

would appear incongruous, were not gain the object generally in both cases. It was the sanctity of their office which converted our *bardais* into *bunjarris*, for their persons being sacred, the immunity extended likewise to their goods, and saved them from all imposts ; so that in process of time they became the free-traders of Raipootana. I was highly gratified with the reception I received from the community, which collectively advanced to me at some distance from the town. The procession was headed by the village-band, and all the fair Charunis, who, as they approached, gracefully waved their *serafs* over me, until I was fairly made captive by the *muses* of Murlah ! It was a novel and interesting scene : the manly persons of the Charuns, clad in the flowing white robe, with the high loose folded turban inclined on one side, from which the *mala*, or chaplet, was gracefully suspended ; the *naiques*, or leaders, with their massive necklaces of gold, with the image of the *pitriswar* (manes) depending therefrom, gave the whole an air of opulence and dignity. The females were uniformly attired in a skirt of dark brown camlet, having a bodice of light-coloured stuff, with gold ornaments worked into their fine black hair ; and all had the favourite *chooris*, or rings of *hati-dant* (elephant's tooth), covering the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, and even above it. Never was there a noble subject for the painter in any age or country ; it was one which Salvator Rosa would have seized, full of picturesque contrasts : the rich dark tints of the female attire harmonizing with the white garments of their husband ; but it

was the mien, the expression, the gestures, denoting that though they paid homage they expected a full measure in return. And they had it : for if ever there was a group which bespoke respect for the natural dignity of man and his consort, it was the Charun community of Murlah.

It was not until the afternoon, which the *naiques* again came to see me at my camp, that I learned the full value of my escape from the silken bonds of the fair Charunis. This community had enjoyed for five hundred years the privilege of making prisoner any Rana of Mewar who may pass through Murlah, and keeping him in bondage until he gives them a *gote*, or entertainment : and their chains are neither galling, nor the period of captivity, being thus in the hands of the *captivated*, very long. The patriarch told me that I was in jeopardy, as the Rana's representative ; but not knowing how I might have relished the joke, had it been carried to its conclusion, they let me escape, though they lost a feast by it. But I told them I was too much delighted with old customs not to keep up this ; and immediately sent money to the ladies with my respect, and a request that they would hold their *gote* (feast). The patriarch and his subordinate *naiques* and their sons remained with me to discourse on the olden time.

The founders of this little colony accompanied Rana Hamir from Guzerat in the early part of his reign, and although five centuries have elapsed, they have not parted with one iota of their nationality or their privileges since that period : neither in person, manners, or dress, have they any

thing analogous to those amidst whom they dwell. Indeed, their air is altogether foreign to India, and although they have attained a place, and that a high one, amongst the tribes of Hind, their affinity to the ancient Persian is striking; the loose robe, high turban, and flowing beard, being more akin to the figures on the temples of the Guebres than to any thing appertaining to the *Charburrin*, or four classes of the Hindus. But I must give the tale accounting for their settlement in Mewar. Rana Hamir, so celebrated in the history of Mewar, had a leprous spot on his hand, to remove which he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Hinglaz, upon the coast of Mekran, the division *Orite* of Arrain's geography. He had reached the frontiers of Cutch Bhooj, when alighting near a *tanda*, or encampment of Charuns, a young damsel abandoned the meal she was preparing, and stepped forward to hold the stranger's steed. Thanking her for her courtesy, he jocosely observed that he wished his people had as good a breakfast as she was preparing, when she immediately made an offering of the contents of the vessel; on which Hamir observed, it would go but a short way to satisfy so many hungry mouths. "Not if it pleased Hinglaz-ji," she promptly replied; and placing the food before the Rana and his train, it sufficed for all their wants. A little well, which she excavated in the sand, was soon filled with a copious supply of water, which served to quench their thirst. It was an evident interposition of the goddess of Hinglaz in favour of this her royal votary. He returned from her shrine cured, and the young Charuni's family were induced to

accompany him to Mewar, where he bestowed upon them the lands of Murlah, with especial immunities in their mercantile capacity: and as a perpetual remembrance of the miraculous feast, permission was granted to the Charuni damsels to make captive of their sovereign as related above.

The colony, which now consists of some thousands of both sexes, presented an enigma to your young Englishmen, who think "all black fellows alike," and equally beneath notice: it was remarked how comfortable they looked in house and person, though there was not a vestige of cultivation around their habitations. The military policy of the troubled period accounts for the first; and a visit to the altars of Murlah will furnish the cause of the neglect of the agrarian laws of Mewar. As the community increased in numbers, the subdivision of the lands continued, according to the customs of Cutch, until a dispute regarding limits produced a civil war. A ferocious combat ensued, when the wives of the combatants who were slain ascended the funeral pile; and to prevent a similar catastrophe, imprecated a curse on whom-ever from that day should cultivate a field in Murlah; since which the land has lain in absolute sterility! Such is the implicit reverence for the injunction of a *sati*, at this moment of awful inspiration, when about to make leave of the world. In Mewar, the most solemn of all oaths is that of the *sati*. *Maha satian-ca-an*, 'by the great *satis*,' is an adjuration frequently used in the royal patents.

* The *tanda* or caravan, consisting of four thousand bullocks, has been kept up amidst

all the evils which have beset this land, through Mogul and Mahratta tyranny. The utility of these caravans, as general carriers to conflicting armies, and as regular tax-paying subjects, has proved their safe-guard, and they were too strong to be pillaged by any petty marauder, as any one who has seen a Bunjarri encampment will be convinced. They encamp in a square; their grain-bags piled over each other breast-high, with interstices left for their matchlocks, make no contemptible fortification. Even the ruthless Toork, Jemshid Khan, set up a protecting table in favour of the Charuns of Murlah, recording their exemption from *dind* contributions, and that there should be no increase in duties, with threats to all who should injure the community. As usual, the sun and moon are appealed to as witnesses of good faith, and sculptured on the stone. Even the forester Bhil and mountain Mair have set up their signs of immunity and protection to the chosen of Hinglaz; and the figures of a cow and its *kairie* (calf), carved in rude relief, speak the agreement that they should not be slain or stolen within the limits of Mnrlah.

Neembaira: seven miles.—The soil, as usual, excellent; but from Ranikhaira to Neembaira the blue schist at intervals penetrates the surface, and there is but little superincumbent soil even to the bed of the stream, which makes an entire disclosure of the rock, over which flows a clear rivulet abounding with small fish, amongst which the speckled trout were visible. Ranikhaira, through which we passed, is the largest township of this district, and was

built by the Rani of Ursi Rana, mother of the present ruler of Mewar, at whose expense the temple, the *bawari* or 'reservoir,' and the paved street, were constructed. Although in the alienated territory, I had a vizit from its elders to complain of an indignity to the community by the *bungi*, or scavenger, of Laisrawun, who had killed a hog and thrown it into the reservoir, whose polluted waters being thus rendered unfit for use, the inhabitants were compelled to get a purer element from the adjacent villages. This *bawari* is about half a mile from the town, and being upon the high-way, the council and train very wisely stopped at the spot where the aggression had happened: and although the cavalcade of the Hakima of Neembaira was in sight, advancing to welcome me, it was impossible to proceed until I heard the whole grievance, when adjured by "subjects of Mewar, and children of the Rana, though unhappily under the Toork," to see their wrongs redressed. I might not have recorded this incident, but for its consequence; as the hog thrown into the reservoir of *Bæji-Raj*, 'the royal mother' of Mewar, affords an instance of the extent to which mortgage is carried.

The *Buhingis*, or scavengers, of Ranikhaira, the very refuse of mankind, had mortgaged their rights in the *dead carcasses* of their town to a professional brother of Laisrawun; but, on the return of these halcyon days, they swerved from their bond. The chieftain of Laisrawun espoused his vassal's cause, and probably pointed out the mode of revenge. One morning, therefore, not having the fear of Jemshid of Neembaira before his eyes, the said motga-

gee slew his pig; and, albeit but the wreck of a human being, contrived to cast his victim into the pure fountain of 'Queens-town;' and immediately fled for *sirna* to Bheendir. But what could be done to a wretch, who for former misdeeds had already suffered the dismemberment of an arm, a leg, and his nose? Here is the sentence! "To be paraded, mounted on an ass, his face blackened, with a chaplet of shoes round his neck, and drummed out of the limits of Ranikhaira!" The fountain is now undergoing purification; and when the polluted waters are baled out, it is to be lustrated with the holy stream of the Ganges, and the ceremony will conclude with a *gote*, or feast, to one hundred Brahmins. Previous to this, I took a peep at the humble altars of Ranikhaira. All is modern; but there is one tablet which pleasingly demonstrates that both public feeling and public gratitude exist in these regions. This tablet, set up by the council of the town, recorded that Kistna, the '*silpi*' or stone-cutter, did at his own expense and labour repair all the altars then going to decay; for which pious act they guaranteed to him and his successors for ever six *thalis* or platters of various viands, saffron, oil, butter, and several pieces of money, at every village *fete*. Doubtless such traits are not confined to Ranikhaira. I accepted with kindness the offerings of the elders and assembled groupes—a pot of curds and sundry blessings—and continued my journey to meet the impatient cavaliers of Neembaira, who, to fill up the interlude, were *karowling*, with matchlock and spear, their well-caparisoned charges. The Khan was in the centre of

the groupe, and we had a friendly, uncere-monious *dustabazee*, or shaking of hands, without dismounting. He is a gentlemanly Pathan, of middle age, courteous and affable, and a very different personage from the *two-handed* Jemshid his predecessor, who lately died from a cancer in his back: a judgment, if we are to credit our Mewar friends, for his horrible cruelties and oppressions over all these regions, as lieutenant of Ameer Khan during many years. The Khan welcomed me to Neembaira with true Oriental *politesse* saying, "that the place was mine;" and that he had received the "positive instructions of the Nawab Sahib (Ameer-Khan, whose son-in-law he is) to look upon me as himself." I replied, that, in accepting such a trust, I could not say more than that I would, whenever occasion presented itself, act for him as if Neembaira were really my own. The Khan had reason to find that his confidence was not misplaced; and while enabled to benefit him, I had also the opportunity of protecting the interests of the feudatories, who by this alienation (as is fully related in the Annals of Mewar) were placed beyond the pale of the Rana's power. The Khan, after accompanying me to my tents, took leave; but paid me a long visit in the evening, when we discussed all that concerned the welfare of his charge and the peace of the borders. As matters stand, it is duty to conciliate and to promote prosperity; but it is melancholy to see this fertile appanage of Mewar in the hand of so consummate a villain as Meer Khan; a traitor to his master Holcar, for which he obtained the 'sovereignty in perpetuity' of many rich tracts both in Mewar

and Amber, without rendering the smallest service in return. Let this be borne in mind when another day of reckoning comes. Neembaira is a considerable town, with an excellent stone circumvallation ; and, being on

the high road between Malwa and Hindusthan, it enjoys a good share of traffic. Upwards of one hundred villages are attached to it, and it was estimated at three lakhs of rupees, of annual rent.

CHAPTER IV.

The Pathar or Table-land of Central India.—View from thence.—Project of a canal.—Its advantages to Mewar.—Utility of further works to the people.—Traces of supersition in the Pathar.—Temple of Sookhdeo.—The Dyte-ca-har, or ‘Giant’s bone.’—The Vira-jhamp, or ‘Warrior’s Leap.’—Proprietorship of the Pathar.—Its products.—The poppy.—Pernicious effects of its increased cultivation.—Account of the introduction and mode of culture of opium.—Original spot of its cultivation.—The manufacture of opium kept pace with the depopulation of Mewar.—Process of cultivation, and of manufacture.—Its fluctuation of price.—Adulterated opium of Khantul.—Evil consequence of the use of opium.—Duty of the paramount power to restrict the culture.—Practicability of such a measure.—Distribution of crops.—Impolicy of the government in respect to the opium monopoly.

Kunairoh, February 13th, nine miles.—A new feature in the face of Mewar was this day disclosed to us. At the termination of our short march, we ascended the Pathar, or plateau of Central India, the grand natural rampart defending Mewar on the east. As we approached it, the level line of its crest, so distinct from the pin-nacled Aravulli, at once proclaimed it to be

a table-land, or rock of the secondary formation. Although its elevation is not above four hundred feet from its western base, the transition is remarkable, and it presents from the summit one of the most diversified scenes, whether in a moral, political, or picturesque point of view, that I ever beheld. From this spot the mind’s eye embraces at once all the grand theatres

of the history of Mewar. Upon our right lays Cheetore, the palladium of Hinduism; on the west, the gigantic Aravulli, enclosing the new capital, and the shelter of her heroes; here, at our feet, or within view, all the alienated lands now under the 'barbarian Toork' or Mahratta, as Jawud, Jeerun, Neemuch, Neembaira, Kheyri, Ruttengurh. What associations, what aspirations, does this scene conjure up to one who feels as a Rajpoot for this fair land! The rich flat we have passed over—a space of nearly seventy English miles from one table-range to the other—appears as a deep basin, fertilized by numerous streams, fed by huge reservoirs in the mountains, and studded with towns, which once were populous, but are for the most part now in ruins, though the germ of incipient prosperity is just appearing. From this height I condensed all my speculative ideas on a very favourite subject—the formation of a canal to unite the ancient and modern capitals of Mewar, by which her soil might be made to return a tenfold harvest, and famine be shut out for ever from her gates. My eye embraced the whole line of the Bairis, from its outlet at the *Oodisagur*, to its passage within a mile of Cheetore, and the benefit likely to accrue from such a work appeared incalculable. What new ideas would be opened to the Rajpoot, on seeing the trains of oxen, which now creep slowly along with merchandize for the capital, exchanged for boats gliding along the canal; and his fields, for many miles on each side, irrigated by lateral cuts, instead of the creaking *Egyptian* wheel, as it is called, but which is indigenous to India! If the

reader will turn to the map, he will perceive the great facilities for such an undertaking. He will there see two grand reservoirs within six miles of each other, the Peshola, or internal lake, having an elevation of eighty feet above the external one, the *Oodisagur*, whose outlet forms the *Bairis* river; but for which the valley of the capital would be one wide lake, and which, for want of proper regulation, once actually submerged a third of it. The Peshola may be called the parent of the other, although it is partly fed by the minor lake at the villa of *Suhailea-ca-bari*. Both are from twelve to fourteen miles in circumference, in some places thirty-five feet deep, and being fed by the perennial streams from the Aravulli, they contain a constant supply of water. From the external lake to Cheetore, the fall is so slight that few locks would be required; and the soil being a yielding one throughout, the expense of the undertaking would be moderate. There is plenty of material in the neighbouring hills and forests, and by furnishing occupation for the wild population, the work would tend not a little to reclaim them. But where are the means? With this difficulty, and the severe blow to our incipient prosperity in this untimely frost, our schemes dissipate like the mist of the morning. But I cannot relinquish the conviction that the undertaking, if executed, would not only enable the Rana to pay his tribute, but to be more merciful to his subjects, for whose welfare it is our chief duty to labour.*

* Even now, as I transcribe this from my journal, I would almost (when 'The Annals' are finished) risk

The summit of the Pathar has a fertile soil, well-watered and well wooded, and producing the mango, mhowa, and neem; and were the appearance of the crops a criterion, we should say it was equal in fertility to the best part of Mewar. In ancient inscriptions, the term *Oopermal* is applied, as well as *Pathar*, to this marked feature in the geological structure of Central India: the first being rendered exactly by the German *oberland*; the other signify 'flat' or table-land.

In the indented recesses of this elevated land, which covers an immense portion of Central India, there are numerous spots of romantic beauty which enthusiasm has not failed to identify with religious associations. Wherever there is a deep glen, a natural fountain, or a cascade, the traveller will infallibly discover some traces of the 'Great God' (Mahadeva) of the Hindus, the creator and destroyer of life.

By the stupidity of my guide, and the absence of the indefatigable Balgovind, my Brahmin antiquarian pioneer, I lost the opportunity of seeing the shrine of Sookhdeo, situated in a dark cleft of the rock, not two miles from the pass where I ascended. In excuse, he said he thought, as my camp was near, that it would be easy to descend to the shrine of the 'ease-giving' god, Sookhdeo (from *sookh*, 'ease'); but *revocare gradum* was an evil which, added to the necessity of extracting all the information I could from some of the opium-growers in attendance, deterred me. The

a couple of years' residence in 'the happy valley,' where I scarcely ever enjoyed one day of health, to execute this and another favourite project—the re-opening of the tin-mines of Jawura.

abode of Sookhdeo is in a deep recess, well-wooded, with a cascade bursting from the rock near its summit, under a ledge of which the symbolic representative is enshrined. Around it are several *gophas* or caves of the anchorite devotees: but the most conspicuous object is a projecting ledge, named *Dyte-ca-har*, or 'Giant's-bone,' on which those who are in search of 'ease' jump from above. This is called the *Vira-jhamp*, or 'warrior's-leap,' and is made in fulfilment of vows either for temporal or future good. Although most of the leapers perish, some instances of escape are recorded. The love of offspring is said to be the principal motive to this pious act of saltation; and I was very gravely told of one poor woman, whose philoprogenitive bump was so great, that she vowed to take the leap herself with her issue; and such, says the legend, was her faith, that both escaped. A *taili*, or oilman, was the last jumper of Shookhdeo, and he was no less fortunate; to him the 'giant's-bone' was a bed of roses. So much for the faith of the oilman of Jawud! There are many such Leucotheas in this region of romance: that at Oonkar, on the Nerbudda, and the sacred mount Girnar, are the most celebrated.

Until the last sixty years, the whole of the plateau, as far as the Chumbul, belonged to Mewar; but all with the exception of Kuneroh, are now in the hands of Sindia. Kuneroh is the chief township of a small district of twenty-two villages, which, by the change of events, has fortunately reverted to the Rana, although it was not extricated from the grasp of the Mahrattas without some difficulty; it was taken first, and the



right of repossession argued afterwards. Would we had tried the same process with all the rest of the plateau; but unhappily they were rented to old Lalaji Bellal, a lover of order, and an ally of old Zalim Sing! But let me repeat, for the tenth time, that all these lands are only held by Sindia on mortgage for war-contributions, paid over and over again: and when an opportunity occurs, let this be a record, and the *Pathar* west of the Chumbul be restored to Mewar.

I was delighted to see that the crops of Kumeroh had only partially suffered from the ravages of the frost of the 3rd, 4th, to 25th, which extended over Malwa, and that although the *gram* was destroyed, the wheat, barley, sugar-cane, and poppy, were abundant and little injured; though we could have wished that the last-named pernicious plant, which is annually increasing all over these regions, had been sacrificed in lieu of the noble crops of vetches (*gram*).

That the culture of the poppy, to the detriment of more useful husbandry, is increasing to an extent which demands the strong hand of legislative restraint, must strike the most superficial observer in these regions. When the sumptuary laws of this patriarchal government were in force, a restraint was at the same time imposed on an improvident system of farming which, of course, affected the prince, whose chief revenues were derived from the soil; and one of the Agrarian laws of Mewar was, that there should be to each *charrus*, or skin of land, only one *beega* of opium, and the same quantity of cane, with the usual complement of corn. But the feverish excite-

ment produced by our monopoly of the drug has extended its culture in every direction, and even in tracts where hitherto it has never entered into their agricultural economy. Whatever, therefore, be the wisdom or policy of our interference in this matter, of the result there can be no doubt, *viz.* that it converted the agricultural *routinieres* into speculators and gamblers.

A slight sketch of the introduction and mode of culture of this drug, which has tended more to the physical and moral degradation of the inhabitants than the combined influence of pestilence and war, may not be without interest.

We are indebted to the commentaries of the imperial autobiographers, Baber, Akber, and Jehangir, for the most valuable information on the introduction of exotics into the horticultural economy of India; and we are proud to pay our tribute of applause to the illustrious house of Timeor, whose princes, though despots by birth and education, and albeit the bane of Rajpootana, we must allow, present a more remarkable succession of great characters, historians, statesmen, and warriors, than any cotemporaneous dynasty, in any region of the world.*

* In all the branches of knowledge which have reference to the comforts, the elegancies, and the luxuries of life, they necessarily bore away the palm from the Rajpoot, who was cooped up within the barriers of superstition. The court of Samarcand, with which the kings of Ferghana were allied, must have been one of the most brilliant in the world, for talents as well as splendour; and to all the hereditary instruction there imbibed, Baber, the conqueror of India, added that more useful and varied knowledge only to be acquired by travel, and constant intercourse with the world. When, therefore, his genius led him from 'the frosty Caucasus' into the plains of Hindusthan, the habit of observation and

Akber followed up the plans of Baber, and introduced the gardeners of Persia and Tartary, who succeeded with many of their fruits, as peaches, almonds (both indigenous to Rajpootana), pistachios, &c. To Jehangir's Commentaries we owe the knowledge that tobacco was introduced into India in his reign; but of the period when the poppy became an object of culture, for the manufacture of opium, we have not the least information. Whatever may be the antiquity of this drug, for medicinal uses, it may be asserted that its abuse is comparatively récent, or not more than three cen-

noting in a book, as set before him by Huzrut Tymoore, all that appeared novel, never escaped him; and in so marked a transition from the highlands of Central India to the region of the sun, his pen had abundant occupation. No production, whether in the animal or vegetable kingdom, which appeared different from his own, escaped notice in his book, which must be looked upon as one of the most remarkable contributions to literature ever made by royalty; for in no age or country will a work be found at once so comprehensive and so simple as the Commentaries of Baber; and this in a region where every thing is exaggerated. Whether he depicts a personal encounter, on which his life and prospects hinged, or a battle, which gave him the empire of India, all is in keeping: and when he relates the rewards he bestowed on Mir Mahomed Jaliban, his architect, for successfully executing his noble design of throwing a bridge over the Ganges, "before he had been three years sovereign of Hindusthan," and with the same simplicity records his own "introduction of melons and grapes into India," we are tempted to humiliating reflection on the magniloquence with which we paint our own few works of public good, and contrast them unfavourably with those of the Transoxianic monarch, not then twenty-five years of age! Nor let the reader who may be induced to take up the volume, fail to give homage to the translator,† whose own simple, yet varied and vigorous mind has transferred the very soul of Baber into his translation.

† William Erskine, Esq., of Blackburne.—who honours me with his friendship, and has stimulated my exertions to the task in which I am engaged, and another in which I trust to be engaged, some of the Books of the Poet Chund, so often alluded to in this work.

turies back. In none of the ancient heroic poems of Hindusthan is it ever alluded to. The guest is often mentioned in them as welcomed by the *munwar piala*, or 'cup of greeting,' but no where by the *uml-pari*, or 'infused opiate,' which has usurped the place of the *phool-ca-arrac*, or 'essence of flowers.' Before, however, the art of extracting the properties of the poppy, as at present, was practised, they used the opiate in its crudest form, by simply bruising the capsules, which they steeped a certain time in water, afterwards drinking the infusion, to which they give the name of *tejarro*, and not unfrequently *pos*, 'the poppy.' This practice still prevails in the remote parts of Rajpootana, where either ignorance of the more refined process, prejudice, or indolence, operates to maintain old habits.

The culture of opium was at first confined to the *do-abek*, or tract between the Chumbul and Sepra, from their sources to their junction; but although tradition has preserved the fact of this being the original poppy-nursery of Central India, it has long ceased to be the only place of the poppy's growth, it having spread not only throughout Malwa, but into various parts of Rajpootana, especially Mewar and Harouti. But though all classes, Koombis and Jats, Baniahs and Brahmins, try the culture, all yield the palm of superior skill to the Koombi, the original cultivator, who will extract *one-fifth* more from the plant than any of his competitors.

It is a singular fact, that the cultivation of opium increased in the inverse ratio of general prosperity; and that as war, pesti-

lence, and famine, augmented their virulence, and depopulated Rajpootana, so did the culture of this baneful weed appear to thrive. The predatory system, which succeeded Mogul despotism, soon devastated this fair region, and gradually restricted agricultural pursuits to the richer harvests of barley, wheat, and gram; till at length even these were confined to a bare sustenance for the families of the cultivator, who then found a substitute in the poppy. From the small extent of its culture, he was able to watch it, or to pay for its protection from pillage; this he could not do for his corn, which a troop of horse might save him the trouble of cutting. A kind of moral barometer might, indeed, be constructed, to shew that the *maximum* of oppression in Mewar, was the *maximum* of the culture of the poppy in Malwa. Emigration commenced in S. 1840 (A. D. 1784); it was at its height in S. 1856 (A. D. 1800), and went on gradually depopulating that country until S. 1874 (A. D. 1818). Its consumption, of course, kept pace with its production, it having found a vent in foreign markets.

The districts to which the emigrants fled were those of Mundisore, Kachrode, Oneil, and others, situated on the feeders of the Chumbul, in its course through Lower Malwa. There they enjoyed comparative protection and kind treatment, under Appa Saheb and his father, who were long the farmers-general of these fertile lands. It could not be expected, however, that the new settlers should be allowed to participate in the lands irrigated by wells already excavated; but Appa advanced funds, and appointed them lands, all fertile though neg-

lected, in which they excavated wells for themselves. They abandoned altogether wheat and barley, growing only *mukhi* or 'Indian corn,' for food, which requires no irrigation, and to which the poppy succeeds in rotation; to these, and the sugar-cane, all their industry was directed.

But to proceed with the process of cultivation. When the crops of Indian corn (*mukhi*) or of hemp (*sunh*) are gathered in, the stalks are rooted up and burned; the field is then flooded, and, when sufficiently saturated, ploughed up. It is then copiously manured with cow-dung, which is deemed the best for the purpose; but even this has undergone a preparatory operation, or chemical decomposition, being kept in a hollow ground during the rainy season, and often agitated with long poles, to allow the heat to evaporate. In this state it is spread over the fields and ploughed in. Those who do not keep kine, and cannot afford to purchase manure, procure flocks of goats and sheep, and pay so much a night for having them penned in the fields. The land being ploughed and harrowed at least six or seven times, until the soil is almost pulverized, it is divided into beds, and slight embankments are formed to facilitate irrigation. The seed is then thrown in, the fields are again inundated; and the *seventh* day following this is repeated to saturation. On the *seventh* or *ninth*, but occasionally not until the *eleventh* day, the plant springs up; and on the *twenty-fifth*, when it has put forth a few leaves, and begins to look withered, they water it once more. As soon as this moisture dries, women and children are turned into the fields to thin the plant

leaving them about eight inches asunder, and loosening the earth around them with iron spuds. The plant is at this stage about three inches high. A month later, it is watered moderately, and when dry, the earth is again turned up and loosened. The fifth water is given in about ten days more; two days after which, a flower appears here and there. This is the signal for another watering, called 'the flower-watering'; after which, in twenty-four or thirty-six hours, all the flowers burst their cells. When about half the petals have fallen, they irrigate the plants sufficiently to moisten the earth, and soon the rest of the flowers drop off, leaving the bare capsule, which rapidly increases in bulk. In a short period, when scarcely a flower remains, a whitish powder collects outside the capsule, which is the signal for immediate application of the lancet.

The field is divided into three parts, in one of which operations commence. The cutting instrument consists of three prongs, with delicate points, around which cotton thread is bound to prevent its making too deep an incision, and thus causing the liquid to flow into the interior of the capsule. The wound is made from the base upwards, and the milky juice which exudes coagulates outside. Each plant is thrice pierced, on three successive days, the operation commencing as soon as the sun begins to warm. In cold mornings, when it congeals rapidly, the coagulation is taken off with a scraper. The fourth morning, each plant is once more pierced, to ascertain that no juice remains. On each morning this extract is immersed in a vessel of linseed oil,

to prevent it from drying up. The juice being all collected, there remains only the seed. The capsules are therefore broken off and carried to the barn, where they are spread out upon the ground; a little water is sprinkled over them, and being covered with a cloth, they remain till the morning, when the cattle tread out the seed, which is sent to the oilmen, and the refuse is burnt, lest the cattle should eat them, as even in this stage they are poisonous. Poppy oil is more used for the *cheragh* (lamp) than any other in Mewar. They calculate a maund (of fourty seers, or about seventy-five pounds weight) of seed for every two seers of milk. The price of seed is now twenty rupees per *mani* of one hundred and twelve (*cutch*a) maunds.

One *beega* of Malwa land, of the measure *Shahjehani* (when the *jureeb*, or rod, is one hundred cubits long) will yield from five to fifteen seers of opium-juice, each seer being forty-five *salimshahi* rupees in weight: the medium is reckoned a good produce. The cultivator or farmer sells it, in the state described, to the speculator, at the price current of the day. The purchaser puts it into cotton bags of three folds, and carries it home. Having obtained the leaves of the poppy, he spreads them in a heap of two or three inches in depth, and thereon deposits the opium, in balls of fifteen rupees' weight each, which are allowed to remain five months for the purpose of evaporation. If the milk has been thin, or treated with oil, seven parts in ten will remain; but if good and pure, eight. The *beoparris* (speculators) then sell it, either for home-consumption in Rajpootana, or for exportation.

From the year S. 1840 (A.D. 1784) to S. 1857 (A.D. 1801), the market-price of the crude opium from the cultivator ran from sixteen to twenty-one *salimshahi* rupees per *durri*, a measure of five *pucka seers*, each seer being the weight of ninety *salimshahi* rupees. I give the price of the drug by the grower in the first stage, as a better criterion than that of the manufacturer in its prepared state. In the year S. 1857, it rose to twenty-five rupees; in S. 1860 to twenty-seven, gradually increasing till S. 1865 (A.D. 1809), when it attained its *maximum* of forty-two, or an advance of one hundred and seventy per cent. above the price of the year A. D. 1784. But some natural causes are assigned for this extraordinary advance; after which it gradually fell, until S. 1870 (A.D. 1804), when it was so low as twenty-nine. In S. 1873 it had again risen to thirty-three, and in S. 1784-5, when its transit to the ports of Sind and Guzzerat was unmolested (whence it was exported to China and the Archipelago), it had reached thirty-eight and thirty-nine, where it now (S. 1876, or A.D. 1820) stands.

In Kanthul (which includes Pertabgurh Deola), or the tracts upon the Myhie river, opium is cultivated to a great extent, and adulterated in an extraordinary manner. This being sold in China as Malwa opium, has greatly lessened the value of the drug in that market. The adulteration is managed as follows: a preparation of refined *goor* (molasses) and gum, in equal proportion, is added to half its quantity of opiate coagulum; the mass is then put into cauldrons, and after being well amalgamated by boil-

ing, it is taken out, and when sufficiently dry is well beaten, and put into cotton bags, which are sewn up in green hides, and exported to Muska-Mundi. The Gosens of these parts are the chief contractors for this impure opium, which is reckoned peculiarly unwholesome, and is never consumed in Rajpootana. Rumour says that it is transported to the Spice Islands, where it is used as a manure in the cultivation of the nutmeg. The transit-duties on opium, in the native states, are levied on each bullock-load, so that the adulterated pays as much as the pure. The gosens smuggle great quantities.

Such is the history, and I believe a pretty correct one, of the growth and extension of this execrable and demoralizing plant, for the last forty years. If the now paramount power, instead of making a monopoly of it, and consequently extending its cultivation, would endeavour to restrict it by judicious legislative enactments, or at least reduce its culture to what it was forty years ago, generations yet unborn would have just reason to praise us for this work of mercy. It is no loss our interest than our duty to do so, and to call forth genuine industry, for the improvement of cotton, indigo, sugar-cane, and other products, which would enrich instead of demoralizing, and therefore impoverishing, the country. We have saved Rajpootana from political ruin; but the boon of mere existence will be valueless if we fail to restore the moral energies of her population; for of this fine region and noble race we might say, as Byron does of Greece—

“’Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!”

for the mind is decayed, and the body often palsied and worn out, in the very meridian of life. As far as my personal influence went, I practised what I preach; and, as I have already stated, exacted a promise, from the Rana on the throne to the lowest thakoor, that they would never initiate their children in this debasing practice. But as mere declamation can do very little good, I will here insert a portion of the Agrarian customary code of Mewar and Malwa, which may be brought into operation directly or indirectly. The distribution of crops was as follows.

To each *churru*, *chursa*, or skin of land, there is attached twenty-five beegas of irrigated land for wheat and barley, with from thirty to fifty beegas more, called *mar*, or *mal*, dependent on the heavens for water, and generally sown with *gram*. Of the twenty-five beegas of land irrigated from the well, the legislature sanctioned *one beega of opium*, and ten to fifteen *biswas* (twenty biswas are a beega) of sugar-cane. But in these days of anarchy and confusion, when every one follows his own view of things, they cultivate *two of opium* and three of cane, and perhaps *two of barley*, instead of twenty-five, to feed the family! What an unnatural state of agricultural economy is this, when the cultivator sometimes actually purchase food for his family, in order that he may bestow his time and labour on this enervating exotie! But should the foreign markets be closed, and famine, as it not unusual, ensue, what must be the consequence, where the finest corn-country in India is converted to poppy-garden! In Harouti,

they manage these things better; and although its old politic ruler makes use of the districts in Malwa, which he rents from the Mahrattas, for the culture of opium, being himself a trader in it, yet I do not believe he permits its demoralizing influence to enter within his proper domain. It is pleasing to see some traces of the legislative wisdom of past days, and old Zalim knows that it is by the more generous productions of the plough that his country must prosper. But our monopoly acted as an encouragement of this vice; for no sooner was it promulgated that the *Compani Sahib* was contractor-general for opium, than prince and peasant, nay, the very scavengers, dabbled in the speculation. All Malwa was thrown into a ferment; like the Dutch tulip-bubble, the most fraudulent purchases and transfers were effected by men who had not a seer of opium in their possession. The extent to which this must have gone may be imagined when, according to the return, the sales, in the first year of our monopoly, exceeded *one million* sterling, in which I rather think we *gained a loss* of some £40,000! It is to be hoped the subject is now better understood, and that the Legislature at home will perceive that a perseverance in this pernicious traffic is consistent neither with our honour, our interest, nor with humanity.

If the facts I have collected are confirmed on enquiry, the late measure of Government,* in whatever motives originating, will only augment the mischief. Even admitting their expediency in protecting our

* It is to be borne in mind, that this was written on the spot, in January, A.D. 1820.



Patna monopoly, and their justice as affecting the native governments (the contractors and cultivators of the drug), still other mea-

asures might have been devised, equally efficacious in themselves, and less pregnant with evil consequences.

CHAPTER V.

Dharieswar.—Ruttungurh Kheyri.—Colony of Charuns.—Little Attoa.—Inscription at Paragurh.—Doongur Sing.—Seo Sing.—Law of adoption.—Kala Megh.—Omedpoora and its chief.—Singolli.—Temple of Bhavani.—Tablet of Rana Mokul.—Traditionary tales of the Haras.—Aloo Hara of Bumaoda.—Dangermow.—Singular effects produced by the sun on the atmosphere of the Pather.

Dharieswar, January 14th, six miles ; therm. 46° at 5 A.M.—FROM Kuneroh to Dharieswar there is a gradual descent, perhaps equal to one-third of the angle of ascent of the table-land. For half the distance the surface is a fine rich soil, but the last half is strewn with fragments of the rock. Dharieswar is beautifully situated at the lowest point of descent, with a clear stream, planted with fine timber to the south. The Bhomia rights are enjoyed by some Cuchwaha Rajpoots, who pay a share of the crops to Kuneroh. Passed a few small hamlets in the grey of the morning, and several herd of elk-deer, who walked away from us with great deliberation ; but the surface was too stony to try our horses' mettle.

*15th Ruttungurh Kheyri, distance nine miles.—The road over a bare roak, skirting a stream flowing on its surface. Two miles from Dharieswar is the boundary of Kuneroh, and the *chourasi* (eighty-four townships) of Kheyri ; the descent still graduating to Kheyri, which is probably not above one hundred feet higher than the external plains of Mewar. The road was over loose stones with much jungle, but here and there some fine patches of rich black soil. We kept company with the Dharieswar *nulla* all the way, which is well-wooded in the course and presented a pretty fall at one point of our journey. Passed several hamlets, and a colony of Charuns, whom I found to be some of my friends of Murlah. They had not forgotten their privilege ; but as the*

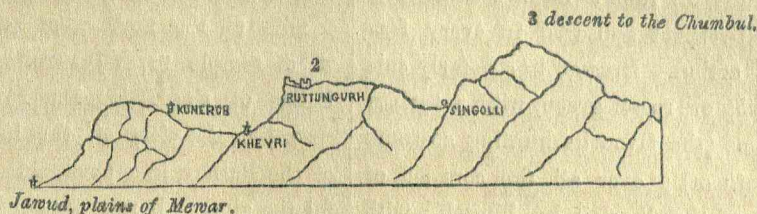
up to vengeance. The father and son, and many other brave spirits with the same cause of revenge, carried their incursions into the very heart of Malwa, bringing back the spoils to his den at little Attoa. But though his hand was now raised against every man, he forgot not his peculiar feud (*ber*), and his patrimony of Nuddowae yielded little to the Mahratta. But Seo Sing was surrounded by foes, who leagued to circumvent him, and one day, while driving many a goodly buffalo to his shelter, he was suddenly beset by a body of horse placed in ambush by the Bhow. But both were superbly mounted, and they led them a chase through Mandelgurb, and were within the very verge of security, when, as Seo Sing put his mare to the *nulla*, she played him false and fell, and ere she recovered herself the long lance of the Mahratta was through the rider. Young Doongur was more fortunate, and defying his pursuers to clear the rivulet, bound up the body of his father in his scarf, ascended the familiar path, and burnt it at midnight, amongst the family altars of Nuddowae. But far from destroying, this only increased the appetite for vengeance, which has lasted till these days of peace; and, had every chieftain of Mewar acted like Doongur, the Mahratta would have had fewer of their fields to batten on to-day. His frank, but energetic answer, when the envoy mentioned the deep complaints urged against him by the present manager of Nuddowae, was "I must have bread!" and this they had snatched from him. But Holcar's government, which looks not to the misery inflicted, carries loud complaints to the resident authorities, who can

only decide on the principle of possession, and the abstract view of Doongur's course of life. For myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that my regard for the chiefs of Mewar is in the ratio of their retaliation on their 'Southron' foe; and entering deeply into all their great and powerful grounds for resentment, I warmly espoused the cause of the 'mountain-lion;' and as the case (through Mr. Gerald Wellesley) was left by Holcar's government to my arbitration, I secured to the chief a party of his patrimony under their joint seal, and left him to turn his lance into a ploughshare, until fresh causes for just aggression may arise. This settlement gave me another proof of the inalienable right in land granted by the *ryot* cultivator, and its superiority over that granted by the sovereign. There were certain rights in the soil (*bhom*) which Doongur's ancestors had thus obtained, in the township of Nuddowae, to which he attached a higher value than to the place itself. Doongur's story affords a curious instance of the laws of adoption superseding, if not the rank, the fortune resulting from birth-right. Seo Sing and Doulut Sing, both sub-vassals of Beygoo, were brothers; the former had Nuddowae, the latter Rawurdo. But Doulut Sing, having no issue, adopted Salim Sing, the younger brother of Doongur, who has thus become lord of Rawurdo, of nearly four thousand rupees' annual rent, while Doongur's chief place is little Attoa, and the *bhom* of Nuddowae. Salim Sing is now in high favour with his chief of Beygoo, to whom he is *faujdar*, or leader of the vassals. In personal appearance he has greatly the advantage of Doongur; Salim

is tall and very handsome, bold in speech and of gentlemanly deportment; Doongur is compact in form, of dark complexion, rugged in feature, and bluntness itself in phrase, but perfectly good-humoured, frank, and unreserved; and as he rode by my side, he amused me with many anecdotes connected with the scenery around.

Singolli, February 17th, eight and a half miles, thermometer 40°.—This town is chief of a *tuppa* or subdivision, containing fifty-two villages, of the district of Antri, a term applied to a defile, or tract surrounded

by mountains. The Antri of Mewar is fertilized by the Bhamuni, which finds its way through a singular diversity of country, after two considerable falls, to the Chumbul, and is about thirty miles in length, reckoning from Beechore to the summit of the steppe of the plateau, by about ten miles in breadth, producing the most luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, gram, sugar-cane, and poppy; and having, spread over its surface, one hundred villages and hamlets; but a section of the country will make it better understood.



From Beechore, the pass opening from the plains of Mewar, to the highest peak of this alpine Pathar, the *Kala Megh*, or 'black cloud,' of Beygoo, bore sway. From him sprung another of the numerous clans of Mewar, who assumed the patronymic Meghawut. These clans and tribes multiply, for Kala Megh and his ancestors were recognized as a branch of the Sangawut, one of the early subdivisions of the Chondawut, the chief clan of Mewar. The descendant of the 'black cloud,' whose castle of Beygoo is near the entrance to Antri, could not now muster above a hundred and fifty men at arms throughout the Pathar; to which he might add as many more of foreign Rajpoots, as the Hara and Gor, holding lands for service. The head of the Megh-

awuts has not above twenty villages in his fief of Beygoo, though these might yield twenty-five thousand rupees annually, if cultivated; the rest is still in the hands of the Mahrattas, as a mortgage contracted nearly forty years ago, and which has been liquidated ten times over: they include, in this, even a third of the produce of his own place of residence, and the town itself is never free from these intruders, who are continually causing disturbances. Unhappily for Mewar, the grand principle of the campaign and its political results "that of excluding the Mahrattas from the west bank of the Chumbul," was forgotten in our successes, or all the alienated lands of Mewar as far as the Malwa frontier would have reverted to the Rana. The ham-

lets on the Pathar consists of huts with low mud walls, and tiled roofs: even Omedpoora, though inhabited by the uncle of the chief, is no better than the rest, and his house is one which the poorest peasant in England would not occupy. Yet steeped in poverty, its chieftain, accompanied by his son, nephew, and fifteen more of his kin and clan, came "for the purpose of doing himself his lord paramount of Beygoo, and the British Agent, honour." The mountain-chief of Omedpoora affords a fine example, that noble bearing may be independent of the trappings of rank: high descent and proper self-respect appeared in every feature and action. Dressed in a homely suit of *amowah*, or russet green, with a turban of the same (the favourite hunting costume of the Rajpoot); over all the corselet of the skin of the elk, slain by himself; with his bright lance in hand, and mounted on a good strong horse, whose accoutrements like his master's were plain but neat, behold the vassal of Omedpoora equipped for the chase or foray. The rest of his party followed him on foot, gay and unconcerned as the wild-deer of the Pathar; ignorant of luxury, except a little *uml-pani* when they go to Beygoo; and whose entire wants, including food, raiment, gunpowder, and tobacco, can be amply supplied by about £8 a year each! The party accompanied me to my tents, and having presented brilliant scarlet turbans and scarfs, with some English gun powder, to the chief, his son, and nephew, we parted mutually pleased at the rencontre.

The descent to Singolli is very gentle, nor are we above eighty feet below the level of Oomur, the highest point of the Pathar,

which I rejoice to have visited, but lament the want of my barometers. Singolli, in such a tract as this, may be entitled a town, having fifteen hundred inhabited dwellings encompassed by a strong wall. The Pundit is indebted to his own good management, and the insecurity around him, for this numerous population. In the centre of the town, the dingy walls of a castle built by Aloo Hara strike the eye, from the contrast with the new works added by the Pundit; it has a deep ditch, with a *fausse-braye*, and parapet. The circumvallation measures a mile and three-quarters. About a mile to the north-west are the remains of a temple to Vijyaseni Bhavani, the Pallas of the Rajpoots. I found a tablet recording the piety of the lord paramount of the Pathar, in a perpetual gift of lights for the altar. It runs thus: "Samvat 1477 (A.D. 1421), the 2d of Asoj, being Friday (*Brigwar**), Maharaja Sri Mokul-ji, in order

* A name of *Sukracharya*, the Regent of the planet Venus. The 'star of eve' is always called *Sukra*, but presents a most unpoetic idea to the mind, when we learn that this star, the most beautiful of the heavenly host, is named after an immoral one-eyed male divinity, who lost his other orb in an undignified personal collision, from an assault upon *Tara* (the star) the wife of a brothergod. *Sukra-acharya*, notwithstanding, holds the office of *guru*, or spiritual adviser, to the whole celestial body—we may add *ex uno disce omnes*: and assuredly the Hindu who takes mythological biography of his gods *au pied de la lettre*, cannot much strengthen his morality thereby. The classical Hindu of these days values it as he ought, looking upon it as a pretty astronomical fable, akin to the voyage of the Argonauts; but the bulk enter the temple of the "thirty-three millions of gods" with the same firmness of belief as did the old Roman his Pantheon. The first step, and a grand one, has been made to destroy this fabric of Polytheism, and to turn the mind of the Hindu to the perception of his own purer creed, adoration of 'the one, omniscient, omnipotent, and eternal God.' Rammohan Roy has made this step, who "has become a law unto himself," and a precursor, it is to be hoped, of benefit to his race. In

to furnish lights (*jote wasta*) for *Vijyaseni Bhavani-ji*, has granted one *beega* and a half of land. Whosoever shall set aside this offering, the goddess will overtake him." This is a memorial of the celebrated Rana Mokul of Mewar, whose tragical death by assassination has been recorded in the annals of that state. * Mokul was one of the most celebrated of this race; and he defeated, in a pitched battle at Raepoor, a grandson of the emperor of Delhi. He was the father of *Lal-Bae*, called 'the Ruby of Mewar,' regarding whom we have related a little scandal from the chronicle of the Bhattis: but the bard of the Kheechies, who says that prince Dheeraj espoused her in spite of the insult of the desert chief, had no cause to doubt the lustre of this gem.

The Pathar resounds with the traditional tales of the Haras, who, at a very early period, established themselves in this alpine region, on which they erected twelve castles for its protection, all of them still to be traced existing or in ruins; and although they assumed the title of "lords of the Pa-

the practical effects of Christianity, he is a Christian, though still a devout Brahmin, adoring the Creator alone, and exercising an extended charity, with a spirit of meekness, toleration, and benevolence, added to manly resistance of all that savours of oppression, which stamps him as a man chosen for great purposes. To these moral, he added mental qualifications of the highest order: clear and rapid perception, vigorous comprehension, immense industry of research, and perfect self-possession; having moreover, a classical knowledge, not of our language only, but of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Persian, Arabic, and the 'mother-tongue,' or *langue-mere* of all, the Sanscrit.

* By means of this simple tablet, we detect an anachronism in the chronicle. It is stated in the first volume, that Koombho succeeded his father Rana Mokul in S. 1454, or two years anterior to the date of the grant of lights for the goddess. Such checks upon Rajpoot chronology are always falling in the way of those who will read as they run.

thar," they acknowledged the supremacy of the Ranas of Mewar, whom they obeyed as liege-lords at this very time. Of these twelve castles, Ruttungurh is the only one not entirely dismantled; though even the ruins of another, Dilwargurh, have been the cause of a bloody feud between the Meghawut of Beygoo and the Suktawut of Gwalior, also in the Pathar. That of Paranuggur, or Parolli, lays a short distance from thence, but the most famous of all is Bumaoda, placed upon the western crest of the plateau, and overlooking the whole plain of Mewar. Although some centuries have elapsed since the Haras were expelled from this table-land, the name of Aloo of Bumaoda still lives, and is familiar even to the savage Bhil, who, like the beasts, subsists upon the wild-fruits of the jungles. It is my intention to return by another route across Pathar, and to visit the site of Aloo's dwelling; meanwhile I will give one of the many tales related of him by my guide, as I traversed the scenes of his glory.

Aloo Hara, one day, returning homeward from the chace, was accosted by a Charun, who, having bestowed his blessing upon him, would accept of nothing in exchange but the turban from his head. Strange as was the desire, he preferred compliance to incurring the *viserwa*, or 'vituperation of the bard;' who, placing Aloo's turban on his own head, bade him 'live a thousand years,' and departed. The Charun immediately bent his steps to Mundore, the capital of Maroo; and as he was ushered into the presence of its prince and pronounced the *byrd* of the Rhatores, he took off his turban with the left hand, and performed his saluta-

tion with the right. The unusual act made the prince demand the cause when in reply he was told "that the turban of Aloo Hara should bend to none on earth." Such reverence to an obscure chief of the mountains of Mewar enraged the King of the Desert, who unceremoniously kicked the turban out of doors. Aloo, who had forgotten the strange request, was tranquilly occupied in his pastime, when his *quondam* friend again accosted him, his head bare, the insulted turban under his arm, and loudly demanding vengeance on the Rahtore, whose conduct he related. Aloo was vexed, and upbrealed the Charan for having wantonly provoked this indignity towards him. "Did I not tell you to ask land, or cattle, or money, yet nothing would please you but this rag; and my head must answer for the insult to a vile piece of cloth: for nothing appertaining to Aloo Hara shall be insulted with impunity even by the *Thakoor* of Marwar." Aloo forthwith convened his clan, and soon five hundred "sons of one father" were assembled within the walls of Bumaoda, ready to follow wheresoever he led. He explained to them the desperate nature of the enterprize, from which none could expect to return; and he prepared the fatal *johur* for all those who determined to die with him. This first step to vengeance being over, the day of departure was fixed; but previous to this he was anxious to ensure the safety of his nephew, who, on failure of direct issue, was the adopted heir of Bumaoda. He accordingly locked him up in the inner keep of the castle, within seven gates, each of which had a lock, and furnishing him with provisions, departed.

The Prince of Mundore was aware he had entailed a feud; but so little did he regard what this mountain-chief might do, that he proclaimed "all the lands over which the Hara should march to be in *dan* (gift) to the Brahmins." But Aloo, who despised not the aid of stratagem, disguised his little troop as horse-merchants, and placing their arms and caparisons in covered carriages, and their steeds in long strings, the hostile caravan reached the capital unsuspected. The party took rest for the night; but with the dawn they saddled, and the *nakarras* of the Hara awoke the Rahtore prince from his slumber; starting up, he demanded who was the audacious mortal that dared to strike his drum at the gates of Mundore? The answer was,—
 "Aloo Hara of Bumaoda!"

The mother (probably a Chohani) of the King of Maroo now asked her son, "how he meant to fulfil his vaunt of giving to the Brahmins all the lands that the Hara passed over?" but he had the resolution to abide by his pledge, and the magnanimity not to take advantage of his antagonist's position; and to his formal challenge, conveyed by beat of *nakarra*, he proposed that single combats should take place, man for man. Aloo accepted it, and thanked him for his courtesy, remarking to his kinsmen, "At least we shall have five hundred lives to appease our revenge!" The lists were prepared; five hundred of the "chosen sons of Seoji" were marshalled before their prince to try the manhood of the Haras; and now, on either side, a champion had stepped forth to commence this mortal strife, when a stripling

rushed in, his horse panting for breath, and demanded to engage a gigantic Rahtore. The champions depressed their lances, and the pause of astonishment was first broken by the exclamation of the Hara chieftain, as he thus addressed the youth: "Oh! headstrong and disobedient, art thou come hither to extinguish the race of Aloo Hara?"—"Let it perish, uncle (*kaka*), if, when you are in peril, I am not with you!" replied the adopted heir of Bumaoda. The veteran Rahtore smiled at the impetuous valour of the youthful Hara, who advanced with his sword ready for the encounter. His example was followed by his gallant antagonist, and courtesy was exhausted on either side to yield the first blow; till, at length, Aloo's nephew accepted it; and it required no second, for he clove the Rahtore in twain. Another took his place—he shared the same fate; a third, a fourth, and in like manner twenty-five, fell under the young hero's sword. But he bore "a charmed life;" the queen of armies (*Vijyaseni*), whose statue guards the entrance of Bumaoda, had herself enfranchised the youth from the seven-fold gates in which his uncle had incarcerated him, and having made him invulnerable except in one spot (the neck), sent him forth to aid his uncle, and gain fresh glory for the race of which she was the guardian. But the vulnerable point was at length touched, and Aloo saw the child of his love and his adoption stretched upon the earth. The queen-mother of the Rahtores, who witnessed the conflict, dreaded a repetition of such valour, from men in whom desire of life was extinct; and she commanded that the contest should cease,

and reparation be made to the lord of the Pathar, by giving him in marriage a daughter of Mundore. Aloo's honour was redeemed; he accepted the offer, and with his bride repaired to the desolate Bumaoda. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter; but destiny had decreed that the race of Aloo Hara should perish. When she had attained the age of marriage, she was betrothed. Bumaoda was once more the scene of joy, and Aloo went to the temple and invited the goddess to the wedding. All was merriment; and amongst the crowd of mendicants who besieged the door of hospitality was a decrepit old woman, who came to the threshold of the palace, and desired the guard to "tell Aloo Hara she had come to the feast, and demanded to see him;" but the guard, mocking her, desired her to be gone, and "not to stand between the wind and him;" she repeated her request, saying that "she had come by special invitation." But all was in vain; she was driven forth with scorn. Uttering a deep curse, she departed, and the race of Aloo Hara was extinct. It was Vijyaseni herself, who was thus repulsed from the house of which she was protectress!

A good moral is here inculcated upon the Rajpoot, who, in the fatal example of Aloo Hara, sees the danger of violating the laws of wide-extended hospitality: besides, there was no hour too sacred, no person too mean, for such claims upon the ruler. For the present, we shall take leave of Aloo Hara, and the "Mother of Victory" of the Pathar, whose shrine I hope to visit on my return from Haravati; when we shall learn what

part of her panoply she parted with to protect the gallant heir of Bumaoda.

January 18th Dangermow, eight miles ; thermometer 48°.—A choice of three routes presented itself to us this morning. To the left lay the celebrated Mynal, once the capital of Oopermal ; on the right, but out of the direct line, was the castle of Bhynsr-ror, scarcely less celebrated ; and straight before us the pole-star and Kotah, the point to which I was journeying. I cut the knot of perplexity by deviating from the direct line, to descend the table-land to Bhynsr-ror, and without crossing the Chumbul, nearly retraced my steps, along the left bank, to Kotah, leaving Mynal for my return to Oodipoor. Our route lay through the *antri*, or valley, whose northern boundary we had reached, and between it and the Bhamuni. The tract was barren but covered with jungle, with a few patches of soil lodged amidst the hollows or otherwise bare rock, over whose black surface several rills had cut a low bed, all falling into the Bhamuni. One of these had a name which we need not translate, *Rani bor-ca-Khal*, and which serves as a boundary between the lands of the Meghawuts of Antri and the Suktawuts of Bhynsr-ror.

Dangermow-Borao, is a small *putta* of twelve villages, yielding fifteen thousand rupees of annnal rent ; but it is now partitioned,—six villages to each of the towns above-mentioned. They are Suktawut allotments, and the elder, Sukt Sing, has just returned from court, where he had been to have the sword of investiture (*tulwar bandai*) girt on him as the lord of Borao. Bishen Sing of Dangermow is at Kotah,

where he enjoys the confidence of Zalim Sing and is commandant of cavalry. He has erected a castle on the very summit of the third *steppe* of the Pathar, whose dazzling white walls contrast powerfully with the black and bleak rock on which it stands, and render it a conspicuous object. The Suktawuts of the Pathar are of the Bansi family, itself of the second grade of nobles of Mewar ; and the rank of both the chiefs of Dangermow and Borao was the third, or that termed *gole* ; but now, having each a *putta* (at least nominally) of above five thousand rupees yearly rent, they are lifted into the *bateesa*, or amongst the 'thirty-two' of the second class.

The Bhamuni, whose course will carry us to its close at Bhynsr-ror, flows under the walls of both Dangermow and Borao, and is the cause not only of great fertility but of diversity, in this singular alpine region. The weather has again undergone a very sensible change, and is extremely trying to those, who, like myself, are affected by a pulmonary complaint, and who are obliged to brave the mists of the mountain-top long before the sun is risen. On the second, at daybreak, the thermometer stood at 60°, and only three days after, at 27° ; again, it rose to 40° and for several days stood at this point, and 75° at mid-day. The day before we ascended the Pathar it rose to 54°, and 94° at noon ; and on reaching the summit, 60° and 90° ; again it falls to 40°, and we now shiver with cold. The density of the atmosphere has been particularly annoying both yesterday and to-day. Clouds of mist rolled along the surface of the mountain, which, when the sun cleared the



horizon, and shot about 'spear-high' in the heavens, produced the most fantastic effects. The orb was clear and the sky brilliant; but the masses of mist, though merely a thin vapour and close to the spectator, exhibited singular and almost kaleidoscopic changes. There was scarcely a figure that the sun did not assume; the upper half appearing orbicular, the lower elliptical: in a second, this was reversed. Sometimes it was wholly elliptical, with a perfect

change of the axis, the transverse and conjugate changing places—a loaf, a bowl, and at one instant a scollop-shell, then 'round as my shield,' and again a segment of a circle, and thus alternating until its ascension dissipated the medium of this beautiful illusion, the more perfect from the sky being cloudless. The mists disappeared from the mountain long before this phantasmagoria finished.

CHAPTER VI.

Bhynsrorgurh.—Cairn of a Rajpoot.—Ragonath Sing of Bhynsror.—Castle of Bhynsror.—Passage forced by the Chumbul through the Plateau.—Origin and etymology of Bhynsror.—Charuns, the carriers of Rajwarra. The young chief of Mehwa becomes the champion of Mewar.—Avenge the Rana's feud with Jessulmer, and obtains Bhynsror.—Tragical death of his Thakoorani, niece of the Rana.—He is banished.—The Pramars chiefs of Bhynsror.—Cause of their expulsion.—Lall Sing Chondawut obtains Bhynsror.—Assassinates his friend the Rana's uncle.—Maun Sing, his son, succeeds.—Is taken prisoner.—Singular escape.—Reflection on the policy of the British government towards these people.—Antiquities and inscriptions at Bhynsror.—Dabi.—View from the pass at Nasairah.—Rajpoot cairns. Tomb of a bard.—Sentiments of the people on the effects of our interference.—Their gratitude.—Cairn of a Batti chief.—Kurripoor.—Depopulated state of the country.—Inscription at Santra.—Bhil temple.—Ruins.—The Holi festival.—Kotah, its appearance.

February 19th, Bhynsrorgurh, ten miles, four furlongs; thermometer 51°; atmosphere dense and oppressive, and roads

execrable, through a deep forest; but for the hatchets of my friends, my baggage never could have been got on. We passed

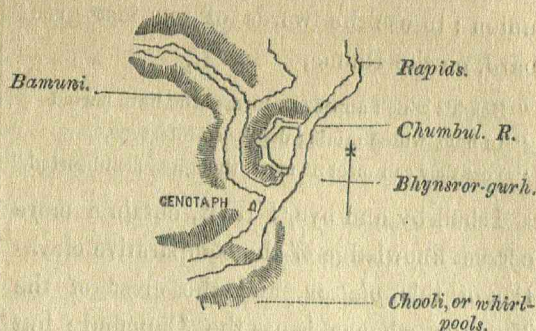
several hamlets, consisting of a dozen or more huts, the first of which I find belongs to my young friend Morji Goorah, himself a vassal of the Pramars of Bijolli (one of the sixteen Omras of Mewar), and holding a few *beegas* of *bhom*, as his *vat* or share of the *bapota* (patrimony) of Borao. We have elsewhere given a copy of the tenure on which Morji holds a village in the fief of Bijolli. At seven miles from Dangermow, we came to a small shrine of an Islamite saint, who buried himself alive. It is an elevated point, from whence is a wild but lovely prospect. There is a *coond*, or 'fountain,' planted with trees, close to the shrine, which attracts a weekly *mela* or 'fair,' attended by all classes, who cannot help attributing some virtue to a spot where a saint, though a Mooslem, thus expiated his sins. In descending, we heard the roaring of mighty waters, and soon came upon the Bhamuni, forming a fine cascade of about fifty feet in height; its furious course during the monsoon is apparent from the weeds it has left on the trees, at least twenty feet above its present level. The fall of the country is rapid, even from this lower spot, to the bed of the Chumbul. Oopermal must have a considerable elevation above the table-land of Janapa, where the Chumbul and other streams have their fountains; but of all this we shall by and by form a more correct opinion. We passed the cairn of a Rajpoot who fell defending his post against the Meenas of the Kairar, a tract on the banks of the Bunas, filled with this banditti, in one of their last irruptions which disturbed the peace of this region. Each traveller adds a

stone, and I gave my mite to swell the heap.

The *putta* of Bhynsrer held by Ragonath Sing, one of the sixteen great lords of Mewar, having the very ancient title of Rawut, peculiar to Rajpootana, and the diminutive of Rao. Bhynsrer is one of the best fiefs of Mewar, and the lands attached to it are said to be capable of yielding one lakh of annual revenue, equal to £50,000 in the dearest countries of Europe; and when I add that a cavalier can support himself, his steed, &c. on £50, its relative value will at once be understood. He has also a toll upon the ferries of the Chumbul, though not content therewith, he levied until lately a per-centage on all merchandize, besides impositions on travellers of whatever description, under the name of *kote murimut*, or 'repairs of the castle:' were we, however, to judge by its dilapidated condition, we should say his exactions were very light, or the funds were misapplied. This is the sole passage of the Chumbul for a great extent, and all the commerce of higher Malwa, Harouti, and Mewar, passes through this domain. The class of *bunjaris* (traders) termed Vishnue, long established at the city of Poorh in Mewar, frequent no other route in their journey from the salt-lakes of the desert to Malwa or Boondelkhund. Their *tanda* or caravan consists of six thousand bullocks, and they never make less than two, and often three, trips in the year. The duty of the *raj* is five rupees for each hundred head thus laden; but the feudatory, not content with his imposition of "castle repairs" and "bhom" as lord of the manor, has added a hundred

and fifty per cent. to the regular transit duty of the state, which is divided into two items ; viz. three rupees and a half for the ferry, and as much for *bolai*, or safe escort through his territory. But as Harouti always afforded protection (which could be said of no other region of independent India), the *ghat* of the Chumbul was much frequented, in spite of these heavy drawbacks to industry. My friend the Rawut has, however, found it expedient to remove all these *war-taxes*, retaining only that portion which has been attached to the frontier post, for protection ; and a portion of the ferry-rate granted to this fief nearly two centuries ago. Instead of about fifteen per cent., as heretofore levied, including that of the crown, it amounts to less than one-half, and the revenue has been quadrupled !

The castle of Bhynsrer is most romantically situated upon the extreme point of a ridge, on an almost isolated rib of the Pathar, from which we have descended. To the east, its abrupt cliff overhangs the placid expanse of the Chumbul, its height above which is about two hundred feet : the level of the river in the monsoon is marked at full thirty feet above its present elevation. The Bamuni bounds Bhynsrer on the west, and by the rapidity of its fall has completely scarped the rock, even to the angle of confluence within which is placed the castle, to whose security a smaller intermediate stream not a little contributes. As by mistake it is placed in the map on the wrong side of the Bamuni, we shall correct this error by giving a slight plan of the ground.



On the north alone is it accessible, and there the hill is scarped ; but this scarp, which is about three hundred yards distant, forms a good cover, and a few shells thence played upon the castle would soon compel it to surrender. The rock is a soft, loose, blue schistose slate, which would not retard the miner. The approach from the river, here about five hundred yards wide, would be destruction. It is never fordable, and its translucent sea-green waters are now full forty feet in depth. When in the periodical rains it accumulates at its source, and is fed during its passage by many minor streams from the Vindhya and this *oberland*, its velocity is overwhelming ; it rises above the opposing bank, and laying the whole tract to the base of the table-land of Harouti under water, sweeps away in its irresistible course even the rocks. Speculation might here be exhausted in vain attempts to explain how nature could overcome this formidable obstacle to her operations, and how the stream could effect its passage through this adamant barrier. The channel cut in the rock is as clean as if performed by the chisel, and standing on the summit of the cliff, which is from three hundred to seven hundred feet in height, one discerns in imagination the marks of

union : to use the words of our last great bard, on the Rhone,

" Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 " In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 " That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted."

I shall by and bye, I trust, obtain a more correct knowledge of the comparative elevation of this *plateau*, and the crest of the Vindhya whence issues the Chumbul ; but although this stream is, of course, much below the level of its source, yet there is little doubt that the summit of this chasm (*oopermal*) is, as its name indicates, the 'highest land' of Malwa. I say this after making myself acquainted with the general depression of Malwa to this point, in which we are aided by the course of the stream. Under Bhynsrer, the current is never very gentle ; but both above and below there are rapids, if not falls, of thirty to fifty feet in descent. That above the stream is termed the *Chooli*, because full of whirlpools and addies, which have given a sacred character to it, like the Nerbudda, at 'the whirlpools of the great god,' *Chooli, Maheswar*. A multitude of the round stones taken out of these vortices, when they have been rounded by attrition into a perfectly orbicular form, only require consecration and a little red paint to be converted into the representatives of *Bhiroo*, the god of war, very properly styled the elder born of Siva, the destroyer. This is about two miles up the stream ; there is another at Kotrah, about three miles down, with several successive rapids. There is a fall in the vicinity of Rampoorra, and another about five coss north of it, at Choraitagurh, where the river first penetrates the plateau. There, I under-

stand, it is not above seventy yards in breadth, confined between cliffs perfectly perpendicular. There is also said to be another fall or rapid intermediate between Rampoorra and its source in the peak of Janapa, in the neighbourhood of Oneil. If these are all the falls, though only amounting to rapids, we may form a tolerable idea of the difference of level between the base of the Oopermal and the highland of the Vindhya, whence the Chumbul issues ; and still we shall see that there are points where the perpendicular cliffs must be some hundred feet above the peak of Janapa ; if so, this chasma was never formed by water.

Mewar still extends east of the river, and the greater part of the estate of Bhynsrer is on the opposite side. A small stream, called the Kurb-ca-Khal, divides the lands of the Haras from those of the Seesodias, and there is a *beejuk-marka*, or land-mark inscription, at the Shesa *tallao*, put up centuries ago. To this line, and between it and the Chumbul, is the *putta* of Koondal ; and farther south towards Rampoorra, is that of Puchail, both containing twenty-four villages attached to Bhynsrer. All that tract farther inland in Upper Malwa, termed Malki-des, in which are the towns of Chychut and Sukeit, was in old times included geographically in Mewar ; it is yet possessed by the Suktawuts, though subject of Kotah.

Tradition has preserved the etymology of Bhynsrer, and dates its erection from the second century of the era of Vicrama, though others make it antecedent even to him. Be that as it may, it adds a fact of some importance, *viz.* that the Charuns, or

bards, were then, as now, the privileged carriers of Rajwarra, and that this was one of their great lines of communication. Bhysror, therefore, instead of being the work of some mighty conqueror, owes its existence to the joint efforts of Bhynsa Sah, the merchant, and Rora, a Charun and Bunjarri, to protect their *tandas* (caravans) from the lawless mountaineers, when compelled to make a long halt during the periodical rains. How many lines of heroes possessed it before the Haras established themselves among its ruins is unknown, though the "universal Parmar" is mentioned. Its subsequent change of masters, and their names and history, are matters of less doubt; since the altars of the Dodeah, the Parmar, the Rahtore, the Suktawut, the Chondawut,

"—who sought and found, by dangerous roads,

"A path to perpetuity of fame;"

are still visible. Of the Dodeah name we have already preserved one wreck, though whether the 'rocket of the moon' was of the family who dwelt upon the whirlpools of the Chumbul, we must leave to conjecture. Not so of his successor, the Rahtore, who was a scion of the house of Mehwo, on the Salt River of the desert, from which, though he was but a vassal of Mundore, the Rana scorned not to take a wife boasting the pure blood of the kings of Canonj. A younger brother accompanied her to the court of Cheetore. Soon after, the Rawul of Jessulmer dared to put an affront upon the Rana, the acknowledged head of the Rajpoot race! The chivalry of Mewar was assembled, and the *beera* of vengeance held up, which the stripling heir of Mehwo, darting forward, obtained. Although but

fifteen years of age, entreaties were lost upon him to induce him to renounce the enterprize, which in all probability some border-feud of his paternal house and the Bhattis, as well as *swamdherma*, or fealty, to his sovereign and kinsman, may have prompted. His only request was that he might be aided by two of his intimate friends, and five hundred horse of his own selection. How he passed the desert, or how he gained admittance to the chief of the Bhatti tribe, is not stated; suffice it to say, that he brought the Rawul's head and placed it at the feet of the sovereign of Cheetore, for which service he had a grant of Saloombra; and subsequently (fiefs in those days not being *amovible*) he was removed to Bhynsrer. The young Rahtore continued to rise in favour: he was already by courtsey and marriage the *bhanaij*, or nephew, of his sovereign, who for this action bestowed upon him a young princess of his own blood; an honour which in the end proved fatal. One day, the *thakoor* (chief) was enjoying himself in his baronial hall of Bhynsrer, in the midst of his little court, with a *nautch*, when a fatal curiosity, perhaps instigated by jealousy, induced his Rani to peep out from the lattice above. Offended at this violation of decorum, he said aloud to an attendant, "Tell the *thakoorani*, if she is eager to come abroad, she may do so, and I will retire." The lady disputed the justice of the reprimand, asserting that her lord had been mistaken, and tried to shift the reproach to one of her damsels; but failing to convince him, she precipitated herself from the battlements into the whirlpools beneath: the spot where

she fell into the Chumbul still retains the name of *Ranighata*. When it was reported to the Rana that a false accusation had caused the suicide of his niece, the sentence of banishment from Mewar was pronounced against the Rahtore, which was afterwards commuted, out of a regard for his former service, to the sequestration of Bhynsrer; and he had the small fief of Neemrie and its twenty dependent hamlets, situated upon the *Pathar*, and not far from Bhynsrer, bestowed upon him.

Beejy Sing, the descendant of the hero of this tale, has just been to see me; a shrewd and stalwart knight, not a whit degenerated by being transplanted from the Looni to the Chumbul; for, though surrounded by Mahratta depredators, by means of the fastnesses in which he dwells, and with the aid of his good lance, with which he repays them in kind, he has preserved his little estate in times so fatal to independence. Had I not entered deeply into the history of the past, I might have been led away by the disadvantageous reports given of these brave men, who were classed with the common freebooters of the hills, and pointed out as meriting similar chastisement; since these associations, both for their own security and retaliation on the vagabond Mahrattas, who usurped or destroyed their birthright, gave a colour to the complaints against them.

The Pramars (*vulg.* Puar) succeeded the Rahtore in the fief of Bhynsrer. How long the former held it is uncertain; but the mode in which the last vassal chieftain lost it and his life together, affords another trait of national manners. Here again the fair,

whose influence over the lords of Rajpootana we have elsewhere mentioned, was the cause of the catastrophe. The Pramars had espoused the daughter of his neighbour chieftain of Beygoo, and they lived happily until a game at *pacheesi*, somewhat resembling chess, caused a dispute, in which he spoke slightly of her family, an affront never to be pardoned by a Rajpootni; and the next day she wrote to her father. The messenger had not left his presence with the reply, before the *nakarra* beat the assembly for the *kher*. The descendants of the 'black cloud' (*Kalamegh*) obeyed the summons, and the hamlets on the Bamuni, or the Pathar, poured forth their warriors at the sound of the tocsin of Beygoo. When the cause of quarrel was explained, it came home to every bosom, and they forthwith marched to avenge it. Their road lay through the forest of Antri; but when arrived within a few coss of Bhynsrer, they divided their band, and while the chief took the more circuitous route of the pass, the heir of Beygoo followed the course of the Bamuni, took the Pramars by surprise, and had slain him in single combat ere his father joined him. The insult to the Meghawuts being avenged, the Pramars were about to retaliate; but seeing the honour of her house thus dearly maintained, affection succeeded to resentment, and the Rajpootni determined to expiate her folly with her life. The funeral pile was erected close to the junction of the Bamuni and Chumbul, and she ascended with the body of her lord, her own father setting fire to it. I encamped close to the altars recording the event.



This feud changed the law of succession in the Beygoo estate. The gallantry of the young Meghawut consoled the old chief for the tragical event which lost him a daughter; and in a full council of 'the sons of Kala-megh,' the rights of primogeniture were set aside in favour of the valorous youth, and the lord paramount (the Rana) confirmed the decision. The subordinate fief of Jthano, which formerly comprehended the present district of Jawud, was settled on the elder son, whose descendant, Tej Sing, still holds a share of it, besides the title of Rawut. Both estates have alike suffered from the Mahrattas, equally with others of Mewar.

The successor of the Prammar was a Chondawut, of the branch of Kishenawut, and a younger son of Saloombra; and it would be well for Lall Sing had he sought no higher distinction than that to which his birth entitled him. But Lalji Rawut was a beacon in the annals of crime, and is still held out as an example to those who would barter a good name here, and the hope of the life to come, for the evanescent gifts of fortune. He purchased the honours of Bhynsrar by shedding the blood of his bosom-friend, the uncle of his sovereign.

Mahraja Nathji was one of the sons of Rana Singram Sing, and brother to the reigning prince Jaggut Sing, on whose death, doubts of the legitimacy of his successor Raj Sing being raised, Nathji aspired to the dignity; but his projects failed by the death of Raj Sing. He left a posthumous child, whose history, and the civil wars engendered by his uncle Ursi, who took possession of the *gadi*, have been fully de-

tailed. Ursi, who was assuredly a usurper, if the pretender was a lawful son of Rana Raj, had suspicions regarding his own uncle Nathji, who had once shown a predilection for the supreme power; but the moment he heard that his nephew fancied he was plotting against him, he renounced ambition, and sought to make his peace with heaven; amusing himself with poetry, in which he had some skill, and by cultivating his melons in the bed of the Bunas, which ran under the walls of his castle, Bagore. The fervour of his devotions, and the love and respect which his qualifications as a man and a Rajpoot obtained him, now caused his ruin. In the coldest nights, accompanied by a single attendant, he was accustomed to repair to the lake, and thence convey water to sprinkle the statue of his tutelary divinity, the 'god of all mankind,' (*Juggernath*). It was reported to the Rana that, by means of these ascetic devotions, he was endeavouring to enlist the gods in his traitorous designs, and, determined to ascertain the truth, Ursi, with a confidential friend, disguised himself, and repaired to the steps of the temple. Nathji soon appeared with his brazen vessel of water, and as he passed, the prince, revealing himself, thus addressed him: "Why all this devotion, this excess of sanctity? if it be the throne you covet, uncle, it is your's;" to which Ursi, in no wise thrown off his guard, replied with much urbanity, "You are my child, and I consider my devotions as acceptable to the deity, from their giving me such a chief, for my prayers are for your prosperity." This unaffected sincerity reassured the Rana;

but the chiefs of Deogurh, Bheendir, and other clans being dissatisfied with the harsh and uncompromising temper of their sovereign, endeavoured to check his ebullitions by pointing to the Mahraja as a refuge against his tyranny.

To be released from such a restraint, Ursi at last resolved on assassinating his uncle ; but his valour and giant strength made the attempt a service of danger, and he therefore employed one who, under the cloak of friendship, could use the poignard without risk. Lall Sing was the man, the bosom friend of the Mahraja, who, besides exchanging turbans with him, had pledged his friendship at the altar ; a man who knew every secret of his heart, and that there was no treason in it. It was midnight, when a voice broken in upon his devotions, calling on him from the portico by name. No other could have taken this liberty, and the reply, "Come in, brother Lalji ; what brings you here at such an hour ?" had scarcely passed the lips of Nathji, when, as he made the last prostration to the image he received the dagger of his friend in his neck, and the emblem of Siva was covered with his blood ! For this service, the assassin was rewarded with the fief of Bhynsrer, and a seat amongst the sixteen barons of Mewar ; but as the number cannot be increased, the rights of the Suktawut chief of Bansi cancelled : thus adding one crime to another, which however worked out its own reward, and at once avenged the murder of Nathji, and laid Mewar in ruins, causing fresh streams of the blood which had already so copiously flowed from the civil wars arising out of the hostility of

these rival clans, the Suktawuts and Chondawuts.

Lalji did not long enjoy his honours ; his crime of "triple dye" was ever present to his mind, and generated a loathsome, incurable disease ; for even in these lands, where such occurrences are too frequent, "the still small voice" is heard : worms consumed the traitor while living, and his memory is blasted now that he is dead ; while that of Nathji is sanctified, as a spirit gentle, valorous, and devout.

Maun Sing, the son of this man of blood, succeeded to the honours of Bhynsrer, and was a soldier of no common stamp. At the battle of Oojein, where the Rana of Mewar made the last grand stand for independence, Maun was badly wounded, made captive, and brought in the train of the conquering Mahratta, when he laid siege to Oodipoor. As he was recovering from his wounds, his friends attempted to effect his liberation through that notorious class called the *Baoris*, and contrived to acquaint him with the plot. The wounded chief was consoling himself for his captivity by that great panacea for *ennui*, a nautch, and applauding the fine voice of a songstress of Oojein as she warbled a *tuppa of the Punjab*, when a significant sign was made by a stranger. He instantly exclaimed that his wounds had broken out afresh, staggered towards his pallet, and throwing down the light, left all in confusion and darkness, which favoured the *Baori's* design ; who, while one of his friends took possession of the pallet, wrapped the sick chief in a *chadur* (sheet), threw him on his back, and carried him through the camp of the besiegers to

the city. The Rana, rejoiced at his liberation, commanded a salute to be fired, and the first intelligence the Mahratta leader had of his prisoner's escape, was in answer to the question as to the cause of such rejoicing : they then found one of the vassal substitutes of Maun still occupying the bed, but the sequel does not mention how such fidelity was repaid. The cenotaph (*chetri*) of this brave son of an unworthy sire is at the *Tribeni*, or point of confluence of the *three* streams, the Chumbul, the Bamuni, and the Khal ; and from its light and elegant construction, adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the scenery. The present chief, Raghonath Sing, who succeeded Maun, has well maintained his independence throughout these perilous times. Bapoo Sindia, whose name will long be remembered as one of the scourges of these realms, tried his skill upon Bhynsrur, where the remains of his trenches, to the north-west of the town, are still conspicuous ; but he was met with sortie after sortie, while the hill-tribes were nightly let loose upon him, until he was forced to make a precipitate retreat.

I cannot conclude the annals of this family without a passing remark on the great moral change effected since the power of Britain has penetrated into these singular abodes. It was my habit to attend on any of the chieftains who honoured me by an invitation to their family *fetes*, such as their *salgiras*, or 'birthdays ;' and on these occasions, I merged the Agent of the British government entirely in the friend, and went without ceremony or parade. Amongst my numerous *payri budul bhae*, or 'adopted

brothers' (as well as sisters), was the Maharaja Sheodan Sing, the grandson and possessor of the honours and estates of Nathji, who still enjoys the domain of Bagore, and from whom I used to receive a share of its melons, which he cultivates with the same ardour as his grandsire. The 'annual knot' (*salgira*) of my friend was celebrated on the terraced roof of his palace, overhanging the lake of Oodipoor, and I was by his side listening, in the intervals of the song, to some of his extemporaneous poetical effusions (on which my friend placed rather too high a value) when amongst the congratulatory names called aloud by the herald, I was surprised to hear, "*Maharaja Salamut, Rawut Raghunath Sing-jica moojra leejo*" or, "health to the Maharaja, and let him receive the compliments of Rawut Raghunath Sing ;" the grandson of the murderer come to pay his respects to the grandson of murdered, and to press with his knee the *gadi* on which he sat ! With justice may we repeat their powerful metaphor, on such anomalies in the annals of their feuds—*bhir aur bakri eki thali sa pia*, 'the wolf and the goat drink from the same platter.' We might thus, by a little attention to the past history and habits of these singularly interesting races, confer signal moral benefits upon them ; for it must be evident that the germs of many excellent qualities require only the sunshine of kindness to ripen into goodly fruit ; and for the sake of our own welfare, as well as that of humanity, let not the protecting power, in the exercise of patronage, send amongst them men, who are not imbued with feelings

which will lead them to understand, to appreciate, and to administer fitting counsel, or correction where necessary. The remembrance of these injuries is still fresh, and it requires but the return of anarchy again to unsheath the poniard and drug the cup; but if we consult their real good, the recollection will gradually grow fainter,

Before, however, we altogether quit the wilds of the Chumbul, we must record that Bhynsrar had been visited by another man of blood, the renowned Alla-o-din, in whose epithets of *khooni*, or 'the sanguinary;' and *Secunder Sani*, or 'the second Alexander,' by which history has given him perpetuity of infamy, we recognize the devastating and ferocious Ghilji king, who assailed every Hindu prince in India. Obedient to the letter of the law, he had determined to leave not one stone upon another of the temples of palaces of Bhynsrar. Every where we searched for memorials of the *Hoon*, whose name is also connected with the foundation of Bhynsrar; of the Prammar, or the Dodeah; but in vain. The vestiges of those ages had disappeared, or been built up in the more modern fortifications. Two such inscriptions we indeed discovered, reversed and applied as common building materials in the walls around the town: one was dated S. 1179 (A.D. 1123), but being in the old ornamented Jain character, would have required time and labour to decypher. The other is also anterior to Alla, and the ornaments in this are decidedly Jain: its purport is as follows: "on the *purb* (full moon) of Seoratri (the birthday of Siva), Maha Rae'an Derae Rae Sing Deo bestowed, in the name of Rameshwar,

the village of Tuttagurh in *poon* (religious gift). Those who maintain the grant will enjoy the fruits resulting therefrom:" or, in the words of the original:

"*Jissa jissa jidhu bhomi,*

"*Tissa, tissa tidhu phullung.*"

"Samvat 1302 (A.D. 1246)." This form of *sasun*, or religious charity, is peculiar, and styled *sasun Udyadit*, which proves that the Prammar, of whom this is a memorial, was a feudatory of the prince of Dhar, whose era has been fixed. These discoveries stimulated our research, and my revered friend and *guru*, who is now deeply imbued with antiquarian enthusiasm, vainly offered a large reward for permission to dig for the image of Parswanath, his great pontiff, of whose shrine he has no doubt the first inscription is a memorial. When about to leave this place (indeed our baggage had gone on), we were informed of some celebrated temples across the river at a place called Barolli, anciently Dholpoor. The shrine is dedicated to Guteswara Mahadeva, with a *lingam* revolving in the *yon*i, the wonder of those who venture amongst its almost impervious and unfrequented woods to worship. As I could not go myself, I despatched the *guru* to hunt for inscriptions and bring me an account of it.

Dabi, 20th January, eleven miles; thermometer 48°.—Re-ascended the third *steppe* of our miniature Alp, at the Nasairah pass (*ghat*), the foot of which was exactly five miles from Bhynsrar, and three and a-half furlongs more carried us to its summit, which is of easy ascent, though the pathway was rugged, lying between high peaks on either side. This alone will give a

tolerable idea of the height of the Pathar above the level of the river. Majestic trees cover the hill from the base to its summit, through which we could never have found a passage for the baggage without the axe. Besides some noble tamarind (*imli*) trees, there was the lofty *semul*, or cotton-tree; the knarled *sakoo*, which looks like a leper amongst its healthy brethren; the *taindoo*, or ebony-tree, now in full fruit, and the useful *dho*, besides many others of less magnitude. The landscape from the summit was grand: we looked down upon the *Chir-mitti* (*vulg* Chumbul) and the castle of Raghonath; while the eye commanded a long sweep of the black Bamuni gliding through the vale of Antri to its termination at the tombs of the Suktawuts. The road to Dabi was very fair for such a tract, and when within four miles of our tents, we crossed a stream said to have its fountain at Mynal, which must consequently be one of the highest points of Oopermal. This rill afforded another means of estimating the height of our position, for besides the general fall to the brink of the chasm, it precipitates itself in a fine cascade of three hundred feet. Neither time nor place admitted of our following this rill to its termination, about six miles distant, through a rugged woody tract. From the summit of the pass of Nasariah, we had a peep at the tomb of a Mooslem saint, whence the ground gradually shelved to the end of our journey at Kotah.

Dabi is the line of demarcation between Mewar and Boondi, being itself in the latter state, in the district of Loecha—dreary enough! It produces, however, rice

and *mukhi*, or Indian corn, and some good patches of wheat. We passed the *cairns*, composed of loose stones, of several Rajpoots slain in defending their cattle against the Meenas of the Kairar. I was particularly struck with that of a Charun bard, to whose memory they have set up a *pallia*, or tomb-stone, on which is his effigy, his lance at rest, and shield extended, who most likely fell defending his *tanda*. This tract was grievously oppressed by the banditti who dwell amidst the ravines of the Bunas, on the western declivity of the plateau. "Who durst," said my guide, as we stopped at these *tumuli*, "have passed the Pathar eighteen months ago? they (the Meenas) would have killed you for the cakes you had about you; now you may carry gold. These green fields would have been shared, perhaps reaped altogether, by them; but now, though there is no superfluity, there is 'play for the teeth,' and we can put our turban under our heads at night without the fear of missing it in the morning. *Atul Raj!* may your sovereignty last for ever!" This is the universal language of men who have never known peaceful days, who have been nurtured amidst the elements of discord and rapine, and who, consequently, can appreciate the change, albeit they were not mere spectators. "We must retaliate," said a sturdy Chohan, one of Morji's vassals, who, with five besides himself, insisted on conducting me to Bhynsrar, and would only leave me when I would not let them go beyond the frontier. I was much amused with the reply of one of them whom I stopped with the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, as he began a long harangue about five buffaloes

carried off by the Thakoor of Neemrie, and begged my aid for their recovery. I said it was too far back ; and added, "laughing, "Come, Thakoor, confess; did you never balance the account elsewhere ?"—" Oh Maharaja, I have lost many, and taken many, but *Ram—dohae* ! if I have touched a blade of grass since your *raj*, I am no Rajpoot." I found he was a Hara, and complimented him on his affinity with Aloo, the lord of Bumaoda, which tickled his vanity not a little. In vain I begged them to return, after escorting me so many miles. To all my solicitations the Chohan replied, " You have brought us comfort, and this is *mun ca chakrie*, 'service of the heart.' " I accepted it as such, and we " whiled the gait" with sketches of the times gone by. Each foot of the country was familiar to them. At one of the *cairns*, in the midst of the wood, they all paused for a second ; it was raised over the brother of the Bhatti thakoor, and each, as he passed, added a stone to this monumental heap. I watched, to discern whether the same feeling was produced in them which the act created in me ; but if it existed, it was not betrayed. They were too familiar with the reality to feel the romance of the scene ; yet it was one altogether not ill-suited to the painter.

Kurripoor, 21st February, 9½ miles.—Encamped in the glen of Kurripoora, confined and wild. Thermometer, 51°, but a fine, clear, bracing atmosphere. Our route lay through a tremendous jungle. Half-way, crossed the altitude of which made up for the descent to Dabi, but from whence we again descended to Kurripoora. There were many hamlets in this almost impervious

forest; but all were desolate, and the only trace of population was in altars of those who had defended to the death their dreary abodes against the ruthless Meena of the Kairar, which we shall visit on our return.

About a mile after we had commenced our march this morning, we observed the township of Sontra on our right, which is always conjoined to Dabi, to designate the *tuppa* of Dabi-Sontra, a sub-division of Loecha. Being informed by scout that it contained inscriptions, I requested my *guru* and one of my Brahmins to go there. The search afforded a new proof of the universality of the Pramarsway, and of the conquests of another " Lord of the world and the faith," Alla-o-din, the second Alexander. The yati found several altars having inscriptions, and many *pallias*, from three of which, placed in juxtaposition, he copied the following inscriptions:—

" Samvat 1422 (A.D. 1366). Pardi, Teza, and his son, Deola Pardi, from the fear of shame, for the gods, Brahmins, their cattle, and their wives, sold their lives."

" S. 1446 (A.D. 1390). In the month of Asar (*badi ekum*): Monday, in the castle of Sontra (*Sutrawan doorg*), the Pramars Oeda, Kula, Bhoona, for their kine, wives, Brahmins, along with the Putra Chonda, sold their existence."

" S. 1466 (A.D. 1410), the 1st Asar, and Monday, at Sontragram, Roogha, the Chaora, in defence of the gods, his wife, and the Brahmins, sold his life."

The following was copied from a *coond*, or fountain, excavated in the rock:—

" S. 1370 (A.D. 1314), the 16th of Asar (*sudi ekum*), he, whose renown is unequalled,

the king, the lord of men, Maharaja Adheraj, Sri Alla-o-din, with his army of three thousand elephants, ten lakhs of horse, war-chariots and foot without number, conquering from Sambhur in the north, Malwa, Kurnat, Kanorh, Jhalore, Jessulmaer, Deogir, Tylung, even to the shores of the ocean, and Chandrapoori in the east; victorious over all the kings of the earth, and by whom Sutrawan Doorg, with its twelve townships, have been wrested from the Prammar Maunsi; by whose son, Beelaji, whose birth-place (*oot-pat*) is Sri Dhar, this fountain was excavated. Written and also engraved by Sydeva the stone-cutter (*soo-tradhar*)." .

Beneath the surface of the fountain was another inscription, but there was no time to hale out the water, which some future traveller over the Pathar may accomplish. Sontra, or as classically written, Sutroo-doorg, "the inaccessible to the foe," was one of the castles of the Prammar, no doubt dependent on Cheetore when under the Mori dynasty; and this was only one of the subdivisions of Central India, which was all under Prammar dominion, from the Nerbudda to the Jumna: an assertion proved by inscriptions and traditions. We shall hear more of this at Mynal and Bijolli on our return over Oopermal, which I resolve to be thoroughly acquainted with.

Kotah, February 22d, eleven miles to the banks of the Chumbul. Although not a cloud was to be seen, the sun was invisible till more than spear-high, owing to a thick vapoury mist, accompanied by a cold piercing wind from the north-west. The des-

cent was gradual all the way to the river, but the angle may be estimated from the fact that the pinnacle (*kullus*) of the palace, though one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the Chumbul, was not visible until within five miles of the bank. The barren tract we passed over is all in Boondi, until we approach Kotah, where the lands of Nandta intervene, the personal domain of the regent Zalim Sing, and the only territory belonging to Kotah west of the Chumbul. Kurripoora, as well as all this region, is inhabited by Bhils, of which race a very intelligent individual acted this morning as our guide. He says it is called by them *Baba ca noond*, and that they were the sovereigns of it until dispossessed by the Rajpoots. We may credit them, for it is only fit for Bhils or their brethren of the forest, the wild-beasts. But I rejoiced at having seen it, though I have no wish to return my steps over this part of my journey. Half way, we passed a roofless shed of loose stones, containing the divinity of the Bhils: it is in the midst of a grove of thorny tangled brushwood, whose boughs were here and there decorated with shreds of various coloured cloth, offerings of the traveller to the forest divinity for protection against evil spirits, by which I suppose the Bhils themselves are meant.*

We must not omit (though we have quit-
ted the Pathar) to notice the 'Maypoles' erected at the entrance of every village in the happy *vassant* or spring, whose concluding festival, the Holi or Saturnalia, is just over. This year the season has been

* The same practice is described by Park as existing in Africa.

most ungenial, and has produced sorrow rather than gladness. Every pole has a bundle of hay or straw tied at the top, and some have a cross stick arms and a flag flying; but in many parts of the Pathar, the more symbolic plough was substituted to the goddess of fruition, and served the double purpose of a *Spring*-pole, and frightening the deer from nibbling the young corn.

The appearance of Kotah is very imposing, and impresses the mind with a more lively notion of wealth and activity than most cities in India. A strong wall with bastions runs parallel to, and at no great

distance from, the river, at the southern extremity of which is the palace (placed within a castle separated from the town), whose cupolas and slender minarets give to it an air of light elegance. The scene is crowded with objects animate and inanimate. Between the river and the city are masses of people plying various trades; but the eye dwells upon the terminating bastion to the north, which is a little fort of itself, and commands the country on both banks. But we shall have more to say regarding this during our halt, which is likely to be of some continuance.

CHAPTER VII.

Unhealthiness of the season at Kotah.—Eventful character of the period of the author's residence there.—The cuckoo.—Description of the encampment.—Cenotaphs of the Haras.—Severe tax upon the curiosity of travellers in Kotah.—Genral insalubrity of Kotah.—Wells infected.—Productive of fever.—Taking leave of the Maharao and Regent.—The Regent's sorrow.—Cross the Chumbul.—Restive elephant.—Kunarie.—Regent's patrimonial estate.—Nandta.—Author's reception by Madhu Sing.—Rajpoot music.—The Punjabi tuppā.—Scene of the early recreations of Zalim Sing.—Talera.—Noagong.—Approach of the Rajah of Boondi.—Splendour of the cortege.—Boondi.—The castellated palace, or Boondi ca mahl.—Visit to the Rajah.—Illness of our party.—Quit Boondi.—Cenotaphs in the village of Sitoor.—The tutelary deity, Asapurna.—Temple of Bhavani.—Banks of the Maij.—Thanoh.—Inscriptions.—Jehajpoor.—Respectable suite of the Bussie chief.—Singular illness of the Author.

Nandta, September 10th, 1821.—A DAY of deliverance, which had been looked forward to by all of us as a new era in our existence. The last four months of our

residence at Kotah was a continued struggle against cholera and deadly fever: never in the memory of man was such a season known. This is not a state of mind or body fit for recording passing events; and although the period of the last six months—from my arrival at Kotah in February last, to my leaving it this morning—has been one of the most eventful of my life, it has left fewer traces of these events upon my mind for notice in my journal than if I had been less occupied. The reader may be referred, for an abstract of these occurrences, to Chapter Sixth, which will make him sufficiently acquainted with the people amongst whom we have been living. To try back for the less important events which furnish the thread of the Personal Narrative, would be vain, suffering, whilst this journal is written, under fever and ague, and all my friends and servants in a similar plight. Though we more than once changed our ground of encampment, sickness still followed us. We got through the hot winds tolerably until the dog-days of June; but, although I had experienced every vicissitude of temperature in every part of India, I never felt any thing to be compared with the few days of June at Kotah.

It was shortly after we had shifted the camp from the low paddy-fields to the embankment of the Kishore *sagur*, or 'lake,' immediately east of the city, the sky became of that transparent blue which dazzles the eye to look at. Throughout the day and night, there was not a zephyr even to stir a leaf, but the repose and stillness of death. The thermometer was 104° in the tent, and the agitation of the *punka* produced only a

more suffocating air, from which I have fled, with a sensation bordering on madness, to the gardens at the base of the embankment of the lake. But the shade even of the tamarind or cool plantain was still less supportable. The feathered tribe, with their beaks opened, their wings flapping or hanging listlessly down, and panting for breath, like ourselves, sought in vain a cool retreat. The horses stood with heads drooping before their untasted provender. Amidst this universal stagnation of life, the only sound which broke upon the horrid stillness, was the note of the cuckoo; it was the first time I had ever heard it in India, and its cheerful sound, together with the associations it awakened, produced a delightful relief from torments which could not long be endured. We invariably remarked that the bird opened his note at the period of greatest heat, about two o'clock in the day, and continued during intervals for about an hour, when he changed his quarters and quitted us. I afterwards became more familiar with this bird, and every day in the hot weather at Oodipoor, when I resided in one of the villas in the valley, I not only heard but frequently saw it.*

The reader can easily conceive the scene of our encampment: it was at the north-eastern angle of the lake, having in front that little fairy islet with its light Saracenic summer abode. Gardens fringed the base of the embankment, which was bordered with lofty trees; the extended and gigantic circumvallation, over the

* In almost every respect like a sparrow-hawk, perhaps a little more elongated and elegant in form; and the beak I think was straight.

parapets of which peeped the spires and domes of temples or mosques, breaking the uniformity, and occasionally even showing the distant and elevated land beyond the Chumbul. We had also close to us a spot sacred to the *manes* of the many heroes of this noble family. I frequented the cenotaphs of the Haras, which if less magnificent than those of Marwar or Mewar, or even of the head of their line of Boondi, may vie with them all in the recollections they conjure up of patriotism and fealty, and of the deadly rancour attendant on civil strife. This cluster of monuments approaches near to the city wall, but is immediately under the dam of the lake, and being enveloped in foliage, almost escapes observation. I was rejoiced to see the good order in which they were maintained, which was another of the anomalies in the Regent's character: for what can so much keep alive the proud spirit of the Haras as these trophies of their sires? But whatever the motive of the act, it is a tribute to virtue; nor could I resist an exclamation of respect to the veteran Regent, who is raising a monument to the prince, which, if it survive to distant time, will afford room to some future traveller to say, that with Maharao Omed Sing, Kotah appears to have attained the summit of its power. Nor should I deny myself the praise of having something to do with this harmless piece of vanity; for I procured for the Regent free permission from the Rana of Mewar to take from the marble quarry at Kankerowli whatever suited his purpose, without price or duty: a request he was too proud to make himself since their ancient quarrel. We had also the

range of Madhu Sing's magnificent gardens, of many acres in extent, abounding in exotic flowers and fruits, with parterres of rose-trees, each of many roods of land. But what were all these luxuries conjoined with cholera morbus, and *tup-tezurra*, 'tertian fever,' and every other fever around us? But even these physical ills were nothing compared to the moral evils which it was my duty to find remedies for or to mitigate; and they were never adverted to in the many despatches addressed, during our residence in this *petit enfer*, to supreme authority.

The enthusiast may imagine how delightful travelling must be amongst such interesting races, to visit the ruins of ancient greatness, and to read their history in their monuments; to march along the margin of such streams as the Chumbul or the Bhamuni; to be escorted by these gallant men, to be the object of their courtesy and friendship, and to benefit the condition of the dependant class; but the price of this enjoyment was so high that few would voluntarily pay it, namely, a perpetuity of ill-health. Fortunately, however, for ourselves and our country, if these offices are neither sinecures nor beds of roses, we do not make them beds of thorns; there is a heart-stirring excitation amidst such scenes, which keeps the powers of mind and body alert: a feeling which is fortunately more contagious than cholera, and communicable to all around. How admirably was this feeling exemplified this morning! Could my readers but have beheld the soldiers of my escort and other establishments, as they were ferried over the Chumbul, he would have taken them for ghosts making the *trajet*

of the Styx ; there was not one of them who had not been in the gripe of pestilential fever or ague. Some of them had had cholera, and half of them had enlarged spleens. Yet, although their muskets were too heavy for them, there were neither splenetic looks nor peevish expressions. It was as delightful as it was wonderful to see the alacrity, even of the bed-ridden, to leave their ills behind them east of the Chumbul.

Scarcely any place can be more unhealthy than Kotah during the monsoon. With the rise of the Chumbul, whose waters filtrate through the fissures of the rock, the wells are filled with mineral poison and the essence of decomposed vegetation. All those in the low ground at our first encampment were overflowed from this cause ; and the surface of each was covered with an oily pellicle of metallic lustre, whose colours were prismatic, varying, with position or reflection, from shades of a pigeon's breast (which it most resembled), to every tint of blue blending with gold. It is the same at Oodipoor during the periodical rains, and with similar results, intermittent and tertian fevers, from which, as I said, not a man, European or native, escaped. They are very obstinate, and though not often fatal, are difficult to extirpate, yielding only to calomel, which perhaps generates a train of ills.

The last few days of our stay were passed in the ceremonials of leave-taking. On the 5th, in company with the Regent, I paid my last visit to the Maharao, who with his brothers returned my farwell visit the day following ; and on the 8th and 9th the same formalities were observed with the

Regent. The man who had passed through such scenes as the reader has perused, now at the very verge of existence, could not repress his sorrow. His orbless eyes were filled with tears, and as I pressed his palsied hands which were extended over me, the power of utterance entirely deserted him. I would expunge this, if I did not know that vanity has no share in relating what I consider to be a virtue in the Regent. I have endeavoured to paint his character, and could not omit this trait. I felt he had a regard for me, from a multitude of kind expressions, but of their full value was always doubtful till this day.

I did not get down to the point of embarkation for some hours after my suite, having been detained by the irresistible hold of ague and fever, though I started before the hot-fit had left me. The Regent had prepared the grand barge, which soon landed me on the opposite bank ; but *Futteh Bahadoor*, my elephant, seemed to prefer for his present quarters to Oodipoor : after his *howda*, pad and other gear, had been taken off and put into the boat, he plunged into the Chumbul with delight, diving in the deepest water, and making a water-spout of his proboscis. He had got a third of the way across, when a new female elephant, less accustomed to these crossings, turned back, and *Futteh Bahadoor*, regardless of his master, was so gallant as to go after her. In vain the *mahout* (driver) used his *fursi*, digging it into his head behind the ear ; this only exasperated the animal, and he made one or two desperate efforts to shake of his pigmy driver. Fortunately (being too weak to mount a horse),

I found a baggage-elephant just beginning to be loaded ; I put my *howda* upon her, and the 'victorious warrior' suffered the indignity of carrying a load.

We passed the town of Kunarie, belonging to Raj Golaub Sing, Jhala, a relation of the Regent, and one of the Omras of Kotah. It is a thriving comfortable place, and the pinnacled mahl of the Raj gave to it an air of dignity as well as of the picturesque. Our route to Nandta was over a rich and highly-cultivated plain, studded with mango-groves ; which do not surprise us, since we know it is the family estate of the Regent. The patrimonial abode is, therefore, much cherished, and is the frequent residence of his son Madhu Sing, by whom I was met half way between Kunarie, and conducted to the family dwelling.

Nandta is a fine specimen of a Rajpoot baronial residence. We entered through a gateway, at the top of which was the *nobut-khaneh*, or saloon for the band, into an extensive court having colonnaded piazzas all round, in which the vassals were ranged. In the centre of this area was a pavilion, apart from the palace, surrounded by orange-ries and odoriferous flowers, with a *jet-deau* in the middle, whence little canals conducted the water and kept up a perpetual verdure. Under the arcade of this pavilion, amidst a thousand welcomes, thundering of cannon, trumpets, and all sorts of sounds, we took our seats ; and scarcely had congratulations passed and the area was cleared of our escorts, when, to the tabor and *saringi*, the sweet notes of a Punjabi *tuppa* saluted our ears. There is a plaintive simplicity in this music, which denotes originality,

and even without a knowledge of the language, conveys a sentiment to the most fastidious, when warbled in the impassioned manner which some of these syrens possess. While the Mahratta delights in the dissonant *drooput*, which requires a rapidity of utterance quite surprising, the Rajpoot reposes in his *tuppa*, which conjoined with his opium, creates a paradise. Here we sat, amidst the orange-groves of Nandta, the *jet-deau* throwing a mist between us and the groupe, whose dark tresses, antelope-eyes, and syren-notes, were all thrown away upon the Frank, for my teeth were beating time from the ague-fit.

It was in this very area, now filled with the youth and beauty of Kotah, that the Regent exhibited his wrestlers ; and it was from the very seat I occupied, that Sri-ji of Boondi challenged these ruffians to the encounter related in the annals. Having sat a quarter of an hour, in obedience to the laws of etiquette, and in courtesy to the son of the Regent, who had come thus far to escort me, we took leave and hastened to get a cup of tea.

Talera, September 11th.—Two miles north-west of Nandta we passed the boundary of Regent's estate and the Boondi territory. The roads were good, over a well-cultivated and well-wooded plain, the cotton particularly thriving. Talera is a large village on the margin of a fine clear stream, its banks delightfully wooded, abounding in fish, which even tempted my invalid friends to try their luck. Talera is in the *jageer* of the vakeel who attends me on the part of the Boondi Raja, but is still a heap of ruins, and being on the high road, is open to parties of troops.

Noagong, February 12th.—The road very fair, though a little winding, to avoid some deep ravines. The land rich, well-watered, and too much wooded ; but man is wanting to cultivate the fertile waste. The encamping ground afforded not a single tree to screen us from a scorching sun. We passed two cenotaphs, where Rajpoots had fallen ; but there was no inscription, and no one could reveal their history.

Boondi, September 13th.—The country and roads, as usual, flat, with an apparent descent from Talera to the base of the Boondi range, whose craggy and unequal summits shewed it could be no buttress to the table-land with which it unites. The general direction of the range is east-north-east, though there are diverging ridges, the course of which it is impossible to delineate.

As we neared the capital of the Haras, clouds of dust, gradually obscuring the atmosphere, were the first signal of the Raja's approach : soon the sound of drums, the clangor of trumpets, and tramping of steeds, became audible, and at length the *Sandni-aswars*, or camel-messengers announced the Raja's presence. He was on horseback. Instantly I dismounted from my elephant, and although too weak to contend with the fire of my steed Javadia, it would have been an unpardonable sin against etiquette to have remained elevated above the prince. All Javadia's warlike propensities were awakened at the stir of this splendid retinue, from which ever and anon some dashing young Hara issued, "witching the world with noble horsemanship;" and as, in all the various evolutions of the *manege*, there was not a steed in Rajwarra

could surpass mine, to my vast inconvenience and no small danger, he determined on this occasion to shew them off. In one of his furious bounds, he had his fore-feet on the broken parapet of a reservoir, and as I turned him short, he threw up his head, which came in contact with mine, and made my *Chabooksuar* exclaim, "*Alimudat !*" "the help of Ali" and a few more bounds brought me in contact with my friend, the Rao Raja, when we dismounted and embraced. After going through the same ceremony with the principal chiefs, he again gave me three fraternal hugs to prove the strength of his friendship, as he said, with blunt sincerity, "this is your home, which you have come to at last." With other affectionate welcomes, he took leave and preceded me. His retinue was striking, but not so much from tinsel ornament, as from the joyous feeling which pervaded every part of it. As my friend twirled his lance in the midst of about eight hundred cavaliers and fifteen hundred foot, I thought of the deeds his ancestors had performed, when leading such a *gole*, to maintain their reputation for fealty. It recalled his words on the formation of the treaty, when the generosity of Britain again restored his country to independence. "What can I say, in return for the restoration of my home? My ancestors were renowned in the times of the kings, in whose service many lost their lives; and the time may come when I may evince what I feel, if my services should be required: for myself, my chiefs, are all your's!" I would pledge my existence that performance would not have lagged behind his promise. We allowed a quarter of an hour

to elapse, in order to avoid the clouds of dust which a Rajpoot alone can breathe without inconvenience ; and accompanied by my worthy and dignified old friend, the Mahraja Bikramajeet, we proceeded to our tents, placed upon the bank of a tank beyond the town.

The *coup d'œil* of the castellated palace of Boondi, from whichever side you approach it, is perhaps the most striking in India ; but it would require a drawing on a much larger scale than is here given, to comprehend either its picturesque beauties or its grandeur. Throughout Rajwarra, which boasts many fine palaces, the "Boondi-camahl" is allowed to possess the first rank ; for which it is indebted to situation, not less than to the splendid additions which it has continually received : for it is an aggregate of palaces, each having the name of its founder ; and yet the whole so well harmonizes, and the character of the architecture is so uniform, that its breaks or fantasies appear only to arise from the peculiarity of the position, and serve to diversify its beauties. The Chutter-mahl, or that built by Raja Chuttersal, is the most extensive and most modern addition. It has two noble halls, supported by double ranges of columns of serpentine from his own native quarries, in which the vassals are ranged, and through whose ranks you must pass before you reach the state apartments ; the view from which is grand. Gardens are intermingled with palaces raised on gigantic terraces. In one of these I was received by the Raja, on my visit the next day. Whoever has seen the palace of Boondi, can easily picture to himself the hanging-gar-

dens of Semiramis. After winding up the zig-zag road, I passed by these halls, through a vista of the vassals, whose contented manly looks delighted me, to the inner palace ; when, having conversed on the affairs of his country for some time, the Raja led the way to one of the terraces, where I was surprised to find a grand court assembled, under the shade of immense trees, trellised vines, and a fine marble reservoir of water. The chiefs and retainers, to the number of at least a hundred, were drawn up in lines, at the head of which was the throne. The prospect was fine, both for near and distant views, as it includes the lakes called the Jeit Sagur and Prem-Sagur, with the gardens on their margins, and in the distance the city of Kotah, and both banks of the Chumbul ; and beyond these successive terraces and mahls, to the summit of the hill, is seen the cupola of the *Dhabha's* tomb, through the deep foliage, rising above the battlements of Tarragurh. This terrace is on a grand bastion, which commands the south-east gorge of the valley leading to the city ; and yet, such is the immense mass of building, that from the town one has no idea of its size.

It were vain to attempt a description of Boondi, even were I inclined. It was the traitor of Kurwar who raised the walls of Tarragurh, and it was Raja Boodh Sing who surrounded the city with walls, of which Omed Sing used to say "they were not required against an equal foe, and no defence against a superior,—and only retarded reconquest if driven out of Boondi, whose best defence was its hills."

September 21st.—Partly by business, partly

by sickness, we were compelled to halt here a week. Our friend the doctor, who had been ailing for some time, grew gradually worse, and at length gave himself up. Cary found him destroying his papers and making his will, and came over deeply affected. I left my bed to reason with my friend, who refused all nourishment, and was sinking fast; but as much from depression of spirits as disease. In vain I used the common arguments to rouse him from his lethargy; I then tried, as the last resort, to excite his anger, and reviled him for giving way, telling him to teach by example as well as precept. By this course, I raised tinge of blood in my poor friend's cheek, and what was better, got a tumbler of worm jelli down his throat; and appointing the butler, Kali Khan, who was a favourite and had great influence, to keep rousing and feeding him, I left him. No sooner was *he* a little mended, than Cary took to his bed, and nothing could rouse him. But, as time passed, it was necessary to get on; and with litters furnished by the Raja we recommenced our journey.

Banks of the Maij River, September 26, distance ten miles.—I this day quitted my hospitable friend, the Rao Raja. As I left my tent, I found the Mahraja of Thanoh, with the Dublana contingent (*zabta*), amounting to a hundred horse, appointed to escort me to the frontier. Our route lay through the *Banda-ca-nal*, 'the valley of Banda,' whose gorge near the capital is not above four hundred yards in breadth, but gradually expands until we reach Sitoor, about two miles distant. On both sides of this defile are numerous gardens, and the small temples and cenotaphs which crown

the heights, in many places well-wooded, produce a most picturesque effect. All these cenotaphs are perfectly classical in form, being simple domes supported by slender columns; that of Sooja Bae is peculiarly graceful. As we reached Sitoor, the valley closed our last view of the fairy place of the Haras, rearing its domes and gilded spires half way up the mountain, the *kang-ras* of Tarragurh encircling it as a diadem, whilst the isolated hill of Meeraji, at the foot of which was the old city, terminates the prospect, and makes Boondi appear as if entirely shut in by rocks. Sitoor is a sacred spot in the history of the Haras, and here is enshrined their tutelary divinity, fair Hope (*Asapurna*), who has never entirely deserted them, from the saca of Asi, Gowalcoond, and Aser, to the present hour; and though the enchantress has often exchanged her attributes for those of *Kalima*, the faith of her votaries has survived every metamorphosis. A high antiquity is ascribed to Sitoor, which they assert is mentioned in the sacred books; if so, it is not in connexion with the Haras. The chief temple is dedicated to Bhavani, of whom *Asapurna* is an emanation. There is nothing striking in the structure, but it is hallowed by the multitude of sacrificial altars to the *manes* of the Haras who have 'fallen in the faith of the Chetri.' There were no inscriptions, but abundance of lazy drones of Brahmins enjoying their ease under the wide-spreading burr and peepul trees, ready, when well-paid, to prepare their incantations to Bhavani, either for good or for evil: it is chiefly for the latter purpose, that Sitoor-ca-Bhavani is celebrated. We

continued our journey to Nogong, a tolerable village, but their being no good encamping ground, our tents were pitched a mile farther on, upon the banks of the Maij, whose turbid waters were flowing with great velocity from the accumulated mountain-rills which fall into it during the equinoctial rains.

Thanoh, September 27th.—This is the seat of Maharaja Sawunt Sing, the eldest son of my friend Maharaja Bikramajeet of Kheenee. He affords another instance in which the laws of adoption have given the son precedence of the father, who, while he receives homage in one capacity, must pay it in another, for young Sawunt was raised from the junior to the elder branch of Thanoh. The castle of Sawunt Sing, which guards the western frontier, is small, but of solid masonry, erected on the crest of a low hill. There are only six villages besides Thanoh forming his fief, which is burthened with the service of twenty-five horse. In Boondi, 'a knight's fee,' or what should equip one cavalier, is two hundred and fifty rupees of rent. In the afternoon, the Maharaja brought his son and heir to visit me, a fine little fellow six years of age, who with his sword buckled by his side and miniature shield on his back, galloped his little steed over hill and dale like a true Rajpoot. I procured several inscriptions, but none above three hundred years old.

Jehajpoor September 28th.—At daybreak, I again found the Maharaja at the head of his troop, ready to escort me to the frontier. In vain I urged that he had superabundantly performed all the duties of hospitality; "such were his orders, and he must obey them." I well knew the laws of the Medes were not

more peremptory than those of Bishen Sing; so we jogged on, beguiling the time in conversation regarding the semi-barbarous race of tract I was about to enter, the Meenas of Jehajpoor and the Kirar or fastnesses of Bunas, for ages the terror of the country, and who had studded the plains with cenotaphs of the Haras, fallen in defending their goods and chattles against their inroads. The fortress of Jehajpoor was not visible until we entered the pass, and indeed had nearly cleared it, for it is erected on a hill detached from the range but on its eastern face, and completely guards this important point of ingress to Mewar. This district is termed *Chourasi*, or consisting of eighty-four townships, a favourite territorial subdivision: nor is there any number intermediate between this and three hundred and sixty. Jehajpoor, however, actually contains above a hundred townships, besides numerous *poorwas*, or 'hamlets.' The population consists entirely of the indigenous Meenas, who could turn out four thousand *kumptas*, or 'bowmen,' whose aid or enmity were not to be despised, as has been well demonstrated to Zalim Sing, who held the district during fifteen years. Throughout the whole of this extensive territory, which consist as much of land on the plains as in the hills, the Meena is the sole proprietor, nor has the Rana any property but the two tanks of Bood Lohari, and these were wrested from the Meenas by Zalim Sing during his tenure.*

* The indigenous Meena affords here an excellent practical illustration of Menu's axiom, that "the right in the soil belongs to him who first cleared and tilled the land." The Rajpoot conqueror claims and



I was met at the frontier by the *tynati* of Jehajpoor, headed by the old chief of Bussie and his grandson Urjoon, of whom we have spoken in the journey to Kotah. It was a

receives the tribute of the soil, but were he to attempt to enforce more, he would soon be brought to his senses by one of their various modes of self-defence—incendiarism, self-immolation, or abandonment of the lands in a body. We have mystified a very simple subject by basing our arguments on the arrangements of the Mahomedan conqueror. If we mean to follow his example, whose doctrine was the law of the sword, let us do it, but we must not confound might with right: consult custom and tradition throughout India, where traces of originality yet exist, and it will invariably appear that the right in the soil is in the cultivator, who maintains even in exile the *huk bapota-ca-bhom*, in as decided a manner as any freeholder in England. But Colonel Briggs has settled this point, to those who are not blinded by prejudice.

very respectable troop of cavalry, and though their appointments were not equal to my Hara escort, it was satisfactory to see assembled, merely at one post, a body which the Rana two years ago could not have collected round his own person, either for parade or defence: as a beginning, therefore, it is good. Received also the civil manager, Sobharam, the nephew of the minister, a very good man, but without the skill to manage such a tract. He was accompanied by several of the Meena *naiques*, or chiefs. There is much that is interesting here, both as matter of duty and of history; we shall therefore halt for a few days, and rest our wearied invalids.

CHAPTER VIII.

Extraordinary attack of illness in the author.—Suspicion of poison.—Journey to Mandelgurh.—The Kirar.—Tranquil state of the country.—The Meenas subsiding into peaceful subjects.—Scenery in the route.—Sahsun, or ecclesiastical lands.—Castle of Amergurh.—Kachowra.—Its ancient importance.—Our true policy with regard to the feudatories in these parts.—Dam-nioh—Manpoora.—Signs of reviving prosperity.—Arrival at Mandelgurh.—The Duserra.—Sickness of the party left behind.—Assembly of the Bhomias and Patels.—Description of Mandelgurh.—Rebuilt by one of the Takshac race.—Legend of Mandelgurh.—Genealogical tablet of stone.—Pedigrees of the tribes.—Mandelgurh granted to the Rahtores by Arungzeb.—Recovered by the Rana.—Taxes imposed.—Lavish grants.—Bageet.—The author rejoins his party.—Birslabas.—Akolah.—Desolation of the country.—Inscriptions.—Hamirgurh.—Seoroh.—Superb landscape.—Mirage.—Testimony of gratitude from the elders of Poorh.—Thriving state of Morowlee.—Rasmy.—Antiquities.—Curious law.—Jassmoh.—Waste country.—Inscriptions.—Copper mines.—Sunwar.—Triveni, or point of junction of three rivers.—Temple of Parswanath.—Deserted state of the country.—Kurairah.—Mowlee.—Barren country.—Hunting seat of Nahra-Muggra.—Heights of Toos and Mairta.—End of second journey.

Jhajpoor, October 1st.—My journalizing had nearly terminated yesterday. Duncan and Cary being still confined to their beds, my relative, Captain Waugh, sat down with me to dinner; but fever and ague having destroyed all appetite on my part, I was a mere spectator. I had, however, fancied a cake of *mukhi* flour, but had not eaten two mouthfuls before I experienced extraordinary sensations; my head seemed expanding to an enormous size, as if it alone would have filled the tent; my tongue and lips felt tight and swollen, and although I underwent no alarm, nor suffered the slightest loss of sense, I deemed it the prelude to one of those violent attacks,

which have assailed me for several years past, and brought me to the verge of death. I begged Captain Waugh to leave me; but he had scarcely gone before a constriction of the throat came on, and I thought all was over. I rose up, however, and grasped the tent-pole, when my relative re-entered with the surgeon. I beckoned them not to disturb my thoughts, instead of which they thrust some ether and compounds down my throat, which operated with magical celerity. I vomited violently; the constriction ceased; I sunk on my pallet, and about two in the morning I awoke, bathed in perspiration, and without a remnant of disease. It was difficult to account

for this result: the medical oracle fancied I had been poisoned, but I was loth to admit it. If the fact were so, the poison must have been contained in the cake, and as it would have been too a great risk to retain the person who prepared it, the baker was discharged. It was fortunate that the symptoms were such as to induce Captain Waugh to describe them so fully, and it was still more fortunate for me that the doctor was not able to go out with his fishing-rod, for the whole transaction did not last five minutes. This is about the fourth time I have been "upon the brink" (*canari poncha*) since I entered Mewar.

Kujoori, October, 2d.—Left my sick friends this morning to nurse each other, and having an important duty to perform at Mandelgurh, which is out of the direct route, appointed a rendezvous where I shall meet them when this work is over. I was for the first time compelled to shut myself up in my *palki*; incessant fever and ague for the last two months have disorganized a frame which has had to struggle with many of these attacks. We are now in what is termed the *Kirar*, for so the tract is named on both banks of the Bunas to the verge of the plateau; and my journey was through a little nation of robbers by birth and profession: but their *kumptas* (bows) were unstrung, and there arrows rusting in the quiver. Well may our empire in the east be called one of opinion, when a solitary individual of Britain, escorted by a few of Skinner's horse, may journey through the valley of Kujoori, where, three short years ago, every crag would have concealed an ambush prepared to plunder him! At

present, I could by signal have collected four thousand bowmen around me, to protect or to plunder; though the Meenas, finding that their rights are respected, are subsiding into regular tax-paying subjects, and call out with their betters "*Utul Raj!*" ("May your sway be everlasting!") We had a grand convocation of the Meena *Naiques*, and, in the Rana's name, I distributed crimson turbans and scarfs; for as through our mediation the Rana had just recovered the district of Jehajgurh, he charged me with its settlement. I found these Meenas true children of nature, who for the first time seemed to feel they were received within the pale of society, instead of being considered as out-casts. "The heart must leap kindly back to kindness," is a sentiment as powerfully felt by the semi-barbarians of the Kirar as by the more civilized habitants of other climes.

Our route was through a very narrow valley, little susceptible of cultivation, though a few patches were visible near the hamlets, scattered here and there. The scene was wild, and the cool morning air imparted vigour to my exhausted frame. The slopes of the valley in many places are covered with trees to the very summit of the mountains, on which the *koorkeroo* or wild cock was crowing his matins, and we were in momentary expectation of seeing some bears, fit associates of the Meenas, in their early promenades. As we approached Kujoori, the valley widened, so as to admit of its being termed a township of fifty-two thousand beegas, which afforded another proof of ancestral wisdom, for it was in *sahsun*, or grant to the Brahmins; but the outlaws of the Kirar,

though they sacrifice a tithe of their plunder to 'our Lady of the Pass' (*Ghatta Rani*), have little consideration for the idlers of the plains. This feeling is not confined to the Meenas; for the Bhomia Rajpoots, despising all the anathemas of the church, have seized on the best lands of Kujoori. But only a small portion of the *barwara* (fifty-two thousand), about seventeen thousand English acres, is arable.

Kachola, or Kachowra, October 3d.—Exercrable roads! Our route continued through the same valley, occasionally expanding to the westward. Half-way, we passed the baronial castle of Amergurb, whose chief, Rawut Dulleel Sing, is now on duty with his quota at Jehajpoor, but his uncle Pahar Sing, who is a great favourite with our party (by whom he is known as 'the mountain-lion'), came to meet and conduct me to the castle. But I was too unwell, or should on many accounts have desired to visit this somewhat celebrated abode of one of the Babas (*infants*) of Mewar, whose feud I maintained for him against his potent neighbour of Shahpoora, which has elsewhere been related.* It is quite unassailable, being built on an isolated rock, and, except by a circuitous path on one side, there is no passage through the dense jungle that surrounds it: a mode of fortifying recommended by Menu, but which, if universally followed in this land so studded with fortresses, would waste no small portion of the sovereignty. I was quite satisfied with this view of the castle of Dulleel, and enjoyed from the point of descent a noble prospect. In the foreground is the

cenotaph of Rana Ursi, in the centre of the valley, which extended and gradually opened towards Mandelgurb, whose blue ridge was distinctly visible in the distance. The hills to the right were broken abruptly into masses, and as far as the eye could stretch on every side, were disordered heaps of gigantic rocks. To reclaim this district, the largest in Mewar, I am now intent, having convoked all the Bhomias and Patels of its three hundred and sixty townships at the chief city, Mandelgurb. My friend, Pahar Sing, as *locum tenens* of his uncle, expended powder on the occasion; and must have charged his *patereroes* to the muzzle. Pahar-ji joined me on his *Panch-Kalian* (so they term a horse with four white legs and a white nose), and determined to escort me to Mandelgurb; a service, as he said, not only due from his family, but in accordance with the commands of his sovereign the Rana, of whom Pahar was a faithful, zealous, and valiant supporter during his adversity. The Bhomias of Mandelgurb, in fact, generally deserve the praise of having maintained this strong-hold without either command or assistance throughout the whole period of his misfortunes.

Kachowra is a township rated at six thousand rupees of annual revenue in the rent-roll of Mewar, but is now an inconsiderable village. In former times, it must have been a place of importance, for all around, to a considerable distance, the ground is strewn with fragments of sculpture of a superior character, and one spot is evidently the site of the cenotaphs of the family. The town had stood on the western bank of an immense lake, which through neglect

* See Vol. 1. p. 137.

is now a swamp ; and, half way up the hill, are disclosed, amidst the brushwood of the *dho*, the ruins of a temple : but tradition has perished with the population, who were subjected at once to the curse of constant foreign invasion and the inroads of the Meenas of the Kirar. Thus a soil, whose richness is apparent from the luxuriance of its meadows, is in a state of entire desolation. Kachowra forms the *putta* of Shahpoora in this district, whose chief has to serve two masters, for he is a tributary of Ajmer for Shahpoora, itself a fief of Mewar, and holds an estate of about forty thousand rupees of annual rent in Mandelgurh, which has been two years under sequestration for his refusal to attend the summons to Oodipoor, and for his barbarous murder of the chief of Amergurh.* This is a state of things which ought not to exist. When we freed these countries from the Mahrattas, we should have renounced the petty tributes imposed upon the surrounding chiefs *not within* the limits of the district of Ajmer, and the retention of which is the source of irritating discussions with these princes through the feudatories. Presuming on this external influence, the Shahpoora Raja set his sovereign's warrant at defiance, and styled himself a subject of Ajmer ; nor was it until he found he was bound by a double tie of duty, that he deigned to appear at the capital. The resumption of the estate in Mandelgurh alone overcame the inertness of the chief of Shahpoora ; he has already too much in the *Chourasi*, or eighty-four townships of Shahpoora, for such a subject as he is, who prefers a

foreign master to his legitimate lord. I would recommend that the Rahtore chiefs of Marwar, beyond the Aravalli hills, now tributary to Ajmer, and who consequently only look to that state, should be replaced under their proper head : the sacrifice is of no moment to us, and to them it will be a boon.

Damniok, 9th October.—I was detained at Kachowra by a violent accession of fever and ague, as well as spleen, increased no doubt by the unhealthiness of the position amidst swamps and jungle. This is a fine healthy spot, where I should like to convene the *bhomias* and ryots, to endeavour to remove the reproach of so beautiful a land remaining waste. Damniok, which is in the sequestered *putta* of Shahpoora, is a town of two thousand houses ; a universal ruin !

Manpoora, 15th.—After a week's halt, reached this spot, about a mile south-west of the town, and on the bank of the Bunas*. The entire population of Manpoora turned out to receive me ; the damsels with their brazen vessels of water on their heads ; but the song of the Suhailea had ceased to charm and my ague made me too ill even to return their kindness. To-day it has abated, and to-morrow, with another respite, I will try to get through the work which brought me here. Mandelgurh is three coss from hence. I was rejoiced to see the signs of reviving prosperity about Manpoora ; some fine patches of sugar-cane were refreshing sights.

Mandelgurh, 16th and 17th.—Proceeded up the valley and encamped within half a mile of the city, from which the governor and

See Vol. I. p. 138.

* By mistake, Manpoora is not rightly placed in the map.



his *cortege* came to meet and welcome me ; but I was too enfeebled to ascend the fort, which was a subject of regret. It is by no means formidable, and may be about four furlongs in length, with a low rampart wall, and bastions encircling the crest of the hill. The governor's residence appears on the west side, at which spot the Regent of Kotah was compelled to abandon his ladders, which they retain as a trophy. This is the festival of the *Dussera*, the day sacred to Rama ; but feasting is lost upon me, for this is the ninth day of abstinence from dinner. Captain Waugh rejoined me yesterday, looking very ill, and giving a poor account of my friends, especially Cary, who is sinking rapidly. He left them encamped at Bageet, the point of rendezvous in the Bunas where I shall join them to-morrow. He found me on my *charpae* (pallet), with some threescore leeches (which I had got from Mandelgurh) on my left side,* while I was attending to and noting down the oral reports of the Bhomias and Patels of the district, who filled my tent, many remaining in groupes outside. I notwithstanding got through the work to my satisfaction, and have obtained a thorough insight into the agricultural details of this fine tract, which I may touch upon, if I am able, the first halt.

* Enlargement of the spleen appears an invariable accompaniment of protracted fever and ague, arising from such causes as afflicted us. I could feel the spleen at the very pit of the stomach, as hard as a stone. The bleeding reduced it, as it did generally in my case ; for the leeches were enormous, and must have each drained half an ounce of blood ; but I had only the choice of them or the actual cantery, which was strongly recommended by my native friends : of two evils I chose what appeared to me the least.

Mandelgurh was rebuilt by a chief of the Balnote tribe, one of the ramifications of the Solanki or Chalook race, which furnished a splendid dynasty of kings to Anhalwarra (Nehrwalla) Patun, who ruled over the western maritime provinces of India from the tenth to the fourteenth century. They were of the great Takshac or Ophite race, which, with three other tribes, became converts to Brahminism. The Balnote of Mandelgurh was a branch of the family which occupied Tonk-Thoda on the Bunas, recognized in their traditional poems as Takshac, or, in the dialect, Takitpoora, 'city of the takshac, or snake.*' Although tradition asserts that the Solanki of Thoda migrated from Patun during the religious wars in the twelfth century, it is more probable that the branch fixed itself here during their progress from the north in search of settlements ; for, their genealogical creed assigns Lokote, in the Punjab, as the cradle of their power. It is indeed a curious fact, amounting to demonstration of the Indo-Scythic origin of the Agnicula races, that they all lay claim to this northern origin, in spite of their entrance into the world through the medium of fire (*agni*): in fact, the glorious egotism of the Brahmin is never more conspicuous than when he asserts the superiority of the Chohans over the more ancient races of Surya and Soma ; that "these were born of woman, but they were made by Brahmins : " a proof of conver-

* Tonk-Thoda is well worth visiting. The artist might fill a portfolio with architectural and picturesque sketches. Moreover, topazes of a good quality are found in its hills. The sacred cave of Gokurna, celebrated in the history of the great Chohan king, Beesildeo of Ajmer, is also worth notice.



sion which requires no comment. In spite of this fabled birth at the fountain-head, the Anhulcoond of Aboo, tradition negatives the assumed pedigree of the Brahmins, and brings them all from the north. Be this as it may, the branch which fixed itself at Mandelgurh gave its name to the tract, which is still recognized by some as Balnote. The first possession the founder had, was Larpoora, a town of great antiquity. He had in his service a Bhil, named Mandoo, who, while guarding the sugar-cane from the wild hog, came upon one sound asleep. To ensure his arrow piercing the animal, he began to sharpen it upon a stone; and, to his astonishment, found it transmuted to gold. He repaired to his master, who returned with Mandoo, and found the stone, with the hog still asleep beside it; but no sooner had he seized upon his prize, than *Baraha* disappeared. With the possession of the *paris-putter*, the 'philosopher's stone,' he raised the walls of Mandelgurh, which was so named after the fortunate Bhil. By an act of injustice to one of his subjects, he forfeited Mandelgurh to a descendant. This subject was a Jogi, who had a mare of such extraordinary speed as to be able to run down an antelope. Whether the Balnote prince thought the sport unsuitable to an ascetic we are not told; but he forcibly took away the mare. The Jogi complained to the king, who sent a force and expelled the Balnote from Mandelgurh, and his descendants are petty Bhemias at Jawul and Kachrode, retaining, though mere peasants, the distinctive title of Rao. The numerous stories of this kind, common throughout Rajwarra, accounting for the foundation of many ancient places, may

merely record in this manner, the discovery of mineral wealth; from the acquisition and the loss of which the legendary moralist has constructed his tale.

I discovered in the remains of a marble *bawari*, or reservoir, at Kachowra, two large tablets, containing the pedigree of the Solanki family, which will require time to decipher. Tradition, however, is busy with the name of Raja Bheem, and his son Burrin of Anhulwarra, from whom many tribes branched off; and although, from the first, only royal houses were founded, the other claims a greater celebrity from originating a heterogeneous breed, which descended into the third and fourth great classes, the *Vaisya* and *Sudra*. From him the Bhagairwal Mahajins, who became converts to the Jain faith, claim descent, as well as the Goojurs of Sonte-Katorich; the *Soonars*, or goldsmiths, of Bonkun; the Bhil communities of Oguna-Panora (or Mewar); and likewise those of Mow-Maidana, in Kotah. Whether from Burrin and his degenerate offspring originated the name of *burrin-sunkur*, applied to the mixed classes, I am not informed. The Bhagairwal is one of the "twelve and a half (*sari bara nyat*) castes of Mahajins," or mercantile tribes, subdivided into innumerable families, the greater portion of whom profess the Jain creed, and nearly all are of Rajpoot ancestry: an important fact in the pedigree of this considerable part of the population. The lineal descendant of the Thoda Rao still resides at Bussie in a small village; and two other branches, who held large possessions at Thodri and Jehajpoor retain the villages of Mircheakhaira and Butwarro,



both in Cheetore; they have preserved the title of Rao amidst all the revolutions that have deprived them of their estates; nor would any prince of Rajwarra deem himself degraded by their alliance. Such is the virtue of pedigree in these regions. I should imagine that the Balnotes held of the Ranas of Mewar, as Mandelgurh has been an integral portion of that state during the most flourishing period of the Anhulwarra dynasty, although the inscription of Cheetore savours of conquest; in which case we have at once a solution of the question, and proof that the Balnote was inducted into Mandelgurh by his superior, Komarpal.

In S. 1755 (A.D. 1699), the tyrant Arangzeb granted Mandelgurh to the Rahtore chief of Pisangun, named Doodaji, who subdivided it into allotments for his brethren, leaving no revenue for the duties of the civil administration and repairs of the castle. To remedy this, he imposed a tax, called *daotra* or *dasotra*, or 'tenth' of the net value of each harvest, upon his Bhomia brethren. When the Rana succeeded in expelling the royal garrison, he found it a work of some difficulty to get rid of the Rahtore feudatories; and he gave them regular *puttas* for their estates, subject to the payment of *dasotra*; but as he found it led to interference, in the inspection of crops, and to fluctuation and appeals in bad seasons, he commuted the tax for service of one horseman and one foot-soldier for each five hundred rupees of rent, and a certain small sum annually to mark their tributary condition.

In these times of turbulence, other impositions were laid on the Bhomias of his own

kindred, the Ranawuts, Kanawuts, and Suktawuts who established their rights with their swords when the district was subjected to the emperor. In the same manner as with the Rahtores, the Rana confirmed their acquisitions on the payment of certain fines called *bhom-burrur*, which were either *burzkar* and *trisola*, or 'annual' and 'triennial'; the first being levied from the holders of single villages, the latter from those who had more than one. Thus, Amergurh was fixed at two thousand five hundred rupees; Amuldoh, fifteen hundred; Teentoro, thirteen hundred; Jhoonjrulo, fourteen hundred, &c. triennially, having obtained their lands by main force. They also, when Mandelgurh was threatened, would repair with their vassals and defend it during *ten days* at their own expense, after which they received rations from the state. There were various other fines collected from the Bhomia vassalage, such as *loasma*, or for the support of the *Nakarchis* (kettle-drummers), the mace, standard, and even the torch-bearers attached to each garrison. There was also *khur-lakur*, for wood and forage, which has been elsewhere explained; *hal-burra*, or 'plough-tax,' and *qhasmali*, or 'pasturage' the rates of which are graduated, and vary in amount with the power of enforcing their collections. But owing to these circumstances, the best land in Mandelgurh belongs to the Bhomia chieftains.

It was about this time, in the reign of Juggut Sing II., that Omed Sing of Shahpoora had the grant of seventy-three villages in Mandelgurh, one-fifth of the whole district, subject only to the fine of three thousand two hundred and fifty rupees annually for

ghasmali, with five hundred more to the deputy governor, and two hundred to the *Choudhri*, or territorial head of the district. In this lavish manner were estates disposed of. This family continued to hold it until S. 1843, when the minister Somji, in order to obtain his support during the Chondawut rebellion, gave him a formal acquittance for this service, and in addition to these lands, the two subordinate fiefs of Danger-mow and Borwah on the Plateau and the rich estate of Ageoncha on the Khari; in return for which, he exacted a stipulation to serve with four hundred horse: a contract fulfilled only by one chief of the family, who fell leading his contingent at the battle of Oojein. His descendants seem to have claimed immunity on the score of his service; and the present incumbent is a madman. Great changes, however, have recently been made in the condition of the Bhomias, and these desultory fines have all merged into a duty more accordant with the character of the Rajput: service in the garrisons of Mandelgurbh and Jehajpoor, and a fixed annual sum from those who are too poor to command even a single horse.

Bageet, 18th, eight miles.—A large village on the west of our own stream, the Bairis, coming from the Oodisagur. Our road lay over a rich soil, as usual overgrown with grass. Here I rejoined my sick friends, all very ill; the Doctor better, but Cary in a very precarious condition.

Birslabas 19th.—The route over the most fertile plains of Mewar; but one continuous mass of jungle and rank grass. The Moharaja came out to meet me, a courteous, polished Rajpoot. He is of the Ranawut clan,

descended from Rana Umra Sing, and the elder branch of the Shahpoora family. Both his father and grandfather fell defending the cause of Shah Jehan against the usurper Arungzeb, which lost him his birthright; but he has five villages left attached Birslabas. Encamped near the altars of his heroic ancestors.

Ambah, 21st, six and a-half miles.—The route over a scene of desolation; fine fields, fruitful of grass and ruins. Sent one of my Brahmins to the town of Akolah, two coss distant, and had several inscriptions copied; they were all immunities or grants of privileges to the printers of that town, thence called *Cheepa-ca-Akolah*, to distinguish it from another of the same name. I halted at Birslabas, received several visits, and held interesting conversation with the Maharaja; but fever and ague leave the mind in a sorry state. I can pay no attention to barometer or perambulator; of the latter Baboo Mohes keeps a diary, and on his intelligence I can depend.

Hamirgurbh, 22d.—This town belongs to Beerumdeo, Ranawut, the son of Dheeruj Sing, who was the chief adviser of the Saloombra princes in the rebellion of S. 1843, during which he obtained it. The present chief is an oaf, always intoxicated; and as he did not discharge the *baoris*, or professional thieves in his service, on the return of these days of peace, he was deprived of two towns amounting to seven thousand rupees' annual rent. He ought, indeed, by the treaty of A.D. 1818, to have lost Hamirgurbh, but he contrived by various indirect means to elude it, and to retain this, one of the most thriving

places in Mewar. It contains about eight hundred inhabited houses, tenanted chiefly by manufacturers of chintz and *dopattis*, or 'scarfs,' such as are worn by all the Rajpootnis. It has a fine lake, filled with a variety of wild duck, which live unmolested amidst the *sangara* and *lotos*. The more ancient name of this place is Bakrole, as I found by two inscriptions, which again furnish specimens of sumptuary legislation.

Seanoh, 23d, eight miles and three furlongs.—We are now in the very heart of Mewar, plains extending as far as the eye can reach. Traces of incipient prosperity are visible, but it will require years to repair the mischief of the last quarter of a century. Passed through Ojhanoh, Amlee, Nereoh—all surrendered in consequence of the treaty of 1818: the last-mentioned, together with Seanoh, from the "Red River," as we have nicknamed the chieftain of Bhadaisir. The prospect from this ground is superb: the Oodipoor hills in the distance; those of Poorh and Goorlah, with their cupolas, on our right; the fantastic peak of Burruk rising insulated from the plain. We are now approaching a place of rest, which we shall much require; though I fear Cary's will be one of perpetuity. Saw a beautiful Mirage (*see-kote*) this morning, the certain harbinger of the cold season. The ridge Poorh underwent a thousand transformations, and the pinnacle of Burruk was crowned with a multitude of spires. There is not a more delightful relaxation than to watch the changes of these evanescent objects, emblems of our own ephemeral condition. This was the first really cold morning. The *punchaet*, or elders

of Poorh, with several of the most respectable inhabitants to the number of fifty, came all this way to see me, and testify their happiness and gratitude. Is there another nook in the earth where such a principle is professed, much less acted on? Hear their spokesman's reply to my question, "why did they take the trouble to come so far from home?" I give it *verbatim*: "Our town had not two hundred inhabited dwellings when you came amongst us; now there are twelve hundred: the Rana is our sovereign, but you are to us next to *Purmeswar* (the Almighty); our fields are thriving, trade is reviving, and we have not been molested even for the wedding-portion.* We are happy, and we have come to tell you so; and what is five coss, or five hundred, to what you have done for us?" All very true, my friends, if you think so. After a little wholesome advice to keep party feuds from the good town of Poorh, they took leave, to return their ten miles on foot.

Since the town council left me, I have been kept until half-past seven by the Baba of Mungrope, and the Thakoor of Rawurdoh, whose son I redeemed from captivity in the fortress of Ajmer. Worn out; but what is to be done? It is impossible to deny one's self to chiefs who have also come miles from the best motives. Now for coffee and the *charpae*.

Rasmy, 23d October.—The direct or usual route is thirteen and a-half miles, but as I made a circuit by Morowlee, it was fif-

* When the Rana was about celebrating simultaneously the marriage of two daughters and a granddaughter to the princes of Jussulmer, Bikaner, and Kishengurh, his subjects were called on for the "tenth."

teen. Had I taken the common route, I should have followed the Bunas the whole way ; as it was, for the last half I skirted its low banks, its limpid stream flowing gently to the north-east. Found the cultivation considerably increased compared with last year ; but it is still a desert, overgrown with grass and brushwood, in which these little cultivated oases are "few and far between." Morowlee was thriving in the midst of ruin, with fifty-seven ploughs at work ; there were but twelve when I entered Mewar. Rasmy has also seventy families instead of the twenty I found ; and in a few years I hope to see them greatly increased. We had some delicious trout from the Bunas, some of them equal to what we caught last year at Pahona, the largest of which weighed seventy-three rupees, or about two pounds, and near seventeen inches long by nine in girth. My friend Tom David Stuart was more successful than we were in getting them to rise at the fly ; in revenge we took them, unsportsmanlike, in a net. This appears to be the season for eating them.

Rasmy is a place of considerable interest and tradition is at work to establish its antiquity, connecting it with the name of Raja Chund ; but whether the Pramari of Chundravati, or the Chohan of Abhanair, I cannot learn. There were vestiges of past days ; but even in these regions, where to a certain extent they respect antiquity, I find the ruined temples are despoiled, and appropriated to modern fabrics. Amongst the groves of Rasmy I found some fragments of patriarchal legislation, prohibiting "the ladies from carrying away under their *ghagra* (petticoats) any portion of the

sad, or village-feast ?" I also discovered a tablet raised by the collective inhabitants of Rasmy, which well illustrates the truth, that they had always some resort against oppression. It runs as follows : "Written by the merchants, bankers, printers, and assembled *punchaet* of Rasmy—Whereas the collector of town-duties oppressed the merchant by name Pakur, and exacted exorbitant duties on grain and *reca* (unbleached cloth), for which he abandoned the place ; but the government-officer having forsworn all such conduct for the future, and prevailed on him to return, and having taken the god to witness—we, the assembled *punch*, have set up this stone to record it. Asar the 3d, S. 1819."

Fourteen years have elapsed since I first put my foot in Mewar, as a subaltern of the Resident's* escort, when it passed through Rasmy. Since that period, my whole thoughts have been occupied with her history and that of her neighbours.

Jussmoh, 24th ; distance fourteen miles, but not above twelve direct.—This in past times was a township of celebrity, and in the heart of the finest soil in India, with water at hand ; but it had not a single habitation when we entered the country ; now, it has eighty families. Our way for fourteen miles was through one wide waste of untrodden plain ; the Bunas continued our companion half way, when *she* departed for Guloond to our right. Saw many inscriptions, of which we shall give an account hereafter. Passed the copper-mines of

* My esteemed friend, Mr. Græme Mercer, of Mævistank.

Dureeba ; but they are filled with water, and the miners are all dead.

Sunwar, 25th ; distance twelve and a half miles by the direct route through Loneroh ; but I made a circuit to visit the celebrated field of battle between Rawul Samarsi, of Cheetore, and Bhola Bheem, of Anhulwarra Patun, recorded by the bard Chund in his *Rasa*. This magnificent plain, like all the rest of this once garden of Mewar, is overgrown with the *kesoola* or *plas*, and lofty rank grass ; and the sole circumstance by which it is known is the site. The bard describes the battle as having occurred in *Khet Kuraira*, or field of Kuraira, and that the Solankhi, on his defeat, retreated across the river, meaning the Bairis, which is a few miles to the south. A little way from hence is the *Sungum*, or point of junction of the Bairis and Bunas, which, with a third small stream, forms a *triveni* ; at their point of confluence there is an altar to Mahadeo.

At Kuraira there is a temple of some celebrity, dedicated to the twenty-third of the Jain apostles, Parswanath. I found several inscriptions recording its foundation in S.11 . . , and several from 1300 to 1350. We must supply the figures wanting in the first. The priests are poor and ignorant ; but they are transcribing its history, and such as it is it shall be given. The temple is imposing, and though evidently erected in the decline of the arts, may be considered a good specimen for the twelfth century. It consists of two domes, supported by numerous massive columns of a species of porphyry, of close texture, excessively hard, and taking a fine polish. The capitals of the columns are filled with Jain figures of their pontiffs. The domes

are of nearly equal diameters, about thirty feet each, and about forty in height ; under the further one is the sanctum of Parswa, and the other within the votaries. There is a splendid colennaded vestibule at the entrance, richly sculptured, which gives a very grand appearance to the whole edifice ; but it stands in the midst of desolation. Even thirty years ago, these plains were covered with crops of *joar*, in which an elephant would have been lost ; now there is scarcely the trace of a footpath, and with some difficulty did I make way in my *palki* (for I am unable to mount my horse) through the high grass which completely overtopped it, and the *babool* trees, the thorns of which annoyed us. Kuraira, which formerly contained six hundred houses, has now only sixty ; and more than half of these have been built since we came amongst them. The damsels of Kuraira came out welcome me with the 'song of joy,' and bringing water. The distance is seven miles from Rasmy to Kuraira, and nine thence to Sunwar. The latter belongs to one of the infants (*babas*) of Mewar, the Mahraja Dowlet Sing, now Killehdar or commandant of Konulmer. This chief town of the estate of my friend the Mahraja is but small, and in no flourishing condition. There is a small fort, in which he contrived to maintain himself against the savage bands who long prowled over the country.—Transcribed an inscription, and found it to be the abolition of a monopoly of tobacco, dated S. 1826.

Maowlee, 26th ; seven and a-half miles.—As usual, all was barren between Sunwar and Maowlee ; though at each are the traces

of reviving industry. This was formerly a considerable town, and rated in the books at seven thousand rupees' annual rent; but now it yields not seven hundred. Its population consists of about eighty families of all classes, half of which have been recalled from their long exile in Malwa and Candeish, and have already given a new aspect to Maowlee in its sugar-canes. Her highness' steward, however, is not one of the faithful. There is a very fine *bawari*, or reservoir, of coarse marble, constructed by *Baeji Raj*, 'the royal mother' of the present Rana and his sister, in whose appanage it is—An inscription, dated S. 1737, recorded an ordinance in favour of the Jains, that "the oil-mill of Maowlee should not work on the four rainy months;" in order to lessen the destruction of animal life.

Heights of Toos and Mairta, 27th; fourteen miles and a-half.—At length there is an end to disastrous journey; and from this ground I stir not again, till I start for *Samoodra* (the sea), to embark for the land of my sires. Our route, as usual, over desolate fields, doubly striking as we passed the hunting-seats of Nahra-Muggra, or 'tiger mount.' Bajraj, the royal steed, who seemed instinctively to know he was at the end of the journey, was unwilling to quit the path and his companions, when I urged him to pick his way amidst the ruined palace of the Ranas, where, without metaphor, "the owl stands sentinel;" and which was crumb-

ling into and choking up the Bamuni, whose monotonous murmur over those impediments increased the melancholy sensations which arose on beholding such a scene. Every year is aiding its rapid decay, and vegetation, fixing itself every where, rends its walls asunder. The range of stabling for thirty horses, all of stone, even to the mangers, is one extensive ruin. It was on this spot, according to the chronicles, that the sage Harit bestowed the enchanted blade upon the great sire of the Seesodias, eleven centuries ago; but they have run their career, and the problem remains to be solved, whether they have to commence a new course, or proceed in the same ratio of decay as the palace of the tiger-mount. The walls around this royal preserve no longer serve to keep the game from prowling where they please. A noble boar crossed our path, but have no pursuers; 'our blood was cold;' we wanted rest. As we approached our old ground, my neighbours of Mairta and villages adjacent poured out to welcome our return, preceded by the *dholi* of Toos and his huge kettle-drum, and the fair, bearing their *lootas*, or brazen vessels with water, chaunted the usual strain of welcome. I dropped a piece of silver into each as I passed, and hastened to rest my wearied limbs.

Poor Cary will never march again! Life is almost extinct, and all of us are but the ghosts of what we were.

CHAPTER IX.

The author obliged to take a journey to Boondi.—Cause of the journey.—Sudden death of the Rao Raja, who left his son to the author's care.—The cholera morbus, or murri.—Its ravages.—Curious expedient to exclude it from Kotah and Boondi.—Bad weather.—Death of the author's elephant.—Pohona.—Bhilwara.—Gratifying reception of the author.—State of the town contrasted with its former condition.—Projects for its further improvement. Reflexions on its rise.—Jhajpooor.—Difficulties of the road.—Arrival at Boondi.—The aspect of the court.—Interview with the young Rao Raja.—Attentions paid to the author.

Odipoor, July 1821.—When I concluded the narrative of my journey in October last year, I had no expectation that I should ever put my foot in the stirrup again, except en route to Bombay, in order to embark for Old England; but ‘*konhar!*’ as my Rajpoot friends exclaim, with a sigh, when an invincible destiny opposes their intentions. I had only awaited the termination of the monsoon to remove wreck of a once robust frame to a more genial clime; and now it will remain to be proved whether my worthy friend Duncan’s prophecy—“you must die, if you stay here six months more”—will be fulfilled. Poor Cary lies entombed on the heights of Mairta; the doctor himself is just going off to the Cape, half-dead from the Kotah fever; and, as if that were not enough, the *narooa*, or Guinea-worm, has blanched his cheek and made him a cripple. My cousin, Captain Waugh, is at Kotah, depressed by a continuance of the same *malaria*, and in a few days I again start *solus* in the midst of the monsoon, for Harouti.

A few days ago I received an express from Boondi, announcing the sudden death of my estimable friend, the Rao Raja, who in his last moments nominated me guardian of his infant son, and charged me to watch over his welfare and that of Boondi. The more formal letter of the minister was accompanied by one for the Rani, mother of the young prince, from whom also, or in his name, I had a few lines, both seconding the bequest of the dying prince, and reminding me of the dangers of a minority, and the elements by which they were surrounded. The appeal was irresistible, and the equipage was ordered out for immediate departure to Mairta, and thence to Maowlee, twenty-five miles distant, where I should join them.

The Raja fell a victim to *murri*, the emphatic appellation of cholera, which has now been wasting these regions since 1817. They might well say that, if at this important period in their history, we destroyed the demon of rapine, which had so long preyed upon their repose, we had in lieu of

it, introduced *death* amongst them, for such is the interpretation of *murri*.* It was in our armies that this disease first appeared in northern India; and although for some time we flattered ourselves that it was only the intemperate, the ill-fed, or ill-clothed, that fell victims to it, we soon discovered that *murri* was no respecter of persons, and that the prince and the peasant, the European and the native, the robust and the weak, the well-fed and the abstinent, were alike subject to her influence. I can number four intimate friends, my brother officers, who were snatched away in the very prime of life by this disease; and in the states under my political control, it assailed in two instances, the palace: the Oodipoor prince recovered, but the Boondi Rao's time was come. He conducted himself most heroically, and in the midst of the most dreadful torture with which the human frame can be afflicted, he never lost his self-possession, but in every interval of suffering, conversed upon the affairs of his little dominion, giving the fullest instructions for the future with composure. He particularly desired that none of his wives should mount the pyre with his corpse: and that as soon as he ceased to breathe I should be invited to Boondi; for that "he left *Lalji* (an endearing epithet to children) in my lap." It was only during our last journey through Boondi, that I was amused with my friend's expedient to keep "death" out of his capital, and which I omitted to mention, as likewise the old Regent's mode of getting rid of this unwelcome visitor in Kotah; nor should they

be separated. Having assembled the Brahmins, astrologers, and those versed in incantations, a grand rite was got up, sacrifice made, and a solemn decree of *desvatto*, or banishment, was pronounced against *murri*. Accordingly, an equipage was prepared for her, decorated with funeral emblems, painted black and drawn by a double team of black oxen; bags of grain, also black, were put into the vehicle, that the lady might not go forth without food, and driven by a man in sable vestments, followed, by the yells of the populace. *Murri* was deported across the Chumbul, with the commands of the priest that she should never set foot again in Kotah. No sooner did my deceased friend hear of her expulsion from that capital, and being placed *en chemin* for Boondi, than the wise men of this city were called on to provide means to keep her from entering therein. Accordingly, all the water of the Ganges at hand was in requisition, and earthen vessel was placed over the southern portal, from which the sacred water was continually dripping, and against which no evil could prevail. Whether my friend's supply of the holy water failed, or *murri* disregarded such opposition, she reached his palace.*

* I have in other parts of my work touched upon this terrific scourge from which it will be seen that it is well known throughout India under the same appellation; and it is not one of the least curious results of my endeavour to prove that the Hindus had historical documents, that by their means I am enabled to trace this disease ravaging India nearly two centuries ago. At page 58, it is thus described in the annals of Marwar: "This, the *saca* (putting a garrison to the sword) of Sojat, was when S. 1737 ended, and S. 1738, or A.D. 1681-2, commenced, when the sword and *murri* (pestilence) united to clear the land." Orme, in his fragments, mentions a similar disease in A.D. 1684, raging in the peninsula of India, and sweeping off five hundred

* From the Sanscrit *mri*, 'to die.'

Pownah, or Pohona, July, 25th.—Yesterday was a day of disaster: I left the capital amidst torrents of rain, and between Mairta and Maowlee found my best elephant lying dead; the long and sudden march, and too heavy a load, have destroyed the fine animal. It was rather ominous to lose the emblem of wisdom in the outset of this journey. We passed a most uncomfortable day, and still more uncomfortable night, for a strong gale forced up the tent-pins from the clay soil, and brought down the tent over my ears. I had an escape from the pole, part of which I propped under the fly to keep me from suffocation. Around me were nothing but yells of distress, half laughable, half serious; horses loose, and camels roaring in discor-

dant gutturals. We were glad long before dawn to pack up our chattels, thoroughly soaked, and consequently double weight, and begin moving for Pohona, where we are promised a little repose. I have taken this route as it is the last occasion I shall have to visit the work of my own hands, the mart of Bhilwarra. Pohona is or was a place of some value; but the Brahmins, through the influence of the Rana's sister, had got in by means of a forged grant, and abided by the privileges of their order. But fortunately they abused the right of sanctuary, in giving protection to a thief and assassin from interested motives; consequently, the penalty of resumption was incurred, and we hope to suffer no other ill-effects than Chand Bae's displeasure.

daily in the imperial camp of Goa and again, in the Annals of Mewar, it is described in the most frightful colours, as ravaging that country twenty years before, or in S. 1717 (A.D. 1661); so that in the space of twenty years, we have it described in the peninsula, in the desert of India, and in the plains of Central India; and what will appear not the least singular part of the history of this distemper, so analogous to the present date, about the intermediate time of these extreme periods, that is about A.D. 1669, a similar disease was raging in England. I have no doubt that other traces of the disorder may appear in the chronicles of their bards, or in Mahomedan writers, judging from these incidental notices, which might never have attracted attention had not *murri* come to our own doors. I have had many patients dying about me, but no man ever dreamed of contagion; to propagate which opinion, and scare us from all the sympathies of life, without proof absolutely demonstrative, is, to say the least, highly censurable. There is enough of self of this land of *ultra* civilization, without drawing a *cordon sanitaire* round every individual. The Odipoor prince was the first person seized with the disease in that capital: a proof to me, against all the faculty, that to other causes than personal communication its influence must be ascribed. I will not repeat the treatment in this case which may deserve notice, though prescribed by the uninitiated.

Bhilwara, July 26th.—Varuna, the *Jupiter pluvialis* of the Hindu, has been most complaisant, and for two days has stopped up all the "bottles of heaven," and I made my triumphal entry into our good town of Bhilwara, one of those days which are peculiarly splendid in the monsoon, when the sun deigns to emerge from behind the clouds.

My reception was quite Asiatic; the entire population, headed by chief merchants, and preceded by the damsels with the *Kullus*, advanced full a mile to meet and conduct me to a town which, a few years ago, had not one inhabited dwelling. I passed through the main street, surrounded by its wealthy occupants, who had suspended over the projecting awnings the most costly silks, brocades, and other finery, to do honour to one whom they esteemed their benefactor, and having conducted me to my tent, left

me to breakfast, and returned in the afternoon. As the tent would not contain, a tenth of the visitors, I had its walls removed, and all were welcome to enter who could. Every moment I expected to see it fall upon us, as there were hundreds of hands at each rope, swaying it in every direction, in their eagerness to see what was going on within between the *sahab* and the *punchaet* of both sects, Oswal and Mahesri, or Jain and Vishnuve. We talked over many plans for the future benefit of the town; of further reducing the duties, and giving additional freedom to the transit-trade. I offered, in the Rana's name, to expend the next two years' income on a circumvallation for the protection of the town; which, for many good reasons, they refused; and principally, that it would be a check on that very freedom it was my desire they should enjoy, as it would prevent uninterrupted ingress and egress. I, however, sent for the chiefs, to whom, with their quotas, was confided the duty of guarding this town, and before the assembled groupes explained the necessity of preventing any complaints from want of due vigilance, and told them they were to be in lieu of walls to Bhilwara. My good friends having no inclination to retire, I sent for the presents I intended for the heads of the sectarian merchants, with the *utr-pan* (that most convenient mode of hinting to a friend that you are tired of him), and they departed with a thousand blessings, and prayers for the perpetuity of our *raj*.

Bhilwara is perhaps the most conspicuous instance in all India of the change which our predominant influence

has effected in four short years; and to many it must appear almost miraculous, that, within that period, a great commercial mart should be established, and three thousand houses, twelve hundred of which are those of merchants or artizans, be made habitable, the principal street being entirely rebuilt; that goods of all countries should be found there; bills of exchange to any amount, and on any city in India, obtained, and that all should be systematically organized, as if it had been the silent growth of ages. To me it afforded another convincing proof, in addition to the many I have had, of the tenacity and indestructibility of the institutions in these regions, and that very little skill is requisite to evoke order and prosperity out of confusion and distress. I have no hesitation in saying that, were it not now time to withdraw from interference in the internal concerns of Mewar, the machine of government having been once more put into action, with proper management this place might become the chief mart of Rajpootana, and ten thousand houses would soon find inhabitants: such are its local capabilities as an entrepot. But while I indulge this belief, I should at the same time fear that the rigid impartiality, which has prevented the quarrels of the sectarian traders from affecting the general weal, would be lost sight of in the apathy and intrigue which are by no means banished from the councils of the capital.

I bade a last farewell to Bhilwara and its inhabitants, with prayers for the welfare of both,

Bhilwara, 28th.—Though pressed for time, and the weather had again become bad, I could not resist the kind entreaties of the people of Bhilwara that I would halt one more day amongst them; and albeit neither my health nor occupations admitted of my being the *lion* to the good traders of the city without inconvenience, the slight personal sacrifice was amply repaid by the more intimate acquaintance I gained with men belonging to every region of Rajwarra.

Jhajpoor, 29th.—This was a long march in a torrent of rain, the country flooded, and roads cut up; and although I have not incommoded myself with much baggage, the little I have is in a wretched plight. The crockery-bearer fell with his load, and smashed the contents.—Passed over the encamping-ground of last year, and bestowed a transient thought upon the scene enacted there. I was equally near 'the brink' this spring. The Rana had stopped the *nakarra*, and many a rupee's worth of *kesur* (saffron) was promised to the divinities both of the Jains and Vishnuvis for my recovery. My kinsman, Captain Waugh, was admitted, after many days' exclusion, to take a last adieu, but I told the doctor I was sure he was wrong; and here I am, bound for the same scenes of misery from which I so lately escaped, and under which several of my establishment, besides poor Cary, have succumbed.

Boondi, 30th.—Another fatiguing march brought us to the conclusion of our journey; and notwithstanding a deluge of rain, we were met three miles from the city by the minister and the principal chiefs, with whom an interchange of *bugul-geeri* (em-

bracing) took place in spite of the raging elements. All preceded to announce our approach, but my faithful old friend, the Maharaja Bikramajeet, whose plain and downright honesty in all that appertains to his master's house has won my warmest regard. He rode by my side, and told me of the changes that had taken place, of the dangers of the young Ram Sing from the interested views of those who affected the semblance of devotion; "but," observed the veteran, "you know us all, and will trust no individual with too much authority. He could speak thus without fear of being misunderstood, for no persuasion would have induced him to enter into their cabals, or compromise his trust of watching over the personal safety of his infant prince; though without any ostensible post or character save that proud title—which was ascribed to him by all parties—the loyal Bikramajeet."

The beauties of the scenery passed unheeded, and have already been sufficiently described, though there is novelty in every point of view from which the fairy palace is seen; and as it burst upon us this morning, a momentary gleam, passing over its gilded pinnacles, displayed its varied outline, which as rapidly immersed into the gloom that hung over it, according well with the character of its inmates. As it was my policy to demonstrate, by the rapidity of my movements (which had brought me in six days at such a season from Oodipoor to Boondi), how much the British government had at heart the welfare of its young prince, I hastened to the palace in my travelling costume, to pay my respects, wishing to get over the formal visit of



condolence on the loss the prince had sustained.

I found the young chief and his brother, Gopal Sing, surrounded by a most respectable court, though, as I passed along the line of retainers occupying each side of the long colonnaded *bara-durri*, I could perceive looks of deep anxiety and expectation blended with those of welcome. Notwithstanding the forms of mourning must destroy much of the sympathy with grief, there is something in the settled composure of feature of an assembly like this, convened to receive the condolence of a stranger who felt for the loss in which he was called to sympathize, that fixes the mind. Although I was familiar with the rite of *matim*, which, since the days of "David, who sent to comfort Hanum, son of the king of the children of Ammon, when his father died," is generally one of 'the mockeries of woe,' its ordinary character was changed on this occasion, when we met to deplore the loss of the chief of all the Haras.

I expressed the feelings which the late event had excited in me, in which, I observed, the most noble the governor-general would participate; adding that it was a consolation to find so much promise in his

successor, during whose minority his lordship would be in the place of a father to him in all that concerned his welfare; and that in thus speedily fulfilling the obligation of public duty and friendship to the will of his deceased parent, I but evinced the deep interest my government had in the rising prosperity of Boondi; that, thank God, the time was past when a minority could endanger his welfare, as it would only redouble the anxiety and vigilance of my government; with much more to the same purport, which it is unnecessary to repeat. The young prince replied with great propriety, of manner and speech, concluding thus: "My father left me in your lap; he confided my well-being to your hands." After a few remarks to the chiefs, I repaired to the residence prepared for me at no great distance from the palace. Here I found all my wants supplied and my comforts most carefully studied; and scarcely had I changed my garments, when a sumptuous dinner was announced, sent by the queen-mother, who in order to do more honour had ordered a Brahmin to precede it, sprinkling the road with holy-water to prevent the approach of evil!

CHAPTER X.

Ceremony of Raj-tilac, or inauguration.—Personal qualities of the Rao Raja and his brothers. The installation.—The tilac first made by the author, as representative of the British government.—Ceremonies.—Message from the queen-mother.—Balwant Rao, of Goterah.—The Bohora, or chief minister.—Power and disposition of these two officers.—Arrangements made by the author.—Interview and conversation with the Rani.—Literary and historical researches of the author.—Revenues of Boondi.—Its prospects.—Departure for Kotah.—Condition of the junior branches of the Haras.—Rawtah.—Grand hunts in Harouti.

August the 5th.—THE ceremony of *Raj-tilac*, or inauguration of the young Rao Raja, had been postponed as soon as the Rani-mother heard of my intention to come to Boondi, and as the joyous “third of Sawun,” *Sawun-ca-teej*, was at hand, it was fixed for the day following that festival. As the interval between the display of grief and the expression of joy is short in these states, it would have been inauspicious to mingle aught of gloom with this most celebrated of all the festivals of the Haras, in which the whole city partakes. The queen-mother sent a message to request that I would accompany her son in the procession of the *teej*, with which invitation I most willingly complied; and she also informed me that it was the custom of Rajwarra, for the nearest of kin, or some neighbouring prince, on such occasions, to entreat the mourner, at the termination of the twelve days of *matim*, to dispense with its emblems. Accordingly, I prepared a coloured dress, with a turban and a jewelled *sirpesh*,

which I sent, with a request that the prince would “put aside the white turban.” In compliance with this, he appeared in these vestments in public, and I accompanied him to the ancient palace in old Boondi, where all public festivities are still held.

The young prince of the Haras is named Ram Sing, after one of the invincibles of this race, who sealed his loyalty with his life on the field of Dholpoor. He is now in his eleventh year, fair, and with a lively, intelligent cast of face, and a sedateness of demeanour which, at his age, is only to be seen in the east. Gopal Sing, his brother, by a different mother, is a few months younger, very intelligent, and in person slight, fair, and somewhat marked with the small-pox. There is a third boy, about four. Who, although illegitimate, was brought up with equal regard, but now he will have no consideration.

The cavalcade was numerous and imposing; the chief, and their retainers well-mounted, their equipments all new for the

occasion, and the inhabitants in their best apparel, created a spectacle which was quite exhilarating, and which Boondi had not witnessed for a century : indeed, I should hardly have supposed it possible that four years could have produced such a change in the general appearance or numbers of the population. After remaining a few minutes, I took leave, that I might impose no restraint on the mirth which the day produces.*

The next day was appointed for the installation. Captain Waugh, who had been sent from Oodipoor to Kotah in December last, when the troubles of that state broke out afresh, joined me this day in order to be present at the ceremony, though he was in wretched health from the peculiar insalubrity of Kotah at this time of the year. We proceeded to the Rajmahl, where all the sons of Dewa-Bango have been anointed. Every avenue through which we passed was crowded with well-dressed people, who gave us hearty cheers of congratulation as we went along, and seemed to participate in the feeling evinced towards their young prince by the representative of the protecting power. The courts below and around the palace were in like manner filled with the Hara retainers, who rent the air with *Jy ! Jy !* as we dismounted. There was a very full assemblage within, where the young Raja was undergoing purification by the priests; but we found his brother the Maharaja Gopal Sing, Bulwunt Sing of Goterah, the first noble of Boondi, the chiefs of Kaprain and Thana, old Bikramajeet, and likewise the venerable chief of Doogarje (son of Sriji), grand-uncle of the young prince, who

had witnessed all the revolutions which the country had undergone, and could appreciate the existing repose. It was gratifying to hear this ancient, who could remember both periods of prosperity, thank *Parmeswar* that he had lived to see the restoration of his country's independence. In this manner we had some interesting conversation, while sacrifice and purification were going on in the adjoining apartment. When this was over, I was instructed to bring the young Raja forth and lead him to a temporary 'cushion of state,' when a new round of religious ceremonies took place, terminating with his re-election of the family Purohit and Beas, by marking their foreheads with the *tilac* : which ordination entitled them to put the *unction* upon the prince's, denoting the "divine right" by which he was in future to rule the Haras. The young prince went through a multitude of propitiatory rites with singular accuracy and self-possession; and when they were over, the assembly rose. I was then requested to conduct him to the *gadi*, placed in an elevated balcony overlooking the external court and a great part of the town; and it being too high for the young prince to reach, I raised him to it. The officiating priest now brought the vessel containing the unction, composed of sandal-wood powder and aromatic oils, into which I dipped the middle finger of my right hand, and made the *tilac* on his forehead. I then girt him with the sword, and congratulated him in the name of my government, declaring aloud, that all might hear, that the British government would never cease to feel a deep interest in all that concerned the welfare of Boondi

* See the description of the *Teej*, Vol. I. p. 456.

and the young prince's family. Shouts of approbation burst from the immense crowds who thronged the palace, all in their gayest attire, while every valley re-echoed the sound of the cannon from the citadel of Tarragurh. I then put on the jewels, consisting of *sirpesh*, or aigrette, which I bound round his turban, a necklace of pearls, and bracelets, with twenty-one *shields* (the tray of a Rajpoot) of shawls, brocades, and fine clothes. An elephant and two handsome horses, richly caparisoned, the one having silver, the other silver-gilt ornaments, with embroidered velvet saddle-cloths, were then led into the centre of the court under the balcony, a *khelat* befitting the dignity both of the giver and the receiver. Having gone through this form, in which I was prompted by my old friend the Mahraja Bickramjeet, and paid my individual congratulations as the friend of his father and his personal guardian, I withdrew to make room for the chiefs, heads of clans, to perform the like round of ceremonies: for in making the *tilac*, they at the same time acknowledge his accession and their own homage and fealty. I was joined by Gopal Sing, the prince's brother, who artlessly told me that he had no protection but myself; and the chiefs, as they returned from the ceremony, came and congratulated me on the part I had taken in a rite which so nearly touched them all; individually presenting their *nuzzurs* to me as the representative of the paramount power. I then made my salutation to the prince and the assembly of the Haras, and returned. The Rao Raja afterwards proceeded with the cavalcade to

all the shrines in this city and Sitor, to make his offerings.

The next day, I received a message from the queen-mother with her blessing (*asees*), intimating her surprise that I had yet sent no special deputation to her, to comfort her under her affliction, and to give a pledge for her own and her child's protection; and that although on this point she could feel no distrust, a direct communication would be satisfactory. In reply, I urged that it was from delicacy alone I had erred, and that I only awaited the intimation that it would be agreeable, though she would see the embarrassment attending each a step, more especially as I never employed my own servants when I could command the services of the ministers; and that as I feared to give umbrage by selecting any one of them, if she would receive the four, I would send with them a confidential servant, the *akbarnuvees* or news-writer, as the bearer of my message. Her anxiety was not without good grounds: the elements of disorder, though subdued, were not crushed, and she dreaded the ambition and turbulence of the senior noble, Bulwunt Rao of Goterah, who had proved a thorn in the side of the late Raja throughout his life. This audacious but gallant Rajpoot, about twelve years before, had stormed and taken Nynwa, one of the chief castles of Boondi, in the face of day, and defeated with great slaughter many attempts to retake it, still holding it in spite of his prince, and trusting to his own party and the Mahrattas for support. In fact, but for the change in his relations, he neither would have obeyed a summons to



the Presence, nor dared to appear uninvited ; and even now his appearance excited no less alarm than surprise. "Bulwunt Sing at Boondi !" was repeated by many of the surrounding chiefs, as one of the anomalous signs of the times ; for to have heard that a lion from their jungles had gone to congratulate the Raja, would have caused less wonder and infinitely less apprehension. The Rani was not satisfied, nor had her late lord been, with the chief minister, the Bohora, Simbhoo Ram, who only a few days before the Raja's death had expressed great unwillingness, when called on, to produce his account of the finances. It was chiefly with a view to guard against these individuals, that the deceased Rao Raja had nominated the British Agent as the guardian of his son and the state during his minority, and the queen-mother besought me to see his wishes faithfully executed. Fortunately, there were some men who could be depended on, especially Govind Ram, who had attended the agent as vakeel : a simple-minded man, full of integrity and good intentions, though no match for the Bohora in ability or intrigue. There was also the *dhabhae*, or foster brother of the late prince, who held the important office of killehdar of Taragurh, and who, like all his class, is devotion personified. There was likewise Chanderbhan Naique, who, from a low condition, had risen to favour and power, and being quick, obedient, and faithful, was always held as a check over the Bohora. There were also two eunuchs of the palace, servants entirely confidential, and with a very good notion of the general affairs of the state.

Such were the materials at my disposal, and they were ample for all the concerns of this little state. Conformably to the will of the late prince, and the injunctions of the queen-mother, the Agent entirely reformed the functions of these officers, prohibited the revenues of the state from being confounded with the mercantile concerns of the minister, requiring them henceforth to be deposited at the *kishen-bindar*, or treasury in the palace, providing a system of checks, as well on the receipts as the expenditure, and making all the four jointly and severally answerable ; yet he made no material innovations, and displaced or displeased no one ; though in raising those who were noted throughout the country for their integrity, he confirmed their good intentions and afforded them scope, while his measures were viewed with general satisfaction. After these arrangements, the greatest anxiety of the queen was for the absence of Bulwunt Rao ; and, as it was in vain to argue against her fears, she requested that, when the ceremonies of installation were over, the chiefs might be dismissed to their estates, and that I would take the opportunity, at the next *darbar*, to point out to them the exact line of their duties, and the necessity of observance of the customs of past days ; all of which was courteously done.

Although the festival of the *Rakhi* was not until the end of the month, the mother of the young prince sent me by the hands of the *bhut*, or family priest, the bracelet of adoption as her brother, which made my young ward henceforth my *bhanaij*, or nephew. With this mark of regard, she also expressed, through the ministers, a wish that

I would pay her a visit at the palace, as she had many points to discuss regarding Lalji's welfare, which could only be satisfactorily argued *viva voce*. Of course I assented ; and, accompanied by the Bohora and the confidential eunuchs of the *rawula*, I had a conversation of about three hours with my adopted sister ; a curtain being between us. Her language was sensible and forcible, and she evinced a thorough knowledge of all the routine of government and the views of parties, which she described with great clearness and precision. She especially approved of the distribution of duties, and said, with these checks, and the deep interest I felt for all that concerned the honour of Boondi, her mind was quite at ease ; nor had she any thing left to desire. She added that she relied implicitly on my friendship for the deceased, whose regard for me was great. I took the liberty of adverting to many topics for her own guidance ; counselling her to shun the error of communicating with or receiving reports from interested or ignorant advisers ; and above all, to shun forming parties, and ruling, according to their usual policy, by division ; I suggested that the object would be best attained by never intimating her wishes but when the four ministers were together ; and urged her to exercise her own sound judgment, and banish all anxiety for her son's welfare, by always recalling to mind what my government had done for the interests of Boondi. During a great part of this conversation, the Bohora had retired, so that her tongue was unrestrained. With *utr-pan* and her blessing (*asees*) sent by one of her damsels, she dismissed me with the oft-repeated remark, "Forget not that Lalji is now in your lap."

I retired with my conductors, highly gratified with this interesting conversation, and impressed with respect for her capacity and views. This Rani, as I have elsewhere mentioned, is of the Rahtore tribe, and of the house of Kishengurh in Marwar ; she is the youngest of the late Rao Raja's four widowed queens, but takes the chief rank, as mother and guardian of the minor prince.

I remained at Boondi till the middle of August ; when, having given a right tone and direction to its government, I left it with the admonition that I should consider myself authorized, not as the agent of government so much as the executor of their late lord's wishes, and with the concurrent assent of the regent-queen, to watch over the prince's welfare until the age of sixteen, when Rajpoot minority ceases ; and advertised them, that they must not be surprised if I called upon them every year to inform me of the annual surplus revenue they had set aside for accumulation until his majority. I reminded the Bohora, in the words of his own beautiful metaphor, when, at the period of the treaty, my government restored its long-alienated lands, "again will our lakes overflow ; once more will the lotus shew its face on the waters." Nor had he forgotten this emblematic phraseology, and with his coadjutors promised his most strenuous efforts. During the few remaining days of my stay, I had continual messages from the young prince, by the "Gold stick," or *dhabhae*, which were invariably addressed to me as "the *Mamoo Sahab*," or uncle. He sent me specimens of his hand-writing, both in *Devanagari* and Persian, in which last, however, he had not got farther than the alphabet ; and he used

to ride and *karowli* his horse within sight of my tents, and always expressed anxiety to know what the "Mamoo" thought of his horsemanship. I was soon after called upon by the queen-mother for my congratulations on Lalji having slain his first boar, an event that had summoned all the Haras to make their offerings; a ceremony which will recall a distinction received by the Macedonian youths, on a similar occasion, who were not admitted to public discussions until they had slain a wild boar.

Whilst partaking in these national amusements, and affording all the political aid I could, my leisure time was employed in extracting from old chronicles or living records what might serve to develop the past history of the family; in frequent visits to the cenotaphs of the family, or other remarkable spots, and in dispersing my emissaries for inscriptions in every direction. This was the most singular part of my conduct to the Boondi court; they could not conceive why I should take an interest in such a pursuit.

The fiscal revenues of Boondi do not yet exceed three lakhs of rupees; and it will be some time before the entire revenues, both fiscal and feudal, will produce more than five; and out of the crown domain, eighty thousand rupees annually are paid to the British government, on account of the lands Sindia held in that state, and which he relinquished by the treaty of A.D. 1818. Notwithstanding his circumscribed means, the late Rao Raja put every branch of his government on a most respectable footing. He could muster seven hundred household and Puttaet horse; and, including his garrisons, his corps of *golandaz*, and little park (*jinsi*) of twelve

guns, about two thousand seven hundred paid infantry; in all between three and four thousand men. For the queens, the officers of government, and the pay of the garrisons, estates were assigned, which yielded sufficient for the purpose. A continuation of tranquillity is all that is required, and Boondi will again take its proper station in Rajwarra.

Camp, Rowtah, November 19.—On the 14th of August, I departed for Kotah, and found the junior branches of the Haras far from enjoying the repose of Boondi. But on these subjects we will not touch here, further than to remark, that the last three months have been the most harassing of my existence:* civil war, deaths of friends and relatives, cholera raging, and all of us worn out with perpetual attacks of fever, ague, anxiety, and fatigue.

Rowtah, the spot on which I encamped, is hallowed by recollections the most inspiring. It was on this very ground I took up my position throughout the campaign of 1817-18, in the very centre of movements of all the armies, friendly and hostile.†

* For an account of these transactions, *vide* Chap. XI., Annals of Kotah.

† It was from this ground I detached thirty-two firelocks of my guard, supported by two hundred of the Regent's men, with two camel swivels, to beat up a portion of the main Pindarri horde, when broken by our armies. But my little band outmarched the auxiliaries, and when they came upon the foe, they found a camp of 1,500 instead of 500 men; but nothing daunted, and the surprise being complete, they poured in sixty rounds before the day broke, and cleared their camp. Then, each mounting a marauder's horse and driving a laden camel before him, they returned within the twenty-four hours, having marched sixty miles, and slain more than four times their numbers. Nothing so clearly illustrated the destitution of all moral courage in the freebooters, as their conduct on this occasion; for at dawn of day, when the smoke cleared away, and they saw the handful of men who had driven them into

As we were now in the vicinity of the chief *Rumna* in Harouti, the Raj Rana proposed to exhibit the mode in which they carry on their grand hunts. The site chosen was a large range running into and parallel to the chain which separates Harouti from Malwa. At noon, the hour appointed, accompanied by several officers of the Neemuch force (amongst whom was my old friend Major Price), we proceeded to the *Shikargas*, a hunting seat, erected half way up the gentle

the Oaly Sinde, a body of about four hundred returned to the attack; but my Sipahis, dismounting, allowed the boldest to approach within pistol-shot before they gave their fire, which sufficed to make the lancers wheel off. The situation recalled the din which announced their return: upon which occasion, going out to welcome them, I saw the Regent's camp turn out, and the trees were crowded with spectators, to enjoy the triumphal entry of the gallant little band with the spoils of the spoiler. The prize was sold and divided on the drum-head, and yielded six or eight months' pay to each; but it did not rest here, for Lord Hastings promoted the non-commissioned officers and several of the men, giving to all additional pay for life.

The effect of this exploit was surprising; the country people, who hitherto would as soon have thought of plundering his Satanic majesty as a Pindari, amassed all the spoils abandoned on their flight, and brought them to the camp of the Regent; who, as he never admitted the spoils of an enemy into his treasury sent it all to our tents to be at my disposal. But, as I could see no right that we had to it, I proposed that the action should be commemorated by the erection of a bridge, bearing Lord Hastings' name. There were the spoils of every region; many trays of gold necklaces, some of which were strings of Venetian sequins; coins of all ages (from which I completed a series of the Mogul kings), and five or six thousand head of cattle of every description. The Regent adopted my suggestion: a bridge of fifteen arches was constructed, extending over the river at the breadth of a thousand feet, east-ward of Kotah; and though more solid and useful than remarkable for beauty, will serve to perpetuate, as *Hasteen-pool*, the name of a gallant soldier and enlightened statesman, who emancipated India from the scourge of the Pindarris. He is now beyond the reach of human praise, and the author may confess that he is proud of having suggested, planned, and watched to its completion, this trophy to his fame.

ascent, having terraced roofs and parapets, on which the sportsman lays his gun to massacre the game; and here we waited some time in anxious expectation, occasionally some deer scudding by. Gradually, the din of the hunters reached us, increasing into tumultuous shouts, with the beating of drums, and all the varieties of discord. Soon various kind of deer galloped wildly past, succeeded by *nilgaes*, *bara-singas*, red and spotted. Some wild-hogs went off snorting and trotting, and at length, as the hunters approached, a bevy of animals, amongst which some black-snouted hyænas were seen, who made a dead halt when they saw themselves between two fires. There was no tiger, however, in the assemblage, which rather disappointed us, but the still more curious wild-dog was seen by some. A slaughter commenced, the effects of which I judged less at the time, but soon after I got to my tents, I found six camel-loads of deer, of various kinds, deposited. My friend, Major Price, did not much admire this unsportsmanlike mode of dealing with the lords of the forest, and although very well, once in one's life, most would think a boar hunt, spear in hand, preferable. Still it was an exhilarating scene; the confusion of the animals, their wild dismay at this compulsory association; the yells, shouts, and din from four battalions of regulars, who, in addition to the ordinary band of huntsmen, formed a chain from the summit of the mountain, across the valley to the opposite heights; and, last not least, the placid Regent himself listening to the tumult he could no longer witness, produced an effect not easily for-



gotten. This sport is a species of petty war, not altogether free from danger, especially to the rangers; but I heard of no accidents. We had a round of a *nilgae*, and also tried some steaks, which ate very like coarse beef.

It is ascertained that, in one shape or another, these hunting excursions cost the state *two lakhs*, or £20,000 annually. The Regent's regular hunting-establishment consisted of twenty-five carpenters, two hundred *aires*, or huntsmen, and five hundred occasional rangers. But the *gotes*, or 'feasts,' at the conclusion of these sports, occasioned the chief expense, when some thousands were fed, and rewards

and gratuities were bestowed upon those whom the Regent happened to be pleased with. This was one of the methods he pursued to ingratiate himself with the Haras, and he was eminently successful; the only wonder is, that so good an opportunity should have been neglected of getting rid of one who had so long tyrannized over them.

We here took a temporary leave of the Regent; and we intend to fill up the interval till the return of the Maharao from Mewar, by making a tour through upper Malwa, in which we shall visit the falls of the Chumbul amidst the dense woods of Puchail.

CHAPTER XI.

Pass of Mokundurra.—View from the summit of the pass into Puchail.—Marks set up by the Bunjarris.—Monastery of Atteets, or Jogis.—Their savage aspect.—The author elected a chela.—The head of the establishment.—His legend of the origin of the epithet Seesodia.—The grand temple of Barolli.—Conjecture as to its founder.—Barolli.

WE marched before daybreak through the famed pass of Mokundurra,* and caught a glimpse at the outlet of the fine plains of Malwa. We then turned abruptly to the

* *Durra*, a corruption of *Dwar*, 'a barrier, pass, outlet, or portal;' and *Mukund*, one of the epithets of Krishna. *Mokundurra* and *Dwaricanath* are synonymous:—'the pass and portal of the Deity.'

right, and skirted the range which divides Haravati from Malwa, over a rich campaign tract, in a re-entering angle of the range, which gradually contracted to the point of exit, up the mountains of Puchail.

The sun rose just as we cleared the summit of the pass, and we halted for a

few minutes at the tower that guards the ascent, to look upon the valley behind : the landscape was bounded on either side by the ramparts of nature, enclosing numerous villages, until the eye was stopped by the eastern horizon. We proceeded on the terrace of his table-land, of gradual ascent, through a thick forest, when, as we reached the point of descent, the sun cleared the barrier which we had just left, and darting his beams through the foliage, illuminated the castle of Bhynsrer, while the new fort of Dangermow, appeared as a white speck in the gloom that still enveloped the Pathar.

We descended along a natural causeway, the rock being perfectly bare, without a particle of mould or vegetation. Small pillars, or uninscribed tablets, placed erect in the centre of little heaps of stone, seemed to indicate the scene of murders, when the Bhil lord of the pass exacted his toll from all who traversed his dominion. They proved, however, to be marks placed by the *bunjarris* to guide their *tandas*, or caravans, through the devious tracks of the forest. As we continued to descend, enveloped on all sides by woods and rocks, we lost sight of the towers of Bhynsrer, and on reaching the foot of the Pass, the first object we saw was a little monastery of *Atteets*, founded by the chiefs of Bhynsrer : it is called Jhalaca. We passed close to their isolated dwelling, on the terraced roof of which a party of the fraternity were squatted round a fire, enjoying the warmth of the morning sun. Their wild appearance corresponded with the scene around ; their matted hair and beard had never

known a comb ; their bodies were smeared with ashes (*bhaboot*), and a shred of cloth round the loins seemed the sole indication that they belonged to a class possessing human feelings. Their lives are passed in a perpetual routine of adoration of *Chatoor-bhooja*, the 'four-armed' divinity, and they subsist on the produce of a few patches of land, with which the chiefs of Bhynsrer have endowed this abode of wild ascetics, or with what their patrons or the town's-people and passengers make up to them. The head of the establishment, a little vivacious, but wild-looking being, about sixty years of age, came forth to bestow his blessing, and to beg something for his order. He however, in the first place, elected me one of his *chelas*, or disciples, by marking my forehead with a *tika* of *bhaboot*, which he took from a platter made of *dhak*-leaves ; to which rite of inauguration I submitted with due gravity. The old man proved to be a walking volume of legendary lore ; but his conversation became insufferably tedious. Interruption was in vain ; he could tell his story only in his own way, and in order to get at a point of local history connected with the sway of the Ranas, I was obliged to begin from the creation of the world, and go through all the theogonies, the combats of the Soors and Asoors, the gods and Titans of Indian mythology ; to bewail with Seeta the loss of her child, her rape by Rawun, and the whole of the wars of Rama waged for her recovery ; when, at length, the genealogy of the family commenced, which this strange being traced through all their varying patronymics of Dits, Rics, Gohelote, Aharya, Seesodia ; at which



last he again diverged, and gave me an episode to explain the etymology of the distinguishing epithet. I subjoin it, as a specimen of the anchorite's historical lore:—

In these wilds, an ancient Rana of Cheetore had sat down to a *gote* (feast) consisting of the game slain in the chase; and being very hungry, he hastily swallowed a piece of meat to which a gad-fly adhered. The fly grievously tormented the Rana's stomach, and he sent for a physician. The wiseman (*baed*) secretly ordered an attendant to cut off the tip of a cow's ear, as the only means of saving the monarch's life. On obtaining this forbidden morsel, the *baed* folded it in a piece of thin cloth, and attaching a string to it, made the royal patient swallow it. The gad-fly fastened on the bait, and was dragged to light. The physician was rewarded; but the curious Rana insisted on knowing by what means the cure was effected, and when he heard that a piece of sacred kine had passed his lips, he determined to expiate the enormity in a manner which its heinousness required, and to swallow boiling lead (*seesa*)! A vessel was put on the fire, and half a *seer* soon melted, when, praying that his involuntary offence might be forgiven, he boldly drank it off; but lo! it passed through him like water. From that day, the name of the tribe was changed from *Abarya* to *Seesodia*. The old Jogi as firmly believed the truth of this absurd tale as he did his own existence, and I allowed him to run on till the temple of Barolli suddenly burst upon my view from amidst the foliage that shrouded it. The transition was grand; we had for some time been picking our way along the margin of

a small stream that had worked itself a bed in the rock over which lay our path, and whose course had been our guide to this object of our pilgrimage. As we neared the sacred fane, still following the stream, we reached a level spot overshadowed by the majestic koroo and amba, which had never known the axe. We instantly dismounted, and by a flight of steps attained the court of the temple. To describe its stupendous and diversified architecture is impossible; it is the office of the pencil alone, but the labour would be almost endless. Art seems here to have exhausted itself, and we were, perhaps now for the first time, fully impressed with the beauty of Hindu sculpture. The columns, the cielings, the external roofing, where each stone presents a miniature temple, one rising over another, until crowned by the urn-like *kullus*, distracted our attention. The carving on the capital of each column would require pages of explanation, and the whole, in spite of its high antiquity, is in wonderful preservation. This is attributable mainly to two causes: every stone is chiselled out of the close-grained quartz rock, perhaps the most durable (as it is the most difficult to work) of any; and in order that the Islamite should have some excuse for evading their iconoclastic law, they covered the entire temple with the finest marble cement, so adhesive, that it is only where the prevalent winds have beaten upon it that it is altogether worn off, leaving the sculptured edges of the stone as smooth and sharp as if carved only yesterday.

The grand temple of Barolli is dedicated to Siva, whose emblems are every where

visible. It stands in an area of about two hundred and fifty yards square, enclosed by a wall built of unshaped stones without cement. Beyond this wall are groves of majestic trees, with many smaller shrines and sacred fountains. The first object that struck my notice, just before entering the area, was a pillar, erect in the earth, with a hooded-snake sculptured around it. The door-way, which is destroyed, must have been very curious, and the remains that choke up the interior are highly interesting. One of these specimens was entire, and unrivalled in taste and beauty. The principal figures are of Siva and his consort, Parbutty, with their attendants. He stands upon the lotus, having the serpent twined as a garland. In his right hand he holds the *dumroo*, or little drum, with which, as the god of war, he inspires the warrior; in his left is the *cupra* formed of a human skull, out of which he drinks the blood of the slain. The other two arms have been broken off: a circumstance which proves that even the Islamite, to whom the act may be ascribed, respected this work of art. The "mountain-born" is on the left of her spouse, standing on the *coorm*, or tortoise, with braided locks, and ear-rings made of the conch-shell. Every limb is in that easy flowing style peculiar to ancient Hindu art, and wanting in modern specimens. Both are covered with beaded ornaments, and have no drapery. The firm, masculine attitude of '*Baba Adam*,' as I have heard a Rajpoot call Mahadeo, contrasts well with the delicate feminine outline of his consort. The serpent and lotus intertwine gracefully over their heads. Above, there is a

series of compartments filled with various figures, the most conspicuous of which is the chimerical animal called the *gras*, a kind of horned lion; each compartment being separated by a wreath of flowers, tastefully arranged and distributed. The animal is delineated with an ease not unworthy the art in Europe. Of the various other figures many are mutilated; one is a hermit playing on a guitar, and above him are a couple of deer in a listening posture. Captain Waugh is engaged on one of the figures, which he agrees with me in pronouncing unrivalled as a specimen of art. There are parts of them, especially the heads, which would not disgrace Canova. They are in high relief, being almost detached from the slab. In this fragment (about eight feet by three), the chief figures are about three feet.

The centre piece, forming a kind of frieze, is nearly entire, and about twelve feet by three; it is covered with sculpture of the same character, mostly the celestial choristers, with various instruments, celebrating the praises of Siva and Parbutty. Immediately within the door-way, is a small shrine to the 'four-armed;' but the Islamite having likewise deprived him of the supernumerary pair, the Bhil takes him for Devi, of whom they are desperately afraid, and in consequence the forehead of the statue is liberally smeared with vermilion.

On the left, in advance of the main temple, is one about thirty feet high, containing an image of Asht-Mata, or the 'eight-armed mother;' but here the pious Mooslem has robbed the goddess of all her arms, save that with which she grasps her

shield, and has also removed her head. She treads firmly on the centaur, Maheswar, whose dissevered head lies at some distance in the area, while the lion of the Hindu Cybele still retains his grasp of his quarters. The Joginis and Apsaras, or 'maids of war' of Rajpoot martial poetry, have been spared.

On the right is the shrine of *Tri-murti*, the triune divinity. Bramha's face, in the centre, has been totally obliterated, as has that of Vishnu, the Preserver; but the Destroyer is uninjured. The tiara, which covers the head* of this triple divinity, is also entire, and of perfect workmanship. The skill of the sculptor "can no further go." Groupes of snakes adorn the clustering locks on the ample forehead of Siva, which are confined by a bandeau, in the centre of which there is a death's head ornament, hideously exact. Various and singularly elegant devices are wrought in the tiara: in one, two horses couped from the shoulder, passing from a rich centering and surmounted by a death's head: a dissevered arm points to a vulture advancing to seize it, while serpents are wreathed round the neck and hands of the Destroyer, whose half-opened mouth discloses a solitary tooth, and the tongue curled up with a demoniacal expression. The whole is colossal, the figures being six feet and a half high. The relief is very bold, and altogether the groupe is worthy of having casts made from it.

We now come to the grand temple itself, which is fifty-eight feet in height, and in

the ancient form peculiar to the temples of Siva. The body of the edifice, in which is the sanctum of the god, and over which rises its pyramidal *sikr*, is a square of only twenty-one feet; but the addition of the domed vestibule (*munduf*) and portico makes it forty-four by twenty-one. An outline of this by Ghassi, a native artist (who labours at Oodipoor for the same daily pay as a tailor, carpenter, or other artizan), will give a tolerably good notion of its appearance, though none of its beauty. The whole is covered with mythological sculpture, without as well as within, emblematic of the 'great god' (*Mahadeo*), who is the giver, as well as the destroyer, of life. In a niche outside, to the south, he is armed against the Dytes (Titans), the *roond-mala*, or skull-chaplet, reaching to his knees, and in seven of his arms are offensive weapons. His cap is the frustrum of a cone, composed of snakes interlaced, with a fillet of skulls: the *cupra* is in his hand, and the victims are scattered around. On his right is one of the maids of slaughter (*Jogini*) drunk with blood, the cup still at her lip, and her countenance expressive of vacuity; while below, on the left is a female personification of Death, mere skin and bone: a sickle (*koorpi*) in her right hand,* its knob a death's head, completes this groupe of the attributes of destruction.

To the west is Mahadeo under another form, a beautiful and animated statue, the expression mild, as when he went forth to entice the mountain-nymph, Mera, to his

* This *tri-murti* is represented with three faces (*murti*) though but one head.

* No where else did I ever see this emblem of Time, the counterpart of the scythe with which we furnish him, which is unknown to India.

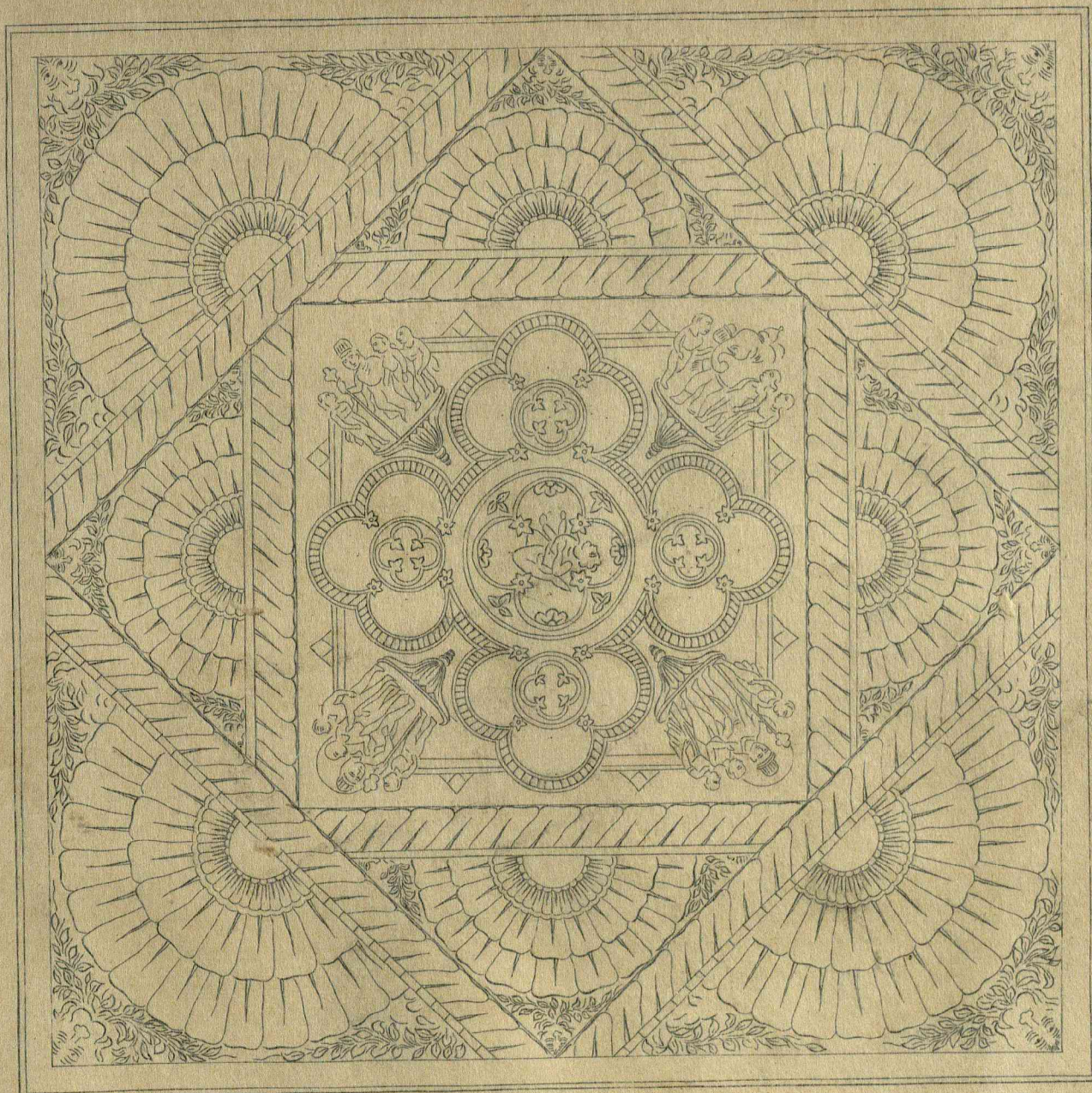
embrace. His tiara is a blaze of finely-executed ornaments, and his snake-wreath, which hangs round him as a garland, has a clasp of two heads of Shesnag (the serpent-king), while Nanda below is listening with placidity to the sound of the *dumroo*. His *cupra*, and *karg*, or skull-cap, and sword, which he is in the attitude of using, are the only accompaniments denoting the god of blood.

The northern compartment is a picture, disgustingly faithful, of death and its attributes, vulgarly known as *Bhooka Mata*, or the personification of famine, lank and bare; her necklace, like her lord's, of skulls. Close by are two mortals in the last stage of existence, so correctly represented as to excite an unpleasant surprise. The outline, I may say, is anatomically correct. The mouth is half open and distorted, and although the eye is closed in death, an expression of mental anguish seems still to linger upon the features. A beast of prey is approaching the dead body; while, by way of contrast, a male figure, in all the vigour of youth and health, lies prostrate at her feet.

Such is a faint description of the sculptured niches on each of the external faces of the *mindra*, whence the spire rises, simple and solid. In order, however, to be distinctly understood, I shall give some slight ichnographic details. First, is the *mindra* or *cella*, in which is the statue of the god; then the *munduf*, or, in architectural nomenclature, *pronaos*; and third, the portico, with which we shall begin, though it transcends all description.

Like all temples dedicated to Bal-Siva,

the vivifier, or 'sun-god,' it faces the east. The portico projects several feet beyond the *munduf*, and has four superb columns in front, of which the outline by Ghassi conveys but a very imperfect idea. Flat fluted pilasters are placed on either side of the entrance to the *munduf*, serving as a support to the internal *torun*, or triumphal arch, and a single column intervenes on each side between the pilasters and the columns in front. The columns are about eighteen feet in height, the proportions are perfect; and though the difference of diameter between the superior and inferior portions of the shaft is less than the Grecian standard, there is no want of elegance of effect, whilst it gives an idea of more grandeur. The frieze is one mass of sculptured figures, generally of human beings, male and female, in pairs; the horned monster termed *Gras*, separating the different pairs. The internal *torun* or triumphal arch, which is invariably attached to all ancient temples of the sun-god, is of that peculiar curvature formed by the junction of two arcs of a circle from different centres, a form of arch well known in Gothic and Saracenic architecture, but which is an essential characteristic of the most ancient Hindu temples. The head of a *gras* crowns its apex, and on the outline is a concatenation of figures armed with daggers, apparently ascending the arch to strike the monster. The roof of the *munduf* (*pronaos*), which in the drawing is not made sufficiently distinct from the main body of the temple, cannot be described; its various parts must be examined with microscopic nicety in order to enter into detail. In the whole of the ornamentation



Engraved By

S. C. Das

CEILING OF THE PRABHAWALI TEMPLE
AT BAROLI



there is an exact harmony which I have seen no where else ; even the miniature elephants are in the finest proportions, and exquisitely carved.

The ceilings both of the portico and *munduf*, are elaborately beautiful: that of the portico, of one single block, could hardly be surpassed. The engraving falls short of the drawing of the ingenious Ghassi, my native artist, who again is but a humble imitator of the original. Of the exterior I shall not attempt further description: it is a grand, a wonderful effort of the *silpi* (architect), one series rising above and surpassing the other, from the base to the urn which surmounts the pinnacle.

The *sanctum* contains the symbol of the god, whose local appellation is *Rori Barolli*, a corruption of *Bal-rori*, from the circumstance of Balnath, the sun-god, being here typified by an orbicular stone termed *rori*, formed by attrition in the *choolis* or whirlpools of the Chumbul, near which the temple stands, and to which phenomena it probably owed its foundation. This symbolic *rori* is not fixed, but lies in a groove in the internal ring of the Yoni; and so nicely is it poised, that with a very moderate impulse it will continue revolving while the votary recites a tolerable long hymn to the object of his adoration. The old ascetic, who had long been one of the zealots of Barolli, amongst his other wonders gravely told me, that with the momentum given by his little finger, in former days, he could make it keep on its course much longer than now with the application of all his strength.

Some honest son of commerce though it but right that the *mindra* (cella) of Bal-rori

should be graced by a Parbutty, and he had one made and placed there. But it appeared to have offended the god, and matters soon after went wrong with the Banya: first his wife died, then his son, and at length he became *dewali*, or 'bankrupt.' In truth he deserved punishment for his caricature of the 'mountain-born' Mera, who more resembles a Dutch *burgomestre* than the fair daughter of Syeel.

Fronting the temple of Bal-rori, and apart from it about twenty yards, is another superb edifice, called the *Sengar-chaori*, or nuptial hall.* It is a square (*chaori*) of forty feet supported by double range of columns on each face, the intercolumniations being quite open; and although those columns want the elegant proportions of the large temple, they are covered with exquisite sculpture, as well as the ceiling to tradition, the nuptials of *Raja Hoon* with the fair daughter of a Rajpoot prince, of whom he had long been enamoured, were celebrated; to commemorate which event, these magnificent structures were raised: but more of this *Hun anon*. The external roof (or *sikr*, as the Hindu *silpi* terms the various roofs which cover with their temples) is the frustrum of a pyramid, and a singular specimen of architectural skill, each stone being a miniature temple, elegantly carved, gradually decreasing in size to the *kullus* or ball, and so admirably fitted to each other, that there has been no room for vegetation to insinuate itself, and conse-

* This is not the literal interpretation, but the purpose for which it is applied. *Chaori* is the term always appropriated to the place of nuptials: *sengar* means 'ornament.'

quently they have sustained no injury from time.

Midway between the nuptial hall and the main temple, there is a low alter, on which the bull, *Nand-iswar*, still kneels before the symbolic representation of its sovereign lord, Iswar. But sadly dishonoured is this courser of the sun-god, whose flowing tail is broken, and of whose head but a fragment remains, though his necklace of alternate skulls and bells proclaims him the charger of Siva.

Around the temple of the 'great-god' (*Maha-deva*) are the shrines of the *dii minores*, of whom Ganesa, the god of wisdom, takes precedence. The shrine of this janitor of Siva is properly placed to the north, equi-distant from the nuptial hall and the chief temple. But the form of wisdom was not spared by the Tatar iconoclast. His single tooth, on which the poet Chund is so lavish of encomium, is broken off; his limbs are dissevered, and he lies prostrate on his back at the base of his pedestal, grasping, even in death, with his right hand, the *lados*, or sweetmeat-balls he received at the nuptial feast.

Near the dishonoured fragments of Ganesa, and on the point of losing his equilibrium, is the divine *Nareda*, the preceptor of Parbutty, and the Orpheus of Hindu mythology. In his hands he yet holds the lyre (*vina*), with whose heavenly sounds he has been charming the son of his patroness; but more than one string of the instrument is wanting, and one of the gourds which, united by a sounding board, form the *vina*, is broken off.

To the south are columns, one erect and

the other prostrate, which appear to have been either the commencement of another temple, or, what is more probable from their excelling every thing yet described, intended to form a *toran*, having a simple architrave laid across them, which served as a swing for the recreation of the god. Their surface, though they have been exposed for at least one thousand years to the atmosphere, is smooth and little injured; such is the durability of this stone, though it is astonishing how it was worked, or how they got instruments to shape it. There is a *bawari*, or reservoir of water, for the use either of gods or mortals, placed in the centre of the quadrangle, which is strewn with sculptured fragments.

We quit the enclosure of Raja Hoon to visit the fountain (*coond*) of Mahadeo, and the various other curious objects. Having passed through the ruined gate by which we entered, we crossed the black stream, and passing over a fine turf plot, reached the *coond*, which is a square of sixty feet, the water (leading to which are steps) being full to the brim, and the surface covered with the golden and silver lotus. In the centre of the fountain is a miniature temple to the god who delights in waters; and the dam by which it was once approached being broken, it is now completely isolated. The entrance to the east has two slender and well-proportioned columns, and the whole is conspicuous for simplicity and taste.

Smaller shrines surround the *coond*; into one of which I entered, little expecting in a comparatively humble edifice the surprise which awaited me. The temple was

a simple, unadorned hall, containing a detached piece of sculpture, representing Narayan floating on the chaotic waters. The god is reclining in a fit of abstraction upon his *shes-seja*, a couch formed of the hydra, or sea-snake, whose many heads expanded form a canopy over that of the sleeping divinity, at whose feet is the benignant Lacshmi, the Hindu Ceres, awaiting the expiration of his periodical repose. A group of marine monsters, half-man, half-fish, support the couch in their arms, their scaly extremities gracefully wreathed, and in the centre of them is a horse, rather too terrestrial to be classical, with a conch-shell and other marine emblems near him. The black-ground to this couch rises about two feet above the reclining figure, and is divided horizontally into two compartments, the lower containing a group of six chimerical monsters, each nearly a foot in height, in mutual combat, and in perfect relief. Above is a smaller series, depicting the Avatars, or incarnations of the divinity. On the left, *Coorma*, the tortoise, having quitted his shell, of which he makes a pedestal, denotes the termination of the catastrophe. Another marine monster, half boar (*Varaha*), half fish, appears recovering the *Poni*, the symbol of production, from the alluvion, by his tusk. Next to him is Narsinga, tearing in pieces a tyrannical king, with other allegorical mysteries having no relation to the *ten incarnations*, but being a mythology quite distinct, and which none of the well-informed men around me could interpret: a certain proof of its antiquity.

The position of Narayana was that of

repose, one hand supporting his head, under which lay the *gada*, or mace, while in another he held the conch-shell, which when the god assumed the terrestrial form and led the Yadu hosts to battle, was celebrated as *Dekshinaverta* from having its spiral involutions reversed, or to the right (*dekshin*). The fourth arm was broken off, as were his nether limbs to near the knee. From the *nab* or *naf* (navel), the umbilical cord ascended, terminating in a lotus, whose expanded flower served as a seat for Bramha, the personification of the mind or spirit "moving on the waters" (*Narayana*) of chaos. The beneficent and beautiful Lacshmi, whom all adore, whether as Annapurana (the giver of food), or in her less amiable character as the consort of the Hindu Plutus, seems to have excited a double portion of the zealots' ire, who have not only visited her face too roughly, but entirely destroyed the emblems of nourishment for her universal progeny. It would be impossible to dwell upon the minuter ornaments, which, both for design and execution, may be pronounced unrivalled in India. The highly imaginative mind of the artist is apparent throughout; he has given a repose to the sleeping deity, which contrasts admirably with the writhing of the serpent upon which he lies, whose folds, more especially under the neck, appear almost real; deception aided by the prophyratic tints of the stone. From the accompaniments of mermaids, conch-shells, sea-horses, &c., we may conclude that a more elegant mythology than that now subsisting has been lost with the art of sculpture. The whole is carved out of a single block of the quartz rock, which

has a lustre and polish equal to marble, and is of far greater durability.

The length of this marine couch (*seja*) is nearly eight feet, its breadth two, and its height somewhat more than three: the figure, from the top of his richly wrought tiara, being four feet. I left a strong inclination to disturb the slumbers of Narayana, and transport him to another clime: in this there would be no sacrilege, for in his present mutilated state, he is looked upon (except as a specimen of art) as no better than a stone.

All round the *coond* the ground is covered with fragments of shrines erected to the inferior divinities. On one piece, which must have belonged to a roof, were sculptured two busts of a male and a female, unexceptionably beautiful. The headdress of the male was a helmet, quite Grecian in design, bound with a simple and elegant fillet: in short, it would require the labour of several artists for six months to do any thing like justice to the wonders of Boondi.

There is no chronicle to tell us for whom or by whom this temple was constructed. The legends are unintelligible; for although Raja Hoon is the hero of this region, it is no easy task to account for his connexion with the mythology. If we, however, connect this apparently wild tradition with what is already said regarding his ruling at Bhynsrur, and moreover with what has been recorded in the first part of this work, when 'Ungutsi, lord of the Hoons,' was enrolled amongst the eighty-four subordinate princes who defended Cheetore against the first attempt of the Islamite, in the eighth

century, the mystery ceases. The name of Hoon is one of frequent occurrence in ancient traditions, and the early inscription at Monghir has already been mentioned, as likewise the still more important admission of this being one of the thirty-six royal tribes of Rajpoots; and as, in the Cheetore chronicle, they have actually assigned as the proper name of the Hoon prince that (Ungutsi) which designates, according to their historian Deguignes, the grand horde, we can scarcely refuse our belief that "there were Huns" in India in those days. But although Raja Hoon may have patronized the arts, we can hardly imagine he could have furnished any ideas to the artists, who at all events have not produced a single Tatar feature to attest their rule in this region. It is far more probable, if ever Grecian artists visited these regions, that they worked upon Indian designs—an hypothesis which may be still further supported. History informs us of the Grecian auxiliaries sent by Seleucus to the (Puar) monarch of Oojein (Ozene), whose descendants corresponded with Augustus; and I have before suggested the possibility of the temple of Komulmair, which is altogether dissimilar to any remains of Hindu art, being attributable to the same people.

We discover two inscriptions, as well as the names of many visitors, inscribed on the pavement and walls of the portico, bearing date seven and eight hundred years ago; one was "the son of Jalunsi, from Dhawulnagri;" another, which is in the ornamental *Nagari* of the Jains, is dated the 13th of Cartic (the month sacred to Mars), S. 981, or A.D. 925. Unfortunately



it is but a fragment, containing five *sloas* in praise of *Sideswar*, or Mahadeo, as the patron of the ascetic Jogis. Part of a name remains; and although my old Guru will not venture to give a translation without his sybelline volume, the *Vyakurna*, which was left at Oodipoor, there is yet sufficient to prove it to be merely the rhapsody of a Pundit, visiting Rori Barolli, in praise of the 'great god' and of the site.* More time and investigation than I could afford, might make further discoveries; and it would be labour well rewarded, if we could obtain a date for this Augustan age of India. At the same time, it is evident that the whole was not accomplished within one man's existence, nor could the cost be defrayed by one year's revenue of all Rajpootana.

We may add, before we quit this spot, that there are two piles of stones, in the

quadrangle of the main temple, raised over the defunct priests of Mahadeo, who, whether Gosens, Sanyasis, or Dadoopantis, always bury their dead.

Barolli is in the tract named Puchail, or the flat between the river Chumbul and the pass, containing twenty-four villages in the lordship of Bhynsrer, laying about three miles west, and highly improving the scene, which would otherwise be one of perfect solitude. According to the local tradition of some of the wild tribes, its more ancient name was Bhadravati, the seat of the Hoons; and the traces of the old city in extensive mounds and ruins are still beheld around the more modern Bhynsrer. Tradition adds, that the Chirmitti (the classic name of the Chumbul) had not then ploughed itself a channel in this adamant bed; but nine centuries could not have effected this operation, although it is not far from the period when Ungutsi, the Hoon, served the Rana of Cheetore.

* This is deposited in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society.

CHAPTER XII.

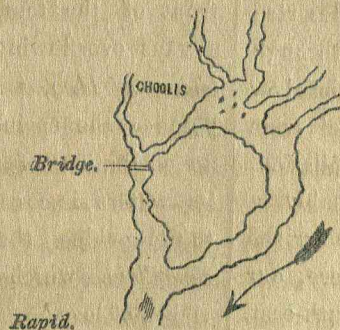
The choolis, or whirlpools of the Chumbul.—Grandeur of the scene.—Description of the falls and rocks of the Chumbul in this part.—The remarkable narrowness of its bed.—The roris, or stones found in the whirlpools.—Visit to Ganga-bheva.—Its magnificent temple and shrines.—The details of their architecture.—The main temple more modern than the shrines around it.—Dilapidation of these fine specimens of art.—Effects of vegetation. The gigantic amervela.—Naoli.—Takaji-ca-coond, or fountain of the snake-king.—Fragments of sculpture.—Mausoleum of Jeswunt Rao Holcar.—Holcar's horse.—His elephant. Bhanpoora.—Tranquillity and prosperity of these parts.—Gurrote.—Truces of king Satul Patul, of the era of the pandus.—Agates and cornelians.—The caves of Dhoomnar. Description of the caves and temples.—Explanation of the figures.—Jain symbols on one side of the caves, Brahmin on the other.—Statues of the Jain pontiffs.—Bheem's bazaar.

December 3d.—HAVING halted several days at Barolli to admire the works of man, we marched to contemplate the still more stupendous operation of nature—the *choolis*, or 'whirlpools,' of the Chumbul. For three miles we had to hew a path through the forest for our camels and horses; at the end of which, the sound of many waters gradually increased, until we stood on the bleak edge of the river's rocky bed. Our little camp was pitched upon an elevated spot, commanding a view over one of the most striking objects of nature—a scene bold beyond the power of description. Behind us was a deep wood; in front, the abrupt precipices of the Pathar; to the left, the river expanded into a lake of ample dimensions, fringed with trees, and a little onward to the right, the majestic and mighty

Chirmitti, one of the sixteen sacred rivers of India, shrunk into such a narrow compass, that even man might bestride it. From the tent, nothing seemed to disturb the unruffled surface of the lake, until we approached the point of outlet, and beheld the deep bed the river has excavated in the rock. This is the commencement of the falls. Proceeding along the margin, one rapid succeeds another, the gulf increasing in width, and the noise becoming more terrific, until you arrive at a spot where the stream is split into four distinct channels; and a little farther, an isolated rock appears, high over which the whitened spray ascends, the sun-beams playing on it. Here the separated channels, each terminating in a cascade, fall into an ample basin, and again unite their waters, boiling around

the masses of black rock, which ever and anon peeps out and contrasts with the foaming surge rising from the whirlpools (*choolis*) beneath. From this huge caul-

dron, the waters again divide into two branches, encircling and isolating the rock, on whose northern face they re-unite, and form another fine fall.



A tree is laid across the chasm, by the aid of which the adventurous may attain the summit of the rock, which is quite flat, and is called "the table of the Thakoor of Bhynsrar," who often, in the summer, holds his *gote* or feast there, and a fitter spot for such an entertainment can scarcely be imagined. Here, soothed by the murmur of foaming waters, the eye dwelling on a variety of picturesque objects, seen through the prismatic hues of the spray-clouds, the baron of Bhynsrar and his little court may sip their *amrit*, fancying it, all the while, taken from the churning of the little ocean beneath them.

On issuing from the *choolis*, the river continues its course through its rocky bed, which gradually diminishes to about fifteen feet, and with greatly increased velocity, until, meeting a softer soil, under Bhynsrar, it would float a man-of-war. The distance from the lake first described to this rock is about a mile, and the difference of ele-

vation, under two hundreds feet; the main cascade being about sixty feet fall. It is a curious fact that, after a course of three hundred miles, the bed of a mighty river like this should be no more than about three yards broad. The whirlpools are huge perpendicular caverns, thirty and forty feet in depth, between some of which there is a communication under-ground; the orbicular stones, termed *roris*, are often forced up in the agitation of these natural cauldrons; one of them represents the object of worship at Bal-rori. For many miles down the stream, towards Kotah, the rock is everywhere pierced by incipient *choolis*, or whirlpools, which, according to their size and force, are always filled with these rounded stones.

From hence the Chumbul pursues its course through the plateau (sometimes six hundred feet high) to Kotah. Here nature is in her grandest attire. The scene, though wild and rugged, is sublime; and were I offered an estate in Mewar, I would choose



Bhynsrer, and should be delighted to hold my *gote* enveloped in the mists which rise from the whirlpools of the Chambul.

December 4th.—The carpenters have been at work for some days hewing a road for us to pass to Ganga-bheva, another famed retreat in this wild and now utterly deserted abode. We commenced our march through a forest, the dog-star nearly south; the river dimly seen on our right. On our left were the remains of a ruined circumvallation, which is termed Rana-Kote; probably a *rumna*, or preserve. At daybreak we arrived at the hamlet of Kheyrlī; and here, our course changing abruptly to the south-east, we left the river, and continued our journey through rocks and thickets, until a deep grove of lofty trees, enclosed by a dilapidated wall, shewed that we had reached the object of our search, Ganga-bheva.

What a scene burst upon us, as we cleared the ruined wall and forced our way over the mouldering fragments of ancient grandeur! Ganga-bheva, or 'the circle of Ganga,' appears to have been selected as a retreat for the votaries of Mahadeva, from its being a little *oasis* in this rock-bound valley; for its site was a fine turf, kept in perpetual verdure by springs.

The chief object is the temple, dedicated to the creative power; it stands in the centre of a quadrangle of smaller shrines, which have more the appearance of being the cenotaphs of some ancient dynasty than domiciles for the inferior divinities. The contrast between the architecture of the principal temple, and that of the shrines which surround it, is remarkable. The body of the chief temple has been destroyed, and with its

wrecks a simple, inelegant *mindra* has been raised; nor is there aught of the primitive structure, except the portico, remaining. Its columns are fluted, and the entablature (part of which lies prostrate and reversed)* exhibits a profusion of rich sculpture. In front of the temple is a circular basin, always overflowing, and whence the term *bhevo* or *bheo*, 'a circle,' added to the name of the spring, which is feigned to be an emanation of *Ganga*. The surface of its waters is covered with the flower sacred to the goddess, that particular lotus termed *camodhun*, which may be rendered, 'the riches of love.'

The chief temple evinces the same skill and taste as the structures of Barolli, and the embellishments are similar. We here recognize the groupes of Mahadeva and Parbutty, with the griffins (*gras*), the Nagunis, half-serpent half-female, &c., though not in so finished a style as at Barolli. Whatever be the age of this temple (and we found on the pavement the name of a votary with the date S. 1011, or A.D. 955), it is many centuries more recent than those which surround it, in whose massive simplicity we have a fine specimen of the primitive architecture of the Hindus. Even of these, we can trace varieties. That of which we present a drawing, shews, in its fluted columns, a more ambitious, though not a better taste, than the plainer supporters of the pyramidal roofs, which cover all the ancient temples of Bal-siva. Five of these small shrines filled up each face of the quadrangle, but with the exception of

* It will be requisite to view this fragment in a reversed position to see the intended effort of the artist.

those on the east side, all are in ruins. The doors of those which possess an enclosed *sanctum*, face inwards towards the larger shrine; and each has a simple low altar, on which are ranged the attendant divinities of Mahadeva. The sculpture of all these is of a much later date than the specimens at Barolli, and of inferior execution, though far superior to any thing that the Hindu sculptor of modern days can fabricate. They may possibly be of the date found inscribed (the tenth century), posterior to which no good Hindu sculpture is to be found. As this spot is now utterly deserted, and the tiger and wild boar are the only inhabitants that visit the groves of Ganga-bheva, I shall be guilty of no sacrilege in removing a few of these specimens of early art*

Nature has co-operated with the ruthless Toork in destroying the oldest specimens of the art. Wherever there is a chink or crevice, vegetation fixes itself. Of this we had a fine specimen in a gigantic but now mouldering *koroo*, which had implanted itself in the *munduf* of the principal-temple, and rent it to its foundation. On examining its immense roots, large slabs were actually encased with the wood, the bark of which nearly covers a whole regiment of petty gods. This fact alone attests the longevity of this species of tree, which is said to live a thousand years. The fountain temple has, in a similar way, been levelled by another of these *koroo*-trees, the branches of which

had gradually pressed in and overwhelmed it. The *Sengar-chaori*, or nuptial-hall, is also nearly unroofed; and although the portico may yet survive for ages, time is rapidly consuming the rest.

I should have said that there are two distinct enclosures, an interior and exterior, and it is the first which is crowded with the noblest trees, every where clustered by the *amervela*, 'the garland of eternity,' sacred to Mahadeva, which shades the shrine, overhanging it in festoons. This is the giant of the parasitic tribe, its main stem being as thick near the root as my body. I counted sixty joints, each apparently denoting a year's growth, yet not half way up the tree on which it climbed. That highly-scented shrub, the *ketki*, grew in great profusion near the *coond*, and a bevy of monkeys were gambolling about them, the sole inhabitants of the grove. The more remote enclosure contained many altars, sacred to the *manes* of the faithful wives who became *satis* for the salvation of their lords. On some of these altars were three and four *poothis*, or images, denoting the number of devotees. It would require a month's halt and a company of pioneers to turn over these ruins, and then we might not be rewarded for our pains. We have therefore set to work to clear a path, that we may emerge from these wilds.

Naoli, December 5th, twelve miles.—The road runs through one continued forest, which would have been utterly impassable but for the hatchet. Half-way, is the boundary between Bhynsror and Bhanpoora, also an ancient appanage of Mewar, but now belonging to Holcar. Naoli is a comfortable

* Of the style of these specimens the curious are enabled to judge, as several are deposited in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society. These mark the decline of the arts; as do those of Barolli it is perhaps the highest point of excellence.

village, having the remains of a fort to the westward.

In the evening I went to visit *Takaji-coond*, or 'fountain of the snake-king.' It is about two miles east of Naoli; the road, through a jungle, over the flat highland or Pathar, presents no indication of the object of research, until you suddenly find yourself on the brink of a precipice nearly two hundred feet in depth, crowded with noble trees, on which the knotted *koroo* was again conspicuous. The descent to this glen was over masses of rock; and about half-way down, on a small platform, are two shrines; one containing the statue of *Takshac*, the snake-king; the other of *Dhunantra*, the physician, who was produced at the 'churning of the ocean.' The *coond*, or fountain, at the southern extremity of the abyss, is about two hundred yards in circumference, and termed *athag*, or 'unfathomable,' according to my guide, and if we may judge from its dark sea-green lustre, it must be of considerable depth. It is filled by a cascade of full one hundred feet perpendicular height, under which is a stone-seat, sacred to the genius of the spot. At the west side issues a rivulet, called the *Takhaiti* or serpentine, which, after pursuing a winding course for many miles, some hundred feet below the surface of the Pathar, washes the eastern face of Hinglazgurb, and ultimately joins the Amjar. Ghassi, my native artist, is busy with the effigy of the snake-king, and Dhunantra, the *Vedya*. From the summit of the plateau we had a view of the castle of Hinglaz, celebrated in Lord Lake's war with the Mahrattas, and which was taken by Captain

Hutchinson with a few men of the Bengal artillery.

Bhanpoora December 6th, eight miles.— This was a delightful march, presenting pictures at every step. Two miles, through jungle, brought us to the abrupt crest of the Pathar. For some distance the route was over a neck or *chine*, with deep perpendicular dells on each side, which, at its extremity, the point of descent, termed the *ghat* or pass, became a valley, gradually expanding until we reached Bhanpoora. At the *ghat* are the remains of a very ancient fortress, named Indorgurb, which must have been one of the strong-holds of this region long anterior to the Chanderawut feudatories of Mewar. Some fragments of sculpture indicate the presence of the artist of Barolli; but all search for inscriptions was fruitless. From hence we saw the well-defined skirts of plateau stretching westward by Rampoorra to the Lassaughat, Tarrapoor, and Jawud, the point of our ascent last year.

It was pleasing, after a week's incarceration amidst these ruins and scenes of natural grandeur, where European foot had never trod, to see verdant fields and inhabitants of the plains; such alternations make each delightful in its turn. We had been satiated with the interminable flats and unvarying corn-fields of Harouti, and it was a relief to quit that tame tranquillity for the whirlpools of the Chumbul, the *coonds* of Ganga, and the snake-king in the regions of the inaccessible Doorga.

As we approached Bhanpoora, we crossed a small rivulet, called the Rewa, coming from the glen of the pass; near which is the mausoleum of Jeswunt Rao Holcar,



IMAGE OF THE SNAKE KING.
AT THE FOUNTAIN OF THE ANJAR

ENG. BY S.C. DASS

adjoining the scene of his greatest glory, when he drove an English army from his territory. The architecture is worthy of the barbarian Mahratta; it is a vaulted building, erected upon a terrace, all of hewn stone: its only merit is its solidity. There is a statue of this intrepid chieftain, of the natural size, in the usual ungraceful sitting posture, with his little turban; but it gives but a mean idea of the man who made terms with Lake at the altars of Alexander. It is enclosed by a miniature and regularly-built fortress, with bastions, the interior of which are hollow and colonnaded, serving as a *dhermsala*, or place of halt for pilgrims or travellers; and on the terrace are a few *rekhas*, or swivels. On the right of the temple destined to receive the effigy of Jeswunt, is a smaller cenotaph to the memory of his sister, who died shortly after him. The gateway leading into this castellated tomb has apartments at top, and at the entrance is a handsome piece of brass ordnance, called *kali*, or 'death.' There is a temporary building on the right of the gateway, where prayers are recited all day long for the soul of Jeswunt, before an altar on which were placed twenty-four *dewas*, or lamps, always burning. A figure dressed in white was on the altar; immediately behind which, painted on the wall, was Jeswunt himself, and as in the days of his glory, mounted on his favourite war-horse, Mowah. The *chour* was waving over his head, and silver-mace bearers were attending, while the officiating priests, seated on carpets, pronounced their incantations.

I left the master to visit Mowah, whose stall is close to the mausoleum of Holcar,

whom he bore in many a desperate strife. The noble animal seemed to possess all his master's aversion to a *Frengi*, and when, having requested his body clothes to be removed, I went up to examine him, he at first backed his ears and shewed fight; but at last permitted me to rub his fine forehead. Mowah is a chesnut of the famed *Beemrat-hali* breed; like his master, a genuine native of Maharashtra, he exhibits the frame-work of a perfect horse, though under 14.3; his fore-legs shew what he has gone through. His head is a model, exhibiting the highest quality of blood: ears small and pointed, eye full and protruding, and a mouth that could drink out of a tea-cup. He is in very good condition; but I put in my *urzee* that they would provide more ample and sweeter bedding, which was readily promised. The favourite elephant is a pensioner as well as Mowah. Even in these simple incidents, we see that the mind is influenced by similar associations all over the world.

Bhanpoora is a town of five thousand houses, surrounded by a wall in good order; the inhabitants apparently well contented with the mild administration of Tantia Jogh, the present Dewan of Holcar's court; but they are all alive to the conviction that this tranquillity is due to the supervising power alone. I was greatly gratified by a visit from the respectable community of Bhanpoora merchants, bankers, and artizans, headed by the Hakim in person; nor could the inhabitants of my own country, Mewar, evince more kind and courteous feeling. In fact, they have not forgotten the old tie; that the Rao of Bhanpoora, though now holding but a small portion of his inheritance, was

one of the chief nobles of Mewar, and even still receives the *tilac* of accession for Amud from the hands of his ancient lord, though nearly a century has elapsed since Holcar became his sovereign *de facto*: but associations here are all powerful.

Gurrote, December 7th; distance, thirteen miles; direction, S.S.E.—It was delightful to range over the expansive plains of Malwa, and not to be reminded at every step by the exclamation '*thokur!*' of the attendant, that there was some stony impediment ready to trip one up, the moment one's vision was raised above the earth. A singular contrast was presented between the moral aspect of these plains and of Harouti. Here, though the seat of perpetual war, still visible in sterile fields, we observe comfort displayed in the huts and in the persons of the peasantry; there, amidst all the gifts of *Ana-purana*, the miserable condition of the ryot provokes one to ask, "whence this difference?" The reason is elsewhere explained.

Gurrote is a thriving town of twelve hundred houses, the chief of a *tuppa* or subdivision of Rampoorā, whence a deputy *hakim* is sent as resident manager. It is walled in; but the inhabitants seemed to feel they had now a better security than walls. Here there is nothing antique; but Moli, with its old castle, about midway in this morning's journey, might furnish something for the *porte-feuille*, especially a fine sculptured *torun* yet standing, and fragments strewn in every direction. Tradition is almost mute, and all I could learn was, that it was the abode of a king, called Satul-Patul, whom they carried back to the era of the Pandus.

I was much surprised to find the plain strewn with agates and cornelians, of every variety of tint and shape, both veined and plain, semi-transparent and opaque, many stalactitic, in various degrees of hardness, still containing the fibre of grass or root, serving as a nucleus for the concretion. There are no hills to account for these products in the black loam of the plains, unless the Chumbul should have burst his bed and inundated them. Nor are there any *nullas* which could have carried them down, or any appearance of calcareous deposit in the soil, which, when penetrated to any depth, was found to rest upon blue slate.

Caves of Dhoomnar, December 8th; direction south 10° west; distance twelve miles.—The country reminded us of Mewar, having the same agreeable undulations of surface and a rich soil, which was strewn throughout, as yesterday, with agates. As we approached the object of our search, the caves of Dhoomnar, we crossed a rocky ridge covered with the *dhak* jungle, through which we travelled until we arrived at the mount. We found our camp pitched at the northern base, near a fine tank of water; but our curiosity was too great to think of breakfast until the mental appetite was satiated.

The hill is between two and three miles in circumference; to the north it is bluff, of gradual ascent, and about one hundred and forty feet in height, the summit presenting a bold perpendicular scarp, about thirty feet high. The top is flat, and covered with *burr* trees. On the south side it has the form of a horse-shoe, or irregular crescent, the horns of which are turned to the south, having the same bold natural rampart

running round its crest, pierced throughout with caves, of which I counted one hundred and seventy; I should rather say that these were merely the entrances to the temples and extensive habitations of these ancient Troglodytes. The rock is a cellular iron-clay, so indurated and compact as to take a polish. There are traces of a city, external as well as internal, but whether they were cotemporaneous we cannot conjecture. If we judge from the remains of a wall about nine feet thick, of Cyclopean formation, being composed of large oblong masses without cement, we might incline to that opinion, and suppose that the caves were for the monastic inhabitants, did they not afford proof to the contrary in their extent and appropriation.

On reaching the scarp, we wound round its base until we arrived at an opening cut through it from top to bottom, which proved to be the entrance to a gallery of about one hundred yards in length and nearly four in breadth, terminating in a quadrangular court, measuring about one hundred feet by seventy, and about thirty-five feet in height; in short, an immense square cavity, hollowed out of the rock, in the centre of which, cut in like manner out of one single mass of stone, is the temple of the four-armed divinity, Chatoor-bhooja. Exclusive of this gallery, there is a staircase cut in the north-west angle of the excavation, by which there is an ascent to the summit of the rock, on a level with which is the pinnacle of the temple. Apparently without any soil, some of the finest trees I ever saw, chiefly the sacred peepul, burr, and tamarind, are to be found here.

The ground-plan of the temple is of the usual form, having a *mindra*, *munduf*, and portico, to which the well-known term *Pagoda* is given, and there is simplicity as well as solidity both in the design and execution. The columns, entablatures, with a good show of ornament, are distinct in their details; and there are many statues, besides flowers, not in bad taste, especially the carved ceilings. It would be regarded as a curiosity if found on a plain, and put together in the ordinary manner; but when it is considered that all is from one block, and that the material is so little calculated to display the artist's skill, the work is stupendous.

Vishnu, who is here adored as the "four-armed," was placed upon an altar, clad in robes of his favourite colour (*pandu*, or yellow ochre), whence one of his titles, *Pandurang*. The principal shrine is surrounded by the inferior divinities in the following order: First, on entering are the *Poleas* or 'Porters, Ganesa is upon the right, close to whom is Sarasvati, "whose throne is on the tongue;" and on the left are the twinsons of Kali, the Bhiroos, distinguished as *Kala* (black), and *Gora* (fair); a little in advance of these is a shrine containing five of the ten *Mahabedias*, or ministering agents of Kali, each known by his symbol, or *vahan*, as the bull, man, elephant, buffalo, and peacock. The *Mahabedias* are all evil genii, invoked in *Jup*, or incantations against an enemy, and phylacteries, containing formulas addressed to them, are bound round the arms of warriors in battle.

At the back of the chief temple are three shrines; the central one contains a statue

of Narayana, upon his hydra-couch, with Lakshmi at his feet. Two Dytes, or evil spirits, appear in conflict close to her; and a second figure represents her in a running posture, looking back, in great alarm, at the combatants. Smaller figures about Narayana represent the heavenly choristers administering to his repose, playing on various instruments, the *moorali*, or flute, the *vina*, or lyre, the *muyoor*, or tabor, and the *mudhung* and *that*, or cymbals, at the sound of which a serpent appears, rearing his crest with delight. The minor temples, like the larger one, are also hewn out of the rock; but the statues they contain are from the quartz rock of the Pathar, and they, therefore, appear incongruous with the other parts. In fact, from an emblem of Mahadeva, which rises out of the threshold, and upon which the "four-armed" Vishnu looks down, I infer that these temples were originally dedicated to the creative power.

We proceeded by the steps, cut laterally in the rock, to the south side, where we enjoyed, through the opening, an unlimited range of vision over the plains beyond the Chumbul, even to Mundisore and Sondwarra. Descending some rude steps, and turning to the left, we entered a cavern, the roof of which was supported by one of those singularly-shaped columns, named after the sacred mounts of the Jains; and here it is necessary to mention a curious fact, that while every thing on one side is Buddhist or Jain, on the other all is Sivite or Vishnuvi. At the entrance to the cave adjoining this are various colossal figures, standing or sitting, too characteristic of the Buddhists or Jains to be mistaken; but on

this, the south side, every thing is ascribed to the Pandus, and a recumbent figure, ten feet in length, with his hand under his head, as if asleep, is termed "the son of Bheem," and as the local tradition goes, "only one hour old:" a circumstance which called forth from my conductor, who gravely swallowed the tale, the exclamation—"What would he have been if *nok mahina ca baluc*, 'a nine months' child'!" The chief group is called the Five Pandus, who, according to tradition, took up their abode here during their exile from the Jumna; and the other figures are performing menial offices to the heroes.

Fortunately, I had my Jain Gura with me, who gave me more correct notions of these groups than the local *cicerone*. All these figures are representations of the deified pontiffs of the Jains, and the group of five are the most celebrated of the twenty-four, and distinctively called the *Panch-Teruti*, viz. Rishubdeva, the first; Santnath, the sixteenth; Nemnath, the twenty-second; Parswanath, the twenty-third; and Mahavira, the twenty-fourth. Each has his sacred mount, or place of pilgrimage (*teerut*), and each is recognized by his symbol, viz. the bull, black antelope, conch-shell, hooded serpent, and tiger; and it is quite sufficient to find one of these symbols upon the plinth to ascertain the particular pontiff to which it belongs. There was also, in a sitting posture, Chandra Prebhoo, known by his sign, the crescent. All the figures are from ten to eleven feet high. That in a recumbent position, my friend said was one of the pontiffs, about to "shuffle off this mortal coil," preparatory to

apotheosis. "When such an event took place, the throne of Indra shook, and he sent a deputation to convey the deceased through the *Kheer Samudra* (sea of curds), to the great temple of deification, whither the whole heavenly host advanced to conduct him."

Next to, and communicating by a passage with, this hall of the Join pontiffs, is the most extensive excavation of Dhoomnar, locally designated as "Bheem's Bazaar." The extreme length of this excavation is about a hundred feet, and the breadth eighty. Although the name of this leader of the Pandus designates every subdivision of this cave, yet every thing is Buddhist. The main apartment is that called Bheem's armoury or treasury, the entrance to which is through a vestibule, about twenty feet square, supported by two columns, and having four lateral semicircular niches, now empty, but probably intended for statues: this opens to the armoury, which is a vaulted apartment, about thirty feet by fifteen, having at the further end a *dhagope*, supporting the roof. These singularly-formed columns, if we may so term them, are named after their sacred mounts; and this is called *Soomeru*, which being sacred to Adnath, the first pontiff, we may conclude he was here adored. An extensive piazza, full twenty feet wide, evidently a *dhermsala* for the pilgrims, runs round this apartment, supported by rows of massive square columns, all cut out of the rock; and again, on the exterior, are numerous square cells, called the apartments of the *Srawuks*, or Jain laity; in one of which there is a supporting *dhagope*, and in another two statues of the twenty-third

pontiff, Parswa. A part of the vaulted roof of Bheem's treasury as it is called, has fallen in, so that the vault of heaven is seen through the aperture of the mountain. This is also attributed to Korea Choor (*thief*), whose statue appears on the pinnacle of the temple of Barolli, indicating the old enemy of the Pandus, who robbed them of their kingdom. Close to the armoury is an apartment called the *Rajloca*, or for the ladies; but here tradition is at fault, since, with the exception of Koonti, the mother, Droopdevi alone shared the exile of the Pandus.

Still further to the right, or south-west, is another vaulted and roof-ribbed apartment, thirty feet by fourteen, and about sixteen in central height, supported by another image of Soomeru. The sacred *bur*, or fig-tree (*ficus religiosa*), had taken root in the very heart of this cavern, and having expanded until checked by the roof, it found the line of least resistance to be the cave's mouth, whence it issued horizontally, and is now a goodly tree overshadowing the cave. Around this there are many *pausidsalas*, or halls for the Yatis, or initiated disciples, who stand in the same upright meditative posture as the pontiffs.

But it is impossible, and the attempt would be tedious, to give, by any written description, an adequate idea of the subterranean town of Dhoomnar. It is an object however, which will assist in illustrating the subject of cave-worship in India; and though in grandeur these caves cannot compare with those of Ellora, Carli, or Salsette, yet in point of antiquity they evidently surpass them. The temple dedicated to the *Tirthan-cars*, or deified *Jin-eswars* (lords of the Jains),

are rude specimens of a rude age, when the art of sculpture was in its very infancy; yet is there a boldness of delineation, as well as great originality of design, which distinguishes them from every thing else in India. In vain we hunted for inscriptions; but a few isolated letters of that ancient and yet undeciphered kind, which occurs on every

monument attributed to the Pandus, were here and there observed. There were fragments of sculpture about the base of the hill, differing both in design and material from those of the mountain. Altogether, Dhoomnar is highly worthy of a visit, being one of the most curious spots in this part, which abounds with curiosities.

CHAPTER XIII.

Route over the ground of Monson's retreat.—Battle of Peeple.—Heroism of Umr Sing Hara, chief of Koelah.—Conduct of general Monson.—Puchpahar.—Kunwarra.—Thriving aspect of the country.—Jhalra-Patun.—Temples.—Commercial immunities of the city. Judicious measures of the Regent in establishing this mart.—Public visit of the community of Paton.—The ancient city.—Legends of its foundation.—Profusion of ancient ruins. Fine sculpture and architecture of the temples.—Inscriptions.—Cross the natural boundary of Harouti and Malwa.—The chaoni of the Kotah Regent.—Chaoni of the Pindarris. Gagrown.—Naraynpoor.—Mokundarra Pass.—Inscriptions.—Anecdotes of the "Lords of the Pass."—The chaori of Bheem.—Ruins.—Ordinances of the Hara princes.—Return to Kotah.—Field sports.—Author attacked by a bear.—Ruins of Ekailgurb.

Puchpahar, 10th December.—We returned to Gurrote yesterday, whence we marched ten miles north-north-east this morning over memorable ground. It was from Gurrote that the retreat of Monson commenced, an event as remarkable in the history of British India as the retreat of Xenophon in that of

Greece. The former has not been commemorated by the commander, though even the pen of Xenophon himself could not have mitigated the reproach which that disastrous event has left upon our military reputation. Holcar was at Pertabgurb, when, hearing of the advance of the English army, he made

direct on Mundisore, where he halted merely to refresh his horses, and crossing the Chumbul at the Aora ford, he pushed direct on Gurrote, a distance of nearly fifty miles. Local report states that Monson, in utter ignorance of the rapid advance of Holcar, had that morning recommenced his march for Chandwasso, with what object is unknown; but as soon as he learned the vicinity of the foe, without awaiting him, he ordered a retrograde movement to gain the Mokundurra pass, leaving Lucan with the irregular horse and the Kotah auxiliaries, chiefly Hara Rajpoots, to secure his retreat. Holcar's army amounted to ten thousand horse, in four *goles*, or masses, each acting separately. That under—Khan Bangushe came on Lucan from the south, while that under Hurnat Dada, from the direction of Bhanpoor attacked the Kotah contingent. Lucan defended himself like a hero and having repelled all their charges, had become the assailant, when he received his death-blow from a hand in his own *pāega*. My informant, who was that day opposed to this gallant soldier, described the scene, pointing out the mowah tree close to which he fell.

The auxiliary band of Kotah was led by the Hara chief of Koelah, his name Umr Sing. On receiving the orders of the English commander, he prepared, in the old Hara style, to obey them. The position he selected was about a quarter of a mile west of Lucan, on the north bank of the Amjar, his left protected by the village of Peepley, which stands on a gentle eminence gradually shelving to the stream, the low abrupt bank of which would secure him from any charge in front. Here, dismounting from his horse,

Umr Sing, surrounded by one thousand men, "spread his carpet," resolved to defend the passage of the Amjar. His force was chiefly infantry, who met the enemy with volleys of matchlocks, and filled the stream with their bodies; but just as he was about to close with them, a ball hit him in the forehead and another in the right breast. He fell, but immediately rose again, and reclining against a sugar-mill-stone, encouraged his men to the charge. The calmness of his manner indicated no danger, but it was the dying effort of a Hara: pointing with his sword to the foe, he fell back and expired. Four hundred and fifty of his men were either killed or wounded around their chief, and among the latter, the Polaita chief, the next in rank to Koelah, and the bukshee, or paymaster-general of Kotah was made prisoner, and forced to sign a bond for ten lakhs of rupees as a ransom, a penalty for siding with the English.

A humble altar of clay marks the spot where the brave Hara fell, having a tablet, or *jocjarh*, representing as usual a cavalier and his steed, armed at all points. I felt indignation at the indifference of the Regent, who had not marked the spot with a more durable monument; but he is no Hara; though could he entomb the whole tribe, he would erect a structure rivalling even that of Mausoleus. But this receives a homage which might be denied to a more splendid one; for the villagers of Peepley fail not in their duty to the *mānes* of Umr Sing, whose lowly altar is maintained in repair. The devoted Lucan has not even so frail a monument as this; nor could I learn if the case which enclosed his gallant spirit had any rites of sepulture.

But his memory will be cherished by the inhabitants of Peeply, who will point to the mowah tree as that of "*Lucan Sahab ca Joojarh*."

By the sacrifice of these brave men, the British commander gained the Mokundurra pass, without seeing even an enemy; had he there left only five companies, with sufficient supplies and ammunition, under such men as Sinclair or Nichol, Mokundurra might have rivalled Thermopylæ in renown; for such is the peculiarity of the position, that it would have taken a week to turn it, and that could be done by infantry alone. But the commander "had no confidence in his men:" why then did he accept the command? Throughout the retreat, the sepahis were eager for the fight, and expressed their opinion openly of their leader; and when this 'doubting' commander left five companies to defend the passage of the Bunas, how did they perform it? by repelling every assault, while a particle of ammunition lasted. I have often passed this ford, once with Sindia's army, and only three years after the retreat. The gallant stand was admirably described to me by Zemaun Khan Rohilla, a brave soldier and no boaster, (and that day among our foes,) who coolly pointed to the precise spot where he shot one of our officers, in the last charge, with his pistol. He said that the Mahratta infantry would no longer return to the charge, and that Jeswunt Rao was like a mad-man, threw his turban on the ground and called for volunteers amongst the cavalry, by whom at length Sinclair and his men were cut off. It is a lesson by which we ought to profit, never to place in command of sepahis those

who do not understand, confide in, and respect them.

Puchpahar is a thriving town, the head of one of the four districts of which, by the right of war, we became possessed, and have transferred from Holcar to the Regent: so far we have discharged the debt of gratitude. Eighty villages are attached to Puchpahar, which, though never yielding less than half a lakh of rupees, is capable of raising more than twice that sum. There are two thousand houses in the town, which has an extensive bazaar filled with rich traders and bankers, all of whom came to visit me. The cornelian continues to strew the ground even to this place.

Kunwarra, 11th December; thirteen miles; direction, N.E. by E.—Passed over a fine rich soil, with promising young crops of wheat and gram, and plenty of the last crop (*joar*) in stacks; a sight not often seen in these war-trodden plains, and which makes the name, Kunwarra, or "the land of corn," very appropriate. At the village of Aonla, four miles south, we crossed the high road leading from Oojein through the *durra* to Hindusthan, the large town of Soneil lying three miles to our right.

Jhalra-patun, 12th December; ten miles; direction, N.N.E.—The road over the same fertile soil.—Passed the Chunderbhaga rivulet, the source of which is only two coss distant, and was shown, within the range, the isolated hill of Relaitoh, formerly the retreat of a Bhil community which sent forth four thousand bowmen to ravage the plains of Malwa: these were extirpated by Zalim Sing.

Jhalra-patun is the creation of the Regent; and, as we approached it, his kindness pro-

cured me the distinction of being met, a full mile beyond the town, by the chief magistrate, the council, and the most wealthy inhabitants: an honour duly appreciated, this being the only town in India possessing the germs of civil liberty, in the power of framing their own municipal regulations. This is the more remarkable, as the immunities of their commercial charter were granted by the most despotic ruler of India; though the boon was not a concession to liberty, but an act of policy; it was given for value received, or at least expected, and which has been amply realized. Having exchanged salutations, and promised a more extended courtesy at my tents in the evening, we took advantage of the town being thinned, and passed in under a general discharge of ordnance from the ramparts. The city is nearly a square, surrounded by a substantial wall and bastions, well furnished with cannon. The ground plan is simple, being that of the Indian *chowpun* or cross, with two main streets intersecting each other at right angles, and many smaller ones running parallel to them. The main street is from south to north. We proceeded through this *Burra bazaar*, until we reached the point of intersection, where, upon a broad terrace stands a temple to *Chatoorbhooja*, the 'four-armed' god, at least ninety feet in height. The marble dome and colonnaded *munduf*, and the general proportions of the structure, attracted my attention; but having been recently repaired and coated with white, I passed it by, conceiving it to be modern, and not likely to furnish historical data. From thence to the northern gate is a range, on either side, of houses of a uniform struc-

ture, having a great appearance of comfort; and the street, which is nearly a mile long, terminates with a temple erected by the Regent to his favourite divinity, *Dwarcanath*. The image here enshrined was ploughed up from the ruins of the ancient city, and carried to the Regent at Kotah, who, leaving to the choice of the god the title under which, and the site where, he would be worshipped, his various names were inscribed and placed under the pedestal; the priest drew forth that of *Gopal-ji*, and a magnificent shrine was erected to him upon the bank of one of the finest lakes in India, the waters of which, raised by an artificial dam, could be made to environ it at pleasure.

In a street to the north and parallel to the first but as yet incomplete is a handsome temple dedicated to the sixteenth Jain prophet. This also I afterwards discovered was an antique structure recently repaired and one of the hundred and eight temples, the bells of which sounded in the ancient city; whence its name *Jhalra-patun*, or 'the city of bells' and not as erroneously stated hitherto from the tribe of the Regent *Jhalra-patun*, or 'city of the Jhala;' ignorance of which fact made me pass over the temples under the supposition that they were coeval with its modern foundation. I stopped for few moments at the mansion of the chief magistrate Sah Munniram and having expressed my admiration of all I had seen and my hope that the prosperity of the city would redouble under his paternal care in these days of peace, I made my salaam and took leave. Opposite his house, engraved on a pillar of stone, is the charter of rights of the city. Its simplicity will excite a smile;

but the philosopher may trace in it the first rudiments of that commercial greatness which made the free cities of Europe the instruments of general liberty. Few of these had their privileges so thoroughly defined or so scrupulously observed ; and the motive which brought the community together was the surest guarantee against their infringement. A state of general war made them congregate, and was the origin of these immunities which the existing peace and tranquillity will perpetuate. Any want of good faith would be the destruction of Patun.

When the Regent took advantage of the times to invite the wealthy of all the surrounding regions to become settlers in this new mart, he wisely appealed to the evidence of their senses as the best pledge for the fulfilment of his promises. Simultaneously with the charter, the fortifications were commenced and an adequate garrison was placed here under a commandant well known and respected. He excavated wells, repaired the dam of the old lake and either built anew or repaired the religious edifices of all sects at the expense of the state ; and to secure uniformity and solidity in the new habitations, he advanced to every man who required it half the money necessary for their construction. But the greatest boon of all was his leaving the administration of justice, as well as of internal police, entirely in the hands of the municipal authorities, who, to their credit, resolved that the fines and forfeitures arising therefrom, instead of becoming a bait for avarice and vexatious interference, should be offerings to the shrine of Dwaricanath.

It is proper to say that the chief magistrate Sah-munniram, who is of the Vishnu sect, has a coadjutor in Gomani Ram of the Oswal tribe and Jain faith, and each has his separate tribunal for the classes he represents, while the whole form a joint council for the general weal. They pull well together, and each has founded a *poora*, or suburb named after their children. The *Chohtas* or members of this council are selected according to the general sense entertained of their fitness ; and were the chief magistrates also the free choice of the inhabitants at large 'the city of bells' would require no addition to her freedom. Thus, in the short space of twenty years, has been raised a city of six thousand comfortable dwellings, with a population of at least twenty-five thousand souls. But the hereditary principle, so powerful throughout these countries, and which, though it perpetuates many evils, has likewise been productive of much good, and has preserved these states from annihilation, will inevitably make the 'turban' of magistracy descend from the head of Munniram or Gomani to their children, under whom, if they be not imbued with the same discretion as their parents, the stone tablet as well as the subsequent privileges of Jhalra-patun may become a dead letter. The only officers of government residing in the town are the commandant and the collector of the imposts ; and so jealous are they of the least interference on his part, that a fine would be inflicted on any individual who, by delaying the payment of the authorized duties, furnished an excuse for his interference.

Such is an outline of an internal administration, on which I have just had a com-

imentary of the most agreeable description : a public visit from all the wealth and worth of Patun. First, came the merchants, the brokers, the insurers of the Vishnue persuasion, each being introduced with the name of the firm; then followed the Oswal merchants, in similar form, and both of them I seated in the order of their introduction and respectability. After them followed the trades, the *Choktea* or deacons, each making his *nuzzur* in the name of the whole body. Then came the artizans, goldsmiths, braziers, dyers, confectioners, down to the barbers, and town-crier. The agricultural interest was evidently at a discount in Patun, and subordinate to the commercial; the old Mundlooe Patels were, "though last, not least" in this interesting assemblage. Even the frail sisterhood paid their *devoirs*, and, in their modesty of demeanour, recalled the passage of Burke applied in contrast to a neighbouring state, "vice lost half its deformity, by losing all its grossness." Sah Munniram himself preserved order outside, while to his colleague he left the formalities of introduction. The goldsmiths' company presented, as their *nuzzur*, a small silver powder-flask, shaped as an alligator, and covered with delicate chain work, which I shall retain not only as a specimen of the craft, but in remembrance of a day full of unusual interest. They retired in the same order as they came, preceded by the town-band, flags, trumpets, and drums.

Such is Jhalra-Patun. May the demon of anarchy keep from its walls, and the orthodox and heterodox *Duumvirs* live in amity for the sake of the general good, nor by their animosities, increase the resemblance which

this mart bears to the free cities of Europe.

From all I could learn, justice is distributed with as even a hand as in most societies, but wherever existed the community that submitted to restraint, or did not murmur at the fiat of the law? Jhalra-Patun is now the grand commercial mart of Upper Malwa, and has swallowed up all the commerce of the central towns between its own latitude and Indore. Though not even on the high road, when established, this difficulty was overcome by the road coming to it. The transit-duties on salt alone must be considerable, as that of the lakes of western Rajwarra passes through it in its way to the south-east. It is not famed, however, for any staple article of trade, but merely as an entrepot.

We have said enough of the modern city, and must now revert to the ancient, which, besides its metaphorical appellation of "the city of bells," had the name of *Chandravati*, and the rivulet which flowed through it, the *Chandrabhaga*. There is an abundance of legends, to which we may be enabled to apply the test of inscriptions. In some, Raja Hoon is again brought forward as the founder of the city; though others, with more probability, assign its foundation to the daughter of Chandrasen, the Pramari king of Malwa, who was delivered of a son on this spot while on a pilgrimage. Another ascribes it to a more humble origin than either, *i.e.* to Jussoo, a poor wood-cutter of the ancient tribe of Or, who, returning homewards from his daily occupation, dropped his axe upon the *paris-putter*, with the aid of which he transmuted iron to gold,

and raised "the city of the moon" (*Chandravati*); and the lake is still called after him *Jussoo Or ca-tallah*. The Pandu Bheem likewise comes in for his share of the founder's fame; who, with his brethren during their covenant with the Kaorea, found concealment in the forest; but his foe, fearing the effect of his devotions, sent his familiar to disturb them. The spirit took the form of a boar, but as he sped past him through the thicket, Bheem discharged an arrow, and on the spot where this fell, the Chandrabhaga sprung up. Whoever was the founder, I have little doubt that tradition has converted Jussoo-verma, the grandson of Udyadit, the monarch of all Malwa, into the wood-cutter; for not only does this prince's name occur in one of the inscriptions found here, but I have discovered it in almost every ancient city of Central India, over which his ancestors had held supreme power from the first to the thirteenth century of Vicrama.*

The sites of temples mark the course of the stream for a considerable distance, the banks being strewn with ruins. Flights of steps, forming *ghats*, reach to the water's edge, where multitudes of gods, goddesses, and demons, are piled, and some of the more perfect placed upon altars of clay, around which some lazy, well-fed Gosens loiter, basking in the sun. Understanding

that no umbrage could be taken if I exported some of them to Oodipoor, I carried off Narayan on his hydra-couch, a Parbutty, a *tri-murti*, and a cart-load of the *dei minores*, which I found huddled together under a burr-tree. There was a fine statue of Ganesa, but our efforts to move *Wisdom* were ineffectual, and occasioned not a few jokes among my Brahmins; nor must I pass over a colossal *baraha* (boar), of which no artist in Europe need be ashamed.

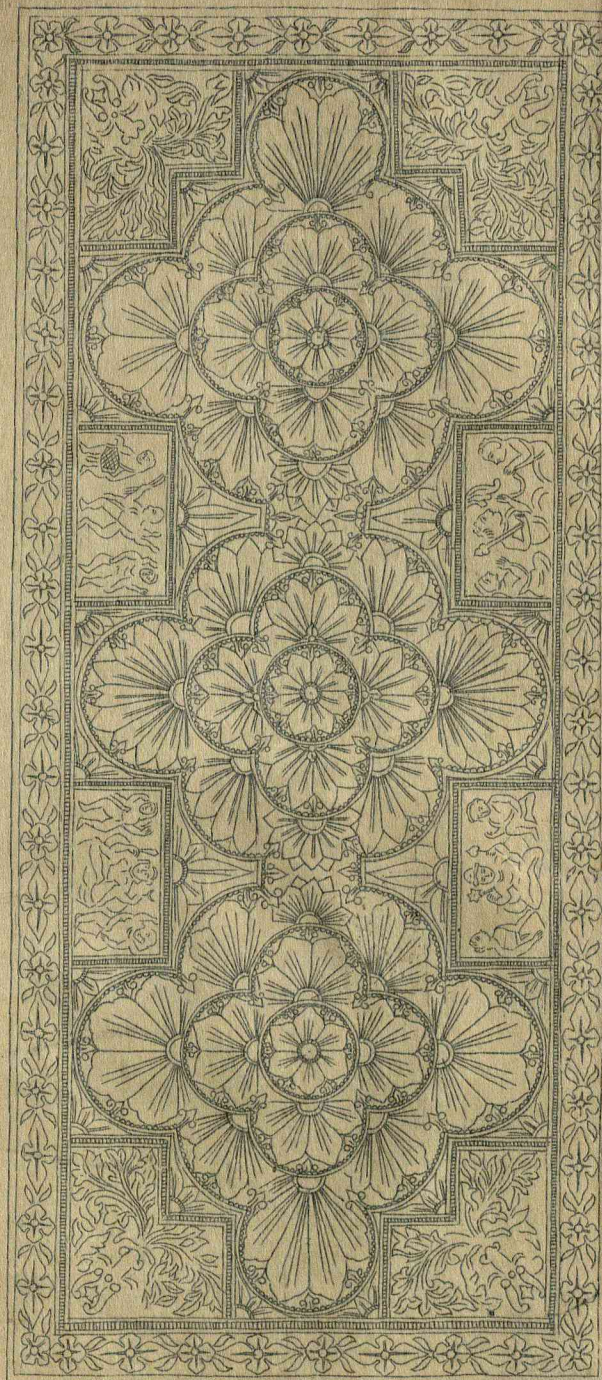
The powers of Destruction and Reproduction were those propitiated among the one hundred and eight shrines of Chandravati; of which only two or three imperfect specimens remain to attest the grandeur of past days. Every where, the symbolic lingam was scattered about, and the *munduf* of one of those still standing I found filled with representations of the Hindu Hecate and a host of lesser infernals, the sculpture of which, though far inferior to that at Barolli, is of a high order compared with aught of modern times. The attitudes are especially well-managed, though there is a want of just proportion. Even the anatomical display of the muscles is attended to; but the dust, oil, and *sindoor* (vermilion) of twelve centuries were upon them, and the place was dark and damp, which deterred us from disturbing them.

Ghassi is now at work upon the outline of two of the remaining shrines, and has promised to give up ten days to the details of the ceilings, the columns, and the rich varied ornaments, which the pencil alone can represent. One of these shrines, having a part of the *sengar chaori* still standing, is amongst the finest things in Asia, not for magnitude,

* On a stone tablet, which I discovered at Boondi, of the Takshac race, are the names both of Chandrasen and Jussooverma, and though no date is visible, yet that of the latter is fixed by another set of inscriptions, inserted in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, at S. 1161 or A.D. 1135: the period when the old Hindu monarchies were breaking up, and consequently the arts beginning to decay.



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SCULPTURED CEILINGS OF TEMPLES
AT CHANDRAVATI

being to all appearance merely receptacles for the inferior divinities surrounding some grand temple, but for the sculptured ornaments, which no artist in Europe could surpass. Each consists of a simple *mindra*, or *cella*, about twenty feet square, having a portico and long open colonnaded vestibule in front for the priests and votaries. Every one of these numerous columns differs in its details from the others. But the entrance chiefly excites admiration, being a mass of elaborate workmanship of a peculiar kind and the foliage and flowers may be considered perfect.* It is deeply to be lamented that no artists from Europe have made casts from these masterpieces of sculpture and architecture, which would furnish many new ideas, and rescue the land sacred to Bhavani (Minerva) from the charge of having taught nothing but deformity : a charge from which it is my pride to have vindicated her.

While I remained with Ghassi, amidst the ruins, I despatched my *guru* and Brahmins to make diligent search for inscriptions ; but many of these, as well as thousands of divinities, the wrecks of ancient Patun, have been built up in the new town or its immense circumvallation ; but our efforts were not altogether unrewarded.

The oldest inscription, dated S. 748 (A. D. 962), bore the name of Raja Doorgangul, of 'the bar of the castle'. It is very long,

* The original drawings by Ghassi are deposited at my booksellers, Budd and Calkin, Pall-Mall, together with those by Captain Waugh to shew that any deviation from the originals by the engravers is to the decided deterioration of the former. They are on a considerably larger scale than the engravings, and I am anxious that the public should thus form a correct estimate of the arts as they once existed in India.

and in that ornamanted character peculiar to the Budhists and Jains throughout these regions. It contains allusions to the local traditions of the Pandu Arjoon, and his encounter with the demon Virodhi under the form of Baraha, or the boar ; and states that from the spot where the baraha was wounded, and on which his blood fell, a figure sprung, originating from the wound (*khet*), whose offspring in consequence was called Khetrie: "of his line was Crishna Bhut Khetri, whose son was *Takyac*. What did he resemble, who obtained the fruits of the whole earth, conquering numerous foes? He had a son named *Kyuk*, who was equal to the divinity which supports the globe: in wisdom he was renowned as Mahadeo : his name sent to sleep the children of his foe, he appeared as an avatar of Boodh, and like the ocean, which expands when the rays of the full moon fall upon it, even so does the sea of our knowledge increase when he looks upon it : and his verses are filled with ambrosia (*amrita*). From Cheyt to Cheyt, sacrifice never ceased burning ; Indra went without offspring.* The contributions from the land were raised with justice, whilst his virtues overshadowed the three worlds. The light which shines from the tusks of his foe's elephant had departed ; and the hand which struck him on the head, to urge him on, emitted no sound. Where was the land that felt not his influence? Such was Sri Kyuk! when he visited foreign lands, joy departed from the wives of his foe : may all his resolves be accomplished !

* The allusion to this affords another instance of the presumption of the priests, who compelled the gods to attend the sacrificial rites, and hence Indra could not visit his consort Indrani.

"S. 748 (A.D. 692), on the full moon of Jeyt, this inscription was placed in the mindra, by Goopta, the grandson of Bhat Ganeswar, *Lord of the Lords of verse of Moondal*, and son of Hur-goopta: this writing was composed, in the presence of Sri Doorgangul Raja, to whom, salutation! that forehead alone is fair which bows to the gods, to a tutor, and to woman! Engraved by Oluk the stone-cutter.

On this curious inscription we may bestow a few remarks. It appears to me that the wild legion of the creation of this *Khetri*, from the blood of Baraha, represented as a *danoo*, or demon in disguise, is another fiction to veil the admission of some northern race into the great Hindu family. The name of Baraha, as an ancient Indo-Scythic tribe, is fortunately abundantly preserved in the annals of Jessulmer, which state, at the early periods of the Yadu-Bhatti history, opposed their entrance into India: while both Takshac (or Tak) and Kyuk are names of Tatar origin, the former signifying 'the snake,' the latter 'the heavens.' The whole of this region bears evidence of a race whose religion was ophite, who bore the epithet of Takshac as the name of the tribe, and whose inscriptions in this same nail-headed character are found all over central and western India. If we combine this with all that we have already said regarding Raja Hoon of Bhadraoti, and Ungutsi the Hun, who served the Rana of Cheetore *at this precise period*,* when an irruption is recorded from central Asia, we are forced to the conclusion, that this inscription (besides many others), is a memorial of a Scythic

or Tatar prince, who, as well as the Gete prince of Salpoor,* was grafted upon Hindu stock.

The inscription next in point of antiquity was from the Jain temple in the modern town. It was dated the 3d of Jeyt, S. 1103 (A.D. 1047), but recorded only the name of a visitor to the shrine.

Near the dam of the *Or-sagur*, there was a vast number of funeral memorials, termed *nisea*, of the Jain priesthood. One is dated "the 3d of Magh, S. 1066 (A.D. 1010), on which day Srimunt Deo, *Chela* or disciple, of Acharya Srimana Dewa, left this world." The bust of the acharya, or doctor, is in a studious posture, the book laying open upon the *thooni* or cross, which forms a reading-desk, often the only sign on the *nisea* to mark a Jain place of sepulture.

The adjoining one contained the name of Devindra Acharya; the date S. 1180.

Another was of "Komar-deo, the punde or priest of the race of Koomad Chandra Acharya, who finished his career on Thursday (*goorbard*) the Mool nekshitra of S. 1289."

There were many others, but as, like these, they contained no historical data, they were not transcribed.

Naraynpoor, 13th December, eleven miles.—Marched at daybreak, and about a coss north of the city ascended the natural boundary of Harouti and Malwa; at the point of ascent was Gondore, formerly in the appanage of the Ghatti-Rao (*lord of the pass*), one of the legendary heroes of past days; and half a coss further was the point of descent into the *Antri*, or 'valley,' through which our

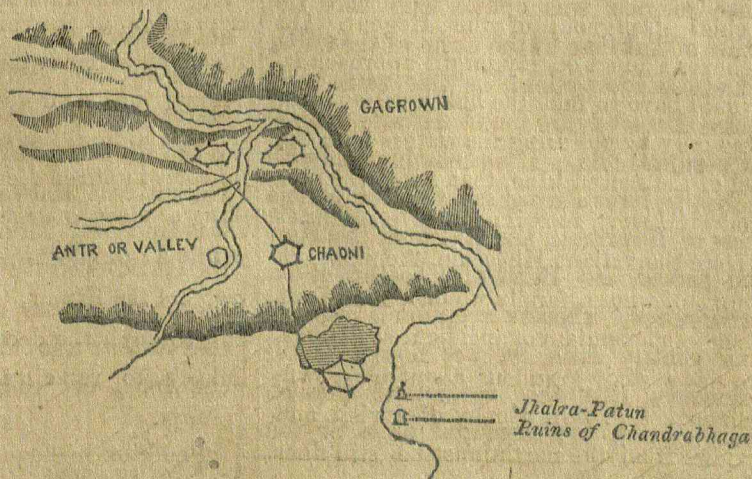
* See Vol. I, p. 190.

* See inscription, Vol. I, p. 628.

course lay due north. In front, to the north-west, Gagrown, on the opposite range, was just visible through the gloom; while the yet more ancient Mhow, the first capital of the Kheechies, was pointed out five coss to the eastward. I felt most anxious to visit this city, celebrated in the traditions of Central India, and containing in itself and all around much that was worthy of notice. But time pressed; so we continued our route over the path trodden by the army of Alla-o-din when he besieged Achildas in Gagrown. The valley was full three miles wide, the soil fertile, and the scenery highly picturesque. The forest on each side echoed with the screams of the peacock, the calls of the partridge, and the note of the jungle-cock, who was crowing his matins as the sun gladdened his retreat. It was this *antri*, or valley, that the Regent selected for his *chaoni*, or 'fixed camp,' where he has resided for the last thirty years. It had at length attained the importance of a town, having spacious streets and well-built houses, and

the materials for a circumvallation were rapidly accumulating: but there is little chance of his living to see it finished. The site is admirably chosen, upon the banks of the Amjar, and midway between the castle of Gagrown and Jhalrapatun. A short distance to the west of the Regent's camp, is the *Pindarri-ca-chaoni*, where the sons of Kureem Khan, the chief leader of those horses, resided; for in these days of strife, the old Regent would have allied himself with Satan, if he had led a horde of plunderers. I was greatly amused to see in this camp, also assuming a permanent shape, the commencement of an *eedga*, or 'place of prayer;' for the villains, while they robbed and murdered even defenceless woman, *prayed five times a day!*

We crossed the confluent streams of the Aou and Amjar, which, flowing through the plains of Malwa, have forced their way through the exterior chain into the *antri* of Gagrown, pass under its western face, dividing it from the town, and then join the Caly Sinde.



Until you approach close to Gagrown, its town and castle appear united, and present a bold and striking object; and it is only on mounting the ridge that one perceives the strength of this position, the rock being scarped by the action of the waters to an immense height. The ascent to the summit of the ridge was so gradual that our surprise was complete, when, casting our eye north, we saw the Caly Sinde sweeping along the northern face of both fort and town, whence it turns due north, ploughing its serpentine passage, at a depth of full two hundred feet below the level of the valley, through three distinct ranges, each chasm or opening appearing in this bold perspective like a huge portal, whence the river gains the yielding plains of Harouti. As we passed under the town, we were saluted by a discharge from all the ordnance on its ramparts, and the governor, who had advanced to meet us at the express desire of his master, invited us in; but though strongly pressed, and equally desirous to see a place of such celebrity, I would not make myself acquainted with the secrets of this chief stronghold of the Regent. On whichever side an enemy might approach it, he would have to take the bull by the horns. It was only by polluting the waters with the blood of the sacred kine, that Alla, 'the sanguinary' (*khoom*), took it about five centuries ago from the valiant Kheechie, Achildas, an account of whose family would be here out of place. Independent of ancient associations, there is a wild grandeur about Gagrown, which makes it well worthy of a visit, and the views from the north must be still finer than from the point whence we beheld it.

We passed over the ridge at the extremity of the town, and descended into another *antri*, up which we journeyed nearly due west until we reached our camp at Naraynpoor. The valley was from four to six hundred yards in breadth, and in the highest state of cultivation; to preserve which, and at the same time to secure the game, the Regent, at an immense expense, has cut deep trenches at the skirt of the hills on each side, over which neither deer nor hog can pass, while the forests that crown the hills to their summit are almost impervious even to wild beasts. We passed various small cantonments, where the Regent could collect the best part of his army, some even on the summit of the ridge. At all of these are wells, and reservoirs termed *po*.

Mokundurra, December 14th, ten miles.—At daybreak, commenced our march up the valley, and midway between Naraynpoor and the *durra*, reached the ruined castle of Ghatti, so called from its being erected on the summit of the ridge commanding an outlet of the valley. Partly from the gradual ascent of the valley, and from the depression of the ridge, we formed rather a mean opinion of the pass (*ghatti*); but this feeling was soon lost when we attained the crest, and found ourselves on a scarped rock of some hundred feet in elevation, commanding a view over all the plains of Malwa, while at our feet was a continuation of the *antri* of the Amjar, which we observed gliding through the deep woods the Regent has allowed to remain at the entrances of these valleys.

Tradition is eloquent on the deeds of the 'Lords of the Pass,' both of the Kheechie

and Hara, and they point out the impression of Mehraj Kheechie's charger, as he sprang upon the Islamite invaders. There are many cenotaphs to the memory of the slain, and several small shrines to Siva and his consort, in one of which I found an inscription not only recording the name of Mehraj, but the curious fact that four generations were present at the consecration of one to Siva. It ran thus: "In S. 1657 and Saca 1522, in that particular year called *Somya*, the sun in the south, the season of cold, in the happy month Asoj, the dark half thereof, on Sunday, and the thirty-sixth gurrie; in such a happy moment, the Kheechie of Chohan race, Maharaj Sri Rawut Nursing-deo, and his son Sri Rawut Mehraj, and *his* son Sri Chundersen, and *his* son Kalian-das, erected this *seo-ali* (house of Siva): may they be fortunate! Written by Jey Serman, and engraved by Kumma, in the presence of the priest Kistna, the son of Mohes."

We shall pass over the endless tales of the many heroes who fell in its defence, to the last of any note—Goman Sing, a descendant of Sawunt Hara. The anecdote I am about to insert relates to the time when Rao Doorjun Sal was prince of Kotah, and the post of Foujdar was held by a Rahtore Rajpoot, Jey Sing of Gagorni. Through the influence of this foujdar, Goman was deprived of the honour of defending the pass, and his estate sequestered. He was proceeding homeward with a heavy heart from the presence of his sovereign, when he met the foujdar with his train. It was dark, and a torch-bearer preceded him, whom Goman dashed to the earth, and with his iron lance transfixed the Rahtore to his *palki*. Making for the gate, he said it

was the Rao's order that none should pass until his return. As soon as he gained his estate, he proceeded with his family and effects to Oodipoor, and found *sirna* with the Rana, who gave him an estate for the support of himself and his followers. There he remained until Kotah was besieged by Raja Esuri Sing of Jeipoor, when he obtained the Rana's leave to fly to its defence. Passing over the Pathar, he made for Kotah, but it was invested on every side. Determined to reach it or perish, he ordered his *nakarra* to beat, and advanced through the heart of the enemy's camp. The Jeipoor prince asked who had the audacity to beat close to his quarters, and being told "the Rawut of the pass, from Oodipoor," he expressed a wish to see the man, of whom he had heard his father say, he had, unarmed, slain a tiger. The Hara obeyed the summons, but would only enter the Presence in the midst of his band. He was courteously received and offered large estates in Jeipoor; the Raja remarking, that Goman Sing was only going to his doom, since "in the space of eating a *pan*, he (Esuri Sing) would be master of Kotah." Losing all patience, Goman said, "take my salaam and my defiance, Maharaj; the heads of twenty thousand Haras are with Kotah." He was permitted to pass the batteries unmolested, and on reaching the river, he called aloud, "the Ghatta Rawut wants a boat", to conduct him to his sovereign; whom he found seated behind the walls encouraging the defence. At that very moment, a report was brought that a breach was nearly effected at a particular point; and scarcely had the prince applauded his *swamdherma*, than, making his bow, Goman

marched his followers to the breach, and "there planted his lance". Such were the Haras of past days ; but the descendants of the ' Rawut of the Pass' are now in penury, deprived of their lands, and hard pressed to find a livelihood.

We continued our march from this Pass, often moistened with Rajpoot blood, and reached the Durra, outside of which we found the old Regent encamped, and whence we issued on our tour just three weeks ago. It was by mere accident that, some distance up the valley, (a continuation of that we had just quitted,) we heard of some ruins, termed the "Chaori of Bheem," one of the most striking remains of art I had yet met with. It is the fragment only of a quadrangular pile, of which little now remains, the materials having been used by one of the Kotah princes, in erecting a small palace to a Bhilni concubine. The columns possess great originality, and appear to be the connecting link of Hindu and Egyptian architecture. Not far from the *Chaori*, where, according to local traditions, the Pandu Bheem celebrated his nuptials, are two columns, standing without relation to any other edifice ; but in the lapse of ages the fragments appertaining to them have been covered with earth or jungle. At every step we found *joojarhs*, or funeral stones ; and as this "Pass of Mokund" must, as the chief outlet between the Dekhan and northern India, have been a celebrated spot, it is not unlikely that in remote ages some city was built within its natural ramparts. Throughout this town, we found many traces of the beneficent but simple legislation of the Hara princes ; and when the Regent set up his

pillar, prohibiting chiefly his own violence, he had abundant formulas to appeal to. We have already alluded to this circumstance in the sketch of his biography, and we may here insert a free translation of the ordinance we found engraved in the Pass, and which is recorded throughout Harouti.

"Maharaj Maharao-ji Kishore Sing, ordaining ! To all the merchants (*mahajins*), traders, cultivators, and every tribe inhabiting Mokundurra. At this time, be full of confidence ; trade, traffic, exchange, borrow, lend, cultivate, and be prosperous ; for all *dind* (contribution) is abolished by the *Durbar*. Crimes will be punished according to their magnitude. All officers of trust, Patels, Patwarris, Sasurris (night-guards), and mootsuddies (scribes), will be rewarded for good services, and for evil. None of them shall be guilty of exactions from merchants or others : this is a law sworn to by all that is sacred to Hindu or Mooslem. Ordained from the royal mouth, and by command of Nanah-ji (grandsire) Zalim Sing, and uncle Madhu Sing. Asoj the 10th Monday S. 1877 (A. D. 1821)."

Having halted a few days, we returned to Kotah by the towns of Puchpahar and Anundpoor ; both large and thriving, situated upon the banks of fine pieces of water. Madhu Sing, at the head of a splendid cavalcade, with six field pieces, advanced a couple of miles to conduct me to my old residence, the garden-house, east of the town. During the six weeks that we remained here to watch the result of the measures elsewhere described, we endeavoured to find amusements in various ways, to divert us

from brooding upon the cholera which was raging around us. This season attracts flocks of wild-geese to prey upon the young corn, and we had the double pleasure of shooting and eating them. Occasionally, we had a shot at a deer, or hunted them down with the Regent's *cheetas* (hunting-leopards); or with the dogs ran down jackalls, foxes, or hares. There was a *rumna* for wild-hogs about 5 miles from our abode, and a delightful summer retreat in the midst of a fine sheet of water. The animals were so tame, from the custom of feeding them, that it was almost unsportsmanlike to shoot at them. On one occasion, the Maharao prepared an excursion upon the water, in which I was not well enough to join. Numerous *shekarries*, or 'hunters,' proceeded up either bank to rouse the bears or tigers that find cover there, when the party from the boats shot at them as they passed. Partly for the purpose of enjoying this sport, and partly to see the fortress of Ekailgurh, six miles south of the city, we afterwards made another excursion, which though not unattended by danger, afforded a good deal of merriment. The river here is confined by perpendicular rocks, full three hundred feet in height; and amidst the *debris*, these wild animals find shelter. As the side on which we were did not promise much sport, we determined to cross the stream, and finding a quantity of timber suited to the purpose we set to work to construct a raft; but had only pushed a few paces from the shore when we began to sink, and were compelled to make a Jonas of the doctor, though we afterwards sent the vessel back for him, and in due time landed all our party and appen-

dages. Being furnished with huntsmen y the Regent, who knew the lairs of the animals, we despatched them up the stream, taking post ourselves behind some masses of rock in the only path by which they could advance. We had been seated about half an hour, when the shouts of the hunters were heard, and soon a huge bear, his muzzle grey from age, came slowly trotting up the pathway. Being unable to repress the mirth of Captain Waugh and the doctor, who were conning over the events of the morning, just before he came in sight, I had quitted them, and was trying to gain a point of security a little remote from them; but before I could attain it, they had both fired and missed, and Bruin came at a full gallop towards me. When within ten paces, I fired and hit him in the flank; he fell, but almost instantly recovered, and charged me open-mouthed, when one of my domestics boldly attack him with a hog-spear and saved me from a hug. Between the spear and the shot, he went floundering off, and was lost in the crevices of the rock. On our return, we passed the day amidst the ruins of Ekailgurh, an enormous pile of stones without cement; in all probability, a fortress of some of the aboriginal Bhils. Both crests of the mountain are covered with jungle, affording abundant sport to the princes of Kotah. There is a spot of some celebrity a few coss to the south of this, called Gypur-Mahadeo, where there is a cascade from a stream that falls into the Chumbul, whose banks are said to be here upwards of six hundred feet in height. There are few more remarkable spots in India than the course of the river from Kotah to Bhynsror, where



both the naturalist and the painter might find ample employment.

I sent scouts in all directions to seek for inscriptions ; some of which are in an un-

known character. One of the most interesting, brought from Kunswah, of a Jit prince, has been given in the first volume of this work.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Mynal.—Definition of the servile condition termed bussie.—Bijolli.—Inscriptions. Ancient history of Bijolli.—Evidence that the Chohans wrested the throne of Delhi from the Tuars.—Jain temples.—Inscriptions. Sivite temples.—Prodigious extent of ruins.—The Bijolli chief.—His daughter a Sati.—Mynal, or Mahanal.—Its picturesque site.—Records of Pirihiaraj, the Chohan.—Inscriptions.—Synchronism in an enigmatical date.—March to Beygoo.—Bumaoda, the castle of Aloo Hara.—Legend of that chief.—Imprecation of the virgin Sati.—Recollections of the Haras still associated with their ancient traditions.—Quit Bumaoda and arrive at Beygoo.

In February, I recommenced my march for Oodipoor, and having halted a few days at Boondi, and found all there as my heart could wish, I resumed the march across the Pathar, determined to put into execution my wish of visiting Mynal. About ten miles north, on this side of it, I halted at Bijolli, one of the principal fiefs of Mewar, held by a chief of the Prammar tribe, with the title of Rao. This family, originally Raos Jugnair, near Biana, came into Mewar in the time of the great Umr Sing,

with all his *bussie*, upwards of two centuries ago ; the Rana having married the daughter of Rao Asoca, to whom he assigned an estate worth five lakhs annually. I have elsewhere explained the meaning of a term which embraces *bondage* amongst its synonyms, though it is the highest species of slavery. *Bussie*, or properly *vasi*, means a 'settler,' an 'inhabitant,' from *vas*, 'a habitation,' and *vasna*, 'to inhabit,' but it does not distinguish between free settlers and compulsory labourers; but wheresoever

the phrase is used in Rajwarra, it may be assumed to imply the latter. Still, strange to say, the condition includes none of the accessories of slavery: there is no task-duty of any kind, nor is the individual accountable for his labour to any one: he pays the usual taxes, and the only tie upon him appears to be that of a compulsory residence in his *vas*, and the epithet, which is in itself a fetter upon the mind of the *vasi* of Bijolli.

Bijolli (*Vijjavalli*) stands amidst the ruins with which this *oopermal*, or highland, is crowded. From the numerous inscriptions we here found, we have to choose, for its ancient name, between Ahaichpoor and Morakuro; the latter is still applied, though the former appears only on the recording stone. This western frontier teems with traditions of the Chohans, and seems to have been a dependency of Ajmer, as these inscriptions contain many celebrated names of that dynasty, as Beesildeo, Someswar, Pirthiraj; and chiefly record the martial virtues and piety of Irno-Raj of Morakuro, and his offspring, Bahir-Raj and Koontpal, who appear contemporary with their paramount prince and relative, Pirthiraj, king of Delhi and Ajmer.

One inscription records the actions of the dynasty of Cheetore, and they are so intermingled as to render it almost impossible to separate the Gehlotes from the Chohans. It begins with an invocation to "*Sacambhari Jinumie Mata*, the mother of births, guardian of the races (*Sacum*), and of mighty castles (*doorga*), hills, and ruins, the Protectress." Having mentioned the names of nine Chohans (of Vach-gotra), it flies off to Srimad Bappa-Raj, Vindhya

Nirpati, or, 'Bappa, sovereign of Vindhya Hills,' the founder of the Ranas of Mewar; but the names that follow do not belong to his dynasty, which leads me to imagine that the Chohans of Oopermal were vassals of Cheetore at that early period. Since antiquarian disquisitions, however, would be out of place here, we shall only give the concluding portion. It is of Koontpal, the grandson of Irno-Raj, "who destroyed Jawulapoor, and the fame of whose exploit at the capture of Delhi is engraved on the gate of Balabhi. His elder brother's son was Pirthiraj, who assumed a *purb* of gold, which he gave in charity, and built in Morakuro a temple to Parswanath. Having obtained the regal dignity, through Someswar, he was thence called *Someswar*, for the sake of whose soul this *mindra* was erected, and the village of Rewana on the Rewa, bestowed for its support.—S. 1226 (A. D. 1170)." This appears completely to set at rest the question whether the Chohans wrested by force the throne of Delhi from the Tuars; and it is singular, that from the most remote part of the dominions of this illustrious line, we should have a confirmation of the fact asserted by their great bard Chund. The inscriptions at Asi (Hansi), and on the column of Delhi, were all written about the same period as this. But the appeal made to "the gate of Balabhi," the ancient capital of the Gehlotes in Saurashtra, is the most singular part of it, and will only admit of one construction, namely, that when Pirthiraj revenged the death of his father, Someswar, who was slain in battle by the prince of Saurashtra and Guzzerat, Koontpal must have availed

himself of that opportunity to appropriate the share he had in the capture of Delhi. Chund informs us he made a conquest of the whole of Guzzerat from Bhola Bheem.

We have also two other not unimportant pieces of information : first, that Morakuro was an ancient name of Bijolli ; and next, that the Chohan prince was a disciple of the Jains, which, according to Chund, was not uncommon, as he tells us that he banished his son Sarungdeo from Ajmer, for attaching himself to the doctrines of the Budhists.

Morakuro, about half a mile east of Bijolli, is now in ruins ; but there are remains of a *kote*, or castle, a palace called the *No-choki*, and no less than five temples to Parswanath, the twenty-third of the Jain pontiffs, all of considerable magnitude and elaborate architectural details, though not to be compared with Barolli. Inded, it is every where apparent, that there is nothing classical in design or execution in the architecture of India posterior to the eleventh century. One of my scribes, who has a talent for design, is delineating with his reed (*culm*) these stupendous piles, while my old Jain *guru* is hard at work copying what is not the least curious part of the antiquities of Bijolli, two inscriptions cut in the rock ; one of the Chohan race, the other of the *Sankh Puran*, appertaining to his own creed, the Jain. It is fifteen feet long by five in breadth, and has fifty-two lines.*

* I have never had time to learn the purport of this inscription, but hold it, together with a host of others at the service of those who desire to expound them. For myself, without my old *guru*, I am like a ship without helm or compass (as Chund would say) "in ploughing the ocean of (Sanskrit) rhyme."

The other is eleven feet six inches by three feet six, and contains thirty-one lines : so that the old gentleman has ample occupation. A stream runs amidst the ruins, called the Mundagni (fire-extinguishing) ; and there is a *coond*, or fountain, close to the temples of Parswa, with the remains of two noble reservoirs. All these relics indicate that the Jains were of the *Digumber* sect. The genealogy is within the *kote*, or precincts of the old castle.

There are likewise three temples dedicated to Siva, of still greater magnitude, nearer to the town, but without inscriptions ; though one in an adjoining *coond*, called the Rewati, records the piety of the Gohil chief Rahil, who had bestowed "a patch of land in the *Antri*," defining minutely its limits, and inviting other (not ineffectually, as is proved by other bequests), in the preamble to his gift, to follow his example by the declaration that "whoever bathes in the Rewati fountain will be beloved by her lord, and have a numerous progeny."

The modern castle of Bijolli is constructed entirely out of the ruins of the old shrines of Morakuro, and gods and demons are huddled promiscuously together. This is very common, as we have repeatedly noticed ; nor can any thing better evince that the Hindu attaches no abstract virtue to the material object or idol, but regard it merely as a type of some power or quality which he wishes to propitiate. On the desecration of the receptacle, the idol becomes again, in his estimation, a mere stone, and is used as such without scruple. All around, for several miles, are seen the wrecks of past days. At Dorowlee, about

four miles south, is an inscription dated S. 900 (A. D. 844), but it is unimportant; and again, at Telsooah, two miles farther south, are four *mundirs*, a *coond*, and a *torun*, or triumphal arch, but no inscription. At Jarowla, about six miles distant, there are no less than seven *mundirs* and a *coond*—a mere heap of ruins. At Ambaghati, one of the passes of descent from the table-land into the plain, there are the remains of an ancient castle and a shrine, and I have the names of four or five other places, all within five miles of Bijolli, each having two and three temples in ruins. Tradition does not name the destroyer, but as it evidently was not Time, we may, without hesitation, divide the opprobrium between those great iconoclasts, the Ghorî king Alla, and the Mogul Arungzeb, the first of whom is never named without the addition of *khooni*, 'the sanguinary,' whilst the other is known as *Kal-jumun*, the demon-foe of Crishna.

The Bijollia chief is greatly reduced, though his estates, if cultivated, would yield fifty thousand rupees annually; but he cannot create more *vasi*, unless he could animate the prostrate forms which lie scattered around him. It was his daughter who was married to prince Umra, and who, though only seventeen, withstood all solicitation to save her from the pyre on his demise.* I made use of the strongest arguments, through her uncle, then at Oodipoor, promising to use my influence to increase his estate, and doubtless his poverty reinforced his inclination; but all was in vain—she determined "to expiate the

sins of her lord." Having remained two or three days, we continued our journey in quest of the antique and the picturesque, and found both at

Mynal, February 21st.—It is fortunate that the pencil can here pourtray what transcends the power of the pen; to it we shall, therefore, leave the architectural wonders of Mahanal, and succinctly describe its site. It is difficult to conceive what could have induced the princely races of Cheetore or Ajmer to select such a spot as an appanage for the cadets of their families, which in summer must be a furnace, owing to the reflexion of the sun's rays from the rock: tradition, indeed, asserts that it is to the love of the sublime alone we are indebted for these singular structures. The name is derived from the position *Maha-nal*, 'the great chasm,' or cleft in the western face of the Pathar, presenting an abyss of about four hundred feet in depth, over which, at a sharp re-entering angle, falls a cascade, and though now but a rill, it must be a magnificent object in the rainy season. Within this dell it would be death to enter: gloomy as Erebus, crowded with majestic foliage entangled by the twisted boughs of the *amervela*, and affording cover to all description of the inhabitants, quadruped and feathered, of the forest. On the very brink of the precipice, overhanging the abyss, is the group of mixed temples and dwellings, which bear the name of Pirthiraj; while those on the opposite side are distinguished by that of Samarsi of Cheetore, the brother-in-law of the Chohan emperor of Delhi and Ajmer, whose wife, Pirtha-Bae, has been immor-

* See Transactions Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. I. p. 152.

talized by Chund with her husband and brother. Here, the grand cleft between them, these two last bulwarks of the Rajpoot races were accustomed to meet with their families, and pass days of affectionate intercourse, in which no doubt the political condition of India was a prominent topic of discussion. If we may believe, and we have no reason to distrust, the testimony of Chund, had Pirthiraj listened to the counsel of the Ulysses of the Hindus, (in which light Samarsi was regarded by friend and foe), the Islamite never would have been lord of Hindustan. But the indomitable courage and enthusiastic enterprise of Pirthiraj sunk them all; and when neither wisdom nor valour could save him from destruction, the heroic prince of Cheetore was foremost to court it. Both fell on the banks of the Caggar, amidst heroes of every tribe in Rajpootana. It was indeed to them, as the bard justly terms it, *pralaya*, the day of universal doom; and the last field maintained for their national independence. To me, who have pored over their poetic legends, and imbibed all those sympathies which none can avoid who study the Rajpoot character, there was a melancholy charm in the solemn ruins of Mynal. It was a season, too, when every thing conspired to nourish this feeling; the very trees which were crowded about these relics of departed glory, appearing by their leafless boughs and lugubrious aspect to join in the universal mourning.

We found many inscriptions at Mahanal, and of one I shall here insert a free translation, as it may be applied hereafter to the

correction of the chronology of the Haras, of which race it contains a memorial.

“By *Asapurana** [the fulfiller of our desires] the *cula-devi*† [tutelary goddess] of the race, by whose favour hidden treasures are revealed, and through whose power many Chohan kings have ruled the earth, of which race was *Bhaonrdhun*,‡ who in the field of strife attained the desires of victory. Of his race was the tribe of Hara, of which was *Koolun*,§ of illustrious and pure descent in both races; whose fame was fair as the rays of the moon. From him was *Jypal*,|| who obtained the fruits of the good works of his former existence in the present garb of royalty; and whose subjects prayed they might never know another sovereign. From him was *Deva-raj*,¶ the lord of the land, who gave whatever was desired, and whose wish was to render mankind happy. He delighted in the dance and the song. His son was *Hur-raj*,** whose frame was a piece of fire; who, in the field of battle, conquered renown from the princes of the land [*bhom-eswar*], and dragged the spoils of victory from their pinnacled abodes.

* *Asa* is literally, ‘Hope.’

† Goddess of the *race*, pronounced *cool*.

‡ ‘The wealth of the bee;’ such are the metaphorical appellations amongst the Rajpoots.

§ This is the prince who crawled to Kedarnath’ (see p. 396), and son of Rainsi, the emigrant prince from Aser, who is perhaps here designated as ‘the wealth of the bee.’ This was in S. 1353, or A. D. 1297.

|| *Jypal* (‘fosterer of victory’) must be the prince familiarly called “Bango” in the annals (p. 397), and not the *grandson* but the *son* of *Koolun*—there said to have taken Mynal or Mahanal.

¶ *Dewa* is the son of *Bango* (p. 397), and founder of Boondi, in S. 1398, or A. D. 1342.

** *Hur-raj*, elder son of *Dewa*, became lord of Bumaoda, by the abdication of his father, who thenceforth resided at his conquest at Boondi.—See note, p. 400.

"From him were the lords of Bumaoda,* whose land yielded to them its fruits. From Deva-raj was *Rit-pal*,† who made the rebellious bow the head, or trod them under foot, as did Capila the sons of Sagara. From him was *Kelhan*, the chief of his tribe, whose son *Koontul* resembled Dherma-raj: he had a younger brother, called *Deda*. Of his wife, *Rajuldevi*, a son was born to *Koontul*, fair as the offspring of the ocean.‡ He was named *Mahadeva*. He was [in wisdom] fathomless as the sea, and in battle immovable as *Soomeru*; in gifts he was the *Calpa-uricsa* of *Indra*. He laid the dust raised by the hoofs of hostile steeds, by the blood of his foe. The sword grasped in his extended arm dazzled the eye of his enemy, as when uplifted o'er the head of *Umi Shah* he rescued the Lord of *Medpat*, and dragged *Kaitah* from his grasp, as is *Chandra* from *Rahoo*.§ He trod the *Sooltan's* army under foot, as does the ox the corn; even as did the *Danoos* (demons) churn the ocean, so did *Mahadeva* the field of strife, seizing the gem (*rutna*) of victory from the son of the king, and bestowing it on *Kaitah*, the lord of men.

* Hur-raj had twelve sons, the eldest of whom, the celebrated *Aloo Hara*, succeeded to *Bumaoda*. See note, p. 397.

† Here we quit the direct line of descent, going back to *Dewa*. *Rit-pal*, in all probability, was the offspring of one of the twelve sons of *Hur-raj*, having *Mynal* as a fief of *Bumaoda*.

‡ In the original, "fair as *Chanderna* (the moon), the offspring of *Samudra* (the ocean)." In Hindu mythology, the moon is a male divinity, and son of the ocean, which supplies a favourite metaphor to the *Bardai*,—the sea expanding with delight at the sight of his child, denoting the ebb and flow of the waters.

§ This *Umi Shah* can only be the *Pathan* emperor *Humayoon*, who enjoyed a short and infamous celebrity;

From the centre even to the skirts of space, did the fame of his actions extend, pure as curdled milk. He had a son, *Doorjun*, on whom he bestowed the title of *Jiva-raj*|| (*Jeojraj*), who had two brothers, *Soobutsal* and *Cumbhucarna*.¶

"Here, at *Mahanal*, the lord of the land, *Mahadeva*, made a *mindra*, in whose variously-sculptured wall this treasure [the inscribed tablet] is concealed. This (the temple) is an epitome of the universe, whose pinnacle (*sikra*) sparkles like a gem. The mind of *Mahadeva* is bent on devotion in *Mahanal*, the emblem of *Kylas*, where the *Brahmins* perform varied rites. While the science of arms endures, may the renown of *Mahadeva* never perish,** and until *Ganges* ceases to flow, and *Soomeru* to be immovable, may this memorial of *Mahadeva* abide fixed at *Mahanal*. This invocation to *Mahadeva* was made by *Mahadeva*, and by the *Brahmin Dhuneswar*, the dweller in *Chutturkote* (*Cheetore*), was this *prashishta* composed :

and *Mahadeo*, the *Hara* prince of *Mahanal*, who takes the credit of rescuing prince *Kaitsi*, must have been one of the great feudatories, perhaps generalissimo of the armies of *Mewar* (*Medpat*). It will be pleasing to the lovers of legendary lore to learn, from a singular tale, which we shall relate when we get to *Bumaoda*, that if on one occasion he owed his rescue to the *Hara*, the last on another took the life he gave; and as it is said he abdicated in favour of his son *Doorjun*, whom he constituted *Jiva-raj*, or king (*raj*), while he was yet in life (*Jiva*), it is not unlikely that, in order to atone for the crime of treason to his sovereign lord, he abandoned the *gadi* of *Mynal*.

|| Here it is distinctly avowed that *Mahadeva*, having constituted his son *Jiva-raj*, passed his days in devotion in the temple he had founded.

¶ Pronounced *Koombkurun*, 'a ray of the *Cumbha*,' the vessel emblematic of *Ceres*, and elsewhere described.

** It appears he did not forget he *had* been a warrior.

Arga, Goon, Chandra, Indu.

"The month of Bysak (*soodi*), the seventh. By Viradhwul, the architect (*silpi*), learned in the works of architecture (*silpa-sastra*), was this temple erected."

The cryptographic date, contained in the above four words, is not the least curious part of this inscription, to which I did not even look when composing the Boondi annals, and which is another of the many powerful proofs of the general fidelity of their poetic chronicles.

Arga is the sun, and denotes the number 12; *Goon* is the three principal passions of the mind; and *Chandra* and *Indu* each stand for one: thus,

Arga, Goon, Chandra, Indu.

12. 3. 1. 1.

and this "concealed (*goopta*) treasure," alluded to in the inscription, must be read backwards. But either my expounder, or the *silpi*, was out, and had I not found S. 1446 in a corner, we should never have known the value of this treasure. Many inscriptions are useless from their dates being thus enigmatically expressed; and I subjoin, in a note, a few of the magic runes, which may aid others to decipher them.*

I was more successful in another inscrip-

* <i>Indu</i> (the moon).....	1
<i>Pukhee</i> (the two fortnights).....	2
<i>Netra</i> (the three eyes of Siva).....	3
<i>Veda</i> (the four holy books).....	4
<i>Sur</i> (the five arrows of Camdeo, or Cupid).....	5
<i>Sest</i> (the six seasons, of two months each)...	6
<i>Jutudhee</i> (the seven seas, or Samoodras).....	7
<i>Sidh</i>	8
<i>Nidh</i> (the nine planets).....	9
<i>Dig</i> (the ten corners of the globe).....	10
<i>Roodra</i> (a name of Siva).....	11
<i>Arga</i> (thesun).....	12

tion of Irno or Arnodeva (fam. Arndeo), who appears to have held the entire *Oopermal* as a fief of Ajmer, and who is conspicuous in the Bijolli inscription. Of this, suffice it to say, that it records his having "made the gateway to Mynal, otherwise termed the city of Someswar;" and the date is

Anhul, Nund, Ind, Ind.

3. 9. 1. 1.

Anhul (fire) stands for three, denoting the third eye of Mahadeva, which is eventually to cause *pralaya*, or 'destruction.' *Nund* stands for nine, or the no-nund of their ancient histories. *Indu*, the moon, (twice repeated), is one, and the whole, read backwards, is S. 1193, or A. D. 1137.

In the *mundur* of Samarsi, we found the fragment of another inscription, dated S. 12-2, and containing the eulogy of Samarsi and Arnoraj, lord of the region; also the name of "Pirthiraj, who destroyed the barbarians;" and concluding with Sawunt Sing.

Beygoa, February.—We commenced our march at break of day, along the very crest of the Pathar; but the thick woods through which lay our path did not allow us a peep at the plains of Medpat, until we reached the peak, where once stood the castle of Aloo Hara. But silent were the walls of Bumaoda; desolation was in the courts of Aloo Hara. We could trace, however, the plan of this famed residence of a hero, which consisted of an exterior and an interior castle, the latter being a hundred and seventy cubits by a hundred and twelve. There are the ruins of three Jain temples, to Siva, Hanuman, and Dhermaraja, the Hindu Minos; also three tanks, one of which

was in excellent preservation. There are likewise the remains of one hall, called the *andheari kotri*, or 'dark chamber,' perhaps that in which Aloo (according to tradition) locked up his nephew, when he carried his feud into the desert. The site commands an extensive view of the plains of Mewar, and of the *arneo-ghati* (pass), down the side of the mountain, to the valley of Beygoo. Beneath, on a ledge of rock, guarding the ascent, was the gigantic statue of 'Jogini Mata,' placed on the very verge of the precipice, and overlooking one of the noblest prospects in nature. The hill here forms a re-entering angle of considerable depth, the sides scarped, lofty and wooded to the base; all the plain below is covered with lofty trees, over whose tops the parasitic *amervela* forms an umbrageous canopy, extending from rock to rock, and if its superfluous supports were removed, it would form a sylvan hall, where twenty thousand men might assemble.

Over this magnificent scenery, "our Queen of the Pass" looks grimly down; but now there is neither foe to oppose, nor scion of Bumaoda to guard. I could not learn exactly who had levelled the castle of Aloo Hara, although it would appear to have been the act of the lord paramount of Cheetore, on whose land it is situated; it is now within the fief of Beygoo. We have already given one legend of Aloo; another from the spot may not be unacceptable.

In one of the twenty-four castles dependant on Bumaoda, resided Lallaji, a kinsman of Aloo. He had one daughter, in whose name he sent the coco-nut to his liege-lord, the Rana of Cheetore; but the honour was

declined. The family priest was returning across the *antri*, when he encountered the heir of Cheetore returning from the chase, who, on learning the cause of the holy man's grief, determined to remove it by taking the nuptial symbol himself. He dismissed the priest, telling him he should soon appear to claim his bride. Accordingly, with an escort befitting the heir of Cheetore, and accompanied by a bard then on a visit to the Rana, he set out for Bumaoda. Bheemsen Bardai was a native of Benares, and happened to pass through Mewar on his way to Cutch-Bhooj, at the very period when all "the sons of rhyme" were under sentence of exile from Mewar: a fate which we frequently find attending the fraternity in this country. The cause of this expatriation was as follows: an image of the deity had been discovered in clearing out the waters of the lake, of a form so exquisitely beautiful as to enchant every eye. But the position of the arms was singular: one pointed upwards, another downwards, a third horizontally towards the observer. The handwriting on the wall could not have more appalled the despot of Babylon, than this *pootli* of Chutterbhooja, or 'image of the four-armed god.' The prophetic seers were convened from all parts; but neither the Bhats nor the Charuns, nor even the cunning Brahmin, could interpret the prodigy; until, at length, the bard of the Jharejas arrived and expounded the riddle. He shewed that the finger pointing upwards importuned that there was one Indra, lord of heaven; and that downwards was directed to the sovereign of patal (hell); whilst that which pointed to the Rana indicated that he was lord of the central

region (*med-pat*), which being geographically correct, his interpretation was approved, and met with such reward, that he became the *pat-bardai*, or chief bard to Hamir, who, at his intercession, recalled his banished brethren, exacting in return for such favours that "he would extend the palm to no mortal but himself." This was the bard who accompanied the heir of Cheetore to espouse the daughter of Bumaoda. The castle of the Hara was thronged; the sound of mirth and revelry rang through the castle-halls, and the bards, who from all parts assembled to sing the glories of the Haras, were loaded with gifts. Bheemsen could not withstand the offering made by the lord of the Pathar, a horse richly caparisoned, splendid clothes, and a huge bag of money: as the bard of the Haras (who told me the tale) remarked, "although he had more than enough, who can forget habit? We are beggars (*mangtas*) as well as poets by profession." So, after many excuses, he allowed the gift to be left; but his soul detested the sin of his eye, and resolving to expiate the crime, he buried his dagger in his heart. Cries rent the air; "the sacred bard of Cheetore is slain!" met the ear of its prince at the very moment of *hataili* (junction of hands). He dropped the hand of his bride, and demanded vengeance. It was now the Hara's turn to be offended: to break off the nuptials at such a moment was redoubling the insult already offered by his father, and a course which not even the bard's death could justify. The heir of Cheetore was conducted forthwith outside Bumaoda; but he soon returned with the troops of Cheetore, and hostilities commenced where festivity so

lately reigned. Falgoon approached, and the spring-hunt of the *ahaira* could not be deferred, though foes were around. Lallaji, father of the bride, went with a chosen band to slay a boar to Gouri, in the plains of Tookeraye; but Kaitsi heard of it, and attacked them. Alike prepared for the fight or the feast, the Hara accepted the unequal combat; and the father and lover of the bride rushed on each other spear in hand, and fell by mutual wounds.

The pyres were prepared within the walls of Bumaoda, whither the vassals bore the bodies of their lords; on one was placed the prince of Cheetore, on the other the Hara kinsman; and while the virgin-bride ascended with the dead body of the prince, her mother was consumed on that where her father lay. It was on this event that the imprecation was pronounced that 'Rana and Rao should never meet at the spring-hunt (*ahaira*) but death should ensue.' We have recorded, in the annals of the Haras, two subsequent occasions; and to complete their quatrain, they have made the defeat of Rana Mokul (said Koombho in the Annals), fill up the gap. Thus:—

"*Hamoo, Mokul marya*
Lalla, Khaita Ran
Soojah, Rutna sengaria
Amal, Ursi Ran."

In repeating these stanzas, the descendant of Aloo Hara may find some consolation for the mental sufferings he endures, when he casts a glance upon the ruins of Bumaoda and its twenty-four subordinate castles, not one of which now contains a Hara:—

"And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd ;
 All tenantless, save to the cranning wind,
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud."

That these ruins make a powerful appeal to the Hara, I can prove, by letters I received in October last year, when, in obedience to a mandate of the "Queen of the Pass," a band collected at her shrine to obey her behest, whatever that might be.

Extract from *Akbar* (newspaper), dated Boondi, October 18, 1820.

"Warrants were sent to all the chiefs for their attendance at the capital to celebrate the festival of the *Dussera*. The whole of the chiefs and landholders came, with the exception of the Thakoors of Burr, who returned the following reply:—'We have received a communication (*pygam*) from *Sri Bhavani of Bumaoda*, who commands us no longer to put the plough in the soil, but to sell our horses and our cattle, and with the amount to purchase sixty-four* buffaloes and thirty-two goats, for a general sacrifice to *Mata*, by obeying which we shall re-possess Bumaoda.' Accordingly, no sooner was this known, than several others joined them, both from Boondi and Kotah. The Thakoor of Burr had prepared dinner near the statue of Mata for two hundred, instead of which five hundred assembled; yet not only were they all abundantly satisfied, but some food remained, which convinced the people there that the story (the communication) was true."

* A number sacred (according to Chund) to this goddess, who is chief of the sixty-four Joginis.

This was from Boondi; but the following was from my old, steady, and faithful Brahmin, Balgovind, who was actually on the spot, dated "Mynal, 1st Kartik:—"A few days ago, there was a grand sacrifice to Jogini Mata, when thirty-one buffaloes and fifty-three goats were slain. Upon two *bukras* (he-goats), three Haras tried their swords in vain; they could not touch a single hair, at which all were much surprised. These goats were afterwards turned loose to feed where they pleased, and were called *amur* (immortal)."

Not a comment was made upon this, either by the sensible Balgovind or the Yati Gyanji, who was with him. There was therefore, no time to be lost in preventing an explosion from five hundred brave Haras, deeming themselves convened at the express command of Bhavani, to whom the sacrifice proved thus acceptable; and I sent to the Raja to break up the party, which was effected. It, however, shews what an easy matter it is to work upon the credulity through the feelings of these brave men.

I left the spot, hallowed by many feelings towards the silent walls of Bumaoda. We wound our way down the rocky steep, giving a look to the 'mother of the maids of slaughter' as we passed, and after a short passage across the entrance of the valley, encamped in a fine grove of trees close to the town of Beygoo. The Rawut, descendant of 'the black cloud,' came out to meet me; but he is yet a stranger to the happiness that awaits him—the restoration of more than half of his estate, which has been in the hands of the Mahratta Sindia since A.D. 1791.

CHAPTER XV.

Beygoo.—Serious accident to the author.—Affecting testimony of the gratitude of the Rawut.—Expulsion of the Mahrattas from Beygoo.—The estate of the Rawut sequestrated.—Restored.—Bussie.—Cheetore.—‘Akber’s Lamp.’—Reflections upon the Ruins of Cheetore.—Description of the city, from the Khoman Rasa, and from observation.—Tour of the city.—Origin of the Bagrawut class.—Inscriptions.—Aged Fakir.—Return to Oodipoor.—Conclusion.

Beygoo, February 26th.—The chances were nine hundred and ninety-nine to one that I ever touched a pen again. Two days ago, I started, with all the “pomp and circumstance” befitting the occasion, to restore to the chief the land of his sires, of which force and fraud had conspired to deprive them during more than thirty years. The purport of my visit being made known, the ‘sons of Kala-Megh’ assembled from all quarters; but *honhar* has again interfered. The old castle of Beygoo has a remarkably wide moat, across which there is a wooden bridge communicating with the town. The avant-couriers of my cavalcade, with an elephant bearing the union, having crossed and passed under the arched gateway, I followed, contrary to the *Ma-hout’s* advice, who said there certainly would not be space to admit the elephant and howda. But I heedlessly told him to drive on, and if he could not pass through, to dismount. The hollow sound of the bridge, and the deep moat on either side, alarmed the animal, and she darted forward with the celerity occasioned by fear, in spite

of any effort to stop her. As I approached the gateway, I measured it with my eye, and expecting inevitable and instantaneous destruction, I planted my feet firmly against the howda, and my forearms against the archway, and, by an almost preternatural effort of strength, burst out the back of the howda: the elephant pursued her flight inside, and I dropped senseless on the bridge below. The affectionate sympathies and attention of those around revived me, though they almost extinguished the latent spark of life in raising me into my palki, and carrying me to my tent. I, however, soon recovered my senses, though sadly bruised; but the escape was, in a twofold degree, miraculous; for, in avoiding decollation, had I fallen half an inch more to the side, I should have been caught on the projecting spikes of the gateway. My tent was soon filled by the Rawut-ji and his brethren, who deplored the accident, and it was with difficulty I could get them to leave the side of my pallet; but what was my astonishment when, two days after, going to fulfil my mission, I saw the noble gateway, the work of Kala-Megh,

reduced to a heap of ruins, through which I was conducted to the palace on an ample terrace, in front of which I found the little court of Beygoo! The Rawut advanced and presented me the keys which having returned in his sovereign's name, I deplored his rash destruction of the gateway, blaming *honhar* and my own want of *bodh* (wisdom), for the accident. But it was in vain: he declared he never could have looked upon it with complacency, since it had nearly deprived of life one who had given life to them. The restored estates had been mortgaged to old Sindia for the payment of a war-exaction, and the Rawut held regularly-executed deeds empowering him to recover them when the contribution should be liquidated. When the 'reign of justice' commenced in these regions, he produced his bond; he shewed that the exactions had been paid twice over, and demanded, through the intervention of the British agent, that Sindia should be brought to a settlement. The replies and rejoinders were endless; and at length the Rawutji, wearied out, one morning took the law into his own hands; assaulted, carried, and, with the loss of some lives, drove out the Mahrattas, who had built a castellated residence even under his eye. It was necessary for form-sake to punish this act, which we would not prevent and accordingly Beygoo was put under sequestration, and the Rana's flag was planted upon its walls. The chief submitted to all with a good grace, and with a cause so just, I made an excellent case against Sindia, who talked of papers which he never produced. Allowing, therefore, some months more to elapse, we executed the bond, and restor-

ed Beygoo to its rightful owner. I was the more rejoiced at effecting this, as the Rawut had set the example of signing the deed of renunciation of May 1818, which was the commencement of the prosperity of Mewar.

Bussie, February 27th.—Compelled to travel in my paliki, full of aches and ills. I think this will complete the disorganization of my frame; but I must reserve the little strength I have for Cheetore, and, *coute qu'il coute*, climb up and take a farewell look.

Cheetore.—My heart beat high as I approached the ancient capital of the Seesodias, teeming with reminiscences of glory, which every stone in her giant-like *kangras* (battlements) attested. It was from this side that the imperial hosts under Alla and Akber advanced to force the descendant of Rama to do homage to their power. How the summons was answered, the deeds of Ranas Ursi and Partap have already told. But there was one relic of "the last day" of Cheetore, which I visited in this morning's march, that will immortalize the field where the greatest monarch that India (perhaps Asia) ever had, erected the green banner of the faith, and pitched his tent, around which his legions were marshalled for the reduction of the city. This still perfect monument is a fine pyramidal column, called by some the *Cherag-dan*, and by others *Akber-ca-dewa*, both having the same meaning, 'Akber's lamp.' It is formed of large blocks of compact limestone, admirably put together, about thirty-five feet high, each face being twelve feet at the base, and gradually tapering to the summit, where it is between three and four, and on which was placed a huge lamp

(*cherag*), that served as a beacon to the foragers, or denoted the imperial headquarters. An interior staircase leads to the top ; but, although I had the strongest desire to climb the steps, trodden no doubt by Akber's feet, the power was not obedient to the will, and I was obliged to continue my journey, passing through the *Tulaiti*, as they term the lower town of Cheetore. Here I got out of my palki, and ventured the ascent, not through one, but five gates, upon the same faithless elephant; but with this difference, that I had no howda to encase me and prevent my sliding off, if I found any impediment ; nevertheless in passing under each successive portal, I felt an involuntary tendency to stoop, though there was a superfluity of room over head. I hastened to my *be-choba*,* pitched upon the margin of the *Suryacoond*, or 'fountain of the Sun,' and with the wrecks of ages around me, I abandoned myself to contemplation. I gazed until the sun's last beam fell upon "the ringlet of Cheetore," illuminating its gray and grief-worn aspect, like a lambent gleam lighting up the face of sorrow. Who could look on this lonely, this majestic column, which tells, in language more easy of interpretation than the tablets within, of

"———deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither,"

and withhold a sigh for its departed glories? But in vain I dipped my pen to embody my thoughts in language ; for, wherever the eye fell, it filled the mind with images of

the past, and ideas rushed too tumultuously to be recorded. In this mood I continued for some time, gazing listlessly, until the shades of evening gradually enshrouded the temples, columns, and palaces ; and as I folded up my paper till the morrow, the words of the prophetic bard of Israel came forcibly to my recollection : "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people ! how is she become a widow ! she, that was great among nations, and princess among provinces, how is she become tributary !"

But not to fatigue the reader with reflections, I will endeavour to give him some idea of these ruins. I begin with the description of Cheetore from the *Khoman Rasa*, now beside me : "Chutterkote is the chief amongst eighty-four castles, renowned for strength ; the hill on which it stands, rising out of the level plain beneath, the *tilac* on the forehead of *Awini* (the earth). It is within the grasp of no foe, nor can the vassals of its chief know the sentiment of fear. Ganga flows from its summit ; and so intricate are its paths of ascent, that though you might find entrance, there would be no hope of return. Its towers of defence are planted on the rock, nor can their inmates even in sleep know alarm. Its *kotars* (granaries) are well filled, and its reservoirs, fountains, and wells, are overflowing. Ramachandra himself here dwelt twelve years. There are eighty-four bazars, many schools for children, and colleges for every kind of learning ; many scribes (*kyot*) of the Beedur tribe, and the eighteen varieties of artizans. (Here follows an enumeration of all the trees, shrubs, and flowers, within and surrounding the fortress.) Of all, the Ghelote is

* A small tent without (*be*) a pole (*choba*).

sovereign (*dhanni*), served by numerous troops, both horse and foot, and by all the 'thirty-six tribes of Rajpoots,' of which he is the ornament (*chatees culan sengar*)."

The *Khoman Rasa*, or story of Rawut Khoman, was composed in the ninth century; and the poet has not exaggerated: for of all the royal abodes of India, none could compete with Cheetore before she became a "widow." But we must abandon the *Rasa* for a simple prose description. Cheetore is situated on an isolated rock of the same formation as the Pathar, whence it is distant about three miles, leaving a fertile valley between, in which are the estates of Beejipoor, Gwalior, and part of Beygoo, studded with groves, but all waste through long-continued oppression. The general direction of the rock is from S.S.W. to N.N.E.; the internal length on the summit being three miles, and two furlongs, and the greatest central breadth twelve hundred yards. The circumference of the hill at its base, which is fringed with deep woods, extending to the summit, and in which lurk tigers, deer, hogs, and even lions, is somewhere above eight miles, and the angle of ascent to its scarped summit about 45°. The *Tulaiti*, or lower town, is on the west side, which in some places presents a double scarp, and this side is crowded with splendid objects: the triumphal column, the palaces of Chitrung Mori, of Rana Raemul, the huge temple of Rana Mokul, the hundred pinnacles of the acropolis of the Ghelotes, and last, not least, the mansions of Jeimul and Putto, built on a projecting point are amongst the most remarkable monuments overlooking the plain. The great length of Cheetore, and the uniformity of the

level crest, detract from its height, which in no part exceeds four hundred feet, and that only towards the north. In the centre of the eastern face, at "the gate of the sun" (*Soorajpol*), it is less than three hundred, and at the southern extremity, the rock is so narrow as to be embraced by an immense *demi-lune*, commanding the hill called Cheetorie, not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant; it is connected with Cheetore, but lower, and judiciously left out of its circumvallation. Still it is a weak point, of which the invader has availed himself. On this, Madaji Sindia raised his batteries, when called on by the Rana to expel his rebellious vassal of Saloombra. The Mahratta's batteries, as well as the zigzag lines of his ascent, indicate that even in S. 1848 (A.D. 1792), he had the aid of no unskilful engineer. From this point, the Tatar Alla stormed, and to him they attribute Cheetorie altogether, alleging that he raised it by artificial means, "commencing with a copper for every basket of earth, and at length ending with a piece of gold." It would, indeed, have taken the twelve years, assigned by tradition to Alla's siege, to have effected this, though there cannot be a doubt that he greatly augmented it, and planted there his *munjaneekas*, or balistas, in the same manner as he did to reduce the fortress of Rayn, near Rinthumbor,

Having wandered for two or three days amongst the ruins, commenced a regular plan of the whole, going to work trigonometrically, and laying down every temple or object that still retained a name, or had any tradition attached to it. I then descended with the perambulator and made the circuit.

The first lateral cut of ascent is in a line due north, and before another angle, you pass through three separate gates ; between the last of which, distinctively called the *foota dwara*, or 'broken door,' and the fourth, the *Hanuman pol* (porte), is a spot for ever sacred in the history of Cheetore, where its immortal defenders, Jeimul and Putto, met their death. There is a small cenotaph to the memory of the former, while a sacrificial *Jooiarh*, on which is sculptured the effigy of a warrior on horseback, lance in hand, reminds the Seesodia where fell the stripling chief of Amait. Near these is another cenotaph, a simple dome supported by light elegant columns, and covering an altar to the *manes* of the martyr, Ragoode, the deified *putra* of Mewar. After passing three more barriers, we reach the Rampol, which crowns the whole, and leads into a noble *Durri-khaneh*, or 'hall of assembly,' where the princes of Cheetore met on grand occasions ; and it was in this hall that the genius of Cheetore is said to have revealed to Rana Ursi that his glory was departing. On a compartment of the Rampol, we found an interdict inscribed by the rebel Bheem of Saloombra, who appears to have been determined to place upon his own head the *mor* of Cheetore, so nobly renounced by his ancestor Chonda many centuries before. This was, however, set up when he was yet loyal, and in his sovereign's name as well as his own, "abolishing forced labour from the towns-people, and likewise *dind*, or contribution ;" concluding with a grant of land to a patriotic carpenter of Gosoonda, who had, at his own expense, furnished the Rampol with a new gate : the cow and hog are

attesting witnesses to the deed. The next building I came to, as I skirted the western face in a southerly direction, was a small antique temple to Toolsi Bhavani, the divinity of the scribes, adjoining the *Tope-khaneh Chaori*, a square for the park, where a few old cannon, the relics of the plunder of Cheetore, still remain. The habitation of the Purohits, or chief priests of the Ranas, a plain, commodious, and substantial edifice, was the next ; and close by was that of the *Musani*, or master of the horse, with several others of the chief household officers. But the first imposing edifice is that termed *Nolakha Bindar*. This is a small citadel in itself, with massive, lofty walls, and towers built entirely of ancient ruins. Its name would import that it was a receptacle (*bindar*) for treasure, though it is said to have been the residence of the usurper Bunbeer. At the north-eastern corner, it has a little temple, richly sculptured, called the Sengar Chaori. From this we pass on to the palace of the Ranas, which, though attributed to Rana Raemul, is of the same character as those of a much higher antiquity. It is plain, capacious, and in excellent taste, the only ornament being its crenated battlements, and gives a good idea of the domestic architecture of the Rajpoots, long anterior to the intrusion of the Islamite amongst them. The vaulted chamber, the projecting *gokra* or balcony, and the gentle exterior slope or *talus* of the walls, lend a character of originality to all the ancient structures of Cheetore. The industrious Ghassi made sketches for me of all their domestic dwellings, from the ancient abode of Chitrung Mori, down to the mahls of Jeimul and Putto. A court-yard

surrounds the palace, in which there is a small temple to Deoji, through whose interposition Rana Sanga effected all his conquests. This unknown divinity I find is styled one of the *eleven kullas*, or Mahabedians, incarnate in the person of a celebrated warrior, named Bhoj, whose father was a Chohan, and his mother of the Goojur tribe which originated a new class called the Bagrawut. The story of this *Deo* will add another to the many tales of superstition which are listened to with reverence, and I imagine generally with belief. The incarnate Bagrawut, while on his way to revenge an ancient feud with the Purihars of Ran-Binai, approached Cheetore, and Rana Sanga, aware of his sanctity, paid him all the dues of hospitality; in return for this, the Deoji bestowed a charm upon Sanga, by means of which, so long as he followed the prescribed injunctions, victory was always to attend his steps. It was placed in a small bag, and to be worn round the neck; but he was warned against allowing it to turn towards the back. The Deo had the power of raising the dead, and in order to shew the Rana the value of the gift, he put into his hand a peacock's feather, with which having touched all who were then lying dead in Cheetore, they were restored to life! With this new proof of Deoji's power, Rana Sanga went forth to pursue his conquests, which had extended to the fortress of Biana, when one day, while bathing in the *peela-khal*, the charm slipped round, and straight a voice was heard, saying, his "mortal foe was at hand!" So impressed are the Seesodias with the truth of this tale, that Deoji has obtained a distinguished niche in their Pantheon, nor

in all their poverty has oil been wanting for the lamp which is constantly burning before the Bagrawut chieftain, whose effigy, on a horse painted blue, and lance in hand, still attracts their homage. To buy golden opinions, I placed three pieces of silver on the altar of the saint, in the name of the brave Sanga, the worthy antagonist of Baber, the "immortal foe," who at the *peela-khal* at Biana destroyed the charm of the Deoji.

On leaving the court of Rana Raemul, we reach two immense temples dedicated to the black god of Vrij; one being erected by Rana Khoombo, the other by his celebrated wife, the chief poetess of that age, Meera Bae, to the god of her idolatry, Shamnath. We have elsewhere mentioned the ecstasies of this fair votary of the Apollo of the Yamuna, who even danced before his shrine, in which her last moments were passed; and, to complete the picture, so entirely were the effusions both of her heart and pen approved, that "the god descended from his pedestal and gave her an embrace, which extricated the spark of life. 'Welcome, Meera,' said the lover of Radha! and her soul was absorbed into his!" This rhapsody is worthy of the fair authoress of the *Tika*, or sequel to the *Gita Govinda*, which is said not to be unworthy even of Jydeva.

Both these temples are entirely constructed from the wrecks of more ancient shrines, said to have been brought from the ruins of a city of remote antiquity called *Nagara*, three coss northward of Cheetore.* Near these temples of Koomb-Sham are two reservoirs,

* I trust this may be put to the proof: for I think it will prove to be *Takshac-nagara*, of which I have long been in search; and which gave rise to the suggestion of Herbert that Cheetore was of Taxila Porus (the *Puar*!).

built of large blocks, each one hundred* and twenty-five feet long by fifty wide, and fifty deep, said to have been excavated on the marriage of the Ruby of Mewar, to Achil Kheechie Gagrown, and filled with oil and ghee, which were served out to the numerous attendants on that occasion.

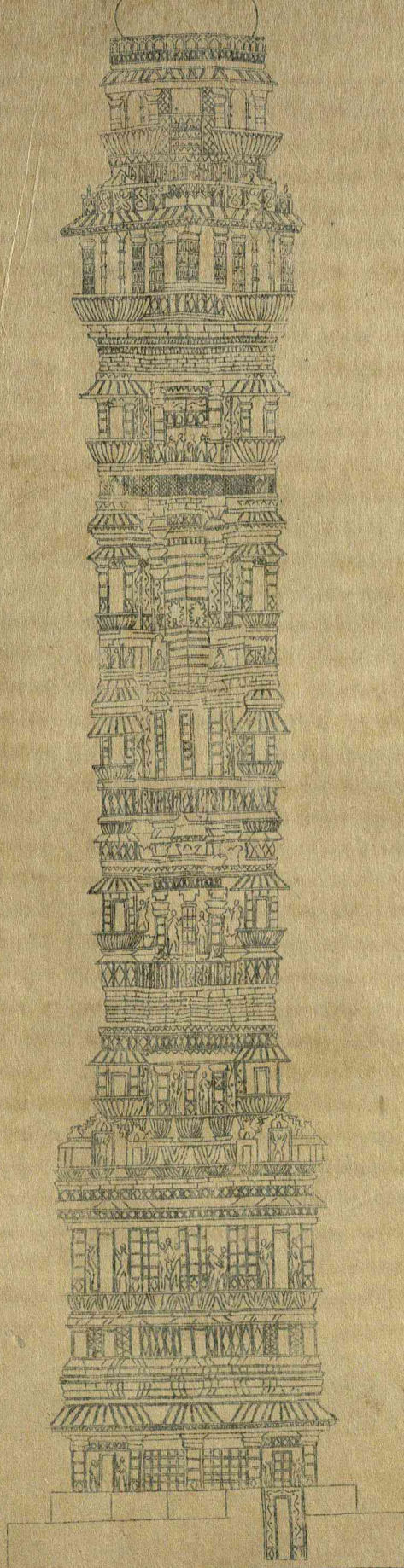
We are now in the vicinity of the *Kheerut-Khumb*, the pillar erected by Rana Khoombo on his defeat of the combined armies of Malwa and Guzzerat. The only thing in India to compare with this is the *Kootub Minar* at Dehli; but, though much higher, it is of a very inferior character. This column is one hundred and twenty-two feet in height, the breadth of each face at the base is thirty-five feet, and at the summit, immediately under the cupola, seventeen feet and a-half. It stands on an ample terrace, forty-two feet square. It has nine distinct stories, with openings at every face of each story, and all these doors have colonnaded porticos; but it is impossible to describe it; and therefore a rough outline, which will shew Ghassi's notions of perspective, must suffice. It is built chiefly of compact limestone and the quartz rock on which it stands, which takes the highest polish: indeed there are portions possessing the hardness, and exhibiting the fracture, of jasper. It is one mass of sculpture; of which a better idea cannot be conveyed than in the remark of those who dwell about it, that it contains every object known to their mythology. The ninth *khund*, or 'story,' which, as I have stated, is seventeen feet and a-half square, has numerous columns supporting a vault, in which is sculptured Kanya in the *rasmandala* (celestial sphere), surrounded by the *gopis*,

or muses, each holding a musical instrument, and in a dancing attitude. Beneath this is a richly carved scroll fringed with the *sarus*, the *phenicopteros* of ornithology. Around this chamber had been arranged, on black marble tablets, the whole genealogy of the Ranas of Cheetore; but the Goths have broken or defaced all, save one slab, containing the two following *slocas*.

Sloca 172: "Shaking the earth, the lords of Goojur-khand and Malwa, both the sultans, with armies overwhelming as the ocean, invaded Medpat. Koombkurn reflected lustre on the land: to what point can we exalt his renown? In the midst of the armies of his foe, Khoombo was as a tiger, or as a flame in a dry forest."

Sloca 183: "While the sun continues to warm the earth, so long may the fame of Khoombo Rana endure. While the icy mountains (*hemagir*) of the north rest upon their base, or so long as Himachil is stationary, while ocean continues to form a garland round the neck of *Awini* (the earth), so long may Khoombo's glory be perpetuated! May the varied history of his sway and the splendour of his dominion last for ever! Seven years had elapsed beyond fifteen hundred when Rana Khoombo placed this ringlet on the forehead of Cheetore. Sparkling like the rays of the rising sun, is the *torun*, rising like the bridegroom of the land.

"In S. 1515, the temple of Brimha was founded, and this year, *Vrishpatwar* (Thursday), the 10th tith and Pookhia Nikshitra, in the month of Magh, on the immoveable Chutterkote, this *Kheerut stambha* was finished. What does it resemble, which makes Cheetore look down on Meru with



derision? Again, what does Chutterkote resemble, from whose summit the fountains are ever flowing, the circular diadem on whose crest is beauteous to the eye; abounding in temples to the Almighty, planted with odoriferous trees, to which myriads of bees resort, and where soft zephyrs love to play. This immoveable fortress (*Achil-doorga*) was formed by the Maha-Indra's own hands."

How many more *slocas* there may have been, of which this is the 183d, we can only conjecture; though this would seem to be the winding-up.

The view from this elevated spot was superb, extending far into the plains of Malwa. The lightning struck and injured the dome some years ago, but generally, there is no semblance of decay, though some shoots of the peepul have rooted themselves where the bolt of Indra fell. It is said to have cost ninety lakhs of rupees, or near a million sterling; and this is only one of the many magnificent works of Rana Khoombo within Cheetore; the temples to Crishna, the lake called *Coorm Sagur*, the temple and fountain to Kookreoo Mahadeo, having been erected by him. He also raised the stupendous fortifications of Komulmer, to which place the seat of government was transferred. It is asserted that the immense wealth in jewels appertaining to the princes of Guzerat, was captured by Mahomed Begra, when he took Komulmer, whence he carried forty thousand captives.

Near this is the grand temple of Brimha, erected also by Khoombo, in honour of his father Mokul, whose name it bears, and whose bust is the only object of veneration

within. It would seem as if Khoombo had been a deist, worshipping the Creator alone; though his inspired wife, Meera Bae, seems to have drawn a portion of his regard to *Mooralidhar*, 'he who holds the flute.' Adjoining the shrine of the great spirit, is the *Charbagh*, where the ashes of the heroes, from Bappa down to the founder of Oodipoor, are entombed. Many possessed great external interest; but I was forced to be content with what I saw, for the chronicler is dead.

Through these abodes of silence, a rugged path leads to a sequestered spot in a deep cleft of the rock, where there is a living fountain, called the *gao-mookh*, or 'cow's mouth,' under the shade of an umbrageous *bur* tree. On one side of the dell is the subterranean channel called *Rani-binder*, which, it is said, leads to suites of chambers in the rock. This was the scene of the awful *johur*, on the occasion of Alla sacking Cheetore, when the queens perished in the flames; on which the cavern's mouth was closed.

Still ascending, I visited the edifices named after Jeimul and Putto, and the shrine of Kalka Devi, esteemed one of the most ancient of Cheetore, existing since the time of the Mori, the dynasty prior to the Ghelote. But the only inscription I discovered was the following.

"S. 1574 Magh (*sudi*) 5th, and Revati Nikshitra, the stone-cutters Kaloo, Kaimer, and thirty-six others (whose names are added), enlarged the fountain of the sun (*suryacoonda*), adjacent to the temple of Kalka Devi." Thence I passed to the vaulted cenotaph of Chonda, the founder of

the Chondawuts, who surrendered his birth-right to please his aged sire. A little farther, are the mahls of Rana Bheem and Pudmani. Beyond this, within a stone enclosure, is the place where the victorious Khoombo confined the king of Malwa; and touching it is the mahl of the Raos of Rampoor.

Further south is a spot of deep interest; the tank and palace of Chitrung Mori, the ancient Puar lord of Cheetore, whose inscription I have already given. The interior sides of the tank are divided into sculptured compartments, in very good taste, but not to be compared with the works at Barolli, though doubtless executed under the same family. Being now within two hundred yards of the southern bastion, I returned by the mahls of the once vassals of Cheetore, viz. Sirohi, Boondi, Sont, Lunawarra, to the *Chaogan*, or 'field of Mars,' where the military festival of the *Duserra* is yet held by the slender garrison of Cheetore. Close to it is a noble reservoir of a hundred and thirty feet in length, sixty-five in width, and forty-seven in depth. It is lined with immense sculptured masses of masonry, and filled with water.

Higher up, and nearly about the centre, is a remarkable square pillar, called the *khowasin-sthamba* (column). It is seventy-five feet and a-half in height, thirty feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen at the top, and covered with Jain figures. It is very ancient, and I found a fragment of an inscription at its base, which shews that it was dedicated to Adnath, the first of the twenty-four Jain pontiffs: "By Sri Adnath, and the twenty-four *Jin-eswara*, Poondarica, Ganesa, Surya, and the nine planets, may

you be preserved! S. 952 (A.D. 896) Bysak (*sudi*) the 30th, *Gurwar* (Thursday)."

I found also another old inscription near the very antique temple of Kookr-eswar Mahadeo:—"S. 811, Mah sood 5th, Vrishpatwar (Thursday), A. D. 755, Raja Kookr-eswar erected this temple and excavated the fountain.

There are many Jain inscriptions, but amidst the heaps of ruins I was not fortunate enough to make any important discovery. One in the temple of Suntnath was as follows: "S. 1505 (A.D. 1449), Sri Maharana Mokul, whose son Koombkurn's treasurer, by name Sah Kolah, his son Bindarri Rutna, and wife Beelundevi, erected this shrine to Suntnath. The chief of the Khartra-gutchia, Jinraj Soor and apparent successor, Sri Jin Chandra Soor-ji, made this writing."

Close to the *Sooraj-pool*, or gate in the centre of the eastern face, is an altar sacred to the *manes* of Suheedas, the chief of the Chondawuts, who fell at his post, the gate of the sun, when the city was sacked by Bahadoor Shah.

At the north-western face is a castle complete within itself, the walls and towers of which are of a peculiar form, and denote a high antiquity. This is said to be the ancient place of the Moris and the first Ranas of Cheetore. But it is time to close this description, which I do by observing, that one cannot move a step without treading on some fragment of the olden times:

"Columns strewn, and statues fallen and cleft,
 Heaped like a host, in battle overthrown."

Before, however, I quit this spot, hallowed by these remains, I may mention

having seen a being who, if there is any truth in Chutterkote, must be hundred and sixty years old. This wonder is a Fakir, who has constantly inhabited the temples, within the memory of the oldest inhabitants; and there is one carpenter, now upwards of ninety, who recollects "Babaji as an old man and the terror of the children." To me he did not appear above seventy. I found him deeply engaged at *pacheesi* with one of the townsfolk. When I was introduced to this extraordinary personage, he looked up at me for an instant, and exclaiming, "what does he want here?" quietly resumed his game. When it was finished, I presented my *nuzzur* to the inspired (for madness and inspiration are here synonymous), which he threw amongst the bystanders, and bolted over the ruins, dragging through the brambles a fine shawl some one had presented to him, and which, becoming an impediment, he left there. In these moods none durst molest him, and when inclined for food or pastime, his wants were quickly supplied. For one moment I got him to cast his mental eye back upon the past, and he mentioned something of Adina Beg and the Punjab (of which they say he was an inhabitant); but the oracle deigned nothing farther.

Oodipoor, March 8th, 1822.—Here I am once more in the capital of *Hindupati* (chief of the Hindu race), from which no occurrence shall move me until I go to "eat the air" of my native land. I require repose, for the last fifteen years of my life have been one continuous tissue of toil and accident, such as are narrated in these records of a few of my many wanderings.

The bow must be unbent, or it will snap, and the time for journalizing must cease with every thing else under the sun. I halted a few days at Mairta, and found my house nearly finished, the garden looking beautiful, the *aroo* or peach-tree, the *seo* or apple, the *suntra*, *narinji*, and *nimboo*, or various orange and lime-trees, all in full blossom, and shewing the potent influence of *Surya* in these regions; the *sureefa* or *seetaphal* (fruit of Seeta), or custard-apple, the *anar*, the *kela*, pomegranate, plantain, and various indigenous fruits, were all equally forward. These plants are mostly from Arga, Lucknow, or Cawnpoor; but some of the finest peaches are the produce of those I planted at Gwalior,—I may say their grandchildren. When I left Gwalior in 1817, I brought with me the stones of several peach-trees, and planted them in the garden of Rung-pearl, my residence at Oodipoor; and more delicious or more abundant fruit I never saw. The stones of these I again put in the new garden at Mairta, and these again exhibit fruit, but it will require another year to prove whether they maintain the character they held in the plains of Rarew, or in this city. The vegetables were equally thriving: I never saw finer crops of Prussian-blues, of *kobis*, *phool-kobis*, or cabbages and cauliflowers, celery, and all that belongs to the kitchen-garden, and which my Rajpoot friends declare far superior to their indigenous race of *sae*, or greens: the *Dewanji* (Rana) has monopolized the celery, which he pronounces the prince of vegetables. I had also got my cutter for the *Oodisagur*, and we promised ourselves many delightful days, sailing amidst

its islets and fishing in its stream. "But in all this was there vanity:"—poor Carey lies under the sod; Duncan has been struggling on, and is just about to depart for the Cape of Good Hope; Patrick, who was left at Kotah, writes me dismal accounts of his health and his solitude, and I am left almost alone, the ghost of what I was. "I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour I had laboured to do; and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit!" And such I fear will it prove with more important works than these amusements of the hour; but it were certain death to say, and the doctor insists on my sending in "a sick certificate," and putting my house in order for departure. The month of May is fixed, a resolution which has filled the Rana with grief; but he "gives me leave only for three years, and his sister, Chandji Bae, desires me to bring back a wife that she may love."

I would willingly have dispensed with the honours of a public *entree*: but here, even health must bend to forms and the laws of the Rajpoots; and the Rana, Prince Jowan Sing, and all the Seesodia chivalry, advanced to welcome our return. *Ap gurh aya!* "you have come home!" was the simple and heartfelt expression of the Rana, as he received my reverential salam; but he kindly looked around, and missed my companions, for Waugh Sahib and Doctor Sahib were both great favourites: and, last not least, when he saw me bestride Javadia, he asked, "where was *Baj-raj*?" but the "royal-steed" (his gift) was no more, and lies entombed at Kotah. "*Hae! hae!* alas! alas! (exclaimed Pirthinath); *burra*

soch pun bal'amanick cha, "great grief, for he was a good man." The virtues of Bajraj were the subject of conversation until we reached the 'gate of the sun' (*Soorajpol*); when the Rana "gave me leave to go home," and he continued his promenade.

Bajraj was worthy of such notice and of his name: he was perfection, and so general a favourite, that his death was deemed a public misfortune, for he was as well known throughout all these regions as his master. The general yell of sorrow that burst from all my sepoy and establishment on that event, was astounding, and the whole camp attended his obsequies; many were weeping, and when they began to throw the earth upon the fine beast, wrapped up in his body-clothes, his *sae*s (groom) threw himself into his grave, and was quite frantic with grief. I cut some locks off his mane in remembrance of the noblest beast I ever crossed, and in a few days I observed many huge stones near the spot, which before I left Kotah grew into a noble *chabootra*, or 'altar' of hewn stone about twenty feet square and four feet high, on which was placed the effigy of Bajraj large as life, sculptured out of one block of free-stone. I was grateful for the attention, but the old Regent had caught the infection, and evinced his sense of the worth of Bajraj by a tomb such as his master cannot expect; but in this case perhaps I divided the interest, though there was no prince of Rajwarra more proud of his stud than the blind chief of Kotah. From the days of the Pandus to Dewa-Bango of Boondi,

* *Manik* or *munik*, is the diminutive of man.



many a war has been waged for a horse, nor can we better declare the relative estimation of the noble animal, than in the words of that stalwart Hara to the Lodi king: "there are three things you must not ask of a Rajpoot, his horse, his mistress, or his sword."

In a few days, I shall have the capital for the villa of the Hara Rani, sister of the Kotah prince, and whose bracelet also I have had, the symbol of adoption as her brother. To all their customs, to all their sympathies, and numerous acts of courtesy and kindness, which have made this not a strange land to me, I am about to bid farewell; whether a final one, is written in that book, which for wise purposes is sealed to mortal vision: but wherever I go, whatever days I may number, nor place, nor time can ever weaken, far less obliterate, the remembrance of the valley of Oodipoor.*

* By a singular coincidence, the day on which I closed these wanderings, is the same on which I have put the last stroke to a work that has afforded me some pleasure and much pain. It was on the 8th March 1822, I ended my journey and entered Oodipoor: on the 8th March 1832, I am transcribing this last page of my journal:

in March my book appears before the public; I was born in March; embarked for India in March; and had the last glimpse of its land, the coast of Ceylon, in March. But what changes has not the ever-revolving wheel produced since that time! The hand of genius which has illustrated this work, and which will, I trust, perpetuate his own name with the monuments time has spared of Hindu art, is now cold in death. Captain Waugh returned to England about six months after me; his health much shattered. We met, and lived together, in London, in Belgium, and in France: but amidst all the beauties of novelty, Rajpootana was the theme to which we constantly reverted. He returned to India, had just obtained his majority, and was marching in command of his regiment, the 10th Light Cavalry, from Muttra to Mhow, when, in passing through the land where we had seen many happy days together, he was invited by the chief of Doonee to renew old recollections by a visit. Though in the highest spirits, my poor cousin went with a presentiment of evil. He was accompanied by some of his officers. In ascending the hill he fell, and sustained an injury which rendered an operation necessary. This succeeded so well, that in two days he proceeded in a litter; when, on arriving at the ground, his friends drew the curtain of his *dooli*, and found him dead! His ashes repose in Mewar, under a monument raised by his brother officers. He did not live to see the completion of these labours, which none but him could fully appreciate. No man was ever more beloved in private life; and the eulogium passed upon him, but two days ago, by his old friend and commander, the gallant General Sir Thomas Brown,—“he was one of the best cavalry officers who ever served under me,”—is an honourable testimony to his public career. No apology is required for this record of the talent and worth of one who, in addition to the ties of kindred, was linked to me by the bonds of friendship during twenty years. —8th March, 1832.



APPENDIX.

Written according to custom in the margin with the Raja's own hand.

Let my *mogira* (respects) be known: when in the *Dewan's* presence he ordered, that Edur was the portico, and Chuppon the vestibule to Mewar, and that it was necessary to obtain it. I have kept this in mind, and by the Sri Dewan-jis fortune it is accomplished!

No. I.

Letter from Raja Jey Sing of Amber to Rana Singram Sing of Mewar, regarding Edur.

SRI RAMJI,*

SRI SEETA RAMJI,

WHEN I was in the presence at Oodipoor, you commanded † that Mewar was my home, and that Edur was the portico of Mewar, and to watch the occasion for obtaining it. From that time I have been on the look-out. Your agent, Myaram, has again written regarding it, and Dilput Rae read the letter to me *verbatim*, on which I talked over the matter with Maharaja Abhe Sing, who acquiescing in all your views, has made a *muzzur* of the *pergunna* to you, and his writing to this effect accompanies this letter.

The Maharaja Abhe Sing petitions that you will so manage that the occupant Anund Sing does not escape alive; as, without his death, your possession will be unstable: ‡ this is in your hands. It is my wish, also, that you would go in person, or if you deem this inexpedient, command the Dhabhae Nuggo, placing a respectable force under his orders, and having blocked up all the passes, you may then slay him. Above all things let him not escape— let this be guarded against.

Asar badi 7th (22d of the first month of the monsoon), S. 1784 (A.D. 1728.)

ENVELOPE.

The *Pergunna* of Edur is in Maharaja Abhe Sing's jagheer, who makes a *muzzur* of it to the *Huzoor*; should it be granted to any other, take care the *Munsubdar* never gains possession.

8th. S., 1784.

* Ram and Seeta, whom the prince invokes, are the great parents of the Cuchwaha race, of which Raja Jey Sing is the head. I have omitted the usual string of introductory compliments.

† These terms completely illustrate the superior character in which the Ranas of Mewar were held by the two princes next in dignity to him in Rajpootana a century ago.

‡ This deep anxiety is abundantly explained by looking at the genealogical slip of the Rahoors, at page 114, where it will be seen that Anund Sing, whom the parricidal Abhe Sing is so anxious to be rid of, is 'his own brother, innocent of any participation in that crime, and although adopted into Edur, were heirs-presumptive to Marrear!

No. II.

TREATY between the Honourable English East-India Company and Maha Raja Maun Sing Buhadoor, Raja of Joudpoor, represented by the Koowur Regent Joograj Maharaj Koowur Chutter Sing Buhadoor, concluded by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe on the part of the Honourable Company, in virtue of powers granted by his Excellency the Most Noble the Marquess of Hastings, K. G., Governor General, and by Byas Bishen Ram and Byas Ubhee Ram on the part of Maharaja Maun Sing Buhadoor, in virtue of full powers granted by the Maharaja and Joograj Maharaj Koowur aforesaid.

First Article.—There shall be perpetual friendship, alliance, and unity of interest between the Honourable English East-India Company and Maharaja Maun Sing and his heirs and successors; and the friends and enemies of one party shall be friends and enemies of both.

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

Third Article.—Maharaja Maun Sing and his heirs and successors will act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and acknowledge its supremacy; and will not have any connection with other chiefs and states.

Fourth Article.—The Maharaja and his heirs and successors will not enter into 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 Maharaja and his heirs and successors will not commit aggressions on any one. If by accident disputes arise with any one, they shall be submitted to the arbitration and award of the British Government.

Sixth Article.—The tribute heretofore paid to Sindia by the estate of Joudpoor, of which a separate schedule is affixed, shall be paid in perpetuity to the British Government; and the engagement of the state of Joudpoor with Sindia respecting tribute shall cease.

Seventh Article.—As the Maharaja declares that besides the tribute paid to Sindia by the state of Joudpoor, tribute has not been paid to any other state, and engages to pay the aforesaid tribute to the British Government; if either Sindia or any one else lay claim to tribute, the British Government engages to reply to such claim.

Eighth Article.—The state of Joudpoor⁷ shall furnish fifteen hundred horse for the service of the British Government whenever required; and when necessary, the whole of the Joudpoor forces shall join the British Army, excepting such a portion as may be requisite for the internal administration of the country.

Ninth Article.—The Maharaja and his heirs and successors shall remain absolute rulers of their country, and the jurisdiction of the British Government shall not be introduced into that principality.

Tenth Article.—This treaty of ten articles having been concluded at Dihlee, and signed and sealed by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe and Byas Bishen Ram and Byas Ubhee Ram; the ratifications of the same by his Excellency the Governor General and by Raj Rajesur Maharaja Maun Sing Buhadoor and Jugraj Maharaj Koowur Chutter Sing Buhadoor, shall be exchanged within six weeks from this date.

Done at Dihlee this sixth day of January, A.D. 1815.

(Signed)	(L. S.)	C. T. METCALFE, Resident,
		BYAS BISHEN RAM.
	(L. S.)	BYAS UBHEE RAM.

No. III.

Treaty with the Raja of Jessulmer

TREATY between the Honourable English East-India Company and Maha Rawul Moolraj Buhadoor, Raja of Jessulmer, concluded on the part of the Honourable Company by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, in virtue of full powers granted by his Excellency the Most Noble the Marquess of Hastings, K. G., Governor General, &c. and on the part of the Maha Raja Dehraj Maha Rawul Moolraj Buhadoor by Missr Motee Ram and Thakoor Dowlet Sing, according to full powers conferred by Maha Rawul.

First Article.—There shall be perpetual friendship, alliance, and unity of interests between the Honourable English Company and Maha Rawul Moolraj Buhadoor, the Raja of Jessulmer, and his heirs and successors.

Second Article.—The posterity of Maha Rawul Moolraj shall succeed to the principality of Jessulmer.

Third Article.—In the event of any *serious* invasion directed towards the overthrow of the principality of Jessulmer, or other danger of *great* magnitude occurring to that principality, the British Government will exert its power for the protection of the principality provided that the cause of the quarrel be not ascribable to the Raja of Jessulmer.

Fourth Article.—The Maha Rawul and his heirs and successors will always act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and with submission to its supremacy.

Fifth Article.—This treaty of five articles having been settled, signed, and sealed by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe and Misr Motee Ram and Thakoor Dowlet Sing, the ratifications of the same by his Excellency the Most Noble the Governor General and Maha Raja Dihraj Maha Rawul, Moolraj Buhadoor, shall be exchanged in six weeks from the present date.

Done at Dihlee this twelfth day of December, A.D. 1818.

(L.S.)	C. T. METCALFE, (Signed)	MISR MOTEE RAM
	(L.S.)	THAKOOR DOWLET SING,
	(Signed)	C. T. M.



No. IV.

TREATY between the Honourable English East-India Company and Maharaja Siwae Juggut Singh Buhadoor, Raja of Jaipoor, 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 Marquess of Hastings, K.G., Governor-General, &c., and by Thakoor Rawul Byree Saul Nattawut, on the part of Rajindur Sree Maharaj Dhiraj Siwae Juggut Sing Buhadoor, according to full powers given by the Raja.

First Article.—There shall be perpetual freindship, alliance, and unity of interests between the Honourable Company and Maharaja Juggut Sing, and his heirs and successors, and the friends and enemies of one party shall be the friends and enemies of both parties.

Second Article.—The British Government engages to protect the territory of Jaipoor, and to expel the enemies of that principality.

Third Article.—Maharaja Siwae Juggut Sing, and his heirs and successors, will act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and acknowledge its supremacy; and will not have any connection with other chiefs and states.

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

Fifth Article.—The Maharaja and his heirs and successors will not commit aggressions on any one. If it happen that any dispute arise with any one, it shall be submitted to the arbitration and award of the British Government.

Sixth Article.—Tribute shall be paid in perpetuity by the principality of Jaipoor to the British Government, through the treasury of Dehlee, according to the following detail :

First year, from the date of this treaty in consideration of the devastation which has prevailed for years in the Jaipoor country, tribute excused :

Second yearFour lakhs of Dihlee rupee.

Third yearFive lakhs.

Fourth yearSix lakhs.

Fifth yearSeven lakhs.

Sixth yearEight lakhs.

Afterwards eight lakhs of Dihlee rupees annually, until the revenues of the principality exceed forty lakhs.

And when the Rajah's revenue exceed forty lakhs, five-sixteenths of the excess shall be paid in addition to the eight lakhs above mentioned.

Seventh Article.—The principality of Jaipoor shall furnish troops according to its means, at the requisitions of the British Government.



Eighth Article.—The Maharaja and his heirs and successors shall remain absolute rulers of their country, and their dependents, according to long-established usage; and the British Civil and Criminal jurisdiction shall not be introduced into that principality.

Ninth Article.—Provided that the Maharaja evince a faithful attachment to the British Government, his prosperity and advantage shall be favourably considered and attended to.

Tenth Article.—This treaty of ten articles having been concluded, and signed and sealed by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, and Thakoor Rawul Byree Saul Nattawut, the ratifications of the same, by his Excellency the Most Noble the Governor-General, and Raj Rajendur Sree Maharaj Dhiraj Siwae Juggut Sing Buhadoor, shall be mutually exchanged within one month from the present date.

Done at Dillee this second day of April, A.D. 1818.

(Signed) (L.S.) C. T. METCALFE,
Resident.

(L.S.) THAKOOR RAWUL BYREE SAUL NATTAWUT.

No. V.

No. V. being a large paper is omitted.

No. VI.

TREATY between the honourable the English East-India Company on the one part, and Maha Rao Omed Sing Buhadoor, the Raja of Kota, and his heirs and successors, through Raj Rana Zalim Sing Buhadoor, the administrator of the affairs of that principality; on the other concluded on the part of the Honourable English East-India Company by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, in virtue of full powers granted to him by his Excellency the Most Noble the Marquess of Hastings, K.G., and on the part of Maha Rao Omed Sing Buhadoor, by Maharaja Sheodan Sing, Sah Jeewun Ram, and Lala Hoolchund, in virtue of full powers granted by the Maha Rao aforesaid, and his administrator, the above-mentioned Raj Rana.

First Article.—There shall be perpetual friendship, alliance, and unity of interests between the British Government on the one hand, and Maha Rao Omed Sing, Buhadoor, and his heirs and successors, on the other.

Second Article.—The friends and enemies of either of the contracting parties shall be the same to both.

Third Article.—The British Government engages to take under its protection the principality and territory of Kota.



Fourth Article.—The Maha Rao, and his heirs and successors, will always act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and acknowledge its supremacy, and will not henceforth have any connection with the chiefs and states with which the state of Kota has been heretofore connected.

Fifth Article.—The Maha Rao, and his heirs and successors, will not enter into any negotiations with any chief or state without the sanction of the British Government. But his customary amicable correspondence with friends and relations shall continue.

Sixth Article.—The Maha Rao and his heirs and successors, will not commit aggressions on any one; and if any dispute accidentally arise with any one, proceeding either from acts of the Maha Rao, or acts of the other party, the adjustment of such disputes shall be submitted to the arbitration of the British Government.

Seventh Article.—The tribute heretofore paid by the principality of Kota to the Marhatta chiefs, for instance, the Peshwa, Sindia, Holkar, and Powar, shall be paid at Dihlee to the British Government for ever, according to the separate Schedule annexed.

Eighth Article.—No other power shall have any claim to tribute from the principality of Kota; and if any one advance such a claim, the British Government engages to reply to it.

Ninth Article.—The troops of the principality of Kota, according to its means, shall be furnished at the requisition of the British Government.

Tenth Article.—The Maha Rao, and his heirs and successors, shall remain absolute rulers of their country, and the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the British Government shall not be introduced into that principality.

Eleventh Article.—This treaty of eleven Articles having been concluded at Dihlee, and signed and sealed by Mr. Charles Theophilus Metcalfe on the one part, and Maha Raja Sheodan Sing, Sah Jeewun Ram, and Lala Hoolchund on the other, the ratifications of the same by His Excellency the Most Noble the Governor-General, and Maha Rao Omed Sing, and his administrator Raj Rana Zalim Sing, shall be exchanged within a month from this date.

Done at Dihlee the 26th day of December, A.D. 1817.

(Signed) C. T. METCALFE,
Resident.



No. VII.

TREATIES between the Honourable English East-India Company and the Maha Row Raja Bishen Sing Bahadoor, Raja of Boondee, concluded by Captain James Tod on the part of the Honourable Company, in virtue of full powers from his Excellency the Most Noble the Marquess of Hastings, K. G., Governor General, &c. &c., and by Bohora Tolaram on the part of the Raja, in virtue of full powers from the said Raja.

First Article.—There shall be perpetual friendship, alliance, and unity of interests between the British Government on the one hand, and the Raja of Boondee and his heirs and successors on the other.

Second Article.—The British Government takes under its protection the dominions of the Raja of Boondee.

Third Article.—The Raja of Boondee acknowledges the supremacy of, and will co-operate with, the British Government for ever. He will not commit aggressions on any one. He will not enter into negotiations with any one without the consent of the British Government. If by chance any dispute arise with any one, it shall be submitted to the arbitration and award of the British Government. The Raja is absolute ruler of his dominions, and the British jurisdiction shall not be introduced therein.

Fourth Article.—The British Government spontaneously remits to the Raja and his descendants the tribute which the Raja used to pay to Maharaja Holkar, and which has been ceded by the Maharaja Holkar to the British Government; the British Government also relinquishes in favour of the state of Boondee the lands heretofore held by Maharaja Holkar within the limits of that state, according to the annexed schedule (No. 1).

Fifth Article.—The Raja of Boondee hereby engages to pay to the British Government the tribute and revenue heretofore paid to Maharaja Sindia, according to the schedule (No. 2).

Sixth Article.—The Raja of Boondee shall furnish troops at the requisition of the British Government according to his means.

Seventh Article.—The present treaty of seven articles having been settled at Boondee, and signed and sealed by Captian James Tod and Bohora Tolaram, the ratification of the same by his Excellency the Most Noble the Governor General and the Maha Row Raja, of Boondee, shall be exchanged within one month from the present date.

Done at Boondee, this tenth day of February, A. D. 1818; corresponding to the fourth of Rubbee-ool-Sanee 1233, and fifth day of Mang Soodee of the Sumbut or Æra of Bikramajeet, 1874.