory

¹ See *Mysore City*, p. 33.

throne, and the Imperial gifts of a seal (inscribed 'Jagad-deva Raj—Mohamad Shah'), of a red flag, a pair of large silver kettle-drums to be carried on an elephant, and of many emblems. 'The letter, presents and insignia,' says Colonel Wilks, 'were carried in solemn procession through the town, and after being exhibited in the temple at the feet of the idol, Sree Runga, were brought in a similar state to the palace.'

* * * * *

Apparently the Mysore seal given by Aurangzeb was lost or destroyed and a new one presented to Krishna Raja Wadiyar II by Ahmed Shah: for the seal now in use, which may be seen on the cover and title page of this book—bears that Emperor's name and the date 1162 (A.D. 1748). Colonel Wilks and Mr. Rice¹ read the inscription as '*Jagad deva raja*' and I am indebted to the Rev. J. A. Vanes' knowledge of and interest in Indian coins for his re-reading—accepted by Mr. John Allan, the specialist at the British Museum for oriental coins—of '*Raja Chikka Deva Raja*'.²

In 1734 the palace was the scene of the revolution against the feeble Chama Raja Wadiyar VII. This was partly inspired by the Dowager Rani, who objected to the Raja's inspection and reduction of her domestic staff, partly by general disgust at his mixture of uncalled-for rigour, and of vacillating partiality. The revolution was headed by the Delavaya, Deva Raja Urs, a bold, ambitious and crafty man. He bribed most of the troops to mutiny; then, on a Friday, when the loyal ones were a few miles away for manœuvres, he burst open the Elephant Gate

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 356.

² This however is not accepted by the Archaeological Department, which prefers the first reading.

of the palace, by the strength of the elephant 'Rana Banu' and entered the courtyard. The trembling Raja met him at the door and tried in vain to conciliate him. Deva Raja put the seal and sacred sword on the throne and sent the young King and his still younger Queen to the inferno of Kabbala-durga—an inferno few survived for long. The 'Progeny-lotus' in the Jagan Mohan Mahal states that the Raja had three wives. What happened to the others no one knows.

Chama Raja, as he went, cursed his Delavaya, and the curse lay heavy on Deva Raja's mind. From that day on he constantly gives the impression of being 'a remorseful man'; he utterly refused to assist his cousin-brother, Nanja Raja Urs in that horrible man's design of killing his own son-in-law, the next king, Immadi Raja Wadiyar. Deva Raja most solemnly protested against Nanja Raja's attack (with four cannon) on that king's palace in 1756 and on the brutality which followed the surrender. The Raja was forced to seat himself on the throne in the Durbar Hall and a terrible scene took place. 'All apartments,' says Colonel Wilks, 'even the zananas were searched and every male produced. Some were put in irons, all the remainder had their noses and ears cut off in the Raja's presence and in this state were turned out into the street. The creatures in the Dewan's pay, destined to replace the Raja's guards, were presented to him with insulting mockery of respect, and Nanja Raja departed from the hall of audience making the customary obeisance to the Raja who had witnessed this extraordinary scene in an agony of silent terror.'

Later, when Deva Raja had his cousin at his mercy he insisted that he should make atonement for this and other crimes. So once more the Dewan came to the palace to

pay the Raja, however insincerely, humiliating and abject submission.

A large wall painting in the Jagan Mohan Mahal depicts a durbar in this Seringapatam palace during the 'reign' of this Raja, between 1734 and 1766. Significantly prominent in it are these two men who, during Haidar's rise to power, were the real rulers of the State—Deva Raja, bold and cold and sometimes treacherous, but who, as we have seen, showed gleams of equity and compassion; and Nanja Raja, whose nickname—Karachuri (Dagger-in-hand)—sums up the brave, unscrupulous, improvident, black-hearted man.

* * * *

In 1766 Immadi Krishna Raja Wadiyar died and his eldest son, Nanja Raja Wadiyar, whose age is variously given as eight and eighteen, succeeded. Haidar Ali decided that as splendid imprisonment had not crushed all spirit out of him he must be deprived of any opportunity of retaining or acquiring power. The Nawab plundered the palace of all the 'splendour' that was left, of every valuable and coin except those on the persons of the women at the time. His spies were placed on guard and the palace became more rigidly than ever a prison. And so for thirty years it remained. The pageant Raja only passed out of it once—to the burning ground. He was strangled by Haidar's orders.

* * * *

In 1776 an intervening Raja having died, Haidar chose a new one. The story of his choice—there are three variants of it—has often been told. All the child-claimants from various villages were assembled in a hall in this palace. In different parts of the hall were fruits, sweetmeats, jewels, toys, a mirror and weapons;

and the small boys were soon scrambling for the things. One little fellow took up a dagger in one hand and a lime in the other. 'That is the raja,' said Haidar. 'His first care is military protection, his second to realise the produce of his realm. Let me embrace him.' Another version, quite as far-fetched, describes the little lad as seizing some fruit and giving it at once to his father who stood in the doorway watching the proceedings. Whereupon Haidar, putting, strangely enough, generosity at the head of the virtues, chose him, brought him a cushion and offered *muzari*. At any rate Khasa Chama Raja Wadiyar IX was selected in some such way as this. And the little lad whose kingship was ever but a shadow, whose palace was ever but a prison, here, at three years old began his 'reign'.

In *Memoirs of our Late War in Asia, 1780-1784*, we have a most interesting account (written by a British officer, a prisoner in a hut near the palace) of a Dasara durbar at which this king, aged only twelve, was shown to his people. 'The King of Mysore made his appearance in a veranda in front of his Palace at about seven o'clock. It is only on the occasion of this anniversary that he is visible to his nominal subjects. . . . It is thought expedient by the present government, not to cut off the hereditary Prince of Mysore . . . but to adorn him with all the pageantry of a crown, to furnish him with all that is necessary to a life of sensual pleasure . . . and at stated times to present him, a royal puppet, to the view and acclamations of his people. . . . The spacious Palace stands in a large square in the very centre of Seringapatam in an angle of which our prison was also situated. . . . The curtains with which the gallery was hung being drawn up discovered the King seated on a

throne, with numerous attendants on each hand ; some of whom fanned him, others scattered perfumes on his long black hair and on his clothes; others presented his hookah, replenished from time to time with betel and other narcotics. The veranda was decorated with the finest hangings and resplendent with precious stones, among which a diamond of immense size and value shone with distinguished lustre. On a stage, extended in the open square, along the front of the Palace, musicians, balladiers and a species of gladiators entertained the King with his train in the gallery, and the multitude that filled the square, with music, dancing, tumbling, wrestling, mock engagements and other pantomimical diversions. The ladies of His Majesty's harem (as well as the European prisoners) were on this occasion indulged with greater freedom than usual, being allowed to enjoy the spectacle through lattice windows. . . . They were fair and exceedingly handsome. Their number seemed to be from forty to fifty. The girls of Hyder's seraglio, who were maintained by Tippoo after his death, amounted to the number of 500.

'The King having sat motionless in great state for several hours, rose up when he was about to retire and advancing to the edge of the gallery showed himself to the people, who honoured him with marks of the most profound veneration. The curtains then dropped and His Majesty retired to the inner parts of the Palace with his women.'

Poor puppet king! His title a mockery, his town a ruin.

The veil lifts for the last time and for the final scene in 1796, when even the poor shelter afforded by the plundered and bare palace was no longer allowed to the

Royal Family. The Rani Lakshammanni, the baby Raja (to whose memory this *mantapa* is erected) and the few still living relatives 'were moved to the miserable hovel in which they were found at the capture of Seringapatam. The palace was rifled of the little treasure left; this time even the personal ornaments were seized. The poor baby-king, only two years old, cried so bitterly when the instruments of tyranny approached to remove his tiny gold bangles that even they were touched at his distress and abstained from this last violation.'¹

Tipu then ordered the entire destruction of the building but, with characteristic vacillation, either countermanded or failed to enforce the order and for a time part of it was used as a granary. 'It was reported to him that several large apartments were full of books, chiefly of palm leaf and *cudduttums* (Kadita).'² He was asked how they were to be disposed of. 'Transfer them,' said he, 'to the Royal stables as fuel to boil horse gram.' This was done. A small miscellaneous collection³ was preserved from this destruction by the pious artifice of a Brahmin who begged that an apartment might be spared as containing the *penates* of the family. This room was opened in the confusion of 4th May, and a large portion of the contents fell into the hands of a British officer.⁴

Only a shell of the old palace remained, and that was demolished to build the foundations of this quiet *mantapa* which broods serenely over the half forgotten legends, pomps and intrigues, strifes and sorrows of a court.

¹ *The History of Mysoor*, II, p. 290.

² These are something like blackboard cloth folded into long flat slips ending in two pieces of wood to form covers.

³ See *Mysore City*, p. 117.

⁴ *The History of Mysoor*, I, p. x.

CHAPTER IV

THE BREACH

FROM the Memorial *Mantapa* we pass on to what was the garden of Captain de Havilland's house ; now a field, empty except for the famous

DE HAVILLAND ARCH

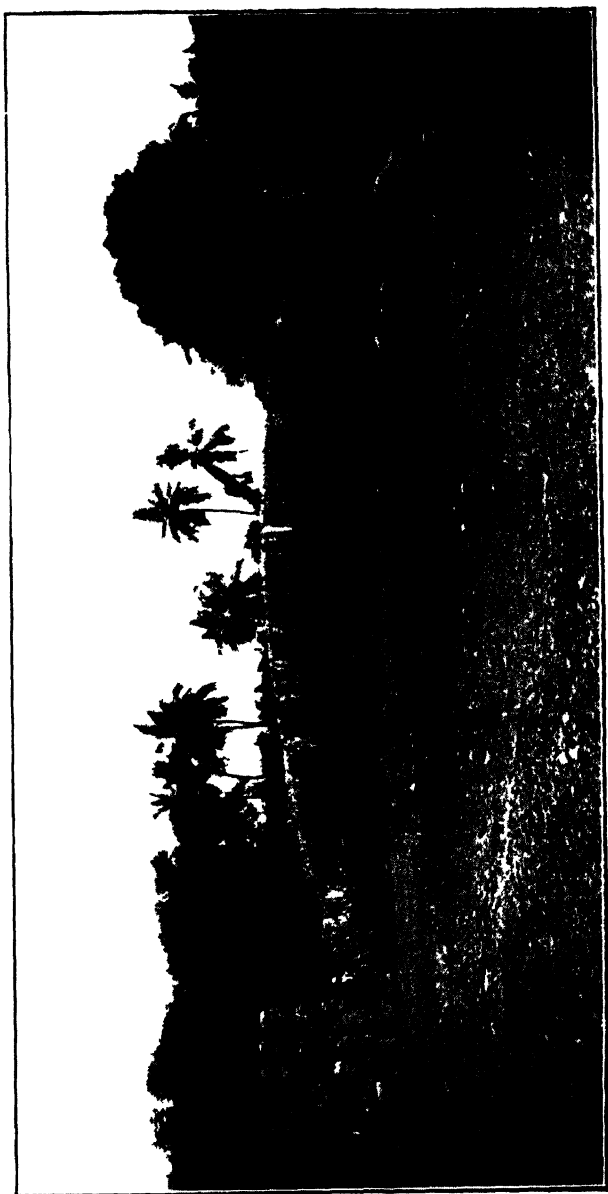
constructed by a French engineer who, legend and many guide books assert, was in Tipu's employ.¹ He wished to demonstrate the possibility, which the Sultan denied, of building with country bricks a stable arch with a span of 100 feet. This arch, which has stood for over 130 years, in the result. The span is 112 feet, the width 3 feet and it has no parapet. The keystone, of granite, is remarkably narrow, being hardly perceptibly wider at the top than at the bottom.

Every visitor tests its strange vibrating property ; the number of persons who have stood above the narrow keystone and shaken this 'Rainbow Bridge' under them must run into hundreds of thousands.

'Built by Satanic agency,' snarled Tipu ; and Mr. Subba Rao quotes the tradition that 'the Sultan had this clever but unfortunate engineer beheaded, thinking that he was too dangerous to live, as he might throw a similar bridge across the Cauvery'.

Captain de Havilland, however, outlived the Sultan.

¹ Later investigation seems to prove that de Havilland was never in Seringapatam during Tipu's reign, and that he built the arch about 1809.



DE HAVILLAND ARCH

In 1806-7 he designed and constructed the Banqueting Hall of Government House, Mysore. In 1809 he was shut up in 'Purniah's House' with the officers who mutinied against Sir George Barlow's obnoxious orders. He carried a flag of truce to the authorities in Mysore, and was evidently in the confidence of both parties.

Close by—it may be seen by looking south under the arch—is a small, very picturesque gateway, the SOMALINGA KATTE BAGALU, leading eventually to the Soma-linga Ghat on the Coorg side.

If walking¹ we now cross the railway lines below the station and just above the picturesque bridge over the south bank of the Kaveri. Trains, which five minutes before deposited their quota of pilgrims at the Paschimavahini Bathing Ghat, bustle over the old stone bridge and through the ancient battlements, breached for the purpose, to disload on the little station (curiously adorned with much carved woodwork—driftwood from dismantled palaces?) devotees, merchants, sightseers by the score.

Beyond the railway we mount the south-west rampart. On our right are the ruined cavalier, the old mosque of Mir Sadak the Merciless, and the site of the Garrison Hospital, built for the troops which occupied Seringapatam after the siege. To our left are the river and various lines of defence, all fully and clearly described in *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*. A few steps forward and we stand on the rampart above

¹ If motoring we follow the road between the great temple and the station, cross the railway and drive round to the left for about a furlong until we reach the south rampart and a footpath leading up to the breach.

THE HISTORIC BREACH

marked by a severely plain monument to the troops, British and Indian, who 'though loving life most passionately looked into the eyes of death' and fell in the month between 4 April and 4 May, 1799.

The repaired breach and the marks of the cannon balls are easily seen. Across the river two cannon still indicate the place from which the storming party started; where General Baird stepped out of the trench, drew his sword and in the most heroic and animating manner said to his men, 'Come, my brave fellows, follow me and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers'.

How gloriously they succeeded, how they united with other storming parties from the west side, how heroically the forlorn hope of each attack behaved—are they not all written with a wealth of detail in Mr. Thompson's book, to which the reader is referred? He gives ample instances to justify Lord Mornington's minute in which he 'views with admiration the consummate judgment with which the assault was planned, the unequalled rapidity, animation and skill with which it was executed and the humanity which distinguished its final success'.¹

One or two incidents may find place here. The 'plank' over which the storming party of the 12th Regiment rushed to the cavalier and inner rampart and to victory has been the subject of some discussion. Colonel Beatson speaks of it as a *batardeau*, that is, a coffer-dacer or wall built in a ditch to hold up water. Lord Valentia, who saw it, says, 'a wall very high and only a foot wide, preserved as a memento of British valour and intrepidity'. Colonel

¹ Letter from the Governor-General to the Court of Directors, 16 May 1799.

Wilks calls it 'a strip of *terre plein* (a *sakshi-gudi*, or mound of witness)'. Some one else calls it 'a plank carelessly left by workmen'.

Colonel Wellesley with a contingent of the Nizam's troops and four battalions of Madras sepoy remained in support in the trenches. Amongst the troops were battalion companies of the famous Swiss Regiment De Meuron.

One of the sergeants in the De Meuron Regiment at the siege of Cuddalore in 1782 was Bernadotte, who was later to be one of Napoleon's marshals and then King Charles XIV of Sweden. He was not present at the storming of Seringapatam, in which his regiment played so fine a part, as did its officers in the tranquillization of the town after its fall.

Lieutenant Lalor of the 73rd Regiment, who the night before with Lieutenant Farquhar of the 74th had courageously forded the Kaveri and reconnoitred the defences of the Fort, volunteered to lead the troops across the river. Sergeant Graham led a forlorn hope of twelve men, Lieutenant Lalor one of thirty officers. In sixteen minutes all had forded the river, crossed the glacis and outer ditch and climbed to the top of the rampart.

Suddenly Sergeant Graham was seen planting the British colours on the wall; an act that entitled him to rank as a British officer from that moment. A mighty shout went up from the advancing ranks. Grasping the staff he waved his cap and cried, 'Hurrah for Lieutenant Graham', and fell, shot through the heart.

* * * * *

By the help of Mr. Thompson's book we follow the troops round the western and north western ramparts and crossing the railway reach

THE DELHI GATE

which led to the Delhi Bridge, built over 300 years ago by the Rayals of Seringapatam and destroyed by Tipu (who expected the British in 1799 to attack from the north as Lord Cornwallis had done in 1792), fearing it might be of assistance to the enemy.

The line of the stone bases of the pillars, still occasionally used as stepping stones, and the pier head on the northern bank of the Kaveri can still be seen.

* * * * *

From the ramparts on which we walk we see below us the splendid avenue of tamarind trees bordering the wide road which covers what was the inner ditch of the defences—a covering achieved by Colonel Wellesley in the face of much difficulty and opposition. His reason for persisting was that 'in making the ditch Tipu, with his usual lack of sense, had cut through some sewers which had formerly discharged into the outer ditch and thence into the river. The result was that the sewage of the town collected in a stagnant and putrescent mass in the inner ditch. Moreover the additional rampart was of little value as a defence.'

After many disputes the Governor of Madras (Lord Clive) ordered the Pioneers to fill it in. They had worked for a few weeks when they had to fight a revolt of some *palegars*. Work stood still. Then Wellesley got permission to put it out to contract, and a Brahmin named Shamayya (who had repaired the bund of the Moti Talab Tank, breached by Tipu's orders) completed the work in 1802.

CHAPTER V

THE DUNGEONS

WE come, still on the northern rampart, to the SULTAN BATTERY and below it to

THE DUNGEONS

Most of the British prisoners were captured during the three wars with Mysore—in 1768, 1780 and 1791–2; the greater number being held from 1780 to 1784, though many whom Tipu guaranteed to free in 1784 were treacherously retained. Of those released we read: ‘With the glad tidings Mr. Law, son of the Bishop of Carlisle, knocked at the prison door which to him flew open: but what a scene presented itself! Emaciated, naked, covered with ulcers . . . only 32 remained out of 153 to tell of the sufferings of their prison house.’

Of the condition of those retained we have many contemporary documents, letters and diaries. The following facts are chiefly drawn from Sir David Baird’s *Life*, from *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, written by an officer, and from narratives by James Bristow, a private and James Scurry, a seaman—all imprisoned in Seringapatam.

To reach these dungeons we pass through the outer battlements down some twenty steps to the mysterious shadows of the caverns, grim and sinister, echoing memories harrowing and heroic. In this ‘prison’ (built possibly as a bomb-proof shelter but almost certainly used as a prison) excavated from the fortress walls, eleven arches did at least admit twilight and some air.

(In a small *Basava* temple near by which the men naturally called the Bull, 250 sergeants and men were crowded; the door was never opened during the day! They, like their officers, were heavily shackled. Scanty, dirty straw flung on the mud floor was all their bedding.)

It seems probable that though most of the officers were imprisoned in a Malabar hut, or huts, some were confined here. Fettered, starved, diseased, almost naked, covered with vermin, most of them suffering constantly from dysentery, they were refused medical aid, and told they were sent there not to live but die. Every time Haidar Ali or Tipu Sultan met with a reverse they were assured they were to be burnt alive, poisoned or strangled.

Dying or dead, their bodies, with a rope round the neck, were dragged away to be thrown to 'tygers, jackalls and vultures'.

That British prisoners, officers and men, were chained in these 'shelters' (which if bomb-proof were certainly no protection from the forcible entrance of a whole cannon!) was asserted by an aged man who, in 1887, acted as a guide and declared that his father had been on sentry duty over them: that they were chained with arms crossed, to stand facing the wall, and were compelled to eat, as horses eat, the food which was placed on the stone ledges still to be seen.

Some sentries, as ruthless as their masters, looked on with shrieks of laughter at prisoners parboiled to rid them of the impurities of their religion; but again and again we read of kindly and pitiful guards who, threatened with the loss of hands, nose and ears if they supplied their charges with medicines, yet did procure and smuggle them into the cells; and in other ways did



what was possible to alleviate suffering and supplement the daily rations which indeed were little more than the bread of adversity and the water of affliction.

Of these heroic guards the best known is SID ABRAM or SEYED IBRAHIM, whose name is spelt in six different ways. However spelt, it was written on the hearts of the prisoners, and in letters of gold on a mausoleum over his grave in Chennapatna, erected and endowed 'with the establishment of two lamps and a *fakir* with services according to the rites of his religion' by the Honourable East India Company, which he had served 'with loyalty and bravery almost unsurpassed'.

The Governor of Madras in an order issued 26 May 1800, speaks of this 'faithful, honourable and distinguished officer . . . who suffered the hardships of a vigorous imprisonment in Cowly Droog, and unwholesome food . . . to produce that acquiescence which the Sultan's invitations (to enter his service and to ill-treat the British captives) had failed to produce; and who laid down his life as a sacrifice to the duties of fidelity and honour. . . . In order to manifest his respect for the long services, the exemplary virtue and the impregnable fidelity of Syed Ibrahim the Governor in Council directs that 52 pagodas a month be paid as a life pension to his sister who left her home in the Carnatic to share his misfortunes in captivity and was wounded in the storming of Seringapatam; and a tomb to be erected to his memory.'

He was one of the Company's officers, a Muhammadan, Commandant of the Tanjore cavalry; confined with the English officers, and in charge of the small Malabar house in which over forty of them were imprisoned. Like a silver gleam through the murky darkness of the captivity

runs the record of his loyalty, courage and compassion. He, too, was in irons; he, too, had but an allowance of one seer of ragi and a farthing a day.¹ No bribes or threats could shake his loyalty or induce him to treat his prisoners with the brutality Haidar required. When he was removed from Seringapatam the officers did what they could to show their affection and gratitude. 'This truly good man,' says the *Diary*, 'was exceedingly affected at his being separated from us, and frequently requested that whenever we should be enlarged we would remember him to his wife and mother, as he would never consent to enter into the barbarian's service, and thus would of course be prevented from seeing his wife and family.' A later entry says, 'Raised by public subscription 28 fanams, which we have sent by a trusty hand to our good friend Sid Abram'. The entry quietly ends: 'For these preceeding four nights many prisoners have been murdered and a report prevails that they intend visiting our prison for the same end.'²

Ruthless was the treatment borne by these brave men, and fine the spirit in which all, officers and men alike, 'innocent of heroics but not of heroism' endured it. The rank and file and the sepoys vied with each other in pathetic and desperate attempts to bear the burdens of their officers. Numerous instances of ardent self-sacrifice are given in Sir David Baird's *Life*, and to one of these he undoubtedly owed his survival of a shackling which put the finishing stroke to the sufferings of many. He was desperately wounded in head, arm and legs; faint with fever, sunstroke and loss of blood when the guards

¹ *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, II, p. 192.

² *ibid.*, II, p. 20.

drew near to fix the leg-shackles, weighing sometimes nine and sometimes thirty pounds, and so made that those who wore them could neither bend nor stretch their legs. This shackling was, they felt, the first step of a deliberate system adopted to end their existence without actual violence.

Captain Lucas who had himself been severely wounded in the battle of Pollilur, spoke the language perfectly, and springing forward, represented as strongly as possible the barbarity of fettering Captain Baird while his leg, on which was a terrible open wound, was so disabled and he himself in such a dreadful state that death must be the consequence.

The *myar* (town major) replied that there were as many pairs of irons as prisoners and that all must be used. Captain Lucas then begged to be allowed to wear two pairs to save his friend. 'This noble act of generosity moved even the *myar* who said he would send to the *keeladar* to open the book of fate. He did so and the messenger returned to say the book had been opened and Captain Baird's fate was good, so the irons were not put on at that time. Could they really have looked into the volume of futurity Baird would undoubtedly have been the last man to be spared.'

This is recorded in Baird's *Life* as having happened on 10 May 1781. The *Diary* a few days before notes that they had been visited by an Indian Commandant (was it Sid Abram?) who played a game of chess with Captain Lucas.

The entry on 5 July 1782, runs: 'At half past eight, p.m., died Captain Lucas, brother to the celebrated patriot of that name in England. The Captain's death was bitterly lamented by the whole prison. He was distinguished by good natural talents as well as acquired

accomplishments. In his manners he was unassuming, amiable and engaging: and the cheerfulness and vivacity of his temper, which were expressed in lively songs and facetious sallies, scattered frequent rays of mirth on our gloomy mansion.' Again and again out of their pitifully mean allowance of less than 6*d.* a day (for *all* necessities) the officers made a collection (of which the dhobi, who was postman and go-between, took a heavy toll—'this villain's cunning out-reaches all our schemes'—) for those whose need was, at times, even greater. Once, for instance, they 'raised with the utmost difficulty' ten shillings to help the captured widow of a soldier, her little boy and baby girl. As a result of these subscriptions, 'which of late have come heavy upon us,'¹ they had to restrict themselves further to only four dinners (of rice and ghee) a week; each dinner costing a halfpenny.²

Rumours of peace or of reverses kept the prisoners fluctuating between bright hope and dark despair.

But their courage was undimmed, their high spirits infectious, their ingenuity marvellous. The *Diary* kept by an officer of Colonel Baillie's detachment, to which we owe so many details of the terrible four years' imprisonment, 'was written on a slip of paper in such a hand as that in which innocent idlers write out the Lord's Prayer within the circumference of a halfpenny, and was concealed in a small hole dug deep in the earthen floor of the prison'. The 'ink' was made of lamp-black, with a little gum-water. 'To obtain the lamp-black one *chatty* was placed

¹ *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, II, p. 186.

² So ravenous were they that 'one of their eager employments was to collect the white ants which pestered them, and fry them to procure a spoonful of the buttery substance to stay a raging hunger which was never appeased'.

over another to collect the smoke of the wick, which was swept off every day.'

They made bamboo trunks. One had 1,100 pieces in it. They manufactured cards out of two folds of paper stuck together with thick *congee* (porridge), and polished with the jawbone of a sheep. When we remember that those who made these and other 'articles of luxury' were for long periods, if not all the time, hand-cuffed two and two, and leg-shackled, we can only marvel at their patience and perseverance as well as at their ingenuity.

The following verses are from a song by Lieutenant Thewlis, 'a most promising youth'. A promise soon cut short. He too died in the prison he tried so hard to enliven.

*Each man has his chatty
Of high-flavoured goat or of ram.
Then drinks in pure water
Wife, Mistress or Daughter,
The toast of Seringapatam.
Some roar the loud song
'To Anacreon,'
More piously some raise a psalm.
Some rattle the dice,
Some catch rats and mice
In jail at Seringapatam.
Still thus let's disguise
Our sadness and sighs,
Thus chase away chilly despair.
Resigned to our woes
And the chains of our foes,
Submit to the soldier's hard fare.
Let's think each to-morrow
Must shorten our sorrow,
Let hope serve instead of a dram,
That freedom once more
May open the door
Of our jail at Seringapatam.*

The prison door was opened for him as for how many more—but by the hand of Death.

Five Europeans having tried in vain to escape, the others were punished by having their allowance reduced to less than one seer of very bad rice daily ; a great part of this they had to sell in order to procure firewood and salt for the rest.

So that even when escape seemed possible the captives shrank from attempting it because of the inevitable vengeance which was taken on their fellow prisoners, however innocent and indeed ignorant of their designs. One of them, James Bristow, says, 'Tippoo, without doubt, knew too well that nothing was more likely to secure his prisoners than the anxiety they took for the safety of each other, a bond more binding than any fetters he could fix upon them'. When they did escape they owed their life and liberty to the people whom Bristow calls the Kenneries (Kanarese) and of whom he says, 'Gratitude will not allow me to withhold the just acknowledgments due from every one of us to Tippoo's Hindoo subjects ; they constantly commiserated the situation of the unfortunate European prisoners and saved the lives of many by their timely humanity and assistance. . . . The Kenneries are a very quiet, inoffensive and humane race of men . . . conceiving the whole duty of their lives comprised in tilling their grounds, paying their taxes and adoring their cows. This is the harmless and benevolent people who are the objects of Tippoo's persecution.'

More than insults, privations, tortures and the fear of death the British men shrank from the last indignity and horror—forcible conversion to Islam and employment in the Nawab's service. To this Haidar sought to bribe them with 'three times as much pay as they received in

our army ; as many horses, palanquins and wives as they chose, and equality with his sons. Of course these offers never obtained a moment's consideration. The prisoners assured the emissaries of the tyrant that nothing in the world could tempt them to serve any sovereign except their own.'¹

Scores of those who refused were murdered. Others were drugged, and while stupefied, initiated. A pathetic letter to the writer of the *Diary* was smuggled from two young lieutenants, Speediman and Rutledge, wounded, fettered and imprisoned in Ganjam. They describe how, after long resisting all promises and threats, they were converted to Islam by ' twelve stout fellows—with *chaubucks* (nine feet long whips) in their hands, and as many *caffres* with ropes to tie us—to eat a sort of stuff called *majum* which nearly divested us of our senses, and . . . accomplished their vile design. . . . During the time we were with them we would take from them nothing but rice, nor would we permit them to take off our irons, which they offered to do, least they should imagine we were contented with our situation. We receive a gold fanam (sixpence) a day and are obliged to drill a number of boys sent from the Carnatic to be circumcised and kept in these squares.'

' Thank God,' they add, desperate but triumphant, ' what they know will never do the Company any harm ! '

* * * * *

The face of the rock is much defaced by scribbled and cut names. ' Those who score their loathsome names on to solid rock being,' as some one has truly said, ' assured of an immortality of hatred.'

¹ *Life of Sir David Baird, Bart.* II, p. 45.

CHAPTER VI

THE MAIDAN AND THE TEMPLE

WE pass small sally ports. One, the KRISHNA DIDDI, is chiefly used by those connected with the great temple, whose water-carriers may be seen passing and re-passing it ; and then we descend to the

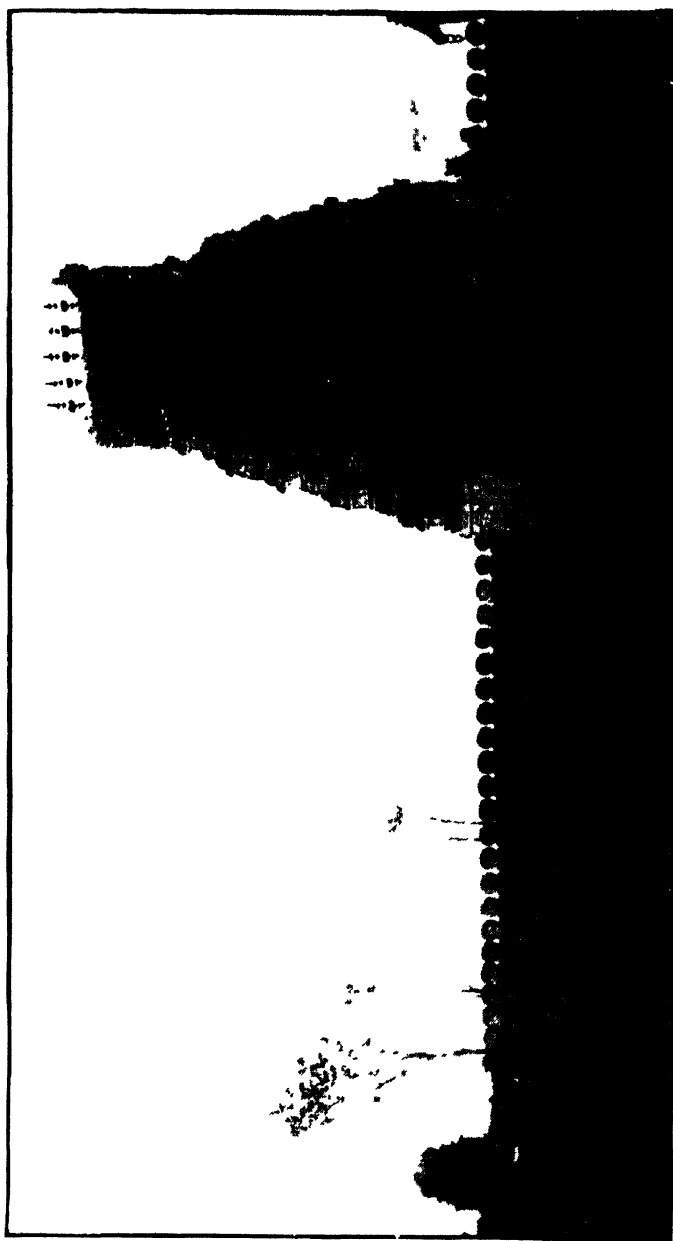
MAIDAN OR PARADE GROUND

which teems with interest. Here, as we have seen, stood the palace of the Vijayanagar viceroys of Seringapatam, occupied later by the rajas of Mysore. Here, against the northern battlements, was the miserable hovel to which Tipu drove the royal family ; and here were the mud huts in which British prisoners were incarcerated. Here was the palace of Haidar and his son, afterwards the headquarters of the army of occupation.

Imposing processions, scenes terrible and scenes ludicrous have been staged here. Hindu temples, of which two or three remain, once studded it. One, celebrated throughout South India, visited during more than a thousand years by countless thousands of devotees, is the great Dravidian

TEMPLE OF SRI RANGANATHA SVAMI

Though a great part at least of the shrine has stood here for more than ten centuries available records of its history are meagre indeed ; but it seems certain that the foundations were laid and a structure erected seventy-seven years before the monks at Westminster drove in the first pile for their Abbey of St. Peter's.



TEMPLE OF SRI RANGANATHA SWAMI

In 894, when the rest of the island was but jungle, one Tirumalaya built here the core of the temple which to-day is one of the chief shrines of the Sri Vaishnavas or Aiyangars, most exclusive of Brahmins.

They are known by the trident or *nama* on the forehead, formed by an inner line of yellow or white clay (the sacred mica of Melkote) and two outer lines of red. Their creed is the Visishtadvaita, which attributes to the Deity both form and qualities; and they worship Vishnu with his consort Sri or Lakshmi. Their founder was Ramanujacharya who about 1098 fled from the persecution of the Chola king to Tonnur—to the court of the great Hoysala king, Bitti Deva, a Jain, and influenced him so greatly that he renounced Jainism, became (as testified by his new name of Vishnuvardhana) a fervent Vishnuite, and granted Ramanujacharya and his followers land west of the island and on the north and south banks of the river which encircles it.

Then it was that the temple became one of the principle Sri Vishnuite shrines, and throughout the ages a famous place of pilgrimage. In 1454 it was again enlarged, greatly enlarged by Timmanna, lord of Nagamangala, when he became Danayak, or Viceroy of Seringapatam. Funds he gained by the discovery of hidden treasure; materials he obtained, say the chronicles, by the demolition of 101 Jain temples at Kalastavadi, the village on the Mysore-Bangalore road.

Over 20,000 pilgrims flock here every January for the *Rathaseptami Utsava* (Car Festival), and over 10,000 in October–November for the *Brindavanotsava* feast. Of the 20,000 people who pass through Seringapatam to visit the Karighatta Hill *jatre* in February or March many thousands also worship here.

About 1574 Chama Raja Wadiyar IV (the Bald) was performing *pūja* in the temple when 'the imbecile Viceroy attempted to seize him. Warned of the plot in time the Raja escaped' and continued to defy, successfully, his rival.

In 1610 the Vijayanagar Viceroy of Seringapatam retired to Talakadu and there died; and whether with or against his will, his capital fell to Raja Wadiyar of Mysore.

The story goes that the Viceroy, Prince Tirumala Raya, old and 'grievously affected with the *Rajpora* or royal boil', had two wives, Alamelamma and Sri Rangamma. Distorted and contradictory accounts of his retirement, of his relinquishing his province to the Raja and of what happened to his wives after his death have filtered down through the ages, and savour more of legend than of history. Sift as we may we find little that is authentic. A generally accepted version says that during Tirumala's lifetime, some of Alamelamma's jewels were sent every Tuesday and Friday to this temple to decorate the goddess, Ranganayaki. When the Rani accompanied her dying husband to Talakadu she took the jewels with her and on his death refused to return or to lend them. The temple priests induced Raja Wadiyar to use his influence to get possession of the coveted ornaments, and to send an order to Alamelamma to restore them.

The lady again refused, whereupon the Raja pointed out that, being a widow she could never wear them; that to give them to the temple would ensure to her length of days and abiding happiness, and added grimly that if she refused a third time he would take them by force.

Alamelamma, greatly doubting if the jewels would ever adorn the goddess, sent back one only, a valuable nose ring. The rest she tied in her waist cloth and, utter-

ing the famous curse against Raja Wadiyar and his descendants, flung herself into the Kaveri.

That night, breathing reproaches and threats, she appeared to the king in a dream which he related to his queen. Greatly disturbed at the threatened danger to her husband and six sons (all of whom soon after predeceased her) the Rani caused a golden image of Alamelamma to be made and placed in a special shrine in the palace, and arranged for elaborate worship of the image every year on the Mahanavami, or ninth day of Dasara.

The part of the threefold curse which was directed against the Rani's family ceased to operate when, after her husband's death, her seventh son was born and lived to reign, though but for one short year.

The golden statuette is now in the Mysore Palace and every Dasara it is worshipped with all reverence and many offerings.¹

* * * * *

In February 1761, the young Raja (Immadi Krishna Raja Wadiyar), the indomitable Rani Lakshammanni, and the Brahmin, Khande Rao, 'united in an oath of mutual fidelity at the foot of the idol of the great temple against the usurper, Haidar Ali'. He was, however, too strong for them and took, as we shall see, a terrible revenge.

Ten years later the temple car was burnt. Chama Raja Wadiyar VIII repaired it and gave a new image. In 1773 the temple itself was injured by an explosion in the powder magazine near by, and was restored by Haidar.

Tipu, on the other hand, is said to have razed almost all the Hindu temples to the ground, and to have destroyed

¹ *Annals of the Mysore Royal Family*, I, p. 30.

the *gopuras* of all those which he allowed to stand, alleging as his reason that they overlooked the palace zananas, or offered landmarks to an enemy. The Ranganatha Svami *gopura*, far enough away to invalidate the first reason, was spared.

We have James Bristow's word for it that 'Tippoo had demolished many of their temples . . . particularly a much revered pagoda near the bazaar of Seringapatam, where he found, it is asserted, 150,000 coined pagodas, buried under the stone out of which the lamp pillar was hewn. He frequently orders calves to be brought before the doors of their temples and sheds the sacred blood under the very nose of the offended deity.'

During the day of the last siege the guard on the royal family was removed and the distracted Rani and her terrified charges took refuge here.

* * * * *

THE NARASIMHA SVAMI TEMPLE

stands almost midway between the Ranganatha Svami Temple and the site of Tipu's palace. It was built over 200 years ago by the gallant Kanthirava Narasa Raja Wadiyar; and in a cell of the temple a magnificent portrait statuette, 3½ ft. high, of that ruler stands on a pedestal on which his name is engraved. The figure is beautifully carved and richly ornamented, and though the Raja stands in an attitude of supplication, with folded hands, it has, says the *Archaeological Report*, 'a majestic appearance'. The king wears a long robe, has a shield and dagger on the left side and a *vira-pendaya* (hero's badge) on the right.

THE GANGADHARESVARA SVAMI TEMPLE has also, it will be noticed, lost its *gopura*.

PRISONS ON THE MAIDAN

In the grounds north of, and adjoining, the site of Tipu's palace a few mud walls may be seen. They are possibly all that remain of the Malabar hut, surrounded by a mud wall, eighteen feet high, in which more than forty officers, including Colonels Matthews and Baird and for a short time Colonel Braithwaite, were confined.

We know that this hut was in an angle of the *maidan*, that its occupants could see the European drummer boys—forcibly converted to Islam and degraded to dancing boys—who lived despairingly in the palace, and who, from its terraced roof, managed sometimes to exchange signs with and to make piteous appeals for help from the prisoners: and that Baird's prison was described as a go-down near and overlooked by the palace. On the other hand the captives of the *Diary* could from their prison view the Dasara proceedings, and the young Raja seated in his palace. This was at the opposite, the south-west corner, where the Memorial *Mantapa* now stands and the men when released crossed the parade to go to the Sultan's palace.

It is more than likely that there were several officers' prisons. Cruelly crowded as they were and speedily as death reduced their numbers no one mud hut could hold all who from 1780 to 1799 endured imprisonment. Colonel Baillie, we know, 'languished in a small choultry'. Non-commissioned officers and many of the rank and file were thrust into a square prison, in which were, says Mr. Thompson, 'between two and three hundred of them at this time, and alas! a woman or two'.¹ The intensely moving account of the release of officers and men in

¹ *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*, p. 16.

1784, related by one of the freed captains, is quoted in full on page 18 of Mr. Thompson's book. James Bristow throws some light on the problem of where the British prisoners were housed :

‘The number of *chaylahs* (slave converts) that were confined in the fort together, without sufficient room to breathe in, totally disregarded and surrounded by filth which was never removed, created at last epidemical diseases, which were fatal to great numbers. The Europeans had in this case no better chance than the unfortunate wretches with whom they were intermixed in one common prison. It was not until the contagion had raged a considerable time with unabated fury and effected great destruction that they removed us to another prison on the island, where we had a little more room, and enjoyed a purer air. . . .’ Care was taken to clean the new prison which consisted of a spacious square, situated between the fort and the new village, to the southward of the former, called Ganjam Pet (Ganjam Petta). A temporary comfort, of short duration. ‘Scarcely had our drooping spirits recovered from the terror of certain death . . . before a fatal and injurious misrepresentation of our conduct plunged us into new troubles.’ They were, for no fault but that of being in tolerable spirits at the change, re-fettered with the shackles from which their forced initiation had exempted them, and driven back to their former prison on the island, beaten unmercifully along every yard of the mile which separated the two goals, ‘though,’ cries Bristow, ‘we made every expedition’.

Volumes might be written on the many events which have taken place on the *maidan*. Some impressive, some ludicrous and many with a pathos beyond tears. One, blending farce and tragedy, was the strange forced

betrothal of several young English soldiers, ordered to fall in on the Parade ground and then to 'right about turn and take what is behind you'. Lined up behind them each found a young Carnatic captive girl. A full and most interesting account of the betrothal, of the marriages and subsequent adventures of some of these strangely united couples is given in Mr. Thompson's book. Hardly one of the wives was more than eleven years old.

On 28 September 1783, 'a tom-tom went about, forbidding any inhabitants to appear in the streets after nine o'clock at night, on pain of losing their noses and ears'.

We have many descriptions of sports and entertainments; of military processions, 'second only to the processions of the Grand Moghul Himself'—when Haidar on his favourite and gorgeously caparisoned elephant, Poon Gaj, was accompanied 'by European, Indian and Abyssinian officers, cavalry and lancers; by bands, elephants, horses and camels; by foot soldiers in white and silver, and by the Royal Insignia'. Some of the insignia are described. One was a fish whose scales were formed of jewels and enamel, carried at the end of a long red staff; a horse's flowing tail depended from it. Another emblem was 'a large Flamebeau of white wax in a chandelier of gold'. The last sign carried was 'a kind of round chair without a canopy, covered on the outside with ivory, inlaid and ornamented with gold'. Was this the historic, the sacred ivory throne of Mysore? Was it of this chair that the lovely carved ivory back in the Jagan Mohan Mahal formed part?¹

Accounts of Tipu's marriage procession and of the

¹ See *Mysore City*, p. 40.

ensuing festivities, held on the *maidan*, are given. 'For nearly a month the streets of the city were ornamented. The fame and the noise of the banquets extended to all parts of the world. The joyful entertainments, music and other appliances of delight were provided so abundantly that during the whole time little and great, high and low never dried their hands from eating and drinking.'¹

On this *maidan* stood for many a day an iron cage. As we know, the Raja, and his queen, assisted by Khande Rao, the *pradhana*, made a desperate attempt in 1760 to depose the usurper, Haidar. The plot failed and Haidar forced the trembling Raja to resign the entire management of the country into his hands and to surrender Khande Rao. The *pradhana* (minister) was only given up on Haidar's promising to spare his life and 'to care for him like a parrot'—a common expression to denote kindness and protection. The promise was literally and treacherously fulfilled. Khande Rao spent the rest of his days in this iron cage, fed with milk and rice, exposed to the jeers or the pity of every passer-by.

It will be remembered that Khande Rao had treated Haidar's wife and family, when they fell into his hands, with the utmost consideration. One wonders why Fakhrun-nissa did not exert her undoubted influence over her husband to obtain at least a milder imprisonment for such a gallant foe.

Of the ludicrous scenes enacted here none surpassed the solemn recognition by 'Citizen Tippoo'—the autocratic and 'royal' despot—of the French Republic, typifying extreme democracy. In 1797 a band of 59 French citizens, whose secretary could not spell and

¹ *Hyder Ally and Tippoo Sultaun.*

whose members could not sign their names,¹ met after High Mass in the little church in Seringapatam, elected a president (Lieutenant Francis Ripaud), passed fervent resolutions testifying to their hatred of royalty, and proceeded to the Royal Palace. Here 'The Resplendent Presence' received them with protestations of affection and a salute of 2,300 guns. They assured him of their devotion to his holy cause and then in solemn silence—did *no* one giggle?—a Tree of Liberty was planted and a Cap of Equality crowned it. Did any of the shackled, half-starved captives catch, through a crack in a prison door, a glimpse of this Tree of Liberty, or hear through dungeon walls the flights of oratory to which the assembled multitudes were then treated by Lieutenant Ripaud?—

'Je vois le comble de la barbarie et celui de l'atrocité—Dieu! j'en frémis d'horreur! Quoi! Je vois ces victimes de la férocité anglaise qui ont été sciés entre deux planches! . . . Oh! comble d'horreur et de scélératesse, que d'indignation tu inspires! Soyez persuadées, âmes infortunées, que nous vous vengerons. Oh! perfides et cruels Anglais, tremblez!'

From the *maidan* Tipu despatched an embassy to France, and a cheeky letter to Louis XVI, calling him Raja of the French and 'my odoriferous friend',² in 1788, in order to conclude with France an offensive and defensive alliance. It was written, by aid of Lieutenant Ripaud, in French. The following are extracts:

' . . . I acknowledge the sublimity of your constitution, and as a proof of my sincerity I propose a treaty of alliance and fraternity which shall be for ever indis-

¹ *Decisive War with Tippoo Sultaun.*

² *Letters of Tipu Sultan*, p. 371.

soluble, and shall be founded on republican principles of sincerity and good faith: to the end that you and your nation with myself and my people may become one family: that the same oath may bind us for life or for death: that your enemies may be mine and those of my people, and that my enemies may be considered as yours. . . . Happy moment! The time has come when I can deposit in the bosom of my friends the hatred which I bear against those oppressors of the human race. If you will assist me, in a short time not an Englishman shall remain in India! You have the power and the means of effecting it by your free negroes. With these new citizens (much dreaded by the English) joined to your troops of the line, we will purge India of these villains! . . . Now you are apprised of my designs, delay not to inform me of yours: but make no promises which you cannot perform."¹

The Rev. Father Tabard, in the Mythic Society's *Journal* for January 1917, gives a detailed and most amusing account of the preparations made at Toulon for the ambassadors. They were Muhammad Dervish Khan (accompanied by his son Aga Khan), Akbar Ali Khan and Muhammad Oosman Khan, who took his young nephew, Ghulam Saheb, with him to act as secretary. They were attended by a train of about forty persons.

The King ordered that they should be received with the utmost magnificence; that they had only to ask, that everything was at their disposal. They were treated to marvellous displays of fireworks, to operas, sham fights, balls, ballets and feasts.

From Toulon they drove to Paris; the chief ambas-

¹ *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1799.



MIR MAHAMMAD HABIBULLA SAHIB

sador in a coach drawn by six horses, the next two in one drawn by four. They took with them for the King seven chests full of presents, chests rumoured 'to contain a throne of ivory adorned with diamonds, a sceptre and a crown of gold; all of incalculable value'. One account, however, declares that the King was amused at Tipu's miserable presents—'trumpery to dress up dolls'—and gave them to M. Bertrand's little girls.

Reaching Paris in due course the ambassadors were received in public audience by King Louis on 3 August 1788. He presented each with a medal struck in 1781, and one of these medals is now in the possession of Mir Mahomed Noorullah Sahib Mittadar of Byanapalli, grandson of Ghulam Saheb, who lived to be 105 years old and died in 1865, having retired from British service at the age of 99. On the obverse of the medal is the head of the King, on the reverse that of Queen Marie-Antoinette.

The ill-fated King and Queen were too immersed in the troubles which foreshadowed the Revolution to do more than promise help 'when circumstances were more favourable'. The ambassadors feeling dismally that so little success in their mission augured ill for their welcome from Tipu delayed their return as long as they dared. Their forebodings were only too well justified. The Sultan, furious at receiving no help from France, and still more furious that his ministers should describe that country as a more powerful and prosperous State than his own, forbade them to speak of it at all. 'As the rumours of the glories of France continued to spread among his people Tipu swore to be revenged on his unfaithful ambassadors. When he was walking one day (probably in the gardens of the palace overlooking this

maidan) with Muhammad Oosman Khan and Akbar Ali Khan, he caused them to be stabbed by one of his own servants.' ¹

In 1798 Tipu made another attempt to gain French help and appealed to Napoleon, who sent him, through the 'Sheriffe of Mecca' the following answer in February, 1799. It was written in Arabic and communicated to Captain Wilson at Mocha. He sent the following translation of it to the Governor of Bombay :

' FRENCH REPUBLIC

' LIBERTY

' EQUALITY

' Head Quarters at Cairo, 7th Pluviose, 7th year of the Republic, ONE and INDIVISIBLE.

' BUONAPARTE, Member of the National Convention, General-in-Chief, to the most Magnificent Sultaun, our greatest friend TIPPoo SAIB.

' You have already been informed of my arrival on the borders of the Red Sea, with an innumerable and invincible army, full of the desire of delivering you from the iron yoke of England.

' I eagerly embrace this opportunity of testifying to you the desire I have of being informed by you, by the way of Muscat and Mocha, as to your political situation.

' I would even wish you could send some intelligent person to Suez or Cairo, possessing your confidence, with whom I may confer.

' May the Almighty increase your power and destroy your enemies.

' (Signed) BUONAPARTE.'

Seal.

¹ *Histoire de l' Empire de Mysore.*

CHAPTER VII

THE LAL MAHAL, OR THE PALACE OF HAIDAR ALI AND TIPU SULTAN

*Here 'Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode an hour or two and went his way.'*

—Omar Khayyam

A MODEL of this palace on a much reduced scale may be seen in the Chamaraja Road, Mysore, now the residence of Mir T. N. Nizam-ud-din Ali Khan, grand-nephew of Haidar's much loved consort, Tipu Sultan's mother.

Of the palace itself all that remains is part of the high plinth on which it stood. Most of the site, indicated by a wall tablet, is covered by a sandal wood depôt. It stood on the east border of the *maidan*, facing west.

In the Nawab's time it seems to have been a fine, plain, substantial building with an open balcony or durbar hall overlooking the parade ground, and with another hall opening on to the garden behind.

The Rev. F. Schwartz, who visited Haidar Ali as an unofficial envoy from the Council in Madras in 1780, says of the garden that it contained many cypresses and fountains, and that 'the trees were grafted and bore many kinds of fruit'.

We have other glimpses of the palace and of Haidar, too ; of his dress and his daily occupations. We see him sitting in state on the balcony watching 'sports': the wrestling of his *jetties*, bull-baiting, the fights of elephants,

of tigers against buffaloes. The prisoner, James Scurry, saw 'one tiger defeat nine buffaloes, each of which would have been an overmatch for the fiercest bull I ever saw in Europe'. He notes that if the *jetties* were in any way tardy Tipu had means of infusing spirit into them, for there were always two stout fellows behind each, with instruments in their hands that would soon put them to work.¹

Brutal as these sports were they were eclipsed by the daily floggings and mutilations which the Nawab and Tipu witnessed in the courtyard below. We see the Nawab as, unmoved, he bought the heads of conquered foes at Rs. 10 the pair; as he watched elephants drag his enemies to death in that same courtyard or the *maidan* beyond.

Monsieur 'D.L.T.', a French general for some time in the Nawab's employ, who was much impressed by his master's magnificence and graciousness, draws a few pictures of him for us :

'His apartments are commonly covered with white muslin spread upon the most superb Persian carpets. He has such a predilection for white that he causes wainscoting that is painted, gilt and varnished, to be covered with white muslin; and even chairs and sophas of embroidered velvet or gold stuff.

'About half past six,' the general continues, 'when the day closes in, a great number of *mussalchys* or bearers of flambeaux, appear in the court of the Palace and salute the Prince as they pass on the side of the apartment where he is. They illuminate all the apartments in a moment, especially that in which the Nawab is, with

¹ For a full account of these sports see *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*, pp. 23 ff.

HYDER ALIY CAWN

1767-1782



tapers in chandeliers of exquisite workmanship, ornamented with festoons of flowers of the utmost lightness and delicacy. These chandeliers, on account of the wind, are covered with large shades of English glass. There are likewise in some parts of the Palace large glass lanterns, painted with flowers of all colours.

‘When Hyder wishes to give a particular mark of his esteem he himself makes a collar of jasmine flowers, knotting them with silk as he converses, which collar he himself adjusts round the neck of the happy mortal to whom he gives this glorious mark of his esteem and favour. He has several times conferred this honour on the Chiefs of his Europeans, knowing well that the French, above all nations, esteem themselves well paid by this sort of money. He who has received this honour is visited the following day by the first people of the court to compliment him.’¹.

A truly startling contrast when Haidar Ali, *Haidar Ali*, sits down to make glorified daisy chains for his generals!

Of the Nawab’s dress Kirmani contents himself with telling us that it was usually red or purple and made from the chintz of Burhampur, which he wore continually ; also that ‘the turban he wore on his fortunate head was 100 hands or cubits in length’. But Monsieur D.L.T. gives us, with great gusto, minute details of the garments of Haidar and his courtiers. ‘His habits, like those of all the natives of India, are of white muslin, with a turban of the same. His robe is fashioned nearly the same as those of the European ladies, which are called *à l’Angloise*. The body and sleeves fit neatly, and are drawn close by

¹ *Hyder Ally and Tippoo Sultaun*, p. 15.

strings; the rest of the robe being ample and in folds; so that when the Indian great men walk a page supports their train, from their first stepping off the carpet to their entering into their carriages. . . .

'In the army Haidar wears a military habit invented by himself for his generals. It is a uniform composed of a vest of white satin, with gold flowers, faced with yellow and attached by cords of the same colour. The drawers are of the same materials; and the boots of yellow velvet. He wears a scarf of white silk about his waist. With the military habit his turban is of a red or Aurora colour. When he is on foot he commonly uses a gold-headed cane; and sometimes on horseback he carries a sabre, hanging by a belt of velvet embroidered with gold, and fastened over his shoulder by a clasp of gold enriched with some precious stones.

'He never wears much jewellery either on his turban or on his clothes, and never uses either necklace or bracelets. His turban is very long and flat at the top . . . his slippers are very large and have a long point turned back, resembling the roofs of the buildings in some countries of the Levant. The *petit maistres* of his court affect to wear little bonnets which scarcely cover the tops of their heads, and slippers so small as scarce to admit the points of their feet. But though in this and other respects their taste is so different from that of Haidar and his son, yet to imitate him as much as possible in the article of beard and whiskers, without infringing the precepts of the Alcoran, they reduce their beard and moustaches to a moustache scarcely discernible.'

We are given a glimpse, too, of Haidar's 'pets'.

'If he has leisure,' continues the Frenchman, 'he appears at a balcony and receives the salute of his

elephants, that are led before him, as well as of his horses. His tygers of chace likewise pay him a visit. They are led by hand, and are covered with a mantle of green and gold hanging to the ground, and a bonnet on their head, of cloth embroidered with gold, with which their eyes can be immediately covered if they should chance to prove mischievous. Hyder himself gives each of them a ball of sweetmeat, which they take very adroitly with their paws, being exceedingly tame. These are the spotted tygers, and their keepers lead them every day into those places where the greatest crowds are. But the grand Tyger or Tyger Royal has never been tamed by any attempts yet made.'

* * * * *

The palace seems to have been enlarged and much more lavishly decorated in Tipu's time. Indeed Bristow tells us that Haidar's palace was demolished and in the rear of it was begun a more extensive and magnificent one of triangular form, fronting the famous pagoda in the fort. Dr. Buchanan in 1800 gave the following description of it.

'The Palace of the Sultan at Seringapatam is a very large building, surrounded by a massive and lofty wall of stone and mud, and outwardly is of a very mean appearance. There were in it, however, some handsome apartments . . . and an entire want of ventilation. The private apartments of Tippoo formed a square on one side of which were the rooms that he himself used. The other three sides were occupied by warehouses in which he had deposited a vast quantity of goods, for he acted not only as a Prince, but also as a merchant. This was one of the grand sources of oppression, goods (were) forced upon poor wretches whose whole means, when

torn from them, were inadequate to the estimated value of the goods.¹

‘From the principal front of the Palace, which served as a Revenue Office and as a place where the Sultan occasionally showed himself to the populace, the chief entry into the private square was through a strong narrow passage, wherein were chained 4 tigers, which although somewhat tame, would in case of any disturbance become very unruly. . . . Very few persons except Mir Sadak were ever admitted.

‘Immediately behind was the bed-chamber, which communicated with the hall by a door and two windows, and was shut up on every other side. The door was strongly secured on the inside and a close iron grating defended the windows.

‘The Sultan, lest anyone should fire on him while in bed, slept in a hammock, which was suspended from the roof by chains in such a situation to be invisible through the windows. In this hammock were found a sword and a pair of loaded pistols. The only other passage from the private square was into the Zanana.’

This cot, we are told in the *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1800, had a framework of hard wood, and short silver legs. It was suspended on chains, not only to guard against attacks but ‘in order to prevent snakes, rats and other vermin from getting upon it’. A wise precaution in a place so dark, filthy and unventilated as all accounts report the palace to have been.

The sword which was found in the cot was presented to General Baird, ‘a splendid trophy’ to which all were

¹ Rs. 25,35,804 worth of treasure was found here after the capture of the fort.

convinced he had the best right. It was indeed the only reward he ever received from the authorities for what more than one called 'the stupendous feat of the capture of Seringapatam'. His brethren-in-arms presented him with another sword, specially made, 'as a mark of the high sense they entertained of his admirable conduct on that occasion'.¹ He did, it is true, receive 'an extremely handsome letter from Marquess Wellesley offering to recommend him for a pension or a red riband'. Sir David chose the riband, but never received it, nor did he ever hear anything more on the subject.

* * * * *

After the capture of Seringapatam the palace was used as the military headquarters. Colonel De Meuron and his officers were lodged here, and here, in 1803, Lord Valentia (a nephew of the Duke of Wellington) visited them. He gives the following interesting description :

'The Loll Mahal, or private residence of Tippoo Sultan (this was inside the fort, opposite to the water-gate and between two Hindu temples) consists of but one square, three sides of which are divided into two stories, with a verandah of painted wood in front. Behind were many small rooms, used by him as warehouses. The fourth side consisted of a single room, the same height as the rest of the building. This was the *darbar* . . . in which he sat or wrote or received ministers. It is a very handsome room, about 70 feet long and 40 feet deep. The walls are painted red, with a gilt trellis work running over it, formed by the 'tiger scratches', the favourite ornament of Tippoo.

'Sentences of the Koran in letters of gold, each about

¹ *Life of Sir David Baird, Bart.*, I, p. 220.

a foot high, run round the room as a cornice. Three rows of pillars sustain the roof, which is the same colour as the walls.

‘Each pillar is a single piece of wood, painted red and highly varnished. They have bases of black marble. Their shape is fantastic, bulging much towards the base, but again narrowing.

‘Behind the Durbar is a small room in which the tyrant slept when fear or anger would permit him. There are only two windows, both grated with iron, and the door is strongly secured.

‘The only entrance to the Loll Mahal is through the harem that adjoined and through a narrow winding passage in which Tippoo kept some lions and tigers chained, as an additional precaution. . . . The public apartments of Tippoo were handsome, those of Hyder Aly plain in the extreme.’ Lord Valentia adds that the zanana rooms of both were ‘extremely bad, and when left by the harem women very dark and filthy. The only illumination there was from small oil lamps placed in niches in the walls, from which black oily streaks ran to the floor. Of their verandah pillars no colour could be discerned through the overlay of grease and dirt. Many of the outer walls were pierced with tiny eyeholes.’

Were they, we wonder, spy holes, or pathetic attempts to see something of that outer world to which the doors were so strangely opening ?

THE THRONE ROOM, OR DURBAR HALL

‘This,’ the Viscount goes on to describe, ‘was a kind of colonnade painted green, with red ornamental work forming the tiger stripe. Round the arches of the roof were Persian and Arabic verses referring to the influence

of the Zodiac in forming 'the god-like superiority of the Sultan in his princely character'. For instance, 'Leo was the type of this Lord of Strength, the eyes of whose enemies turn blind at sight of him,' etc.

Tipu's flag reversed the colouring of his walls, being green stripes on a red field, with a sun in the centre ; his war tents were green.

THE THRONE

was begun in 1788. The next year the Sultan intended to arrange an enthronement ceremony of great glory and magnificence on the eve of his son's wedding, and issued orders that all persons throughout his territories who intended to marry must repair to Seringapatam for the celebrations. Arrangements were made to perform 12,000 marriages. Tipu promised that all expenses would be paid and with his own hand drew up a code regulating domestic manners and morals.

Thousands proceeded to the capital, but the Hindus were so terrified at a report that the Padishah intended to make them all Muhamnadans that they fled from the danger. Incensed at this, and at his defeat in Travancore, Tipu vowed that he would never ascend the throne until he had recovered all the provinces he had been forced to cede to the English.

A minute description (here much condensed) of the throne is given in the *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1800 : 'The support was a life-sized wooden tiger, covered with the purest sheet gold, as thick as a guinea, wrought in tiger stripes curiously indented, highly and beautifully polished.

'The tiger stood, and his head and legs appeared in front of the howdah which rested on his back. This

howdah was octagonal, eight feet long by five feet wide.' It was surrounded by a low railing on which were ten golden tiger heads, exquisitely inlaid with precious stones. Four large and curious crystal pedestals, presented by the Court of France, supported the throne. The ascent on each side was by steps of solid silver-gilt, fastened with silver nails.

Hundreds of Arabic sentences (chiefly from the Koran) stamped, raised and polished, added to the adornment of the howdah.

From the tiger's back, behind the seat, rose a pillar of light wood, gilded and highly ornamented, supporting the canopy. This canopy was bordered by a fringe of magnificent pearls strung on fine gold. It was surmounted by a *huma* bird, which was covered with jewels and valued at sixteen hundred guineas.

After the Sultan's death the throne, too unwieldy to be moved without damage and too valuable to be purchased entire, was broken up under the superintendence of the Commissioners. Lord Mornington bought the *huma* bird and sent it, years after, as a present to Queen Victoria.

* * * * *

Almost all the pictures we get of life in and around Tipu's palace are terrible. A typical one is of the Sultan writing or dictating his vainglorious verses—extolling his bravery and clemency—hardly interrupted by the shriek of a strangled prisoner in a nearby fetid cell; by the cries of a merchant unable even under the murderous lash of the *korla* to produce another pagoda; by the trumpeting of a reluctant elephant forced to trample an English lad to death.

That Tipu's own subjects were as liable to undeserved punishment and to torture as his prisoners of war were

we have innumerable instances. Bristow relates a terrible but not an uncommon one. 'A little before I left Seringapatam,' he says, 'I took particular note of two merchants who suffered with astonishing fortitude; they were daily, during the Cutcherry hours, which are from eight in the morning until six in the evening, pinioned with their arms and legs to the ground, and while in this posture, lying on their backs, with their faces to the sun, a fellow on each side kept continually pricking them with long pointed needles. Three lacks of rupees was the stipulated price for their release, but nothing could be exacted from them but the promise of remitting the money if they were suffered to return to their homes. . . . Martyrs of this kind are very common in India.'

Scurry tells us that if piqueting for hours in the blazing sun, then scourging and then the incessant application of needles while still under the whip, proved ineffectual in producing the sum demanded, persons suspected of hidden wealth were led on to the *maidan* 'and there put into cages of iron, on half a pound of rice and a certain quantity of salt per day, but not a drop of water or anything else but these two articles. In this situation I have seen them, with their souls looking through their eyes, and God knows my feelings at the time; but a look of pity at them from us would have been construed into guilt. They would thus linger a few days and expire in agony.'

On one occasion the prisoners were summoned to the *maidan* and in front of the palace. 'Here, being ordered to sit down, the guards surrounding us, we remained for four hours under a scorching sun, nor could we procure a drop of water nor stir a foot from the spot. Here was a scene indeed! Our women in tatters, our children

naked and ourselves nearly in the same state, without food or any means of procuring it ; the women weeping aloud, the infants crying for nourishment and ourselves expecting to be massacred.' Four men, with baskets, approached and hope was born to die at once, for the baskets contained not food but more fetters. The British prisoners were driven to Chitaldrug, their poor faithful Indian wives following them.

Four beautiful mares, two elephants and two palanquins were always in waiting at the palace doors when Tipu was in his capital, but he was never seen on horseback by any of the captives, and only once on an elephant. He preferred to use a palanquin.

Tipu is described as having been darker, shorter and weaker than his father. His hands and feet were small and delicate, his eyes large and full. He had a short, thick neck and was inclined to corpulence ; he was clean shaven and in dress he affected simplicity, discarding the trains favoured by Haidar and his courtiers. His turban, which latterly was green, was fastened in Mahratta fashion by a white handkerchief, tied over the top and under the chin.

Extremely garrulous, he spoke in loud, sharp tones, and laid down the law on every conceivable topic.

Colonel Wilks' summing up of the father and son is very neat. 'Hyder,' he says, 'was an improving monarch and exhibited few innovations. Tippu was an innovating monarch and made no improvements. One had a sagacious and powerful mind ; the other a feeble and unsteady intellect. . . . Tippoo's principal measures, however specious, all tended to injure the finances, undermine the Government and oppress the people.'

* * * * *

Attached to the palace Tipu established a school for



SULTAN

admirals (Mir Buhr) . . . admirals trained in Seringapatam, admirals trained by Tipu Sultan! 'They suggest a nightmare of amphibian monsters.' Of these he had thirty, of whom twenty were to be afloat, and ten under instruction at his court. In addition he created eleven Lords of the Admiralty (Mir-e-Yem).

Of the events which took place in the palace when Seringapatam fell into British hands we have detailed accounts. Major Allan was sent by General Baird to demand and to receive Tipu's submission, or, in his absence, that of his sons; and his narrative, thrillingly interesting, is quoted in full in Mr. Thompson's book.¹

After much delay the Major induced the two princes, Moisa-din or Moiz-ud-din and Abdul Khalik to give themselves up.² With every mark of respect, escorted by some of the 33rd Regiment they left the palace and were conducted to the headquarters of General Harris. It was believed at first that Tipu was hiding in the palace, and Baird caused it to be searched. Seething with indignation as he must have been at the news he had just received of the foul murder of the twelve grenadiers³ and with heightened memories of his own terrible sufferings 'his gallantry on the assault was not more conspicuous than the moderation and humanity which he displayed on this occasion', says Major Allan.

In a letter, dated 8 June 1799, to the Governor-General the Mysore Commissioners assure him of Baird's consideration for the ladies of the harem. 'Before the Zanana was searched for treasure separate apartments were prepared for the ladies, and no precaution omitted

¹ *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*, p. 42.

² See p. 8, note.

³ See p. 18.

to secure them from the possibility of being exposed to any inconvenience.

‘No treasure was found in the Zanana, nor was any article conveyed from there.’

After the capture of Seringapatam the palace, as we have seen, was used as the headquarters and residence of the officers in command.



THE WATER GATE

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CHAPTER VIII

THE GATES OF DEATH

RETURNING to Colonel Wellesley's tamarind bordered road we reach

THE WATER GATE

the traditional but not the actual site of Tipu's death. For fourteen days before the siege the Sultan had eaten and slept here, 'in an apartment', says Colonel Wilks, 'formed by the old gateway, which had for some years been closed by an exterior revetment'. Colonel Beatson says that Tipu had curtained off the front, and close by had pitched four tents for his servants and baggage. From here, 'a prey to despair he heaped gifts on temples and on Brahmins in return for incantations. They were too wise or too honest to predict success.'

This extremely picturesque gateway, defaced by a large and ugly tar and whitewash label, THE WATER GATE, which is also known as the *Kallale Diddi* and the *Hale Diddi Bagalu*, was not, in spite of the tablet, the scene of Tipu's death. It occurred some 200 yards to the east, in the little square fenced off from the road by white woodwork. Lord Valentia, who stayed for some time with the officers of the De Meuron Regiment at their headquarters in Tipu's palace, wrote on 4 March 1804:

'The gateway where Tippoo fell has been destroyed with the inner work: a road is formed in its stead which will ultimately add much to the beauty of the town.'

This (demolished) inner gateway was at that time the

most eastern of all the sally ports, and was opposite the road which still leads to the palace and the mosque. It is surmised that the Sultan, who had himself been directing operations against the besiegers on the western and northern ramparts, was trying, when defeat was certain, to regain his palace; having (said his faithful Raja Khan who was with him to the end and who survived him) let fall some expressions indicating that he intended to destroy his papers and to put his family to death, to save them from what he feared would be the fury of his conquerors.

For the crowded events of that fateful day the reader is again referred to *The Last Siege of Seringapatam* where they are all most vividly portrayed.

A few lines here will suffice to condense the account of the last moments of a man of whom it may be truly said that nothing in life became him like the leaving of it.

Tipu, driven back to the north-east bastion, mounted his favourite mare, descended through the (now vanished) sally port and tried to regain the palace. Soldiers had swarmed into the fort from the breach, and to escape them distracted crowds were flying through this gate to gain the river, which was low and fordable. On the other hand the soldiers driven back with the Sultan sought to pass through to the fort. The result was an appalling crush in this gateway. Tipu's horse was shot under him, and he received three musket shots from the fire of the 12th Light Infantry.

In the terrible crush Raja Khan tried to help his master to dismount, but both of them, and the horse, fell among the dead and wounded. Raja Khan was shot through the leg. 'The fallen Sultan was immediately

raised by some of his faithful adherents and placed upon his palanquin under the arch and on one side of the gateway. Here he lay or sat for some moments faint or exhausted, until some English soldiers entered the gateway. . . . 'The firing had now nearly ceased below the arch; a grenadier came up to Tippoo and seized his gold buckled sword belt. The Sultan, snatching at a drawn sword within reach made an ineffectual stroke at the soldier, and another stroke at another soldier with more effect. Immediately after he was killed by a musket ball in his right temple.'¹

Lord Valentia says: 'It is still unknown who gave the fatal wound to the Sultan. The invaluable string of pearls—which he had been many years collecting—round Tippoo's neck, was the prize of the soldier.'

Rumour long persisted that the name of the soldier was Christenau, of the regiment of De Meuron, and this is suggested on the tomb of a Mrs. Christenau buried in St. Mary's Church at Fort St. George, Madras. But, as Mr. J. J. Cotton, I.C.S., points out, 'The pearls have never been produced or traced, and the Christenau family, pensioned in Madras, never showed signs of wealth'. Mr. Cotton suggests that possibly Raja Khan,² when his master was wounded, took the pearls off to give to the young princes.

¹ Colonel Beatson's narrative.

² A grandson of Rajah Khan still lives in Mysore in what was once the family mansion. He holds a deed, signed by Tipu Sultan, and endorsed by H.H. Krishna Raja Wadiyar III, which granted Raja Khan a jahagir at Kadakola, half way between Mysore and Nanjangud. Rajah Khan also possessed lands and a house at Seringapatam, the latter near Purniah's house. Rajah Khan's tomb is near the entrance to Cole's Gardens, Mysore and his memory perpetuated in one of Mysore's roads.

We have more than one testimony to the fact that there were women among the trampled crowd in that Gate of Death; some were possibly fugitives from the town, some were actually fighting with the Sultan.

Ensign John King, of the 338th Foot, who was present says: 'Amongst the hundreds of corpses removed from this gateway was the body of a beautiful Brahmin girl, evidently caught in the terrible press of fugitives under the arch and crushed to death. She must have been going for water, as this is the gate through which all Brahmins, and indeed, during the siege, all the inhabitants went to the river.' Another writer says: 'The corpses of several richly dressed women, presumably of his harem, were found near Tippoo's.'

That women fought among his troops is well-known. In a letter (CXLIH) from Tipu to Esan-ullah Khan, quoted by Colonel Kirkpatrick, the Sultan says: 'You will enroll in the corps of Usud-Ilhyes as many Hindoos, male and female, as are willing to enter the same.' A 'willingness' savagely enforced.

THE FINDING OF TIPU'S BODY

General Baird, informed that the Sultan was lying wounded at the Water Gate, proceeded late at night with Colonel Wellesley and Major Allan by the aid of torches to examine, one by one, the bodies in that ghastly heap. Raja Khan was the only man alive, saved from suffocation by creeping under the palanquin, and he pointed out the body of his master. It was still warm and was at once recognized by the palace killedar and by others who accompanied him. The identity was further assured by a silvery metal amulet and Arabic and Persian *mantras* sewn up in brocade to form a talisman, which was tied to Tipu's right arm.

Round the foot of one of the great fig trees which shadow the Water Gate with wonderfully picturesque effect are 145 *naga* stones.

Geologists will be interested in a beautiful specimen of the fine granite porphyry which occurs in a large vein or dyke traversing the gneiss in the bed of the Kaveri nearly opposite this sally port. 'It is composed of a basis of compact reddish and salmon coloured felspar and a little quartz, imbedding lighter coloured crystals of the same with needle-shaped crystals of green tourmaline.'¹

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 19.

CHAPTER IX

THE GATEWAY OF THE FALLEN FORTRESS AND THE JUMA MASJID

KEEPING to the ramparts we come, in the strongly fortified north-east bastion, upon first a small sally port and then a wide breach in the walls. This forms what is now known as the

BIDDA KOTE BAGALU

or the Gateway of the Fallen Fortress.

The stone steps lead to some of the most beautiful little pictures on or around the island; a happy hunting ground for artists and photographers. But they also lead to 'jagged, flinty ways of agony', trodden by shackled men who stumbled into these rocky underground vaults and languished here in even worse conditions than their comrades in the Sultan Battery. Their only crime loyalty and bravery.

For that these cells, whether primarily intended for the storage of ammunition or not, were used as dungeons, seems undoubted. It is probable that British captives were confined here; it is almost certain that it was the prison in which the celebrated Mahratta freebooter, Dhondia Wahag, was for five years 'chained to the wall like a wild beast'. 'From 1780 he served as a horseman in Haider's army; during Lord Cornwallis's invasion he and a few followers decamped with as much booty as they could collect, to Dharwar, where he lived by plundering.'¹

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 419.

Gateway of the Fallen Fortress and the Juma Masjid 89

A paper in the Sultan's handwriting (1794) states that he offered Dhondia Wahag peace, an interview and reinstatement in his service if the Mahratta would become a Muhammadan, marry a woman of Tipu's choice, accept the charge of a *jagir* and furnish 1,000 horse. Tipu, who speaks of Dhondia as 'this nobody, this dog, this reprobate, this accursed ass', and uses far worse epithets, decided that the convert's new name should be Shaik Ahmed.

When, with 200 horse, the freebooter arrived at Seringapatam he declared that he had never heard of these conditions. He was tried and Mir Muhammad Sadak, Ghulam Ali Khan, Muhammad Reza (the Benki Nawab), who wrote the report, with Purniah and Bishma Pundit were ordered to try the case. The pundit said, 'He is without faith, not fit to be released, put him to death'. The majority, however, pleaded for milder measures, imprisonment for life. And so, chained to the wall he was kept here until at the capture of Seringapatam some British soldiers found, and out of pity, freed him.

Escaping to the Mahratta country he gathered together a force of desperate men, mercenaries, deserters and the wreck of Tipu's army: assumed the title 'King of the Two Worlds', committed depredations in every direction and in 1800 threatened the Mysore frontier. Unencumbered with baggage his men moved rapidly from place to place. Colonel Wellesley pursued him for many weeks and at last, with only 1,200 horse to oppose to the enemy's 5,000, charged, dispersed and cut down the marauders. Dhondia Wahag was killed in this cavalry charge. His little son was found by some troopers concealed in a baggage wagon, and brought to Colonel Wellesley, who took him under his protection, arranged

for his education and secured for him a good start in life.¹

A pathetic letter has lately been discovered, written by a chieftain imprisoned in the time of Dodda Krishna Raja Wadiyar some 50 years before Tipu's time. Kempavirappa Gauda was the last Yelahanka chief of Magadi, and was captured in order that his sequestered possessions might provide funds for buying off Mahratta besiegers. Where his prison was we do not know, beyond the fact that it was within the fortress of Seringapatam. The palm leaf letter, signed Kempayya, and dated just over 200 years ago, is addressed to his relative Muddu Krishna Raja Gauda, chief of Hulikal and runs: 'Our blessings to you. . . . Write to us about the welfare of you all. As you know we are subjected to this misfortune by the sport of the god Somanatha. Our health at present is in a bad state and there is every likelihood of death overtaking us soon. There does not appear to be any chance of recovery. As you are the only heir in our family I send you by Soma the chief insignia of royalty. . . . Other matters which ought not to be written in a letter you will learn from Soma.'²

These oubliettes are dark and dank and chill enough to

¹ *Arthur, Duke of Wellington*, by G. R. Gleig, p. 25.

² Muddappa Gauda received the name of Muddu Krishna Raja Gauda from Dodda Krishna Raja Wadiyar, who sent for him to display his exceptional skill as a horseman. But the addition of Krishna Raja to his own name was an extremely costly 'gift', for which he had to pay an annual tribute of 500 *varahas*. His son fared even worse, for in 1771 Haidar Ali increased the tribute to 1,000 *varahas*, and Tipu, unsurpassed as a master of extortion, in 1794 annexed all his territories. After the Restoration, General Harris and Purniah re-invested him with his lands at an annual tribute of 24 *varahas*.—*Mysore Archaeological Report*, 1922, p. 17.

have satisfied even Tipu's idea of a prison. They are approached by a narrow, winding stairway and too often the only air which reached them was the fetid, mosquito-laden mist from the stagnant water of the outer ditch.

* * * * *

From these dungeons we retrace our steps to the site of Tipu's death and thence by the road which he sought, in vain to reach, to

THE JUMA MASJID

A common corruption of the Arabic *jame masjid*, the cathedral or congregational mosque, from the Arabic *jama*, to collect, and *masjid*, a place of worship or prostration, from the root *sajada*, to bow. Also called the Friday (Jumma) Masjid because that is the day on which Muhamimadans assemble (collect) for prayers.

Mosques are generally built in the form of a square, in the centre of which is an open courtyard, surrounded by cloisters for students. In the centre of the wall facing Mecca is the *mihrab* or niche, marking the direction of the *Kaaba*, the square temple at Mecca, containing the black stone, said to have been erected by Abraham and Ishmael, which is touched or kissed by the pilgrims. It was made by Muhammad the *Kibla* or the direction in which all his followers must pray. On the right of this *mihrab* is the *mimbar* (pulpit) from which the Friday *khutba* (oration) is recited.

In the centre of the open court is a tank in which worshippers can perform their ablutions. Adjoining the mosque are lavatories in which the legal washings can be performed. Along the front, within the doorway is a low barrier which denotes the sacred part of the mosque. Here the worshipper stops, takes off his shoes, carries

them in his left hand, sole to sole, and puts his right foot first as he passes into the square devoted to prayer.

From the minarets the people are called to *namauz*, prayers. The Muazzin, standing with his face to Mecca, with the points of his forefingers in his ears recites the prescribed formula :

'GOD is great. I bear witness there is no GOD but one GOD ; I bear witness that Muhammad is His Prophet. Come to pray, come to salvation. GOD is great ; there is no GOD but one.' In the morning the words, 'Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep,' are added.¹

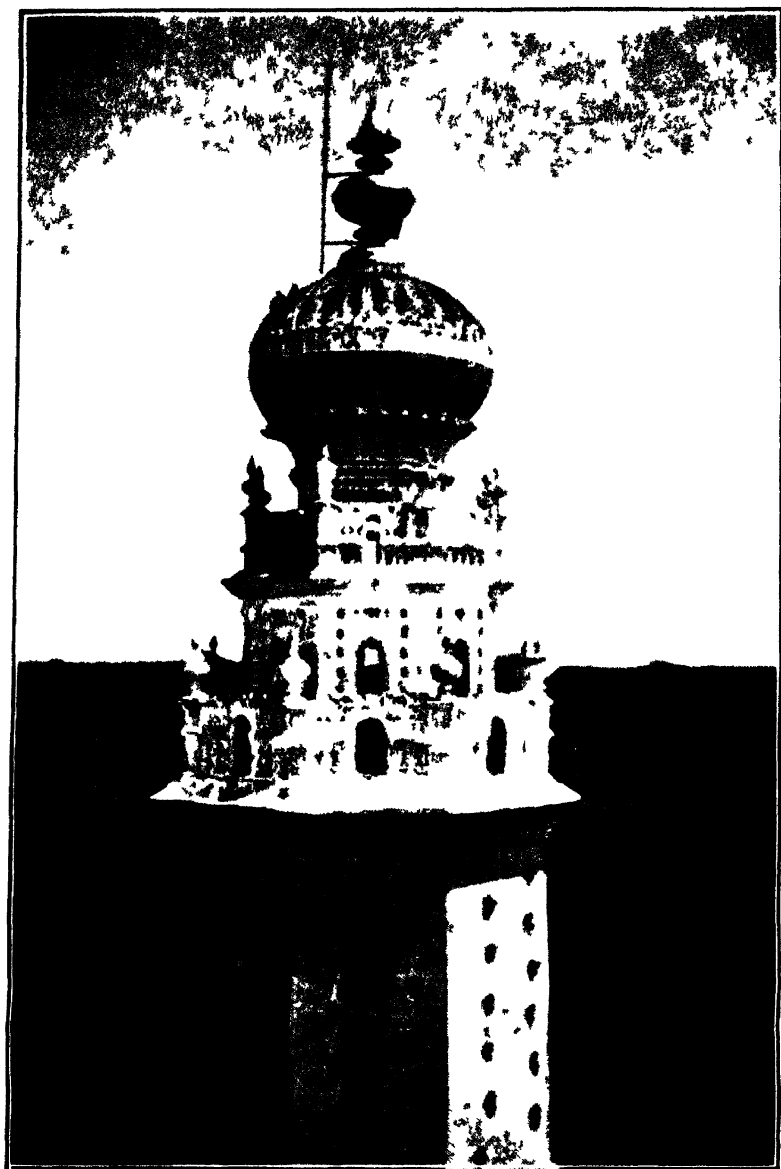
Legend says that as Tipu, when a little lad, was playing near a Hindu shrine on this spot, a fakir sitting by urged him 'when Power and Riches should be in his Right Hand' to raze the temple and build a mosque. Accordingly he built this masjid in 1787, as the chronogram on its west wall testifies. 'If,' says the inscription, 'Solomon, in the past time, built a mosque and named it AKHSA (highest) at Jerusalem ; in these happy days the King of Religion erected a mosque which was called by an angel, ALA (superior).

'Each arch is—like the moon—unequalled in beauty. The pleasing wind which blows from it is spirit-like, enchanting and refreshing. This happy hall points to Mecca. The beautiful *mihrab* (pulpit) is just like Batha. As gold is sought so I made a search, a search for the date of the mosque ; and a voice from Heaven came saying, "Call it a secure place of worship" (= 1215 Hegiri).' Another inscription gives the 99 names of Allah.

From the top of the bastion, south of the inner

¹ See *Madras Manual of the Administration*, III.





SOUTH MINARET OF THE JUMA MASJID

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Bangalore Gate, a view, very beautiful at dawn or dusk, rewards the little scramble up. The mosque is seen against a quiet background of dark trees and distant gleaming rice fields. The minarets, like great white lilies, hang airily against a rose-flushed or lilac-shadowed sky, and Ernest Raymond's lovely lines on 'Truro's Tower' spring inevitably to mind:

Stone (lilies) white against the clouds unfurled.

To mantle skies

Where thunder lies

White as a virtue in a vicious world. . . .

Or washed with rose

As long days close. . .

And first to wake

For dawns that break

While lower things are steeped in gloaming grey.

The main decoration of the minarets is the graceful arrangement of the numerous pigeon holes. A stairway, which only the slender can negotiate with comfort, leads to a tiny platform on the summit, and to a glorious view north, south, east and west. Bees frequently swarm in these minarets and visitors do well to make sure of freedom from their attacks.

It was in this mosque on 23 February 1792, that Tipu very gloomily called together all his generals and 'on the Koran' demanded their advice. Should he accept or refuse Lord Cornwallis's terms? Should it be peace or war? In Colonel Wilks' account of this scene a note of pity sounds through his description of officers—brave and gallant enough—who were eager to lay down their own lives, but who recognized the impossibility of resistance with their troops disheartened and unreliable; as unreliable as was Tipu's policy which had brought defeat upon them. So in 'this secure place of worship'

the preliminary articles of peace were accepted and signed.

During the last siege in 1799 'the Mosque', says Dr. Buchanan, 'such a scene of bloodshed, became next day a place of refuge, in which the poor creatures had every attention paid by the British surgeons'.

THE GANJAM GATE

James Scurry notes that on the occasion of Tipu's first visit to his father's tomb, he went by way of this gate, and that as he passed through it a bullock's head was lopped off on one side and a man's on the other. The real meaning of the ceremony they could not learn. Within the embrasure of this East (Ganjam or Bangalore) Gate is a shapeless mound, the grave of MIR MUHAMMAD SADAK. No stone marks it, it has never known grace of flower or memorial lamp. A battered shoe, a broken pot, pebbles and stones, expressions of a loathing that has hardly waned with the passing generation—these are the only offerings of remembrance it has ever had.

Mir Sadak was born in Dodda Ballapura and there may have been some connexion between his and Haidar's family. He was exceedingly fair and exceedingly clever and many suspected that he was a son of the celebrated Bussy. Others contended that he was descended on both sides from three generations of Sayyids of the Tribe of Koreish.

Able and utterly unscrupulous, he was an adept at extracting, by means of appalling tortures, the money perpetually required by his insatiable masters. Haidar Ali raised him from the post of camp kotwal (an office, says Colonel Wilks, compounded of the functions of clerk of the market, police magistrate and prévôt martial) first

to that of President of the Asuf Katcheri, afterwards, in 1779, to that of Dewan and permanent Finance Minister. When he entered the Nawab's service his worldly wealth amounted to three pagodas. In 1798 'this monster of cruelty and avarice' possessed 1,08,200 rupees.

After Haidar's death Mir Sadak still retained his post of finance minister; he was Tipu's favourite officer and one of the very few people ever admitted into the Sultan's private hall.

For his brutal extortions let what excuse is possible be offered. Since Khande Rao's defection of Haidar 'every one of Haidar Ali's ministers, Hindu and Muhammadan alike, had died from tortures inflicted to recover real or pretended defalcations'.¹

Mir Sadak died the death of a tyrant and a traitor. He was abhorred for his cruelties and extortions and he was suspected of being a spy in British pay. It is one of life's little ironies that the man, guilty of every crime in the calendar and of treacheries and meannesses innumerable, was yet innocent of the particular deed for which the infuriated mob did him to death; the crime of having betrayed them to the British.

His death, which took place here where he lies, is related by Dr. Buchanan. 'Mir Sadak, the favourite of the Sultan, fell in attempting to get through the gates. He is supposed to have been killed by the hands of the soldiery and his corpse lay for some time exposed to the insults of the populace, none of whom passed without spitting on it or loading it with a slipper; for to him they attributed most of their sufferings in the tyrannical reign of the Sultan.'

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 391.

The echoing gateways mutter 'Thou shalt be brought down and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust' and the kindly dust of Seringapatam which covers so much of fame and infamy settles in its mercy on the grave of Mir Sadak, the merciless.

The remains of a mosque due west of, and quite near the Railway Station, are known as those of the old Masjid of Mir Sadak.

In the southern opening of the gateway the wheel and chain grooves of the old drawbridge are still pointed out.

Not once or twice in the short island's story were the waters of the wide, deep moat displaced by the bodies of brave men, attackers and defenders, who fell that kings and kinglets might 'rise to eminence over men's graves'. There are records of seven sieges of Seringapatam; there were probably at least as many more. Except for a tangle of aloes, palms and jungle shrubs which, against the muted and mellowed red of the sandstone battlements, invest it with wild beauty, the moat is almost empty now.

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THE WELLESLEY BRIDGE

about a furlong to the north-west of this gate, was built, as a chronogram in Persian characters at its northern end attests, in 1804. The sentence, which runs: 'A new matchless bridge; a passage for all,' spells out the date.

Lord Valentia noted that the bridge—which was being built during his visit—was constructed of pillars, three in a row, ten feet from each other and eighteen feet high, sunk in the solid rock, with large stones laid across the top, and states emphatically that it was fashioned entirely by manual labour, and that no mechanical aid of any kind was used.



BRIDGE OF THE FALLEN FORTRESS

CHAPTER X

THE DARIA DAULAT BAGH

THERE was formerly a pavilion here called the MAHANOU'MI MUNTAP, or the pavilion of the Great Ninth (of Dasara); where the Mysore rajas performed the ceremonies prescribed for that day. It was used at other times by Haidar Ali as a camp or barracks.

We have seen that in 1761 the Dowager Rani, Lakshammaniyavaru, instigated the puppet Raja and Khande Rao—a Brahmin who had been a personal servant of Haidar Ali from boyhood, but who was induced to support the cause of his country's king—to unite in an oath of mutual fidelity at the feet of the holy idol of the great temple; an oath to depose Haidar and to reinstate the Raja in full power. Of power he had but the shadow.

Elaborate preparations for the revolt were made, and at earliest dawn one August morning Khande Rao was on the walls north and south of the Ganjam Gate, directing a fierce cannonade on Haidar's position—where the Daria Daulat now stands.

The Nawab's troops were so sheltered in ravines and hollows that they suffered little loss, though they had no guns with which to retaliate. His family found refuge in a hut out of the line of fire. Negotiations took place and ended in Haidar's being allowed to escape in basket boats to the north bank of the river. He left stores of treasures behind him; and also his family, including Tipu, aged nine, and a boy, Kureem Sahib, born prematurely that



THE DARIA DAULAT BAGH

day. The women and children Khande Rao treated with every consideration and kindness; and we know in what a dastardly way that kindness was repaid.

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In 1784 Tipu Sultan built this GARDEN PALACE OF THE WEALTH OF THE SEA to commemorate his and his father's escape. The design was taken from the palace in Sira, erected by the Moghul Governor Dilaver Khan. It was used as a summer palace; Tipu saw visitors and transacted business here, but always returned to his own palace at night.

The furniture in the Daria Daulat has been placed here within recent years: rich carpets and cushions were probably the only fittings in the Sultan's time. All furniture seems out of place against the decoration which covers every inch of wall, ceiling and multifoil arches; decoration exuberant and oriental indeed, yet mellowed to a sober gaiety. Mr. J. D. Rees, who visited the mahal with the Duke of Clarence, declared that he had seen nothing like it in India, and that the lavish decoration recalled the palaces of Ispahan.

Dr. Buchanan gives a detailed and elaborate account of the method of making the 'gilding'—in which not a grain of gold was employed. Lead, glue, water, gurna oil, much hammering and much—very much—rubbing with polished stones and with the hand, and then exposure to sunlight, resulted in this 'false gilded paper'. The workmen cut it into flower shapes, pasted it on the walls and columns and then filled in the interstices with oil colours.

* * * * *

The visitors' books enshrine many very illustrious names, a few amusing remarks and much doggerel. As

Sir Walter Raleigh would say, 'The shallow murmur and the deep are dumb'.

Possibly as dramatic a scene as ever took place in this palace was the one related by Captain George Elers, of the 12th Regiment, in his *Autobiography*. It is quite likely that he was an eye-witness; if he were not he must have heard the account from witnesses, when he was Wellesley's guest for three months in the Daria Daulat.

General Baird, on the morning after the capture of the fort—due so greatly to his distinguished bravery and ability; after an evening given to ensuring the safety and allaying the fears of the wives and children of the tyrant to whom he owed all the horrors of his three and a half years' imprisonment, and owed too, the murder of many of his closest friends; and after a night spent in checking British soldiers by stern measures from plundering the city, sat down with his weary staff to breakfast in the north veranda. Exhausted as they were, they were discussing further regulations for the tranquillization of the town—a town which no one doubted was under Baird's command.

Suddenly, abruptly, Colonel Wellesley approached and announced that he had been appointed to the post of Commandant of Seringapatam. He produced an order from General Harris to that effect.

Deeply did General Baird feel this further and most unfair supersession, of which he afterwards said: 'Before the sweat was dry on my brow I was superseded by an inferior officer.' But showing no resentment he immediately vacated the palace and returned to camp, only to find there that a further injustice had been done. Lord Harris had 'issued general orders offering thanks to the storming party, particularizing certain officers and omitting



SIR DAVID BAIRD

the names of certain others who had distinguished themselves', without any reference to General Baird.

What were Sir David's feelings as he rode away from the Daria Daulat past the prison where he had endured undeserved suffering with such high courage; as he trod the quiet streets where his firm discipline had swiftly checked the maddened soldiery, burning with revenge for foully murdered comrades and out for loot; as he passed through a gateway of the fortress he had captured? An achievement, says Colonel Beatson, never surpassed in splendour by any event recorded in the history of the military transactions of the British nation in India.

Disappointed and humiliated, but not resentful, Baird re-entered the camp where so recently, at such self-sacrifice, he had given his supplanter the opportunity to retrieve the disaster at Sultanpet. It should be borne in mind that Wellesley was not only his inferior officer, but that he had taken no active part in the actual storming of Seringapatam. 'He remained in support in the trenches.'

Of Wellesley's stay in this palace, his headquarters during the September he was in command, we have several glimpses besides the above. 'He was,' says Captain Elers, 'notably abstemious with wine in a hard-drinking period; even-tempered, and gay with his friends. Military topics were very common at table and Wellesley was fond of recounting his few situations before an enemy.'

Captain Elers describes him as 5 feet 7 inches in height, with a long pale face, narrow jaw-bones, 'the blackest beard I ever saw and (like Lord Byron) the lobe of the ear uniting with the cheek'. He adds with surprise that the Colonel never wore powder on his hair.

When he went out in state in Seringapatam it was to leave the Daria Daulat riding on an elephant covered with

superfine scarlet cloth, hanging within two feet of the ground. The howdah was a present to him from his friend, Colonel Sir Barry Close, later the first Resident in Mysore. Wellesley kept up Tipu's hunting establishment of cheetahs, attendants, etc.

A very important member of the household was the Colonel's little terrier, Jack. When his master went to Chitaldrug the gallant little dog followed him over the hundred-mile journey, but was so scared at the noise of the welcoming salute that he turned and fled. Great, we read, was the joy of his master on hearing that having run back all the way to Seringapatam, Jack had arrived safely at the Daria Daulat.

* * * * *

THE GARDEN

frames the palace exquisitely. It is even more beautiful now, more full of flowers and fruit and gracious shade trees than when Tipu sent to ransack Delhi, Lahore, Kabul and Kandahar for seeds and plants ; plants which he sedulously watered with milk, curds and young coconut milk !

Now the garden, artistically planned, offers perpetual interest to artist and botanist alike. In addition to numberless varieties of more or less well-known tropical and semi-tropical flowers are some new and many exceptionally interesting plants. Of the new kinds notice the wonderful and beautiful *Gouroupita guianensis* tree (the *nagalinga*) which in February produces masses of perfectly lovely buds and blossoms on almost bare branches. The colours range from black-brown through deepest crimson, palest pink, lemon and cream to white ; their globular shapes are strange and beautiful.

The visitor will also notice the strikingly handsome fan-shaped trees bordering the west avenue which are

generally described as the Travellers' Tree (*Urania speciosa*, or *Ravenala Madagascariensis*). It is one of the plantains (bananas) trained to grow in one great stem, some 30 feet high; with its broad, long leaves spreading out, not naturally round the stalk, but in mathematically correct lines on opposite sides. The trees present the appearance of enormous open fans. The sweep of each leaf-stalk may be 12 to 15 feet. On one or two of the trees rudimentary fruit may be seen, and the training can be observed from the first to the last stages by the side of the path south of the main west drive. In Madagascar this tree is famous for 'containing even during the most arid season a large quantity of pure fresh water in the thick firm ends of the leaf-stalks, supplying to the traveller water in the desert'.

'Outside this delectable spot and near the walls is a vast tank, in which numbers of large fish are kept ("consecrated, I suppose," said James Scurry, "for they were never disturbed") by the highest order of fakirs, who had their dwelling on the margin of the tank.' That was about 1783. Colonel Walter Campbell speaks, exactly 50 years later, of four waterways.

'The palace,' adds the Colonel, 'is surrounded by what has been an ornamental garden. Although much neglected it is still well stocked with orange, lime, citron, pomegranate and mango trees, besides a variety of flowers and flowering shrubs. It is intersected by canals terminating in marble baths, one of which occurs opposite each suite of apartments; and our venerable guide assured us that one of Tippoo's favourite amusements was to sit in the verandah, behind a lattice, and watch the ladies of his harem as they bathed here.' ¹

¹ *My Indian Journal*, by Colonel Walter Campbell.

Of these four only one canal remains, leading to a Naubat khana on the south.

* * * * *

On the north of the garden wide granite steps go down to the water's edge ; to a place of quiet charm, flooded with memories : where drifting echoes whisper of strange pageants, appalling sufferings, heroic endurances.

Across the river below Karighatta Hill lie the remains of

SIBBALD'S REDOUBT

made for ever sacred by the glorious stand of Captain Sibbald, Major Skelly, a hundred Europeans and fifty sepoys, in February 1792. Surrounded by an army, stormed at with shot and shell from a fierce cannonade on the fort walls, parched with thirst, scorched by an explosion of their own powder, the handful of men repulsed three fierce attacks. In the evening the survivors—with what relief and triumph!—saw the enemy retire. The place has since been known as SIBBALD'S REDOUBT in memory of the man who with a score of his companions gave his life to make that spot 'for ever England'.

In front the river swirls past over serrated rocks. Near by women in gloriously coloured *saris* wash pots of burnished brass. Around, fruitful trees and blossoming shrubs and tender ferns adorn a garden not greatly changed since, a hundred and thirty years ago, veiled beauties—sultanas, odalisques and slaves—walked and bathed, loved and languished in this Garden of the Wealth of the Sea.

*And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah ! lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !*

THE DARIA DAULAT PAINTINGS

depicted on the west wall commemorate the battle of Pollilur and the defeat of Colonel Baillie's troops by Haidar Ali, on 10 September 1780. In September 1780 Haidar's large army was strongly entrenched to the south-west of Perambaukam.

The Council at Madras, 'in a state of stupid serenity', had taken no care to guard the passes, or to make any plan of campaign. They despatched a force of only 6,000 very badly equipped men, by the worst possible route, to attack the Nawab's 100,000. His army included a large force of European troops officered by Frenchmen, and commanded by a very distinguished person, Colonel Lally.¹

So mad was the project, so poor the preparation that Lord Macleod refused the command, which was accepted by Sir Hector Munroe. Colonel Baillie was in charge of one detachment, Colonel Fletcher of another. With the latter was Captain (later Sir David) Baird.

Repeatedly harassed, ambuscaded and attacked by immensely superior numbers, Baillie's gallant troops, weary and distracted as they were, repulsed all attacks as they marched to join Sir Hector's force. After delays due to misjudgments and misfortunes—such as unexpected freshets on the Korttalaiyar river—the detachments reached two points; Baillie was at Perambaukam and Munroe at Conjeeveram, from which place he sent Fletcher to assist Baillie, and to replenish his much diminished ammunition.

Colonel Fletcher took for this purpose some bags of loose powder, with most tragic results. It was said that

¹ *Life of Sir David Baird, Bart.*, I, p. 15.

if General Munroe had not allowed himself to be misled by his guides, but had pushed on to join Baillie, the British must have won a decisive victory.

At Pollilur, Colonel Baillie, fatigued and dispirited 'formed the redoubtable British square; 60 guns played upon it, with only 10 guns to respond'.¹

Owing greatly to the splendid bravery of the sepoy as well as of the European rank and file, victory was in sight. Haidar's army was continually repulsed, his infantry gave way, his cavalry fell in every direction. He was bent on retreating and only hesitated on Colonel Lally's assurance that any retreat must bring him face to face with Sir Hector's army. As he wavered fortune or misfortune turned the scales in his favour. 'Lally,' says Kirmani, 'discovering with the telescope of his intellect the position of the enemy's ammunition, fired a shot at the Colonel's tumbrils, all of which had been collected in one place. They blew up and the bonds of union of the Colonel's force were broken up.' The explosion was tremendous. It shattered one side of the square, and stunned all the men comprising it.'²

Deprived of all ammunition³ and artillery the brave men remained still fighting from 7.30 till 9 o'clock. As evening closed the slaughter of the British from the

¹ *Stories from Indian History*, p. 124.

² At the decisive battle of Wandiwash in 1760 when the gallant and generous Count Lally, kinsman of the above, was defeated by General Sir Eyre Coote, the scale was there turned by a chance shot from one of the General's guns which blew up a French ammunition tumbril. Eighty French gunners were killed and the whole force broken up.

³ English coins, which are said to have been used as bullets when ammunition failed, are still unearthed at Pollilur.—*Arcot Manual and Gazetteer*.

charge of elephants, of horse and the Mysore cavalry and the fire of muskets was tremendous. In the midst of this Colonel Baillie, though severely wounded, formed 500 of his men on a sandy hillock—still to be seen—and here without ammunition they received and repulsed thirteen different attacks from Haidar's more than 80,000 men. 'A feat of arms,' says Mr. Bull, 'perhaps unrivall-ed in the world's history.'

At last, seeing that the position was hopeless, Baillie tied his handkerchief to a sword and ordered Baird to cease firing. A few sepoy, not hearing the order, continued to fight and Haidar gladly seized on this as an excuse to send Tipu to cut down or trample under foot of elephant or horse every man within reach.

Those who did escape death 'were exposed by day to the rays of a vertical sun, by night to the ravages of foxes, jackals and tygers. . . . Officers and privates were stripped of all that they had, and after incredible loss of blood, and pain from wounds, found means to join their friends in chains . . . and to share for years the horrors of the gloomy jail . . . the frequent apprehension of assassination.'¹

A horrible sequel to this carnage is foreshadowed in the pictures of the Englishmen's rolling heads, grotesque and terrible. 'Hyder Ally, seated in a chair in his tent . . . enjoyed the sight of his prisoners, and the heads of the slain. Colonel Baillie with several other inhumanly wounded officers were carried to his camp, the Colonel on a cannon,' and taunted with defeat. Baillie replied with spirit that his defeat was not due to weakness but to an accident. 'While these unfortunate

¹ *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, II, p. 2.

gentlemen lay on the ground in the open air (that is, blazing sun) at Hydar Ally's feet, heads of their friends were presented to the conqueror,' some of them by English officers, forced to this gruesome task. 'One gentleman in particular was compelled to carry the heads of his friends—Captain Phillips and Dr. Wilson.'¹

This fearful massacre was only stopped by Colonel Lally's threat to desert with his whole force if it continued. He and his officers interfered at the risk of their own lives, and the French doctors did their utmost with miserably insufficient means to alleviate the lot of the British sufferers. A great tribute is paid to one Frenchman, Captain Pimoran. Hundreds of wounded prisoners were lying on burning sand, devoured with flies, exposed to the scorching sun; water refused to their most earnest entreaties—a spectacle to thousands of spectators. 'Capt. Pimoran came up, took down their names, expressed the greatest sorrow at their distressful situation, and gave to each one shirt, one pair of long drawers, one pocket handkerchief and a pagoda. He gave further orders that some victuals should be dressed for them.'

The writer of the *Diary* adds: 'The humane, the godlike Capt. Pimoran, whose name it is impossible to mention without the liveliest emotions of gratitude, admiration and love . . . sent all the ready money in his possession, but would on every occasion assist us to the utmost of his power. If we had not been favoured with these supplies from this generous Frenchman, a private friend though a public foe, the greater part of us must have

¹ *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, II, p. 3. cf. the description of the battlefield of the Ganga King Ereganga, where 'demons and *pisachas* (devils) closely followed dancing headless trunks amidst the roar of goblins'.

perished through want . . . Soon after we received the melancholy tidings that Capt. Pimoran had fallen before Arcot. An honourable death secured to that generous spirit the glory of a life that was an honour to human nature. But we feel inexpressible regret that we could no longer indulge the hope of testifying by some visible token that inward gratitude and esteem which had been awakened in each of our breasts by his generous goodness.¹

Another French doctor, M. Castro, 'came with two or three rusty instruments and attended us during our stay at Arnee. M. Castro, it is justice to say, showed us great humanity and attention. Our only medicine was a composition of wax and oil'; for which they had to pay.²

French officers were as ready to pay a tribute to the British. Colonel Malleison quotes one of them with Haidar's army who wrote: 'In the whole of this trying day the English preserved a coolness of manœuvre which would have done honour to any troops in the world. Raked by the fire of an immense artillery . . . attacked on all sides by 25,000 horse and thirty battalions of sepoys, the English column stood firm and repulsed every attack with great slaughter.'

It is said that one of the young Englishmen painted is the son of Colonel Lang. The lad was offered liberty and riches if he would write to his father to give up Vellore (which the Colonel commanded); death if he refused. The child—he was only twelve—burst into tears. 'If you consider me base enough to write can you think so meanly of my father? Cut me into a thousand pieces in sight of

¹ *Memoirs of Our Late War in Asia*, II, p. 28. ² *ibid.*, II, p. 24.

the walls of Vellore, but you will never make him a traitor,' declared the dauntless lad. He was imprisoned.

Colonel Fletcher's body was never found, nor his fate, *pace* Sir Thomas Munroe, ever known.

THE PAINTINGS

Amazing as the pictures are, perhaps the ultimate surprise is that they should have been done by order of so rigid a Muhammadan as Tipu Sultan. To a Mussalman of his day portrait painting was little less than mortal sin. And these were by no means the only pictures with which he had decorated the city. Colonel Wilks says that before 1792 'the walls of the houses in the main streets of Seringapatam had been ornamented by the Sultan's command, with full length caricatures of the English. In one it was a tiger seizing a trembling Englishman ; in another it was a horseman cutting off two Englishmen's heads with one blow. . . . The more favourite caricatures are necessarily excluded from decorous narrative.'¹ On the approach of Lord Cornwallis's army in 1792 a positive order to whitewash all the walls was given.

Tipu at the same time ordered the defacement of these *Darja Daulat* paintings. This was only partially done ; happily enough remained for the restoration which Colonel Wellesley promptly ordered when he was in command of the fort and in residence in the palace. Possibly nothing would have roused Tipu to greater wrath and chagrin than the huge amusement these pictures evoke in Britishers to-day.

They frequently faded and were repainted, and at each repainting some details were omitted or altered. Lord

¹ *The History of Mysoor*, II. p. 197.

Valentia saw them in 1803 and refers to the figure of an English colonel, hated by Tipu, who draws his sword on a woman and amuses himself with dancing girls.

We have another description of the pictures as they were in 1833, written by Colonel Walter Campbell. That, too, gives us details which have disappeared. 'The subject of the painting,' says the Colonel, 'is supposed to be a faithful representation of one of Tippoo's victories over the British troops. It exhibits a glorious contempt for anything like perspective or proportion; but what it lacks in correct drawing is amply made amends for by variety and brilliancy of colouring. Pink elephants, yellow men and sky-blue horses with yellow feet and scarlet tails are jumbled together in glorious confusion.

'The British are of course flying in terror, pursued by native horsemen; and are being trampled to death under the feet of victorious elephants. Among the fugitives the artist has not forgotten to introduce a group of native servants; and by a stroke of fine art, to distinguish them from the crowd of camp-followers and others by representing each man with an immense teakettle in one hand and a gigantic brandy bottle in the other.

'The old man who takes charge of the bungalow—a tall soldier-like fellow, with snow white hair and beard, and who was formerly in Tippoo's service—took great pains to explain to us the varied beauties of this splendid battle-piece, which was evidently the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart.

'He particularly called our attention to . . . the striking likeness of his late master; which was of course three times as large as any other. The face of the

victorious Tippoo was bright yellow, and he bestrode a scarlet elephant with golden feet and silver tusks.'

1. On the left as you face the wall :

Above. Haidar Ali rides his favourite elephant, Poon Gaj; and following the dictates of imperial etiquette he imperturbably smells a rose. In front of him Mir Sadak on horseback, under the umbrella of a nobleman, makes *namaskara*. No European troops are with them.

Below. This shows Tipu Sultan's procession. He and his cousin and commander-in-chief, Kumar-ud-din, ride side by side on horses four times as large as those of his cavalry. (In the earlier frescoes he was seated on an elephant.) In front of him, too, rides Mir Sadak. Behind him on a white horse is Mir Suddur Ghulam Ali Khan, the Lame. A nice fat man in a green coat and white turban holds the fan-shaped insignia of his master's rank; Ghulam Ali Khan was a Lord of the Admiralty as well as Inspector-General of Forts and Garrisons. (See page 147.)

The foot work of the standard-bearers and of the infantry is too funny; almost as weird as the leg action of the horses.

Tipu's escort of French soldiers are quaintly uniformed in cut-away scarlet coats with gold epaulettes and throttle collars of yellow and green. Their breeches are white, striped with yellow and green. Aigrettes adorn their tall black shakos. They wear top boots and carry scimitars, and they are distinguished from the English by their moustaches. Behind the Frenchmen, on a brown horse, waving a sword and looking back, rides their commander, Count Lally. He was half French, half Irish, known as Lally Tollendal or O'Mullaly of Tullindally in Ireland.

2. The pictures on the right :

Here we have again the two processions; this time

they are advancing against Colonel Baillie at Pollilur. Above is Haidar Ali, clean shaven and in a superior howdah to that of his son below.

With Haidar is General Seyyid Gaffur. (See page 145.) Mir Sadak appears again with Tipu. Seyyid Gaffur is also shown in a bare space towards the middle of the picture, riding a chestnut horse and wearing gold-embroidered turban, coat, kamarband and trousers. A blue-coated peon holds, somewhat painfully, the general's 'standard' over him.

The main part of the picture depicts with childish glee Colonel Baillie's defeat, and gives special prominence to the explosion which caused it, and to the consternation of the British square.

Colonel Baillie, wounded and biting his 'pointing finger'—a gesture employed by non-Brahmins to signify defeat—sits in a palanquin in the centre of the picture. Baird (the taller) and Fletcher are on horseback, side by side. In earlier pictures Count Lally rode a prancing white horse at the head of the French detachment; he is now shown on foot at the top right hand of the painting. His brown horse, held by a groom wearing a blue coat and green turban, stands behind him. In the count's hand is a truly gorgeous instrument, 'the telescope of his intellect', very much materialized. His uniform and cocked hat are almost as magnificent as his immense spy-glass.

The English soldiers have mutton chop whiskers but no moustaches. There is no green on their uniforms; they carry no swords and are armed with muskets. Their hair, Alice would remark, wants cutting, and the despair on their faces is equalled by the horror on the faces of their horses. The most imperturbable man on the wall is

a Muhammadan apparently pouring water into the powder magazine. The bullock behind him, though standing its ground heroically, looks much more alarmed.

* * * * *

An amusing touch is that introduced in the frieze of a picture above the latter painting. It represents the Nizam coming to the Sultan's aid. In 1788 the Nizam proposed a treaty between himself and Tipu, but recoiled from his conditions, and in 1791 joined the English and Mahrattas against him. Tipu's wrath is perpetuated here. He issued a proclamation 'calling on all true believers to extract the cotton of negligence from the ears of understanding, and quitting the territory of apostates (i.e. the Nizam, whom he called "a barber", "the son of a worthless mother", and other far harsher names) and of unbelievers, to take refuge in his holy dominions and to aid him in a Holy War against the imbecile princes of Ind and the insolent English'.

In an ill-spelt letter to General Malartic (written on 20 April 1797) he snarls: 'Nizamme, l'allie des anglois, chef des Mogoles, est très mal.' And as, to indicate the promised help, he had painted beneath the picture of the advancing Nizam a white cow—the beautiful and bountiful supplier—he now in wrath and fury painted in front of her defilement and disgust—typified in a black pig.

- Tipu used the art of poetry as well as that of painting to perpetuate his wrath. In some deliciously bombastic verses, which at his dictation recounted his virtues and his genius, the Sultan declares 'the Feringi and Nizam-ul-Mulk pass night and day together, trembling with fear of our Sovereign—the Sovereign compared with whom Socrates, Hippocrates and all the sages of the earth

appear as ignorant children. Mars, before the valour of our King, dwindles to a mere infant.'

THE EAST WALL OF THE PALACE

The pictures on this wall illustrate incidents in the lives of Muhammadan princes, rulers and *grandees* contemporary with Tipu, and include some rajas who were conquered by him. He did not scruple to include portraits of some whom he ardently wished to conquer, but who had never submitted to him. One of these, portrayed on this wall, is the Raja of Tanjore.

Here also (the third from the left) is a portrait of H.H. Krishna Raja Wadiyar III. It is said that it covers a painting of the Dewan Purniah in *durbar*; painted possibly by command of Tipu. After Purniah's death this picture was the object of derision and insulting treatment at the hands of a certain class of Muhammadan visitors to the Daria Daulat who resented what they considered was the Dewan's disloyalty to the Sultan's house. Sir P. N. Krishnamurthi, therefore, when he in his turn became Dewan, arranged that the portrait of H. H. Krishna Raja Wadiyar III should be substituted for that of his ancestor, Purniah.

CHAPTER XI

GANJAM

NEAR the west gate of the Daria Daulat is the 'Travellers' Bungalow, a comfortable rest house in the day-time, but travellers are warned against spending a night on the island. Whether the 'notorious unhealthiness' of Seringapatam is due to the great underground drain of which Tipu is said to have filled up the outlet, to the increasing wet-land cultivation of paddy, or, as the islanders aver, to the destruction of the sweet-flag which formerly grew on the river banks in profusion and was supposed to possess febrifugal properties, there is no doubt that to keep vigil with the Seringapatam mosquitoes is to court, at the very least, a severe attack of malaria.

* * * * *

Leaving the 'Travellers' Bungalow, and the Daria Daulat, we turn to the left and take the road running due east (between a noticeable banyan tree and the Memorial Monument) which passes the site of what was once

THE KOWL BAZAR

In 1792 the ground, now bare, between the Monument and the Bangalore-Mysore Road was crowded with houses. Here, apparently, Lord Cornwallis's state tent was pitched after his successful siege of the fort in that year. Another tent alongside, was prepared for the function of signing the treaty (Kowlnama) between the British and Tipu Sultan; the conditions of which he had so gloomily decided to accept at the conference of his

generals and ministers in the great mosque. Still more gloomily Tipu here signed away 33,000,000 rupees and half of his territory and pledged himself to release all the prisoners detained from the time of Haidar Ali, while two of his little sons remained as hostages in Lord Cornwallis's tent.

A picture, painted by Arthur Wm. Devis, shows the two young princes (Abdul Khalik and Moiz-ud-din) in long white muslin robes, with red turbans and several rows of large pearls round their necks, 'their manner showing the reserve and politeness of age. In the background are attendants, howdahed elephants, camels and standard-bearers carrying small green flags suspended from rockets, besides pikemen and the guard of British sepoys. Lord Cornwallis, full of grace and good nature, receives the princes who are introduced to him by the head vakeel, Gullam Ally.'

As soon as the British troops had departed Tipu, says Major Dirom, razed the Kowl Bazar to the ground, to make room for batteries to defend the island and to form an esplanade to the fort.

It was somewhere on this esplanade that Fazl-ulla-Khan, another able and faithful minister, who rose to such eminence that he sat by Haidar's side, leaning against the same *gadi*, and alone sharing with the Nawab the royal privilege of being fanned by the sacred *huma* feathers, was buried. His tomb was a very humble one, erected on the spot where in a tent he lived for the last few years of his very chequered life, and where, stripped by the tyrant of all he possessed, he died.

Leaving for the present the inspection of the Monument, we drive about a mile on the Gumbaz road to

GANJAM AND THE GOSAYI GHAUTS

Ganjam, at one time a large town, was established by Tipu Sultan as an industrial suburb to the capital. He peopled it with 12,000 families from Sira, and set them to manufacture paper and the celebrated Ganjam chintz—copied from the Burhampore cloth which Haidar loved so much.

Dr. Buchanan visited the place just after the siege and thus describes it: 'The greater part of the island is covered with the ruinous mud walls of the suburb Shahar Ganjam and nothing can have a look more dismal and desolate. Tippoo, before the siege, had entirely removed the roofs, expecting the British to take possession. . . . A new town is fast rising up in which the streets laid down are broad and regular. In the old cantonement the huts had been miserably huddled together.'¹

A year later the doctor saw it again and was struck with the marked improvement in housing and trade: 'The suburb called Shahar Ganjam is increasing rapidly and care has been taken to form the streets wide and straight. A new magistracy has just been established under the superintendence of Captain Symmonds, an establishment that was much wanted. . . . Artificers have been assembled and are now busy in preparing military stores such as gun-carriages, leather accoutrements, tents and cordage of the aloe leaves (*Agave vivipara*). This employs many people. Trade is beginning to be restored, the lands are increasing in value and people who had formerly deserted to adjacent districts are now returning and with the utmost eagerness are reclaiming their former possessions. This climate, however, continues to be very unhealthy.'

¹ *Travels in Mysore, Canara and Malabar*, I, p. 52.

The main interest centres in the plain, whitewashed little church which stands close to the road from the Daria Daulat to the Gumbaz. It was built in 1800 by the celebrated Abbé Dubois, of the Missions Etrangères, who came to live here seven months after the death of Tipu, and remained until 1823, when Government, as a mark of their appreciation and admiration, paid his passage to France and awarded him a pension. Whatever alterations have been made to the church, the walls and ceilings of the transept remain as the Abbé built them.

That there were Christians—Roman Catholic Christians—in Seringapatam before this is certain, though we have few records of them. We read of a Christian dewan at Vijayanagar in 1445, and it is tempting to try to trace a connexion between that fact and the faith of two other viceroys of that kingdom. The first, as we know from an inscription¹ *by a Jain*, of about 1530, was the Christian Viceroy of Seringapatam whose European faith, the stone declares, was destroyed by the arguments of the Jain disputant, Vidyananda, successful at many a royal court in overcoming all opponents. Whether the family were Catholics or not there is no doubt about the leaning towards Christianity of another, the last, Vijayanagar Viceroy at Seringapatam, 70 years after. Of this Viceroy, Prince Tirumala, nephew of the Emperor Venkatapa Raya, and of his earnest endeavours to get some Jesuit priests to his capital in 1600, Father Heras tells us in his *History*. 'He (Tirumala Raya) was determined at least one of the Fathers should reside at Seringapatam and erect a church for the Christians of his country, and sent a letter, in July 1600 to Father Pimento,

¹ *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Nagar, 46.

in which he said, "Lord Tirumala, the great prince, sends this letter to the Fathers. I shall rejoice very much when I hear you are coming to this town of mine. I shall give you a good piece of land in this city to build a house and a church; moreover 500 pagodas yearly. Besides I shall receive you with great honour and generosity. . . . Come at once and do not make me wait. I swear by the feet of my god and my father."'

Later in the year two Fathers passed through Seringapatam on their way to Goa, and Tirumala constantly urged that one of them would stay on their return. But, partly for want of men, partly on account of a quarrel with Venkata II, they refused. In 1606 Tirumala wrote to the Fathers residing at the Imperial Court. . . . 'I received your letter sent me through your Raja and I kept it over my heart. I am very glad to know that you have spoken in my interest with the King and the Princes of the Kingdom about my journey to Court. . . . I am astonished you are not here yet. Come soon, do not hesitate. My envoy will tell you the rest.'

Tirumala Raya's wishes were never gratified. 1610 was the end of his viceroyalty and many years passed before the opening of a Jesuit mission in Seringapatam.¹

Father Heras goes on to say that the mission, when established, received a severe check from the suppression of the Jesuits (during the French Revolution) which

¹ However strongly Tirumala Raya was attracted to the faith, that he himself never became a Christian is evident from his determination (even at the cost of his kingdom, which passed in 1610 to Raja Wadiyar of Mysore) to worship and die at the feet of his tutelary god in Talakadu; and from all we know, of his wives, Sri Rangamma and Alamelamma. A gold image of the latter is worshipped every Dasara in the palace in Mysore. See p. 59.

stopped the supply of missionaries, and 'from Tipu's fanatical persecution of Christians'. By his orders all churches and chapels were razed to the ground. There were two remarkable exceptions. One was a small chapel in Grama, preserved by a Muhammadan officer, and one was in the fort in Seringapatam, protected by native Christian troops under their commander, Surappa.¹

It was in this chapel, built during the reign and by permission of Haidar Ali, that the French 'patriots' met for High Mass before offering their allegiance to the Sultan's 'Holy Cause'.

The Abbé Dubois, during his stay in Ganjam, exercised an enormous influence for good on the people around, though he lamented that during his many years of labour among them he had never made a convert. Colonel Wilks speaks of the respect which his irreproachable conduct inspired and adds, 'when travelling, on his approach to a village the house of a Brahmin is uniformly cleared for his reception, as a spontaneous mark of deference and respect'.² He founded the church in Mysore.

His activities—they were numerous and varied—included some medical work. He introduced vaccination into the State and a record in his own handwriting says that he vaccinated 25,432 persons in 18 months. His well-known book, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies* was written here.

In 1822 the Rev. E. Hoole passed the famous Abbé within the fort and thus describes him: 'He was dressed in a Moorish or Turkish habit and wore his own

¹ Surappa (Xavier) called his fellow-believers to arms and defied Tipu.—*Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 482.

² *Gazetteer of Mysore*, II, p. 483.

long black beard. By conforming in some measure to the customs of the people and by his acquaintance with their language he had acquired great respect and influence among them; though he complained . . . that during a thirty years' residence in the country he had never been able to find or to make a real Christian among them.'

The village—it is now little more—suffered very severely in successive epidemics of plague some thirty years ago.

COLONEL GRIMSTONE'S TOMB

This tomb, not far from the church, is marked by a crude white obelisk, enclosed in a high wall. The colonel was governor of the cantonment jail here in 1800 and following years. It is said that his discipline was so strict that his death, suspiciously sudden, was lamented by none. Fears were entertained that his grave might be defiled and it was decided to guard it by this high surrounding wall. The inscription on the obelisk may be read by mounting a step, placed for the purpose and peering through a hole high up in the wall.

THE GOSAYI GHATS

'Gosayis are followers of Chaitanya, the Vishnuite Reformer of the sixteenth century, whose original disciples, six in number, were so called. They never marry but the order is recruited from all the four principal castes, especially the highest. Those who join are cut off for ever from their own tribes. Such as lead a strictly ascetic life are called Avadhuta, while those who trade . . . are called Dandi. . . . These deal largely in jewels and



valuable embroidered cloths. Their profits go to their Mahant.¹

Close by the Parish Church a cart track—only excessive courtesy would call it a road—leads due south, and just beyond a wayside shrine it branches off right and left. The right hand track leads to the smaller ghaut—a simple temple, a deserted garden and a noble flight of steps to the river. It is very peaceful and very picturesque, and to the artist and photographer a rare 'find'. But the larger ghaut is more attractive still. Both are almost unvisited. Probably because for a large car, at any rate, the road, and its branches to right and left, look so impossible, being in succession sandy and rocky—a bund between paddy fields, or a streamlet's bed; and always bumpy, winding and very narrow. But most cars will take it blithely, and the attempt, by those to whom a really beautiful little stretch of riverside appeals, should certainly be made.

Three temples, to Isvara, Hanuman and Vishveshvara, in lovely surroundings, and many Gosayi graves, form, with feathery bamboos and palms, a charming foreground to the curving, swirling river, its rocks, and a temple-crowned island opposite. An added attraction to the quiet beauty of the scene is the study of bird-life it offers and the chance of catching mahseer or of shooting crocodile.

Of the Gosayis who lie beneath these quiet mounds, with their many hued coverlets of soft lichen and grasses—pale gold and orange, jade and tawny olive, rust and umber—we know little. They were, maybe, men who held broken fragments of inspiration in their hearts, shadows of revelation in their heads. They were at least

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 243.

obedient to what they felt was the heavenly call, obedient to the laws and customs of their calling, 'other-worldly,' caring nothing for the riches some of them accumulated, and gave at once away.

* * * *

Back to the main Ganjam road again, turn to the east, and in a few minutes the car pulls up at the entrance to the Garden of Rubies enshrining the tombs of Haidar Ali, Tipu Sultan and Fakhr-un-nissa.

COLONEL BAILLIE'S CENOTAPH

At the north-east corner, outside the Gumbaz, is an octagonal and domed room, enclosed by whitewashed stone walls with a pillared porch. A funeral urn stands at each corner of the roof.

A marble tablet on the wall records the Colonel's gallant defence at Perambaukam, his defeat and his death in the fortress of Seringapatam; and that the monument was erected by his nephew, Lt-Colonel John Baillie, Resident with the Court of Lucknow.

Baillie was one of the Company's officers who had served for many years in India. A fine, upstanding, handsome man, he was keen on his profession and personally brave, but was very badly supported by the Council at Fort St. George; and to their parsimony and shifting policy were probably due his fatal indecision and his defeat at the battle of Pollilur.¹

The regiment now known as the 64th Pioneers was raised by him, and was called for many years by his men who admired and loved him, *The Baillie-ki-Pultan*.

After his defeat in 1780 Colonel Baillie spent six

¹ See pp. 106-7.

terrible weeks in Haidar's camp ; then, severely wounded and in heavy irons, was imprisoned, not with the other officers in the Malabar hut, but in a small choultry or open veranda on the *maidan*, opposite to the prison in which many of the others, taken at Pollilur, were confined, and about 200 yards from it. Captain Rumley seems to have been the only other Englishman with him. The *Diary* states that ' his merit and rank rendered him an object of terror to the conqueror before he fell into his hands, and that he therefore became an object of barbarous resentment afterwards, and was treated with marked severity '.

In the enemy's camp he was separated from his fellow-prisoners, and thrown into irons even on his journey to Seringapatam. ' On his arrival at Bangalore five guns were fired in order to assemble the people to insult his misfortunes. And during the whole course of his illness he received not the least comfort or assistance from the advice of any physician.'

On 13 November 1782 his release came. Through deliberate and inhuman neglect certainly and probably, at the last, by poison. Of his death Captain Rumley, who was himself to suffer death by poison soon after, wrote, ' The poor colonel was ill for months, but might have recovered if he had had any assistance. But the cruel rascals would not admit of Dr. White or the Frenchman coming near him, although they saw his sufferings were beyond description. We got a sort of coffin made for him, and some sepoy, peons and a European attended the funeral.'

Where he is buried, is not known ; nor is it likely that any remains were found when his nephew raised this cenotaph to his memory, in 1816.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAL BAGH, OR THE GARDEN OF RUBIES

THE VANISHED PALACE

THE grounds were laid out and a palace designed and begun by Haidar Ali, who did not live to see it. Though built of perishable and poor materials, in fact of mud, it was 'possessed of a degree of elegance' which Dr. Buchanan had never, he says, seen excelled in any Indian building. It had two storeys, and upstairs were some fine apartments and balconies. We gather from Lord Valentia's narrative that though it was lavishly decorated with paintings the general effect of the interior was very gloomy.

The Rev. E. Hoole who visited it in February 1822 thus describes it: 'This Palace or Banqueting house, now in ruins, was 30 years ago, the most superb in this part of India. I went through the whole of its galleries and apartments, now entirely unoccupied. It appears to have been highly finished and very costly. The walls were plastered with *chunam*, the shell-lime of India—firm, and bearing a polish equal to plaster of Paris. On this white ground a regular pattern of flowers was exquisitely finished with paint and gilt; giving it the appearance of rich porcelain, and superior to the best paper used for rooms in England. Many parts of it are still in good condition.

'The four principal apartments open with their full width to the court or garden; and being galleried on

three sides appear to have been intended for displaying and witnessing dances and shows.

‘On the bank of the river is a smaller building, or rather roof supported by pillars finished in the same style. All the sides are doors, which may be opened to admit the air or shut at pleasure.’

The palace was used by Lord Cornwallis during the siege of 1792 and the cloisters round the tomb as a hospital for wounded soldiers. Many of the trees he cut down and a number of English bodies he caused to be buried in the grounds. This not unnaturally enraged Tipu. He purified the place by digging up all the European bodies and throwing them into the river; thoroughly repaired the mausoleum and took every possible measure to efface the vestiges of its late possessors.¹

In 1799 the palace was again repaired and redecorated for Colonel Barry Close, by his friend Colonel Wellesley; when Colonel Close left it was abandoned and crumbled into dust. Hardly a foot of low mud wall remains to mark the site.

The wood work was saved and was sent up to Ootacamund to be utilized in the building of St. Stephen’s Church. On 28 February 1829, the Chief Secretary to Government wrote from Ootacamund to the Superintendent of the Gun Carriage Factory at Seringapatam directing him ‘to pull down the old Lal Bagh Palace on the Island there; the materials being immediately required for public buildings on the Neilgherries’. By 8 March all but a few of the larger beams had been sent. There cannot be the slightest doubt, says Sir Frederick

¹ *Haidar Ally and Tippoo Sultaun*, p. 285.

Price in his *Ootacamund, a History*, 'that the whole of the timber for St. Stephen's except that of the gallery and panelling of the recently raised roof, came from Tippoo's Lal Bagh Palace'. The teak pillars have been plastered over and painted to imitate stone, but bear the marks of the raised carving which ornamented the pillars of that building. Some of the timber used in the restoration of Holy Trinity Church, Ootacamund (in 1930), was also part of that sent from this palace.

In 1784 Tipu built the Gumbaz. He spent immense sums of money on the garden and lavishly planted it with fruit and ornamental trees from far Kabul and Khandahar. Mention is made in contemporary records of peaches from Persia in such abundance that no one could be found to take them away; of rose apples and custard apples, mangoes, limes, pomegranates, mulberries, oranges and apples, the 'lacott and the pumplemose'.

Over the lovely gateway which frames a gracious picture of the black cypress avenue and the snow white tomb, is the Naubat Khana, the Royal Drum House, or musicians' gallery, where still at dawn and dusk drums resound 'to the glorious memory of Haidar and his son'.

THE GUMBAZ

. . . . 'And it lay on the azure
Like a diadem dropped from an emperor's treasure ;
And the dome of pearl white and the pinnacles fleckless,
Flashed back to the light, like the gems in a necklace.'

—The Mosque of the Caliph, by Austin Dobson.

The mausoleum stands on a noble plinth, surrounded by splendidly proportioned cloisters.

It is no marble tomb. Indeed, though the walls of the lower storey are a cream-grey granite and the pillars of black marble, the upper storey and the dome are but



GATEWAY OF THE GUMBAZ

brick and plaster, stucco and whitewash ; but it is undeniably impressive. The main design is austere, simple, severe, relieved by the magical delicacy of an ornamentation which is gracious and full of subtle charm. The lovely dome, like a pure white lily bud, is marred by no streaks, no patterns, no bulbous or fluted swellings. It must however be conceded that it owes its purity and whiteness to coats of whitewash, soon removed by heavy rains.

And it is with sympathy, even as we smile at the quaint wording, that we read the translation of the Persian inscription on its western wall. 'Marvellous is the dome, which from the loftiness of its construction has made the firmament low in height. As you will you may call it the Sun or the Moon ; and the firmament finds itself put to shame on account of envy. The pinnacle of the dome is the light of the firmament's eye ; from this the Moon has borrowed its light. The Fountain of Mercy has gushed from the earth ; the Cherub Angels have surrounded it. In the morning, for the sake of acquiring Grace and Dignity I passed this beautiful House of Sleep. When it came into my view I made enquiries of the Spiritual Beings, asking, "What is the name of the King who rests here, and when did he expire ?" One of them gave me the date thus ;—"Say, Haidar Ali Khan Bahadur, which equals 1195".'¹

The austerity of the main avenue is in keeping with the quiet House of Sleep. Sentinel cypresses, in dark and silent rows, point giant fingers to the great tomb and impose a reverent silence. A wandering breeze ruffles feathered palms and tamarinds. On the southern border of the garden the river slips quietly past. Around the

¹ *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Seringapatam, 23.

tomb are its cloisters and the sepulchres of the dead ; no other building breaks the skyline far or near. These sepulchres are of Haidar and Tipu's children, relatives, generals and friends who, apparently haphazard, lie here.

On the platform, which no shod foot may traverse, a yellow headstone on the north-west border marks the grave of Tipu's chief wife, the daughter of Mahfouz Khan (Imam Saib), Bukshi of Arcot ; a black one the Tomb of Muhammad Khasim Ali Khan, surnamed the Benki Nawab, or the Fiery Nobleman. He was a cousin of Haidar Ali, a distinguished but ruthless general. 'He carried fire and destruction into the enemies' countries and once, it is said, shut up certain rebellious Nairs with their wives and children and burnt them alive.' In 1797 he was sent on an embassy to the court of Zemaun Shah at Kabul. He was killed at the battle of Siddeshvar, on the Coorg pass, in 1799, and left debts to the amount of Rs. 40,000, which, to save the honour of the family, were paid by his cousin, Nawab Mir Muhammad Ali Khan, father of Tipu Nawab Mir Nizam-ud-din Ali Khan, retired Assistant Commissioner of Mysore. One of the principal streets in Mysore City is named Benki Nawab Street after this ruthless but able general.

Amongst a group of graves on the south-east of the platform is another one conspicuous by its black headstone and white lettering. The translation of the chronogram runs : 'When the Commander-in-Chief of the late Tipu Sultan departed from this world. . . . I questioned the heart as to the name, the date and the sign of his grave. The sorrowing heart replied, "This is the grave of Sayyid Hamid".'

In the shade of the quiet veranda Tipu's foster-mother sleeps under black marble. And on the south veranda,

just west of the doorway, are the white marble tombs of Tipu's cousin and commander-in-chief, Kumar-ud-din and his wife. It will be noticed that the tombstones of Muhammadan men are rounded, those of the women are flat and grooved. Of several explanations the prettiest is that the groove should be kept filled with water, so that when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised the wife may be able at once to wash her and her husband's feet, before facing the Archangel Azrael.

General Kumar-ud-din, whose black-bearded face may be seen close to that of his master in the Daria Daulat wall paintings, was the son of an equally great general, Mir Reza Ali Khan, who was Fakhr-un-nissa Begum's brother, and Jagadhir of Gurumkonda. Kumar-ud-din's submission to the British on the fall of Seringapatam and his unswerving loyalty and assistance in the anxious days that followed the siege did much to consolidate and strengthen the new regime. He was given a pension of 70,000 pagodas, and re-instated in his *jagadhiri*.

* * * * *

And now we come to the heart of the garden, to the great tomb itself, with its glorious pillars and part of the pavement of so-called hornblende. This is 'a dark crystalline rock of black talcose paste imbedding numerous small black crystals of a mineral containing a large proportion of iron, being strongly attracted by the magnet. It bears a beautiful polish; the surface exhibiting, on close inspection, in the dark shining paste, still darker spots occasioned by the magnetic crystals.'¹

Geologically it is a serpentine, mineralogically it resembles the ophiolite of Brogniart.

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 20.

Similar pillars inside the Hoysalesvara Temple and the Jain *bastis* at Halebid reflect objects double and are looked upon as miraculous. The stone is quarried near Turuvekere. Dr. Buchanan strangely calls these columns 'misshapen pillars'. There is no record of their having been 'improved' or altered, and certainly to-day they are admirable in their massive grace.

The beautiful ebony and ivory-inlaid doors were renewed at Lord Dalhousie's expense in 1855.

* * * * *

Inside the Gumbaz all is silent, muffled, dim. The whispered explanations of the attendants, the soft tread of bare or stockinged feet, echo softly down from the gold-fringed silk shamiana stretched under the great dome. The windows are but screens of fretted hornblende, and the shadowing folds of their marble lace fall through waves of incense over the thick carpet, over the dusky walls, patterned with Tipu's tiger stripe insignia, and over the three tombs.

Haidar Ali lies in the middle; 'his beloved consort' Fakhr-un-nissa Seydani Begum on the east and their son, Tipu Sultan, on the west. Their bodies are in the crypt below. The tombs are covered with shawls, usually red for Tipu, as one 'who died a martyr for the Faith', black or purple for Haidar and pink for Seydani Begum. But the cloths and colours vary. The most magnificent coverings, thickly embroidered in gold, are kept in the adjoining treasury and are rarely used or shown except when very distinguished guests visit the tombs. They were presented by Prince Ghulam Muhammad, Tipu's eighth son. This venerable old man died in Calcutta in 1877, greatly respected as a J.P. and for his hospitality and charity. One of his last

acts was to establish a fund for the deserving poor of Mysore. It is still administered as the *Prince Ghulam Muhammad Charity Fund*. He left, for this Fund, Rs. 1,70,000 invested in the Government of India. The interest succours 100 destitute Muhammadans, 50 Christians and 30 Brahmins.

At the foot of each tomb are bunches of peacocks' feathers, to indicate royalty, and on the graves, rose-petals, for remembrance, are strewn.

THE EPITAPHS

The epitaphs of these two rulers are to be found on the walls near them. Each is interesting in being a chronogram or *abjad*, in which every letter has a numerical value.

The Arabic H = 8, ai = 10, da = 4, r = 200. A = 70, l = 30, i = 10. Kh = 600, á = 1, n = 50. Ba = 2, h = t, á = 1, da = 4, r = 200. Total, 1195, the Hijri year of Haidar's death.

*Kih in Shah asudah ra chist nam ?
Chih tarikh rahalat namudah ast u ?
Yaki z'an miyan guft tarikh wa nam
Kih ' Haidar Ali Khan Bahadur bigu'.*

Of which the translation is :

*What is the name of this lamented sovereign?
What is the date shown of his decease ?
One among them told the date and name,
Say, ' Haidar Ali Khan Bahadur'.*¹

Some of the 'converted' prisoners were taken to the tomb to pray for the soul of the man who had so basely and cruelly treated them, and James Scurry, one of them, notes that a steel ball, larger than a forty-two pound shot

¹ *Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan*, by Lewin B. Bowring, C.S.I., p. 105.

and of an amazing brightness, was suspended over Haidar Ali's black velvet pall.

THE BURIAL OF TIPU SULTAN

The body was conveyed in the palanquin in which he died to the palace and was viewed by his sons. 'With brutal apathy by the elder and affecting indications of grief by the two younger sons,' says Colonel Wilks. They begged that it might be interred that same evening.

All the preparations were directed by the chief Khazi, and every effort which the shortness of the time and the circumstances permitted was made to perform the ceremony with 'all the splendour and distinction which the religious observance of Muhammadan rites and the military honours of European sepulture could bestow'.

The body, wrapped in muslins and covered with a richly embroidered pall, was taken in the state palanquin, escorted by six companies of Europeans. Abdul Khalik, Tipu's second son, was chief mourner. Others in the long procession were Colonel Wellesley, Meer-allum and the chiefs of the Nizam's army, the Khazi and many palace attendants.

At the gateway of the Gumbaz the grenadiers—comrades of those twelve men so foully murdered by the Sultan—formed up in two lines, through which the palanquin-bier passed, and presented arms.¹

Peals of thunder, terrific and extraordinary, burst over the island immediately after the funeral, reports Colonel Wilks. Other accounts tell us that some men in the Bombay camp and two young lieutenants, Messrs. Barclay and Grant, who had passed unscathed through the dangers of the assault, were struck dead by the lightning.

¹ Major Allan's narrative.

Tipu Sultan's epitaph is in Roman characters : '*Typu Sultan Chukurd azmi jihad, Huk-bdu munsebi shehadat dad sali tarikhi O, shehir biguft. Namydin, shahi Zemaneh biruft. Gooltu e Syed Abdul Cadi'r A. H. 1213. Shehir Ta-khallus.*'

This, translated by a celebrated oriental philologer, runs: 'As Tipu Sultan vowed to wage a holy war, the Almighty conferred the rank of martyrdom on him; the date of which Shehir declares thus—The Defender of the Faith and the Sovereign of the world hath departed. A. H. 1213. Composed by Syed Abdul Cadi'r.'

Note—Each of the letters of the so-called poetical Shehir's fourth line having a numerical power, when added together make 1213, being the date of the event, i.e. A.D. 1799.¹

* * * * *

It is impossible to stand by the tombs of persons who mattered so intensely in their day without some desire to understand why they were and are accorded, not only unmeasured execration, but extravagant praise. Probably no two persons who enter 'this beautiful House of Sleep' will judge alike, much less correctly, those who lie below. The present chronicler certainly does not presume to attempt a balanced judgement; to do more than quote from men who had every qualification for summing up the character of Haider and his son.

Of HAIDAR let us at least remember that his early training was little calculated to teach him gentleness and mercy.

When only seven he was called, with his little brother, aged nine, to pay money owed by their dead father.

¹ *Hyder Ally and Tippoo Sultaun*, p. 276.

Unable, for they were in the direst poverty, 'torture', says Colonel Wilks, 'in its most cruel and ignominious forms had been applied to both the boys, and probably to their mother also'. It is more than likely that the fierce resentment and hatred engendered by this monstrous treatment sowed the seeds of that ruthless cruelty, which his warmest admirers cannot deny Haidar Ali constantly displayed.

One of them—Mirza Ikbāl—speaks: 'By his power mankind was held in fear and trembling; and from his severity God's creatures, day and night, were thrown into apprehension and terror. Cutting off the nose and ears of any person in his territory was the commonest thing imaginable, and killing a man there was no more thought of than treading on an ant. No person of respectability ever left his house with the expectation to return safe to it.'¹

Let Haidar himself speak;—'Keep a *korla* (whip) at your right hand and that will do you better service than pen and ink. . . . Reading and writing! I have risen to an Empire without either!' was his reply to a young (forcibly converted) Nair who, when appointed Governor of Chitaldrug, pleaded his unfitness, as he could neither read nor write.

(This Nair had been renamed Sheik Ayaz, but is sometimes called Hyatt Saheb and sometimes Haidar Saheb. He first held the governorship of Chitaldrug and Haidar then put him in command of Bednur. As he had, at his master's order, once inflicted a severe flogging on Tipu when a boy, he, at that master's death, betrayed Bednur to General Matthews, fearing Tipu's vengeance. His elder brother, Siddeboy, who had been, as a killedar,

¹ *Hyder Naik*, p. 273.

in charge of some of the British prisoners, had 'when he could do it with safety', says James Bristow, 'shown us mercy, but was imprisoned with irons shortly after'.)

The Rev. F. Schwartz, whom Haidar received with kindness at his court, and who admired the Nawab for many things, writes: 'Two hundred persons stood ever at the Palace doors ready to use these terrible nine-foot whips. Not a day passes in which hundreds are not flogged. Hyder applies the cat to all transgressors alike, gentlemen . . . his own sons.'

That Haidar was merciless, foul-mouthed, sensual, given to drink and opium can hardly be challenged. Yet as a warrior he was little less than a genius; and 'as a general', says Colonel Malleon, 'brave, undaunted, persevering, fertile in expedients, ready in resources, and who never despaired as a soldier . . . who, though fighting against English soldiers had the greatest respect for their discipline and valour'. 'Faithful to his engagements and straightforward in his policy towards England,' says Mr. Lewin Bowring.

A glance at the map of the Mysore 'Empire' as extended in his reign testifies very convincingly to his prowess as a general.

A common saying at the close of the eighteenth century was, 'Haidar Ali was born to create an empire, Tipu to lose one'.¹

Haidar's treatment, in an intolerant age, of other religions must be remembered to his credit. He gave many gifts to Hindu temples and destroyed none. He received the German missionary, Schwartz, with kindness and consideration and sent orders to his officials every-

¹ *The History of Mysoor*, II, p. 383.

where to 'permit the venerable Father Schwartz to pass unmolested, to show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man and means no harm to my government'.

* * * * *

Little training in mercy had TIPU SULTAN either in his early days, and when power came to him he, where his father had chastised with whips, chastised with scorpions. In spite of recent desperate attempts to whitewash the Sultan's memory it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that he was outstandingly merciless and treacherous in an age when those vices were all too common. His own father had so little confidence in him that he forced from Tipu an agreement consenting to be strangled if he committed theft, fraud or deceit, if he accepted bribes or indulged in secret intrigues. This document, signed by Tipu, was found in the palace after the capture of Seringapatam. Colonel Kirkpatrick gives a facsimile of it in his collection of the letters of the Sultan. We cannot help noticing that no embargo was placed on torture or murder!

Haidar indeed constantly 'lamented that his son's intellect was of an inferior order and his disposition wantonly cruel, deceitful, vicious and intractable'.

Tipu distrusted his ablest and most faithful servants. 'No human being,' says Colonel Malleson, 'was ever worse served or more easily deceived.' He had tremendous energy and some talent, but 'The Resplendent Presence' was a megalomaniac. A Persian poem in his praise—written to order and chiefly dictated by himself—outdoes the most flowery and extravagant eastern odes in its bombast and conceit. 'Besides him all the earth's sages were but puling infants.'

Four years after his death, and from the palace which

still echoed his unspeakable cruelties and treacheries, Lord Valentia wrote of him, 'Tippoo seems to have been deservedly punished for his tyranny by the fears that ever attended it'.

Let us accord him credit for such virtues as we can find. He was abstemious in food and drink, extremely energetic and personally brave. 'Tyrant and usurper as he was he died a soldier's death.' If, with the universal instinct to seek grounds for reverencing the dead we try, in this dim sanctuary, to dwell on this personal bravery and say

*Light lie the ashes of the dead, and hallowed be the
grave of a soldier*

as Donald Campbell of Barbeck said of General Matthews, foully and treacherously murdered by the Sultan, still Alfred Noyes' fine lines

Yet only those who reverence life can nobly lay it down
embody a truer thought, and with it we leave him.

* * * * *

It is a relief to turn to the grave of

FAKHR-UN-NISSA SEYDANI BEGUM

Haidar's beloved consort, around whom no controversy rages. She was the daughter of Moin-ud-din, Governor of Kadapa Fort, and sister of Mir Ali Reza Khan (Meer Saheb) Haidar's famous general, whose 'eagle soul with one smile winged its way to Paradise' at the battle of Porto Novo.

Her influence, which was very great, was always used for the good of her husband and sons. Haidar himself went ever in wholesome fear of her tongue—the only weapon she could oppose to his *korlas* and the contents

of his armouries, and a most effectual weapon it seems to have been.

Meer Hussein Ali Khan Kirmani says that 'she was the only wife who spoke to him when he entered the *zanana*. Hyder was always very fond of her and compelled all the other women to pay her respect every morning. She often quarrelled with him and he would come away and in his private room complain to his friends (especially to Ghulam Ali Khan) that Tipu's mother had treated him very harshly, and that he had not courage to argue with her; adding that in spite of her long tongue and shrill voice he was very fond of her, and that she undertook in her own person the management of everything in his house, and laboured for his welfare. He never entered the *zanana* without taking some valuable presents to her.'

For four years after her marriage she had no child. 'After vows and petitions,' continues Kirmani, 'the Arrow of Hyder's Prayer reached the Butt of Accordance and the Tree of Hope blossomed and fructified. God caused the Rose Tree to produce the Bud of Hope and Hyder Ally's House to be illumined by the Lamp of Prosperity, and the Night of his Desire to be succeeded by the Morn of Fulfilment.'

And the Bud of Hope, the Lamp of Prosperity, the Morn of Fulfilment was—Tipu Sultan!

Seydani Begum objected to the wife chosen for this Bud of Hope by her husband and chose another girl, Rukba Banu, daughter of Lala Mean. Haidar had to give way to some extent and angrily decreed that Tipu should marry both on the same day. From the time he was allowed his own *zanana* his mother was placed at the head of it.

Even over Tipu her influence was great and he habitu-

ally respected her opinion. On one occasion she wrote to the favourite wife of the Nizam, regretting her unfortunate son's offensive and indecent letter to the Nizam about his ladies; a letter written, she pleads, in the pride and intoxication of youth.¹

Again and again we read of the Begum's efforts to restrain his excesses, of her interference on behalf of the prisoners, particularly of the little English lads, mostly drummer boys of 11 and 12, forcibly 'converted' and trained as dancers in the palace.

* * * *

Perhaps nothing better sums up in a sentence the characters of the three who lie here than the following lines from Roderick Mackenzie's *Sketch of the War with Tippoo Sultan*, published in 1793:

'On his deathbed Haidar Ali left to his son and successor a caution to beware of quarrels with the English; nay, his last words earnestly pressed a much loved consort to hold in constant check the ambitious spirit of her son.'

* * * *

Adjoining, somewhat surprisingly, the grounds of the Gumbaz, and west of them, is 'His Majesty's Cemetery', where under ugly box-shaped tombstones lie many of the men of that ill-fated 33rd (the Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, who died during or just after the siege. The stones have been tidied up so severely within recent years that some of the inscriptions—more quaint than reverent they certainly were—have been swept away. One of which only two lines now remain ran, years ago:

¹ *The History of Mysoor*, II, p. 197.

*Stay, O Foot ! and cast an Eye.
 As You are now so once was I.
 As I am now so may You be,
 Therefore prepare to follow Me.*

As some one pertinently remarks of a similar inscription in New York, 'H'm—well. Yes. But where? Up or down?'

*To follow you I'm not content
 Unless I know which way you went.*

Bare, meagre monuments these are, to men of the rank and file. Humble souls, maybe ; yet who shall measure the heroism of those who lie so quietly here : men who, no less than those commemorated on rolls of honour to-day 'endured hardness, faced danger and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom'.

* * * *

From these tombs a few minutes' run due east takes us to

THE SANGAMA (WATERSMEET)

where, at the extreme eastern point of the island the sacred waters of the Kaveri reunite.

The simple tomb is the lonely resting place of Colonel Edward Montague, who commanded the Bengal Artillery, and who died of wounds received during the assault.

Behind us are the

*Old unhappy far-off things
 And battles long ago.*

Round us are stillness, tranquil beauty, peace. Hardly broken by the tiny wavelets which race against the low bank on which we sit ; by a startled crocodile as it slips stealthily off its rock into the water at our feet ; by the

flapping of the cormorants' wings as they go homing to the west, or by the bulbul's fluted note. '*Shirin, shirintar, sharintarin*—sweet, sweeter, sweetest', is, the Persians say, its song.

Hoopoes live here without a purse, and feed in gardens on white sesame grains, as they did in the days of Aristophanes: and butterflies vie with those of Melisande.

This *sangama*, 'a holy place', is one of the favourite as it is one of the loveliest spots within easy reach of Mysore for evening and moonlight picnics.

Far down in the south, like a great new constellation, the glitter of a hundred lamps outlines Sri Chamundi's Hill.

CHAPTER XIII

WHERE WARRIORS REST

*The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust.*

JUST before rejoining the Mysore-Bangalore highway the visitor with a spare half hour should branch off to the south, taking the road which passes

THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT

an obelisk, erected to the memory of officers of the 77th (the Highland Light Infantry) and the 12th (the Suffolk) Regiments, who died during or as the result of wounds received in the assault of 4 May 1799.

It was erected by the surviving officers of these regiments. The toll of life amongst the young officers was terribly heavy: those who like Lieutenants Vesey Hill, Lalor and Farquhar led forlorn hopes risked and found almost instant death. Lieutenant Lawrence, who lived to be the father of Sir Henry and of Lord Lawrence, was one of the few subalterns who survived the assault. Two others, as we saw, came through unscathed, and next day were killed by lightning.

* * * * *

About a furlong south of the monument the road crosses the *Bhangara Doddi Channel*, and if here we leave the car and walk a few yards up the south side of the waterway we come to several Muhammadan tombs; all without epitaph or inscription. There is first a group

of some six or seven, then a solitary one, and behind it, within a low wall, two more.

That the *sipahdar*, Seyyid Gaffur, one of Tipu's generals and one of the twenty-four principal officers who are said to have been killed in defending the walls on that fateful May afternoon, is buried here seems unquestioned; but opinion is divided as to whether the solitary tomb or the larger one just behind it is his resting place.

SEYYID GAFFUR, formerly a cavalry officer in the Company's service, was taken prisoner with Colonel Braithwaite, and entered Tipu's army. One of the bravest and ablest among many brave men—though more than once, says Colonel Kirkpatrick, the instrument of Tipu's cruelty and treachery—the *sipahdar* had all too frequent cause to lament his allegiance to a master for whose 'policy', influenced, he cries, by fools and flatterers, he had the utmost contempt. The *Diary* notes: 'Sid Gofforr is appointed Commandant to a regiment of cavalry and allowed a palanquin. This is a particular mark of Tippoo's favour. Sid Gofforr, previously to his appointment, sent for his wife and children, as pledges of his fidelity.'

During the assault he was second in command to Seyyid Saheb, in general charge of the south-west angle: and again and again warned the Sultan of the imminence of the attack. 'Early in the siege,' Colonel Wilks tells us, 'he was wounded in the hand, but did not confine himself. He saw distinctly what was to happen: "the Sultan is surrounded" (said this excellent officer) "by boys and flatterers who will not let him see with his own eyes. I do not wish to survive the result. I am going about in search of death and cannot find it." . . . In the forenoon of 4 May the Seyyid Gaffur concluded that the assault

was about to be given, but nothing could persuade the Sultan and his flatterers, and an issue of pay to the troops while the British were actually crossing the river caused their absence at the moment of assault . . . In a state of rage and despair Seyyid Gaffur hurried toward the Sultan. "I will go" (said he) "and drag him to the breach and make him see by what a set of wretches he is surrounded. I will compel him to exert himself at this last moment." He was going, but stopped on the way to issue instructions to a bewildered party of pioneers, and in the act of giving his instructions found the death he had been seeking. He was killed by a cannon ball. While Tipu was hastily bolting his dinner, washing his hands and calling for his arms, the news was brought to him that the British storming party had scaled the walls and that Seyyid Gaffur had been killed. 'Seyyid Gaffur never feared death; he has won a martyr's crown,' said the Sultan, and hurried to the ramparts where he, too, met a soldier's death.

We rejoin the car and in a few minutes reach a building well worth a visit, and how many, I wonder, know it?

THE TOMB OF MIR GHULAM ALI KHAN

Seen from the gateway the stern and simple curves of the great dome are softened by fountain-like spray of palm leaves; by delicate tracery of tamarind and mimosa boughs. The pathway to the river through the plantation—half garden, half orchard—which surrounds the tomb, is bordered with babul and rose-apple trees; the latter very lovely when their fairy, feathery blossoms float against the dark green leaf masses.

The tomb commemorates, though it does not enshrine,



TOMB OF GHULAM ALI KHAN

the body of one of the most distinguished statesmen of Tipu's court—Mir Suddur (Inspector-General of Forts and Garrisons), Mir-e-Yem (Lord of the Admiralty) and Ambassador to Turkey. A tender-hearted man, extremely able and sometimes subtle.

Ghulam Ali Khan had lost the use of his legs from 'some scrophulous or rheumatick complaint'¹ and was usually, says Colonel Wilks, carried in a sort of *dhuli*, silver covered. He was nicknamed *Langada*, The Lamé. The English spoke of him as 'Ghulam of the Silver Chair'. Tipu called him 'The Man-eater', but at times professed the greatest confidence in and admiration for him.

The Sultan, who was convinced of his superiority as an authority on medical as on every other science, in one of his letters to the Mir Suddur, writes, for him, most benignantly: 'The camphor tree has been discovered in this part (Tala Kaveri). We have sent two bottles of the essential oil made from it for your use. You must rub your feet with it, and also take it in meat-broth, putting about a tola weight of it. Inform us what benefit you may receive from the use of it. What more shall be written?'²

With what benefit we know not. This at least we know, that Ghulam Ali Khan was still a cripple a few years later, when on the return journey of the embassy to Turkey, he travelled through Syria and Arabia.

THE EMBASSY

The other three ambassadors, led by Ghulam Ali Khan, were Lutf Ali Beg, Shah Noor Ullah and Muhammad

¹ *Letters of Tipu Sultan*, cix, p. 231.

² *ibid.*

Hunneef; and their retinue consisted of 1,100 persons. They were sent off in 1784 with orders to proceed to France, but to avert suspicion were directed to go first to the 'Grand Seignor of Room' (Constantinople).

It was only after much delay and wrangling and many attempts by Tipu to reduce their expenses that they got away. Even necessities were grudged them. In *Letter ccxvi*, the Padishah declares that old black rice was quite good enough for them, and that they must do with fewer candles than the number for which they had indented. Another letter ends, 'You were appointed to have been sent from hence for the purpose of repairing to Constantinople, and not for that of writing to us accounts of squabbles'. He concludes another very peevish letter by calling Ghulam Ali Khan 'a person of magnificent degree'.

From Baghdad to Constantinople the Mir Suddur was carried in a silver palanquin. Here again they were long delayed. They had been in the city for six months before they were admitted to the Sultan's presence. Colonel Wilks gives an account of the interview. 'The Grand Seignor,' he says, 'was seated in a balcony, and they made their obeisance from below. To the question, "Are you well?" addressed in a low tone to an officer near him, and repeated through the medium of three others before it reached the ambassadors, the customary answer was returned, "Praying for your prosperity." "You have sustained much fatigue?" Answer, "It is transformed into delight". The signal of leave-taking instantly succeeded, and they departed after performing the Indian *tusleemat* (three low salaams, the hand each time touching the ground).

'After nine months they had their audience of leave, at

which not one word was uttered, and the *tusleemat* began and ended the ceremony.'

One of the objects of the embassy was to effect an exchange of the port of Mangalore for that of Bassora; another the establishment of a factory at Bassora, with exclusive privileges; and thirdly, permission to dig a canal to bring the water of the Euphrates to the holy shrine of Nejef in the Arabian desert, one of the two most sacred places of the Shiah faith. When these objects were suggested to the Vizier, he smiled and stated 'that if the thing were proper it would be effected without the aid of the mighty Tippoo Sultaun; adding that in days of yore the suggestion had been forbidden in a dream and that without some communication from the invisible world the project could not be resumed'. He asked awkward questions about Tipu's ancestry, whereupon Ghulam Ali Khan 'recited with promptitude and fluency' a genealogy so flattering that the Sultan actually adopted it and ordered it to be inserted in his history.¹

Plague raged in Turkey and the four ambassadors left hurriedly, sailing first to Alexandria and then up the Nile to Cairo. Eleven out of their twelve bearers died of plague, and Ghulam Ali Khan was conveyed from Cairo to Suez in a camel cradle. From Suez they sailed to Jedda, and made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina.

The Chief of Mecca hinted to Ghulam Ali Khan that the funds in the ambassadors' treasure chests would be an acceptable loan; the wily Mir Suddur was equal to him. He forged and sent by a special courier (who would he knew be stopped) a letter containing graphic descrip-

¹ *The History of Mysoor*, II, p. 150.

tions of Tipu Sultan's victories over all his enemies in India, and of his preparation of an immense fleet and army to seize the holy cities of Arabia. The intercepted letter created such terror in the secret councils of the Shereef that he dropped all references to any loan and sped the parting guests.

Five years after leaving Seringapatam the embassy returned¹ with only 68 of the 1,100 persons who had arrived in Constantinople. The cost of the embassy was the lives of over a thousand men and twenty lakhs of rupees ; the assets were 'a firmaun from the Sultaun of Room and 65 half quires of journal, worth at the highest estimation of the two articles in rarity and waste paper, five rupees'.²

Tipu Sultan, attributing no part of this to his own folly and ignorance, blamed Ghulam Ali Khan ; divested him of all his offices and confined him to his own house which for a time at least was in Bangalore. Tipu's courtiers, inspired by a brilliant jest of their sovereign, whose provision for the safety of the attendants had been so inadequate, ever after called the ambassadors the Man-eaters, or the Devourers of a Thousand Men.

Colonel Kirkpatrick says that Ghulam Ali Khan was amongst the most distinguished men at the court of Tipu Sultan. In Tipu's treatment of him it is difficult to say if he manifested most want of temper or of wisdom : in proportion as he sank the consequence of his minister he diminished his own.

In 1792 Ghulam Ali Khan was released from the confinement and disgrace following his fruitless mission to Turkey and was one of the principal officers who in

¹ 'D. L. T.' says that the embassy left in 1784 and returned at the end of 1786.

² *The History of Mysoor*, II, p. 151.

the Great Mosque heard Lord Cornwallis's terms of submission read by Tipu and advised his acceptance of them. One condition was the delivery of two of the Sultan's sons as hostages. Ghulam Ali Khan was appointed to take the little lads, Prince Abdul Khalik, aged ten, and Prince Moiz-ud-din, aged eight, to Lord Cornwallis's tent. Handing them over he said, 'This morning these children were the sons of my master, the Sultan; now for some time to come they must look up to your lordship as their father'.¹ Lord Cornwallis, of course, received the children with the utmost kindness and courtesy.

In 1797 Ghulam Ali Khan was Mir-e-Yem, Lord of the Admiralty, at Mangalore. In 1799 Colonel Wellesley reports that he 'spontaneously attended' on the occasion of the installation of the child-Raja in Mysore at the Restoration.

In 1809 Colonel Kirkpatrick notes that Ghulam Ali Khan was still living in Seringapatam, and he and Colonel Beatson both assert that the Mir Suddur had been granted a pension of 3,000 star pagodas per annum by the British. But a hitherto unpublished autograph letter from Colonel Wellesley to Colonel Doveton, dated 19 July 1799, was lately mentioned in the *Madras Mail* as having been lent by its owner, Moulvie Abdul Aziz Sahib, great-grandson of the Mir Suddur, to the Indian Historical Records Commission. In this letter Colonel Wellesley recommends Ghulam Ali Khan and his son, Ghulam Mohydeen, in highly appreciative terms to Colonel Doveton, under whose protection at Vellore the Mir Suddur and his son were going to reside—evidently in

¹ *Hyder Ally and Tippoo Sultaun*, p. 290.

attendance on the young princes, to whom Ghulam Ali Khan was undoubtedly devoted, although he had voted for and had attended the enthronement of the Hindu Raja, in opposition to those, headed, it is said, by Purniah, who advocated the claims of Tipu's son to the vacant throne.

And this brings us to the mystery of the 'tomb', for it is evident at a glance that the two tombs under the dome and the one in the west veranda are those of women. There is, indeed, no indication here of the grave of any man.

It is believed by some eminently qualified to judge that in spite of the Mir Suddur's undoubted devotion to the family of the Sultan, the fact that whatever his reasons may have been—and they are not hard to guess—his having upheld the restoration of the Mysore Wadiyars was so hotly resented by his fellow Muhammadans that they made life in Seringapatam unbearable, and that he left it again (if indeed Colonel Kirkpatrick is right in his assertion that he was living here in 1809) to spend his last days in the house in Vellore which he had made his home during the years when he was in attendance on the family which he had served so long, so ably and so faithfully.

It is conjectured that the graves in this mausoleum are those of his two wives and his mother.

CHAPTER XIV

DESERTED BUNGALOWS

RETURNING to the main road, and before proceeding to Scott's Bungalow, the visitor should notice, and may (by way of the Ganjam Gate) visit the South-east Bastion, known as

THE KALE GAUDANA BATHERI (BATTERY)

and the vault in which a gang of Thags was caught early in the nineteenth century. These Thags (or Thugs) were bands of wandering marauders, disguised as traders, fakirs or pilgrims, who made friends with wealthy and unsuspecting travellers ; strangled them with an *angi-vastra* (scarf), robbed and buried them. Any action taken against them by the Government was made difficult by the fact that they worshipped and were supposed to be under the protection of Kali, and their murders were considered to be sacrifices to her—sanctioned and sanctified.

However, so numerous, in North India especially, were they, and so greatly feared, that Government was compelled to take strong measures and in 1826 and the succeeding eight years 1,562 Thags were captured in British India. During the first decade of the nineteenth century they infested the road between Bangalore and Mysore ; and in a disused guard-room or cell of this bastion a little band of Thags was captured and paid the penalty of murder in 1807.

From this angle a walk along the battlements leads in less than five minutes to

THE JHONDA BATHERI

almost opposite the flagstaff. The short walk affords many delightful glimpses of the winding, rock-strewn, tree shaded river and its palm-fringed banks.

* * * * *

Out through the Mysore Gate and just opposite, a sign-post points the way to

SCOTT'S BUNGALOW

*Where the falling waters utter
Something mournful on their way ;*

*When the clouds, like ghosts that ponder
Evil fate, float by and frown,
And the listless wind doth wander
Up and down, up and down.*

—Jean Ingelow.

The road to the house crosses a branch of the Golden Bride Canal.

Sentiment, legend and an oft-quoted poem have combined to invest this spot with glamour ; a glamour intensified by its romantic situation and the potent charm of dusk and moonlight on the stretch of river which in a lovely curve slips silently along, or when in flood, foams madly past, swirling and tumbling over the boulders of the river-bed ; by the sweep of the granite steps, stencilled as in black velvet by the shadows of the brooding pipal trees and the delicate leaf filigree of tamarinds and casuarinas, sighing in the evening breeze. The waters, grey, black and white, gleam through a veil of floating blossoms—the pagoda tree's ivory trumpets, still shedding their 'spiced magnificence of fragrance' ; and through a finer veil of milk-white mist.

There is a silver glitter on the giant palm leaves; the intense blue of a darting kingfisher flashes by. The white marble sentinel poised on a shadowed rock stirs, and a drifting moonbeam shows him—a snow-white egret. Bats are flying; monkeys, still gibbering, are settling down to rest. 'Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping' and her eerie hooting adds another note to the mournful air which, at eventide, surrounds the house.

And indeed it is not much use to visit Scott's Bungalow unless the visitor is prepared to be mournful too! It should never be seen in the hard light of morning, or in the fierce glare of noonday. Only as the evening shadows fall softly over the home where a hundred years ago the shadow of a tragedy fell so heavily. For the spot has many moods, and unless the mood of the visitor is in tune with the one prevailing, the spell of the place will evade him.

Captain Scott, after the siege of Seringapatam, was in charge of a gun factory in Ganjam. This was visited by Dr. Buchanan in 1800 and by Lord Valentia in 1803. The latter says that Captain Scott taught the Indians to make guns in a remarkably short time and in an excellent way. He used teak, wonderfully firm and light, from the forests near.¹

In 1817 Scott, now a Colonel, was commanding the garrisons at Seringapatam and French Rocks, and with his wife lived in this bungalow, built for him, it is said, by the Maharaja, who was greatly attached to him.

¹ See *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*, p. 28, for a most entertaining account of a Captain White, employed by Tipu as a gun manufacturer, whose guns would fire nowhere except 'round corners'.

'Aliph Cheem' (Captain Yeldham) in his *Lays of Ind* embodies in verse the legend which for so long held sway—that one April morning Colonel Scott left for French Rocks on inspection duty, and rode back next day to find the corpses of his wife and two daughters, dead of cholera, laid on the beds which are still in the bungalow. That mad with grief he rode his charger down the granite steps into the raging torrent of the Kaveri as it swirled past the house; and that in memory of the drowned Colonel the Maharaja ordered that the house should for evermore remain as he left it, untouched save by the reverent hands of those who cleaned and repaired it.

But history's searchlight, which can scorch as powerfully as it can illumine, has played upon this story until but a few ashes of the long cherished legend remain. 'A pathetic fallacy' it is in many points, though the facts, as revealed by a tombstone in the Garrison Cemetery, are, indeed, pathetic enough. The inscription runs: 'Caroline Isabella Scott (and infant child), wife of Colonel I. C. Scott, Commandant of Seringapatam; who died in child-bed, 19th April 1817.'

There is no record of older children. Mrs. Scott's death in such circumstances could hardly be a totally unexpected calamity, however grievous a one. Nor, as Mr. Bull points out, could the Kaveri in April be a raging torrent. It would tax the ingenuity of a very determined man to drown himself and his horse in a river which at that season could be little more than a succession of shallow pools. As a matter of prosaic fact Colonel Scott retired to Ireland and for some years drew a pension. It is probable that the Maharaja, anxious to retain the services of a man so efficient and so much liked, promised to keep his bungalow and its contents in

order for the Colonel's much desired return. And for many years the house and furniture did remain as he left them. So much so that in 1875 'Aliph Cheem' could write :

*The mouldering rooms are now as they stood
Nearly eighty years ago.*

The piano is there

And table and chair

And the carpet rotting slow :

And the beds whereon the corpses lay

And the curtains half time-mawed away.

A few dreary pictures, a thimble, a spinet, some lamps, tables, chairs and cots remain. The large inlaid ivory bed, with a compartment underneath to hold a tiger—a most unpleasant watch-dog at such close quarters!—was brought from Tipu's palace and placed here not many years ago.

Outside, the house with its fresh yellow wash and glaring Mangalore tiles—spick and span, and by daylight almost garish, bears, until veiled and softened by dusk or moonlight, little resemblance to the bungalow of over one hundred years ago.

The lofty aisles are dim

The bats' shrill piccolo, the swinging musk

Blend with the beetles' hymn.

And we leave the bungalow 'tenanted only by memories of the past' and pray for 'peace to the shades of those who died in this lonely house by the Kaveri's tide'.

An enquiry about the tomb in the grounds elicited the following note from the Rev. F. W. Spencer, B.A.: 'The gardener at Scott's bungalow says that the tomb was that of Tipu Sultan's guru, named Akbar Pasha. If he was by way of being "Keeper of the privy conscience" to the Sultan it is perhaps as well that he has a weighty

tomb to help him to lie still. "Tipu Sultan's guru" sounds like a nice experiment in religious unity.'

* * * * *

Between Scott's Bungalow and the Garrison Cemetery a road leads to another riverside house, known as

THE DOCTOR'S BUNGALOW, OR LORD HARRIS'S
HOUSE, OR PURNIAH'S BUNGALOW

General Harris occupied it for a short time after the siege. It then became the headquarters of the officer in command of the fortress of Seringapatam. In 1809 the Commandant was Lt.-Colonel John Bell. He had under him a force consisting of a small party of the 80th Regiment, two companies of artillery and two battalions of sepoys. The house is notable for having been the scene of the mutiny of Colonel Bell and most of the officers under him, a mutiny due to the obnoxious orders of Sir George Barlow, the Governor in Madras, and to general dissatisfaction with his rule. Many military stations in South India refused to obey him ; and the Seringapatam officers held out in this house for a month.

On hearing of the trouble Colonel Davis, though in ill-health, left Mysore and went to remonstrate with the mutineers and to endeavour to enforce the Government orders that the disaffected officers and troops should leave for Bangalore. The officers refused and required Colonel Davis and his staff to confine themselves in the house in the Fort which they occupied ; but soon withdrew the restriction, stating that the guard had been placed round the house as a mark of honour. They then seized the public treasure. Colonel Davis returned to Mysore and sent the declaration prescribed by the East India Company to Colonel Bell for his signature and for

that of the officers under him. Colonel Bell did sign, but his sympathies seem to have been entirely with the mutineers, who with one accord refused to do so. On 31 July the garrison drew up the drawbridges of the fort, seized more money chests and declared open rebellion. But after Captain Mackintosh and his rebel troops had been defeated by the Mysore Horse and other forces under Colonel Gibbs the garrison surrendered at discretion and marched out on 23 August, leaving their arms on parade. Captain de Havilland was one of the mutiny officers, and the day before their surrender volunteered to go to Mysore, to Colonel Davis, with a flag of truce.¹

* * * * *

PURNIAH

was a Madhava Brahmin from the Coimbatore country ; an honest and extremely able man who early attracted Haidar Ali's notice. He rose to be, with Mir Sadak, one of the chief ministers of finance and Head of the Commisariat ; his military talents were of no mean order and he was several times in command of army divisions. On the death of Haidar his skill and foresight secured the succession to Tipu Sultan, and though more than once his master's bigotry nearly cost him his life, he continued to be, after Mir Sadak, the foremost minister. The Sultan once intimated his desire that Purniah should become a Muhammadan. ' I am your servant ', replied Purniah, and hastily withdrew. Seydani Begum, who from behind the purdah kept her finger on the pulse of public affairs and still to some extent, and always for his good, ruled her erratic and fanatic son, protested successfully against the madness of bringing any pressure to bear on the minister.

¹ *Haidar Ali's Last War*, pp. 58-60.

Immediately after the fall of Seringapatam, Purniah, with, we gather, much relief, surrendered to the British, was appointed Dewan to the young Raja and for several years bore his share of the administration of the State with such zeal, ability and loyalty that in 1807 the Maharaja and the British Resident (Sir John Malcolm) arranged for a special Farewell Durbar, at which the Dewan took leave of the Raja he had served so faithfully and who rewarded him with the taluk of Yelandur as a hereditary *jaghire*, yielding a revenue of 10,000 star pagodas per annum. From the Honourable East India Company an elephant, a horse and a rich *killat* were presented to him at this durbar on 27 December 1807. A letter from Lt.-Colonel Sir John Malcolm to the Governor-in-Council, November 1807, thus reviews his services :

‘Purniah, placed at the creation of this government in the possession of all its authority and the charge of its infant prince has not only exercised his great power in a manner that has promoted the prosperity and increased the revenue of the State he ruled, but by his unabating attention to the happiness of the inhabitants of Mysore and the Education of the young Prince and his undeviating adherence to the principles of the alliance with the English Government, he has merited and received the uniform support of that Government.’

Purniah, however, in spite of this farewell function, continued his administration, says the *Gazetteer*, until 1811, when he declined further office and returned to this house at Seringapatam, where, on 28 March 1812, he died. ‘Old and infirm, after a life of unusual activity and care, I am going to the land of my fathers’, was the tranquil message he sent a few days before to his friend, Colonel Hill, the Commandant of the Fort. ‘Say

that I am travelling the same road ' was the reply returned, and he survived the minister but a short time.¹

A wall tablet records the connexion of Lord Harris and of the Dewan Purniah with the house.

* * * *

A link between the mutiny and the Dewan Purniah is furnished by the simple granite column—the Rana Khamba, or War Pillar—erected near Chinkurli, some two miles north of the Seringapatam-French Rocks road and visible from it. It was a gift, costing 1½ lakhs, of the famous Prime Minister, and is also known as Webbe's Monument, since it was, as an inscription records, intended to mark the Dewan's gratitude for Mr. Webbe's support of his claim to a percentage of the Mysore revenues. Josiah Webbe was a member of the Madras Council.

'War Pillar' is explained by the fact that the spot chosen for the monument is the one where the mutineers were finally defeated by Colonel Gibbs' forces.

The inscription on this very costly pillar—which except for a stern simplicity, has no beauty—runs

'Erected to the memory of Josiah Webbe, Esq., by Purniah, Dewan, as a Tribute of Veneration and Respect for Splendid Talents, Unsullied Purity and Eminent Public Virtue.'

'A man,' once said the Duke of Wellington of Mr. Webbe, 'who was one of the ablest I ever knew and what is more, one of the honestest.'

THE GARRISON CEMETERY

nearby was opened in 1800. Here rest the bodies of many a brave soldier, many a distinguished statesman.

¹ *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 421.

Lt.-Colonel Peter Dallas—the Major Dallas who tried to save Seyyid Saheb's life ;¹ Mr. J. A. Casamaijor, and several of the De Meuron Regiment were laid here ; and here, too, many a young wife (' aged 20, or 22, or 24 ' is pathetically frequent) and little child. Amongst them as we have seen, Mrs. Scott and her tiny infant. One husband commemorates the wife he loved and lost in the words of Ben Jonson's famous epitaph on Elizabeth :

*Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.*

* * * * *

'That, having circled the island, we should end our tour in this quiet cemetery is not inappropriate in a place in which the main objects of interest are prisons and tombs. So dreary are the prisons, so numerous the tombs which divide our attention with a palace (the only one remaining out of four), a church, a mosque, a temple, a deserted bungalow.

Seringapatam is, it must be conceded, a melancholy place; but though it offers constant reminders of folly, cruelty, suffering and mortality it grants us, too, glimpses of romance, of gorgeous Eastern pageantry, of cheerful self-sacrifice, dauntless courage and passionate loyalty amongst men of very different faiths and nationalities, who ruled, rebelled, endured and fought amid the turmoils which for centuries rent the peace of the Isle of Seringapatam.

¹ *The Last Siege of Seringapatam*, p. 38.

APPENDIX

LIST OF BOOKS CONSULTED

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- Last Siege of Seringapatam, The.* By Rev. E. W. Thompson, M.A.
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