



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Like all temples dedicated to Bal-Siva,

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

quently they have sustained no injury from time.

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

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

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

To the south are columns, one erect and

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

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

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

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

The position of Narayana was that of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

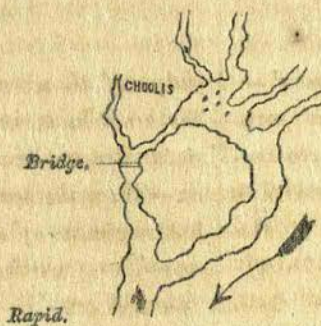
The choolis, or whirlpools of the Chumbul.—Grandeur of the scene.—Description of the falls and rocks of the Chumbul in this part.—The remarkable narrowness of its bed.—The roris, or stones found in the whirlpools.—Visit to Ganga-bheva.—Its magnificent temple and shrines.—The details of their architecture.—The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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hutchinson with a few men of the Bengal artillery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

this mart bears to the free cities of Europe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

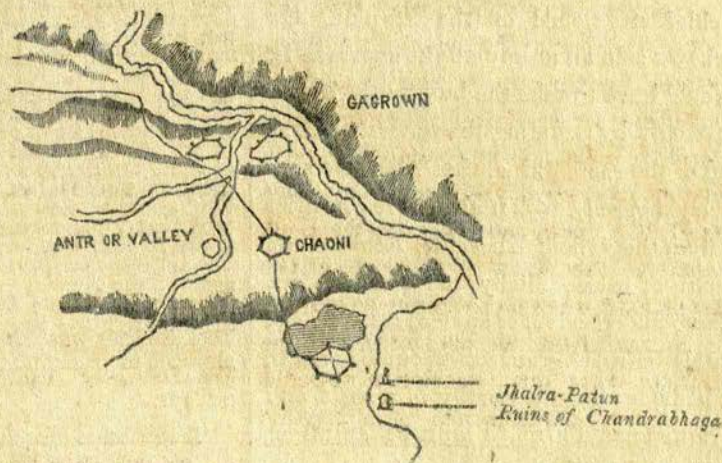
* See Vol. I, p. 190.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

both the naturalist and the painter might find ample employment.

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* *Asa* is literally, ‘Hope.’

† Goddess of the race, pronounced *cool*.

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

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

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

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

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