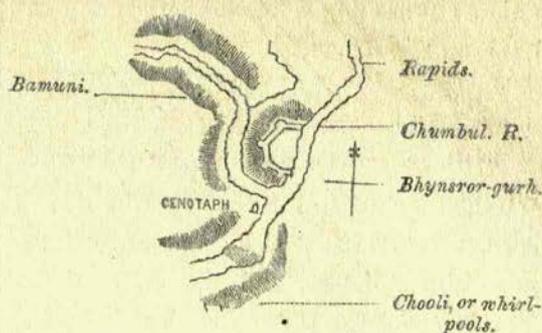


and fifty per cent. to the regular transit duty of the state, which is divided into two items ; viz. three rupees and a half for the ferry, and as much for *bolai*, or safe escort through his territory. But as Harouti always afforded protection (which could be said of no other region of independent India), 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 Bhynsrar 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 Bhynsrar 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 by, 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 Bhynsrur, 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 chasm was never formed by water.

Mewar still extends east of the river, and the greater part of the estate of Bhynsrur 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 Bhynsrur. All that tract farther inland in Upper Malwa, termed Malki-des, in which are the towns of Chy-chut 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 Bhynsrur, 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



ards, were then, as now, the privileged carriers of Rajwarra, and that this was one of their great lines of communication. Bhynsrer, 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 Canouj. 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 Jthanh, 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 Pramur 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 Bhynsrer 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 melous 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 Bhynsrar, 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 Bhynsrar, 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 Bhynsror, 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-ji-ca moajra 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 Bhynsrer 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 or palaces of Bhynsrer. Every where we searched for memorials of the *Hoon*, whose name is also connected with the foundation of Bhynsrer; of the Pramars, 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,*

"*Tessa. tissa tidhu phullheng.*"

"Samvat 1302 (A.D. 1246)." This form of *sasun*, or religious charity, is peculiar, and styled *sasun Udyadit*, which proves that the Pramars, 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 *yonis*, 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 Bhynsrer, 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 *Chirmitti* (*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—dehao*! 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 Bamaoda, 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 *mumca 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 (*Sutranwan doong*), the Pramars Ooda, 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, Jessulmer, 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 (*sou-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 quitted the Pathar) to notice the 'Maypoles' erected at the entrance of every village in the happy *vasant* 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.—General insalubrity of Kotah.—Wells infected.—Productive of fever.—Taking leave of the Maharao and Regent.—The Regent's sorrow.—Cross the Chumbul.—Restive elephant.—Kumarie.—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 Bhavāni.—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 | ward to by all of us as a new era in our
deliverance, which had been looked for- | 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.



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-khanch*, 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 northwest 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 *Sandri-awars*, 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 *Chabookswar* 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 *Dhabhae'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 Sitor, 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 Sitor, 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. Sitor 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 Sitor, 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 Sitor-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.

Jehajpoo 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 Jehajpoo 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 Jehajpoo 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. Jehajpoo, 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 *tyrati* 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.—Damrioh—Mánpoora.—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.

Jehajpoor, 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 *bawuna* (fifty-two thousand), about seventeen thousand English acres, is arable.

Kachola, or Kachowra, October 3d.—Execrable roads! Our route continued through the same valley, occasionally expanding to the westward. Half-way, we passed the baronial castle of Amergurh, 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 Mandelgurh, 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, Mandelgurh. 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-Kahian* (so they term a horse with four white legs and a white nose), and determined to escort me to Mandelgurh; 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 Mandelgurh, 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.

Damnioh, 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 *bhomas* and ryots, to endeavour to remove the reproach of so beautiful a land remaining waste. Damnioh, 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

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



his *cortège* 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 cautery, 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 Chobans 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 Mandelgurb 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 Mandelgurb, which was so named after the fortunate Bhil. By an act of injustice to one of his subjects, he forfeited Mandelgurb 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 Mandelgurb, and his descendants are petty Bhomias 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 *hawari*, 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 Burrun 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 Burrun and his degenerate offspring originated the name of *burrun-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 Arungzeb 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; Jhoonjralo, 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 collectons. 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 Dangermow 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 Mandelgurh 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 Rajput. 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.

Hamirgurh. 22d.—This town belongs to Beerumdeo, Ranawut, the son of Dheeraj 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 Hamirgurh, 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 *Georlah*, 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 it 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 *reza* (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.

Jassmoh, 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 Mævisbank.



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 Anhalwarra 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 colonnaded 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 Komulmer. 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 *dhobi* of *Toos* and his huge kettle-drum, and the fair, bearing their *lostas*, 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.—Jehajpoor.—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 '*honhar!*' 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

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

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 *desatto*, 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 Chaumbul, 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." Orma, in his fragments, mentions a similar disease in A.D. 1684, raging in the peninsula of India, and sweeping off five hundred



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-

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. 17:7 (A.D. 1681); 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.

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.

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 *Kullas*, 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.

Jehajpoor, 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 Srijji), 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 *Parneswar* 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 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 such 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 *dhabhæ*, 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 Bulwant 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 *biut*, 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 *rawala*, 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