DRY LEAVES FROM YOUNG EGYPT:

BEING A GLANCE AT SINDH BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

By J. B. EASTWICK

AN EX-POLITICAL. (1849)

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PREFACE.

It will be seen from the first line of this Memoir, that it was commenced three years ago, soon after the Vakíls of the Amírs of Sindh had been repulsed in all their attempts to obtain redress in this country. I began to write in the hope of shewing that the unfortunate Chiefs of Khyrpore were, from the outset, treated by us with intolerable harshness; and that, therefore, as we were the first aggressors, we ought not to have treated them with the rigour we have,—even had their hostility to us been earlier evinced, and more clearly proved than it is in the Blue Book. A consciousness of inability to do justice to the case, made me throw away the pen, but now that information has been received of the deaths of our once firm friend and ally, Mír Sobdár Khán, his mother, and his eldest son—caused partly by anguish of mind, and partly by the (to them) unhealthy climate of Bengal,—there seems to be a fit opportunity for making another appeal to public opinion in behalf of the surviving prisoners. I have ventured, therefore, to add my feeble candle to the broad light which has already been thrown on the subject by men like Outram and Sullivan. If I succeed in recalling the attention of any of the former supporters of the fallen Amírs to their cause, my object is gained;—for the rest

Μέλει τῆς ἀληθέιας μᾶλλον ἢ τῆς δόξης.

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It was in 1839 (just a week of years) that I commenced a journey which conducted me to the classic but somewhat atramentous waters of the Indus; but stay,—I found my lonely march such an uncomfortable one, that I wished often enough for a companion; so, reader, this time we will make it together. A pleasant tour one could hardly find it. Cast your eye on the map. Look at that great tract from Deesa to the Hála mountains. It is all sand; sometimes it has a little ragged clothing of bábul or milkbush; sometimes it tricks. itself out with a green fringe, or so; but, at best, it is but a scanty garment. From the Banas to the Indus, I do not think there is a stream,—nothing but dirty wells to put your trust in; one could scarce be worse off were one a settler in Australia. Your soil is bad, and your people are as bad as the soil. It is like enough that they are '*Aumoxóves*'. I know of no race better entitled to claim such an origin, for they are as poor and niggardly as the sand they tread, and withal as hot and inflammable. And, to say truth, the conquests and inroads, which engraft one nation on another, have had but little place here. From the time of Muhammad Bin Càsim, there have been few or no invaders, for little, indeed, would be gained from the robbers of the Rann, or the fish-eaters of the Sindh Delta. So now, to commence disputatiously, I never could find a reason for our infantry regiments being stationed in such a beggarly country as Deesa, nor detect the object of our large cantonment there. Perhaps it was absurd to seek one, for when so many unreasonable things are done, why should not this belong to the same category? As to the robbers of Naggar Parkar, and their plundering neighbours along the borders of the Rann, they would surely be better kept in check by bodies of horse, and would laugh at our sipáhis floundering along in the sand after them. Yet so it is, at Deesa we have two infantry regiments, one (bless the mark) of Europeans, sweltering away at white heat, and extremely on the alert to prevent their huts being robbed every second night, by the Bhíls. A dry, hot—in simple verity, an intensely arid place is that same Deesa. In lat. 24.15, outside the tropics, it is true, but no whit the better for that. Our good friend Sol comes down in right earnest on the waste, and there is need of many a fold of twisted muslin round the white topí to keep off his importunacy. And if the head fares badly the feet are in as poor a condition, sinking some six inches at every step in fine sand of a warmth that makes your blood circulate at perilous speed. Alas! for those whose eyes have been accustomed to the green fields and cool breezes of England. Yet there is a charm in this place for the lovers of shikár.

The spur and the spear, and the deadly grooved rifle, are never idle here. The game is not far to seek, and, good faith! if you will not hunt, you may be hunted. I have myself seen the track of a lion round the hospital, and but a few miles from camp is the place where one of the most famed of Indian sportsmen exhibited, much against his will, the celebrated trick of putting his head into a tiger's mouth. It pulled him backwards as he fled from it, and was proceeding to bite off his head, as a child would a cherry, when the bullet of his friend arrested the fatal jaws ere they could close. Of such escapes, or of other excitement in the field personally, I have nought to tell, for after I had passed a very short sojourn at Deesa, came a small, but ineffably exhilarating piece of paper, which, to use the words of my friend, Subadár Ghulám Alí, conferred on me the dignity of a black coat. I was henceforth to be a Kála dagla wála, and in those days the appointment was one coveted, nor had the flattering toast, "damnation to the politicals," as yet been proposed.

Ere I started for my destination I resolved on a visit to Mount Abú, for my conscience stoutly remonstrated against departing without one glance at wonders now within ken, and soon to be so distant. Besides, I was eager to be on the move. What is it that makes travelling so delightful, in spite of all its budget of disasters and difficulties? Or is it only the retrospect that delights us? I think all can remember being very sick, very cross, very hot, and most decidedly uncomfortable on a journey, yet, when 'tis past, how the mind recurs to it. All the pleasant things have become a thousand times more pleasant, and all the disagreeables, all the ugly joltings on the road, are clean forgotten. So it was with my journey to Abú, in the which I was marvellously ill-fed, and worse lodged, yet shall turn to it now with an aspect of extreme good humour. Abú is a detached mountain of the Aravalli range, which divides the table land of Rájpútána from the flats of Anhulwárra, and is situated some forty miles to the north-east of Deesa. It towers over the neighbouring mountains like a tall leader in front of his line. I was not long in getting sight of it, for forty miles are soon sped in India. If you have not horses of your own for relays, borrow from your friends. Be not in the least scrupulous—your turn will come to lend; and so constant is the need and the application, that many a crafty old stager keeps an indifferent saddle and an ill-favoured nag to answer such demands. "Does the Saheb, your master, ride this brute?" I enquired of a native groom, as I found myself at the outset uncomfortably placed on a small pony, that persisted in standing on his hind legs, like a petitioning poodle. "No, Saheb! my master does not ride him, he lends him to the strange gentlemen!" About three miles from the Deesa camp I crossed the Banás, which (it being the middle of March) was nearly dry. The jungle on its banks is full of wild beasts; and what is, I believe, most rare, harbours the lion and tiger together, for these lords of the forest seem to have agreed on the old principle, "*divide et impera*," and are seldom found together. The remainder of the road to the foot of the hills lay over a sandy plain, matted with milk—bush and prickly pear, thick as the hair of Siva, and about as ornamental. In one part the fresh marks of a paw, in size somewhat like a small plate, gave me a slight inkling of who my fellow travellers were in "dingle and bushy dell of this wild wood."

About four miles from the foot of Abú lies a Bhíl village, called Anádura, where the traveller may stop and get a drink of milk. Or, if he will none of it, he will desiderate it not a little before "half of his heavy task be done;" for it is no holiday—work climbing that steep, craggy, perspiration—exciting Abú—Saint's Pinnacle, indeed, they term it! A man may be a saint when he reaches the pinnacle, but he is marvellously inclined to use certain heathenish and sinful expressions on his way up. Four thousand feet upward—perpendicular ascent! how it differs—*immane quantum*—from the same measure in a level straight-forward progression. I started from Anádura on foot, in the simplicity of my heart, not even deeming it desirable to ride as far as was practicable. A paggi, or tracksman, I had brought from Deesa went before me with a Bhíl of the village, who beguiled the way with telling his comrade a legend about some Rája who had married the beautiful daughter of a poor inhabitant of the mountain, whose only dowry was kanya (Anglicè, her maidenhead). The path lies through a forest of tall trees, under which there were several great herds of oxen of the tall Gujerat breed, almost as wild as the Sámbar (elk), we could hear, ever and anon, blowing in the distance. At our approach they drew together in *agmine nigro*; or, to use a military term, they fell in, as if they were on the look-out for mischief; and well they might, for the place is excessive tigerish. At last we began to ascend, and, though I have since climbed some ugly places, I remember nothing like this. There is no winding or sloping here, no cheating yourself into the belief that after another turn it will be over. No! all is fair treadmill work—each step consisting of two motions, the first brings your right knee as near as possible to your chin, and the second draws the lagging limb after it. At last I was fairly tired; and, throwing myself down under a crag, was soon fast asleep. Meantime, I suspect, the Bhil villagers had guessed their services would be wanted, for when I awoke I found a party of them standing by me, with a sort of bambú chair, which they strongly recommended me to occupy, and to make the rest of the ascent with the aid of their shoulders. However, I went on by myself to nearly the top, when I was obliged to yield, and "take the chair," on the special invitation of these good savages. If any one feels inclined to laugh, I wish he were made to try getting up Abú in a tight pair of trousers and without his breakfast. Well, well! once on the mountain's brow, and I felt my toil fairly recompensed. I can imagine no scene more beautiful. The far view over the unbroken plain beneath, the fantastic rocks around, crowned and clustered over with the rarest plants and flowers, the strange white temples with their grotesque figures and quaint embellishment, the clear peaceful lake, over which nods many a drowsy pinnacle hallowed in Hindú legend,—these are things to be gazed on, not described. I sate and basked in the sun, no longer fierce but genial, and mused, and could have wept over the long roll of chiefs and princes who have here set up their names, and dreamed that the story of their achievements would live; and there is none to read it but the stranger and the alien. They are Rajputs of a lineage ancient and renowned, before the name of Muslim was known. Well, there is a better name than either Rajput or Muslim, and such shall be the name of these tribes also, we may humbly hope and trust, ere long.

Abú has been from ancient times a place of pilgrimage to the Hindús. Its natural advantages, and the remarkable beauty of its scenery, must have recommended it from the earliest ages to a religion which delights to sacrifice on the mountains, to hallow every lake and stream, and which seeks, in the magnificence of nature, proof of the existence of the Deity to whose Being the voice of Revelation does not here bear its testimony. Rishis and Munis, the Saints of the Hindú mythology, are said to have made the summit of this mountain their abode. Hence its highest peak is called Gurusikr, "the Saint's Pinnacle;" and here Indra, Rudra, Brimha, and Vishnú are said to have reproduced the warrior caste or Kshatris, who had been extirpated by Parsurám on account of their impiety. The temples now adorning Abú are of comparatively modern date, having been built within the last few centuries, chiefly by the Jains. They are of white marble, ornamented with innumerable figures, and the richest tracery. So exquisite is the carving, that it may be doubted whether any other of the beautiful pagods of India can be compared with these. Yet they stand on a spot now trodden only by savage Bhíl or wandering Jogi, and difficult of access even to them. There existed, however, in the fourteenth century, a city called Chandrávatí, about fourteen miles to the east of Abú, inhabited by the Puor Rájpúts, and it is probable that the approach to the sacred mountain was then neither a work of so much toil nor infrequency as now. The lake called the Nakki Talao—from its having been scooped out by an ascetic, who certainly turned his length of nail to good purpose,—is about 3,800 feet above the sea. It is a mile long, a quarter of a mile broad, and in some places several fathoms deep. Nearly on a level with it, and at about half a mile distant, are the Jain temples, in a westerly direction, while to the north rises the peak of Gurusikr to an altitude of nearly 6,000 feet. The extracts contained in Appendix I. from the register of a friend, will show the nature of the climate at a time when the plain country round Deesa is positively unbearable.

With this beautiful retreat before my eyes, I could not but think it strange that our European regiments should be suffered to languish out the hot months at Deesa, when a moderate outlay would secure for them comfortable quarters in this Eden of the Hills. In how short a time would a legion have made these heights accessible; how soon would a little of the skill and energy that the French display in their Algerian roads suffice to place our men in a climate little inferior to that of their native country. During the cold months, the Europeans might keep the plain and be employed in their parade work, and March would see them winding up the mountain on a broad level road formed by their own industry, and to be transferred as an invaluable legacy to their successors.

After seeing as much as was possible of Abú in the brief time I could afford for my visit, I prepared to descend once more to the burning plain. On reaching Deesa, one day sufficed to put myself in marching order, and on the 18th of March I again quitted it, and halted that evening at Pattan, a march of eighteen miles. My route was to lie through a country not guilty of those detestable little buildings which bear the name of

travellers' bungalows. These are generally built in such a position as to command the whole supply of dust and flies that the neighbourhood yields, and with their sickly white walls, and discontented, empty look, make hideous contrast to the picturesque and carved pagoda or choultry that hides itself amongst the thick foliage from its ugly European neighbour. I halted at Pattan, in a choultry beneath a top of magnificent Banyan trees, filled with monkeys, whose antics afforded me unceasing amusement.

Watching their opportunity, when the men who guarded the adjoining fields were absent, a large body of them descended and bounded one after another over the hedge, leaving a sentinel on the outside, while they bundled up the corn with all despatch. Suddenly the alarm was given, but long before the incensed cultivators could reach the spot my friends were safe enough over my head, and making an exact distribution of their plunder to the heads of families. From Pattan I passed on without adventure, and with little of interest or note, to Wadwán in Kattiawár, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. At the second stage from Pattan I encountered a vast concourse of pilgrims, who were thronging to a temple built by Damaji Gaikwár, and in which there is no image of any kind. It is, however, sacred to Devi, and the crowd was assembling to endeavour by their prayers to avert the ravages of the small-pox. The Brahmins shewed me a pool of green water near the temple, which they said became red twice a year at the advent of the goddess. It appears to be a mineral spring, and the water is tepid. As I approached Kattiawár the country became more and more barren, and I found each village surrounded by a Golgotha of bones. In fact, the drought was so terrible that all the cattle of the country had either perished or been driven beyond the frontiers. The famine was, indeed, sore in the land. Parents were offering their children for sale, and numbers, doubtless, died unknown and unheeded. These calamitous seasons are of constant recurrence, both in Kattiawár and in the neighbouring country of Catch. Yet the preventative might be found, could or would the Government turn its attention to the subject. We collect annually 6,80,105 rupees from the province, of which no part is expended in public works. Now, the grand want is that of dams across the principal streams, to prevent them running off and falling when the rains are light. It is true that works of this nature are costly; but it is also true that the outlay is, in a few years, restored with interest. The probable advantage of such embankments was brought to my observation on one occasion clearly enough. During my stay at Rájkote, and while the drought was at its height, water being obtainable only by digging pits in the channel of the river, a most violent thunder storm occurred, and in a few hours the bed of the stream, where children had that day been playing, was filled with a deep and furious torrent quite impassable. Could the water have been retained, its value would have been beyond calculation; as it was, it fell as rapidly as it had risen, and left us in the same distress as formerly. To add to the affliction caused by these droughts, the corn merchants of the country purchase up the grain during the years of plenty, and store it in magazines under ground. They then wait patiently with their hoard, watching, and no doubt devoutly praying, for a bad year. As soon as this arrives, these evil Josephs raise the price of corn so high that the unfortunate poor are placed beyond hope, while

the greedy Banyan fattens on the destruction of his fellowmen. One such sordid wretch had meted out to a poor family a meagre supply of grain at an exorbitant rate until they were deeply in his debt. He then proposed an abatement of his demand at the price of the honour of one of the females of the family. Pressing, however, as the exigency was, he was met by a refusal; and on his bringing the matter into court, shortly after my arrival, he found his malice baffled, for, owing to some informality, he could not make good his debt.

I reached Rájkote on the 22nd of March. Here is a small cantonment, and the Political Agency which is to administer justice to all and singular of a population amounting to more than a million and a half. This, indeed, is the fountain head, but the justice which flows from it becomes somewhat diluted ere it reaches the extremities of this wide province. The truth is that our civil establishment in Kattiawár is numerically unequal to the discharge of its duties. Three European gentlemen may have the most fervent zeal, and the most unwearied industry, but so little leaven can never leaven so great a mass. With the most Titanic struggles it is impossible that they can bear up the weight of whole provinces hurled upon them. Kattiawár is parcelled out into more than two hundred petty states, each of which has, at the Court of the Political Agent, a representative or Vakíl, who is to the full as verbose and as important in his own eyes as the corresponding functionary of a first-rate European power; I had almost said as knavish. Each one of this motley crew thinks himself bound to present a certain number of annual grievances, otherwise he would consider his occupation gone; and unfortunately, grounds of complaint against their neighbours, crimes and outrages, are but too rife among the Kattis, so that there is no fear of this market ever becoming dull. Arriving, as I did, at a time of famine, it was not likely I should find a stagnation of business; on the contrary, litigiousness increased, the less there was to struggle about. In the two months I stayed in office I investigated nearly 300 cases, and my work averaged ten hours a-day. Nor let the fond aspirant for staff appointments suppose that I was proportionately paid. So far from this, my allowances were reduced below those of an ensign with his regiment, for I lost my company allowance, and received in exchange fifteen rupees a month, civil pay. Add to this, that I had to defray all the expenses of a long march; and I think it will be confessed that my "black coat" was somewhat an expensive one.

It was with no great regret, therefore, though with considerable surprise, that one morning in the end of May, as carelessly opened the General Orders, I read my own name, placed at the disposal of the Government of Bengal. Adieu, then, land of opium-eating and little—daughter—sacrificing Rájpúts; and adieu, long hours of labour and short allowances, and let us see, as the Persians have it, what the curtain of the future will disclose. On the 5th of June I quitted Rájkote, and marched to Juria—a small sea-port belonging to the Jám of Nowanaggar, a Rájpút chief celebrated for his drinking propensities, and also for being a fearless and dashing horseman. He has often contended for the spear with some of our most celebrated hog-hunters. The night set in

stormily; the sky, gloomy with the clouds of the gathering monsoon, was greeted by the starving ryots with far more delight than the bright sunshine is hailed in merry England. On the ramparts of the fort I found some old ship-guns, of English make. The two next days brought me to Bhúj—the principal town of Catch, passing by the way of Anjár—which is sweetly pretty in appearance, but, like most native towns, alas! possessing more than two and seventy stenches, "all separate and well defined." At Bhuj I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Rao, who shows much talent in the management of his country, and still more in conciliating the favour of our Government and winning the good opinion of all the political agents who are sent to his Court. He speaks English fairly, and I soon found, on conversing with him, that he had exact information of the dues and customs levied both in his own country and in that of Kattiawár. He shewed me his palace, once the scene of the atrocious orgies of his uncle, the Rao Bharmalji, who now lies imprisoned in one of the hill forts,—though not the world forgetting, by the world forgot. A notice of all the ex-Rájas, princes, and chieftains who at this moment eat the bread of affliction (in some cases merited indeed, but no less bitter), in the mountain—holds of our Indian empire, would surprise our English world. Such a register, at least, it were well to keep, and surely some names might be found against whom the terrible words confinement for life—need not be recorded. We may well believe that though the allowances of many of them may be high, and their position as much as possible softened, they would still unite in the affecting answer of the Sindhian Amir, when some one spoke of such advantages to him, "Ah, Saheb! the shade of a tree in my own country is better than a palace here in exile."

At Bhúj I received a letter from Sir Henry (then Colonel) Pottinger, dissuading me from attempting to prosecute my route to Sindh across the Rann, which is considered impracticable during the monsoon. I had, however, no alternative, as the sea had been closed for some time, the wind blowing directly on shore, and no boat venturing to attempt the passage after the 1st of June. Accordingly, on the 19th, I left Bhúj and reached Lakpat Bandar on the 23rd. Within twenty miles of this port the road becomes dreary, with bare rocks on either hand, destitute alike of verdure and of water. Lakpat itself is a half ruined, scorched—up town. The fort is large, built by Fateh Muhammad, the late Vazír of Catch. After the death of that ambitious and gifted man the place declined rapidly, and the population is now not a third of what it was in his life-time. During my halt the cholera made fearful ravages, and the only spring of muddy water was thronged day and night to such a degree that a guard I was kept over it, to see that each new comer waited his proper turn. A sentence I heard exchanged between two squalid women will give some idea of the misery of the place:— "What news, Bhagea," said the first.—"The same as ever," was the reply, "our distress, and this curse of the want of water." The heat during the day was dreadful; but night brought a biting and furious wind, which came howling about the tent as if querulous that any still lived and bore up against the manifold curses of this mournful region. It is inconceivable how any human being could locate himself in it, with the world before him where to choose. Bad,

however, as such a halting place was, my next march was to be worse. On the morning of the 24th I embarked and landed, about six P.M., in the Rann of Sindh—

> "a boggy Syrtis—neither sea
> Nor good dry land."

Far as the eye could reach nothing appeared but one wide, boundless flat, of a dull brown, and so completely on a level with the ocean that I saw at once what I had heard of—its being covered at flood—tides—was true.[1] It seemed like

> "that Serbonian bog
> Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk."

As I was aware that seven persons who had attempted the passage a few days previously had perished, I confess I regarded my receding boat somewhat wistfully. My retinue consisted of four horsemen and twelve camels, and the usual number of servants. The first two miles were rather trying, for the mud was so deep that we had the greatest difficulty in getting the camels through it. Meantime, down went the sun, and we found ourselves at length on the hard sand, with a red moon to light us, by whose lamp appeared the sea tossing and threatening to our left, and in front that same monotonous waste, stretching out long and lank, which a few hours rain might convert into a Syrtis, that would soon engulph our whole party. Here Dame Nature showed me for the first time one of her conjuring tricks—the mirage. Well as I knew the description of this delusion, I was, nevertheless, deceived when I myself witnessed it. Surely, I thought, that must be the village of Láh, as there appeared in the distance, houses, and a low jungle round them. But on approaching nearer, my village was nought but a mouldering heap of camels' bones. When at last we did arrive at Láh, we found no habitation of man, but some stunted trees and a few hillocks covered with the camel-thorn. This was about eighteen miles from Kotrú, the place where we had landed; and the sun was high and scorching ere we reached Sír Gandah, a miserable Sindhi village on the Pinyári. Thus, between Kotrú and Gandah, a distance of more than thirty miles, no water is procurable, except a little of the most brackish kind at Láh; and at Gandah it would be difficult, if not impossible, to supply with water a squadron of cavalry. Sindh,

[1] That I have not exaggerated the difficulties of crossing the Rann at this season, will be shown by the following extract of a letter from Sir H. Pottinger to me on the subject, dated June 8th, 1839:-"The trip on the other side of Lakpat Bandar will, I fear, be a terrible undertaking at this season. I understand the Rann is overflowed with water, and all the small branches of the river and canals filled to the brim, so that I doubt whether camels could travel at all. There are two routes, the one by which we travelled in September last, and that by Tatta. Both will be most difficult; but I should be inclined to choose the latter, as it is most frequented, and you will find boats at the different ferries, which I apprehend will not be the case on the road we took. The first march from Lakpat (including the river there) is nearly fifty miles, and must be done at one stretch. A couple of men from the Amirs, and three or four horsemen, should be sent to meet you. It is impossible to travel in Sindh without some such people to procure supplies, get guides, boats, etc."

therefore, may be reckoned inaccessible by this route from Catch, at least, for troops; and the passage is one of difficulty and peril, even for a small party. The night after I passed, the tide was unusually high, and heavy rain falling at the same time, the whole tract I had crossed, as far as Láh, was covered with water. I halted at Sír Gandah only till the evening, when, as my camel drivers, who were Sindhis, refused to proceed, I left all my luggage and servants, and started myself with a couple of horsemen for Tatta. We crossed the Pinyári, which is a salt creek, about sunset; and on inquiry of the Sindhis the distance to the next village, they told us four cos, or eight miles. German miles, they proved, however; and the further we went, the greater the distance became; for, after riding all night, the answer next morning to our question, how far is the village? was, six cos. The heat of the sun became intense, and we had nothing to eat; nor was a house to be seen anywhere; and the Sindis we met would have nothing to say to us. Towards night we arrived, quite exhausted, at Ládi, which by the route we had followed, was at least fifty miles from Sír Gandah. As no European had ever been seen in these regions before, every soul in the village turned out to take a look at the Faringis; and let me tell you it is plaguy annoying, when one has been fasting six—and—thirty hours, to be surrounded with rows of staring faces, and to hear the little children calling to one another to come and see the "Káfir." After some time the head man of the village presented himself, and as he spoke Persian, I endeavoured to conciliate him, and procure some refreshment. He said, however, we should have no supplies. Finding all my fair words vain, I told him I would complain to the Amírs; to which he replied that he was a Seyyad, and the village was his. He was the master, and not the Amírs; and we should have nothing. With this speech he went away, and we had nothing for it but to dine on a little rice that the horsemen had brought with them, and which was but a scanty meal divided amongst three. Next morning we started, and passed through Bahadurpúr, about twelve miles from Ládi, and thence fourteen miles to Sídpúr, where we reached the banks of the river, along which we continued six miles, thus arriving at the ferry opposite Tatta. By this time, from the want of food, and the intense heat of the sun, I was fairly exhausted and not even the appearance of the Indus, "that ancient river," of which I had had such romantic visions, could rouse one spark of enthusiasm in me. Far from it being an object of interest to me, I beheld with dismay some two miles of tumbling, rushing, whirling water before me; and, behind, the scorched-up, gasping, sandy plain. Not a boat nor a living creature was to be seen anywhere; and ignorant as we were of the country, and ourselves and our horses wearied out, our case seemed really desperate. Some good angel surely put it into the heads of the authorities in camp to send an express courier just at this moment across the river to Hyderabad. The boat came tossing over the billows, and in a few minutes we were rolling about on our way across the stream to Naggar Tatta.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS. THE DECISION OF SULAIMAN—NAGAR TATTA—VOYAGE TO HYDERABAD—THE SHIKARGAHS—SEHWAN—LAKE MAN—CHAR THE NARAH RIVER—SAKKAR BAKKAR—PERAMBULATIONS ROUND SAKKAR—VISIT TO ALLORE—DATE OF THE RIVER'S CHANGING ITS COURSE FROM ALLORE TO ROHRI—SACRED HAIRS AT ROHRI—ANECDOTES OF BILUCHIS—THE KOSAHS.

Well, now that one is in a new country, one must surely have some impressions. If Charles Dickens were here, what impressions he would have! All the world would soon be reading Dickens' impressions of Sindh. He would fill you three volumes of odds and ends, of striking superficialities, of grotesque little notions, shaken up together like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, before one dull fellow could compound a chapter on the geology and extinct fishes of the country. *My* first impression was that the Sindhis had voices of four men's power. They spoke with such a stentorian utterance that I thought some offence had been given, but I soon found it was their natural manner; and, after leaving Tatta, I was introduced to one of the nobles of Khyrpór, whose tone made that of his countrymen appear a whisper. Where all were loud, the loudest he! I have made a considerable détour, when travelling, to avoid this man, and on one occasion, when suffering from fever, he cruelly way—laid me, and inquired after my health with such violence that it was very long before I recovered. You will say, then, that my first impression was not a pleasing one;—neither was my second. As my ears were tormented by harsh sounds, so were my eyes excruciated by a continual stream of the finest sand, which pursued our boat across the river, and was ready waiting for us as soon as we landed on the other side. This annoyance commences about eight o'clock in the morning and lasts till evening, when the sand storm generally lulls and resigns the task of persecuting man to myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies, whose stings could not be brought into operation while it lasted. The Sindhis have an odd story about this. They say that when Sulaimán (on whom be peace) ruled over genii, men, and animals, the mosquitoes brought a complaint against the wind, which they said used them despitefully and prevented them from following their lawful avocations. Sulaimán heard their complaint with much attention, and expressed a strong desire to see them righted. "But you know," he said, "justice demands that both parties should be heard." "Call the defendant into court," said his Majesty. In rushed the wind, and the poor complainants vanished, suit and all, in a moment.

Nothing is seen of Tatta from the banks of the river, whence it is nearly three miles distant. At one time the Indus washed this ancient city, and brought wealth and traffic to its gates; but whether, like the English Government, it took umbrage at the high tolls which were levied, or out of pure fickleness, I wot not,—it has long since abandoned the

town to squalid poverty, disease, and filth. Such, and no better, I found it, in spite of the long rows of glittering domes and cupolas and the rising lines of our regiment, which, from a distance, gave it an appearance of population and comfort. I soon found that all these buildings were but tombs; the one kind ancient and already tenanted,—the other modern and just being prepared for immediate use. Of the sixteen hundred men full of hope and energy, that our regiments mustered when I arrrived in the beginning of July, by the middle of November there were not fifty left fit for duty. The Sindhian inhabitants of Tatta amount to rather more than five thousand. Among them are no men of rank or education. One Seyyad, who was said to speak Persian, was introduced to me, but I found that his knowledge of the language did not extend beyond the word "bisiyár," "Very, very," repeated with a variety of intonations. The tombs are objects of some interest, being well built of brick, and faced with coloured tiles of a very fine smooth kind. Indeed, the living are here infinitely worse lodged than the dead. The houses are of mud, and flat roofed; for every one sleeps *al fresco*, which gives rise occasionally to some odd sights. One morning, as I was rubbing my eyes and gazing vacantly over the parapet of the Agency, a white figure walked slowly across the roof of the house just under me. Not being used to apparitions of the kind, I was obliged to convince myself, by a regular logical process, that the same was, in fact, a Sindhian woman, clothed with no other raiment than her skin, which, for a country like Sindh, was, I must avow, eminently white. Just as I arrived at this conclusion, I was seized with a fit of coughing which reached the ears of the fair Sindhi, and removed her from my sight in an instant. Among the lions of the place was shown a criminal confined in a cage. He was entirely naked, and—from having been penned up for years in this condition, like a wild beast—the lamp of reason had long since been extinguished. It was a hideous spectacle. Man without reason is the lowest of animals. His story was this. A Seyyad by birth, he had killed his brother to obtain some property, and being proved guilty, the Amírs had sentenced him to confinement for life; "for," said they, "we cannot slay 'the seed of the Prophet.'" I halted at Tatta but a few days, resting as much as the multitudinous miseries of the place would let me, and getting successfully through a violent attack of fever brought on by the exposure I had undergone in my march across the Rann.

On the 11th of July, I shook the dust off my feet against the inhospitable shore, as I entered a large boat, with a thick roof of straw, which was to be my habitation during a long and tedious six weeks, for so long did my voyage to Upper Sindh last. In another and still larger boat, I embarked my horses and most of my servants, who had reached Tatta some days after myself. My horse-boat was the one in which Sir A. Burnes made his first expedition up the Indus. I was afterwards sorry that I had not selected it for myself, for it sailed much better than my own, of which I soon got a proof. It blew very hard when we started, and the waves, which Arrian tells us did in this place so confound and toss about the triremes of Alexander, were not a whit more merciful to me. In short, my vessel being an Upper Sindh boat, was built too low to the water's edge for such surges as were rolling here. It began to fill, and was evidently settling to

the no small dismay of the Tindal and his men, who were Panjabis, and had no notion of being drowned out of their regular line. The helmsman turned the vessel out of the current, and in a minute we struck on a bank with great violence, the wind at the same time blowing our sail and yard away, and tearing off the thatched roof in great flakes. The rudder broke, and it seemed probable that we should turn over. Our Tindal jumped out on the bank, on which was not four feet water, and, with another man, attempted to plant a great stake, to which a rope was attached, and so anchor the vessel. How we should have been benefited, had he succeeded, I am at a loss to know, for we were almost in the centre of the river, and consequently half-a-mile from land. He failed, however, for the rope broke, and we were driven right across the stream to the opposite side, leaving our Palinurus and his comrade standing up to their middles in water, and rather puzzled to keep their footing against the rush of the current, which I do not think they could have done, but for the pole they had with them, and which they had forced into the ground. While all this was happening, my other boat had disappeared from sight, not observing, or not heeding our distress, and we were left to pass the night sorely discomfited, and with the loss of two of our crew, as we supposed. Next morning, however, on crossing to the Tatta side, these men rejoined us, having been rescued by another boat from their perilous situation, and we repaired our damages, and prepared for a fresh start. We were much assisted by Mr. Scott, of the Indian Navy. This officer had had experience of rapids and river navigation in America, and he assured me that the Indus in flood was much worse than anything he had witnessed across the Atlantic. With this encouraging assurance, but with a more moderate wind, we sailed again, and, passing the scene of our late disaster, entered a country clothed with the thickest jungle. Here, in fact, commence the Shikárgáhs, or hunting seats of the Amírs of Hyderabad, which answer the double purpose of preserving game and supplying the whole country with timber of excellent quality, as well for the construction of boats and houses as for firing and every other useful purpose.

It has been said that these forests are a great impediment to the navigation of the river, since boats are got up against the stream chiefly by tracking, being towed by the crew, who disembark for that purpose whenever the wind is unfavourable and the bank admits of their advancing along it. Strange that the Amírs should not see this disadvantage. Not quite so strange if they did see it, and thought it more than counter-balanced by keeping the avaricious, grasping, never satisfied Faring out of their land. Very droll, indeed, our procedure with regard to these Shikárgáhs. We built all our agencies, our cantonments, with timber from them, without troubling ourselves as to payment; nay, we generously bestowed many valuable trees on the Pársí merchants without allowing the owners to accept a rupee for them; then we seized the whole on the plea of their being highly injurious to trade, and jocularly insisted that those people were unfit to govern who could think more of their own amusements than the comforts of their enemies. "Nay, but," says Aquila, "the Amírs destroyed whole villages adjacent to their Shikárgáhs because the crowing of the cocks disturbed their game." Friend Aquila, thou hast been in Sindh never,—therefore thou art ignorant that villages on the

banks of the Indus consist of a few huts built of mud and thatched with the Palmyra leaf; and that, if Mír Karam Alí did remove a few such huts from one part of his own property to another, he did somewhat less violence than an Irish, yea, or an English landlord does when he ejects his starving tenants from a poor farm to seek subsistence from the parish. But let us not anticipate events. On the 13th of July, 1839, the Shikárgáhs still belonged to the Amírs, and they gladdened my eyes with their bright green branches as we swept by them. The wind was so fresh that we passed up rapidly against the stream, avoiding, wherever it was possible, the main set of the current. This day we reached Jarakh, to my mind the best place in Sindh for a cantonment; situated about half way between Tatta and Hyderabad, on high ground, washed by the river and surrounded by verdure.

The 14th brought me to Hyderabad, and here I halted seven days. Till the 19th it rained incessantly, a most unusual thing in Sindh. Several houses and part of the wall of the Fort fell in consequence; and this, happening exactly at the time when the Amírs put their signatures to the treaty of thirteen articles, was regarded by them as a bad omen. The thermometer fell from 100° to 76°, but it soon recovered itself, and made up for the short interval of coolness by additional and excessive heat. I found two companies of sipahís at Hyderabad, and some irregular horse, as guard to the Agency. A sharp attack of fever confined me to my bed during the whole week, and gave me an earnest of what I was to undergo hereafter.

On the 22nd I again embarked, and I now found I was to be initiated into the character of Sindhi boatmen, who, I am convinced, would cheat the most accomplished Russian, and outdo the most extortionising Hebrew. My Tindal—Músá, or Moses, was a grave, taciturn man, who confined his discourse to short ejaculations on the wisdom, greatness, and goodness of God, and to demands for bakhshish, or "gift money," to which he declined annexing any reasons. This day our progress was a miserable ten miles to Pír Ka Goté, and in the evening three of the crew decamped, a misfortune which Músá bore with all the meekness of his illustrious namesake, but he demanded an advance of rupees to procure fresh hands. I gave him five, with the assurance that I should deduct it at the end of the voyage, to which he said nothing.

The 23rd carried us to Mazindà, nearly forty miles: 8 distance which I afterwards found occupied the fleet of boats under Major B., of H. M. 2nd infantry, twenty-five days. We avoided the main stream, which was too violent to be stemmed, and sailed up several narrow branches from it. In some places the banks were prettily wooded; in others nought appeared but low brushwood, from among which came the blithe enticing cry of the black partridge. Ever and anon we passed a village of fishermen, near which would be a line of fellows floating on their huge earthenware pots, engaged in catching the Palla—a fish much like the salmon both in shape and flavour. They press down into the water a long pole, to which is fastened a bag net, into which the fish swims; the pole is then jerked up and the fish secured. I have known a very large fish swim away with

the net, carrying the fisherman down the stream, until rescued by others whom his loud vociferations had called to his aid. Pallewádú is the Telúgú for a fisherman. Is this connected with the Sindhi word Palla? On the 24th, we reached Sena, a town of some size. Its glittering white mosque looks well from a distance. Here we were brought up by a most formidable current. Our tow-rope broke and delayed us considerably. I observed a piece of superstition in the crew: they would not suffer a crow to alight on the vessel, and gave me to understand it was extremely unlucky. From this place the mountains of Sewestán are first visible. The contrast of the plain running up to their very base, gives them an appearance of height; but the highest can scarcely exceed twelve hundred feet. Passed Ganchi and several small villages, and anchored about twenty miles from Sehwán, which we should have reached, but for a sudden squall, which enveloped us in clouds of dust, and then sprinkled us with a spattering rain, attended with lightning and thunder. We moored in deep water off the windward shore. To leeward were high barren crags, part of the Hálá range of mountains. The river here has a depth of sixty fathoms, and is dark and sullen. Whether from the height of the other shore, I know not, but the eye is strangely deceived here. One could fancy a vigorous spring would send one-half across the river, so near appears the opposite bank; yet the distance is, perhaps, two hundred yards. I saw several river porpoises, of the kind the natives call the Bolan. They are fat, sleek creatures, about four feet long, with a most formidable jaw filled with sharp white teeth. The shape of this animal reminded me of the old prints of the dolphin—all, save the snout, which is long and narrow. The alligators, no doubt, prey upon them as they, in their turn, revel handsomely on the palla fish—the salmon of the Indus. Of this there is great plenty, but other fish of good flavour are not in abundance. The river swarms with otters, and tortoises. On one occasion I was taking a lesson in swimming from my Khidmatgár, Muhammad Jáfir. Jáfir was not a little of a coxcomb, and was showing off his skill in the water, with no slight conceit, when all at once he uttered a shrill cry, and his head remained stationary just seen above the water in one spot, as if he had suddenly cast anchor. I thought an alligator had seized him, but it was only a villain tortoise that, perhaps, disgusted with his grimaces, had bitten him quite through the great toe. Though I have been for weeks together on the Indus and have rowed on it day after day for years, I have never seen an alligator in it, nor did I ever hear of an accident from one. So little risk is there of such a thing, that it is not uncommon to send a letter down the river by a water courier. This person places the epistle in the folds of a huge turban, and, divesting himself of his other apparel, steps into the stream, with a large skin which is inflated with air. To the legs are fastened two hoops, into which our friend inserts his nether members and, taking the full blown hide lovingly to his bosom, floats down with the current to his destination. It has a droll effect,—meeting a great Turk's head thus hastening on its mission, and bobbing up and down with every undulation of the water.

The 26th brought us on a mile or so to Sehwán, when my boatmen insisted on stopping and paying their respects to Láll Sháh Báz, the saint of the place. I did not land, the heat

was so intense; I saw nothing, therefore, of the old ruins of what is said to have been a castle built by Alexander. The truth is, one can make nothing of Arrian's account of Sindh, and it is probable that the whole course of the river is altogether changed since the days of Macedonia's madman. At Sehwán we entered a branch stream, called the Aral, which brought us to the Manchar Lake, after a few miles run. Into this lake the Nára, or Snake River, (so called from its many windings) an arm of the Indus, pours itself, and, by following this course, we avoided the fury of the main stream, which, at this season, is almost insurmountable.

On the 27th we made good progress, twenty miles at least, nearly across the lake of Manchar. The heat during the day was something that defies description. Towards evening the wind failed, and, as a few fishermen shewed themselves in their canoes, I asked them to tow the boats on; this they did for a small piece of money,—to them, no doubt, a great treasure, for a more miserable race of starved, or semi-human, beings I never beheld. They were naked, all but a slender belt round their loins, and their features resembled the grim visages one sees carved on walking sticks. Such ill-favoured guides could bring nought but ill-luck; and so it was. We reached a forest of tall grass and sedges, that grew up in the lake, and here the boatmen began to make fast. I suggested to the Tindal that the slightest puff of wind would tear us away from such moorings as these. Músá, however, would have his own way, and the ropes were scarce tied when down came a furious squall, with tremendous bursts of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning; in an instant our boat was whirled away from the place where it had been fastened, and we were driven in wild haste over the lake in Egyptian darkness, broken only when the lightning shewed us the water,—late so tranquil, now boiling, hissing, and foaming like a witch's pot. Ever and anon we plunged into a field of sedges, which in places were so thick that they half capsized us. As usual my Panjabis were on their knees blubbering out prayers to Allah and every saint they could recollect, and I was obliged to utter some ejaculations of a contrary tendency before I could get one of them to take the helm. The roof of the boat took the wind so much that it seemed she would upset every instant, and I think it would have puzzled even the boatmen to reach the land, at the distance we were off from it. However, after madly careering about the lake for some hours, the wind sunk, and next morning when I awoke I found we were moored at a small village called Kiyán, and our consort, the horse-boat, was also in sight.

28th.—This day we succeeded in getting out of the Manchar lake by the aid of four dhundhis (small boats) which tugged us along at the rate of two miles an hour. Heartily glad was I to be quit of this accursed place, and turning round I quoted, with great emphasis, the Persian proverb, *Ai Khudá chún Manchar dashti churá dozakh sákhtí*, "O God! since thou hadst Manchar, what need of creating Hell?" I am afraid one gets into the habit of saying questionable things in a language other than our own. This proverb, which sounds very glibly in Persian, has a slight smack of the profane in English. Manchar, however, if the proverb is to be applied at all, deserves its full application. It

has an abominable odour, being stagnant, and in many parts dry, during the cold weather; vast tracts of it are covered with long grass and weeds, where mosquitoes are bred in number infinite; and the foul air and putrid mud engender every creeping thing venomous as the worms of old Nile. The natives say the length of this detestable water is twenty-five miles, and its breadth fifteen. The western shore is somewhat picturesque, but it is the picturesqueness of sterility. There are high bold mountains in the distance,

> And, bosomed 'mid the trees afar,
> Bright gleams the Mosque and white Minár.

The other coast is ugly and flat. The lake abounds in fish and water fowl. These lay their eggs on the broad leaves of the lotus, in the deep water. I observed three eggs of a dark brown colour, and three parts of a hen's egg in size, so deposited. As night fell, we moored in the Nára river, six miles from the lake. And such a night! I request of those who enjoy the luxury unspeakable of a cool clean English bed, who are not compelled to draw aside the curtain with stealthy hand, and then, plunging with wild haste into the aperture, timorously reclose it, and shroud themselves in impenetrable gauze,—I say I request of all such to pause and think of what we Indians undergo. Bruce tells us somewhere, that your real African heat, and that to which the highest grade is to be assigned is, when one, without clothes, and without motion, perspires profusely. I can truly say such was our state. Fanned by a pankah all night, I escaped suffocation, and listened the long hours through to the croaking of innumerable frogs and the hum of countless myriads of musquitoes. Here, too, a new plague introduced itself to my particular notice—the sandfly. Your mosquitoe is a long, lank, pestilent fellow, that exasperates you as much with his dreary, discontented hum, as with his puncture. He is your "Trois Echelles," while your "Petit André" is the sandfly, a droll little short-winged gentleman, who skips about merrily, and seems as happy as possible all the time he is putting you to the torture.

29th. This day took us sixteen miles to Ghulám Hyder Ka Gote. The country, from the inundations, appeared like one extensive swamp. In many places, we could see nothing but reeds and tamarisk jungle; but now and then we encountered patches of cultivation.

30th.—Twenty miles to Bhawálpór, a wretched nest of hovels, mud, children, and dogs. Like all the other villages I have seen along the Nára, it bears testimony to the heavy rain, by its fallen huts. Many of the people sleep on beds which are suspended on high poles. The climbing of these would require some practice, for the fair sex especially. Imagine a tender husband working his way up one pole, while his bride is struggling up the other; what exertions would be used! the idea is quite charming and romantic. The heat still intolerable, the musquitoes unbearable; and the being confined in a little dirty cabin, full of flies and other pests, the refinement of misery. Then one is compelled to goad on the boatmen to their work, and exhaust invention and lungs together in

entreaties, promises, and threats. On the other hand, they fail not at one place to desire a goat; at another, to require more flour; at a third, to want fish. In this country there is one eternal cry, "Give! Give!" If you stop at a village, up steps a big-bearded fakír, and bids you deliver in the name of the Prophet. "What is given to me," says the fellow, "is given to God." If you bestow aught upon him, he receives it with a sulky scowl, but if you refuse he will leave you with all the curses he can invoke.

31st. In this day's sail we passed several villages, a Sonmiání, a Khumbarea, etc. Thirty miles to Jambhoséa a better-looking village than usual. This is the only place in Sindh where I have seen the women speak to strangers, but here some of them spoke to the boatmen, who, however, were perhaps acquaintances. Putting my head suddenly out of the cabin window, it nearly came in contact with that of an extremely beautiful girl, who was filling her pitcher with water; her face was oval, with large gazelle eyes;—truly a very Madonna-like appearance. She stared heartily at the Faringí, and I wished for my friend Postans to make a sketch of her.

August 1st.—Towed up the stream about ten miles past Fátehpór and Khyrpór, two extremely pretty Gaums. The country improves here; it is less jungly, drier, and free from the poisonous atmosphere of the lake and the first forty miles of the Nára. Met a party of the 26th N. I. escorting stores. They have been two months and eight days on the way from Tatta to this. We offered money to a Sindhi for some milk; but he refused the cash, and bartered his milk to us for a sír of rice. Another asked for a bottle in exchange for his fowls. These are very cheap, and may be purchased for four pice each, about five farthings. Wheat sells for a rupee the eight patis, or sixteen sírs of forty pice weight.

2nd.—Passed Batta and Pallo to Thirli where, having engaged nine additional hands, we passed Rahdín and Míra to Yarigo Got, where we moored. Thirlí is a beautiful village. Some of the Sindhis asked if we had cannon in the boat. Several came for medicine. One of our boatmen decamped, because the Tindal had struck him. The Tindal Músá again petitioned for an advance, and called God to witness that he had no money; so did the Jemadár, to whom Sir A. Burnes had given a letter of recommendation. Each of these men produced a bag of some hundred rupees at Sehwán, when they thought I did not see them. I am convinced that those who first visited Sindh did wrong in giving away large sums; it has left the impression that every Faringi is a little Plutus.

3rd.—Advanced twenty miles up the river, which winds in a perpetual maze. In the map you have a direct line, which looks mighty short and convenient. You take your com. passes, and find it eighty miles; and then, perhaps, you will fling in twenty more to make up for turnings; when, all the time, the distance is above two hundred. And what makes the matter worse is, that the wind, which is fair for one quarter of a mile, by a sudden bend in the stream becomes dead foul for the next mile; and after towing

and toiling for three or four leagues you are often within a quarter of one, as the crow flies, from your place of departure.

We now passed two villages called Jattaléa, and a Págá of horses belonging to Mír Núr Muhammad—the stud did not exceed twenty, and the village where it was located was but a poor one.

4th.—Twenty miles more of the Nára. The banks are studded with small villages of the Myanis, or Sindh boat-men; these will give a good supply of sailors, should the commerce on the Indus reach the height we expect. Moored a little beyond a large village called Bakrú; cotton plantations extended on each side, and Persian wheels were at work in all directions. The heat has become less intolerable.

5th.—Fifteen miles; past Mahrpór and Mhadd, the latter place being on a parallel with Larkhánah. At Mahrpor, Sumer, the head khalási of the additional hands, left us, with all his train, in spite of my remonstrances.

6th.—Ten miles, to a place called Khalego, a neat village, with numerous herds of buffaloes, cows, and goats; it has all the appearance of a thriving place. Here, while I was walking along the bank in despair at my slow progress, a courier reached me with a letter from Shikarpore.

7th.—Ten miles more of the Nára. We passed several villages. Two of Musa's men deserted. At night ran up four or five miles. The stream very deep and rapid, a proof we are nearing the Daryá, or fresh-water sea, as the Sindhis call the Indus. We here fell in with a fleet of boats, some of which got under weigh, and stood out into the Darya with us. Left the boat Mr. Wood recommended to me, heartily disgusted with the infamous conduct of the crew, and embarked in the horse-boat. Entered the Larkhanah canal, and, passing a large village called Maddaji, we moored at a village of the Sohrabánis. Heat intense.

9th. Two miles to the mouth of the Mikána canal, where a foul wind detained us the whole day. A tremendous rapid runs across the mouth of the canal, the whole force of the stream breaking a little beyond its left bank. The current is more violent here than I have yet seen it; and trunks of trees, bushes, and dead cattle, are whirled furiously along in it. There is a small village near this called Ghulam Husain Ka Gót, whence I despatched a courier to Sakkar. I observe the boatmen have another superstition as to mentioning the number of days in which they expect to arrive; they refrain from making any exact calculation, which they think would inevitably lead to disaster, or at least to longer detention.

10th. My other boat came up during the night, and, as soon as it dawned, attempted the rapid, but was driven back. We then got out of the boats, and towed them out of the

canal down the stream to some little distance, in the hope of crossing, and thus eluding in some degree the fury of the current. We crossed, and just as we reached smooth water, the boats grounded within a few yards of a tremendous lahar, or rapid; at last we got them off, and they drove across the lahar. As we entered the enormous surges, dark and crested with foam, the crew set up a shout to their patron saint. "Dám al Hak," "Long live St. Hak," was the cry; and again, as we passed out of danger. I am bound to think well of St. Hak, and I am persuaded he did as much for us as Saint George or any other saint could have done. Certainly I have nowhere seen so furious a current, or such a huge surge as breaks at this place. We passed Saliání, Sawitrí, and Jalli, and moored at Seyyadabád. From this the fort of Bakkar was plainly visible.

11th. This morning I landed at Sakkar, where destiny had resolved on grilling me till the 10th of November. I found the political officers living in tents on the river side, in a grove of palm trees, closely shut in by a line of low, bare, and barren hills. On the summit of these were piled heaps of rubbish, the remains of tombs and mosques, thrown together in one indiscriminate ruin. At the southern end of this ridge one solitary wall remained, of great height, faced with bright coloured bricks, and with two small porches projecting from it;—tradition said it was the tomb of a Moghal Princess. Having worked my way to it, through the chaos strewed around, I fancied I might make there a better habitation than in the thin tents that were pitched below. In these the thermometer stood daily at 105° Fahrenheit, and constant attacks of fever warned me that I needed better shelter. Every one said it was impossible to cleanse the Augean stable above us, though all wished that it could be done, for the wind that came from that quarter was redolent of odours other than those of "Araby the blest." By help of a number of boatmen and stragglers of all kinds I managed to clear an area of some extent, put a roof between the two porches, and soon found myself the first householder in the force. For the three years I remained in Sindh, this building always had a tenant, and in all likelihood is occupied to this day. Sakkar, in spite of its heat, is a very interesting place. One sees at a glance how, on this point of the Indus, three towns have grown up. The island of Bakkar, washed on all sides by a deep and rapid stream, was a position which, to Asiatics, appeared almost impregnable. It was fortified, became a place of much importance—and was looked on as the key of Sindh and of the Lower Indus, and on either side of it grew up the towns of Rohri and Sakkar. In my leisure moments I was fond of wandering among the mosques and ruins which surrounded these towns. I endeavoured to glean from them some records of the past, but with little success. In truth, not Sakkar alone, but the whole country of Sindh presents but a scanty field for the researches of the antiquarian, and but few monuments which could prove of use to the writer of history. Though traversed by the classic waters of the Indus, and trodden by the armies of every invader of Hindustan, scarcely any work of by-gone ages reminds the traveller of the past, or aids him in removing the obscurity in which the early history of this region is enveloped. Even the site of the once most celebrated cities of Sindh is disputed; and though, perhaps, but eight centuries have elapsed since the prosperity of Allore or Brahminabád was at its height—no record of the inhabitants

is left; and vague tradition alone informs us that the mouldering heaps we now behold were once the abode of thousands, and the seat of empire. In the Chachnámáh and Másúmnámah we find no account of the ages which intervened between the invasion of Alexander and the conquest of Sindh by the Generals of the Khalifs, except, indeed, a few names of kings and some puerile legends. We are left without any guide as to the natural changes which must have happened in that lapse of time, and which, if we may argue from what has occurred more recently, must have been of no common magnitude. It is therefore vain to speculate on the ancient geography of the tracts bordering on the Indus, and to build on conjectures which must be purely arbitrary. With reference, however, to Allore, once the capital of the Hindú Rájas who governed Sindh, some scanty information may, perhaps, be collected; and, among other things, it appears possible to fix the date on which the Indus abandoned that ancient city, and directed its course into a new channel between Rohri and Sakkar.

In the small island of Khwaja Khizr, nearly opposite Rohri, is a masjid, or mosque, whose appearance bespeaks antiquity. In this building is the following inscription, which, in one of my expeditions, I fell in with and deciphered:—

> "When this Court was raised, be it known,
> That the waters of Khizr surrounded it."

"Khizr wrote this in pleasing verse. It's date is found from the Court of God, 341, A.H."

If this date, 341, A.H., be correct, the masjid was erected in the year 952, B.C., about 250 years after the Muhammadan invasion of India. The mistake, if there is any, is intentional, as the literal date corresponds to that of the figures: for, be it known to the uninitiated reader, that every Arabic letter has a corresponding number, so that when the date of a building, or of the publication of a book, is to be transmitted to posterity, a title is given to it in which the sum of the numerical value of the letters correspond to the year in which the work is finished. It would save one's memory some trouble if the practice were adopted in Europe; one would then have only to inquire the name of a cathedral, to know the year of its erection, and one could not mention a celebrated poem, without recalling the time of its first appearance in the world of letters.

But the inscription is corroborated both by tradition and by other circumstances which present themselves to the local inquirer. The popular legend tells us, that a shepherd named Bájee, whose hut stood where the Mahal of Bájee, one of the divisions of the town of Rohri, now stands; observed at night a bright flame burning at some distance from him: thinking it had been kindled by travellers, he sent his wife to procure a light from it, but, as often as she approached, it vanished. She returned and told her husband; and he, disbelieving her report, went himself, and then discovered that it was indeed a miraculous manifestation. Awe—struck with what he had seen, he erected a Takea, or hermit's hut, on the spot, and devoted himself as a fakír to the religious care of the

place. Soon after this the Indus altered its course, and, abandoning the walls of Allore, encircled the ground on which the Takea of Bájee stood, and which is now called the island of Khwaja Khizr.

There is another story to be found in the Chachnámáh, which relates that the Rája of Allore was desirous of possessing the beautiful daughter of a merchant who resided in his city. The unhappy father, unable to oppose the wishes of the king, entreated that a respite of eight days might be allowed to him; and having spent that time in fasting and prayer, he was miraculously conveyed with his daughter and all his wealth to the island of Khizr, the river at the same time deserting the city of Allore, which was thus doomed to desolation for the tyranny of its king.

However the truth of these tales may be, the existence of the legend gives strength to our belief in the genuineness of the inscription. We find, too, that among the tombs in Rohri and Sakkar, though, for the most part, they are of the age of Akbar, there are some whose antiquity ascends nearly to the date of the inscription given above. In the island of Satí, opposite the fort of Bakkar, called also the island of the Seven Virtuous Damsels (Query,—Where did this astonishing supply come from?) is the following inscription:—

"Seyyad Uddin, born of a noble house,
Unequalled and perfect in wisdom.
His soul, removed from this house of clay,
He made Paradise his abode."

"When I sought the year of his death my heart responded,
The Mir, lord of my heart, became an inhabitant of Paradise."

Now these words would give the date 384, A.H., an extraordinary antiquity, it must be allowed, to assign to a monument of this nature, and which made me perpend the matter over and over again, lest some old Sindhi should detect me in an error when I spoke of it, and express himself, à la the old Gaberlunzie in "The Antiquary", "Prætorium here, prætorium there, I mind the bigging o't." Nay, I made my old Muhammadan Munshi, and the grave, lean, Hindú treasurer, who was never out in his reckoning the millionth decimal of a farthing, compute the date together, but they both agreed in the correctness of that given above, so that we may fairly assume that it is right.

The appearance of the tomb is extremely ancient, and justifies our belief in the date. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the island, and is much dilapidated; it seems probable, therefore, that the change in the course of the Indus from Allore to Rohri actually took place in the year 341, A.H., as given in the inscription in the Masjid of Khwaja Khizr; and that, soon after the divergence of the stream, the population of

Allore began to migrate to Rohri, and among them, probably, came the family of Seyyads, on the tomb of one of whom appears a date only fifty years subsequent to that of the Masjid of Khwaja Khizr. In assigning an antiquity of eight centuries to Rohri, and even to Sakkar, it will not be thought that their foundation is carried too far back, for it appears that, several centuries ago, they had reached a high state of wealth and importance. This is attested by the numerous and costly structures erected prior to and during the reign of Akbar, and by the resort of Seyyads who emigrated hither from the most distant countries. Akbar conquered Sindh in 1572, A.D., and though nearly three centuries have elapsed, the buildings erected during his reign, are evidently among the most modern of the edifices which cover the hills on each side of the river. The Jama Masjid or chief mosque of Rohri, bearing the following inscription, will serve as an instance:—

"The Khusrau of the age, the asylum of the faith, Shah Akbar!
Giver of crowns and subduer of kingdoms,
The Shah, whose host is as the stars, and whose throne is the sky;
Defender of the law and leader of the age;
Whose servants equal Cæsars and Emperors,
Whose nobles are great as the Khán of Tartary.
The lowest of thy servants, O Shah!
The Chief resembling Jamshid, throne of the age,
Leader of bright soul, bounteous as the ocean,
Pillar of liberality and storehouse of benefits.
Fateh Khán, whose blood-shedding scymitar
Laid waste the foundations of injustice,
Built this cathedral for a heavenly recompense,
And in the hope of a more ennobled abode in Paradise.
Heart-expanding as the holy Caabah,
Soul-delighting as the gardens of Eden,
May it continue uninjured by the lapse of ages.
I sought in my mind for a word corresponding to its date
The Khán built this Masjid, and bid adieu to life."

Another example will be found in a small domed building which now forms part of the Agency at Sakkar, which is of the time of Akbar, but of perfectly modern appearance. It bears the following inscription:—

"In the time of the Khilafat, of the great Sháh, most revered king of kings, brightness of the faith, Muhammad Akbar the king, exterminator of infidels, may God establish his kingdom!

"This building was erected for good purposes, by the noble Muhammad Masúm of Bakkar, the son of Seyyad Sifá, for the common benefit of all Músalmán. Whoever

makes a tomb in this edifice, the curse of God, and of the prophet, and of angels, and of the faithful, on him rest! 1008, A.H." Opposite is another building with these verses:—

"Sweet spot! that, like the gardens of the blest,
Breathes heavenly pleasures to th' enraptured breast,
Mansion of bliss! thy date let strangers find,
In hailing thee, the Eden of the mind.—1006 A.H."

Contrasted with these buildings, the tombs on the hill overlooking the Agency, seem evidently of a far higher antiquity. Among all these ruins there is no trace of any place of Hindú worship. Not even at Allore, though once governed by a Hindú dynasty, is there any specimen of Hindú architecture to be found. There are some circular towers which would seem very ancient, and the tracery and carved work of which is laid on to the walls in a very rude fashion; but these are, nevertheless, seen to be tombs of Músalmán from the Kabar, or sepulchre,—in the inside being turned towards Mecca. What is said to have been the Kót and palace of the Rájas, is now a vast mound of undistinguishable ruin. In one place where Mír Rustam Khán, the Khyrpore chief, caused an excavation to be made; the wall has been laid bare and appeared to be of great thickness—about twelve feet, as nearly as I could guess. The Mir was not rewarded for his labour by discovering anything, and the work was soon discontinued from superstitious motives. The distance of Allore from Rohri is about five miles, and the road passes over a bridge to which an undue antiquity has been ascribed by some. There is no reason, however, to suppose it older than the statements of the natives would make it, that is, about two centuries. It is plain that it never could have been thrown across the main stream of the Indus, for the height of the centre arch is only fourteen feet, and the whole length of the bridge does not exceed six hundred. Long after the main river had deserted Allore, it is probable that a small body of water may have continued to flow in the ancient channel, across which this bridge was thrown either by Muhammad Masúm, or some other munificent noble of that age. After crossing the bridge you come upon a small village containing about sixty inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Músalmán and the rest Hindús. They are subject to little exaction from the Amírs, and find a sale for the produce of their farms among the votaries of Shakar Ganj Shah. From this village an extensive ridge of ruins is to be traced in a north-easterly direction. In this huge congeries there is no inscription to be found, or anything worthy of notice, except a picturesque ruin, which bears the name of Alamgir's Masjid, and two tombs of Seyyads—Shakar Ganj Sháh, and his Khalifá Kútab Uddin Shah. The tomb of the former is a celebrated ziyárat, and the people of the neighbouring villages make a pilgrimage to it twice a month. It has no dome or edifice over it, but is a plain white sepulchre with a neat border of carved flowers, resembling the *fleur-de-lys*. Among the ornaments which the piety of the devotees had suspended over the tomb were some stopples of decanters, but evidently in ignorance of their use; for, on my explaining to the Mújáwar that these ornaments had originally belonged to wine vessels, he was greatly scandalised and forthwith threw them away, laying all the

blame of their suspension on his wife. I could discover nothing else at Allore worthy of notice except two stones in the bed of the river, bearing an inscription to the effect that they were set up by Muhammad Másúm, to mark the ancient course of the stream. This noble Seyyad was the founder of many costly works in the vicinity of Rohri. He is buried in the cantonment at Sakkar, at the foot of a tower ninety feet high, which he erected and which overlooks the country for many miles. The person who claims to be his descendant has already prepared his last resting-place in the same cemetery. At Rohri they pretend to possess a hair and a half from the head of the prophet,—the Múi Mubárik, as it is called. They are set in a gold tube adorned with large rubies, and a great deal of mummery is observed in displaying them. The Mújáwar gave me the following account of their translation to Rohri:—

> "In the year nine hundred and fifty-two of the Hejira, Makhdum Miyán Abdúlbáki Sadíkí, the Mújáwar of the Múi Múbárik, arrived at Sakkar, from Istambol (Constantinople), and gave such convincing proofs of the genuineness of these blessed relics, that all the great and pious men of the time visited them as pilgrims, such as Sháh Hyder Hakáni, and Mákhdúm Abdulmalak. The office of Mújáwar then descended on Haji Muhammad bin Abdúlsatár Sadíkí, who enjoyed it for no less a period than eighty years. After him, Sháh Ház Muhammad Izhák became Mújáwar, and Háfiz Muhammad Riza, and Hafiz Muhammad Múrád, the sons of the said Hájí Muhammad, and to the descendants of Háfiz Muhammad Izhák the office now belongs."

I had not been long at Sakkar before I began to see specimens of the robber tribes who surrounded us. A few days after my arrival, Ráhman Búrdi, a celebrated freebooter, came in and took service with us at fifty rupees a month. He was a tall stern-visaged Bilúch, with but one arm; the other had been amputated by the Sindhian Government under the idea that it would stop his plundering. Ráhman, however, redoubled his zeal in the good cause. As soon as his hurt was healed he was once more on his famous black mare, and among the first of his exploits was an attack upon one of our Múnshís, who was cut down and left for dead by him, with five ghastly wounds, which none but a Híndú could have survived. By this and other atrocities he made himself so notorious that a price was set upon his head. Some time after, Shír Muhammad Khán, the Chief of the Búrdí clan, came to pay his respects to one of the political officers. The conversation turned upon Ráhman, and the officer expressed his earnest desire for the apprehension of this ruffian. A well-dressed Bilúch among the retainers of the Chief, and who had taken a leading part in the previous conversation, assented to the necessity of his capture, but shook his head very solemnly, and with much apparent regret, and said it would be difficult, extremely difficult,—that Ráhman was such a haramzádah (*rascal*) that there would be no catching him. After some other remarks the meeting ended, and it was not till Ráhman had been duly installed as our servant, that we discovered he was the very Biluch who had expressed so much earnestness for his own apprehension. Like Lord Burleigh's, his shake of the head must have been very significant to his

Bilúchí hearers, and a good laugh they must have had afterwards. But Bilúchís are not, like other men, "laughing animals." Their manner is generally grave or rather stern, and when anything surprizes or pleases them, the expression of their feelings seldom exceeds a "Wah, wah!" (wonderful). They are fond of listening to marvellous stories, and however incredible, they never express a doubt if the agency of a Saint or Jin be introduced. One day a man related to me a story of Kismat or destiny, which he solemnly assured me occurred within his own knowledge. Pyárah Khán, a Bilúchí, he said, of the Jamáli clan, was a young warrior of much promise. He was considered an unerring shot, and very few excelled him at the use of the sword; some cause or other induced him to take a journey into Mekrán, contrary to the advice of his friends, for a Pír had told them that he would not return. Pyárah laughed at their remonstrances, and only assented so far as to promise not to expose himself to any peril. He was on his way home when, passing among a grove of palm trees, of which there are great plenty in that country, he heard a fearful cry of distress. He looked up and saw a man who had ascended one of the tallest trees to extract the juice from the top. The fellow was obliged to cling by arms and legs to the tree, so that he could not in any way defend himself from a large snake, which was close upon him, and threatened every moment to seize him. Pyárah raised his matchlock, but then came the doubt of striking the man, part of whose body was in line with the snake. The man screamed to him in his agony of fear to fire, and Pyarah discharged his piece with such good aim that it went through the serpent's head, and killed it instantaneously. The climber now descended with alacrity to thank his preserver, but what was his horror, on alighting, to find him dead. Part of the jaw, in which was the poison-tooth, had been cut away by the ball, and fell directly on Pyárah's face, which it wounded, and so mortal was the poison that ere the Makrání alighted, the victim of destiny had expired. "It is a very odd story," I said to my Munshí. "Yes, Saheb, but it was his Kismat; what more can be said?" The Bilúchís indeed, have a great appetite for the marvellous, and they seem to have the vaguest possible idea of number, time, dates, etc., in which we matter-of-fact and humdrum Feringís are so fond of being precise. A political officer, who spoke Bilúchí (the only one in fact who could) stopped an old grey-bearded Bilúch, of the Rind tribe, who was carrying bricks for the construction of the Agency, and asked him what he thought of our expedition into Affghánistán. The old fellow shook his head, "I think your army will never come back; before this, seven lacs of men (700,000) went up from Hindustan to Cábul to conquer it, but they left their bones there; so will your soldiers." 'Well, how many men do you think we have?" "Three lacs." This is a slight specimen of their accuracy in point of numbers. On another and subsequent occasion, I asked Bíbarak, the Bugti chief, how old he was. He said, without hesitation, "I am 120 years old." At the most he was 70, and, indeed, was surprisingly young in appearance for that age, having brown hair and bright hazel eyes. The Bilúchís were very fond of coming to those officers who showed attention to them, and when other business was being transacted, would sit quiet for hours, content with watching proceedings. No doubt everything among us was new and interesting to them, and the mixture of castes and tribes in our camp, seemed to afford them much amusement. It was with reference to this that a Bilúchí gave the

following description of us to his tribe:—"There are several sorts of devils in the Feringí army. There is one devil who is black, and who is an idolater, and is altogether detestable. There is a second sort of a white colour, that has no religion at all; and there is a third, who is a good Muslim, and says his prayers as we do." By this description was intended, first the Hindú, then the European, and lastly the Músalmán.

The specimens of Bilúchís, however, to be met with at Sakkar, with the exception of Ráhman, were in general such as to give one too favourable an impression of the race—an impression not confirmed by the reports which daily reached us from more advanced posts, of forays, plunderings, and massacres committed by them. The tribe nearest Sakkar had indeed lost much of the distinctive character of the Bilúch. The Kosahs—albeit their name, which signifies robber, had an ill-omened sound with it—were now peaceful cultivators, who carried, indeed, their swords and warlike harness with them, and had not forgotten its use; but fought only for the protection of their own villages or camels. Their chief, Kádir Baksh, an extremely handsome young man, with mild features and a soft voice, shewed but little military ardour, and very gladly entered into an agreement to furnish a body of horsemen from his clan, who should carry the letter-bags between Sakkar and Shikarpore, and act as mounted police in that district. These men, at that season, were of infinite use to us, and deserved much more than the scanty pay they received; for, independently of the actual service rendered, their example operated powerfully in tranquillising the natives in other districts, and disposing them to look to us for pay and employment on condition of orderly behaviour. In this manner, and acting on this foundation, a body of police was gradually formed by the officer who first had the political management of Upper Sindh, which, as it employed the most active spirits and protected the communication between different parts and detachments, soon promised to terminate the old régime of anarchy and bloodshed, and to confer on the whole province the blessings of peace and tranquillity. How these fair hopes were blighted the malevolent reader may have the pleasure of seeing in the following chapters.

CHAPTER III.

THOUGHTS ON THE OCCUPATION OF SINDH AND AFGHANISTAN.

THERE is a Persian proverb which says, "When you hunt the deer, be prepared to meet the tiger." Our friends who conquered Afghánistán had, unfortunately, read the proverb the other way—they went to hunt the tiger, and made their preparations for the deer. In short, it happened to our troops to despise their enemy. This I put down as the first great cause of our disasters in the Afghán war. The second cause was the want of a head—of a leader of talent, firmness, and decision; if Sir Henry Pottinger or Sir Charles Napier had been our Envoy at Cábul, we should never have heard of the Caudine forks. The third cause of our disasters and disgrace sprung from that just mentioned; for had we had a great General at the head of affairs, he would never have posted himself at Cábul to play a paltry second to His Majesty Shah Shuja ul Mulk,—to make British troops act the part of janissaries to one who was prepared to intrigue for their destruction; nor would he have placed them where they could neither defend themselves nor retreat. Let us examine these three causes, and see if they existed, and if they were sufficient for the effect that followed: the destruction of our army and the sullying of our—till then— untarnished name. No one will maintain that the force which crossed the Indus in February, 1839, was inadequate in point of numbers, discipline, or equipment, for the complete subjugation of all the territory which the Shah had ever governed. But, unhappily for us, that force advanced from the Indus to the Bála Hissár without once encountering an enemy more potent than the robbers of the Bolán and Kojak passes, or the rabble which assembled to oppose us under the walls of Ghizni. An undefined terror pervaded the wide region of Khorasán; at the name of the English host the warriors of Mihráb Khán and Dost Muhammad quailed; and the sharp swords of the Bilúchís of the mountains slept in their scabbards, or were drawn only against the defenceless straggler. It was literally true, that ancient saying, "One man shall chase many, and a thousand shall flee at the sight of ten." "Give me," said a young officer who has since witnessed some of our most sanguinary encounters, "a naik and three (a corporal's party), and I will go anywhere through the Bilúchí Hills." "I only wish," wrote another, who was just then leading a thousand men to defeat and death, "that these rascally Bilúchís would stand and meet us, but there is no chance of that!" Acting in accordance with these ideas, all that we did, until repeated disasters opened our eyes, was one tissue of imprudence, negligence, and incautiousness. Will it be believed that, where forts existed, our troops were encamped at a distance from them, in the open country, exposed to attacks from the enemy, and separated both from their supplies and their treasure; that enormous sums in rupees and silver ingots were often left to the protection of some twenty sipáhis; that no attempt was ever made to fortify and garrison those tremendous gorges which are the keys of Khorasan; and that the most important post in all the region between the Indus and Candahár was held to be

sufficiently garrisoned by a native officer and thirty sipáhís. Yet such was the case; Khelát, which had cost us so much blood, was actually so left, and it needed none of those atrocious acts which ingenious calumny has assigned to our ill-fated Agent there, to stir up the newly-conquered Brahúís to the recapture of a fort so utterly defenceless. To such a height was this absurd notion of the pusillanimity of our enemies carried, that when the General, whom good fortune more than skill had carried triumphantly to Cábul, returned through Sindh, his first act was to denude the force stationed there of three-fifths of its officers. Not a single engineer was left in the whole country of Upper Sindh; and whoever applied for leave, however trivial the pretext, obtained it. It was this same spirit which sent my gallant friend, poor Walpole Clarke, with forty horse-men and a small detachment of infantry, to escort an innumerable train of camels into the Marrí hills, into fastnesses, which, afterwards, whole regiments endeavoured to penetrate in vain. The same spirit caused our General to linger at Bagh with six thousand men while he detached as many hundreds of native infantry against the fort of Kajjak, defended by the bravest tribe of the plain, who had often measured swords with the Marris of the Hills, and come off with honour. For what says the old adage—" Marrí mí názad ba koh wa Kajjak bamaídán." "Let the Marri go boast on his hills, the Kajjak will hold the flat country!" The same spirit led us to cheat the keepers of the northern passes of their pay, to recal a large division of the Cábul army just" as winter was advancing, and encamp those who remained where they could most conveniently be cut off from their supplies. Lastly, it was the same spirit that encumbered our advanced posts with a number of women and children. "You may make yourself comfortable," wrote the highest authority to the political officer at Quetta, "the rest of your life, if you please, may be passed among the green valleys of Shál." The words had nearly been verified, but not quite in the sense intended; for, in the interval of a few months, our hermit of Shál was defending himself with desperation against a band of Kákars, who had prefaced their attack by the sacrifice of a dog, in the pleasant idea of propitiating some Cacodemon or Erinnys, who should afford them an opportunity of doing as much to the Faringí. Nay, to increase the jest, our friend of Shál had but just written to promise a diversion in favour of the Kahan fort then sore beleaguered by means of these very Kákars whose knives were now pointed at his own throat. But a short time before, I had been requested to despatch through the Bolán—no warlike engine or subsidiary—nought else, in short, but one of Broadwood's best pianos. Its notes, we may suppose, were soon jangled and out of tune; perhaps at this hour it forms part of the household goods of some truculent Kákar or shaggy Bilúch.

It will be at once acknowledged that such a system as this could never have prevailed under a supreme officer of prudence and activity. That Sir William Macnaghten was deficient in the former quality no one can doubt, who is at all acquainted with his administration at Cábul. But so little was his authority exerted beyond the districts dependent on that city, that he can scarce be regarded as the supreme authority or governor beyond the Indus. The officers in political charge at Candahar and Quettah acted, if not nominally, at least virtually, in independence of him, while the Agent in

Upper Sindh entirely disclaimed his authority. On the other hand, the chief military commanders were still more intractable, and carried their jealousy of the civil power to such a height that their object appeared to be rather to counteract and thwart any suggestion made to them from that quarter, than to avail themselves of it. Here, then, was the second and most pregnant cause of evil. There was no head to this expedition. The different stations had each their military and civil chief, and the army of the Indus resembled a gathering of Highland clans, every leader being infinitely more anxious to draw swords with his neighbour than to promote the general aim against the enemy. While General Nott was fulminating letters against the busy politicals of Candahar, the Resident and General in Upper Sindh were preparing to settle their differences with bullets, as being more expeditious,—and the obstinacy and wrong-headedness of Shelton was about to break out into open opposition to the civil power at Cábul. It required the magic wand of some military wizard, like the grim old warrior of Miání, to reduce these jarring elements into concord. None such, however, was found, and, amid the confusion, the conquered people began to lift up their heads. The sword of the Marris first showed that the Faringí was not invincible, the Brahúi and Kákar insurrections followed, and the train spread to distant Cábul. The besotted, blind infatuation of our forces there! to think that Cabul, dripping with the gore of her own children, would hold an alien tenderly in her bosom. Strange that it should never enter the minds of our politicians, that the Shah, the haughty, cruel, vindictive old despot, who never spoke of himself but as "Humáyún i má," ("Our blessed Self") would hardly brook a band of unsubmissive strangers so near his own throne. The British camp was a ceaseless reproach to him, a thorn in his side, and the stamp of infamy to his subjects. It told him, hour by hour, with every gun that fired, with every flag that waved, that strangers had seated him in his high place, and that so long as that camp remained, his voice could not go forth for life or for death but as they willed. Was it likely that he who could not tolerate an equal in his own brother, would submit to the dictation of a foreign Minister? From the first I thought this encampment of our forces at Cábul a grievous error, even were it only that it placed us thus perpetually between the Shah and his people. It was wisely said to Shuja ul Mulk, by Jabbar Khán, and it would have been well if our Envoy had noted the words, "If you are to reign, what need of the English; but if they are to govern, why are you here?" But besides this, Cábul, as a military position, in our then circumstances, was not to be thought of. Separated from our frontiers by impenetrable defiles, and the wide territory of doubtful allies on the one side, and divided on the other by the difficult country of the warlike Ghilzies, from even the insufficient succour that Candahár might have rendered, it was impossible to conceive a spot better adapted for the consummation of the horrid catastrophe which followed, Often did my old Munshi, who had served under Dost Muhammad and Akram Khan, say to me, Saheb, your people do not know the Cabulís. When peace is most talked of, then be sure an outbreak is preparing. There are swords enough in the bazaar at Cábul to meet all your bayonets." There can be no doubt that our true policy was, after seating the Shah in the Bála Hissár, to have left him with his contingent to do as seemed him best, and to have retired upon Candahár. There we should have

concentrated our forces, placing a strong garrison in Khelát; and, fortifying the Bolán and Kojak passes, have placidly bided the course of events. That there would have been commotions at Cábul we cannot doubt; but it is highly probable that the Sháh would have found Afghán adherents enough to maintain his post. With our retirement, the chief cause of bitterness between his subjects and him would have been removed; and, thrown upon his own resources, he would have displayed more vigilance, and would indubitably have taken good care that the most dangerous leaders should have quietly disappeared from the stage before they could play the part of rebels. A great authority has said, that rules of international law, which are to be held sacred amongst civilized states, cannot be extended to semi-barbarous nations. A wise saying, though it smacks somewhat of old Spain, and has a little of the leaven of the Jesuits in it. Even so is it with the rules of Government. The strict justice, the clemency and moderation, which shine so lustrously in the English crown, would be but useless gauds in an Afghán diadem. Be that, however, as it may, it is at least certain that, whether the Sháh could have kept his seat, or whether he had been hurled from it, would have been, to us, a matter of little moment. Holding Candahár with a powerful force, our influence would have been equally great, whether Suddozye or Bárakzye reigned at Cábul, and to either we might have dictated our own terms. From the territories round Candahár we might have, by degrees, raised no inconsiderable revenue; while the commerce between Central Asia and Hindostan would, probably, have united in this the only secure channel. But it was not fated that we should rule in Khorasan—*et quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*.

If, however, our errors in Afghanistán were so marked, and their punishment so signal, our mistakes in Upper Sindh also were as flagrant, though, from the less difficult nature of the country, and its contiguity to our Indian frontier, their effect was less ruinous. Let us examine a little our first transactions with the Amírs of Khyrpore, and develope a few circumstances not to be found in the Blue Book,—and which, for our case, *versus* the hapless rulers of Sindh, are, perhaps, as well omitted. The Khyrpore Chiefs had no great reason to be favourable to the Sháh; two thousand of their bravest men and many of their nobles had, a few years previous to our expedition, fallen in battle against him—a battle occasioned by his wishing to extort a larger subsidy from them than they had the means of paying. They had no reason to feel attached to the English, and Ranjit Singh was their avowed enemy. This disposition towards the Triple Alliance was not likely to be improved by a demand upon Mir Mubárik, the second Chief of Khyrpore, for a subsidy of seven lacs of rupees, to aid the Sháh in his advance upon Cábul. The sole place of any strength in Upper Sindh, (at least in the opinion of the Sindhians,) the Fortress of Bakkar, the eldest Amír, Mir Rustam, was called upon to deliver into our hands.[2]

[2] In the treaty concluded with Khyrpore, a clause had been introduced by the Amirs, with particular reference to this very place, to the effect that "*we should not take possession of any of their forts on either side of the Indus*." Our Agent significantly observed, with relation to this clause, "It is curious how cunning people outwit themselves-they make no provision that we shall not garrison Bakkar," this being situate in the mid-stream, and consequently not on either side of the Indus!!

This venerable old man had from the first, even from the time that our earliest embassy was sent to Sindh, shown the strongest inclination to be on friendly terms with the British. He now yielded up his strong-hold with alacrity, and, to the utmost of his poor means (for poor indeed he was), he facilitated the advance of our troops. During the progress of our army through his territories, robberies and other outrages were from time to time unquestionably committed; but all who know that country are aware that it is infested by bands of fierce Bilúchís of the Burdí and Mazárí tribes, who yield no obedience to Khyrpore, and among whom, it may be doubted, whether the persons of the Amírs themselves would be respected. It has, indeed, been said, by those who know little of the matter, that the Hill tribes acted in some degree under the orders of the Amírs. It was made a leading accusation against Nasír Khán, that he instigated Bíbarak Bugtí to attack us. Yet, but a few years before, the army of Khyrpore had, in retaliation for some outrages, invaded those very hills which the Marrís and Bugtís inhabit, and had been utterly discomfited with great loss by those valiant mountaineers. In my own time, a near relative of the Hyderabad minister at Shikarpore was slain by the Burdí robbers; so that it may fairly be supposed that the Amírs had no more power to prevent the robberies and murders which occurred during the march of our troops, than we have to extinguish the system of Thuggery or Dacoitism in our own provinces. We had, therefore, no ground of complaint against Khyrpore, and especially against Mír Rustam, during our first occupancy of Upper Sindh; on the contrary, we had every reason to be satisfied, and to compliment, as in fact we did, that chief on his zealous co-operation.

Let us see if he had equal cause to be pleased with our deportment. The first circumstance which occurred was an accident, which to us may appear trivial, but if we consider the ignorance of our character which must have prevailed in a half barbarous court, where we had but just appeared, we shall, perhaps, allow it some weight. Mír Mubárik the chief whom we had treated harshly, fell sick. An English physician was despatched to Khyrpore, visited the sufferer, prescribed for him, and forthwith he died. We see clearly enough that this arose from natural causes; but is it likely that the natives viewed this strange coincidence without suspicion? Were the proceedings that followed calculated to allay that suspicion? Our Agent, who was on the most friendly terms with the Amírs, was removed. His successor signalised his arrival by an act of—to say the least extraordinary severity. He sent to the Sindhian Kárdár, of Rohri, to desire his attendance. The man replied that he was an officer of the Amírs, and if our Agent required aught, he might call upon him. An officer was instantly despatched, with a company of sipáhis, who brought the unfortunate Mayor of Rohri into the presence of our Envoy. "Place him all day fasting in the sun," was the stern mandate. It was obeyed, and the poor wretch had ample cause to repent his temerity. The next step was still more offensive to Mír Rustam. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive any single action which would have provoked his resentment more. His Vizier was an old man, a grey-beard like himself. He was his favourite, and to such an extent did he carry his partiality for him, that on one occasion, when the eldest son of Mír Rustam abused this minister,

Mir Rustam said, with the strongest indignation, "Be not offended, Fateh Muhammad; these words are not addressed to you, but to me. He who dares to reproach you, reproaches me." To this man, then, a man of the highest rank in Sindh, a chair was denied in the presence of our Agent. The first noble in Sindh was to stand before our functionary, or to place himself on the ground, while in England it has not been thought too much for a Hindú merchant to be seated in the presence of Royalty. This same Fateh Muhammad Ghori was the man deputed to receive our first mission to Sindh, when he might easily have exacted from our officers the submissive attitude in which he himself was now made to appear. "Is he, then, the Angel Gabriel?" was his exclamation as he left the room. "If my rank were nothing, at least he might have treated with some respect a man old enough to be his grand-father." It will surely be admitted that this circumstance alone was sufficient to account for the minister's subsequent hostility to us, but much more of a similar nature ensued. Surrounded as our Agent was by a body of artful Hindú writers and Múnshis, is it probable that the slightest occasion of humiliating these Musalmán chiefs, of increasing the hostile feeling between the Agent and the Rais of Khyrpore, and of ministering to what it was easy to see was the Agent's design against the unhappy Amírs, would be omitted? Indeed very little care was taken to conceal the animus with which our Agent acted. As soon as he was informed of the feud existing between Mír Rustam and Mír Nasír Khán, on the one side, and Mír Alí Morád on the other, "Now," he triumphantly exclaimed, "I have them on the hip!" From that moment his policy was to foment, by every means in his power, the family dissensions of the Amirs. Mír Alí Morád, who had at first shown anything but a cordial feeling towards us, who entertained large bands of mercenaries, and was the most able, as he was the most inclined, to throw difficulties in our way, suddenly changed. An unceasing correspondence was carried on between him and Trebania Sahá, the chief Munshí of our Agent, a man afterwards convicted of various malpractices and imprisoned for the most flagrant corruption. It was whispered about that he had not become the partizan of the Dijí chief without good reason. Is it requisite to sketch this picture further? Mír Rustam, who had been the firm friend of the English, became as hostile as he had once been friendly. He was called upon to dismiss his old friend and Vizier; his own voice with the English authorities could effect nothing, while that of his younger brother, Mír Alí Murád, was all-powerful. He felt a yoke of iron cast upon him, and he had but one wish left, to tear it away. All the younger branches of the family felt and acted with him,—all save one, who has raised himself on the ruin of his race. The consciousness of having received the English into his country with all the confidence of an unsuspecting mind, no doubt served to increase the indignation of the old Amir. When the first news of our successes at Candahár and Ghizni reached Khyrpore, his courtiers had flattered him with the idea that his services in placing Bakkar in the hands of the British, and in assisting the advance of the army, would be brilliantly rewarded. It was often said that one or both the Deras-Ismael Khán or Gházi Khan—would be made over to him. How cruel, then, must have been his disappointment when he found himself degraded from his position of Rais, or Chief Amir, and his youngest brother exalted in his room, —his Vizier first treated in the most contemptuous manner, and

then chased from his presence; and his own grey hairs and venerable age, which ought to have commanded respect, regarded only as proofs of imbecility and incapacity to govern. At first he made many efforts to conciliate the goodwill of the Political Agent; but in vain. He sent, too, repeated messages to those who were his friends, myself among the number, to entreat our intercession in his behalf. Our representations, however, were of no avail, and at last the unbending spirit which was shown to him had its natural effect; and there cannot be a doubt that, long before Sir C. Napier appeared upon the stage, the feelings with which the English were regarded at Khyrpore fell little short of detestation.[3]

When Captain Kennedy was appointed to the political charge of that place, and constituted the sole medium of communication between our authorities and the Amirs, the animus of the Sindhian chiefs was manifested pretty openly. On the second and third day after the arrival of that officer at Khyrpore, he was fired at, and his labours were near closing so expeditiously as to leave but small subject for the chroniclers. The Chief Political Officer himself having proceeded to visit the Amírs, accompanied by the General and a formidable escort, more suited to the dignity of a Sovereign Prince than to that of a resident, was also fired upon, and several of his servants wounded. Daring as the act really was, it was at the time much exaggerated. It was said that the General was to have been seated in a chair armed with spikes, and many similar monstrous reports were circulated. It happened, however, that a few days after, while the ferment occasioned by these rumoured atrocities was at its height, that I went over to Khyrpore to shoot hogs, and asked General England to be my companion. We went entirely without an escort, passed a day or two very pleasantly in shooting with, and visiting the Amírs, and returned without having experienced the shadow of discourtesy. "Is it possible," said my companion, "that this can be the man of whom we have heard such stories?

Such, then, was our management of Upper Sindh before it fell under the charge of Colonel Outram. The seeds of discord had been sown and watered, and the harvest of blood was soon to follow. Yet after all the provocation, the undeserved injuries and insults which had been heaped on the Amírs, it was only the hopelessness of any limit being put to our demands which could drive them into open hostility. The letter to Bibarak appears on the face of it to be a forgery; the assistance he could have afforded in a war with the English was absolutely nothing. He could not have supplied a hundred horsemen, and no inducement would have drawn his tribe further than Shikarpore. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that he would have assisted the Amírs, who had not long since attacked him in his native hills, and whose officers had constantly aided us in capturing parties of his followers. One word as to the nature of the Amírs'

[3] It is only just to say that as circumstances then stood, the course adopted by Sir Charles had, perhaps, been rendered imperative by a long train of events over which he had no control, and of the existence of which it is probable he was ignorant. I insert this remark lest I should be thought desirous of detracting from the glory of one who, as an Indian General, has *no peer.*

government, and the light in which it was regarded by their subjects. There never was a point on which more extraordinary mis-statements have been made than this, and made by those who had not the shadow of a ground for venturing any statement at all. The authors of these statements have, some of them, never been in the country of which they speak with such intense appearance of profound knowledge: they have never conversed with a single individual of the natives; they are entirely ignorant of their language and habits. In opposition, therefore, to their opinions, I may fairly place on evidence the testimony of one who was acquainted with the family of the Amírs, with their officers, with the Seyyads and men eminent for piety or learning, with the bankers and principal merchants, who was constantly traversing the country, either on duty or on shooting expeditions, and on every such occasion made a point of conversing with the Bilúchí and Sindhi cultivators, and their Chiefs; nay more, was perpetually employed in the construction of public works, and thus was surrounded by artizans and workmen of every class; and, finally, through holding charge of an extensive jail, came to know somewhat of the very lowest and most depraved classes. Add to this, that I required no interpreter (who might have distorted what was said to me, or coloured it, as he thought would be most pleasing,) but conversed either in Persian or Sindhi for hours daily, with all kinds of persons on every possible subject, and yet I can say with truth, that I never heard anything to the disadvantage of any of the Amírs more than might be urged against the great majority of English gentlemen. It was said of Mír Mubárik, that he was avaricious, and led by every impostor who pretended to have the power of transmuting metals; of Alí Murád, that he was imperious and extravagant, but a crime has never in my hearing been imputed to any member of the family, with indeed, one exception, as to which it may be fairly said that the punishment of the offence reflected as much credit on the other Amírs as the offence itself did disgrace on the perpetrator. Some fifteen years ago the daughter of a Kází at Khyrpore, was in the habit of visiting the Bilúchí ladies to give them instruction in reading the Kurán, and other similar duties, for they all learn to read, and many of them write, too, in the Persian or Arabic characters. The girl was both young and beautiful, and on visiting the Haram of Muhammad Khán Talpúr was seen by that chief. He found an opportunity of making advances to her, and succeeded in seducing her. The thing was not long hid from the father, who, according to the plain notion of justice which prevails in these countries, went to the house of the offender, and cut him down, leaving him grievously wounded, and as he supposed dead. The chief, however, recovered, and applied to the Amírs to punish the Kází, but they would in nowise listen to his complaint, told him he had been rightly punished, and plainly stated that his offence was so heinous that they could no longer hold any communication with him. He withdrew from Khyrpore, and never returned.

In the administration of justice the Amírs erred on the side of clemency. They were most averse to the shedding of blood. In the case of Ráhman and some other desperate ruffians, they condemned the criminal to suffer the loss of one of his limbs, but this was almost the limit of their severity. It was, however, only on the frontiers of their

territories, in the jungle round Shikarpore, where the merciless Kalpars and Burdí robbers carried their forays, and in the country about Sabzal Kote, infested by the wild Mazáris, that robberies and murders were of common occurrence. Over these fierce Bilúchís of the hills, the Amírs had no control, but their own subjects were peaceful and contented, and their condition might have borne advantageous comparison with that of the people of many of our own provinces. The Amirs were always accessible. Any one, the lowest Hindú, could obtain a hearing. The Hindús were, of course, the most dissatisfied, as they were the least favoured class, but their position was not worse than that of Dissenters in England some fifty years ago; nor was their discontent for one moment to be compared to that which exists in Ireland at this day. The state of the canals and the rich crops of sugar cane, Jawári, and other grains, and the numberless Persian water-wheels, all showed that the exaction of the revenue was not such as to press heavily on the cultivators. Inám lands, and those taxed at a mere nominal rate, were very common. In public matters, as for example, in their behaviour to Shah Shuja, Sháh Nawaz Khán, and other princely fugitives, the Amírs were liberal and forbearing. They were incapable of such a flagrant breach of hospitality and honour as that committed by the Ruler of the Punjáb towards the Sháh. The ex-chief of Khelát was supported for years on their bounty. Towards the English they were frank, generous, and friendly. The medical officers who attended their wives or children, were loaded with presents. One of these, to my certain knowledge, cleared upwards of two thousand pounds in a few months. To another, who attended the lady of Mír Nasir Khán for a short time, a sword was given, for the blade of which I offered a hundred guineas, and was refused. Once, when hunting with Mir Rustam's youngest son, I happened to admire a matchlock, embossed with gold, and ornamented with rubies. Nothing was said at the time, but on my return home I found the beautiful piece of art had been left at my house. Of course I returned it immediately, according to the rule which forbids the acceptance of any presents from natives. I thought it right, however, to offer some acknowledgement for the intended kindness, and I therefore sent a horse for which I had just given 600 rupees, for the acceptance of one of the Amirs. The gift—according to the old saying,

Ἐχθρῶν ἤδωρα δῶρα κοὐκ ὀνήσιμα,—

was an ill-omened one, as it proved in the sequel, for the chief to whom I gave it sold it to an officer, who parted with it to Major Mac Murdo, Sir Charles Napier's private secretary, and under him it was killed at the battle of Miání.

Having said so much in praise of the Amírs, and of their administration of the country of Upper Sindh, exception will, perhaps, be taken against me, as one who extols a semi-barbarous government, making small account of the blessings which, under the change of rulers, civilization may be supposed to have introduced. Justice, it will be said, is now equally administered. There is security for life and property; commerce is protected; and all danger of foreign invasion is for ever removed. Slavery, too, is abolished, and all classes, it will be urged, are brought under the law. But there are not

wanting those who deny that these results have attended our conquest, however naturally they might be expected to follow from our sway. On the contrary, accounts from Sindh tell us of failing crops, of land going out of cultivation, of martial law, of discontent among all classes. Of the revenue which the Amírs raised without an effort, it is said that we are scarce able to draw a tithe from the country. I shall not inquire how far these reports are true, but will, for the sake of argument, admit that the good which was expected did actually result from our occupation of Sindh; even on this supposition were we justified in the line of conduct which led to that occupation? Would it not have been more honourable, more merciful, to have acted the part of mediator in the family dissensions of the Amírs, rather than foment their jealousies and animosities against each other. Would it not have been more for our glory had the venerable head of Mír Rustam been laid to rest in his own land, in the tomb of his fathers, rather than that he should die as he has died, a prisoner and exile, bitterly execrating the moment when the Faringi first set step in his country? Posterity will answer this question, and will mete out justice, though, unfortunately, too late for those who have suffered in this unrighteous quarrel.

But these reflections have led me away from the jottings of my journal. Let us return once more to the burning sands of Sakkar and Shikarpore, and gather a few more dry leaves from the waste.

CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF THINGS IN UPPER SINDH AT THE CLOSE OF 1830—PERSIAN PRISONER—PRESENTS FOR RANJIT SINGH—FEUD BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE POLITICALS—ALLEGED DESECRATION OF TOMBS ROUND SAKKAR—SHAH NAWAZ KHAN OF KHELAT—AMIEL'S BILUCH CORPS—ALAF KHAN TEHRIN.

Six months were sped since our columns had wound, in toilsome march, their long array through Katchi. With what difficulty and want of method that march had been effected, may be judged from the letters which reached those in the rear. "Four days ago," wrote an officer from Naushahra, "a bundle of fragments of letters was brought to me by three pairs of Kásids, who stated that they had been despatched from Shikarpore about the 24th ult., but had been attacked and plundered, and their packets destroyed. They brought me the pieces of some few of the letters, as an evidence of the truth of their story. This country is in a horrid state of disorder and disorganization. Scarcely a day passes without some of our people being attacked, and the Dák sawárs have suffered dreadfully. A Dafadár and three horsemen of Captain Anderson's corps were killed between this place and Mahaisar some days ago. A Dafadár of Captain Christie's corps has been murdered between Shoran and this. A number of men have been wounded. Our line of march from Sumri was attacked yesterday morning before daylight, by a party of Bilúchís, but the horse artillerymen went at them sword in hand, and slew six. The whole of my camels, twenty-five in number, were carried off from the grazing ground yesterday, and I have not been able to recover them. We march tomorrow to Dádar. There seems to be great doubt of our getting anything there, the whole of the supplies having been consumed by the columns in our front. We shall only have six or seven days provision with us, and only carriage for that small quantity. However, we must advance. Strain every nerve to push on all the camels that may come in your way. There is no certainty of our getting anything beyond the pass, or, at least, in comparison with what we require. Send no camels unladen, if you have wherewith to lade them. We shall want grain, grain, grain, to the end of the chapter. Let the escorts be *very strong*—the infantry of Colonel Dennie's brigade, and the cavalry of the Sháh;—both are required to guard the convoys. I have little hope of this ever reaching you, but I must make the trial. Outram is with General Willshire. You have, of course, heard of his sad accident. I hope, however, he will soon be on his legs again, for he is truly *invaluable*.—P.S. Send camels and grain—grain and camels."

"The river," wrote another, "came down with great violence last night, and carried away the bridge of boats. Vast quantities of grain, thrown carelessly on the beach, have been destroyed." The embarrassment of the position of him on whom it first devolved to restore order to this chaos may be appreciated from his own account, which was given

in these words:— "There never was an enterprize of such magnitude conducted with so little foresight and prudence. The country round Shikarpore is in the last stage of disorganization. Every man is anxious to cut our throats, and we have a few hundred infantry to protect the vast quantities of stores and treasure, to provide escorts, and secure the base of our military operations. It is really quite lamentable to see the want of wisdom and common judgment. We have murders and robberies every day. I am levying troops of the country on my own responsibility; thieves to fight thieves,—an irregular corps of Bilúchís. I have roused the native authorities to some exertion, they have called out their ragamuffins. There is nearly a crore (ten millions) of rupees in my treasury—no trifling responsibility, and I have no clerks, &c. on my establishment." If such was a picture of Upper Sindh in 1839, it had not very greatly improved as the year drew towards its close. It is true the letters were now brought whole, and not in fragments, to their destination. Sundry barn-like structures were rising dignified with the name of Residencies. A considerable force lay at Sakkar, and indefatigable Parsis were beginning to make their appearance with beer, soda water, hams, and seidlitz powders; but five miles from camp no one was safe, and no decided steps were taken either to conciliate or to intimidate the turbulent tribes between the river and the passes.

For the first month my duties at Sakkar consisted chiefly in translating and replying to Persian letters. I was the only officer acquainted with the language, and I found, therefore, more than sufficient employment in this duty alone. In this manner, and from conversation with the natives, I learned all that was going on; but from my chief no disclosures were made to me on any political subject; and I may say that from the time I entered Sindh to the moment that Major Outram assumed charge of the Residency, I had never access to any document or was otherwise in any manner informed what the views and wishes of Government were respecting the country. The circular containing heads of information from every political officer throughout our wide empire, was never shown either to myself or to any other assistant, with one exception. The absurdity of this line of conduct is evident; for placed, as we afterwards were, at different stations widely distant from each other, we were compelled to act independently, and kept thus in ignorance of what others were doing we might have constantly been thwarting plans which we ought to have promoted. Plots and conspiracies, too, might easily have been formed under our very eyes, while the clue to them was thus insanely withheld. Indeed, there is very little doubt that many agents of intrigue and emissaries were on the alert among us, who escaped undetected. Now and then persons were seized, but in so clumsy a manner that papers were seldom found on them, and the examinations being conducted through Munshis, who were not too anxious to elicit the truth, the inquiries were for the most part baffled. Among the first of the supposed spies whom we apprehended, was a Persian, who was said to be a near relative of the Sháh, and to be the bearer of letters to the Khán of Khelát and the Amírs. He was a good-looking, middle-aged, man, with a black beard, descending to the waist, and seemed to take matters very coolly. During his confinement he amused himself with drinking sherbat, and flogging his servants. One little slave, in particular, he

continued to lash so long, and with such apparent zest, that we interfered, and told him he must resign this gratifying occupation as long as he remained in our hands.

About the middle of September the river began to fall. On the 14th a beautiful boat was despatched to Lahore, as a present for the Mahárájah. It was intended for Ranjit Singh, but he being dead, it was forwarded to his successor, Kharak Singh. Lieutenant Sinclair, in whose charge it was placed, was received with much ceremony, and many rich gifts were presented to him in return, of which he was allowed by Government to retain a sword with jewelled scabbard, and a fine charger. My chief was, just at this time, busily employed in getting depositions against military officers for the desecration of Sindhian tombs, which had been swept away to make room for houses. Indeed these departed worthies had most unconscionably selected the best sites for their interment; and, had every dry bone been respected, the living would have been thrust into holes and corners, pestilent swamps, or ragged hill tops. It was said, however, that the feelings of the natives had been outraged, that scoffs and jeers had accompanied the removal of the tombs. "Your ancestor is on the way to Mecca," is said to have been the expression used as the coffin and its mouldering contents was hurled into the river. It is more than probable, however, that the pilgrimage would have been made unheeded but for a fierce feud subsisting between the political coryphæus and the chief military officer. It cannot be denied that the being from different Presidencies added venom to the dispute. So great was the jealousy between the two nations (to use the term), that when the Residency Guard of Bengális was relieved by Bombay sipáhis, they had several times nearly come to blows. The gigantic Qui Hi would stand scornful and swelling, highly resolved not to count over the chairs, tables, and other *supellex* of the guard-room, to his successor, while the little peppery Bombay Duck would work himself into superhuman wrath at the indignity. Perhaps the jealousy is not altogether to be deprecated. It would be very difficult as long as it exists for troops from different Presidencies, to combine with a seditious object.

On the 26th of September, 1839, came a letter from Mír Shah Nawaz Khán, of Khelát, asking for British protection and as many other advantages as might be supposed to follow in its train. "Here we have to Shah Shujaize again," thought I, as I addressed the agent's reply to him. It was favourable, and soon brought the Khán to our camp with his brother Fatéh Khán. They were both very short and mean in their appearance; but there was an expression of sincerity and candour about them quite unmistakeable. Their father had been murdered by Mihrab Khán. A Kurán was sent to him with an oath of protection, and for this pledge he bartered his blood. I was forthwith employed to draw up a full report of his son's claim to the Khánate, the names, force, and situation of the various tribes, etc.,—to aid me in which Shah Nawaz furnished a pile of Persian papers and a week's talk at six hours per diem. The report was finished, and with one magic stroke of the pen my chief made it his own, and magnanimously took its merits or its errors on his own head. Meantime, an agent had arrived from Ali Murád to claim certain districts on the eastern bank of the Indus, now held by his nephew Nasir Khán.

The agent was referred to me to have his deposition taken, and I was surprised to find in Hasan Ali a native of Delhi, and friend and fellow-countryman of our Head Munshi. The coincidence told well in the Mír's favour. Strange that he should have made his appearance at Díjí just as the Resident of Delhi became the chief political officer in Upper Sindh! Hasan Ali I found to be a man of good manners, of pleasing address, and of the most penetrating discernment.

On the 12th of October a body of horse, called the Bilúch corps, arrived with their commander, Lieutenant Amiel. On the principle of lucus, a non lucendo, these men were called the Bilúch corps, they being Afgháns, Patháns, and Kahiris, without one Bilúch among them. Some of them were fine-looking men; but they were, in general, miserably mounted on raw nags, that looked as if they had fed on sand for the last year. Their pay was insufficient—for forage in the desert places where they were employed was dear and scanty—yet they were to pursue the hill robbers (men who pride themselves on the fleetness of their steeds). Among them I remarked Amiel's A.D.C., Ghulam Husain, a young Afghán, the handsomest youth I have ever beheld. His large gazelle-like eyes, long ringlets, black as night, and soft cheek, just tinged with red, made me exclaim—

> "Or is in truth that squire so gay,
> Some lady in disguise."

I began to bethink me that such things had been done here too as well as in the far North. It is well known that one of the best spears who ever chased the wild boar over wide plain and tangled hill had such a page, who followed his bold master over places where many a daring rider held back. Once, when the pace was hottest, our Eastern Marmion cleared a stupendous leap, then paused an instant to see his follower safe. Mounted on a superb black Arab, the boy rode gallantly at the yawning ravine; but it was too widely taken, and the horse's chest struck the opposite bank, hurling the lad with terrific violence over his head. The rush to his succour, and utter forgetfulness of aught else, disclosed the secret, and the fair boy was seen to wait no more by his master's chair, and never again drew bridle by his side. These doubts, however, were soon removed, my Afghán was indeed what his dress and arms shewed him to be—a handsome stripling, and when I saw his father, Alaf Khán Tehrín, the best and bravest swordsman in Upper Sindh, I no longer wondered at his beauty. Just what the son appeared in youth, such was the father in manhood. Above six feet in height, his figure was one of perfect symmetry; a profusion of raven curls descended to his shoulders, his eyes were large, black and sparkling, his nose Grecian, and all his features exquisitely chiselled, with teeth of lustrous white. Imagine such a man, dressed in the graceful costume of the Afgháns, and with the air of a man who never knew and would never own a master, and you have a faint notion of Alaf Khán Tehrín.

Alaf Khán was one of the first Zamíndárs who voluntarily came forward to join us. He placed his two sons as horse-men in the Bilúch corps, and distinguished himself in every encounter with the depredators, who were ever pouncing upon our stores and camels.

CHAPTER V.

WILD HOGS CROSS THE INDUS THE POLITICAL AGENT LEAVES SAKKAR—SHUTUR SAWARS—INSTRUCTIONS ON ASSUMING CHARGE OF THE AGENCY—THE RIVAL SEYYADS—VAKIL OF BHAWALPORE —CHARGES SOME OF THE FIRST GRENADIER REGIMENT WITH ROBBING HIM THEY MUTINY—INFLUENCE OF NATIVE OFFICERS —PANCHAYET—CHIT CHAT.

Oct. 10th. This morning there was an unusual stir on the river, boats were hurrying in one particular direction, and constant discharges of match-locks, seemed to announce an engagement close at hand. On inquiring the reason, I found that six hogs had taken the water—three of them were shot in the mid-stream; the other three swam gallantly across, notwithstanding the great breadth and extreme violence of the river, and were soon lost in the jungle on the other side. Tigers have also been known to cross in this manner. These brutes are rare in Sindh, yet not altogether unknown. There is one at Sakkar confined in a cage, and another at the shrine of Lál Shah Báz, at Sehwán, both of which were taken when young by Mir Mubárik. It is very surprising that they should be so rare, for the jungle is dense in many places, especially in Búrdikah and in the Shikárgáhs of the Amirs, and their natural prey, deer and wild hogs, as well as cattle, are most plentiful.

October 20th. The Political Agent left Sakkar this day for Katchi on a tour of inspection. A body of eighty camel riders, or Shutur Sawárs, to use the Persian term, arrived. Each camel carries two men, one armed to the teeth, the other more lightly accoutred, who acts as driver. The camels are all of the Harkárah kind, and will travel from fifty to a hundred miles a day at a great pace. Such a corps, it might be thought, would be invaluable in Sindh for carrying despatches, or pursuing robbers. They turned out, however, of very little use. The cholera carried off the men, and the camels died of neglect and bad treatment. All of them were very reluctant to cross the Indus, and I was obliged to go to a considerable distance in quest of them, and use both threats and entreaties to get them over. Before my chief started he sent for me to give me his instructions, as I was to remain in charge of Sakkar. I expected much sage advice, and the disclosure of his plans to some extent. I was, however, doomed to be disappointed. "I have sent for you," he said, with a thoughtful and anxious air, "to beg you will lay the camel dák with care, and use every exertion in order that the produce of the vegetable garden, particularly green peas, may reach me as often as possible!!"

After this weighty disclosure, the money bags of the treasury were counted in my presence, and I was left for the time-being sole lord of a huge range of buildings, sundry dingy looking, half-caste writers, and a small but select band of felons, who were to be

employed in gardening or any other useful occupation I could devise for them. Among the dependents on the Agency were two Seyyads, the one with snow-white beard, yet bright eye and firm step, and past his seventieth year, was named Ahdurrahmán (the Son of the Merciful) and was the owner of the land in which the Agency was built; the other, a man of middle age, with well dyed beard, but a frame emaciated with excesses, was named Abbás Alí, and claimed descent from no less a person than Muhammad Masúm, one of the most celebrated nobles of Akbar's Court.

Between the two existed a mortal antipathy, and each, as in turn he visited me, expatiated with much gusto on the vices of the other. One day the elder Seyyad was haranguing me on the usual theme, and had just assured me that Abbas Alí was by birth a slave, and no Seyyad at all, when the latter, who, in fact, had been listening at the tent door, entered. I rashly imagined that my aged friend would be abashed at this contretemps, but so far from it he welcomed the new comer with a bland and tranquil air, and gravely told him that he had just been praising him to the Sáheb. The sudden change was worthy of a Persian. I could not have believed that any other could so placidly have disposed of a difficulty. A few days after I received a visit from the Vakil of Bháwalpore, a straightforward worthy personage, who had lately suffered some evil treatment at the hands of our Sipáhís. The matter was, indeed, throughout a very serious one. It seems the Vakil was encountered not far from the cantonment of Shikárpore by some of the 1st Grenadiers in their undress. They stopped and robbed him. He carried his complaint to the officer commanding at Shikárpore, who ordered the regiment to parade that the Vakíl might identify the offenders. This caused evident dissatisfaction; but when the Vakil came to the Light Company, the Subedar of which had the title of Bahadur, and wore the Order of Merit, that officer gave the word "Right about face" to his company, and added, "Now look at them." He was immediately put under arrest and confined, as well as some Sipáhís (who had made a disturbance on the parade ground), in the Quarter Guard. The majority of the regiment, however, gathered round them, and declared they would not return to their duty until the prisoners were released; and the European officers, who went to the mutineers, were beaten and insulted. Matters began to assume a formidable appearance, for the regiment was the only one at the station; and in the unsettled state of the country, with enemies surrounding the camp, the most serious consequences might have resulted. The firmness, however, of the commanding officer had its effect; the men yielded and returned to their duty, and the Subedar was transferred to Sakkar, where he was tried by Court Martial, and dismissed the service. This mutiny was proof enough—if any proof were wanting—of the powerful influence native officers have over the sipáhis. It cannot be doubted that the regiment shewed stronger excitement on this occasion of the arrest of their Subedar Major than they would have done had any of the European officers been disgraced. It is fortunate for us then that such an influence is almost invariably exerted in support of discipline and in favour of our Government. It would be no pleasing task to picture the results which would follow, were any measure of ours to cause general dissatisfaction among the native officers and lead them to combine

against us. But it is not probable that aught but the blindest infatuation and obstinacy in disregarding their feelings or prejudices could array them on any side but our own. In the first place they have grown grey in our service, the fathers of many of them occupied the same posts they themselves now enjoy, their pay is liberal in comparison with their wants, and they are the principal persons in the thousand camps of Hindústán—crowded as they are with soldiers, camp-followers, and artizans; they form, in fact, a distinct class, a society by themselves at once powerful and respected. But, suppose the case of a Queen's officer appointed to the post of Commander-in-Chief in India—a man of severe discipline and invincible determination in carrying out his resolves—imperfectly acquainted with the feelings of the natives, and accustomed to the unhesitating and prompt obedience of the English soldier; suppose that such a man were desirous of working out some great reforms—reforms truly much wanted, in the Bengal army especially—such, for instance, as the reduction to the lowest possible limit of the soldier's baggage, and the employment of the troops in many works necessary indeed in military operations, but which the high caste Bengáli considers more suited to the artizan than to those whose trade is war.

Ού γὰρ βάναυσον τὴν τέχνην ἐκτήσατο.

I say that, in such a case, there would be great risk that the fidelity of our native troops might be sapped; and that the un-European officers might, as in the case above narrated, take the lead in a matter wherein, according to their opinions, the honour of their regiments was concerned. Great, then, should be the caution in attempting changes in that machine with which we have so long ruled our vast territories in the East. It might even be well that the ablest and most distinguished Subedárs should be consulted before any sweeping change was commenced. In saying so much enough is said to shew the value I would set on suggestions which have been offered for the abolition of the intermediate grade between the native sergeant and his European officer. Such a proposition appears to be below contempt.

Shortly after our military explosion followed the milder hubbub of a civil row. The tragedy was succeeded by a broad farce. One morning a confused mob of men and women entered the Agency garden, all scuffling, and wrangling at the top of their voices. There were several hundreds of them, evidently not of the highest caste; and, from their infuriated gestures, one would have thought a dozen murders had been committed. I sent my Munshí to discover the cause of the uproar, and the old gentleman had like to have been strangled among them. "What is it, Munshí?" I asked, as he came waddling back, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Ah, Saheb, it is your washerman (born of an unclean mother as he is) who has carried off another washerman's wife." The facts of the case, however, turned out to be that my dhobí, who was a tall good-looking fellow, had been making love to a woman, married indeed, but whose husband had gone to some distant place, and who was living with her father-in-

law. Baddú, as my man of suds was called, had completely washed out from the fair delinquent's mind all recollection of her former mate, and prevailed on her to take up her abode with him. The father-in-law came to bring her back, but the fair one accused him of having shewn a regard for her somewhat different from paternal affection. The result was, that the friends of both parties and all the washermen in camp, had assembled and come to blows, and my Munshi had interposed just as the golden scales of victory were equally balanced. As the best way of settling the knotty point, I ordered a Panchâyet, or Court of Arbitration, to decide it, composed of the most illustrious washermen present. Their sentence, which, in all such cases, is without appeal, was that Baddú should keep his bride, the other party paying two hundred rupees for a dinner to the whole caste, and that what was over should go to the lady.

I had commenced learning Sindhi with the old Seyyad Ahdurrahmán; he told me stories in that language, explaining what I did not understand in Persian. Sakkar, he said, was, in his own recollection, a very populous place; it belonged to the Afgháns, who used to plunder the opposite bank, then recently conquered by the Talpúr Amirs of Khyrpore. Mír Rustam was then a young man of twenty, full of fire and enterprise. He obtained permission from his father, Sohráb, to attack Sakkar, which he did successfully, and gave up the town to be sacked. For three days the plunder continued, and the place never recovered the blow. Ah," said the Seyyad, "the Mír is a different man now; he has grown so fond of the intoxicating bhang, that what with that and old age he is quite lethargic." Bhang, Jang, and Rang now rule the Khyrpore Durbár.[4] But his father, Sohráb, was the hero of the family; none of his sons are equal to him. Saheb, I was present when the Hyderabad chiefs of the second generation threatened him with war. Sohráb uncovered his head, on which was a terrible scar. "Go," he said to the Hyderabad Envoy, "when your masters can show such marks as this, let them talk of making war on one who has won his territory with the sword, not tamely inherited it from his sires."

[4] Alluding to the propensities of the three principal Amírs-Mír Rustam being addicted to the vice of drinking; Ali Morád being all for war; and Mír Mubárik for enjoyment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DIWALI SHIKARPORE—JAIT SINGH, THE HINDU SARRAF MUHAMMED HUSAIN, THE DAROGAH—AZIM KHAN BARAKZYE— IBRAHIM SHAH—JAGAN AND JANIDERAH—AMIEL'S DEFEAT—LIEUT. WALPOLE CLARKE—BUGTI PRISONERS—YARU KHAN KOSAH— SAULA BURDI—FALL OF KHELAT—RETURNING COLUMN OF THE ARMY—FRIGHTFUL SICKNESS—HAWKING PARTIES—ARTHUR CONOLLY—SEYYAD ZAIN AL ABIDAIN—KAMAL KHAN KAHIRI—BIJJAR KHAN, SALE OF HIS FAMOUS MARE.

Nov. 5.—The Díwálí happening to fall on this day, the whole river was bright with lamps. The scene was really enchanting, and I remained for a long time in my boat gazing at it. The mosques and ruined tombs, illuminated by myriads of lights, and the broad current sweeping by them in all its sombre majesty the palm groves and the island fortress of Bakkar in mid-stream, made up a wondrous picture. Ever and anon some votary would offer up his prayers to Lakshmi, the Hindú Fortuna, and launch a tiny raft bearing a cluster of lamps into the waters—then watch it with fixed and anxious gaze. If it floats on till the far distance hides it—thrice happy he, his future will be bright also; but, if caught in some wild eddy of the stream, it disappears at once, so will the bark of his fortune be engulfed in the whirlpool of adversity. The extreme heat had now abated, and I had just begun to adapt myself to the state of things at Sakkar,

> My temper changed
> Into their temper; which must needs remove
> The sensible of pain,

when an order arrived for me to proceed to Shikárpore, to meet the returning Bombay column. I started on the morning of the 11th on horseback, with a mounted Kosah to shew me the way. The road passed through several villages entitled Abád, Nazírábad, Jaffirabád, Simra, etc., and in some places there was much cultivation. Beyond Lakki, however, somewhat more than half way, the jungle became dense, and here more than one deed of blood had been perpetrated by the Búrdi robbers, in whose beat it lay. On reaching the Kosah village, I was obliged to visit the Chief, Rahím Khán, and his son, Kádir Bakhsh. Among his relations, one was introduced to me named Jamál Khán, a bold fellow and dexterous swordsman, who some time before, on being reprimanded by the political officer at Shikárpore for coming late on duty, quickly answered, "Here is my reason," at the same time undoing a bundle which he carried in his hand, and displaying the gory head of a Bilúchí robber. I did not reach Shikárpore till evening, and found the Agency unpromising enough in appearance. It lay just outside the town, and had at least the advantage of a grove of palms, and some slight approaches to verdure about it. But all beyond the dilapidated mud wall which formed its boundary, was a

dreary flat, covered with low Jahu jungle. Within the wall was the skeleton of a large house in progress of erection, the tents of some irregular horse, a few miserable huts stocked with Bilúchí prisoners, and in the centre, a little upper-roomed bungalow, which was to be my abode. The walls of this miserable place being of mud, it was densely peopled by hordes of ants, of all colors, shapes, and sizes. There was the large black fellow who with his colossal pincers could draw blood at the first nip; the diminutive red villains who delight to ensconce themselves by dozens in your hair, or in your cap, especially if tinged with any substitute for Macassar procurable in those regions; the small black, whose desire for mischief surpasses their bulk; and the never-to-be-sufficiently execrated white ants, who, if they had their will, would reduce all created things to impalpable dust. Indeed, ants are fully entitled to take a high, if not the highest rank among the annoyances of the East, and Sindh in particular. The whole earth swarms with them; if it be true that the white kind is edible, one is surprised at there ever being a famine in India, for the supply is inexhaustible. I soon found my change from Sakkar was not for the better in point of climate. The air was hot and full of dust, and the nights dreadfully oppressive. However, there was too much to be done and seen too, to allow time for thinking of disagreeables. The day after my arrival was spent in receiving visits from the native authorities of the place and the Munshís and others attached to the Agency, to all of whom it was requisite to say a kind word. Among the first who came was Jait Singh, a wealthy Hindú banker and merchant, who was foremost in courting the English, and who, like many others who supported us in our ill-omened Afghán campaigns, has suffered by the connection. He was then richly dressed, and had all the appearance and air of a man of some consequence, add to which he was good-looking, of most agreeable manners, and extremely intelligent. His partner, Chitru Mal, on the other hand, wore the plainest clothes, and was as dry and unpleasant in the little he did say as if he had been all his life calculating interest behind a desk in Lombard-street. Jait Singh shewed no great partiality for the native Governors of Shikárpore. Of these Brijdass, the Khyrpore Vakil pleased me well: a great, jolly, black-bearded Sindhi, who might have played at buffets with the Priest of Copmanhurst. Very different were the representatives of Hyderabad. In Ibrahim Shah I recognised at once his Persian descent. If you were to believe him, the Amírs were his demi-gods—for them he would encounter not men only, but jins, demons, black and white. His family were entirely the creatures of the Amírs. They came to Sindh strangers, poor, and friendless. They were now rich, courted, and filling the highest offices in the state. Ibrahim often told me that his house could bring a hundred horsemen into the field, each man equal to himself; and certainly he was a cavalier not to be despised. Tall, eminently handsome, and skilled in the use of arms, I have often seen him ride at full speed, whirling a spear of twelve feet or so in length round and round, and then, suddenly catching it, pick up an orange on its point.

When, however, things came to a crisis, at the fatal field of Miání, but one of all his family accompanied the Chief who had raised them to honour, and that was Zain ul

Abidain, an elder brother of Ibrahim, whose name alone deserves mention as that of a true man.

"Among the faithless, faithful only he!"

The other Hyderabad Governor was Takki Shah, brother to Ibrahim, and some years his senior, as courtly in his address as the latter, but more reserved. He had the reputation of being somewhat miserly, and so great a bigot in religion, that he never eat with a stranger without first enquiring, in a Pharisaical whisper, if the melted butter had been purchased of one of the true faith. Muhammad Husain, the Darogah, must not be passed over in silence. His office corresponded to that of Police Magistrate in English towns,—an office which rubs off, by degrees, the soft texture of our humane feelings: yet not so with Muhammad Husain, who, I verily believe, was a kind-hearted man, and a man who would keep his word, too, in spite of his title, for Darogah unfortunately means "False," as well as a police functionary. The poor Darogah: he had a most orthodox horror of dogs, partly that they were impure as touching his creed, and partly that his thin muslin trowsers offered small protection against an insidious snap from one of the canine species. It was, therefore, with extreme dread that he visited our Agency in after times, when tenanted by an English lady and her pet dog, a small cur, who entertained a deep longing for a morsel of a true believer's calf. "Az barái khuda mana bakunid," he would say, "For God's sake, keep it off,—what calamity is this that the Madam Sahebah is so fond of!" After the great men came a general rush of underlings. One funny old Munshí in the rear of all, at the conclusion of what I said to them, shaking his head and long beard with vehement satisfaction, bawled out, Ai shakr shírín," O sweet sugar!" I was much struck with Azim Khán Barakzye, a kinsman of Dost Muhammed, who had entered our service as a Risaldár in Amiel's horse. His bearing was noble, and altogether he might well have been placed next to Alaf Khán Tehrín, as a useful soldier.

Events of interest were now at hand. On the 19th of November we were informed of the defeat of Amiel's Bilúchí horse, with the loss of twenty-five men killed. He was posted at Shahpore, the first station beyond the desert, on the road to the Marrí and Bugti hills, and which had been the residence of the Jakráni robbers until our troops occupied it. From this position he had several times intercepted small parties of plunderers. One day the alarm was given that camels were carried off; Amiel mounted with some eighty men, of whom ten were Púna horse, on whom he could rely. After pursuing the flying robbers for some time, he suddenly came upon an ambuscade of some hundred Bilúchís of the Dumki and Jakráni tribes, commanded by the famous Bijjar Khán. His men at once turned bridle and rode for dear life. The enemy hotly chased them, and slew more than a fourth of their number. One of Amiel's native A.D.C.'s caught his bridle, and turned his horse round; the ten Púna horsemen kept close to him, and this small party retired with less precipitation, and in better order than the rest. "Who was that on the white horse?" said Bijjar, after the skirmish was over. On being told it was the Faringi

officer, he observed, "Well for him that I knew it not, or his grey horse should not have saved him, fleet as it was." The next day after the news of this disaster, Lieut. Walpole Clarke arrived in Shikarpore, with 130 horse; and four days later came two Risalahs of Bengal Irregular Cavalry. Clarke was a perfect soldier—neither he nor his men had one particle of superfluous baggage; their wants were easily satisfied, and after a day's halt they passed on, too eager for service to allow anything to delay them. On Clarke's way up from Lower Sindh one of the best horses of the Risálah was stolen during the night's halt, at a place where habitation or sign of man was not to be seen. In the morning when the loss was discovered, Clarke, with a party of his men, took up the track, and carried it for several miles, until he came to a brook; here it seemed to end, but, going up the stream some distance, he again hit upon it, and followed it, until, after riding more than fifteen miles, they arrived at a village. He at once sent word to the villagers that, unless the horse was forthcoming in half an hour, he should attack the place. He had not, however, to wait so long, for it was immediately restored, and he rejoined the main body of the Risálah, all of whom were not a little pleased with the expertness of their leader as a tracker, and the happy result of his skill.

On the 21st, four Bugtí robbers, whom we held in confinement, escaped. After the Kosahs had searched for them in vain, I applied to Mír Rustam's Vakil, who succeeded in capturing them, when they had almost reached the hills. Poor wretches! I pitied them, ferocious as they were, for theirs was the ferocity of ignorance and misery. The only person who could act as interpreter for them was Yárú Khán Kosah, who had been himself a notorious robber, but, with the rest of his clan, entered our service. He was upwards of six feet high, very broad and muscular, and his vast chest and limbs were covered with shaggy black hair. When in the presence of the Sáhebs he endeavoured to look as meek as possible, and to bring his naturally deep growling voice to something more like the accents, μερόπων ἀνθρώπων, an attempt which strongly resembled the whisper of a bear. Like Bully Bottom in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he was resolved to "roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

It was said that he had more than once seized an enemy in his terrific hug, and strangled him, preferring this plan of despatching his foes to the more orthodox one of the sword. His reputation had been so high, as a leader, that in the plundering expeditions in which he had engaged, he is said to have received a sixth of the whole spoil, inasmuch as in the trackless waste of Katchi, he could guide his party by the bright twinkling of the stars alone. Now, however, all this was forgotten, and Yárú waited daily at the Agency, looking as grimly innocent as possible. Though, however, he himself no longer plundered the country, he aided but little in the apprehension of those who did.

Among those Bilúchís, who made the jungle round Shikárpore terrible to the traveller, was one in particular, of whom some atrocity or other was almost daily reported. This worthy was a Burdí, named Din Muhammad, or, as he was commonly called, Dínú, a

man who was completely the Jack Sheppard of Upper Sindh. His brother Saulá had been even more celebrated, but fortune, tired of hearing his name so often, suddenly cut short his career. Just before I arrived at Shikárpore, information was brought to the Agency that Saulá, after one of his rides, had halted in a certain village distant some ten or fifteen miles. A body of irregular horse were immediately ordered to mount, and by a rapid march they succeeded in coming upon him before he could reach his mare. Once on her he would have laughed at their efforts, but now seeing escape impossible, he drew his sword, and fought in the most desperate manner. After a fierce struggle his sword arm was disabled, and himself overpowered and brought into camp. It is impossible to conceive a more truculent-looking savage than he appeared. A mass of ebon hair half concealed his face; his forehead was "villainous low;" while from beneath his shaggy eyebrows his dark eyes gleamed with the ferocity of a wild beast. Numbers of people flocked to behold him, many of whom had suffered from his depredations, while some had lost their relatives either by his sword or those of his gang. At first he had no idea that he should be put to death. He thought he should be allowed to ransom himself. "I will give you," said he to the political officer, five camels to set me free." No answer being returned, he increased his offers. "I will give you ten camels-twenty. I will give you the Bilúchí girl I carried off in my last foray." Still no reply! The wretch began now to be alarmed. They brought a rope and put it round his neck; the crowd were fighting among themselves as to who should be his executioner. "He killed my father," said one. "Give me the rope," said another, "he slew my brother." As the cord touched his neck, he shrunk together, and, with faltering voice, exclaimed, "Ah Saín, iyen na kar," (O Sir! do not so). The tree on which he expiated a life of blood was called "Saulá's-tree," as long as I remained in Sindh, and in all probability will retain the name for many a year. It was in revenge for this execution that Dínú plied his former trade with redoubled activity. At least ten murders were ascribed to him within a few months after his brother's death. All attempts to take him were vain, and after much fruitless endeavour, we at last heard that from some cause or other he had betaken himself to the Mazáris, a tribe who border on the frontiers of the Multán province.

On the 23rd of November we received the news of the fall of Khelát. The death of Mihráb Khán, the capture of his fort, and the slaughter of his bravest followers, fell like a thunderbolt on the turbulent inhabitants of the provinces of Upper Sindh. The ministers of the Amírs came to congratulate us on the success, but their faces were pale with terror, and they vainly attempted to simulate unconcern. How far the Khán deserved his fate has been questioned by some. It can hardly be doubted that he encouraged the Hill tribes to attack us during our passage through Katchi and the Bolán. I myself translated for Government several letters purporting to come from him to Nasír Khán, of Hyderabad. In them it did not require the keen nostril of a Dr. Oates to scent out a plot against us. The language was clear enough, but as to the authenticity of the letters I am at a loss. They bore, if I remember right, his seal, with the well-known motto, "Gul i Gulshan i Mahmúd Mihráb," "Rose of the Rose Garden of Mahmúd

Mihráb." Deserved or not, his fate operated for the time as a powerful sedative to the plunderings which were so rife before it occurred.

SAULA BURDI
HUNG, AUGUST 2nd 1839

On the 25th, part of the returning Bombay column reached Shikárpore. There was little of the elation, however, of men returning from a successful campaign, about them. Death, in fact, was busy in their ranks. That dreadful Scourge, the cholera, had made its appearance among them at Bágh. Dr. Forbes was the first victim, an officer much esteemed. From that moment the malady spread with frightful rapidity. In four marches they reached Jániderah. It was then no longer possible to bury those who died. The jungle, the road, was strewn with corpses.

On the 26th, the 4th Dragoons and the Horse Artillery marched into Shikárpore. I went out a little way to meet them. There was a gloom around all. The Political Agent passed me in his pálki. The men were hurrying at their top speed. A cloud of Irregular Horse cleared the way. The Great Man was sick also. I dined at the mess of the 4th Dragoons with Sir Keith Jackson. There was a constraint about every one. Ogle, of their regiment, was dying; he was much liked, a fine soldier in the prime of life, of colossal frame and strength—the day before nothing the matter with him—now dying. I rode a little way into the town and about the camp. Many Europeans were lying on the ground intoxicated. In front of the Agency they were digging a large pit, another outside the

wall. I stopped and looked in. Four days after I saw the two spots again. The pits were filled up and a number of bushes were fixed into the fresh levelled earth. Among them I disturbed a jackal, who had scratched up something. It was a head—the lips were wide apart, and I could see a beautiful set of fine white teeth. The poor fellow to whom they had belonged had been evidently quite a youth. Indeed, the pits were well filled. They had thrown thirteen of the dragoons into one, and at least as many of the artillery-men into the other. It was a fearful night. We were packed so close together in the Agency compound, that one could hear sounds plainly indicative of what was going on. At least two hundred men died that night. The next morning I was ordered to start for Katchi, along the very route of the disease. I had very unpleasant symptoms of the fashionable disorder. The little doctor, who looked as pale as a ghost, gave me such a dose of laudanum as almost stupified me. At dawn my riding camel was brought; I mounted, and was glad to find that I should have a companion for the first two marches. Away we went; my companion was labouring under a malady which I have often seen in persons who travel an intricate country for the first or second time. He imagined he could take a short cut; the consequence of which infatuation on his part was, as usually happens, that we lost our road altogether. The sun was up, and roasting us for our folly long before we got into Jániderah. As we passed along we saw dead bodies lying about; I noticed one man, a Portuguese, very neatly dressed in cloth trousers and jacket, with his hat on, lying on his face. I could not believe he was dead. I went, therefore, up to him, and dismounted, to raise him up. As I stooped I saw there was a pool of blood under him. He was stiff and stark, 'and a cloud of flies got up from about him. My servants told me they buried five bodies, that the jackals had exhumed. The march was anything but pleasant, and the night-halt in a spot where hundreds had died the day before, without a chance of medical aid if attacked, decidedly impaired the appetite. The next day I went into Roján, where the same scenes were renewed. Here I received information that General Willshire, whom I had been ordered to meet if he advanced by Barshori, was no longer intending to come that way, and, as my services were therefore not required, I very gladly returned to Shikárpore.

December 17th. The Artillery and Pioneers from Khelát arrived in Shikárpore. Their camp was full of spoil and all sorts of valuables were sold. I did not, however, succeed in obtaining any curiosities.

On the 21st I went with Ibrahím Sháh on a hawking expedition. The hawks were of a small kind; they killed a few partridges, but the country was too much covered with underwood to allow of riding hard, so that the birds had all the fun to themselves.

This did not prevent the Darogah careering wildly about without reference to any particular object, uttering, at the same time, loud shouts, as if the sport were of a very animated kind indeed. At first I was rather excited by his outcries, fancying that some new and nobler game was in sight; but, presently recollecting that it is the usage of the Persians to vapour on such occasions, I remained placid.

About this time an instance occurred of the manner in which Government sometimes suffers in detail from the negligence of those entrusted with public works. The instance is but a trifling one, and for that very reason I mention it, for, as to more serious things, I had received an order to make up a great number of treasure chests. A strong wood was required for the purpose, and wood in general but such as I required in particular—was difficult to be procured in Upper Sindh.

As I rode through the city one day I saw a considerable quantity of timber lying in an obscure street. On examining it I found it was shisham, a wood of the most valuable kind, being not liable to the attacks of the white ants. I inquired to whom it belonged. "To the Munshi at Kandahár," was the answer. I had scarce reached my house when sundry persons came and informed me that it was timber purchased by Government for the bridge across the Indus. In truth, it had found its way to the site it then occupied in a very mysterious manner. It is needless to add that it was forthwith brought back to the Agency compound, whence it made its exit, on the backs of camels, in the shape of well filled treasure chests. A similar and yet more glaring case occurred a short time after, and which deserves to be recorded for the credit of the Sindhi character. One of those officers who formed the precursors of the Afghán expedition delivered seven thousand rupees to a Seyyad of Katchi, to procure supplies, or for some other purpose connected with the advance of the army. So numerous and vast were our disbursements then, that this sum was entirely overlooked. The officer who gave it passed on with the troops, and left no memorandum to those who succeeded him. Days, weeks, months glided away, the whole transaction was forgotten.

One morning a political from Shikárpore halted in the vicinity of this Seyyad's village, and was much surprised at his appearance with some well-stuffed money bags. "These," said he, "are the Sarkár's," and then related the circumstance of his receiving them, and of his having been unable to apply them in the way intended.

The weather was now very agreeable at Shikárpore—some rain fell, and it was cool enough to allow of one's riding about, or walking in the day time. Officers (and now and then a lady) were continually passing through the place, on their way to the stations above the passes—of course nearly all of them lived at the Agency for the time they halted. Travellers' bungalows were as yet unknown, and we were too happy to see new faces. It cannot be disguised, however, that as there was no table allowance from Government, hospitality and economy were incompatible. The Political Agent himself set a noble example in this respect; every one who came was welcome—his own staff, consisting of twelve or fifteen assistants, were always expected to dine with him when at the same station; and in these expenses alone went nearly half his pay, large as it was. Fourteen thousand bottles of beer, which annually poured forth their foaming contents at his board, were alone a considerable item, and to this is to be added wine, soda water, and a vast variety of other potables, to say nothing of edibles, of grain-fed sheep,

etc. One regarded this vast consumption with perfect *sang-froid*, knowing that a monthly stream of 4,000 rupees found its way into the coffers of the host. In the case, however, of an assistant, whose pay did not exceed an eighth of that sum, yet who received all comers, albeit in less magnificent style, a grain of compunction mingled with the cheer. Foremost among these patterns of liberality, was Lieut. W——, of Tatta, to whom, among many others, I, too, owed a hospitable reception. I believe that he was never without guests; and, sometimes after a cloud of small birds would come a gigantic cormorant of a Commander-in-Chief, with a tail nearly as long as that of Irish Dan. The part of host is, too, so agreeable, that it very soon becomes a habit; one is discontented with a solitary table and a spare repast. Such, however, was the system, whether bad or good, and to it I owe some of the most agreeable acquaintances I ever made—nay, even friendships, which still last.

On the 3rd of January, 1840, Captain Arthur Conolly came to me, and stopped ten days; too short a time, for never have I met a man to whom my heart warmed so rapidly. He seemed so completely disinterested, so noble-minded, so fearless of earthly ills, and yet so full of that fear which maketh a man wise. Our meeting began oddly. The Darogah had just come to me to say that there was a Rúss—a spy—in the town. I did not much believe in spies, thought it all nonsense, but was asking some questions for form's sake, when a strange Sáheb was announced. The name of Conolly was enough to put the Darogah and his Russophobia out of my head. However, seeing him look surprised, and guessing how matters stood, I explained the case to him. He had, in fact, mistaken Conolly's Greek servant for a Russian, and included the master in the same category. Conolly was travelling in a style which would have gladdened the heart of our great Sindh hero; it was impossible that any imputation of superfluous baggage could be laid upon him. A small tent, in which a man could not stand upright, and which a portly fellow might have used for a cloak in wet weather, with a pair of portmanteaus, made up the whole of his kit. How he escaped being frozen when above the passes I know not. He gave me a most interesting account of his travels out from England.

At Vienna he saw much of Prince Metternich, who presented him with a beautiful telescope. He had been ordered to meet the Persian Ambassador there, Husain Khán, and tell him that he would not be received in England. From thence he went to Constantinople, where he had an offer from the Envoy of Khiva to take him on to Kokún. He wished to accept this offer, and made a reference on the subject, which was not approved. Thence he proceeded through Armenia to Baghdad, and by the Persian Gulf to Bombay; en route he had some narrow escapes of his life. On one occasion, in the Tigris, some Arabs demanded tobacco; he had none to give them; they then waded up to their middles into the water to fire at him. He was obliged to have the boat kept in mid-stream, and for a considerable distance they pursued him, but fortunately in vain. While Conolly stopped with me, we discussed much the position of affairs above the passes; his chief object was the liberation of the Russian captives in Khiva. To this he intended to devote himself, but destiny had reserved their release for another hand, and

decreed that he who burned to free others should himself suffer the most terrible of imprisonments, to terminate only in death. I imparted to him my earnest wish to push on to the advanced posts, and to be sent either to Cábul or Herát, and I said that nothing would please me more than to be allowed to join him. He promised that if he could effect this he would, and he afterwards applied to the Envoy at Cábul accordingly, but the answer was, that I was too distant for it to be possible for me to join him in time. We parted sincere friends; he gave me the volumes of his travels, and up to the battle of Bamián I constantly heard from him.

On the 9th of December I had a visit from Zain ul Abidain Shah (literally the Ornament of the Two Worlds), the elder brother of Takkí Sháh. Thin, sallow, and very ugly, he had more the look of a Persian than of a noble of Sindh. His flattery to me was overdone. While speaking of the murder of his relation by Dínú, he lost his temper, and abused the Khyrpore Vizír, Fateh Muhammad Khán Gorí, as though he abetted the robber in his misdeeds. He used the word kuramsák pretty freely, and several other Persian terms of abuse, in speaking of the Vizír. This day the small-pox broke out among the prisoners, and very soon carried off four of the Bugtís. A few days after I was visited by Kamál Khán, the chief of the Kahirís. This tribe are Sheikhs, and formerly inhabited Phulají and its vicinity. Here they were subject to a constant attack from the Dumkís, under Bijjár Khán, assisted by the Marrís. After a brave defence they were dispossessed of their lands, and driven to the neighbourhood of Shikárpore. They went to Khelát and Hyderabad to seek assistance in vain. Having come forward on our appearance in the country, to assist us as far as in them lay, we took them by the hand, and a promise was made to them that they should be reinstated in the districts from which they had been expelled. In Amiel's horse there was a considerable number of these men, and among them two in whom he placed great reliance. These were Itibár Khán and Abdullah Khán. The former was a stout, red-faced man, with a truculent look. Numberless pistols stuck in his waist, his thick black beard, and blood-red scarf and turband, gave him a bandit air. His actions, too, did not belie his looks. He dismounted with as much *sang-froid* to cut the throat of a dying enemy, as an Englishman would to pick up his glove. On one occasion when out with Amiel a Marri Bilúch was brought to the ground by a shot. Before Amiel could interfere, Itibár had decapitated the prostrate man; then, holding up the head by the long hair, he coolly said "I knew him very well, it is Faiz Ullah—we were firm friends once." The other Kahirí, Abdullah Khán, was a very handsome young man, with long dark brown ringlets curling to his shoulders, and hazel eyes. He had been an associate of all the most daring robbers, knew their haunts, and, with Itibár, aided us as a guide into the fastnesses of the Marri and Búgti Hills. They themselves told me that after the battle of Nafushk they went over the field and cut the throats of all the Marris they could find. They said, that on a rough calculation, they did this benevolent office for one hundred and thirty-three Bilúchís of that tribe. They gloried in the deed, and Itibár, in fact, became quite graphic when he spoke of his finding an old enemy among the wounded—a man with whom he had long been at deadly feud. This was Haibat Khán,

a celebrated Marri chief, who, after fighting most desperately, had fallen by the fire of our guns. With eyes sparkling with ferocious triumph, Itibár approached the dying warrior: "Haibat Khán," he said, "do you know me? The last time we met was in the gate of Phulaji, when your foot was on the body of my brother; you did to him then what I am about to do to you." Apart from such savage acts as these, however, Itibár and Abdullah were doubtless of immense assistance to us. Indeed the time had now come when our operations against the Hill Bilúchís, were crowned with the most complete success. The force under Major Billamore had penetrated into the Búgti Hills, had captured the Chief Bíbarak, defeated his tribe in more than one fierce engagement, and put an end to their famous boast, which was in the mouths of all the natives, I God cannot hurt Bíbarak in Deyrah." Our troops had also visited Kahan, the stronghold of the Marris, who, whether taken by surprise, as is most likely, or for some other reason, did not oppose us: but above all these successes, the fall of Khelát, and death of Mihrab Khán, had struck terror into the Hill Tribes. Bijjár and his robber horde, pressed by our detachments of cavalry, (who besides being ever on his track, devoured the scanty forage of the districts he frequented), at last made up his mind to submit. By means of the Seyyad of Sháhpore, he communicated his intentions to Lieutenant Postans[5]. The sole condition of his surrender was, that his life should be spared.

On the 20th of January the renowned Bijjár Khán and forty-eight chiefs of the Dumkis and Jakránis together, with Bíbarak Bugtí, were in our hands. Now was the time to have crushed for ever the freebooters of the desert—to have healed the plague-spot of Sindh. The two specifics, clemency and rigour, were in our hands. It sufficed to administer either well to have effected our object, but our political apothecary made a sad bungle of the case,—he mixed the two medicines so clumsily as to negative each. Here were a body of the most famous marauders of that region—men whose names inspired as much fear in their country as ever did that of Robin Hood or Rob Roy in our own merry land. Without them it was impossible that for years to come the banditti who yet remained free could offer any effectual resistance to our measures for the pacification of the country; but could we do more than remove them from the ranks of our antagonists—could we conciliate them and induce them to act with us, the whole matter would be at once settled. I believe that a Sikh governor would have hung up the whole party without further ceremony. I am quite sure that many of our European heroes, such as our friend Carlyle delighteth to worship, would have done the same—Wallenstein or Cromwell, for example. I am equally certain that Outram, or another I could name, would have made Bijjár and Bíbarak the firm friends of the English Government, and would have so won their confidence as to govern through them the

[5] This officer has been charged with deceiving the Biláchí Chief, as though he had given him a safe conduct, which was subsequently disregarded. The charge is utterly groundless. The paper given to Bijjár was in Persian, a language in which I have myself conversed with him. It only vouched for his life; so that there could have been no mistake on his part. That a different report may have been circulated among the natives, always eager to propagate stories to our discredit, is possible, nay, likely enough. The Marris seem to have heard such a report, and to have alluded to it in their communications with Major Brown, who commanded at Kában.

wild bands who called them chief. What was the plan adopted? Not one of all these—nay, a very pretty device, quite simple and effectual in its way—to bait the bear well and then slip the chain—that was the plan. In fact, the whole party, with the exception of Bijjár and Bíbarak, were put in irons, dragged about like common malefactors insulted, goaded, driven to fury, made our irreconcileable enemies, and then let loose to wreak their vengeance on us. The thing is so monstrous in its folly, that it will scarce be credited; yet it is true,—plain, sad earnest. Take one specimen of the means employed to make those robbers into honest men. Among them, most notorious for his sanguinary deeds and desperate courage, for the merciless hand and eye that knew not pity, was Jání the son of Kambar. He was the foremost of the Jakrání tribe, who, originally Jakkra Sindhis, had raised themselves by their daring acts to the rank of Bilúchís. I had heard so much of him, that after Bijjár he was the first man I looked for when the chiefs surrendered. There could not be a doubt of the man, it was quite easy to select him from the crowd. Many were there of loftier stature, and more powerful frame, but not one in whom the desperado was so clearly marked; his large bold flashing eye and impatient gestures told you it was no counsel of his that brought him there. His tribe followed Bijjár, and acknowledged him as superior even to their own chiefs, Daryá Khán and Turk Alí.

The compliance with their wishes, Jání had put himself into the hands of the Faringi, but he did not attempt to disguise his hate. His sword was still crimsoned with blood up to the very hilt, and several notches in the centre of the blade with human hair adhering to them, shewed the manner in which it had been used; he did not seek to conceal this, but showed it at once with a laugh, at the same time relating the history of the stains.

A day or two before the horse of a trooper belonging to a squadron of cavalry, who were in pursuit of Jání, had died in the desert. Four men were sent to bring away the saddle and accoutrements. Jání, whose black mare was famous for its speed, came upon them with a small band of Bilúchís. Our troopers fled; three were cut down in their flight; the fourth escaped, but a huge slash in the hinder quarter of his horse attested the imminence of the rider's peril. Well, this fierce, bold Jání—what was to be done with him? His hands were red with the blood of our men. It was at first decided that he should be a prisoner for life. I received an order to put him in irons, and send him to work on the roads with the felons who were confined at Shikárpore. I sent for him, and told him his sentence. It was well for those who stood near that his sword had been taken from him. He made a desperate effort to rush forward, and I think I should have come in for an unpleasant knock or two (quite undeserved, for the sentence was none of mine), but three or four men threw themselves upon him. He was carried off struggling with the fury of a wild beast, and the irons were put on. Every day Jání was marched out to labour, and every day came the Havaldar to me with a complaint that labour he would not. Instead of working, one of his fellow-prisoners—such was the terror of his name—carried a piece of cloth, on which, as soon as the others began their daily task,

Jání seated himself with all the dignity of an inspector. I sent for the recusant and expostulated with him (all the time, in my heart, admiring the man's audacity); I told him that if he persisted in refusing to work there was no chance of a mitigation of his sentence. "Hang me," was his answer, "kill me in any way you like, but never will I put hand of mine to your drudgery." A very puzzling answer,—I was as much at a nonplus as Mr. Bumble, when Oliver Twist told him through the keyhole that he was not afraid. There is no doing anything in the way of severity with a man who is not afraid. A different course must be adopted,—a course I would have gladly followed. It was, indeed, at last adopted, but too late.

After a long imprisonment a letter came to me, on the back of which was scrawled, "Release Jání, and let him go where he likes;" words easily written, and for every letter of which went the life of a man. His fetters were taken off, he was admonished, and was free, and in three days he murdered a Dafadár and eight of our horsemen. Such were the first fruits of his penitence. But his own end was at hand,—an end worthy of his life. He had always been notorious for intrigues; he had a liaison with the wife of Bilúch Khán, the Lehri chief. During one of his visits to the fair culprit, the husband received intelligence of his dishonour. Jání was armed—to attack him was a business of danger; the affair was quietly managed. The doors of the house were fastened and the roof taken off. A shower of stones from above soon changed the slumber of the guilty pair into the long sleep of death. But the way in which Jání was treated by us did not pain me so much as the measures enforced against the others—his fellow captives. He was a merciless, ruthless ruffian, and received but the reward of his crimes; but Bijjár's family were a different order of beings. Cruel, perhaps, they were, and indifferent to blood; their creed, the social or rather the unsocial-condition in which they were born, had made them so; but they had in them the seeds of better things. There was much that was noble in Bijár himself, in Mundú Khán, his brother, in Vazir Khán his son, and others of his family. Had they been wisely handled I am certain they would not have deceived us; but to manacle such men as these, to sell their arms and horses, and then to release them, was downright insanity. All that was in my power, to give time for the reconsideration of these most impolitic measures, was done. The order for manacling these prisoners was delayed, and a reference made to the authority from whom the order emanated; but a more peremptory injunction left me no alternative. Formerly service had been offered to Bijjár, with three thousand rupees a month for his pay. The case was now altered indeed. "Saheb," he said to me one day, "kismat i man chunin ast," "It is my destiny." Bíbárak was not so patient. He was ordered to write to his son Islam Khán to come in; but he altogether refused, and vented his indignation in loud complaints. He was a strange old man, that Bíbárak; I delighted to talk with him when an opportunity offered, and was amused by his curious replies. He was the youngest old man I have ever seen, surely some fairy hand had given him a draught of the elixir of life; he did not look above forty—his hair was very long, of a dark brown, and his hazel eyes were bright as diamonds.

On the 8th of February the arms and horses of the Dumki and Jakráni prisoners were sold. With the exception of Bijjár and Darya Khán, they had brought very inferior steeds into Shikárpore; they were in fact, the majority at least, mounted on ragged-looking galloways, very fleet and hardy, but too small and weak to render their riders an equal match for our horsemen. Their arms consisted of some shabby matchlocks, shields, or rather targets of the rhinoceros' hide, and broad and trenchant swords. At the sword, indeed, the Bilúchís are no mean proficients; it is well known that a common feat among them is to cut a sheep in two at one blow. The mares of Bijjár Khán and the Jakráni leader were large, bony, and powerful animals; that of the former was sold for 210 rupees, and that of the latter for 400. Bijjár's seemed very quiet, and was sent to Bombay for a brood mare; but the other was one of the most fiery, unmanageable creatures I ever beheld; it was first purchased by an officer, who admired it much, but never could prevail on himself to make actual experiment of its qualities as a roadster. For some days it was brought, exercised with the cavesson, taken back to the stable, soothed, humoured—all in vain. Spite of all this, there was an unpleasant snorting, arched crest, and fiery air about it, which said very plainly, "I am a wild horse for a wild rider—if you care for your neck it were wise not to try me." At last Alaf Khán Tehrín, who liked a charger with plenty of the devil in him, said he would buy it. The bargain was soon concluded, and Darya Khán's mare once more felt a rider on her back. It was not, however, without a struggle and a little ingenuity that he mounted. He took her into a narrow path between two walls, where she could not get away, and then leaped on her back. He had not time, however, to boast much of his success; soon as she felt the weight, up she went straight into the air, then lashed out furiously with her hind legs, and after two or three terrific plunges, fairly hurled the strong man over her head. Bruised as he was, he was up again in a moment, and once more mounted; and this time, thinking perhaps she had tested his mettle sufficiently, she was quiet enough. Indeed she was a noble animal, and Alaf Khán used to exult in her mad caprices, often saying to me "When I mount that mare I feel I have the pride of the Jakránís under me." Upon Darya Khan's restoration to liberty, however, he was compelled to restore her, and the purchase-money was refunded to him by Government.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF SARTAF, AND DEATH OF WALPOLE CLARKE—AMIEL'S VAIN PURSUIT OF THE KALPARS—MUHAMMAD SHERIF, THE NAIB OF KATCHI—MISMANAGEMENT OF THAT PROVINCE THE SINDHI ALPHABET—DUBIOUS EPISTLES.

People in England have a pleasant idea of May; the very word conjures up visions of bright green fields, and children picking cowslips and hawthorns with their white and red flowers, smelling all wooingly. My mind, alas! had been quite disabused of these fantasies long enough. It wanted not the creaking pankah; pulled by a respectable old gentleman in a white turband and brown face; nor the darkened room and ceaseless revolutions of the Thermantidote, to admonish me that my May was quite a different thing from the laughing, blithesome May of Old England. I was meekly exuding in a temperature of 96°, when a tall young officer walked in and shook my hand. 'Well, Clarke," I said, "what can bring you out in this villainous weather, which is enough to melt one's head, even if it were made of cast iron and faced with granite?" "Oh," he said, "I am ordered into the Marri Hills, to escort a convoy. I do not feel at all well—in fact I have had fever for the last three days—nor is it my turn for duty; but I shall say nothing about that." He asked for guides—I gave them, and we parted. A few days afterwards, I was lying ill with fever, shivering beneath a pile of blankets, when my curtains were drawn—"Bad news! Clarke is killed, and the whole of his detachment cut up—not a man of them has escaped!" So indeed it was—the brave heart that beat so high was now cold in death. Long afterwards I obtained an account of this fatal affair, from Abdullah and others who had been present. Clarke had, they said, told some Bilúchís that he was going to Káhan, and that, if Dodah Marri wished to encounter him, he might. The message was a rash one, if really sent, but I doubt the accuracy of my informant, as to this point, knowing well that Clarke was

κόμπον ἐν χερῶν ἔχων,

and not given to vaunt in words. Be that, however, as it may, the Marris waylaid our detachment on their return from Kahan, encumbered, as usual, with a long line of camels. Clarke saw the hills in rear, and in front covered with armed men. He sate down to his last meal; eat with the same composure as he would have done with no enemy in sight, and then rose up to die. He drew up his men on a steep ascent, at a place called Sartáf (probably equivalent to Sir-i-áb, Water-spring), from which he several times repelled the fierce onslaughts of the Bilúchís; but at last a body of them came down in his rear from a still higher eminence. After a gallant struggle he was thrown on the ground and his throat gashed with a knife of the sort that all Biláchís wear in their girdles for such gentle deeds as these, or for the more common-place

business of their meals. Of the force under his command—about 160 men—only the irregular horse—between thirty and forty in number—escaped, and six or seven sipáhis, most of whom were wounded. Months after a Sindhi brought me my poor friend's keys, and some other trifles from his baggage, and his trousers covered with blood were found in the cleft of a rock. This was the first severe loss we suffered coupled with defeat, since our army crossed the Indus; the effect was great, and the Marris were elated with success, and thenceforth no detachment could enter the hills without danger. The sipáhis, when ordered on service in that direction evidently considered they were about to take the shortest road to the country of Yama (Death). Going to Takka, as they called the hills, was with them equivalent to ès Kópakas, and they forthwith deposited their savings with some friend, or in the treasury, for transmission to their families. About the same time with Sartáf happened another untoward event. Amiel received intelligence of an intended foray by the Kalpar Bugtis, a tribe inhabiting the hills to the east of the Marri country, and notorious robbers. He determined to pursue them, and, with about eighty horse, commanded by himself and Lieutenant Vardon, and with Yárú Kosah as guide, he started, as evening fell, for the place where the marauders were said to be encamped with their booty. They rode all night; day dawned and shewed them—not the enemy, but an interminable expanse of sandy desert. Nor does day advance there with the tardy steps with which in more fortunate climes it moves gradually on. At once it bursts red, fierce, intolerable, over the waste. The eye grows dizzy, and the ear sings with heat. None but the robber of the desert can endure the fiery trial. He, born amid these arid solitudes, is brought up from his childhood to bear fatigue and thirst. The Bilúchís, of all men, can longest endure the want of water. On their most distant forays they drink but once, and never during the heat of the day.[6] They undergo, in fact, a discipline of the most rigorous kind, and those who would cope with them must undergo it too. But no European can ever hope so to change his nature as to match them in hardihood. With the crown of the head bare, and a long roll of cotton cloth twisted loosely round his temples, on a wooden saddle of excruciating hardness, and mounted on a small, lean, ill-favoured, but indomitable, mare, whose pace, except when put out, is a villainous short rough trot.—the Bilúchí rides on, and on fifty, sixty, nay, seventy miles without a halt. On one occasion, when a small party, going to join Sir J. Keane's force, had lost half their number between Shikárpore and Barshori, in consequence of the Bilúchí guide taking them an enormous distance at once, the latter was asked why he had not shown the unfortunates a place to rest, there being several on the road. How could I tell?" was the answer; "my horse and myself are quite fresh; I thought they liked it." But *revenons à nos moutons*, and to Amiel's horsemen, who, as the sun rose, lost all power of proceeding. Cries for water were heard on all sides. Some lost their way or were left behind, where they perished miserably. The object of the expedition was forgotten; the only thought was to get back in safety. There cannot be a doubt that the whole detachment was now at the mercy of

[6] They are, however, much addicted to the use of Bhang, a decoction of hemp, which is a powerful stimulant, and which, strange to say, unlike opium or ardent liquors, leaves scarcely any perceptible lassitude when its effect is spent.

the guide, Yárú. Had he ridden off or kept them an hour or two longer in the desert, every man would have succumbed. But Yárú, though, perhaps, he had no mind to betray his former friends, the Bugtis, was not disposed to lose the pay he received monthly from our Government. He conducted Amiel to a muddy pool, known only to the free-booters of the desert, and this supply of water enabled the detachment to regain the place whence they had started. At the sight of the water, which was black, dirty, and of an offensive smell, the whole body-horses and men—rushed headlong into it, throwing themselves down in it, and fighting with one another for the precious draught. Thus ended the attempt, and a few days after three horses and their riders were found dead, stiff, and stark, in the desert, but a few miles from the Shikárpore border—sad memorials of the failure. Others who had dropped from their saddles were sought for, and brought in delirious. As usual in such cases, all voices were loud against poor Yárú. He was sent into Shikárpore a prisoner. His execution was demanded. I was commissioned to take the depositions against him; and I was glad that the duty devolved upon me, for I felt no bias against him. Do we not expect too much when we call upon those who enter our service to betray their brethren to a cruel death or to bonds? On the evidence being taken nothing was elicited to show that Yárú had intentionally led our men out of their way. He understood scarce a word that was said to him. He was not the person who had given intelligence of the marauders. It is very probable that he could not have found them, had he used his best exertions. He himself said that the order to turn back was given before the party had got two thirds of the distance to where it was likely the robbers were. Yárú, in short, was acquitted, and afterwards did good service.

The hot season of 1840 had now fully set in, and a great change had come over our position beyond the Indus. The preceding year closed with the complete success of our Cábul expedition. The Shah was seated on the throne of his ancestors; the Chiefs of Candahár, and their more formidable brother, Dost Muhammad, had fled; Mihrab Khán, of Khelát, had expiated his hostility to us with his blood; and lastly, the Chiefs of the marauding Bilúchís had surrendered at discretion, and were now our prisoners. We had conquered a vast country; the more difficult task remained to keep it. Yet with prudence we might—yes, might easily—have held it. But every step was now a downward one. We ascended the political ladder only to show how nimbly we could come down it. In the first place, we withdrew our army too soon; leave on private affairs was freely given to all in the regiments that remained who applied for it. The Afgháns and Bilúchís began to count our scanty numbers: they were ashamed to be kept down by a handful of men. Then came the disaster at Sartáf-detachments, it was proved, were not able to cope with the Hill tribes, when that under Clarke had been so utterly destroyed; regiments were required, but where were they to be found in Sindh, unless we chose to abandon our depôts, Sakkar and Shikárpore. In the meantime, our political chief was enjoying the cool breezes of Simla, many hundred miles distant from the scene of war, whence, nevertheless, he, like a second Jove from snow-capt Olympus, swayed the counsels of our inferior world. The assistant who was left in charge of the

agency was compelled to refer all matters of any moment to his absent superior, and it was weeks before the answer arrived: add to this, that he was quite ignorant of the language, and obliged to trust for his information to a designing and venal Munshí. It is true he was an able officer, and possessed excellent natural abilities, but his whole conduct was framed on the principle of non-conciliation, and then no man who swallows from one to two dozen bottles of beer per diem can always scrutinize with sufficient exactness the infinitesimal limits of the expedient and inexpedient. Under such circumstances, it required no "Angel's ken" to see that disasters were at hand. Loveday left at Khelát with thirty sipáhis, began to write for succours; Káhan was now beleaguered. I commenced a series of letters to the Secretariat at Bombay, in which I pointed out, as far as I was able, our mistakes and the remedies. Among the most flagrant of our errors, was the nomination of a most notorious traitor and renegade to be Governor of the province of Katchi.

The English rule is a model of justice. There is no prosopolepsy in it; no respect of persons. All men are equal, and have equal rights. There ought to be no disqualification for office; let no one think such maxims mere sound—let them be exemplified; pick out a bright glaring example, one that shall catch the eye. The English have conquered a new province—the province of Katchi—nominally for the Sháh, but if the truth must out, really for themselves. However, let that pass, they have a new country, and they want a Governor;—so, to exemplify our maxim above, and shew that no man's claim for promotion will be disregarded; they choose a man whose claims are not only least, but have a clear well-defined negative sign against them. Did any one inquire who Muhammad Sherif was, when he was appointed Governor of Katchi? If so, Truth answered, "He was Governor of the districts of Harrand and Dájel for Mihráb Khán of Khelát, and sold them to Ranjit Singh. He is a man not more feared than hated, has no objection to any master, as he will betray all alike; is indifferent to salary, as he will squeeze the uttermost penny from those he governs, whether his pay be large or small; claims descent from the Prophet, and may well have his claim allowed, for, like Muhammad, he has wrought one miracle, and only one—made men trust him." Such was the man who, by some monstrous infatuation, was selected for our Viceroy in Katchi. He was not troubled with the presence of any European officer to control his operations; he was left to himself to weave the web of his machinations at his own convenience, and he soon laid the foundation of that extensive rebellion, which ended in the expulsion of Sháh Nawáz from Khelat; the death of Loveday, and the pillage of Katchi. He had taken an early opportunity of paying his respects at the Agency, where I met him. In appearance he was handsome, of a tall majestic figure, and with a magnificent black beard; but he seldom looked one in the face, and when he did there was a very unpleasant sinister expression in his eye. His words, however, were plausible, and he soon obtained great influence at head quarters. An unceasing correspondence was carried on between him and the principal Munshí Trebania Sahá. It was quite evident they rowed in the same boat, and in the sequel in the same craft together they both sank. I do not know whether it was at the recommendation of this

worthy or not, but one of our first measures on taking Katchi was to seize all Jágír lands, granted by preceding governments for services formerly rendered. It happened that the year was one of great scarcity; it may be imagined, therefore, how such a proceeding was relished. Among those whose lands were thus seized were Kamál Khán Iltazye, the brother-in-law of Shah Naváz; Rahím Khán Mengal, whose father, Wali Muhammad, was killed at the storming of Khelát; Æsa Khán Mengal, Atá Khán, and other chiefs of the greatest power and influence among the Bráhúis. Some of them passed through Shikárpore to petition at Sakkar for a restoration of their rights. I was aware of their coming and their objects, and wrote as strong a letter as I could urging their claims. They were, however, kept waiting many days before they could obtain an audience, and at last dismissed uncourteously with a refusal. I have not the least doubt that Muhammad Sherif was at the bottom of this, and that he hoped in this manner to form a league of the aggrieved chiefs against us. If such was his aim, it was fully realized, for the very men who returned to the hills sullen and dejected at the refusal of their applications for the lands they lately possessed were soon at the head of a body of several thousand insurgents. But our policy was not satisfied with only kindling an insurrection, it was necessary to provide fuel for the fire. The revenue in these trans-Indine provinces is usually taken in kind; vast magazines of grain were accordingly collected by Muhammad Sherif, and stored up at Gandáva, Kotru, and Dádar, places conveniently situated for the advancing Brahui insurgents, and totally indefensible, being either altogether without garrison, or, as in the case of Dádar, protected only by detachments. But while such things were going on, what were the political agents about? I can only say that my own position was a most painful one. It was that of watching a game of chess ill played—one saw the bad moves and the good, but had no voice. Our duties, too, were so onerous and heterogeneous that we had not time to do more than write an occasional remonstrance to our Chief. The supervision of a large Treasury, a crowded Gaol, and a Post-office, through which hundreds of letters and parcels were forwarded daily, was quite enough to stop one from being over meditative. An elaborate report of all the villages in Upper Sindh, with the names of the owners, and amount of revenue collected—a Price Current of every article sold in the Shikarpore market and a Vocabulary of the Sindhi language, comprising four or five thousand words, every one of which was discussed by several Munshís, were part of my own works of supererogation. In preparing the Vocabulary, I, of course, had to learn the character, which has this peculiarity, that only initial vowels (with a very few exceptions,) are written consequently, there is the greatest difficulty in decyphering writings, for only the consonants appear, and you must insert the vowels as you think will best suit the sense. Thus, the word *Pirin*, "beloved," is written exactly like *pare*, "beyond," for only the *p* and the *r* are represented. The consequence of such an elliptical mode of writing is, that even the natives make egregious blunders in extracting the pith of the queer little epistles with which their correspondents favour them. A merchant, for instance, is said to have received a letter from a friend in Rájpútáná, whither his son had gone. Not being very quick at making out handwriting, he asked an acquaintance to help him; who interpreted it in such a manner as to make it an announcement of his

son's death. The poor father threw dust on his head, howled piteously, and collected a crowd about him, "Alas! he cried, he was my only son!" One of the bystanders, much moved by his distress, asked to see the letter. "Pshaw," said he after looking at it, "There is nothing about death here your son has taken a wife—he is happily married." Now, said the father, I am worse off than ever, for I know not whether to laugh or cry.

They tell, too, of a man who paid one of these scribes, a non scribendo, to write a letter for him. When it reached its destination, no one could make out a word of it, except the name of the person who sent it. In process of time it was returned, and he who sent it, took it in a rage to the penman, and told him it was returned as unreadable. "Like enough," quoth the other, "I cannot read it myself: you paid me to write, not to read." This savours, no doubt, of Joe Miller; if any one thinks so, let him believe that that which might fairly be reckoned as one of Joe's offspring, in lands where people do sometimes write intelligibly, is an undoubted child of truth in Shikarpore.

As, however, it was of the greatest importance that we should know what the rates of exchange really were each day in the native market, I was resolved to overcome the difficulty of reading letters, and worked incessantly until I could defy our native accountant to impose upon me. One fruit of this was, that while the Company lost 10 percent by the bills drawn at Candahár, they gained 1 percent by those drawn at Shikárpore; a gain which in the course of the year amounted to many thousand rupees.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIR OF SIRHIND—AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY—A TROUBLESOME GUEST—REVOLT IN SHAL—REFLECTIONS THEREON—ABDULLAH KAHIRI'S REPORT—A BUILDING EXCURSION IN THE DESERT.

Or what use are Saints? Dead, perhaps they are not of much avail, but Saints in the East are living as well as dead, and those who are still incorporate, are of use.

Suppose that a merchant is about to travel into a distant and dangerous country, and that he has a daughter whom he dares not take with him, and fears to leave behind. He forthwith seeks out some Pír, or Holy Man, to whose wives he entrusts his child, and may then set forth on his journey free from care, knowing that none will dare to violate the seclusion of the sacred Haram. So, too, with treasure-deposit it with a Pír, and it will remain safe and untouched. Thus your Eastern Saints are in these days what Delphi and Olympia were to the Greeks—what monasteries and abbeys were to our forefathers: bankers who pay no interest it is true, but do not absorb and ingurgitate your principal. One morning a beautiful Persian book was brought to me, and the bearer said the Pír of Sirhind had sent it, and wished to make my acquaintance: I returned my salutation, and he visited me. Fida Mahi Uddín, for such was his name, was descended from Abu Bakr, one of the four friends of the Prophet. There was a dignity in his manner, devoid of all affectation, which would have become His Holiness the Pope himself. He had resided in Hindustán, spoke well of our rule, but without flattery, and conversed most agreeably on the manners and history of the Sindhians and Afgháns. It is gross bigotry to suppose that these leaders of the Moslem faith, are not often sincere, well-meaning, men according to their light, which, dim as it is, is sometimes better used than the brighter beams which are shed on us.

One of these Pírs, celebrated for his strict adherence to the faith, visited the Amírs of Hyderabad but a few years before our invasion, Something was done in his presence which is forbidden in the Kurán. He immediately quitted the room, hastily packed up his things, and was soon en route for his own country. The Amírs sent messages, presents—all in vain. "Tell your masters," was his reply, "that I would never enter their house again, though they would purchase my return with all the wealth they possess."

A few minutes after the Pír left me, came an old woman, uttering doleful cries, tearing her hair, and invoking all the Prophets and Saints to see justice done to her. I felt much scandalized on finding my own name mixed up in her vociferations in a manner which appeared to be not that of laudation. Truly thought I, "it is as well the Holy Man is gone, or he would have been greatly edified. What can I have done to vex the old lady? I never remember to have seen her ill-omened visage before in my life." Any one who has

been accustomed to hear complaints in India, will know how difficult it is to get the complainant to state what is really the matter. In other regions the desirable thing is, that the guilty party should make a clean breast—here, the desire for the sufferer himself to narrate his wrongs, is quite as obstinately opposed. At length I learned that a carpenter in my employ had cut down a tree belonging to the aged dame. She vowed that it was a tree of trees, that it was as dear to her as her eyes—that it was her shelter by day, and that she slept under it at night—that she had clasped it in her arms to save it from being felled. I waxed much in wrath with the carpenter, sent for him, and rebuked him very sternly. The man laughed, and merely said, "Come and see it." I gave the old woman money, and in the evening went to inspect her favourite, which turned out to be a dry log, in which life had long been extinct, and which had been only valuable as a lever by which to extract money from the Faringi. "Well," said I, "let her keep the money, she deserves it for acting so well." But a troublesome old Sindhi woman was, indeed, a mild annoyance, compared with the plague that some of our own underlings were to us. Commend me to a drunken European clerk if you want to have your temper tried. For example—A brother Political wrote to me that a Mr.——would pass through Shikárpore on such a day to join his office, and that I was to furnish him with lodging, and anything he required for his journey. On the said person's arriving he waited on me, and I was quite pre-possessed by his appearance. He seemed to possess manners and address superior to his present situation. I sent for his things, allotted him a tent, and introduced him to a Risalahdár, who commanded a body of horse, encamped close by, and some of whose men were to escort the new comer on his journey the next morning.

In the night there was a very tolerable amount of noise—people were constantly hurrying about. I sent two or three times to ask if there was aught the matter.

At daylight the Risalahdár came with a grave face and said that the Saheb who had arrived the night before, was a man of unpleasant habits. On going to his tent he had spent some hours in drinking, after which he sallied forth with a drawn sword, and amused himself with chasing the servants about, until some of the horsemen, on his falling over the tent-ropes, managed to get the sword out of his hand. I wrote an account of the night's divertissement, and sent it with the whimsical gentleman himself to his master.

My friend thought he should be able to reform him, but after a month's trial, sent him back in despair, and the end of it was, that he was transmitted to Sakkar, bound hand and foot, after he had bitten the native Treasurer through the arm, on which occasion the gravity of that functionary quite forsook him, and he roared in a very dismal and moving manner.

The burning heat of July had now arrived. I slept with a pankah swinging over me, within a few inches of my nose, and if ever the drowsy god weighed down the eye-lids

of the man who pulled this pankah, causing its stoppage, I awoke. One night, being thus roused from a short, fitful sleep, I got up and tumbled over a native servant, who lay on the ground near me. "Is there is there any air," I said desperately. "If there is," said he, "I haven't got it." I rushed into the garden to see if I could breathe there. Of two English officers who were stopping with me, one was sitting up to his chin among the green corn, by way of cooling himself—the other was pacing up and down under some trees. None of us closed our eyes for the rest of the night. The atmosphere was so thick, one fancied it might have been cut with a knife, and longed to cut and hack it too, out of mere spite. A regiment, which was ordered to march to Shikárpore, from a distance of little more than twenty miles, was utterly disorganised in the two nights it was en route. Some men threw themselves into the canals, others went mad, and numbers were stricken down with fever. It was in such a time that our impolitic treatment of the Brahúis and Hill Bilúchís bore fruit.

On the 24th of June, Seálkote was attacked by the Kákars, who were, however, repulsed with the loss of sixty men. A party of twenty sipáhis, under a Havaldár, and escorting Ghuláim Husain, Lieut. Loveday's Munshi, were attacked at Mústung, and cut off to a man. Letters reached me from Khelát from Lieut. Loveday, and the brothers Shah Nawáz and Fateh Khán, representing that the tribes were up in arms against them, under the Chiefs whose lands we had seized that they feared treachery among their own party, and that unless succour was despatched, Khelát would, probably, soon be in the hands of the enemy. I must own I was much grieved, but little surprised, at this intelligence. From the moment the 31st Regiment, which had been left to garrison Khelát, was—by whose authority I know not—recalled from it, it was quite clear that Shah Nawaz would be unable to make head against the disaffection which was rapidly augmenting. From the first, however, I thought we did right in setting up Sháh Nawaz, and I think so still, in spite of the abuse that has been heaped on this measure.

After the storm of Khelát and the death of Mihrab, would it not have been a bold experiment to have set his son on the throne? In Persia it may have answered to flay an unjust judge, and make a *prie-Dieu* chair for his successor with the skin, but I am not quite sure whether, in general, sons are rendered more loyal and stedfast by shooting their fathers. All princes do not imitate the virtuous Mary in the childish glee with which she ran through the palace from which her father, our second James, had been ousted. Nasír Khan, it might reasonably have been expected, would have remembered rather the sword which made him an orphan, than the hand from which he received a diadem. Let no one believe that though, when after several bloody conflicts, we abandoned the country, Nasír showed a smiling countenance to us, he really ceased to look on us as enemies. But our mistake with regard to Shah Nawaz was not in placing him on the throne, but in denying him support when there. Or if it be said that such aid would have involved us in too much expense; that, unless Nawáz could maintain himself by his own efforts, the hearts of his people were not with him, then at least we should have given him a fair trial by himself, and not interfered with his rule by

detaching from him the province of Katchi and stationing an Agent and a small body of sipáhis at his capital. This inflicted on him the odium of our alliance without its substantial advantages. But we did worse than this, as has been before shewn, we raised up enemies against Shah Nawaz, even in his own family, by confiscating the lands of his brother-in-law, Kamal Khan Iltazye. In point of heirship the claim of Nawaz was quite equal with that of Nasir to the throne of Khelát. Their fathers had been litigants for it, as the sons now were, and the father of Nawaz had been cruelly and traitorously murdered by Mihráb. Nawáz was approved by Shah Shuja, who was the Lord Paramount, and had always been recognized by the Amírs of Sindh, insomuch that he was supported by them in exile and treated as a prince. Be that, however, as it may, the British Government had made Nawáz, Khán of Khelát, and I maintain that it was the height or depth (phrase it how you will) of turpitude to abandon him in his distress. There is no one thing which has more sapped our power in the East than the belief which is daily gaining strength, that the English are not staunch friends—that a valiant enemy will win from them more than a submissive ally. Lord Ellenborough saw this, and, I am persuaded, did more for us by rewarding Bháwal Khán in the manner he did than twenty bloody victories would effect.

Our empire in India is to be maintained in the same way as it was first acquired, in the way in which Rome contrived to sway the world, by making powerful those who support us, and carrying them through all opposition. But with the exception of Bhawal Khán, where are those who were a few years ago our allies? Where is the Sháh?—where Nawaz Khán?—where Mírs Rustám and Sobdár?—where are the chiefs who, in Afghánistán, drew their swords in our cause against their own tribe? All slain or exiled, and in their places sit those who opposed us from the first. In truth it is no very gratifying reflection. Even a Musalmán might say "I would rather be the Faringi's pig than his friend." Poor Loveday wrote to me that he was sure he and his party would be cut off, but that he was resolved rather to die than leave his post. I wrote to the Agent at Sakkar, and begged that a regiment might be sent up the Gandáva Pass without delay. He replied that no one had any authority to move troops without a reference to our Chief at Simla. I offered to take the responsibility on my own head if he would support my application to the Brigadier in command. To this no answer was returned; and occasion—which was now offering to us her fore-lock-glided away, and we strove in vain afterwards to catch the close-shorn backhead which she presented to us in her flight. About this time Abdullah Káhiri, our guide in the Hill expeditions, paid me a visit. He had news of the beleaguered Káhan. "The Marrís," said he, "are fortifying the road by Lehri and Nafushk." "Are they in strength?" I asked. "So strong," said he, "that they will beat back five hundred of your men. If you send a thousand, you may succeed; but even then it will not be without fighting." He named the chiefs he heard were assembled to prevent our relieving Kahan. I immediately took Abdullah before another political officer, and made him repeat all he had said. I could not find a person who would give any credence to the information. Every one laughed at the idea of the Marrís fighting a whole regiment.

On the 24th of July we had heavy rain with thunder and lightning, which cooled the air a little.

In the beginning of August I went into Sakkar. I found Brigadier S. dying, at the Agency, of water on the brain. A blister had reduced the oppression somewhat. He was supported up in his bed. "When I am better," he said, "I do not know whether I shall go to Simla or to Carráchi; which, doctor, do you think will suit me best?" "Perhaps Carráchi," said the doctor. When we left the room the doctor said, "He will be dead before to-morrow morning." And so it was. The next evening I attended his funeral. It was a sad, sad sight. There were several graves of officers near the spot where he was to be laid. The jackals had made great holes in their burrowing to get to the bodies. The firing party, by some strange mistake, fired away from, stead of over, the coffin. The service was read by an officer in an indistinct, hurried tone, and that noble chapter of the 1st Corinthians awakened no response in the hearts of those who stood by. "Let me die," thought I, "in my own land, and not among the heathen, who know not the hope of Christ."

On the 12th of August I returned to Shikárpore. Clibborn's force—consisting of the 1st Grenadiers, two hundred and fifty Horse, the Light Company of the 2nd Grenadiers, and some artillery—passed through en route for Kahan. It had been proposed to send two companies of Europeans with him, and a whole wing of the 2nd Grenadiers. "You had better take them," I said, as we stood on the steps of the Agency; "I am sure you will have hard fighting." "I shan't want them," he said; "the Bilúchís will never stand." I wrote an official application, offering to go with the force, and received for answer—that I was wanted where I was. My mind misgave me when I saw the way in which the enemy were underrated, and when I beheld the great string of camels the troops had with them. Among the officers was an Irishman of gigantic stature, six feet five inches high, and of Herculean proportions. His temper was not absolutely one of silk. He wanted some camels, and I sent the Dárógah, or Mayor of Shikárpore, to him to inquire after and supply his wants. The little Persian came back shaking in every limb. "Wah! Saheb," he said, "you have sent me to an Afrít,—a monster, and no man. I entreat you, Saheb, get the camels yourself for him, and let me be clear of this raging lion."

On the 14th I received a letter from Loveday, giving the news of the fall of Khelat, after a smart resistance. "With a couple of hundred sipáhis," he said, "the Khán and his brother would have baffled all attacks, but they were betrayed by their own party." Shah Nawaz had shewn great courage, and had killed one of the assailants with his own hand.

I now received orders to set out for Dadar, and to erect at each station on the road a house for travellers, at the same time seeing that the wells were cleared out, so that on the advance of troops their halting places might be at least provided with a supply of

water. A few days were allowed to the workmen who were to attend me that they might make their arrangements, and meantime I paid a visit to Habib Ká Goté, the residence of the Pír of Sirhind. I found him living in a very comfortable house, with a garden which, for Sindh, was quite charming. He gave me a most delicious dinner on silver platters. I particularly admired the long Peshawar rice, a grain of which is three times the size of the ordinary kind, and which is so highly esteemed that Ranjit took part of the tribute of Peshawar in it, and used to make presents of it. After dinner a man with a clear sweet voice read the combat of Sohráb and Rustam in the Shah-námah, with much spirit. Afterwards we walked in the garden, and I returned to Shikárpore about midnight. It was very dark, and as we passed under the gate, my forehead encountered some woodwork, which laid me flat on the back of the camel, but luckily I did not fall, and still more luckily I had on an English jockey cap, thickly padded with cotton, which saved me from a fractured skull. Next day I was asked by Ibrahím Sháh, the Hyderabád minister, to a nách in what is called the Cázís garden. The Sindhian dancing girls are inferior to those I have seen in India. One whose name was "Moonbeam," (Mahtáb) was rather pretty; but, on the whole, there was no great risk of being fascinated.

On the 29th of August I left Shikárpore at midnight, and by five next morning reached a place called Janiderah, about twenty-four miles distant, where is a small half-ruined fort. Round it extends a vast plain, which for miles at this season of the year is clothed with a gigantic grain, the Jawárí, or Holcus sorgum. In no part of the world does this grain grow to such a gigantic height as here. Riding on a camel I found that it was still several feet above my head; and, in many places, it must have measured twenty feet from the ground. A tract of six or eight miles so covered, forms a fine lurking place for robbers, of which before many days I had good proof. Janiderah boasts of one solitary tree, a tree of tall stature, that seems to draw itself up in a very dignified and Dombey-like manner, in contempt of the puny things around. Innumerable birds take refuge in this solitary tree. I fired into it at hap-hazard, and killed with two shots eighty-four sparrows. This place is sometimes

visited with a furious tornado, or simúm, from the desert. The commander of Irregular Horse stationed at it told me that on one occasion he was two days without food,—the wind blowing the roofs of the houses in the fort away, and the air being so full of dust that it was impossible to cook anything. At one time, Canals from the Indus came up beyond Janiderah far into the desert. Then cultivation was carried on to a much greater extent, and many villages existed the very names of which are forgotten, while round the fort itself was a small town, in place of which is now a burial ground, populous with tombs. I set men to work to build a house for travellers, and next day went on eleven miles to Khángarh, where is a fort which, when Lord Keane's force passed up to Afghánistán, contained two hundred people, chiefly of the Kosah tribe. Some of them were said to have plundered our baggage, though the other Sindhis declare these Kosahs were innocent, and that the ill-deed was done by the Jakránís. Whatever the

truth may be, it is at least certain that the Fifth B.N.I. attacked the place. They had artillery with them, but the guns were too light, and, moreover, not very well served; for it is said the first shot missed the fort altogether, and that the defenders uttered a shout of derision. Meantime, those inside were not idle—a ball from a matchlock killed the Subedar Major of the attacking regiment, and some of the men were killed and wounded. Two young officers of the corps, who had never seen a shot fired before, now rushed on gallantly to the gate of the fort, ´and endeavoured to pull away the timber with which it was blocked up. One of them was wounded; the attempt, however, succeeded, and an entrance was effected. A great number of the Bilúchís were bayoneted—as many it has been said as one hundred and thirty—and the rest were sent prisoners to Shikárpore, where they were afterwards released. If the Kosahs were really guilty of the marauding imputed to them, they were terribly punished; for the place was utterly ruined, and remains, doubtless to this day, in ghastly keeping with the waste around.

After setting my gentlemen of the brick and mortar department to work, I prepared to start once more, not exactly for "fresh fields, and pastures new"—but rather for "fresh deserts, pastures none or few." As we rode along a few antelopes appeared in the distance. These were the only deer I ever saw to the West of the Indus. India, as is well known, swarms with them. At Rájkote it was my favourite amusement in my morning ride from camp, to gallop after them, when the frightened animals continually crossed and re-crossed before the horse. Had they gone straight away they would soon have been lost to sight, but owing to this trick of theirs, I have often nearly overtaken them. The place, however, I was now in, did not favour any supererogatory exercise, so I suffered the timid creatures to steal off unscared.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF NAFUSHK—RETREAT OF CLIBBORN'S FORCE—PROCEED TO BAGH—CRITICAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY—LEHRI—BURNING OF GANDAVA—RETURN TO SHIKARPORE.

My route was now to Dádar, but I was compelled to return to Janiderah, in order to get to my destination. Scarce had my tent been pitched, when my Munshí came to me with a face like that of him who "drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night." "Saheb," said he, "there are marvellous reports abroad here, 'tis said the sound of cannon was heard all yesterday; that Clibborn Saheb has fought a battle with the Marrís in the Hills; that the star of the Company was dim; that the Bilúchí villages are full of ears cut off from dead Faringis." "Munshi," I said, what dirt have they made you eat, that you believe such stuff as this: how could cannon in the Marri Hills be heard at this place, which is a hundred miles off? and how could any one get the news to-day, of a battle fought yesterday at such a distance? they have been laughing at your beard." So saying I dismissed my Munshí, and, with him, all thoughts of the battle; and went out to see how my 'deversorium,' or traveller's bungalow, was progressing.

"Hasten, slowly," is the motto of all Sindhis. I found in the day I had been absent not one single thing had been done. The head maistri, or builder, had discovered in the morning that some of the workmen had deserted with their advance of pay; whereupon he had abused those who remained, when a terrific altercation ensued, which was protracted to an interminable length from the circumstance of the belligerent parties having their thoughts divided between their pipes and the matter in dispute. A day's work lost (as my friends probably reflected) does the workman who loses it no great harm, when his monthly pay comes in all the same. Consequently, my Sindhis, after going through the whole mental process which precedes action, had somehow fallen short of action itself. Spite of their resentment against the head builder, they had probably decided that the *rélos*—the erection of the building for which they were receiving pay was a good one; then came the choice of means which, indeed, did not admit of a very extensive or embarrassing disquisition, seeing that the only materials procurable lay before them. They had, therefore, in all likelihood proceeded to volition; but this is a very nice and critical stage. If any one doubts it, let him turn to the Nicomachean Ethics, chapter 3. Here, therefore, I found my friends balancing in their minds, like children on a see—saw, as to whether they should begin or not, and I forthwith decided to remain a day or two to give them the benefit of my encouragement and superintendence. I soon got them to work, and though I was rather scandalised at the excessive caution with which one would lift a piece of wood of ten pounds weight, and the extraordinary interval of time which intervened before another, who had

withdrawn on justifiable grounds, made his re-appearance, still, the building had begun, and every one knows that it is the first step that counts.

Having halted for these reasons, I had soon cause to be glad that I had been delayed; for, next day, intelligence of the defeat of our troops at Nafushk reached me from quarters that there was no gainsaying. I transmitted my bad news to Shikárpore, and received, in return, directions to write to Major Clibborn, and advise him to halt at Lehri or Phúlaji, near the foot of the hills, until he could be reinforced or relieved. His force, however, he thought, was in no condition to stop. They had lost three of the four guns they had had with them, and their camels—four hundred in number, with all the baggage and treasure. Tentless, disspirited, a third of them wounded, their object was to get back to Shikárpore as fast as possible. On the other hand, the exhibition of a force which a few days previously, had marched up, full of confidence and martial ardour, to relieve their beleaguered comrades in Káhan—now returning with every token of discomfiture, was not one calculated to impress those we governed in Upper Sindh with a strong idea of the prosperous state of our affairs. On this ground the political authorities thought it would be wise in Major Clibborn to conceal his defeat as much as possible, and halt until the troops he commanded were brought into some order, more especially as this retreat would leave the wide space between Lehri and Shikárpore open to the inroads of the plundering Bilúchís.

I was not, however, suffered to remain long in doubt as to the course which, whether preferable or not, would be the one adopted. Stragglers began to arrive at Janiderah-way worn, and with that sullen, dejected look, which characterises defeat. Soon after came the main body, in plight, alas! how different from the gallant trim in which they had advanced. One tent was left, in which we sat down to mess. A third of the officers had fallen; several of those who survived were wounded. The discourse was, as may be supposed, of the late action. The story of it was a simple one. They had left Lehri without any expectation of being opposed. For the first three or four marches no enemy was seen; then a few Bilúchís showed themselves. The road through the hills was most difficult, the camels began to straggle some died; their loads, as usual, were crammed upon the others already sinking with their own burdens. Then came confusion; the enemy appeared in greater numbers and began to harass our men and impede the line of march. Several skirmishes took place, in one of which the officer who commanded the Púna Horse gallantly maintained a combat, sword in hand, with two powerful Bilúchís, and slew them both. Still the enemy grew bolder, and some baggage was carried off. The sun's heat, even then—the end of August—was so great, that several men died of *coup de soleil*;—among them the gigantic officer of Grenadiers who had so terrified the poor Dárógah at Shikárpore. The charge of bringing up the rear-guard had fallen to him. So craggy was the road that the last gun was not up at the halting-place till three P.M. That day's work killed the strong man. The feeble survived, while he whose arm-like that of *Front de Boeuf*—could have stricken down a bull, was, in an instant-dead, without a sign to shew where death had smitten him. The next march

brought the troops to a steep and roadless hill. The road, in fact, had been broken up. On the summit of the hill were seen the enemy in force. Beyond, at the distance of a few miles, was Káhan. To halt was impossible, where no water was to be obtained; to retreat, with the object of the expedition almost within grasp, was not to be thought of. A party prepared to force their way up the hill; the guns and howitzers were to clear the top for them. But the shells fell short, and as soon as the storming party—of whom forty were dismounted troopers—began to ascend, a sharp fire of match-locks opened upon them. Every one knows that, in such positions, the match-lock is more deadly than the musket; its range is longer, and those who use it take, in general, better aim than our sipáhis, The sipáhis fell fast. The officer who led was badly wounded; still he pressed on. He and one private were the only men who got almost to the top; for, when the detachment were little more than half way up, down rushed the Marrís;—with the fury of a mountain torrent they swept all before them. Every officer of the storming party was killed but one. He it was who, a few days before, had slain two of the enemy in single combat. It was now his turn to bleed. He was cut down, and his life only saved by his native A.D.C., who parried the next blow and shot the assailant, at the same time assisting L—— to regain his feet. His danger, however, was not over. A huge Bilúch pursued him, desperately wounded as he was, down to where the regiment had formed square, at the foot of the hill. His strength was but sufficient to carry him to one of the guns, close to which he fell, senseless. One of the gunners, thinking him dead, stood on his body as he fired the gun. Of the storming party not twenty were left, and the victorious Bilúchís with a large stone in one hand and a sword in the other—charged up to the muzzle of the guns. They hurled the stones in the faces of our men, who declared that this mode of attack was more formidable than it is possible to express. One most distinguished chief of the Marris actually thrust his shield against the mouth of a gun as it was about to be fired, and was blown away from it. Others seized the muskets of the sipáhis and threw themselves on the bayonets. They fought like madmen, or wild beasts, and so great was the peril of our troops that Major Clibborn himself wrote that "nothing but a fortunate discharge of grape saved the regiment, at the last moment, from complete destruction." When the enemy retired, the only thought left was how to retreat with as much speed as possible. But the men were dying of thirst. The guides stated that water might be got in the vicinity. It is but too probable that in saying this they told a deliberate falsehood,—with what object it is difficult to conjecture, for they themselves would have been put to the sword had they fallen into the hands of the enemy. A party, however, was sent in quest of the spring, were attacked by the Bilúchís, and almost all, except the guides, cut off. Itibár Khán, one of the guides, had mounted himself on a white horse, belonging to Major Clibborn, and on this he escaped. He had, however, according to his own account, availed himself of the lull that had taken place after the first attack, before he was sent with the water party, to go round and cut the throats of the Bilúchís lying on the ground, and among them that of Haibat Khán, a chief of note with whom he was at feud. The clothes, too, of the poor dying wretches were on fire, and burned like tinder, adding to their tortures. After Major Clibborn found that the party he had sent for water did not return, he ordered a retreat to the

previous day's halting-place. On the way there, and for days after, down to Lehri, our troops were pursued, stragglers killed, and the remaining baggage captured. Nor even at Janiderah were they quite free from annoyance. As we sat at mess a sipáhi came rushing in with his hand cut off. He had, that instant, been wounded. Two or three mounted Bilúchís had come upon him, as he had gone a few hundred yards from camp. He fled, and, as he held up his arm to save his head, one of his pursuers cut the hand clean in two. There was not the slightest jag or unevenness—a tolerable proof of the sharpness of the sword. The poor fellow seemed in great agony, and we all rushed out to see what had become of the Bilúchís. Several men mounted and rode along the edge of the Jawárí, which extended round us, but soon came back without having seen the robbers. Man is a laughing animal; in spite of the late disaster we had a hearty laugh at the doctor of the regiment, who, when some of the artillery-men were killed at Nafushk, gallantly assisted in serving one of the guns. He rammed down the charge with great vigour, but, for the life of him, could not get the rammer out again. Time was precious—the Bilúchís were making another charge and were almost up to the gun. The doctor's efforts became superhuman—still the rammer was immoveable. "Wriggle it about man," roared the officer, who was just going to fire. "I can't stir it." "Then mind yourself;" and the doctor had scarce time to tumble on one side when bang went the rammer and all close to him.

Next morning Clibborn's force left Janiderah for Shikárpore. Some of the camp followers (not the sipáhis, it is to be hoped) encountered a huge supply of beer on its way to the thirsty souls at Phúlaji and other grilling stations near the desert.

Acting on the reverse of Sidney's principle, and, doubtless, observing "My need is greater than thine," they quaffed off every bottle with most Christian relish and thankfulness. It was lucky I had no beer with me, or perchance my liquids would have gone in the same way. So ended our attempts to relieve Káhan. A Court of Inquiry was held upon Major Clibborn, and pronounced rather unfavourably of the judgment he displayed. They were called upon to re-consider their opinion, yet adhered to it and consequently fell all of them, somewhat unjustly, in my opinion, into—*mais laissons cela*. I shall only say it was lucky no Political accompanied the force. Poor devil! what Atlantean shoulders he would have required to bear the weight of infamy that would have been hurled upon him! Brigade-Major A. would have curled up his nose to an extent of scorn, painful even to himself, as he exclaimed, "It is all those damned Politicals." Adjutant B. would have caught up the cry, and every corner of the camp would have echoed with one unmelodious but harmonizing growl of "damned Politicals." Good truth! for my own part I should have been reminded of a certain squire, who, if any pious individual of his parish fell sick, or became unfortunate, or met with any accident whatsoever, had a general remark for the occasion, "It is all that damned religion."

Before leaving Janiderah, I had a visit from Rahmán, the robber, who now wore a gay lúngi or scarf, and was, *pro tem.*, an honest man in our service. Seeing that he had his famous black mare with him, I asked him to lend it to me for a day or two. He looked anything but pleased, but assented, and the next time I rode out I mounted the mare. She was a most powerful creature, and no doubt equal to immense distances, but her paces were rough, and she had an unpleasant trick of stopping as if she were listening, with her head on one side; there was no moving her till she had satisfied her curiosity. Ráhman was evidently very anxious to get her back, and would not hear of selling her, so I let him have her, and he went off with all expedition. Afterwards I learned that the next day had been fixed on by him and other Burdi robbers for a foray upon another tribe, which they executed, and carried off many head of cattle. No wonder the rogue was so anxious for his steed. Horses that have been ridden by natives are seldom agreeable to Europeans. They spoil their mouths and their paces, and teach them to show off by bounding and curvetting—a sort of display which looks well, but is the reverse of comfortable to the rider, unless he has been used to the hard wooden saddles of the native horsemen. On one occasion I had been much edified by the excessive springs and plunges which a handsome young Afghán cavalier was making his steed exhibit. I thought I should like to try the same amusement—so mounted, stuck in my spurs, and held in the animal's head in approved fashion. After one or two bounds, I began to find my seat was not of rose-leaves or velvet, and wished to stop, but my steed liked the fun better than I did, and jumped the higher the more I would have it desist. A very thin pair of sleeping drawers was all that intervened between my flesh and the hardest piece of wood that, I believe, was ever fashioned by man for the convenience, or rather excruciating inconvenience, of his fellow. "Plague take thee," thought I, as I at last succeeded in dismounting, "a rider should indeed be one of *metal* to sit in thy saddle." As I was starting for Roján, a letter reached me from Vardon, a cavalry officer in charge of Bagh, to the effect that the Brahúis were descending the Gandáva Pass in great force; that, in fact, they had several thousand horse, and a vast rabble of footmen. At Roján, which by a very slight twist of the Persian name, might be rendered "departing life," I halted a day to clear out the well. Such water as that well then held might have moved the springs of Harrowgate, or the stagnant pools of Tower Ditch, to bitter envy. On pumping it up, which we did with a Persian wheel, the effluvia defied approach. Possibly the carcases of several animals which we extracted from it, may have imparted to it that peculiar perfume which baffled the most subtle endeavours to make it accessible. Yet, after four-and-twenty hours drawing, it had almost lost its bad smell, and the rich green which formed its previous tint. I had some talk with the chief of the Jamális who resides at Roján. He told me his tribe had been dreadfully cut up by the Kalpar Búgtís in a night attack, and he himself had been wounded in many places. The next night I crossed the desert, which was quite hard and level, and, but for our guides, required the compass as much as the "waste of waters." About five miles from Roján is the tomb of a Seyyad, this is the only landmark in a long ride of more than thirty miles. When we were about half way across we saw sparks flying, a sign that matchlocks were not far off. My Jamáli guides rode on to reconnoitre, but presently returned, saying it

was a couple of Afghán travellers. When we got up to them we found they had made their camels sit down, and were resting their match-locks over them. They said that several Bilúchí robbers were close upon them, when our approach saved them from their attack, and they asked leave to join my party, to which I assented. Before morning we reached Barshori, the most miserable of villages. Its name signifies "on the salt water," and it is an eponymic, for salt the water is. Yet this hole boasts of a chief, whose motto should be "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." On inquiry for the wells I was shown some miserable pits in which there was a foot or so of water. To dig lower would carry one through the strata in which the water rests, and the supply would be lost altogether. I gave orders for the erection of a bungalow, and sat looking as dignified as possible under a shed, with the true Sindh head-dress on—a jockey cap surmounted with a cover of thickly padded cotton, and a muslin turband some twenty yards in length twisted round it. Spite of which I felt as if my head was in a chafing dish, and the perspiration streamed piteously and unintermittingly from every pore. Next day I found the water was eminently calculated to supply the want of a travelling medicine chest. A more protracted experiment of its medicinal qualities would perhaps have prevented me from prosecuting my journey. I therefore left some workmen to carry on the matter of building, and quitted this agreeable place, in which the delay of an hour seems protracted to infinite ages. Yet even these desolate regions might be clothed with verdure, by canalling from the Indus. In former years, indeed, two grand canals did exist, the Mírwah, belonging to Hyderabad, and the Muradwah, the property of the Amírs of Khyrpore. By degrees they fell out of repair, and the disturbed state of the country prevented their restoration. Before starting I sent off a letter to my chief with an account of these canals, the direction in which they had passed, and suggestions as to their repair. The Bilúchís who were to take my letter asked for money to buy bhang, for said they, "We cannot face the desert without some stimulus to keep up our hearts." I gave them the cash. "Now," they said, "we shall go singing all the way." After quitting Barshori, I rode twelve miles through the desert to Mírpore. I passed nothing on the way but a couple of human skulls and some villages in ruins. Old Mirpore is a very large village, but for the most part in ruins. It possesses a grove of fine trees, under which I pitched my tent. On awaking, after a feverish night, I was told that a body of horsemen were approaching. Some said it was the Brahúis, and if it had been I could have made but a poor resistance with four sipáhis and the like number of horsemen. It turned out, however, to be the Cází of Bágh with eighty men, despatched by Vardon, bringing a pressing invitation to advance with all the troops I could muster, as the Brahúis were but a few marches from Bágh, under several chiefs of, rank. I could not help smiling as I looked round on my troops, in all nine men. The Cází, too, seemed to wear a very blank aspect, at sight of the reinforcement, for he came with the idea that I had at least a hundred men with me. In truth, my chief, who never travelled without an escort of some hundred horse, and the wing of an infantry regiment, had chosen to consider me quite safe with a corporal's party, though I had some thousand rupees with me to pay the workmen. I forthwith sent off information of the advance of the Brahúis to Sakkar and Larkhánah, and rode on with the Cází towards Bágh. We halted an hour

at a village called Cásim ka Joke, which, as poor Codrington, of the Shah's Contingent, said, might have been a very good joke to Cásim, but was no joke to him, for supplies were scarce. Cásim Khán, the Zamíndár and owner of the village, came to pay his respects—a fine-looking man with a magnificent black beard. With him came Muhammad Khán Abra, a good-tempered farmer-looking man, to whom I entrusted my tent for the present.

At two in the morning I reached Bagh, by which time, of the eighty horsemen who came to me at Mírpore, only the Cází was left; all the rest, on various pretences, having made off. When we were close to the gate of the town, it occurred to the Cází that we might have a bullet sent at us, arriving at such an unseasonable hour, and the rather as the garrison were on the look out for the Brahúis. He entreated me, therefore, to halt out of gun-shot until it was light, and his teeth chattered with fear as we rode up. Sure enough directly I began to knock at the gate, and shout for admittance, two or three gun barrels made their appearance in line with my head, and I was requested to move ten paces from the door, unless I wished to be made acquainted with their contents. Heads popped out from above the gate, and back again with marvellous celerity, and it was some time before I could prevail on them to lay aside this foolery, and let me in. As soon as I was admitted, I rode to the house where Vardon was, awoke him, and discussed the state of affairs. He informed me that he had ninety horsemen with him, Irregulars, and most of them raw recruits; that he had several times sent to Dádar, where we had five hundred men and several guns, for assistance, but that they had only sent him one man—an artillery man—to show him how to manage some two or three old rusty cannon that were in Bagh. One of them he made trial of himself, and aimed at a ruin before the city, about two hundred yards off. He managed to miss it—and the gun turned over a regular somerset, and fell off the wall, under which it still lay. He said it would be impossible to hold the town, in which were several thousand inhabitants, all hostile to us, or—at the best—indifferent to our cause, against the young Khán of Khelát, who was descending by the Bolán; and Kamál Khán, who, with three or four thousand men, had already come down by the Gandáva Pass. The wall of the city was not ten feet high in many places, and it was necessary to go outside to get water—add to which, Muhammad Sherif, the Governor of Katchi, who resided in the city, was notoriously in league with the Brahúis. On hearing this agreeable intelligence, I proposed that we should send for the chief men who were in the town, and hear what they had to say. Accordingly, we summoned a council, and the leading men, of whom Ghulam Nabbi Mughairi, and Haidar Khán Abra, were the principal, said very plainly that if we had troops to garrison the place, it was well; otherwise they must make terms with the young Khán, as their lands would be laid waste, and their own lives would be in jeopardy, if we could not protect them. These men, there is no doubt, were well disposed towards us, but they saw our weakness, and knew the villainy of Muhammad Sherif, who would have opened the gates to the Brahúis, and welcomed them as friends.

Of the animus of the inhabitants, proof had been given some few days before. A Havaldár, or serjeant of a native regiment, had arrived with his party. As he was walking through the streets, some one stepped up behind him and cut off his head, which was found lying several yards from his body. So little was the Brahúi irruption expected, that I received orders to dig a well at Gandáva, at the very time that Kamal Khan's army occupied it. As we had considerable stores of grain at Bágh, it was a great object to save the town. It was agreed, therefore, that I should leave my few sipáhis with Vardon, and ride to Phúlají, the nearest post from which aid could be drawn, and endeavour to procure some reinforcements; and, whether I succeeded or failed, return to Bagh within two days. Tired as I was, having been up all night, I mounted a riding camel and set off for Phúlají. Eighteen miles of desert brought me to Cháchar. This village is situated on the Lehri river, and is surrounded by vast crops of Jawárí, which extend for miles. Thence I proceeded to Wazírah, the village of the famous Bijjár Khán Dúmkí—rendered illustrious subsequently by Sir C. Napier's pursuit of him—then a captive at Sakkar. Four miles more brought me to Khea—a fort in which the family of Bijjár resided, and which is the stronghold of the Dúmkís. I believe it was well for me that my name was in good odour with the Bilúchís. Here was I-mounted, as it chanced, on the very camel which had been taken from Bijjár when he surrendered—alone and worn out with fatigue, arriving, in the middle of the night, in the stronghold of his clan. Wazir Khán, Bijjár's son, and his brother Mubárik Khán, came out to me, and with them a dozen or two of their Bilúchí followers. They recognised the camel in a moment, calling it by its name, and knew me very well, as I had, more than once, feasted them when they passed through Shikárpore. Forthwith they sent for a sheep and pipes, and down we sat to a very good meal. The sheep here are called Dúmbahs, and were regular Daniel Lamberts' in their way—fat as possible, with prodigious tails. We talked of the battle of Nafushk, and they gave me to understand that all the Bilúchís from that quarter had gone up to assist the Marrís and had taken part in the battle. I asked how many men had been killed. The answer was—Two hundred of your men, and eighty Bilúchís.

After a rest of an hour or so I started again, and Mubárik Khán rode with me through six miles of jungle to Phúlají. This is a rather pretty village, not far from the foot of the Marri and Bugti hills. It belonged formerly to the Káhiris, but Bijjár Khán expelled them. On our arrival the Káhiris were among the first who entered our service, and, in recompense, received back Phúlají, and other neighbouring districts.

During my long ride from Bágh to Phúlají I had had full time to weigh well the state of affairs and consider what was to be done. Matters stood thus. The authorities at Sakkar were in supreme ignorance as yet (for they had not received my letters) of the storm that was so near at hand. The Brahúis were descending on Katchi in two great columns. That under Kamál Khán Iltazye, numbering from three to four thousand men, had already reached and plundered Gandáva; while the column under Nasír Khán of from five to six thousand strong, was still many marches from Dádar. In three marches

Kamál Khán could have entered Bágh. There was no garrison to oppose him there—only a few irregular horse; and the governor, Muhammad Sherif, was in league with the Brahuis. By occupying Bágh, Kamál Khán would have gained possession of its magazines of corn, would have placed Dádar between two fires, and opened a communication with the people of Kajjak, and with the Marri and Búgti Bilúchís. It is not too much to say that, in this case, Dádar would have fallen, and our detachments there have been cut off; for, if they had some difficulty in repelling the attack of Nasír Khán, would they have resisted him strengthened by several thousand men, and the guns (such as they were) that would have been captured at Bagh. It appeared to me, therefore, that the best thing I could do would be to draw as strong a force as possible to Bagh, and, leaving the infantry there, to march with all the cavalry that could be collected, on the Brahúi camp at Gandáva. It was true I had no instructions from my chief; but, were I to wait for orders, before any could arrive Bágh would be plundered. I could count on the assistance of the chief Zamíndárs—such as Haider Khán Abra, Imám Baksh Rind, Ghulam Nabbi Mughairi, Ahmed Khán Maghzi—who would not only furnish several hundred horse but would keep me informed of every movement of the enemy. There was the best guarantee. for their fidelity—their lands, and the crops on them, were safe at present, but would be utterly destroyed if several thousand Brahúi horse were to come pouring over the country. We could have mustered, of one kind or other, a thousand sabres—a force sufficient to drive Kamál Khán into the hills, when we might have enabled the Dádar troops to have acted on the offensive, instead of suffering the loss of their stores, which were burned before their eyes. Soon after I reached Phúlají two hundred infantry and the like number of cavalry, came in *en route* for Lehri. From them I learned that the wing of a regiment with two guns and some cavalry, was to move on immediately to Dádar, but not by way of Bágh, as nothing was known of the danger that threatened that place. I determined to ride on to Lehri, and persuade the commanding officer to march by Bágh. Once there, I knew we should have time enough to execute any plans against the Brahúis at Gandáva long before aid would be required at Dádar; for, in point of fact, no less than eighteen days elapsed before Nasír Khán attacked the latter place. Before proceeding to Lehri I paid a visit to Bijjár Khán and Bíbarak, who had been brought to Phúlají with a view to their speedy release, though they were still guarded. They were very glad to see me, and we had a long talk over all that had been doing lately. Bíbarak seemed very impatient of his continued confinement, and, in plain language, cursed the day that he had surrendered. Bijjár, a chief of far more refined address, merely said, "Ah Saheb! would it had been my destiny to have surrendered to your brother; he would have treated us differently; he would have made us friends of the English Sarkár."

Among the infantry officers was a relation of my own. In discussing various matters, we chanced to mention the fort of Kajjak. "You will have a sharp fight, there," I said, "Pooh!" said he, "what can these fellows do against our artillery? they will never show fight at all." "They will," I said, "take my word for it:" and so we parted. Two months had not expired before this very youth was killed, gallantly leading the attack on

Kajjak—an attack which, though thrice renewed, was as often repulsed. On reaching Lehri, I found there the troops which had been so long besieged in Kahan, and was much interested with the accounts they gave me of the treatment they had experienced from the Marrís. That noble-hearted tribe had not only suffered our garrison to retire unmolested, but had added kindness to mercy. When one of the sipáhis fell exhausted, the Marrí guide placed him on his own pony, and so brought him down! The Chief Dodah had sent to the commanding officer this memorable message: "Tell the Saheb, that all the men the Marrís have slain, were slain in fair fight; for the murder of camp followers, wounded men, and prisoners, let the Búgtis answer. Our hands have never been red with the blood of unresisting men." In the catalogue of brave and chivalrous men, he is no fair chronicler who would not assign a place with the highest to the Marrís. Even their women share the courage of this warrior tribe. They aid in carrying off the wounded men; and in desperate conflicts, where the tribe has been sore pressed, have even been known to join in the melee with effect. As is usual amongst Bilúchís, a man takes but one wife, and their faithfulness is proverbial. In former days, when the Afgháns ruled in Shikárpore, one of their governors made repeated attempts to seduce the wife of a Marrí Bílúch who had taken service under him. At last, finding bribes were rejected, he sent the husband out of the way, and presented himself alone at the house, with the intention of carrying things with a high hand. Evening came, and the Governor was nowhere to be found. Search was made for him; and at last, one of his confidential servants, who had an inkling of his master's penchant, went to this very house. He knocked, all was silent—at last he forced the door, and found the Governor gagged, and bound hand and foot, and so soundly belaboured that he could scarce stand without assistance. It was never precisely stated how this occurred; but somehow it was whispered about, that the lady had been too much for her admirer single-handed, and after beating him well, had tied him with other cords than those of love, and gone off to join her husband, who returned no more to Shikárpore.

On stating matters to the senior military officer, he at once saw the reasonableness of my proposition, and agreed to march on Bágh. We started that very night, and reached Cháchar at half-past two in the morning. Here we halted and I had the honour of sleeping in a Jawárí field, with the blue sky for my curtains (they let in the musquitoes cruelly), and my cloak for a bed. I awoke stiff with the cold, and went into a tent to get a towel for my ablutions. "Towel, my dear fellow," said the occupant, "with a great deal of pleasure, here, boy, bring a towel." My friend's servant, like Caleb Balderstone, jealous for his master's honor, feigned to search diligently. "Well, boy, what are you about, why don't you bring the towel?" Saheb, there is only one, and you have got it yourself." Next morning we reached Bágh, and as I had ridden one hundred and twenty miles in the last thirty-six hours, I was rather glad of a rest. I found that our arrival was opportune, as the Brahúis had spread from Gandáva all over the south of Katchi, and parties of their horse had been seen within a few miles of Bágh. Muhammad Sherif, whose manner had been most unpleasant when I had entered alone two days before, now overwhelmed us with politeness. I had not long breakfasted, when a huge cloud of dust

was seen in the distance. Our horsemen galloped off to see what it was, and the guns were quickly hauled up on a slight eminence, where stood a tower, and where our infantry (350 men) were posted. It turned out to be nothing but a false alarm, and all the damage done was, that Alaf Khan's youngest son got a fall which dislocated his arm. He was quite a boy, and his arm was as white and not much more muscular than a girl's, but he bore his hurt bravely. I now suggested my scheme of making a rush at Gandáva before the news of our arrival at Bágh could reach the Brahúis. My proposal seemed to be approved of by all, and I wrote off letters to Amiel and other officers commanding cavalry in the vicinity, who might have joined us in four-and-twenty hours. In the meantime we intended to keep the gates of the town closed, so as to prevent any couriers from being sent to the enemy. Our scheme, however, whether good or bad, was not destined to be carried out. I had scarce made these arrangements when a despatch from my chief arrived, informing me that I must join him at Sakkar immediately. Nothing was left me but to obey, and I was soon once more en route to Shikárpore. I had at least the satisfaction of knowing that I had saved Bágh, which, in another day or two, would have shared the fate of Kandah and Gandáva, and have been plundered and, perhaps, as those places were, reduced to ashes.

CHAPTER X.

SHAHPORE—TURK ALI, AMIEL'S HENCHMAN—VISIT TO THE RAIS UL ULEMA—SKIRMISHES AT KANDAH AND BAGH—ATTACK OF DADAR—MURDER OF LIEUTENANT LOVEDAY—DEATH OF MIR NUR MUHAMMAD—DEFEAT OF NASIR KHAN AT GANDAVAH—BRAHUI PRISONERS—SHOOTING IN A SHIKARGAH.

On the 11th of October I left Bágh and rode forty miles to Tahir Ká Gote, whence, after a few hours' rest, I proceeded to Shahpore, passing through Chatr, a large town of the Kahirís, which, like Phúlají, had been wrested from them by the Dúmkís, and which they received back from us. At Shahpore I found Amiel and another officer, who regretted much that the intended attack on Gandáva had been stopped. Amiel told me many anecdotes of his life in the desert. Among the Bilúchís in our pay no one was a more remarkable character than Turk Ali, the Jakrání chief. He was a tall, thin old man, with his grey beard dyed red, in honour of the Prophet, who is said to have had a beard of sanguineous hue. Turk Ali valued a man's life somewhat lower even than the small worth it is usually prized at in these uncivilized regions. One day a Hindu shopkeeper was boring Amiel to buy something (by the bye, native itinerant vendors are very appropriately called Borahs), when Amiel said, in joke, "Here, Turk Ali, take this fellow away and make him hold his tongue." Instantly the truculent old Bilúchí seized on the unfortunate babbler, merely saying, as he dragged him away, at the same time significantly touching the handle of his knife, I'll soon quiet him." Amiel, in alarm, sprang forward, and, much to the wonderment and dissatisfaction of Turk Ali, released the Hindú from his grasp. As I rode on to Shikárpore I had with me a guard of Jakránis, Turk Ali's men. They did not know that I understood them, and were talking and laughing with one another about the way in which they had plundered Lord Keane's army. "After all," said one of them, "the Faringis are liberal fellows, they buy of you to-day the camels you stole from them yesterday; what customers can be better than these? I found I was again to take charge of Shikárpore a gladsome place it was after the waterless wilds of Katchi.

Shortly after my return I paid a visit to the acknowledged chief of the doctors or learned men in those parts. Abdul Khálik would, on no account, have condescended to visit a European, or any but a follower of the Prophet. The mountain, therefore, not coming to me, I was determined to sacrifice etiquette and go to the mountain. I found the Rais ul Ulema, a fine looking old man, whose discourse savoured in all things of the true faith. Not one iota would he relax from his uncompromising scorn of infidels. Amongst other things, we discussed the propriety of a Musulmán's eating with a Christian. I maintained that it was not only not forbidden, but allowed in the Kurán. "Well," he said, "but you do not keep your own rules; you are forbidden to eat blood and things

strangled. Yet you pay no heed to these precepts. While you break your own law, how can you expect that we should treat you otherwise than as infidels?" He used the common argument of Muhammadans, about the non-finality of the Christian dispensation. "Your prophet foretold the advent of another, who should be the seal of prophecy—this was Muhammad." We talked of astronomy. One of the company observed that there was no such thing as discoveries now—that all things had been discovered already, and were to be found in the Kurán. Well," I said, "I have read the Kurán, but have not met there with any accurate information as to the magnitude of the planets, for instance, or their distance from the earth." All agreed that I was blinded by the want of faith. "Had you faith," said they, "you might learn whatever you wished from the Kurán."

A man becomes a doctor or learned man by answering satisfactorily the queries of one or more who have already attained that rank. If they cannot pose him, they tie on his turband and seat him by their side. The title of Rais ul Ulema is conferred by general acclamation on some Doctor famous for his bigotry and his subtlety in the law.

During the time I had been in Katchí a considerable force had been assembling at Sakkar. While the Brahúis were descending on the unprotected plains which skirt the Hála mountains from Gandáva to the Bolán, our chief potentates, filled with bitter scorn of their opponents, and no less bitter beer, were planning the approaching campaign; and were in the same breath debating the fate of the young Khán and the propriety of leading trumps. Regiment after regiment left Sakkar for the scene of action, but still the conclave at Sakkar was frequent and full. At last, when the cobweb of our Government had been well and rudely shaken; when some dozen of the outmost meshes had given way, and gaps and chasms manifold were visible; the Great Political Spider deigned to hear, and, rushing out, brimful of majesty and venom, found the daring flies that made all that sad racket—were gone.

Meantime the workmen I had left at Barshori had been chased into the desert by the Brahúi horse, who, in their turn, being encountered by the irregular cavalry advancing with her Majesty's 40th regiment, were sorely discomfited, with the loss of 130 men and (but, perhaps, that were better omitted) three women. If the fair sex will dress themselves in the nether habiliments of men, and join their husbands in nightly forays, who is to discriminate? So it chanced at Kandah; yet, poor creatures! the sword did but free them from sterner pangs, want, hunger, and the sight of husbands, brothers, or children, weltering in their blood. About the same time, Vardon, at Bágh, came on another party of marauders, and killed forty of them. He himself slew two with his own hand, though he was anything but a formidable swordsman to look at. He said he was astonished to find it so easy to kill a man. He rode after one poor wretch who was flying on foot, and made a thrust at him. The sword entered his back, and came out at the breast. "Bismillah!" ("In the name of God,") shrieked the unfortunate, and fell dead. In cold blood how one shudders at the thought of thus slaying our brother man! Indeed, it

was sad butchery, the whole Brahúi war. This tribe made but a poor defence, compared with the Bilúchís or Afgháns. Even when numbering many thousands, they were repulsed without much difficulty by our post at Dádar. We had two officers and twenty men wounded, and two or three men killed. The Brahúis, however, plundered the stores, and set the magazines on fire.

As the 40th regiment advanced, Kamál Khán retreated into the hills, setting fire to Gandáva. My friend P. had like to have been drowned at this place. He had pitched his tent over night in what seemed to be a nice grassy hollow. Tired with the march, he was soon asleep and dreaming. Fancy whirled him away to merry England, and lopped off a score of years from Life's Register. He was once more a child wandering on the sands by the sea shore. He thought the sea rose fast about him; the more he ran the faster the waves followed; bathing women roared hoarsely to him to mend his speed! In the agony of his struggles he awoke and found his leg dangling in the water, and a number of sipáhis and officers shouting to him, with a chorus of laughter, to swim for his life. The fact was, he had pitched his tent in an old water-course; heavy rain had fallen in the hills during the night, and a torrent was now sweeping furiously along in the channel, which, a few hours before, had been quite dry.

As Kamal Khan's men had retired out of harm's way, our troops pushed on for Dádar. Weak in cavalry, and spent with fatigue, they arrived only in time to see the young Khán's army in full retreat. The Brahúis, who numbered about 5,000 men, had resolved to attack our troops as they advanced, hoping that they would be disordered by the march. But this intention was soon abandoned, and a few rounds of shrapnell sent them off in double quick time. A large hill lay in their rear, over which they crowded in dense masses, leaving their tents, baggage, etc., on the ground. Then was the time for a charge of cavalry, before the great body of the enemy could succeed in getting to the hilly ground. The horse, however, were halted, as they had got far in front of the infantry, and it was thought they were not strong enough to "try conclusions" without the support of the Europeans. This delay proved fatal to poor Loveday. A sad—sad sight presented itself when our troops reached the young Khán's tent. Close by, in a state almost of nudity, fearfully emaciated, but still warm, lay the bleeding remains of the gallant youth. His left leg was heavily chained to a Kajáwah, or camel-saddle, his head twisted up under his right shoulder, and a hideous gash on the back of his neck told the rest. A Bengal servant was near, also chained, and weeping bitterly, whose simple narrative gave touching proof of his fidelity. He stated, that on the Khán going to Mustung, Loveday was carried with him; and, on the chiefs deciding to make terms with the English Government, their prisoner was required to write to Captain Bean, which, after much urging, he at length consented to do. This letter was then forwarded by another European prisoner, who was in the hands of the Brahúis, and four horsemen. These did not return, but a letter was received from Captain Bean which decided the chiefs in putting Loveday to death and on attacking us. A rich Hindú merchant, however, bribed the chiefs with 2,000 rupees to spare Loveday's life. They

then went forward, leaving their prisoner at Mustung. In a few days they returned, their forces dispersed, and the Khán, with one hundred men, went to Khelát, taking Loveday with him.

Shortly after, the Brahúis resolved on attacking Dadar, and from that time Loveday was insulted and treated with great cruelty. He travelled during the day half naked on a camel, slept on the ground in the open air, was heavily fettered, and fed on food a dog would refuse; thus he was brought on to Bíbí Nani, where the Khán's force was joined by crowds of Brahúis, who pelted Loveday with stones as he passed, some of which wounded him severely. When the chiefs, after the sack of Dádar, resolved on attacking Major Boscawen's force, Loveday was left with his guards in camp. Presently some horsemen galloped up, calling out that all was lost. The women—who till then had sat praying for victory with Kuráns on their heads—shrieked, and ran hither and thither in confusion; another moment, and a horseman rushed in and dealt the fatal blow which terminated the sufferings of our unfortunate countryman.

If there is a man breathing who can listen to such a story as this without sympathy, I do not envy him his feelings. Some, truly, there are, who hearken with indifference, nay, even with a sneer, to the calamities which befel our troops, individually and collectively, during this and the following eventful year. Such men have already descended to the level of brutes, and they may, an' it likes them, wrap themselves up in a belief of the fiendish calumnies which have been invented regarding those who endured unheard-of sufferings in their country's cause.

Of poor Loveday I shall only say that he was a brave, active, and zealous officer; and, so far from deserving the charge of being cruel to the natives, he erred rather on the side of conciliation. The late Captain Pontardent informed me that he had inquired at Khelát as to the truth of the stories which have been circulated against Loveday, and ascertained them to be quite unfounded. Sháh Nawáz, and other Brahúis, gave me the same assurance; and, to sum up the whole matter in one word, poor Loveday lost his life as Shah Nawáz lost his throne—solely and wholly from our wretched political mismanagement of Katchi. I only regret that I was obliged to leave behind me the numerous letters I received from the ill-fated youth, which would have thrown more light on the subject, and afforded an account of his successful expedition into Mekrán and his gallant defence of Khelát.

About this time happened the death of Mír Núr Muhammad, of Hyderabad, who expired on the 3rd of December. Whatever may have been the Amír's feelings towards us when we first entered the country, he had become sincerely attached to us before he died. The political officers who had been stationed at his Court were men whom none could know without feeling for them at once friendship and respect. The dying Amír sent for our Resident—the gallant Outram and committed to him his two sons,

especially the younger, who stood more in need of protection, and who was, indeed, deservedly the favourite.

On the 13th, funeral service—the Fátihah as it is called—was performed for the deceased chief at Shikárpore. The Governor asked me to attend the ceremony, which I did. Meantime, Nasír Khán, of Khelát, who had been wandering among the hills, after the Dádar affair, re-appeared in the plain near Gandáva, with a considerable force. The Whist Conclave at Sakkar, exasperated, perhaps, at the interruption to their game, determined to give the young Khán "a rubber," and sent off a messenger, with despatches to the officer commanding the 25th Regiment N.I. to bring the enemy to account forthwith. From Sakkar to Gandáva is 130 miles, which the officer who bore those despatches galloped over, commanded the cavalry in the action that ensued, and brought the news of the victory back to Sakkar in three days—an astounding feat, and which throws the eighty mile ride of Captain Brown—so eulogized by his grace the Iron Duke—completely into the shade. By the bye, it is not gene. rally known that Lieutenant Pottinger, of the 15th Native Infantry, voluntarily accompanied Captain Brown on that ride, but, not being very graciously received, turned and rode back without halting. The excessive fatigue brought on fever, which cut short the career of that promising young officer. And thus it often fares with volunteers, insomuch that one might be excused for agreeing with the Bengáli sipáhis who, having come forward to perform a service not much to their taste, and being asked,[7] "Do you volunteer?" replied, "Yes, Saheb, we volunteer, but we don't go willingly."

In the conflict at Gandáva three hundred Brahúis are said to have been killed, and one hundred and thirty-three were taken prisoners, among whom was a chief of note—Boer Khán and his son Murád, of the Zehrí tribe. These prisoners were lodged in the fort of Bakkar, and subsequently allowed to keep up a correspondence with their families and receive presents from them. "Ah dura Brahuorum ilia," thought I, as I surveyed the rugged and infrangible masses of cheese which were sent by loving sweethearts and loyal wives to their spouses in our stronghold. What but the truest and most undying affection could stimulate any one to consume such indigestible pabula as these! It was thought absolutely requisite that all the letters sent to the prisoners should be read, and this became my weekly task. I may fairly be allowed, after such practice, to give an opinion on Brahúi correspondence; and I may say, with truth, that it is innocent in the extreme. Running through the family tree from grandmother to niece or grandchild, as the case might be, the letters generally stated that each and all of them were well, and, after salutation, were unanimously of opinion that their supply of cash not being excessive they could do no more than send the accompanying supplies of cheese, sweetmeat, or dried fruit.

[7] "Tum *volunteer* ho?" "Hán, Saheb, *ham* balamtir hain lekin khushi se nahin játe."

The Brahúis, at least the royal tribe, say they originally came from Aleppo, and it is quite evident they are a distinct race from the Bilúchís and Afghans. They are smaller, more swart and ill-favoured than either of those nations, and are altogether inferior to them both in keenness of intellect and martial prowess.

The pressure of business not being so great for a few days I had time for a little shooting in some of the Shikárgahs, or preserves of the Amírs. Indian sportsmen would have called it tame amusement. I put myself in the hands of the natives, not knowing much of these things, and on reaching the ground was stationed close to where two narrow paths leading out of the wood diverged. On the beaters advancing from the opposite quarter, a large wolf bolted out; but, as he had not the politeness to give me a hint of his approach, he was gone before I could fire. Next came a fat rascal of a boar, who had been stuffing himself with sugar-cane. This time I had better luck, and shot him through the head, spite of which he ran some distance before he fell. The natives are as arrant flatterers as any of Lord——'s gamekeepers. The instant you fire there is a chorus of voices "lagá, lagá,"— "You hit him hard," while, perhaps, the innocuous bullet has buried itself in some tall tree or grassy bank. Tigers are seldom found near Shikárpore, though there are plenty in the jungles of Burdika to the north. In this district Captain Hill, of the Engineers, a well-known sportsman and gallant soldier, obtained intelligence of one, and went, with another officer, in pursuit. They had previously agreed to stand up to him manfully—an agreement which was little required on the part of such a renowned tiger-slayer as Hill. However, on getting into very thick cover, they heard a very loud and unpleasant sound of breathing, like a giant wheezing. This sound, which told of the "noble quarry" being close at hand, while it communicated a rueful dubiousness to the features of his companion, only made Hill press on the faster. Stooping down, and lifting up the bushes with his gun, he saw a tiger, of the largest size, almost within spring, and showing, by smothered roars and lashing tail, that his blood was up. "Now, P." said Hill, looking over his shoulder, "you reserve your fire while I give him the first dose." But the caution was unrequired—P. had, indeed, reserved his fire altogether for another day; he had been for some minutes making the most furious and unheard of struggles to put as much copse as possible between him and the scene of action. Few men would not feel a little dulled by such a desertion in such a moment; but Hill's nerves being of iron, it made no manner of impression upon him. He fired with cool aim, and wounded the beast, who sprang completely over him, and made off into the forest. A few days after Ali Murád succeeded in tracking the wounded monster, and in slaying it after it had killed one of the beaters and wounded several others.

We occasionally gave our horses a breathing after the foxes, which are pretty numerous near Shikárpore, and which we coursed with greyhounds. A distressing accident occurred one day when I was out. The dust is so plentiful that a very few hoofs raise a cloud which would hide a small army. The consequence of this murky state of the atmosphere was, that two officers came together at full speed. As in the old

tournaments, where Sir Palomides smote down Sir Dagobert, horse and man; so here, steeds and their riders rolled over one another on the ground. Both the latter were much hurt, and with one it terminated fatally. He recovered enough to sit at table, but his manner was odd, and a little wine excited him dreadfully. He was soon after ordered to Sakkar, to escort treasure; on the way he apprehended a poor wood-cutter, and sent him to me, bound hand and foot, with a letter, stating that it was the notorious robber Dímí. Two days after I learned that he had died at Sakkar raving mad; his illness, no doubt, having been produced by the concussion of his fall when coursing.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE OF SINDH AND KHORASAN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1841—VISIT TO MIR RUSTAM—STORMING OF KAJJAK—DISTURBANCES AT ROHRI GENERAL VENTURA—KITCHEN VISITOR EXTRAORDINARY—RISING OF THE INDUS—SAMAD KHAN—DEATH OF THE POLITICAL AGENT—VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

By the campaign of the Indus, the British Empire in the East had advanced over regions of such vast extent, that, to settle them permanently under our rule and unite them firmly with Hindústan, would have taxed the best energies of our ablest statesmen and generals for half a century. Our power which, since the days of Lake, had remained inactive like some huge Colossus, heavy with its own bulk, had suddenly made a stride which planted us in Central Asia. It was a proud thing, whatever the misopolemical Cobden may say, that an English subaltern had power to liberate that band of Russian captives which a Russian army had tried in vain to set free—that our Agents were received and heard, at least with deference, at Herát, Bokhárá, Kokan, and Khiva, and that, if our frontiers stopped short of the three great empires—China, Turkey, and Russia, the general voice ascribed it rather to our forbearance than to want of power to extend them thus far. From this triumphant position we fell; not because to consolidate our newly-conquered territories was a difficult task; not because the turbulent tribes, who would never obey a king of their own race, were still less inclined to serve foreigners; not because cold and heat joined in the mélée, and dealt our armies many a hard knock, while they spared our tough-skinned and thick-skulled enemies; but because our leading men beyond the Indus were incompetent.

At the close of 1840, when the defeats we had sustained in the Marri Hills, and the insurrections in Shál and Khelát had shewn us with such intense clearness the lava on which we trod, our leading Politicals were doing their best to scrape away the thin crust which separated us from the fiery mass. The Envoy at Cábul, not satisfied with his position there, a position from which he ought to have retreated,—if not on Candahar, at least on Ghizni,—so long as Shah Shuja reigned, was bent on conquering Herát. An estimate of the force requisite to add this new gem to the Cábul diadem was prepared; the only doubt seemed to be whether Lahore or Herát should be taken first. The Envoy, to use a Persian metaphor, though holding a monstrous water melon, which required both his hands, still suffered his mouth to water after another, aye, and another, each one bigger than that which puzzled him so much already. Kind destiny, however, overruled these wild designs, and saved us from a catastrophe more terrible even than that which closed the eventful year of 1841; for, had a rupture with the Sikh Darbár ensued, where would the torrent of our disasters have been stayed.

But nought have I to do with Cábul, or the insane schemes concocted there. My business is with Upper Sindh, where at least an equal amount of folly and mismanagement had been enacted, the same seed had been sown, and—but that aid was nearer at hand, and not kept back by a door and padlock like the Khyber—we should have reaped the same harvest. After exasperating Bíbárak, Bijjár, and the other Bilúchí Chiefs into irreconcileable hostility, we had patched up a hollow peace with them, and let them go.

It was now thought prudent to wink at the expulsion of Shah Nawáz and the murder of Loveday, and come to terms with the zon of our old enemy, Míhráb Khán, of Khelát. This intended measure was imparted to me as a profound secret, though every one could see with half an eye that it was the only course left. As for the Amirs of Upper Sindh, they had but little means of resistance, and by allowing us from the very first free ingress into their country, they did, as it were, throw themselves down in the political wrestle; it was therefore determined, now they were down, to kick and cuff them to our heart's content, which would be a happy method of getting rid of the ill-humour we felt at the annoyance other more potent antagonists had given us. The Khyrpore Darbár was at this time divided into three factions. 1st,—Mír Rustam's sons (the third, Ali Merdán, excepted) and Nasír Khán, the son and representative of Mír Mubárik, were the first and by far the most numerous and powerful party—the life and soul of which was Fateh Muhammad Khán, the Vizir. 2. Mír Ali Murád, youngest brother of Mír Rustam, and his adherents formed the second party, 3. Mír Ali Merdán, the third son of Mír Rustam, supported by Mahabat Khán Marri, Kamál Khán Jhalabáni, and other chiefs were the third.[8] The Political Agent, as has been said, had taken up the cause of Ali Murád, whose confidential adviser, Shaikh Ali Hasan, was on most intimate terms with Trebania Sahá, the head Munshi at the Residency, and kept an agent of his own, Imám Baksh, in our camp.

Mír Rustam was old enough to have been Ali Murad's father, he was the acknowledged Rais or Chief of the Family, and he it was who had first received our envoys and concluded an alliance with us. Now, I will ask any one who has the smallest *soupçon* of justice in his composition, whether it was right in us not only to fan the dissension between these members of the same family, but to support the junior and turbulent Amír against the inoffensive old man whom he ought to have regarded as a parent? The old Chief had two matters most at heart. These were the distribution of his territories among his own children as a precaution against the confusion which would arise after his death, an event which, from his great age, might shortly be expected; and secondly, the securing to Nasír Khán, his nephew, certain districts claimed by Ali Murád. The first

[8] This chief we used to call old Inshallah, because, whenever, he was desired to do anything, he used to shut both his eyes, screwing the lids together with such force as to make one alarmed lest he should blind himself, and vociferate more than a hundred. times, "Inshallah! Inshallah!" If it please God. Unfortunately, however, he never went beyond this pious exclamation in executing our commissions.

of these objects was the one about which Mír Rustam was most anxious, and the right he claimed—to any Englishman methinks—would appear unquestionable. Our Political Agent, however, who was now about to leave Sakkar, determined to thwart Mír Rustam in both his wishes, and to leave him no hope of their accomplishment. One other subject of discussion remained, the succession to the place of Rais or principal Chief, for which the eldest son of Mír Rustam and Ali Murád were claimants. Nothing was decided on this point, though a shrewd guess might have been given as to which side would have our support. It is a point with which we had no business whatever to interfere, and I shall only say that Ali Murád's claim by descent was bad, as he was not the next brother, nor the heir of Mír Rustam. The proper way of deciding the question was by vote in the General Assembly of the Bilúchí Chiefs.

It was high time, indeed, that the General and the Political Agent should leave Sakkar. Everyone was tired of marvelling that they should sit absorbed in interminable speculations at a distance from the scene of action, while daily encounters were taking place with the enemy to the west. Before my Chief departed he summoned me to assume charge at Sakkar, while he deputed an officer to Khyrpore, through whom all communications with the Amírs were to pass. Just as I was leaving Shikárpore, an Afghán who had travelled with Arthur Conolly came to see me. We had some conversation on the state of affairs at Cabúl. He represented discontent as rapidly increasing; and, though himself friendly to us, there were some things which seemed to annoy him in our rule. Among the rest, he said, with great emphasis, "Zan i Afghán chíz mí kunad"—"The wives of the Afgháns are no longer true." I thought of the old proverb,

> "No Cabúl fair one pines alone,
> Her love, soon lost, is lightly won."

The incontinence of his countrywomen seemed to disquiet him vastly. Perhaps, poor fellow, he had his reasons for complaint.

On reaching Sakkar I found all things in most admired disorder. Four thousand men were in a bustle to be gone; camels were bellowing, servants bawling and running against one another in all directions with more zeal than advantage. The Agent's retinue was that of a Satrap. Several hundred camels conveyed vast supplies of beer, wine, and stores of all descriptions. The principal tent was an immense double-poled affair, with glass doors, which had belonged to the Begam Samrú. Five or six assistant politicals, seven European—and a host of native-clerks, followed the great man; and the resident's escort, a risálah of native lancers, guarded the whole train. Were one to judge of what was taken in the way of stores, by what was left at Sakkar, it might seem unfair; yet, I believe, the accounts were nearly equal. There remained then still in store at the Agency, among other items, twelve hundred dozen of beer, and one hundred and twenty dozen of champagne.

When this vast array had marched off, and the last particle of dust had unwillingly subsided on the ground, strewed all over with filth, fragments of bottles, straw, and rubbish of all descriptions, I found myself the sole representative of the Agency's former magnificence. At first I sat down in a stately manner, and began to feel quite supreme and Pasha—like; I was soon, however, recalled to my senses. Enter a mean, sallow-faced man in dirty raiment, who imparted to me his desire of remitting fifty thousand rupees to his good friend Dharam Chand, at Benares. "The money," he said, "is here." I was about to waive my hand and command the treasurer into my presence, when I suddenly reflected that the treasurer—with all the race of sub-treasurers had departed; that, in fact, I myself was the treasurer. Now, though 50,000 rupees is a mere nothing to receive on your own account, and can be disposed of in a twinkling, it is quite a different thing to receive it, and keep it too, for another party. "Know, said Gil Blas' accomplice, "when the business is to appropriate the effects of another, my back would sustain the weight of Noah's ark." This buoyant feeling is quite lost when one is a mere depositary—a sort of animated plate-chest. My feelings, therefore, experienced quite a shock when I found I must go down on my hands and knees and count over fifty great bags of silver. The rupees, too, had contracted a slimy and unpleasant dampness from the greasy fingers of the Hindús, who had counted and recounted them in the bazaar. Scarce had I finished this charming occupation when I was reminded that it was time to sort the letters and parcels. There were a dozen great bundles of these, and every direction was entered in a Register. Luckily, I had assistance here, or my patience must have failed, as did that of the luckless wight of a Kosah who had to carry them,—when, after his horse's back was all but broken, a great bar—looking package was super-added, with infinite notices inscribed upon it in Persian, Sindhi, and English—"To be carried with great care; "For the Quartermaster-General," etc., etc. Somewhere about midnight, wearied out and in a state of white heat, I had just forgotten my toils of the day, under the soft fannings of sleep's downy pinion, when I was roused up by a chorus of inhuman voices, shouting "Saheb, Saheb, an express from the bará Saheb (great man) to the Lord Saheb," alias the Governor-General. In this way passed my days and nights, till Nature—tired with doing five men's work—fairly gave up the struggle.

When my Chief set out for Shál, the Amírs were in hopes some officer would be appointed to Khyrpore in whom they had confidence. In short, they would have been very glad to have seen me or Postans there. Of Captain K—they knew nothing, and it was clear his presence was unwelcome; for more than once a remonstrance was addressed to his tent in the shape of a bullet, which gave its shrill warning in disagreeable propinquity to the ear for which it was intended. Doubtless this—if the Amírs had any part in it—was almost a casus belli against them; but, then, are we to forget that the treaty made no provision for stationing an officer at their very doors; that, even had Mír Rustam addressed a remonstrance to the Governor-General, in all probability it would not have been received; that, just as in our communications with native chiefs, we forget to observe the rules of etiquette and courtesy adopted at

European courts, so ought we to make allowances for their infringements of rules we ourselves disregard. The old Amír had now been worked up to the highest pitch of exasperation. He wished for some one to whom he could impart all his grievances, and he sent me an invitation to come and pass a day or two with him. The marriage of Walí Muhammad,—Nasír Khán's youngest brother was at hand, and he requested I would be present at it. I accordingly obtained leave to visit Khyrpore, where all the chiefs except Alí Murád had assembled. I found the town (if town it may be called) a poor place, in comparison even to Shikárpore; the houses of the Amírs, and their whole equipage, were of such a description as shewed that, to deprive the Chiefs—their present owners of them would us nothing enrich, though it would leave them poor indeed. I pass over the usual festivities of a native marriage, and the Nách given me by Fazal Muhammad Khán, which was only remarkable for the obesity of the host, and the undisguised alarm he manifested in ascending a rather slim and dubious ladder which led to an upper room, where we were to witness the fire-works. Nothing need be recounted of the said fire-works, which, except the rockets, were a failure; nor of the camel loads of sugar-candy and sherbet which were laid at my feet, and with which my Sindhi groom did so deluge and dilate himself that he lay on his back like one dead—helpless as a turtle. Nor shall I particularly advert to the spangled trousers and vestments of many hues and transparent texture in which I was invited to bedizen myself, and which, being sold by public auction, did, in the shape of whole and half rupees, ensconce themselves in the Company's treasury. Nor is it worth mention how I, to the loudly uttered admiration my Sindhi hosts, stretched two fat and bloated hogs (one with each barrel) in the sleep of death during a perambulation in one of their Shikárgahs; or how one of the incautious retainers, too powerfully fascinated by the English powder I made use of, so charged and re-charged his matchlock, that, with a report which stunned both him and me, it hurled him backward into the bushes.

The sole matter worth recording was my interview with Mír Rustam, who, in spite of the black-hearted gibes of a portion of our English press, was a man to be loved, aye, and respected too. Granted that he thought more of the interests of his children and his tribe than of the strangers who had forced themselves into his country, and who had repaid his friendly reception with base and treacherous cruelty, is he to be blamed for that? He was a man full of the milk of human kindness, gentle, peaceful, merciful, and forbearing over-much. His appearance was most venerable, and there was nothing in his look or deportment which could give colour to the story of his being addicted to the intoxicating bhang. He was surrounded by his family, among whom was Mír Zangi, the brother of Mír Sohráb, a man considerably past eighty. Long and bitter must have been Mír Rustam's sufferings before he could have been roused to the vehement complaints he poured forth to me, ending with the words "*Akhir Bilúch hastam*," "I have borne much; but there is a point at which I must remember that I am a Bilúch." He received me first in a large room, amid a crowd of followers. Here passed the usual-never-under-three-hours-and-a-half-to-be-quite-brought-to-a-conclusion — list of compliments. I was asked whether I was well—quite well—happy—at my ease contented—tranquil—

joyful, etc. etc. The same demands were made as to the state of my relatives and friends; and I then reciprocated, with as much anxiety as I could muster, the same delicate interrogations as to the health of the fifty-and-three jolly, muscular, and black-bearded Bilúchís who sat around me. This over, sundry every-day matters were discussed; and I pleased the assembly well, when the Mir sent for his splendid copy of the Kurán, by reading some of it. By the bye, when one sees each Musulmán in a crowded room stand up and place the book of his faith reverentially on his head, it contrasts strangely with the way in which our Sacred Scriptures are thrown carelessly about. All mere outward show!—says Anti-formalist, who wears his hat in church, and talks during divine service louder than the minister. Perhaps so, yet better the form without the substance than neither substance or form.

After some time the crowd was dismissed, and Mír Rustam then enumerated his wrongs. First, there was the occupation of Bakkar, though the treaty had guaranteed him free possession of the fortresses on either bank of the Indus; then the treatment of his Vizír, whom he had been compelled by our Resident to dismiss,—a dismissal, indeed, which, except in transactions with the British Government, was purely nominal —lastly, there was the preference shewn in everything to Ali Murád. I omit a host of lesser annoyances, such as our cutting down timber without paying for it, and the insolence of the messengers who brought despatches to Khyrpore, all of whom thought it right that they should be well fee'd for their pains. To these complaints I could only answer by offering my sympathy, by a recommendation to forbearance, and the hope that matters would mend. On the way home Fateh Muhammad, the Vizír, rode up with a score or so of horsemen, and endeavoured to speak to me, but the Agent's orders were so express, that I was obliged to decline holding any communication with him.

On reaching Sakkar I heard of the disastrous attack upon the fort of Sibí, or Kajjak, in which our troops were three times driven back from the gates—thrown wide open, but defended by brave men, who, in a moment, cut down those who entered. One horse artilleryman, whose arm had been severed, and who was bleeding to death, forgetful of his own sufferings, expended his last strength in shouting to Lieut. Creed, who led the attack, a warning of the enemy's position, "They are all to the left, Sir—look to the left." My friend and connection, Falconer, of the Grenadiers, received his death-wound while gallantly endeavouring to rally the sipáhis. He was pulling them forward by the belts when a shot struck him—he had a moment before broken his sword in killing one of the enemy. Our loss was fifty-three men killed and wounded, and four officers; of the enemy, forty-five were killed and ninety-three wounded, besides three chiefs killed and three wounded. Why the General with an army of five thousand men, amongst whom were two European regiments, should have detached a native corps to attack a place so well garrisoned as Sibí, remains to be explained. Unfortunately the Light Company of the 2nd Grenadiers which advanced first to the attack, was the very company which had been so cruelly cut up at Nafushk.

The ill spirit we had excited at Khyrpore now broke out in a violent affray at Rohri, in which blood was spilt. I had gone out for my usual evening pull down the river, when I observed a crowd gathering on the Sakkar side near the Agency. Boats, too, were coming over in unusual numbers from Rohri. As the boat in which I was drew near shore, I could hear voices bawling out my name.

On landing, I found Major C., on horseback, and several officers with him, highly exasperated at an attack which they said had been made on a party of sipáhis, who had gone to Rohri to be present at a fair there. The boats were bringing the sipáhis and camp-followers back—some of them wounded, and one sipáhi had his arm cut off. C. was for having the guns brought down immediately, and battering the whole town to pieces; every one shouted vociferously, and it was difficult to understand the cause of such an attack on our men. Presently a boat of the Amírs arrived with the native authorities of Rohri, who claimed to be heard. With much difficulty I persuaded the senior officer and the officials of Rohri, to walk into a room in the Agency and discuss the matter quietly,—when it appeared that the sipáhis had taken a party of Nách girls into one of the mosques, and made them dance there; and that the Bilúchís present sent a message, desiring them to retire and not profane their place of worship. An insolent answer was returned, and this led to blows, in which the Sindhis, being better armed, had the best of it, and chased our men to the boats. I represented to C. that this was a case for the magistrate, and did not require to be settled with battering guns and musquetry, and at last succeeded in quieting the hubbub. On forwarding the depositions of the witnesses on both sides to Government, it was decided that the sipáhis were in the wrong, as they gave the first offence; and thus the affair ended without the sack of Rohri.

Among the numerous guests who halted at the Agency about this time was General Ventura, who stayed a few days with me. His beard was dark, flowing, and quite Oriental; not like the wretched attempts—stunted, tawny, and withered-looking—of which some chins in camp were guilty. Beards, let me tell you, differ as much as opinions. An Afghán was introduced to me at Shikárpore, of middle height, whose beard was so long, that he could tread on it. One side of it had been considerably abbreviated, however, in an encounter with an enemy, who, twisting his hand in this interminable appendage, whisked its owner from his horse and would have slain him, beard and all, but for the interposition of a friendly spear. For a man to touch another's beard is the worst of affronts; but female petitioners infallibly grasp this mark of the ruling sex, and they tell me 'tis mighty pleasant to have soft fingers fumbling at these antennæ, as it were, of your compassionate feelings. But all this is *à propos de bottes*. I found General Ventura perfectly informed on all matters connected with our Afghán campaign and with the condition of the native states bordering on the Indus. He requested me to remit to him his pay from the Court at Lahore, 4,100 rupees monthly, and he very kindly permitted his Akbar Navis, or Intelligencer, to forward his reports through me. Thus every third day or so, I received a sort of Persian *Morning Post*. In

place of reading that Her Majesty drove out in the pony-phaeton, or that H. R. H. Prince Albert hunted with the stag hounds on such a day, I read that the Maharajah took his morning airing on an elephant, and spent two hours in the Diamond Gardens, with a thousand and one other particulars,—so little can royalty, either in east or west, escape the persevering scrutiny and microscopic vision of its admirers. Now and then, however, came a piece of information of a little more importance than such notices as those above.

One of the most troublesome duties which devolved on those servants of all work, the Politicals, was the tracing and apprehension of deserters. Now that so large a force was in the field, this duty was increased *ad infinitum*. Whole detachments of camel men, cooks, butlers, palanquin-bearers, took wing; nor was it often that they started empty-handed; they spoiled the Egyptians ere they fled. One day a very handsome youth came to me for service. I was allowed four messengers; the post of one of these was vacant. Quite pleased to fill it so well, I gave it at once to the applicant. For two days he went on admirably; on the third he came to resign. I asked the cause. "He was not well; his brother was dead; he must go home." In short, he had a dozen reasons in a breath. Handing over his belt, he was gone in such a hurry that I at once suspected something wrong. Still I could not hear that anything was missing, and there were no grounds for detaining the fugitive. For several days his sudden departure remained a mystery; at last came a party of horsemen belonging to one of our irregular corps. The officer asked to speak to me. He inquired if one Ghulam Khán had been at the Agency. The description he gave left no doubt that it was my quondam messenger. "And why are you in search of him?" "Saheb, he had charge of our pay; he has absconded with it." One would have thought that the broad and rapid Indus would have been security against such occurrences. But at every ten miles or so were ferry boats, and there was no exercising a supervision over these places. The men who were stationed to examine the passes took bribes *con amore*, and not only let the guilty pass unquestioned, but abused their authority by extracting fees from the innocent. India is no less than Persia and Turkey, the Land of Bribes. Corruption proceeds, link by link, in an unbroken chain, from the lowest to the highest, until the European authority is reached; there it snaps yet, alas! not always, as some melancholy cases, even in late years, have proved. Still, who is not astonished at the change that has taken place since the days when Commissaries, after holding office a year or two, made their appearance in the wealthiest London circles, and astonished their late masters by the superiority of their *ménage*. Nor was it only these examiners of passports on whose reports it was impossible to rely,—among the native officials I fear there was not one whose word could be taken as good evidence.

A great deal has been said on either side as to the truthfulness of the natives of India; perhaps the matter would be fairly stated were we to say that, if personal regard and gratitude interpose, an Indian may be relied on to the uttermost; in all other cases, the chances are against truth being spoken. In this point the Sindhis do not come behind

one bit; they lie with astonishing fervour. The Bilúchis, on the contrary, are truthful; they are too brave and chivalrous to be false. But commend me to a Persian for romancing. During our disasters in the Marri Hills we had a Persian prisoner in durance at Sakkár. He was about five feet three inches high, small of limb, meagre, and altogether a poor wee creature. On hearing what had happened, he begged to speak to one of the political officers. Here am I," he said, "send me into the Hills, don't tell the Bilúchís of my approach, for then they would never stand, but give me a few horsemen, and you shall soon see what this arm can do." The same martial little gentleman, when about to be released, paid each of his late wardours a visit. He addressed me somewhat in the following strain:—" Agá i Ján, lord of my life! may you live a thousand years; may the river of your clemency and kindness, which has been flowing around me, be returned to you by Allah expanded to an ocean." Then looking wistfully about the room, he added that he could not depart without some token of my regard, which he should ever wear about his person. Beginning with the most valuable articles, he asked for everything he saw one after another; bearing my refusals (for I was not to be cozened) most meekly, till at last he made a determined stand for an English powder-flask and shot-belt. This he was resolved to have. He entreated, flattered, whined, all in vain; then, when at length he found he could not succeed, he burst out into fierce wrath, and began to pour forth such abusive speeches that I was obliged to expedite his departure by a hint to the sipáhis, who were in attendance.

As the hot weather advanced, the Great River, which had for several months retreated from canal and lake into a narrow bed, began to swell. It is impossible to fancy a more frightful waste than Sindh would be but for this grand artery, which, if art would but a little aid her elder sister, might be made to send life and verdure to all the region between Guzerat and the Hála mountains. There are, for example, the traces evident enough of where a large, if not the principal stream, once flowed from a little to the East of Allore, between Sindh and Rajputána, out into the gulf of Cutch. Then instead of the Salt Rann, which now forms the barrier of these two countries, there was a rich district clothed with tall crops of grain of all descriptions. It is almost within the memory of man that the last remnant of this mighty stream was stopped, partly by an earthquake, partly by man's agency. What greater boon could our Government confer on Sindh than the re-opening of this source of fertility? nor have we to expect any enormous outlay in effecting the object. Every year proves with what ease the river shifts its course. The Amírs have, in numberless cases, performed on a small scale what is here required on a large one, and the aggregate of their minor works would surpass this great one.

In China there are officers whose sole employment is to superintend the canals and increase their number and extent. Such supervision of the canalling in Sindh is equally demanded. At the same time, too, that each new vein of fresh water would reclaim another district from the desert, the navigability of the main river would be increased. At present the quantity of water to be discharged is so vast, that in the deep channels no vessel can make head against the tremendous fury of the stream; while, where the

banks are low, the river spreads itself out into a vast lake, where a navigable channel hardly exists, or if existing, is not discoverable. If the army of a Persian king could in a month cut so many outlets from the rapid and impetuous Gyndes, as to render it fordable to a man without so much as wetting his knee,[9] what might not be done in the lapse of years by a moderate outlay from the revenue, aided by the labour of the ryots, which—to a reasonable extent— might be required of them without payment.

In this way I used to dream of what might be, and would be at some future time, done for Sindh, as I gazed out on the rising inundation. The Agency was built so close to the river's edge, that one could sit at the window and catch fish. Not that I ever caught any of a very noble kind. The most common were what we used to call cat-fish. They made a queer noise like the screeching of a kitten, and were not very fit for the table. As the holes and creeks near the river were gradually filled with water, some unpleasant reptiles that had harboured there found their way into our habitations. Among the lesser fry of scorpions and centipedes, arrived a visitor who alarmed my cook and all his fraternity not a little. Just about dinner time one day there arose a disorderly shouting in my cuisine, which was presently followed up by a request from my head man, Jáfir, that I would bring my gun and do battle with a huge snake that had made his appearance there. On reaching the place I found a very large black snake, seven or eight feet long, and as thick as a man's arm, in a flirting sort of attitude among the rafters of the low roof, as it were coquetting with the dinner, just over the place where the servants used to take their meals. I forthwith discharged both barrels into the brute's paunch, which almost cut him in two, and effectually stopped his demands for more. A large rat which he had swallowed for lunch dropped out from his stomach.

My next visitor to General Ventura was Samad Khán, the Afghán, who accompanied Captain Abbott from Khiva to St. Petersburg, and thence to England. He is the only one of his race who ever visited Europe, and he was then preparing to astonish his brethren with all the marvels he had seen. He was a little dry-looking old man, and without any powerful claims to be considered an Adonis, but he informed me he had gone through sad temptations in England. The Inglis ladies, he said, would cause an angel to forget his high estate—what then could a mere man do. Yet he solemnly assured me he had resisted all the enchantments with which the Houris of the West had assailed him. I asked him what of all he had beheld, he considered most worth seeing. His answer was, "the Emperor of Russia." Such a "Jawán i rána," "so graceful a man," he had never before seen; he was a true king, the others were nothing. Poor fellow! after recounting all he had seen in his travels, he came next to the calamity which had befallen himself meantime. He had left his wife and children at Herát and Yár Muhammad Khán, the Governor, had taken the opportunity to sell them for slaves to the Usbecs. He would never desist, he said, from searching for them till he had found them out. I could not

[9] By the bye, who will believe the childish reason that is given for this work. Is it not more likely that the real object was to give the means of cultivation to a district suffering from drought?

help thinking that Yár Muhammad, having sold the wife and children, would probably throw in the papa into the bargain, cheap.

As the hot weather reached its height, my health gave way under repeated attacks of fever. I had also suffered much from the Sindh ulcer in my feet. For six weeks I was unable to walk, and the sore had penetrated quite to the bone. One doctor had rubbed in calomel into my legs, and, whether from that reason or some other, they swelled to a prodigious size.

The third year of my sojourn in Sindh had now commenced. Of those who entered the country at the same time as myself, few remained; some were dead, others had gone away on sick leave. An idea may be given of the unhealthiness of the climate, at least to us the first comers (partly from our being compelled to live for a long time in tents), by simply stating the fact that, of the original Political Staff of Sindh and Shál, numbering seventeen officers, ten are dead, four have been obliged, by loss of health, to retire from the service, and but three remain in India. My chief was aware that my health was rapidly giving way, and wrote to me that it was his intention to proceed to England on sick certificate, and advised me to apply for permission to visit Bombay, in which case he would be glad if I would accompany him down. Alas! how little do we foresee our fate. Before the letter reached me, the writer of it was dead. In the prime and flower of his age, a model of manly strength and beauty, full of schemes for the future, little did he think that the book of life was for him, at that very moment, closing, and the seal about to be affixed. It was to me a great shock. Who is there that would not be saddened by reading a letter bright with hopes of revisiting dear England, but a few days written, and the writer dead! Common as such occurrences are in India, we must have resided long before the effect is deadened. The skeleton is not less hideous because it sits at all our feasts. Of my chief's political career in Sindh I have little laudatory to say; he was a man of great courage and talents, and could labour indefatigably when he thought the occasion required it. In a great measure, no doubt, he was misled by the natives he had about him, who were opposed to Mír Rustam. Whatever the cause was that induced him to take up the line of policy he did, it led to a sad result; that is, if it be thought sad that those who once respected the English Government should be brought to hate and despise it, and that a long course of harsh and unjust measures should lead to a sanguinary war. True, that in the said war glory was won, and our general added new lustre to a name already among the most dazzling in history; but what then? will all the glory of Cæsar, Wellington, or Napier, weigh against the blood of one uncivilised and ignorant, it may be, yet leal and true-hearted, clansman, slain in the effort to preserve his chief from captivity, and his country from the spoiler—I trow not.

When Major Outram succeeded to the charge of Upper Sindh, the rancorous sore of distrust and enmity which had so long been studiously kept open, was at once staunched; the Khyrpore chiefs who would long before have thrown away the scabbard, but for fear of being shortly over-matched, now thought only of renewing

their former friendly relations with the English Government. The storm that was brewing was dissipated in a moment, and though the hour of our weakness—the Cábul catastrophe—was at hand, not a lance was raised against us in Sindh, late so hostile to us. The tale is an old one now, and the political resurrectionist is generally as scurvily handled as the more literal disinterrer of the unsavoury defunct, yet truth will never suffer one to be dumb. When a man has seen with his own eyes a wrong inflicted, he becomes a mere gong in the hands of justice, who, to borrow one of Mr. Weller's similes, will be sure to make him tell what's o'clock. I say then, that Miání shewed very well what the Bilúchís could do; that they could fight bravely and die manfully; and that it was in their power, when our flag was torn and trampled on at Cábul, to have dealt us a stern blow, which, reeling as we then were, might have stretched us prostrate. That they remained quiet then, ought to have made as forbearing when they were weak and we strong.

I remained just time enough at Sakkar to see the alteration produced in the disposition of the Amirs by the change of residents at their court. A very dangerous attack of illness then compelled me to start at best speed for a new climate. On the 5th of August, 1841, I quitted my charge and sped down the river *remis adurgens*, and aided by a current which opposes a velocity of seven miles per hour to the upward comer. The river does in fact, as it were, dissuade one from entering these evil regions of Upper Sindh; it drives you roughly backward when you would ascend to them, and would you depart, it whirls you swiftly away. As my boat passed under Clibborn's house, he came to the window and called out "Good bye;" "I am only going for a month" I said; "I shall soon be back." "You will never return,' was his answer, and so saying he went in and shut down the window. I never saw him again. The Indus was at its full height, and at places it foamed and boiled like a witch's cauldron—one of your old gigantic Scandinavian witches, not the diminutive Macbeth breed. Just by that which was once Clibborn's house, the river is exceedingly deep, and a whirlpool is formed by the opposition which the remains of an ancient building make to the headlong waters. When the river is low this building can be distinctly seen, and is another proof, and one far more irrefutable than the inscription of Khwaja Khizr, that the stream migrated hither from Allore. A sort of guardian genius was daily seen at this spot in the shape of an enormous alligator. I never caught sight of it myself, but officers have told me that they have often fired at it, and that its length could not have been less than twenty feet. At Calora, a village some thirty miles from Sakkar, I passed the Satellite steamer a—ground. I had suggested to Major Outram that this vessel should be sent to Dera Ismael Khán, or as far as it could go, on an exploring expedition, to ascertain first how far the river was navigable, and next what chance of trade there was with the Derajat. Whether it was ever sent, I know not.

On the 6th I passed Sehwán, and on the 7th reached a village called Gotam, belonging to a Seyyad. My amusement was the Annals of Tacitus, and a shot ever and anon at the

flocks of great unwieldy pelicans, who sate turning and twirling in the eddies of the mid-stream.

On the 8th I was brought up by a difficulty. We came to a place where the surges were so high, that the Tindal declared it would be destruction to encounter them. The wind was violent and foul, and he begged leave to moor until Allah should send better weather. It chanced that we were close to a small creek, where the waters, tired with the blustering and fuming of the mid-channel, were enjoying a quiet nap. Here we pulled up and prepared for patience and a dinner of rice and curry. Presently the Tindal thought it would be as well for one of the crew to swim across the creek and see how the river looked beyond, whether it was less boisterous there. No sooner said than done,—one of the boatmen jumped in, "accoutred as he was" (he had, in fact, little clothing on that would not be improved by washing), and struck out manfully for the opposite shore. Before the swimmer made his plunge I told him I thought he was too near the main stream, and that there would be danger of his being sucked in. However, he laughed, and took his own way. Before he had got half across the creek, we saw he Iwas being fast driven to its mouth. A few moments more and he was caught in an eddy and taken into the river. His head went under water several times, and, in spite of his skill (and these people are almost amphibious) it was evident he must soon go down. Seeing this from the boat, I was not a little perturbed, and the more, as being myself unable to swim, I could render no assistance; and, even had I been the best swimmer in the world, I perhaps could not have extricated him from his perilous position. Luckily I had with me a large gourd, fitted with strings, on which the expert natives manage to cross from shore to shore. This I thrust into the Tindal's hand, and giving him a smart push, sent him headlong in to the rescue. A minute before he was standing with a face of stolid apathy, and looking for all the world like one to whom the submersion of the whole human race would have been matter of indifference. But the souse dispelled this lethargy in a moment. It was a perfect cold water cure. A few vigorous strokes sent him to the drowning man's side, and they both managed to get clear out by the help of the gourd.

Next day, as the wind did not seem inclined to lull, there was nothing for it but to try our fortune and move on. The boat was one of the largest—if not the largest—on the river; yet these freshwater billows threatened to engulf it. The stern of the vessel was much broken; but, with The carcases of two vessels this damage, we escaped. stranded just beyond the creek, was a warning to us of the fate we had risked. I afterwards found that a boat, in which two officers were coming down to Hyderabad, had been wrecked at the same place.

To avoid such rude encounters as much as possible, I left the Indus, about twenty miles above Hyderabad, and went down the Phúleli to that place. During the cold weather the Phúleli is nearly dry; but, in the inundations, it becomes a rapid stream, about a hundred yards in breadth and eight or ten feet deep. The banks are studded with

gardens and villages, and the district through which the river flows is evidently very populous. Where it joins the Indus there is a beautiful Shikárgah, then belonging to Mír Núr Muhammad, one of the chief Amírs of Hyderabad. Farther on I passed another Shikárgah, the property of Muhammad Khán Tora. It blew a hurricane all night. In the morning, wearied out with our slow progress, I called to a respectably dressed Bilúch on the bank, and asked him to lend me his horse to go on to the Agency. He most civilly stopped, and consented to my somewhat cool request. On jumping a—shore my new acquaintance brought me some milk, and we sat down and talked. Twelve rupees a month was, he said, all his pay, and he could hardly support himself and family upon it. By birth he was a Maghzi of Ahmad Khán's tribe, of whose clan there were about fifteen in Hyderabad. While we were talking Ibrahim Shah came up. I mounted the horse of one of his attendants, and we galloped ten miles-past the fort and city of Hyderabad, to the Agency, which we reached about noon. Here I was introduced to Major Outram, and found at once that I should have no less reason to be pleased with the change of residents than were the Amírs. Frank and kind in his demeanour, the new envoy had no secrets from his assistants, or secrets with their subordinates—the munshis. Though it was impossible for any one to equal his own indefatigable labours, he was always ready to acknowledge the exertions of those under him; and, as his own deeds were illustrious, so he never sought to appropriate the merit of others.

CHAPTER XII.

HYDERABAD—VISIT TO THE AMIRS—CHARACTER OF THE AMIRS OF HYDERABAD AND THEIR CHIEF OFFICERS—ROUTE TO CARRACHI— VISIT TO THE MAGAR TALAO—REFLECTIONS ON LEAVING SINDH— DEPARTURE FOR BOMBAY.

I FOUND that I should soon have an opportunity of making acquaintance with the Hyderabad Court. The Political Agent intended to transact important business with the Amirs on the morrow, and he desired me to attend. Mír Núr Muhammad had bequeathed his territories to his two sons, Shahdad and Hasán Alí, to be equally divided between them. But Shahdad, the elder, a profligate youth, without a single good quality to recommend him, was bent on depriving his brother, as far as in him lay, of his rightful heritage. He was supported by Mírza Bákir and the family of Ismael Shah, in themselves a host, as well as by many powerful Bilúch chiefs. On the other hand, the Nawwáb Ahmad Khán Laghári, a brave and veteran soldier, stood by Husaín Ali. Major Outram, acting a more noble and very different part from my late chief, was bent on healing the family quarrel, and with this view he intended visiting the Darbár next day.

We started about five in the morning from the Agency, which is four or five miles from the city of Hyderabad. The agent had borrowed a horse from an officer who was staying with him. It was a vicious brute, and its master, by sparing the whip, had completely spoilt his steed. We had scarce gone a hundred yards before it began to be unruly, but it soon found there was a new rider in the saddle. A few severe lashes, and the iron grasp of a pair of immoveable legs, distinctly announced that submission would be its wisest course. After one or two despairing kicks, it gave up the hopeless struggle, and the cavalcade moved on.

When we had ridden a couple of miles we were welcomed by a huge cloud of dust, from which soon became visible some six score of Bilúchi horsemen coming out to welcome us. It is a painful piece of politeness this, where dust of one's own making is superabundant. More especially so is it if you happen to be mounted on a fidgetty high-mettled steed, which dislikes a dozen of ragged galloways niggling along within a yard of its tail. I fairly confess that being compelled to wear very wide shoes, from the state my feet and legs were still in, I lost one of these πέδιλα at the very first onset. Endeavouring, however, to look as amiable as possible,. and to disguise my loss; I "nathless so endured," and at last found myself at the alighting place.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The loss of my shoe in the approach had half prepared me for the first ceremony on entering the Darbár. The Amírs had from the first

required our Agents to uncover their feet, a ceremony which with them was tantamount to the removal of the hat in English society. When we had taken our seats ourselves on chairs, the principal Amírs on sofas, and their retainers on the carpet, the object for which we had come was stated. It is not for me to describe the stunning hubbub occasioned by a hundred iron-lunged Bilúchí chiefs, who forthwith joined in fierce controversy as to the claims of the two young Amírs. My business was to interpret, and an arduous affair it was. I confess I liked Ahmad Khan Laghári best, who said little but looked "*tenax propositi*." Nasír Khán, who was now regarded as the principal Amír, seemed inclined to support Shahdad. At last, however, the remonstrances of the Agent prevailed, and it was agreed that the brothers should ratify a solemn engagement inscribed in Kuráns, binding themselves to keep on friendly terms, and submit their territorial disputes to arbitration. I was deputed to bring in the young Husain Alí, while another officer was sent for Shahdád, and they were made to embrace publicly. I was very glad that I had nothing to do with the latter chief, who was as ill-favoured in person as he was odious in disposition, while my *protégé* was a beautiful youth, whose clustering black ringlets and large dark lustrous eyes would have made sad havoc in an English ball-room. I found Husain Alí at the house of his uncle, Mír Sobdár, whose eldest son, Fateh Ali Khán, came with me back to the Darbár. The crowd was so great, that instead of walking we were carried along, and had like to have been crushed in some of the narrow passages.

After this affair was over, the next topic for discussion was the cession of Shikárpore, in lieu of the subsidy guaranteed to our Government by treaty. The Amirs were all averse to this cession, especially Nasír Khán, who said, "Saheb, it is dishonourable for a chief to surrender lands." This point then was for the time left undecided.

About eleven o'clock, a.m., we mounted and returned to the Agency, and my chief did me the honor to request that I would draw up a report of the day's proceedings. As there were many Persian documents to compare and translate, I had not finished this till next day, when it was transmitted to the Governor-General. As a specimen of how work was carried on among us, I may mention that ill as I was, I had risen at three in the morning to go on with my report; at half-past three I heard a footstep coming into my room. The door opened, and in came Major Outram. He looked surprised to find me at work already, "for," said he, "I came up to wake you, that you might begin writing in good time, but I find you are beforehand with me."

I stopped ten days at Hyderabad, luxuriating in the coolness of the climate compared with that of Sakkar and Katchí; yet I fancy few who have been only in Lower Sindh think Hyderabád a very enjoyable place. Yet it was delightful to me after the incandescence from which I had just come. So true is it what old Sádi says—that they who are in Purgatory think Paradise, Heaven; while, to those who are beyond, Purgatory appears Paradise. The sea breeze, the last sigh of which dies in reaching Sehwán, is quite perceptible at Hyderabad. The Agency—afterwards, made famous by

Outram's celebrated defence of it—certainly seemed but little adapted for a fortress. It was a large paste-board-looking house, built within a hundred yards of the Indus, with a wide open plain to the east, extending as far as Hyderabad, the river to the west, and a garden and grove of tall trees to the south. A small enclosure near the house contained a number of pet deer of all descriptions, from the dwarf Kotah Pachah to the gigantic Sámbar. One buck antelope enticed caresses by his beauty, and repaid the proffer with furious thrusts of his horns, which, sharp as poniards, would, if he had made good his charge, have let out life in an instant. As for the city itself, it is both populous and extensive in comparison with the other towns of Lower Sindh, though the buildings, with the exception of the fort, are not greatly superior to those seen elsewhere. The houses are built in general of mud, but, for all that, must not be put down as mere hovels. They are thick walled, extensive structures, often several stories high, a kind of Timbuctoo palaces in short. The fort is an irregular pentagon, surrounded by walls of burnt brick, without a ditch or outworks, and, in several parts, shewing neglect and decay. Only the families of the Amírs resided in the fort. In the centre is a vast bastion, which was then supposed to contain the treasures of the Amírs. These, report said, were enormous; but experience has so often shewn such accounts of the riches of Eastern Princes to be fallacious, that it is marvellous in the case of the Amírs so much credit should have been given to the stories of their wealth. When the Talpúrs overthrew the Calora dynasty in 1781, they no doubt obtained possession of the treasure of those princes. But, as will be seen in Mr. Elphinstone's Cabul Sháh Zemán, the Afghán king, in 1793 and 1794, settled the Southern Provinces of his empire in person. He then compelled the Amírs of Sindh to pay two millions four hundred thousand pounds on account of tribute due by them. If half of this immense sum was really exacted, we see at once in what way the Calora treasures were expended. Since that time, it is true, there had been no great drain on the Sindh exchequer. Twice only had it been drawn upon; once in 1804 by Sháh Shuja, who managed to extort seventeen lacs (one hundred and seventy thousand pounds), and again in 1809 by the same king, who then obtained a smaller sum, but the exact amount is not known. On the other hand the whole revenue of Sindh had not, for years before our invasion, amounted to more than fifty seven lacs, of which the Amírs of Upper Sindh collected twenty, while seven lacs went to Shír Muhammad, the chief of Shírpor. The remaining thirty lacs were divided amongst the five principal Amírs of Hyderabád; so that the revenue of each did not exceed that of an English nobleman of the second class, while that of all collectively no more than equalled the income of our mighty Crassi—the Dukes of Sutherland and Buccleugh, and Lord Westminster. From this amount, thousands of retainers were to be paid, a princely style maintained, and all expenditure for public works defrayed; add to which that at least two thirds of the revenue were taken in kind; and it will appear matter of surprise that when the long-coveted hoards were at last divided their actual amount was found to be what it was. Besides, amongst the Talpúrs there had been some very extravagant chiefs. Mír Karam Alí was famed for his munificence, and Nasír Khán, at one time in his life, was very lavish in his expenditure, in consequence of which he had been almost entirely dependent on his brother, Nur Muhammad, for some years

previous to that chief's death. This fact may account for the countenance he shewed Shahdad during our interview, for otherwise the nature of the uncle had little in common with that of his avaricious and grasping nephew. Neither Núr Muhammad nor Sobdár possessed any wealth.

The reception the Amírs gave us was not calculated to impress us either with the magnificence of their court, or, in some respects, with the refinement of their courtiers. The approach to the fort was through a long narrow dirty street, crowded with spectators, among whom might be noticed a great number of Sídís or blacks. The darbár or hall of audience was small, without the slightest pretence to splendour. But, though the good sense and simple habits of the Amírs led them to avoid display, yet all their apartments were not to be judged of by the paltry reception-rooms in which their interviews with the Resident took place. On one occasion Nasir Khán shewed the English party over his private residence. There were several good rooms, and among them one very high and lofty, much better suited for an Audience-chamber than that in use. It was covered with a beautiful Persian carpet, and the walls were hung with portraits of the Shahs of Persia. On the present occasion, however, simplicity was studied to a fault. A common-looking sofa occupied one corner of the room, near a window which was half closed with a simple deal board. There was no order or ceremony in the reception. People came and went, talked or were silent, as it pleased them. On the other hand, the manners and demeanour of some of the Amírs—Nasír Khán, for example were highly prepossessing. He was a man of enormous bulk, but his face was eminently handsome, and there was a frankness and openness in his address which was quite winning. Altogether his manners reminded one of those of a highly-polished English nobleman. He was a great favourite with the Bilúchís, much more so than his elder and deceased brother Núr Muhammad, whom I never saw, but who has been described to me as extremely fond of money, and in appearance quite a contrast to Nasír, with a thin cunning countenance and quick twinkling eyes, expressive of suspicion and distrust—altogether a second Louis Onze. His son Shahdád resembled him in style, and was, moreover, a puny, dissipated, debauched-looking youth, about five and twenty. With these two exceptions, the family of the Amirs were much better-looking than the like number of Europeans taken at random. Mír Sobdár, who was involved in the common ruin of his family after the battle of Miáni, appeared to be a plain, sensible man, of quiet manner and gentlemanly address. The son of the eldest of the four Amírs, who first succeeded the Caloras, he had been kept out of his birth-right for some years. He, however, in 1828, escaped from the capital, and was joined by a large body of the Bilúchís, till at last he was at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men, with which he compelled the other Amírs to restore to him the territory which had belonged to his father, Fateh Ali. From this quarrel, as from other reasons, he always held aloof from the rest of the family. When Lord Keane landed, there is no doubt the other Amírs would have attacked our forces, but that Sobdár utterly refused to join them. How therefore, his attachment to the British came to be suspected is a question not easily answered. His troops are said to have been present in the field at Miáni, but it

has never been ascertained whether they really were there, and if so, if the whole were present, or but a detachment; and, also, how far Sobdár endeavoured to restrain them.

Some persons are pleased to look upon the Amírs as ignorant barbarians. There was, however, often more pith in their remarks than we English gave them credit for. Thus, on one occasion of an interview between our Resident and Núr Muhammad, the former was speaking much of the good faith and disinterestedness of his government. Núr Muhammad listened half assentingly, half abstractedly, and then said, as if changing the subject, "You Europeans came to India in the reign of Bahadur Shah, did you not?" The Resident answered, "No; the first English factory was established at Surat in the reign of Jehángír;" and so the remark passed unheeded. On questioning the munshí, however, it appeared that among the Persian MSS. in the possession of the Amírs was a history of Guzerat before it became a province of Akbar's empire. In this there was a very circumstantial relation of the treacherous murder of Bahadur Shah, King of Guzerat, by the Portuguese. Núr Muhammad intended therefore, by his remark a gentle hint, that in all European transactions in the East, this astonishing good faith on which the Resident was enlarging would not be found conspicuous.

From the first the Amírs of Hyderabád were well aware of the ruin which our entrance into their country foreboded to their family. It is idle hypocrisy now to pretend that our design in entering into treaties with them included the slightest glance at their advantage. In vain they protested— "We want no treaties, no alliance; spare us the honour of an Ambassador; or, if an officer must be deputed to our Court, why then, let it be a doctor." Maugre all their dislike we were determined to befriend them. The navigation of the Indus promised golden returns; interested persons told us of the fertility of the soil;—"Sindh," said they, "is a magnificent country, but crushed by the iron rule of these Bilúchí despots. The soil near Hyderabad is favourable for indigo, tobacco and sugar. At Karáchi pearls are found, the fishery for them might be rendered most profitable, but the ignorance and folly of the Amírs throw obstacles in the way of all improvement. The whole wealth of the country is in their hands, and in the hands of a few favourites. No other class of people dare exhibit any signs of riches. The Bilúchis hold every species of traffic in the greatest contempt, and consider merchants legitimate objects of plunder. The Hindús, by whom all the trade and commerce of the country is carried on, are a despised and degraded race, and are treated on every occasion with the greatest injustice. Under the present Government there is no sort of market for goods, no safety for the trader, and no hope of an elevation of the system." Such were the calumnies poured forth in the greedy ears of the invaders. Had they all been true, we should not have been justified in seizing the country, unless it can be shewn that we ought to take a man's coat because he does not choose to mend a hole in it.

In their intercourse with our Resident and his assistants the Amirs were uniformly courteous and affable. A touch of chivalrous honour in some cases appeared in their deportment Thus, on one occasion, when Nasír Khán had called at the Agency, and not

knowing that ladies were living there, entered a room where one of them was sitting—he immediately retired with a profound obeisance, mounted his horse, and rode back to Hyderabad. In a short time messengers arrived from him, with a letter asking pardon for his unintentional rudeness, and an offering of one hundred gold muhars (one hundred and fifty pounds). He was, in truth, quite shocked at having intruded on a female in the absence of her husband. The same Amír, before the fatal battle of Miání, was resolved not to break with the English Government come what might. In vain the Bilúchí chiefs urged him to take the field. At last they sent a woman's dress to him. This was sufficient. "Since they think," he said, "it is fear that prevents me from raising my standard, they shall see they are mistaken;" and he immediately left his palace to join the troops.

The Talpúrs won Sindh by the sword, and as their power was based on the courage of their Bilúchí soldiers, it was natural that they should accord them great privileges. The great chiefs of clans might be said to be almost independent. Sháhdád told one of our officers that Ján Khán, a Bilúchí chief, had twice attempted to poison him, but that his clan was so powerful that he was quite unable to punish him. Such attempts, however, were rare indeed, as during the sixty years the Talpúrs governed Sindh we have no account of any of them having been assassinated. Let any one compare the history of their government with the bloody annals of a single year at Lahore. More crimes will be found registered in the space of twelve months under the Khalsa government than could be reckoned during the whole administration of the Amírs and their fathers. When we reflect on the ease with which European Sovereigns are deposed—on the little attachment their courtiers and armies shew to them, it speaks well for the Amírs that none of their followers deserted them in their hour of need, except the Seyyad family of Ishmael Shah, who were of foreign extraction, being, originally, Persians who settled in Sindh during the reign of the Great Nádir. It will be said, perhaps, that this was merely from interested and selfish motives; that because they feared losing their broad lands, the Bilúchís remained firm in their loyalty, and that the dread of forfeiting their privileges united them against the British. In the same manner all loyalty, nay, every feeling of it must the heart, may be resolved into selfishness. At least, be granted that the rights of the Bilúchí tribes—that is, of a third of the whole population of Sindh—were respected by the Amirs—that the Bilúchís were satisfied with the existing Government. But, of the pure Sindhis—the Jokhyas, Jhats, Kulmatis, etc., how many were there who shewed themselves disaffected? What, did none of these shew any disposition to join the invader?—Not one. Surely, then, we ought to pause before we receive as true the stories that have been told of the tyranny and misrule of the Talpúrs. Aye, but the Hindús; the Hindús, at least, were oppressed, squeezed of their money, despised, almost proscribed. If so, how was it they did not migrate to the neighbouring countries under British rule—to Catch, Guzerat, and Rájputána? How did it happen that when we arrived at Shikárpore and Hyderabad we found Hindú merchants as wealthy, almost as numerous as in the most prosperous towns under our own Government? It is a strange case this. The English public sit as judge. On one side, as

evidence, are the natives of the country—its history, free from internal strife during the last fifty years—the testimony of all the political officers who have been stationed in Sindh, two only excepted, neither of whom knew anything of the language, and never conversed with the natives but through the medium of artful, venal munshis; on the other side is the evidence of sundry military men, who, *of course, would be naturally inclined to err on the side of conciliation, and could not be in the slightest degree influenced by the paltry half million of prize money,* and a few munshis, who, after a long course of lying, performed the part of veracious men for this time only. Yet, away with evidence—let might be right; is there to be no limit to our vengeance; has England but one word left for those who sue humbly at her feet—for those who were rich, happy, at peace—till England thrust her friendship and her treaties upon them—and is that word, Væ victis!

On the 23rd of August I left Hyderabád in the *Satellite* steamer, and passed down to Tatta in five hours, through a tremendous sea. The pace was not of the slowest, as the current carried us in mid-stream about seven miles an hour, and our own speed was eight or nine. In one place, but luckily not where the river was particularly boisterous, we struck on a sand-bank. The vessel seemed as if it would bury itself. I began to fear that in after ages, when the river had changed its course, a fossil steam-boat would be discovered with skeleton crew, hid some twenty feet below the surface of the soil. At last, however, she stopped descending, but twenty minutes were expended in getting her off. As we drew near Jerrak the woods grew denser, and seemed almost impervious. It was here that at the first landing of our troops three officers of one of the Queen's regiments were burned to death. At the time some were disposed to ascribe their fate to design, but in fact it was pure accident—an accident which, unfortunately, too often occurs in India. A friend of mine was present when an unfortunate beater met his fate in the same way. A large extent of long grass was set on fire to drive out some hog the flame ran with the rapidity of lightning. The man, who was among the grass at the moment the fire was kindled, ran to a tree and ascended it. The flame encircled him, and, blinded by the volumes of smoke, he lost his hold, fell from the branches, and perished miserably. At Tatta we disembarked, and I prepared to proceed by land to Caráchi. Two officers, who were going on sick leave to Bombay, were to be my companions. One of them was so ill that I was in fear he would die on the road. He was so reduced and emaciated, that though six feet four inches in height and, when in health, proportionably stout, I could now carry him with the greatest ease. He had been stationed at Kotru in Katchí, and the account he gave of the sickness there was fearful. The party of officers on detachment at that place, originally consisted of eleven, and the sipáhís numbered about four hundred. Fever broke out among them, and their sufferings were aggravated by the heat, which was absolutely insupportable the thermometer reached 130° Fahrenheit, in a tent. Soon five officers, all young men under their twenty-fifth year, were dead; half the sipáhís succumbed;—the doctor was so terrified at the number of deaths that he became deranged. My friend, a man, as I have said, of extraordinary stature and strength, was seized with the fever, and, as the only

chance of saving him, was sent off in a palanquin to Sakkar. Three of the twelve bearers died on the way from *coup-de-soleil*.

Our stages to Caráchi were Gujar, fourteen miles; Ghára, fourteen; Píprí, twelve miles; and Jemedár ji lánti, thirteen miles. In the third march we passed a large ruined town called Bombhára, and six miles farther we encountered many tombs and scattered villages, which seemed to shew that this part of the Delta had once been more populous than at present. As we entered Caráchi we met many pilgrims returning from Hinglaj. This place is famous as a resort of Hindu pilgrims. Durga, the Goddess of Destruction, is worshipped there, and it is the farthest western limit to which Indian polytheism extends. A short time before I quítted Sindh an enterprising officer, Captain Hart, succeeded in reaching the Temple, and has left in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society" an interesting account of his journey. The same route was afterwards attempted by the late Sir William Harris in the disguise of a native. At the second or third stage, however, he was discovered to be a European, and he saw such threatening symptoms of hostility among the Mekránis that though an experienced traveller, and one who had dared to enter the territories of the African Moselikatse and other semihuman barbarians, he nevertheless thought it advisable to try the fleetness of his horse in returning to cantonments. Certainly, the journey which Sir Henry Pottinger performed through these regions in 1809, disguised as a Persian horse-dealer, was one of the most extraordinary and adventurous undertakings ever ventured on by man—though the courage, perseverance, and talent, shewn in bringing the attempt to a successful termination, has been comparatively little understood or appreciated.

One of my first expeditions after reaching Caráchi was a visit to the Magar Taláo, as it is called, or Lake of Alligators. This curious place is about eight miles from Caráchi, and is well worth inspecting to all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a sandy and sterile track varied with a few patches of jungle, brings one to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which lie the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one ignorant of the *locale* suspect that under that green wood in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed. "Here is the pool," I said to my guide rather contemptuously, "but where are the alligators?" At the same time I was stalking on very boldly with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *naso adunco*. A sudden hoarse roar or bark, however, under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant. Presently the genius of the place made his appearance in the shape of a wizard-looking old Fakir, who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole, and then proceeded to call up his spirits." On his shouting "Ao! Ao!" "Come! Come!" two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At least three score huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The

whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool with its strange inmates, the Fakir's lonely hut on the hill side, the Fakír himself, tall, swart, and gaunt, the robber-looking Bilúchí by my side, made up a fantastic picture. Strange, too, the controul our showman displayed over his "Lions." On his motioning with the pole they stopped (indeed, they had already arrived at a disagreeable propinquity), and, on his calling out "Baitho," "Sit down," they lay flat on their stomachs, grinning horrible obedience with their open and expectant jaws. Some large pieces of flesh were thrown to them, to get which they struggled, writhed, and fought, and tore the flesh into shreds and gobbets. I was amused with the respect the smaller ones shewed to their overgrown seniors. One fellow, about ten feet long, was walking up to the feeding ground from the water, when he caught a glimpse of another much larger just behind him. It was odd to see the frightened look with which he sidled out of the way evidently expecting to lose half a yard of his tail before he could effect his retreat. At a short distance (perhaps half a mile) from the first pool, I was shewn another, in which the water was as warm as one could bear it for complete immersion, yet even here I saw some small alligators. The Fakírs told me these brutes were very numerous in the river about fifteen or twenty miles to the west. The monarch of the place, an enormous alligator, to which the Fakír had given the name of "Mor Saheb," "My Lord Mor," never obeyed the call to come out. As I walked round the pool I was shewn where he lay, with his head above water, immoveable as a log, and for which I should have mistaken him but for his small savage eyes, which glittered so that they seemed to emit sparks. He was, the Fakír said, very fierce and dangerous, and at least twenty feet in length.

Carách is by far the most pleasant station in Sindh; indeed, it would bear honourable comparison with any of the stations on the Bombay side. Yet in no place has the cholera been more fatal. Our European regiments have been almost annihilated there. The fact is, that premonitory symptoms are not attended to, and there are, alas! too many individuals in each corps whose constitutions are already undermined by drinking, and these succumb at once on the appearance of the disease. The extent to which drinking is carried among European soldiers in India is so fearful that no language can describe it. Surely those in high place should give their days and nights to this great problem—the moral improvement of our noble army. To pass over obvious matters, such as the choice of the most salubrious stations for our English regiments, the building of places of amusement for the men, reading-rooms, schools for fencing and gymnastic exercises, baths, etc., so as to keep them as much out of the sun as possible (and these rooms, by the bye, might be built by the men themselves in the cold season)—not to mention, too, the encouragement of merit by opening three or four commissions in each regiment to deserving privates—one must come to the root of the evil: how can men be expected to be religious (and if not religious then not good citizens, then not contented) while they are prevented from marrying? Every man ought to be encouraged to marry (ay, ay, laugh on, Malthusians!) nor would the number of children and women clog the movements of our troops. Let our regiments on service be unincumbered; but, the campaign over—and Indian campaigns are never very long,—why should not the

soldier return to a home as the native sipáhi does, instead of having none to care for him, and therefore not caring himself whether he lives or dies. "But," says objection, the widows and fatherless children, what a burthen to Government; what is one to do with the widows, one cannot pension them all?" True, but is there no demand for female servants? is there no trade which might be taught—millinery for example—to the wives and daughters of soldiers?—no employment which could be given them in our missionary schools and public buildings, such as hospitals, travellers' bungalows? In the next place, every officer in charge of a company ought to be compelled to spend some time in questioning the men as to their reading and pursuits, and in suggesting to them useful books for their perusal, in encouraging them to study, and in aiding their progress. These are Utopian ideas, it will be said:—there are to whom all progress appears Utopian.

Caráchi has no pretensions to be called a port; the road-stead is most dangerous, and only small boats can enter the creek which runs up to the town. Even for these there is risk in passing the bar during strong winds. Sindh has, in fact, no harbour. The entrance into the Hajámri branch of the Indus is extremely difficult and dangerous. The coast is low, and seen with difficulty from a distance. There are no objects to guide the mariner, except the North Point of the Richel mouth, which is covered with mangrove jungle, and for which the Catch boatmen steer. The water shoals suddenly from seven or eight fathoms to two. There is a bar at the mouth of the Hajámri, around which heavy breakers are seen on all sides. Were a vessel to strike here it would soon go to pieces, and there would be little chance of escape for the crew. The Hajámri opens like a funnel, and, from a width of several hundred yards, gradually contracts to a narrow stream. On each side the land is low. Vikkar, the place of next importance to Caráchi on the coast, is a wretched, straggling village, the houses composed of grass and mud. It is, notwithstanding, a place of considerable trade. Opposite the town the river is perhaps one hundred and fifty yards broad; the water near the bank is deep, and allows the largest boats to lie close, thereby affording great facilities for the unlading or shipment of cargoes.

I had, however, but little time to explore at Caráchi. I had been directed to assume charge of the political duties there, such as they were, until my health would admit of my returning to Hyderabad or Upper Sindh. But repeated attacks of fever warned me I must seek a further change. On the 14th of September I embarked in the "Auckland" steamer for Bombay. This vessel had arrived with a number of women and children belonging to the European regiment at Caráchi. There was a very high sea, and the steamer rolled so much that it was a service of danger either to board her or to get from her into the boats. The poor women were hoisted out by a sling fastened round the waist, and a youth in the boats caught them by the legs and deposited them as well as he could. Owing, however, to the tremendous swell, this office was performed in so ludicrous a fashion, that the sailors were kept in a continued roar of laughter. Ever and anon, the fair *débutante* descended with such unexpected velocity as to stretch him who

should have received her, sprawling over the thwarts. In short the whole scene is better imagined than described.

At last we shook off all incumbrances, the gun of departure was fired, and we started for Bombay. And thus I quitted Sindh, after two years and a half of incessant toil and ill-health. My constitution was completely undermined, the spring of life's year had been taken away. Even after several months' sojourn at the Hills, the return of hot weather brought with it a return of fever. At last I was compelled to try the effect of a long cruize at sea; but even that change, though for a time beneficial, could not repair the injury my health had sustained. It was then, after I had embarked, that I suffered the penalty of falling sick—I was deprived of my appointment. At all other stations where political officers are employed—even in Sindh itself—up to this time it had been a rule that those whom sickness compelled to leave their duties for a time should retain their appointments and draw a moiety of their staff allowance. Somewhat may be said, perhaps, against such an indulgence, while arguments are not wanting to prove it expedient as well as just. Let those pass—I was the first to come under the new *régime*. Commencing with myself, those officers in political employ who fell sick were remanded to their regiments. After two or three years' hard service in a villanous climate—which might have been spent with one's regiment in a good one—that an officer should be remanded to his corps, for no other reason than that health had failed him, may be reckoned sharp practice. At least a few words of acknowledgement for the services rendered by him might well have been expected—in old time, a transfer to a more healthy station would not have been too much to have looked for: but simply to read one's name some morning in cold print, "placed at the disposal of H.E. the Commander-in-Chief," is enough to make the zeal of a Jesuit evaporate. The fact was, a new Pharaoh had arisen who knew not the political Josephs. By the time Lord Ellenborough reached India, our disasters in Cábul had occurred. The new Governor-General seemed to be impressed with the idea that all political officers, small and great, were in fault. Forthwith he commenced dealing out upon them the most ferocious and Samsonistic blows. The shower unfortunately fell, like Don Quixote's strokes on a certain occasion, upon an innocent race of puppets. What blame in fact was to be attributed to the junior political officers who served under the Envoy, or the Political Agent in Upper Sindh? These did but move as their leaders pulled the wires. But an insane yell had been raised against the very name of Political. If anything went wrong, venerable imbeciles shook their heads, and exclaimed against "those boy Politicals!" Friend Nestor! 'prithee inform us where is 't thy pleasure to demarcate boy from man? What man's appendage was wanting in these "boy Politicals?" At the doubtful age which separates youth from manhood, those who would claim the bold free name of man, put faith in whiskers, some, some in the tufted chin, and others in the straggling and lean moustache. Look on these visages, wrinkled and hirsute—look on these beards, which to the waist descend, and say, if these be boys, who, then, are In truth it is a merry thought—a very pleasant and men? unlooked-for jest, to call this time-honoured and all but used up throng, a set of "boy Politicals."

But, in sober seriousness, why should this cant about Politicals, (and all sweeping abuse, as well as all unqualified praise of a whole body of men is cant) be perpetuated. A regimental officer shews a more than ordinary knowledge of the native character, makes himself *au fait* with the languages, or evinces talent in other respects, and is selected for the *corps diplomatique*. The politicals, therefore, are not a distinct body from the military—they are of them; and to them sooner or later they return. Few are so fortunate as to be nominated to this employ till they have been ten or twelve years in India; and the higher grades of Resident and Political Agent, can only be obtained after a service of twenty or thirty years; and, therefore, not till men have reached their fortieth year. Thus an officer of my acquaintance, who had served fifteen years, and who had greatly distinguished himself as First Assistant, was told—when the Residency fell vacant—that though his services were appreciated, his extremely junior standing rendered his promotion impossible. The duties of a political officer are far more onerous, and his responsibility is infinitely greater than that of a military man of corresponding rank, except during the few hours when the campaign reaches its crisis of a general action. And if some Politicals have failed, and their false measures have brought down on our heads disgrace and loss, let it be remembered, on the other hand, that from the Indian *corps diplomatique* have sprung such men as Malcolm, Elphinstone, Monroe, Close, Pottinger, Outram, and Lawrence.

A passage in Lord Ellenborough's letter to the Political Agent in Sindh, dated Allahabad, May 22nd, 1842, is worth noticing, as it affords the key to that Governor-General's dismissal of Outram, Colonel Taylor, and others. "The British officer" says his lordship, "whatever may be his character when he assumes his office at a small native Court, can hardly be expected, when deprived altogether for a long period of the society of his countrymen, not to acquire some portion of the feelings and prejudices of some of those by whom he is surrounded, and to lose something of that impartiality of judgment, and of that firmness in action which are required in a Representative of the Government." There are glimmerings of sense in this remark of his lordship, though, on the whole, it is tolerably illogical for a debater of Lord Ellenborough's experience. What does his lordship mean by saying that a British Envoy at a *small native* Court *acquires* the feelings and prejudices of those by whom he is surrounded? Is it meant that among the Jhárijahs, for instance, one would, by degrees, find something excusable in curtailing the existence of little Susans and Emmas, something attractive in lulling oneself into idiotcy with Kusumbah, or a high degree of devotion in standing twelve years on one's head, imbedded in supári leaves? or that, by residing at Hyderabad, while the heart gradually softened to religious mendicants, the judgment would begin to view polygamy and the seclusion of females as, on the whole, not so bad, and applaud the rejection of English saddles, pork, and old Madeira? On the same principle, policemen would, by degrees, extend the itching finger towards their neighbour's pocket, and before long, find "who deal with pilferers must themselves be thieves." Then, is it only a small *native* Court that is to be the downfall of the hapless Political, according to the

well known idea—"My wound is great because it is so small;" leading to the unfortunate conclusion—" It would be greater were it none at all." And how are we to understand the words Native Court; *ergo*, not foreign Court unless native is equivalent to foreign. Or, is it only the small Indian Courts that have this wondrous power? A French court, therefore, or a Russian, cannot affect an Envoy one bit; there we may quite depend on our diplomatists, it being only in certain latitudes that our Envoys suffer this strange metamorphosis? But I forget there is a proviso—"the Envoy must be deprived altogether, for a long period, of the society of his countrymen." It is a pity his lordship could not have defined the exact period, or, at least, have given us some idea of what this word "long" darkly shadows forth. A long period in man's life would be ten years; a long vacation, on the other hand, is (students sigh over the sad truth) but a few months. I know not how to fix the meaning of this "long"; three years is long for some Governments to last, five years too short for others; a day is long in the fierce heats of Sindh—short on the cool heights of Simla. Nought can I make of you—uncertain, slippery word, stretching, like Indian-rubber, to fit occasion. Suffice it to say that, at least, in Upper Sindh, political officers were never long without European society; our stations were not at small native Courts, but at large cantonments, such as Sakkar and Shikárpore. Yet, for all that, I fear we were tainted with the atmosphere of the small native Court, though some leagues distant, insomuch that we could not help feeling for men we saw cruelly wronged and foully maligned. The truth is, the very circumstance which his lordship would have us believe renders Indian Politicals unfit to serve their country, is the thing, of all others, that makes them useful to that very end. It is only by a long residence at Indian Courts that men understand what the feelings and the prejudices of the natives of India are, that they learn to make allowances for those prejudices, and avoid unnecessarily shocking those feelings, and—mark it well, my Lord Ellenborough—thereby conciliate the regard of the natives of India, and prevent the whole country from rising, en masse, to thrust us out as objects of hatred and disgust. Let the time come when we shall try to ride roughshod over the feelings and prejudices of the hundred millions of men who inhabit our Indian Empire, and the land

ἐξεμέσει ἡμᾶς ἐκ τοῦ στόματος αὐτῆς.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, and my own hard fate, for at least it was hard to suffer me to embark in ignorance of the woe impending. I did not know, in fact, for nine months afterwards what had befallen me. Having lived therefore, moderately, yet still nearly up to what I had every right to believe was really my pay, I found, on my return from sea, that I had expended some two thousand rupees of former savings. It is hardly fair, however, to speak of my own tiny grievances, after chronicling the huge ones of the poor Amírs. Of them, however, I have nothing more to say that would throw fresh light on their case, or appear to be a fresh argument in their favour, for this simple reason, that I was not personally present at the wind-up of our *alliance* with the unfortunate Talpúrs, and have not patience to make a catalogue of all the erroneous statements in the Blue Book. I must content myself with having shewn, in some slight degree, that our

transactions with Khyrpore were carried on in such a way as to leave no chance of a friendly spirit towards us being entertained by the Upper Sindh Amírs, save only Alí Murád. At the risk of being accused of "damnable iteration"—*eandem semper canens cantilenam usque ad nauseam*—I must repeat that, at the very outset of our relations with Khyrpore, a quibble as to the meaning of that article of the treaty which guaranteed to Mír Rustam possession of the forts on either side of the Indus, was considered a sufficient pretext for our occupying, and ever after retaining, the Fort of Bakkar. I must repeat, too, that the pretence of buying off Shah Shuja's claims for tribute from the Amirs, by saddling them with a demand for twenty-eight lacs, £280,000, was altogether unworthy of us, seeing that the Shah had long since ceased to be King of Cábul,—that we ourselves would have acknowledged Dost Muhammad had he fallen in with our plans, and that the Dost never pretended to exact tribute from Sindh;—that it appears, moreover, from the Blue Book, that we allowed the claim upon Mír Mubárik's share of this fine of twenty-eight lacs to lie dormant for three years, until we thought we could conveniently enforce it, and that in the meantime Mír Mubárik, the supposed debtor, and Sháh Shuja, the pretended creditor, were both dead. Let consideration, too, be given to the treatment to which Mír Rustam was subjected from the very first by our Political Agent in the matter of the Kárdár of Rohri, and of the Vizir Fateh Muhammad Ghori. Let it be remembered that a coterie of artful and corrupt munshís supported Muhammad Sherif on one side of the Indus, and Ali Murád on the other, and let the truth of their representations, with regard to Mír Rustam and his minister, be tested by the ridiculous statements made in the Blue Book, such, for example, as in No. 281, where Fateh Muhammad is represented as having been a slave of Mír Rustam's from his boyhood, he being, in point of fact, one of the best born noblemen in those parts, and having come from Bháwalpore to Sindh when he was already past middle age. Let it be well remembered, too, that, of the munshís employed in transacting business with the Amírs, more than one has been clearly convicted of treasonable conduct and bribery, and punished accordingly:—that among the papers of one of them, a letter was found, purporting to come from Nasír Khán, of Hyderabád, and to be addressed to a foreign Court, and that, whereas we were pleased to consider that document as genuine, and to suppose that the munshí had suppressed it for purposes of his own, there is more than equal reason to believe that it was a forged paper, intended to be used against the Amírs, in case of their charging the munshí with attempts to extort money from them. That, subsequently, various similar papers were, through native agency, produced against the Amirs, and expressly repudiated by them; but, nevertheless, put down by us as genuine, partly on the authority of officers who did not understand the language.[10]

That with reference to the alleged letter to Bíbarak (not to examine the other cases,) the letter appears *prima facie* to be a forgery, for three reasons: 1st, because the Amírs, on

[10] One of these officers, on whose authority Sir C. Napier expressly states his reliance, signed a parwánah for a merchant to transport goods through Sindh to Cábul free of toll. A reference came about it from Sir W. Macnaghten, when it turned out that the said officer had no idea of what he had signed.

one occasion, assisted us in recapturing some of Bíbarak's tribe who had escaped, thereby shewing they were not on terms with him. 2nd, because the Amírs, a short time before our arrival in Sindh, had suffered a severe defeat in the Bugti Hills, in which one of their principal chiefs lost his arm, and several petty chieftains and a great number of retainers were killed. 3rd. Because the Amírs would have written had they required the aid of the Hill Bilúchis, not to Bíbarak, but to Bijjár Khán Dumki, as the latter could have influenced Bíbarak much more than any direct application from the Amírs, and was, moreover, not only the most powerful Bilúch chief in Upper Sindh, but of the same tribe (Rind) as the Talpúrs. Let it be also remembered that all our treaties with the Amirs were made after their warmest remonstrances against the intended honour;—that the mere circumstance of marching large bodies of troops through an independent country contrary to the declared wish of its rulers, and cutting down timber, abolishing imposts, garrisoning forts, buying up grain and beasts of burthen therein, would be in Europe considered a most flagrant breach of international law; and I think enough will be remembered to shew that the Sindh case is one that Justice (sweeten it however much you may,) will find too nauseous to swallow. But what then?—the question is no longer *sub judice*: all is over now. The principal Amírs are dead, and their property is all sold and divided. Besides, the English public generally are satisfied; the *Times* newspaper is satisfied, and that proves that the public are so—*apkêl*. Nay, but are the Indian public satisfied? Do the millions of Hindústán, do the Musulmán chiefs care what the *Times* thinks? Are they satisfied? Let any ten intelligent native gentlemen be taken from the great towns of Hindústán, and let them answer this question. There is yet room for tardy justice. Look, for instance, at the case of Mír Sobdár. Refer to all the authorities that have ever written on Sindh, and not one syllable will be found to shew that this prince was ever aught but the firm friend of the English. It is useless to compile a large volume of extracts in his favour, but look, for example, at what is said in the Blue Book—on the very eve of the fatal battle of Míání—p. 430. "In most measures, the simple fact of Mír Nasír having adopted one line of conduct, is sufficient to cause Mír Sobdár to follow the opposite course, except where the interests of the *British Government are at stake, and in favour of which Mir Sobdár invariably declares, whatever may be the design of the other Darbár*."

Look again at page 526; in Lord Ellenborough's letter it is said, "I think Mír Sobdár must have been forced into an apparent junction with the other Chiefs of Hyderabád, and he will leave them as soon as he can." Well, this man, whose life was spent in a series of kind offices to the British, is dead—died our prisoner—his mother, his eldest son, a noble youth, are dead—died broken—hearted. One son remains; would it not be mercy to restore the young Chief to his country—a Prince who is the only surviving descendant of Fateh Ali Khán, the founder of the Talpúr dynasty? Let him be placed in possession of those districts which belonged to his father. By this we shall at once secure the fidelity of the Bilúchí tribes, who always looked up to Sobdár as the natural head of their nation. Let the aged and decrepid members of the family return with Sobdár's son, to lay their bones in their own country. What possible cause of alarm is to

be found in Mír Muhammad—good easy man, who never had a thought, beyond his shikargah and his amusements! That grace may be shown to the poor captives, and that the children of the ex-Amírs may have cause to bless that great Company, whose administration alone preserves India to us, is the sincere prayer of an ex-Political.

APPENDIX I.

RANGE OF THE THERMOMETER IN MAJOR DOWNING'S HOUSE (OPEN) AT ABU, IN THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1840.

Date	Sunrise	Noon	3 P.M	Sunset	Remarks
16	72	76	79	77	Clear sky. Light winds.
17	72	76	79	77	Clear sky. Winds higher.
18	76	80	83	81	Clear sky. Winds higher.
19	78	82	85	82	Clear sky. High winds.
20	80	85	88	86	Clear sky. Cool, and light winds.
21	82	86	90	88	Clear sky. Cool, and light winds.
22	82	88	90	87	Clear sky. Cool, and light winds.
23	82	88	90	97	
24	80	86	88	86	
25	81	87	91	93	Clear sky. Moderate winds.
26	80	88	91	88	Intermittent.
27	79	87	89	84½	Clear sky. High winds, at night stormy.
28	78	83	86	82	Clear sky. High wind.
29	74	82	83	79	Clear sky. Wind cool and constant.
30	73	81	84	81	Clear sky. Light winds.

Note. For these Tables and for the view of Abú, which forms the frontispiece of this book, I am indebted to my friend Mr. William Strachey, late assistant to the Governor-General's Agent in Rajputáná.

RANGE OF THE THERMOMETER IN MAJOR DOWNING'S HOUSE (OPEN) AT ABU, IN MAY, 1840.

Date	Sunrise	Noon	3 P.M	Sunset	Remarks
1	76	86	84½	85	Violent winds. Clear sky.
2	83	88½	91	87	High and warm winds.
3	89	89	92½	89½	Change of moon. Warm winds.
4	79	86	89	86	Wind cool and pleasant from E.
5	76	83	84½	82	Wind becomes damp.
6	72	83	86	84	Cool and smart breezes from E. & S.
7	75	82	86	83	Cool breezes, steady.
8	73	80	82	80	Cool breezes from E. and S., with a little rain.
9	72	81	84	73	Violent wind. Thunder storm at night.
10	75	85	86	82	Morning still. Breeze about 10
11	74	87	89	86	Smart shower at 5 o'clock.
12	77	89	89	87	Close morning. Breeze in afternoon.
13	80	90	91	88	Intermittent W. wind.
14	81	89	90½	87	Intermittent W. wind.
15	79	86		78	Atmosphere cooler.
16	75	84	85	82	
17	73	84	86	82	Pleasant breeze.
18	73	82	85	82	Cool and pleasant breeze.
19	71	81	84	81	Cool and strong S.W. wind.
20	71	80	84	81	Cool and strong S.W. wind.
21	69	80	83	81	Cool. Horizon cloudy to S.W.
22	68	81½	84½	82	Strong W.S.W. winds.
23	69	81	84	81	W.S.W. wind, intermittent, but strong.
24	69	80	85	81	W.S.W. wind, but less violent.
25	73	82	85½	82	Morning calm; towards noon W.S.W wind.
26	74	84	86	82	Slight earthquake at night.
27	73	82	86	82	Not much wind.
28	73	82	86	83	Pleasant S.W. breeze.
29	78	82½	84½	82	
30	75	78	82½	80	Cold S. wind.
31	72	79	82½	80½	

RANGE OF THERMOMETER AT ABU, JUNE, 1840.

Date	Sunrise	Noon	3 P.M	Remarks
1	73	79	82½	Cold S. wind. Cloudy.
2	73	79	83	Cold, less wind towards evening.
3	73	84	86½	Partial S. wind lulls, and westerly towards evening.
4	76	82	84	Close morning. Thunder at noon. Evening cooler.
5	78	85	86	Close day. Thunder at noon.
6	78	86½	90	Close day. Thunder at noon.
7	80	89	92	Light W. winds. Cloudy for some hours.
8	83	89	92½	
9	81	89	90	Wind fresher from W.S.W.
10	80	86	88	Squall and smart shower, after which thermometer sinks 10 deg. at once.
11	75	82	83½	Calm day, but cool. Squally again at 9 p.m., and rain all night.
12	72	77	83½	Cloudy morning, cool, and through- out the day.
13	72	77	79	Leave Abu at 5 p.m., and on arriving at Sirohi, in the plains, thermometer rises, as noted, to 96, being 17 deg. higher than at Abu.
14		94	96	

Mem. There is usually about 6° Fahrenheit between the temperature of a tent at mid-day and that of an open house. For 59 days at Abú, in 1840, as shown in this Register, the mean minimum of the thermometer was 761; the mean maximum 86; the mean range being 93°. This season was unusually hot, and cannot, therefore, be taken as a fair criterion of the climate; but at all events it is fifteen degrees cooler than the climate of the low country.

REGISTER OF A THERMOMETER (FAHRENHEIT) KEPT AT THE NAKKI TALAO, ABU, IN THE SUMMER OF 1841.

N.B. The afternoon observation was taken at 3 or 4 P.M., and is generally the maximum temperature of the day. The night observation was made about 9 P.M.

APRIL				
Date	Sunrise	Afternoon	Night	Remarks
8		78.7	76.5	
9	72	81.5	76	Hazy.
10	75	87.5	74	Hazy.
11	71.5	78.5	75.5	W. wind.
12	71.2	77.3	73.7	Wind E. Cloudy. Shower at 11.
13	69.5	74.8	70.8	Cloudy.
14	67.5	75	72.5	Cloudy.
15	67.7	76.2	72.2	
16	72.5	79	76	Wind E. Cloudy.
17	71	76.7	73.3	
18	*	75.7	71.7	W. wind.
19	68	75.5	72	Little or no wind.
20	69	76.7	73.3	Little or no wind.
21	1½ a.m 76	78.5	76	Dense clouds, thunder, and a little rain.
22	*	75.5	72.7	Gale from E.
23	71.5	70	66.3	Stormy. Thunder.
24	8 a.m 72.5	*	71.5	
25	69.5	77	74.3	
26	71	*	75	W. high wind.
27	68.5	76.5	75	W. high wind.
28	*	74.7	74.7	W. high wind.
29	71	74.3	71	Dust storm from W. at 2 p.m.
30	68	*	73.3	Cloudy. E. wind.

MAY.				
Date	Sunrise	Afternoon	Night	Remarks
1	68	*	76	
2	72.3	78.8	77.8	
3	*	79.5		High W. wind.
4	71	*	75.3	
5	*	79		
6	*	*	*	
7	*	78	*	
8	69.7	*		
9	74.5	80.5	80.5	
10	76	*		
11				
12		82.5		High W. wind
13	75	81.3		W. changeable.
14				
15	76	81.6		Clouds. Little wind.
16				
17		85		W. wind. Hazy. Shower at 2 p.m.
18	77	85		No wind.
19				
20	75	83.5		W. wind.
21	77	84		
22	76	83		Wind E.
23	73	81		Damp wind from S. E.
24	73			
25				
26				
27	71.5	80		Very damp E. and S. wind.
28				
29				
30				
31	77	83		

JUNE.				
Date	Sunrise	Afternoon	Night	Remarks
1				
2	75	82.5		
3	73.5	83		
4	77.5	83.5		
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11		78.5		
12	73	80		
13				
14	74	82		
15	76.5	81.5		
16	77	80.5		
17				
18	71	79		
19				
20	70	79		
21	70	79		
22	72.5			
23				
24	72	80		
25	74	72.5		Windy showers.
26				Incessant rain and high wind.
27		69		Incessant rain and high wind.
28		74		High wind.
29		76.5		Cloudy.
30				Cloudy.

JULY.				
Date	Sunrise	Afternoon	Night	Remarks
1	69	79		Cloudy.
2	69	75		Wind W., clear sky.
3	71.5	76		Wind W., clear sky.
4	71	65		At Gurusikr, the highest point of Abu.
5		75.5		
6	71	76		
7	9 a.m 78	77		
8	72			
9				
10				On arriving this day at Sershi, in the low country, the Thermometer reached 94 at noon, in the house, shewing a difference of 17 degrees above Abu.

Note.— The Thermometer at Sunrise, in the open air, stood usually about 6° lower than one in the house. The wet bulb Thermometer was generally 10° lower than the dry one till the beginning of June, from which time till the 8th of July scarcely half that difference was perceptible.

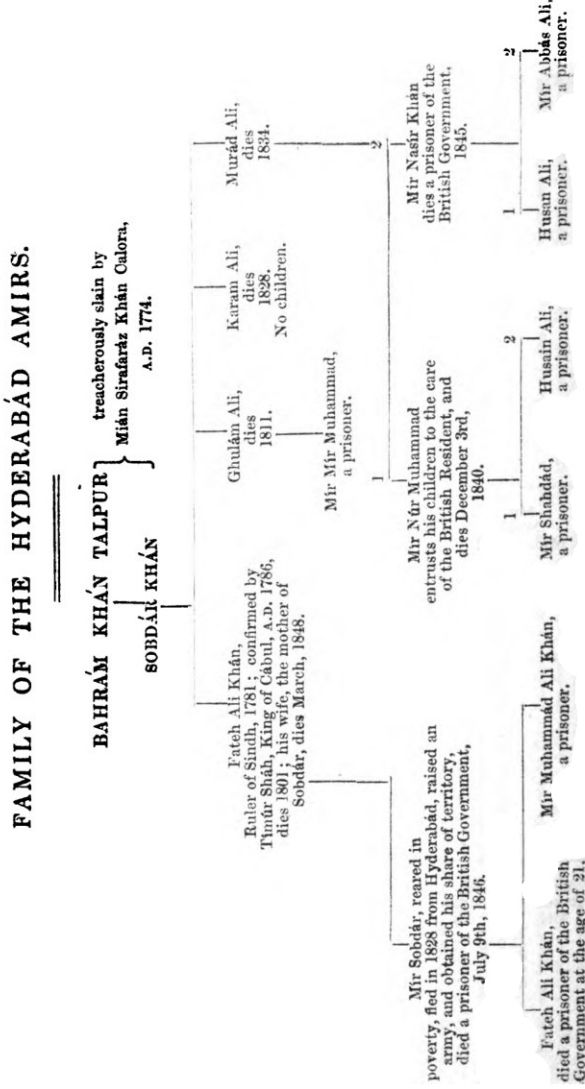
The height of the Barometer at the foot and summit of Abú was found to be as follows:—

	Barom.	Ther. Attached Fahr.	Ther. Detached Fahr.
April 8th, at Anádura village, at the foot, mean of four observations	28.967	90.1	90.9
April 9th, at Nakki Talao (the lake) mean of four observations	26.237	78	78
July 5th, at Gurusikr, the highest peak	24.480	75.5	75.5
Ther. attached Fahr. Do. detached Fahr.	26.042	75.5	75.5
July 4th, at Nakki Talao, mean of three observations			

The Barometrical height at the sea level being taken to be-Bar. 29 908; (Att. Therm.) 84°; Det. Therm. 84°. The altitudes of the various places above the sea will be—Anádura, 968 feet: Nakki Talao, 3836, or 2868 feet above Anádura; Gurusikr, 5021, or 1785 above the lake.

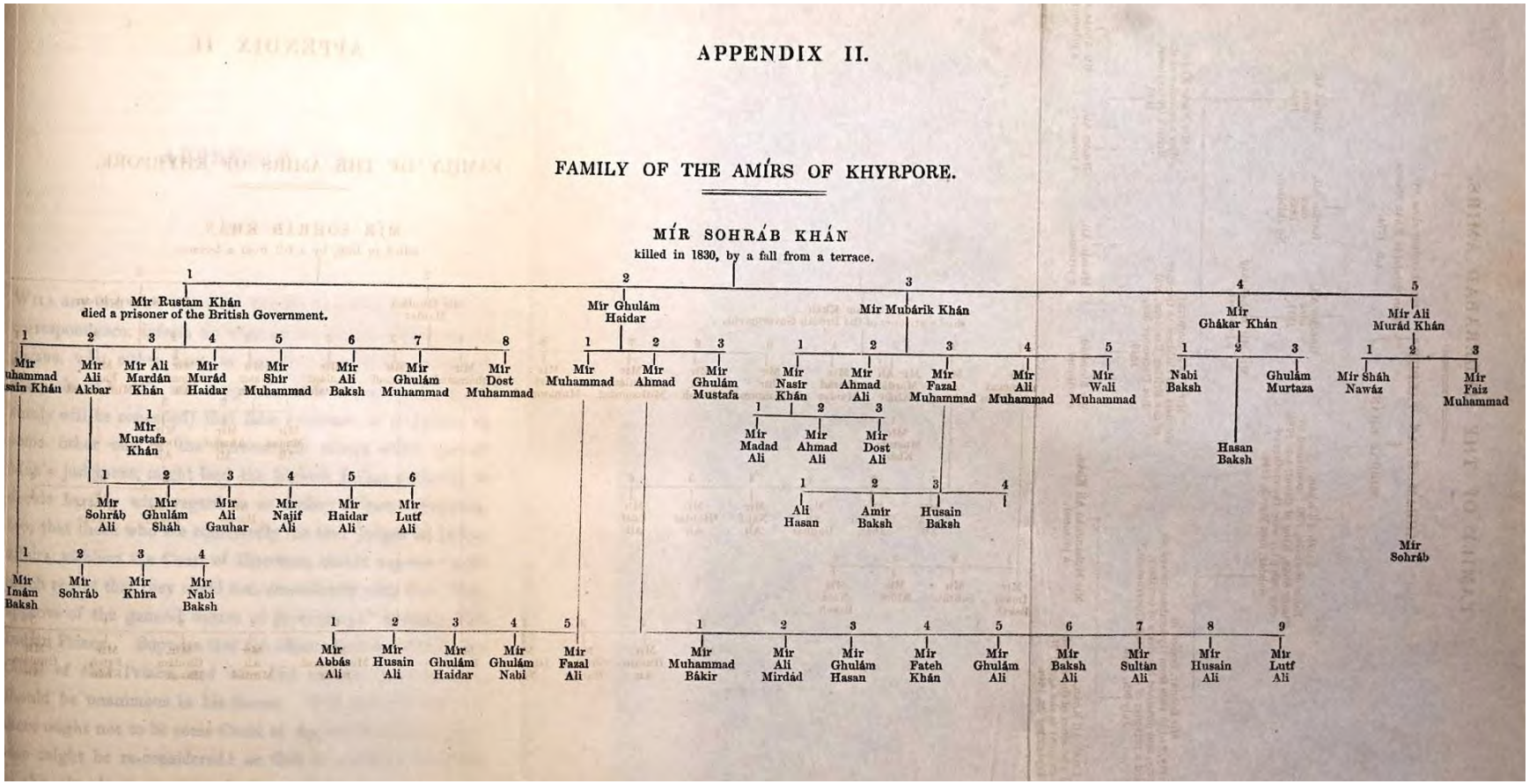
Nakki Talao was found to be about 15° cooler than Anádura in April, which shows a decrease of one degree of temperature for every 191 feet of ascent, Gurusikr is 10° cooler than Nakki Talao, being one degree of decrease for every 178 feet of ascent. Urea and Achalgarh appear to be about half way in altitude and temperature between the Nakki Talao and Gurusikr. The distance between these two latter places is about seven miles.

APPENDIX - II


FAMILY OF THE HYDERABÁD AMIRS.
BAHRÁM KHÁN TALPUR
treacherously slain by Mián Sirafráz Khán Calora, A.D. 1774.
SOBDÁR KHÁN
Fateh Ali Khán, Ruler of Sindh, 1781; confirmed by Timúr Sháh, King of Cábul, A.D. 1786, dies 1801; his wife, the mother of Sobdár, dies March, 1848.
Ghulám Ali, dies 1811.
Karam Ali, dies 1828. No children.
Murád Ali, dies 1834.
Mir Mír Muhammad, a prisoner.
Mir Núr Muhammad entrusts his children to the care of the British Resident, and dies December 3rd, 1840.
Mir Násir Khán dies a prisoner of the British Government, 1845.
Mir Sobdár, reared in poverty, fled in 1828 from Hyderabád, raised an army, and obtained his share of territory, died a prisoner of the British Government, July 9th, 1846.
Mir Muhammad Ali Khán, a prisoner.
Mir Shahdád, a prisoner.
Husain Ali, a prisoner.
Husain Ali, a prisoner.
Mir Abbás Ali, a prisoner.
Fateh Ali Khán, died a prisoner of the British Government at the age of 21, September 22, 1848.

APPENDIX II.

FAMILY OF THE AMÍRS OF KHYRPORE.



From a Drawing by C Grant

MĪR YĀR MUḤAMMAD KHĀN. MĪR MUḤAMMAD KHĀN.

APPENDIX III.

Will any one who takes the trouble to peruse the following correspondence, inform us what course Indian Princes are to pursue, who either have, or imagine they have, wrongs to complain of? We will suppose that it is *possible* (so much surely will be conceded) that false evidence, or prejudice, or some other one of the innumerable things which pervert Man's judgment, might lead the highest Indian authority to decide harshly with regard to an Indian Prince. Suppose, too, that those who are confessedly the best judges on Indian affairs, *videlicet* the Court of Directors, should express "with much regret that they could not, consistently with their duty, approve of the general course of proceedings" towards that Indian Prince. Suppose that the officers first deputed to the Court of that Prince, and who had resided there longest, should be unanimous in his favour. Will any one say that there ought not to be some Court of Appeal, in which such a case might be re-considered? or that it ought to be added to the already over-grown business which is thrust upon Parliamentary committees? The fact is, the Court of Directors themselves are the proper Court of Appeal, and the less they are *controlled* the better.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "*TIMES*."

SIR, We would hereby beg to represent, for your information and that of the public, that, having been deputed by the Ex-Amirs of Sindh to seek redress in this country for the wrongs of those unfortunate fallen Princes, who, having several times in vain represented their case, and made every effort in India for justice, were at last driven to the extremity of sending us hither, we, on our arrival, addressed Sir Robert Peel, the Board of Control for the affairs of India, and the Court of Directors, from all of whom we received a direct negative reply, without the least inquiry into the details of our case, and are therefore now necessitated to return to India from want of funds to support us in England, but should wish, before our departure, to represent, through the medium of your paper, to the public in general, the Correspondence between us and the authorities, not only here, but in India also, and sincerely trust you will judge the merits or demerits of our case with candour and impartiality.

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Copy of a Letter from the Amirs to the Governor-General of India. Translation from the Persian.

May the rose garden of the state and of prosperity, the exalted of high degree, the asylum of pomp and splendour, the phoenix of the age, the nawab of great titles, Sir Henry Hardinge, Babadúr, Governor-General of the various provinces of India, whom

God preserve, be refreshed with the rain of divine grace. After many compliments let it be impressed upon your Excellency's mind that in consequence of your happy arrival we were in expectation of being gratified with an interview with your Excellency, but as some time has expired without that pleasure, we now take the liberty of requesting the favour in question, which will afford us great delight. The oppression which has been exercised towards us, who were in amity with the English Government, by Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier is, we presume, well known to your Excellency. From the length of time during which we have been confined, we have experienced great depression of mind, but we entertain great hopes from the kindness of the English Government.
May your Excellency's days be prolonged.

The 25th of the month of Shauban, in the year of the Hijira, 1260, corresponding with the 9th of September, 1844.

THE SEAL OF MIR SOBDAR KHAN.	THE SEAL OF MIR MIR MUHAMMAD KHAN.	THE SEAL OF MIR MUHAMMAD NASIR KHAN.

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Re-translation of a Persian translation of a Letter from F. Currie, Esq., Secretary to the Governor-General of India, to Capt. M. F. Gordon, Superintendent in charge of the Amirs of Sindh.

In reply to your letter I am directed to write and say that the Governor-General does not see the necessity of granting the Amirs an interview at Barrackpore. It is the purport of this to point out to you the expediency of clearly explaining to the Amirs, that the Governor-General has not a single word to say to those Princes, which might possibly be the means of benefiting or changing their condition. If, however, the Amirs, after having had this properly explained to them, should still be desirous of obtaining an interview, the Governor-General will appoint a day for that purpose.

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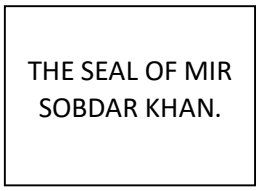
From the Amirs to the Governor-General.
Translation from the Persian.

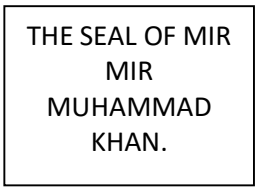
May the rose garden of the state and of prosperity, the exalted of high degree, the asylum of pomp and splendour, the phoenix of the age, the Nawab of great titles, Sir Henry Hardinge, Bahádár, Governor-General of the various provinces of Hindástán, whom God preserve, be refreshed with the rainy clouds of Divine Grace. After many compliments, &c., let it be impressed on your Excellency's friendly mind, that with

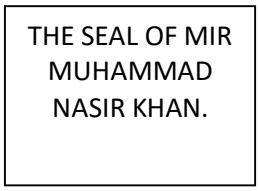
reference to the letter which we took the liberty of transmitting to your Excellency, through Captain Gordon, to which a reply was sent by Mr. Currie, and translated by Captain Gordon's Munshí for our information, we learn that your Excellency has not a single word to say to us, which might be the means of either benefiting us, or changing our condition. Although we are aware that your Excellency is well acquainted with every particular of the tyranny and injustice which have been exercised towards each of us, as a return for the friendship we entertained for the English Government; yet, inasmuch as your Excellency has no power to interfere in our behalf, why should we trouble your Excellency with any further details of our misfortunes, which involve such extraordinary acts of the most despotic oppression? The only remedy which seems left to us for the attainment of redress is, that two or three of our number should be allowed to proceed to London, in order to lay the whole of our case before Her Majesty the Queen, the Ministers of State, and the rest of the nobles of the kingdom; therefore, our hope is, that your Excellency, being made acquainted with this our request, may be pleased to comply therewith. Had your Excellency power to interfere in our behalf, you would have gladdened our hearts by restoring us to our rights, without the necessity of our proceeding to England, since your Excellency has been made acquainted with all the particulars of our case, we have every reason to believe you would have rendered us every redress possible. Now that our lives, and property, and honour, are all in the hands of the English, we sincerely trust that your Excellency will not prohibit our proceeding to London. We have been separated from all we held dear. The condition into which we have been thrown, is the recompense of the services we always rendered to the English Government, which we little deserved. We here beg leave to write the fact, that, according to British laws, no one, whether innocent or guilty of the most heinous crime, is punished without a hearing, since he has the right always of stating the merits of his own case in open Court, and when the gentlemen of the Court (the jury) have well weighed and considered the case, it is then known whether the person in question is innocent or guilty. Until we hear the decision of our case in London, we shall consider that we have right on our side; therefore we solicit your Excellency will grant our request, and when the permission shall be given, we will submit a paper to your Excellency, in which the names of the two or three of our party who will proceed to London shall be written.

May your Excellency's days be prosperous.

The 26th of the month of Ramzan, in the year of the Hijira 1260 corresponding with the







Seals of the Amirs.

Re-translation of a Persian translation of a letter from F. Currie, Esq., Secretary to the Governor-General of India, to Captain M. F. Gordon, Superintendent in charge of the Amirs of Sindh.

Your letter, dated the 15th inst., with enclosures (letters) from the Amirs to the Governor-General, requesting that two of them might be permitted to proceed to England for the purpose of laying before the Queen in Council a statement of their grievances, has been received. I am directed to say, in reply, that the Governor-General in Council cannot comply with the request therein made.

You are directed to acquaint the Amirs with the following circumstance which has recently occurred. The Emperor of Delhi has lately sent a personage to communicate certain of his Majesty's affairs to the English Government, but the individual in question, not having been sent with the sanction, or through the channel of the Established Authorities, was not received by the Court of Directors, nor was he allowed to be heard.

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Copy of a Letter from Sir Robert Peel, in answer to one from the Envoys of the Amirs of Sindh.

Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Akhúnd Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, and begs leave to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which they have addressed to him, bearing date the 3rd inst.

In conformity with official usage, Sir Robert Peel has transmitted that communication to the Earl of Ripon, the Minister of the Crown who presides over the Department for the Affairs of India.

Copy of a Letter from the President of the Board of Control for the affairs of India, in answer to one from the Envoys of the Amirs, and one from the Amirs themselves.

India Board, April 7th, 1845. GENTLEMEN,—I am instructed by the Commissioners for the Affairs of India to acknowledge the receipt of the letter which, on the 3rd inst., you addressed to the President of this Board, stating that, as the Vakils of Mir Nasir Khán, Mir Mir Muhammad Khán, and Mir Sobdár Khán, Amírs of Sindh, you transmitted the credentials which you have received from your masters, and solicited an early opportunity of submitting to the President the objects of your mission to this country.

I am directed to return to you, with the seal unbroken, the packet purporting to contain those credentials; and to inform you, that any representations connected with the Government of India, which it may be thought right to submit to the authorities in

England, ought, in regular course, to proceed through the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient, humble Servant,
(Signed)
J. EMERSON TENNENT.

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Copy of a Letter to the Court of Directors from the Envoys of the Amirs.

To the Honourable the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

HONORABLE SIRS,—We, the undersigned Vakíls of their Highnesses Mir Mir Muhammad Nasír Khán, Mír Mir Muhammad Khán, and Mír Sobdár Khán, of Sindh, beg, through you, to lay before the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company a copy of a letter received last evening from Mr. J. Emerson Tennent, on the part of the Earl of Ripon and her Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India, together with the credentials referred to in the communication, and we humbly pray the Honorable Court to transmit the same, and favourably to represent the case of the Amirs of Sindh to Her Majesty's Government.

We have the honor to be, Honorable Sirs,
Your most obedient and humble Servants,
AKHUND HABIBULLA,
DEWAN MAHTARAM,
DEWAN DIARAM.

19, Harley—street, Cavendish—square,
April 8th, 1845.

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Copy of a Letter from the Court of Directors in answer to the above. East India House, 18th April, 1845.

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, presenting your credentials as Vakils of the ex-Amirs of Sindh, and requesting permission to make a representation in their behalf, has been received and laid before the Court of Directors.

In reply, I am commanded to acquaint you that the Court feel themselves precluded from receiving any representation on behalf of the ex-Amirs of Sindh except through the Government of India, and I have, therefore, to return to you your credentials.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient humble Servant, (Signed)
JAMES MELVILL.

AKHUND HABIBULLA.
DEWAN MAHTARAM.
DEWAN DIARAM.

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Copy of a Note from the Envoys to the Chairman of the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

Akhúnd Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, Vakils from the Amirs of Sindh, present their compliments to the Chairman of the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company, and will esteem it a favour to be informed when it will be convenient to honor them with an interview.

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Answer to the above, received together with the communication from the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

The Chairman of the East India Company presents his compliments to Akhund Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám. They will perceive from the official answer to their letters to the Directors, that the Chairman is precluded from receiving them, as requested in their note.

East India House, 18th April, 1845.

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Copy of a Letter to the Earl of Ripon, from the Envoys of the Amirs of Sindh.

Akhúnd Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, Vakils of the Amirs of Sindh, have the honor to transmit to the Earl of Ripon, copies of a letter sent by them to the Court of Directors, in accordance with his Lordship's instructions communicated to them by Mr. Emerson Tennent, and of another addressed by them to the Chairman of that Court, and also the reply thereto, signed by Mr. Melvill.

The Vakils would express their earnest hope that his Lordship will not permit these small points of form, with which, as strangers, they are not conversant, to prevent that full consideration of their case, to which its hardship fairly entitles them.

19, Harley Street, 30th April, 1845.

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Copy of the answer to the above.

India Board, April 30th, 1845.

GENTLEMEN,—I am desired by the Commissioners for the Affairs of India, to acknowledge the receipt of the note which you have this day addressed to the President of the Board, inclosing a copy of the correspondence which you have had with the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

The Board command me to inform you that the letter which was sent to you on the 18th instant, by order of the Court of Directors, received the previous sanction of this Board.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
(Signed)
Your obedient humble Servant,
J. EMERSON TENNENT.

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Copy of a Petition from the Envoys of the Amirs of Sindh, to the House of Commons.

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled. The humble Petition of Akhúnd Habiballa, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, on the part of their Highnesses the Amirs of Sindh,

SHEWETH,—

That your humble petitioners having come from a distant country, which the Almighty has placed under the sway of the British Government, and having been deputed to represent the wrongs of the Amirs, entertain the most fervent hope that your Honorable House will intercede with her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, to grant the Amirs justice, and shew some regard to the chiefs of an ancient race, who have fallen from the pinnacle of happiness and prosperity to the lowest abyss of misery and distress.

The Creator of the world has given power to some nations to use it for the benefit of their fellow-creatures; if this power be abused, and the complaints of the poor and unfortunate are listened to with apathy and indifference, GOD will come to the assistance of his afflicted servants and deliver them from the affliction they suffer.

That your petitioners respectfully represent that the climate of Bengal is not congenial to the health of the Amirs, who, when brought away from Bombay and Púna, remonstrated urgently; but still they were forcibly taken to Calcutta, and the consequence has been that His Highness Mir Nasir Kbán—through imprisonment and through grief—has rendered his soul to his Maker, and the rest of the Amirs are constantly indisposed, and, if compelled to remain, will lose their lives. They therefore earnestly pray your Honorable House to cause them to be removed from Calcutta either to Bombay or Púna, where they have experienced the climate and found it congenial to their health.

That the ladies and families of their Highnesses may be permitted to join them, and that, in order to give them confidence, Mír Abbas Ali, Mir Muhammad Ali, or any of the younger Amíra may be sent to escort them, and, as they have never endured the fatigues of a sea voyage, that a steamer may be placed at their disposal to convey them to the Amirs, or, if they choose to travel by land, that they may enjoy all the privacy, comforts, and protection due to their rank and helpless situation. The misery of these bereaved ladies is manifest from the following petition confided by them to our hands, which, we trust, some friend of the unfortunate will make known to Queen Victoria.

May the shadow of Queen Victoria increase, the pure and the magnificent as Balkis (the Queen of Sheba).

It is about two years since Sir Charles Napier came to Hyderabad, in Sindh, with an army and artillery, and plundered our habitations of all our money, ornaments, jewels, and of every thing of value, and at the same time he took from us our husbands the Amirs, and our children, and sent them to Hindústán as captives. Now as to us helpless women, who are devoid of power, and were, when Sir Charles Napier arrived, seated in our houses,—what manner of custom is this, that he should enter our dwellings and plunder us of our valuables, leaving us not sufficient for our support? And two years have elapsed since he tore us from our houses and native city, and compelled us to dwell in huts like the destitute, allowing us not enough for our support, so that in one week we consume what he gives. God knows the hardships we suffer for our food and raiment; and through our separation from the Amirs we endure such distress and despair that life is distasteful to us. That one should die, when God wills it, is no calamity, but we endure with each successive day the torment of a new death, wherefore we cherish the hope that you yourself being a Queen, as we were once, and being able to sympathise with us, will take compassion on us, and cause restoration of those things of which Sir Charles Napier has robbed us; and since our hearts are

lacerated by grief at being separated from the Amírs and our sons, by which, indeed, we are brought to the brink of despair, you will remove this cause of distress, otherwise we should reckon it the greatest boon to put an end to our existence. May your days be lengthened.

Written on the 27th of the month of Shawal, 1260 of the Hijira, at Hyderabad in Sindh.

Signature of the Begum of MIR KARAM ALI KHAN.
Signature of the Begum of MIR MUHAMMAD NASIR KHAN.
Signature of the Begum of MIR NUR MUHAMMAD KHAN.
Signature of the Begum of MIR MIR MUHAMMAD KHAN.
Signature of the Begum of MIR SOBDAR KHAN.

Your petitioners further pray,—

That as the allowances granted to the Amirs are quite insufficient for their support, and the support of their faithful servants who have followed them into exile, these should be increased according to their rank and station; and that proper dwellings should be assigned to the Amirs and their families in accordance with the customs of their country.

That the jewels and private property seized and taken away from the Amirs and their wives be restored to them, and that Sir Charles Napier be commanded to restore the private papers, and lists of articles, in order that their Highnesses may recover their property according to those papers.

That all the Amirs imprisoned at Púna, Surat, Hazáríbagh, and Calcutta, may be allowed to live together, and not be kept under such strict restraint.

That the ladies of the late Mir Karam Ali Khán had some jaghírs, of which Sir Charles Napier has deprived them, that as many Biluchí chiefs have received back their jaghírs, these revered ladies, the heads of the Talpúr family, may have their ancient possessions restored to them, together with their jewels and private property.

That a suitable residence may be provided for these unhappy widows (their former residences being in the hands of Sir Charles Napier); and that they may be permitted to stay in Sindh, and not be compelled to pass their few remaining years in a strange land, afar from their own country.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

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Copy of a Petition.

To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria,
Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.
May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

We, Akhund Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, the accredited envoys of their Highnesses the deposed princes of Sindh, beg to represent to your Most Gracious Majesty in Council, that the Almighty having made sovereign princes the greatest of his creatures, and given them the thrones of the earth, has placed in their hands the reins of government, and made them directors of the affairs of men, to the end that they should protect the creatures of GOD, and not suffer one man to oppress another. Having been subjected to the most unparalleled oppression and injustice by the servants of the British Government, we have come from a far country to this city for the purpose of obtaining redress for the wrongs we have received.

We beg to state, for the information of the enlightened throne, that from the year 1809 to 1839, the various treaties entered into by the servants of the East India Company with the Court of Sindh, have been successively violated by them, and harder conditions imposed on their Highnesses, to which, from necessity, they were obliged to submit, and in no instance can it be shown that our liege princes have ever swerved from duly observing their compacts.

Sir Charles Napier having arrived in Sindh sent a new treaty to our princes from Sakkar, which is in our possession. We humbly solicit your Majesty in Council will deign to cast a glance at the treaties in question, in order to ascertain which of the parties have really violated those compacts.

With reference to what has been advanced by Sir Charles Napier, that he had obtained certain letters bearing the seal of the prince Mir Muhammad Nasir Khan, written to one of the leaders of the Búgtis Bibarak (Bilúch Mountains), and Dewan Sawan Mall, the Governor of Múltán, in consequence of which he declared himself justified in the excesses which he committed, we beg respectfully to observe that one of our number, Dewan Mahtárám, was the very individual sent by Muhammad Nasir Khán to Sir Charles Napier, at Rohrí, to enquire into the truth of this pretended seizure of letters, to whom Sir Charles Napier positively said, "I know nothing about the letters; perhaps the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, may know something about them; like yourself I am a Vakíl (deputy or delegate) of the Governor-General, and whatever instructions he chooses to send I must obey." After this, when our liege princes saw Major Outram, the political agent at Hyderabád, they asked to be shown the letters and seals which Sir Charles Napier said he had obtained. Major Outram, in reply, said he knew nothing about them, and referred the matter to Sir Charles Napier. Some time after this, when

the princes were imprisoned at Sasúr, they spoke of these alleged letters and seals to Captain Gordon, who said he was well aware they were with the Governor-General. After their arrival at Calcutta they again asked Captain Gordon for the letters and seals, which he had said were with the Governor-General, and they urgently impressed upon him their desire that the truth or falsehood of the supposititious letters which so implicated them should be proved. "I will make the necessary enquiry respecting them, and inform your Highnesses of the same," was his reply. Two days afterwards, however, he came and said that Lord Ellenborough had sent them to the authorities in England. Shortly after this Lord Ellenborough. was recalled, and his successor, Sir Henry Hardinge, arrived at Calcutta.

To his Excellency the Princes addressed a letter, soliciting him to take their case into consideration, to which he briefly replied, that it was out of his power to do anything for them. Thus, being refused redress in every shape in India, our princes have been driven to the necessity of deputing us to this country. Now that Lord Ellenborough is at present in England may we be allowed to entertain the hope that a reference will be made to him for proofs of the truth of the alleged letters and seals, in order that the fidelity of our princes may be tested, and the extraordinary oppression committed upon us by Sir Charles Napier, may be clearly seen. We have written to the Earl of Ripon, President of the Board of Control, and to the Court of Directors, but they refuse to listen to anything we have to say; our resource, therefore, is in the mercy of the throne, and we most humbly solicit that your Most Gracious Majesty in Council will deign to hear our prayer, and grant that an inquiry with a view to forward us redress may be instituted in our case.

With prayers for your Most Gracious Majesty's long reign and happiness we beg to subscribe ourselves,

May it please your Most Gracious Majesty,

Your most humble and faithful Servants,
AKHUND HABIBULLA,
DEWAN MAHTARAM,
DEWAN DIARAM.

London, 19, Harley—street,
30th March, 1845.

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APPENDIX IV.

We, Akhúnd Habibulla, Dewan Mahtárám, and Dewan Diarám, the accredited envoys of the Amirs of Sindh, solemnly declare that we have never, on any occasion, acquiesced in the truth of the charges against our masters the Amirs. We believe, and we affirm it in the most solemn manner, that the letter said to have been written to Bíbarak Bugtí, by Mír Muhammad Nasir Khán, was a forgery. We believe, before God, that the Amirs are wholly innocent of the charges brought against them.

Signatures of

AKHUND HABIBULLA,
DEWAN MAHTARAM,
DEWAN DIARAM.

19, Harley Street,
15th August, 1845.

APPENDIX V.

Translation of a Statement of the Case of the Amirs of Sindh, drawn up by Dewan Mahtárám, under the express orders and direction of the Amirs.

First, Lord Minto, in the month of August, 1809, made a treaty with the Government of Sindh; and, after him, Governor William Cavendish Bentinck concluded two treaties; one in the year 1832, the other in 1834, through the agency of Sir Henry Pottinger. In these it was stated that the friendly feelings of the English Government towards that of Sindh would remain unaltered from generation to generation till the Day of Resurrection, and that the English Government would never covet one foot of the territory belonging to the Amirs of Sindh.

After this, Sir Henry Pottinger arrived in Sindh as Envoy from the Governor-General, and requested a free passage for traders and trading vessels through Sindh, and up and down the river Indus. The Rulers of Sindh, instigated by the desire of cultivating the friendship of the British Government, which had been promised to them in perpetuity, assented to the above request, and permitted merchants inhabiting the dominions of the British Government to carry on their traffic in and through Sindh, without molestation or annoyance. Once more, Sir Henry Pottinger made his appearance in Sindh, and represented to the Amirs that the English troops would march through Sindh towards Cábul and Afghánistán. The Amírs consented that the forces of the English Government, with all their baggage, &c., should be landed in Sindh. Thereupon the Amirs were required to give orders to their superintendents to supply boats, camels, timber, and other necessaries for the English army. Although no mention of such requirements was to be found in the treaty, yet the Amírs, with a view to the increase and permanence of that friendship which had been promised to them by the English Government in perpetuity, provided the boats, camels, grain, timber, and all other necessaries of which the English army stood in need for their expedition to Khorasan. The Bílúch tribes, however, were in nowise pleased with the conduct of the Amírs in supplying the English army with necessaries; and, moreover, the Amirs, on the same account, exposed themselves to the resentment and hostility of the Afghán nation. Notwithstanding, with the view to the perpetual friendship of the British Government aforesaid, the Amirs issued their commands to the Bílúch tribes to abstain from all opposition to the English forces, and denounced punishment to all who should in any way impede or harass English troops. In accordance with which command the Bílúch clans remained perfectly quiet, and gave no molestation to the English army.

Upon the arrival of Sir John Keane at Jharak, which is twelve cos distant from Hyderabád, he, in violation of the treaty, forwarded to the Amíra, by the hands of Captain Eastwick, a memorandum of complaints, in which it was stated that three of

the Amirs should henceforward pay three lacs of rupees annually to the British Government towards defraying the expenses of the English troops to be stationed in Sindh, and that they should, moreover, pay twenty-one lacs for the immediate expenses of the English army, otherwise war would be declared against them by the British Government. Though such demands were calculated to cause much distress to the Amírs, and were both unjust and wholly inconsistent with the friendship aforesaid promised by the English Government; yet as no choice was left for them, the Amírs yielded to the above requisition, and paid the sums unfairly demanded of them by Lord Auckland. The same sums were paid by the Amírs from their own private treasures. Moreover, when Sir John Keane had departed for Cábul, the Amírs, as Lieutenant Postans and other officers can well testify, opened the roads for the passage of supplies, and permitted the English steamers to ascend and descend the Indus with stores and troops without hindrance. And had the Amírs not aided the English Government in the said manner, it cannot be doubted that the Cábul expedition would have been greatly hindered, and its success rendered altogether doubtful. It was with a hope of being suitably rewarded by the English Government that the Amirs performed these services, not under the idea that they were to be plunged into the calamities into which they have been cast.

But to resume, after the departure of Sir John Keane, Sir Henry Pottinger brought another treaty on the 11th of March, 1839, with the seal and signature of Lord Auckland. Therein, as in the previous copies, it was stated that this treaty also would be firm as the boundaries of Alexander, and that it would remain in force, generation after generation, to all eternity. Meantime, Sir Henry Pottinger departed for China, and Major Outram became the Resident in Sindh. The Amírs submitted to be guided in all matters by the advice of the new Resident. After some time Major Outram departed to Bílúchistán, and Mr. Leckie became his deputy at the Court of Hyderabád. The latter officer was informed by Mír Muhammad Nasír Khán that he, the Amír, desired to send an Envoy to the Court of London to state certain grievances. Mr. Leckie replied through Munshi Mádhá, a servant of the English Government, that the Envoy of the Amir intended, perhaps, to bring forward complaints against the Company, in which case the Company would be rendered hostile to the Amir. In this way the Amir was compelled to lay aside his intention of sending an Envoy to London. Shortly afterwards Mr. Leckie fell sick and went to Carách, and Mr. Mylne took his place at Hyderabad.

After this, in the year 1842, Sir Charles Napier first arrived at Carachi, and was detained there sometime by sickness, after which he visited Hyderabad. The Amirs prepared all things requisite for receiving him with honour; they despatched a palanquin ornamented with gold for his conveyance, and dromedaries equipped with gold and silver furniture for the officers who attended him, and sent Mir Abbás Ali Khan and others from among the principal nobles to meet him. Attended by this state and pomp, Sir Charles had an interview with the Amirs, and returned to camp, and the next morning embarked in a steamer and departed to Sakkar.

After some time Captain Stanley arrived at Hyderabád from Sakkar, bearing another treaty and a letter from Sir Charles Napier. The Amirs, on beholding a new treaty, and Sir Charles Napier's letter, were filled with astonishment, and twice despatched vakils to Sir Charles to inquire what was meant by the infliction of this new treaty, which was full of articles pregnant with loss and ruin to the Amirs and the country they governed. Sir Charles replied that he knew nothing of the matter—that he did but obey the orders of Lord Ellenborough. "I," said he, "am but a vakil like yourselves, and dependent on others for my instructions." After this, Sir Charles Napier, with troops and cannon, marched against Khyrpore, and in time of peace ignominiously expelled Mír Rustam Khán from his hereditary dominions, insomuch that he, during rain and severe weather, was driven out, with his wives and little ones, into the desert. Meantime, Major Outram arrived at Sakkar from Bombay, and joined Sir Charles at the Fort of Diji. Upon this Sir Charles advanced upon the Fort of Imám Garb, which was the residence of Mir Muhammad Khan, the nephew of Mír Rustam, and destroyed it, plundering it of its magazines of grain, etc. From this Sir Charles advanced, stage by stage, upon Hyderabad. The Amirs, hearing of his approach, sent to him, stating that they had, against their wishes and by reason of his menaces, consented to the new treaty, and inquiring wherefore he advanced with an army and cannon against Hyderabad. The Vakils whom the Amirs despatched with these remonstrances were Mirza Khusrú Beg and Yusuf Khidmatgár, and they reached Sir Charles Napier's camp at Naushahra, which is between Khyrpore and Hyderabád. On their arrival they handed over to Sir Charles the seals of the Amirs which they had brought for the confirmation of the new treaty. Sir Charles, instead of allowing the seals to be affixed, delivered a letter to the Vakils, and ordered them to return with it to the Amirs and provide for the execution of the injunctions contained in the said letter. The letter was to the effect that the Amirs should send for Mír Rustam to Hyderabad, and that Major Outram would proceed to Hyderabad and settle the affairs of Mír Rustam Khán, and see that the seals of the Amirs were affixed to the treaty. The letter went on to say that though Sir Charles had fully intended to advance with all haste on Hyderabad, yet, for the present, he would suspend his march, and that unless Mir Rustam met Major Outram as directed, he would be treated as an enemy. Accordingly, Mír Rustam and the two Vakils, and Major Outram, met at Hyderabád on the 8th of February, 1842. As soon as Major Outram arrived, he sent to the Amirs, desiring that they would ratify the treaty which, as no choice was left them, they, notwithstanding its injustice, consented to do, and sent their seals accordingly. The next day, the 9th of February, Major Outram had a meeting with the Amirs, who informed him that the Bilúchís were much excited by hearing of the continued advance of Sir Charles Napier, and reminded him that they had the day before sent their seals to ratify the treaty. The Amírs further requested Major Outram to appoint some officer to go to Sir Charles and entreat that he would halt and suspend his march on Hyderabad. To this request Major Outram assented, and at eight o'clock the same evening sent an officer to Mír Nasir Khán, who was immediately despatched by the Amir to Sir Charles, on a swift camel. The said officer reached the English camp,

and, on the 12th of February, the camel-rider who took him brought back to the Amírs a letter from Munshi Múla Rám, who was, by their orders, present in Sir Charles' camp, stating that the instant the English officer reached Sir Charles he broke up his camp and continued his march on Hyderabad. The Amirs sent to acquaint Major Outram with this intelligence. The latter officer, on the same day, the 12th of the aforesaid month, at two o'clock, came to the Amirs and required them to set their seals to the treaty, and stated, that on their complying, he would give them a letter from himself, which they might forward by one of their own officers to Sir Charles, who would, on the receipt of it, retire towards Upper Sindh. The Amirs were compelled to assent to this requisition, and signed and sealed the treaty. At the same time Mír Nasir Khán said to Major Outram that it was hard to drive out Mír Rustam in this his old age; that Sir Charles Napier had taken Mir Rustam's best land, viz., that from Rohri to Sabzalkote, and that he ought to give back to him the rest; that, moreover, Sir Charles had written to say that a settlement of Mir Rustam's affairs should be effected when Major Outram reached Hyderabad. To this Major Outram returned a flat refusal, declaring that no arrangements could be entered into with Mír Rustam. At the same time a retainer of Haiat Khán Marri arrived in the Fort of Hyderabad and made known the fact that Sir Charles Napier had seized Haiat Khán, as he was coming to Hyderabad, and made him prisoner. The Bilúchís hearing of the cruel treatment of Mir Rustam and the seizure of Haiat Khán, and seeing that all hopes of coming to terms with Sir Charles Napier were at an end, determined to fall upon Major Ontram, as soon as he should leave the Fort. The Amirs getting information of this intended attack on Major Outram, commanded the Bilúchís to abandon their design, and conducted Major Outram in safety to his camp, under the protection of several of their principal Chiefs. The Major then forwarded to the Amírs the letter he had promised, which was to stop the General from advancing. The said letter was forthwith transmitted by the Amirs to the General, and the messenger who conveyed it returned with the intelligence that as soon as Sir Charles received it, he instantly broke up his camp, and moved on with all expedition towards Hyderabád. The Amirs, on receiving this news, forwarded a letter of their own to the General, inquiring why he continued advancing on Hyderabad, notwithstanding their compliance with all the vexatious demands which had been made upon them? The Amírs further demanded to learn whether violence were intended, as in that case they would abandon the city, and take up their abode in the desert, and from thence despatch a Vakil to London to obtain redress. To these representations Sir Charles Napier returned no answer. Meantime, a body of Biláchís, whose numbers did not amount to more than five thousand (5,000), being convinced by the rapid advance of the English General and his seizure of Haiat Marri, that in spite of the Amírs' acceptance of the disadvantageous treaty forced upon them, Sir Charles would not retire, but really intended the ruin of the Amirs and their Bilúchí Chiefs, assembled outside the city of Hyderabád, and said,—Let Napier slay us, and after that let him plunder our houses, which shall not be accessible to the spoiler but over our bodies. On this, Mir Nasir Khán, believing the violence of the Bilúchis would end in their destruction, sent a message to Major Outram by Mádhú, the múnshi, to the effect that he (the Amir) would

go and soothe the Bilúchís, and that he entreated Major Outram to leave the Agency and embark in the steamer, lest, while the Amir was gone to speak with the Bilúchís, who were bent on attacking Napier, another party should fall on the Agency, which would bring disgrace on the Amírs. A letter also to the same effect as the verbal message was sent by the múnshi to Major Outram. Accordingly, on the morning of the 15th, Nasír Khán induced the Bilúchis to abandon their intention of marching against Sir Charles Napier, and purposed to send another Vakil next day to Sir Charles, and to endeavour, by every concession, to avert the impending attack.

At noon, however, on the 15th, a body of Biléchis made an attack on Major Outram's camp, and Mír Muhammad Khán, who was in the Fort of Hyderabad, was apprised of it, and immediately sent off Dilawar Khidmatgar to call off the Bilúchís, and prevent them from carrying out their violent intentions. The said Dilawar hastened to place himself between the Agency and the advancing body of Bilúchís, and as be passed near the Agency, the guard of sipábis, who were with Major Outram, fired a volley upon his party and killed one of them. Dilawar, however, placed himself between the Agency and the Bilúchis, and endeavoured to make them desist—but in vain; both parties began to fire on each other, and two Biléchis and one of the Resident's guard were killed. After a short action, Major Outram and those who were with him retired from the Agency and embarked in the steamer, and the Bilúchis made two European soldiers prisoners, one of whom they took to Mír Nasir Khán, and the other to Mir Muhammad Khán, who gave the prisoners meat and drink, and set them at liberty; Mir Muhammad sending his prisoner on a fast camel to Jharak, where he was released, after having been ferried across the river to Jharak in a boat. After this, Mír Nasír Khan was on the point of despatching another Vakil to the English camp, when, meantime, Sir Charles Napier fell in with and attacked the Bilúchís, and the sound of the cannonade reached the ears of all. The engagement lasted until many Bilúchís being slain, the others fled. Mir Nasir Khán, deeply distressed at this calamitous event, which had taken place without his wish, entered the Fort of Hyderabad, and there a force of twelve thousand Bilúchís, chiefly from the vicinity of Hyderabad, assembled. Mir Nasir Khán forbade them to fight, and dismissed them. On the 18th, Mír Nasír Khan, of his free will, rode into Sir Charles Napier's camp, unbuckled his sword, and surrendered it to the General. The General, with his own hand, returned the sword, and put it on the Amir again, and said some words of encouragement to the effect that in twenty-five days the Amirs' affairs should be settled to their satisfaction, and that they should retain their country as at the first. This interview took place, and these words were said, in the presence of Major Outram. Next morning Sir C. Napier advanced and took up his position at the Residency, and set a guard over the Amir. After two days, Major Outram departed to Bombay; the day after his departure, Munshi Ali Akbar brought a message to the Amirs from the General that he wished to inspect the Fort, and that the Amirs should send some of their men with him. Accordingly Mir Nasir Khán sent Akhúnd Bachal and Diwán Mahtárám and Bahadur Khidmatgar to attend the General; Sir C. Napier then, with Colonel Patten and other officers, entered the Fort with two regiments of cavalry

and infantry, and two guns. After this,Saheb, accompanied by other officers and sipáhis, went to the ladies' apartments of the deceased Mir Karam Ali Khán and took Mirza Khusrau Beg by the throat and ill-treated him, and ordered him to deliver all the valuables that were in the apartments of the ladies of Mir Karam Ali to the amount of fifteen lacs (150,000.) The ladies of Mir Karam Ali, on bebolding this spectacle, sent a message to Saheb to beg he would provide them with palanquins, and allow them to take three changes of dress and quit the city. Saheb refused, and forced his way with Munshi Ali Akbar into the ladies' apartments, and plundered them of all the female ornaments and vessels of gold and silver, dresses, &c., that they contained, and tore off the ornaments that the ladies wore on their legs and feet. The unhappy ladies, overwhelmed with shame and terror, fled from the city, and reached Kahtar, which is five cos from Hyderabad on foot. And—Saheb, and—Saheb, and—Saheb entered the ladies' apartments of the Amir Mir Núr Muhammad Khán, and plundered them in like manner, so that the ladies were similarly compelled to fly from their home, and travel on foot to Kahtar.

On the 22d of February, 1843, Mir Mir Muhammad Khán was brought from the Fort and kept a prisoner in the British camp, while another private suite of apartments belonging to his ladies was broken into and plundered. The ladies of Mír Sobdár were next deprived of all they possessed, and fled on foot to Hosri.—Saheb demanded of Fateh Ali Khan, the son of Mír Sobdár, two costly armlets, which were accordingly given. One of the females of Mir Sobdár's household had tied a few rupees in her girdle. In her flight some of these dropped out, when she was immediately seized, her girdle cut, and the rupees taken away. Each female was then taken aside, and the ornaments from her arms and legs, ears and nose, removed. Access to the Fort was now forbidden, and the ladies of the late Mir Nar Muhammad Khán, and of Mir Nasir Khán, who were still in the Fort, were kept almost entirely without water for two days. Mir Hasain Ali Khán, and Mir Abbés Ali Khán, the sons of Mir Nasir Khan, who were prisoners in the Fort, sent a person to Sáheb for water, and received for answer that it was Sir Charles Napier's order that if any one wanted water, he or she must come and drink it in the bungalow of the officer commanding the guard. At last, after the greatest difficulty, one skin of water was obtained for five hundred persons, composing the household of the ladies of the Amirs above—said, so that each could but moisten her throat, without removing the anguish of her thirst. Shortly after, Saheb, and Saheb, with a party of sipáhís, came to the doors where the said ladies were, and broke them open with axes, and demanded all the ornaments of those ladies, who were accordingly obliged to strip themselves of everything in the shape of ornament. The next day Saheb entered the room and removed all the rest of the effects. One female, who tried to make her escape, happened to have on a pair of silk trousers; she was stopped by the sipáhis at the door of the Fort and stripped of her clothes. The lady, the widow of the deceased Mir Núr Muhammad Khán, had given a few clothes to a female attendant to sell, that she might buy food for the said lady. Munshi Muhammad Husain, the munshi of Saheb, seized the woman, beat her, and took away the clothes. Afterwards, two women were brought

and placed at the gate of the fort, who searched every female who passed out. In a word, every particle of property that belonged to the Amirs was taken—they were plundered of all! Mír Sobdár Khán was then brought out and placed a prisoner in the English camp, and two swords, that had been the first day given to the sons of Nasir Khán, were taken from them. The house of Mirza Khusrau Beg was then plundered, and himself carried prisoner to the camp, whence he was again taken to the Fort, and there beaten with such severity that he remained insensible for a long time. When he recovered his senses he was bound and carried back to camp and there confined.

After a short time the Amírs were conveyed to Bombay, and thence to Sasúr, where they were imprisoned ten months. After that they were taken to Calcutta. Then Lord Ellenborough thought fit to confine them in Hazári Bágh, which is uninhabited. The Amírs wrote to Lord Ellenborough and complained of this removal, on which Lord Ellenborough flew into a rage, and separated the son of Mir Nasir and Husain Ali, the son of Mir Núr Muhammad Khán, and two brothers of Mir Nasir and Shah Muhammad, the son of Mir Shah Muhammad Khán, from the other Amirs, putting them in Hazári Bágh, while he intended to thrust the elder Amirs into another desolate place. In the mean time he was dismissed from being Governor of Hindústán and set off for London.

After this the unfortunate Amir Mir Nasir Khán, broken down by grief, and overcome by this new calamity—the having his darling son torn from him—spent his days and nights in tears till death released him from his sufferings. After the dismissal of Lord Ellenborough, Sir Henry Hardinge became Governor-General. To him the Amirs addressed a letter petitioning for redress, and the favour of an interview. In reply to their letter, the Secretary (Mr. Currie) wrote to Captain Gordon, in charge of the Amirs, stating that the Governor-General had no word of encouragement for the Amirs, but if, after fully understanding this to be the case, the Amirs were still desirous of an interview, the Governor-General would appoint a day for it. The meeting accordingly took place on the 30th day of September, 1844, at Barrackpore, whereat Sir Henry Hardinge openly averred that he was aware an injustice had been done to the Amirs, but that he had no power to assist them. The Amirs then twice wrote to Sir H. Hardinge stating that if it was not in his power to redress their wrongs, they entreated he would, at least, suffer them to send some of their number to the Queen. To this, the Governor-General returned a refusal through Mr. Secretary Currie; whereupon having no other resource, the Amirs raised a loan, and sent Vakils to England. These Vakils have sought an audience in vain from Lord Ripon, the Vizir of Hindástán, from the Court of Directors, and from the Queen; and have now been compelled, by want of funds, to return to India,—where they will never cease to send up their prayers to Heaven for justice, in the hope that God will grant what man refuses.

Written on the 2nd of August, on Saturday, by Díwán Mahtárám.