

**CONDEMNED UNHEARD: THE  
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA AND H.  
H. THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR :  
A LETTER TO THE RT. HON. SIR  
UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649554263

Condemned Unheard: The Government of India and H. H. The Maharaja of Kashmir : A Letter to the Rt. Hon. Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth by William Digby

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**WILLIAM DIGBY**

**CONDEMNED UNHEARD: THE  
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA AND H.  
H. THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR :  
A LETTER TO THE RT. HON. SIR  
UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH**



° CONDEMNED UNHEARD.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA  
AND H. H. THE  
MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR.

A Letter

TO THE

RT. MON. SIR UGHTRED KAY-SMUTTLEWORTH,

DART., P.C., M.P.,

*Sometime Under-Secretary of State for India.*

BY

WILLIAM DIGBY, C.I.E.,

AUTHOR OF

INDIA FOR THE INDIANS—AND FOR ENGLAND; 'INDIAN PROBLEMS FOR ENGLISH CON-  
SIDERATION,' 'THE FAMINE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTHERN INDIA,' 'NEPAL AND INDIA,'  
INDIA'S INTEREST IN THE BRITISH BALLOT BOX, ETC., ETC.

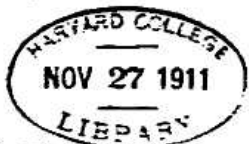
'STRIKE, BUT HEAR!'

Indian Political Agency,

25, CRAVEN STREET, CHANCING CROSS,  
LONDON.

July, 1890.

No 3035.2  
~~3549.5~~



*E. F. Johnson fund*

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY A. BARNES,  
14, SOLEBEY STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

WHERE EMPIRES TOWERED THAT WERE NOT JUST :  
LO ! THE SKULKING WILD FOX SCRATCHES IN A  
LITTLE HEAP OF DUST !





## THE LATE MAHARAJA RUNBIR SINGH'S PROPHECY.

---

MR. EDWARD F. MEAKIN, in an address delivered at a meeting of the East India Association in August, 1889, said :—I wish particularly to allude to the necessity of maintaining the confidence of the Indian princes in the *justice* of the English Government. Now, I am afraid that the present position of affairs with regard to two or three of the States is not such as to inspire the confidence of the Native Princes. I will relate an incident which occurred in the year 1876. I was one day sitting by the side of the late Maharaja of Kashmir talking over various matters, and his eldest son, the present Maharaja, was seated on the other side of him. The Maharaja suddenly turned to me and said: 'I learned a great many things by my recent visit to Calcutta. Some of my people urged me not to go, saying that no sooner should I leave my territory than I should find myself a sort of honoured State prisoner, something like Shah Shoojah when he visited Ranjeet Singh, who would not allow him to cross the Sutlej until he had left the Koh-i-Noor behind him. They said that it was an open secret that the British Government wanted to annex Kashmir, and that it was only a question of time and skilful manœuvring, and that I should be inveigled into allowing the first step towards the attainment of that object before I should be permitted to return to my own country'; and His Highness concluded with a derisive laugh. I remarked that the safety of His Highness's dominions lay in a good sound administration, and the encouragement of trade and commerce. I also told His Highness that he must be careful not to give any excuse for the British authorities to interfere with him, and that, if they did unjustly interfere, he might always rely upon

the English Press to defend his rights. After a pause he said: 'Sahib, what do you call that little thing between the railway carriages? It is like a button stuck on a sort of gigantic needle that runs through the train, and when the carriages are pushed at one end or the other you hear a "houff, houff," and bang they go against the poor little button. I felt very sorry for the poor little button, but it is doubtless useful in its way. What do you call it?' I replied that I believed it was called 'a buffer.' 'Buffer, buffer,' repeated the Maharaja in earnest tones. 'Yes, buffer, that's just what I am, and that shall henceforth be one of my titles;' and he directed Dewan Kirpa Ram to see that it was written down correctly. I was puzzled for a moment to know what to say or do. I felt a fear lest some other European might come after me who might make His Highness think that I had been hoaxing him. I begged to be allowed to explain that in the English language the word 'buffer,' when applied to human beings, had another signification, which could not be applied to His Highness, as it was a term of derision. 'Never mind,' said he, 'it is all the same, I am a buffer; on one side of me there is the big train of the British possessions, and whenever they push northward they will tilt up against me: then on the other side is the shaky concern Afghanistan, and on the other side of it is the ponderous train and engine called Roos. Every now and then there is a tilting of Roos towards Afghanistan, and simultaneously there is a tilting upwards of the great engine in Calcutta, and I am the poor little button between them. Some day, perhaps not far distant, there will be a tilting from the North, and Afghanistan will smash up. Then there will be a tremendous tilt from the South, and I shall be buried in the wreck and lost! It may not come in my time, but it is sure to come when that poor little button is on the pin'—pointing to his son, the present Maharaja, who laughed merrily at the novel idea. At that time the present Maharaja seemed a bright, intelligent young fellow, and I have no doubt that, if he had been quietly and kindly dealt with by the British Government, they might have made a good ruler of him, and even now I do not think it is too late to try what honest and kindly treatment may do to make him all we have any right to expect. I do not think the Princes of India will view with complacency our present doings in

Kashmir. It was clearly wrong for the East India Company to cede Kashmir to Ghulab Singh (grandfather of the present Maharaja) for £750,000 when it was not a possession of theirs, and they had no manner of right to deal with it, but 'a bargain is a bargain.' The East India Company took the money and left Ghulab Singh to annex Kashmir *if he could*. He *did* annex it, and was duly acknowledged as its sovereign, and, logically speaking, his grandson, the present Maharaja, is the lawful ruler of this Naboth's vineyard which seems to be so ardently coveted by certain Indian officials. His right to rule is at least as good as that of the descendants of General Bernadotte to rule Sweden. It is said that the Maharaja is given to excesses. We have heard the same things alleged against other princes, noblemen, and gentlemen before now. Let him that is entirely guiltless amongst them cast the first stone at this unfortunate prince. I regard this as the most despicable excuse that could be invented for high-handed robbery. If this principle of confiscation be allowed, how many of our old noble families are liable to have their vast estates confiscated? I hope that my countrymen possess a sufficient sense of honour to rise as one man and protest against this shocking iniquity being perpetrated in the name of the British nation.