

EUROPEAN EXPANSION AND INDIGENOUS RESPONSE • 5

SERVING EMPIRE,
SERVING NATION

James Tod and the Rajputs of Rajasthan

JASON FREITAG



Series Editor: GLENN J. AMES

BRILL

Serving Empire, Serving Nation

European Expansion and Indigenous Response

Edited by

Glenn J. Ames, The University of Toledo

Editorial Board

Frank Dutra, University of California, Santa Barbara

Pedro Machado, Santa Clara University

Malyn Newitt, King's College, London

Michael Pearson, University of New South Wales

José Damião Rodrigues, University of the Azores

George Bryan Souza, University of Texas

VOLUME 5



*James Tod on elephant with companions and escort. Attributed to Chokha. Mewar (Deogarh), 1817.
Image used with permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.*

Serving Empire, Serving Nation

James Tod and the Rajputs of Rajasthan

By

Jason Freitag



BRILL

LEIDEN • BOSTON
2009

On the cover: James Tod with Jain scholar Gyanchandra. Attributed to Ghasi. Digital image from William Crooke's edition of the *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan* (1920) courtesy of Giles Tillotson.

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Freitag, Jason.

Serving empire, serving nation : James Tod and the Rajputs of Rajasthan / by Jason Freitag.

p. cm. -- (European expansion and indigenous response, ISSN 1873-8974 ; v. 5)

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 978-90-04-17594-5 (hardback : alk. paper) 1. Rajput (Indic people)--History. 2. Rajput (Indic people)--Historiography. 3. Rajasthan (India)--History. 4. Rajasthan (India)--Historiography. 5. Tod, James, 1782-1835. *Annals and antiquities of Rajasthan*. 6. India--History--British occupation, 1765-1947. I. Title. II. Series.

DS432.R3F74 2009

954'.4--dc22

2009020911

ISSN 1873-8974

ISBN 978 90 04 17594 5

Copyright 2009 by Koninklijke Brill NV, Leiden, The Netherlands.
Koninklijke Brill NV incorporates the imprints Brill, Hotei Publishing,
IDC Publishers, Martinus Nijhoff Publishers and VSP.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, translated, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission from the publisher.

Authorization to photocopy items for internal or personal use is granted by Koninklijke Brill NV provided that the appropriate fees are paid directly to The Copyright Clearance Center, 222 Rosewood Drive, Suite 910, Danvers, MA 01923, USA.

Fees are subject to change.

PRINTED IN THE NETHERLANDS

To Karla,
without whom this was not possible,
and to Lizzie and Megan,
possibly my most enthusiastic readers.

Agastya left his chair for the huge district map on the wall behind Srivastav. For the first few minutes nothing made sense. He finally located Madna town. God, the district was huge. The Southern bits seemed heavily forested, that would be a good area to visit. Srivastav's voice penetrated intermittently. "I want to suspend this Supply Officer bugger. That corrupt cement dealer in Pinchri taluka has been passing off bloody sand as cement and this Supply Officer can't haul him up because he's getting his cut too ..." Agastya contemplated the improbable, that soon, in a few months, he would be mouthing similar incomprehensibilities and acting appropriately. Chidambaram touched his elbow with a huge black book. He returned to his chair with the *Madna District Gazetteer*.

"Don't read that now, take it back with you. It's wonderful reading."

Agastya opened it. "It's ancient, sir. It hasn't been updated since 1935."

Srivastav scowled. "Who has the time? Either you work, or you write a history. Those fellows never worked." He picked up his cup. "You'll soon see how the people here drink tea. Always from the saucer, look."

Upamanyu Chatterjee, English August: An Indian Story

... colonial administrators are not paid to read Hegel, and for that matter they do not read much of him, but they do not need a philosopher to tell them that uneasy consciences are caught up in their own contradictions.

Jean Paul Sartre, Preface, Frantz Fanon's The Wretched of the Earth

