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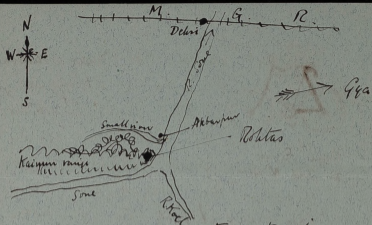
Dehi Budge
Bengal
1st Nov - 98



Puzzle Figures
for young Nigures

My dear Pippa

Last week being
the Poojahs this establishment
was closed for four days, and I
took the opportunity to go to Rohtas
with Cargill (collector) and Cumins
(magistrate). About 30 miles south
from here is a range of hills called
the Kaimur range about 1400 feet
high. They rise perfectly perpendic-
ularly out of the plains and the
Some comes out from behind them
and round the corner (see map).



Rohas is ~~at~~ on the top of the cliff overlooking the Some and here the great king Akbar built a palace and fort in the year 1550 or thereabouts.

We started off in the morning to drive to Akbarpur 25 miles in Cuning's tumtum - The road being what is called kutchha (i.e. a track) and three of Cuning's horses never having been driven before and the 4th being a well-known jobber, it is a mercy that we arrived at Akbarpur at the foot of the hills safely in time for tiffin - Here

we put up an old indigo bungalow. There used to be a lot of indigo factories in these parts in ancient days but they are now nearly all abandoned Akbarpur among them - We stayed here for the night employing the afternoon in trying to shoot partridges of which there were a many, but owing to Cuning's bad cartridges the bag consisted of only $\frac{1}{2}$, the $\frac{1}{2}$ being a very miniature specimen shot by me - Cuning who picked it up declared that there were pieces of eggshell clinging to it. Next morning we started off to climb the hill - We rode to the foot of and then proceeded to crawl up an extremely steep and rocky path, the horses following behind. At the top

of the path there is an immense
fortified gateway through which
you debouch onto a sort of
table land. The idiot Akbar
built a huge wall all round the
edge of the cliff with loopholes
and forts at intervals although
~~it~~ except at two places where
there are paths ~~up~~ it would
have been quite impossible
to climb up. There are two
more walls inside this one,
~~of the same~~ one about a mile
from the first and the other
round the palace. The palace
is a huge rambling sort of
place built of stone and in
very good order. A good
deal of it has unluckily been

spoilt by the miserable P.W.D. having whitewashed it; especially the durbar hall which is used as a rest house and is partitioned off and the beautiful domed roof and carved pillars completely ruined by their hideous wash. There is supposed to be an immense treasure buried somewhere in the palace and the old jemadar or caretaker who takes an immense interest in the place and treats it as his own child pointed out a place which ~~it~~ when you stamped on it said "Drum drum." We proved this and determined to dig it up but somehow we never did which is the reason why the begums necklace

is not enclosed. We stayed
here that day and the next
wandering about and viewing
the scenery. You get a most
magnificent view from the edge
over the valleys of the Sone &
Koel and can see in both
directions the country for miles
and miles around. One of
our best amusements was
throwing rocks over the cliff.
You throw a rock over and
watch it falling silently for
7 seconds which seems quite
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute then you hear a
crash and then a tremendous
echo ~~roars~~ roars at you
from a cliff opposite. We

reckoned that there was a
sheer drop of 800 feet at this
place. This was a most
fascinating ~~amusement~~ ^{game} and we
spent much time playing it.

I took some photos which
arent bad and shall be sent.
On the fourth day we went
back to Akbarpur and had
some more partridge shooting
and the next day at break of
dawn I started to ride back.
Three daks had been arranged.
The first was Cumings' water
and the next two my ponies
which I had written to Nicholls
to send out. Of course I
knew what would happen and
sure enough the water who

had been raging in his stall
for three days immediately took
complete charge of the operations.
The first six miles were covered
in less time than it takes to
write these words and with
immense skill I succeeded in
keeping my centre of gravity
more or less over the back of
the fiery untamed, but at last
the fatal moment arrived when
a small ditch appeared which
he thought it would be funny
to jump sideways - I preferred
to continue in a straight line,
and at the rate of 30 miles an
hour swooped through the air
onto my head rolled read over
heels three times like a rabbit

saw earth trees and sky chasing each other round in a vicious circle and all was still. On opening my eyes the first thing I saw was the waters heels 6 inches from my face so hastily got up and having found that no damage had been done, remounted and proceeded with extreme care to the first changing place where I found that the thoughtful kitholl considering that a 25 mile ride would certainly day me, had sent the tumtum. No further adventures occurred and I arrived home safely having much enjoyed the expedition. Cargill & Cumins came back next day and went on to Arrah.

I feel much flattered by Stone's kind remarks related in your letter received this morning but would be more pleased if he acted accordingly and gave me promotion instead of introducing outsiders above my head -

I never heard anything to equal the behaviour of the Lausanne syndicate - elle prend le tout a fait gateau

Farewell

Yr loving brother

Ralph

