To Mr. Findlay Shiras

From the author

Dec 5 1937

THE SCHOLAR-GUARDIAN

INDIAN INDIA

AS SEEN BY A GUEST IN RAJASTHAN

By

C. W. WADDINGTON, C.I.E., M.V.O.

SOMETIME PRINCIPAL OF THE RAJKUMAR COLLEGE, RAJKOT, KATHIAWAR,
AND THE MAYO COLLEGE, AJMER, RAJPUTANA

With a Frontispiece and Map
and Twenty-nine Illustrations by the Author

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PORTRAIT OF BAHADUR SHAH, LAST KING OF DELHI

From a pencil drawing in the possession of Mrs. Willoughby, wife of Brig.-General M. E. Willoughby, C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G. This sketch was made in 1858 at Rangoon by an Officer of the 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, who gave it to Lieut. G. Faulkner Wilkinson, Mrs. Willoughby's father, the regiment being then entrusted with the custody of the ex-king.

TO

THE RULING PRINCES

OF

RAJASTHAN

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

MANY DEEDS OF FRIENDSHIP

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CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FOREWORD

THE advent of the cinema has taught us the immense value of visual education, thus fortifying what is probably the experience of all of us, namely, that we can best assimilate information when it is adequately illustrated. It is also a commonplace for all of us that a visit to a country, however brief, is worth more than all the literature on the subject, however closely studied. India is, moreover, like Delhi, in the proverb quoted at the head of Chapter I, a far cry from England ; and those who, as so many conscientiously do in these crucial days of her destiny, desire to realize something of the atmosphere of the land and its peoples, are constrained to peruse historical and political writings for the most part, unfortunately, either dull or prejudiced.

Mr. Waddington, in this modest, but both timely and interesting, volume has broken new ground : he has presented us with a series of charming drawings of places of historic interest situated in the very heart of Aryan India, and has written round his pictures a lively narrative of the salient events with which they are connected. Different people are variously affected by illustrations. For my part, I have to this day preserved the childish capacity of deriving a more vivid impression from a picture than from the study of letterpress, and a series of drawings by Mr. Waddington illustrating his sojourn in Egypt has given me a better idea of the atmosphere of that country than many blue books could do. I believe, therefore, that many English readers will derive a better balanced impression of the Indian Empire and its multifarious inhabitants from *Indian India*, as I am quite certain that a perusal of its pages will give greater pleasure, than the study of many more pretentious works. And it should give even greater gratification to Indian Princes, for its pages are packed full of live historical matter, the fruit not only of study but of personal familiarity with the localities and the spirit which, to my own knowledge, still animates the Princes of Rajputana.

This book, however, does something even more important, in that it helps to rescue from oblivion one whose intimate acquaintance with the ruling races of Hindustan has never been equalled. Several reprints of Colonel James Tod's *Rajasthan* have been

produced in India ; but it is high time that the British public should have access to a properly edited and annotated edition of that store-house of Indian lore and tradition. As Mr. Waddington shows so clearly, no one has ever delved into the legendary past of the Aryan-speaking conquerors of India as Tod did, and, even where more modern research has shown his deductions to be partially mistaken, his book reveals an understanding of the origin and of the spiritual outlook and ideals of the invaders and of their civilization that is too often lacking on the part of more modern commentators. And it is fascinating.

If Mr. Waddington should have succeeded in arousing a fresh interest in Tod and his great work, *Indian India* will have served both England and India well.

CLAUDE H. HILL

GOVERNMENT HOUSE
ISLE OF MAN
September 1933

PREFACE

FOR the opinions expressed in the following pages and for the errors and omissions which will doubtless be evident to my readers, I alone am responsible ; but I must express my grateful acknowledgments for useful advice and criticism to numerous friends in England, among whom I would specially mention Sir Elliot Colvin, K.C.S.I., Sir Claude Hill, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., Sir Charles Watson, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., Sir Stewart Patterson, K.O.B.E., C.I.E., Sir Henry Sharp, Kt., C.S.I., C.I.E., Sir Michael O'Dwyer, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., and Mrs. Eva Mary Bell, O.B.E. Among friends in India, besides those Ruling Princes of Rajputana and Central India without whose generous and never-failing hospitality my drawings could not have been attempted, I have been helped in various ways by Lt.-Col. R. J. Macnabb, Resident in Udaipur, D. G. Mackenzie, Esquire, I.C.S., C.I.E., Resident in Jaipur, Major A. H. Blaxland, Advising Officer, Indian States' Forces, Mr. H. W. Bull of Gwalior, Mr. Naoroji Dumasia of *The Times of India*, Pandit K. L. Paonasker, C.I.E., Chief Counsellor, Bundi State, Rao Bahadur Thakur Raj Singh of Bedla, Udaipur, and Rajkumar Mandhata Singh of Sailana, Revenue Member of Council, Bikaner.

A special debt is owing to my cousin, Brig.-General M. E. Willoughby, C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G., for the excellent Map of Rajasthan, and to Mrs. Willoughby for the loan of the original drawing which is reproduced as the Frontispiece. Mr. R. H. Dundas, Fellow and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford, and Mrs. Mervyn Drake have kindly permitted me to use drawings in their possession. To all these I desire to offer my grateful thanks. Finally, I must acknowledge the great care and trouble which my Publishers, Messrs. Jarrolds Ltd., have spent upon my book, especially in the reproduction of the pencil drawings.

The volume is entitled *Indian India*, but two chapters—those on Delhi and Ajmer—are concerned with British Provinces. In the case of the former it seemed advisable to offer to English readers a preliminary sketch of the Capital of the Moghul Empire with

which the fate of Rajasthan has been so closely interwoven, and in the latter case the Mayo College, though located in British territory, has become an integral part of the life of many of the Indian States.

C. W. W.

INTRODUCTION

" Striving to better, oft we mar what's well."

King Lear

THIS little book is the outcome of a four-months' winter journey in India with sketch-book and gun, undertaken with no fixed purpose but that of revisiting old friends and reviving memories of familiar scenes. I have given it the simple name of *Indian India*, because the drawings which are its *raison d'être* were almost all made in the Indian States, which, though they differ greatly in size and importance, lie all outside the bounds and jurisdiction of British India and embody the principle of autocratic rule, the most ancient and sacred of Indian traditions. Sir Harcourt Butler, in his admirable little monograph *India Insistent*, has laid stress upon the infinite variety of the Indian climate and scenery, which alternate from the ice-bound Himalayas to the tropical forests and lagoons of Malabar, from the deserts of Sind to the luxuriant rice fields of the Brahmaputra valley.

"Where the summits snow-besprinkled
Rise along the northern sky;
Where the cities, old and wrinkled,
By the holy River lie;
Where the sandy desert stretches,
Where the fruitful valleys smile,
Where the swarthy diver fetches
Pearls by Lanka's gorgeous isle;
Where the ryot,
Patient, quiet,
Guides his oxen by the well,
Till the village
Rest from tillage
With the temple's evening bell;
Dusky millions, toiling blindly,
Hear a voice that greets you kindly!"

Of this captivating variety the Indian States have their full share, since they are scattered over every part of the sub-continent, and occupy nearly one-half of its area, if we exclude Burma, which is no part of the peninsula of India. My drawings, however, are

chiefly confined to the region known as Rajasthan, immortalized by James Tod, which extends for six or seven hundred miles across the central plateau of India from the sandy wastes of Jaisulmer in the west to the poppy-fields of Malwa and the jungles of Eastern Baghelkhand. This great tract, which in very early times was wholly occupied by Rajput rulers, is now officially divided into two areas, called Rajputana and Central India. Each of these forms a collection of Indian States whose political relations are conducted through two Agents to the Governor-General. Rajputana comprises eighteen States, of which only one is Muhammedan. In Central India several Moslem principalities were founded in Moghul days, and towards the end of the eighteenth century the Maratha generals occupied large areas which are still held by their descendants. The classical term Rajasthan, or Rajwara, " the Abode of Princes," may be conveniently applied to all the region occupied by Rajputs, irrespective of their modern political grouping.

Architecturally the district is noteworthy for the fortress-palaces of the Rajput rulers and nobles, of which there cannot be fewer than one hundred fine examples, besides innumerable temples and cenotaphs, many of great antiquity and beauty. The domestic architecture of Rajasthan has hitherto received little attention from antiquarians and artists. Fergusson, it is true, was fully alive to its nobility and distinction, but in his monumental work, which covers all Eastern architecture, he could not devote more than a few pages to the subject, and no more recent author known to me has done it justice. If these drawings, however desultory and imperfect, should succeed in arousing the interest of an artist of greater skill and architectural knowledge than mine, they will at least justify their publication. The letterpress which accompanies them is not intended to replace a guide-book, but rather to embody some of the random reflections which are brought to mind by the romance and tragedy of one of the most fascinating regions of the earth. To those who are familiar with Rajasthan it is my modest ambition to recall some of their happy experiences. Those who have not had the good fortune to visit this favoured country may perhaps find here some inducement to exchange a winter in Egypt

or on the Riviera for the exhilarating climate of the Land of Princes.

Some of my more pessimistic friends have kindly suggested a number of alternative titles for the book, such as *Antediluvian India*, *Dying Dominions* and *India Before it Blew Up*, all tending to express the too prevalent belief that a volcanic eruption in India is imminent, or at least such catastrophic changes as will usher in a political and social system comparable only to a new geological era.

It is indeed obvious that a fresh outlook has come about in India in the course of the last three or four decades, and that many of the old traditions and loyalties have disappeared. The power and prestige of the Honourable East India Company perished with the mutiny of 1857, but the deep-rooted veneration of Indians for the Great White Queen endured for her lifetime with a strength and persistence which no Mahatma or Enlightened Spirit could have inspired. With the death of Queen Victoria and the unhappy South African War began the disintegration of the old beliefs. It has now become a commonplace of current journalism and platform oratory that the people of India, after centuries of slumber, have awakened to political consciousness and are passionately eager for self-determination.

The death of Queen Victoria marks the end of the robust Imperialism which began with the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of which Cecil Rhodes was the last great exponent. During those three centuries, roughly from 1600 to 1900, the maritime nations of Europe—Spain, Portugal, Holland, France and England—contended for the mastery over the unexplored or undefended regions of the earth. While Spain and Portugal won and kept the South American Continent, the English, the French and the Dutch occupied North America and some of the West Indies. We lost our thirteen colonies in North America, but took and retained Canada, first in conflict with France, and then with the United States. In the eighteenth century were laid the foundations of our rule in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. In Africa the capture of Cape Colony from the Dutch in 1795 paved the way for the exploration and occupation of large slices of the Dark Continent.

In the Far East we acquired numerous possessions, from Singapore to Borneo and Hong-Kong. But by far the most important, as it was also the most romantic enterprise in our history, was carried out by a Mercantile Company, modest in its inception, but destined to attain world power. Trade was the object for which the East India Company obtained its first charter in 1600, and trade remained its object until the break-up of the Moghul Empire after the death of Aurangzeb in 1707 and the rival ambitions of the French and the Marathas obliged the Company to undertake military operations and to form alliances with Indian rulers which made them practically masters of the country. The nineteenth century saw the final stages of this conquest, when the Punjab, Sind and Burma were added to the Indian Empire. This closed what Seeley called the Expansion of England and Mr. Harold Nicholson has called the Predatory Period of our history. But long before these final conquests the British Parliament and nation became aware of their responsibility for the helpless inhabitants of the Company's possessions, and the Regulating Act of 1773 inaugurated a régime which may fairly be described as a period of Benevolent Despotism.

In the face of much hostile criticism it is well to bear in mind the salient facts of our achievement in India. The British Raj saved India from chaos, and has given her unity, peace and justice for more than a hundred years. Her material prosperity has greatly increased. Loss of life from famines due to the periodical failure of the rains, has been almost entirely obviated by an efficient Famine Code and a watchful administration. The irrigation works of India are the largest and most beneficent in the world. There is a network of 44,000 miles of railways and telegraphs. The amount of unproductive debt, i.e. debt unsecured by the profits on canals and railways, is only a fraction of the total. Hospitals and schools have multiplied exceedingly, and the peasant reaps what he has sown. Above all, the much-abused Macaulay by his famous Minute which decided once for all that English should be the medium of instruction in all higher education has proved the most important factor in laying the foundations of a national and public life in India. By means of English as their " lingua franca " the intelligentsia in

the most distant parts of the continent, speaking many diverse languages, have been enabled not only to understand each other, but to hold their own with British statesmen and officials in debate. We have many reasons to be proud of our administrative record in India. To claim that the benevolent despotism of the British Raj has been free from all blots and errors would be to ask too much of a human institution, but there is no question that on the whole it has acted greatly for the good of the Indian peoples. Among the Moghul Emperors, Akbar alone was anything like a benevolent despot ; the relentless bigotry of Aurangzeb, the bloody invasions of Nadir Shah and the Afghans, the pillage of Jats and Rohillas, the pitiless exactions of the Marathas and the Pindaris, the murderous activities of the Thugs, the internecine wars and constant famines which attended the decline and fall of the Empire, form a dark background which throws the Pax Britannica into strong relief. And ever since that peace was established, our system of education has been directed to implanting in India the love of those democratic institutions which we have inherited from our ancestors. What steps have been taken to satisfy these aspirations ?

As far back as 1833 an Act was passed laying down that no Indian should be debarred by reason of race or colour from holding any post in the Company's service, but unhappily the Great Mutiny (which was more than a mere military revolt, though far from being a national uprising) put the clock back for at least a generation, and has not yet ceased to embitter relations between Englishmen and Indians. The admission of Indians to the Indian Civil Service was long retarded by the conditions of the examinations and the grant of Commissions in the Army was totally withheld. Nevertheless, some advance was made in the direction of political enfranchisement. Indians were admitted to the Legislative Councils in 1861, and these Councils were enlarged and granted further powers in 1892. Then came the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909, by which the official majorities in the Provincial Councils were abandoned, and the Muhammedans were granted separate electorates, a decision which it is important to remember in view of later developments. Neither Lord Morley nor Lord Minto believed that a parliamentary system

was possible in India, and there was no real delegation of authority to the Councils until Mr. Montagu, nine years later, rose in the House of Commons to speak what he declared was " the most momentous utterance ever made in India's chequered history," no less than the promise of " the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms were a genuine attempt to set up parliamentary government in India, though this was limited by the device of Dyarchy (not a new invention, since it has existed in the Isle of Man for a thousand years) by which certain Departments of Government were reserved for the Governor and his Executive Council. The highly honourable part played by the Princes and peoples of India in the Great War gave to Indian politicians, whatever attitude they had themselves adopted during the War, a stronger argument for the immediate grant of self-government, and the Simon Commission and three Round Table Conferences after long deliberation have finally proposed a Federation of Self-governing States, as the future ideal form of Indian Government.

Such in brief are the chief stages on the road to Autonomy in British India. Meanwhile the Indian States have pursued the even tenor of their way ever since they accepted the suzerainty of the British Raj in the early years of the last century. In the confused struggle for the inheritance of the great Moghuls some of the States were conquered, some conciliated, and some, like the Rajputs, rescued from destruction, by the British, but all alike entered into treaty relations with the East India Company as the Paramount Power, which took over the control of their foreign relations, and guaranteed the integrity of their dominions. Wedded as they are to an age-long system of paternal government, to which their subjects are attached by many ties of traditional loyalty and affection, these Rulers have every reason to distrust the spread of democratic principles. The prospect of Federation placed them in a serious dilemma. If they should take their stand upon their treaties with the Crown (which replaced the East India Company in 1858), and refuse to join the Federation, they foresaw that they would

not only wreck the scheme for all India, but would incur the hostility of the democrats of British India, who would leave no stone unturned to undermine their position. If they should consent to abrogate the treaties and enter the Federation unprotected, it was clear that they would have to submit themselves unreservedly to the orders of a Federal democratic government and run the risk of absorption into British India. It was the invitation of the spider to the fly.

The States have wisely made it a condition of their entering the Federation that their treaties with the Crown will be honoured and their territories and independence guaranteed. From this proviso certain results of great importance seem likely to follow. In the first place the proposed All-India Federation will consist of two portions radically differing from each other, on the one side a group of provinces governing themselves on democratic lines, and on the other a group of States which are still mostly under purely autocratic rulers. Secondly, if the Crown intends to fulfil its guarantee of protection to the States, it must not only retain a Viceroy at the head of the Government in India, but must give him a force independent of the Federal army, when such an army comes into being, sufficient to defend the Princes from attack. Thirdly, the ultimate responsibility for good government in the States must remain with the Crown, which will interfere, as heretofore, in cases of scandalous misrule.

The dangers and difficulties of such a divided Federation are only too apparent. The Crown in reality means the British democracy, and it will certainly become more and more difficult as time goes on, for such a democracy, especially when a Socialist government is in power, to use British troops to support a tottering throne. The Princes may well envisage the possibility that the British democracy will be driven to abandon them, as it abandoned the Empire loyalists in America after the War of Independence, as it abandoned Denmark and Poland, and more lately the loyalists in Ireland. And the cynic will add that some of our public men would have abandoned Belgium in 1914. The best that the States can hope for is that, if they are given time and opportunity to

entrench themselves within the Federation, they will be enabled to maintain their rights without calling on the Crown for armed assistance. But it seems clear that this will be possible only on two conditions, first that the States should come together to form some kind of Confederation which will present a united front when the existence of any one of them is threatened, and secondly that they prepare themselves for the day, more or less distant according to the varying circumstances of the States themselves, when the rulers will have to set up representative institutions, and become constitutional monarchs instead of autocrats.

The desirability, I should rather say the necessity, of such a Confederation of all the States does not seem to have been sufficiently emphasized in the deliberations which have taken place in England and India about the admission of the States to a Federal system, partly because the States have become accustomed to rely on the British Government for assistance in any differences with the Provinces of British India or among themselves, and partly owing to a natural disinclination on the part of the Rulers to enter into any agreement or obligation which might fetter their right to individual action or impair their sovereignty.

But the danger is real. The number of separate States is very large, and in future they will have to depend upon themselves far more than heretofore. Nor need they fear the loss of freedom, since the terms of such a Confederation, limited to the preservation of such powers as the States do not assign to the Federal Government, can well be framed in a way that will give the Rulers full power to pursue the interests of their own States in normal times, while it will enable them to act together as a solid block in the event of a serious crisis which may imperil the very existence of their Order.

Parliament has pledged itself to give democratic self-government to India sooner or later, and from that policy it cannot turn back. The experiment must and will be tried, but it is hard to foretell what will be the ultimate outcome of democratic government in India. I make no claim to impartiality. I am in favour of bias, in politics as in history, for no one will read Stubbs or Gardiner,

when he can get Macaulay or Carlyle. I confess to a prejudice against democracy when suddenly applied wholesale to an eastern country such as India, whose ideal has always been reverence for personal rule. Even in England, where democracy is the fruit of a thousand years of strife and experiment, it has proved no panacea for all our ills. In Italy democracy has given place to a dictatorship, in Russia to a grinding oligarchy, in China to chaos. In the words of Oscar Wilde's sonnet :

> "Albeit nurtured in democracy,
> And liking best that State republican
> Where every man is kinglike, and no man
> Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,
> Spite of this modern fret for liberty,
> Better the rule of one, whom all obey,
> Than to let clamorous demagogues betray
> Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy."

It seems more than probable that India will have to win her way to peaceful government through many difficulties, and possibly through bloodshed. The Indian electorate is largely uneducated and totally devoid of political experience. It is also dangerously inflammable. To force an extremely wide franchise, such as has been recommended by the Lothian Committee, upon an unprepared electorate, seems to mean running an unnecessary risk. Would it not be wiser to start with a limited franchise based upon experience, and allow it to expand gradually as the political education of the masses proceeds ? It may be that the future will see a complete breakdown of the machinery of democracy in India, and a reversion to a personal type of government in the Indian Provinces similar to that existing in the Indian States.

An even more certain danger lies in the economic sphere. India is suffering severely from the world depression of trade. Taxation has almost reached the limit possible for a bureaucratic Government, and democracy is proverbially extravagant. The population is steadily increasing, and it is a moderate estimate that in twenty years India will have fifty million more mouths to feed. The food supply may well prove the most serious problem which Indian

statesmen will have to face. Drastic financial reconstruction—not merely reform—is inevitable.

These considerations make it more than ever imperative that the British Parliament shall continue to guide and control the destinies of India until she has established a form of government which will be proof against foreign invasion and internal disorder. This is a responsibility which no Cabinet of British statesmen can honourably refuse to undertake. Britain cannot allow the frontiers of India to be violated. She cannot allow the territorial integrity and the rights of the Indian States to be impaired. And she cannot allow Civil War or a state of chaos to arise in India as a result of such a collapse of the central authority as occurred after the death of Aurangzeb, and has been repeated in several countries in our own time. In what are perhaps the weightiest words of the Simon Commission, " there must be in India a power which can step in and save the situation before it is too late."

On starting to revisit India after ten years' absence I anticipated some disillusion and disappointment. And these reflections on the political conditions of India may seem to make a gloomy forecast. Yet my winter proved not only a marvellously happy experience, thanks to the generous welcome of my friends in Rajputana and elsewhere, but has left upon my mind an impression of hopefulness which may be irrational but is none the less persistent.

The stable elements in the country appear to me to far outweigh the forces of unrest and revolution. The great majority of Indians value peace and security above all things, and have no desire to break off the connection with Britain, because they are well aware of the social anarchy into which their country would be at once precipitated if the ultimate control and protection of the British Crown were to be withdrawn. The landholders, the bankers, the great majority of the business men and manufacturers, all men in short with any stake in the country, dread the possibility of a general paralysis of government. The peasantry have learned by long experience to appreciate the security of their tenures. The Princes are personally devoted to the Crown, and if only they feel assured that Britain has no intention of abjuring her obligations to

them or of abdicating her responsibility for the peace and safety of the country, they will rally to its support in any emergency. With genuine goodwill on both sides there is no reason to anticipate that the States will not be able to work harmoniously with the autonomous Provinces, and as a Confederated body they will be in a position to exercise a moderating influence, especially in financial matters, which will prove the most dangerous pitfalls for a democracy. The Princes will be rightly jealous of their traditions and privileges, but so long as these are secured to them, they will be ready to co-operate heartily with British-Indian statesmen in all measures for the good of India as a whole.

Nor will the Englishman be out of the picture. The Indian Army and Civil Service, which are two of the finest achievements in our history and have forged so many bonds of trust and loyalty between the British Officer and the Indian soldier, and between the District Officer and the cultivator, need have no fear of extinction. The Indianization of the army is being undertaken in earnest, but many years must elapse before this can be completed, and for as far ahead as we need look forward British Officers will be indispensable along with their Indian comrades. The British element in the Civil Service is discouraged for the moment by loss of prestige and power, but I cannot believe that Englishmen will not be welcomed as colleagues by Indians when the latter have realised that they are no longer consigned to an inferior position either politically or socially.

The Political Service, which has done so much in the past since the days of James Tod to build up the prosperity of the Indian States, will perhaps have the greatest scope in future, since it must continue to be placed directly under the Crown, and will be an indispensable link between the States and the Federal Government, on the one hand protecting the States from encroachments upon their territory and their legitimate rights, on the other hand assisting the Federal Government in securing the co-operation of the States in useful reforms. For the Army, the Civil Service and the Political Department, and not less for Education, India will need, for many years to come, the ablest men that Britain can produce, and when once the claim that a minimum of Englishmen is essential

has been abandoned, I do not doubt that India will herself ask for the best brains of England to aid her in the task of maintaining the efficiency of the armed forces of the country, building up an administration largely on new lines more in consonance with Indian sentiment, and allaying the spirit of social antipathy which has so long embittered controversy and hindered progress. Such is my faith. Time alone can test its truth.

INDIA, 1600–1900

When the Tartar's fierce descendant
  Heard a myriad captives groan;
When the Moghul sat resplendent
  On his throne,

Came the Empire's bold forerunner,
  Trader roving far alone,
Saw the land of Ind, and won her
  For his own;

Anarchy beyond the border
  Fled with grisly Famine far;
Rose the steadfast light of Order,
  Like a star.

Peace and plenty reign in quiet,
  Justice gives her calm award;
But behind the toiling ryot
  Gleams the sword.

How shall discord, foe to power,
  Give a budding nation life?
Shall the tree of Freedom flower,
  Sprung from strife?

Is the land for ever blighted?
  Shall a Nation rise at last
Firm in purpose, strong, united
  From the Past?

Haply may the seed be growing
  Hidden in the womb of Fate;
But the people's day of knowing
  Cometh late.

INDIAN INDIA

CHAPTER I

DELHI, OLD AND NEW (A TALE OF TWO CITIES)

" Dilli hanoz dur ast " (" It is a far cry to Delhi ")

Indian proverb

A POPULAR writer has lately remarked that the history of the British Dominion in India is excessively tiresome, because it is a record of unbroken successes, which lead its chroniclers to display an irritating complacency. The story of the Black Hole of Calcutta, Clive's agony of doubt before Plassey, or the startling suddenness of the capture of Delhi by the mutineers may incline us to ascribe this dislike of Indian history to other causes than its lack of vicissitudes. One reason may be found in its complexity. The history of India is never that of a single country or even Empire, such as ancient Persia or Egypt, but rather of a multitude of conflicting races and rulers, who appear and vanish with bewildering rapidity. The map of India changes from century to century, almost from decade to decade, and, except for the Rajput Principalities, there is hardly an existing State or Province which dates from before the eighteenth century. Other causes of the neglect of Indian history are the dearth of records for the early ages and their consequent obscurity ; the cruelty, lust and bloodshed which stain many of its pages ; the strangeness of Indian art and culture to minds steeped in the traditions of Greece and Rome ; the multiplicity of cults and deities ; and perhaps, to Western notions, the absence of constitutional progress until very recent times.

Such interest as English readers find in the subject naturally centres upon Delhi and the Moghul Empire, on the ruins of which the British Empire in India was founded, and for such it may be possible to present in a few pages at least a brief outline of the story of the Imperial city which will be neitherconfusing nor intolerably dull.

The Moghul conquest was the last of a long series of Muhammedan incursions into India, against which the Hindu powers made

many desperate but unavailing counter-attacks. The Arabs who formed the first wave of the rising tide of Islam in the seventh and eighth centuries were finally driven back, but from the middle of the tenth century onwards the Pathan, Turanian and Turkish invaders from the north-west gradually gained ground in Hindustan. In A.D. 977 an Afghan horde under Sabaktigin of Ghor looted the Punjab, and his son Mahmud of Ghazni, whose name is still a terror, made no fewer than nineteen whirlwind marches into India between 1001 and 1024, culminating in the sack of the great temple of Somnath in Kathiawar, where a fabulous store of jewels was the prize of victory. The definite subjugation of Hindustan to Muhammedan rule dates from the overthrow of Prithvi Raj, the almost mythical Chauhan King of Delhi, by Shahab-ud-din of Ghor in 1192, when the flower of Rajput chivalry fell on the banks of the Sarasvati. The lesson of this disaster, which was due to lack of unity among the Rajputs, has been often repeated in their annals, but never laid to heart.

Then came two centuries in which one Islamite dynasty followed another—the Slave, Khilji, Tughlak, Sayyid and Lodi kings—"vixere fortes ante Agamemnona"—who built cities and left ruins still strewing the plain of Delhi, and of whom we little reck

> "How Sultán after Sultán with his pomp
> Abode his destined hour and went his way."

In contrast to these shadowy and ephemeral figures the great Moghuls present a vivid picture. Each one of them is as well known to us as Henry VIII or Queen Elizabeth, the contemporary of the mighty Akbar. They live for us in their Memoirs, in the chronicles of their native historians, and in the tales of many European travellers. By blood they were Mongols, descendants of that Chingkiz Khan whose Empire in the thirteenth century extended from the seaboard of China to the frontiers of Hungary. From this stock sprang Timur the Lame, who in 1398 marched from Samarkand into India to sack the cities and "send the souls of myriads of infidels to the abyss of hell." Sixth in descent from Timur was Babar, King of Farghana on the Jaxartes, who won for himself the

Kingdoms of Kabul and Ghazni, and then swooped down upon the plains of Hindustan, where in 1526 he overthrew Ibrahim Lodi, the Afghan King of Delhi, at Panipat, and then the Rajput host under Rana Sanga of Mewar at the battle of Khanua near Agra, and thus established himself as the master of Northern India as well as Afghanistan. From his own delightful Commentaries Babar stands before us an attractive character, candid, carefree and adventurous.

His son Humayun succeeded to his kingdom, but lacked his untiring energy, and was heavily defeated by Sherkhan, the Afghan ruler of Bihar, on the banks of the Ganges. For fifteen years he wandered in exile, during which, while he was flying from Rao Maldeo of Jodhpur across the desert of Sind, the great Akbar was born of Hamida Begum in the fortress of Umarkot, where they had taken refuge. The event is thus picturesquely described by Tod in his *Annals of Mewar*. "In the same year that the song of joy was raised in the cloud-capped palace of Khumbhalmer for the deliverance of Udaisingh, the note of woe was pealed through the walls of Umarkot, and given to the winds of the desert, to proclaim the birth of an infant destined to be the greatest monarch who ever swayed the sceptre of Hindustan. In an oasis in the Indian desert, amidst the descendants of the ancient Sogdoi of Alexander, Akbar first saw the light; his father a fugitive, the diadem torn from his brows, its recovery more improbable than was its acquisition by Babur."

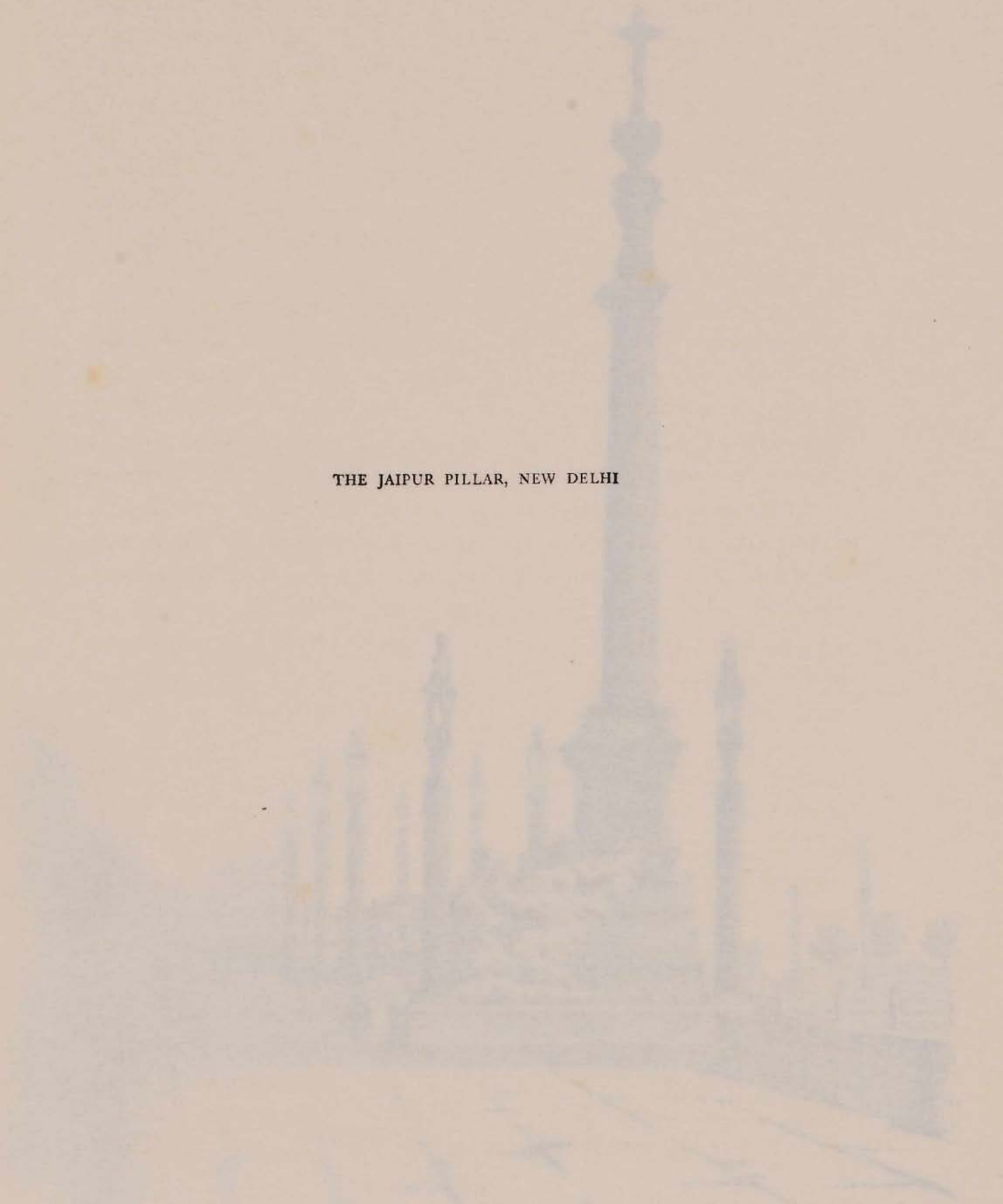
After the death of Sherkhan in 1545 Humayun reconquered Delhi and Agra, but did not long enjoy his restoration, for in 1556 he slipped and fell from the terrace of his library, known as the Sher Mandal at Purana Kila, and died from the effects of the fall. The ruins of this fortress stand on the bank of the Jumna, two miles below the existing city of Delhi, which was built later by Shah Jehan, and Humayun's huge Mausoleum, the earliest Moghul building in India (for Babar sleeps at Kabul), lifts its massive dome of white marble a mile or so farther on.

Akbar was then only thirteen, and his guardian Bairam Khan fought his enemies for three years, when the young Akbar, already

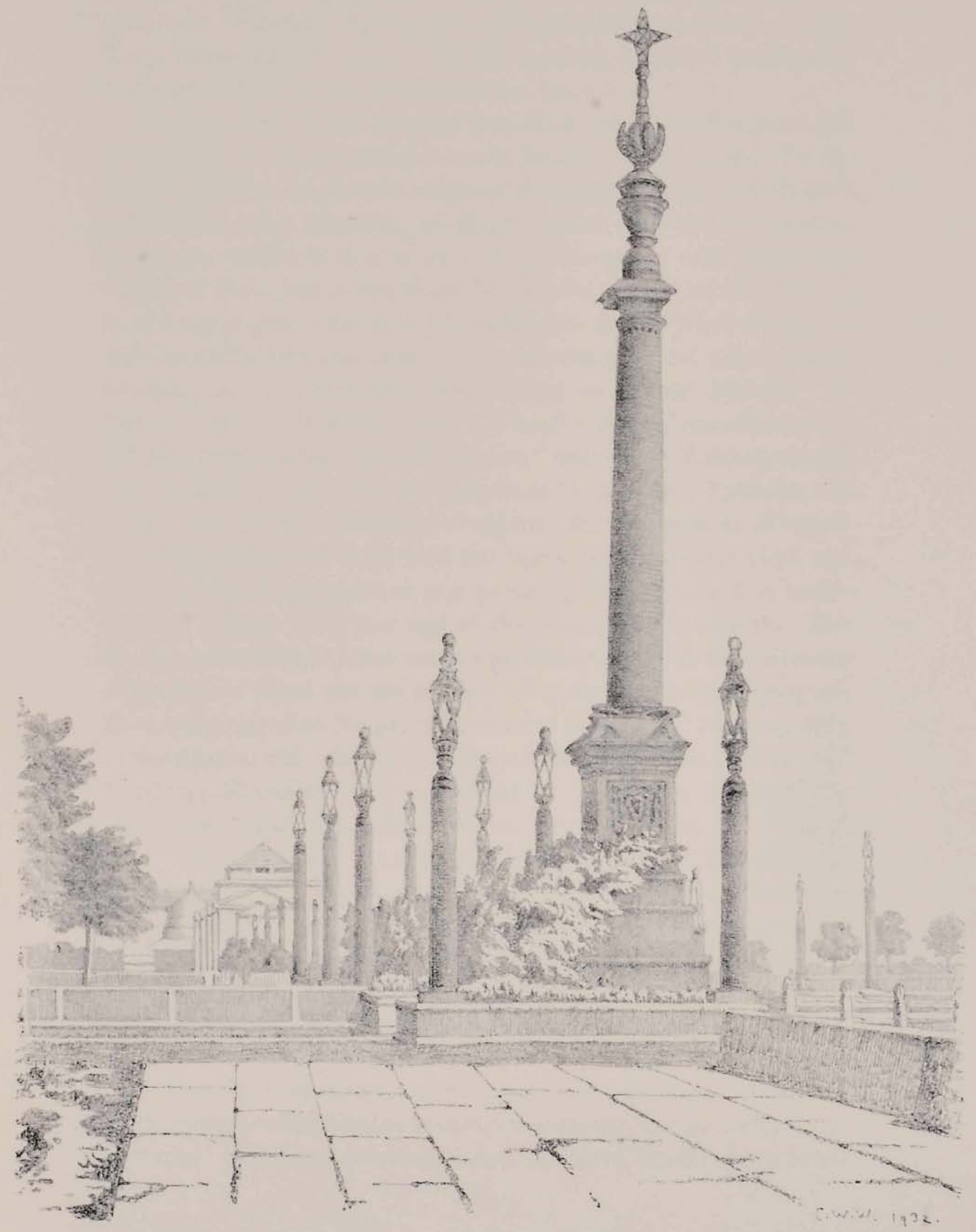
conscious of his own genius, assumed his power, took the forts of Ajmer, Gwalior and Mandu, and proceeded to conquer Bengal, Gujarat, Kashmir and Sind. In 1567 he besieged and took Chitor, the storied stronghold of the Ranas of Mewar, which was thenceforward abandoned to decay, but having established his suzerainty, Akbar wisely conciliated the Rajput Princes and took to wife the daughter of Raja Mansingh of Jaipur, who became the mother of the Emperor Jehangir. From this time the Rajput rulers became, in the words of the Moghul historian, " at once the pillars and the ornaments of the Empire."

Like Napoleon, Akbar was even greater as an administrator than as a conqueror, and his system of land tenure and assessment is the basis of all modern settlements. His efforts to abolish suttee and child marriage and to encourage the remarriage of Hindu widows were far in advance of his time. Amazingly tolerant for his age, he dreamed of uniting men of all races and creeds in peace and harmony under his sway. Even Tod, ardent partisan of the Rajputs as he was, grants Akbar " the proud epithet of *Jagad Guru*, or ' Guardian of Mankind.' " Still more remarkable is the praise of Sir William Sleeman, who visited the Emperor's tomb at Sikandra in 1836. " Considering all the circumstances of time and place," says Sleeman in his fascinating *Rambles and Recollections*, " Akbar has always appeared to me among sovereigns what Shakespeare was among poets ; and, feeling as a citizen of the world, I reverenced the marble slab that covers his bones more, perhaps, than I should that of any other sovereign with whose history I am acquainted." Later scholars and historians have echoed this early eulogium. But Akbar's dreams were not destined to be realized. His two immediate successors, Jehangir and Shah Jehan, rested on his laurels and reigned in splendour ; but the end of the glittering Empire came in sight with the fanatical Aurangzeb.

The reign of the cruel and drunken Jehangir, who was wholly swayed by his imperious wife, Nur Jehan, is chiefly memorable for the commencement of trade with England, the visit of Captain Hawkins, and the Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe, sent by James I on behalf of the English Merchant Company at Surat. Hawkins



THE JAIPUR PILLAR, NEW DELHI



became a boon companion of Jehangir, and married an Armenian wife. Sir Thomas, stately and self-possessed, remained at the Court for two years, and by the force of his dignified personality at length obtained the concessions he desired.

The last really great Moghul was Shah Jehan, magnificent and licentious, who was one of the master builders of the world. To the genius of Abkar we owe the origin of the distinctive style of Moghul architecture, that blending of Hindu grace with the old Pathan simplicity, which is seen at its best in his palace and mosque at Fatehpur-Sikri, but it was Shah Jehan who carried on the style to its uttermost perfection in the Taj Mahal at Agra. When we add to this the noble fort and palace at Delhi, the splendid metropolitan Mosque, also at Delhi, the Moti Mosjid, or "Pearl Mosque" at Agra, of which Fergusson says "I hardly know, anywhere, of a building so perfectly pure and elegant," with other buildings in the forts at Agra and Lahore, the palaces at Gwalior and Talshahi, the marble terrace and pavilions at Ajmer, the mosques at Dholpur and other places, we must hold the thirty years between 1628 and 1658 to have been equal to any period of similar length in architectural activity since the age of the Parthenon at Athens. The closing years of Shah Jehan make a pathetic contrast to the brilliance of his prime. Since the law of Islam does not recognize primogeniture, every son of an Emperor considered that he had an equal right to the throne, and when one of them had seized it, he held himself bound in self-defence to put to death every member of the family who could possibly dispute his claim. Like the Turk, the Moghul bore "no brother near the throne." Many years before his death the four sons of Shah Jehan, Dara Shikoh, Shuja, Murad and Aurangzeb began their fratricidal war for the succession, ending in the triumph of Aurangzeb, who, having destroyed his brothers and deposed his father, assumed the government in 1658.

Shah Jehan died a miserable State prisoner in the Fort at Agra in 1666.

During the long lifetime of the crafty and perfidious Aurangzeb the Empire remained stable to outward seeming, but in reality it was tottering. His fierce intolerance had alienated his Hindu subjects

and the Rajput Princes, and had driven the Marathas into open revolt, while his greed of power had urged him to wreck the southern Moslem Kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda, which might have been his allies. When he died in 1707, the Empire of the Moghuls had existed for barely two centuries ; its death-bed scene was prolonged for exactly one hundred and fifty years, but in truth the end was rather a *débâcle* than a decline and fall. As soon as the inevitable struggle for the throne began among the sons of Aurangzeb, the Imperial edifice collapsed like a house of cards, and in just over thirty years the Persian King Nadir Shah had massacred the inhabitants of Delhi and carried off Shah Jehan's celebrated Peacock Throne to Teheran.

History has few more ironic pictures than that which was framed by the Diwan-i-Khas, or Private Audience Hall of the Delhi palace, when the unfortunate Emperor Muhammad Shah unwillingly handed coffee to his terrible conqueror, Nadir Shah, whose soldiers had ransacked his Capital and slaughtered thousands upon thousands of his people.

From this time Delhi ceased to be an Imperial city, although a succession of puppet Emperors held the title for another century. When Shah Alam II succeeded Muhammad Shah in 1759, the Afghans held the Punjab, the Moghul Viceroys had declared their independence, and the Marathas were contending with the British for the mastery of Hindustan. The dominion of the once great Moghul was defined in the popular verse,

" Badshah Shah Alam
Az Delhi ta Palam,"

meaning " The Monarch of the World rules from Delhi to Palam," a village less than ten miles distant.

Another scene of tragedy was enacted in the Diwan-i-Khas in 1788, when the brutal Rohilla Chief Ghulam Kadir entered the palace at Delhi and put out the eyes of the Emperor Shah Alam with his dagger, after torturing the young Princes and scourging the Princesses in the vain attempt to extort from them the whereabouts of hidden treasure. The retribution of an equally brutal age

speedily overtook Ghulam Kadir at the hands of Sindhia's soldiery, who after leading him through the streets of Muttra seated on an ass with his face to the tail, put out his eyes and cut off hands and feet, with other nameless barbarities, before hanging him head downwards from a tree.

Shah Alam remained a virtual prisoner in the hands of Sindhia till 1803, when in the same Audience Hall the blind old King received Lord Lake, the conqueror of the Marathas, and bestowed upon him the highest titles of honour.

One more scene in the Diwan-i-Khas, and we have done with Old Delhi. It is January, 1858, and Bahadur Shah II, the last King of Delhi (whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this volume), is on his trial for his share in the Mutiny. He was then an old man of eighty-two. "His face," writes Colonel Ommaney, who was in charge of him and escorted him into exile, "was of an aristocratic type, with marked features, especially the nose. . . . He had a pleasant expression and a sense of humour." Did the old man think of the day, nearly seventy years before, when in that very Hall, as a boy of thirteen, he had been put to the torture by Ghulam Kadir, and witnessed the blinding of his grandfather, Shah Alam? Or the day, fifteen years later, when his grandfather poured out his thanks to the British General who had come to restore him to dignity and ease? We need not, I think, be too hard upon old Bahadur Shah. Such phrases as "white-haired felon," "aged miscreant," common in historians, are inapplicable. There is no evidence that Bahadur Shah was connected with the mutiny of the regiments at Delhi, and when the troopers of the 3rd Cavalry from Meerut, on the fatal 11th of May, 1857, appeared below his window at the palace, and called upon the King to place himself at their head, he sent in haste for Captain Douglas, the Commandant of his bodyguard, to deal with the rebels, whose presence he evidently regarded as embarrassing in the extreme. Later on he undoubtedly became a helpless tool in the hands of his sons, who issued orders in his name, and he was forced to accede to the demands of the mutinous sepoys, although he constantly complained of the disrespect with which they treated him, not even taking off their shoes in his presence! That he could

have possibly saved the lives of the fifty Christian prisoners who were killed at the edge of the tank before the Audience Hall on the 16th of May is very unlikely, although it is known that they were put to death by his servants and in the presence of his sons. The latter at least had a substantial grievance against the British Government, for Lord Dalhousie had issued the inevitable but none the less humiliating decree that on the death of Bahadur Shah the title of King of Delhi, which had been bestowed on the successors of the Moghul Empire, was to be abolished, with all the insignia of Royalty, and the family removed to a distance from the city.

We have an earlier glimpse of Bahadur Shah in the year 1836 when Sleeman was visiting the much-frequented shrine of the Saint Kwaja Kutb-ud-din at " Old Delhi," and there met Bahadur Shah, who at that time was sixty-one years of age, and still the Heir-apparent, his father, Akbar II, being only fifteen years older than himself. One of the attendants at the tomb told Sleeman that Bahadur Shah had come to pray for the death of his father, who was plotting to disinherit him and get a younger son by a favourite wife recognized by the British Government as his heir. The saint appears to have responded to the prayer, for the intrigue failed, and Akbar II died in the following year. Whether it would have been better for Bahadur Shah if he had not succeeded, is another question. As a result of the trial he was deported to Rangoon with his wife, Zeenut Mahal, and her young son, Mirza Jawan Bakht, and died there in 1862.

The capture of the King by Lieutenant Hodson on the day after Delhi had been finally retaken by our troops, is known as one of the most striking feats of coolness and daring in the story of the Mutiny. It was in truth a dramatic moment when the last King of Delhi handed his sword to a British Subaltern at the gateway of Humayun's tomb. Such deeds are worthy to be recalled. But it is needless to revive the controversy which raged over the shooting of the three Princes by Hodson on the following day, when the cart in which they were being conveyed from Humayun's tomb had reached a spot a few hundred yards from the Delhi gate of the city. Extravagant praise and violent blame alike are out of place when so much can be

said on both sides ; this much at least is certain, that the Princes were guilty of the blood of the prisoners in the Fort, and therefore merited their fate ; and that Hodson was a soldier of outstanding courage and ability who did good service to his country. Perhaps we shall not reach a juster verdict than that of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who took part in the assault of Delhi from the 16th to the 20th September, 1857, and writes thus in his *Forty-one Years in India*, " I went with many others the next day to see the King ; the old man looked most wretched, and as he evidently disliked intensely being stared at by Europeans, I quickly took my departure. On my way back I was rather startled to see the three lifeless bodies of the King's two sons and grandson lying exposed on the stone platform in front of the *Kotwali*." And of Hodson he writes later, " My own feeling on the subject is one of sorrow that such a brilliant soldier should have laid himself open to so much adverse criticism. Moreover, I do not think that, under any circumstances, he should have done the deed himself, or ordered it to be done in that summary manner, unless there had been evident signs of an attempt at rescue."

The City of Shah Jehan, which I have called Old Delhi, is in fact the most modern of the seven cities which were built by Moslem invaders on the triangular plain between the Jumna and the last low outcrop of the Aravali hills, to guard the entrance from the North to the fertile plains of Bengal and the road to Malwa and the Deccan.

The most notable of these cities is the Fort of Rai Pithora, often called " Old Delhi," nine miles south of the existing city, originally the capital of the Chauhan King, Prithvi Raj, and later that of the Pathan conquerors. It contains the famous tower known as the Kutb-Minar, visible for many miles, and the great " Mosque of the Might of Islam," built by Kutb-ud-din and Altamsh out of the materials of the Hindu temples which they destroyed. Next in importance is Tughlakabad, four miles to the east of the Kutb-Minar, an empty circle of massive walls abandoned to the hyena and the jackal, with little of interest save the sternly simple tomb of the founder, Muhammad Tughlak Shah, who died in 1324. The

Kotila of FirozShah, dating about 1350, contains an interesting pillar of Asoka's time, *circa* 250 B.C., brought thither from Ambala, and stands close to the south-eastern corner of Shahjehanabad, for which it furnished much of its material.

The Purana Kila, already referred to, was begun by Sher Shah and completed by Humayun on the ancient Hindu site of Indrapat, two miles south of the present city. Far and near the plain is studded with the half-obliterated relics of settlements and shrines. To visit these, and disentangle their interwoven stories, affords a few hours' diversion to the tourist in his rapid car, and many years of labour to the antiquarian. We are concerned with Shahjehanabad. Here the Emperor began to build his Fort and Palace by the Jumna in 1638, after which he constructed the walls with a circuit of over three miles, and the vast Jama Masjid, which dominates the city, as St. Peter's does at Rome. Here he held his court in luxury and splendour unparalleled since the days of the Pharaoh.

Delhi, however, was not always the favourite residence of the Moghuls. Akbar lived chiefly at Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri, Jehangir at Lahore. Milton, writing about 1660, makes no mention of Delhi in his sonorous lines describing " all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," which the Tempter showed to our Second Adam,

> " City of old or modern fame, the seat
> Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
> Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
> And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
> To Paquin, of Sinaean Kings, and thence
> To Agra and Lahore of Great Mogul."

Shah Jehan himself was carried off to Agra by his unfilial son in 1658, and Aurangzeb did not reside at Delhi for the last thirty years of his reign. But the long and stirring history of Delhi has given it pre-eminence among the cities of India.

The removal of the British Capital from Calcutta to some more central part of India was mooted as far back as 1868 by Sir Henry Maine. Calcutta, though commercially the most important city of India, is provincial, and situated at an immense distance from the

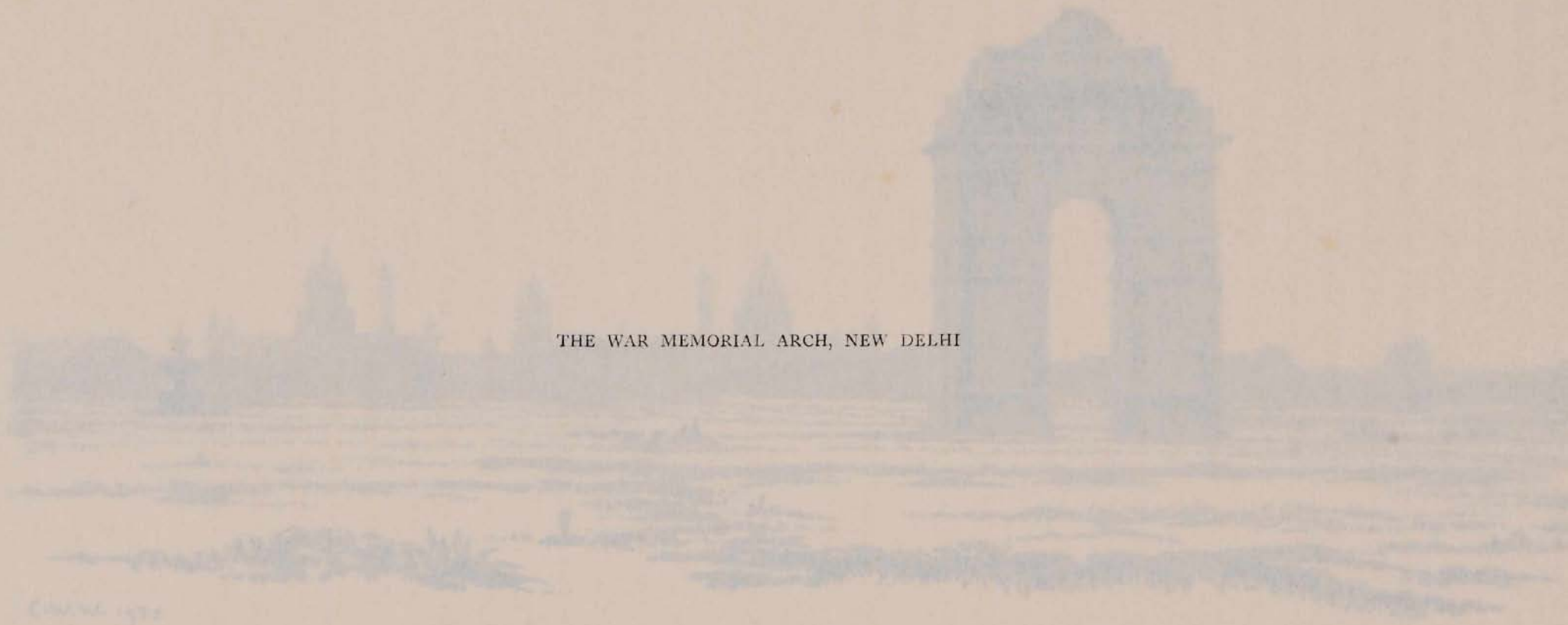
frontier and the majority of the Indian States. As an administrative and political centre the advantages of Delhi were obvious, and its ancient prestige weighed heavily in its favour. After long deliberations and much bitter opposition from vested interests in Calcutta, now happily forgotten, the foundation-stone of the latest city of Delhi was laid by His Majesty the King-Emperor on the 15th December, 1911, on a site north of the city of Shah Jehan, including the historic Ridge, but this was afterwards exchanged for a site on the same low range of hills three or four miles to the South of Delhi, the Viceroy's House and the two Secretariats, which form the nucleus of the New Settlement, being given a commanding position on the eastern slope. From this centre the main roads radiate. The original plan contemplated a broad processional avenue on an axis running north-east directly in a line with the Jama Masjid, but this would have been cut off abruptly by the city wall, and was happily abandoned in favour of an avenue leading due east towards the ruined fortress of Indrapat and the Jumna beyond it. Old Delhi, with its massive Fort and towering Mosque, belongs to Indian India. It recalls the splendours of the Moghuls, as the Ridge and the battered Kashmir Gate, still preserved in its ancient condition, recall the Mutiny which ended the Moghul dynasty for ever. New Delhi is the epitome of British India, the nerve-centre of a highly organized administration, and perhaps the greatest opportunity for town-planning which the world has seen.

The Viceroy's House, the creation of Sir Edwin Lutyens, fills the whole of the western side of an immense oblong space on the summit of the Raisena hill. The sides of this rectangle, at the North and South ends, are occupied by the two Secretariat buildings, the work of Sir Herbert Baker, surmounted by classical domes and Babylonish pylons, between which the central road rises sharply from the plain to the level of the plateau. On each side of this road the open space is traversed by cunningly sunk drives, and chequered with plots of grass and water, dotted with trees and lanterns of stone basket-work. The House itself gives the immediate impression of an immensely long colonnade crowned by a massive central dome of flattened contour, the upper part of copper, resting on bands

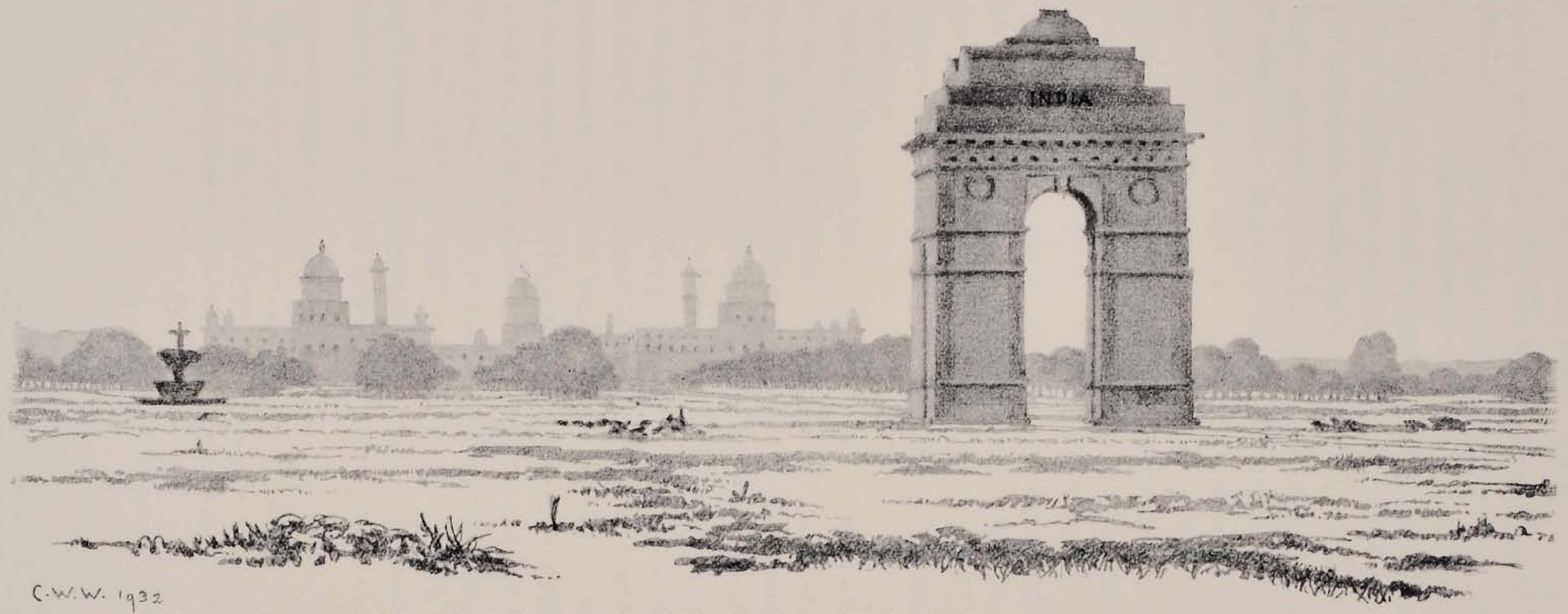
of red and white stone. Without attempting to analyse the style, perhaps it may be said that the Viceroy's House is classical in plan and outline, but permeated with Oriental feeling, while the Secretariats, and more especially the Circular Council Chamber, also the work of Sir Herbert Baker, are classical with the addition of Oriental features. It suffices that the buildings as a whole have a grandeur and solidity worthy of an Imperial City.

One obvious defect strikes the visitor. The Viceroy's House, which was originally planned to rise from the brow of the Raisena Hill, but was actually placed far back on the plateau, is very largely masked by the rising ground, and is all but invisible from the Great Place below. That this was not the fault of the architect does not lessen our regret. Behind the House stretches a garden of some twelve acres, laid out in the old formal fashion of the Moghuls, with long stone paved walks and gleaming water-channels, spanned by stone bridges, lined with cypresses and flowering shrubs and brilliant with masses of English flowers. To me that garden is the most memorable vision of New Delhi, inseparably associated with the gracious presence of Her Excellency Lady Willingdon, to whose care the garden owes its wonderfully effective scheme of colour.

From the centre of the forecourt, which lies on the opposite side from the gardens, rises a lofty graceful pillar of white stone, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, standing on a tall red and white base and surmounted by the sacred lotus in bronze and a six-pointed crystal star. The pillar forms a link between New Delhi and Indian India, for it reminds us that the land on which New Delhi stands had been the property of the Jaipur State since Jai Singh II, the founder of modern Jaipur, received it as a grant from the Moghul Emperor two hundred years ago, and built on it a palace and the remarkable Observatory, known as the Jantar Mantar, which still stands near the Viceroy's House. When the Raisena site was found to be the most suitable for New Delhi, His late Highness, the Maharaja Madhosingh of Jaipur, ceded his right to the land, in exchange for a corresponding revenue, and generously offered the Pillar, as a memorial of the lustre of his House in Moghul days, and a token



THE WAR MEMORIAL ARCH, NEW DELHI


INDIA
C.W.W. 1932

of his abiding loyalty to the Crown. If the shade of the great Jaisingh should ever visit the spot, would he not smile with serene benevolence on the town-planners who have at last followed the lead he gave them two centuries back when he laid out his city of Jaipur on lines which seem modern even in our own day ?[1]

Below the Secretariat buildings is a great Place flanked on either hand by three splendid fountains, and rounded off by high stone railings of Buddhistic origin. This is the heart from which the arterial roads diverge. The great central avenue, or parkway, nearly 1200 feet broad, known as the King's Way, is lined by noble rows of trees and sheets of ornamental water, leading the eye to the War Memorial Arch and Indrapat beyond. Another vista is closed by the solid dome and graceful minarets of the great Mosque in the heart of the old city, another by the garish tomb of Safdar Jang ; beyond this the splendid spire of the Qutb-Minar rises from the southern horizon. The near-by avenues are bordered by white houses in spacious compounds filled with trees, giving the aspect of a garden city.

In one respect New Delhi differs from all the other cities which have been built on that historic plain. It did not rise, like the phœnix, from the ashes of desolation. No temples or mosques were demolished to provide its building-stones. On the contrary, the old city of Shah Jehan received a fresh lease of life from the proximity of the new settlement and all the paraphernalia of the seat of Government. Old Delhi must continue to be the centre of trade and railway communication, and its inhabitants will remain within the shelter of its ancient walls. This raises a problem of development. There is a certain divorce between the new city and the old. The sordid suburbs which cluster round the old city on the west and south shut it off from the lordly purlieus of the King's Way and the Viceroy's House. There seems to be need of a spacious boulevard to connect the old and new cities and to break down their

[1] The charm of the pillar is somewhat discounted by a glaring white marble statue of a former Viceroy which stands before it, a monument which may be commended to the irreverent pen of Mr. Osbert Sitwell and the playful pencil of Miss Nina Hamnett, so happily exhibited in their book, *The People's Album of London Statues.*

aloofness. The avenue which is aligned upon the Jama Masjid ends at the city wall, and even if carried on through the ramparts would emerge only upon the back of the Great Mosque. A preferable route might start from the neighbourhood of the central railway station, cross the head of the picturesque " Chandni Chauk," the main street of the city, and the open space between the Fort and the Mosque, and cut through a small area of unimportant houses to the city wall, through which the roadway could be carried to join the central parkway near the Memorial Arch. Such a road would mark the essential unity of Old and New Delhi, would open out the most striking features of Shah Jehan's city, and give more direct access to the central railway system.

Standing before the Pillar, the eye is carried down the wide parkway to the spot, nearly two miles distant, where the central road is spanned by the great Memorial Arch, not the least noble of Sir Edwin Lutyens' works, rising starkly from the flat open plain. The Arch inevitably recalls the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, but is rather narrower in proportion, and to many minds simpler and more dignified. The single word INDIA appears on both faces of the Arch, with the dates 1914–1919. Within the Arch are inscribed the names of Indian regiments only. The summit is crowned by a circular stone bowl intended to be filled with blazing oil on anniversaries, providing " a shining fire by night, and a column of smoke by day."

The Memorial belongs equally to British and to Indian India, and forges another link between them. The foundation-stone was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught on the 10th February, 1929, and just two years later the Arch was finally consecrated to its solemn purpose.

This was by far the most impressive of all the ceremonies which took place at the inauguration of New Delhi. A fleet of aeroplanes accompanied the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, on his way down the processional road, and rose high in the air as they neared the Memorial in salutation to the honoured dead. Then detachments of every regiment in the Indian Army and of the Indian States Forces marched through the Arch at sundown, while massed bands

played the airs made familiar by the War until the " Last Post " sounded the final note of homage.

The sacrifices which India made for the Empire during those five years are not to be measured by figures, though these are sufficiently impressive. The number of Indians enrolled in the ranks, all by voluntary enlistment, closely approached a million and a half. Of these almost a million served overseas, in France, Belgium, Egypt, Aden, Gallipoli, East and West Africa, Palestine and Mesopotamia, fighting against enemies unknown to them, for a cause not their own, and often in a cruelly trying climate. Pitted against the most highly trained soldiers in the world, and against methods of warfare of which they had no experience, they suffered shattering losses and were sustained only by simple loyalty and perfect discipline. Nor were the Indian States behind them. The Rulers of India with one accord and without hesitation offered the whole of their resources, and, whenever possible, their personal services to the Crown. Eighteen sovereign Princes served in one or another of the theatres of war.

The total casualties far exceeded a hundred thousand. The dead were nearly forty thousand. This is the record which the Memorial Arch will carry on for generations to come.

CHAPTER II

THE FORT, GWALIOR

"Lithe limbs that cling upon the rocky steep,
And upward creep,
Dark faces, gleaming eyes, and faintly seen
The tulwar's sheen;
And silence, save where haply overhead
Echoes the midnight sentry's hollow tread."

A Vision of Singhad

THE fortress of Gwalior, seen from a distance across the flat cultivated plain, looks like a huge battleship floating on a calm sea. In reality it is a precipitous hill of yellow sandstone, crowned with battlemented walls, rising some 300 feet from its base, and extending for nearly two miles from north to south. The walls are 30 to 35 feet high, and the rock below them steeply scarped down to a sloping glacis of crumbling basalt. On the eastern face the most notable feature is the palace built by Raja Mansingh, approached by a steep ramp and six fortified gateways. The western side is broken by the deep gash of the Urwahi ravine, and by two winding entrances flanked by loop-holed bastions. The summit is an irregular plateau varying in width from two hundred yards to half a mile, and capable of containing a garrison of 15,000 men. Gwalior was a formidable stronghold in the days when men put their trust in high places. Below the palace lie the decaying remnants of the old city of Gwalior, which was once the flourishing capital of a Moghul province, but has dwindled continuously since 1810, when Daulat Rao Sindhia, after marching to and fro for many years with his motley host, finally fixed his standing camp at Lashkar, two miles south of the fort, and made it the capital of his dominions.

The hill has many attractions for the antiquarian. The oldest surviving temple, which is dedicated to Chatarbhuj the four-armed Vishnu, the patron of the warlike Chauhan Rajputs, dates from the ninth century, and is excavated out of the solid rock by the side of the road leading up to the main entrance to the fort. The other Vaishnava temples, known as the greater and the lesser Sas-Bahu,

stand upon the eastern rampart, both dating from the end of the eleventh century. A third, of about the same date, has an odd local name, as is often the case with Indian buildings, and is known as the Teli Mandir or "Oilman's Temple". Strange as the name appears, it has a simple explanation. The Telis were a caste of itinerant traders, who went all over the country carrying their skins of oil for sale on bullocks. They were a wealthy community, and have left many memorials of their piety. Besides this temple, a beautiful turreted bridge on the high road north of Gwalior, and a fine *Sarai* or resting-place for travellers at Ahar near Udaipur remain to attest their public spirit. The temple at Gwalior is remarkable for having been originally dedicated to Vishnu and later, in the fifteenth century, converted to the worship of Siva, whose elephant-headed son, Ganesh, adorns the inner doorway with his genial effigy. It is also remarkable for its wagon roof of the type common in Southern India, but rarely found elsewhere. All three are picturesque but ruinous, which is not surprising when one considers the number of times the fort has been captured by Muhammedans, including the iconoclastic Altamsh, not to mention the British engineers, who unhappily swept away a great number of precious monuments during their occupation of the fort after the Mutiny. There are no Buddhist relics, but the Jains have left their mark on the hill in a series of colossal sculptured figures of Tirthankas, as the Jain saints are called, all of which were cut out of the rocky sides of the hill in the short period between 1441 and 1474 during the great age of Tonwar rule. Under the Delhi Emperors the fortress was used as an imperial state prison, chiefly for members of the royal family or nobles whom it was not considered prudent to execute publicly. In this it may be compared to the "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame, with many a foul and midnight murder fed," or more aptly to the Bastille at Paris with its "lettres de cachet" under Louis XIV. You may descend to the spacious dungeons known as the "Nauchauki" or "Nine Cells," above the Dhonda gateway, where Akbar kept his rebellious cousins, and Aurangzeb confined among many others his own son Sultan Muhammad, his brother

Murad Baksh, and Suleiman Shikoh, the eldest son of the unhappy Dara. A menagerie was kept up for the amusement of the captives, but few lived to enjoy it long. Murad Baksh was speedily beheaded, the others poisoned by "poppy-water," a decoction of crushed poppy-heads and "datura," the poison used by the Thugs, which they were compelled to drink and which produced insanity and finally death.

The great glory of the fort is the palace built by Mansingh, the king of the Tonwar clan of Rajputs, who are no longer represented among the ruling Houses of Rajasthan. Mansingh reigned from 1468 to 1518, and has left us one of the most interesting and remarkable examples of Hindu palace architecture, with its façade three hundred feet long rising to a height of one hundred feet on the eastern face of the rock, and a long line of tall towers united by balconies of carved stonework and crowned by cupolas which were once covered with domes of gilt copper. The palace excited the admiration of the Emperor Babar, who saw it in 1529 and describes it in his Memoirs. Another palace was added by Mansingh's successor, Vikrama Shahi, and others later by the Emperors Jehangir and Shah Jehan, making an unequalled group of buildings of their kind. Under Mansingh Gwalior became a great school of musicians, including the famous singer Tan Sen, mentioned in the *Ain-i-Akbari*. Over her tomb in the city there formerly grew a tamarind, whose leaves were much sought after by dancing-girls to endow them with melodious voices. "In the town which lies at the foot of the hill," says the Venetian traveller Manucci, who visited Gwalior at the close of the seventeenth century, "there dwell many musicians, who gain a livelihood with their instruments; and many persons maintain that it was on this mountain that the God Apollo first started Hindu music." Manucci has the following quaint description of the fortress: "On the crest of the mountain is a great plain, on which are sumptuous palaces with many balconies and windows of various kinds of stone, and delightful gardens irrigated from many crystal springs, where cypress and other lovely trees raise their heads aloft, so as to be visible from a distance. Within this fortress is manufactured much oil of jasmine, the best to be found in the

kingdom, the whole of the level ground on the summit being covered with that shrub."

Alas! Since Manucci's time the crystal springs have ceased to flow, and with them the scent of the jasmine has disappeared.

Like the Citadel of Cairo, which has been held by Arabs, Mamelukes, French and British in turn, the fort of Gwalior has always been the symbol of suzerainty over the surrounding country, and the nucleus of a powerful State. Standing 75 miles from Agra on the main route from Northern India to Malwa and the South, it was fortified in very early times, and was specially important to the Moghuls, whose armies were constantly marching to war in the Deccan and Gujarat. Its stormy vicissitudes make a veritable epitome of Indian history. Records before the sixth century are wanting, but then the adventurers known as the White Huns, Toramana and Mihirakula, took the fort from the Gupta dynasty. Thereafter for many centuries it was held by successive Rajput clans, first by the Rahtores or Parihars under Raja Bhoj of Kanauj, whose inscription, dated 876, in the rock-cut temple of Chatarbhuj, is one of the earliest extant, then by the Kachwahas, who later migrated to Jaipur, and finally by the Tonwars, who retained their hold against many attacks for more than two centuries, from 1398 to 1518, and raised it to pre-eminence in Hindustan. It was captured for the first time by Muhammedans under Mahmud of Ghazni in 1021, next by the Afghan invader Shahab-ud-din Ghori in 1196, and again by Altamsh, the first Emperor of Delhi, in 1232 after a siege of eleven months. This was signalised by the well-known Rajput sacrifice of *Johur*, when the women immolated themselves by the tank at the north end of the fort and the men, clad in saffron garments, went out to die fighting or to be executed before the tent of the Conqueror. It fell to Ibrahim Lodi in 1518, and to Babar in 1526, and remained in Moslem hands until the eighteenth century. In the confusion which attended the dissolution of the Moghul Empire a Jat ruler, Lokendra Singh, an ancestor of the present Dholpur House, who had established himself at Gohad near Gwalior, took possession of the fortress, only to be ejected by

the Marathas, who were now competing with the British for the reversion of the Moghul inheritance.

The rise of the Maratha power in India may be unmistakably traced back to the bigotry of Aurangzeb, which inspired the daring chieftain Sivaji, Raja of Satara, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, to rouse his countrymen in the Deccan to revolt against Islam and to found a kingdom which was destined to develop later into the great Maratha Confederacy and to challenge the military genius of Wellington and Lake.

By 1690 the Maratha horsemen were already crossing the Nerbudda, the northern boundary of their ancient homeland, to ravage the fields of Malwa, and by the middle of the eighteenth century their victorious leaders had carved out the kingdoms of Nagpur, Baroda, Indore and Gwalior from the territories of the great Moghul. At this time the head and front of the Maratha power was the famous Mahadji Sindhia, who succeeded in 1761 to the kingdom founded by his father Ranoji, once the Peshwa's slipper-bearer, and from that date the history of Gwalior for more than half a century becomes almost the history of India. For a time Mahadji was held in check by the indomitable Warren Hastings, under whose orders Colonel Goddard made his hazardous march from Bengal to Gujarat, and Captain Popham, advancing from the Jumna, took the fort of Gwalior by escalade on 3rd August, 1780, "with little trouble and small loss,"—a daring, but almost forgotten, feat of arms. A contemporary letter relates how some dacoits had found a spot where the rock could be scaled ; the information reached Popham through the Rana of Gohad, and he determined on the attempt. Shoes of woollen cloth, stuffed with cotton, were made for the sepoys, to prevent their slipping on the rocks, and at midnight the storming party was led to the hill by Captain William Bruce, brother of the well-known explorer. They waited until the lights which accompanied the rounds along the ramparts had passed ; the ladders were placed, the battlements scaled, and the garrison of a thousand men was surprised into surrender. The spot chosen was on the west side near the Urwahi gate, and is still known locally as the "Faringi Pahar," or White Man's Ascent. Captain Popham was

PLATE No. 4

THE FORT, GWALIOR


C.W.W.
1932.

promoted to the rank of Major for his exploit, but the Muse of History relates as one of her little ironies that a quarter of a century later the cost of the sepoys' woollen shoes was deducted from Major-General Popham's pay !

The Rana of Gohad was reinstated at Gwalior, but three years later the fort was once more taken by Sindhia's troops, this time under the command of the celebrated French adventurer, General de Boigne, whose flamboyant monument, flanked by elephants and turbaned sepoys, surprises the visitor in the market-place of the charming little old-world town of Chambéry in Savoy. Thither the General retired in 1796, after selling his private regiment of Persian cavalry to Lord Cornwallis, on behalf of the East India Company, for six lakhs of rupees,—a transaction which throws a strange light upon the confusion of the times. De Boigne was created a Count, and lived on in his native town, full of wealth and honours, until 21st June, 1830. There in his old age the veteran soldier was visited by a still more honourable figure, Colonel James Tod, the historian of Rajasthan, whose beloved Rajputs had been so often defeated by De Boigne and his disciplined battalions. Unfortunately no record of their conversation has survived. De Boigne was by far the greatest as well as the most honourable of the European adventurers in India, and it was through his genius for organization and command that Mahadji Sindhia reached the height of his power and succeeded in establishing himself at Delhi as the protector of the aged Emperor Shah Alam. Then indeed it seemed for a brief moment that the fort of Gwalior stood for the throne of India. But Mahadji's sudden death in 1794 and the retirement of De Boigne changed the situation, and the military power of the Marathas was irretrievably shattered a few years later by the British victories of Assaye, Argaum, Asirgarh and Laswari. That these were an unmixed blessing for the country cannot be doubted by any who have read the chronicles of the "*gardi-ka-Wakt*" or "Age of unrest." The rule of the Marathas, like that of the Turks, was disastrous to every country which they invaded. Their armies were chiefly recruited from the disbanded hordes of the old kingdoms of Bijapur and Golconda, which had been

destroyed by the ambition of Aurangzeb, and their capitals were standing camps from which they plundered the inhabitants. Not a tree was to be seen in the track of their marches, and there was no security for life or property. The taxes which they extorted from the peasants were spent on their establishments or on their personal indulgences, while their camps were collections of tents and hovels, and no work of utility or beauty was ever erected to take the place of those which they obliterated.

The fortress of Gwalior was once more taken by the British under General White in 1804, but was restored to Daulatrao Sindhia, the successor of Mahadji, in 1805, and it remained in the hands of the House of Sindhia till 1844, when a revolt in the State compelled the interference of the British, and an army under Sir Hugh Gough defeated the insurgent Marathas at Maharajpur. The place was then occupied by a force under British Officers till the fatal year of the Mutiny, when the Gwalior Contingent rose and killed a number of the officers and residents, the rest escaping to Agra with the help of the young Maharaja Jiyaji Rao Sindhia and his able minister, Dinkar Rao.

For a year the British Raj was eclipsed and the Union Jack disappeared from the fort of Gwalior, as it had done from the ramparts of Delhi, but Sindhia held his own at Lashkar till May 1858, when the notorious Tantia Topi and Lakshmi Bai, the Rani of Jhansi, having joined forces, suddenly appeared before the city with an army of 20,000 men, and demanded assistance. Sindhia faced them boldly, with his own troops, but the men went over to the rebels, and Sindhia himself escaped with difficulty to Agra under the protection of his Maratha bodyguard. On hearing the news, Sir Hugh Rose, who had just taken the fortress of Kalpi on the Jumna at the close of his arduous and brilliant campaign in Central India, hastily marched upon Gwalior and utterly routed the mutineers. The Rani of Jhansi, more fortunate than Tantia Topi, met a soldier's death. Her life was short and tragic. Tall, handsome and intrepid, she had been a loyal ally of the British until Lord Dalhousie refused what she considered to be her inalienable right to adopt an heir. Deprived of her kingdom, and holding herself to be desperately

wronged, the Rani became a tigress, with no thought but that of revenge upon the hated foreigner. There is no need to dwell upon the ghastly scene at Jhansi in May 1857, when the remnant of the British garrison, some seventy in all, men, women and children, exhausted and hopeless after a desperate resistance, surrendered to the Rani, who had sent them a flag of truce and a promise that on laying down their arms they should be conducted to the nearest British outpost. On reaching the gardens below they were mercilessly butchered by the Rani's orders or with her connivance. As of that other hapless company who rest in the well at Cawnpur, it may be said of these unfortunates :

> " Low in your grave lie still! Saith not the Lord of Hosts,
> ' Vengeance is mine, I will repay '—Lie still, ye piteous ghosts! "

The Rani survived her victims less than a year, during which she proved a capable administrator and a determined fighter. She was only twenty-three when she fell. The heat in the month of May was extreme, and the Rani, with her inseparable companion, the favourite concubine of her late husband, both dressed in the red and white uniform of the Gwalior contingent, was seated drinking sherbet near one of Tantia's batteries, which were extended across the plain to the south of the fortress. Suddenly a squadron of the 8th Hussars, sent forward to reconnoitre, appeared on the Grand Trunk Road along which a portion of the British forces were advancing. The Rani hastily mounted and prepared to fight, but her troopers fled and her horse wheeled to follow them. Crossing a nullah the animal stumbled and fell, and the Rani in her sawar's uniform was cut down by one of the Hussars, who was ignorant of her sex. Her companion reached the city of Lashkar only to die of her wounds. The Rani's body was afterwards burned by her devoted followers close to where she fell. No " chatri " marks the spot, but the generous conqueror, after the lapse of years, will not refuse a tribute to courage, even if it is only the courage of despair. Perhaps our own national heroine, Boadicea, " the British Warrior Queen," whose angelic figure, sadly lacking in imagination, peers over her prancing horses at the trams on Westminster Bridge, was

not less revengeful and ruthless than the Rani. How Boadicea treated the Roman soldiers who fell into her hands we do not know, but it is certain that the Romans crushed her rebellion with merciless severity.

Tantia Topi was the ablest of the rebel leaders, perhaps the equal of Garibaldi at guerilla warfare, but totally devoid of Garibaldi's lion-hearted courage in a stand-up fight. He was a Maratha Brahman in the service of the infamous Nana Saheb of Bithur, and was mainly instrumental in the slaughter of the survivors of the British garrison of Cawnpur. When the Nana had been defeated by Havelock and fled to perish, as it was supposed, in the jungles of Nepal, Tantia Topi carried on an unequal struggle for nearly two years longer. After the decisive fight with Sir Hugh Rose at Gwalior a year later, he escaped to baffle his pursuers for yet another year against increasing odds with a resource and ingenuity worthy of a better cause. At one moment only did his fortunes revive, when, a few months later, with a fragment of his former army, he gave his enemies the slip by crossing the rapidly rising Chambal, which they were unable to ford behind him, and seized the town of Jhalrapatan, where the helpless Maharaj Rana was forced to give him five lakhs of rupees, more than thirty guns, and abundance of ammunition and draught cattle. Eight or ten thousand men came in to join him, and he formed the design of marching to Indore, one hundred and fifty miles to the south, and from there to the Deccan, where he hoped he might rouse the Marathas in their own country. But he was headed off by one column after another, which he had not the resolution to attack, and after one desperate and futile dash across the Nerbudda, he was driven back to wander in the jungles of Gwalior. The end came in April 1859, when by an act of treachery equal to his own at Cawnpur, his hiding-place was betrayed at midnight by his most trusted follower, Mansingh, the Raja of Paron, one of the very few Rajputs who joined the rebels and deserted them when their cause was hopeless. Tantia was tried and condemned for rebellion and complicity in the Nana's actions, and at 4 p.m. on 18th April, 1859 he was hanged in the open space below the fort of Sipri, sixty miles south of Gwalior. There the only

memorial to a rebel in India was erected in the form of a block of masonry surmounted by three slabs, with the undeniably true but perhaps provocative epitaph inscribed in English, Urdu and Hindi—" Here Tantia Topi was hanged ! "

To those familiar with the growth of myths in India it is not unnatural that Tantia's fierce and implacable spirit should in the fulness of time be appeased with offerings of " ghi " and marigolds by superstitious villagers, but when this cult became known to the authorities, it was thought best to demolish the monument.

The slabs with their inscription were removed to the garden of the Residency at Gwalior, where they lay, and may still lie half-buried beneath a tree, perhaps destined to be a puzzle to some future archæologist.

No charge can be brought against Tantia Topi for his long and desperate resistance to an iron circle of enemies, but Nemesis will admit of little to palliate his crime.

I sketched the Fort on a day when one of the winter storms which now and then drift across Central India was gathering, and tall cloud-bastions were piling themselves up in the sky. It grew suddenly dark, and the rain fell in torrents on the dusty earth, giving out the familiar smell so welcome to those who have waited through months of burning heat for the first burst of the monsoon. Later, the sun set behind the Fort in blood-red flames.

CHAPTER III

UDAIPUR

"But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither." BYRON

"They set great store by their gardens."
SIR THOMAS MORE

FEW travellers in India fail to visit the lovely lakeside city of Udaipur, the hill-girt capital of the Ranas of Mewar, whose chequered and romantic history was first made known to the Western World by Colonel James Tod in the fascinating pages of his *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*. In that inexhaustible storehouse of Rajput lore may be found all the legends and heroic tales recounted by the hereditary bards of the Rajput Ruling Houses, together with a mass of precious records relating to Rajput manners and customs, which in Tod's day had been scarcely altered by the lapse of many centuries. The Annals of the principal States are treated separately, filling several bulky volumes, and being interspersed with lengthy disquisitions on ethnology and sociology, much of which has been rendered obsolete by modern research, they are more often praised than read. A spirited version of some of the Tales has been given to the world by Miss Gabrielle Festing in her popular book *From the Land of Princes*, and the glories of the city of Udaipur, as well as of the more ancient capital of Chitor, have been immortalized by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in his *Letters of Marque*. Many other writers have published their impressions of travel in the Rajput States. Yet Tod's work must always remain the primary inspiration to historians, and the abundant quarry from which they will draw much of their material. Especially attractive are the Personal Narratives, in which Tod relates his journeys, his labours, triumphs and misfortunes, as well as his daily intercourse with all sorts and conditions of the people. These have an undying freshness.

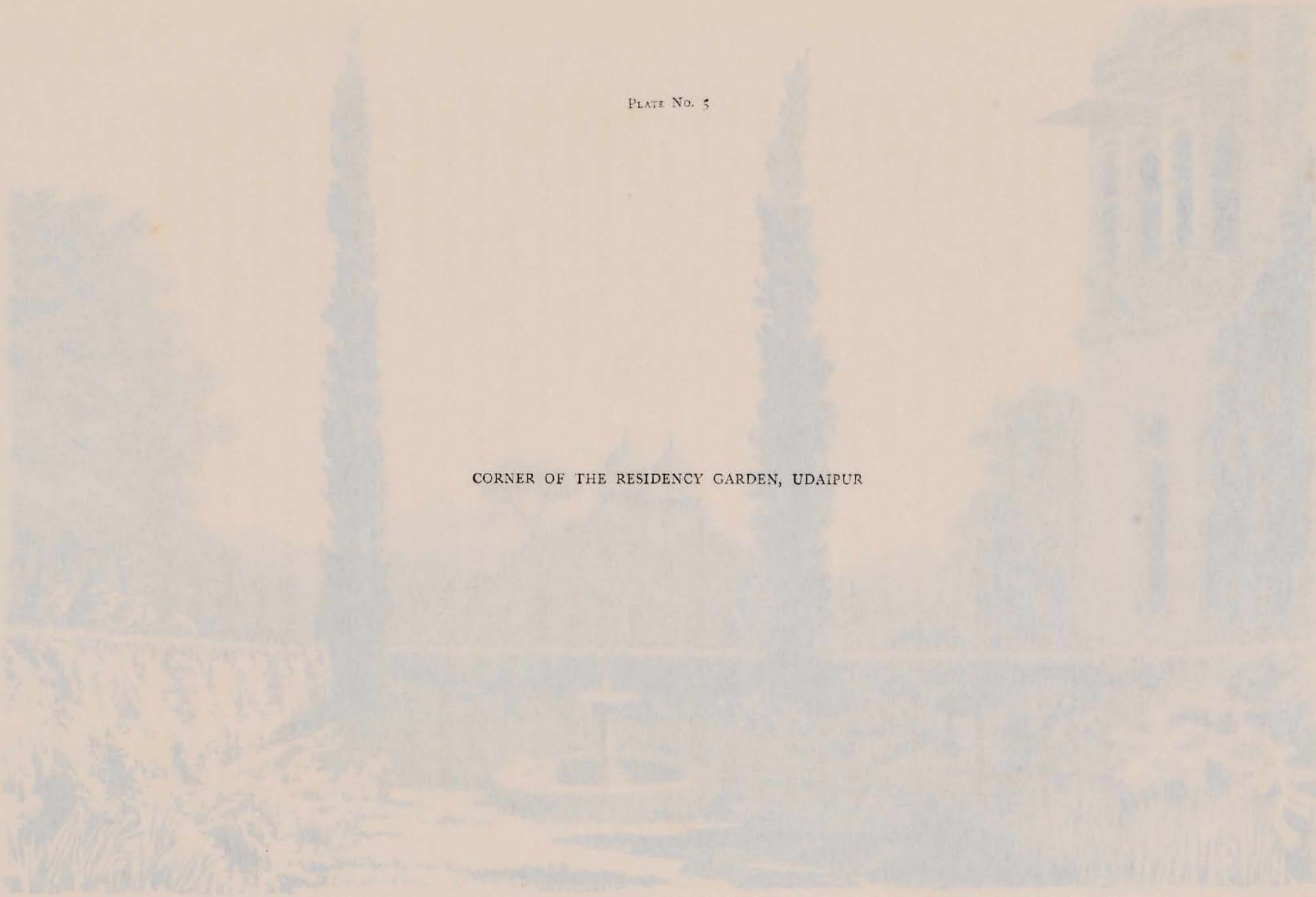
Not many young soldiers landing in India have had a greater opportunity or made better use of it than James Tod, who started his Indian career in the year 1799 at the age of seventeen as an

Ensign in the Honourable East India Company's 2nd European Regiment. From the first he displayed a zest for the study of languages, ethnology and physical geography, which resulted, seven years later, in his appointment to the command of the escort of Mr. Graeme Mercer, Envoy and Resident at the Court of Daulat Rao Sindhia, the successor of the Great Mahadji Sindhia, under whom the Maratha dominion had reached its zenith. The decade which followed was perhaps the most discreditable in the history of the British connection with India. During the second half of the eighteenth century the spirit of Clive and Warren Hastings, the strategy of Wellington and Lake, and the statesmanship of Wellesley had raised the British power to a paramount position in India. The protection and guidance of such a power were indeed the only hope of salvation for India, distracted and impoverished as she was by a century of internecine wars. But the Company shrank from assuming the Imperial purple, and British statesmen had not yet realized the imperative necessity for a strong and impartial government to unify the whole sub-continent. A policy of non-intervention in the affairs of the Indian States was ordered by the Home Government and followed without protest by Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Barlow. For the Rajput Principalities the result of this policy was disastrous, and if it had been continued, they would assuredly have disappeared for ever from the map of India. When young Tod joined Mr. Graeme Mercer's staff in 1806, the party marched from Agra through Jaipur to Udaipur, where Daulat Rao Sindhia, that master of intrigue and audacity, having forced his way through the passes of the hills to the capital, was encamped with his army, and was draining the lifeblood of the country. For six years Tod accompanied the Maratha host in its marches and counter-marches from end to end of Rajasthan, an indignant witness of their ceaseless depredations, and of the gradual degradation of the Rajput States, which continued, even after Sindhia's camp had been permanently fixed at Gwalior, until the intervention of the British arms. During all these years Tod became filled with a burning desire to restore the Rajput Princes to their former independence and prosperity. Nor did he slacken in his pursuit of historical and geographical

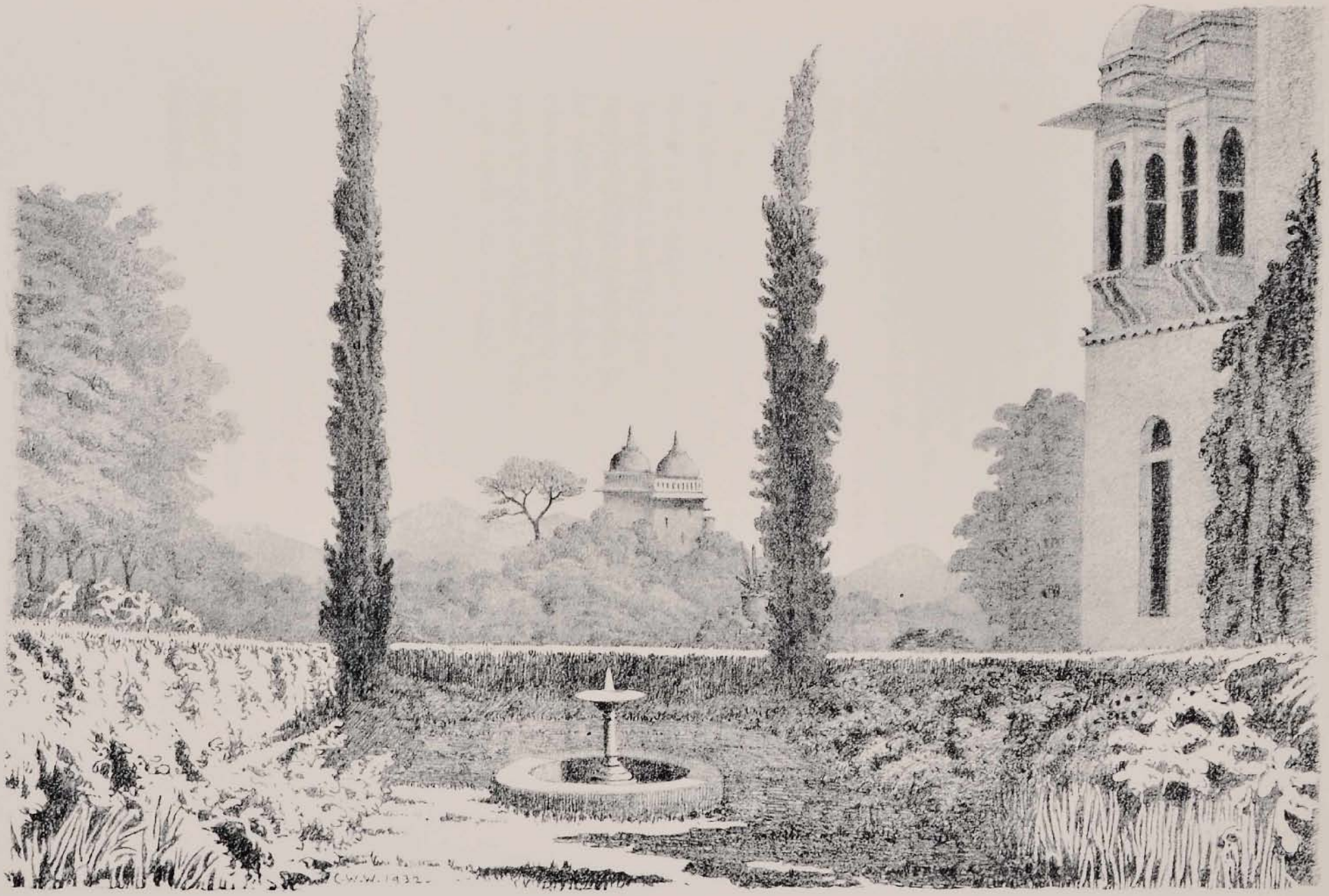
knowledge. From time to time he made long expeditions on his own account and sent others under trusted Indian subordinates to explore the remotest corners of the province. His reward came in 1817, when the Marquess of Hastings at length resolved to put an end to the period of misrule and anarchy. The largest British army yet seen in India was assembled in different quarters, and converged in several columns upon the Marathas and the hordes of Pindari freebooters who had become a menace even to British security. Captain Tod was marked out as the chief intelligence officer to all the divisions of the army, which were operating in a region then almost unknown and trackless. Posted at Rauta in Haraoti he became the pivot of their movements ; his plans were closely followed, and his maps were sent to every general in the field. Moreover at this critical juncture his influence with the Rajput Princes, especially with Zalimsingh, the all-powerful Regent of Kotah, was invaluable. In a few months the Marathas were overawed, and the Pindaris dispersed, with the exception of one notorious leader, Amirkhan, who by virtue of a timely submission, was allowed to retain the scattered fragments of Rajput territory which he had seized, and which still form the Moslem State of Tonk.

At the conclusion of hostilities in 1818 Captain Tod was appointed the first Political Agent to the Western Rajputana States, with his residence at Udaipur, and for four short years he laboured incessantly to restore the morale and the material prosperity of the country. In these efforts he was so successful that within a year of his appointment more than three hundred deserted villages and towns were repopulated, the fields were once more cultivated, and trade revived. It was at this time that the Rajput States entered into those Treaty obligations with the Paramount Power upon which they still base their claims to independent sovereignty under the ægis of the British Crown. In 1822, worn out by toil and the effects of the climate, Tod was obliged to relinquish his post and retire to England. Whether his unceasing and wholehearted advocacy of the Rajput claims offended the authorities must remain uncertain until the confidential archives of the India Office are available to historians ; certain it is that neither for his political nor for his literary

PLATE NO. 5



CORNER OF THE RESIDENCY GARDEN, UDAIPUR



labours did he receive any recognition from the Government which he served so well. Bishop Heber, who journeyed through the country two years after Tod's departure, testifies to the universal love and admiration with which he was regarded ; and after the lapse of more than a century his name is still a household word in Rajasthan, as the regenerator as well as the historian of the country.

Tod was a keen gardener, and perhaps he is most intimately recalled in the Residency garden at Udaipur, that most wonderful of all the wonderful gardens known to me in India. Not that it was Tod's own garden ; for the house which he built for himself beyond Debari, the fortified entrance in the chain of hills which encircles the valley of Udaipur, is untenanted and roofless, and his garden is a portion of the wilderness. But the grounds of the modern Residency, which crowns a slight eminence half a mile from the eastern gate of the city, contain many of the trees and flowers which he loved. How enthusiastically does he praise the gardens at Kotah, laid out by the great Zalimsingh, who imported many exotic trees and fruits from other lands and from distant provinces of India ; the spices of Arabia and Ceylon ; the apples and quinces of Kabul ; the coconuts and palmyra of Malabar ; the mangoes of Mazagon, and the golden plantains of the Deccan ! What a picture of peace he draws in the secluded garden of the fort at Mandor, the old capital of Marwar, wherein grew the vast tamarind, said to have been created in days of yore by the astounding skill of a juggler, who unhappily perished by falling from its boughs ! Tod's own garden seems to have been largely utilitarian ; he tells us of the peach trees grown from stones which he brought with him from Gwalior ; of the English peas and cauliflowers which delighted his Indian friends ; and of the celery which the Rana himself appropriated as " the prince of vegetables."

The corner of the Residency garden which I have chosen to illustrate lies in a sheltered angle of the building, where a grass-plot centred by a sundial, and bordered by vivid cinerarias which glow in the gathering twilight as if lit up by an inward fire, looks out between two dark sentinel cypresses to a hoary shrine, where,

according to the local legend, the beloved Indian wife of a former Resident lies buried. The gardens for the most part lie sloping to the South. On this side of the house the cool spacious verandahs are filled with hanging baskets of maidenhair fern, and overgrown with blue "morning-glory" convolvulus, entwined among the bougainvilleas, which are everywhere resplendent, not only the common majenta kind which makes such an exquisite contrast to a white wall in the sunshine (killing every other colour in its neighbourhood) but also one of a darker and less aggressive shade, another rarer sort of a brick-red tint, and a fourth, rarer still, a crimson variety of singular beauty. Beyond these runs a broad terrace, whence you get enchanting vistas of white marble palaces in the clear brilliant distance of an Indian day. At your feet stretch green lawns, where the hoopoos come to drink from a sunk stone bird-bath ; and from there you may wander at will under dark groves of forest trees ; down trellised walks which shelter violets from the noonday sun ; between hedges of sweet peas eight feet high ; along avenues of flaming pomegranates ; through orchard-plots thick set with heavy-fruited branches ; with runnels of fresh water everywhere, guided hither and thither by the patient and skilful foot of the Indian gardener. Unseen wells are being worked by sleek white oxen, whose driver sings to them melodiously, his voice rising to a triumphant note as the leathern buckets climb to the surface, turn over slowly and pour a glittering cascade with a crash into the irrigation channels. During the winter months, from December to March, the familiar flowers of an English garden make a glorious medley ; roses in neat parterres or climbing freely ; annuals of riotous colour, stocks, violas, verbenas, mignonette, salvias, heliotrope, phloxes, all massed together in front of a background of tall antirrhinum and giant hollyhocks, with tiny birds flitting in and out to suck the honey. Then many subtropical plants ; huge bushes of hibiscus, one kind of which changes its hue from white in the daytime to pink at evening ; poinsettias, scarlet and white ; passion-flowers with crescent-shaped leaves and greenish-yellow blooms ; quaint fiery bottle-brushes ; spiky aloes ; multi-coloured crotons, and cannas in astonishing abundance ; of these last more than thirty varieties

were flaunting their spikes of yellow and red along the water-channels, together with sword-flags and swamp-lilies.

Of trees I noted many familiar, and many more strange and new ; some planted chiefly for their shade, such as the spreading banyan and the shapely tamarind, with its cloud of foliage ; some valued for their timber, as the cedar, the mahogany and the sandal ; some cherished for their beauty, scent or colour, such as the gold-mohur, the coral-tree, the *Palas* or " flame-of-the-forest," the *Amaltas* or Indian laburnum, the kuchnar and the magnolia ; some guarded for their fruit, like the mango and the mohwa ; some prized for healing virtues, as the eucalyptus and the *nim ;* some worshipped, like the *Pipal*, which too often belies its sacred character by undermining the shrine which it is set to guard. Yet no tree has but a single talent, and many combine all the gifts of shade, beauty, fragrance and utility. The lordly cedar is honoured for its shelter as well as for its precious wood. The mango with its load of fruit in summer is a wealth of flower and perfume in spring, and a perfect screen against the noonday sun. The mohwa gives a no less welcome shade, while its flowers yield a much sought-for liquor and its seeds a useful oil. The blossoms of the " flame-of-the-forest," which light up the jungle for miles with their brilliant scarlet, are used for dyeing, and its leaves for cattle-fodder ; and so on in endless combinations. Above all towers the gigantic banyan, *Ficus Indica*, celebrated in the Miltonic Garden of Eden for having clothed our first parents :

> " They choose
> The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned;
> But such as at this day, to Indians known,
> In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
> High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

But the chief glory of an Indian garden lies in its flowering shrubs and creepers, which remain to cheer and bless when the flowers have wilted in the heat ; among them myrtles and oleanders,

durantas with blue flowers and yellow berries; champak and gardenias with their overpowering scent; jasmin and honeysuckle, and the bridal creeper with its silvery sprays. Nor are the fruit-trees banished from this gay company, not a few from English orchards, as peaches, mulberries and figs; many more native to the soil; the ambrosial mango; lichis with delicately flavoured flesh; luscious custard-apples; sweet seedless grapes; oranges and citrons gleaming in their dark foliage; plantains clustering in bulky cones; rough-skinned guavas, papayas, pumelos, and others with strange names and flavours better known to Indian than to English palates. Imagine our English garden-poet Andrew Marvell in a world of such luxuriance and beauty! What "Thoughts in a Garden" would not have flowed from his fancy, surpassing even his famous lines:

> "What wondrous life is this I lead!
> Ripe apples drop about my head:
> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
> The nectarine and curious peach
> Into my hands themselves do reach;
> Stumbling on melons, as I pass
> Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass."

But Marvell, like Shelley and all great poets, was always conscious of the evanescence of earthly beauty: to him the fragile flower was a symbol at once of loveliness and of dissolution. "If thou hast passed by a rose," says the Greek proverb, "seek it not again." So Marvell, with all his delight in gardens, could exclaim:

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near."

And I fancied that some such thought must have passed through the mind of James Tod, as he paced his garden-walk for the last time, broken by sickness and bereft of the "good companions" who had started with him on his tour a few months before in the height of health and spirits. Of these he writes in the closing pages of his Indian diary, "Poor Carey is under the sod; Duncan

has been struggling on, and is just about to depart for the Cape of Good Hope ; Patrick, who was left at Kotah, writes me dismal accounts of his health and his solitude ; and I am left almost alone, the ghost of what I was." Happily he lived to reach England, and to devote himself for thirteen years more to the preparation and publication of the great work on which his reputation chiefly rests. Is it too much to hope that the Centenary of his death, which will be reached in 1935, may be marked by the inception of a new edition of the *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, worthy both of the author and of the distinguished scholars who have laboured in his field and built upon his foundations during the past century ?

The origin of Tod's favourite Rajputs has been a matter of much controversy. According to the popular bardic genealogies, which Tod recounts, the Rajputs were originally divided into two races, the Suryavansi, and the Chandravansi, the one claiming divine descent from the Sun and the other from the Moon. The Solar line includes the Princely Houses of Mewar, Marwar and Jaipur together with their offshoots ; the Lunar line those of Jaisulmer and Cutch. To these were added at some later period the four " Agnikulas," or races descended from Fire, according to the Brahmanic story which relates that they arose from a sacrificial fire-pit on the summit of Mount Abu in the presence of the greater gods. Among these " fire-born " tribes were counted the Rajput septs known as the Paramaras (or Puars), the Parihars, the Chalukyas (or Solankis) and the Chauhans, none of whom are now represented by ruling clans in Rajputana, except the Chauhans, from whom are sprung the Deoras of Sirohi, and the Haras of Bundi and Kotah. From the subdivisions of these six races, the Solar, the Lunar and the four " Agnikulas " or " Fire-born " arose, with some discrepancies in different lists, the Thirty-Six Royal Races of Rajasthan, of whom the Rana of Mewar is the acknowledged head. By universal consent of the Hindus the Rana traces his descent directly from Laka, the eldest son of Rama, king of Ajodhya, the deified hero of the great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, who was himself the descendant of the Sun. Hence among his many titles the Rana is officially styled " Sun of the Hindus, Lord of Chitor, and Ornament of the

Thirty-Six Royal Races." The earliest home of the dynasty is placed by tradition at Valabhi in eastern Kathiawar. Here when the last king Silladitya had been conquered and slain, his son Goha, born in exile, was brought up by the wild Bhils of Idar, who elected him to be their king and marked his forehead with the " tika " of blood drawn from a Bhil's forefinger, a rite which in Tod's time was still observed at the installation of every Rana. His descendant, Bappa Rawul, was brought up by the priests of the temple of Eklingji, an incarnation of Siva the Destroyer, at Nagda near Udaipur, and was by them appointed the first Diwan or Vicegerent of the God. Here Bappa was invested by Bhavani, the Consort of Siva, with the magic sword wrought by Visvakarma, the Craftsman of the Gods, and hence he marched to take Chitor, the famous stronghold which remained the capital of Mewar for many centuries.

So much for myth and legend. Tod himself has the merit of having recognized that in reality the Rajputs are largely descended from a foreign stock, which he calls " Scythian," and about which he indulges in many curious speculations. Later students have arrived at certain definite conclusions, which may be briefly summarized as follows, though many points remain for future investigation. The two original races, the Solar and the Lunar Rajputs, appear to represent the most ancient stock of Aryans, who may have entered India some two thousand years before the Christian era, while the legend of the creation of the four " Fireborn " septs points to a time when later invaders were admitted to the privileged ranks of the Hindus. By this time the Aryans settled in India were already divided into the four main Castes, the Brahmans or priests, the Kshatryas or fighting-men, the Vaishyas or merchants, and the Sudras or serfs, the last-named perhaps representing aboriginal races which had been conquered and absorbed. All Rajputs now claim to be " Kshatryas," the fighting and ruling caste of the original Aryan Settlers, but they have doubtless suffered some admixture of blood from foreign invaders, and in rare cases from the aboriginal inhabitants.

Of these foreign invasions of India nothing can be safely asserted before the fifth and sixth centuries A.D. when a number of tribes

generically called Hunas or Huns entered India from the north-west and after settling themselves in the Punjab and Rajputana became rapidly Hinduized. One branch of these Huns was that of the Gujaras, who survive in the widely diffused pastoral caste of Gujars at the present day, and it is to this group that the ancestors of the Sesodias of Mewar are said to have belonged, mainly from the evidence of coins and inscriptions. The group included the Kings of Valabhi in Kathiawar, and these kings are further said to have been originally Brahmans, and to have been styled " Brahmakshatryas " after they became Chiefs.

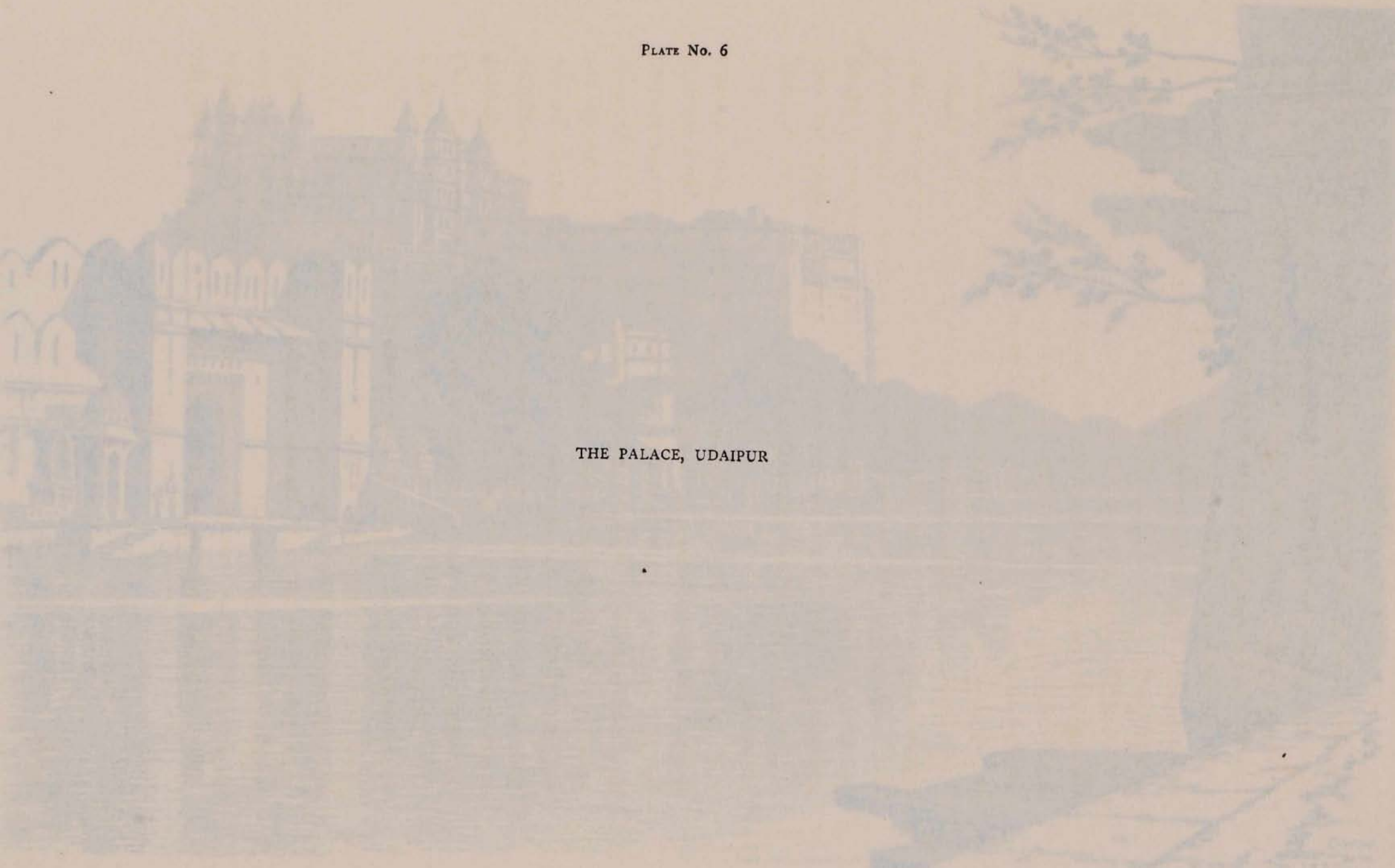
This view receives remarkable confirmation from the fact that the first historical king known to us, Bappa Rawul, or Sri-Bappaka, is mentioned as a king of Nagda in an inscription of the tenth century found in the temple of Eklingji, and is also styled the " Regent of Eklinga," a title which is still borne by the Rana of Mewar, who himself officiates as High Priest whenever he visits the temple. This Kingly Priesthood, embodied in the Ruling House of Mewar, takes us back to a remote period—how remote, we cannot yet determine—when the distinction between the Brahman and Kshatrya castes of the Aryans was not fully established, and even still further back to a dim age when the Aryan kings were revered not merely as priests but as gods upon whom the fertility of the soil depended. Hence arose the widespread custom of putting the king to death as soon as his strength showed signs of failing, or even at fixed intervals, in order to secure a vigorous succession. The kingly priesthood of Eklingji gives no hint of such a primitive custom, although there are many traces of it in other parts of India, but it clearly points to the very great antiquity of the Ruling House of Mewar.

Whatever may have been the early history of the Rajput tribes in general and of the Sesodia Clan in particular, there can be no doubt that the Ranas of Mewar hold a unique position among the Princes of India and have good reason to be proud of their state and lineage. Alone among the Rajput clans the Sesodias of Mewar were never driven from their ancient territory by the invading Moslems, nor did they ever give a daughter in marriage to the

"Toork." From a time which is still hidden from us in the mists of antiquity they have preserved the purity of their blood and their ancestral dignity in the very land which was conquered by Bappa Rawul, the traditional founder of the State.

Sir Alfred Lyall in his *Asiatic Studies* long ago pointed out that in saving the Rajput States from destruction the British power has preserved the only indigenous political institutions in India which "have shown stability and are worthy of free men." While other Governments such as those of the Marathas or of Tippoo at Mysore were despotisms of the ordinary Asiatic kind, established in lands which had been seized and held by the power of mercenary armies, the Rajput States have maintained the ancient conception of "Swamidharma," the sentiment of fidelity which binds the Thakur or baron to his lord and reciprocally binds the Chief to his vassals and to his people. This conception of Government, deeply rooted in the soil, is one of the most precious relics of antiquity which India has to offer to the world, and which perhaps may yet survive when democracy has failed to fulfil the hopes of political innovators.

If we follow Tod's example and take post on the summit of Guru Sikhar, the highest peak of Mount Abu, 5650 feet above the sea, in order to obtain a bird's-eye view of Rajputana, we find ourselves at the southern extremity of the granite range of the Aravalis, which, trending generally in a northerly direction, divide the province into two unequal and widely differing portions. To the west of the mountains lie the desert States of Sirohi, Jodhpur, Jaisulmer and Bikaner, watered by no perennial streams and passing gradually into the barren wastes of the Great Indian Desert; to the east, protected by the Aravalis from the ever-drifting sand, a far more favoured region of cultivated plains and wooded hills, intersected by two noble rivers, the Chambal and the Banas, and by many smaller but life-giving tributaries. In the very heart of this region lies the State of Mewar, comprising some 13,000 square miles, roughly rectangular in outline, and divided by nature into two distinct areas, the south-west portion embracing the wildest spurs of the Aravalis and known as the Hilly Tracts of Mewar, the



THE PALACE, UDAIPUR

north-east consisting of an elevated plateau sloping gradually down to the plains of Malwa, but diversified by rock-built citadels, gleaming lakes and impenetrable forests. Beyond the northern borders lie the States of Tonk, Kishangarh, Jaipur, Karauli, Alwar, Bharatpur and Dholpur, with the little British enclave of Ajmer-Merwara wedged in between Mewar and Marwar ; to the southward the younger scions of Mewar, Dungarpur, Banswara and Partabgarh ; to the east Haraoti, the land of the Haras, comprising Bundi and Kotah, with Jhalawar beyond. Across the eastern frontiers of the province of Rajputana proper comes the large slice of territory formed by the Maratha States of Indore and Gwalior ; then once more the old Rajput country in the districts of Bundelkhand and Baghelkhand. The Chambal river flows for only a few miles of its course in Mewar lands ; the Banas is the river of Mewar *par excellence*, rising near the historic fortress of Kumbhalgarh in the Aravalis and flowing north-east for 180 miles to join the Chambal near the once impregnable stronghold of Ranthambor. The river is the subject of a charming legend related by Tod, of a chaste shepherdess among the Bhils, who while bathing one day espied a stranger on the bank. She prayed to her guardian divinity to shield her from his gaze ; the waters obediently rose and covered her, and she was metamorphosed into the stream, which thenceforward bore the name of Vanasi, the "Hope of the Forest." Even now, say the Bhils, a little hand may be seen by the faithful appearing above the surface of the waters.

In this wild and glorious region the Ranas of Mewar from the days of Bappa Rawul maintained an unconquerable resistance to the invading hosts of Islam. Three times the fortress city of Chitor was taken and sacked by the Moslems, first in 1308 by Ala-ud-din, the Afghan king of Delhi, lured by the fame of the peerless Padmani, Queen of Rana Bhimsingh, secondly by Bahadur-Shah, king of Gujarat, when the Queen-Mother, Juvahir Bhai, headed a sally and perished with her warriors ; and finally by the Emperor Akbar, when the heroes Jaimal of Bednore and Putta of Kailwa covered themselves with imperishable glory in its defence. Each sack was illuminated by the sacred rite of *Johur*, or self-immolation of all the

women in the flames, while the men in saffron robes rushed out to perish by the sword.

To Tod's pages—or to Mr. Kipling's—we must turn for the thrilling narratives of Rana Hamir, who recaptured Chitor and redeemed the sword of Visvakarma, which had disappeared at the first sack of the city and was found guarded by serpent-women in the depths of the rocky caverns below the fortress ; of Rana Kumbho, who built the marvellous Tower of Victory, still standing, to commemorate the defeat of Mahmud of Malwa ; of Rana Sanga, the greatest of all sovereigns of Mewar, who led the united Rajput armies in their hopeless fight against Babar, the all-conquering Moghul ; of Prithvi Raj, the Robin Hood of Mewar ; of Rana Partap, who throughout his reign " drew bitter and perilous breath " in flight from his relentless foes, yet never surrendered ; and of the battle of Huldighat, the Thermopylæ of Rajasthan.

The city of Udaipur, founded by Rana Udaisingh after the second sack of Chitor in 1567, stands on a low ridge above the Pichola lake, crowned by the palace, an imposing mass of buildings which have been constantly added to in varying styles, but unite to form a striking and harmonious whole. From the lake rise two notable islands, adorned with marble pavilions and feathery trees, the Jagmandir, built by Rana Jagatsingh I soon after 1600, and the Jagniwas, built by Jagatsingh II a century later. The Jagmandir palace is memorable for the chivalrous hospitality shown by Rana Karansingh to Prince Khurram, afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan, when he was an exile from his father Jehangir's court. The turban which he exchanged with the Rana on leaving Udaipur is still preserved there. More than two centuries later this water-palace became the place of refuge during the Mutiny of some fifty English men, women and children, who had escaped from the garrison at Neemuch and were saved and cared for by Maharana Sarupsingh. During a visit to my old friend Rao Naharsingh of Bedla, near Udaipur, I saw once again the sword of honour presented by the British Government to his great-grandfather, Rao Bakhatsingh of Bedla, who commanded the Mewar troops sent out by the Maharana to rescue the fugitives. After the burning of the Neemuch

cantonment by the mutineers this party had fled to the village of Dungla in Mewar territory, where they were protected for the time by the brave " patels " or village headmen, but were in imminent danger of attack by the mutineers, until these were driven off by Rao Bakhatsingh and his men. The crowd of refugees were then conducted on elephants, horses and palkis to Udaipur, where the Maharana installed them for greater safety on the island.

My illustration shows a wing of the Palace and the white marble Tripolia Gate at the edge of the lake, the scene in the spring every year of the Ganggor Festival in honour of Gauri, the Mother-Goddess, the Lotus-Queen Padma, Goddess of Abundance, better known to Rajputs as Annapurna, " Giver of Food," who has been worshipped in other forms from time immemorial in many lands, as Isis, or Ceres, or the Potato-Mother of the ancient Peruvians. The feast is the special care of the women, who perform ritual dances to song and music round images of the goddess, clothed in yellow robes, the colour of the ripened grain, while the whole population throng the streets, the men wearing in their turbans the sprays of green corn presented to them by their womenkind. The Rana himself, accompanied by his nobles, takes his seat in a decorated barge, and is rowed round the lake to visit other spots where similar rites are in progress.

By the courtesy of the present Ruler of Mewar, His Highness Maharana Sir Bhupal Singh, G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., I was invited within an hour of my arrival at Udaipur to join him in a beat for a panther which had been located in a neighbouring hill. In company with my hospitable host, the Resident, and another English visitor we sped swiftly in motor cars for some three or four miles along the curving margin of the lake whose waters reflected the palm-clad islands with their glistening marble buildings and the serrated ridges of russet-coloured hills beyond, till we reached the spot where His Highness awaited us with a picturesque group of his nobles in attendance. Here we all mounted horses ; His Highness alone, in accordance with an old custom still strictly observed, remained standing on the ground until word was brought to him that every one of his Sardars had mounted his horse in readiness to escort him.

Climbing up the steep hill-side I soon found myself seated in one of the shooting-towers, in which my companion, the English visitor, proved to be no other than Sir Brian Egerton, the " Punjabi " of Mr. Kipling's story of Udaipur in his *Letters of Marque !* Forty-five years before, he told me, he had sat in that very tower with Mr. Kipling and joined in the historic fusillade at the panther, which in Mr. Kipling's tale, fell to the bullet of the young Thakur of Amet, but which was now confidently claimed by the " Punjabi " !

History repeated itself, for again there rose on the breeze the sound of the drums and discordant shouts of the beaters far away on the hill-side, and presently a panther came swiftly towards us through the trees and brushwood. Strange to say, when he reached a spot within a few hundred yards of us, he spied a white goat which had escaped a year before and had gone wild in the jungle, and was now wandering in the scrub. Just as a hunted fox, regardless of the cry of the pack behind him, will pause at a farmyard to snap off the head of a fat hen, the panther set off in hot pursuit of the goat, and was only a few yards behind it when he fell to a fortunate shot, this time from my rifle, and rolled heavily down the slope to lie motionless in a cleft of the rocks.

The Udaipur of to-day does not rest content with its ancient glories. The tonga whose broken wheel became the " Wheel of Fortune " to Mr. Kipling in his memorable journey from Chitor to Udaipur, has long since been replaced by the railway, which is now being extended in several directions to bring the long-sequestered State into closer touch with the outer world.

Among many evident signs of advance perhaps the most significant which I saw was the admirable school for young " Sardars " founded less than ten years ago, in which the heirs of the " Sixteen Nobles of the First Class " and the lesser landed gentry of Mewar are being trained to fit themselves to meet the challenge of a changing world. May the ancient State of Mewar long go forward in the path of progress and enlightenment !

CHAPTER IV

JODHPUR

" We bore the King to his father's place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand;
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen
On the drift of the desert sand."

RUDYARD KIPLING—*The Last Suttee*

" Her face unveiled, in rich attire,
She strikes the stone with fingers red,
' Farewell the palace, to the pyre
We follow, widows of the dead.' "

SIR ALFRED LYALL
A Rajput Chief of the Old School

HIS Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur is the head of the great clan of Rahtore Rajputs, whose adventurous story goes back to the twilight of poetic fable. Tod relates the legend that the first of the Rahtores sprang from the " rath " or spine of the god Indra, but the generally accepted bardic genealogy traces their descent from Kusa, the second son of Rama, the deified King of Ayodhya. Thus the Rahtores of Marwar, like the Sesodias of Mewar, belong to the Suryavansi or Solar line of Rajputs.

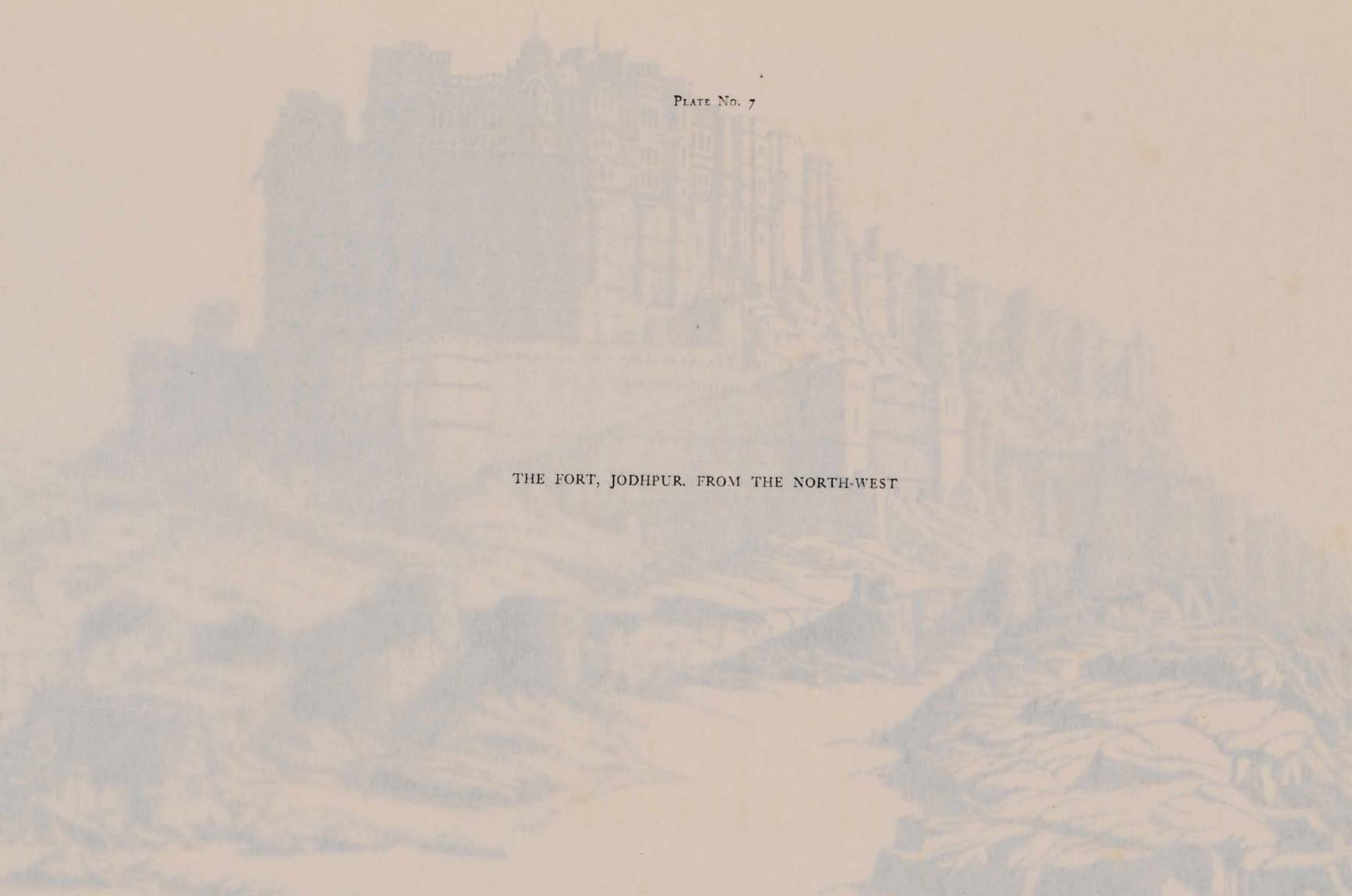
Tradition identifies them in very early times with the Rasktrakutas who ruled in the Deccan until they were driven out in the fifth century by another Rajput clan, the Chalukyas, and returned to Northern India to conquer Kanauj upon the banks of the Ganges. There they founded a kingdom which became the most powerful of the four great Hindu Principalities of Hindustan before the Muhammedan invasions, the other three having their capitals at Delhi, Ayodhya and Ujjain. The dynasty is said to have lasted for 700 years, at the close of which fate overwhelmed it in the shape of the Afghan invader Shahhab-ud-din of Ghor, who first destroyed Prithvi Raj, the last Chauhan king of Delhi, at the disastrous battle of Thanesar in 1192, and then turned his arms against Jaichand, the ruler of Kanauj. When further resistance to the Moslem host

was hopeless, Jaichand plunged with horse and armour to perish in the holy waters of the Ganges.

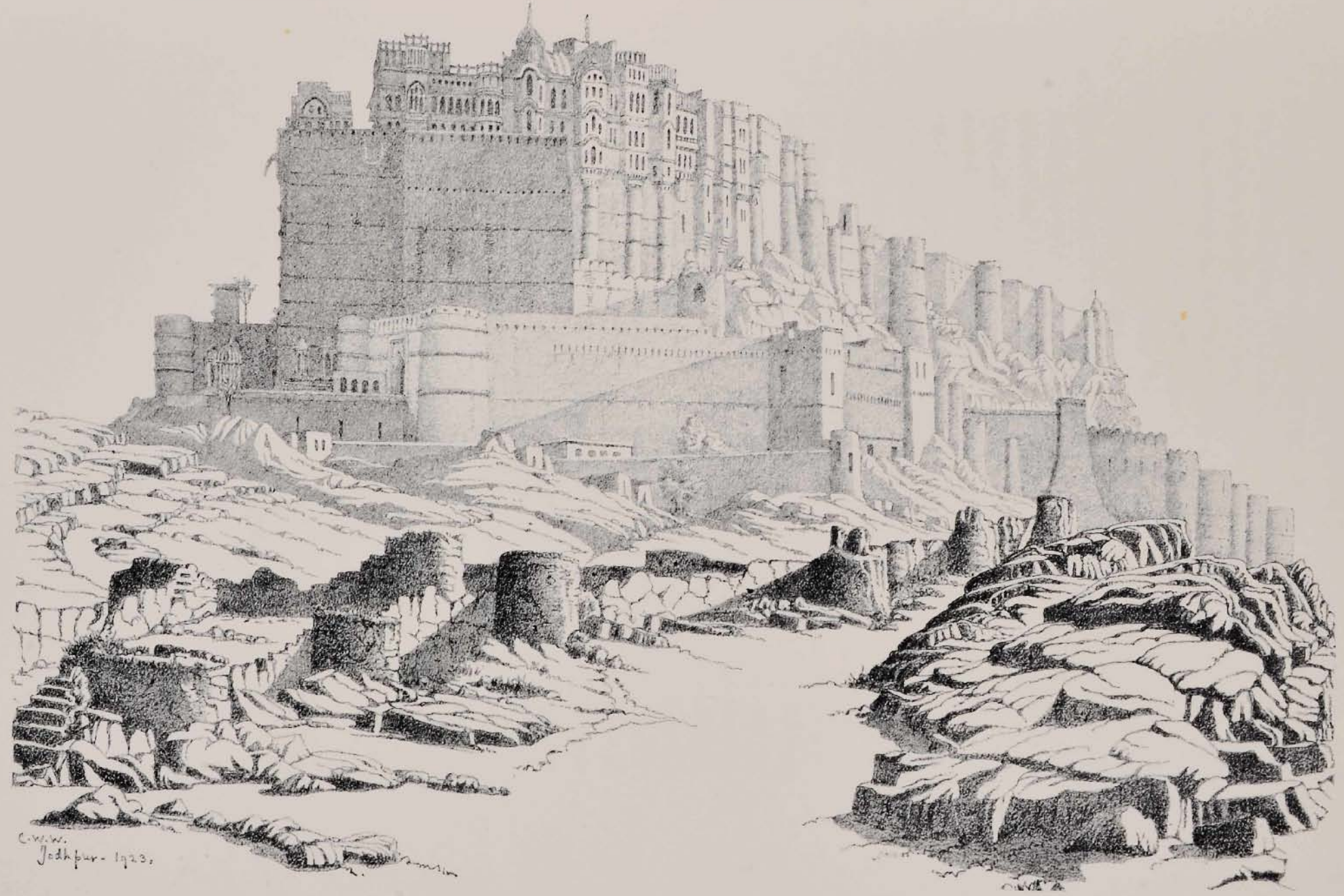
His surviving kinsmen, led by his grandson Siahji, fled to the deserts of Rajputana, where after many wanderings they set up their standard in the district of Kher, later known as Mallani, on the lower course of the salt river Luni, which flows intermittently, according-ing to the season, from the sacred lake of Pushkar near Ajmer through the eastern regions of Marwar to lose itself in the desolate marshes of the Rann of Cutch.

Unhappily for the story which connects the Rahtores with the Royal House of Kanauj and the heroic Jaichand, the prying eye of the archæologist has discovered in the ruins of Hathundi, an ancient town of Marwar, an inscription dated A.D. 997 which gives the names of no less than four Rahtore Rajas who ruled there in the tenth century. It is therefore certain that the Rahtores must have been settled in Marwar long before the Muhammedan conquest of Kanauj, and it is now supposed that the Kanauj dynasty were Parihar Rajputs of the Gurjara stock. Nor does the connection between the Rahtores of Rajputana and the Rashtrakutas of the Deccan rest upon any sure foundation. Trustworthy records, how-ever, show that Siahji was a Rahtore Chieftain who held sway in Mallani at the opening of the thirteenth century, and he is justly regarded as the founder of the Jodhpur State. From his home on the Luni river he made an expedition westwards to the town of Pali, a very ancient emporium on the caravan trade route between the sea-coast and Northern India, then occupied by Palliwal Brahmans. These Brahmans were much harassed by the marauding aboriginal tribes of Mers and Bhils in the neighbourhood, from whom Siahji first protected them, and finally seized the city, about A.D. 1214. He then took the title of Rao, which remained the appellation of the head of the clan until Rao Udaisingh received the title of Raja from the Emperor Akbar.

Little is known about these early Chiefs till the time of Salkha, eighth in descent from Siahji, when the clan separated, two sons of Salkha, Mallinath and Jethmal, remaining in their old territory, while the third son Chonda, in the year 1395, marched away in true



THE FORT, JODHPUR, FROM THE NORTH-WEST


C.W.W.
Jodhpur- 1923.

Rajput fashion and captured the city of Mandor beyond their northern border from the Parihar Rajputs, of the " fire-born " race, who had ruled there for centuries. Chonda strengthened his position by marrying the Parihar Chief's daughter, and Mandor remained the capital of his branch of the Rahtore clan until the foundation of Jodhpur by his grandson Jodha in 1459.

At Mandor, which lies only five miles to the north of Jodhpur, may be seen the cyclopean ruins of the deserted citadel of the Parihars, and the fine red sandstone cenotaphs of all the Rahtore rulers from Chonda down to Maharaja Takhatsingh, who died in 1873, the last of the Jodhpur Princes to be cremated in their ancestral home. There also may be seen in a strange pantheon of tutelary gods and popular heroes, cut from the rock, a curious effigy of the deified Mallinath, mounted in full armour and accompanied by his mistress Padmavati. It is a striking example of the way in which a local cult may spring up in India as easily around the tomb of a formidable bandit as of a saintly recluse. The domains held by Mallinath and his brother Jethmal, however, have long since become an integral part of the Jodhpur State, not by direct conquest, but owing to the fact that Chonda and his successors adopted the rule of primogeniture in order to keep their territories intact under a single ruler, while the descendants of Mallinath and Jethmal followed the rule of succession known as gavelkind, whereby the land is divided among all the sons. The result of this subdivision was that Jodhpur was enabled by degrees to establish an overlordship over Mallani and finally to absorb it. The Jodhpur State counts among its offshoots in Rajputana the States of Bikaner and Kishangarh, while in Central India the States of Rutlam, Sitamau, Sailana and Jhabua look to Jodhpur as the head of their clan. Its area is roughly equivalent to that of Ireland, measuring from its furthest extremities some 300 miles from North to South and 200 from East to West. It is almost bisected by the Luni river, flowing in a south-westerly direction, the smaller portion lying to the east. On this side the Aravali mountains form the border of the State, rising to a height of 3600 feet. Between them and the river is a comparatively fertile tract, watered by streams from the hills and dotted with conical peaks

or " Mers." West of the Luni the hills are less numerous and the soil more sterile until beyond the ridge on which the Fort of Jodhpur stands, almost in the centre of the State, the country becomes one vast sandy plain or " Thal," broken only by sandhills or " tebas," which finally merge into the Sind Desert. Hence arose the ancient name given to the region, Marwar or " Land of Death." The average rainfall is only 14 inches, which is just sufficient to produce a crop in the monsoon season. The climate is extremely dry, with great variations between night and day ; the population scanty and inured to hardship. Many of the Marwaris seek their fortunes abroad, trading in all parts of India, but always returning to their desert homes to end their days. Those who remain depend for their support chiefly on herds of camels, cattle, sheep and horses. In times of famine streams of human beings and animals pour across the passes of the Aravalis into Mewar, heading eastwards to Malwa or southwards to Gujarat, in search of grass and water.

The State is poor in vegetable products, but rich in quarries of marble, sandstone and granite ; the famous marble quarries of Mekrana have been worked for centuries and in Moghul times supplied the materials for the Taj Mahal at Agra and many other tombs and palaces. Still more valuable is the salt lake of Sambhar at the northern extremity of the State, which is shared under a kind of condominium by the Jodhpur and Jaipur Darbars, and is leased to the British Government for the manufacture of salt. Other salt depressions exist, and everywhere except along the banks of the Luni the wells are liable to be brackish. For sport of many kinds Jodhpur is noted. Lions, which were formerly common in the south-east, have been extinct since the seventies of the last century, and tigers are now rarely found in the spurs of the Aravalis, but bears and sambhur are more common, panthers abound in rocky places all over the State, and wolves are frequent in the western districts. Blackbuck congregate on the open plains, " chinkara " dart from the ravines and nullahs, while the nilghai, or " blue-bull," seeks such cover as can be found. In the hills the " bekra " or four-horned antelope is met with, and a few herds of " chital " or spotted deer.

THE FORT, JODHPUR, FROM THE NORTH

There are many fine tanks, which afford good duck and snipe shooting in the cold weather. The splendid Imperial sandgrouse is a winter visitor. Geese, " Kunj " (the demoiselle crane) and great and small bustard are among the larger game birds ; florican, jungle-fowl, partridges, grey, black, and painted, many varieties of sandgrouse and quail among the smaller. Of lesser animals, lynxes are occasionally seen, though they are rare and shy, wildcats often, and on the edges of the tanks beautiful sleek otters, which are never harmed, may be observed playing like kittens. The peacock and the pigeon also go unscathed from their sacred character.

The Marwari breed of horses, akin to the light and wiry Kathiawaris, are famous for their spirit and endurance, and magnificent camels are bred in the desert tracts. A camel which can carry a raiding thief across a hundred miles of trackless sand between sunset and sunrise is as baffling to the State police as the bandit motor car which eludes our " flying squad." The chief fair for horses and camels is held at Balotra in Mallani at the end of March, when camel races are the great excitement. More than once it has fallen to my lot to be raised to the invidious position of judge at a Camel Show, in which I was saved from ignominy only by co-opting as my fellow-judges two old and bearded Marwaris, to whom a camel was more than a child.

But pigsticking is the sport *par excellence* of the Rahtores, who are born horsemen, and no one who has enjoyed the hospitality of a Prince of Marwar can forget the exhilaration of flying through the keen desert air in pursuit of a wiry boar. To find, to hunt and to kill a really good boar in difficult country, single-handed, must always be the supreme ambition and glory of the hog-hunter, but when this is unattainable, what better compensation can be found than the company of a band of trusted comrades on a day such as is described in the following lines ?

THE OLD GREY BOAR

Let them talk of their polo, their races and chases,
We care not a rap for the world and its lore :
Good-bye to your sweethearts, their airs and their graces,
Come away to the home of the old grey Boar!

'Tis the song of an old grey Boar, my boys,
And we often have sung it before;
We are up with the sun, for there's work to be done
In the hunt of the old grey Boar!

All night on the villagers' crops he has fed,
And now he is tracked to his midday lair,
Where the tamarisk grows in its sandy bed,
And the high grass shakes in the sultry air.
There's an old grey Boar in the jungle, boys,
A Boar 'tisn't easy to match;
From the size of his slot, if I know what is what,
He's a boar we must gallop *to catch!*

There's a stir in the jungle, the beaters are raving,—
"Keep back there, don't head him, hold hard on the grey."
But see, now the flagmen are calling and waving,
And I'll lay you long odds that the Boar's gone away—
The old grey Boar's gone away there, boys,
You must ride if you want to be in it;
Steady now, he's too near, give him time, let him clear,
You may go like the deuce in a minute.

Sit down in your saddle, and shorten your rein,
Catch hold in your stirrups, and drive your feet home,
All words will be wasted, all caution in vain,
When you see but his crest and his tushes that foam.
The old grey Boar's on in front there, boys,
And there's nothing in Asia will stop him;
You must gallop your best, with your eye on his crest,
Till the thrust of the spear that will drop him.

We have galloped a league without swerving or check.
Over nullahs and hedges and rocks in our way;
Of such trifles as these 'tis but folly to reck,
When the Boar in a moment will turn him to bay.
The old grey Boar's on the charge, my boys,
And his flanks are all covered with gore;
Watch the curl of his tush, drop your spear to his rush—
That was one *for the old grey Boar!*

When the sunset fades, and the jackals roam,
  And the heat of the headlong hunt is o'er,
With the breeze in our faces we gallop for home,
  And we shout, as we think of the old grey Boar,
Oh, the old grey Boar's on his side, my boys,
  And he'll never get up any more;
Ten inches, no less, are his tushes, I guess,
  Then hurrah for the old grey Boar!

The pale red sandstone fort of Jodhpur, which I have drawn from several points of view, rises, like the Acropolis of Athens, out of its native rock, and is perhaps the finest achievement of Rajput architecture. Round its base the white city with its flat-roofed houses clusters on three sides, enclosed by a massive wall of cut-stone blocks, strengthened by towers and ramparts and pierced by seven fortified gateways. Unlike Jaipur, the streets are mostly narrow and irregular, though marvellously clean ; the houses most attractive with their carved balconies and overhanging eaves. Beyond the walls the city throws out long arms into the surrounding plain. The hill on which the fort is built rises about 400 feet above the city, and is steeply scarped on all sides except at the north-east corner, where a narrow crest of rock joins it to a lower eminence, crowned by a white marble cenotaph. Here a metalled road, finely engineered along the steep hill-side, has replaced the old causeway leading to the main entrance at the Fatch Pol, or Gate of Victory, so called in memory of the defeat and expulsion of the Muhammedan Governor and garrison by Maharaja Ajitsingh after the death of the hated Emperor Aurangzeb in 1707. On this occasion it is related that many Moslem Mullahs assumed the garb of " Sadhus " or Hindu ascetics and left the country in disguise, while the Hindus who had been forcibly converted to Islam returned to their original faith.

The area enclosed within the walls of the fort is about 500 yards in length by 250 in breadth at its widest part, and is almost entirely occupied by a mass of palaces, barracks and armouries, erected by different rulers in successive reigns. We approach the summit by a steep paved winding causeway passing through numerous massive

gateways, each of which has its own significance. At Jodha's Gate all Sardars are required to dismount from their horses ; the Maharaja alone is privileged to enter the inner precincts of the Fort on horseback. On the pillars of the Loha Gate are to be seen a number of handmarks, carved in relief on the stone, pathetic witnesses of the devotion of many " Satis " of the Royal House, who were burned on the funeral pyres of their lords. Each Royal widow, often a mere child, as the tiny handprints show, when she reached the gateway on her way down to the burning-ghat, laid her henna-painted hand against the wall, leaving a pattern to be afterwards engraved as her memorial. The last recorded " Satis " are the six widows of Maharaja Mansingh, who died in 1843. At the Southern extremity of the Fort is the Jey Pol, the gateway leading to the city, near which stands the shrine of the tutelary goddess of the State, the winged Pankha-Devi, under the shadow of its sacred nim-tree. On the east and south-east sides the walls are formed into a broad rampart for working artillery, on which are ranged many old pieces of ordnance of historic interest or curious design. The two largest guns, named Kilkaka and Shimbhuban, were brought as trophies from Ahmedabad by Maharaja Abhaisingh in 1731, when he was sent by the Emperor to suppress one of the rebellions which were shaking the Empire to its foundations. Other notable relics of " old, far-off, forgotten things, and battles long ago," may be seen in the armoury within the palace, where also the magnificent State jewellery is shown to visitors. Here, too, is the " Singar Choki," or Chair of State, used for the " tilak " ceremony on the accession of every ruler, when the " tilak " or mark of blood is applied to his forehead. To do this is the hereditary privilege of the Thakur of Bagri, dating from the time of Rao Suja, second son of Rao Jodha, when a dispute about the succession was decided by the Bagri Thakur, who cut his thumb and applied it to the forehead of the younger claimant, thus establishing him in power.

Superstition, ever prevalent in the Rajput mind, played its part in the foundation of the city. The solitary eminence which Jodha fortified as his stronghold was chosen on the advice of a hermit, who had made his home in the cleft of the rocky hill-side ; and a sinister

THE FORT, JODHPUR, FROM THE NORTH-EAST


C.W.W.
1932

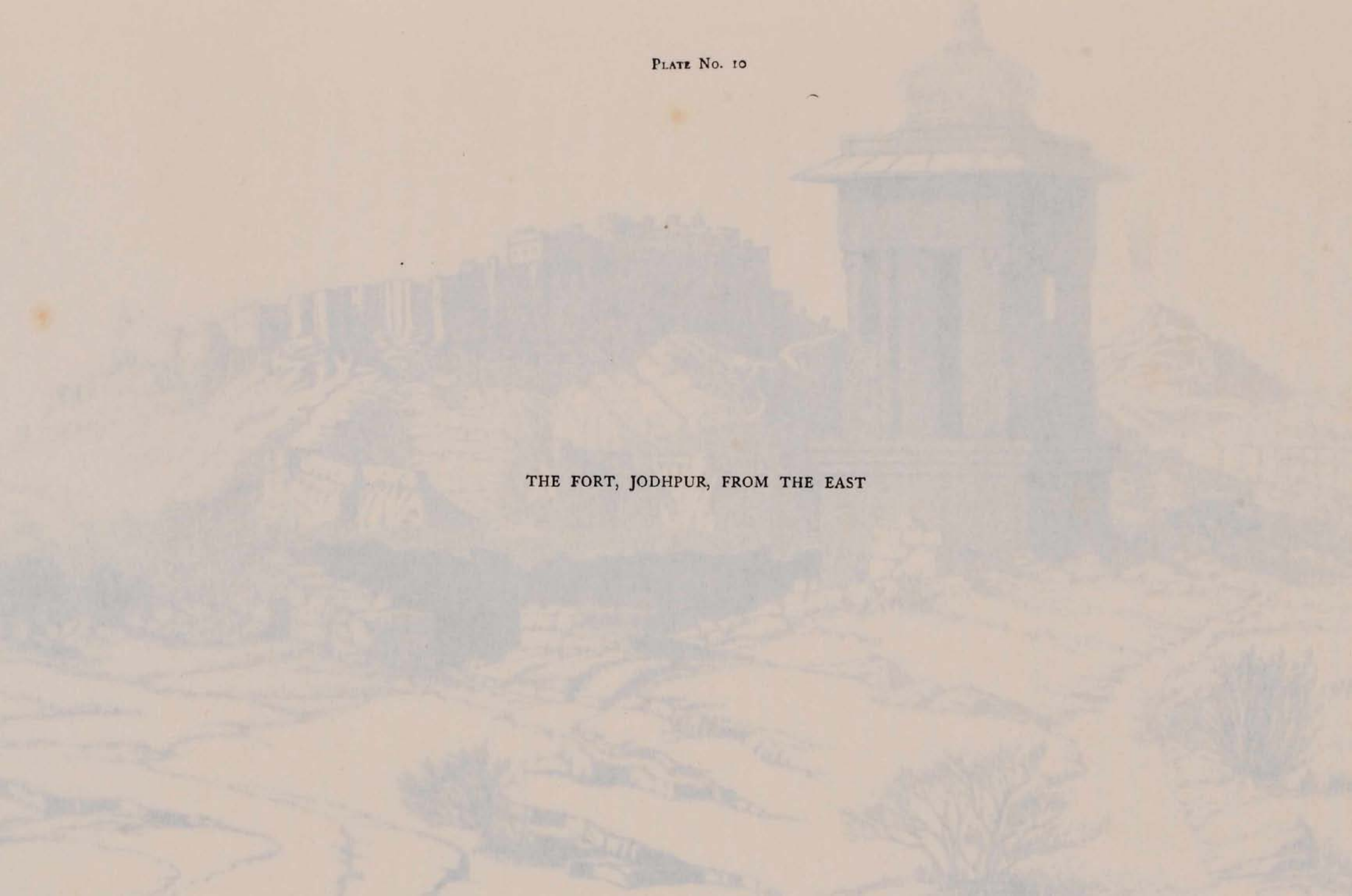
story is told that in order to ensure good luck to the enterprise a man named Rajia Bambi was buried alive in the foundations. A portion of land, still called Rajbagh, is said to have been bestowed upon his family in compensation for the sacrifice. The hermit, however, when he found his solitude invaded by the clash of arms, pronounced a curse that the wells in the fortress, however deep, should be brackish ; and the garrison was ever after obliged to draw up their water from a tank outside the walls.

Every young Rahtore is fed from his cradle with tales of the great deeds of his ancestors ; how Jodha's son, Bika, founded the State of Bikaner ; how Rao Sanga, grandson of Jodha, joined Rana Sanga in the last hopeless effort to hurl back the invading Moslems under Babar ; how Rao Maldeo, bravest of his age, raised Marwar to the height of power and prosperity ; how under the wise and tolerant Akbar[1] Jodhpur became a pillar of the Moghul throne, Raja Gajsingh becoming Viceroy of the Deccan and Raja Jaswantsingh Viceroy of Kabul ; how the mighty swordsman, Abhaisingh, hewed off the head of a monstrous buffalo with a single blow ; above all, the story of the infant prince Ajitsingh, who was smuggled away from the vengeance of Aurangzeb by being hidden in a basket of sweetmeats (a tale worthy of the *Arabian Nights !*) and of his guardian, the faithful Doorga Das, who kept him concealed from his foes in the rocky recesses of Mount Abu till he grew to man's estate.

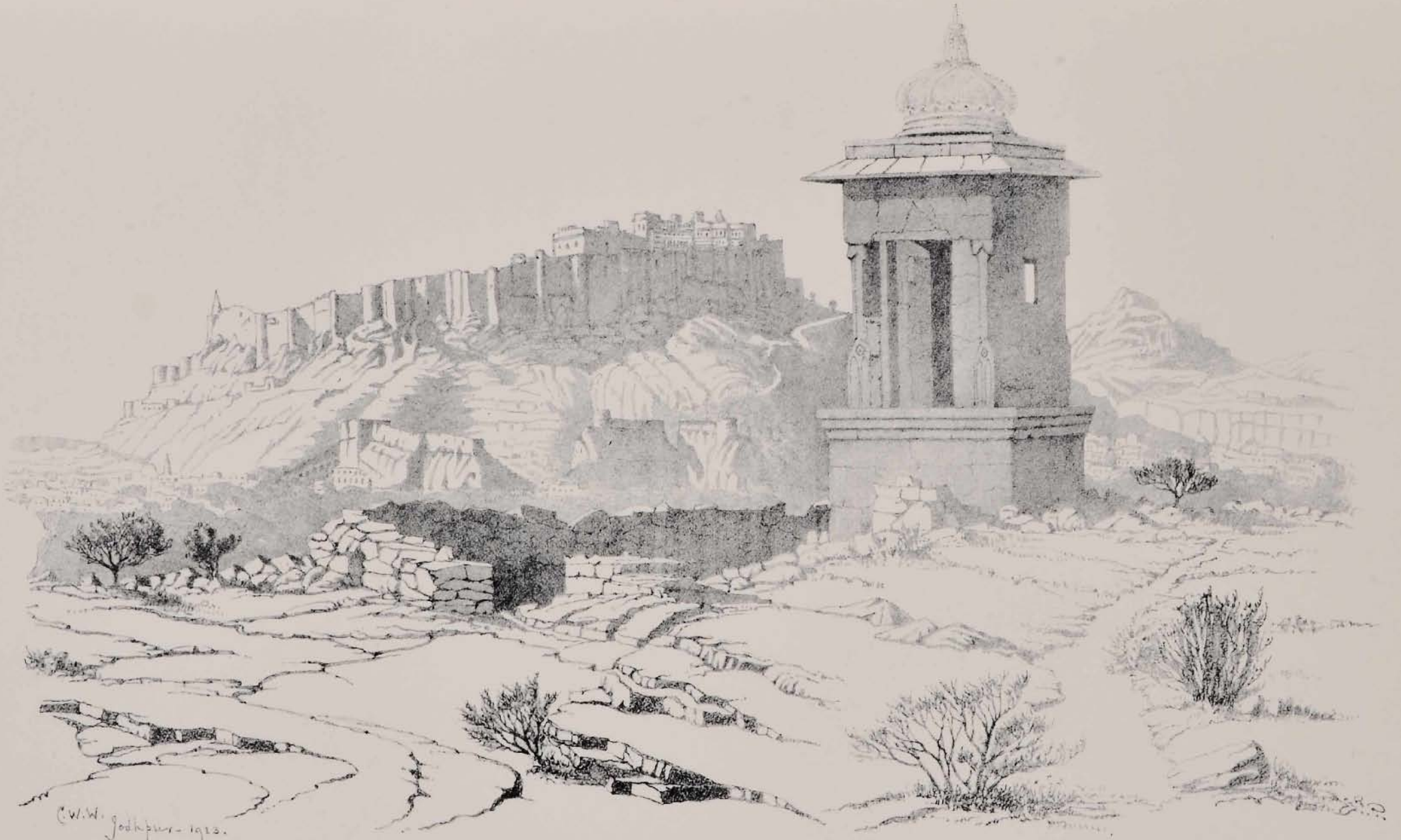
During the eighteenth century Marwar shared the fate of all the Rajput States which fell a prey to the Marathas and Pindaris. At the battle of Merta in 1790 the impetuous valour of the Rahtores proved no match for Sindhia's trained artillery and the skilful tactics of De Boigne. Finally, the rivalry between the Houses of Jodhpur and Jaipur for the hand of the beautiful Krishna Kumari, the "Virgin Princess" of Mewar, the Iphigeneia of Rajasthan, led to the tragedy of her death by poison at the command of the

[1] One of Akbar's Queens was a Jodhpur Princess who was given the title of Miriam-uz-Zamani, or "Mary of the Age," which seems to be the origin of the story that Akbar had a Christian wife. The lady died in 1623, and was buried at Sikandra near her illustrious lord.

infamous Amirkhan of Tonk, and so to the intervention of the British, who at length gave peace and safety to the State. To the British Crown the House of Jodhpur has ever since been conspicuous in loyalty. During the Mutiny of 1857 the Fort was the refuge of many English women and children who had fled from the mutineers, and 5000 Rahtores marched to guard the city of Ajmer, the British seat of Government in Rajputana. Jodhpur troops served in the Frontier War of 1888–9, and in China during the Boxer Rebellion. A more striking proof of fidelity was to follow. On 29th August, 1914, twenty-five days after the outbreak of the Great War, the Jodhpur regiment of Lancers sailed for France under the command of Maharaja Sir Partapsingh, then Regent of Jodhpur, accompanied by his nephew, the young Maharaja Summairsingh. For three years the Regiment remained in France, serving dismounted in the trenches and taking part with honour in many desperate engagements. Thence, joyfully recovering their horses, they went to Egypt and Palestine with the Imperial Service Cavalry Brigade and did signal service in that brief but brilliant campaign. In the Jordan valley a troop of Jodhpur Lancers under Jemadar Asa Singh, carried on a headlong charge too far into the Turkish lines and were all killed, but this was avenged a month later at Haifa, when the regiment took the town at a gallop, killing or capturing almost the whole of the defenders. In this charge, the Commandant, Colonel Thakur Dalpatsingh, fell at the head of his men. Such deeds, and many others which could be cited from that epic struggle, sufficiently disprove the accusation which has been brought by some writers that the British Raj has extinguished the martial spirit of the fighting races of India. Even Sir Francis Younghusband, in his sympathetic and scholarly book, *Dawn in India*, asserts that the Pax Britannica has emasculated India, and quotes with reluctant agreement Lord Sinha's dictum that British rule has made India more helpless than the Britons were when the Romans left them to be the prey of invaders. Yet, although the courage and endurance of the Indian soldier has been amply vindicated, there remains a certain gravamen in the charge, in so far as it is true that Indians have not until quite recently been given a chance of rising to high



THE FORT, JODHPUR, FROM THE EAST


C.W.W. Jodhpur - 1913.

command in their own army. Even now, although the door stands wide open to fair competition, no Indian officer has yet served long enough to hold a higher rank than that of a Captain. Fighting material and martial ardour are present in abundance, but experienced Indian leadership is lacking.

It may be urged in extenuation of the charge that it is doubtful whether the grant of Commissions in the army to Indians forty or fifty years earlier would have proved a successful experiment. Caste prejudices were then far stronger. The shadow of the Mutiny of 1857 long remained to create doubts of the wisdom of relaxing control over the defensive forces of the country. And the Indian aristocracy and gentry were less fitted by education and training for command and initiative. All these causes act less powerfully now. We may well look forward to a time, not indeed in the immediate future, when an Indian army will emerge, officered by Indians and led by an Indian of the stamp of the late Maharaja Sir Partapsingh of Jodhpur, which will be fully capable of guarding the frontiers and maintaining internal security.

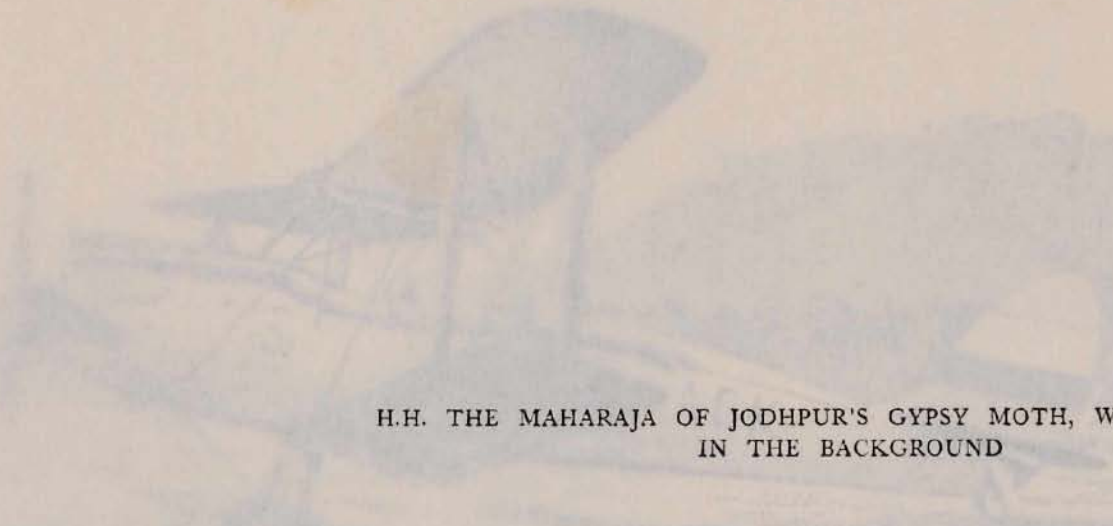
Modern Jodhpur is a model of efficiency. This is not a sudden growth, but a process which dates from the accession of H.H. Maharaja Jaswantsingh to the "gadi" in 1872, when, after law and order had been firmly established, political regeneration began with reforms in all departments which laid the basis of an administration on modern lines.

The chief agents in this salutary work were Maharaja Sir Partapsingh, the brother of His Highness, who was his Prime Minister for many years, and Regent during minorities, and the Resident, Colonel P. W. Poulett, to be followed by other able British officers. Among the earliest reforms were the creation of an efficient police force, a Board of Control, called the Makhmakhas, to supervise the work of all branches, Law Courts and Statutory Laws, and a special Court of Sardars to settle many outstanding disputes among the great landed nobles. Roads, water-supply and sanitation were amply provided. The State Railway, which is now 693 miles in length and produces a handsome revenue, was inaugurated in 1881, the carriages being at first drawn by camels. The name of Mr. W.

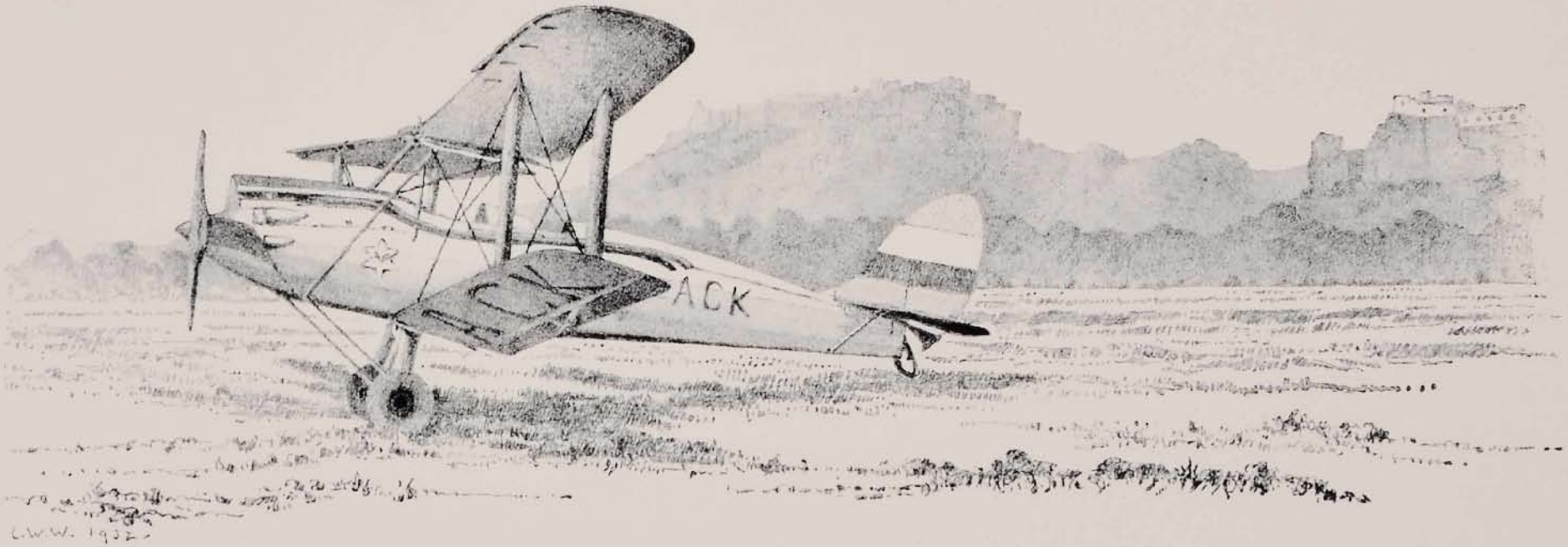
Hume is still affectionately remembered as the father of the Jodhpur State Railway. The Educational Department was founded in 1886, and has spread a network of schools over the State. At the Jaswant College in Jodhpur, established in 1896, lady scholars sit side by side with their male competitors for M.A. degrees ; a significant sight, for it is the women who will regenerate India. Here during my brief visit I witnessed a most spirited rendering by some of the students of the Falstaff scenes from Shakespeare. The Rajput School, wisely planted by Sir Partapsingh five miles away from the city, contains 600 Rajput boys, mostly taken from the plough, who are being admirably trained for the army, police, railway and other State services. The Sardar Risala, consisting of two fine regiments of Imperial Service Cavalry, were raised between 1889 and 1893 with the help of Captain (afterwards Sir) Stuart Beatson, whose name is still held in honoured remembrance as soldier, sportsman and polo-player.

A new State hospital has just been completed, which is second to none in India in its arrangement, staff and equipment, and many other fine buildings including the Mekhmakhas, built in the Indo-Saracenic style by Sir Swinton Jacob, give dignity to the capital.

Polo has been a tradition in Jodhpur since the days when Sir Partapsingh, Hirjisingh, Dhokalsingh and Stuart Beatson made a famous team as well known at Hurlingham as in India. The present Ruler, Major His Highness Maharaja Sir Umaidsingh, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O., brought a fine team to England in 1929, and the Jodhpur players have often been winners of the polo championship of India. One of their most memorable encounters was the match between Jodhpur and Patiala at Delhi in 1921, which was witnessed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The green turf polo-grounds in the heart of Jodhpur are kept as perfect as any to be seen in our more favoured climate. Perhaps the most striking novelty in present-day Jodhpur is the aerodrome, with the largest landing-ground in India, where English, Dutch and French aeroplanes halt almost daily with the mails from Europe on their way to and from Delhi, Calcutta and the Far East. Nearby the tall masts of a wireless installation keep in touch with the incoming and outgoing machines.



H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR'S GYPSY MOTH, WITH THE FORT IN THE BACKGROUND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His Highness is himself an expert pilot, and has made landing-grounds at all the principal centres in the State, which enable him and his officials to make their tours of inspection at great saving of time and expense. His Highness is the patron of a flourishing Flying Club and School of Aviation, where every morning and evening the machines may be seen busily circling in charge of an experienced instructor. Strange to say, the most dreaded danger to aeroplanes arises from the great vultures which wheel about at an immense height, whence their telescopic vision reveals the dying cow or camel at an incredible distance. They are heavy birds, with a wing-span of eight or nine feet, and a collision between one of them and an aeroplane at full speed must be disastrous to both.

Shortly after my arrival His Highness most kindly took me for a flight in his own Gypsy Moth, after which he allowed the machine to be wheeled for my benefit to an open spot in the centre of the ground, where I could make a sketch of it in contrast with the hoary Fort in the background. His Highness is not only an accomplished motorist, air-pilot, big-game hunter and polo-player ; he takes a keen interest in all the departments of his administration, especially education and medical relief ; while his consideration for even his poorest subjects is evidenced by many acts of thoughtfulness. A single example from my own experience may suffice. Some years ago an old Muhammedan " chuprassi," or messenger, who had done long and faithful service in the palace, died suddenly in the young Maharaja's absence. His home was at Ajmer, and his most cherished desire had been that he should be buried near the shrine of the much-revered Moslem Saint known as the Kwaja-Saheb in that city. The Maharaja on hearing of his death, which I communicated to him by telephone, at once gave orders that a State Ford lorry should take the body to its destination. The humble corpse was thus conveyed by night, a string bed serving as its bier, with four white-robed attendants seated at the corners, over the 160 miles of road between Jodhpur and the Mecca of the Indian Moslem. I have often thought what a strange sight the little cortège must have presented, as the lorry with its freight of corpse and mourners approached the city in the dim light of dawn and disappeared beneath the lofty

gateway of the shrine. If there is any remembrance of earthly things among the wanderers in the Elysian fields, surely the shade of that ancient Moslem must still salaam in gratitude to his youthful Hindu master !

By far the most attractive way of entering Jodhpur is by the motor road from Ajmer, which takes us first through the hilly region of Merwara, and the flourishing town of Beawar, founded by Colonel Dixon, a noted administrator of the province early in the last century, then turning westwards to cross the rugged ridges of the Aravalis at the Pass of Bar, where we descend into the Jodhpur plain, a vast yellow expanse broken only here and there by sharp projecting peaks. Straight as an arrow the road runs southwards for forty miles, crossing the wide dry sandy bed of a tributary of the Luni river, past the old fort and town of Sojat to the thriving mart of Pali. Here we turn westwards again over a plain covered with high grass and low " khejra " trees, now and then catching sight of a herd of black-buck or a " sounder " of wild pig, till we reach a pleasant causeway two miles long, shaded by tamarisk and willows, which holds up the water of an extensive lake whose surface is dotted with countless wildfowl.

Fourteen miles from Jodhpur the road rises to surmount a ridge, and here we get our first glimpse of the Fort, which attracts the eye from afar, standing out in great magnificence upon its isolated rock. At whatever hour of the day we may approach, it projects a bold outline against the sky, vivid with rose and purple at dawn, fading into faint pink and white in the dusty haze of noon, and looming darkly against the sunset. It is an ineffaceable memory.

CHAPTER V

BIKANER

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

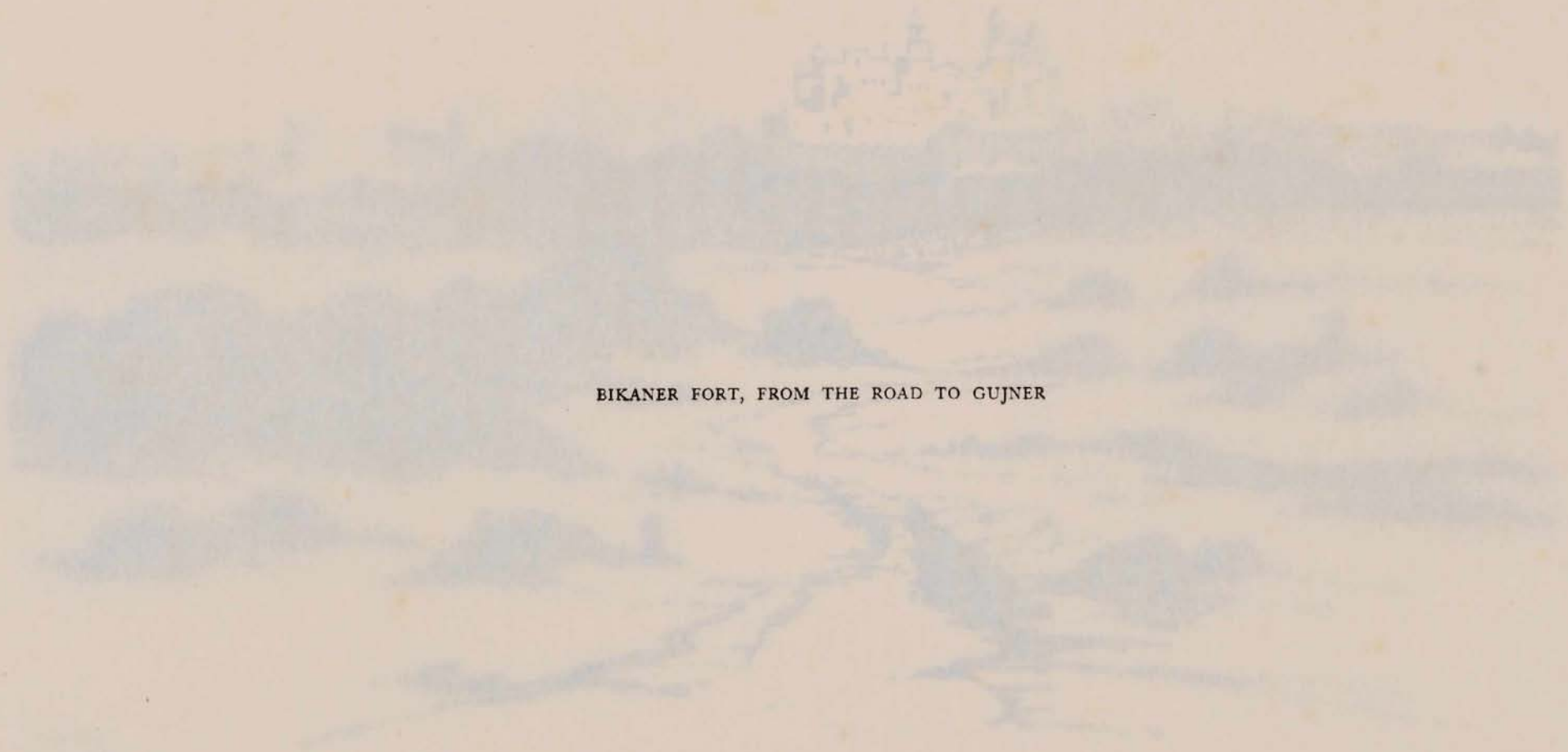
Isaiah

IN the same year 1459, in which Rao Jodha moved his capital from Mandor to Jodhpur, it is related that his sixth son, Bika, after the fashion of Rajput younger sons in those days, set out to seek his fortune with a band of fiery Rahtores, bent on conquering a territory of their own. They marched into the desert country beyond the Northern frontier of Jodhpur, then occupied by wild and nomad Jats, a pastoral but by no means peaceful people, who depended for their living on their sheep and cattle, selling "ghi" and wool in exchange for grain. Bika first built himself a fort at Karamdesar, almost in the centre of the territory which now forms the State of Bikaner, and soon established his supremacy over the surrounding tribes, who accepted him as their protector against the plundering Bhattis of Jaisulmer and as the arbitrator of their intertribal quarrels. To mark their submission, the "Tika" of inauguration was duly impressed upon the forehead of Bika by the elders of the two leading Jat clans of Shaikhsand and Ronia, whose descendants still perform the ceremony at the accession of every Maharaja of Bikaner. Of the Founder himself we know little, but that he was a leader of no ordinary military and administrative capacity is evident from the fact that he bequeathed to his descendants a stable and united State larger than the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, which has continued undiminished to the present day. In area the State is the second largest in Rajputana and the seventh in India. In 1488 Bika built another fort twenty miles east of Karamdesar, the ruins of which stand close to the south-west angle of the existing city and the larger fort, which now bear his name and which were erected by his descendant, Rao Raisingh, about a century later.

Almost from the first the youthful State found itself threatened by the invading Moghuls, and Rao Kalyansingh, the grandson of Bikaji, while still heir apparent, led a contingent from Bikaner to join the Rajput host under Rana Sanga of Mewar which vainly

attempted to stop the irresistible Babar. Thereafter the Chiefs of Bikaner allied themselves with the Paramount Power and became trusted Allies of the throne. The next ruler, Rai Raisingh, is described as one of Akbar's most distinguished generals, who fought in countries as far apart as Afghanistan and Bengal, and slew in single combat Mirza Muhammed Hussain, the Governor of Ahmedabad. For his services he received from the Emperor the title of Raja and large grants of land in the fertile province of Gujarat. His daughter was married to Prince Salim, afterwards the Emperor Jehangir. His successor, Raja Karansingh, and his two sons shed their blood freely in the Imperial service, yet an incident in the career of Raja Karansingh well serves to illustrate the proud and independent spirit of the Rajputs in matters affecting their religion or their honour. The bigoted Emperor Aurangzeb had invited the Rajput Princes to join his army with their contingents, ostensibly for a campaign beyond the Indus, but with the secret and sinister design of converting them to Islam by the sword. Discovering the plot, the chiefs took counsel and decided that when the Moslem army had crossed the river, they should destroy the boats and make use of the respite thus granted them to escape to their fortress homes in the hills and deserts of Rajputana. The lead in this hazardous enterprise was taken by Raja Karansingh, who for one day, seated on his *gadi*, received the homage of the assembled Rajas, and was saluted as "Junguldhar Badshah" or "King of the Desert," a title still inscribed on the coat of arms of the Rulers of Bikaner.

In the troubled eighteenth century the isolation of Bikaner in the heart of the desert and the sturdy character of its people helped to keep it unconquered by Marathas or Pathans, but internal lawlessness and strife had much reduced the prosperity of the country when in the year 1818 a treaty of "perpetual friendship, alliance and unity of interest" was concluded between the Bikaner State and the British Government by Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, the British Envoy to Kabul, who passed through Bikaner on his memorable journey to Afghanistan. By no State in India has a treaty been more loyally observed.



BIKANER FORT, FROM THE ROAD TO GUJNER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In the Sikh Wars of 1845 and 1848 Bikaner troops marched with the British, and at the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857 Maharaja Sardarsingh immediately proceeded with all his forces to his border to co-operate with General Courtland against the mutineers of Sirsa, Hansi and Hissar. He also rescued and sheltered many fugitives, for which he was afterwards rewarded by a grant of forty-one villages, now incorporated in the Bikaner State. And on the declaration of war with Germany the Ruler of Bikaner was the first among the Indian Princes to offer to the Crown his personal services and all the resources of his State. Commanded for a time by His Highness in person, the Bikaner Camel Corps, known as the "Ganga Risala," which had previously shown its admirable quality in Somaliland, served with great distinction throughout the war in Egypt and Palestine, with a constant strength of over one thousand men, while many recruits were furnished to the Indian Army. In addition to the provision of large numbers of horses, motor cars and stores the War expenditure of the State, including donations from His Highness's Privy Purse and from other members of the Ruling Family, exceeded forty lakhs of rupees, while over fifty lakhs were subscribed to War Loans.

Bikaner is a land of striking contrasts. Out of the whole territory of nearly 24,000 square miles only a small portion in the north is capable of cultivation, the remainder being an extensive plateau of undulating sandhills, varying from 20 to 100 feet in height, with very sparse vegetation, while the south-western tract lies wholly within the uninhabitable region of the Indian Desert. The area is vast, the population scanty. The temperature varies from below freezing-point to intolerable heat. There are no rivers or streams, and the aspect of the landscape is desolate in the extreme, except immediately after a fall of rain, when it is covered, as if by magic, with a rich carpet of grass. But the annual rainfall is brief and small, the wells rare and immensely deep, the surface-water often brackish, although the water drawn from the depths is crystal-clear and delicious to the taste. Blinding whirlwinds of hot sand often sweep across the waste, flights of locusts strip the stunted trees and camelthorn, and the spectre of famine is a familiar visitor. Yet the

hardy Bikaneris, like their thorough-bred camels, make a brave resistance to the rigours of soil and climate. When the rain happily falls, crops of excellent " bajra," pulses and sesamum are produced in low-lying patches of the sandy soil. Water-melons miraculously spring up in the beds of dry ravines. When such resources are exhausted, the seeds of wild grasses, berries and pods of the thorny " khejra " trees, the pride of the desert, are used for food. Sheep and cattle, besides the incomparable camels, subsist in surprisingly large numbers on the coarse herbage and thorny bushes, often going long distances every day for water, or migrating when the water fails.

No less remarkable is the contrast between this huge sandy pasturage and the comparatively small lowlying district in the north which, owing to its situation, is capable of irrigation from the great rivers of the Punjab. Across this corner of the State there flowed, many centuries ago, one of the tributaries of the Indus, the river Ghaggar, which then fertilized the country on its banks, but finally disappeared into the sands of the desert, leaving behind a parched and thirsty waste, which is still dotted with vestiges of abandoned towns and villages. This ancient river has now been restored to its bed, and the region to its former luxuriance, by the Gang Canal and Colonization schemes, happily brought to completion by the foresight and perseverance of His Highness the Maharaja in the face of many obstacles. The story forms a remarkable chapter in the romance of the great irrigation works of India, one of which alone—the Sukkur dam project—commands a territory larger than the whole cultivated area of Egypt. The idea of bringing water from the British Punjab into Bikaner was mooted as far back as 1855, but met with long and determined opposition from authorities who did not realize the essential interdependence of the Indian States and British India, and the project was not revived until Lord Curzon, after the great famine of 1899, appointed an Irrigation Commission to devise schemes for safeguarding as large a part of India as possible from such calamities. The claims of Bikaner were warmly supported by that great administrator, Sir Denzil Ibbetson, Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, on the

principle that the water of an Indian river should be given to the tracts most in need of it, whether they lie in British India or in the territory of an Indian Prince. Among others who laboured on behalf of the scheme were Sir James Dunlop-Smith, at one time Famine Commissioner in Rajputana, Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, Consulting Engineer for Irrigation in India, and Mr. A. W. E. Standley, when Chief Engineer in the Bikaner State, who demonstrated the feasibility of guiding water from the river Sutlej to the dried-up valley of the Ghaggar. Finally a Conference was held at Simla, at the instance of Sir Claude Hill, then a member of the Viceroy's Council, at which the conflicting interests of Bikaner, Bhawalpur and British India were discussed and reconciled. But assuredly the work would never have been brought to its succesful issue but for the untiring zeal and patience of His Highness the Maharaja, who had made it one of the chief ambitions of his life. After many years of effort and anxiety an agreement was signed between the Punjab Government and the States of Bikaner and Bhawalpur in 1920, and the Canal was formally opened by the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, on 26th October, 1927.

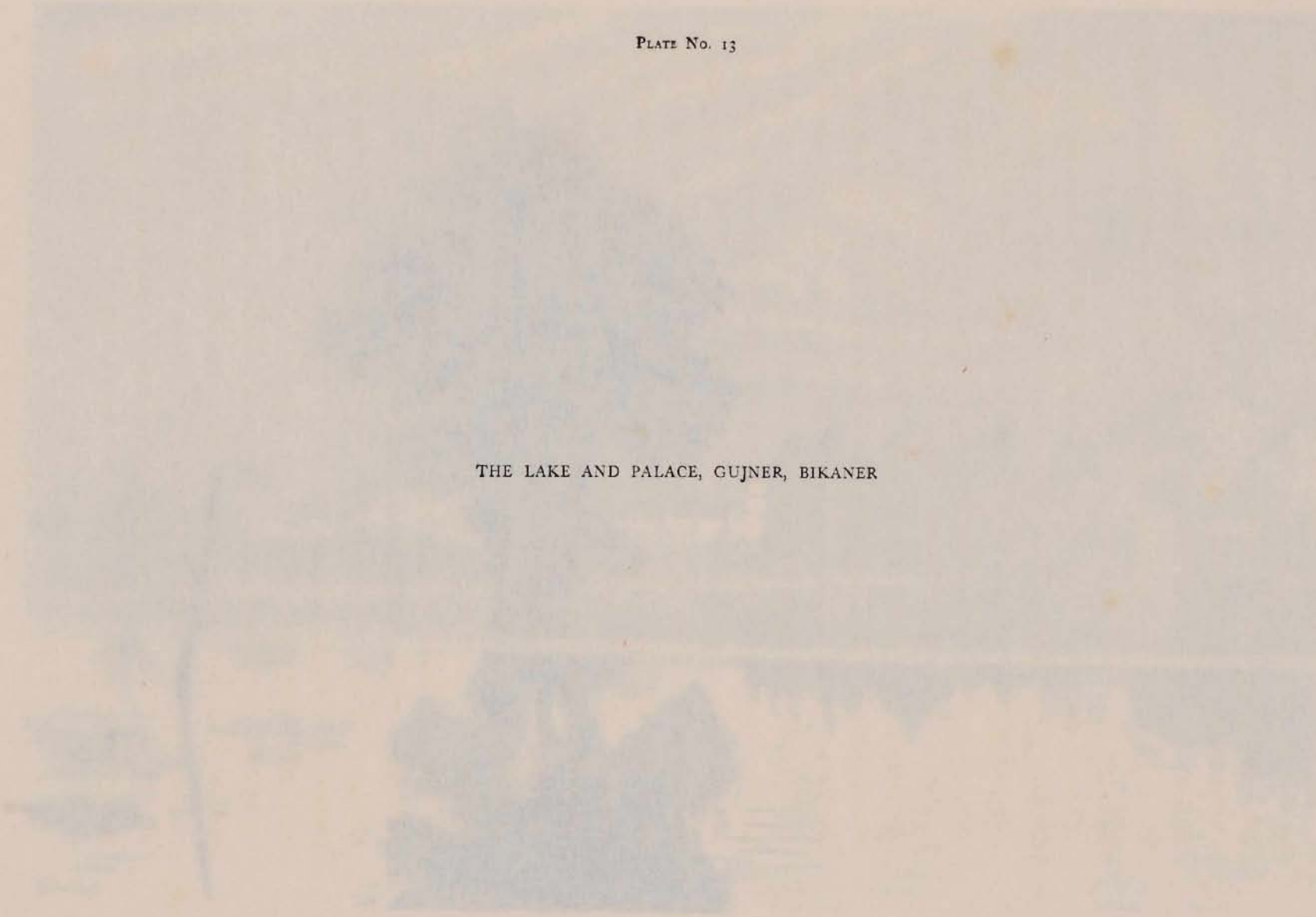
Starting from the Sutlej at Ferozepur, 85 miles from the Bikaner Frontier, the water is conducted for that distance in a concrete-lined canal, the longest of its kind in the world, the cost of the concrete lining being more than covered by the saving of water and prevention of waterlogging. From Shivpur on the border the feeder canals and distributaries cover some 600 miles, and the irrigated area amounts to 650,000 acres. The new tract is served by a railway 160 miles in length to enable the cultivators to find an easy market for their produce. Such are the bare figures. Imagination delights to picture the waters of the Sutlej, freed from the distant Himalayan glaciers, at length finding their way to the desert of Bikaner and transmuting it into a green land of waving crops and fruitful gardens. Another project is in hand, that of the Bhakra Dam, designed to bring water from the Punjab to an area more than double that commanded by the Gang Canal, which will include the whole of the remaining irrigable land in the State.

Viewed from a distance, the fort and city stand out from the

surrounding desert, a clear-cut line of buildings, red and white, set in a sea of yellow sand and pale green scrub. The city is enclosed by a battlemented wall, nearly five miles in circuit, pierced by five bastioned gateways ; it contains some interesting temples (one of which claims special notice) and many richly carved houses, the homes of bankers and traders who seek retirement here as the Marwaris do in Jodhpur, to enjoy in security the fruits of their industry in distant places.

Above the city stands the fort built by Raja Raisingh in the time of our Queen Elizabeth, never taken by an enemy, a picturesque pile of palaces erected by successive rulers, the latest addition being the handsome Ganga Niwas, or State Banqueting Hall of carved red sandstone. Adjoining the city on the east is the spacious People's Park, where grass and trees carefully tended afford grateful rest and shade to the citizens. Here His Highness the Maharaja has conceived the happy idea of erecting memorials to those who have in various ways contributed to the honour of the State or have done it loyal service. Beyond this a wide area is laid out with avenues and open spaces for polo and other purposes, adorned with many fine public buildings, the vista closing with the Lallgarh, His Highness's magnificent and richly decorated palace designed in the Indo-Saracenic style and surrounded by beautiful gardens, another contrast to the encircling desert !

To spend Christmas at Bikaner as a guest of His Highness the Maharaja is like an Arabian Nights' Entertainment, when every wish of the fortunate visitor is anticipated by A.D.C.'s, who can only be compared to the Genii of Aladdin's Lamp. Perhaps the most memorable part of such a visit is a few days' excursion to Gujner, a green oasis some 20 miles to the west, where a stony plateau free from sand has permitted the formation of one of the only two freshwater lakes in the State. A motor drive along an excellent road brings us to an extensive shallow depression, in the centre of which lies the lake, fed by a number of artificial channels which bring in the scanty rainfall from an area of many miles. The long " bund " or dam which holds up the water is occupied by a stately palace and guest-houses and by a terrace shaded by



THE LAKE AND PALACE, GUJNER, BIKANER

lofty trees ; behind these are quiet gardens of turf and fruit and flowers. Few travellers of note who have visited India during the reign of His Highness have failed to enjoy the peaceful prospect from beneath the spreading banyan trees which overhang the water. On the surface of the lake duck and teal cluster in little colonies ; round the gently sloping shores are thick groves of feathery mimosas under which herds of blackbuck and wild pigs may be seen wandering. The blackbuck and "chinkara" of Bikaner carry the finest heads in India ; they are sometimes chased across the stony plain by motor cars and shot with the rifle at full gallop.

Another beguiling form of sport is stalking the great bustard, which is sometimes done by the sportsman on a camel, sometimes in a motor car, which glides in gradually narrowing circles until it comes within a hundred yards or so of the quarry ; the bird rises slowly on the wing, and the car, rapidly accelerating, brings the gun within range. Another fine game bird common in Bikaner is the "kunj" or demoiselle crane. These birds are far too wary to be stalked, but they can sometimes be shot in the dim light of the dawn as they fly to a distant feeding-ground. In the daytime they can only be brought within reach by means of painted wooden decoys placed in the shallow water near the edge of a tank or pond. Flying at a great height in their V-shaped formation they catch sight of the decoys and begin to wheel in airy circles, gradually dropping lower and lower till at length they come within range of the guns who are carefully hidden in grass shelters round the water. But the "sport of kings" at Gujner is the shooting of the Imperial sandgrouse, as they come whirling down in the early morning hours from the desert plateau round the lake to drink for a brief moment from its waters. Pack after pack, they rise above the distant horizon, and wing their way, swift as driven partridges or grouse, to where the lines of guns are waiting in their butts along the lake-side. At the first shots the birds swirl and dive, sometimes rising high in the air, sometimes almost touching the ground, yet difficult as they are to follow, and coming from every quarter in turn, they fall in incredible numbers to such practised shots as

His Highness the Maharaja and his heir apparent, who not seldom have three or four dead birds falling through the air at a time.

One of the most delightful features of my visit was the spectacle of the Children's Party which His Highness gives every Christmas, first in the shady gardens of the palace, then indoors, where a glittering tree stood laden with gifts. Santa Claus arrived in state with his red cloak and long white beard, mounted on an elephant with gorgeous trappings and preceded by the shrill music of an Indian band. The New Year was ushered in by a review of the Bikaner army, which makes one of the most notable contributions to the Indian States' Forces. These Forces number some 60,000 men in all, and are maintained by different Princes for the purpose of assisting the Crown in time of need as well as of ensuring law and order in their own territories. The Bikaner troops made up a highly efficient and complete mobile force of infantry, cavalry and motor machine guns, followed by the famous Camel Corps in their brilliant uniforms of white and gold, mounted on their magnificent desert-bred camels. The most striking figure was that of His Highness the Maharaja himself, as he took the " General Salute " and then called in loyal fashion for three cheers for the King-Emperor. The name of Lieut.-General His Highness Maharaja Sir Ganga Singh of Bikaner, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., A.D.C., LL.D., D.C.L., has been for many years as well known in Europe and America as it is in India, and his tall commanding figure is as familiar in London and Paris as in Calcutta and Bombay. As a soldier he has fought for the Crown in three Continents, commanding his troops in China during the Boxer rebellion and in France and Egypt during the Great War. As a Statesman he represented the Princes of India in the Imperial War Cabinet, at the Peace Conference, at the League of Nations, and as a Signatory of the Treaty of Versailles. As an administrator His Highness has increased the revenues of his State five times over, has modernized the machinery in every department, and has transformed his capital with parks, monuments and public buildings, electric lighting, telephones and water-supply. From the conditions imposed by nature, Bikaner must remain largely a pastoral

and agricultural country, but His Highness has shown his political foresight and appreciation of the changing conditions of the age by the separation of his privy purse from the State revenues, by the introduction of local self-government, and by the foundation of a Legislative Assembly with a large elective element. The first Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, His Highness filled that onerous office with undiminished éclat for ten successive years. His Highness's first distinction was the well-earned Gold Kaisar-i-Hind medal which was conferred upon him at the very outset of his career in recognition of his personal exertions in his State during the terrible famine of 1899. Since then his titles and honours have been too numerous to recount. Yet it may be that his highest title to honour lies in his fidelity to old friendships, however humble, and to deeds of benevolence which will never be known to the world.

CHAPTER VI

TEMPLE OF LAKSHMI-NARAYAN, BIKANER

" If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

WALTER SCOTT—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

A GROUP of ancient and beautiful temples overhangs the western rampart of Bikaner city. Round them a space has been cleared and levelled for a public garden, bright with turf and flowers, and from the city wall the eye can travel westward over the modest shrine of Rao Bikaji, the stout old founder of the State, across rolling sandhills covered with pale green camel-thorn and stunted " khejra " trees to the distant oasis of Gujner.

I chose one of the temples to draw both on account of its historic associations and its interesting architectural features. The material of these temples, like that of many other buildings, ancient and modern, in Bikaner, is the fine red sandstone quarried at Dulmera, thirty miles away, though much of its beauty is hidden under the whitewash so dear to priestly guardians in India. The temples have been carefully renovated by the present Ruler at the expense of his privy purse, which has also borne the cost of laying out the adjacent park, where the citizens of Bikaner flock daily to enjoy the evening breezes and the gorgeous sunsets of the Indian Desert.

The temple was built by Rao Lankaranji, the son of Rao Bikaji, and the second Chief of Bikaner, between A.D. 1505 and 1527. It is dedicated to Lakshmi-Narayan, the pair of patron deities who have watched over the State for four hundred years, and whose names still figure in all official grants as the owners of the soil, while the Maharaja is merely styled their Diwan, or Minister. This attitude of pious humility on the part of the Rulers of Bikaner is noteworthy when we consider that in India from the days of Manu kings have been adored as gods, and even private persons remarkable for strength or valour are liable to be deified, as

happened to John Nicholson, the hero of the seige of Delhi in 1857, who after his death was worshipped as "Nikkal Sen" by many of the Sikhs in the Punjab.

Architecturally the temple may be taken as an illustration of the precise mixture of Hindu and Moghul or Persian forms which is characteristic of the Indo-Saracenic style in Rajputana. Without entering the dusty arena where the rival schools of Fergusson and Havell tilt against each other for the *beaux yeux* of Indian architecture, it may be safely asserted that almost from the time of Asoka, the first Indian builder in stone, 250 years before the Christian era, the architecture of Hindustan has been subjected to various foreign influences, of which the Greek and the Persian, or Moghul, are the most important. Only in Southern India does the pure Hindu style, often called Dravidian, survive in its integrity, while over the whole of Central and Northern India it has been modified in various ways and in different degrees, mainly by Moslem invasions, from the early Pathan conquerors who built the Qutb-Minar and Tughlakabad to the Persian and Italian refinements of the Taj Mahal at Agra, assuredly one of the wonders of the modern world. If the disciples of Mr. Aldous Huxley choose to assert that they prefer a Neo-classic or Baroque building to the Taj Mahal on the ground that the former employs a large number of architectural forms, while the latter depends for its effect upon two or three very simple ones, there is nothing more to be said, since the ultimate criterion of any building must lie in its appeal to the individual taste. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* In the eighteenth century Gothic architecture was regarded by men of taste as rude and barbarous. A century later Ruskin declaimed against "the foul torrent of the Renaissance." To-day we must eulogize the Baroque, if we are to be among the elect. Let the traveller be the judge, when he first passes under the great south portal and sees the Taj and its reflection in the clear channel bordered by lines of dark cypresses.

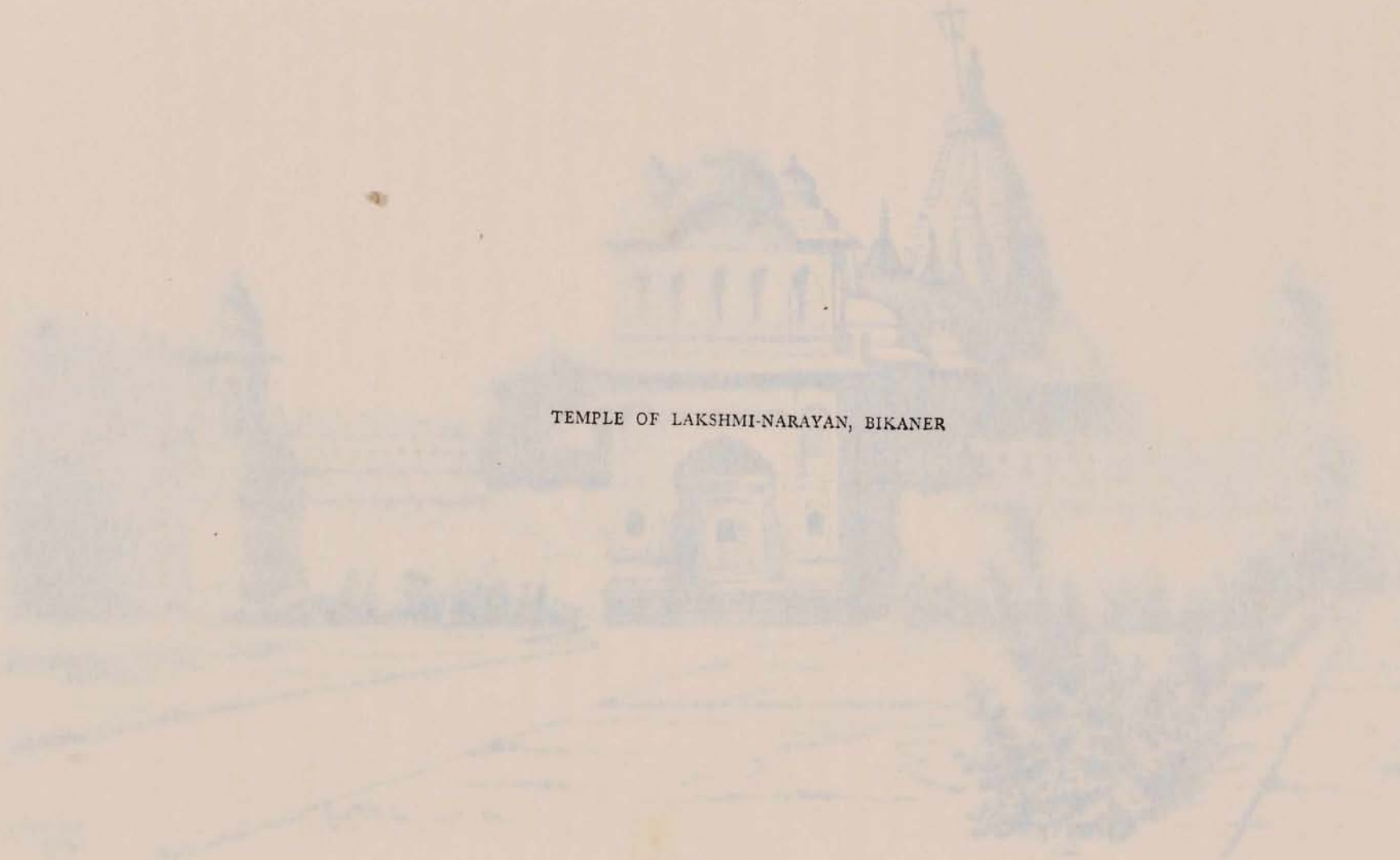
The Taj does not stand in "Indian India," but I have drawn it for this book because, more than any other monument of Hindustan, it speaks of the spacious days of the great Moghul

dynasty, of the mighty Akbar, and of Shah Jehan, dreamer in marble.

It so happened that I motored to Agra for a sight of the Taj on the day in January, 1932, following that on which the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi was announced, and wishing to observe what effect the news might have upon the populace which he had moved so strongly by his ascetic personality, I turned into the city and drove through its crowded winding streets instead of following the outer road which skirts the massive walls and Akbar's gigantic fort. To all outward seeming the citizens of Agra, high and low, were utterly indifferent to Mr. Gandhi's fate. " Business as usual " was the order of the day, and I drove on, musing on the evanescence of Mahatmas, out of the dust and turmoil of the bazars to the banks of the placid Jumna and the beautiful park which makes a fitting antechamber to the famous Tomb. Fergusson's description has been too often quoted to repeat, but the words of Sir William Sleeman, who after 25 years' service in India beheld the Taj for the first time in January, 1836, express, I think, what many must have felt.

" I at first thought," says Sleeman in his *Rambles and Recollections*, " that the dome formed too large a portion of the whole building ; that its neck was too long and too much exposed ; and that the minarets were too plain in their design ; but, after going repeatedly over every part, and examining the *tout ensemble* from all possible positions, and in all possible lights, from that of the full moon at midnight in a cloudless sky to that of the noonday sun . . . I felt that it was to me in architecture what Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, had been to me a quarter of a century before in acting—something that must stand alone—something that I should never cease to see clearly in my mind's eye and yet should never be able clearly to describe to others." I owned the justice of the comparison, except that for me Irving and Ellen Terry took the place of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

And yet—and yet—it must be admitted that there are times when the Taj, like a lady of fashion, looks better than at others. In the full glare of noonday, the outline is perhaps a trifle too



TEMPLE OF LAKSHMI-NARAYAN, BIKANER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1932.

clear cut, the whiteness of the marble too dazzling, the black and white chequer of the minarets too hard and distinct. One is reminded of Tennyson's beauty :

> "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
> Dead perfection, no more."

But at sunset, or better still, by moonlight, the Taj seems to float in the air, an eternal ever-changing dream. Once seen at such an hour, it can never be forgotten.

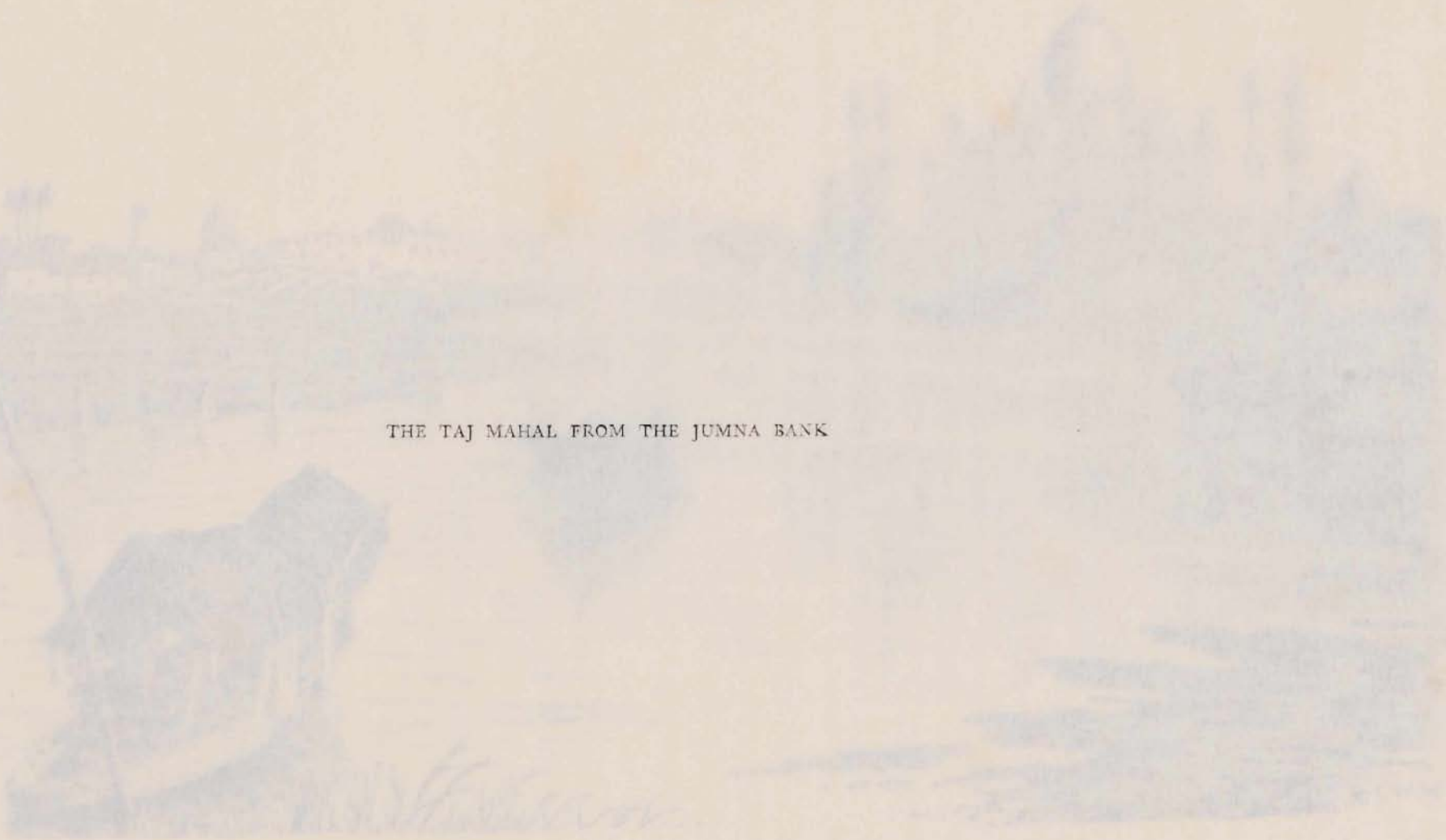
The gardens within the quadrangle and the precincts of the Taj owe much to Lord Curzon, not the least of whose claims upon the gratitude of India was his zealous and discriminating defence of her historic monuments. Since his time neither money nor care have been spared in their repair and maintenance, but much had already perished irretrievably. The priceless palaces in the forts at Delhi and Agra were swept away to make room for British barracks and canteens, and similar acts of vandalism were perpetrated by our engineers at Allahabad, Gwalior and many other places. And it is almost incredible for any one at the present time, to remember that an administrator so sympathetic as Lord William Bentinck proposed to put the Taj up to auction for the value of its marble ! . . .

To return, after this lengthy digression, to Bikaner and our temple. What is known as Arabian or Saracenic architecture is found in one form or another wherever the Moslems pushed their conquests from the seventh century onwards, from Spain to Hindustan, and from the Balkans to Baghdad. The Moslems, as is well known, did not originate an architecture of their own and transplant it into every conquered country. In each case it was rather a development of the native architecture, which received an impulse to fresh growth from the energy of the invaders. Everywhere new buildings sprang up, on which the architects and craftsmen of the country were employed, the result being naturally a mixture or even a fusion of styles. In Constantinople, for example, the mosque of Sultan Suleiman is based on the Byzantine Church of St. Sophia. In India the starting-point was undoubtedly Persian, the blending of which with the indigenous architecture of the

country produced the style known as "Indo-Saracenic," which, though varying greatly in different regions, has everywhere certain unmistakable features. Religious architecture is essentially conservative, and it is only in the more modern façade of the temple court that Moghul influences have prevailed over the Hindu. Here the central cusped arch is of pure Persian type, all in one flat plane, as if cut out of a piece of cardboard, while the domes of the "chatris" or pavilions which crown the angles of the temple court are also Persian in origin, though slightly modified by the Hindu builders who raised the dome on an extended base. Above the central arch, however, we find the typically Hindu form of "chatri" in the shape of a flat arc with drooping pointed ends, like a Chinaman's moustache, the origin of which has been ingeniously traced back to the primitive thatched hut which may still be seen in Bengal and elsewhere, the intersection of the circular roof with the sides of the square hut giving the segment of a circle, which was later developed into a favourite ornamental feature, in much the same way as the details of the Greek Doric Order are based upon an older wooden construction. Such developments are found all the world over, from the ruined cities of Ceylon to the Lycian tombs of Asia Minor.

The temple itself clings to the Hindu tradition of trabeated architecture, the column and lintel, often supported by elaborately carved brackets. The Hindus, like the ancient Egyptians and the Greeks, rejected the arch for temples and public buildings on account of its instability, and the true arch and dome were left to be introduced into Northern India by the Pathans and the Moghuls. The roof of the antechamber of our temple shows the low flat dome, constructed on the horizontal or cantilever principle beloved by the Hindu architect, since it enabled him to erect his dome upon pillars with no fear of the lateral thrust of the vault which has been the bugbear of later architects as great as Brunelleschi and Michael Angelo.

Finally, the main tower, known as the Sikhara or Vimana, which invariably surmounts the cell in which the divine images are placed, is another typically Hindu feature, with its curvilinear outline,



THE TAJ MAHAL FROM THE JUMNA BANK


C.W.W

bending inwards towards the summit and crowned by a circular coping-stone called an Amalaka. This carries a small flat dome of reversed curvature, from the centre of which rises a pinnacle in the shape of a graceful vase known as *Amritakalasa*, or "dew-vessel." The form of these Sikharas has endured from the earliest times in India, and is like nothing to be found in any other part of the world.

Of the guardian divinities who preside over the destinies of Bikaner, the Goddess Lakshmi and her consort Narayan, the latter is identified with Vishnu, the Preserver, and combines with Brahma, the Creator, and Siva, the Destroyer, to make up the Trimurti, or Hindu triad of great divinities. Narayan, or Vishnu, is the personification of the sustaining power in the Universe, which "moves on the face of the waters," and is everywhere and always, not in substance, but in spirit and energy.

His colour is the deep transparent blue of the sky, which is his element, and in which he soars on the back of his vehicle Garuda, half man and half eagle, poised motionless with outspread wings. His "sakti," or energy, is personified in his Consort Lakshmi, who is closer to humanity and appears in various Avatars or incarnations, as is the way with Hindu deities. She is embodied in the holy Basil or Tulasi plant, a little bush of which is cherished by every orthodox Hindu family, and in this form her marriage is annually celebrated with Vishnu in the shape of a sacred black fossil known as the *Salagrama*. In North-west India no new well can be used, no fruit from a new orchard tasted, until this marriage ceremony of the plant and the stone has been performed, often with great magnificence.

Primarily Lakshmi is the Goddess of Wealth and Fortune, in a second incarnation, under the title of Rembha, she is the Goddess of Beauty, in a third the Goddess of Abundance, when she is represented with swelling breasts and is worshipped with rites closely resembling those of the Corn Goddesses, Ceres and Proserpine. As the Goddess of Beauty she sprang from the Ocean, like the Greek Aphrodite, who came to the Greeks from over the sea, and was fabled to have been born of the foam. In one old picture

we see her rising from a lotus blossom, with a ship in the background, denoting her status as the daughter of Ocean. Like Aphrodite, she is decked with crown and bracelets ; unlike Aphrodite, she has four arms, expressing her superhuman nature in the Hindu symbolic fashion. In another picture she is seen with Vishnu, who reposes on Ananta, the thousand-headed serpent, emblem of eternity ; like a true Hindu wife, she shampoos the feet of her lord. In her honour, the Hindu women bathe on certain days of the month, and at her altar they pray for the sons whom Hindu wives desire above all things. Sometimes, Madonnawise, she bears a child in her arms ; more often she is seated on Vishnu's knee, supported by his arm and holding in her hand the sacred lotus, the emblem of womanly beauty. As Vishnu is Surya the Sun-god, so Lakshmi is the Moon Goddess, reminding us of that "Moonéd Ashtaroth," in whose honour the people cried out for the space of three days, " Great is Diana of the Ephesians ! "

I wandered into the low pillared antechamber, with its carved and coffered ceiling, and peered into the dark recess beyond, where the images of the holy pair could be dimly discerned. My thought went back to that early age of the world when these sea-born goddesses, Lakshmi and Aphrodite, dawned on the imaginations of men venturing for the first time in frail ships on unknown and perilous seas. Was not the most famous statue of antiquity, the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, known by the title of εὔπλοια, the goddess of fair weather, who stood in an open chapel on a high place whence she could be seen from afar by sailors ? That the Hindus in ancient times were bold mariners is clearly witnessed by the vast ruins of their kingdoms at Angkor in Cambodia and at Borobadr in Java. Whence did they sail, and at what temples did they pay their vows and offer oblations for their safe return ? Was the mysterious snake-goddess of the Cretans also a maritime goddess, and the guardian of those hardy sailors in pre-Homeric days ? And I remembered that the fisher-wives of Marseilles still pray for their men at the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde on the little hill which looks across the old harbour to the capricious Mediterranean sea.

CHAPTER VII

JAIPUR AND AMBER

" Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men."

MILTON—*L'Allegro*

" I am the meat of sacrifice,
The ransom of man's guilt,
For they give my life to the altar-knife
Wherever shrine is built."

RUDYARD KIPLING—*The Goat*

"And he shall kill it on the side of the altar northward before the Lord: and the priests, Aaron's sons, shall sprinkle his blood round about upon the altar."

Leviticus

MY visit to Jaipur began disastrously, and I set out the cause thereof as a caution to unwary travellers in India against the ubiquitous bullock-cart. The Indian bullock, however harmless and necessary he may appear at first sight, is really as fearsome and full of terrors for the motorist as any beast of fact or even fiction, such as " the Jabberwock " or " the frumious Bandersnatch." The peculiar peril of this animal lies in the utter impossibility of foreseeing what he is going to do next. Rules of the road were not made for him, or for his driver ; they are a law unto themselves, as my fate was to prove. The car in which I was travelling with my companion, a young nephew who had joined me on a week's leave from his regiment, was speeding along the excellent high-road from Ajmer to Jaipur, when we came up with a long line of bullock-carts crawling one after another at the side of the road in the same direction as ourselves. We had passed one half of them in safety when suddenly and without warning a pair of bullocks just ahead, perhaps startled by the sound of the approaching car, wheeled sharply across the road in front of us, and completely blocked our passage. Our chauffeur had either to crash into them or to turn the car off the road ; he chose the latter alternative, and in the next few seconds we had overturned in a thorny ditch which lay alongside. Fortunately the ditch was not deep, and we escaped without serious damage ; but my bruised

ribs developed pleurisy the next day, and for a fortnight I lay in bed, tightly bandaged. To the care and attention which I received at Jaipur from the skilful Civil Surgeon and his Assistant I owe my speedy recovery and my most grateful thanks. But, to my great regret, I was prevented from renewing some of my old friendships in Jaipur and revisiting many of the spots for which Jaipur is deservedly famous. I say deservedly, for Jaipur has been too harshly treated by some of its critics. Tod himself, it seems, never visited the town, and though he details its history at length, devotes but a single sentence to its outward appearance : " Jaipur is the only city in India built upon a regular plan, with streets bisecting each other at right angles " ; which, after all, is no slight commendation, if we remind ourselves that two centuries ago, when the great Jaisingh laid out his new city with mathematical regularity, London was an insanitary labyrinth, and our Midland industrial towns had yet to surround themselves with their unspeakable slums. General Cunningham, that lover of antiquity, who visited Jaipur in 1864, hardly notices the new city, and Fergusson confines himself to the ancient Amber ; but a strange archæologist, Mr. H. B. W. Garrick, who came here in 1883, records the following curious opinion : " I made a very short stay at the modern Jaipur, which city is uninteresting archæologically, and in the rigid angularity of its plan, excessively ugly ! " Mr. Kipling has given us a marvellously graphic description of Jaipur, as he saw it in 1889, which no visitor should omit to read. He could not fail to be greatly impressed, as all beholders must be, by the wonderful town-planning of Jaisingh's city, which has not been eclipsed even by the lay-out of New Delhi ; but he rightly dismissed its architecture as " neither temperate nor noble." Sir Edwin Arnold on the other hand undoubtedly prejudiced the issue by what Lord Curzon called " the truly telegraphese vocabulary " of his effusions, of which the following is a fair specimen :—

" The *Hawa Mahal* or ' Hall of the Winds '," writes Sir Edwin Arnold in his *India Revisited*, " is a vision of daring and dainty loveliness, nine stories of rosy masonry and delicate overhanging balconies and latticed windows, soaring with tier after tier of fanciful

architecture in a pyramidal form, a very mountain of airy and audacious beauty, through the thousand pierced screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very highest houses. Aladdin's magician could have called into existence no more marvellous abode, nor was the pearl and silver palace of the Peri Banou more delicately charming."

To over-eulogize is often a more deadly method of destroying a reputation than to "damn with faint praise," and Lord Curzon was probably too exasperated by Sir Edwin's effervescence to do more than describe his "rose-red city" as "a pretentious plaster fraud"; and other writers have repeated his dispraise. Yet Jaipur continues to be the cynosure of the tourist in India, and "Pagett, M.P." may still be frequently met with (in the cold season) prowling about the bazars in the vain pursuit of a "bargain," or riding proudly on a State elephant up the stone-paved ramp of Amber.

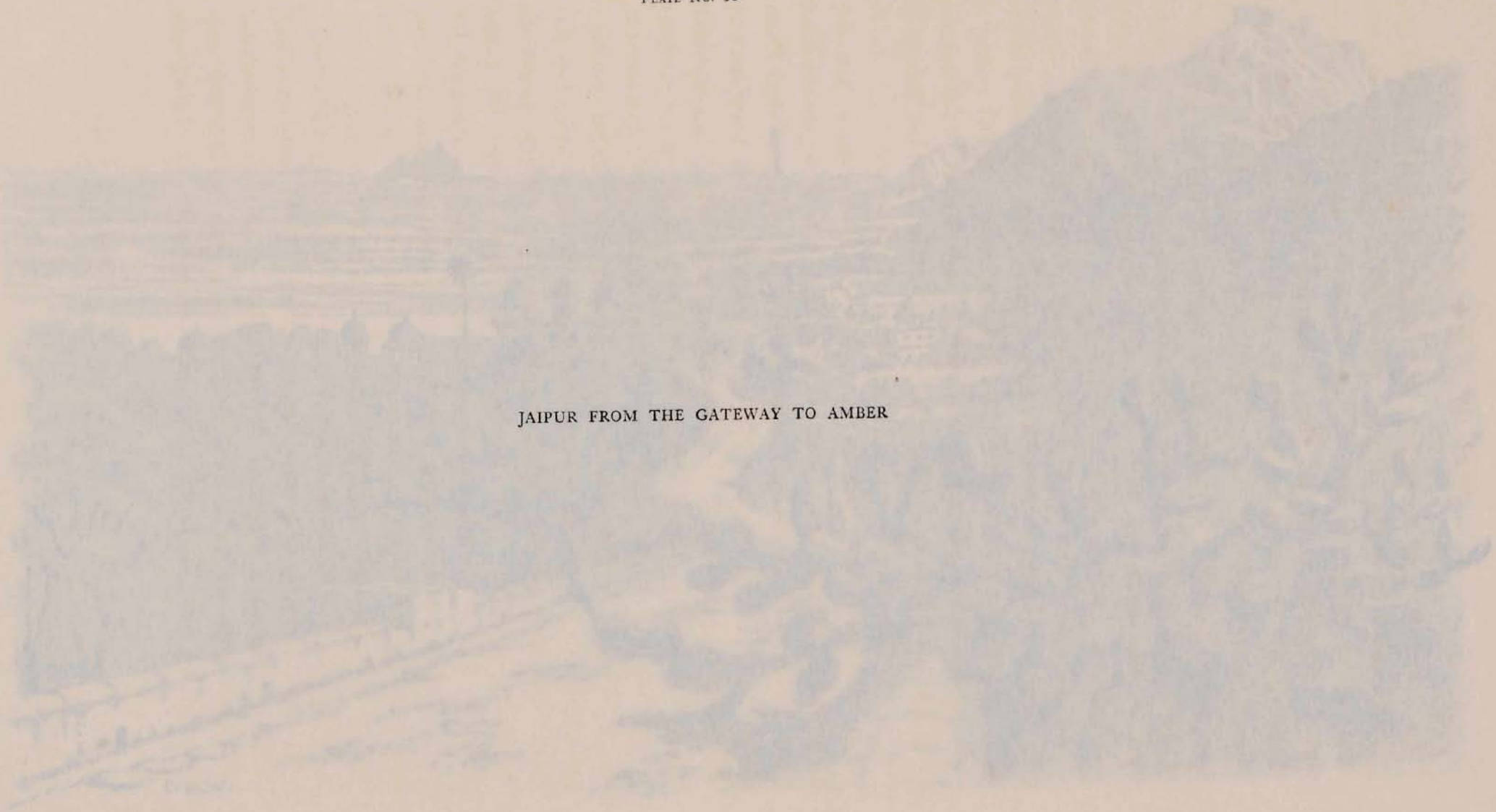
We can hardly expect much admirable architecture to have come down to us from the decadent age of the worthless successors of Aurangzeb, but the magnificently wide straight thoroughfares of Jaisingh's city, which carry on the eye in endless lines to the horizon, and its fine open squares, give it an air of spacious nobility in spite of all the pink wash with which a later Ruler has covered the stucco fronts of the houses. Assuredly that is no mean city whose main street is 111 feet broad and over four miles long. Nor are all its buildings unworthy, for the slender tower built by Ishwarisingh as late as 1750, which soars up beside the palace, has the simple elegance of an Italian campanile, contrasting delightfully with the long low horizontal lines of the buildings. Above all, these broad, far-reaching vistas afford a setting such as is to be found nowhere else in India for the gorgeous processions which are the traditional pageantry of the East. At the Spring festival of *Vasant Panchmi* (which I was able to witness) the image of the Sun-god—the ancestor of the Solar Line of Rajputs to which the Kuchwaha Princes of Jaipur belong, claiming descent from Kusa the second son of Rama—is carried through the city in a cavalcade, headed by the Maharaja and his nobles, from the temple on a hill,

beyond the *Surya Pol*, or Gate of Sunrise. The effigy rides in a chariot drawn by eight milk-white horses, attended by elephants with velvet hangings and gilded howdahs, camels with silken saddles and elaborate pendants, Marwari horses with flowing manes, prancing on their hind legs, and men in chain mail and helmets, armed with battle-axes and long lances. The whole city joins in the universal rejoicing at the return of Spring ; the streets are packed with men in long flowered gowns and many-coloured turbans, the balconies and roofs crowded with women—draped and painted Tanagra figures—laden with ornaments and dressed in all the colours of the rainbow—blue, purple, crimson, orange and saffron-yellow—their *saris* embroidered with gold and silver. Such a feast of colour is alone worth a journey to Jaipur ; and it does not lessen our interest in the scene to reflect that five thousand years ago the Egyptian priests magnificently conveyed the image of the Sun-god Amon-Ra in his sacred boat upon the Nile.

An inscription found in the fortress of Gwalior tells us that the Kuchwaha Rajputs under their Chief Mahipala were established there at the end of the eleventh century, having migrated from Bundelkhand many centuries before. Soon afterwards they crossed the Chambal to the land of Dhundhar, as the State was originally called, when their capital was first fixed at Daosa, and later, at Amber.

The territory of the Jaipur State is now rather more than double that of Wales, forming an irregular oblong tableland, diversified by many ranges of hills and extending from the borders of the Delhi Province in the north to the Chambal, which skirts its southern boundary. The aspect of the country varies from the sandy tract in the north-west known as Shekhawati, long held by semi-independent Chieftains, to a rich fertile district in the east and centre, and a wild hilly region in the south, where the Banas river cuts its way through range after range to join the Chambal.

Pajun, the fourth Ruler of Amber, joined Prithviraj, last Hindu king of Delhi, in his desperate attempt to stem the Moslem invasion, but from their proximity to Delhi the Jaipur Chiefs were soon drawn into close alliance with the Moghul Emperors. Baharmal and Bhagwandas held high military commands under the Emperors



JAIPUR FROM THE GATEWAY TO AMBER

Humayun and Akbar, and the famous fighter Mansingh, known as " Raja Man," became in turn Governor of Bengal, Bihar, the Deccan and Kabul, with the rare distinction of being created " Captain of Seven Thousand Horse." In the reign of Aurangzeb Jaisingh I, known as the Mirza Raja, haughty and arrogant, fought many successful battles for his sovereign and captured the troublesome Maratha rebel, Sivaji. He had previously done signal service to Aurangzeb by his betrayal of the unhappy Prince Dara, whom he brought to Delhi on an elephant, closely surrounded by his troops, to suffer the jealous vengeance of his younger brother.

But the outstanding hero of Jaipur history is Jaisingh II, the famous statesman-astronomer who laid out New Jaipur in 1728. In the war of succession among the sons of Aurangzeb Jaisingh supported the losing cause of Shah Alam, for which Amber was sequestrated, but in alliance with Raja Ajitsingh of Marwar he not only recovered his State but greatly enlarged its boundaries and power. By skilful diplomacy rather than by force of arms, during a period of unexampled confusion, amid the break-up of the Empire, he raised Jaipur to pre-eminence among the Principalities of Rajasthan. But his enduring title to fame rests rather on his devotion to astronomy, in which he attained a European reputation. Year after year, regardless of the clash of arms around him, he tranquilly studied the heavens with a detachment only equalled by Archimedes, the engineer of ancient Syracuse, who, we are told, was so absorbed in describing figures in the sand that he failed to notice the capture of his native city by the Romans, and lost his life in consequence.

After Jaisingh's death disasters fell upon Jaipur. In 1790 the vassal Chief of Macheri (now Alwar) set himself up as an independent Ruler, and a succession of weak and incompetent monarchs wasted the treasures of the kingdom and brought Jaipur to the verge of ruin, only to be rescued by its alliance with the British power.

Tourists are well catered for in Jaipur. There is the Maharaja's vast palace, which occupies one-seventh of the whole area within the city walls, a maze of curious and elaborate buildings, with courts and gardens, and a lake where gruesome crocodiles are fed

for the delectation of visitors. The State Armoury can show the mighty sword of Mansingh, the greatest warrior in Jaipur history, not surpassed by the sword of our Edward Longshanks at Westminster ; the Library contains priceless illuminated manuscripts and Moghul and Rajput paintings from Jaisingh's collection, though many of these were squandered by his degenerate successors. The Maharaja is also the owner of a unique collection of Persian and Indian carpets, extending over a period of two and a half centuries and valued at half a million pounds. Near by is the largest and most famous of the Observatories constructed by Jaisingh in different parts of India, with enormous gnomons and dials and other uncouth astronomical instruments with which that mathematically-minded monarch was able to reform the Hindu calendar and to tell the true sun-time to the fraction of a second.

Jaipur has been a pioneer among Rajput States in education, and the Maharaja's College, which was founded as far back as 1847 by Maharaja Ramsingh, who ruled from 1835 to 1880, is now the premier College of Rajputana. Even better known to travellers is the School of Art, opened in 1868, where painting, sculpture, woodcarving, pottery-making and metal-working are admirably taught. The Jaipur bazars are famous for their indigenous wares ; there the portly *bania*, lolling on a cushion in his dim recess, will tempt you with blue pottery and brass figures, dyed silk and cotton fabrics, jewellery and enamelling on gold and silver by processes which are handed down from father to son. Outside the city on the south lies the beautiful Ram Niwas Park, the gift of Maharaja Ramsingh to his people, laid out with playing-fields and shady avenues and brilliant flower-beds ; within its area is the wonderfully perfect Museum, wherein the native arts and crafts can be compared with similar productions from distant countries ; the collections are due to Dr. Hendley, to whose memory no further tribute need be paid after Mr. Kipling's generous appreciation. The Albert Hall, in which the Museum is housed, is a fine example of modern Indo-Saracenic work, designed by the late Colonel Sir Swinton Jacob, to whom, as well as to Dr. Hendley, the State owes an inestimable debt for many years of loyal and

devoted service. To their names must be added that of C. E. Stotherd, who succeeded Sir Swinton as State Engineer, and carried out many important public works during his service of over thirty years.

I drove out one evening, when the air was cool, to the fort of Moti Dungri, whose stained and weather-beaten walls rise from the summit of a small isolated hill a few miles from the southern gate of the city. Looking back from here I obtained a memorable view of the far-extended valley, so thickly covered with trees that it was hard to believe in the existence of the busy, populous city more than half hidden in the bright green foliage. At my feet the foreground was vivid with patches of tufted, yellow tiger-grass ; the distance was closed by a long rugged line of blue-grey hills, which rise abruptly, as is the manner of hills in Rajputana, from the level plain. The cliffs which immediately overhang the city are topped by the massive *Nahargarh* or Tiger Fort, whose battlemented walls can be seen running on along the hill-sides for several miles to join the crumbling fortifications of the forsaken city of Amber. More ranges of broken hills enclose the plain on either hand, crowned with gleaming forts and temples and pierced by narrow gorges, wherein lurk many things of interest and beauty ; the delicate white marble memorial *chatri* of Sawai Jaisingh, where a lamp still burns to his memory ; the ornate country-houses and gardens of one or other of the Twelve Great Nobles of Jaipur ; and most picturesque of all, the Gulta Pass, lined with monasteries, tanks and fountains beneath overhanging rocks from which grey monkeys look gravely down.

Another day I drove along the well-remembered sandy road, bordered by cactus and shady trees, which runs northwards from the city past the wide bed of the old Mansagar Lake, now quite dried up, in the centre of which the eye is irresistibly attracted by the battered and decaying palace, known as the Jal Mahal, whose arches spring from lush green reeds instead of water. A mile or so beyond this a steep ascent leads to the crest of a low ridge between two higher ranges, shutting off the gloomy valley of Amber from the smiling plain outside.

My drawing, taken from the top of the ridge, looks back across the flat well-wooded country to the new city in the distance. The road to Amber runs on through an arched gateway in the fortified walls which unite the two cities, and drops again almost at once into a long narrow gorge between two rocky heights. Here for the first time the great bulk of the deserted palace comes into view—an arresting sight—balanced on the steep hill-side above an artificial lake which almost fills the narrow space below. Round the foot of the hill the remains of the old town lie huddled, a mass of tottering and blackened ruins.

The palace itself, built wholly in the seventeenth century by Raja Man and Jaisingh I, is Moghul rather than Hindu ; its carved stone pillars and fretted marble screens, its mirror-coated chambers and gaily painted frescoes, its dark passages and steep stairways are as familiar to travellers in the East as the Taj Mahal hotel in Bombay or the great Tomb itself at Agra. I sat and drew the eastern façade from the green shelter of a shady garden at the foot of the winding stony path which leads up through gateway after gateway into the halls and courtyards which have lain silent and empty for over two hundred years.

The uninhabited cities which are scattered over the length and breadth of India bring out in strong relief the instability of kingdoms and the vicissitudes of power in Hindustan ever since the first Muhammedan invasions. In the narrow plain of Delhi no fewer than seven Moslem cities rose and sank into utter desolation before the foundation of Shahjehanabad in 1638. The massive walls which enclose the palaces and tombs of Mandu, erected by Afghan conquerors on the heights above the precipitous valley of the Nerbudda, lie buried in a tangled forest. Bijapur and Golconda, the capitals of the too powerful Muhammedan kingdoms of the Deccan, were ravaged by the jealous fury of Aurangzeb. Among Hindu Principalities, Anhilwara Patan in Saurashtra and Chandravati in Malwa, both centres of ancient wealth and learning, were looted by Mahmud of Ghazni and annihilated by Ala-ud-din. Chitor, the jewel of Mewar, after being captured and sacked for the third time by the Moslems, was finally abandoned in despair

by the remnant of its Rajput defenders, thirty thousand of whom had been slaughtered. Kumbhalgarh, their next place of refuge in the Aravalis, met a similar fate. The chiefs of Orchha and Dholpur, like many others, were driven by the Marathas to leave their citadels untenanted. In every quarter of Rajasthan dismantled fortresses, such as Ranthambor and Taragarh, are features of the landscape which speak only of havoc and destruction.

Amber and Fatehpur-Sikri, among deserted cities, are almost the only exceptions to this rule of violence, but while the great Akbar abandoned his newly-built city, perhaps the most magnificent ruin in the world, for no sufficient reason, it was not from hasty impulse or caprice, but in pursuance of a far-sighted policy, that Jaisingh determined to relinquish the home of his ancestors and his exquisite palace with all its wealth of carving and inlay. No one who has visited the site of Amber can doubt his wisdom in exchanging that stifling gorge for the spacious garden city which is now the most populous and the richest capital in Rajputana, a centre of trade and banking, and the resort of travellers from every country.

Amber was already an ancient city eight centuries ago, when Dhula Rai, the founder of the Jaipur State, left his fortress of Gwalior to lead his Kuchwaha clansmen across the Chambal and wrest the land of Dhundhar from the aboriginal Minas ; and the impression of its age is only deepened by its present state of ruin and desolation. Yet Amber is a thing of yesterday compared with the antiquity of a solitary image which lurks in the dark background of a temple within the empty palace. It is Kali, the fearful goddess who is only to be appeased by blood. The hideous apparition which confronts you as you enter the shrine contrasts strangely enough with the finely carved pillars and the marble tracery. All her attributes are designed to terrify her votaries. Her coal-black countenance, her shrivelled body, her pendent breasts, her crooked legs, her fingers lengthened into talons are well calculated to strike a chill into the heart of the beholder. Round her waist is a girdle of serpents, round her neck a ring of human skulls. Her chin is pointed, her teeth long and jagged, her tongue rough and protruding, like

that of the Egyptian Bes or the Gorgon Medusa. A single eye glares from the centre of her forehead. Fierce and terrible herself, she is invoked to ward off evil spirits from her worshippers. Her most favoured followers were the murderous Thugs, who dedicated to her the first-fruits of their booty, snatched from travellers whom they had strangled and despoiled. Even Islam became imbued in India with the notion of blood-sacrifice, and the Moghul Emperors were accustomed to execute criminals before embarking on any important enterprise or journey ; on one occasion Aurangzeb is said to have had five hundred prisoners decapitated as they knelt in rows on either side of the road by which he was setting out with his army. Among the Hindus, legends of human sacrifices abound, and the practice continued until quite recent times among many of the jungle tribes. Worshipped in every corner of the country, Kali is doubtless an aboriginal divinity whose cult goes back to prehistoric ages ; she was long ago absorbed into the Hindu pantheon as the wife of Siva the Destroyer, and as his *Sakti* or energy she is the universal agent of disease and death.

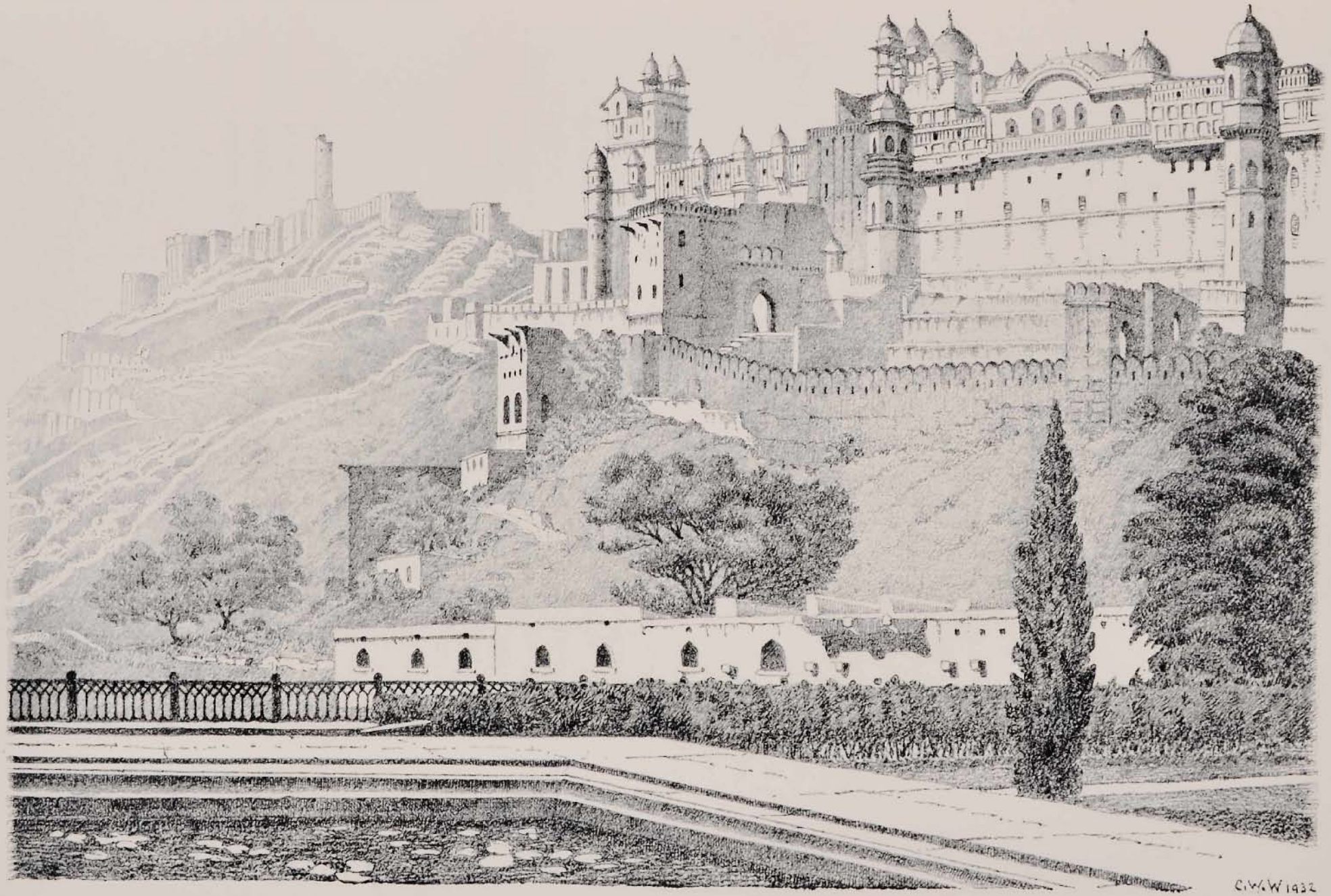
An even more congenial consort for Kali might have been found in Moloch, fitly described by Milton as the leader of the Powers of darkness during the revolt in heaven :

> "First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
> Of human sacrifice and parents' tears;
> Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
> The children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
> To his grim idol."

Moloch and his fellow-gods of the ancient pagan world have long since vanished, as the poet triumphantly relates in his magnificent Ode :

> "And sullen Moloch, fled,
> Hath left in shadows dread
> His burning idol, all of blackest hue;
> In vain with cymbals' ring
> They call the grisly king,
> In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
> The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
> Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste."

THE OLD PALACE AT AMBER, JAIPUR


C.W.W 1932

Not so Kali. She has not hastened to depart. She has outlived her contemporaries, and still demands her daily victim. Before her altar at Amber a bloodstained heap of sand marks the spot where every morning a shrinking goat is dragged to be beheaded by the scowling priest, and its blood is sprinkled on the feet of the idol. The Captains and the Kings have gone, and the city is desolate, but Kali remains immovable in her primeval home.

It is indeed highly probable that the sinister goddess who dispenses plague and cholera as her gifts to mankind would not feel at her ease in new Jaipur, where the darkness of the by-ways is dispelled by electric light, and insidious germs are kept at bay by strict sanitation and an ample supply of filtered water. It is true that the elephants, camels, bullock-carts and laden donkeys which throng the busy thoroughfares give a picturesque and old-world air to the modern city, but the march of progress is clearly shown by the motor cars which mingle with the crowded traffic, and the smart policemen who direct it, baton in hand, clad in blue tunics and yellow turbans.

Jaipur has been fortunate in its latter Rulers. Reform began with Maharaja Ramsingh, an excellent Prince, who did much for his State and city during his long reign of forty-five years. During the Mutiny he did good service to the British Government and was granted the Pargana of Kot Kassim in recognition of his loyalty. His successor, Maharaja Madhosingh, who ruled from 1880 to 1922, was a notable personage of the old school, with a commanding presence and flowing beard, distrustful of innovations, but renowned for his loyalty and abundant charities, which included a magnificent donation of twenty lakhs to the Indian People's Famine Relief Trust. In his reign also the Jaipur Imperial Service Transport Corps was organized with 1200 ponies and 558 carts, which proved their practical utility in several frontier campaigns. At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 the Transport Corps at once proceeded to Mesopotamia, where it served throughout the conflict. The State further contributed over twelve thousand recruits to the Indian army, and made very large donations to various War Funds.

The death of Maharaja Madhosingh was followed by a long minority, during which the State was administered by a Council under British supervision, and striking progress was made in every direction. A new and costly water-supply for the city was one of the great achievements of the Minority ; and all branches of the administration were thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date. Railways and roads were extended, and many important State buildings constructed. Education, Medical relief, Agriculture and Forestry were largely developed. The number of State scholastic institutions, in all of which the teaching is free, rose from 80 to 193, and the number of scholars from under five thousand to over thirteen thousand.

Customs and Excise, Justice and Police were remodelled, and the local coinage stabilized. Old irrigation works were repaired, new ones constructed, and many projects were worked out for the future. A complete Revenue Survey was carried out, including the classification of soils and the provision of maps and land records, and the Revenue procedure was codified. The Mining Department made remarkable progress, and several important mineral deposits were discovered. An Electrical Department was created, which has shown increasing profits from private consumers. The Military contribution of the State to the resources of the Empire was increased by the formation of two fine regiments, the Jaipur Lancers and the Jaipur Infantry, provided with excellent barracks and training-grounds ; together with the Transport Corps, these units form a force of which the State may well be proud. Finally, the income of the State was raised through careful and efficient management by over fifty per cent, and in spite of the immense outlay on improvements a large Reserve Fund was accumulated.

The young Prince, Lieutenant His Highness Maharaja Shri Sawai Mansingh II, on whom this splendid heritage has now devolved, is the embodiment of the finest qualities of the modern Indian aristocracy. After completing his education at the Mayo College at Ajmer, where he was distinguished both for his abilities and his athletic prowess, he went to England and passed through the regular course of training in the Royal Academy at Woolwich,

where his modest manliness gained him a host of friends. Frank, generous and hospitable, he is universally popular. To the public he is perhaps best known as a polo-player, having captained a team which has won the polo championship of India for three consecutive years, and has shown itself to be invincible on English fields.

The Maharaja stands on the threshold of his career, and has yet to enter on the wider and more dangerous field of Indian politics; but no one who has witnessed the outset of that career can doubt that it forms the brightest augury for the future of the Jaipur State.

CHAPTER VIII

DHOLPUR

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

The Ancient Mariner

THE Chambal, or Charmanvati, to give it its classic name, is by far the most notable river of Rajputana, through which it flows for about one-third of its course, while it forms the eastern boundary of the Province for another third. It rises in the Janapao hill, at an elevation of over 2000 feet above the sea, in the Highlands of the Vindhyas, the great mountain range which runs across the middle of India from East to West, cutting off the Deccan plateau from the wide alluvial plains of the Ganges and its tributaries. For the first part of its journey the Chambal traverses the Central India States of Gwalior, Indore and Sitamau, and enters Rajputana at Chaurasgarh in Eastern Mewar, where it breaks through the scarp of the Patar plateau and continues its northward course through portions of Kotah and Bundi, and then skirts the territories of the Rajput States of Jaipur, Karauli and Dholpur on its left bank, separating them from the extensive Maratha State of Gwalior on the right. Turning eastwards as it flows past Dholpur, it finally discharges itself into the Jumna after a course of nearly six hundred miles.

The Chambal is not reckoned as one of the great rivers of India. In length and usefulness it is not comparable to the Indus, the Ganges or the Brahmaputra. It is nowhere navigable, except for small and shallow craft, nor is it available for irrigation, except in its early course, since in the procession of geological ages it has cut for itself a deep channel far below the level of the cultivated fields. Yet rivers do not always arrest our attention in proportion to their size. The Rubicon, which changed the course of the world's history, is a mere rivulet, and the Chambal, though it cannot claim such epoch-making importance, has many merits which entitle it to respectful consideration. In the matter of sanctity, indeed, it is not the equal of the Ganges, or the still

holier stream of the Nerbudda, yet it is one of the sixteen sacred rivers of India and is greatly revered by the dwellers on its banks. The wild regions through which it flows teem with legends and historic memories which only await their Walter Scott to become as famous as any Border Tales. Mahseer and other excellent fish are taken from its deep pools, and it provides ample water for more than one populous city and countless villages and hamlets, as well as for the flocks and herds which quench their thirst by day and for the wild creatures which steal down to its jungle pools in the sultry nights of summer. For much of its course it passes through magnificent scenery, notably at Bhainsrorgarh in Mewar, where it cleaves its way between cliffs 700 feet high surmounted by a fortress overhanging the rushing torrent, which precipitates itself in a series of waterfalls and rapids into the famous whirlpools or " chulas," first described by Tod.

Above the city of Kotah the river expands into a broad and peaceful stretch of deep blue water much resembling an Italian lake, extending for some twenty miles between high and thickly wooded precipices on which tigers and bears are often seen and are sometimes shot from a motor launch as it glides silently past. Many other old forts crown the rocky heights as the river travels on, and many tributaries flow in from east and west, the largest being the Banas, which forces a passage through several ranges of hills to the meeting of the waters at Rameswar in the Jaipur State, a very sacred spot, as a " Sangam " or junction of two rivers always is in India. Lower down the river is bordered for fifty or sixty miles by a tangled network of desolate ravines which run back for four or five miles on either side and afford a perfect sanctuary for tigers and other jungle beasts, as well as for dacoits who not infrequently hold a fat " bania " or merchant to ransom in these inaccessible recesses. In the hot season the level of the river sinks to a depth of 150 feet below the top of its banks, and it becomes fordable in certain places, but in the monsoon, swollen by many affluents, it rises nearly 100 feet and attains a width of a mile or more, sweeping all before it and bearing an immense volume of water to swell the Jumna.

The Chambal is nowhere bridged in Rajputana, except by a low

stone causeway at Kotah, which is submerged in the rainy season, and by two lofty railway bridges, one at Kotah, the other near Dholpur. A short distance above the latter is a temporary pontoon bridge, which forms the subject of my drawing, and which is replaced by a ferry when the river rises. Across this bridge runs the Great North Road, which follows the old Moghul route from Delhi and Agra to the Deccan. A stone near by marks 700 miles southwards to Bombay ; to the north the road runs to Delhi, 160 miles off, where it joins the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawar and the frontier nearly 1000 miles away.

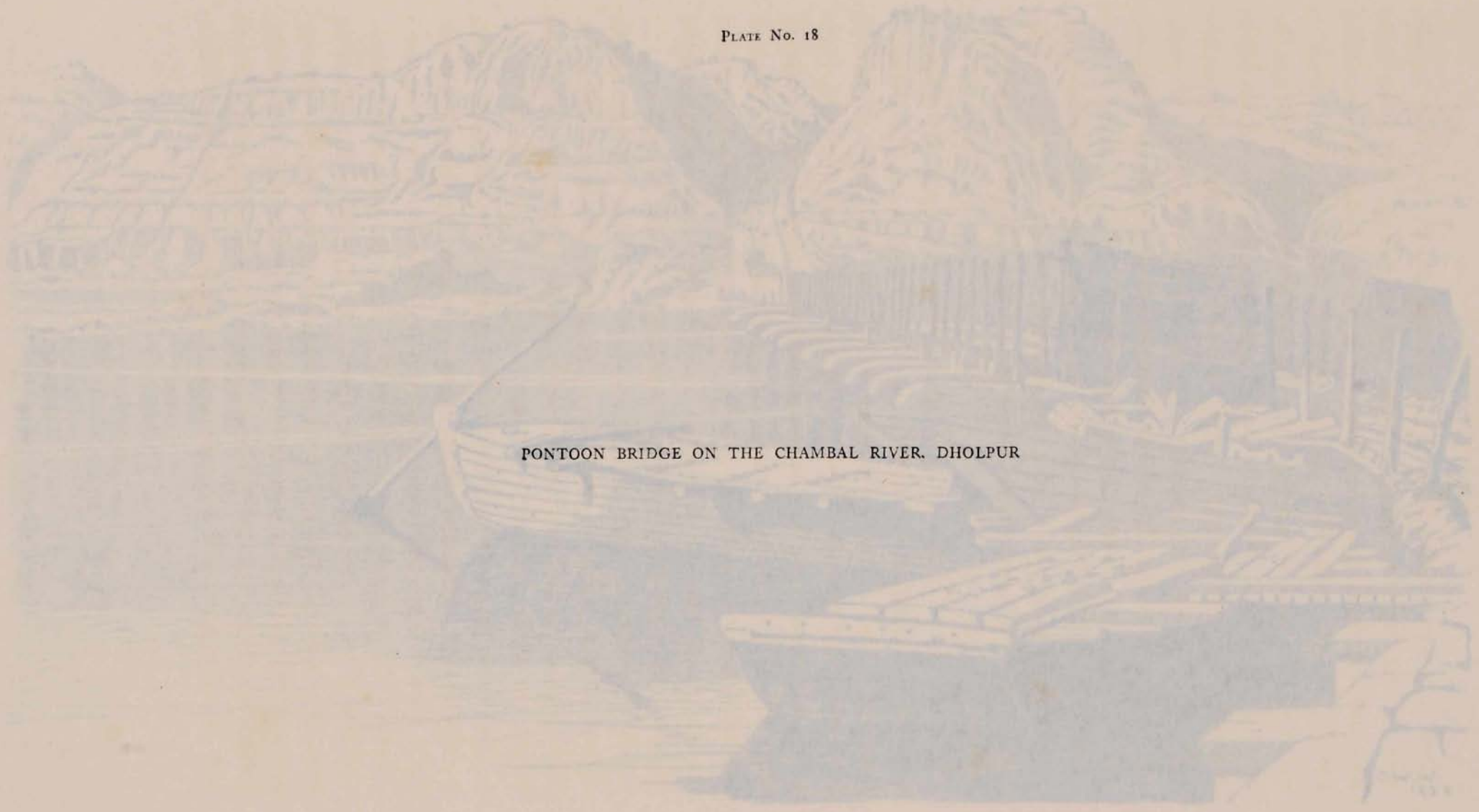
By this road the Moghul armies, and many invaders before them, marched to the conquest of the south, and here the Maratha hordes came swarming northwards across the river on their way to Delhi and the Indus.

The plain of Dholpur north of the river has been the scene of many historic battles, the most famous encounter being that between Aurangzeb and his elder brother Dara, the rightful heir of the Emperor Shah Jehan, in their contest for the throne in 1658. Dara advancing from Agra had entrenched the passage of the Chambal, but the crafty Aurangzeb turned the position by a night march to another ford at Goraktar, 12 miles lower down, where he crossed the river and next day fell upon and defeated Dara, who escaped for the time, but was afterwards captured and cruelly slain.

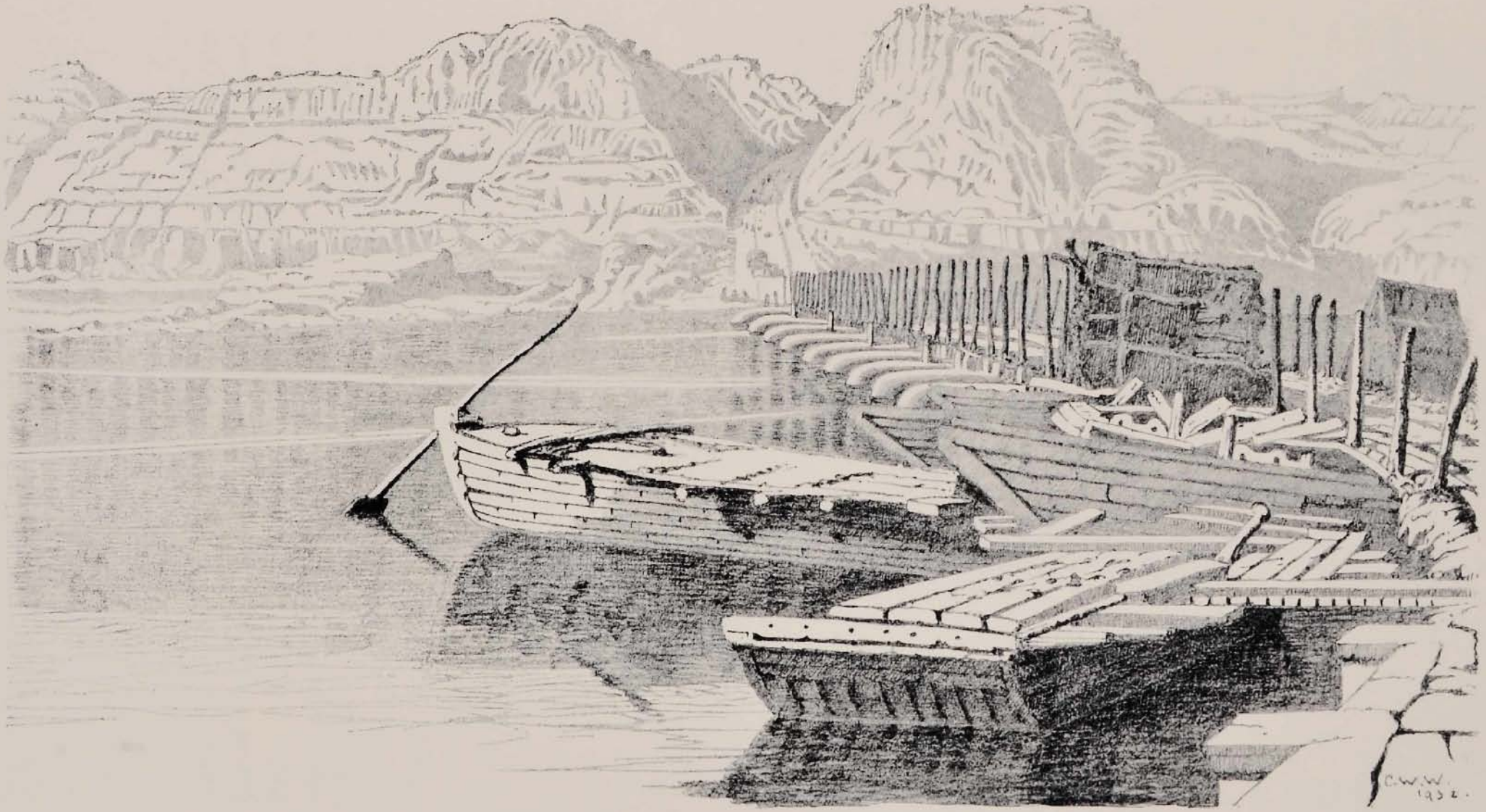
Little more than half a century later two sons of Aurangzeb himself, Azam Tara and Shah Alam, fought each other on the same plain of Dholpur for the crown which was passing away for ever from the House of Tamerlane.

Two ruins guard the passage of the river on the northern bank, on one side an imposing fortress built by the usurping Emperor Sher Shah in the early sixteenth century, on the other a fortified " Sarai " or halting-place for travellers built by the great Akbar.

A few miles further on the road passes the Capital of the Dholpur State, a small but thriving town of 20,000 inhabitants, set among green parks and gardens. It is furnished with wide and well-paved streets, which are lighted by electricity, as are also many of the shops and houses. New and handsome streets of stone buildings, often



PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE CHAMBAL RIVER. DHOLPUR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richly carved, are being created by private enterprise, and on every side are evident signs of prosperity and progress, including a flourishing High School, a market and a well-equipped hospital run on Western lines, besides which there are two Indian hospitals, in one of which Ayurvedic medicine is dispensed to Hindus, in the other the " Unani " or Moslem style is followed. Above all, the personal influence of His Highness the Maharaj Rana is everywhere apparent, and when his light-blue motor car is seen gliding slowly and silently through the crowded streets, the children flock round it to acclaim their beloved Ruler with shrill cries of " Shri Huzur," and humble petitions on scraps of paper are flung into the car, all of which it is known will be sympathetically heard.

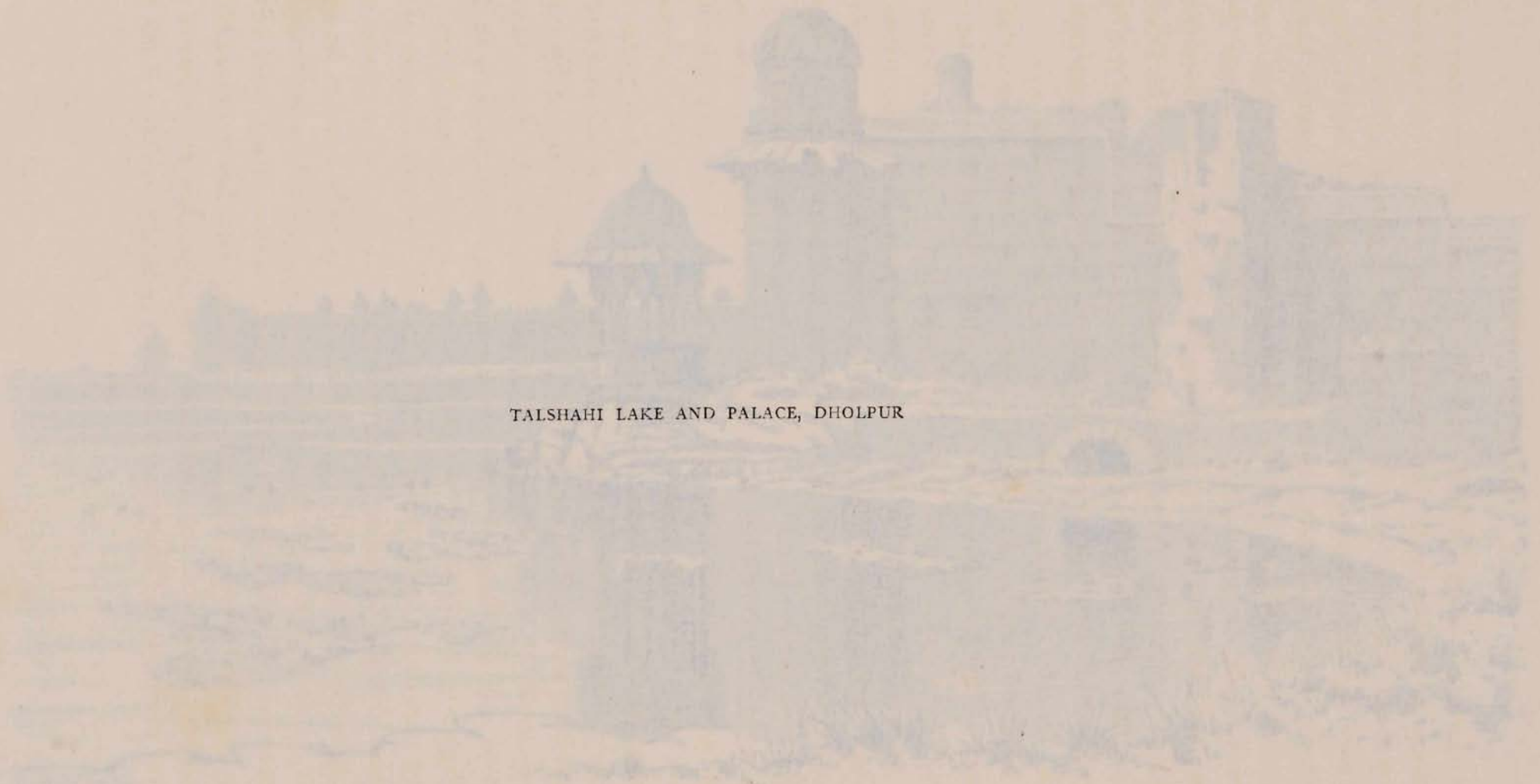
It is just this privilege of direct access to an all-powerful Ruler and of laying their grievances personally before him which from time immemorial has endeared the monarchical principle to the peoples of India, and still makes life in a well-ordered Indian State more acceptable in their eyes than the impersonal rule of a bureaucracy, however well-intentioned. Moreover, the District Officer in British India, immersed in his files, is now far less in touch with the peasantry than was the case in former days, while the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province has always been a remote and inaccessible deity.

One of the latest innovations made by His Highness the Maharaj Rana is a landing-ground, where I saw the first aeroplane to arrive at Dholpur, piloted by members of the Delhi Flying Club, at His Highness's invitation. In the future Dholpur will take its place as a stage in the air route between Delhi and Bombay.

The Dholpur State, though not one of the largest, is one of the most beautiful, and by no means the least interesting in Rajputana. It extends for 70 or 80 miles along the north bank of the Chambal, its greatest breadth being about 30 miles. Parallel to the Chambal runs a chain of hills, rising in places to a height of 600 feet, steeply scarped on the side towards the river-valley, while on the farther side the rocky strata shelve more gradually down to a richly cultivated plain. This sloping terrain, for the most part thickly covered with jungle trees and grass, forms the catchment area for a series of

irrigation " tanks " which have been constructed in recent years along the base of the hills and distribute their water by canals over an extensive district, forming a complete safeguard against famine. From the hill-side may be viewed a landscape of bright crops of wheat, maize and sugar-cane stretching to the northern horizon, dotted with villages half hidden in groves of dark-green mango, banyan and tamarind trees. A feeder railway runs the whole length of the State, carrying its produce to the main line, which runs northwards to Agra and Delhi, and southwards to Bombay. The Dholpur sandstone, red and white, is another important product of the State, and the Dholpur quarries have recently furnished the materials for the Viceroy's House and other buildings at New Delhi.

The intractable network of ravines which covers the floor of the river-valley presents a problem which His Highness is tackling in an ingenious way. Numbers of small dams have been made across the " nullahs," holding up the water when rain has fallen, instead of allowing it to rush down to the river. Small lakes or ponds are thus formed every year, which soon dry up and allow patches of vegetation to take their place ; in this way it is anticipated that much of the land will be reclaimed, as cultivation increases and the denudation of the soil is checked by the growth of grass and trees. The hilly tract which extends between the Chambal valley and the cultivated plain affords shade and pasture to a large number of goats and cattle, tended by the jungle folk, chiefly Gujars, who live in scattered hamlets, round which small patches of ground, enclosed by piled-up boulders, yield a scanty crop of millet in the rainy season. Wild animals abound, and a drive through the forest with His Highness, especially at nightfall, is a wonderful experience. In one expedition which we made after a tiger in a distant corner of the State, I made a note of the animals which I saw in the course of a single day. Besides the tiger, which was the only beast to be shot, we came across a panther, a bear, a lynx (a rare and beautiful creature with black-tufted ears), several hyenas, many wild boars, jackals and foxes, mongooses and hares, with herds of sambhur, nilghai, blackbuck and chinkara. None but dangerous beasts are ever molested in Dholpur, for His Highness the Maharaj Rana is a



TALSHAHI LAKE AND PALACE, DHOLPUR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true lover of wild animals. One day he kindly offered to show me a sight which he promised would be unique in my experience, and it certainly proved to be so. Leaving the road which runs due west from Dholpur some ten miles from the city, His Highness steered his car into the thick jungle, winding skilfully among the trees and rocks, until we reached a small clearing surrounded by thickets. Here he sounded his motor-horn and we waited in silence. Presently a sambhur hind showed herself, peering at us from the cover, then another and another, followed by the stags, and they all finally clustered round the car to take carrots from the Maharaj Rana's hands, allowing him to stroke their nozzles and showing no signs of fear, although naturally they are among the shyest of the denizens of the forest. It was a miracle worthy of Saint Francis, and for once I regretted the absence of a " movie " camera ! On these excursions His Highness is often accompanied by his only daughter, a fascinating child of seven years, who has inherited her father's devotion to animals, and is surrounded in her home by a happy family of cats and birds.

Another memorable expedition took us along the same jungle road, which follows the crest of the range of hills bordering the Chambal valley. On the left we overlooked the maze of ravines which extend, like a sea of tumbled waves, to the river three or four miles away. Here and there, as we drove along, I caught a glimpse of the shining current in its deep rocky bed ; the further shore is low, and across the plain beyond it the hill-fortress of Gwalior, once held by the Dholpur Chiefs, is discernible in clear weather nearly forty miles away. At a point some twenty miles from Dholpur another road strikes off to the right, and as our car turned here, an enchanting vision met my eyes at the foot of the rocky slope, a sheet of gleaming water bordered by a line of turreted buildings of deep red sandstone, backed by noble trees. The sight brought Shelley's lovely lines to my mind :

"We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;—
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky,
Gulfed in a world below;

A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day."

It is Talshahi, the " Royal Lake," by the side of which the Emperor Shah Jehan erected this magnificent hunting-seat. The buildings occupy the whole length of the " bund " or dam which holds up the water of the lake and distributes it through many channels to the wide fields below. In front of the palace runs a grassy terrace shaded by trees which overhang the water ; another side of the lake is bounded by a broad stone embankment adorned with graceful pavilions, from the centre of which a causeway carried by arches projects far out and ends in a flight of steps descending to the water. Here no doubt the Emperor was wont to take his ease in a royal barge accompanied by the beauties of his court, though not by the peerless Lady of the Taj, for she died less than two years after Shah Jehan ascended the throne and could not have seen the palace completed.

A few years ago Talshahi was a neglected ruin, like so many others which strew the face of India, a relic of forgotten splendour, of which Omar might have written :

" They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The halls where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,"

if the lion still roamed the jungles of Dholpur. Here, however, the panther and the peacock would be more appropriate symbols of desolation, just as the owl and the bat have been chosen as the proper inmates of our " ivy-mantled towers." Even more familiar and frequent visitors to a ruin in India would be the pig and the porcupine, but their names are lacking in romantic association. Panthers, in fact, were often found at Talshahi in its ruinous days, and peacocks abound in all Indian jungles. But Talshahi is no longer ruinous, thanks to His Highness, who some years ago restored the fabric and converted it into a most delightful residence.

The lake is a paradise for birds, and it is a fascinating occupation

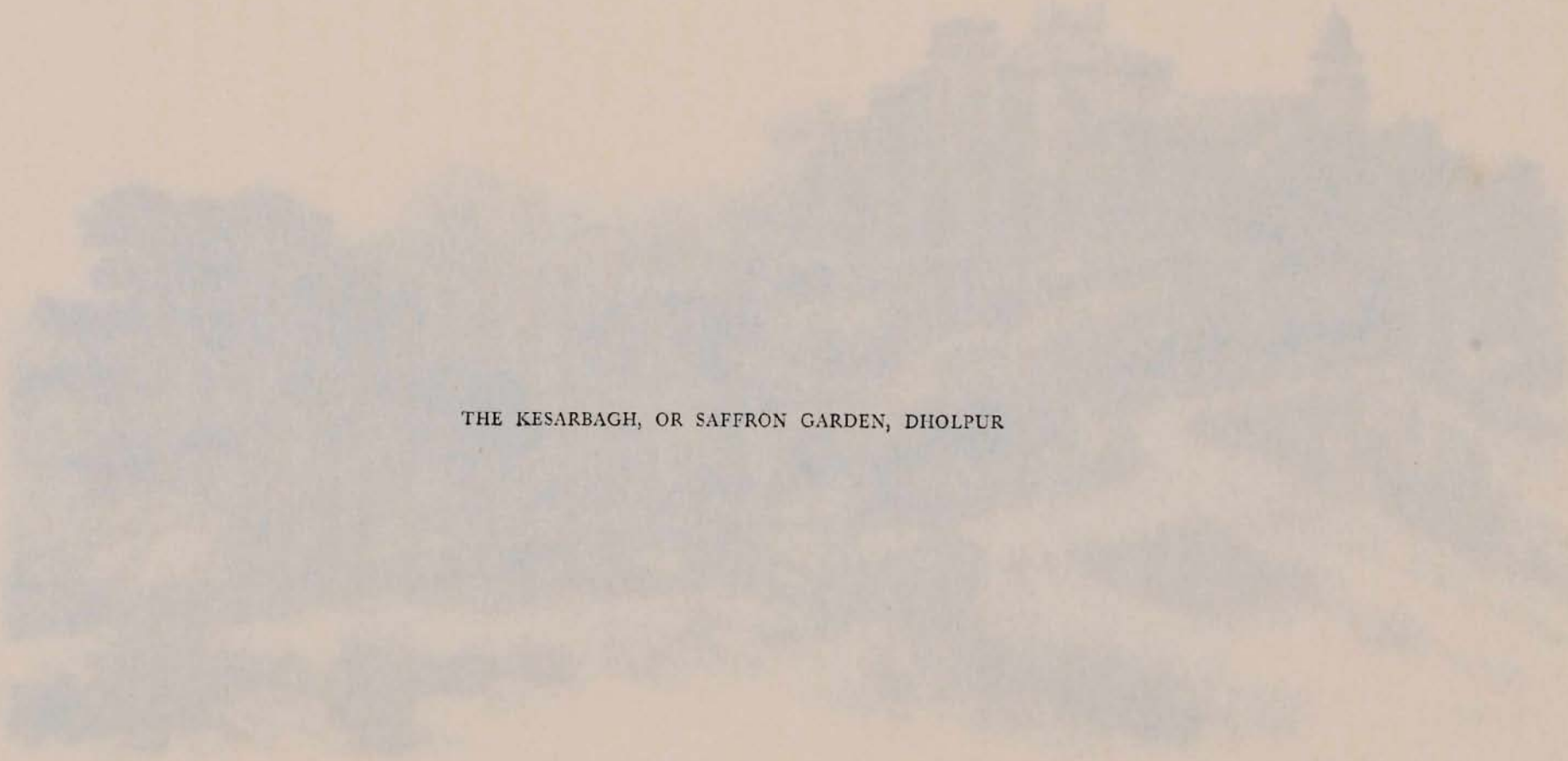
to while away a cloudless morning under the trees on the terrace picking out with a telescope the many different creatures of strange and beautiful plumage which float on the glassy surface or wade along the reedy shores. On the smooth turf at our feet graceful hoopoos run hither and thither, busily tapping the earth with their long sensitive bills in search of hidden grubs. Blue jays flit from tree to tree, with jerky flight and discordant screeches. Red-breasted bulbuls cluster to devour the berries on the boughs. Partridges call in the early morning and again at sunset ; pigeons and doves coo all day long from the palace roofs and eaves ; innumerable small birds are hopping in the branches of the trees, or twittering in the rushes. High in the air brown hawks are wheeling, and just over the lake black and white kingfishers (the blue variety is rare) hover for a time and fall like stones into the water. Close to the bank coots and moorhens, which are fearless of man, swim boldly to and fro. Further off, snake-birds lift their black necks above the surface, and colonies of ducks of many varied kinds cluster at a safe distance ; the still more wary geese feed only on the further shore. In the shallows stand tall blue " sairus " cranes, white ibises and egrets, and other wading birds. Most wonderful of all is a flock of flamingoes, which appears like a sheet of white until the birds rise in the air, showing the flash of brilliant scarlet beneath their wings. But it is beyond me to exhaust the list. I wondered whether Shah Jehan enjoyed the peaceful stillness of the lake, forgetful of the cares of Empire, or had he a forboding of the time when he was to be deposed and imprisoned by his sons, while they fought each other for his throne upon that very plain of Dholpur which lay before his eyes ?

Tiger stories are apt to be tedious. But a reader can always skip a few pages, and my exceptional luck in getting five tigers and a panther during three days' shooting at Dholpur encourages me to write a brief account of one or two unusual features of my " shikar " there. In the first place, I had never before seen a tiger-shoot organized by means of helios. His Highness invited me to start with him very early one morning to make a round of the " kills " in the district in the hope of coming on one which the tiger had not

yet left for the day. On our way we heard of several carcases which had only just been abandoned, but as the sun appeared above the horizon we concluded that it was too late to catch a belated tiger at his meal, and went on to a hill overlooking the Chambal valley, with a magnificent view up the winding river to the Karauli hills in the distance. Here we found a helio busily communicating with a number of other helios posted on the tops of hills or on old forts, which were winking their messages to each other over an area of many square miles. Before nine o'clock we had received news of no fewer than seven tigers which had killed during the night and had been tracked down to their resting-places. Having decided on the locality which seemed the most likely, in which a pair of tigers were reported to be lying up in a ravine about fifty miles off, we returned home to breakfast, after which we started out again along a rough jungle track which brought us to the rendezvous soon after midday. The " shikaris " and beaters having been warned by helio were all ready for us ; we walked a mile or two through the jungle and climbed into our " machan " in a tree overlooking the ravine where we waited in patience and silence for an hour. By four o'clock both the tigers were " in the bag."

On this occasion an old bear was disturbed in his rocky retreat by the cries of the beaters and came lumbering along the hill-side in the wake of the tigers, very cross at being roused from his midday siesta ; he was allowed to go unmolested, His Highness being the special friend of all the bears.

The journey home was diversified by the little incidents of wild life which seldom fail to vary the interest of a day in the Indian jungle. At one spot five or six vultures were observed wheeling slowly round and round a few hundred feet above the ground, a sure sign that they had marked down their prey which they would attack as soon as it should lie down, first pecking out its eyes and then tearing the softer parts of the body. Leaving our car we made our way in their direction and soon came upon an old sambhur stag evidently sick unto death, but still standing in defiance of his ruthless enemies, like the bull in Ralph Hodgson's fine poem :



THE KESARBAGH, OR SAFFRON GARDEN, DHOLPUR

"Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead."

Shy and fearful as they are of man, sambhur stags are capable of great courage in defence of the hinds when the herd is threatened by a tiger. Their heavy sharp antlers are formidable weapons, and a line of stags will stand and face a prowling tiger with lowered heads, upon which the tiger will not risk a frontal attack, until the hinds have had time to fly to safety. We thought it merciful to hasten the old stag's end with a bullet, and went on to a spot where the " shikaris " had marked a panther, from whose ravages the neighbouring villagers were anxious to save their calves and goats. On the approach of the beaters the panther obligingly fled in our direction and paid the penalty for his depredations with his life. He went on for a couple of hundred yards before he dropped, and as we came up to him lying dead on the ground, I saw a little fox sitting up a few yards off regarding his late enemy with a comically suspicious look. The panther was a fine one—actually a record for Dholpur.

In the second place, I had never shot a " Man-eater," and it happened that on the day before my arrival a traveller on horseback had been stalked and killed by a tiger in broad daylight within a mile of His Highness's country palace, the " Kesarbagh," or " Saffron Garden," where he usually resides. It is probable that the tiger was actually stalking the horse, and only carried off the man when the horse had bolted, throwing its rider to the ground, but in any case it was necessary to destroy the brute with as little delay as possible. A bait was tied up close to the road where the unfortunate man had met his fate, and I sat up at nightfall to wait for the tiger. Soon after dark he emerged from the jungle into an open space, where he sat for some minutes watching the buffalo and listening intently in every direction to make sure that the coast was clear, which enabled me to fire and kill him before he sprang. In

the moonlight we could see the dark mass of the tiger's body lying quite motionless, but by way of extra precaution we descended from our rocky shelter on the further side from the tiger and made our way by a long détour to a spot from which we could approach him by coming up the road in a motor car. As we slowly advanced with rifles ready to fire in case the tiger should not be quite dead, the motor headlamps caught his eyes in the distance and made them glare with such brilliance that it was almost impossible to believe that he was not alive and waiting to leap out at us. Nevertheless, he had been killed by a single shot. Incidentally, although a tiger, being a cat, may be presumed to have nine lives, I have found in my limited experience that he almost always succumbs immediately to the shock of a projectile from a modern high-velocity rifle, in whatever part of his body it may strike him, except a paw or a whisker.

To shoot a tiger is always a thrilling event, but to me it seemed almost more thrilling to watch the tiger, free and unharmed, " burning bright " in his native jungle. We had news of a pair of tigers rather late one day and did not reach the valley in which they were lying up till the sun was low in the west. In the cold season tigers often leave their retreats and begin to wander early in the evening, and so it happened that just as I had climbed up the tower from which we were to shoot, and peered cautiously over the parapet, the tiger and tigress trotted past a few yards off below me, glowing with colour in the slanting evening sunlight. In a few seconds they were hidden in the thick scrub, and as the beaters were now on the wrong side of them, there was nothing to be done but to listen to the birds fussing and a sambhur giving his warning bark as they saw the tigers making off through the forest. Somehow I could not help feeling a secret satisfaction, which perhaps was inspired by His Highness, at the escape of the beautiful lithe beasts from the fatal bullet.

At rare intervals a tiger, impelled by hunger or curiosity, finds his way down from the hills to the thickly populated region of cultivated fields. This had happened, I was told, shortly before my visit, when a tigress was found hiding in a field of young barley, close to a village in the plain. The crop was not more than eighteen

inches high, and it seemed incredible that so large a beast could be concealed in it, but there she lay, invisible and perfectly still, although a large and excited crowd had collected round the field. Fortunately for the happy-go-lucky villagers she was shot before doing any serious damage.

The largest and most beautiful lake in Dholpur is the Ramsagar, to which we went on the last day of my stay, motoring through the little town of Bari, once the capital of the State, " bosom'd high in tufted trees " and adorned with some beautifully-carved old tombs, on through mango groves and waving crops to the " bund " of the tank, where a motor launch was waiting to carry us across the broad lake and up an arm winding far into the hills, where the forest trees come down to the water's edge, and in the monsoon the cataracts from the rocky heights create an almost alpine scene.

Long may it be before the Siren, Democracy, comes to beguile this happy and favoured State from its ancient ways !

CHAPTER IX

HARAOTI

BUNDI, KOTAH AND JHALAWAR

"By the sword they won their Land,
And by the sword they hold it still."
WALTER SCOTT—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

"My father was an Afghan, and came from Kandahar,
He rode with Nawab Amir Khan in the old Maratha war:
From the Dekhan to the Himalay, five hundred of one clan,
They asked no leave of prince or chief, as they swept thro' Hindusthan."
SIR ALFRED LYALL—*The Old Pindaree*

"And they burnt the city with fire, and all that was therein."
Joshua

THE Land of the Haras is a fine varied region of forest-clad hills and fertile plains, lying in South-eastern Rajputana, on both sides of the river Chambal. The term was originally applied to all the districts held by the Hara Rajputs, who first settled on the rocky plateau of Eastern Mewar known as the Patar, or " Upland," and later extended their conquests beyond the Chambal as far east as the confines of Malwa. The name is now officially restricted to the States of Bundi and Kotah, together with the smaller State of Jhalawar, which was formerly a part of Kotah, but is now ruled by a Prince of the Jhala race.

The history of the Haras, as of all the Rajput clans, has a legendary origin. According to the bards, the Haras are a branch of the famous Chauhan race of Rajputs, who were one of the four " Agnikulas " or " Fire-born " tribes miraculously created on Mount Abu by the four great gods Indra, Brahma, Rudra and Vishnu, in order to regenerate the Warrior Rajputs and incite them to destroy a race of demons who had spread over the land. The ancestor of the Chauhans was the last of the four strange beings to be called forth by incantations from the fire-fountain ; this was the work of Vishnu, who made an image like himself with four arms, each having a separate weapon, and gave it the title of " Chatarburja " or the " Four-armed " Chauhan. Hence the four-armed

Vishnu is the favourite deity of the Chauhan Rajputs. Tradition gives them a wide empire in early days, extending from Golconda in the far south of the peninsula to the source of the Ganges in the Himalayas. We can more readily believe that a Chauhan chieftain Ajipal, was the founder of Ajmer, although his date cannot be ascertained ; and his descendant, Manik Rae, who was lord of Sambhar as well as of Ajmer, according to the bardic story, definitely appears on the stage of history at the end of the seventh century as having been killed in the first of the Moslem invasions of Rajasthan.

A celebrated Chauhan was Goga, who had a kingdom with its capital on the Sutlej, which he defended against Mahmud of Ghazni, and is said to have fallen in the battle together with forty-five of his sons. Rajput soldiers still swear by the sword of Goga, and the name of his horse, Javadia, is commonly given to a warhorse throughout Rajputana. A still more celebrated Chauhan was Prithviraj, the last Hindu King of Delhi, the " Young Lochinvar " of India, who carried off the beautiful princess of Kanauj from under the noses of her suitors, and perished heroically at the hands of the Sultan of Ghor.

It is from Manik Rae of Ajmer that the Haras trace their descent ; they are said to have dwelt in the fortress of Asi, later known as Hansi, and afterwards at Asirgarh in the Deccan. This fell to Ala-ud-din in A.D. 1295, when the Hara chieftain, Rao Chand, was slain, but his youthful son, Rainsi, escaped to Mewar, where he was protected by his uncle the Rana, and obtained the fortress of Bhainsrorgarh in the Patar.

Another account of the early history of the Haras, based on inscriptions recently discovered, states that Manik Rae set out from Sambhar at the end of the tenth century and founded a kingdom at Nadole, where his descendants ruled for 200 years. Thence Manik Rae II migrated to Bumbaoda in the Patar. Sixth in descent from him was Rao Hada, or Har Raj, from whom the sept takes its name.

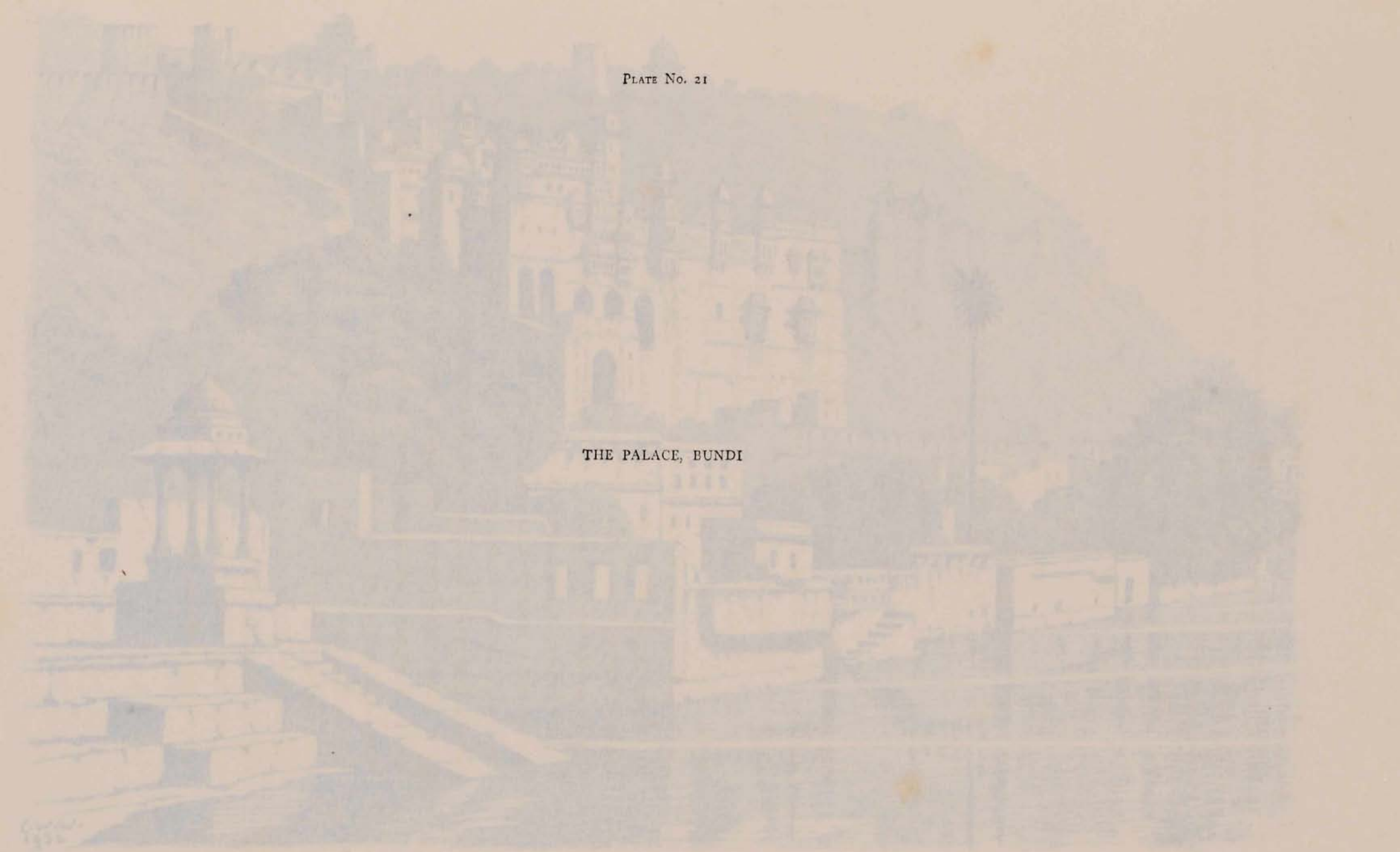
Whichever version may be nearer the truth, the whole of this tableland, abounding in narrow gorges, rocky crags and roaring torrents, was very early occupied by Hara chiefs, who erected twelve

fortresses and styled themselves " Lords of the Patar." Each was followed by a troop of his kinsmen, ever ready to lead a foray or repel an attack, in the good old fashion of the knights of the bold Buccleugh :

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not their armour bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

For the " red wine " the Rajput would have substituted his favourite *Amal-pani*, or Opium-Water, without a draught of which no desperate venture was ever undertaken.

In 1342 Rao Dewa took the Bundi valley, to the north of the Patar, from a tribe of Minas, and made Bundi the capital of his domain. From this event dates the foundation of the Bundi State, the name being derived from the Mina chieftain, Bunda. To Rao Dewa is ascribed the origin of the familiar saying, " There are three things no man may ask of a Rajput, his sword, his mistress, and his horse." Dewa's son, Har Raj, remained at Bumbaoda, in the Patar, and the two branches of the clan continued for some time to be distinct. The two centuries which followed, covering the reigns of our Plantagenet kings and the Wars of the Roses, were marked by constant violence and bloodshed, and by a bitter feud with the Ranas of Mewar, who claimed supremacy over the Patar, which the Haras denied, alleging that they owed their strongholds to their swords, and not to any grant from the Rana. In time the Haras were expelled from the Patar, but the countryside still abounds with traditions of their exploits, notably those of the redoubted Alu Hara, traditions which bear witness to their fiery valour, their pride of race, and their unswerving loyalty. The spirit of the Rajput wife, always more zealous for the honour of the house from which



THE PALACE, BUNDI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1932

she sprang than for that into which she has married, is well shown in the story of the Thoda Chief's daughter, who was Queen to Rao Napooji of Bundi. Fancying herself slighted by her husband, she complained to her father, who made his way by stealth into the Bundi palace, and drove his lance through the Rao's body. He escaped in safety, but on his way home was assailed by a Bundi vassal, who aimed a blow at him and cut off his arm, which he wrapped up in his scarf and sent to the Rani. True to her faith, the Queen was about to sacrifice herself on the funeral pyre of her murdered lord, but her last thought was of her home, and before she expired in the flames she sent a dying appeal to her brother at Thoda to avenge the injury to their father.

Ruthless revenge marks the tale of Prince Narain-Das, a mighty man of his hands. His father, Rao Bando, albeit renowned for his piety and charity, was expelled from his kingdom by the greed of his two younger brothers, who had adopted the faith of Islam and called in the aid of the Moslem power. Narain-Das was bred in the wilds of the Patar, and as soon as he grew to manhood, he gathered round him a band of Haras, with whom he rode to Bundi, and boldly entering the hall where his usurping uncles were seated, slew them both with his sword, while his followers extirpated every one of the Moslems. A slab in the staircase of the old palace at Bundi records the fate of the traitors.

Generosity when a feud is over shines in the story of Rao Arjun of Bundi, whose father was treacherously killed by the Rana of Mewar when they met in the forest for the spring hunting. With an expiring effort the Rao plunged his dagger into the Rana's heart and fell dead on the corpse of his foe. The feud was thus extinguished, and when Chitor was attacked by the Moslem king Bahadur Shah of Gujarat, Rao Arjun hastened to the help of Mewar, and fell gloriously in defence of the citadel against their common enemy.

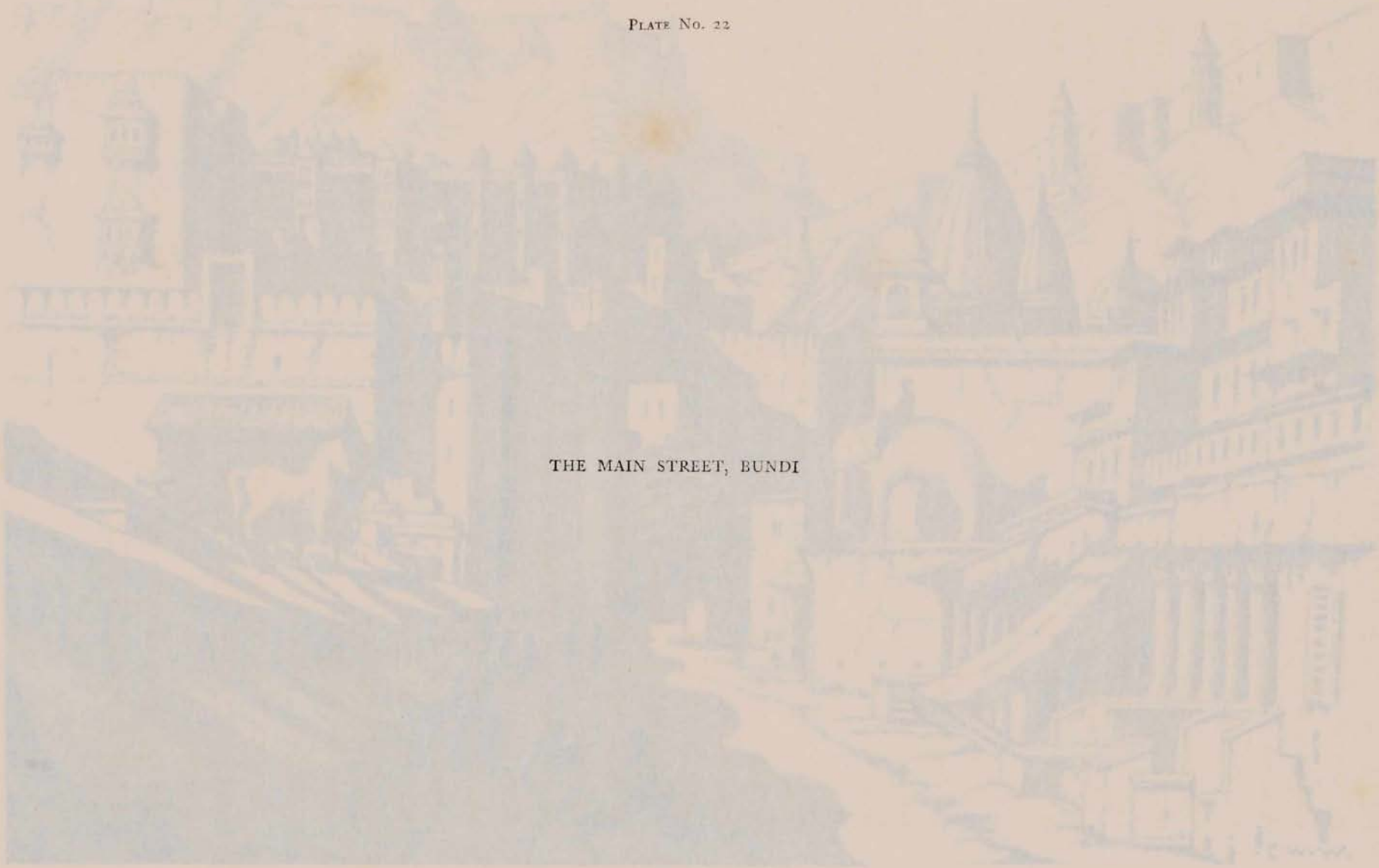
Greatness and glory dawned for Bundi with the accession of Rao Surjan in 1554. The far-sighted Akbar concluded a treaty with the State which exempted Bundi from all conditions degrading to a Rajput Prince, especially that of sending a Princess to the Royal

harem, and Bundi thenceforward became a powerful and honoured supporter of the throne. It is a remarkable proof of the union of Hindus and Moslems at this period that a Bundi Chief, Rao Anirud Singh, should have held the Governorship of Afghanistan, a country to this day inhabited by some of the most warlike and fanatical tribes among the followers of Islam. In Akbar's expeditions for the subjugation of the Deccan Rao Surjan took a leading part, and was rewarded with the Governorship of Benares, where he took up his residence and greatly beautified the city. The palace which he built there has remained ever since the property of the Bundi State.

The next Ruler, Rao Raja Bhoj, and his band of Haras greatly distinguished themselves at Surat and Ahmednagar, when those towns were besieged by Akbar, and Rao Ratan, who succeeded him in the reign of the Emperor Jehangir, quelled the rebellion of Prince Khurram, afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan, by his victory at Burhanpore, in return for which he was appointed Governor of the Province. On this occasion his second son, Madho Singh, behaved with such gallantry that the Emperor invested him with the independent grant of Kotah, till then a fief of Bundi.

With this partition of the State the fortunes of Bundi began to decline, although the valour of the Haras was still to be exhibited on many hard-fought fields. At the battle of Dholpur in 1658, when Dara and Aurangzeb were fighting for their father's throne, Rao Chatarsal, faithful to his allegiance to the Crown, obeyed the summons of Shah Jehan and sacrificed his life for the Emperor, together with his son, Bharut Singh, and the choicest warriors of his clan. The fine Hall which he built was the last important addition to the immense mass of palaces and courts which make up the ancestral home of the Rulers of Bundi.

When the throne once more became the prize of victory among the sons of Aurangzeb, it was the impetuous onset of Rao Budsingh and his Haras at the battle of Jajau, on the Dholpur plain, which won the day for the future Emperor Shah Alam. Thenceforward the Chiefs of Bundi bore the title of Maharao Raja. But in the troubled age which followed Bundi suffered greatly at the hands of



THE MAIN STREET, BUNDI

the Marathas and of Raja Jaisingh of Jaipur, who drove Rao Budsingh into exile. His son, Umedsingh, the national hero of Bundi, after many vicissitudes, recovered his kingdom in 1749. You may see the statue of his famous horse, Hunja, which was killed in battle, still standing in the city square to commemorate the deliverance of Bundi. The horse, it is true, is somewhat dropsical, as Mr. Kipling observed, yet it oddly recalled to me the stout charger, praised by Ruskin, on which Colleoni rides in the little piazza of SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Venice! Umedsingh lived till 1804, long after he had abdicated and become a wandering pilgrim to every shrine of note in India; the spot where he died in the palace is still railed off as holy ground, and his sandals are preserved in a niche as a sacred relic. In the same year, 1804, his son, Maharao Raja Bishensingh, did good service to the British cause by assisting Colonel Monson in his panic-stricken flight from Holkar. The timidity of British policy at this time abandoned Bundi to Holkar's vengeance, yet in 1817 the Maharao Raja heartily co-operated with the British armies against the Pindaris, and concluded a treaty with the British Government in 1818, which was negotiated and signed by Tod himself, when the districts seized by Holkar and Sindhia were restored to Bundi, although Zalimsingh, the politic Regent of Kotah, managed to get Indargarh and other Bundi feudatories placed under his own protection.

The Bundi State, now reduced to an area little larger than that of Lincolnshire, is confined to the left bank of the Chambal, which forms its eastern boundary. The State is traversed throughout its length from south-west to north-east by a double range of hills, which rise to near 1800 feet at their highest elevation, and divide the country into almost equal portions. The hills are precipitous and thickly wooded, cutting off all communication between the plains on either side, except through a few passes. They have long been famous for their big game; Tod, who first came to Bundi in 1820, relates that Rao Bishensingh "had slain over 100 lions with his own hand, besides many tigers; and boars innumerable had been victims to his lance."

To approach Bundi by motor car along the road from Ajmer and

Nasirabad—a run of just one hundred miles—is a joy which no traveller should miss. From a distance the barrier of hills, rising steeply from the plain, appears like an unbroken wall, and no opening can be seen until we actually enter the defile which winds between the two ranges for several miles before it reaches its eastern outlet, round which the white city clusters, partly in the valley and partly on the slopes of the hills. Both sides of the magnificent gorge are lined with garden enclosures, filled with lofty trees and strewn with cenotaphs and tombstones of Haras who have fallen in battle, each sculptured with his horse and lance and shield. Two miles from the city stands the temple of the tutelary goddess, Asapurna, or " Fair Hope " (who has also a less gentle aspect !) ; and from this point we catch our first glimpse of the palace, which climbs the steep hill-side in terrace upon terrace, crowned by the fort of Taragarh and the splendid " Chhatri of the Sun." Tod concludes his description of the scene with the words, " Whoever has seen the palace of Bundi, can easily picture to himself the hanging gardens of Semiramis " ; Mr. Kipling remarks that the palace is " the work of goblins more than the work of men." To Tod's pages, and still better, to Mr. Kipling's *Letters of Marque*, the reader should turn for an unsurpassably vivid picture.

Time has stood still at Bundi. As we wander down the broad steep bazar which runs through the city with many windings, it seems that Bundi can have changed but little since the days of Tod, and not at all since Mr. Kipling had his draughty lodging more than forty years ago in the pigeon-haunted pavilion of the Sukh Mahal or " Palace of Ease " by the broad Jaitsagar lake, except that the traveller who visits Bundi nowadays is welcomed to a comfortable guest-house in a garden outside the Patan Pol, or Eastern gate, whence a motor-bus issues daily, bound for Kotah and the railway. Few cities of Rajasthan have a greater wealth of architecture, for the Rulers of Bundi, and their Queens no less, have been great builders through the centuries. Besides the wonderful palace there are terraced lakes and gardens, temples, shrines, pavilions and pleasure-houses beyond the city walls ; above all, a perfect gem of architecture in the Baori or Stepwell outside the Eastern Gate, which was

built by Queen Nathawatji two and a half centuries ago. Broad flights of stairs lead down and down between high walls, and under many arches to the dark still water ; the finely grained sandstone has taken on the tenderest colours with age, and here and there a piece of exquisite carving enhances by its rarity the noble simplicity of the whole.

The palace itself is a treasury of historical relics : there I visited the Raj Mahal, the pillared hall where every Rao since Dewa has been installed on his throne, and where Tod performed the " tika " ceremony in 1821 for the youthful Maharao Raja Ramsingh, the grandfather of the present Ruler. He was still sitting on the " gadi " when Mr. Kipling visited Bundi in 1889. There, too, are jealously guarded the spear with which a Rao of Bundi slew a Rana of Mewar in single combat ; the bow with which the mighty Bhoj could send an arrow flying over a mile ; and the swords presented by Lord Lytton at the great Durbar of 1877, and by His Majesty King Edward VII when Prince of Wales. And although there was no visible memorial to show, my guide, a youthful scion of the House of Bundi, spoke with even greater pride of the visit to the State in 1911 of Her Imperial Majesty Queen Mary.

Bundi is still frankly medieval ; which was borne in upon me with overwhelming force one evening when I was courteously invited by His Highness Maharao Raja Shri Ishwarisingh to a garden party at his country house in the hills some five miles from the city. Thither I repaired shortly before sunset, driving along a heavily-shaded jungle road, past the high-walled enclosure where the Royal cenotaphs, adorned with friezes of carved elephants, mark the scene of I know not how many " satis " in old days—we read that no less than fifty-two Queens followed Rao Chatarsal to the flames—and on through the gathering dusk to a garden laid out in Moghul times, with long straight stone-flagged terraces and channels of water flowing down the centre of each, flanked by rows of flowering shrubs. On a raised platform, overshadowed by a large tamarind, His Highness, surrounded by his nobles and courtiers clad in embroidered robes and brilliant turbans, sat to receive his single guest ; the background was filled by a motley crowd of retainers

in every variety of costume, down to "nakedness and a sword." Darkness came on apace, as it does in the East :

> "The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
> At one stride comes the dark—"

Then an old-world scene was re-enacted. At a signal from His Highness a broad sheet of water suddenly descended from the roof of a pavilion at the end of the garden (I imagine from a hidden reservoir), fountains all along the water-courses sprang into life, and hundreds of lamps blazed out, some cunningly placed behind the cataract, others lining the streams which flowed through the garden. Hoarse murmurs of admiration arose on every side, and for a half-hour we sat spellbound, gazing at the falling water and the flashing lights. Then darkness once more, and ceremonious good-byes, not without "itr," pán, and garlands, according to the charming custom of the country.

As I drove back past the royal tombs, I murmured to myself the closing lines of Mr. Kipling's fine ballad "The Last Suttee," the story of the Queen, who being forbidden by the law of the British Raj to burn herself with the body of her lord, according to the immemorial custom of her House, disguised herself as the King's favourite dancing-girl, and thus obtained freedom for her heart's desire. When she reached the pyre, the flames appalled her, and she begged "a Baron old and grey," who was watching by the royal corpse, to "sully his steel with her base-born blood." And the Thakur answered, "Ay."

> "He drew and struck: the straight blade drank
> The life beneath the breast.
> 'I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
> But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
> Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
> Pass with thy King to rest!'
>
> The black log crashed above the white :
> The little flames and lean,
> Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
> That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
> Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
> On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!"

THE CHAMBAL RIVER AT KOTAH


C.W.W. 1932.

There is one spot, however, in the Bundi State which is distinctly modern. Happily it is remote from the city, for it is at Lakheri, lying in a fold of the hills forty miles away to the north, that the "Bundi Hydraulic Lime and Cement Company" was founded in 1913, and is now a highly flourishing concern, turning out 80,000 tons of cement per annum, and employing a large number of the local inhabitants, who are trained to be skilled craftsmen in the Company's workshops. Alas and well-a-day! Even Bundi, it seems, cannot altogether resist the march of Progress!

A drive of twenty miles eastward from the Bundi hills brought me to the Chambal river, a wide sheet of water between high rocky banks, with the buttressed city walls and frowning palace-fort of Kotah on the further shore. I reached the spot at sunset and sat for a while looking up the river above the bridge at a scene which recalled a far distant landscape on the Scottish border:

> "Day set on Norham's castled steep,
> And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
> And Cheviot's mountains lone;
> The battled towers, the donjon keep,
> The loophole grates, where captives weep,
> The flanking walls that round it sweep,
> In yellow lustre shone."

Peaceful as it looked in the soft evening light, the Chambal has witnessed many strange and exciting events since the far-off days when Jetsi, a grandson of Rao Dewa, the founder of Bundi, impelled by the land-hunger of the Rajputs, pushed across the Chambal for the first time, and conquered the Bhil chieftain who held the fortress of Ekelgarh, six miles south of the present city. The Haras rapidly extended their sway over the rich tracts east of the Chambal until by the time of Madhosingh, a younger scion of Bundi, who was granted the independent sovereignty of the country by the Emperor Jehangir in 1625, Kotah and its dependencies numbered three hundred and sixty towns and villages spread over a domain far larger than the parent State.

In the spacious Moghul days the House of Kotah, like the House of Bundi, played a strenuous part in the wars of the Empire, and the

Kotah Chiefs led their horsemen under the orange banner (which they had looted from Bundi) southwards to the Deccan and northwards across the river to the plains of Delhi and Agra.

In the struggle for the succession among the sons of Shah Jehan, Rao Mukund of Kotah, faithful to the Rajput tradition, supported the cause of the Emperor and primogeniture against the usurping Aurangzeb ; at the battle of Fatehabad, near Ujjain, in 1658, he and his four brothers put on their saffron robes denoting victory or death, and all perished, except the youngest Kishore Singh, who was dragged, sorely wounded, from under a heap of slain, and recovered, to become the Rao. Later, their long and bitter feud with Bundi drove the Haras of Kotah into the opposing camp, and at Jajau on the Dholpur plain, where Bundi triumphed for Shah Alam, the princes of Kotah and Datia fell at the hands of their kinsmen.

Then the tide of fortune turned against Rajasthan, and the Chambal became a weak barrier against the marauding Marathas, who first crossed the Nerbudda, the northern boundary of their Deccan homeland, at the close of the seventeenth century, to ravage Malwa for many years before they reached the Chambal and became for nearly a century the bane and terror of the Rajput States. How long that terror lasted was revealed to me by a tale which I heard at Kotah—" si non e vero, e ben trovato "—of His Highness the late Maharaja Sir Madhosingh of Jaipur, a Ruler of the old school, who died in 1922, full of years and honours. On one occasion news was brought to him that the Maharaja Sindhia of Gwalior had sent a number of men to the bank of the Chambal where it divides the State of Gwalior from Jaipur. It was in fact a party of workmen sent to repair a house-boat, on which the Maharaja Sindhia was accustomed to enjoy the sport of shooting crocodiles, but the Maharaja of Jaipur, oblivious or distrustful of the Pax Britannica, was convinced that the Marathas were planning another invasion of his territory, and immediately despatched men and guns to all the forts along the river !

The Kotah State, lying almost entirely to the east of the Chambal, was above all others exposed to Maratha encroachments. In 1743 the city successfully resisted a siege : but a few years later the State

was compelled to become tributary to the Marathas, and would have sunk into helpless vassalage or perished altogether, but for the genius of one remarkable man, with whom the history of Kotah is identified for more than sixty years. This was the famous Zalimsingh, whose grandfather Madhosingh, a Jhala Rajput from Halwad in Kathiawar, came to Kotah in the reign of Rao Bhimsingh early in the eighteenth century, with only twenty-five horsemen in search of adventure, and obtained the post of Faujdar, or Commander of the troops and Governor of the fortress. In 1761 Kotah was threatened not only by the Mahrattas and Jats, but also by the Jaipur Chief, Madhosingh, who aspired to the supremacy of Rajputana.

Zalimsingh, who was then 21 years of age, and had just succeeded to the post of Faujdar, led out a body of five thousand Haras to oppose the much larger Jaipur array at Bhatwara, 40 miles north of Kotah. At the most critical stage of the battle Zalimsingh dismounted and led his men on foot; inspired by his courage the Haras routed the Jaipur forces ; and from that moment the star of Zalimsingh and Kotah never declined.

When the Maharao Gumansingh lay on his death-bed in 1771, he solemnly entrusted his son and heir, Umedsingh, then 10 years old, to the protection of Zalimsingh, who became thenceforward the *de facto* Ruler of Kotah and exercised a predominant influence throughout Rajputana. He had to contend with many formidable obstacles ; with frequent conspiracies formed by discontented nobles at home who resented his power ; with the greedy exactions of the Mahratta armies and the lawless Pindaris ; and with the intrigues and jealousies of the other Rajput States. Plot after plot against his life he baffled by his foresight and vigilance, always sleeping in an iron cage for security. To check his foreign enemies he restored the fortresses and maintained a standing army of 20,000 men, 100 guns and 1000 regular horse, trained on European lines, besides the feudal contingents ; and in order to be more ready for action he abandoned his residence in the Kotah fort and made a permanent camp near Gagraun, a southern stronghold from which he could guard the approaches to the State. To support these forces and to maintain the regal state in which he lived he raised

an immense income by great improvements in agriculture and an elaborate system of Land Revenue, and, it must be added, by the confiscation of many of the nobles' estates. Tod, who calls him "the Nestor of Rajputana," sums up his period of rule with these striking words: "When nought but revolution and rapine stalked through the land, when state after state was crumbling into dust or sinking into the abyss of ruin, he guided the vessel entrusted to his care safely through all dangers, adding yearly to her riches, until he placed her in security under the protection of Britain."

British standards were first reflected in the Chambal at Kotah in 1804, when Colonel the Hon. William Monson led his ill-fated army across the river on his march into Central India to oppose Jaswant Rao Holkar. Monson's force comprised 4000 regular troops, 3000 irregular horse, and 15 guns, besides an auxiliary contingent from Kotah, mostly Hara Rajputs, and some Marathas under Bapuji Sindhia, who thought it prudent to support the victorious British arms. Monson pushed on through the Mukunddara Pass in the centre of the range of hills which crosses the southern portion of the Kotah State, and marched on to Garot, some 20 miles from the southern outlet of the Pass, where he hoped to effect a junction with a force marching northwards from Gujarat. Holkar was at Partabgarh, 70 miles away to the west, when he heard of this invasion of his territory. Without a moment's delay he launched a thunderbolt, in the shape of ten thousand horsemen, against the rash British Commander. Monson turned and fled for the Pass, leaving Lucan with the irregular horse, and the Kotah contingent under Apji Amarsingh of Koela to cover his retreat. Their desperate stand on the Amjar stream at the village of Pipli against the whole Maratha army enabled Monson to escape for the time, but the rear-guard was practically destroyed, and both Lucan and the Koela Chief met their end. The cenotaph of Amarsingh marks the spot where he fell; Lucan's fate was long unknown; Tod supposes that he was killed on the field of battle; another account relates that he was carried wounded to Kotah and died there. It is pleasing to record that a great-grandson of the gallant Kotah leader, after a brilliant career at the Mayo Chiefs' College, is now a cadet at the

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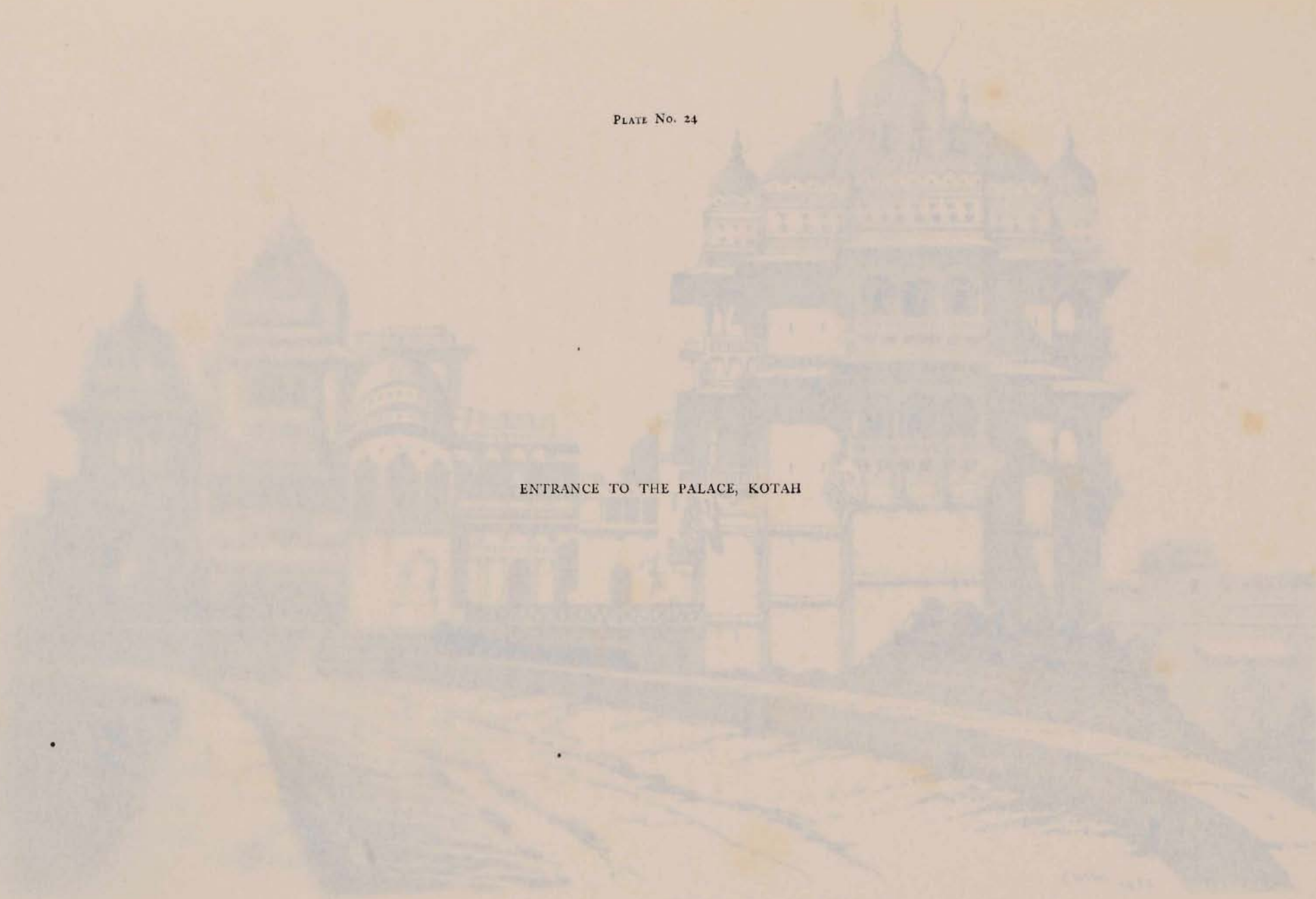
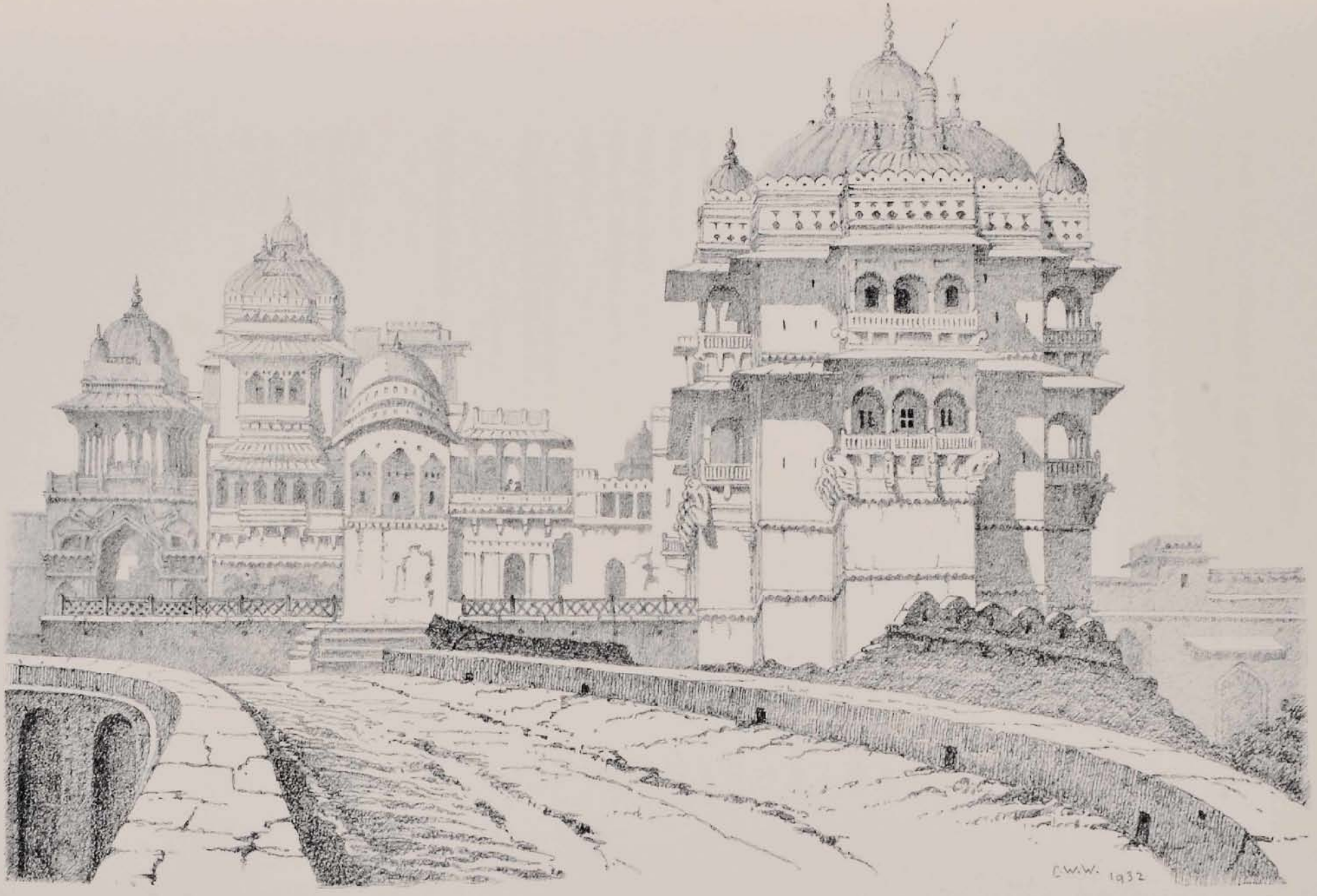


ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE, KOTAH


C.W.W. 1932

Royal Military College at Camberley. Monson was attacked in the Pass by Holkar's cavalry, followed by the whole Maratha army of 40,000 men with 175 guns, but succeeded in making good his retreat to Kotah, where he recrossed the Chambal in boats provided by the Regent Zalimsingh, which he destroyed after his passage. The monsoon had set in, and the deep black soil became impassable for artillery ; Monson spiked his guns and marched on to Bundi, where the Maharao afforded him all the assistance in his power, and in spite of Holkar's cavalry, which hung upon his flanks, he reached the Banas river, 50 miles further on, where he was reinforced by two battalions sent by Lord Lake, the Commander-in-Chief, from Agra, with their guns and some Indian cavalry. Here Holkar came up with his main army, and Monson decided to cross the Banas and continue his retreat ; this was effected under cover of another desperate rearguard action ; but Monson here lost many men and had to abandon all his baggage. At Hoshalghar, 40 miles on, he was deserted by Sindhia's troops and most of his own irregular levies, who went over to Holkar ; and finally a miserable remnant of the force, continually harassed by swarms of Maratha horsemen, straggled with Monson into Agra. The episode is one of the most striking examples in our military history of the folly of advancing too far into hostile country without secure communications and means of obtaining supplies.[1]

[1] A certain interest attaches to the familiar couplet which was current in the Indian bazars about Colonel Monson after his disastrous retreat :

" Ghore par howdah, hathi par zin,
Jaldi bhag gya, Kulnel Munseen."

Which may be translated :

" Saddle on elephant, howdah on steed,
Quickly he ran away, Colonel Munseen."

But other forms of the verse are older than Monson's time. Bishop Heber in his Journal quoted a version in exactly the opposite sense about Warren Hastings, which ran as follows:

" Hathi par howdah, ghore par zin,
Sowari par jata, Warren Hasteen."

viz. :

" With howdah on elephant, saddle on steed,
Out for a ride goes Warren Hasteen."

A singular scene was enacted on the Chambal soon after Monson's retreat, when Jaswant Rao Holkar encamped with his army outside the walls of Kotah to exact reparation for the assistance given to the British during Monson's expedition. Zalimsingh demanded that they should meet, like Napoleon and the Czar at Tilsit, in boats upon the water, but he took the precaution of having Holkar's barge plugged, and men in readiness to sink it in case of treachery. Zalimsingh was now advanced in years and was totally blind, while Holkar had but one eye ; but the old man's mental vision was unimpaired, and Holkar was bought off with a bribe of three lakhs instead of the ten lakhs which he had demanded.

In 1817 Zalimsingh was the first of the Rajput Rulers to accept the offer of alliance with Britain ; doubtless he realized her power, and thought that the alliance would be the best security for his own position and the continuance of his office to his descendants, which was the dearest wish of his old age.

In the campaign against the Pindaris he acted energetically in support of the British armies, and it was from his camp at Rauta, 25 miles south-east of Kotah, that Tod distributed his information to the Commanders.

The closing years of Zalimsingh's life were beset with trouble due to his own mistaken ambition ; and subsequent events were to prove that the power of a Dictator, as unchecked as that of Cromwell

On the strength of which it is well known that Macaulay in his famous Essay described Warren Hastings as " fond of state," and " dazzling the natives with more than regal splendour." The jingle was also applied to Hastings in its satirical sense, referring to his sudden night march from Benares to Chunar in 1781. Dr. Busteed, in *Echoes from Old Calcutta*, has shown that neither version is in any way applicable to Warren Hastings, since the move to Chunar was no disorderly flight, and on the other hand Hastings was noted among Indians as well as Europeans for his simplicity and dislike of pomp.

A still earlier version of the couplet was applied to Suraja Dowlah's capture of Calcutta in 1756, and it is probable that the expression " Saddle on elephant, howdah on steed " was commonly used to describe any disorganized rout, and could be turned to account by ballad-mongers as occasion offered. The fact that neither version was really applicable to Warren Hastings is no proof that both versions were not current about him at different times ; and there is no reason to doubt that the sarcasm was applied to the unfortunate Monson, although he had no elephants with him on his unlucky march.

or Mussolini, can hardly be upheld beyond the lifetime of its holder, or when circumstances have rendered the exercise of that power superfluous. As the poetic insight of Andrew Marvell said of Cromwell, in the last lines of his Horatian Ode :

> "The same arts that did gain
> A power, must it maintain."

The Treaty of 1817 with Kotah unhappily contained within its own provisions all the seeds of future discord, for while its 10th Article enacted that " The Maharao, his heirs and successors, shall remain absolute rulers of the country," a supplementary Article, which was added to the Treaty a few months later, guaranteed the Regency of the State to Zalimsingh and his heirs for ever.

As soon as the strong arm of the Protector of Kotah was replaced by the ægis of the British Raj, it was natural that the hereditary Ruler of the State should claim the sovereignty of his ancestors, and after the death of the Maharao Umedsingh in 1819 his son and successor, Maharao Kishoresingh, made a heroic effort to recover his position and make himself master in his own house. Zalimsingh stood upon the letter of his bond, and the British Government felt obliged to uphold his claims under the treaty. An attempt to overthrow the Regent by the Maharao's household troops was speedily crushed ; and the Chambal saw the humiliating flight of the Maharao himself by boat from his palace, under the gunfire of the Regent, followed by his defeat, a few months later, by the Regent's forces, aided by British troops, on the very field of Bhatwara where, sixty years earlier, the youthful Zalimsingh had rescued the State from the invasion of the Jaipur army.

The unfortunate Maharao soon bowed to destiny, and was restored to his titular position ; but the union of the *de jure* and *de facto* rulers proved impossible to maintain, and in 1838 it was decided to dismember the State, and 17 districts were assigned to form a new Principality for the House of Zalimsingh, with the title of Raj Rana of Jhalawar. In 1899 the direct line of Zalimsingh became extinct, and a rearrangement of territory was carried out, by which the provinces of Jhalawar which had originally formed part of

Kotah reverted to that State, while the memory of the name and services of Zalimsingh was preserved by the creation of a State formed out of territories acquired by Zalimsingh himself from the Marathas, to be ruled over by a member of a collateral branch of the family.

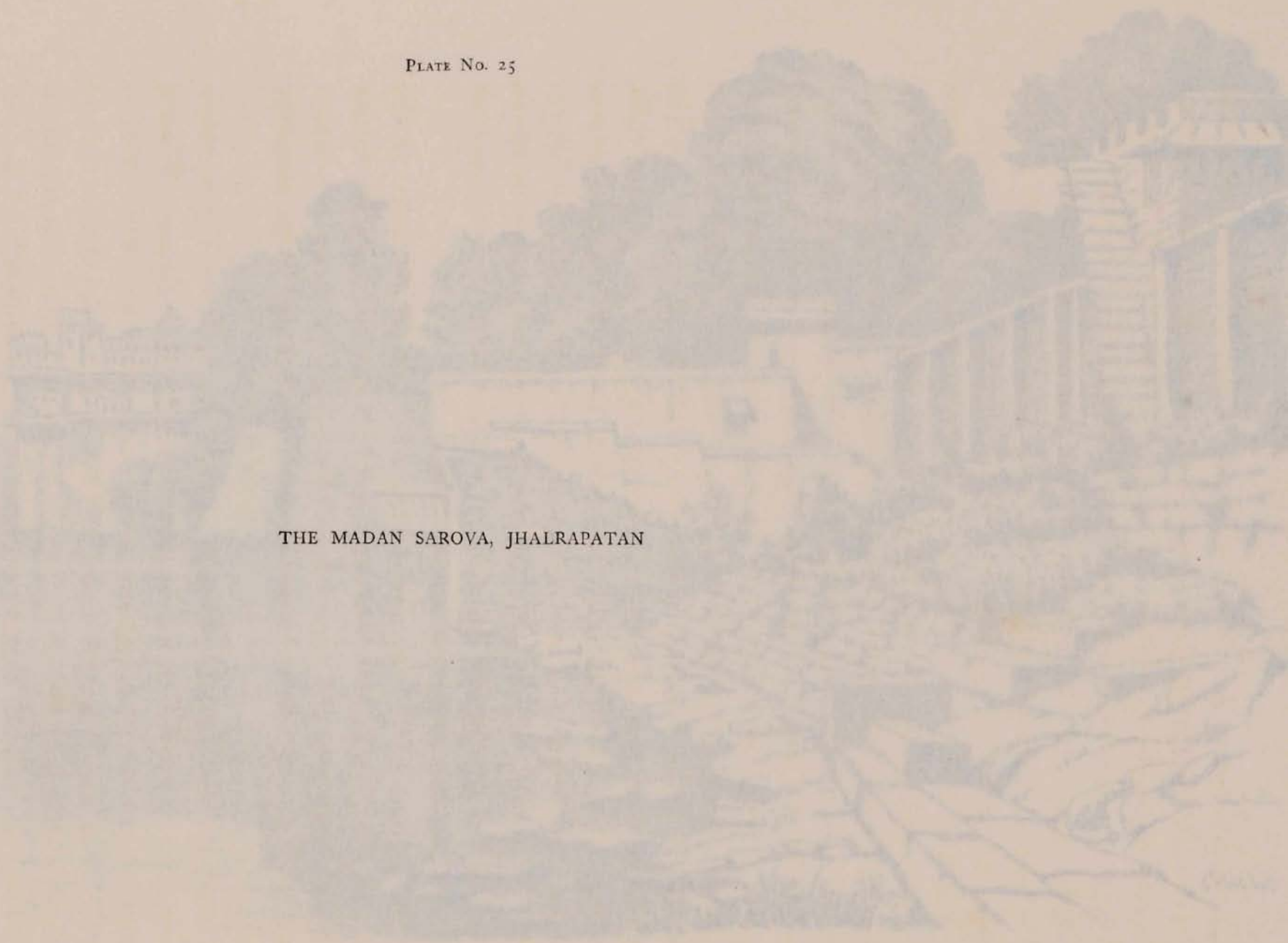
Once again the Chambal saw a flying army, when in 1858 the rebel leader Tantia Topi escaped across the flooded river ; since when it has flowed peaceful and undisturbed.

The Kotah State under its present Ruler, Lieut-Col. His Highness Sir Umedsingh II, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., who succeeded to the *gadi* as 17th Prince in 1889, is one of the most prosperous and advanced in Rajputana. The old city lies within massive walls ; its crowded streets and bustling bazars are evidence of a thriving trade. In the south-west angle rises the splendid palace, the ramparts of which command a fine view over the placid Chambal and the fertile plain beyond, bounded by the Bundi range. To the south the river winds for many miles through densely wooded hills, famous for wild game, and I pictured Tod and his companions passing under the palace walls in the heavy State barges, now replaced by trim motor-boats, on the hunting expedition in which Tod, as he graphically describes, was saved from a charging bear by the courage of one of his followers.

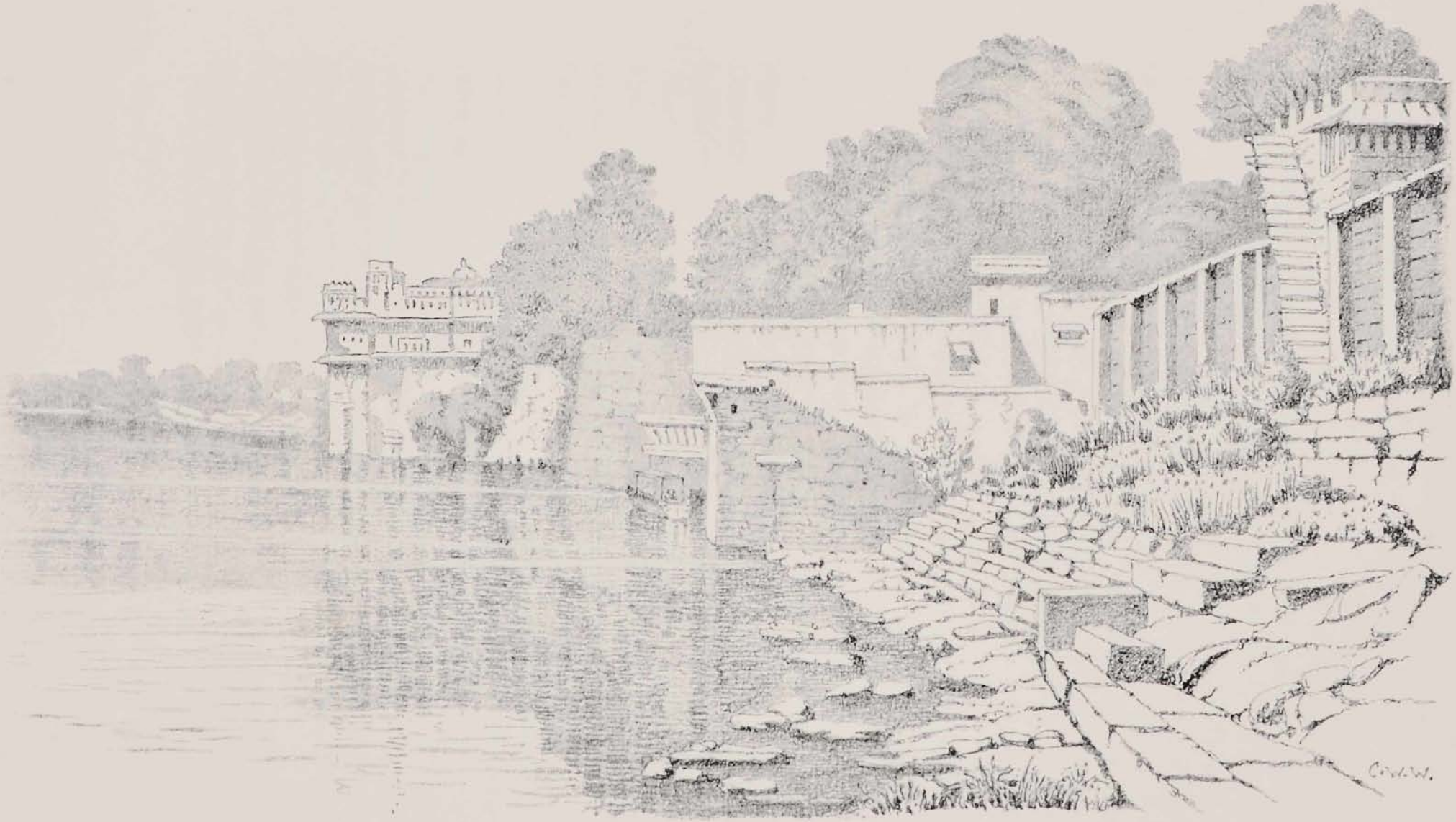
By ancient custom no visitor may enter the palace unless in the company of His Highness himself, a privilege which I was fortunate enough to obtain, and thus was enabled to make a sketch of some of the buildings, which are a fine example of the later Indo-Saracenic style.

The modern quarter, situated outside the walls, on the northern side, is laid out with broad roads and handsome buildings. Beyond it stretch the beautiful gardens, which were once the pride of Zalimsingh, watered from the wide Kishore-Sagar Lake, the centre of which is embellished with a palm-shaded island and marble pavilions.

The city, which formerly suffered from the impurity of its well-water, is now amply supplied from a reservoir and filters some distance up the river ; a central power station gives electric light to the streets and public buildings, and is increasingly used by private persons.



THE MADAN SAROVA, JHALRAPATAN



The State is highly progressive in medical relief and education ; there are excellent hospitals at headquarters and dispensaries all over the districts ; the schools exceed 130 in number, including ten for girls, and a Central College, admirably housed and equipped, attracts many students from the neighbouring States and from Central India. Kotah as a whole presents a happy combination of ancient tradition and practical progress under its kindly and sagacious Ruler, whose sole aim is the happiness of his subjects. His Highness is ably supported in his efforts by his only son, the Maharajkumar Bhimsingh, a highly cultured and enlightened Prince, and by a body of Sardars, who here, more than in any State with which I am acquainted, devote their energies to the public service.

Thirty miles to the south of Kotah city a range of ragged hills bounds the horizon, rising in places to a height of 1600 feet. They start from Chitor in Central Mewar and trend in an easterly direction to form the southern frontier of the Kotah State and shut it off from the poppy-growing plains of Malwa. The road from Kotah to Jhalrapatan, the capital of the small State of Jhalawar, penetrates the hills at the famous Mukunddarra Pass, or " Darra," as it is usually called, where the range is divided into two separate ridges, a mile or two apart, between which lies a broken valley, filled with dense forest and noted as a game preserve. The Pass is one of the main approaches from the Deccan to northern India, and has been the scene of many sanguinary conflicts between Moslem invaders and the Khichi Rajputs, a branch of the Chauhans, who from very early times occupied the tract known as Khichiwara, lying to the south and east of Haraoti. The hill-sides are strewn with the ruined monuments of long-forgotten heroes, and the stillness of the jungle is broken only by the occasional screech of a locomotive and the roar of a railway train as it rushes through this wild and solitary region, at one moment buried in a deep cutting, at another raised upon a lofty viaduct.

I travelled by the road, which takes the same direction, but since it clings to the contours of the hills, crosses the railway five or six times in its tortuous course, sometimes passing above and sometimes

below the line, as it climbs or descends the steep acclivities. From the highest point the view is very fine, overlooking the rich Malwa plateau in front, with range after range of hills on either hand. Here I was following in the footsteps of Monson and his men, who marched so confidently through the Pass on their way to challenge Holkar, and returned a few weeks later in hurried and disorganized flight with the terrible Maratha horsemen thundering in their rear ; in the footsteps, too, of James Tod, who twice passed this way on his journeys to and from Jhalrapatan and the Regent's camp.

Beyond the Pass the road turns eastward through broken country till it reaches the strong fortress of Gagraun, in ancient times defended by Khichi Rajputs against Ala-ud-din, and long used by Zalimsingh as his chief arsenal. Below the precipitous rock on which the castle stands the Kali Sind river flows in a deep channel on its way north to join the Chambal. Further on I crossed the stream of the Amjar, on the bank of which Lucan and Amarsingh fell together, and soon reached the " Chaoni " or Camp, so called because owing to its strategical position the valley was occupied for more than thirty years by Zalimsingh and his army, although he built no permanent residence there. It is now the administrative capital of the Jhalawar State, containing the palace, public offices, hospitals and schools, with a considerable population. My destination lay four miles further on, where His Highness the Maharaj Rana has built a delightful guest-house on the bank of the ancient Or Sagar, now called the Madan Sarova, a lake with a fabulous history, which is still held sacred, so that the birds and beasts which live around it have nothing to fear from sportsmen. The broad surface of the embankment has been converted into a pleasant garden with grass and flowering shrubs, shaded by a fine " pipal " tree, under which I sat to sketch the lake and the broken " ghats " or steps and the temple of Dwarkanath, the favourite deity of old Zalimsingh, the high walls of which rise from the water.

Close to the lake is the city of Jhalrapatan, or " City of the Jhala," founded by Zalimsingh in 1796 on the ruins of the ancient Chandravati. It is perhaps the last instance in history of a town

which has been fortified for the sole purpose of affording protection to trade. In those turbulent days no man's life or property was safe from the plundering Marathas and Pindaris, witness the fate of the unhappy town of Deori in Central India, which about this time was invested by an atrocious Pindari bandit, who set it on fire and prevented all egress, so that every soul of its many thousand inhabitants perished in the flames. Witness the fate of the town of Saugor in 1799, which the Pindari leader, Amirkhan, burnt to the ground after slaying five hundred of its inhabitants ; and witness the crowning outrage of the sack of Indore by the Maratha Sirji Rao Ghatkia in the following year, when not less than five thousand men were slaughtered and the wells were choked with women who preferred to perish thus rather than await their captors.

To find a parallel to such wholesale barbarities we should have to go back to the Barbary Corsairs or even to the ancient Greeks and Carthaginians, when it was the common practice in war to raze a captured city to the ground, while the men were slain and the women and children sold into slavery.

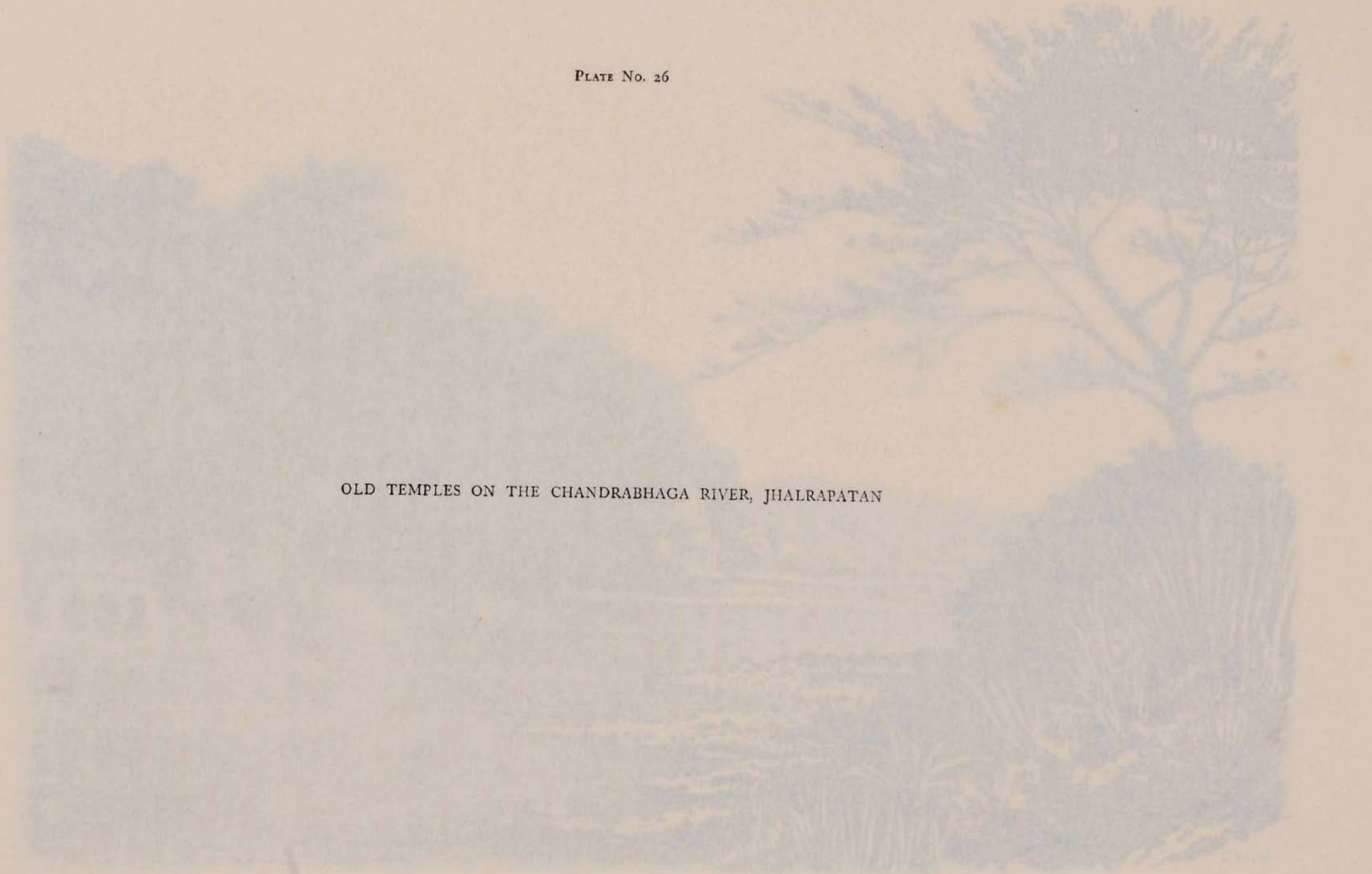
Zalimsingh's eagle eye saw his opportunity in the fertile province of Malwa. As great in administration as in statesmanship, he neglected no means of attracting the wealthiest inhabitants of the surrounding regions to settle under his protection. To this end he built round his new city a substantial wall and bastions, well supplied with artillery, and a fort of refuge on a neighbouring hill ; he provided an adequate garrison, under a trustworthy and respected Commander ; he repaired the dam of the lake and such of the ancient temples as it was possible to restore ; he excavated wells and advanced funds for the building of private houses. Finally, he granted a charter of rights to the " free city " of Jhalrapatan, which was engraved on a stone tablet, " in the happy month of Kartika," and placed in the centre of the city. The Charter is addressed to " All the Thirty-Six Castes," and invites them to inhabit the city, free from vexatious taxes and restrictions. " Entertain entire confidence, build and dwell," runs the quaint inscription, " within this abode all forced contributions and confiscations are for ever abolished. To this intent is this stone erected, to hold good from

year to year, now and evermore. There shall be no violence in this territory. This is sworn by the cow to the Hindu, and by the hog to the Musalman."

The success of Zalimsingh's experiment was attested by Tod when he visited the town twenty years later and found it a thriving emporium of some 25,000 inhabitants. As the first representative of the Power which would thenceforward make such fortifications superfluous, he was welcomed by grateful deputations from the merchants and bankers, and from every guild in the city, including that of the frail sisterhood !

It is sad to record that these privileges were annulled by a later Ruler of Jhalawar, and that Zalimsingh's tablet was removed and thrown into the lake. It was afterwards recovered ; and although it was never restored to its place of honour in the city, the spirit of its provisions is scrupulously observed by the present young Ruler of the State, following the example of his distinguished father, the late Maharaj Rana Sir Bhawani Singh, whose untimely death a few years ago cut short a career of untiring effort for the welfare of his people.

I made my way along the main bazar, which crosses the city from north to south, like the *Via Prætoria* of a Roman camp, intersected at the centre by another broad straight road. In the open square stands a finely carved temple of Chatarbhuj, the four-armed Vishnu, which in spite of restorations and whitewash, is well worthy of study. A short distance beyond the southern gate a winding path leads across fields of variegated opium-poppies and bright green corn to the bank of the Chandrabhaga river, a tributary of the Kali Sind, which marks the eastern limit of Rajputana and presents a striking contrast to the sandy treeless rivers of the Western desert. With its grassy banks fringed with high rushes and overhung by drooping boughs, it recalls a stream of the English Midlands. Beside it once stood the ancient city of Chandravati, whose origin is lost in a tangle of fabulous legends, which attest its great antiquity as strongly as the cast copper coins and odd square lumps of silver which are dug up among its ruins. I drew the remains of the temples, or rather as much as could be seen of them beneath the screen of



OLD TEMPLES ON THE CHANDRABHAGA RIVER, JHALRAPATAN

foliage under which they are buried ; their former magnificence can hardly be guessed from the battered fragments which lie heaped up against the trees, or have been built into the walls of the modern city. Tod confesses to having carried off a cartload of sculptured deities to Udaipur, where a search in the grounds of the old Residency might yet reveal them ; his vandalism has at least Lord Elgin's excuse at Athens, that they would probably have perished if he had not removed them. Fergusson, who visited the spot thirty years later, calls the temple of Mahadeva, which is the best preserved, " the most elegant specimen of columnar architecture I have seen in India "—yet it is a mere fragment of the original. Reflecting on the fate of these priceless relics of antiquity, I sought in vain from their guardian Brahmans, who were feeding the sacred fishes at the foot of the steps leading down to the water, for any details of their history or their destruction by Moslem iconoclasts, from Ala-ud-din the Khilji to Aurangzeb the Moghul. The memory of the past is blurred, yet it has left an indelible impression on the Hindu mind, and has survived to create an intangible but impassable barrier between them and the followers of Islam.

I was beguiled from the proper study of these interesting ruins, in which Jhalrapatan and the district abound, by the irresistible hospitality of my host, Lieutenant His Highness Maharaj Rana Shri Rajendra Singh, and the charming company of my fellow guests, the young Count and Countess V. of Milan, with whom I made several delightful expeditions ; one to a broad lake, where the grey geese sailed overhead and duck and teal flew round us in bewildering numbers ; another to a forest, where some fine sambhur stags were shot. My own lot here was unlucky, for the one good " head " which came my way was picked up shivered to pieces on the rocks where the stag had pitched headlong down the steep hill-side.

His Highness the Maharaj Rana is a young Prince with high ideals and great enthusiasm, bent on developing his small but progressive State on lines by which his subjects can be increasingly associated with the work of administration, by means of the time-honoured institution of *Panchayets* or Village Councils, leading

through District Councils to a Central body with a large elective element. Many improvements I heard planned for the schools, hospitals, judiciary and police, and finally for agriculture, which is the main source of the State revenue.

May a long life of honour and usefulness lie before His Highness, crowned by the happiness and satisfaction which such efforts never fail to bring !

CHAPTER X

BUNDELKHAND

JHANSI, ORCHHA AND PANNA

"A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed, to do a deed of shame."

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

King Henry V

IN that larger sense in which the term Rajasthan can be applied to all the regions occupied by Rajput rulers between the Sind desert and the Orissa hills we may include the country of the Bundela and Baghela clans, headed by the great Houses of Orchha and Rewa, although their territories are separated from Rajputana by intervening portions of the Gwalior and Indore States and by some British districts, and their political relations are with the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, and not with Rajputana. Roughly speaking, these provinces, known as Bundelkhand and Baghelkhand, may be said to lie between the lower course of the Jumna and the upper reaches of the Nerbudda, that sacred stream which almost divides the peninsula of India horizontally, and cuts off the Deccan plateau from the immense Gangetic valley.

The deep trough of the Nerbudda river is flanked on its northern side by the sheer escarpment of the Vindhya mountains, a range with peaks rising to 3000 feet, which forms the watershed of Central India, and is the source of all the great rivers which traverse Bundelkhand, carving their way northwards through a maze of hills till they finally descend into the Jumna plain.

The Vindhyan sandstones are the oldest rocks in India, showing no trace of fossil life. They are, indeed, almost terrifying in their antiquity, since the mind of man recoils from the unfathomable depths of bygone ages to take refuge in what is definite and measurable. Geologists, as well as astronomers, must surely be brave men to gaze with steady eyes into those awful abysses of time and space which will remain for ever beyond our human comprehension. Historically, our knowledge of this region carries us but a short

distance into the past. We may indeed remember the legend of the *Mahabharata*, which tells how Hanuman, the monkey-god, having been sent from Ceylon to fetch a healing plant from the Himalayas, carried back a mass of the mountains and dropped a portion of his load on the way, to form the Vindhyan hills. But the aboriginal tribes of Bhils, Gonds, Saharias, and others who inhabit the jungle fastnesses of the country have no recorded history, and even of the early Rajput races, the Gaharwas, Pawars, Parihars or Kathis, we have little but tradition and surmise until the time of the Chandels, who are known to have ruled with the strong fortress of Mahoba as their centre from the ninth century onwards, and to have left many remarkable traces of their dominion.

The origin of the Bundela clan is still obscure, but they had risen to power by the thirteenth century, and it is from Rudra Pratap, who became their chief about A.D. 1500, that the great Bundela families trace their descent. His son Birti Chand founded Orchha, the parent city of the Bundelas, in 1531, and his grandson Birsinghdeo is the most striking figure in the Bundela Annals, a man who would have made his mark in any age or country. Another meteoric personality was Chhatarsal, a younger scion of the Orchha House, who carved out the Kingdom of Panna at the close of the seventeenth century, a kingdom which was later broken up into a number of smaller Principalities which look to the Maharaja of Panna as the head of their clan. In Moghul days many of the Bundela chiefs became famous and powerful as faithful allies of the Emperor or fighting for one or other of the claimants to the throne. In the confusion of the eighteenth century Bundelkhand had an evil reputation as the home of lawless and marauding barons who were thorns in the side of the Moghul Emperors and made the country exceedingly dangerous for travellers. During the " Age of Unrest " at the opening of the nineteenth century the region was swept from end to end by Mahratta and Pindari hordes, and was infested by that extraordinary race of professional murderers, the Thugs, whose horrid practices are described most vividly in the little-known but admirable tale of *Pandurang Hari*. Lord Lake's successful campaign against the Marathas in 1803 not only released

the old blind Emperor at Delhi from Sindhia's grasp, but also delivered Bundelkhand and Baghelkhand from Sindhia and the Peshwa : and with the final settlement of 1818 peace at length descended upon Bundelkhand, only to be broken later for one short spell, in 1858, when the rebel Tantia Topi held out for a year after the Mutiny in these trackless jungles.

Sixty miles south of Gwalior I left the railway at Jhansi, which was my starting-point for a journey of more than a hundred miles by motor car to Panna in the very heart of Bundelkhand. Jhansi itself held out little inducement to linger, although its rock-built fortress has seen many strange vicissitudes. Originally a Bundela stronghold, it passed into Maratha keeping in 1734, when Chhatarsal, the founder of the Panna State, left it by his will, together with one-third of his vast territories, to the Peshwa Baji Rao, in return for his assistance in defying the Moghuls, against whom both Marathas and Bundelas were in revolt. The Maratha governors, who were appointed by the Peshwa to administer the province, assumed hereditary powers, and when in 1817 the Peshwa was compelled to disgorge all his possessions in Bundelkhand to the British Government, his agent Ramchand Rao was recognized as the ruler of the Jhansi State and was granted the title of Raja in 1832. He was succeeded by his younger brother Gangadhar Rao, who died without issue in 1853, when Lord Dalhousie determined to apply his much-disputed doctrine of lapse, and to annex the State. The tragic effect of this decision upon Gangadhar Rao's young widow, Lachmi Bai, the Rani of Jhansi, is written large in the history of the Mutiny, and need not be repeated here. In 1861 the fort and district of Jhansi were ceded to Sindhia, but in 1886 they were again made over to the British in exchange for the Gwalior fort and Morar cantonment, which were given up to Sindhia.

Jhansi is a populous town, with a large cantonment ; it was formerly a military centre of considerable importance in a much-disturbed district, and is now a busy railway junction, but the forbidding aspect of its stony soil and stunted vegetation combined with its gloomy memories to urge me to start without delay along

the straight metalled highway which ran south-east into the unknown. Fourteen miles out from Jhansi the road descends to the crossing of the Betwa, the first of the great rivers which flow from the Vindhyas across Bundelkhand to join the water-system of the Ganges. At a point some 5 miles south of the ferry the citadel and palace of Orchha rise majestically upon a rocky island in the river, with the ruins of the old city scattered over the surrounding jungle, which has half obliterated the traces of its former splendour. The place has been abandoned since 1783, when the Maharaja Vikramajit removed the capital to Tikamgarh, 50 miles to the south, owing to the depredations of the Marathas. The Maharajas of Orchha are still crowned on the throne of Birsinghdeo in his deserted palace, but none have been buried there since Vikramajit, who died in 1834.

I crossed the fine old granite bridge of many arches which spans the channel of the river between the town and the fortress, and wandered through the empty courts of the huge palace and round the battlemented walls, whose tangled overgrowth and gaping fissures made progress slow and difficult. The pile is mainly the work of Birsinghdeo, who was certainly one of the great builders of India, as well as the champion of Orchha. A younger son of Madhukar, who was Raja of Orchha in the great Akbar's time, he was deservedly known by the title of Dang, or Bandit, from his marauding propensities, and it was through a notorious deed of violence that he rose to power. In the year 1600, when the Emperor Akbar was over 60 years of age, and past the vigour of his prime, his son Prince Salim, afterwards the Emperor Jehangir, had been appointed to the Viceroyalty of Allahabad, where he appropriated to himself the rich revenues of Bihar. Waxing fat, he soon declared himself an independent monarch, and is reputed to have struck coins of gold and copper, which he had the impudence to send to his father at Agra. None of these coins, I believe, are known to exist at the present day, but there is no reason to doubt the truth of a story so intrinsically probable. Akbar was seriously perturbed, and after a strongly worded remonstrance to Prince Salim, he wrote to his trusted minister and confidant, Abu-l-Fazl, the learned author of the *Akbarnama* and the *Ain-i-Akbari*, who

DESERTED PALACE, ORCHHA

was then settling his affairs in the Deccan, to take steps to bring Salim to reason. Abu-l-Fazl started at once for Agra, presumably to consult with Akbar, whereupon Salim, having heard of his proceedings, made a plot to waylay him. For this purpose he bribed Birsinghdeo, whose territory lay across the Moghul highway to the North, and who was out of favour at the Imperial Court on account of his turbulence. Abu-l-Fazl received more than one warning of his danger, but disregarded them all, probably because he did not credit even Salim with the conception of such an outrage, and continued his northward march with only a small escort. Between Narwar and Antri, not far south of Gwalior, the Bundela was waiting for him with 500 mailed and well-armed horsemen. The unequal conflict was soon over ; Abu-l-Fazl's body was transfixed with a lance, and his head was cut off to be sent to Salim, not out of mere bravado, but as a proof of service rendered and not yet paid for. Salim treated the venerable head with vulgar spite ; he afterwards tried to justify the murder on the ground that Abu-l-Fazl had been plotting against him and had prevented a reconciliation between him and his father Akbar. " By God's grace," wrote the graceless Jehangir in his Memoirs, " when Shaikh Abu-l-Fazl was passing through Birsinghdeo's country, the Raja blocked his road, and after a little contest, scattered his men and killed him. He sent his head to me in Allahabad."

Akbar was furiously angry at the crime, and gave urgent orders that Birsinghdeo should be ruthlessly hunted down, but though the fort of Orchha was seized, the bandit chief escaped into its pathless forests until Salim became the Emperor, when he was restored to high honours. Jehangir made him the ruler of Orchha in place of his elder brother, and gave him the exalted rank of Commander of Five Thousand. I wonder, by the way, if an Indian will ever attain the rank of Field-Marshal in our own Emperor's army ! Not, we may trust, for any such deeds as those to which Birsinghdeo owed his promotion. Hired ruffian as he was, Birsinghdeo's name deserves to be rescued from the oblivion into which it has lapsed, not because of his crimes, nor because he extended his kingdom from the Vindyas to the Jumna, but on account of the splendid buildings

which he left to posterity. Of the temple which he built at Muttra, celebrated in its day, not one stone remains (another black mark against the name of Aurangzeb !), but no one who has seen the palaces at Orchha and Datia, both built by Birsinghdeo, can fail to do homage to the master-builder. They are superb. In an auspicious hour, which was fixed for him by his astrologers, he is said to have laid the foundations of 52 great works—the number 52 being specially sacred to the Hindus. Of these we have no complete list, but besides the Orchha and Datia palaces, the sternly simple temple of Chatarburj at Orchha, built on the plan of a Latin cross, the magnificent fortress of Dhamoni, overlooking the Dasan river from a spur of the Vindyas, the Jhansi citadel, and many bridges and artificial lakes are attributed to him. His own tomb stands on a rocky height above the Betwa at Orchha, a gigantic square stone edifice flanked by massive towers and surmounted by a huge dome ; it is totally devoid of ornament, as befits the ruthless spirit of its inmate. The sword with which he cut off Abu-l-Fazl's head is still to be seen in the State Armoury at Tikamgarh ; not a trophy to be held in the highest honour, although it certainly did good service to the Orchha State !

After their deaths Birsinghdeo and his son Hardol Lala attained a brief celebrity as demi-gods ; like the Great Twin Brethren of Macaulay's Lay, they were said to appear in the thick of battle and cheer their descendants on to victory, not riding on milk-white steeds, but on mail-clad elephants, in true Oriental fashion. Hardol Lala had a longer and still stranger spell of fame, owing to his tragic fate, which fired the popular imagination. He was unjustly accused by his brother Jhujhar Singh, then the Chief of Orchha, of having stolen his wife's affections, and was thereupon compelled to drink the fatal " datura " poison. What a theme for a ballad ! Who was his accuser ? Was it the Queen herself, fired by a guilty and unrequited passion for her young kinsman ? If so, did his innocent spirit return to awaken her remorse ? We have no answer to these questions, but we know that as often happens to a man of high rank or note in India who has died a violent death, the ghost of Hardol Lala was feared and propitiated by the peasantry of

Bundelkhand ; he became a popular saint, worshipped at weddings and in epidemics of cholera (a curious combination !) ; a temple was built for him at Datia, and a shrine outside every village in the Province ; and the cult spread as far north as Lucknow.

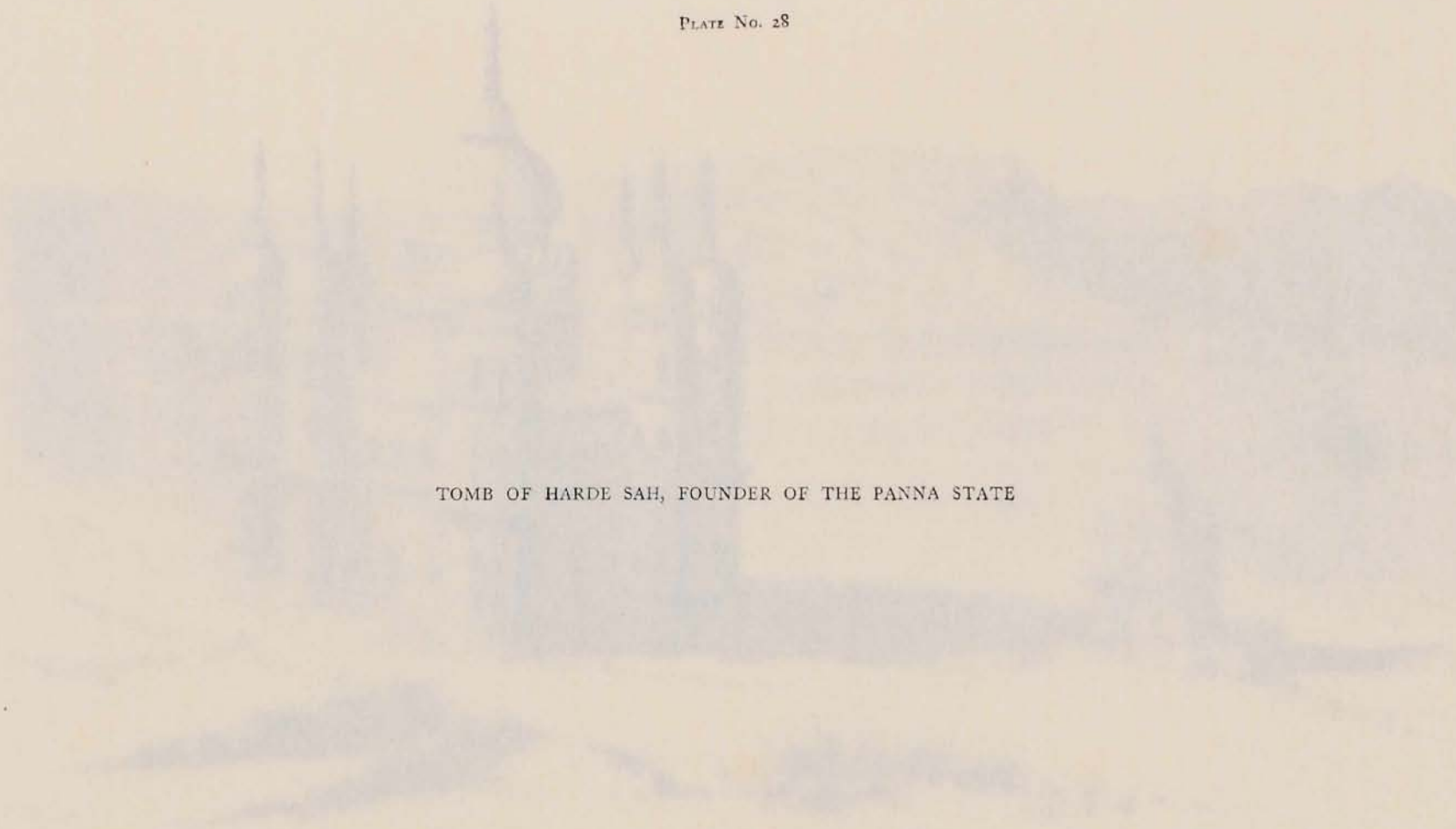
From the eastern battlements of the fort I made my sketch of the "Jehangir-Mahal," the massive turreted wing of the palace which Birsinghdeo built specially for the Emperor's reception on his frequent visits to Orchha. As they sat there together,—Arcades ambo,—over their opium-water of an evening, did they ever discuss the fate of Abu-l-Fazl ? In a moment of expansiveness Jehangir may well have addressed his lavish host in the words of Macbeth to Banquo's murderer, "Thou art the best o' the cut-throats !"

The Betwa at the ferry-crossing is deep and wide, owing to a dam some way below which holds up the water, and at the "ghat," where the road descends to the stream, I found a small crowd awaiting the arrival of the ponderous ferry-boat which was being slowly oared across from the further shore. Several bullock-carts and a motor-omnibus, filled with veiled and silent women, stood waiting on the bank ; the men sat round in knots, smoking and talking in indolent content. Soon the ferry-boat was moored alongside and some crazy planks were placed side by side to form a gangway, up which the bullock-carts slowly climbed with much goading and shouting from their drivers. Then the omnibus started, steered by a small, very black, shock-headed boy, apparently not more than 12 years old. It lurched down the steep incline to the water and headed for the gangway, the crowd taking no notice of the proceedings. Suddenly shrill screams arose from the women, followed by excited ejaculations from the men : the omnibus had struck the gangway on the slant, and was on the point of plunging into the river ! Twenty pairs of legs and arms hurled themselves upon the clumsy vehicle and set the wheels right ; then all proceeded happily. The frequency of accidents at ferries in India, I reflected, is not to be wondered at !

Sixty miles of swift travelling across a stony plain, with serrated ridges of rock rising here and there from a red, unfertile soil, interrupted once only by the deep rocky valley of the Dasan river,

brought me to Nowgong, the headquarters of the Bundelkhand Political Agency, and a military station with few western amenities and little eastern glamour. It lies within the State of Chhatarpur, which is one of the many fragments into which the great kingdom founded by Chhatarsal was broken up. The clean-looking little town of Chhatarpur, once his capital, stands on the road fifteen miles further on, and just beyond it rises the tomb of Chhatarsal himself, beneath the shadow of a rugged hill, a fine domed structure of red sandstone, but solitary, ruinous and neglected, a reproach to the numerous descendants who have inherited his immense possessions. Chhatarsal was the son of Champatrai, a cadet of the Orchha House who did good service to Aurangzeb at a critical moment of his career by piloting his army across the ford of the Chambal river before the battle of Dholpur in 1658. Manucci declares that Aurangzeb rewarded him by cutting off his head, but Manucci is not to be trusted where Aurangzeb's character is concerned. During that Emperor's oppressive reign Bundelkhand fell into a state of anarchy, and Champatrai became the champion of the Bundela cause against the Moslem tyrant. His son Chhatarsal carried on his father's work of harassing the Moghuls, whose great Maratha antagonist, Sivaji, sent him a sword as a token of alliance (an honourable trophy, this) ; and before he died in 1732 at the age of 89 he had become the ruler of all Bundelkhand except the States of Orchha and Datia. In 1729 Chhatarsal was obliged to ask for the help of the Peshwa Baji Rao against Muhammad Khan Bangash, the Moghul Governor of Malwa, who had invaded his territory ; this was readily forthcoming ; the Moslems were expelled ; and Chhatarsal showed his gratitude in his remarkable Will, by which he bequeathed one-third of his territory, including Jhansi, to the Peshwa. One-third, which included Panna, went to his eldest son, Harde Sah ; the remainder, with Jaitpur as its capital, to his third son, Jagat Raj.

The country became more broken and more wooded as I journeyed on towards the great belt of forest-clad hills which cover southern Bundelkhand, extending without a break to Mewar in the west, and eastwards to the furthest limits of Rewa. At the border of the Chhatarpur State the road descends a steep winding



TOMB OF HARDE SAH, FOUNDER OF THE PANNA STATE

" ghat " to the rock-strewn bed of the Ken river—a worthy rival of the Betwa,—which rises in the Kaimur hills, the eastern prolongation of the Vindyas, and threads its way through the splendid teak forests of Panna before it joins the Jumna at a point 230 miles from its source. The hills of Panna form a northerly projection of the Vindhyan range, and are famous for their tigers and other big game, although they no longer harbour the herds of elephants for which Abu-l-Fazl, an excellent authority, says that the region was noted in his day.

Five miles beyond the Ken the town of Panna nestles in a pleasant valley surrounded by the lovely forest on every side, where the brown and yellow foliage of winter was already mingling with the bright green of spring. It is a very ancient city, but so remote and inaccessible that it has happily avoided fame. Its importance dates from 1675, when it was chosen by the great Chhatarsal for his residence. The modern town is most attractive with its fine tanks and gardens, its solid houses built of the local sandstone, and streets lighted by electricity. As the chief centre of trade, it has a cheerful, busy air, the main exports of the State being timber and forest produce, building-stone, ochre and diamonds. The Panna diamond-fields, which extend for miles east and west of the town, have been worked for centuries, and were formerly very profitable ; the whole area has been recently surveyed with a view to reviving the industry by more scientific methods of working ; the diamonds are usually small, but of great purity. In this remote forest capital it was surprisingly pleasant to see games of cricket being vigorously pursued on the school playgrounds, for all such sports are generously encouraged by His Highness the Maharaja.

From the terrace of the charming Guest-house, on a little hill overlooking a lake, I barely found time to sketch the Cenotaph of Harde Sah, the ancestor of the Ruling Family, a curious but interesting octagonal building with the characteristic domes of the locality. My stay in Panna was rendered memorable to myself by the kindly welcome and generous hospitality of His Highness the Maharaja and his two brothers, and was mostly devoted to " shikar," which was eminently pleasant and successful, but of which a detailed

description would, I fear, be wearisome. One incident in a typical tiger-beat, however, seems worth recording as a triumph of jungle-craft and organization, since much of the thrill and interest of the sport is derived from the way in which the cunning of the wild beast is circumvented by the skill and forethought of the hunter. In one of our beats I was fortunate enough to witness an unusual sight, that of a tiger being actually turned in the direction of the guns, like a pheasant in an English covert, by a line of little white and red flags which were hung on a string from tree to tree about two feet from the ground. In this case the tiger had been wandering from one side of the beat to the other, as driven tigers almost invariably do, instead of going straight forward to the line of guns, but he had been constantly prevented from breaking out by the tapping of the "stops" posted in trees along the fringes of the cover; towards the end of the beat he reached an open glade, across which a row of the small triangular flags were fluttering in the wind. From the tree in which I sat I watched him, at a distance of about two hundred yards, slowly and cautiously advance into the open and thrust his head and shoulders under the line of flags; then his courage failed him; he wheeled round and bounded back into the cover, only to emerge later on in a ravine directly under the rifles which were posted in a tree to wait for him. The little flags had outwitted him to his downfall!

An even more fascinating occupation than beating for tigers in the daytime was to glide in a silent motor car, as I often did with His Highness, just after sunset among the huge forest trees on the plateau above the Ken river and watch for the magnificent sambhur stags which leave the thick cover of the valley at nightfall to graze on the higher ground. One such "head" from the Ken river hangs before me on my study wall.

Among the Maharaja's numerous trophies I saw a finely maned lion, which I was surprised to hear had been shot within a few miles of Panna shortly before my visit. Its presence in a part of the country where lions have long been extinct was only to be accounted for by remembering that 30 or 40 years ago the late Maharaja Sindhia of Gwalior imported 50 African lions and set them free in

the neighbouring jungles. They proved so destructive, however, to beast and man, that it was found necessary to exterminate them. The drive was supposed to have been completely successful, but the appearance of a lion in Panna seems to prove that a pair at least escaped the battue and found their way into Bundelkhand. The spot where this lion was shot in Panna is not less than 200 miles from where the lions were liberated in Gwalior.

During the Mutiny of 1857 Raja Nripatsingh of Panna assisted the British in holding the fort of Kalinjar and delivered the garrison of Damoh. His grandson, the present Ruler of the State, His Highness Maharaja Mahendra Sir Yadvendra Singh, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., who is eighth in descent from Maharaja Chhatarsal, and is the senior representative of all the Bundela Princes east of the Dasan river, was born in 1894 and was educated with his two brothers at the Mayo College at Ajmer, where he had a distinguished career, and afterwards joined the Imperial Cadet Corps at Dehra Dun. His Highness has been connected by marriage with the Ruling Houses of Bhavnagar and Jaipur, in which the custom of purdah is strictly observed, as it is in all the princely families of Rajasthan. He has two most promising sons, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making soon afterwards at the Mayo College. In 1932 His Highness was elected a member of the Standing Committee of the Chamber of Princes. He is not only a fine rider, cricketer and sportsman, but a most hard-working and capable administrator, who exercises personal supervision and control over every department of the State. In this he is greatly assisted by his two brothers, Diwan Raghavendra Singh and Diwan Bhartendra-Singh, who are devoted to him ; and the three brothers present a picture of a happily united Princely family such as is not often seen in India, or indeed in any country.

CHAPTER XI

AJMER AND THE MAYO COLLEGE

"That forehead alone is fair which bows to the Gods, to a Teacher, and to Woman."

From a Sanskrit inscription

MY brief travels in Rajasthan came to a close all too soon with a visit to Ajmer, the beautiful capital of the little province of Ajmer-Merwara, that island of British territory surrounded on all sides by Indian States, with whose fortunes it is inseparably linked by ties of history and kinship. The proximity of the once impregnable fortress of Taragarh, which towers a thousand feet above the city, has exposed it to an age-long series of battles and sieges illuminated by few deeds of nobility or heroism. For many centuries Ajmer was the chief stronghold of the kingdom of the Chauhan Rajputs, which latterly included Delhi. For nearly two hundred years after its capture by Akbar it was a favourite resort of the Moghul Emperors and the capital of an important province, commanding a main trade-route from Northern India to the Arabian Sea. Here the East India Company in its early days established a factory subordinate to its headquarters at Surat, and Ajmer is still a commercial centre for the surrounding States. On the break-up of the Moghul Empire Taragarh became a bone of contention among several Rajput Chiefs ; finally it fell to the encroaching Marathas, who held it until 1818, when Daulat Rao Sindhia was choked off Rajputana, like a ferret from a rabbit's neck, and Ajmer became a British province, to which the hilly district of Merwara, then inhabited by a wild and lawless clan, was added in 1823.

From the ruined battlements of the "Star Fort" a marvellous panorama can be enjoyed. The Aravali mountains, of which Taragarh is an outstanding peak, run southwards to join the Vindhyas, and northwards as far as the historic Ridge at Delhi. The sandy plains of Marwar stretch to the western horizon ; on the eastern side the white-roofed city nestles far below us in a fold of the hills, and beyond it extends a wide well-wooded landscape diversified by many sudden peaks and ridges, with the "shining levels" of

the Anasagar lake at the head of the valley in which the city lies. In the middle distance the most striking feature is the park of the Mayo College, with its white marble buildings peeping out from among their trees and gardens.

A few miles to the north of the city a granite ridge shuts off the ancient sacred lake of Pushkar, the centre of countless legends. Hidden in a waste of trackless sandhills, it is nevertheless one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage for Hindus from all parts of India, just as the shrine of the Moslem saint known as the "Kwaja Saheb," in Ajmer City, attracts the followers of Islam from beyond the frontiers of Hindusthan. Round the lake a broken line of bathing-ghats and shrines, always thronged with pilgrims, mixed with dwelling-houses, stately and humble, side by side, make a varied and attractive picture, although the buildings mostly date from after the time of Aurangzeb, who destroyed the ancient places of worship and erected a mosque which still stands on the site of the largest Hindu temple.

The lake is full of crocodiles, which are worshipped and fed by pious hands, but this does not prevent the creatures from carrying off any unwary dog or calf which may stray into the water. Sometimes a human being falls a prey, and a strange incident which occurred a few years ago illustrates with gruesome vividness the boldness and tenacity of the reptiles. A traveller had brought his pony down to drink and was standing by it in the water when a crocodile approached unawares and seized his leg. The man had the presence of mind to throw his arms round the pony's neck ; the frightened animal rushed away from the brink, dragging with it the man and the crocodile with its jaws still firmly gripping the leg of its victim. His cries brought out a crowd of the inhabitants, who belaboured the beast with sticks, but totally without effect, for as soon as the man's hold of the pony relaxed, the brute resolutely carried him back across the sand to the lake and disappeared with him for ever into its depths, in spite of the frantic but unavailing efforts of the mob to arrest its progress.

As I sat sketching on the brink of the Anasagar lake, it occurred

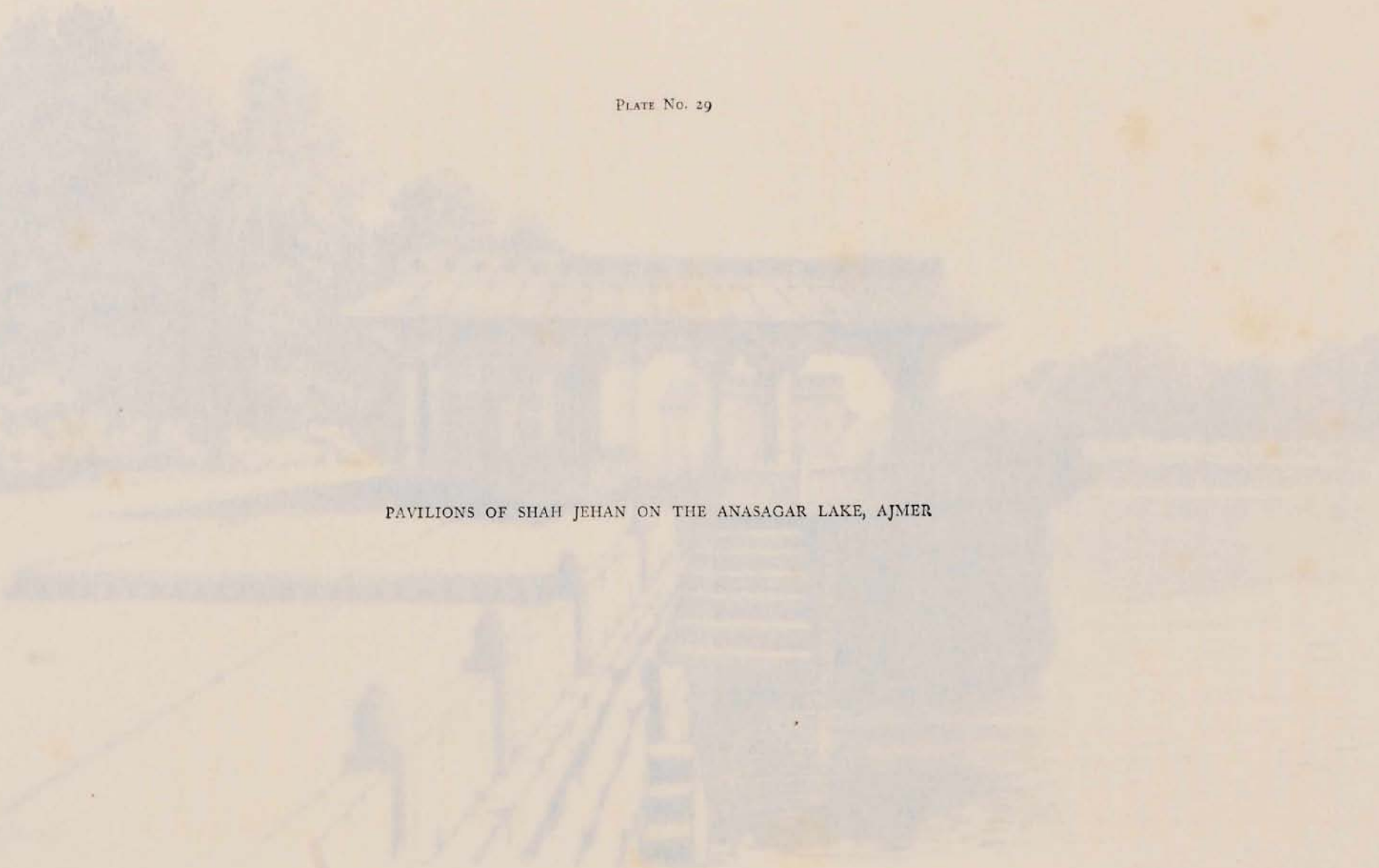
to me that if the citizens of Ajmer had a fancy for organizing a pageant (which Heaven forbid !) such as those which are so popular in some of our country towns, what a procession of notabilities they might present !

From the dim and distant past we might see King Aja, the founder of Ajmer, riding with his band of raiding Rajputs, armed with broadsword and buckler, on the way to assault the eyrie of Taragarh, which is to be their fort of refuge until the fall of Prithvi Raj, the last of the Chauhan line of kings, on the Delhi plain. Then good King Ana builds his dam to hold up the waters of the Anasagar lake, which many centuries later will be adorned with its famous marble pavilions by the greatest of royal architects, the Emperor Shah Jehan.

Next perhaps we shall witness the arrival from distant Persia of the celebrated Moslem Saint Muezzin-ud-din Chisti, whose shrine, known as the Durgah, is the most highly venerated by the followers of Islam in India. The holy man descends from his camel and spreads his carpet, for here his long journey is ended, and here he will spend the remainder of his days in prayer and meditation. The spot on which he alights is still marked by a stone in the pavement in front of the Mosque of Shah Jehan, crowded with white-robed worshippers from far and near.

In due time the Chauhan and Rahtore Chieftains have been driven out by the all-conquering Muhammedans, and the stern invader Altamsh, King of Delhi, appears before us, directing the demolition of more than twenty Hindu temples in the city, from whose marvellously carved beams and pillars he constructs his vast mosque known as the " Arhai-din-ka-Jhompra," or " Mosque of the Two and a Half Days," unsurpassed for grace and delicacy by any other Moslem building of its age.

A solitary pilgrim, dusty and travel-stained, enters through the tall gateway of the Durgah to prostrate himself before the shrine. It is the great Emperor Akbar himself, who has walked all the way from his newly built city of Fatehpur-Sikri, more than two hundred miles away, to pray to the servant of Allah for the gift of a son.



PAVILIONS OF SHAH JEHAN ON THE ANASAGAR LAKE, AJMER


C.W.W.

That son, Jehangir, will be the next figure in our line of Kings. He is to be shown seated on the balcony above the gateway of Akbar's palace, awaiting the arrival of a suppliant Ambassador from a distant and despised monarch. The envoy approaches, and we recognize the stately Sir Thomas Roe, in lace and ruffles, who has waited two years for an audience of the Great Moghul to beg for trading privileges for the faithful lieges of King James the First, the merchants at Surat. Jehangir's Queens peep curiously at the stranger from behind the reed curtains in front of their windows, from which they so often enjoy the spectacle of criminals being trampled to death by elephants in the courtyard below. Sir Thomas steps into a large basket, in which he is hauled up to the Imperial presence and there receives the Emperor's firman granting the desired boon.

Shall we choose to see Shah Jehan, the most splendid of all the Moghuls, as he watches his sculptors at work on his exquisite pavilions by the lake? Or shall we watch him embarking in a gilded barge with his beloved consort Mumtaz Mahal, for whom he will raise on the bank of the distant Jumna the most perfect memorial ever consecrated by a lover to his lost mistress?

The scene changes, and we look upon a lovely Princess, a daughter of Shah Jehan. Why is she weeping? Hoping to escape her father's anger and save her lover's life, she has hidden him in one of the subterranean baths below the palace, but the Emperor, discovering her secret, has ordered the furnaces for heating the water to be lighted, and the young man has perished miserably.

Another scene must be allotted to the sour-faced, black-bearded Aurangzeb, who has marched hither from Delhi to fight his elder brother, Dara Shukoh, for his father's throne. A messenger brings word that Dara has been defeated outside the walls of the city, but has made his escape. The vengeful usurper registers a vow that when he succeeds in catching his fugitive brother, he will cut off his head and send it to his old father Shah Jehan

in his prison at Agra,—a vow which he afterwards faithfully performs.[1]

Now the Moghuls, with all their "barbaric pearl and gold," have vanished, and a Frenchman, General de Boigne, at the head of Sindhia's plundering army has wrested Taragarh from the Rahtores of Marwar, and has scattered their horsemen to the winds. But the English merchants from Surat, who have grown rich and powerful, have sent out their battalions to bring peace to a distracted country. They call a halt to this reign of robbery and violence, and our next scene will show the entrance of an official of "John Company," Mr. Wilder, the first Superintendent of Ajmer, who is fond of pomp and ceremony, and may be allowed an elephant to ride. He receives the keys of the Ajmer Treasury from Sindhia's Subahdar, and the reign of law and order in Rajputana has begun.

Among the worthies of Ajmer we shall not see the incomparable James Tod, who never visited the city, but the procession will include Colonel Dixon, the Artillery officer who devoted his life to his beloved province and whose tomb at Beawar is still honoured by a grateful peasantry.

From the British Proconsuls in our moving show we shall select first of all Lord Mayo, who comes to Ajmer in 1870. He appears

[1] The story of Dara's head is related with much gusto by Manucci, who says that when Aurangzeb received it he gave it three thrusts with his sword and exclaimed, "Take it out of my sight." Manucci adds that the head was sent to Shah Jehan at Agra at the instigation of Aurangzeb's sister, Roshanara Begum, who gave a banquet the same evening to celebrate the event. Shah Jehan was at dinner when the head arrived, and on seeing it he uttered a cry and fell on the table in a swoon. Another embellishment of the tale says that the head laughed Ha! ha! ha! when it was struck by Aurangzeb. According to Manucci, the head was sent by Aurangzeb's order to be buried in the sepulchre of the Taj Mahal at Agra. Bernier, a more reliable contemporary witness, says that the head, after being struck off by Aurangzeb's executioners in the garden of Khijrabad at Old Delhi, was taken to Aurangzeb, who ordered it to be buried in Humayun's tomb a few miles off. If it was really sent to Shah Jehan at Agra, it is unlikely that it would have been carried all the way back to Delhi for burial, but Manucci's story is probably fictitious. Many "canards" were doubtless current in the bazars at the time; and a popular ballad was sung about Dara's tragic fate, which Aurangzeb vainly tried to suppress.

in a magnificent Darbar, surrounded by the assembled Chiefs of Rajputana, before whom he lays his new and surprising proposal to found a College for the education of their sons. The proposal nevertheless was warmly accepted, and the College started on its career in 1875.

Among the many distinguished visits to the College since the time of Lord Mayo—and no Viceroy since then has failed to evince his sympathy and support for the College by paying it a visit—none has been so memorable as that of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress Mary in 1911, on which occasion at Her Majesty's gracious command, every boy in the College, down to the youngest, was presented to her.

Let us consider for a moment the problem of the upbringing of these young Indian Princes and Nobles, upon which, after Lord Mayo, Lord Curzon exercised the most abiding and the most beneficent influence.

Lord Curzon earned the gratitude of all lovers of the beautiful by his restoration of Shah Jehan's sadly mutilated pavilions on the Anasagar lake, as well as many other ancient monuments all over India, but his vigorous and eminently practical mind was not content with the rejuvenation of the relics of antiquity, however priceless, and the Mayo College was only one of the numerous institutions in India into which he infused fresh life and vigour. Although it is not the oldest, the Mayo College is the largest and most influential of the five Chiefs' Colleges which have been founded in different provinces of India with the same object, the others being the Rajkumar College at Rajkot, the Aitcheson College at Lahore, the Daly College at Indore, and the Raipur College in Orissa; and it may fairly be claimed that during the past half-century these Colleges have played a considerable part in that remarkable advance of the Indian aristocracy in Western culture and education, which is one of the most significant and encouraging features of the period.

The Mayo College, like the others, owes its original inception to the Political Department, for it was Colonel F. M. K. Walter, then Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, who first suggested the idea to Lord Mayo, at whose instance the Government of

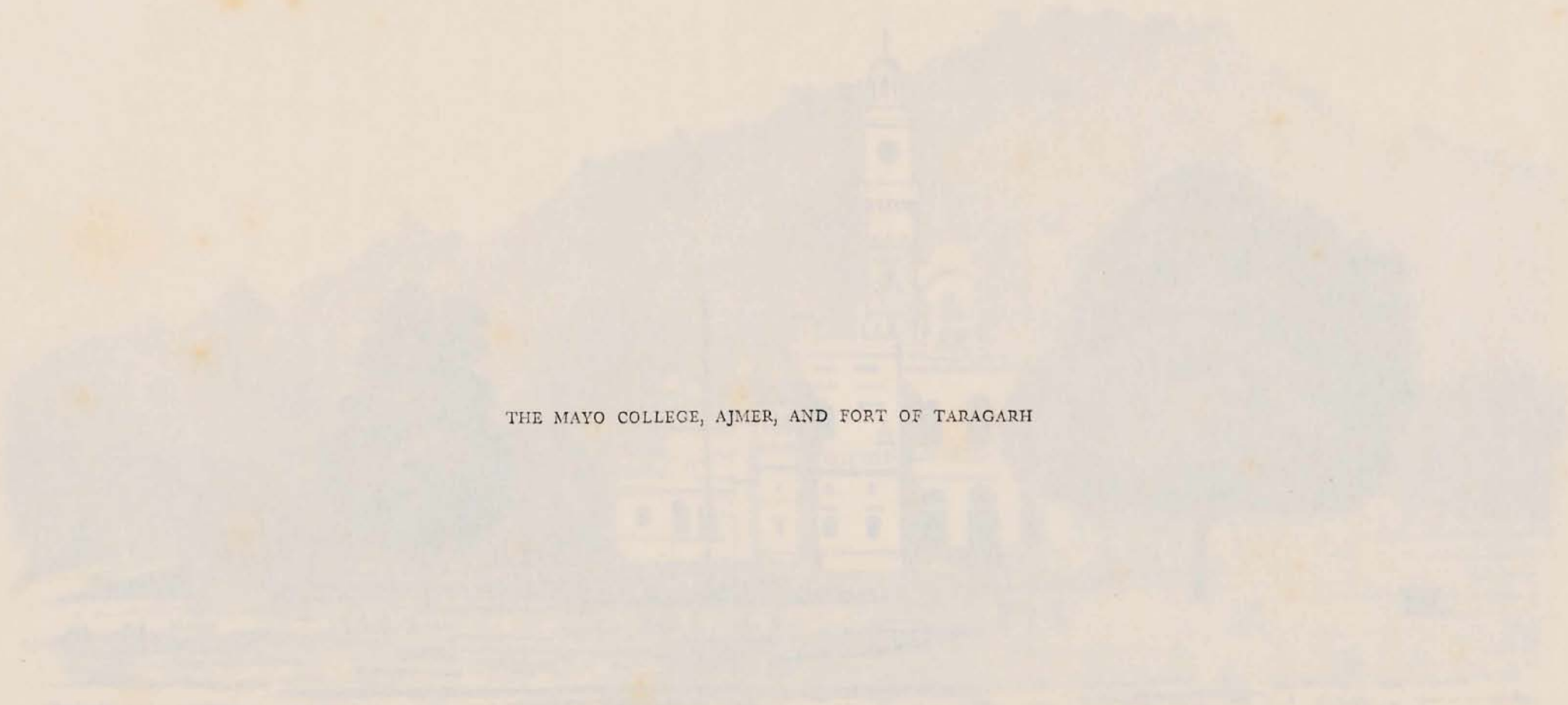
India and the States united in the task of equipping the College with its fine park and buildings, and in forming the nucleus of an Endowment Fund. But after twenty-five years of useful work the College found its resources inadequate to meet the growing demands of the aristocracy for a training in all respects equal to that of an English public school, and it was then that Lord Curzon entered on his congenial task of reorganizing the Colleges, the main features in this process being the grant of liberal financial assistance, the provision of an adequate staff, both English and Indian, and the framing of a new curriculum distinct from that of the normal secondary schools in India, and specially devised to fit the sons of Ruling Chiefs and landowners for their responsible positions. The College diploma was accepted by the Universities as equivalent to Matriculation, and a Higher Diploma Course of three years was soon afterwards added to the School curriculum and was recognized as a qualification equivalent to the B.A. degree.[1]

The foundations were thus laid for a practical and sound system of education suited to the class for which it was intended, and by the time that its Diamond Jubilee was celebrated in March 1930,—an occasion graced by the presence of the Viceroy and Lady Irwin,—the College was entitled to point with justifiable pride to the distinguished careers of a large number of its former students not only as Rulers, but in many offices of public usefulness ; and the affectionate enthusiasm displayed by the Old Boys for their College is a significant proof that it is fulfilling the objects of its founders, as well as a guarantee of its future prosperity.

Lord Curzon has been sometimes accused by his own countrymen, as well as by eminent Indians like Mr. Gokhale, of want of sympathy with the desire of Indians for self-government, or even for a share in the administration of their own country.

" To him," said Mr. Gokhale bitterly, speaking of Lord Curzon in his Presidential address to the Congress in 1905, " India was a country where the Englishman was to monopolize for all time all power, and talk all the while of duty. The Indian's only business

[1] This Course has lately been extended to four years, to meet the requirements of the Universities.



THE MAYO COLLEGE, AJMER, AND FORT OF TARAGARH


C.W.W.
1932.

was to be governed, and it was a sacrilege on his part to have any other aspiration. In his scheme of things there was no room for the educated classes of the country."

Nothing in fact could be further from reality. It is true that Lord Curzon was impatient of inefficiency in any form,—he did not suffer fools gladly—but his efforts, especially in education, were constantly directed to the very object of fitting Indians to be capable of managing their own affairs. And let it not be forgotten that it was the pen of Lord Curzon which inserted the words " responsible self-government " in the Montagu-Chelmsford Declaration of 1917.

By natural disposition and temperament Lord Curzon was specially sympathetic to the legitimate aspirations of the Indian aristocracy and landed gentry. " In my view," he declared at the Mayo College in 1902, " it is essential to the welfare of a country that its aristocracy should not be divorced from its public life," and he founded the Imperial Cadet Corps with the special aim of providing honourable careers for the scions of the Indian nobility. Unhappily the Cadet Corps, after a few years of brilliant popularity, came to an end for the simple reason that no suitable openings were available for its alumni. Although the question had long been mooted, no practicable scheme then existed for the admission of Indians to a full military career, and it was not until December 1932 that the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun was formally opened by the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Philip Chetwode, who in an impressive speech to the cadets declared that the future defence of India would depend largely on their fitness to lead the rank and file of the Indian Army, than which, said Sir Philip, " no better material exists in the world."

It is evident that in future the Chiefs' Colleges will have a far wider field of usefulness than heretofore, since not only have the commissioned ranks in the Army been opened to Indians, but the Indian Civil Service and other branches of the administration will be manned by Indians to an ever-increasing extent. To train the youth of India to carry on the admirable traditions of these Services, in addition to providing for the sons of the Ruling classes such an education as will fit them for the discharge of their responsibilities

to their subjects, is the great and worthy task which lies before the Colleges.

In consonance with the changes made in other parts of India, the Constitution of the Governing Body of the Mayo College was considerably altered in 1931, when the control was placed in the hands of a Council of Ruling Chiefs, His Excellency the Viceroy occupying the position of Patron of the College instead of President of the Council. At the same time the official element in the Council was greatly reduced, and three representatives of the Old Boys' Association were included. We may confidently anticipate that these wise measures will have the effect of increasing and stimulating the active interest and support of the Rulers, and at the same time giving to the landed gentry, who at all times provide the majority of recruits to the College, a direct share in its management.

Two points in particular struck me as worthy of consideration in connection with the future development of the College. In the first place it should, I think, be possible to enlist more generally the active support, financial and other, of the Sardars or landed gentry who derive the greatest benefit from the education which the College offers to their sons. In the second place, a real liaison is wanted between the heads of these Colleges in India and those of the public schools which play a similar part in England. Why should there not be an occasional temporary interchange of masters between these institutions in India and England, and even an interchange of pupils? The language question would present no difficulty, since English is understood and spoken by almost every boy in the Mayo College, while the experience could hardly fail to widen the outlook of the youth of England and India and to bring them into a closer understanding and sympathy.

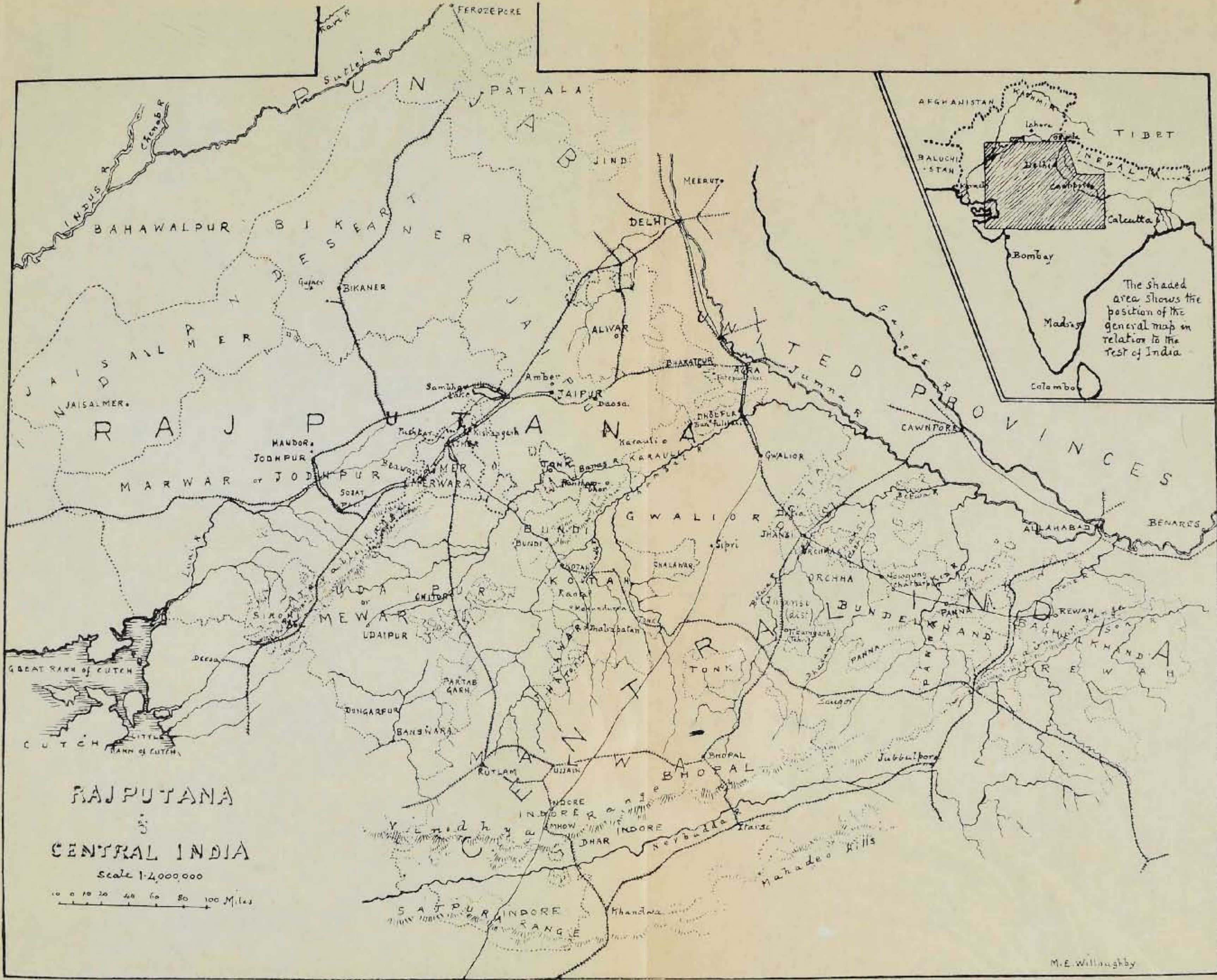
My own recent visit to the Mayo College left me no doubt of its vitality; and with the continued support of the Ruling Chiefs and the Old Boys' Association its future is assured under the experienced and sympathetic guidance of its present Principal, Mr. V. A. Stow, and his admirable staff. I can only add that I can imagine no more worthy ambition for the best of our young Englishmen than to devote themselves to helping the youth of India

in such a College to rise to the opportunities which lie before them.

The old Sanskrit maxim quoted at the head of this chapter, which inculcates the duties of piety, discipline and chivalry, is surely no bad epitome of the objects of education in an English or an Indian school ; they have been in the past, and may they long continue to be in the future, the ideals of the Mayo College !

ENVOI

Land of Ind, O land of story,
  Listen ere I leave thy shore,
Fabled Land of wealth and glory,
  Land of ancient, sacred lore!
Land of promise, rich, resplendent,
  Cynosure of Fancy's eye,
Land of hope, whose rays transcendent
  Beacon Youth to venture nigh!
    Land of wonder,
    Storm and thunder,
  Roaring floods and wild typhoons,
    Mountains craggy,
    Forests shaggy,
  Burning suns, and matchless moons!
Land, whose spell shall ever bind me,
Though thy shore be far behind me!


RAJPUTANA
&
CENTRAL INDIA
Scale 1:4,000,000
10 0 10 20 40 60 80 100 Miles
The shaded area shows the position of the general map in relation to the rest of India
AFGHANISTAN
TIBET
BALUCHISTAN
NEPAL
Lahore
Delhi
Calcutta
Bombay
Madras
Colombo
FEROZEPORE
PUNJAB
PATIALA
JIND
MEERUT
DELHI
BAHAWALPUR
BIKANER
THAR DESERT
BIKANER
JAISALMER
JAISALMER.
RAJPUTANA
MANDOR.
JODHPUR
MARWAR or JODHPUR
AJMER
MERWARA
JAIPUR
Amber
ALWAR
BHARATPUR
AGRA
DHOLPUR
KARAULI
Karauli
TONK
GWALIOR
UNITED PROVINCES
CAWNPORE
ALLAHABAD
BENARES
BUNDI
KOTAH
UDAIPUR
MEWAR
UDAIPUR
CHITOR
SIROHI
Deesa
GREAT RANN of CUTCH
LITTLE RANN of CUTCH
CUTCH
DUNGARPUR
BANSWARA
PARTAB GARH
CENTRAL INDIA
MALWA
BHOPAL
INDORE
MHOW
DHAR
RUTLAM
UJJAIN
Vindhya Range
SATPURA RANGE
Khandwa
Nerbudda
Mahadeo Hills
Jubbulpore
Saugor
BUNDELKHAND
ORCHHA
JHANSI
PANNA
REWAH
BAGHELKHAND
GWALIOR
Sipri
JHALAWAR
Jhalrapatan
TONK
M. E. Willoughby