

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Jodhpur : town and caste.—Reception by the Raja.—Person and character of Raja Maun Sing.—Visits to the Raja.—Events in his history.—Death of the Raja Bheem.—Deonath, the high-priest of Marwar.—His assassination.—The acts which succeeded it.—Intrigues against the Raja.—Dhunkul Sing, a pretender to the Gadi.—Real or affected derangement of the Raja.—Associates his son in the government.—Recalled to the direction of affairs.—His deep and artful policy.—Visit to Mundore, the ancient capital.—Cenotaphs of the Rahtores.—Cyclopean architecture of Mundore.—Nail-headed characters.—The walls.—Remain of the palace.—Town, or triumphal arch.—Than of Thana Peer.—Glen of Pushcoonda.—Statues carved from the rock.—Gardens at Mondore.—An ascetic.—Entertainment at the palace.—The Raja visits the Envoy.—Departure from Jodhpur.*

THE sand since we crossed the Looni, had become gradually heavier, and was quite fatiguing as we approached the capital of "the region of death," but the Marwaries and the camels appeared to move through it as briskly as our men would on the plains of the Ganges. The view before the reader will give a more correct idea of the "city of Joda" than the most laboured description. The fort is erected on a mole projecting from a low range of hills, so as to be almost isolated, while, being higher than the surrounding objects, it is not commanded. This table-ridge (mountain we can scarcely term it, since its most elevated portion is not more than three hundred feet in height) is a curious feature in these regions of uninterrupted aridity. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and, as far as I could determine from a bird's-eye view and from report, between two and three in breadth, the capital being placed on the highest part at the southern extremity, and may be said to be detached from it. The northern point, which

is the highest, and on which the palace is built, is less than three hundred feet. Every where it is scarped, but especially at this point, against which the batteries of the League were directed in 1806, at least a hundred and twenty feet of perpendicular height. Strong walls and numerous round and square towers encircle the crest of the hill, encompassing a space of great extent, as may be judged from the dimensions of the base, said to be four miles in circuit. Seven barriers are thrown across the circuitous ascent, each having immense portals and their separate guards. There are two small lakes under the walls: the *Rani Talab*, or 'Queen's Lake,' to the east; and the *Golab Sagur* or 'Rose-water sea,' to the south, from which the garrison draws up water in buckets. There is also inside a *coond*, or reservoir, about ninety feet in depth, excavated from the rock, which can be filled from these tanks; and there are likewise wells within, but the water is brackish. Within are many splendid edifices, and the Raja's



residence is a succession of palaces, each prince since the founder having left memorials of architectural taste. The city to the eastward of the citadel is encompassed by a strong wall, three coss, or near six miles, in extent, on which a hundred and one bastions or towers are distributed; on the rampart are mounted several *paiklas* or swivels. There are seven gates to the capital, each bearing the name of the city to which it leads. The streets are very regular, and adorned with many handsome edifices of free-stone, of which the ridge is composed. The number of families some years ago were stated to be 20,000, probably 80,000, souls, an estimate far too great for the present day. The *Golab Sagur* is the favourite lounge of the inhabitants, who recreate amongst its gardens and strange to say the most incomparable pomegranites (*anar*) are produced in it, far superior even to those of Cabul, which they resemble in the peculiarity of being *be-dana*, 'without grain': rather a misnomer for a fruit, the characteristic of which is its granulations: but this is in contradistinction to those of India, which are all grain and little pulp. The *anars* of the *Kagli-ca-bagh*, or 'Ravens' Garden,' are sent to the most remote parts, as presents. Their beautiful ruby tint affords an abundant resource for metaphor to the Rajpoot bard, who describes it as "sparkling in the ambrosial cup."\*

On the 4th the Raja received us with due form, advancing beyond the second gate of descent; when, after salutations, greetings, he returned according to etiquette. Giving

him time to make his arrangements, we advanced slowly through lines of his clansmen to the upper area, where a display of grandeur met our view for which we were totally unprepared, and far eclipsing the simple and unostentatious state of the Rana. Here every thing was imitative of the imperial court of Delhi, where the Rahtore, long pre-eminent, had "the right hand of the king of the world." Lines of gold and silver mace bearers deafened us with the titles of "*Raj-Raj-Iswar*!" 'the king, the lord of kings!' into whose presence, through mazes of intricate courts filled with his chivalry, all hushed in to that mysterious silence which is invariably observed on such occasions we were at length ushered.

The King of Maroo arose from his throne, and advanced a few paces, when he again courteously received the envoy and suit, who were here introduced. The hall of reception was of great extent: from its numerous square columns, it is styled *shehes stambha*, 'the thousand columned hall.' They were more massive than elegant; and being placed in parallel rows, at not more than twelve feet from each other, they gave an air of cumbersome, if not clumsy grandeur to an immense apartment, the ceiling of which was very low. About the centre, in a niche or recess, the royal *gadi* or 'cushion' was placed, over which was raised a richly embroidered canopy, supported by silver-gilt columns. On the Rana's right hand were placed those whom the king honoured, the chieftains of Pokurna and Neemaj, who would have been less at their ease had they known that all the distinctions they then enjoyed were

\* *Amrit ra pealu.*



meshes to ensnare them. Several other chieftains and civil officers, whose names would but little interest the reader, were placed around. The vakeel, Bishen Ram, was seated near me, almost in front of the Raja. The conversation was desultory and entirely complimentary: affording, however, abundant opportunity to the Raja to display his proficiency in that mixed language, the Hindostanee, which he spoke with great fluency and much greater purity than those who resided about the court at Delhi. In person the Raja is above the common height, possessing considerable dignity of manner, though accompanied by the stiffness of habitual restraint. His demeanour was commanding and altogether princely; but there was an entire absence of that natural majesty and grace which distinguished the prince of Oodipur, who won without exertion our spontaneous homage. The features of Raja Maun are good: his eye is full of intelligence: and though the *ensemble* of his countenance almost denotes benevolence, yet there is ever and anon a doubtful expression, which, with a peculiarly formed forehead, gave a momentary cast of malignity to it. This might have been owing to that deep dissimulation, which had carried him through a trial of several years' captivity, during which he acted the maniac and the religious enthusiast, until the assumed became in some measure his natural character.

The biography of Maun Sing would afford a remarkable picture of human patience, fortitude, and constancy, never surpassed in any age or country. But in this school of adversity he also took lessons of cruelty:

he learned therein to master or rather disguise his passions; and though he showed not the ferocity of the tiger, he acquired the still more dangerous attribute of that animal—its cunning. At that very time not long after he had emerged from his seclusion, while his features were modelled into an expression of complaisant self-content, indicative of a disdain of human greatness, he was weaving his web of destruction for numberless victims who were basking in the sunshine of his favour. The fate of one of them has been already related.\*

The Rahtore, like many other dynasties not confined to the east, claims celestial descent. Of their Bhat, we may say what Gibbon does of the Belgic genealogist, who traced the illustrious house of Este from Romulus, that "he riots in all the lust of fiction, and spins from his own bowels a lineage of some thousand years." We are certain that there were sovereigns of Canouj in the fifth century, and it is very probable that they ruled there prior to the era of Christianity. But this is accounted nothing by these lovers of antiquity, who never stop short of *Suryambhuva*, and the ark in which the antediluvian records of the Rahtores may have been preserved with those of the De Coucys. But we will not revert to those "happy times, when a genealogical tree would strike its root into any soil, and the luxuriant plant could flourish and fructify without a seed of truth." Then, the ambition of the Rahtore for a solar pedigree could be gratified without difficulty.

\* See page 557.



But it requires neither Bhat nor bard to illustrate its nobility : a series of splendid deeds which time cannot obliterate, has emblazoned the Rahtore name on the historical tablet. Where all these races have gained a place in the temple of fame, it is almost invidious to select ; but truth compels me to place the Rahtore with the Chohan, on the very pinnacle. The names of Chonda and Joda are sufficient to connect Seoji, the founder, a scion of Canouj, with his descendant, Raja Maun : the rest

"Were long to tell ; how many battles fought ;

"How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won."

Let us, therefore, put forth our palm to receive the *uttur* from his august hand, and the *pan*, acknowledged by a profound *salaam*, and bringing the right hand to my cocked hat, which etiquette requires we should "apply to the proper use :—'tis for the head," even in the presence. At all the native courts the head is covered, and the *en bas* left bare. It would be sadly indecorous to walk in soiled boots over their delicate carpets, covered with white linen, the general seat. The slippers are left at the door, and it is neither inconvenient nor degrading to sit in your socks. The Raja presented me with an elephant and horse caparisoned, an aigrette, necklace, brocades, and shawls, with a portion according to rank to the gentlemen who accompanied me.

On the 6th I paid the Raja another visit, to discuss the affairs of his government. From a protracted conversation of several hours, at which only a single confidential personal attendant of the prince was present, I received the most convincing proofs of his

intelligence, and minute knowledge of the past history, not of his own country alone, but of India in general. He was remarkably well read ; and at this and other visits he afforded me much instruction. He had copies made for me of the chief histories of his family, which are now deposited in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society. He entered deeply into the events of his personal history, and recounted many of the expedients he was obliged to have recourse to in order to save his life, when, in consequence of the murder of his *Guru* (not only his spiritual but his temporal guide, counsellor, and friend), he relinquished the reins of power, and acquiesced in their assumption by his son. The whole transaction is still involved in mystery, which the Raja alone can unravel. We must enter so far into the state secrets of the court, as to disclose the motive for such an act as the destruction of the brave Soortan, and introduce to the reader another high-priest of the Rajpoots as a pendant for the oracle of the Apollo of Nathdwara.

The parricidal murder of Raja Ajeet has been the destruction of Marwar, and even "unto the third and fourth generation" Providence would seem to have visited the act with its vengeance. The crown, which in a few years more would have been transmitted by nature's law, was torn from the brow of this brave prince, who had redeemed his lost inheritance from Aurungzebe, by the unhallowed arm of his eldest son Abhe Sing ; instigated thereto by an imperial bribe of the vice-royalty of Guzerat. His brother, Bukht Sing, was made almost in-



dependent in Nagore by the concession of Abhe and the *sunnud* and titles of his sovereign; and the contests between their issue have moistened the sands of Marwar with the richest blood of her children. Such is the bane of feudal dominion—the parent of the noblest deeds and the deepest crimes.

Raja Maun, accordingly, came to the throne with all the advantages and disadvantages of such a state of things; and he was actually defending his existence in Jhalore against his cousin and sovereign, when an unexpected event released him from his perils, and placed him on the throne. Bheem Sing had destroyed almost every branch of the blood-royal, which might have served as a nucleus for those intestine wars which desolated the country, and young Maun, the sole intervening obstacle to the full accomplishment of his wishes, was reduced to the last extremity, and on the eve of surrendering himself and Jhalore to this merciless tyrant, when he was relieved from his perilous situation. He attributed his escape to the intercession of the high-priest of Marwar, the spiritual leader of the Rahtores. This hierarch bore the title of divinity, or *Nathji*: his prænomen of Deo or Deva, was almost a repetition of his title; and both together, *Deonath*, cannot be better rendered than by 'Lord God.' Whether the intercession of this exalted personage was purely of a moral nature, as asserted, or whether Raja Bheem was removed from this vain world to the heaven of Indra by means less miraculous than prayer, is a question on which various opinions are entertained; but all agree that nothing could

have been better timed for young Maun, the sole victim required to fill up the measure of Bheem's sanguinary policy. When suicide was the sole alternative to avoid surrender to the fangs of this Herod of the Desert, the high-priest, assuming the mantle of prophecy, pronounced that no capitulation was inscribed in the book of fate—whose page revealed brighter days for young Maun. Such prophets are dangerous about the persons of princes, who seldom fail to find the means to prevent their oracles from being demented. A dose of poison, it is said, was deemed a necessary adjunct to render efficacious the prayers of the pontiff; and they conjointly extricated the young prince from a fate which was deemed inevitable, and placed him on the regal cushion of Marwar. The gratitude of Raja Maun had no limits—no honours, no grants, were sufficient to mark his sense of obligation. The royal mantle was hallowed by the tread of this sainted being; and the throne itself was exalted when Deonath condescended to share it with his master, who, while this proud priest muttered forth his mysterious benedictions, with folded hands stood before him to receive the consecrated garland. Lands in every district were conferred upon the Nath, until his estates, or rather those of the church of which he was the head, far exceeded in extent those of the proudest nobles of the land; his income amounting to a tenth of the revenues of the state. During the few years he held the keys of his master's conscience, which were conveniently employed to unlock the treasury, he erected no less than eighty-four *mandirs*,



or places of worship, with monasteries adjoining them, for his well-fed, lazy *chelas* or disciples, who lived at free quarters on the labour of the industrious. Deonath was a striking example of the indentivity of human nature, under whatever garb and in whatever clime; whether under the cowl or the coronet, in the cold clime of Europe, or in the deserts of India. This Wolsey of Maroodes exercised his hourly-increasing power to the disgust and alienation of all but his infatuated prince. He leagued with the nominal minister, Induraj, and together they governed the prince and country. Such characters, when exceeding the sphere of their duties, expose religion to contempt. The degradation which the haughty grandes of Marwar experienced, made murder in their eyes a venial offence, provoked as they were by the humiliations they underwent through the influence of this arrogant priest, whose character may be given in the language of Gibbon, merely substituting Deonath of Marwar for Paul of Samosata: "His ecclesiastical jurisdiction was venal and rapacious; he extorted frequent contributions from the most opulent of the faithful, and converted to his own use a considerable part of the public revenue. His council chamber and his throne, the splendour with which he appeared in public, the suppliant crowd who solicited his attention and the perpetual hurry of business in which he was involved, were circumstances much better suited to the state of a civil magistrate, than to the humility of a primitive bishop." But his "full-blown pride" at length burst under him. Seques-

trations from the estates of the chief barons of Maroo became frequent in order to swell his rent-roll for the support of his establishments; his retinue on ordinary occasions surpassed that of any chieftain, and not unfrequently he was attended by the whole insignia of the state—the prince attending on such ceremonies. On these occasions, the proud Rajpoot felt that he folded his hands, not to his sovereign, but to his sovereign's sovereign; to a vindictive and vain-glorious priest, who, amidst the mummeries and artifices of religious rites, gratified an inordinate vanity, while he mortified their pride and diminished their revenues. The hatred of such men is soon followed by their vengeance; and though they would not dye their own daggers in his blood, they soon found agents in a race who know not mercy, the myrmidons of that villain Meer Khan, under whose steel, and within the precincts of the palace, Deonath fell a victim. It has been surmised that Raja Maun was privy to the murder; that if he did not command, or even sanction it, he used no means to prevent it. There are but two in this life who can reveal this mystery—the Raja, and the *borreau en chief* of Rajasthan, the aforesaid Ameer Khan.

The murder of the high-priest was but a prolongation of the drama, in which we have already represented the treacherous destruction of the chieftain of Pokurn and his kindred; and the immolation of Krishna Kumari, the Helen of Rajasthan. The attack on the gallant Soortan, who conducted us from Jhalamund to the capital, sprung from the seed which was planted so many





years back ; nor was he the last sacrifice : victim after victim followed in quick succession, until the Caligula of the Desert, who could "smile and stab," had either slain or exiled all the first chieftains of his state. It would be a tedious tale to unravel all these intrigues ; yet some of them must be told, in order to account for the ferocity of this man, now a subordinate ally of the British Government in the East.

It was in A.D. 1804\* that Raja Maun exchanged the defence of Jhalore for the throne of Jodpur. His predecessor, Raja Bheem, left a widow pregnant ; she concealed the circumstance, and when delivered, contrived to convey the child in a basket to Sowaie Sing of Pokurn. During two years he kept the secret : he at length convened the Marwar chieftains, with whose concurrence he communicated it to Raja Maun, demanding the cession of Nagore and its dependencies as a domain for this infant, named Dhonkul Sing, the heir-apparent of Marwar. The Raja promised compliance if the mother confirmed the truth of the statement. Whether her personal fears overcame her maternal affection, or the whole was an imposture of Pokurn, she disclaimed the child. The chiefs, though not satisfied, were compelled to appear contented with the result of this appeal ; and for some years the matter seemed at rest. But this calm was only the presage of a storm, which shook to its base the political edifice of Marwar, and let loose upon her cities a torrent of predatory foes ; it dethroned her prince, and, what the planner could not have contemplat-

ed, involved his own destruction. The effects of this treachery have for ever destroyed all confidence between the chief and the entire feudal interest. The Pokurn chief, after failing to establish the claims of Dhonkul Sing as pretender to the throne sent him for safety to the Shekhawut chief of Khetri, one of the independent nobles of the Jeypur family. Here he left him till an opportunity again arrived to bring him upon the scene, which was afforded by the contest between the princes of Marwar and Jeypur for the hand of the Rana's daughter. This rivalry, the effects of which are already related, and which brought into conflict all the northern powers of India, was, in fact, only the under-plot of the deep-laid policy of Sowaie. When once the gauntlet was thrown down for the hand of this fair lady, the Pokurna chief stepped in with the pretended son of Raja Bheem, whose cause, from the unpopularity of Raja Maun, soon brought to his standard almost all the feudality of Marwar. The measures which followed, and the catastrophe, the death of Krishna Komari, have already been related.\* The assassination of the chief of Pokurna was simultaneous with these events ; and it was shortly after that the murder of the Pontiff Deonath took place.

After being relieved from all external foes by his own strength of mind, and the aid of a few friends whom no reverse could estrange from him, Raja Maun either fell, or affected to fall, into a state of mental despondency bordering on insanity. Suspicious of every one, he would only eat from the hands of his wife, who prepared his food

\* The date of his accession is the 5th of the month Megsirr, S. 1860.

\* Page 360.



himself; he became sullen and morose; he neglected public business; and finally withdrew entirely from the world. The attempt to rouse him from this real or pretended stupor was fruitless; he did nothing but lament the death of Deonath, and pour forth prayers to the deity. In this state, he was easily induced to associate his son in the government, and he bestowed upon him with his own hand the *teeka* of command. Chuttur Sing was the name of the prince, who was still in his minority; thoughtless, and of dissolute habits, he soon gave himself up to the guidance of a junta of the chiefs, who proclaimed Akhi Chund, of the mercantile caste, the chief civil minister of the state.

Such was the condition of Marwar from A.D. 1809 to 1817. At this period, the progress of events made the English arbiters of the destinies of Rajasthan. The regent of Marwar sent an ambassador to treat; but before the treaties were ratified and exchanged the young regent was dead. Various causes were assigned for his death: by some his dissolute habits, occasioning premature decay; by others, with more probability, the dagger of an indignant Rajpoot, the honour of whose daughter he had clandestinely attempted. Upon this event, and the change of political circumstances, the chiefs had no alternative but to turn to the secluded prince. If but one-half is true that I have heard, and from authority of high credit, the occupations of the years which the Raja passed between the murder of the priest and the death of his son, might be deemed atonement for the deepest crimes. When messengers announced the fate of his son, and that state necessity recalled him to the

helm of affairs, he appeared unable to comprehend them. He had so long acted the maniac, that he had nearly become one: his beard was never touched, and his hair, clotted and foul, gave him an expression of idiotey; yet throughout these long years he was resolutely tenacious of life. The party who governed the son and his state had their own menials to wait upon him, and many were the attempts to poison him by their means; in avoiding which, his simulated madness was so perfect, that they deemed he had "a charmed life." But he had one faithful servant, who throughout this dreadful trial never forsook him, and who carried him food in his turban to replace that which was suspected. When by degrees he was led to understand the emergency, and the necessity of leaving his prison, he persevered in his apparent indifference to every thing earthly, until he gathered information and the means for a terrible re-action. The treaty with the English put the ball at his foot: he very soon perceived that he might command a force to put down disorder—such was even volunteered: but with admirable penetration he trusted to the impression of this knowledge amongst his chiefs, as a sufficient auxiliary. By disseminating it, he paralyzed that spirit which maintained rights in the soil of Marwar nearly concurrent with those of the sovereign. No higher compliment could be paid to British ascendancy, than the sentiments of Raja Maun and his nobles; and no better illustration is on record of the opinion of our power, than that its name alone served the Raja's purpose in subjugating men, who, scarcely knowing fear, yet reposing partly on our justice,





though mainly on the utter hopelessness of resisting us, were deprived of all moral courage.

In refusing the aid of a mere physical force, the Raja availed himself of another weapon; for by this artifice he threw the chiefs off their guard, who confided in his assumed desire to forget the past. Intrigues for power and patronage seemed to strengthen this confidence; and Salim Sing of Pokurna, the military *maire du palais* or Bhaujgurh, and Akhi Chund, retained as civil prime minister, were opposed by Jodraj Singwi, who headed the aspirants to supplant them. The Raja complained of their interested squabbles, but neither party dreamed that they were fostered by him to cloak his deep-laid schemes. Akhi Chund had been minister throughout the son's administration; the political and pecuniary transactions of the state were known chiefly to him; to cut him off would have been poor revenge, and Raja Mann was determined not only to extract from him all the knowledge of state-matters transacted during his seclusion, but to make himself master of his coffers, and neither would have been attained by simple murder. Akhi Chund was not blind to the dangers of his position; he dreaded the *appui* his sovereign derived from the English, and laboured to inspire the Raja with distrust of their motives. It suited his master's views to flatter this opinion; and the minister and his adherents were lulled into a fatal security.

Such were the schemes concocting when I visited this court, which were revealed by succeeding events. At this time, the Raja appeared in a state of mental depression,

involved in difficulties, cautious, fearful of a false step, and surrounded by the satellites of the miscreant Akhi Chund, who, if he could no longer incarcerate his person, endeavoured to seal up the mind of his prince from all communication with those who might stimulate him to exertion. But all his arts only served to entangle him in the web then weaving for his life. The Raja first made him the means of destroying the most powerful of his chieftains, Soortan being the primary sacrifice to his sanguinary proscription; many others followed, until the best of the feudal chieftains sought refuge from his fury in exile, and found the *sirna* (sanctuary) they sought in the surrounding states, the majority in Mewar. The day of vengeance at length arrived, and the minister and his partizans were transferred from their position at the helm of the state to a dungeon. Deceived with hopes of life, and compelled by the application of some summary methods of torture, Akhi Chund gave in a schedule of forty lacks of property, of which the Raja realized a large portion, and then dismissed him to the other world. Nagoji, the kelladar,\* and Mulji Dandul, both favourites and advisers of the Raja's late son, returned on the strength of a general amnesty, and forgot they had been traitors. The wealth which prodigality had heaped upon them, consisting of many of the crown-jewels, being recovered, their worldly accounts were settled by a cup of poison, and their bodies thrown over the battlements. Success, and the taste of blood, whetted rather than appeased the appetite of Raja Mann. He was well seconded by the

\* Commandant of the fortress.





new minister, Futteh Raj, the deadly opponent of Akhi Chund, and all the clan of Champawuts, whom he deemed the authors of the murder of his brother Induraj, slain at the same time with Deonath. Each day announced a numerous list of victims, either devoted to death, or imprisoned and stripped of their wealth. The enormous sum of a crore of rupees has been stated as the amount of the confiscations.

All these atrocities occurred within six months after my visit to this court, and about eighteen from the time it was received into protective alliance with the British Government. The anomalous condition of all our connections with the Rajpoot states has already been described: and if illustration of those remarks be required, it is here in awful characters. We had tied up our own hands: "internal interference" had been renounced, and the sequestration of every merchant's property, who was connected with the Mehta faction, and the exile of the nobles, had no limit but the will of a blood-thirsty and vindictive tyrant. The objects of his persecution made known every where the unparalleled hardships of their case, and asserted, that nothing but respect for the British Government prevented their doing themselves justice. In no part of the past history of this state could such proscription of the Majority of the kin and clan of the prince have taken place. The dread of our intervention, as an umpire favourable to their chief, deprived them of hope; they knew that if we were exasperated there was no *sinna* to protect them. They had been more than twelve months in this afflicting condition when I left the country; nor have

I heard that any thing has been done to relieve them, or to adjust these intestine broils. It is abandoning them to that spirit of revenge which is a powerful ingredient in their nature, and held to be justifiable by any means when no other hope is left them. In all human probability, Raja Maun will end his days by the same expedient which secured him from the fury of his predecessor.

Having lifted the mantle which veiled the future, my reader must forget all that has been said to the disadvantage of Raja Maun, and see only the dignified, the courteous, and the well-instructed gentleman and prince. I cannot think that the Raja had coolly formed to himself the plan of the sanguinary measures he subsequently pursued, and which it would require a much more extended narrative to describe. We discoursed freely on past history, in which he was well read, as also in Persian, and his own native dialects. He presented me with no less than six metrical chronicles of his house; of two, each containing seven thousand stanzas I made a rough translation. In return, I had transcribed and sent to him Ferishta's great History of the Mahomedan power in India; and *Kholasut ul Towarikh*, a valuable epitome of the history of Hindustan. I little imagined that I should then have to exhibit him otherwise than his demeanour and instructive discourse made him appear to me. In our graver conversation, I was amused with a discourse on the rules of government, and instruction for the guidance of ambassadors, which my better acquaintance with Chund discovered to be derived from that writer. He carried me, accompanied by a single domestic, to various apartments in the





palace, whence he directed my view across the vast plains of the desert, whose monarch I envied not. The low hills in the vicinity alone broke the continuity of this arid region, in which a few isolated *neem* trees were thinly scattered, to remind one of the absence of all that is grand in vegetation. After a visit of several hours, I descended to my tent, and found my friends, Captain Waugh and Major Gough, just returned from a successful chase of an antelope, which, with the aid of some Rohilla greyhounds, they had run down. I attributed their success to the heavy sands, on which I have witnessed many pulled down by dogs of little speed; but the secret was revealed on this animal being sent to the *cuisinier*. On depriving him of his hide, between it and the flesh the whole carcase was covered with a large, inert, amorphous white maggot. The flesh was buried in the sands, and no venison appeared again on my table while in India.

Nov. 8th.—I set out early this morning to ramble amidst the ruins of the ancient capital, Mundore, an important link in the chain of archaeological research, before the *panchranga*, or 'five-coloured banner' of Maroo was prostrated to the crescent. Attended by an escort provided by the Raja, I left the perambulator behind; but as the journey occupied an hour and a quarter, and at a very slow pace, the distance must be under five miles. I proceeded through the Sojot gate, to gain the road leading to Nagore; shortly after which I passed the Maha Mandir, or 'Grand Minister,' the funds for the erection of which were provided by Raja Maun, on his escape from ruin

at Jalore. I skirted the range, gradually decreasing in height for three miles, in a N.N.E. direction. We then altered our course to N.N.W., and entered the gorge of the mountains which envelop all that is hallowed of the relics of the princes of this house. The pass is narrow; the cliffs are almost perpendicular, in which are numerous caves, the abodes of ascetics. The remains of fortifications thrown across, to bar the entrance of the foe to the ancient capital of the Puriharas, are still visible: a small stream of pure and sweet water issues from this opening, and had a water-course under an archway. After proceeding a little further, the interval widened, and passing through the village, which does not exceed two hundred houses, our attention was attracted by a line of lofty temples, rising in graduated succession. These proud monuments proved to be the cenotaphs of the Rahtores, erected on the spots where the funeral pyre consumed the crowned heads of Maroo, who seldom burnt alone, but were accompanied by all that made life agreeable or poisoned its enjoyment. The small brook already mentioned flows past the southern extremity of the chief line of monuments, which extend from south to north. At the former point stands that of Rao Maldeo, the gallant opponent of Shere Shah, the brave usurper of the throne of the Moguls. The further point terminates with that of Mahraja Ajeet Sing; while the princes in regular succession, *viz.* Soor Sing, Oon Sing, Guj Sing, and Jesswant Sing, fill up the interval.

These dumb recorders of a nation's history attest the epochs of Marwar's glory, which



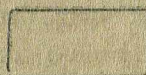


commenced with Maldeo, and ended with the sons of Ajeet. The temple-monument of Maldeo, which yet throws into shade the still more simple shrines of Chonda, and Joda, contrasted with the magnificent mausoleum of Raja Ajeet, reads us a lesson on the advancement of luxurious pomp in this desert state. The progression is uniform, both in magnitude and elegance, from Maldeo's, who opposed on equal terms the Afghan king (whose memorable words, "I had nearly lost the throne of India for a handful of barley," mark at once the gallantry and the poverty of those whom he encountered), to the last great prince Ajeet. Even that of Raja Guj is plain, compared to his successor's. These monuments are all erected of a very close-grained freestone, of a dark brown or red tint, with sufficient hardness to allow the sculptor to indulge his fancy. The style of architecture, or rather the composition is mixed, partaking both of the Sivite and the Budhist; but the details are decidedly Jain, more especially the columns, which are of the same model as those in Komulmeer. I speak more especially of those of Rajas Jesswunt and Ajeet, drawings of which, on a large scale, executed by the Raja's chief architect, I brought to Europe; but which it would be too expensive to have engraved. They are raised on immense terraces, faced with large blocks of well-polished freestone. That of Jesswunt is somewhat ponderous and massive; but Ajeet's rises with great elegance and perfect symmetry of proportion.

On ascending the terrace, you enter through lofty vaulted porch supported by handsome columns to the *sanctum*, which is a pyramidal temple, four stories in height,

in the Sivite style, crowned by the *sikra* and *kullas*, elsewhere described. The sculptural ornaments are worthy of admiration, both for their design and effect; and the numerous columns on the basement, and different stages of ascent, give an air of so much majesty, that one might deem these monuments more fitting sepulture for the Egyptian Cheops, than a shrine—over what? not even the ashes of the desert king, which were consigned in an urn to the bosom of the Ganges. If the foundations of these necrological monuments have been equally attended to with the superstructure, they bid fair to convey to remote posterity the recollection of as conspicuous a knot of princely characters as ever followed each other in the annals of any age or country. Let us place them in juxtaposition with the worthies of Mewar and the illustrious scions of Timoor, and challenge the thrones of Europe to exhibit such a contemporaneous display of warriors, statesmen, or scholars.

Mewar.	Marwar.	Delhi.
Rana Sanga .....	Rao Maldeo .....	Baber and Shere Shah.



Rao Soor Sing .....

Rana Pertap .....	Raja Oodi Sing ...	Akbar.
Rana Umra I. ....	Raja Guj Sing ...	Jehangir and Shah Jehan.
Rana Kurn .....	Raja Jesswunt Sing...	Arungzebe.
Rana Raj .....		All the competitors for the throne after Ferochsere.
Rana Jey Sing ...	Raja Ajeet Sing ...	
Rana Umra II. ....		

From Maldeo to Oodi *le gros*, the first *Raja* (hitherto *Raos*) of Marwar, and the friend of Akbar, to Jesswunt, the implacable foe of Arungebe, and Ajeet, who redeemed his country from oppression, all were valiant men and patriotic princes.



"Where were the lions' cubs," I asked of my conductor, "the brave sons of Ajeet, "who erected this monument to his manes, "and who added provinces to his dominions?" He pointed to two sheds, where the *kereca-carma* was performed; there was

"No funeral urn

"To mark their obsequies :"

but these lowly sheds told, in more forcible, more emphatic language, the cause of this abrupt transition from grandeur to humility, than pen ever wrote; and furnished the moral epilogue to the eventful drama of the lives of these kings of the desert. Abhe Sing's parricidal hand bereft his father of life; yet though his career was one splendid tissue of success and honour, leaving his dominions more than doubled, the contentions of his issue with that of his brother Bukht Sing, alike accessory, it is said, to the crime, has entailed endless misery upon Marwar, and left them not the power, if they had the inclination, to house his ashes. In the same line with the parricide and his brave brother is the humble monument of the great Beejy Sing, whose life till towards its close was a continued tide of action. I could not avoid an exclamation of surprise: "Shame to the country," I said, "that has neglected to enshrine the ashes of a name equal to the proudest!" His three sons, amongst them Zalim Sing, with the sketch of whom this narrative opened, have their shrines close to his; and but a few yards removed are those of Raja Bheem, and his elder brother Gooman (who died in his minority), the father of the reigning prince, Raja Maun. The last, which closed the line, pertained to Chuttur Sing, who, in all pro-

bability, was saved by death from the murder of his parent. I passed it in disgust, asking who had been so foolish as to entomb his ashes better than those of some of the worthies of his race? I found that it was the act of maternal fondness.

The *amavus* (the ides) and the *sancrantis* (when the sun enters a new sign of the Zodiac) of every month are sacred to the *Pitriswara*, on which days it is incumbent on the reigning prince to 'give water' to his ancestors. But the ignorance of my conductor deprived me of much information which I anticipated; and had I not been pretty well read in the chronicles of the Rahtores, I should have little enjoyed this visit to a "nation's dust." They related one fact, which was sufficient to inspire horror. No less than sixty-four females accompanied the shade of Ajeet to the mansion of the sun. But this is twenty short of the number who became *Satis* when Raja Boodh Sing of Boondi was drowned! The monuments of this noble family of the Haras are far more explicit than those of the Rahtores, for every such *Sati* is sculptured on a small altar in the centre of the cenotaph: which speaks in distinct language the all-powerful motive, *vanity*, the principal incentive to these tremendous sacrifices. Boodh Sing was a contemporary of Ajeet, and one of the most intrepid generals of Arungzebe; the period elapsed is about one hundred and twenty years. Mark the difference! When his descendants, my valued friend, the Rao Raja Bishen Sing, died in 1821, his last commands were that none should give such a proof of their affection. He made me guardian of his infant



heir;—in a few days I was at Boondi, and his commands were religiously obeyed.

In this account are enumerated the monumental relics below the fort. Upon the mountain, and beyond the walls of the fortress of Mundore, are the *dewuls* of Rao Rinmull, Rao Ganga, and Chonda, who conquered Mundore from the Purihars. Within a hundred yards of this trio of worthies of this house, is a spot set apart for the queens who die natural deaths. But this is anticipating; let me in form conduct my readers step by step from the cemetery of the Rahtores to the Cyclopean city of the Purihars.

Whoever has seen Cortona, Volterra, or others of the ancient Tuscan cities, can form a correct idea of the walls of Mundore, which are precisely of the same ponderous character. It is singular that the ancient races of India, as well as of Europe, (and whose name of *Pali* is the synonym of *Galati* or *Keltoe*) should, in equal ignorance of the mechanical arts, have piled up these stupendous monuments, which might well induce their posterity to imagine "there were giants in those days." This western region, in which I include nearly all Rajpootana and Saurashtra, has been the peculiar abode of these "pastor kings," who have left their names, their monuments, their religion and sacred character, as the best records of their supremacy. The *Raj-Pali*, or, 'Royal Pastors,' are enumerated as one of the thirty-six royal races of ancient days: the city of Palithana, 'the abode of the Pali,' in Saurashtra, (built at the foot of Mount Satrunja, sacred to Budha), and Palli in Godwar, are at once evidence of their

political consequence and the religion they brought with them; while the different nail-headed characters are claimed by their descendants, the sectarian Jains of the present day. Their is scarcely an ancient city in Rajpootana whence I have not obtained copies of inscriptions from columns and rocks, or medals, gold, silver and copper bearing this antique character. All are memorials of these races, likewise termed *Takshac*, the Scythic conquerors of India, ancestors of many of the Rajpoots, whose history the antiquary will one day become better acquainted with. The Purihara, it will be recollected, is one of the four *Agniculas*; races who obtained a footing in India posterior to the Suryas and Indus. I omitted, however, to mention, in the sketch of the Puriharas, that they claim Cashmeer as the country whence they migrated into India: the period is assigned, but it was when the schismatic wars between the Sivites and Budhists were carrying on; and it would appear that the former found proselytes and supporters in many of these *Agniculas*. But of the numerical extent of the followers of this faith we have this powerful evidence, namely, that three-fourths of the mercantile classes of these regions are the descendants of the martial conquerors of India, and that *seven out of the ten and a-half* nyats or tribes, with their innumerable branches, still profess the Jain faith, which, beyond controversy, was for ages paramount in this country.

Let us now ascend the paved causeway to this gigantic ruin, and leave the description of the serpentine *Nagda*, which I threaded to its source in the glen of Pushecoonda, till



our return. Half-way up the ascent is a noble *bouli*, or 'reservoir,' excavated from the solid rock, with a facing of cut stone and a noble flight of steps: on which, however, two enormous *goolurs* or wild fig-trees have taken root, and threaten it with premature destruction. This memorial bears the name of Nahur Rab, the last of the Purihars. As I looked up to the stupendous walls,

"Where time hath leant his hand, but broke his scythe,"  
I felt the full force of the sentiment of our heart-stricken Byron:

"there is a power

"And magic in the ruined battlement,

"For which the palace of the present hour

"Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."

Ages have rolled away since these were raised, and ages will yet roll on, and find them immoveable, unchanged. The immense blocks are piled upon, and closely fitted to, each other without any cement, the characteristic of all the Etruscan cities termed Cyclopean. We might indeed smuggle a section of Mundore into the pages of Micali,\* amongst those of Todi or Volterra, without fear of detection. The walls, following the direction of the crest of the ridge, are irregular; and having been constructed long before artillery was thought of, the Purihar or Pali engineer was satisfied with placing the palace on the most commanding eminence, about the centre of the fortress. The bastions or towers are singularly massive, and like all the most antique, their form is square. Having both fever and ague upon me, I was incapable of tracing the direction of the walls, so as to form any correct judgment of the space they enclose;

but satisfied with gaining the summit, I surveyed the ruin from the site of the palace of the Purihars. The remains, though scanty, are yet visible; but the materials have been used in the construction of the new capital Jodpur, and in the cenotaphs described. A small range of the domestic temples of the palace, and some of the apartments, are yet distinctly to be traced; the sculptured ornaments of their portals prove them to have been the work of a Takshac or Buddhist architect. Symbolical figures are frequently seen carved on the large blocks of the walls, though probably intended merely as guides to the mason. These were chiefly Buddhist or Jain: as the quatre-feuille, the cross; though the mystic triangle and triangle within a triangle  $\triangle \times \triangle$  \* (a sign of the Sivites, only, I believe), was also to be seen. The chief memorials of the Purihara are a gateway and magnificent *Torun*, or triumphal arch, placed towards the south-east angle of the castle. It is one mass of sculpture; but the pencil was wanting, and I had not leisure even to bring away a rude resemblance of this memento of some victory of the ancient lords of Mundore. A little distance to the northward of my position is the *Than*, or 'station' of a Mahomedan saint, a disciple of the celebrated Khwaja Kootub, whose shrine at Ajmeer is celebrated.

\* Amongst ancient coins and medals, excavated from the ruins of Oojein and other ancient cities, I possess a perfect series with all the symbolic emblems of the twenty-four Jain apostles. The compound equilateral triangle is amongst them: perhaps there were *Masons* in those days amongst the Pali. It is hardly necessary to state, that this Trinitarian symbol (the double triangle) occurs on our (so called) Gothic edifices, e. gr. the beautiful abbey-gate of Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, erected about A. D. 1377.

\* *L'Italie avant la Domination des Romains.*



This of Thana Peer, as they call him, was a place of great resort to the unsanctified Kafirs, the mercenary Sindies and Afghans, who long prowled about these regions in quest of prey, or plunder, or both. Nearly in the same direction, beyond the walls, are the cenotaphs of the early Rahtores and the Satis already mentioned; but tradition's voice is mute as to the spot which contains the ashes of the Purihars. To the east and north-east, nature has formed at once a barrier to this antique castle, and a place of recreation for its inhabitants; a lengthened chasm in the whole face, appearing like a dark line, were it not for the superb foliage of goolur, mangoe, and the sacred burr and peepul, which rise above the cleft, planted about the fountain and perpendicular cliffs of the Nagda, and which must have proved a luxurious retreat to the princes of Mundore from the reverberation of the sun's rays on the rock-built palace; for there is but a scanty brushwood scattered over the surface, which is otherwise destitute of all vegetation.

Let us now descend by the same causeway to the glen of Pushcoonda, where there is much to gratify both the lover of the picturesque and the architectural antiquary. At the foot of the causeway, terminated by a reservoir of good water, are two gateways, one conducting to the gardens and their palaces erected by the Rahtores; the other, to the statues of the Paladins of the desert. Leaving both for a moment, I pursued the 'serpentine' rivulet to its fountain, where

"Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
"Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
"Of those who reared them."

I reposed in meditative indolence, overwhelmed with the recollections such scenes

inspire. In a recess or cave is a rude altar sanctified by the name of Nahur Rao, the famed king of Mundore, who met in equal combat the chivalrous Chohan in the pass of the Aravali.\* A *nye*, or barber, performs worship to the manes of this illustrious Rajpoot, in whose praise Chund is most eloquent. Whence the choice of a barber as a priest I know not; but as he has the universal care of the material portion of the Rajpoot, being always chosen as the cook, so there may be reasons for his having had an interest in the immaterial part in olden days, the tradition of which may have been lost. There is a piece of sculpture containing nine figures, said to represent Ravana, who came from "th'utmost isle Taprobane,"† to marry the daughter of the sovereign of Mundore. There was a lengthened legend to account for the name of *nagda*, or, 'serpentine,' being applied to the rivulet, but it is too long to relate. We must therefore quit the fountain, where the gallant Pirthwira and his fair bride, the cause of strife between the Chohans and Puriharas, may have reposed, and visit the most remarkable relic within the precincts of this singular place.

A short distance from the foot of the causeway, an archway opens into an enclosed court or area, in the retired part of which, and touching the mountain, is an extensive saloon; the roof is supported by a triple row of columns, of that light form peculiar to the Jains. Here are displayed, in all "the 'pomp and circumstance of war,'" the statues

\* See page 538.

† *Tapoo Ravana*, 'the isle of Ravana,' wherever that may be.



of the knights-errant of the desert, armed *cap-a-pie*, bestriding steeds whose names are deathless as their riders', all in the costume of the times in which they lived. They are cut out of the rock, but entirely detached from it, and larger than life. Though more conspicuous for strength than symmetry, the grim visages of these worthies, apparently frowning defiance, each attended by his pundoo or squire, have a singularly pleasing effect. Each chieftain is armed with lance, sword, and buckler, with quiver and arrows, and poniard in his girdle. All are painted; but whether in the colours they were attached to, or according to the fancy of the architect, I know not. Before, however, entering this saloon, we pass a huge statue of Ganesa, placed as the guardian of the portal, having on each side the two Bhiroos, sons of the god of war. Then appears the statue of Chamoonda (the goddess of destruction), and that of the terrific mother, Kankali, treading on the black demon Bhynsasoor, in whose flank her tiger-courser has buried his blood-thirsty tongue: in each of her eight arms she holds a weapon of destruction. The black Bhiroo (son of time), with a sable flag, bearing *argent* a horse *courant*, marshals the way through the field of blood to his mother. Between her and the heroes whose lives passed "in devotion to the sword," is a statue of the *Nathji*, or 'spiritual guide' of the Rahtores: in one hand he holds his *mala* or 'chaplet'; in the other his *churri*, or 'patriarchal rod,' for the guidance of his flock. Mullinath heads the procession, mounted on a white charger, with a lance over his shoulder, to which is attached a flag; his quiver resting on his

horse's right flank, and his mistress, Pudmavati, with a platter of food welcoming him from a raid, and who accompanied him when slain to *Suryaloca*, or 'the mansion of the sun.'

Then follows Pabooji mounted on his famous charger 'Black Cæsar' (*Kesar Kali*) whose exploits are the theme of the itinerant bard and showman, who annually goes his round, exhibiting in pictorial delineations, while he recites in rhyme, the deeds of this warrior to the gossiping villagers of the desert.

Next comes Ramdeo Rahtore, a name famed in Maroodesa, and in whose honour altars are raised in every Rajpoot village in the country.

Then we have the brave Hurba Sankla, to whom Joda was indebted for protection in his exile, and for the redemption of Mundore when seized by the Rana of Cheetore.

Goga, the Chohan, who with his forty-seven sons fell defending the passage of the Sutledge on Mahmood's invasion. Mewoh Mangulia brings up the rear, a famous chieftain of the Ghelote race. It would be tedious to relate any of the exploits of these worthies.

Another saloon, of similar architecture and still greater dimensions, adjoins that just described; it is termed *tyntees cula*\* *devata ra than*, or 'abode of the (tutelary) divinities of the thirty-three races:' in short, the Pantheon of the Rajpoots. The statues are of gypsum, or stone covered with that substance; they are of large proportions.

\* I imagine the word *cula* or 'race,' of which, as often remarked, there are not thirty-three but thirty-six, has given rise to the assertion respecting the thirty-three *crore* or millions of gods of Hindusthan.



First, is the creator, Bramha ; then Surya, 'the sun-god,' with his seven-headed steed; then the monkey-faced deity, Hanuman; Rama, and his beloved Sita; Kaniya, in the woods of Vrij, surrounded by the Gopis; and a most grave figure of Mahadeva, with a bull in his hand. These six, with the goddesses of life and death, and of wisdom, constitute the eight chief divinities of the Hindus; whose qualities and attributes, personified, form an assemblage for which St. Peter's and the Vatican to boot would be a confined dwelling.

I now retired to the palace and gardens built by Raja Ajeet; of which, however superb, it is impossible for the pen to give a definite idea. Suites of colonnaded halls, covered with sculpture of easy and even graceful execution, some with screens of lattice-work to secure the ladies from the public gaze, are on the lower range; while staircases lead to smaller apartments intended for repose. The gardens, though not extensive, as may be supposed, being confined within the adamant walls reared by the hand of Nature, must be delightfully cool even in summer. Fountains, reservoirs, and water-courses, are every where interspersed; and though the thermometer in the open air was 86°,\* the cold within doors (if this be not a solecism considering that there were no doors) was excessive. Some attention was paid to its culture; besides many indigenous shrubs, it boasted of some exotics. There was the golden *chumpa*, whose aroma is overpowering, and if laid

upon the pillow will produce head-ache; the pomegranate, at once "rich in flower and fruit;" the apple of Sita, or *Sita-phala*, which, from similitude of taste, we call the custard-apple; a delicious species of the plaintain, whose broad, verdant, glossy leaf alone inspires the mind with the sensation of coolness; the *mogra*; the *chamaily*, or jessamine; and the queen of flowers, the *bara-masha*, literally the 'twelve-month,' because it flowers throughout the year. It is a delightful spot, and I felt a peculiar interest in it. Let the reader imagine the picture of a solitary Englishman scribbling amidst the ruins of Mundore: in front a group of venerable mangoe-trees; a little further an enormous isolated tamarind, "planted by the hand of a jugglar in the time of Nahur Rao, the last of the Puri-haras, before whom he exhibited this proof of legerdemain," and, as the legend goes, from whose branches the juggler met his death:\* amidst its boughs the long-armed tribe, the allies of Rama, were skipping and chattering unmolested; while beneath, two Rahtore Rajpoots were stretched in sleep, their horses dozing beside them, standing as sedately as the statue of 'Black Caesar:' a grenadier Sepoy of my escort parading by a camp-basket, containing the provender of the morning, completes the calm and quite scene.

On the summit of the rock, across the narrow valley, several *gophas*, or caves, the abode of the hermit Atteit, were in sight. How the brains of these ascetics can stand

\* Thermometer 55°, 72°, 86°, 80° at daybreak, ten, two, and at sunset. On the 3d November, the day of our arrival, the variations were 50°, 72°, 80°, and 75° at those hours.

\* See the autobiography of Jehangir, translated by that able Oriental scholar, Major Price, for the astonishing feats these jugglers perform in creating not only the tree, but the fruit.



the heat and confined air is a wonder, though, if they possessed any portion of that which is supposed to be necessary to the guidance of the machine, they would scarcely occupy such a position, nor consequently, the world's attention. *Mais tout est vanité*, a cause which has produced ten times the number of saints that piety has, and ten times ten of these troglodyte philosophers. Having walked out on the terrace or house-top of the palace, to catch a sun-beam and scare away an ague which tormented me, I discovered one of these animals coiled up on a heap of bat's-dung, in a corner of an apartment of the palace. He was dreadfully emaciated, and but for the rolling of a pair of eyes in visage covered with hair, there was nothing which betokened animation, much less humanity. There was none but the bat to dispute his reign, or "the spider which weaves its web in this palaces of the Cæsars." I had no inclination to disturb the process of ratiocination, or to ask to which sect of philosophers belonged this Diogenes of Mundore, who might, if he had utterance, have desired me to walk down stairs, and not intercept the sun-beam for whose warmth we were competitors. The day was now nearly departed, and it was time for me to return to my friends in camp. I finished the evening by another visit to the knights of the desert; and inscribing my name on the foot of 'Black Cæsar,' bade adieu to the ancient Mundore.

*Nov. 13th*—The Raja having invited us to a dinner at the palace, we sallied forth belted and padded, to partake of Rajpoot hospitality. He had made a request which will appear somewhat strange,—that we

would send our *cuisine*, as the fare of the desert might prove unpalatable; but this I had often seen done at Sindhia's camp, when joints of mutton, fowls, and fricassees, would diversify the provender of the Mahratta. I intimated, that we had no apprehension that we should not do justice to the gastronomy of Jodhpur; however, we sent our tables, and some claret to drink long life to the king of Maroodes. Having paid our respects to our host, he dismissed us with the complimentary wish that appetite might wait upon us, and, preceded by a host of gold and silver sticks, we were ushered into a hall, where we found the table literally covered with curries, pillaus, and ragouts of every kind, in which was not forgotten the *hurea moong Mundore ra*, the 'green pulse of Mundore,' the favourite dish, next to *rabri* or maize-porridge, of the simple Rahtore. Here, however, we saw displayed the dishes of both the Hindu and Musulman, and nearly all were served in silver. The curries were excellent, especially those of the vegetable tribes made of the pulses, the *kakris* or cucumbers, and of a miniature melon not larger than an egg, which grows spontaneously in these regions, and is transported by *kasids* or runners, as present, for many hundreds of miles around. The hall was an entire new building, and scarcely finished; it is erected on the northern projection of the rock, where the escarpment is most abrupt, and looks down upon the site of the batteries of the league of 1806. It is called the *Maun mahal*, and, like the hall of audience, its flat roof is supported by numerous massive hewn columns. The view from it to the east is extensive, and we were told that the pinnacle



of Komulmeer, though eighty miles distant, has been seen, in those clear days of the monsoon when the atmosphere is purified, after heavy showers, from the sand which is held suspended. Great care was taken that our meal should be uninterrupted, and that we should not be the lions to an hour's amusement of the court. There was but one trivial occurrence to interrupt the decorum and attention of all present, and that was so slight that we only knew it after the entertainment was over. One of the menials of the court, either from ignorance or design, was inclined to evince contumely or bad breeding. It will be considered perhaps a singular circumstance, that the Hindu should place before a European the vessels from which he himself eats : but a little fire purifies any metallic vessels from all such contamination ; and on this point the high-blooded Rajpoot is less scrupulous than the bigotted Mahomedan, whom I have seen throw on the ground with contempt a cup from which his officer had drank water on a march. But of earthenware there can be no purification. Now there was a handsome China bowl, for which some old dowager fancier of such articles would have almost become a suppliant, which having been filled with curds to the *Soodra Fringes*, could no longer be used by the prince, and it was brought by this menial, perhaps with those words, to my native butler. Kali Khan, or, as we familiarly called him, '*the black lord*,' was of a temper not to be trifled with ; and as the domestic held it in his hand, saying, "take it, it is no "longer of any use to us," he gave it a tap with his hand which sent it over the battle-

ments, and coolly resuming his work, observed, "that is the way in which all useless "things should be served ;" a hint, which, if reported to Raja Maun, he seems to have acted on : for not many months after, the minister, Akhi Chund, who dreaded lest European influence should release his master from his faction and thralldom, was treated by him in the same manner as the china bowl by Kali Khan.

*November 16th.\** This day had been fixed for the Raja's visit to the envoy. In order to display his grandeur, he sent his own suite of tents, which were erected near mine. They were very extensive, modelled in every way after those of the Emperors of Delhi, and lined throughout with the royal colour, crimson : but this is an innovation, as will appear from the formulas yet preserved of his despatches, "from the foot of the throne, Jodhpur." The tent, in fact, was a palace in miniature, the whole surrounded by walls of cloth, to keep at a distance the profane vulgar. The *gadi*, or royal cushion and canopy, were placed in the central apartment. At three, all was noise and bustle in the castle and town ; nakarras were reverberating, trumpets sounding the alarm, that the King of Maroo was about to visit the Fringee Vakeel. As soon as the flags and pennant were observed winding down 'the hill of stife' (*Joda-gir*) I mounted, and with the gentlemen of my suite proceeded through the town to meet the Rajah. Having complimented him *en route* we returned and received him at the tents. The escort drawn up at the entrance of the

\* Thermometer 59°, 82°, 85°, 79°.



tent presented arms, the officers saluting; a mark of attention which gratified him, as did the soldier-like appearance of the men. Hitherto, what he had seen of regulars belonging to the native powers was not calculated to give him a favourable impression of foot-soldiers, who are little esteemed by the equestrian order of Rajpootana. His visit continued about an hour, when the shields were brought in, with jewels, brocades, shawls, and other finery, in all nineteen trays, being two less than I presented to the Rana of Oodipoor. I likewise presented him with some arms of English manufacture, a telescope, and smaller things much valued by the Rajpoots. After the final ceremony of perfumes, and *atar-pân* (which are admirable hints when you wish to get rid of a tiresome guest, though not so in this instance), the exterior wall was removed, and shewed the caparisoned elephant and horses, which were part of the *khelat*. At the door of the tent we made our salam, when the Raja gave me his hand which, by the bye, was his first salutation on receiving me. It is an ancient Rajpoot custom, and their bards continually allude to extending the right hand—“*dextra extenta*.”

November 17th,\* I went to take leave of the Raja: I had a long and interesting conversation on this our last interview. I left him in the full expectation that his energy of character would surmount the difficulties by which he was surrounded, though not without a struggle, and condign punishment

to some of the miscreants, the misleaders of his son, the assassins of his minister and high priest, and consequently the authors of his humiliating and protracted incarceration. Whether the first gratification of vengeance provoked his appetite, or whether the torrent of his rage, once impelled into motion, became too impetuous to be checked, so that his reason was actually disturbed by the sufferings he had undergone, it is certain he grew a demoniac; nor could any one, who had conversed with the bland, the gentlemanly, I might say gentle, Raja Maun, have imagined that he concealed under this exterior a heart so malignant as his subsequent acts evinced. But the day of retribution must arrive; the men who wrote that dignified remonstrance, which is given in another place,\* will not tamely bear their wrongs, and as they dare not levy war against their prince, who reposes under British protection, the dagger will doubtless find a way to reach him even in “the thousand-columned hall” of Jodhpur.

Besides the usual gifts at parting, which are matter of etiquette, and remain untouched by the individual, I accepted as a personal token of his favour, a sword, dagger, and buckler, which had belonged to one of his illustrious ancestors. The weight of the sword, which had often been “the angel of death,” would convince any one that it must have been a nervous arm which carried it through a day. With mutual good wishes, and a

\* Thermometer 59°, 73°, 89°, 82°, at six, ten, two, and sunset.

\* See page 149.



request for a literary correspondence, which | adieu to Raja Maun and the capital of  
was commenced but soon closed, I bade | MARWAR.



PAIKS OF MARWAR.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Nandla.—Beesilpur.—Remains of the ancient city.—Puchkullia, or Beechkulla.—Inscription.—Peepar.—Inscription confirming the ancient chronicles of Mewar.—Geological details.—Legend of Lake Sampoo.—Lakha Foolani.—Madreo.—Bhoroonda.—Buddun Sing.—His chivalrous fate.—Altar to Pertap.—Indawur.—Jat cultivators.—Stratification of Indawur.—Mairta.—Memory of Arungzebe.—Dhonkul Sing.—Jeimul, the hero of the Rahtores.—Tributes to his bravery.—Description of the city and plain of Mairta.—Cenotaphs.—Raja Ajeet.—His assassination by his sons.—The consequences of this deed the seeds of the civil wars of Marwar.—Family of Ajeet.—Curious fact in the law of adoption amongst the Rahtores.—Ram Sing.—His discourtesy towards his chiefs.—Civil war.—Defection of the Jharejas from Ram Sing.—Battle between Ram Sing and Bukt Sing.—Defeat of the former, and the extirpation of the clan of the Mairtas.—The Mairta vassal of Mehtri.—The field of battle described.—Ram Sing invites the Mahrattas into his territory.—Bukt Sing becomes raja of Marwar.—His murder by the prince of Jeypur.—His son, Bejoy Sing, succeeds.—Jey Appa Sindhia and Ram Sing invade Marwar.—They are opposed by Bejoy Sing, who is defeated.—He flies to Nagore, where he is invested.—He cuts through the enemy's camp.—Solicits succour at Bikaner and Jeypur.—Treachery of the raja of Jeypur.—Defeated by the chieftain of Reah.—Assassination of Appa Sindhia.*

Nov. 19th—We broke ground for Nandla, distant six miles. The first two miles from the capital was through deep sand; for the remainder of the journey the red sand-stone protruded, which gives some relief to the footing of the traveller. About half way we passed a small sheet of water, called after the mother of the pretender, Dhonkul Sing, the Shekhawut Tallao. This lady has constructed a *dhurmsala*, 'or hall for travellers,' on its bank, where she has erected a statue of Hanuman, and a pillar to commemorate her own good works. Not a shrub of any magnitude occurs, for even the stunted *Khyr* is rare in this plain of sand; which does not, however, appear unfavourable to the *moth*, a vetch on which they feed the cattle. Near the

village we crossed the Jogini, the same stream which we passed between Jhalamund and the capital, and which, joined by the Nagda from Mundore, falls into the Looni. The only supply of water for Nandla is procured from two wells dug on the margin of the stream. The water, is abundant, and only four feet from the surface, but brackish. There are a hundred and twenty-five houses in Nandla, which is in the fief of the chieftain of Ahore. A few cenotaphs are on the banks of a tank, now dry. I went to look at them, but they contained names "unknown to fame."

Beesilpur, the next place, is distant six estimated coss of the country, and thirteen miles one furlong by the perambulator :



heavy sand the whole way. Nevertheless we saw traces of the last autumnal crop of bajra and joar, two species of millet, which form the chief food of the people of the desert; and the vetch was still in heaps. Beesilpur is situated on a rising ground: the houses are uniform in height and regularly built, and coated with a compost of mud and chaff, so that its appearance is picturesque. It is protected by a circumvallation of thorns, the *kanta-ka-kote* and the stacks of chaff, as described at Eendurra. They are pleasing to the eye, as is every thing in such a place which shews the hand of industry. There was an ancient city here in former days, which was engulfed by an earthquake, though part of a gateway, and the fragment of a wall still mark its site. No inscriptions were observed. The water is obtained from a lake.

*Nov. 21st*.—Puchkullia, or Beechkulla, five coss (11 miles 5 furlongs): crossed and encamped on the Jojurri. The soil improving, of a brown sandy texture. Wheat and barley of excellent quality are grown on the banks of the river. It was a relief to meet once more a babool or a neem tree; even our Godwar cypress reared its head on the margin of the Jojurri. Although now only containing a hundred houses, this was once a place of some importance. I found a defaced inscription, in which “the son of Sonung, S. 1224,” were still legible; but the mercenary Pathans have ruined the harvest of the antiquary. The village is a grant in fee to a Bhatti chieftain. Water is obtained from wells excavated on the margin of the river.

*Nov. 22nd*.—Peepar, four coss (8 miles 2 furlongs). Pursued the course of the river,

the most extended arm of the Looni, coming from the hills near Purbatsir, on the frontiers of Jeypur. Its course is marked by the trees already mentioned. The soil, a mixture of black earth and sand, is termed *dhamuni*. Peepar is a town of 1,500 houses, one-third of which are inhabited by the Oswals of the Jain faith, the chief merchants of all their country. There are also about two hundred families of Muhaisries, or merchants of the Saiva caste. Peepar carries on a considerable traffic, and has a chintz manufactory, which employs thirty families. It is in the grant of the feudal chief of Neemaj, whose death has been already related. A cenotaph dedicated to one of his ancestors, has been half destroyed by the Goths of India. Peepar is celebrated in the traditions of the desert as one of the cities founded by Gundhursen, the Pramara monarch of Avanti, prior to the Christian era. The only inscript I discovered was in a temple of the sea-goddess Lacshmi. It bore the names of Bijoy Sing and Dailunji, Rajpoots of the Ghelote race, with the ancient title of Rawul. It was a happy confirmation of the most ancient chronicle of Mewar, which divides the Ghelotes into twenty-four *sachæ* or branches, of which one is called “Peeparia,” doubtless from their having conquered this tract from the Takshac Pramara.

There is an abundance of wells, from sixty to eighty feet in depth. Of one recently excavated, I obtained the following details of the strata, which may be gratifying to the geologist. The first twenty feet are composed entirely of that kind of earth called *dhamuni*, chiefly decomposed sandstone with a mixture of black earth, in which occurs a



stratum of bluish clay mixed with particles of quartz : this earth is called *morur* in Marwar, and *morund* in Jeypur. It was then necessary to cut through a rock of red granite\* for thirty feet ; then several feet of an almost milk-white steatite, succeeded by stalactitic concretions of sandstone and quartz.

Good water is also obtained from a lake called the Sampoo, which is connected with the tradition of the foundation of Peepar. A Brahmin of the Pali tribe, whose name was Peepa, was in the habit of carrying milk to a deity of the Serpent ( *Takshae* ) race, whose retreat was on the banks of this lake, and who deposited two pieces of gold in return for the Paliwal's offering. Being compelled to go to Nagore, he gave instructions to his son to perform his charitable office ; but the youth, deeming it a good opportunity to become master of the treasure, took a stick with him, and when the serpent issued forth for his accustomed fare, he struck him violently ; but the snake being "scotched, not killed," retreated to his hole. The young Brahmin related his adventure to his mother ; when the good woman, dreading the vengeance of the serpentine deity, prepared a servant and bullock to convey her son to his father at Nagore. But what was her horror in the morning, when she went to call the youth, to find, instead of him, the huge serpent coiled up in his bed ! Peepa, on his return, was inconsolable ; but stifling his revenge, he propitiated the serpent with copious libations of milk. The scaly monster was conciliated, and revealed the stores he

guarded to Peepa, commanding him to raise a monument which would transmit a knowledge of the event to future ages. Hence Peepar arose from Peepa the Pali, and the name of the lake *Sampoo*, from his benefactor the 'serpent' ( *sampa* ). All these allegorical tales regard the *Takshae* races, the followers of the religion of Budha or Jaina, and their feuds with the Brahminical sects. It is evident that Peepa the Pali worshipped both ; and the very name induces a belief that the whole Paliwal caste are converts from Buddhism.

There is a coond or fountain, called after Lakho Foolani, who ruled in ancient times at Phoolra, in the further corner of the desert, but carried his arms even to the ocean. Wherever I have travelled, tradition is loud in praise of Foolani, from the source of the Looni to its embouchure in the Delta of the Indus.\*

*Nov. 23rd.*—Madreo, five coss ( 10 miles 2 furlongs ). Roads good ; soil as yesterday, but the country very desolate ; only stunted shrubs since we removed from the margin of the river. This is a moderate-sized village, with a tank of good water.

*Nov. 24th.*—Bhoroonda,† four coss, or eight miles. The face of the country now

\* The traditional stanzas are invaluable for obtaining a knowledge both of ancient history and geography :

"Kushup-gurh, Soorajpoora,

"Basuck-gurh, Takoh,

"Ondhani-gurh, Jugropoora,

"Jo Phool-gurh i Lakho.

In this stanza, we have the names of six ancient cities in the desert, which belonged to Lakha, the Takoh, Tak, or Takshae, i. e. of the race figuratively called the 'serpent.'

† Omitted in the map ; it is half way between Madreo and Indawur.

\* Specimens of all these I brought home.



changes materially; our route was over a low undulating ridge of sandstone, in which the stunted shrubs of this region find a bed. At one time, the elevation was sufficiently great to allow the chasm through which the road passed to be dignified with the name of 'the Gasooria Pass,' in which a party of the Raja's men is posted for defence, and the levy transit duties. Bhoroonda is in the fief of Gopal Sing, the chief of Kochamun, one of the most conspicuous of the Mairta clan. It consists of one hundred and fifty houses; the cultivators are Jats, as are those of all the preceding villages.\*

I paid a visit to the humble cenotaphs of Bhoroonda; one of them bore the name of Buddun Sing, a sub-vassal of Kochamun, who was slain in the heroic charge against De Boigne's brigades, in the patriot field of Mairta. His name claims the admiration of all who esteem loyalty and patriotism, the inherent virtues of the chivalrous Rajpoot. Raja Bejoy Sing had resumed Bhoroonda, when the Thacoor retired to the adjacent court of Jeypur, where he was well received according to the hospitable customs of the Rajpoot, and had risen to favour at the period when the Mahrattas invaded his *bapótá*, 'the land of his fathers.' Resentment was instantly sacrificed at the altar of patriotism; he put himself at the head of one hundred and fifty horse, and flew to his sovereign's and his country's defence. Unhappily, the whole Mahratta army interposed between him and his countrymen. To cut their way through all impediments was the instant resolve of Buddun and his brave companions. They fell sword in hand upon a multitude: and, with the exception of a few, who forced

their way ( amongst whom was the chief whose monument is referred to ), they were cut to pieces. Buddun Sing lived to reach his ancient estate, which was restored to his family in token of his sovereign's gratitude for the gallant deed. It is valued at seven thousand rupees annual rent, and has attached to it, as a condition, the service of defending this post.

There was another small altar erected to the names of Pertap, who was killed in the defence of this pass against the army of Arungzebe.

*Nov. 25th.*—Indawur, five coss ( 10 miles 2 furlongs. ) This place consists of two hundred houses; the cultivators are Jats. I have said little of these proprietors of the soil, a sturdy, independent, industrious race, who "venerate the plough," and care little about the votaries of Mars or their concerns, so that they do not impose excessive taxes on them. I have given a portrait of one of these cultivators in a wood-cut at the end of the last chapter, though I would not have the reader suppose that he is a sample of the ploughman; he is only a herdsman. The former are a stout, well-built, though rather murky race. The village is assigned to the ex-prince of Sinde, who derives his sole support from the liberality of the princes of Marwar. He is of the tribe called Kalora, and claims descent from the Abbassides of Persia. His family has been supplanted by the Talpooris, a branch of the Noomries (*the foxes*) of Balochistan, who now style themselves Afghans, but who are in fact one of the most numerous of the Gete or Jit colonies from central Asia. But let us not wander from our subject.



I will beg the reader to descend seventy or eighty feet with me to view the stratification of Indawur. First, three feet of good soil ; five feet of red sandy earth, mixed with particles of quartz ; six feet of an unctuous indurated clay ;\*—then follows a sand-rock, through which it was necessary to penetrate about sixty feet ; this was succeeded by twenty feet of almost loose sand, with particles of pure quartz embedded ; nodules and stalactitic concretions of sand-stone, quartz, and mica, agglutinated together by a calcareous cement. The interior of the well throughout this last stratum is faced with masonry : the whole depth is more than sixty-five cubits, or forty yards. At this depth, a spring of excellent water broke in upon the excavators, which supplies Indawur.

Nov. 26.—Mairta, four coss ( 9 miles 1 furlong ). The whole march was one extended plain ; the Aravali towering about twenty-five miles to our right. To the west a wide waste, consisting of plains gently undulating, and covered with grass and underwood. Natural sterility is not the cause of this desert aspect, for the soil is rich ; but the water is far beneath the surface, and they cannot depend upon the heavens. Joar, moth, and sesamum, were cultivated to a considerable extent in the immediate vicinity of the villages, but the product had this season been scanty. The appearance of the town is imposing, its site being on a rising ground. The spires of the mosque which was erected on the ruins of

a Hindu temple by the tyrant Arungzeb, overtop the more ponderous and unassuming *munders* which surround it. Notwithstanding this monarch was the object of universal execration to the whole Hindu race, more especially to the Rahtores, ( whose sovereign, the brave Jesswant, together with his elder son, he put to death by poison, and kept Ajeet twenty long years from his birth-right, besides deluging their fields with the richest blood of his nobles ) ; still, such is Hindu toleration, that a marble is placed, inscribed both in Hindi and Persian, to protect the mosque from violence. This mark of liberality proceeded from the pretender Dhonkul Sing, as if with a view of catching golden opinions from the demoralized Pathans, by whose aid he hoped to regain his rights. But how was he deceived ! His advances were met by the foul assassination, at one fell swoop, of all his party, by the chief of these mercenaries, Meer Khan.

Mairta was founded by Rao Dooda of Mundore, whose son, the celebrated Maldeo, erected the castle, which he called Malkote.\* Mairta, with its three hundred and sixty townships, became the appanage of his son Jeimul, and gave its name of Mairtea to the bravest of the brave clans of the Rahtores. Jeimul was destined to immortalize his name beyond the limits of Maroo. Distrusted by his father, and likely to be deserving of suspicion, from the very *ruse* to which Shere Shah acknowledged he owed his safety, he

\* Mr. Stokes, of the Royal Asiatic Society, pronounces it to be a steatite.

\* Rao Dooda had three sons, besides Maldeo ; namely : First, Raemul ; second, Birsing, who founded Amjerra in Malwa, still held by his descendants ; third, Ruttun Sing, father of Meer Bae, the celebrated wife of Koom-bho Rana.



was banished from Marwar. He was hospitably received by the Rana, who assigned to the heir of Mundore the rich district of Bednore, equalling his own in extent, and far richer in soil than the plains he had abandoned. How he testified his gratitude for this reception, nobler pens than mine have related. The great Akber claimed the honour of having with his own hand sealed his fate : he immortalized the matchlock with which he effected it, and which was also the theme of Jehangir's praise, who raised a statue in honour of this defender of Cheestore and the rights of its infant prince. Abulfazil, Herbert, the chaplain to Sir T. Roe, Bernier, all honoured the name of Jeimul ; and the chivalrous Lord Hastings, than whom none was better able to appreciate Rajpoot valour, manifested his respect by his desire to conciliate his descendant, the present brave baron of Bednore.\*

The town of Mairta covers a large space of ground, and is enclosed with a strong wall and bastions, composed of earth to the westward, but of freestone to the east. All, however, are in a state of decay, as well as the town itself, which is said to contain twenty thousand houses. Like most Hindu towns, there is a mixture of magnificence and poverty ; a straw or mud hut adjoins a superb house of freestone, which " shames the meanness " of its neighbour. The castle is about a gun-shot to the south-west of the town, and encloses an area of a mile and a half. Some small sheets of water are on the eastern and western faces. There are plenty of wells about the town, but the water has an

unpleasant taste, from filtering through a stiff clay. There are but two strata before water is found, which is about twenty-five feet from the surface : the first a black mould, succeeded by the clay, incumbent on a loose sand, filled with quartzose pebbles of all hues, and those stalactitic concretions, which mark, throughout the entire line from Jodpur to Ajmeer, the stratum in which the springs find a current. There are many small lakes around the town, as the Doodasir, or 'lake (*sir*) of Dooda ;' the Baijpa, the Doorani, the Dungolia, &c.

The plain of Mairta is one continuous sepulchre, covered with altars to the manes of the warriors who, either in the civil wars which have distracted this state, or in the more patriotic strife with the southron Goths, have drenched it with their blood. It is impossible to pass over this memorable field without a reference to these acts ; but they would be unintelligible without going to the very root of dissension, which not only introduced the Mahratta to decide the intestine broils of the Rajpoot states, but has entailed a perpetuity of discord on that of Marwar. I have already succinctly related the parricidal murder of Raja Ajeet, which arose out of the politics of the imperial court, when the Syeds of Barah,—the Warwicks of the East,—deposed the Emperor Ferockseer, and set up a puppet of their own. With his daughter ( whose marriage with the emperor originated, as already recorded, the first grant of land to the East-India Company ), he retired to his dominions, leaving his son Abhe Sing at court, and refusing his sanction to the nefarious schemes of the

\* See page 333.



Syeds. They threatened destruction to Marwar, declaring to the son of Ajeet, that the only mode of averting its ruin was his own elevation, and his subservience to their views, which object could only be obtained by his father's deposal and death. Even the reasoning resorted to, as well as the dire purpose of the miscreants, is preserved, and may serve as an illustration of Rajput feeling. When Abhe Sing refused or hesitated, he was asked, "*Mah bāp ka saca, ya zūmīn ka saca?*" which, though difficult to render with accuracy, may be translated: "Are you a branch (*sachā*) of the land or of your parents?" As before said, land is all in all to the Rajpoot; it is preferred to every thing: Abhe's reply may therefore be inferred. Immediate installation was to be the reward of his revenging the Syeds. That nature could produce from the same stock two such monsters as the brothers who effected the deed, is, perhaps, hardly conceivable, and would, probably, be credited, were not the fact proved beyond doubt. I should desire, for the honour of the Rajput race, whose advocate and apologist I candidly avow myself, to suppress the atrocious record: but truth is dearer even than Rajpoot character. Of the twelve sons of Ajeet, Abhe Sing and Bukht Sing, were the two elder; both were by the same mother, a princess of Boondi. To Bukht Sing, who was with his father, the eldest brother wrote, promising him the independent sovereignty of Nagore (where they then were), with its five hundred and sixty-five townships, as the price of murdering their common sire. Not only was the wretch unstartled by the proposition, but he

executed the deed with his own hands, under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity. His mother always dreaded the temperament and disposition of Bukht, who was bold, haughty, impetuous, with a perpetual thirst for action; and she cautioned her husband never to admit him into his presence after dusk, or when unattended. But the Raja, whose physical strength was equal to his bravery, ridiculed her fears, observing, "Is he not my child? Besides, a slap on the face from me would annihilate the stripling." Upon receiving the note from his brother, Bukht, after taking leave of his father, concealed himself in a chamber adjoining that where his parents reposed. When all was still, the murderer stole to the bed in which lay the authors of his existence, and from a pallet, on which were placed the arms of Ajeet, he seized his sword, and coolly proceeded to exhaust those veins which contained the same blood that flowed in his own. In order that nothing might be wanting to complete the deed of horror, the mother was awakened by the blood of her lord moistening her bosom. Her cries awoke the faithful Rajputs who lay in the adjacent apartments, and who bursting into the chamber, discovered their prince and father dead: "Treason had done its worst." The assassin fled to the roof of the palace, barring the gates behind him, which resisted all attempts to force them until morning, when he threw into the court below the letter of his brother, exclaiming, "This put the Maharaja to death, not I." Abhe Sing was now their sovereign; and it is the actual occupant of the throne whom the Rajput deems entitled to his devo-



tion. Eighty-four Satis took place on this dire occasion, the parent of these unnatural regicidal and parricidal sons leading the funeral procession. So much was Ajeet beloved, that even men devoted themselves on his pyre. Such was the tragical and of the great Ajeet, lamented by his chiefs, and consecrated by the bard, in stanzas in honour of him and in execration of the assassins ; which afford proof of the virtuous independence of the poetic chronicler of Rajasthan.

*Bukhta, bukhta, baera,*

*Kyon mara Ajmal\**

*Hindwani ca Sewara*

*Toorkani ca Sal?*

'Oh Bukhta, in evil hour

'Why slew you Ajmal,

'The pillar of the Hindu,

'The lance of the Toork?

Bukht Sing obtained Nagore ; and Abhe Sing was rewarded with the viceroyalty of Guzerat, which gift he repaid by aiding in its partition, and annexing the rich districts of Beenmahl, Sanchore, and others, to Marwar ; on which occasion he added Jhalore to the domain of his brother Bukhta, or as the bard styles him, *bud-bukhta*, 'the unfortunate.' This additional reward of parricide has been the cause of all the civil wars of Marwar.

We may slightly notice the other sons of Ajeet, whose issue affected the political society of Rajputana. Of these,

Devi Sing was given for adoption to Maha Sing, head of the Champawut clan, he having no heirs. Devi Sing then held Beenmahl, but which he could not retain against

the Koli tribes around him, and Pokurn was given in exchange. Subbul Sing, and Salim Sing (whose escape from the fate of the chieftain of Neemaj has been noticed), are the lineal issue of this adoption.

Anund Sing, another son of Ajeet, was in like manner adopted into the independent state of Edur, and his issue are heirs-presumptive to the throne of Marwar.

From these races we derive the knowledge of a curious fact, namely, that the issue of the younger brother maintains, a claim, though adopted into a foreign and independent state ; while all such claims are totally extinguished by adoption into a home clan. Under no circumstances could the issue of Devi Sing sit on the of *gadé* of Marwar ; when adopted into the Champawut clan, he surrendered all claims derived from his birth, which were merged into his vassal rank. Still the recollection must give weight and influence ; and it is evident from the boast of the haughty Devi Sing, when his head was on the block, that there is danger in these adoptions.

Abhe Sing died, leaving a memorial of his prowess in the splendid additions he made to his territories from the tottering empire of Delhi. He was succeeded by his son Ram Sing, on whose accession his uncle Bukht sent his aged fostermother, an important personage in Rajwarra, with the *teeka* and gifts, and other symbols of congratulation. Ram Sing, who had all the impetuosity to his race, received the lady-ambassador with no friendly terms, asking her if his uncle had no better messenger to salute his new sovereign. He refused the gifts, and

\* The bards give adjuncts to names in order to suit their rhymes ; Ajeet is the 'invincible : Aj-mal, a contraction of *Ajya-mal*, 'wealth invincible,'



commanded her to tell his uncle to surrender Jhalore. The offended dame extenuated nothing of the insolence of the message. The reply was, however, courteous, implying, that both Jhalore and Nagore were at his disposal. The same sarcastic spirit soon precipitated matters between them in the following manner.

Koosul Sing of Ahwa, the premier noble of Marwar, and of all the clans of Champa-wut, more brave than courtly, was short in stature, sturdy, boorish, and blunt; he became the object of his young sovereign's derision, who used to style him the *goorji gunduc*, or 'turnspit dog,' and who had once the audacity to say, "come goorji;" when he received the laconic reproof: "yes; the goorji that dare bite the lion."

Brooding over this merited retort, he was guilty of another sarcasm, which closed the breach against all reconciliation. Seated one day in the garden of Mundore, he asked the same chief the name of a tree. "The champa," was the reply, "and the pride of the garden, as I am of your Rajpoots."—"Cut it down instantly," said the prince; "root it out; nothing which bears the name of champa shall exist in Marwar."

Kunniram of Asope, the chief of the next most powerful clan, the Kompawut, was alike the object of this prince's ridicule. His countenance, which was not "cast in nature's finest mould," became a butt for his wit, and he would familiarly say to him, "*ao booda bandur*," "come along, old monkey." Boiling with rage, the chief observed, "when the monkey begins to dance, you will have some mirth." Leaving the court, with his

brother chieftain of Ahwa, they collected their retainers and families, and marched to Nagore. Bukht Sing was absent, but being advised by his *locum tenens* of his visitors, and of their quarrel with his nephew, he lost no time in joining them. It is said he expostulated with them, and offered himself as mediator; but they swore never again to look in the face of Ram Sing as their sovereign. They offered to place Bukht Sing on the *gad of Joda*; and threatened, if he refused, to abandon Marwar. He played the part of our Richard for a short time; but the habitual arrogance of his nephew soon brought matters to a crisis. As soon as he heard that the two leaders of all his vassals were received by his uncle, he addressed him, demanding the instant surrender of Jhalore. Again he had the courtly reply: "he dare not contend against his sovereign; and if he came to visit him, he would meet him with a vessel of water."\* War, a horrid civil war, was now decided on; the challenge was given and accepted, and the plains of Mairta were fixed upon to determine this mortal strife, in which brother was to meet brother, and all the ties of kin were to be severed by the sword. The Mairtea clans, the bravest as they are the most loyal and devoted, of all the brave clans of Maroo, united to a man under the sovereign's standard; the chiefs of Reah, Boodsu, Mehtri, Kholur, Bhorawur, Kochamun, Alneawas, Jusuri, Bokri, Bhoroonda, Eerwoh, Chandaroon, collected around them every vassal who could wield a brand. Most of the clans of Joda, attracted by the name of

\* This reply refers to a custom analogous to the Seythic investiture, by offering "water and soil."



*swamdherma*, 'fidelity to their lord,' united themselves to the Mairteas; though a few, as Ladnu, Neembi, were on the adverse side; but the principal leaders, as Khyrwa, Govindgurbh, and Bhadrarajoon, were faithful to their salt. Of the services of others, Ram Sing's insolence deprived him. Few remained neuter. But these defections were nothing to the loss of a body of five thousand Jhareja auxiliaries, whom his connexion with a daughter of the prince of Bhoj brought to his aid. When the tents were moved outside the capital, an incident occurred which, while it illustrates the singular character of the Rajpoot, may be regarded as the real cause of the loss of sovereignty to Ram Sing. An inauspicious raven had perched upon the *kanat*, or wall of the tent in which was the Jhareja queen, who, skilled in the art of the *sookuni*\* (augur), determined to avert it. Like all Rajpootnis, who can use fire-arms on occasion, she seized a matchlock at hand, and, ere he "thrice croaked," she shot him dead. The impetuous Raja, enraged at this instance of audacity and disrespect, without inquiry ordered the culprit to be dragged before him; nor was his anger assuaged when the name of the Rani was given. He reviled her in the grossest terms: "tell the Rani," said he, "to depart my dominions, and to return from whence she came." She entreated and conjured him, by a regard to his own safety, to revoke the decree; but all in vain; and with difficulty could she obtain a short interview, but without effecting any change in her obdurate lord. Her last words were, "with my exile from your presence,

you will lose the crown of Marwar." She marched that instant, carrying with her the five thousand auxiliaries, whose presence must have ensured his victory.

The Oodawut clans, led by their chief of Neemaj, Raipur, and Raus, with all the Kurrunsotes under the Thacoor of Kewnsir, united their retainers with the Champawuts and Kompawuts under the banners of Bukht Sing.

Ram Sing's array fell far short of his rival's since the defection of the Jharejas: yet, trusting to the name of sovereign as "a tower of strength," he boldly marched to the encounter, and when he reached the hostile field encamped near the Ajmeer gate of Mairta. His rival was not long behind, and marshalled his clans within three miles of the northern portal, called the gate of Nagore. The spot he chose had a sacred character, and was called *mataji ca than*, where there was a shrine of the Hindu Hecate, with a fountain said to have been constructed by the Pandus.

Bukht Sing commenced the battle. Leaving his camp standing, he advanced against his nephew and sovereign, whom he saluted with a general discharge of his artillery. A vigorous cannonade was continued on both sides throughout the day, without a single man seeking a closer encounter. It is no wonder they paused ere the sword was literally drawn. Here was no foreign foe to attack; brother met brother, friend encountered friend, and the blood which flowed in the veins of all the combatants was derived from one common fountain. The reluctance proceeded from the *Borge* the innate principle of natural

\* *Sookun feerna* means to avert the omen of evil.





affection. Evening advanced amidst peals of cannon, when an incident, which could only occur in an army of Rajputs, stopped the combat. On the banks of the Baijpa lake, the scene of strife, there is a monastery of Dadoopunti ascetics, built by Raja Soor Sing. It was nearly midway between the rival armies, and the shot fell so thick amidst these recluses that they fled in a body, leaving only the old patriarch. Baba (father) Kishendeo disdained to follow his disciples, and to the repeated remonstrances from either party to withdraw, he replied, that if it was his fate to die by a shot he could not avert it; if not, the balls were innoxious: but although he feared not for himself, yet his gardens and monastery were not "charmed," and he commanded them to fight no longer on that ground. The approach of night, and the sacred character of the old abbot Dadoopunti, conspired to make both parties obey his commands, and they withdrew to their respective encampments.

The dawn found the armies in battle-array, each animated with a deadly determination. It was Raja Ram's turn to open this day's combat, and he led the van against his uncle. Burning with the recollection of the indignities he had suffered, the chief of Ahwa, determined to shew that "the cur could bite," led his Champawuts to the charge against his sovereign. Incited by loyalty and devotion "to the gadi of Marwar," reckless who was its occupant, the brave Mairteas met his onset steel in hand. The ties of kin were forgotten, or if remembered, the sense of the unnatural strife added a kind of frenzy to their valour, and confirmed their resolution

to conquer or die. Here the Mairtea, fighting under the eye of this valiant though intemperate prince, had to maintain his ancient fame, as "the first sword of Maroo." There his antagonist, the Champawut, jealous of this reputation, had the like incentive, besides the obligation to revenge the insults offered to his chief. The conflict was awful: the chieftains of each valiant clan met hand to hand, singling out each other by name. Shere Sing chief of all the Mairteas was the first who sealed his devotion by his death. His place was soon filled by his brother, burning for vengeance. Again he cheered on his Mairteas to avenge the death of their lord, as he propelled his steed against the chief of the Champawuts. They were the sons of two sisters of the Jeypur house, and had hitherto lived in amity and brotherly love, now exchanged for deadly hate. They encountered, when the "cur" bit the dust, and was borne from the field. The loss of their leaders only inflamed the vassals on both sides, and it was long before either yielded a foot of ground. But numbers, and the repeated charges of Bukht Sing, who led wherever his nephew could be found, at length prevailed; though not until the extinction of the clan of Mairtea, who, despising all odds, fought unto the death. Besides their head of Reah, there fell the sub-vassals of Eerwah, Sewuroh, Joossurie, and Mehtri, with his three gallant sons, and almost all their retainers.

There is nothing more chivalrous in the days of Edward and Cressy than the death of the heir of Mehtri, who, with his father and brothers sealed his fealty with his blood



on this fatal field. He had long engaged the hand of a daughter of a chief of the Nirookas, and was occupied with the marriage rites, when tidings reached him of the approach of the rebels to Mairta. The knot had just been tied, their hands had been joined—but he was a Mairtea—he unlocked his hand from that of the fair Nirooki, to court the Apsara in the field of battle. In the bridal vestments, with the nuptial coronet (*mor*) encircling his forehead, he took his station with his clan in the second day's fight, and "obtained a bride in Indra's abode." The bards of Maroo dwell with delight on the romantic glory of the youthful heir of Mehtri, as they repeat in their Doric verse,

"Kan a mooti bulbulla  
 "Gulla soni a malla  
 "Asi cos kurro ho aya  
 "Konwur Mehtriwalla."

The paraphernalia here enumerated are very foreign to the cavalier of the west: "with pearls shining in his ears, and a golden chaplet round his neck, a space of eighty coss came the heir of Mehtri."

The virgin bride followed her lord from Jeypur, but instead of being met with the tabor and lute, and other signs of festivity, wail and lamentation awaited her within the lands of Mehtri, where tidings came of the calamity which at once deprived this branch of the Mairteas of all its supporters. Her part was soon taken; she commanded the pyre to be erected; and with the turban and *toorah*, which adorned her lord on this fatal day, she followed his shade to the mansions of the sun. I sought out the cenotaph of this son of honour in the blood-

stained field; but the only *couronne immortelle* I could wreath on these sandy plains was supplied by the Bardai, whose song is full of martial fire as he recounts the gallantry of "*Konwur Mehtri-wallah*."

The Mairteas, and their compeers on the side of the prince, made sad havoc amongst their opponents; and they still maintain that it was owing to the artillery alone that they were defeated. Their brave and loyal leader, Shere Sing of Reah, had fruitlessly endeavoured to recal his brother-in-law from the path of treason, but ineffectually; he spoke with sarcasm of his means to supplant Ram Sing by his uncle. The reply of the old baron of Ahwa is characteristic: "at least I will turn the land upside down;" to which Shere Sing rejoined, angrily, he would do his best to prevent him. Thus they parted; nor did they meet again till in arms at Mairta.

In surveying this field of slaughter, the eye discerns no *point d'appui*, no village or key of position, to be the object of a struggle; nothing to obstruct the doubly-gorged falconet, which has no terrors for the uncontrollable valour of the Rahtore; it perceives but a level plain, extended to the horizon, and now covered with the memorials of this day's strife. Here appears the colonnaded mausoleum, with its airy cupola; there the humble record of the name, clan, and sakha of him whose ashes repose beneath, with the date of the event, inscribed in rude characters. Of these monumental records I had copies made of about a score; they furnish fresh evidence of the singular character of the Rajpoot.



Ram Sing retired within the walls of the city, which he barricadoed ; but it being too extensive to afford the chance of defence against the enemy, he formed the fatal resolution of calling to his aid the Mahrattas, who were then rising into notice. At midnight, he fled to the south ; and at Oojein found the Mahratta leader, Jey Appa Sindia, with whom he concerted measures for the invasion of his country. Meantime his uncle being master of the field, repaired, without loss of time, to the capital, where he was formally enthroned ; and his *dn* was proclaimed throughout Marwar. As skilful as he was resolute, he determined to meet on his frontier the threatened invasion, and accordingly advanced to Ajmeer, in order to interpose between the Mahrattas and Jeypur, whose prince, Eesuri Sing, was father-in-law to his rival. He wrote him a laconic epistle, requiring him either instantly to unite with him in attacking the Mahrattas, or declare himself his foe. The Jeypur prince had many powerful reasons for not supporting Raja Bukht, but he at the same time dreaded his enmity. In this extremity, he had recourse to an expedient too common in cases of difficulty. Concerting with his wife, a princess of Eedur ( then ruled by one of the sons of Ajeet ), the best mode of extrication from his difficulties, he required her aid to revenge the foul murder of Ajeet, and to recover his son's right. " In either case," said he, " the sword must decide, for he " leaves me no alterative : against him I " have no hopes of success ; and if I march " to the aid of an assassin and usurper, I " lose the good opinion of mankind." In

short, he made it appear that she alone could rescue him from his perils. It was therefore resolved to punish one crime by the commission of another. Eesuri Sing signified his assent ; and to lull all suspicion, the Rhatorni was to visit her uncle in his camp on the joint frontier of the three states of Mewar, Marwar, and Ambar. A poisoned robe was the medium of revenge. Raja Bukht, soon after the arrival of his niece, was declared in a fever ; the physician was summoned : but the man of secrets, the *vadya*, declared he was beyond the reach of medicine, and bade him prepare for other scenes. The intrepid Rahtore, yet undismayed, received the tidings even with a jest : " What Sooja," said he, " no cure ? Why do you take my " lands and eat their produce, if you cannot " combat my maladies ? What is your art " good for ?" The *vadya* excavated a small trench in the tent, which he filled with water ; throwing into it some ingredient, the water became gelid. " This," said he, " can be effected by human skill ; but your case is beyond it : haste, perform the offices which religion demands." With perfect composure he ordered the chiefs to assemble in his tent ; and having recommended to their protection, and received their promise of defending the rights of his son, he summoned the ministers of religion into his presence. The last gifts to the church, and these her organs, were prepared ; but with all his firmness, the anathema of the Satis, as they ascended the funeral pyre on which his hand had stretched his father, came into his mind ; and as he repeated the ejaculation, " may your corpse be consumed in



foreign land ! ” he remembered he was then on the border. The images which crossed his mental vision it is vain to surmise : he expired as he uttered these words ; and over his remains, which were burnt on the spot, a cenotaph was erected, and is still called *Booro Dewul*, the ‘ Shrine of Evil.’

But for that foul stain, Raja Bukht would have been one of the first princes of his race. It never gave birth to a bolder ; and his wisdom was equal to his valour. Before the commission of that act, he was adored by his Rajpoots. He was chiefly instrumental in the conquests made from Guzerat ; and afterwards, in conjunction with his brother, in defeating the imperial viceroy, Sirbullund. His elevation could not be called a usurpation, since Ram Sing was totally incapacitated through his ungovernable passions, for sovereign sway ; and the brave barons of Marwar, “ all sons of the same father with their prince,” have always exercised the right of election, when physical incapacity rendered such a measure requisite. It is a right which their own customary laws, as well as the rules of justice, have rendered sacred. According to his principle, nearly all the feudality of Maroo willingly recognized, and swore to maintain, the claims of his successor, Bejoy Sing. The Rajas of Bikaner and Kishengurh, both independent branches of this house, gave in their assent. Bejoy Sing was accordingly proclaimed and installed at Maroat, and forthwith conducted to Mairta.

The ex-prince, Ram Sing, accompanied Jey Appa to the siege of Kotah, and subsequently through Mewar, levying contribu-

tions as they passed to Ajmeer. Here a dispute occurred between the brave Rahtore and Sindia, whose rapacious spirit for plunder received a severe reproof ; nevertheless they crossed the frontier, and entered Marwar. Bejoy Sing, with all the hereditary valour of his race, marched to meet the invaders, at the head of nearly all the chivalry of Maroo, amounting to 200,000 men.

The first day both armies encountered, they limited their hostility to a severe cannonade and partial actions, the inhabitants of Mairta supplying the combatants with food, in which service many were killed ; even the recluse Dadoopuntis ran the risk in this patriotic struggle, and several of the old patriarch’s disciples suffered. The second day passed in the same manner, with many desperate charges of cavalry, in which the Mahrattas invariably suffered, especially from a select body of 5,000 select horse, all cased in armour, which nothing could withstand. The superior numerical strength of Ram Sing and his allies compelled Bejoy Sing not to neglect the means of retreat. Throughout the first and second days’ combat, the cattle of the train had been kept yoked ; on the third, they had carried them to a small rivulet in the rear to water. It was at the precise moment of time when the legion of cuirassiers were returning from a charge which had broken to pieces the Mahratta line, as they approached their friends, the word “ *dugga* ” spread like wild-fire ; they were mistaken for Ram Sing’s adherents, and a murderous shower of grape opened upon the flower of their own army,



who were torn to pieces ere the fatal error was discovered. But such was the impression which this band of heroes had just made on the Mahrattas, that they feared to take advantage of this disaster. A feeling of horror pervaded the army of Bejoy Sing, as the choice of their chivalry conveyed the slain and the wounded to the camp. A council of war was summoned, and the aid of superstition came to cool that valour which the Mahrattas, in spite of their numbers, could never subdue. The Raja was young,—only twenty years of age; and being prudent as well as brave, he allowed experience to guide him. The Raja of Bikaner, of the same kin and clan, took the lead, and advised a retreat. In the accident related, he saw the hand of Providence, which had sent it to serve as a signal to desist. The Raja had a great stake to lose, and doubtless deemed it wise to preserve his auxiliaries for the defence of his own dominions. It was a case which required the energy of Bukhta: but the wavering opinion of the council soon spread throughout the camp, and was not unobserved by the enemy; nor was it till Bikaner marched off with his aid, towards the close of the day, that any advantage was taken of it. Then Ram Sing at the head of a body of Rajpoots and Mahrattas poured down upon them, and "*sauve qui peut*" became the order of the day. To gain Mairta was the main object of the discomfited and panic-struck Rahtores; but many chiefs with their vassals marched direct for their estates. The guns were abandoned to their fate, and became the first proud trophy the Mahrattas gained over

the dreaded Rajpoots. The Raja of Kishengurh, also a Rahtore, followed the example of his brother prince of Bikaner, and carried off his bands. Thus deserted by his dispirited and now dispersed barons, the young prince had no alternative but flight, and at midnight he took the route of Nagore. In the darkness he mistook the road, or was misled into that of Rayn, whose chieftain was the companion of his flight. Calling him by name, Lall Sing, he desired him to regain the right path; but the orders of a sovereign at the head of a victorious army, and those of a fugitive prince, are occasionally received, even amongst Rajpoots, with some shades of distinction. The chief begged permission, as he was near home, to visit his family and bring them with him. Too dignified to reply, the young prince remained silent, and the Thacoor of Rayn\* loitered in the rear. The Raja reached Kujwana, with only five of his cuirassiers (*sillahposh*) as an escort. Here he could not halt with safety; but as he left the opposite barrier, his horse dropped down dead. He mounted another belonging to one of his attendants, and gained Deswal, three miles further. Here the steeds, which had been labouring throughout the day under the weight of heavy armour, in addition to the usual burden of their riders, were too jaded to proceed; and Nagore was still sixteen miles distant. Leaving his worn-out escort, and concealing his rank, he bargained with a Jat to convey him before break of day to the gate of Nagore for the sum of five rupees.

\* Or *Rahin* in the map, on the road to Jahil from Mairta.



The peasant, after stipulating that the coin should be *beeji-sahis*, 'the new currency,' which still remains the standard, the common car of husbandry was brought forth, on which the king of Maroo ascended, and was drawn by a pair of Nagori oxen. The royal fugitive was but little satisfied with their exertions, though their pace was good, and kept continually urging them, with the customary cry of "*hank! hank!*" The honest Jat, conscious that his cattle did their best, at length lost all temper. Repeating the sounds "*hank! hank!*" "who are you," asked he, "that are hurrying on at this rate? It were more becoming that such a sturdy carl should be in the field with Bejoy Sing at Mairta, than posting in this manner to Nagore. One would suppose you had the southrons (*dehkhaniis*) at your heels. Therefore be quiet, for not a jot faster shall I drive." Morning broke, and Nagore was yet two miles distant: the Jat, turning round to view more attentively his impatient traveller, was overwhelmed with consternation when he recognized his prince. He leaped from the vehicle, horror-struck that he should have been sitting "on the same level" with his sovereign, and absolutely refused to sin any longer against etiquette. "I pardon the occasion," said the prince mildly; "obey." The Jat resumed his seat, nor ceased exclaiming *hank! hank!* until he reached the gate of Nagore. Here the prince alighted, paid his price of conveyance, and dismissed the Jat of Deswal, with a promise of further recompense hereafter. On that day the enemy invested Nagore, but not before Bejoy Sing had despatched

the chief of Hursolah to defend the capital, and issued his proclamations to summon the ban of Marwar.

During six months he defended himself gallantly in Nagore, against which the desultory Mahrattas, little accustomed to the operations of a siege, made no impression, while they suffered from the sallies of their alert antagonist. Encouraged by their inactivity, the young prince, imbued with all the native valour of his race, and impelled by that decisive energy of mind which characterized his father, determined upon a step which has immortalized his memory. He resolved to cut way through the enemy, and solicit succours in person. He had a dromedary corps five hundred strong. Placing on these a devoted band of one thousand Rajpoots, in the dead of night he passed the Mahratta lines unobserved, and made direct for Bikaneer. Twenty-four hours sufficed to seat him on the same *gadi* with its prince, and to reveal to him the melancholy fact, that here he had no hopes of succour. Denied by a branch of his own house, he resorted to a daring experiment upon the supporter of his antagonist. The next morning he was on his way, at the head of his dromedary escort, to the capital of the Cutchwahas, Jeypur. The "ships of the desert" soon conveyed him to that city. He halted under the walls, and sent a messenger to say that in person he had come to solicit his assistance.

Eesuri Sing, the son and successor of the great Sowale Jey Sing, had neither the talents of his father, nor even the firmness which was the common inheritance of his



race. He dreaded the rival Rahtore ; and the pusillanimity which made him become the assassin of the father, prompted him to a breach of the sacred laws of hospitality ( which, with courage, is a virtue almost inseparable from a Rajpoot soul ), and make a captive of the son. But the base design was defeated by an instance of devotion and resolution, which will serve to relieve the Rajpoot character from the dark shades which the faithful historian is sometimes forced to throw into the picture. Civil war is the parent of every crime, and severs all ties, moral and political ; nor must it be expected that Rajpootana should furnish the exception to a rule, which applies to all mankind in similar circumstances. The civil wars of England and France, during the conflicts of the White and Red Roses, and those of the League, will disclose scenes which would suffice to dye with the deepest hues an entire dynasty of the Rajpoots. Let such deeds as the following be placed on the virtuous side of the account, and the crimes on the opposite side be ascribed to the peculiarities of their condition.

The devoted sacrifice of Shere Sing, the chief of the Mairtea clan, has already been recorded. When victory declared against the side he espoused, the victorious Bukht Sing resumed the estates of Reah from his line, and conferred them on a younger branch of the family. Jowan Sing was the name of the individual, and he was now with the chosen band of the son of his benefactor soliciting succour from the king of the Cutchwahas. He had married the daughter of the chief of Atchrole, one of the great

vassals of Jeypur, who was deep in the confidence of his sovereign, to whom he imparted his design to seize the person of his guest and suppliant at the interview he had granted. Aware that such a scheme could not be effected without bloodshed, the Atchrole chieftain, desirous to save his son-in-law from danger, under an oath of secrecy revealed the plot, in order that he might secure himself. The Jeypur prince came to the " Travellers' hall " ( *dharmshala* ), where the Rahtore had alighted ; they embraced with cordiality, and seated themselves on the same *gadi* together. While compliments were yet passing, the faithful Mairtea, who, true to his pledge, had not even hinted to his master the danger that threatened him, placed himself immediately behind the Jeypur prince, sitting, as if accidentally, on the flowing skirt of his robe. The Raja, turning round to the leader of " the first of the swords of Maroo," remarked, " Why, Thacoor, you have taken a seat in the back-ground to-day ?"—" The day requires it, Maharaja," was the laconic reply : for the post of the Mairteas was the sovereign's right hand. Turning to his prince, he said, " Arise, depart, or your life or liberty is endangered." Bejoy Sing arose, and his treacherous host made an attempt to follow ; but felt his design impeded by the position the loyal chief had taken on his garment, whose drawn dagger was already pointed to his heart, where he threatened to sheathe it if any hindrance was offered to the safe departure of his sovereign, to whom he coolly said, as the prince left the astonished assembly, " send me word when you are mounted."



The brave Bejoy Sing shewed himself worthy of his servant, and soon sent to say, "he now only waited for him:" a message, the import of which was not misunderstood by the treacherous Cutchwaha. The leader of the Mairteas sheathed his dagger—arose—and coming in front of the Raja, made him a respectful obeisance. The Jeypur prince could not resist the impulse which such devotion was calculated to produce; he arose, returned the salutation, and giving vent to his feelings, observed aloud to his chiefs, "Behold a picture of fidelity! It is in vain to hope for success against such men as these."

Foiled in all his endeavours, Bejoy Sing had no resource but to regain Nagore, which he effected with the same celerity as he quitted it. Six months more passed away in the attempt to reduce Nagore; but though the siege was fruitless, not so were the efforts of his rival Ram Sing in other quarters, to whom almost all the country had submitted: Maroat, Purbutsir, Palli, Sojut, had received his flag; and besides the capital and the town he held in person, Jalore, Sewanoh, and Filodi, were the only places which had not been reduced. In this extremity, Bejoy Sing listened to an offer to relieve him from these multiplied difficulties, which, in its consequences, alienated for ever the brightest gem in the crown of Marwar.

A Rajpoot and an Afghan, both foot-soldiers on a small monthly pay, offered, if their families were provided for, to sacrifice themselves for his safety by the assassination of the Mahratta commander. Assuming the

garb of camp-suttlers, they approached the head-quarters, feigning a violent quarrel. The simple Mahratta chief was performing his ablutions at the door of his tent, which as they approached, they became more vociferous, and throwing a bundle of statements of account on the ground, begged he would decide between them. In this manner they came nearer and nearer, and as he listened to their story, one plunged his dagger in his side, exclaiming, "this for Nagore!" and "this for Jodhpur!" said his companion, as he repeated the mortal blow. The alarm was given; the Afghan was slain; but the Rajput called out "thief!" and mingling with the throng, escaped by a drain into the town of Nagore. Though the crime was rewarded, the Rahtore refused to see the criminal. The siege continued, but in spite of every precaution, reinforcements both of men and provisions continued to be supplied. It ill suited the restless Mahratta to waste his time in these desert regions, which could be employed so much more profitably on richer lands: a compromise ensued, in which the cause of Ram Sing was abandoned, on stipulating for a fixed triennial tribute and the surrender of the important fortress and district of Ajmeer in full sovereignty to the Mahratta, in *moondkati*, or compensation for the blood of Jey Appa. The monsoon was then approaching; they broke up, and took possession of this important conquest, which, placed in the very heart of these regions, may be called the key of Rajpootana.

The cross of St. George now waves over the battlements of Ajmeer, planted, if there is any truth in political declarations, not for



the purpose of conquest, or to swell the revenues of British India, but to guard the liberties and the laws of these ancient principalities from rapine and disorder. It is to be hoped that this banner will never be execrated by the brave Rajpoot.

The deserted Ram Sing continued to assert his rights with the same obstinacy by

which he lost them; and for which he staked his life in no less than eighteen encounters against his uncle and cousin. At length, on the death of Eesuri Sing of Jeypur, having lost his main support, he accepted the Marwar share of the Salt Lake of Sambur, and Jeypur relinquishing the other half, he resided there until his death.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Madaji Sindhia succeeds Jey Appa.—Union of the Rahtores and Cutchwahas, joined by Ismael Beg and Hamdani, against the Mahrattas.—Battle of Tonga.—Sindhia defeated.—Ajmeer retaken, and tributary engagement annulled.—Madaji Sindhia recruits his army, with the aid of De Boigne.—The Rajpoots meet him on the frontier of Jeypur.—Jealousies of the Allies.—The Cutchwahas alienated by a scurrilous stanza.—Battle of Patun.—Effects of the Jeypureans' treachery, in the defeat of the Rahtores.—Stanza of the Cutchwaha bard. Suggestion of Bejoy Sing—his chiefs reject it, and the Prince prepares for war.—Treason of the Rahtore chief of Kishengurh.—The Mahrattas invade Marwar.—Resolution of the chiefs of Ahwa and Asope to conquer or perish.—Rahtores encamp on the plains of Mairta.—Golden opportunity lost of destroying the Mahratta army.—Fatal compliance of the chiefs with the orders of the civil minister.—Rout of the camp.—Heroism of the Rahtore clans—their destruction.—Treachery of the Singwi faction.—The chief minister takes poison.—Reflections on the Rajpoot character, with reference to the protective alliance of the British Government.—Resumption of journey.—Jhirrow.—Cross the field of battle.—See-kote, or Mirage, compared with the Sehrib of scripture.—Desert of Sogdiana.—Hissar—at sea.—Description of Jhirrow.—Cenotaph of Herakurna Das.—Alneawas.—Reah.—The mountain Mairs—their descent upon Reah—slay its chief.—Govindgurh.—Chase of a hyena.—Lake of Poshkur—geological details.—Description of the Lake—its legend.—Aja-pál, the founder of Ajmeer.—Beesildeva, the Chohan Sing of Ajmeer.—Places of devotion on the 'Serpent-rock.'—Ajmeer.—View of Dhar-ool-Khyr.—Geological details.—City of Ajmeer.—Its rising prosperity.*

MADAJI Sindhia succeeded to the command of the horde led by his relation, Jey Appa. He had the genius to discover that

his southron horse would never compete with the Rajpoots, and he set about improving that arm to which the Mahrattas finally



owed success. This sagacious chief soon perceived that the political position of the great states of Rajasthan was most favourable to his views of establishing his power in this quarter. They were not only at variance with each other, but, as it has already appeared, were individually distracted with civil dissensions. The interference of the Rana of Oodipur had obtained for his nephew, Madhu Sing, the *gadi* of Jeypur; but this advantage was gained only through the introduction of the Mahrattas, and the establishment of a tribute, as in Marwar. This brave people felt the irksomeness of their chains, and wished to shake them off. Madhu Sing's reign was short; he was succeeded by Pertap, who determined to free himself from this badge of dependence. Accordingly, when Madaji Sindhia invaded his country, at the head of a powerful army, he called on the Rahtores for aid. The cause was their own; and they jointly determined to redeem what had been lost. As the bard of the Rahtores observes, they forgot all their just grounds of offence\* against the Jeypur court, and sent the flower of their chivalry under the chieftain of Reah, whose fidelity has been so recently recorded. At Tonga (the battle is also termed that of Lalsont), the rival armies encountered. The celebrated Mogul chiefs, Ismael Beg and Hamdani added their forces to those of the

combined Rajpoots, and gained an entire victory, in which the Rahtores had their full share of glory. The noble chief of Reah formed his Rahtore horse into a dense mass, with which he charged and overwhelmed the flower of Sindhia's army, composed of the regulars under the celebrated De Boigne.\* Sindhia was driven from the field and retired to Muttra; for years he did not recover the severity of this day. The Rahtores sent a force under the Dhabaie, which redeemed Ajmeer, and annulled their tributary engagement.

The genius of General Comte de Boigne ably seconded the energetic Sindhia. A regular force was equipped, far superior to any hitherto known, and was led into Rajpootana to redeem the disgrace of Tonga. The warlike Rahtores determined not to await the attack within their own limits, but marched their whole force to the northern frontier of Jeypur, and formed a junction with the Cutchwahas at the town of Patun (*Tuarvati*). The words of the war-song, which the inspiring bards repeated as they advanced, are still current in Marwar; but

\* *Put rekho Pertap ka  
 No kote ca Nath,  
 Agla goona bukus dia  
 Abhi pukero hath.*

"The lord of the nine castles preserved the honour of Pertap. He forgave former offences, and again took him by the hand."

\* "A la gauche la cavalerie Rhatore, au nombre de dix mille hommes, fondit sur les bataillons de M. de Boigne malgré le feu des batteries placées en avant de la ligne. Les pièces bien servies opéraient avec succès; mais les Rhatores, avec le courage opiniâtre qui les caractérise, s'acharnaient à poursuivre l'action, et venaient tuer les artilleurs jusques sur leurs pièces. Alors, les bataillons s'avancèrent, et les Rhatores, qui avaient perdu beaucoup de monde, commencèrent à s'ébranler. M. de Boigne, les voyant se retirer en désordre, reclama l'aide du centre; mais les prières et les menaces furent également inutiles: les vingt-cinq bataillons Mogols restes inactifs pendant toute la journée, et simples spectateurs du combat, demeurèrent encore immobiles dans ce moment décisif. Les deux armées se retirèrent après cette action sanglante, qui n'eut aucun résultat."



an unlucky stanza, which a juvenile Charun had composed after the battle of Tonga, had completely alienated the Cutchwahas from their supporters, to whom they could not but acknowledge their inferiority :—

*Oodul tyn Ambar ra Rekha Rahtoran.*

‘The Rahtores guarded the petticoats of Ambar.’

This stanza was retained in recollection at the battle of Patun ; and if universal affirmation may be received as proof, it was the cause of its loss, and with it that of Rajpoot independence. National pride was humbled : a private agreement was entered into between the Mahrattas and Jeypureans, whereby the latter, on condition of keeping aloof during the fight, were to have their country secured from devastation. As usual, the Rahtores charged up to the muzzles of De Boigne’s cannon, sweeping all before them : but receiving no support, they were torn piecemeal by showers of grape, and compelled to abandon the field. Then, it is recorded, the brave Rahtore shewed the difference between fighting on *purbhom*, or ‘foreign land,’ and on his own native soil. Even the women, it is averred, plundered them of their horses on this disastrous day ; so heart-broken had the traitorous conduct of their allies rendered them. The Jeypureans paid dearly for their revenge, and for the couplet which recorded it :

*Ghora, joora, pagri,*

*Mootcha, Kug, Marwar,*

*Panch rekha mel-hida*

*Patun myn Rahtori.*

Verbatim :

‘Horse, shoes, turban,

‘Mustachio, sword [of] Marwar,

‘Five things surrendered were

‘At Patun by the Rahtore.’

Both these “ribald strains” are still the taunt of either race : by such base agencies are thrones overturned, and heroism rendered abortive !

When the fatal result of the battle of Patun was communicated to Raja Bejoy Sing, he called a council of all his nobles, at which the independent branches of his family, the Rajas of Bikaneer, Kishengurh, and Roopnagurh, assisted, for the cause was a common one. The Raja gave it as his own opinion, that it was better to fulfil the terms of the former treaty, on the murder of Jey Appa, acknowledge the cancelled tribute, and restore Ajmeer, which they had recovered by a *coup de main*. His valorous chiefs opposed the degrading suggestion, and unanimously recommended that they should again try the chances of war ere they signed their humiliation. Their resolution swayed the prince, who issued his summons to every Rahtore in his dominions to assemble under their Raja’s banner, once more planted on the ensanguined plains of Mairta. A fine army was embodied ; not a Rahtore who could wield a sword, but brought it for service in the cause of his country ; and full thirty thousand men assembled on the 10th September 1790, determined to efface the recollections of Patun.

There was one miscreant of Rahtore race, who aided on this occasion to rivet his country’s chains, and his name shall be held up to execration—Bahadoor Sing, the chief of Kishengurh. This traitor to his suzerain and race held, jointly with his brother of Roopnagurh, a domain of two hundred and ten townships : not a fief emanating from



Marwar, but all by grant from the kings ; still they received the *teeka*, and acknowledge the supremacy of the head of Jodhpur. The brothers had quarrelled ; Bahadoor despoiled his brother of his share, and being deaf to all offers of mediation, Bejoy Sing marched and re-inducted the oppressed chief into his capital, Roopnagurh. The fatal day of Patun occurred immediately after ; and Bahadoor, burning with revenge, repaired to De Boigne, and conducted him against his native land. Roopnagurh, it may be supposed, was his first object and it will afford a good proof of the efficiency of the artillery of De Boigne, that he reduced it in twenty-four hours. Thence he proceeded to Ajmeer, which he invested : and here the proposal was made by the Raja for its surrender, and for the fulfilment of the former treaty. Madaji in person remained at Ajmeer, while his army, led by Lukwa, Jewa-dada, Sudasheo Bhao, and other Mahratta leaders of horse, with the brigades of De Boigne and eighty pieces of cannon, advanced against the Rahtores. The Mahrattas, preceding by one day's march the regulars under De Boigne, encamped at Nitrea. The Rahtore army was drawn out on the plains of Mairta, one flank resting on the village of Dangiwas. Five miles separated the Rahtores from the Mahrattas ; De Boigne was yet in the rear, his guns being deep sunk in the sandy bed of the Looni. Here a golden opportunity was lost, which could never be regained, of deciding 'horse to horse' the claims of supremacy ; but the evil genius of the Rahtore again intervened : and as he was the victim at Patun to the jealousy of the Cutchwaha, so here he became the

martyr to a meaner cause, the household jealousies of the civil ministers of his prince. It is customary in all the Rajpoot states, when the sovereign does not command in person, to send one of the civil ministers as his representative. Him the feudal chiefs will obey, but not one of their own body, at least without some hazard of dissention. Khoob Chund Singwi, the first minister, was present with the Raja at the capital : Gungaram Bindarri and Bheemraj Singwi were with the army. Eager to efface the disgrace of Patun, the two great Rahtore leaders, Seo Sing of Ahwa, and Maheedas of Asope, who had sworn to free their country or die in the attempt, demanded a general movement against the Mahrattas. This gallant impatience was seconded by all the other nobles as well as by a successful attack on the foragers of the enemy, in which the Mahrattas lost all their cattle. But it was in vain they urged the raging ardour of their clans, the policy of taking advantage of it, and the absence of De Boigne, owing to whose admirable crops and well-appointed park the day at Patun was lost ; Bheemraj silenced their clamour for the combat by producing a paper from the minister Khoob Chund, commanding them on their allegiance not to engage until the junction of Ismael Beg, already at Nagore. They fatally yielded obedience. De Boigne extricated his guns from the sands of Alneeawas, and joined the main body. That night the Bikaner contingent, perceiving the state of things, and desirous to husband their resources to defend their own altars, withdrew. About an hour before day-break, De Boigne led his brigade



to the attack, and completely surprised the unguarded Rajpoots. They were awoke by showers of grape-shot, which soon broke their position; all was confusion; the resistance was feeble. It was the camp of the irregular infantry and guns which broke, and endeavoured to gain Mairta; and the civil commanders took to flight. The alarm reached the more distant quarters of the brothers in arms, the chiefs of Ahwa and Asope. The latter was famed for the immense quantity of opium he consumed; and with difficulty could his companion awake him, with the appalling tidings, "the camp has fled, and we are left alone!"—"Well, brother, let us to horse." Soon the gallant band of both was ready; and twenty-two chiefs of note *drank opium together* for the last time. They were joined by the leaders of other clans; and first and foremost the brave Mairteas of Reah, of Alneeawas, Eerwah, Chanode, Govindguruh; in all four thousand Rahtores. When mounted and formed in one dense mass, the Ahwa chieftain shortly addressed them. "Where can we fly, brothers? But can there be a Rahtore who has ties stronger than shame (*lay*)? If any one exist who prefers his wife and children to honour, let him retire." Deep silence was the only reply to this heroic appeal; and as the hand of each warrior was raised to his forehead, the Ahwa chief gave the word 'forward.' They soon came up with De Boigne's brigade, well posted, and defended by eighty pieces of cannon. "Remember Patun!" was the cry, as, regardless of showers of grape, this heroic band charged up to the cannon's mouth,

driving every thing before them, cutting down the line which defended the guns, and passing on to assault the Mahrattas, who were flying in all directions to avoid their impetuous valour. Had there been a reserve at this moment, the day of Mairta would have surpassed that of Tonga. But here the skill of De Boigne, and the discipline of his troops, were an overmatch for valour unsustained by discipline and discretion. The Rahtore band had no infantry to secure their victory; the guns were wheeled round, the line was re-formed, and ready to receive them on their return. Fresh showers of shot and grape met their thinned ranks; scarcely one of the four thousand left the field. The chiefs of Asope, Eerwah, Chanode, Govindguruh, Alneeawas, Mouriro, and others of lesser note, were among the slain; and upon the heaps of wounded, surrounded by his gallant clan, lay the chief of Ahwa, pierced with seven-and-twenty wounds. He had lain insensible twenty-four hours, when an old servant, during the night, searched for and found him on the field. A heavy shower had fallen, which increased the miseries of the wounded. Blind and faint, the Thacoor was dragged out from the bodies of the slain. A little opiate revived him; and they were carrying him off, when they were encountered by Lukwa's *hurkaras*, in search of chiefs of note; the wounded Thacoor was conveyed to the headquarters at Mairta. Lukwa sent a surgeon to sew up his wounds; but he disdained the courtesy, and refused all aid, until the meanest of his wounded vassals was attended to. This brave man, when sufficiently recovered, re-



fused all solicitation from his sympathizing foes that the usual rejoicing might be permitted, and that he would shave and perform the ablutions after sickness, till he should see his sovereign. The Raja advanced from his capital to meet him, and lavished encomiums on his conduct. He now took the bath, preparatory to putting on the honorary dress ; but in bathing his wounds opened afresh, and he expired.

Bheemraj Singwi received at Nagore, whither he had fled, a letter of accusation from his sovereign, on which he swallowed poison ; but although he was indirectly the cause of the defeat, by his supineness, and subsequent disgraceful flight, it was the minister at the capital whose treason prevented the destruction of the Mahrattas : Khoob Chund was jealous of Bheemraj ; he dreaded being supplanted by him if he returned from Mairta crowned with success ; and he therefore penned the despatch which paralysed their energies, enjoining them to await the junction of Ismael Beg.

Thus, owing to a scurrilous couplet of a bard, and to the jealousy of a contemptible court-faction, did the valiant Rahtores lose their independence—if it can be called lost—since each of these brave men still deems himself a host, when “his hour should come” to play the hero. Their spirit is not one jot diminished since the days of Tonga and Mairta.\*

\* Three years ago I passed two delightful days with the conqueror of the Rajpoots, in the native vale of Chambery. It was against the *croix blanche* of Savoy, not the *orange flag* of the Southron, that four thousand Rajpoots fell martyrs to liberty ; and although I wish the Comte long life, I may regret he had lived to bring

By a careful investigation of the circumstances which placed these brave races in their present political position, the paramount protecting power may be enabled to appreciate them, either as allies or as foes ;

his talents and his courage to their subjugation. He did them ample justice, and when I talked, of the field of Mairta, the remembrance of past days flitted before him, as he said “all appeared as a dream.” Distinguished by his prince, beloved by a numerous and amiable family, and honoured by his fellow citizens, the years of the veteran, now numbering more than fourscore, glide in agreeable tranquillity in his native city, which, with oriental magnificence, he is beautifying by an entire new street, and a handsome dwelling for himself. By a singular coincidence, just as I am writing this portion of my narrative I am put in possession of a “Memoire” of his life, lately published, written under the eye of his son, the Comte Charles de Boigne. From this I extract his account of the battle of Mairta. It is not to be supposed that he could then have been acquainted with the secret intrigues which were arrayed in favour of the “white cross” on this fatal day.

“Les forces des Rajepoutes se composaient de trente-mille cavaliers, de vingt-mille hommes d’infanterie reguliere, et de vingt-cinq pieces de canon. Les Marhattes avaient une cavalerie egale en nombre a celle de l’ennemi, mais leur infanterie se bormait aux bataillons de M. De Boigne, soutenus, il est vrai, par quatre-vingt pieces d’artillerie. Le General examina la position de l’ennemi, il etudia le terrain et arreta son plan de bataille.

Le dix, avant le jour, la brigade recut l’ordre de marcher en avant, et elle surprit les Rajepoutes pendant qu’ils faisoient leurs ablutions du matin. Les premiers bataillons, avec cinquante pieces de canon tirant a mitraille, enfoncerent les lignes de l’ennemi et enleverent ses positions. Rohan, qui commandait l’aile droite, a la vue de ce premier avantage, sans avoir recu aucun ordre, eut l’imprudence de s’avancer hors de la ligne du combat, a la tete de trois bataillons. La cavalerie Rahtore profitant de cette faute, fondit a l’instant sur lui et faillit lui couper sa retraite sur le gros de l’armee, qu’il ne parvint a rejoindre qu’avec les plus grandes difficultes. Toute la cavalerie ennemie se mit alors en mouvement, et se jetant avec impetuosite sur la brigade, l’attaqua sur tous les cotes a la fois. Elle eut ete infailliblement exterminiee sans la presence d’esprit de son chef. M. De Boigne s’etant apercu de l’erreur commise par son aile droite et prevoyant les suites qu’elle pouvait entrainer avait dispose sur le champ son infanterie en carre vide (hollow square) ; et par cette disposition, presentant partout un front a l’ennemi, elle opposa une



and it will demonstrate more effectually than mere opinions, from whatever source, how admirably qualified they are, if divested of control, to harmonize, in a very important respect, with the British system of government in the East. We have nothing to dread from them, individually or collectively; and we may engage their very hearts' blood in our cause against whatever foes may threaten us, foreign or domestic, if we only exert our interference when mediation will be of advantage to them, without offence to their prejudices. Nor is there any difficulty in the task; all honour the peacemaker, and they would court even arbitration if once assured that we had no ulterior views. But our strides have been rapid from Calcutta to Rajpootana, and it were well if they credit what the old Nestor of India (Zalim Sing of Kotah) would not, who, in reply to all my asseverations that we wished for no more territory, said, "I believe you think so; but the time will come when there will be but one *sicca* throughout India. You stepped in, Maharaj, at a lucky time; the *p'foot*\* was ripe and ready to be eaten, and you had only to take it bit by bit. It was not

resistance invincible aux charges furieuses des Rahtores, qui furent enfin forcés de lâcher prise. Aussitôt l'infanterie reprit ses positions, et s'avancant avec son artillerie, elle fit une attaque générale sur toute la ligne des Rajepontes. Déjà sur les neuf heures, l'ennemi était complètement battu; une heure après, les Mahrattes rent rippossession de son camp avec tous ses canons et bagages; et pour couronner cette journée, à trois heures après midi la ville de Mirtah fut prise d'assaut."—*Mémoire sur la Carrière Militaire et Politique de M. le General Comte De Boigne. Chambéry. 1829.*

\* *P'foot* is a species of pumpkin, or melon, which bursts and flies into pieces when ripe. It also means *disunion*; and Zalim Sing, who always spoke in parables, compared the states of India to this fruit.

"your power, so much as our disunion, which made you sovereigns, and will keep you so." His reasoning is not unworthy of attention, though I trust his prophecy may never be fulfilled.

Nov. 28.—Camp at Jhirrow, five coss (11 miles). On leaving Mairta, we passed over the ground sacred to "the four thousand," whose heroic deeds, demonstrating at once the Rajpoot's love of freedom and his claim to it, we have just related. We this day altered our course from the N.N.E., which would have carried us, had we pursued it, to the Imperial city, for a direction to the southward of east, in order to cross our own Aravali and gain Ajmeer. The road was excellent, the soil very fair; but though there were symptoms of cultivation near the villages, the wastes were frightfully predominant; yet they are not void of vegetation: there is no want of herbage or stunted shrubs. The Aravali towered majestically in the distant horizon, fading from our view towards the south-east, and intercepted by rising grounds.

We had a magnificent *mirage* this morning: nor do I ever recollect observing this singularly grand phenomenon on a more extensive scale, or with greater variety of form. The morning was desperately cold; thermometer, as I mounted my horse, a little after sunrise, stood at 32°, the freezing point, with a sharp biting wind from the north-east. The ground was blanched with frost, and the water-skins, or *bhistis mashaks*, were covered with ice at the mouth. The slender shrubs, especially the milky *ak*, were completely burnt up; and as the weather had



been hitherto mild, the transition was severely felt, by things animate and inanimate.

It is only in the cold season that the *mirage* is visible; the sojourners of Maroo call it the *see-kote*, or 'castles in the air.\*' In the deep desert to the westward, the herdsmen and travellers through these regions style it *chittram* 'the picture;' while about the plains of the Chumbul and Jumna they term it *dessasur* 'the omen of the quarter.' This optical deception has been noticed from the remotest times. The prophet Isaiah alludes to it, when he says, "and the parched ground "shall become a pool;"† which the critic has justly rendered, "and the *sehrab*‡ shall be- "come real water." Quintus Curtius, describing the *mirage* in the Sogdian desert, says that "for the space of four hundred "furlongs not a drop of water is to be found, "and the sun's heat, being very vehement "in summer, kindles such a fire in the "sands, that every thing is burnt up. There "also arises such an exhalation, that the "plains wear the appearance of a vast and "deep sea;" which is an exact description of the *chittram* of the Indian desert. But the *sehrab* and *chittram*, the true *mirage* of

Isaiah, differ from that illusion called the *see-kote*; and though the traveller will hasten to it, in order to obtain a night's lodging, I do not think he would expect to slake his thirst there.

When we witnessed this phenomenon at first, the eye was attracted by a lofty opaque wall of lurid smoke, which seemed to be bounded by, or to rise from, the very verge of the horizon. By slow degrees, the dense mass became more transparent, and assumed a reflecting or refracting power: shrubs were magnified into trees; the dwarf *khyre* appeared ten times larger than the gigantic *amli* of the forest. A ray of light suddenly broke the line of continuity of this yet smoky barrier; and, as if touched by the enchanter's wand, castles, towers, and trees, were seen in an aggregated cluster, partly obscured by magnificent foliage. Every accession of light produced a change in the *chittram*, which from the dense wall that it first exhibited, had now faded into a thin transparent film, broken into a thousand masses, each mass being a huge lens; until at length the too vivid power of the sun dissolved the vision; castles, towers, and foliage, melted, like the enchantment of Prospero, into "thin air."

I had long imagined that the nature of the soil had some effect in producing this illusory phenomenon; especially as the *chittram* of the desert is seen chiefly on those extensive plains productive of the *saji*, or alkaline plant, whence by incineration the natives produce soda,\* and whose base is

\* Literally, 'The cold-weather castles.'

† Isaiah, chap. xxxv. v. 7.

‡ *Sehara* is 'desert;' *Sehrab* 'the water of the desert,' a term which the inhabitants of the Arabian and Persian deserts apply to this optical phenomenon. The 18th v. chap. xli. of Isaiah is closer to the critic's version: "I will make the wilderness (*Séhra*) a pool of water." Doubtless the translators of Holy Writ, ignorant that this phenomenon was called *Sehrab*, 'water of the waste,' deemed it a tautological error; for translated literally, "and the water of the desert "shall become real water," would be nonsense: they therefore lopped off the *ab* water, and read *Sehra* instead of *Sehrab*, whereby the whole force and beauty of the prophecy is not merely diminished, but lost.

\* Properly a carbonate of soda.





now known to be metallic. But I have since observed it on every kind of soil. That these lands, covered with saline incrustations, tend to increase the effect of the illusion, may be concluded. But the difference between the *sehráb* or *chittram*, and the *see-kote* or *dessasur*, is, that the latter is never visible but in the cold season, when the gross vapours cannot rise; and that the rarefaction, which gives existence to the other, destroys this, whenever the sun has attained  $20^{\circ}$  of elevation. A high wind is alike adverse to the phenomenon, and it will mostly be observed that it covets shelter, and its general appearance is a long line which is sure to be sustained by some height, such as a grove or village, as if it required support. The first time I observed it was in the Jeypur country; none of the party had ever witnessed it in the British provinces. It appeared like an immense walled town with bastions, nor could we give credit to our guides, when they talked of the *see-kote*, and assured us that the objects were merely "castles in the air." I have since seen, though but once, this panoramic scene in motion, and nothing can be imagined more beautiful.

It was at Kotah, just as the sun rose, whilst walking on the terraced roof of the garden-house, my residence. As I looked towards the low range which bounds the sight to the south-east, the hills appeared in motion, sweeping with an undulating or rotatory movement along the horizon. Trees and buildings were magnified, and all seemed a kind of enchantment. Some minutes elapsed before I could account for this wonder; until I determined that it must be

the masses of a floating *mirage*, which had attained its most attenuated form, and being carried by a gentle current of air past the tops and sides of the hills, while it was itself imperceptible, made them appear in motion.

But although this was novel and pleasing, it wanted the splendour of the scene of this morning, which I never saw equalled but once. This occurred at Hissar, where I went to visit a beloved friend—gone, alas! to a better world,—whose ardent and honourable mind urged me to the task I have undertaken. It was on the terrace of James Lumsdaine's house, built amidst the ruins of the castle of Feroz, in the centre of one extended waste, where the lion was the sole inhabitant, that I saw the most perfect specimen of this phenomenon: it was really sublime. Let the reader fancy himself in the midst of a desert plain, with nothing to impede the wide scope of vision, his horizon bounded by a lofty black wall encompassing him on all sides. Let him watch the first sun-beam break upon this barrier, and at once, as by a touch of magic, shiver it into a thousand fantastic forms, leaving a splintered pinnacle in one place, a tower in another, an arch in a third; these in turn undergoing more than kaleidoscopic changes, until the "fairy fabric" vanishes. Here it was emphatically called *Hurchund Raja ca poori*, or, 'the city of Raja Hurchund,' a celebrated prince of the brazen age of India. The power of reflection shewn by this phenomenon cannot be better described, than by stating, that it brought the very ancient *Aggaroo*,\*

\* This is in the ancient province of Haryana, and the cradle of the Aggarwal race, now mercantile, and all



which is thirteen miles distant, with its fort and bastions, close to my view.

The difference then between the *mirage* and the *see-kote* is, that the former exhibits a horizontal, the latter a columnar or vertical stratification; and in the latter case, likewise, a contrast to the other, its maximum of translucency is the last stage of its existence. In this stage, it is only an eye accustomed to the phenomenon that can perceive it at all. I have passed over the plains of Meerut with a friend who had been thirty years in India, and he did not observe a *see-kote* then before our eyes: in fact, so complete was the illusion, that we only saw the town and fort considerably nearer. Monge gives a philosophical account of this phenomenon in Napoleon's campaign in Egypt; and Dr. Clarke perfectly describes it in his journey to Rosetta, when "domes, turrets, and "groves, were seen reflected on the glowing "surface of the plain, which appeared like "a vast lake extending itself between the "city and travellers." It is on reviewing this account, that a critic has corrected the erroneous translation of the Septuagint; and further dilated upon it in a review of Lichtenstein's travels in Southern Africa,\* who exactly describes our *see-kote*, of the magnifying powers of which he gives a singular instance. Indeed, whoever notices, while at sea, the atmospheric phenomena of these southern latitudes, will be struck by the de-

formity of objects as they pass through this medium: what the sailors term a fog-bank, is the first stage of our *see-kote*. I observed it on my voyage home; but more especially in the passage out. About six o'clock on a dark evening, while we were dancing on the waste, I perceived a ship bearing down with full sail upon us so distinctly, that I gave the alarm, in expectation of a collision; so far as I recollect, the helm was instantly up, and in a second no ship was to be seen. The laugh was against me—I had seen the "flying Dutchman,"\* according to the opinion of the experienced officer on deck; and I believed it was really a vision of the mind: but I now feel convinced it was either the reflection of our own ship in a passing cloud of this vapour, or a more distant object therein refracted. But enough of this subject: I will only add, whoever has a desire to see one of the grandest phenomena in nature, let him repair to the plains of Mairta or Hissar, and watch before the sun rises the fairy palace of Hurchunda, infinitely grander and more imposing than a sun-rise upon the alpine Helvetia, which alone may compete with the *chittram* of the desert.

followers of Hari or Vishnu. It might have been the capital of Aggrames, whose immense army threatened Alexander; with Agra it may divide the honour, or both may have been founded by this prince, who was also a *Porus*, being of Puru's race.

\* See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxi, pp. 66 and 138.

Jhirrow is a thriving village appertaining to a sub-vassal of the Mairtea chief of Reah. There was a small sheet of water within a musket-shot to the left of the village, on whose margin, peeping through a few neems and the overgreen jhal, was erected an elegant, though small *chetri*, or cenotaph, of an ancestor of the possessor. The

\* This phenomenon is not uncommon; and the superstitious sailor believes it to be the spectre of a Dutch pirate, doomed, as a warning and punishment, to migrate about these seas.



Thacoor is sculptured on his charger, armed at all points; and close beside him, with folded hands, upon the same stone, his faithful partner, who accompanied the warrior to Indra's abode. It bore the following epitaph: "on the 2nd Megsir, S. 1689 (A.D. 1633) Maharaja Jesswunt Sing attacked the enemy's (Arungzebe's) army, in which battle Thacoor Hernkurna Das, of the Mairtea clan, was slain. To him was erected this shrine, in the month of Megsir, S. 1697."

Water from wells is about thirty-five cubits from the surface; the strata as follows: four cubits of mixed sand and black earth; five of kunkur, or calcareous concretions; twenty of stiff clay and sand; six of indurated clay, with particles of quartz and mica.

Nov. 29th.—Alneeawas, five coss. Half-way, passed the town of Reah, so often mentioned as the abode of the chief of the Mairtea clan. It is large and populous, and surrounded by a well-constructed wall of the calcareous concrete already described, here called *morur*, and which resists the action of the monsoon. The works have a most judicious slope. The Thacoor's name is Buddun Sing, one of the eight great barons of Maroo. The town still bears the name of *Sheer Sing ca Reah*, who so gallantly defended to the death the rights of his young sovereign Ram Sing, against his uncle. A beautiful landscape is seen from the high ground on which the town stands, in the direction of the mountains; the intermediate space being filled with large villages, relieved by foliage, so unusual in these regions. Here

I had a proof of the audacity of the mountaineers of the Aravali, in an inscription on a cenotaph, which I copied: "On Monday the 3d Magh, S. 1835 (A.D. 1779), Thacoor Bhopal Sing fell at the foot of his walls, defending them against the Mairs, having first, with his own hand, in order to save her honour, put his wife to death."\* Such were the Mairs half a century ago, and they had been increasing in boldness ever since. There was scarcely a family on either side the range, whose estates lay at its foot, whose cenotaphs do not bear similar inscriptions, recording the desperate raids of these mountaineers; and it may be asserted, that one of the greatest benefits we conferred on Rajpootana was the conversion of this numerous banditti, occupying some hundred towns, into peaceful, tax-paying subjects. We can say, with the great Chohan king, Beesildeva, whose monument still stands in Feroz's palace at Dehli, that we made them "carry water in the streets of Ajmeer;" and, still more, deposit their arms on the Rana's terrace at Oodipur. We have, moreover, metamorphosed a corps of them from breakers, into keepers, of the public peace.

Between Reah and Alneeawas we crossed a stream, to which the name of the Loonit

\* A second inscription recorded a similar end of Sewah, the Baorie, who fell in another inroad of the Mairs, in S. 1831.

† I must deprecate criticism in respect to many of my geographical details. I find I have omitted this branch; but my health totally incapacitated me from re-constructing my map, which has been composed by the engraver from my disjointed materials. It is well known to all practical surveyors and geographers that none can do this properly but their author, who knows the precise value of each portion.



is also given, as well as to that we passed subsequently. It was here that De Boigne's guns are said to have stuck fast.

The soundings of the wells at Reah and Alneeawas presented the same results as at Jhirrow, with the important exception that the substratum was steatite, which was so universal in the first part of my journey from Jodhpur.

Alneeawas is also a fief of a Mairtea vassal. It is a considerable town, populous, and apparently in easy circumstances. Here again I observed a trait of devotion, recorded on an altar "to the memory of Sooni Mull," who fell when his clan was exterminated in the charge against the rival Champawuts, at Mairta, in the civil wars.

Nov. 30.—Govindgurh, distance three coss, or six miles. The roads generally good, though sometimes heavy; the soil of a lighter texture than yesterday. The castle and town of Govinda belong to a feudatory of the Joda clan; its founder, Govind, was grandson to Oodi *le gros*; or, as Akbar dubbed him, the "Mota Raja," from his great bulk. Of this clan is the chief of Khyrwa, having sixteen townships in his fief: Bunai, and Musooda, with its "fifty-two townships," both now in Ajmeer; having for their present suzerain the "Sirkar Company Bahadur;" though in lapses they will still go to Jodhpur, to be made "belted knights." These places are beyond the range; but Poosangur, with its twelve villages; Beejathal, and other fiefs west of it, also in Ajmeer, might at all events be restored by their ancient princes, which would be considered as a great boon. There

would be local prepossession to contend with, on the part of the British officers in charge of the district; but such objections must give way to views of general good.

This was another desperately cold morning; being unprovided with a great coat, I turned the *dugla*, or, 'quilted brocade tunic,' sent me by the high-priest of Kaniya, to account. We had some capital runs this morning with the foxes of Maroo, which are beautiful little animals, and larger than those of the provinces. I had a desperate chase after a hyæna on the banks of the Looni, and had fully the speed of him; but his topographical knowledge was too much for me, and he at length led me through a little forest of reeds or rushes, with which the banks of the river are covered for a great depth. Just as I was about giving him a spear, in spite of these obstacles, we came upon a blind nullah or 'dry rivulet,' concealed by the reeds; and *Baj Raj* (the royal steed) was thrown out, with a wrench in the shoulder, in the attempt to clear it: the *chirruk* laughed at us.

We crossed a stream half a mile west of Govindgurh, called the Saburmati which, with another, the Sarasvati, joining it, issues from the Poshkur lake. The Saburmati is also called the Looni; its bed is full of micaceous quartzose rock. The banks are low, and little above the level of the country. Though water is found at a depth of twelve cubits from the surface, the wells are all excavated to the depth of forty, as a precautionary measure against dry seasons. The stratification, here was—one cubit sand; three of sand and soil mixed; fifteen to



twenty of yellow clayish sand ; four of morur, and fifteen of steatite and calcareous concretions, with loose sand, mixed with particles of quartz.

*Dec. 1.*—Lake of Poshkur four coss : the thermometer stood at the freezing point this morning :—heavy sands the whole way. Crossed the Sarasvati near Naund ; its banks were covered with bulrushes, at least ten feet in height—many vehicles were lading with them for the interior, to be used for the purposes of thatching—elephants make a feast among them. We again crossed the Sarasvati, at the entrance of the valley of Poshkur which comes from Old (*boora*) Poshkur, four miles east of the present lake, which was excavated by the last of the Pariharas of Mundore. The sand drifted from the plains by the currents of air have formed a complete bar at the mouth of the valley, which is about one mile in breadth ; occasionally the *teebas*, or sand-hills, are of considerable elevation. The summits of the mountains to the left were sparking with a deep rose-coloured quartz, amidst which, on the peak of Naund, arose a shrine to ‘the Mother.’ The hills preserve the same character : bold pinnacles, abrupt sides, and surface thinly covered. The stratification inclines to the west ; the deep of the strata is about twenty degrees. There is however a considerable difference in the colour of the mountains : those on the left have a rose tint : those on the right are of grayish granite, with masses of white quartz about their summits.

Poshkur is the most sacred lake in India ; that of Mansurwar in Thibet may alone

compete with it in this respect. It is placed in the centre of the valley, which here becomes wider, and affords abundant space for the numerous shrines and cenotaphs with which the hopes and fears of the virtuous and the wicked amongst the magnates of India have studded its margin. It is surrounded by sand-hills of considerable magnitude, excepting on the east, where a swamp extends to the very base of the mountains. The form of the lake may be called an irregular ellipse. Around its margin, except towards the marshy outlet, is a display of varied architecture. Every Hindu family of rank has its niche here, for the purposes of devotional pursuits when they could abstract themselves from mundane affairs. The most conspicuous are those erected by Raja Maun of Jeypur, Ahelya Bae, the Holkar queen, Jowhir Mull of Bhurtpur, and Bejoy Sing of Marwar. The cenotaphs are also numerous. The ashes of Jey Appa, who was assassinated at Nagore, are superbly covered ; as are those of his brother Suntaji, who was killed during the siege of that place.

By far the most conspicuous edifice is the shrine of the creator Bramha, erected, about four years ago, by a private individual, if we may so designate Gocul Pank, the minister of Sindhia ; it cost the sum of 1,30,000 rupees (about £15,000), though all the materials were at hand, and labour could be had for almost nothing. This is the sole tabernacle dedicated to the ONE God which I ever saw or have heard of in India. The statue is quadrifrons ; and what struck me as not a little curious was that



the *sikhara*, or pinnacle of the temple, is surmounted by a cross. Tradition was here again at work. Before creation began, Bramha assembled all the celestials on this very spot, and performed the *Yuga*; around the hallowed spot walls were raised, and sentinels placed to guard it from the intrusion of the evil spirits. In testimony of the fact, the natives point out the four isolated mountains, placed towards the cardinal points, beyond the lake, on which, they assert, rested the *kanats*, or cloth-walls of inclosure. That to the south is called *Rutnagir*, or 'the hill of gems,' on the summit of which is the shrine of Savittri. That to the north is *Nilagir*, or 'the blue mountain.' East and guarding the valley, is the *Kutchacter Gir*; and to the west, *Sonachooru*, or 'the golden.' Nanda, the bullsteed of Mahadeva, was placed at the mouth of the valley, to keep away the spirits of the desert; while Kaniya himself performed this office to the north. The sacred fire was kindled: but Savittri, the wife of Bramha, was no where to be found, and as without a female the rites could not proceed, a young Goojari took the place of Savittri; who, on her return, was so enraged at the indignity, that she retired to the mountain of gems, where she disappeared. On this spot a fountain gushed up, still called by her name; close to which is her shrine, not the least attractive in the precincts of Poshkur. During these rites, Mahadeva, or, as he is called, *Bhola Nath*, represented always in a state of stupefaction from the use of intoxicating herbs, omitted to put out the sacred fire, which spread, and was likely to involve

the world in combustion; when Bramha extinguished it with the sand, and hence the *teebas* of the valley. Such is the origin of the sanctity of Poshkur. In after ages, one of the sovereigns of Mundore, in the eagerness of the chase, was led to the spot, and washing his hands in the fountain, was cured of some disorder. That he might know the place again, he tore his turban into shreds, and suspended the fragments to the trees, to serve him as guides to the spot—there he made the excavation. The Brahmins pretend to have a copper-plate grant from the Purihara prince of the lands about Poshkur; but I was able to obtain only a Persian translation of it, which I was heretical enough to disbelieve. I had many grants brought me, written by various princes and chiefs, making provision for the prayers of these recluses at their shrines.

The name of Beesildeva, the famed Chohan king of Ajmeer, is the most conspicuous here; and they still point out the residence of his great ancestor, Aja Pal, on the *Nag-pahar*, or 'serpent-rock,' directly south of the lake, where the remains of the fortress of the Pali or Shepherd-king are yet visible. Aja Pal was, as his name implies, a *goatherd*, whose piety, in supplying one of the saints of Poshkur with daily libations of goats'-milk, procured him a territory. Satisfied, however, with the scene of his early days, he commenced his castle on the serpent-mount; but his evil genius knocking down in the night what he erected in the day, he sought out another site on the opposite side of the range; hence arose the farfamed Aja-meer. Manika-Rae is the most conspicuous connec-



ting link of the Chohan Pali kings, from the goat-herd founder to the famed Beesildeva.\* Manika was slain in the first century of the Hijra, when "the arms of Walid conquered to the Ganges;" and Beesildeva headed a confederacy of the Hindu kings, and chased the descendants of Mahmood from Hindusthan, the origin of the recording column at Delhi. Beesildeva, it appears from inscriptions, was the cotemporary of Rawul Tejsi, the monarch of Cheetore, and grandfather of the Ulysses of Rajasthan, the brave Samarsi, who fell with 13,000 of his kindred in aid of the last Chohan Prithi-raj, who, according to the genealogies of this race, is the fourth in descent from Beesildeva. If this is not sufficient proof of the era of this king, be it known that Udyadit, the prince of the Pramaras (the period of whose death, or A.D 1096, has now become a datum),† is enumerated amongst the sovereigns who serve under the banners of the Chohan of Ajmeer.

The 'serpent-rock' is also famed as being one of the places where the wandering Bhartrihari, prince of Oojein, lived for years in penitential devotion; and the slab which served as a seat to this royal saint, has become one of the objects of veneration. If all the places assigned to this brother of Vicrama were really visited by him, he must have been one of the greatest tourists of antiquity, and must have lived to an antediluvian old age. Witness his castle at Sehwan, on the Indus; his cave at Alwar:

his 'thans' at Aboo, and at Benares. We must, in fact, give credit to the couplet of the bards, "the world is the Pramara's." There are many beautiful spots about the serpent-mount, which, as it abounds in springs, has from the earliest times been the resort of the Hindu sages, whose caves and hermitages are yet pointed out, now embellished with gardens and fountains. One of the latter issuing from a fissure in the rock, is sacred to the Muni Agasta, who performed the very credible exploit of drinking up the ocean.

St. George's banner waved on a sand-hill in front of the cross on Bramha's temple, from which my camp was separated by the lake; but though there was no defect of legendary lore to amuse us, we longed to quit "the region of death," and hie back to our own lakes, our cutter, and our gardens.

*Dec. 2d.*—Ajmeer three coss. Proceeded up the valley, where lofty barriers on either side, covered with the milky toor (*cactus*), and the "yellow aonla of the border," shewed they were but the prolongation of our own Aravali. Granite appeared of every hue, but of a stratification so irregular as to bid defiance to the geologist. The higher we ascended the valley; the loftier became the sand-hills, which appeared to aspire to the altitude of their granitic neighbours. A small rill poured down the valley; there came also a cold blast from the north, which made our fingers tingle. Suddenly we changed our direction from north to east, and ascending the mountain, surveyed through a gap in the range the farfamed Dhar-ool Khyr. The view which

\* Classically, Visaladeva.

† See *Transactions* of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. i. p. 223.



thus suddenly burst upon us was magnificent. A noble plain, *with trees*, and the expansive lake of Beesildeva, lay at our feet, while 'the fortress of the goatherd' crowned the crest of a majestic isolated hill. The point of descent affords a fine field for the mineralogist; on each side, high over the pass, rise peaks of reddish granite, which are discovered half way down the descent to be reposing on a blue micaceous slate, whose inclination is westward, at an angle of about  $25^{\circ}$  with the horizon. The formation is the same to the southward, but the slate there is more compact, and freer from mica and quartz. I picked up a fragment of black marble; its crystals were large and brilliant.

Passed through the city of Ajmeer, which, though long a regal abode, does not display that magnificence we might have expected, and like all other towns of India, exhibits

poverty and ease in juxtaposition. It was gratifying to find that the finest part was rising, under the auspices of the British Government and the superintendent of the province, Mr. Wilder. The main street, when finished, will well answer the purpose intended—a place of traffic for the sons of commerce of Rajasthan, who, in a body, did me the honour of a visit: they were contented and happy at the protection they enjoyed in their commercial pursuits. With the prosperity of Bhilwara, that of Ajmeer is materially connected; and having no interests which can clash, each town views the welfare of the other as its own: a sentiment which we do not fail to encourage.

Breakfasted with Mr. Wilder, and consulted how we could best promote our favourite objects—the prosperity of Ajmeer and Bhilwara.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*Ajmeer.—Ancient Jain Temple.—Its architecture analyzed.—Resemblances between it and the Gothic and Saracenic.—Fortress of Ajmeer.—Its lakes.—Source of the Looni River.—Relics of the Chohan kings.—Quit Ajmeer.—Bunai, its castle.—Deorah.—Dabla.—Bunera.—Raja Bheem—Sketch of his family.—His estate.—Visit to the castle.—Bhilwara.—Visit of the Merchants.—Prosperity of the town.—Mandel.—Its lake.—Arjah—Poorh.—Mines of Dureeba.—Canton of the Poorawuts.—Antiquity of Poorh.—The Babas, or Infants of Mewar.—Rasmi.—Reception by the Peasantry of Mewar.—The Suhailea and Kullus.—Tract of the Bunas River.—Mairta.—Visit to the source of the Beris.—The Oodi Sagur.—Enter the valley.—Appearance of the capital.—Site of the ancient Ahar.—Cenotaphs of the Rana's ancestry.—Traditions regarding Ahar.—Destroyed by volcanic eruption.—Remains of antiquity.—Oilman's Caravansera.—Oilman's Bridge.—Meeting with the Rana.—Return to Oodipur.*

AJMEER has been too long the haunt of Vandals of Rajasthan, to afford much scope Moguls and Pathans, the Goths and to the researches of the antiquity. What-





ever time had spared of the hallowed relics of old, bigotry has destroyed, or raised to herself altars of materials, whose sculptured fragments serve now as disjointed memorials of two distinct and distant eras : that of the independent Hindu, and that of the conquering Mahomedan, whose eedgas and mosques, mausoleums and country-seats, constructed from the wrecks of aboriginal art, are fast mouldering to decay. The associations they call forth afford the only motive to wish their preservation ; except one "relic of nobler days and noblest arts," which, though impressed with this double character, every spectator must desire to rescue from the sweeping sentence :—the edifice before the reader, a visit to which excited these reflexions. Let us rather bless than execrate the hand, though it be that of a Turk, which has spared, from whatever motive, one of the most perfect, as well as the most ancient, monuments of Hindu architecture. It is built on the western declivity of the fortress, and called *Urai din ca jhopra*, or, 'the shed of two and a-half days,' from its having occupied (as tradition tells) its magical builders only this short period. The skill of the Pali or Takshac architect, the three sacred mounts of these countries abundantly attest : nor had he occasion for any mysterious arts, besides those of masonry, to accomplish them. In discussing the cosmogony of the Hindus, we have had occasion to convert their years into days ; here we must reverse the method, and understand (as in interpreting the sacred prophecies of Scripture) their days as meaning years. Had it, indeed, been of more humble pretensions,

we might have supposed the monotheistic Jain had borrowed from the Athenian legislator Cecrops, who ordained that no tomb should consist of more work than ten men could finish in *three days* ; to which Demetrius, the Phalerian, sanctioned the addition of a little vessel to contain the ghost's victuals.\*

The temple is surrounded by a superb screen of Saracenic architecture, having the main front and gateway to the north. From its simplicity, as well as its appearance of antiquity, I am inclined to assign the screen to the first dynasty, the Ghorian sultans, who evidently made use of native architects. The entrance arch is of that wavy kind, characteristic of what is termed the Saracenic, whether the term be applied to the Alhambra of Spain, or the mosques of Delhi ; and I am disposed, on close examination, to pronounce it Hindu. The entire facade of this noble entrance, which I regret I cannot have engraved, is covered with Arabic inscriptions. But, unless my eyes much deceived me, the small frieze over the apex of the arch contained an inscription in Sanskrit, with which Arabic has been commingled, both being unintelligible. The remains of a minaret still maintain their position on the right flank of the gate, with a door and steps leading to it for the *muezzim* to call the faithful to prayers. A line of smaller arches of similar form composes the front of the screen. The design is chaste and beautiful, and the material, which is a compact limestone of a yellow colour, admitting almost of as high a polish

\* See Archbishop Potter's *Archæologia*, vol. i, p. 192.



as the *jaune antique*, gave abundant scope to the sculptor. After confessing and admiring the taste of the Vandal architect, we passed under the arch to examine the more noble production of the Hindu. Its plan is simple, and consonant with all the more ancient temples of the Jains. It is an extensive saloon, the ceiling supported by a quadruple range of columns, those of the centre being surmounted by a range of vaulted coverings; while the lateral portion, which is flat, is divided into compartments of the most elaborate sculpture. But the columns are most worthy of attention; they are unique in design, and with the exception of the cave-temples, probably amongst the oldest now existing in India. On examining them, ideas entirely novel, even in Hindu art, are developed. Like all these portions of Hindu architecture, their ornaments are very complex, and the observer will not fail to be struck with their dissimilarity; it was evidently a rule in the art, to make the ornaments of every part unlike the other, and which I have seen carried to great extent. There may be forty columns, but no two are alike. The ornaments of the base are peculiar, both as to form and execution; the lozenges, with the rich tracery surmounting them, might be transferred, not inappropriately, to the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. The projections from various parts of the shaft (which on a small scale may be compared to the corresponding projections of the columns in the *Duomo* at Milan), with the small niches still containing the statues, though occasionally mutilated, of the Pontiffs of the Jains, give

them a character which strengthens the comparison, and which would be yet more apparent, if we could afford to engrave the details. The elegant *Camacimpa*, the emblem of the Hindu Ceres, with its pendant palmyra-branches, is here lost, as are many emblematical ornaments curious in design and elegant in their execution. Here and there occurs a richly carved corbeille, which still further sustains the analogy between the two systems of architecture; and the capitals are at once strong and delicate. The central vault, which is the largest, is constructed after the same fashion as that described at Nadole; but the concentric annulets, which in that are plain, in this are one blaze of ornaments, which with the whole of the ceiling is to elaborate and complicated for description. Under the most retired of the compartments, and nearly about the centre, is raised the *mumba*, or pulpit, whence the Moollah enunciates the dogma of Mahomed, "there is but one God:" and for which he dispossessed the Jain, whose creed was like his own, the unity of the God-head. But this is in unison with the feeling which dictated the external metamorphosis. The whole is of the same materials as already described, from the quarries of the Aravali close at hand, which are rich in every mineral as well as metallic production:

"I ask'd of *Time* for whom *those* temples rose,  
 "That prostrate by his hand in silence lie;  
 "His lips disdain'd the myst'ry to disclose,  
 "And borne on swifter wing, he hurried by!  
 "The broken columns *whose*? I ask'd of *Fame*;  
 "(Her kindling breath gives life to works sublime;)  
 "With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,  
 "She heaved the uncertain sigh, and follow'd *Time*."





"Wrapt in amazement o'er the mouldering pile,  
"I saw *Oblivion* pass with giant stride ;  
"And while his visage wore *Pride's* scornful smile,  
"Haply thou know'st, then tell me, *whose* I cried,  
"Whose these vast domes that ev'n in ruin shine ?  
"I reek not *whose*, he said : they *now* are *mine*."

Shall we abandon them to cold "oblivion ;" or restore them to a name already mentioned, Sumprithi, or Swampriithi, the *Shah Jehan*\* of a period two centuries before the Christian era, and to whom the shrine in Komulmeer is ascribed. Of one thing there is no doubt, which is, that both are Jain, and of the most ancient models : and thus advertised, the antiquary will be able to discriminate between the architectural systems of the Saivas and the Jains, which are as distinct as their religions.

Having alluded to the analogy between the details in the columns and those in our Gothic buildings (as they are called), and surmised that the Saracenic arch is of Hindu origin ; I may further, with this temple and screen before us, speculate on the possibility of its having furnished some hints to the architects of Europe. It is well-known that the Saracenic arch has crept into many of those structures called Gothic, erected in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when a more florid style succeeded to the severity of the Saxon or Roman ; but I believe it has been doubted whence the Saracens obtained their model : certainly it was neither from Egypt nor Persia. The early caliphs of Bagdad, who were as enlightened as they were powerful, kept alive the light of science

when Europe was in darkness ; and the most accomplished noble who accompanied our Cœur de Lion, though "brave as his sword," was a clown compared to the infidel Saladin, in mind as well as manners. The influence of these polished foes on European society it would be superfluous to descant upon. The lieutenants of these caliphs, who penetrated from the Delta of the Indus to the Ganges from four to five centuries prior to this event, when Walid's arms triumphed simultaneously on the Indus and the Ebro, produced no trifling results to the arts. This very spot, Ajmeer, according to traditional couplets and the poetic legends of its ancient princes, the Chohans, was visited by the first hostile force which Islam sent across the Indus, and to which Manika Rae fell a sacrifice. What ideas might not this Jain temple have afforded to "*the Light of Ali*!" for Roshun Ali is the name preserved of him who, "in ships landing at Anjar," marched through the very heart of India, and took "Gurh Beetli," the citadel of Ajmeer, by assault. The period is one of total darkness in the history of India, save for the scattered and flickering rays which emanate from the chronicles of the Chohans and Ghelotes. But let us leave the temple, and slightly describe the castle of Manika Rae, on whose battlements an infidel's arrow of Roshun's army reached the heir of the Chohan ; since which "Lot," for such was his name, has been adopted amongst the lares and penates of this celebrated race. This was the first Rajpoot blood which the arms of conversion shed, and the impression must have been strong to be thus handed down to posterity.

\* Both epithets imply 'Lord of the Universe,' and of which the name of 'Pirithi-raj,' that of the last Chohan emperor, is another version.





The mind, after all, retires dissatisfied : with me it might be from association. Even the gateway, however elegant, is unsuitable to the genius of the place. Separately considered, they are each magnificent ; together, it is as if a modern sculptor were (like our actors of the last age) to adorn the head of Cato with a peruke. I left this precious relic, with a malediction upon all the spoilers of art—whether the Thane who pillaged Minerva's portico at Athens, or the Toork who dilapidated the Jain temple at Ajmeer.\*

The reader will see as much of this famed fortress as I did : for there was nothing to induce me to climb the steep, where the only temple visible was a modern-looking whitewashed mosque, lifting its dazzling minarets over the dingy antique towers of the Chohan : "he who seven times captured the sultan, and seven times released him." The hill rises majestically from its base to the height of about eight hundred feet ; its crest encircled by the ancient wall and towers raised by Ajpal :

There was a day when they were young and proud,  
Banners on high, and battles passed below ;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no further blow ;  
unless the Cossack should follow the track of  
Roshun Ali or Mahmood, and try to tear the  
British flag from the *kangras* of Ajmeer.  
On the north side, a party of the superintendent's were unlocking the latent treasures in the bowels of the mountain. The vein is of lead ; a sulphuret, or galena.

\* Chance obtained me the drawing of this temple ; I wish it had also given me the name of its author to grace the page.

† *Childe Harold*, Canto III.

I have already mentioned the lake, called after the excavator, the *Beesil Táláb*. It is about eight miles in circumference, and besides the beauty it adds to the vale of Ajmeer, it has a source of interest being the fountain of the Looni, which pursues its silent course until it unites with the eastern arm of the Delta of the Indus : the point of outlet is at the northern angle of the *Doulout Bagh* 'the gardens of wealth,' built by Jehingir for his residence when he undertook to conquer the Rajpoots. The water is not unwholesome, and there are three outlets at this fountain-head for the escape of the water fitting its periodical altitudes. The stream at its parent source is thence called the Sagur-Mati. It takes a sweep northward by Bhowtah and Pisangun, and close to where we crossed it, at Govindgurh, it is joined by the Sarasvati from Poshkur ; when the united waters (at whose *sangum*, or confluence, there is a small temple to the *manes*) is called the Looni.

The gardens erected on the embankment of the lake must have been a pleasant abode for "the king of the world," while his lieutenants were carrying on the war against the Rana ; but the imperial residence of marble, in which he received the submissions of that prince, through his grandson and the first ambassador sent by England to the Mogul, are now going fast to decay. The walk on which his majesty last paraded in the state-coach sent by our James the First are now overgrown with shrubs.

The stratification of the rock, at the point of outlet, would interest the geologist, especially an extensive vein of mica,





forming another of almost transparent quartz.

Eastward of this lake about a mile, is another named the *Anah-sagur* after the grandson of Beesildeo, who has left the reputation of great liberality, and a contrast with Visala. The vestiges of an island are yet seen in the lake, and upon its margin; but the materials have been carried away by the Goths. There are two small buildings on the adjacent heights, called "the annulets of Khwaja Kootub," and some other saint.

Such are the wonders in the environs of Dharool Khyr, "celebrated in the history of the Moguls, as well as of the Hindus." But my search for inscriptions to corroborate the legends of the Chohans proved fruitless. I was, however, fortunate enough to add to my numismatic treasures some of the currency of these ancient kings, which give interest to a series of the same description, all appertaining to the Buddhists or Jains. The inscriptions occupying one side is in a most antique character, the knowledge of which is still a desideratum; the reverse bears the effigies of a horse, the object of worship to the Indo-Scythic Rajpoot. It is not improbable that the Agnicula Chohan may have brought these letters with him from higher Asia. Researches in these countries for such monuments may yet discover how far this conjecture is correct. At Poshkur I also found some very ancient coins. Had the antiquary travelled these regions prior to the reign of Arungzebe, he would have had a noble field to explore; many coins were destroyed by this bigot,

but many were buried under ground, which time or accident may disclose. He was the great foe of Rajpoot fame; and well might the bard, in the words of the Cambrian minstrel, bid

"Ruin seize the ruthless king."

They did repay his cruelties by the destruction of his race. In one short century from this tyrant, who grasped each shore of the peninsula, the Mogul power was extinct; while the oppressed Rajpoots are again on the ascendant. But the illiterate and mercenary Afghan, "the descendant of the lost tribes of Israel,"\* if we credit their traditions, may share the iniquity with Arungzebe; for they fulfilled literally a duty which their supposed forefathers pertinaciously refused, and made war against every graven image. Had they even spared us a few of the monsters, the joint conceptions of the poet and the sculptor, I might have presented some specimens of griffins (*gras*) and demons almost of a classical taste; but the love of mischief was too strong even to let these escape; the shoe was applied to the prominent features of every thing which represented animation.

By a medium of several meridian observations, I made the latitude of Ajmeer  $26^{\circ} 19'$  north; its longitude, by time and measurement from my fixed meridian, Oodipoor,  $74^{\circ} 40'$ , nearly the position assigned to it by the father of Indian geography, the justly-celebrated Rennell.

*Dec. 5th.*—At day-break we left the towers of Manika Rae, enveloped in mist,

\* They claim Ishmael as their common ancestor.



and turned our horses' heads to the southward, on our return to Oodipoor. While at Ajmeer, I received accounts of the death of the prince of Kotah, and did intend to proceed direct to that capital, by Shahpoora and Boondi; but my presence was desired by the Rana to repair the dilapidations which only two months' absence had occasioned in the political fabric which I had helped to reconstruct. Other interesting objects intervened; one, a visit to the new castle Bheemgurrh, erecting in Mairwarra to overawe the Mairs; the other to compose the feuds which raged between the sectarian merchants of the new mart, Bhilwara, and which threatened to destroy all my labour. We made two marches to Bunai, in which there was nothing to record. Bunai, is the residence of a Rahtore chieftain, whose position is rather peculiar. Being placed within the district of Ajmeer, and paying annual quit-rent to the British, he may consider the Company as his sovereign; but although this position precludes all political subordination to the chief of the race, the tie would be felt and acknowledged, on a lapse, in the anxiety for the usual *teeka* of recognition to his successor, from the Raja of Marwar. I argue on knowledge of character and customs; though it is possible this individual case might be against me.

The castle of Bunai is a picturesque object in these level plains; it is covered with the *cactus*, or prickly pear, so abundant on the east side of the Aravali. This was anciently the residence of a branch of the Purihara princes of Mundore, when held as a fief of the Chohans of Ajmeer; and from it origina-

ted a numerous mixed class, called the Purihara Menas, a mixture of Rajpoot and aboriginal blood.

*Dec. 6th.* Deorah, near the northern bank of the Khari, the present boundary of Ajmeer and Mewar. From Ajmeer to Deorah, the direction of the road is S.S.E., and the distance forty miles. This important district in the political geography of Rajpootana, which with the posts of Neemuch and Mhow, is the connecting link between the British dominions on the Jumna and in the Dekhan, was obtained by cession from Sindia in 1818. A glance at the map is sufficient to shew its importance in our existing connexion with Rajpootana. The greatest breadth of the district is between the Aravali west, and the Bunas east, and measures about eighty miles. The greatest length is between the city of Ajmeer and Jhak, a post in Mairwarra, measuring about forty miles. The narrowest portion is that where we now are, Deorah, whence the Kishengurrh frontier can be seen over a neck of land of about twelve miles in extent. Within these bounds, a great portion of the land is held by feudal chieftains paying a quit-rent, which I believe is fixed. I had to settle a frontier dispute at Deorah, regarding the right of cultivating in the bed of the Khari, which produces very good melons. The soil of Ajmeer cannot be called rich, and is better adapted for the lighter than the richer grains. Marks of war and rapine were visible throughout.

*Dec. 7th.*—Dabla.—The town was a subfee of Banera; but the vassal, a Rahtore, had learned habits of insubordination during



Mahratta influence, which he could not or would not throw aside. In these he was further encouraged by his connexion by marriage with the old ruler of Kotah, who had exemplified his hostility to the Dabla vassal's liege lord by besieging his castle of Bunera. Having so long disobeyed him, his Rajpoot blood refused to change with the times; and though he condescended, at the head of his twenty retainers, to perform homage on stated days, and take his allotted position in the Bunera durbar, he refused to pay the quit-rent, to which numerous deeds proved his suzerain had a right. Months passed away in ineffectual remonstrances; it was even proposed that he should hold the inferior dependencies free of quit-rent, but pay those of Dabla. All being in vain, the demand was increased to the complete surrender of Dabla; which elicited a truly Rajpoot reply: "his head and Dabla were together." This obstinacy could not be tolerated; and he was told that though one would suffice, if longer withheld, both might be required. Like a brave Rahtore, he had defended it for months against a large Mahratta force, and Dabla was vauntingly called "*the little Bhurtpur*." Too late he saw his error, but there was no receding; and though he at length offered a nuzzerana, through the mediation of the Kotah vakeel, of 20,000 rupees, to obtain the Rana's investiture, it was refused and a surrender was insisted on. Being an important frontier-post, it was retained by the Rana, and compensation was made to Bunera. Every interest was made for him through the Nestor of Kotah, but in vain; his obstinacy offered an example too

pernicious to admit of the least retrocession, and Dabla was forthwith incorporated with the appanage of the heir-apparent, Jowan Sing.

Almost the whole of this, the Bednore division, of 360 townships, is occupied by Rahtores, the descendants of those who accompanied Jeimul to Mewar: the proportion of feudal to fiscal land therein is as three to one. It is a rich and fertile tract, and it is to be hoped will maintain in ease and independence the brave men who inhabit it, and who have a long time been the sport of rapine.

I received a visit from the chief vassal of the Bednore chief, then at the capital; and as I found it impossible to visit Mairwarra, I subsequently deputed Captain Waugh, who was hospitably received and entertained at Bednore. He hunted, and played the *holi* with the old baron, who shews at all times the frankness of his race: but it being the period of the Saturnalia, he was especially unreserved; though he was the greatest stickler for etiquette amongst my many friends, and was always expatiating on the necessity of attending to the gradations of rank.

*Dec. 8th.*—Bunera.—The castle of Bunera is one of the most imposing feudal edifices of Mewar, and its lord one of the greatest of its chieftains. He not only bears the title of *Raja*, but has all the state-insignia attached thereto. His name happens to be the same as that of his sovereign,—his being Raja Bheem, the prince's Rana Bheem,—to whom he is nearly related, and but for blind chance might have been lord of all the Seesodias. It may be recollected that the



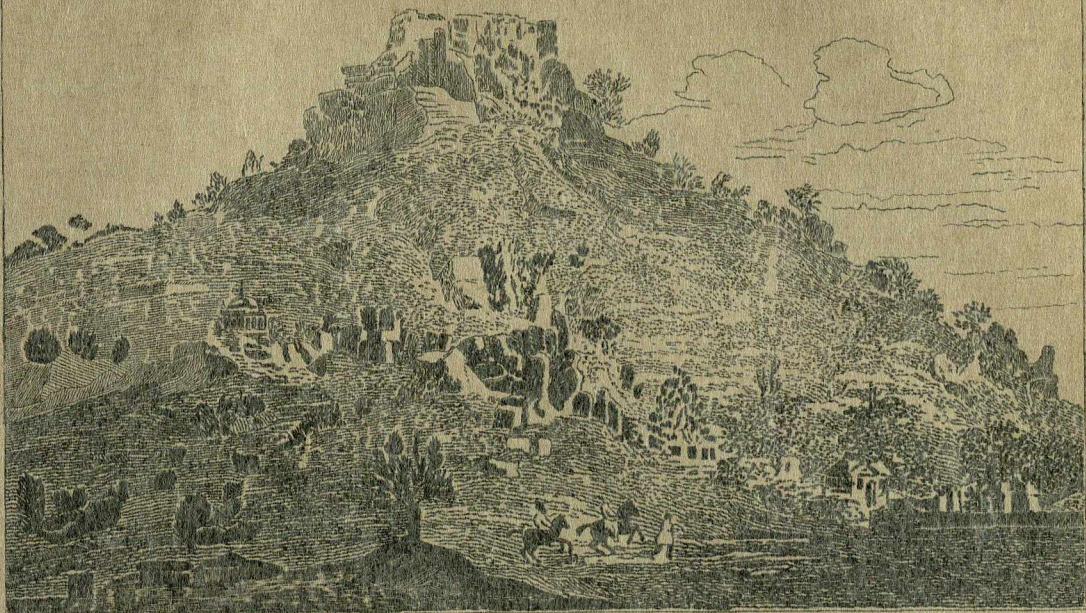
chivalrous antagonist of Arungzebe, the heroic Rana Raj, had two sons, twins, if we may so term sons simultaneously born, though by different mothers. The incident which decided the preference of Jey Sing to Bheem has been related;\* the circumstances of the latter's abandoning his country to court fortune under the Imperial standard,—his leading his Rajpoot contingent amongst the mountains of Candahar—and his death by dislocation of the spine, through urging his horse at speed amongst the boughs of a tree. The present incumbent of Bunera is the descendant of that Raja Bheem, who was succeeded in the honors of his family by his son Sooraj, killed whilst heading his contingent at the storm of Beejapur. The infant son of Sooraj had four districts assigned to him, all taken from his suzerain, the Rana. In such esteem did the emperor hold the family, that the son of Sooraj was baptized Sultan. He was succeeded by Sirdar Sing, who, on the breaking up of the empire, came under the allegiance of his rightful sovereign the Rana. Rae Sing and Hamir Sing complete the chain to my friend Raja Bheem, who did me the honor to advance two miles from Bunera to welcome and conduct me to his castle. Here I had a good opportunity of observing the feudal state and manners of these chiefs within their own domains, during a visit of three hours at Bunera. I was, moreover, much attached to Raja Bheem, who was a perfectly well-bred and courteous gentleman, and who was quite unreserved with me. From his propinquity to the reigning family, and from his honours

and insignia being the gift of the king's, he had been an object of jealousy to the court, which tended much to retard the restoration of his authority over his sub-vassals of Bunera; the chief of Dabla is one instance of this. I found little difficulty in banishing the discord between him and his sovereign, who chiefly complained of the Bunera kettle-drums beating, not only as he entered the city, but as far as the *Porte*,—the sacred *Tripolia*; and the use of *Chamur* in his presence. It was arranged that these emblems of honour, emanating from the great foes of Mewar, should never be obtruded on the eye or ear of the Rana; though within his own domain the Bunera chieftain might do as he pleased. This was just; and Raja Bheem had too much good sense not to conciliate his "brother and cousin." Raja Bheem, by such a concession, which otherwise might have been insisted upon. The estate of Bunera is in value 80,000 rupees of annual rent, one-half of which is in sub-infeudations, his vassals being chiefly Rahtores. The only service performed by Raja Bheem is the contributing a quota for the commercial mart of Bhilwara, with the usual marks of subordination, personal duty and homage to the Rana. His estate is much impoverished from its laying in the very track of the free-booters; but the soil is excellent, and time will bring hands to cultivate it, if we exercise a long and patient indulgence.

The "velvet cushion" was spread in a balcony projecting from the main hall of Bunera; here the Raja's vassals were mustered, and he placed me by his side on the *gadi*. There was not a point of his rural or

\* See page 304.





*Castle of Bunai.*



*Ruins in Komulmair*





domestic economy upon which he did not descant, and ask my advice, as his "adopted brother." I was also made umpire between him and my old friend the baron of Bednore, regarding a marriage-settlement, the granddaughter of the latter being married to the heir of Bunera. I had, besides, to wade through old grants and deeds to settle the claims between the Raja and several of his sub-vassals; a long course of disorder having separated them so much from each other as to obliterate their respective rights. All these arbitrations were made without reference to my official situation, but were forced upon me merely by the claims of friendship; but it was a matter of exultation to be enabled to make use of my influence for the adjustment of such disputes, and for restoring individual as well as general prosperity. My friend prepared his gifts at parting; I went through the forms of receiving, but waived accepting them: which may be done without any offence to delicacy. I have been highly gratified to read the kind reception he gave to the respected Bishop Heber, in his tour through Mewar. I wonder, however, that this discerning and elegant-minded man did not notice the peculiar circumstance of the Raja's teeth being fixed in with gold wire, which produces rather an unpleasant articulation.

Bunera adjoins the estates of the Rahtores, and is no great distance from those of the Sangawuts and Jugawuts, which lie at the base of the Aravali. All require a long period of toleration and unmolested tranquillity to emerge from their impoverished condition. My friend accompanied me to

my tents, when I presented to him a pair of pistols, and a telescope with which he might view his neighbours on the mountains: we parted with mutual satisfaction, and I believe, mutual regret.

*Dec. 9th.*—Bhilwara.—I encamped about half a mile from our good town of Bhilwara, which was making rapid strides to prosperity, notwithstanding drawbacks from sectarian feuds; with which, however, I was so dissatisfied, that I refused every request to visit the town until such causes of retardation were removed. I received a deputation from both parties at my tents, and read them a lecture for their benefit, in which I lamented the privation of the pleasure of witnessing their unalloyed prosperity. Although I reconciled them to each other, I would not confide in their promises until months of improvement should elapse. They abided by their promise, and I fulfilled mine when the death of the Boondi prince afforded an opportunity, *en route* to that capital, to visit them. My reception was far too flattering to describe, even if this were the proper place. The sentiments they entertained for me had suffered no diminution when Bishop Heber visited the town. But his informant (one of the merchants), when he said it ought to have been called *Tod-gunj*, meant that it was so intended, and actually received this appellation: but it was changed, at my request, and on pain of withdrawing my entire support from it. The Rana, who used to call it himself in conversation "*Tod Sahib ca bustee*," would have been gratified; but it would have been wrong to avail myself



of his partiality. In all I was enabled to do, from my friendship, not from my official character, I always feared the dangers to his independence from such precedent for interference.\*

Dec. 10th.—Mandel.—I deviated from the direct course *homewards* (to Oodipoor) to visit this beautiful spot, formerly the head of a flourishing district; but all was dilapidated. The first revenue derived from Mandel was expended on the repairs of the dam of its lake, which irrigates a great extent of rice-land. The Goths had felled most of the fine trees which had ornamented its dam and margin; and several garden houses, as well as that on the island in the lakes, were in ruins. Not many years ago, a column of victory said to have been raised by Beesildeva of Ajmeer, in consequence of a victory over the Ghelotes, graced this little isle. Mandel is now rising from its ruins, and one of the exiles was so fortunate as to find a vessel containing several pieces of gold and ornaments, in excavating the ruins of his ancient abode, though not buried by him. It involved the question of manorial rights, of which the Rana waved the enforcement, though he asserted them. To-day I passed between Pansil and Arjah, the former still held by a Suktawut, the latter now united to the fisc. I have already related the feud between the Suktawuts and the Poorawuts in the struggle for Arjah, which is one of the most compact castles in Mewar, with a domain of 52,000 Bigas or 12,000 acres, attached to it, rendering it well worth a contest; but the Suktawut had no

right there, say the Poorawuts; and in fact it is in the very heart of their lands.

Dec. 11th.—Poorh.—This one of the oldest towns of Mewar, and if we credit tradition, anterior in date to Vicrama. We crossed the Kotaserri to and from Mandel, passing by the tin and copper mines of Dureeba, and the Poorawut estate of Peetawas. *Poorh* means *par eminence*, 'the city,' and anciently the title was admissible; even now it is one of the chief fiscal towns. It is in the very heart of the canton inhabited by the *Babas*, or 'infants' of Mewar, embracing a circle of about twenty-five miles diameter. The broken chain of mountains, having Bunera on the northern point and Gooria to the south, passes transversely through this domain, leaving the estate of Bagore, the residence of Sheodan Sing, west, and extending to the S. E. to Mungrope, across the Beris. The policy which dictated the establishment of an isolated portion of the blood-royal of Mewar in the very centre of the country was wise; for the *Babas* rarely or ever mix with the politics of the feudatory chieftains, home or foreign. They are accordingly entrusted with the command of all garrisons, and head the feudal quotas as the representative of their sovereign. They have a particular seat at court, the *Baba ca Ole* being distinct from the chieftains', and in front. Though they inhabit the lands about Poorh, it is not from these they derive their name, but as descendants from Pooru, one of the twenty-five sons of Rana Oodi Sing, that blot in the scutcheon of Mewar.

About a mile east of Poorh there is an isolated hill of blue slate, in which I found

\* See page 378.





garnets imbedded. I have no doubt persevering adventurers would be rewarded; but though I tried them with the hammer, I obtained none of any value. They are also to be obtained on the southern frontier of Kishengurh and Ajmeer, about Serwar. I received the visits of the 'infant' of Goorlah and Gadermala, both most respectable men, and enjoying good estates, with strong castles, which I passed the next day.

Dec. 12th.—Rasmi, on the Bunas river.—We had a long march through the most fertile lands of Mewar, all belonging to the Rana's personal domain. The progress towards prosperity is great; of which Rasmi, the head of a *tippa* or subdivision of a district, affords evidence, as well as every village. On our way, we were continually met by peasants with songs of joy, and our entrance into each village was one of triumph. The patels and other rustic officers, surrounded by the ryots, came out of the villages; while the females collected in groups, with brass vessels filled with water gracefully resting on their heads, stood at the entrance, their scarfs half covering their faces, chaunting the *suhaile*; a very ancient custom of the Hindu cultivator on receiving the superior, and tantamount to an acknowledgment of supremacy. Whether vanity was flattered, or whether a better sentiment was awakened, on receiving such tokens of gratitude, it is not for me to determine; the sight was pleasing, and the custom was general while I travelled in Mewar. The females bearing the *kullus* on their heads, were every where met with. These were chiefly the wives and daughters of the cultivators, though not

unfrequently those of the Rajpoot sub-vassals. The former were seldom very fair, though they had generally fine eyes and good persons. We met many fragments of antiquity at Rasmi. Captain Waugh and the doctor were gratified with angling in the Bunas for trout; but as the fish would not rise to the fly, I sent the net, and obtained several dozens: the largest measured seventeen inches; and weighed seventy rupees, or nearly two pounds.

Dec. 16th.—Mairta.—After an absence of two months, we terminated our circuitous journey, and encamped on the ground whence we started, all rejoiced at the prospect of again entering "the happy valley." We made four marches across the *do-ab*, watered by the Beris and Bunas rivers; the land naturally rich, and formerly boasting some large towns, but as yet only disclosing the germs of prosperity. There is not a more fertile tract in India than this, which would alone defray the expenses of the court if its resources were properly husbanded. But years must first roll on, and the peasant must meet with encouragement, and a reduction of taxation to the lowest rate; and the lord-paramount must alike be indulgent in the exaction of his tribute. Our camels were the greatest sufferers in the march through the desert, and one-half were rendered useless. I received a deputation conveying the Rana's congratulations on my return "home," with a letter full of friendship and importunities to see me: but the register of the heavens,—an oracle consulted by the Rajpoot as faithfully as Moore's Almanack by the British yeoman,—shewed an unlucky aspect,



and I must need halt at Mairta, or in the valley, until the signs were more favourable to a re-entry into Oodipur. Here we amused ourselves in chalking out the site of our projected residence on the heights of Toos, and in fishing at the source of the Beris. Of this scene I present the reader with a view; and if he allows his imagination to ascend the dam which confines the waters of the lake, he may view the *Oodisagar*, with its islets; and directing his eye across its expanse, he may gain a bird's-eye view of the palace of the Kesar of the Seesodias. The dam thrown across a gorge of the mountains is of enormous magnitude and strength, as is necessary, indeed to shut in a volume of water twelve miles in circumference. At its base, the point of outlet, is a small hunting-seat of the Rana's, going to decay for want of funds to repair it, like all those on the Tiger Mount and in the valley. Nor is there any hope that the revenues, burthened as they are with the payment of a clear fourth in tribute, can supply the means of preventing further dilapidation.

*Dec. 19th.*—Tired of two day's idleness, we passed through the portals of Dobari on our way to Ar, to which place the Rana signified his intention of advancing in person, to receive and conduct me "home;" an honor as unlooked-for and unsolicited as it was gratifying. Oodipoor presents a most imposing appearance when approached from the east. The palace of the Rana, and that of the heir-apparent, the great temple, and the houses of the nobles, with their turrets and cupolas rising in airy elegance, afford

a pleasing contrast with the heavy wall and pierced battlements of the city beneath. This wall is more extensive than solid. To remedy this want of strength, a chain of fortresses has been constructed, about gunshot from it, commanding every road leading thereto, which adds greatly to the effect of the landscape. These castellated heights contain places of recreation, one of which belongs to Saloombra; but all wear the same aspect of decay.

Ar, or Ahar, near which we encamped, is sacred to the manes of the princes of Oodipur and contains the cenotaphs of all her kings since the valley became their residence; but as they do not disdain association, either in life or death, with their vassals, Ar presents the appearance of a thickly-crowded cemetery, in which the mausoleums of the Ranas stand pre-eminent in "the place of great faith." The renowned Umra Sing's is the most conspicuous; but the cenotaphs of all the princes, down to the father of Rana Bheem, are very elegant, and exactly what such structures ought to be; namely, vaulted roofs, supported by handsome columns raised on lofty terraces, the architraves of enormous single blocks, all of white marble, from the quarries of Kankerowli. There are some smaller tombs of a singularly elaborate character, and of an antiquity which decides the claims of Ar to be considered as the remains of a very ancient city. The ground is strewn with the wrecks of monuments and old temples, which have been used in erecting the sepulchres of the Ranas. The great city was the residence of their ancestors, and is said to have been founded by Asa-ditya





upon the site of the still more ancient capital of Tamba-nagari, where dwelt the Tuar ancestors of Vicramaditya, before he obtained Awinti, or Oojein. From Tamba-nagari its name was changed to Anandpoor, 'the happy city,' and at length to Ahar, which gave the patronymic to the Ghelote race, viz. Aharya. The vestiges of immense mounds still remain to the eastward, called the *Dhool-kote*, or 'fort,' destroyed by 'ashes' (*dhool*) of a volcanic eruption. Whether the lakes of the valley owe their origin to the same cause which is said to have destroyed the ancient Ahar, a more skilful geologist must determine. The chief road from the city is cut through this mound; and as I had observed fragments of sculpture and pottery on the excavated sides, I commenced a regular opening of the mound in search of medals, and obtained a few with the effigies of an animal, which I fancied to be a lion, but others the *gadha*, or ass, attributed to Gundharvasen, the brother of Vicrama, who placed this impress on his coins, the reason of which is given in a long legend. My impious intentions were soon checked by some designing knaves about the Rana, and I would not offend superstition. But the most superficial observer will pronounce Ahar to have been an ancient and extensive city, the walls which enclose this sepulchral abode being evidently built with the sculptured fragments of temples. Some shrines, chiefly Jain, are still standing, though in the last stage of dilapidation, and they have been erected from the ruins of shrines still older, as appears from the motley decorations, where statues and images are inserted with their heads reversed, and Mahavira and Mahadeva

come into actual contact: all are in white marble. Two inscriptions were obtained; one very long and complete, in the nail-headed character of the Jains; but their interpretation is yet a desideratum. A topographical map of this curious valley would prove interesting, and for this I have sufficient materials. The *Taili-ca-Serai* would not be omitted in such a map, as adding another to the many instances I have met with, among this industrious class, to benefit their fellow citizens. The "Oilman's Caravanserai" is not conspicuous for magnitude; but it is remarkable, not merely for its utility, but even for its elegance of design. It is equidistant from each of the lakes. The *Taili-ca-Pool*, or "Oilman's Bridge," at Noorabad, is, however, a magnificent memorial of the trade, and deserves preservation; and as I shall not be able now to describe the region (Gwalior) where it stands, across the Asin, I will substitute it for the Serai, of which I have no memorial. These *Tailis* (oilmen) perambulate the country with skins of oil on a bullock, and from hard-earned pence erect the structures which bear their name. India owes much to individual munificence.

The planets were adverse to my happy conjunction with the Sun of the Hindus: and it was determined that I should pass another day amongst the tombs of Ahar; but I invoked upon my own devoted head all the evil consequences, as in this case I was the only person who was threatened. To render this opposition to the decree less noxious it was agreed that I should make my *entree* by the southern, not by the eastern porte, that of the sun. The Rana came,





attended by his son, his chiefs, his ministers, and in fact, all the capital in his train. The most hearty welcomes were lavished upon us all. "*Rama! Rama! Tod Sahib!*" (the Hindu greeting) resounded from a thousand throats, while I addressed each chief by name. It was not a meeting of formality, but of well-cemented friendship. My companions,

Capt. Waugh and Dr. Duncan, were busy interchanging smiles and cordial greetings, when the Rana, requesting our presence at the palace next day, bade us adieu. He took the direct road to his palace, while we, to avoid evil spirits, made a detour by the southern portal, to gain our residence, the garden of Rampeari.

---

## APPENDIX.

---

*Translations of Inscriptions, chiefly in the Nail-headed character of the Takshac Races and Jains, fixing eras in Rajpoot history.*

---

### No. I.

Memorial of a Geta or Jit prince of the fifth century, discovered 1820, in a temple at Kunswa, near the Chumbul river, south of Kotah.

May the Jitha be thy protector! What does this Jith resemble? which is the vessel of conveyance across the waters of life, which is partly white, partly red? Again, what does it resemble, where the hissing-angered serpents dwell? What may this Jitha be compared to, from whose root the roaring flood descends? Such is the Jith; by it may thou be preserved.(1)

The fame of RAJA JIT I now shall tell, by whose valour the lands of SALPURA (2) are preserved. The fortunes of Raja-Jit are as flames of fire devouring his foe. The mighty warrior JIT SALINDRA (2) is beautiful in person, and from the strength of his arm esteemed the first amongst the tribes of the mighty; make resplendent, as does the moon the earth, the dominions of SALPURI. The whole world praises the Jit prince, who enlarges the renown of his race, sitting in the midst of haughty warriors, like the lotos in the waters, the moon of the sons of men. The foreheads of the princes of the earth worship the toe of his foot. Beams of light irradiate his countenance, issuing from the gems of his arms of strength. Radiant is his array; his riches abundant; his mind generous, and profound as the ocean. Such is he of SARYA (3) race, a tribe renowned amongst the tribes of the mighty, whose princes were ever foes to treachery, to whom



the earth surrendered her fruits, and who added the lands of their foes to their own. By sacrifice, the mind of this lord of men has been purified; fair are his territories, and fair is the Fortress of TAKHYA (4). The string of whose bow is dreaded, whose wrath is the reaper of the field of combat; but to his dependents he is as the pearl on the neck; who makes no account of the battle, though streams of blood run through the field. As does the silver lotos bend its head before the fierce rays of the sun, so does his foe stoop to him, while the cowards abandon the field.

From this lord of men (*Narpati*) SALINDRA sprung DEVANGILI, whose deeds are known even at this remote period.

From him was born SUMBOOKA, and from him DEGALI, who married two wives of YADU race (5), and by one a son named VIRA NARINDRA, pure as a flower from the fountain.

Amidst groves of *amba*, on whose clustering blossoms hang myriads of bees, that the wearied traveller might repose, was this edifice erected. May it, and the fame of its founder, continue while ocean rolls, or while the moon, the sun, and hills endure. Samvat 597.—On the extremity of MALWA, the miuster (MINDRA) was erected, on the banks of the river TAVELI, by SALICHANDRA (6), son of VIRACHANDRA.

Whoever will commit this writing to memory, his sins will be obliterated. Carved by the sculptor SEVANARYA, son of DWARASIVA, and composed by BUTENA, chief of the bards.

(Note 1).—In the prologue to this valuable relic, which superficially viewed would appear a string of puerilities, we have conveyed in mystic allegory the mythological origin of the Jit or Geta race. From the members of the chief of the gods ISWARA or Mahadeva, *the god of battle*, many races claim birth; the warrior from his arms; the Charun from his spine; the prophetic Bhat (*Vates*) from his tongue; and the Geta or Jit, derive theirs from his tiara, which, formed of his own hair, is called *Jitha*. In this tiara, serpents, emblematic of TIME (*Kal*) and DESTRUCTION, are wreathed; also implicative that the *Jits*, who are of *Takshae*, of the serpent race, are thereby protected. The "roaring flood" which descends from this *Jitha* is the river goddess, Ganga, daughter of Mera, wife of Iswara. The mixed colour of his hair, which is partly white partly of reddish (*panduranga*) hue, arises from his character of ARDHNARI, or Hermaphroditus. All these characteristics of the god of war must have been brought by the Scythic Geta from the Jaxartes, where they worshipped him as the Sun (*Balnath*) and as XAMOLSCIS (*Yama*, vulg. *Jama*) the infernal divinity.

The 12th Chapter of the Edda, in describing BALDER the second son of Odin, particularly dwell on the beauty of his hair, whence "the whitest of all vegetables is called the eyebrow of Balder, on the columns of whose temples there are verses engraved, capable of recalling the dead to life."

How perfectly in unison is all this of the Jits of Jutland and the Jits of Rajasthan. In each case the hair is the chief object of admiration; of Balnath as Baldar and the magical effect of the Runes is not more powerful than that attached by the chief of the Scalds of our Geta prince at the end of this inscription, fresh evidences in support of my hypothesis, that many of the Rajpoot races and Scandinavians have a common origin—that origin, Central Asia.

(Note 2).—Salpoora is the name of the capital of this Jit prince, and his epithet of Sal-indra is merely titular, as the Indra, or lord of Sal-poori, 'the city of Sal,' which the fortunate discovery of an inscription raised by Komarpal, king of Anhilwara (*Nehrwalla* of D'Anville,) dated S. 1207, has enabled me to place "at the base of the Sewaluk Mountains." In order to elucidate this point, and to give the full value to this record of the Jit princes of the Punjab; I append (No. 5) a translation of the Nehrwalla conqueror's inscription, which will prove beyond a doubt that these JIT princes of SALPOORI in the Punjab, were the leaders of that very colony of





the YUTI from the Jaxartes, who in the fifth century, as recorded by De Guignes, crossed the Indus and possessed themselves of the Punjab; and strange to say, have again risen to power, for the Sikhs (*disciples*) of Nanuk are almost all of Jit origin.

(Note 3).—Here this Jit is called of SARYA SACHA, *branch* or *ramification* of the *Saryas*: a very ancient race which is noticed by the genealogists synonymously with the SARIASPA, one of the thirty-six royal races, and very probably the same as the SARWYA of the Komarpal Charitra, with the distinguished epithet "the flower of the martial races" (*Sarwya cshatrya tyn Sar*).

(Note 4).—"The fortress of Takshac." Whether this TAKSHAC-NAGARI, or castle of the Tak, is the stronghold of SALPOORI, or the name given to a conquest in the environs of the place, whence this inscription, we can only surmise, and refer the reader to what has been said of Takitpoora. As I have repeatedly said, the Taks and Jits are one race.

(Note 5).—As the Jits intermarried with the Yadus at this early period, it is evident they had forced their way amongst the thirty-six royal races, though they have again lost this rank. No Rajpoot would give a daughter to a Jit, or take one from them to wife.

(Note 6).—Salichandra is the sixth in descent from the first-named prince, JIT SALINDRA, allowing twenty-two years to each descent=132—S. 597, date of ins.—S. 465—56=A. D. 409; the period of the colonization of the Punjab by the Getes, Yuti, or Jits, from the Jaxartes.

## No. II.

Translation of an inscription in the Nail-headed character relative to the Jit race, discovered at Ram Chundrapoora, six miles east of Boondie, in digging a well. It was thence conveyed, and deposited by me in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society.

To my foe, salutation! This foe of the race of JIT, CATHIDA (1), how shall I describe, who is resplendent by the favour of the round bosom of ROODRANI (2), and whose ancestor, the warrior TUKHYA (3), formed the garland on the neck of Mahadeva. Better than this foe on the earth's surface, there is none; therefore to him I offer salutation. The sparkling gems on the coronets of kings irradiate the nail of his foot.

Of the race of BOTENA (4) RAJA THOT was born; his fame expanded through the universe.

Pure in mind, strong in arm, and beloved by mankind, such was CHANDRASEN (5). How shall he be described, who broke the strength of his foe, on whom when his sword swims in fight, he appears like a magician. With his subjects he interchanged the merchandize of liberality, of which he reaped the fruits. From him whose history is fair, was born KRITIKA, the deeds of whose arm were buds of renown, forming a necklace of praise in the eyes of mankind. His queen was dear to him as his own existence—how can she be described? As the flame is inseparable from the fire, so was she from her lord—she was the light issuing from the sun—her name GOON-NEWASA (6), and her actions corresponded with her name. By her he had two sons, like gems set in bracelets, born to please mankind. The eldest was named SOOKUNDA, the younger DERUKA. Their fortunes consumed their foes: but their dependents enjoyed happiness. As the flowers of Calp-vricsha is beloved by the gods, so are these brothers by their subjects, granting their requests, and increasing the glory of the race whence they sprung.—(A useless descriptive stanza left out.)



DERUKA had a son, KUHLA, and his was DHUNIKA, whose deeds ascended high—who could fathom the intentions of mankind—whose mind was deep as the ocean—whose ever-hungry fauchion expelled from their mountains and forests the MEENA tribes, leaving them no refuge in the three worlds, levelling their retreats to the ground. His quiver was filled with crescent-formed arrows—his sword the climber (*vela*) (8), of which pearls are the fruit. With his younger brother Dewaka he reverences gods and Brahmins—and with his own wealth perfumed a sacrifice to the sun.

For the much-beloved's (his wife) pleasure this was undertaken. Now the river of ease, life and death, is crossed over, for this abode will devour the body of the foe, into which the west wind wafts the fragrant perfume from the sandal-covered bosom of Lacshmi (9); while from innumerable lotos the gale from the east comes laden with aroma, the hum of the bees as they hang clustering on the flowers of the *padhul* is pleasing to the ear.

So long as Soomeru stands on its base of golden sands, so long may this dwelling endure. So long as the wind blows on the *koonjeris* (10) supporters of the globe, while the firmament endures, or while Lacshmi (11) causes the palm to be extended, so long may his praise and this edifice be stable.

KUHLA (12) formed this abode of virtue, and east thereof a temple to Iswara. By Achil, son of the mighty prince YASOOVERMA (13), has its renown been composed in various forms of speech.

(Note 1.)—Qu. if this Jit is from (*da*, the mark of the genitive case) Cathay? the land of the *Catha* foes of Alexander, and probably of the Cathi of the Saurashtra peninsula, alike Scythic as the Jit, and probably the same race originally?

(Note 2.)—Roodrani, an epithet of the martial spouse of Harar-Siva, the god of war, whom the Jit in the preceding inscription invokes.

(Note 3.)—Here we have another proof of the Jit being of Takshac race: this at the same time has a mythological reference to the serpent (*takhya*), which forms the garland of the warlike divinities.

(Note 4.)—Of this race I have no other notice, unless it should mean the race (*cula*) was from *Butan*.

(Note 5.)—Chandrasen is celebrated in the history of the Pramaras as the founder of several cities, from two of which, *Chandrabhaga*, at the foot of the central plateau of India, in Northern Malwa, and CHANDRAVATI, the ruins of which I discovered at the foot of the Aravali-near Aboo, I possess several valuable memorials, which will, ere long, confirm the opinions I have given of the *Takshac* architect.

(Note 6.)—The havitation of virtues.

(Note 7.)—This shews these foresters always had the same character.

(Note 8.)—Vela is the climber or ivy, sacred to Mahadeva.

(Note 9.)—Lacshmi, the *apsara* or sea-nymph, is feigned residing amongst the waters of the lotos-covered lake. In the hot weather the Rajpoot ladies dip their corsets into an infusion of sandal-wood, hence the metaphor.

(Note 10.)—Koonjiris are the elephants who support the eight corners of the globe.

(Note 11.)—Lacshmi is also dame Fortune, or the goddess of riches, whence this image.

(Note 12.)—Kuhl is the fifth in descent from the *opponent* of the Jit.

(Note 13.)—Without this name this inscription would have been but of half its value. Fortunately various inscriptions on stone and copper, procured by me from Oojein, settled the era of the death of this prince in S. 1191, which will alike answer for Achil, his son, who was most likely one of the chieftains of KUHLA, who appears to have been of the elder branch of the Pramaras, the foe of the Jit invaders.



No. III.

Inscription in the Nail-headed character of the Mori Princes of Chestore, taken from a column on the banks of the lake Mansurwar, near that city.

By the lord of waters may thou be protected ! What is there which resembles the ocean ? on whose margin the red buds of honey-yielding trees are eclipsed, by swarms of bees, whose beauty expands with the junction of numerous streams. What is like the ocean, inhaling the perfume of the Paryata (1), who was compelled to yield as tribute, wine, wealth, and ambrosia (2) ? Such is the ocean !—may he protect thee.

Of a mighty gift, this is the memorial. This lake enslaves the minds of beholders, over whose expanse the varied feathered tribe skim with delight, and whose banks are studded with every kind of tree. Falling from the lofty-peaked mountain, enhancing the beauty of the scene, the torrent rushes to the lake. The mighty sea-serpent (3), overspent with toil in the churning of the ocean, repaired to this lake for repose.

On this earth's surface was Maheswara (4), a mighty prince, during whose sway the name of foe was never heard ; whose fortune was known to the eight quarters (5) ; on whose arm victory reclined for support. He was the light of the land. The praises of the race of TWASTHA (6) were determined by Brahma's own mouth.

Fair, filled with pride, sporting amidst the shoals of the lotos, is the swan fed by his hand, from whose countenance issue rays of glory ; such RAJA BHEEM (7), a skilful swimmer in the ocean of battle, even to where the Ganges pours in her flood (8) did he go, whose abode is *Avanti* (9). With faces resplendent as the moon, on whose lips yet marked with the wound of their husband's teeth, the captive wives of his foes, even in their hearts does Raja Bheem dwell. By his arm he removed the apprehensions of his enemies ; he considered them as errors, to be expunged. He appeared as if created of fire. He could instruct even the navigator (10) of the ocean.

From him was descended Raja Bhor (11). How shall he be described ; he, who in the field of battle divided with his sword the elephant's head, the pearl from whose brain (12) now adorns his breast ; who devours his foe as does RAHOO (13) the sun or moon, who to the verge of space erected edifices in token of victory.

From him was a son whose name was MAUN, who was surcharged with good qualities, and with whom fortune took up her abode. One day he met an aged man : his appearance made him reflect that his frame was as a shadow, evanescent ; that the spirit which did inhabit it was like the seed of the scented *Kadamba* (14) ; that the riches of royalty were brittle as a blade of grass ; and that man was like a lamp exposed in the light of day. Thus ruminating, for the sake of his race who had gone before him, and for the sake of good works, he made this lake, whose waters are expansive and depth unfathomable. When I look on this ocean-like lake, I ask myself, if it may not be this which is destined to cause the final doom. (15).

The warriors and chiefs of RAJA MAUN (16) are men of skill and valour—pure in their lives and faithful. RAJA MAUN is a heap of virtues—the chief who enjoys his favour may court all the



gifts of fortune. When the head is inclined on his lotus foot, the grain of sand which adheres becomes an ornament thereto. Such is the lake, shaded with trees, frequented by birds, which the man of fortune, SRIMAN RAJA MAUN, with great labour formed. By the name of its lord (*Maun*), that of the lake (*survur*) is known to the world. By him versed in the *alankara*, PUSHHA the son of NAGA BHUT, these stanzas have been framed. *Seventy had elapsed beyond seven hundred years (Samvatsir)*, when the lord of men, the KING OF MALWA (17) formed this lake. By SEVADIT, grandson of KHETRI KARUG, were these lines cut.

*Note 1.*—The Paryat is also called the Har-singar, or 'ornament of the neck,' its flowers made into collars and bracelets. Its aroma is very delicate, and the blossom dies in a few hours.

*Note 2.*—*Inrita*, the food of the imortals, obtained at the churning of the ocean. The contest for this amongst the gods and demons is well known. *Prishpati*, or Sookra, regent of the planet Venus, on this occasion lost an eye; and hence this Polyphemus has left the nickname of *Sookr-acharya* to all who have but one eye.

*Note 3.*—His name *Matoli*

*Note 4.*—A celebrated name in the genealogies of the TAKSHAC *Pramara*, of which the *Mori* is a conspicuous *Sacha* or branch. He was the founder of the city of *Maheswar*, on the southern bank of the Nerbudda, which commands the ford leading from *Avinti* and *Dhar* (the chief cities of the *Mori Pramaras*) to the Dekhan.

*Note 5.*—The ancient Hindu divided his planisphere into eight quarters, on which he placed the Koonjerries or elephants, for its support.

*Note 6.*—TWASTHA, or Takshac, is the celebrated *Nagvansa* of antiquity. All are *Agniculas*. Cheetore, if erected by the Takshac artist, has a right to the appellation. Herbert has so singularly assigned it, *viz. Tacsila* built by the Tak; it would be the *Tak-silla-nagar*, the 'stone fort of the Takshac,' alluded to in No. I.

*Note 7.*—Raja Bheem, the lord of *Avanti* or Oojein, the king of Malwa, is specially celebrated in the Jain annals. A son of his led a numerous colony into Marwar, and founded many cities between the Looni river and the Aravali mountains. *All became proselytes to the Jain faith*, and their descendants, who are amongst the wealthiest and most numerous of these mercantile sectarians, are proud of their Rajpoot descent; and it tells when they are called to responsible offices, when they handle the sword as well as the pen.

*Note 8.*—*Ganga-Sagar*, or the Island at the mouth of the Ganges, is specified by name as the limit of Bheem's conquests. His memoria may yet exist even there.

*Note 9.*—*Avanti-Nath*, Lord of *Avanti* or Oojein.

*Note 10.*—*Paryataca*, a navigator.

*Note 11.*—Raja BHOJ. There is no more celebrated name than this in the annals and literature of the Rajpoots; but there were three princes of the *Pramara* race who bore it. The period of the last Raja Bhoj, father of Udyadit, is now fixed, by various inscriptions discovered by me, A. D. 1035, and the dates of the two others I had from a leaf of a very ancient Jain MS., obtained at the temple of Nadole, *viz.* S. 631 and 721, or A. D. 575 and 665. Abulfazil gives the period of the first Bhoj as S. 545; but, as we find that valuable MS. of the period of the last BHOJ confirmed by the date of this inscription of his son MAUN, *viz.* S. 770, we may put perfect confidence in it, and now consider the periods of the three, *viz.* S. 631, 721, and 1091—A. D. 567, 665, and 1035—as fixed points in Rajpoot chronology.

*Note 12.*—In the head of that class of elephants called *Bhadra*, the Hindoo says, there is always a large pearl.

*Note 13.*—The monster Rahoo of the Rajpoot, who swallows the sun and moon, causing eclipses, is *Fenris*, the wolf of the Scandinavians. The *Asi* carried the same ideas West, which they taught within the Indus.

*Note 14.*—*Kadama* is a very delicate flower, that decays almost instantaneously.

*Note 15.*—*Maha-pralaya*!



*Note 16.*—The MS. annals of the Rana's family state that their founder, Bappa, conquered Cheetore from MAUN MORI. This inscription is therefore invaluable as establishing the era of the conquest of Cheetore by the Ghelotes, and which was immediately following the first irruption of the arms of Islam, as rendered in the annals of Mewar.

*Note 17.*—As RAJA MAUN is called *King of Malwa*, it is evident that Cheetore had superseded both Dhar and Avanti as the seat of power. A palace of *Maun Mori* is still shewn as one of the antiquities in Cheetore.

#### No. IV.

Inscription in the Devanagari character, discovered in January 1822 in Puttun Somnath, on the coast of the Saurashtra Peninsula, fixing the era of the sovereigns of BALABHI, the '*Balhara kings of Nehrwalla*.'

Adoration to the Lord of all, to the light of the universe, (1) Adoration to the form indescribable; Him! at whose feet all kneel.

In the year of Mohummud 662, and in that of Vicrama 1320, and that of Srimad Balabhi 945, and the Siva-Singa Samvat 151, Sunday, the 13th (*badi*) of the month Asar.

The chiefs of Anhulpoor Patun obeyed by numerous princes (here a string of titles), Bhataric Srimad Arjuna Deva, (3) of Chauluc race, his minister Sri Maldeva, with all the officers of government, together with *Hormuz of Belacool*, of the government of *Ameer Rookn-oo-Din*, and of *Khvaja Ibrahim of Hormuz*, son of the Admiral (*Nakhoda*) *Noor-oo-Din Feeroz*, together with the CHAURA chieftains Palookdeva, Ranik Sri Someswadeva, Ramdeva, Bheemsing, and all the Chauras and other tribes of rank being assembled;

NANSI RAJA, of the Chaura race, inhabiting *Deo Puttun* (5), assembling all the merchants, established ordinances for the repairs and the support of the temples, in order that flowers, oil, and water should be regularly supplied to *Rutna-iswara* (6) *Choul-iswara* (7), and the shrine of *Pulinda Devi* (8), and the rest, and for the purpose of erecting a wall round the temple of Somnath with a gateway to the north. Keelndeo son of Modula, and Loonsi son of Johan, both of the Chaura race, together with the two merchants, Balji and Kurna, bestowed the weekly profits of the market for this purpose. While sun and moon endure, let it not be resumed. Feeroz is commanded to see this order obeyed, and that the customary offerings on festivals are continued and that all surplus offerings and gifts be placed in the treasury for the purposes afore-named. The Chaura chiefs present, and the Admiral Noor-oo-Din, are commanded to see these orders executed on all classes. Heaven will be the lot of the obedient; hell to the breaker of this ordinance.

(*Note 1.*)—The invocation, which was long, has been omitted by me. But this is sufficient to shew that BAL-NATH, the deity worshipped in PUTTUN SOMNATH, '*the city of the lord of the Moon*,' was the sun-god *Bal*. Hence the title of the dynasties which ruled this region, BAL-CA-RAE, '*the princes of Bal*,' and hence the capital BALICAPOOR, '*the city of the sun*,' familiarly written *Balabhi*, whose ruins, as well as this inscription, rewarded a long journey. The Rana's ancestors, the *Suryas*, or 'sun-worshippers,' gave their name to the peninsula Saurashtra, or Syria, and the dynasties of CHAURA, and CHAULUC, or SOLANKI, who succeeded them on their expulsion by the Parthians, retained the title of BALICARAE, corrupted by Renaudot's Arabian travellers into *BALHARA*.





(Note 2.) The importance of the discovery of the *new eras* has already been descanted on in the annals, S. 1320—945, the date of this inscription—375 of Vicrama for the first of the Balabhi era; and 1320—151 gives S. 1169 for the establishment of the *Sivasinga* era—established by the Gohils of the island of Deo, of whom I have another memorial, dated 927 Balabhi Samvat. The Gohils, Chauras, and Gehlotes, are all of one stock.

(Note 3.)—Arjuna-Deva, *Chaluc*, was prince of Anhulpoor or Anhulwarra, founded by Vanraj Chaura in S. 802—henceforth the capital of the Balica-raes after the destruction of Balabhi.

(Note 4.)—This evinces that Anhulwarra was still the emporium of commerce which the travellers of Renaudot and Edrisi describe.

(Note 5.)—From this it is evident that the Islandic Deo was a dependent fief of Anhulwarra.

(Note 6.)—The great temple of Somnath.

(Note 7.)—The tutelary divinity of the Chauluc race.

(Note 8.)—The goddess of the Bhil tribes.

---

## No. V.

### Inscription from the ruins of Aitpoor.

In Samvatsir 1034, the 16th of the month Bysak, was erected this dwelling\* of Nanukswami.

From Anundpoor came he of Brahmin † race (may he flourish), Muhce Deva Sri Goha Dit, from whom became famous on the earth the Gohil tribe

2. Bhoj.

3. Mahindra.

4. Naga.

5. Syeela.

6. Aprajit.

7. Mahindra, no equal as a warrior did then exist on the earth's surface.

8. Kalbhoj was resplendent as the sun; ‡

9. Khoman, an unequalled warrior; from him

10. Bhirtirpad, the Tiluk of the three worlds; and from whom was

11. Singji; whose Ranee Maha Lakmee, of the warlike race of Rashtra (Rahtore,) and from her was born:

12. Sri Ullut. To him who subdued the earth and became its lord, was born Haria Devi: her praise was known in Hurspoora; and from her was born a mighty warrior in whose arm victory reposed; the Khetri of the field of battle, who broke the confederacy of his foes, and from the tree of whose fortune riches were the fruit: an altar of learning; from him was

13. Nirvahana. By the daughter of Sri Jaijah, of Chauhana race, was born

14. Salvahana.

Such were their (the princes whose names are given) fortunes which I have related. From him was born

---

\* Aitun.

† Vipra cula.

‡ Ark.





15. Sacti Koomar. How can he be described?—He who conquered all, made his own the three qualifications (*sacti*)\* whose fortunes equalled those of Bhirtpad. A the abode of wealth Sri Aitpoor, which he had made his dwelling, surrounded by a crowd of princes; the *kulpdroom* to his people; whose foot-soldiers are many; with vaults of treasure—whose fortunes have ascended to heaven—whose city derives its beauty from the intercourse of merchants; and in which there is but one single evil, the killing darts from the bright eyes of beauty, carrying destruction to the vassals of the prince.

---

No. VI.

Inscription of Kumar Pal Solanki, in the Mindra of Brimha, in Cheetore, recording his conquest of Salpoori, in the Punjab.

To him who takes delight in the abode of waters; from whose braided locks ambrosial drops continually descend; even this Mahadeva, may he protect thee!

He of Chaulac tribe, having innumerable gems of ancestry, flowing from a sea of splendour, was Moolraj, sovereign of the earth.

What did he resemble, whose renown was bright as a fair sparkling gem, diffusing happiness and ease to the sons of the earth? Many mighty princes there were of his line; but none before had made the great sacrifice.

Generations after him in the lapse of many years, was Sid Raj, a name known to the world; whose frame was encased in the riches of victory, and whose deeds were sounded over the curtain of the earth; and who, by the fire of his own frame and fortune, heaped up unconsumable wealth.

After him was Kumar Pal Deo. What was he like, who by the strength of his invincible mind crushed all his foes; whose commands the other sovereigns of the earth placed on their foreheads; who compelled the lord of Sacambhari to bow at his feet; who in person carried his arms to Sewaluk, making the mountain lords to bow before him, even in the city of Salpoori!

On the mountain Chutterkote.....are the lord of men, in sport placed this [writing] amidst the abode of the gods: even on its pinnacle did he place it. Why? That it might be beyond the reach of the hands of fools!

As Nisa-Nath, the lord who rules the night, looking on the faces of the fair Kaminis below, feels envious of their fairness, and ashamed of the dark spots on his own countenance, even so does Chutterkote blush at seeing this (Prasishita) on her pinnacle.

*Samvat 1207, (month and day broken off.)*

---

\* 1. Pribhoo. }  
2. Ootchha. } Three Sactis.  
3. Muntri. }



No. VII.

Inscriptions on copper-plates found at Nadole relative to the Chohan princes.

The treasury of knowledge of the Almighty (JINA) (1) cuts the knots and intentions of mankind. Pride, conceit, desire, anger, avarice. It is a partition to the three\* worlds. Such is MAHAVIRA;† may he grant thee happiness!

In ancient times the exalted race of Chohan had sovereignty to the bounds of ocean; and in NADOLE swayed Lachman, Raja. He had a son named LOHIA (2); and his BULRAJ (3), his VIGRAHA PAL (4); from him sprung MAHINDRA DEVA (5); his son was SRI ANHULA (6), the chief amongst the princes of his time, whose fortunes were known to all. His son was SRI BAL PRESAD (7); but having no issue, his younger brother, JAIR RAJ (8), succeeded. His son was PRITHWI PAL (9), endued with strength and fiery qualities; but he having no issue, was succeeded by his younger brother JUL (10); he by his brother MAUN RAJA (11), the abode of fortune. His son was ALAN-DEVA ‡ (12). When he mounted the throne, he reflected this world was a fable: that this frame, composed of unclean elements, of flesh, blood, and dust, was brought to existence in pain. Versed in the books of faith, he reflected on the evanescence of youth, resembling the scintillation of the fire-fly § ?; that riches were as the dew-drop on the lotus-leaf, for a moment resembling the pearl, but soon to disappear. Thus meditating, he commanded his servants, and sent them forth to his chieftains, to desire them to bestow happiness on others, and to walk in the paths of faith.

In Samvat 1218, in the month of Sawun the 29th,|| performing the sacrifice to fire, and pouring forth libations to the dispeller of darkness, he bathed the image of the omniscient, the lord of things which move and are immovable, Sudasiva, with the *panch-amrit*,¶ and made the gifts of gold, grain, and clothes to his spiritual teacher, preceptor, and the Brahmins, to their heart's desire. Taking *til* in his hand, with rings on his finger of the *cusa* (grass), holding water and rice on the palm of his hand, he made a gift of five *moodras* monthly in perpetuity to the *Sandera Gatcha*\*\* for saffron, sandal-wood, and ghee for the service of the temple of MAHAVIRA in the white market (*mandra*) of the town. Hence this copper-plate. This charity which I have bestowed will continue as long as the SANDERA GATCHA exist to receive, and my issue to grant it.

To whoever may rule hereafter I touch their hands, that it may be perpetual. Whoever bestows charity will live sixty thousand years in heaven; whoever resumes it, the like in hell!

Of Pragvayansa,†† his name Dhurnidhur, his son Kurmchund being minister, and the *sastri* Munorut Ram, with his sons Visala and Sridhara, by writing this inscription made his name resplendent. By SRI ALAN's own hand was this copper-plate bestowed. Samvat 1218.

\* Tribhuvan-loca; or patala, Mirtha, Swerga.

† Mahavira, to whom the temple was thus endowed by the Chohan prince, follower of Siva, was the last of the twenty-four *Jinas*, or apostles of the Jains.

‡ The prince being the twelfth from Lachman, allowing twenty-two years to a reign 264—1218; date of inscription, S. 954, or A.D. 898, the period of Lachman.

§ *Kudhota*.

|| *Sadi chendur*.

¶ Milk, curds, clarified butter, honey, butter, and sugar.

\*\* One of eighty-four divisions of Jain tribes.

†† Poorval, a branch of the Oswal race of Jain laity.





TREATY between the Honourable the English East-India Company and Maharana Bheem Sing, Rana of Oudeepoor, concluded by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe on the part of the Honourable Company, in virtue of full powers granted by his Excellency the Most Noble the Marquis of Hastings, K. G., Governor-General, and by Thakoor Ajeet Sing on the part of the Maharana, in virtue of full powers confirmed by the Maharana aforesaid.

*First Article.*—There shall be perpetual friendship, alliance, and unity of interests between the two states, from generation to generation and the friends and enemies of one shall be the friends and enemies of both.

*Second Article.*—The British Government engages to protect the principality and territory of Oudeepoor.

*Third Article.*—The Maharana of Oudeepoor will always act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and acknowledge its supremacy, and will not have any connexion with other chiefs or states.

*Fourth Article.*—The Maharana of Oudeepoor will not enter into any negotiation with any chief or state without the knowledge and sanction of the British Government; but his usual amicable correspondence with friends and relations shall continue.

*Fifth Article.*—The Maharana of Oudeepoor will not commit aggressions upon any one; and if by accident a dispute arise with any one, it shall be submitted to the arbitration and award of the British Government.

*Sixth Article.*—One-fourth of the revenue of the actual territory of Oudeepoor shall be paid annually to the British Government as tribute for five years; and after that term three-eighths in perpetuity. The Maharana will not have connexion with any other power on account of tribute, and if any one advance claims of that nature, the British Government engages to reply to them.

*Seventh Article.*—Whereas the Maharana represents that portions of the dominions of Oudeepoor have fallen, by improper means, into the possession of others, and solicits the restitution of those places; the British Government from a want of accurate information is not able to enter into any positive engagement on this subject; but will always keep in view the renovation of the prosperity of the state of Oudeepoor, and after ascertaining the nature of each case, will use its best exertions for the accomplishment of the object, on every occasion on which it may be proper to do so. Whatever places may thus be restored to the state of Oudeepoor by the aid of the British Government, three-eighths of their revenues shall be paid in perpetuity to the British Government.

*Eighth Article.*—The troops of the state of Oudeepoor shall be furnished according to its means, at the requisition of the British Government.

*Ninth Article.*—The Maharana of Oudeepoor shall always be absolute ruler of its own country, and the British jurisdiction shall not be introduced into that principality.

207





## APPENDIX.

639

*Tenth Article.*—The present treaty of ten articles having been concluded at Diblee, and signed and sealed by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe and Thakoor Ajeet Sing Buhadoo, the ratifications of the same, by his Excellency the Most Noble the Governor-General, and Maharana Bheem Sing, shall be mutually delivered within a month from this date.

Done at Diblee, this thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1818.

(Signed) C. T. METCALFE, (L.S.)  
THAKOORAJEET SING, (L.S.)

---

END OF VOL. I.

---

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY G. C. DE, AT THE NEW SANSKRIT PRESS.