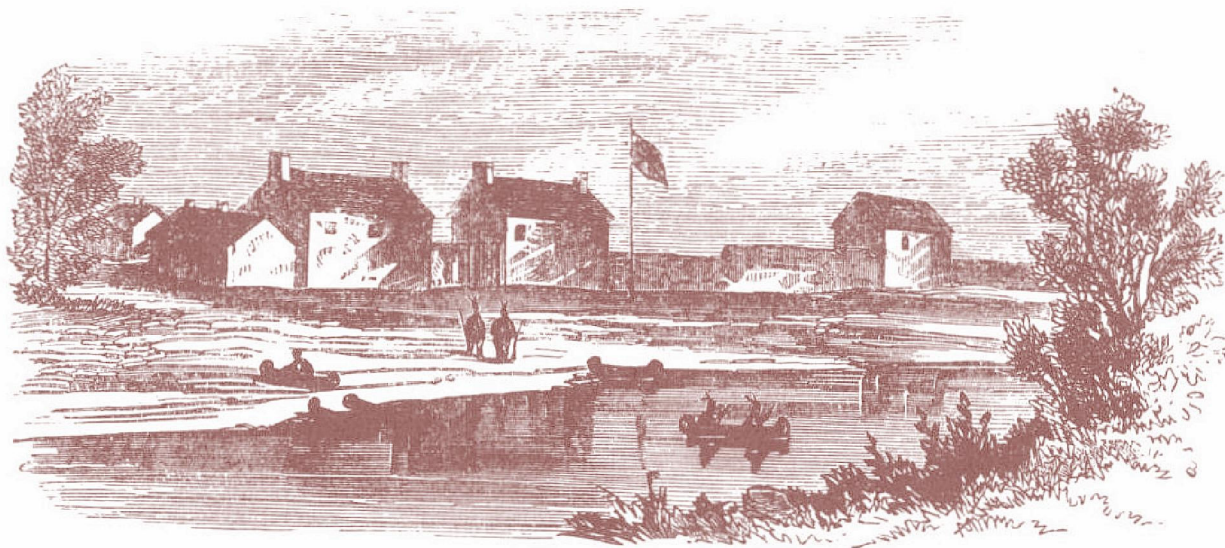


Mullah Of The Feringees Visits Sindh

Memoirs of Rev. I. N. Allen B.A
1843



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Sani Hussain Panhwar

Mullah Of The Feringees Visits Sindh:

Portions taken from book titled:

“Dairy of March through Sindh & Affghanistan”

Memoirs of Rev. I. N. Allen B.A.

Assistant Chaplain on the Hon. East India Company

1843

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PREFACE.

The Author, in submitting the following pages to the public, begs that they will do him the justice not to expect more from them than their title indicates. He has no pretensions to the character of an historian, either of the countries through which he passed, or of the campaign a portion of which it was his lot to witness. The book is strictly a recital of personal adventures, in which it has been his endeavor to distinguish clearly between what he saw himself, and what was told him by others and to touch upon occurrences with which he was not personally concerned no more than was absolutely requisite for preserving the connexion of his narrative. His journal was kept, in the first instance, with no further view than the amusement of his own family, and was sent to England in letters, month by month; subsequently, when all communication was stopped, the materials gradually accumulated, so as to form a volume, which, it was conceived, might be interesting to the public as well as those for whom they were originally intended, especially as the Author was not aware that any one else proposed to give this portion of the campaign to the world. His situation afforded him many facilities for observation, and, not being a military man, he will not be suspected of professional partiality in the testimony he has borne.

The sermons have been added, as conveying the reflections suggested by the most memorable incidents of the campaign more conveniently than could always be done in the progress of the narrative, though it is hoped that nothing has been said, under circumstances of so much hurry and excitement, inconsistent with their tenor and object.

It will be soothing to the feelings of those whose friends were numbered among the victims of the Afghanistan war, to know that not only was such honour paid their remains as the circumstances allowed, but that a church is in progress of erection at Colabah, near Bombay, as the most Christian and appropriate mode at once of commemorating the dead, and testifying the gratitude of the living.

Bombay, March 29, 1843.

LOWER SINDH.

On April 21st, 1841, I landed in Bombay, after a voyage of six months from England; and on May 10th received orders to precede to Sindh, as chaplain to the field force then under the command of Major-General England, K.H. I was, to use the ordinary phrase, "a perfect griffin," and manners and customs by no means peculiar to Sindh, but common throughout India, were quite uncommon, and consequently highly interesting, to me. I shall make no apology for giving my first impressions of men and things, for the old Indians who may deign to read these pages will, I doubt not, recall (and perhaps with some amusing recollections) the time when they were "griffins" themselves; and those who have never been in India may glean some information even from a *griff*. The voyage along the western coast was, as all sea voyages have ever been to me, full of misery and discomfort; the usual sources of wretchedness being augmented by the heat, the small size of the steamer, and the crowd of passengers. On the 16th (Sunday) we came in sight of the harbour of Kurachee, the sea-port of Sindh lying to the westward of the mouths of the Indus. All was hurry and bustle in making preparations to land, and no opportunity afforded for divine service, or any devotional exercise. The first appearance of Kurachee is most unattractive, nor does it greatly improve upon acquaintance. It is the gloomy portal of a desolate and uninteresting country; bleached, barren, and craggy rocks, salt marshes overgrown with mangrove, and deserts of sand as far as the eye can reach, without a particle of verdure, form its characteristics. The town is poor and dirty to the last degree, and a narrow belt of gardens, along the dry bed of a river, whence water is raised from wells for artificial irrigation, forms the only relief to the eye; all beside is barrenness. This parched region is a line of rocky hills of bold form, but no great elevation. The entrance to the harbour is bounded by two bluff points of rock, on one of which, to the right, stands Manora Fort, a mud fortification, ruined by the fire of H.M. ship Wellesley, in 1838. The harbour is of considerable extent, but very shallow, and a great part of it dry at low water. The camp is about two miles in rear of the town. We landed at about four p. M., in a native boat, which approached the shore as near as the mud banks would allow; we were then obliged to bestride the brawny shoulders of stout Sindhis, and so were carried to dry land. I was most kindly received by Major (now Colonel) Sandwith, then commanding the 8th regt., N.I.; and amidst the comforts of his hospitable home, soon lost the recollection of "the trembling billows of the main." This cantonment was my residence until Dec. 14, 1841, for it was occupied by a wing of H.M. 41st regiment, a considerable number of recruits of H.M. 13th and 40th regiments, with the depot, and school of the latter, and a company of artillery, forming a large European congregation; and the season was unfavorable for proceeding to Kwettah, which was the head-quarters of the field force. Some extracts from my journal during this period, which may serve as

specimens of camp life, and clerical duty in the field in India, as well as to illustrate the peculiar scenery of Lower Sindh, will form the substance of the present chapter. The early morning was the time for exercise, and the country is, from its wide flat plains, well adapted for horse exercise, though with but little to interest or amuse the eye. It is a dreary scene; plains of sand, strewn with the whitening bones of camels and bullocks, varied occasionally by a few stunted bushes, and a species of cactus, which grows rather large. At this period the camels were to me an interesting feature in the landscape, from their novelty; and when walking on the parade-ground of an evening, a long dim line of their tall figures passed along the horizon about sunset, I know nothing which more forcibly reminded me of my distance from home. There were a great number of young officers at the station, whom the season prevented from joining their regiments, and Kurachee was the residence of many ladies whose husbands' duty required them to penetrate farther into the country, so that there was a larger society than is generally met with at an out station. Monday and Friday evenings were the gay times. The band of H.M. 41st played on the parade-ground, and the beauty and fashion of Kurachee were seen assembling in groups; officers in uniform, showing off their horses and themselves; others on foot, making the agreeable to the ladies. It was really a pleasing scene, which seemed to make the parched desert smile. Much sociality and good feeling prevailed, and intercourse was carried on in an easy and domestic style. Here I met General Ventura, whose name will be familiar to all readers of the life and exploits of Runjeet Sing, who with his daughter and her governess had come from the Punjab, and were on their way to Bombay, to proceed overland to Europe. One great drawback to the comfort of Kurachee is the frequent prevalence of dust and sand storms, from which not even glass doors and windows are an adequate protection, much less the huts and tents in which we were living. These, however, only prevail during the heat of the day. From five P.M. till seven A.M., a more desirable climate to the sensation can scarcely be conceived; nor are these storms constant or very frequent. One, however, which we had on the 16th of June, was rather more violent and more serious in its consequences than usual. The previous day had been excessively hot, and the atmosphere peculiarly murky. This continued till about twelve at noon on the day in question, when suddenly there came a blast of wind from the S.W., accompanied by such a deluge of rain, that the sand and dust which it raised were converted into flying mud, and all the tents in camp (with two exceptions) were leveled in an instant, burying the unlucky inmates, who crowded forth only to be pelted by the pitiless storm of mud. Intermingled chairs, couches, and even heavy boxes, were whirled away, and turned over and over like dry leaves. Many were destroyed, and some found afterwards, at a considerable distance from camp. The mess bungalow of the 8th regiment, N.I., was entirely destroyed, and the tables all broken by the falling roof; the strong poles of which the bungalow was built, were twisted and snapped as if in the grasp of some enormous giant. The hospital of H.M. 41st

regiment, and that of the artillery, were unroofed, and a new bungalow, which I had just finished, had the verandah torn away. The blast continued only for a few seconds; if it had been prolonged, we should not have had a house standing on the continent.

About three miles from camp is some table land overlooking the sea, to which some of the ladies had given the name of *Clifton*. Two or three small bungalows were built here, and it was a favorite resort to spend "a long day;" officers who were unwell also pitched their tents there, for the enjoyment of the sea breeze. To this place we frequently went out to spend a day or two, and it would have been highly amusing to our friends at home to witness the formidable preparations requisite for such an expedition. We were living in what is called "camp fashion," *i. e.*, every man was supposed to have just the quantity of furniture requisite for himself, and no more ; so that unless you sent everything to the friend's house to which you were going, you had no right whatever to expect to find it provided for you; consequently we had on these occasions to pack up and send beds, chairs, cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c., &c.; each guest also bringing a servant or two, with forage for his horse or horses, and the whole body forming a large caravan. Here is a fine sandy beach, affording space for a long ride when the tide is out; above it the sand-stone rocks rise very boldly, and though sadly wanting verdure, of which there is not a blade or leaf, have very picturesque forms. From the table land on the summit of these rocks is a most extensive view of the sea, and the rocks at the entrance of the harbour, which bear a distant resemblance to the Needles at the Isle of Wight, but differing in colour, and not so pointed. The surf, especially during the monsoon, dashes with a perpetual roar upon the beach, and the sea breeze produces, though at so short a distance, a totally different climate from that of the cantonment, the effect of which is exceedingly invigorating and refreshing. There was something highly entertaining in the wild, simple kind of life which we led in our excursions to this spot. The rudeness of the habitations, constructed of mud and native mats, the camp-like appearance of everything around, horses picketed in the open air, servants in Mussulman, Parsee, Hindoo, and Sindhi costumes, black beards, and various coloured caps and turbans—formed a tout ensemble of a very picturesque kind, especially if heightened, as it often was, by one or two travellers upon camels joining the group.

Another point of attraction was a spot, about eight or nine miles distant, called the Mugger Tullao, or Alligator's Tank, the shrine of a Mahommedan saint of some celebrity. The account of a picnic party to this place on the 7th July may afford some amusement to my readers. The party consisted of Major Sand with and Captain Steuart, 8th Regt. N. I., two young ensigns, just arrived, and myself. A tent, furniture, provision, &c., for five persons, were sent out on camels, at noon, with ten servants, and at about 4, P.M. we followed on horseback. Our

route lay over a plain, intersected by the dry bed of a river, to a chain of rocky hills about five miles distant. As we approached the pass which led through this, the road became more narrow and difficult; we had to thread our way through masses of rock, and up peculiarly hard and flinty stones, worn to a polish by being often traversed. At length we reached the crown of the pass, which opened upon an extensive valley, with far more verdure than on the Kurachee side, and bounded by more distant hills of exceedingly bold form. In the bottom of the valley was the Muggur Tullao, thickly wooded with dates and other trees, standing as an oasis in the desert, with the white dome of the shrine rising from the midst of the grove. We first arrived at two tombs, elaborately carved in sandstone, and very perfect. I was struck with the very great resemblance which they bore in shape to the monuments with heavy stone canopies, of about the time of Elizabeth or James I.; that of Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey might serve for an example. The dome of one had fallen, and encumbered the interior with its ruins. The devices were principally scroll and diamond work; the carving, though not very bold, was elaborate in design, and neatly executed. Passing on, we entered the wood, which arched gracefully overhead, and presently one of our party, who was ahead, cried out, "There's a mugger"! I looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw an alligator, about seven feet long, basking under a tree. I viewed it with interest, as it was the first I had seen alive, but at the same time with some degree of apprehension. My companion, however, to whom it was not a novelty, sprung from his horse, and threw a heavy stone at it, which sounded on its side as if it had struck a piece of timber; it gave a groan, and began to waddle sluggishly away towards the tank, showing no inclination whatever to resent the affront. We passed on, and found the tent pitched under a tamarind tree, one of the most magnificent trees I have ever seen. We joined the rest of our party near a hot spring, which issues from the rock on which the shrine of the saint is built. The temperature was about ninety-seven degrees and the water perfectly clear, with a sulphureous smell. There is another spring about half a mile distant, the temperature of which is one hundred and twenty degrees. We then went to the Alligator's Tank, and beheld about a hundred of these sluggish animals, from one to twelve feet long, lying basking on the banks, or in the shallow water, with the mud caked white on their backs by the heat of the sun, showing that they must have been in the same position for hours. There was one enormous beast, called by the natives Moor Sahib, who had taken up a small tank for himself, and seemed the only one who was really savage and disposed to be mischievous. Poor fellows! Times are sadly changed with them. Formerly they lived in great dignity and sloth, the objects of respect and veneration to all around; but now, two or three times a week come a party of galloping "griffins," and thereupon they are poked, and pelted, and worried out of their lives, though I must confess they bear it with exemplary patience.

Before retiring to rest in the evening, we had prayers. It was an interesting occasion—Christian worship in the very precincts of a Mahomedan shrine; and I trust we prayed the more earnestly for the downfall of the false prophet, from the consideration that we were in one of his strongholds. I had a couch on the open side of the tent. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I lay watching the beams as they shone on the top of the shrine, and tipped the plume-like heads of the date trees till I fell asleep, soon, however, to be awakened by one of my young friends, who whispered in my ear, "Do you know there is a mugger within ten yards of the tent, and (pointing to a bush at a very short distance) he is just behind that; I could not sleep, and nearly stepped on him while walking out in the moonlight."

I started up at once, and sure enough there he was, about seven feet long, with his head pointing in the direction of the tent, the whole side of which was open. I was puzzled what to do. I did not like to lie down again while he was there, not knowing the habits of these creatures, and whether the sluggishness of the day might not be exchanged for activity during the night. However, at length we determined to leave him where he was, and wait the progress of events. We both lay down, and cast many an anxious glance towards the bush behind which our enemy lay, my companion having his gun ready at a moment's notice, in case of a charge from the foe. But Morpheus would have his way, and soon "weighed our eyelids down, and steeped our senses in forgetfulness," in spite of the mugger. And at the morning's dawn we traced the zig-zag trail of the waddling beast in the direction of the tank, and decided that muggers were as great drones by night as by day.

The day was spent by the elders of the party in reading and sketching, and by the youngsters in shooting wild pigeons and chasing muggers. A long day of enjoyment it was. The deep shade of the trees preserved us from the scorching heat, and our pleasure was without a drawback. Before returning home I went to view the shrine. The ascent is by steps cut in the rock, and covered with *chunam* (cement). The tomb is something like those before described; only built up at the sides, instead of being supported, as they are, on columns. The shrine is under the dome; it is of open work carved in wood, like the screen-work, of later date and inferior taste, in some of our country churches at home. It is hung round with votive offerings of silk and velvet of the gayest colours, glittering with tinsel, and made like the heart-shaped pincushions which our grandmothers used to wear at their sides. A little building outside the door of the tomb contained seven or eight kettledrums of various sizes, with which, at the times of prayer, they make a most discordant clamor.

The view from this tomb was beautiful, and the quiet and coolness in the mingled twilight and moonlight most soothing. Numbers of men, women, and

children, were paying their evening devotions at the shrine; they prostrated themselves at the threshold, touching it with their hands, and then applying their hands to their foreheads. Some of the more devout bowed down till their foreheads touched it. They then entered and sat on their heels, with their palms spread, like persons waiting to receive alms; and a mullah repeated a form of prayer, which the rest followed in a low murmuring voice. Nothing could be more humble than the attitude assumed. Some of the old men seemed exceedingly fervent, and their countenances expressed much seriousness of devotion; among the young folks there was much of the same levity which we too frequently see among children in our own churches; while jabbering over the prayers, they frequently stole a glance at us with their large dark eyes, and gave us a smile. They are, for the most part, beautiful children, both boys and girls, and exceedingly fair; the men have noble features, and would be very fine looking, but for their sordid filthiness of habit.

Two fakeers sat outside the shrine to receive the contributions of "the faithful," and a ridiculous altercation took place between one of them and a sturdy dame, either as to the amount of her donation, or because she had given nothing at all. She seemed, like some of our *liberals* at home, decidedly for a *cheap* religion. The scene which we had witnessed furnished matter for our own evening prayers that these poor people might be taught the "more excellent way."

Besides these objects of interest, there were many calls of duty, and serious occupations of a Christian and ministerial character. I went up to Kurachee with rather a desponding feeling as to the impracticability of carrying on clerical duties in the field; but in this idea I found myself agreeably disappointed. We had two regular services on Sundays: in the morning at the mess-room of H. M. 41st regiment, and in the evening in a large bungalow of Major Sandwith's. The congregations were very attentive, and the increase of their number cheering. There was also a very pleasing school of about fifty children, connected with the depot of H. M. 40th regiment; this comprised only the younger children and girls, the elder boys being with the regiment at Kwettah. I found much useful occupation in visiting and superintending this school during the week, and added to it a Sunday-school, in which I found very kind assistance from some of the ladies and officers at the station.

The hospitals presented a field of labour less pleasing to flesh and blood, for a field hospital is a crowded uncomfortable place, with little opportunity for private communication with the patients, who lie so closely together that every word must necessarily be overheard by those on the right and left; but not less important than the schools, for there were many afflicted and distressed in mind and body, and needing the balm of consolation; nor less salutary to one's own mind, for there was much, particularly in the numbers of the young and strong,

cut down, dried up, and withered, by the rapid march of tropical disease, which tended to impress upon the heart a solemn sense of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity for redeeming the time. My sympathies also were powerfully called forth by the circumstances of loneliness and desertion of those who, as fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians, had every claim upon my kindness and aid. I recollect one instance in particular, which, if these notes should fall into the hands of young persons of a restless and discontented disposition at home, longing to break from the control of a parent or a master, may serve to show the hollowness of those glowing pictures of eastern enjoyment with which designing persons are apt to dazzle the youthful mind.

While conversing with a sick man, I observed, in a farther bed, a young lad of about nineteen, whose remarkably handsome countenance appeared to indicate some deeper feeling than mere pain of body: his hands were clasped, and his lips moving. I went up to him, and said, "*You seem to be very ill* "

"I am indeed, sir," he replied, turning his dark eyes upon me; *"I am sick both in body and soul."*

"What is it that distresses your mind?" I asked, taking my seat on the side of his bed.

"Oh, sir," he said, in a low tone, *"I am such a sinner! And I feel,"* striking his heart, *"I feel as if I could not repent as I wish, and I cannot pray properly, right from the heart."*

He wept as he spoke. I told him of the grace which softens the heart, and enables us both to repent and to pray. I told him of the blessed Savior who died for sinners, who declares, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He confessed to me that he had given way to habits of drinking and swearing, &c., but said that he had been well brought up, and taught to read and write.

"I was a very good boy," he said, *"till my father died. I was the eldest of the family; my mother could not control me, and I went into all evil. The worst company was the best for me; and I ran away and left my mother. My poor mother!"* he repeated, and clasped his hands, while tears filled his eyes.

I was much affected, and could have wept with him. He seemed to have derived considerable benefit from the hospital service, and regretted much that his illness prevented his reading.

"I like to hear you, sir," he said, *"and how kind it is to come and try to instruct us. There is a God in heaven will reward you for it, for we never can."*

I told him that we must all take our place, as unprofitable servants, as suppliants for mercy, and not claimants for reward. On another occasion, he told me he felt easier in mind since he had unburdened his mental load to me. I reminded him of David's resolution and its effects. "I said, I will confess my sin *unto the Lord*, and so thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." I found he was a native of Herefordshire, and his father had been bailiff to a gentleman there, and that the persuasions of evil companions had induced him to enlist. He had been in India about one year. Poor fellow! Contrasting the comforts and cleanliness of a Herefordshire grange with all the miseries of a bad hospital in temporary barracks, I could not but think, "*How soon and how bitterly have you tasted the wages of sin even in this world!*" His unkindness to his mother seemed to weigh deeply on his mind. He told me he had received two letters from her some months before.

"It vexes me," he said, *"more about her than myself, now I come to think of it."*

"Poor woman!" I said within myself, *"what a blessing that you do not just now know the state he is in, for with the impossibility of getting to your boy, it would be almost more than human nature could support."*

"O, sir," he exclaimed, after a pause, *"if I could once get home, I would have done with soldiering!"*

So, many, many beside him have said, for this is but one among multitudes of such cases, which come under the eye of a military chaplain: but the rash step, as usual, is far more easily taken than retraced.

In such varied occupations passed my time at Kurachee, until, on the 9th of December, 1841, I received instructions from the Bishop of Bombay to proceed, by the first good opportunity, to Kandahar, and join H.M. 40th regiment, which had proceeded thither from Kwettah some months before.

On Sunday, the 12th, I took leave of my congregation, in a farewell sermon, with deep feelings of regret, for I had received much kindness from them, and on the Monday, addressed myself to the task of making preparations for my long and uncertain expedition.

On Tuesday, the 14th, at gun-fire, Captain Thomas, of the 8th regiment, N. I., who was going the same route, as far as Shikarpore, and myself, mounted our horses, and rode to *Jemedar ki Lande*, fourteen miles. Here we found a hut, intended to serve as a traveler's bungalow, at which our servants and luggage, which had been previously dispatched, had arrived. It was a beautiful and cool morning, and the ride more diversified than I had expected in this desert. The

first part was rocky; we came then to winding roads, through tall tamarisk jungle, giving a distant resemblance to some of the lane scenery at home; then we passed to a wide plain, with the first grassy turf I had seen for many a day. This reminded me exceedingly of some of the healthy commons in Berkshire, though far more barren; we saw abundance of black and grey partridge in various parts of the road. We arrived in good appetite for breakfast, which we found our servants had prepared. This traveler's bungalow is built of mud, with two rooms, one for living and one for cooking, the former has one large opening at the end, admitting abundance of light; doors there are none, which is a guarantee that the surrounding country is not infested by any dangerous beasts of prey. We dined at three P.m., and sent on our kit, which was on its way by half past four P.M., two camels remaining, with two servants, to bring our beds, &c. in the morning. We took a walk in the evening to a considerable number of Mussulman tombs, on the ridge of a hill, about one mile distant. Their characteristics were much the same as those I had sketched at the Mugger Tallao, but they had this peculiarity, that the sex and rank of the party were indicated by a turban carved at the end of each tomb, and differing in shape according to the quality and sex of the deceased. We retired to rest, after prayers, in this mud hovel, and slept soundly, without door, or guard, or defence of any kind, either from man or beast. An hyena was heard munching and cracking bones outside, and the jackals kept up a dismal yelling. Use reconciles one to anything and everything, but what a situation would this appear to our friends at home!

15th. Mounted at sunrise, and rode sixteen miles to Tanda, through a country differing considerably in appearance from that of the previous march. The ground was much more broken, and we crossed some deep ravines, and the dry beds of three tolerably broad rivers. On this march we fell in with a wing of the 23d regiment, N. I., commanded by Captain Scott, and congratulated them on coming down, while they condoled with us on going up. Arrived at a small Mahommedan mosque or Masjid, now appropriated as a traveler's bungalow, and found breakfast ready. It was a singular circumstance that a clergyman and a Christian officer should be found offering morning prayers in a Mahommedan temple! The interior of this Masjid was very prettily coloured, in a manner resembling English stenciling.

16th. Mounted at sunrise; the kit had been previously sent to Garra (twelve miles). During these rides and on this morning in particular, we saw several curious appearances of mirage. The effect of this mist made Garra appear like a splendid fortress, with a keep and flag-staff, looking much like Windsor Castle. Arrived, we found its splendors vanished, and it dwindled into a miserable collection of mud hovels on a creek of the sea. The travellers' bungalow was worse than the poorest cart-shed in England, and withal exceedingly dirty. Here we breakfasted, and sent on the kit to Gougah, retaining only enough for tiffin.

At three P.M., after tiffin, mounted again, and rode to Gougah, (twelve miles,) where we arrived at the same time with the kit. The road was of a character differing still from those preceding. It was frequently traversed by deep channels, through which, at certain periods of the year, flow the inundations of the Indus. These channels were crossed by bridges, very rude in construction, and often dangerous. The entrance to Gougah was pretty compared with what we had previously seen. It exhibited a large tope of trees, some green turf, and a picturesque wooden bridge, over a very deep channel from the Indus. We found our dinner laid in a mud Masjid, very inferior to that at our former halting ground.

17th. We proceeded to the tombs of the Kings of Tattah, a long and weary march. We had travelled about sixty-one miles in four days. This will seem miserable work to people at home, who mount a rail-road carriage, and fly two hundred miles in ten hours; but when it is considered that we carry, not only all our supplies, but our habitations, kitchens, &c., on beasts that only travel two and a half miles an hour, it will not appear so extraordinary. Throughout this whole distance we only saw three villages, and the country appeared very thinly populated.

18th. We took up our abode among the tombs, in the Masjid, a vaulted room about eighteen yards long, and four and a half yards wide, the walls about four feet thick, with a succession of arched doors opening on one side, and one door on the opposite, opening into a small and neatly walled enclosure, which had once probably been a garden. From the hill, on which this tomb stood, we commanded a view of Tattah, at the distance of about three miles. Finding that no steamer was expected to arrive for some days, we determined to remain here, in preference to taking up our abode in the dirty native town.

20th. A duck-shooting expedition. We set out, attended by eight or ten coolies, to a tank about five miles off. In our way thither we passed the deserted camp near Tattah, where a native corps had been almost destroyed by malaria, about two years before, so that they were eventually obliged to abandon the spot. Several officers' houses, which must have cost some thousands of rupees, were rapidly falling to decay, and had become a shelter for jackals, foxes, &c. Arrived at the tank, we found that our expedition was totally in vain, as far as sport was concerned, for the tank was so large, that though there were hundreds of ducks, they were able to set us at defiance, by remaining in the deep water out of gunshot, and we had no punt or boat to follow them. We brought back only one, and a few snipes, but I was amply repaid by the examination of an immense camp, said to be the work of Alexander the Great. It is a prodigious mound, to obtain earth for which, the excavation was probably made which formed the large tank, on one side of which the camp is situated. The masses of brick-work still

remaining are, at a distance, like large natural rocks. The labour of such a work must have been excessive, even when shared by so large a host as that of Alexander, if it be, indeed, his. This neighbourhood has many objects of interest, and not the least are the tombs, among which we were living. I despair of conveying any correct idea of them by description, and to draw them would be the labour of months. They are called the tombs of the Kings of Tattah; and assuredly must have been built by persons of high rank and wealth, and commanding large resources. They cover the ridge of a hill, about three miles from the city, for several miles in length. There is an almost infinite variety of domes, arches, and porticos; some are very large, and form magnificent objects, and the interiors, containing the tombs, are vaulted domes of great size, solemnity, and beauty. One of the largest (of which I took a sketch) is of stone, every single stone being beautifully carved in relief. There are no figures of men or animals, but every combination of scroll, lozenge, square, and circle, flowered and ornamented richly, and passages from the Koran, enclosed in borders of zig-zag and scroll-work. The dome of this tomb is surrounded by a colonnade of two stories, a platform and a gallery above; the whole about seventy-five feet square, and enclosed in a court-yard about a hundred and forty feet square, with four entrance-gates. The arches are pointed, but the general effect is rather that of a building in the Palladian style. The walls, enclosing the court-yard, and the gates, are all of the same exquisite carving and finish. Other tombs are built of brick, coloured and glazed, giving them the rich appearance of tessellated or enameled work; passages of the Koran, in large white Persian characters, occupy panels of a dark blue ground, and every variety of border pattern, worked in the same kind of bricks, which are something like Dutch tiles, only of far superior workmanship and beauty of colours. All are now desolate, shaken, probably, by the shock of earthquakes, and hastening to decay; many, indeed, already in ruins. It is literally a city of the dead. Except a strolling fakeer, who may take up his habitation for a time in one or other of these tombs, or travellers like ourselves, they are untrodden by human feet. Here and there a prowling jackall, or pariar dog, may be seen, and thousands of pigeons, doves, paroquets, bats, and crows, take up their habitation in their porticos and niches, while porcupines and foxes burrow in their foundations, the whole furnishing a melancholy instance of the transitory nature of earthly splendour, and the short-lived glory of man, even in his highest estate.

THE INDUS.

Christmas Eve, 1841.—We had now been living a week among the tombs, and had determined to remove into Tattah, thereto await the arrival of the Indus steamers, examining, in the mean time, whatever might be worthy of observation in the town and immediate neighbourhood, when intelligence arrived, in the course of the morning, which entirely altered our plans. Lieutenant Robertson, 25th N. I. had been escorting a lady from Kurachee to Tattah, and on his way back, turned aside to call upon us. From him we learned the astounding intelligence of the outbreak at Kabul, and the critical state of affairs in Affghanistan. He told us that several additional corps were ordered from Bombay, some of which had arrived at Kurachee before he left, and with H. M. 41st regiment might be expected at Tattah immediately. This determined us to make as short a stay as possible in the town, and to hasten at once to the Bunder, about six miles off, in order to be in a position to avail ourselves of the first chance of conveyance. The camels and servants were accordingly sent off. We bade adieu to our sepulchral dwelling, and rode after them to Tattah, a miserable collection of mud hovels, with one or two more considerable buildings and large mosques, the remains of former splendour. The unhealthiness of the spot was fully testified by the emaciated appearance of the inhabitants; more wretched looking people I do not remember to have ever beheld. We took up our abode at the travellers' bungalow, which merits some notice.

It was formerly a factory. I could not ascertain its date, but it was evidently of some antiquity, and must have been built at considerable expense. It surrounds four sides of a quadrangle, has upper rooms of considerable elevation, with a flat roof of cement, to which there are flights of steps. The upper story, within the quadrangle, is surrounded by a gallery, much like some of the older inns in London. It is built in a bastard Gothic style of architecture, which strongly reminded me of the oak screen work in some of the manor- houses and colleges of James the First's and Charles the First's time. It is in a very ruinous condition, but the government has spent some money in putting a part of it in repair, for the accommodation of travellers.

We spent a rather melancholy Christmas Eve, contrasting our loneliness in the old ruined factory, with the cheerful doings of days by-gone, and unable to rise immediately above the stunning effect of Mr. Robertson's news in the morning. I found (as in such cases I have always done) great relief from commending the absent friends whom the season recalled to mind, the affairs of the country, and my own, to the protection of the God of Providence, who cares alike for states and individuals.

On the following morning (Christmas Day) we rode to the Bunder, six miles. The first view of the far-famed and classic Indus was not very imposing, for the effect of its width was destroyed by a large sand-bank in the middle. Where our tent was afterwards pitched, on its bank, it appeared to me about the width of the Thames at Greenwich. At this season of the year, the stream is much lower than at others, and although widening greatly at some of its turns, I should not estimate its average width at this time, between Tattah and Sukkur, to be greater than that of the Thames at Blackwall, even if it be quite so wide. The shore opposite the Bunder very much resembled the low swampy shore of the Thames on the Kent side, opposite the East India Docks, where pirates on the high seas used to be hanged in chains; but it wanted the bold back-ground of the Kent and Surrey hills, and presented a dead sandy flat, as far as the eye could reach. The stream here was as smooth as a mill-pond, with here and there a slight eddying ripple.

A detachment of H.M. 40th regiment was waiting for conveyance, which assembled, on my arrival, for divine service, and I gave them a few words of exhortation on the Christian method of spending Christmas Day. The service was necessarily brief, for the sun was scorching hot, and we were in the open air. This was the first time I had ever officiated in the open air on shore. For many months after, I had no other canopy but the sky.

In the course of the morning the Satellite steamer arrived. In the evening we all dined together, seven in number, and drank the health of friends at home with deep feeling, if not with much mirth. The captain of the steamer was a man of considerable natural talent, and various and heterogeneous information, picked up here and there, and the conversation took a metaphysical turn, which I had little expected.

On the following day (Sunday) we had a very pleasing service on board the Satellite steamer. The captain had rigged a very neat church under the awning, and provided seats sufficient for his own crew and the detachment of H.M. 48th regiment, which was marched on board. I preached from Is. ii. 11, to a very attentive congregation. The captain appeared highly gratified, and said it was the first time he had had an opportunity of attending divine service for two years. Alas! how can we wonder that baptized Christians, under such circumstances, almost relapse into absolute heathenism, or a practical heathenism, which is even worse still. The wonder is that they retain such a sense of religion as we find amongst them. In the evening I had a service in my tent, at which ten non-commissioned officers and privates attended. While we stayed at the Bunder, the shrieks and yells of the jackals, during the night, were more awful and doleful than I ever heard before. Judging from the noise, there must have been immense herds of them. The cry is like the shriek of a human being in intense agony.

Tuesday, 28th, was employed in packing and embarking. A large flat, which had been constructed to hold a pinnace, taken up the Indus as a present to Runjeet Sing, was now in tow of the steamer, and in these two vessels were distributed between four hundred and five hundred European and native troops. There were six officers, including myself, who had to divide a small cuddy and two very small stern cabins amongst us. The officer commanding had one of these stern cabins; Captain Thomas and I obtained the other between us, in which, with some contrivance, we managed to stow our beds. I passed a feverish and uncomfortable night, through the intense closeness, and perpetual noises on deck, which in these iron vessels are, I think, far more painfully heard below than in those of timber, which is needless.

29th. Going on deck in the morning, found we were proceeding up the Indus, at the rate of about four knots. The current was very strong, and sand-banks frequent, so that before ten A.m. we had grounded twice. There is no guarding against these banks, for so loose is the soil of the country, and so largely is the stream impregnated with it, that the slightest impediment, the stump of a tree for instance, lodging, will cause a bank in a few hours. The channel, in many parts, is, perhaps, not more than three or four feet deep at this season, and though every vessel that plies on it is flat-bottomed, even that does not prevent their perpetually grounding. The west bank presented a perfectly flat and uninteresting field of sand, or more properly mud. The east bank was beautifully diversified with wood and thick jungle, and the bank itself looked much like a park wall of chalky stone. It was quite perpendicular, and formed by strata of earth, resembling courses of masonry. As the sun declined, we came to anchor near the bank, and both Europeans and natives went on shore, where the latter immediately kindled fires for cooking. As I walked the deck of the steamer, the effect of these numerous little fires, with the various groups standing or crouching around them, and the moon rising large and broad in the back-ground, and throwing a long ripple over the water, was wild and beautiful in the extreme.

In the morning, a mount at some distance, on the north bank of the river, was pointed out as a reputed camp of Alexander the Great – it much resembled the one I had seen at Tattah. The Shikarghurs, or hunting chases of the Ameers of Hyderabad, were very beautiful during the whole of this day's course. Ornamental as they are, it is a melancholy reflection that the finest soil in the country should be rendered useless for the amusement of these despots, and reminds one of the depopulating acts of some of our early Norman kings for the same purpose. We hoped to have had a ramble in these wilds, but the night turned out so tempestuous, cold, and wet, that no one could go on shore.

About noon, on the following day, we were opposite the Residency at Hyderabad, on the south bank of the river. We saw nothing of the town, which is at some distance from the river. The Residency is a convenient house, with a spacious drawing-room, rather large than well-proportioned. The grounds around it are pretty, and appeared to greater advantage from the barren hills and plains, to which my eye had so long been accustomed at Kurachee. A part of the compound was fenced off, and had some very beautiful specimens of deer and antelopes. We found the political agents there, Captains Leckie and Christall, entertaining a party, consisting of two Bengal officers and a lady, on their way to Bombay. We spent a very pleasant evening, and were much delighted with the lady's superior performance on the guitar.

At half-past eleven, P.M, we took leave of our hospitable entertainers, and set off to return to the steamer, which had gone to a wood station, about a mile up on the opposite side of the river; and here commenced a chapter of petty accidents and miseries.

I have before mentioned the multitudes of sand-banks, and the difficulty of finding the channel; and though it was a clear moonlight night, and the same crew had twice before made the trip during the day, our Tyndal (cockswain) very soon lost his track, and we found ourselves among the sand-banks and shallows. My companion soon lost all patience, and the extinguishing of his cheroot, without the possibility of procuring a light, completed his disgust, and he soundly rated the unfortunate Tyndal, who, of course, became more stupid and bewildered. For hours we were poking about, grounding every five minutes, and sending the crew to wade on all sides, to find sufficient water. The vociferations of my impatient companion, and the half crying expostulations of the poor natives, and the vacant stupidity of the Tyndal, were ludicrous enough, and for about three hours I kept up heart, and laughed merrily at the absurdity of ushering in the New Year in such a situation. At the end of that time, finding that we were still opposite Hyderabad, I began to despair of getting to the steamer at all. The boat, meantime, had become miserably wet from the crew perpetually getting in and out, heavy dew had soaked even through my cloak, my feet were cold and damp, and I shrunk down into a state of silent wretchedness and abandonment to my fate. Not so the gallant captain ; he manfully mounted the back of a stout Sindhi, and made several excursions to see if it were possible, by wading, to reach the west bank, proposing that, if this could be effected, we should walk to the steamer, and leave the boat and crew to shift for themselves. Again and again he returned disappointed, but with undiminished energy. At length we found the channel, the men settled to their oars, and we thought we were all right, but after they had been pulling for some time, I distinctly perceived, from watching the trees on the bank, that we were gradually going backward. I suppose, poor creatures, they were benumbed and exhausted;

however, this was no time for pity. I called the attention of my companion to the circumstance, and we both joined, by alternate threats and promises, in stimulating these unfortunates to greater exertion. At length, after five hours and a half spent in this pleasant predicament, we managed to reach the steamer just as they were getting up the steam for the morning's start. Wet, jaded, and comfortless, we turned into bed. Providentially no cold, fever, or evil results ensued, but it will be long ere I forget the ushering in of A.D. 1842.

On Sunday (January 2) it was proposed to have two services, but unfortunately at ten o'clock the boat ran on a sandbank, and, in spite of every effort, remained there till sunset, and rendered divine service impossible. The whole day was spent in sad confusion, noise, and labour, in abortive attempts to get her off. I felt thankful that I had a place of retirement even amidst all this bustle, and found comfort in prayer to my heavenly Father, for myself, my fellow-passengers, and my dear friends who were far away.

On the evening of Jan. 3, we anchored under a high bank, and I went on shore with a party, and plunged into one of the Shikarghurs. It was a thick tamarisk jungle, in which I was astonished at the frequent tracks of the wild hog, and the pieces of ground turned over and rooted up by these animals; there must have been hundreds about, but we saw none. We wandered to some distance, and returning along the bank of the river, a very lively scene was presented, by the embarking of some camels to cross the river. There was a steep inclined plane dug through the bank to the edge of the water; the camel was brought to the top of this, and a couple of strong lines fixed to the cartilage of the nose, by which he is led and guided, like some wiser people; the ends of these cords were given to two men, who dragged with all their might, while the rest belabored the haunches and Hanks of the beast with long sticks, bestowing a storm of blows till they compelled it, roaring and holding back, to the water's edge. Here a struggle ensued to get one of the fore-legs over the side of the boat, in which sometimes the men, and sometimes the camel, were hustled into the water. This being effected, and a line tied to it, the same "pressure from without" was applied with the sticks, till the bewildered animal, kicking, floundering, and plunging, contrived to get into the boat, where it was made to kneel down, and secured ; and another underwent the same discipline, till the boat was filled. The frantic gestures and animated screams of the Sindhis, with their picturesque drapery waving in the setting sun, whose slanting beams overspread the broad tranquil river, produced a striking effect, though with some mixture of the ludicrous.

On the next day we came in sight of the Lukkee mountains, forming a towering background to the landscape. The commander of the steamer pointed out some changes in the channel of the river since he had first navigated it, only three years since, which were perfectly astonishing.

Wednesday, (5th,) getting nearer to the mountains, the forms of which developed themselves with great boldness, their precipices, broken peaks, deep ravines, huge masses of rock piled together, and overhanging as if the slightest shock would tumble them on our heads, and without a blade of grass or any kind of verdure, except here and there a solitary tamarisk bush waving from a cleft in the crag. We saw the remains of the road over which the army of the Indus, under Sir John (now Lord) Keane, marched in 1839. The river has so altered its position since that period, that the whole of the plain below those hills on which the army then encamped, is now carried away, and the stream washes the very base of the mountains. This day we witnessed a practice which is, I believe, peculiar to this river. Several men were floating down the stream on large mutkahs (earthen jars of spherical form, with small mouths.) They place the pit of the stomach upon the mouth of the jar, and float, lying upon it, precisely in the attitude of a frog, occasionally paddling with the feet and hands. In the fishing season, I am informed, they may be seen by hundreds, catching the fish with a triangular net, and popping them into the jar, slightly raising the body for the purpose; most of these men towed another mutkah by a string behind them. Though they seemed perfectly at their ease, I believe some ridiculous accidents have happened, and dangers been incurred, by Europeans endeavoring to imitate them. The day was cloudy and cold, and as the evening closed in, immense flocks of ducks and geese flew across the river, in the direction of the mountains. The country appears to abound in wild fowl.

Going on deck on the next morning, (6th,) I was delighted with the beauty of the highest group of the mountains, of uncommonly bold outline, lying in deep purple shadow, with a lively green foreground of young tamarisk bushes, on the bank of the river. We appeared to have made but little progress since yesterday noon; indeed, the windings of the river are so capricious and extraordinary, that after steaming for several miles, you find yourself in the same relative position with the objects in the landscape, and except that a narrow tongue of land separates you from them, almost as near as you were before. About ten o'clock, A. M., we anchored at a wood station near Sehwan, where is a very remarkable fort, which I suppose has as fair claims to be referred to Alexander the Great as any of the various stations concerning which conjecture has been hazarded. The fort and town stand on the river Arral, a tributary stream to the Indus. I got a point for a sketch. In the extreme background were a part of the Lukkee mountains, the centre was filled up by Alexander's fort and the town; the right and left bounded by tamarisk trees; the front was a beautiful bend of the Arral, enlivened by groups of Sepoys, performing ablutions, and washing linen in the stream, or preparing for cooking on the bank. I regretted exceedingly that I had not more time; for while I was occupied with the sketch, some of our party went to the town, climbed the fort, and examined some of the Mosques; an expedition

in which I would willingly have joined. Having finished my sketch I followed them, and came near the town, but met them before I had crossed the ferry. It presented, from this distance, a view of considerable Oriental beauty. The bed of the river, left in a great manner dry by the narrowing of the stream, which lay as smooth as a mirror, was covered with native groups, women in gay colours, men in waving drapery of dark blue; and the sound of their chanted songs, modulated to a pleasing tone, floated across the water. The opposite bank rose gradually, dotted with some fine overhanging trees, and about halfway up was a mosque, of much apparent architectural beauty, with three domes. Houses of every variety of form and material peeped from among tamarisk trees. The immense masses of the fort, rugged and crumbling, frowned on the right, with the quiet stream winding round its base; while the range of the Lukkee hills towered high on the left. I have seldom looked on a scene of more tranquil beauty; all its unpleasing features (for a native town is never without them) were concealed by the distance. The fort of Alexander was described to me as composed of the same immense masses of brickwork as the one I had seen near Tattah, but with more perfect architectural remains, arches, bastions, &c. I was much annoyed at being compelled to hurry back to the boat without examining it, for after all, we were much longer at the station than the hour stated, and might have had ample time for this purpose ; and the indescribable babel of tongues, and clumping of billets of wood, formed a vexatious contrast to the tranquillity of the scene I had left.

Poor Davis, a recruit of H.M. 40th, died during the night; he had been very sick of bilious fever from the time we left Tattah, and grew gradually weaker and weaker. He had the character of a quiet inoffensive lad, but appeared exceedingly ignorant upon religious subjects, as indeed they commonly are. The condition of the European soldiery in this country is very painful to a Christian mind. A profane and nauseous habit seems to prevail among them, of interlarding their ordinary conversation with such blasphemous and filthy expletives as renders it most revolting to be brought into close contact with them, as one must be on the deck of a small steamer. The use of such expressions is not called forth by excitement or passion, but appears to be the ordinary habit; and its effect on the minds, especially of young lads coming from home, must be demoralizing and brutalizing in the extreme.

About ten, A.M., on the 7th January, we arrived at a wood station on the banks of the river, where we buried poor Davis, under a large tamarisk tree. As the solemn words of the burial service terminated, and the three volleys of musketry pealed over his lonely grave, "Poor fellow," I thought, "his ashes will not probably rest even here," for such are the freaks of this extraordinary stream, that it is not unlikely that in a few months the bank, the tree, and the village near it, will be washed into the whelming flood. Large masses of the bank were falling

with a heavy crashing sound, during the whole of our progress today. At night we had much difficulty in getting to our anchorage, as the force of the eddying current, in spite of the helm, repeatedly carried the steamer's head round. Towards evening a Sepoy fell from the gunwale of the Flat, but providentially seized a line which was floating, and was rescued. Such is the force of the current, and the strength of the whirlpools, that few who fall into the deep channel ever escape. Awaking during the night, my mind roamed over the past, the present, and the future. The dear friends I had left at home, the singularity of my present situation, the future scenes of peril which I might probably witness. I called to mind the vow of Jacob, (Gen. xxviii. 20, 21,) " If God will be with me, and keep me in this way in which I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, until I come again to my Father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." I prayed that such might be my determination also, and thinking sadly of the demoralized state of these poor soldiers, I could not but feel thankful that it was my privilege to proclaim to them the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

On Sunday, the 9th, we had divine service on deck at eleven o'clock. The noise of the paddle-wheels so deadened the sound of my voice, that I found it exceedingly difficult to make myself heard.

On Tuesday, the 11th, soon after breakfast, we had the first distinct glimpses of the minaret at Sukkur, as the river wound its devious course. We hailed it with unfeigned delight, for we were heartily tired of the muddle and confinement of the steamer. By degrees the date and cocoa-nut trees increased in number and in height, and the banks became very pretty. The houses built by the British residents have a very imposing appearance from the river, and the old fort at Bukkur, especially from a distance, forms a good object in the middle of the stream. About four P.m. we came to, a little below Bukkur. Among the crowd on shore I soon recognised my old friend, Captain Stuart, 8th regiment, N. I., who had preceded me with the regiment from Kurachee, who received me with his wonted kindness and hospitality. Captain Thomas and I were soon domiciled in his house, where we found the ladies in good health, and highly delighted with the climate of Sukkur, which at this season was certainly very bracing and invigorating. Thus ended my fourteen days voyage up the Indus. I had now to meditate a long farewell to navigable rivers, and to prepare for more laborious, and perhaps more perilous adventures by land.

UPPER SINDH.

My stay in Sukkur was protracted from Jan. 11, to Feb. 2, while waiting for the arrival of the head quarters of H.M. 41st regiment from Kurachee, under the escort of which I was to proceed through Upper Sindh, the detachment of H. M. 40th, with which I came up the Indus, being detained to garrison the fort at Bukkur. I stayed about half the time with Captain and Mrs. Stuart, and half with Captain and Mrs. Maclean, and have seldom passed three weeks more agreeably. The weather was delightful, allowing one to ride or walks during the whole day without the slightest inconvenience from the heat; while the mornings and evenings were cold enough to enable us to enjoy those fire-side pleasures to which, when I embarked for India, I thought I had bid a long adieu, till I should revisit my native land. It is true the station does not admit of any great variety of rides or walks, but the broad tranquil stream is always a pleasing object, and the many Kurachee friends and acquaintances who had preceded me, and whom I was constantly meeting, gave interest to walks otherwise uninteresting enough. I was also much occupied in improving the arrangement of my kit, strengthening the boxes, &c., against accidents on the road, and in the purchase of camels, concerning the points of excellence in which, though I tried to look wondrous wise, I possessed as much knowledge as I should about those of Behemoth ; nevertheless I was fortunate enough to procure four excellent camels, which were the universal admiration of beholders ; determining to have these four of my own, in case of difficulty in hiring, which might be sufficient for the carriage of things absolutely indispensable.

The river here is exceedingly beautiful, and to it Sukkur is indebted for its pleasing features in more ways than one. Not only is it a beautiful object in itself, but to it is attributable the verdure of the banks, with their overhanging trees ; for the moment you turn your back upon the river, and look towards the west, the landscape becomes as desolate as in every other part of Sindh. Half a mile from the banks of the river, there is not a blade of grass, nor a tree, nor shrub, except a few scanty tamarisk bushes. The ground undulates exceedingly, presenting a number of projecting rocks of horizontal strata, sometimes almost as regular as steps, rising out of a plain of fine dust, which, when raised by the wind, forms one of the greatest nuisances of the place; worse, I think, than the dust at Kurachee, which is bad enough. On these singular projecting rocks, the British residents have erected houses; some of them are tombs, enlarged and surrounded by verandahs. These are all built of sun-dried bricks, and are flat-roofed, except where the centre is formed by the dome of a tomb; and the wide verandahs, supported upon ranges of square columns, have a certain architectural air, which adds much to the appearance of the place. There are now almost as many houses as there can be, for each of these projecting rocks which is

accessible, is crowned with a house; and to build in the dust is impossible. Among the best buildings, and in the prettiest though not the coolest situations, are the Parsee merchants' shops, and the houses of the conductors, a class of men appointed from among the non-commissioned officers of the European regiments, to act as a kind of foremen in the department of the commissariat and ordnance. These are flourishing men, if we may judge by the portliness of their persons, and the gorgeous trappings of their wives and children, as well as from their riding the best horses, and inhabiting the most convenient houses of any persons at the station. The Parsee shops command a beautiful view of the river, as does also the residence of the political agent, which is on a line with them, and has a very good garden, but must, from its situation, be exceedingly hot in the hot season. Old Sukkur is little else than a heap of mud ruins. It was, in fact, deserted, but the influence of British rupees has already adorned it with some new native houses. It has one handsome mosque, the dome of which is covered with blue and variegated tiles, like the tombs near Tattah; and at this a remarkably fine tigress is kept at the expense of the Hyderabad Ameers. She appeared fed and fattened to excess, which was just as well, for she was in a decayed wooden cage, the door of which was tied with a piece of rope yarn, so that if she had been inclined for roaming there was very little to prevent her. The fort at Bukkur occupies the whole of an island in the middle of the river; there are two other small islands a little way below it, one with a square tomb, surmounted by a dome in the centre. Bukkur is rather a pretty object, especially at a distance, but it is a place of no strength; the walls are much decayed, and within, it is a heap of ruins. On the opposite bank of the river is Roree, which I did not visit, for the disastrous news from Kabul had given rise to some apprehensions of disturbance there; but it has a much greater appearance of extent and population than old Sukkur, and has one mosque, apparently of considerable importance. I was able to celebrate divine service regularly, and to administer the Holy Communion, during my stay at Sukkur. I had morning service at Sukkur by the kindness of Captains Grant and Stather, at their house, which had a spacious room. All seemed gratified, for it was long since they had seen a clergyman, though they had always had prayers read by an officer. The evening service was at Bukkur, for the benefit of the European soldiers, who, whatever be their feelings, claim this praise, that they are invariably the most attentive of any audience to whom it has been my lot to minister. A sketch of the place and manner of arrangement of divine service at Bukkur, will strongly illustrate the kind of shifts to which a poor chaplain is liable to be reduced in this campaigning life. The church was prepared in a ruined building, which had once had a groined and vaulted roof. This had given way, and large masses of shattered brickwork seemed much inclined to follow it. On three sides were lofty pointed arches, which universally prevail, as far as I have seen, throughout Sindh and Affghanistan. The ordnance department had kindly issued planks, which were laid with the ends resting on empty ammunition boxes, so that the

poor fellows had comfortable seats. It was a curious and striking scene. As I stood, the arches to the right and left disclosed the tools and machinery of the ordnance workshops, forges and anvils, carpenters' benches, lathes, &c., erected among the crumbling ruins, which lowered and frowned upon their sooty intruders, as an old country aristocrat might be supposed to do upon some upstart who had established himself in his neighbourhood. The centre was occupied by the officers and troops; a lofty arch behind them gave, as a background, other crumbling ruins of the fort, glowing in the setting sun, and surrounded by cannon, mortars, tumbrils, tents, and all the various paraphernalia of modern warfare. "What a strange contrast," thought I, "is my present life to the uniform routine of a curacy at home! Here I am feelingly convinced of the comparative insignificance of those outward accompaniments of worship, concerning which there are often such bitter disputes at home. While men are as eagerly discussing the position of a pulpit, the decorations of a communion-table, the form of a vestment, as if their salvation depended upon it, I am satisfied to get under the fly of a tent, or the shade of a ruined wall, with a discarded packing-case for a pulpit, to dispense the Word of Life to as many as will hear me. Not that the decent solemnities of the house of God are to be regarded as unimportant—indeed there is abundant room for the exercise of a little ingenuity in providing some portable ecclesiastical furniture for a chaplain in the field;—but surely such external things should not be allowed to cause a breach of Christian charity among members of the same body, the church, and sharers in the same blessed hope, through one common Saviour.

While here, I had a proof that I might fairly consider myself in the *field*, in being called, for the first time, to bury a man without a coffin. Many have I since committed to the silent grave, not only without coffins, but some without even the protection of a wrapper. The corpse of this poor fellow, a private of H. M. 40th regiment, was sowed up in his bedding. I thought they should have padded it within, in order more effectually to conceal the figure, for its shape was clearly shown, indeed too clearly, looking something like an Egyptian mummy. As it was lowered into the grave, its flexibility gave me a momentary shudder; it had so much the appearance of voluntary motion. During my stay at Sukkur, the native reports with regard to the force at Kabul, became more and more appalling, and though we tried to think them too dreadful to be true, yet they all at length proved to be substantially correct. The news of Burnes' death, which we had heard at Tattah, was followed by that of Sir W. H. M 'Naughten, and Mr. Trevor, and his children, the latter of which turned out a false report. The negotiations with Ackbar Khan, the disastrous retreat upon Jellalabad, the total annihilation of the force, by cold, starvation, and the enemy, with the seizure of the ladies, were announced in rapid succession, keeping us in a fever of anxiety and excitement, not unmingled with apprehensions for the safety of Sukkur, if the Ameers of Sindh should be emboldened to make a sudden attack. Nor were

such apprehensions altogether without foundation. Such was the infatuated and blind security with which matters in this country had been conducted, or rather neglected, before the revolt at Kabul, that I did not see a single station from Kurachee to Kandahar, which appeared to have been planned with any view to defence, or any recollection that the occupants were in an enemy's country. If a sudden attack had been made on Sukkur at this period, the old fort of Bukkur was the only place to which we could have retired with any chance even of temporary security, and the whole of the commissariat stores, and the greater part of the guns, were on the bank of the river at least a mile off, with the Indus between them and Bukkur, and totally incapable of being protected from it.

January 27th, we received the ever-welcome overland mail, and shortly after, the guns thundered out a royal salute for the birth of a Prince of Wales. Poor child! He has come into the world in a troublous time—may God preserve him for happier days!

On the 30th January, the head quarters of H.M. 41st regiment arrived, and I began consequently to get all in readiness for my departure.

On the 2nd February, at gun fire, having seen my kit loaded, I rode to the camp of H. M. 41st; and met Major Gore Browne, the commanding officer. Here was a fearful roaring of camels, shouting of men, and barking of dogs, with all that indescribable Babel of tongues, which is always found wherever natives have any work to do. In due time the column moved on, and the major and I walked some distance, on account of the exceeding coldness of the morning. We then mounted our horses, and went on chatting and enjoying the coolness of the morning, now no longer cold, but tempered by the rays of the sun, and, getting gradually in advance of the column, we arrived, about half-past ten, A.M., at Lukkee, sixteen miles. The mess-tent had been sent in advance, that we might have breakfast ready on our arrival; but when we came, we looked around in vain either for mess-tent or kit, and having no other resource we sat down, looking somewhat blank, on some sacks of commissariat grain, where, as the sun grew warm, I soon fell asleep. Awaking after a time, I found myself surrounded by the officers of the regiment, looking very sharpest, and betraying sundry marks of impatience. All in vain, however, for no mess-tent could be found, nor did it arrive till the afternoon, nor were the wants of the sufferers supplied, until six p. M. It appeared that the convoy had missed the road and gone to another station. Thanks to the kindness of my friends at Sukkur, I had been supplied with a substantial breakfast before I started; I was not, therefore, so badly off as many, yet even I was very glad to hear the bugle for dinner.

The next morning, (February 3,) after a march of about ten miles, we reached Shikarpore, about half-past nine A.M., and I made my way to Captain Thomas,

who had preceded me from Sukkur and joined the wing of his regiment which was here. I found him preparing for breakfast by the side of a good fire, which the sharpness of the morning air rendered very agreeable. The appearance of the camp was rather lively, for the head-quarters of the 3rd regiment, light cavalry, happened to be coming in from an opposite direction, at the same time with H.M. 41st regiment, both regiments with bands playing, &c. Shikarpore is the principal town of a district, for the purchase of which the Honourable Company were then negotiating with the Ameers of Sindh, an arrangement which subsequently fell to the ground. The town has an extensive trade, and bazaar plentifully supplied; very superior carpets, silks, and shawls, are manufactured here. I did not go into the town, for the rumors from Kabul had produced such an excitement among the people, that it was not considered safe for a Feringee to trust himself among them without arms and escort. The British lines, at present, are little else than dust and mud hovels; but the neighbourhood of the town has some fine trees. The soil is said to be very rich and productive, and by the reopening of a canal from the Indus, long disused, it is expected to realize large profits.

We halted at Shikarpore till February 7th, during which interval the head-quarters of the 8th regiment, N.I., arrived there, and I once more had the pleasure of seeing Captain Steuart and the ladies, with other Kurachee friends, On Sunday, by the kindness of the political agent, Lieutenant Postans, I was enabled to assemble all the European troops for divine service, in a large and commodious room at the Residency, where I preached to them from Isaiah Iv. 1. I had called, the previous day, on Lieutenant Postans, and met Mrs. Postans, the authoress of a work on Western India.

On Monday, 7th, we again set out on our march at gun-fire, and about half-past ten A.M., halted at Jaguu, a village with a mud fort, and a travellers' bungalow, lately built, on a very commodious plan, by the British government. A similar misfortune to that at Lukkee, here befel the mess-kit, not, however, by the losing of the road, but because the camels, having grown restive, had thrown their loads, and ran off, followed by the camel-men; the result to us was similar to the former,—a grievance of course only to young campaigners, and those of the regular corps. To avoid future mischances, three *bullock garrees* (carts,) were sent in advance, under a guard, with the mess-kit for breakfast, the rest following with the other baggage. Here I began to perceive, by the additional pains and vigilance displayed in forming the camp, posting sentries, &c., that we were getting beyond the bounds of secure travelling.

8th. Having learned wisdom by experience, I took care this morning to be provided with some hard boiled eggs, beef, &c., which my butler carried on a pony behind me, that I might not pass the same lenten days as on the two former occasions. We halted at Janidera, twelve miles, where is another rather extensive

mud fort, and a travellers' bungalow newly built. I never passed through a country which afforded so little scope for description; it is a perfectly flat plain, with no feature but the tamarisk jungle, stunted and dusty, which covers it in every direction. Near the halting stations, where water is to be found, there is generally a tree or two, but nowhere else. The dust is almost suffocating. This morning at starting, a couple of my camels took it into their wise heads to begin fighting, with their loads on their backs. I expected nothing less than the destruction of the kit; however, by strenuous application of the clubs of the camel-men to their heads and ribs, they were parted before any mischief ensued. It is very startling, and almost appalling, when a vagary of this kind seizes these enormous beasts, who are usually so placid and imperturbable. Rode through the same flat, uninteresting plain, with clouds of dust, to Roghan, a place exactly resembling Janidera, only with a bungalow smaller and inferior. Nothing can be more similar to each other than these mud forts. A square or oblong of four mud walls about fourteen feet high, terminating in a battlement of the form of a spear-head, with a round bastion, like a windmill, at each corner, are the universal characteristics. The land appears to produce largely, upon irrigation, but here the water is brackish, and the next stage is desert. This was the first day I ever travelled with pistols in my belt, my ghora-wala following me with a gun charged with ball!

Thursday, February 10. Having halted at Roghan till one P.M., and made the best provision we could for water, by filling all our empty bottles, and watering all the cattle, we marched about thirteen miles into the desert. About two miles after starting, the shrubs began to get more and more stunted, till at length we had a clear horizon exactly like that of the ocean; the only objects upon which the eye could rest, being the frequent carcasses, or whitened bones, of dead camels, which thickly strewed the otherwise perfectly flat and unvaried plain. A scene of more utter desolation cannot well be conceived. The surface was not sandy or shifting, but hard and solid earth, like the leveled earthen floor of a mud building. I have no doubt that the soil is good, and that, if supplied with water, it would be as abundantly productive as the rest of the country through which we passed.

11th. Started early in the morning: a most magnificent sunrise; numerous floating clouds of the richest golden colour, on a sky of glowing crimson. I never saw a more splendid sunrise, for generally, I think, it is poor and tame compared to a sunset. I was detained, by the idleness of my servants, some time after the column, and by this detention, had an opportunity, as I rode on, of seeing the whole cavalcade of baggage, &c., which was of course in rear of the column. I can scarcely conceive anything that would excite more astonishment, if it could be exhibited in England, than the multitudes, the variety of costume, &c., attending the march of a regiment in India. Several hundreds of camels, led by natives in every variety of picturesque Sindian and Hindoostanee garb; carts which might

be the identical "*stridentia plaustra*" of the classics, drawn by bullocks with heavy yokes, and impelled by goads; the irregular cavalry, with dresses in which the gayest colours were brought into the strongest contrast, their long black locks floating in the wind, their animated gestures, loud cries, and quivering spears, now urging their horses forward, now checking them in full career; the regular cavalry, with their elegant light blue uniform, and systematic movements, powerfully contrasting with the erratic evolutions and dresses of the irregulars; native and European infantry ; officers on horseback, some in furs, some in cloaks, as they might best resist the cold of the morning ; all this in the midst of a pathless and unfeatured desert, was a wild and animated scene. The appearance of mirage in this desert was more curious than I ever saw it before, though I have frequently seen it early in the morning, in Lower Sindh. In some places it had exactly the appearance of a large lake flowing within half a mile, as if to mock poor mortals with the appearance of .that of which there was, in fact, the greatest destitution. Sometimes the camels in advance would appear of large and unnatural size, their bodies and loads floating in the air, while the legs were entirely hidden by the mirage. A small building on the left, in the midst of this scene of desolation, seemed cut off at the bottom, and hanging suspended in mid-air. Here also I perceived the propriety of the term applied to the camel, "the ship of the desert," for they appeared and disappeared on the horizon, precisely as a ship does on the ocean. After proceeding for several miles, some distant appearances of vegetation were seen which gradually increased till we came to Bushuree, where we encamped. From hence to Dadur the march is through Cutch Gundava. The water here is wretchedly bad, both brackish and foetid, and very difficult to be procured. In the travellers' bungalow, I found Ensigns Barker and Laurie, 21st regiment, N. I., with several other officers coining down to Kurachee sick. Barker was looking very pallid and thin. What a change since he and Bouchier made up our picnic party at the Mugger Tullao! Poor Bouchier lay moldering at Sukkur. Barker was very much broken, whilst I remained in perfect health; and yet, to look at the three, how different would have been man's predictions! May the recollection fill me with gratitude, and at the same time remind me how frail I am!

The following day we halted at Bushuree, and here I unexpectedly fell in with Captain Henderson, Madras Engineers, whom I had previously met at Kurachee, and who rode over from Kunda to our camp – an excellent Christian, with whom I had some very delightful conversation. How refreshing are such meetings, under such circumstances! Henderson took me to the village and fort, and introduced me to the head man, a lad about eighteen years old, who, as well as his uncle, had very decidedly Jewish features. Henderson explained that I was a padre, a mullah; they received us with great respect, and attended us to the gate. Their houses were wretched hovels, but their method of storing grain was curious, not peculiar, I believe, to Sindh, but quite new to me. They had some

scores of large, unburnt earthen vessels, about eight feet high, something in the form of a large chimney-pot, with an earthen cover, and towards the bottom a hole with a spigot, from which the grain was allowed to run as occasion required.

Sunday, Feb. 13. — Marched at six A.M., How little like a Christian sabbath did it appear! After four hours, arrived at our halting ground, at Meerpore, and found my tent pitched and kettle boiling. I had sent the servants in advance. At one P.M. read prayers, and exhorted the sick in hospital. The weather turned out wet, and the men could not be assembled for divine service; I therefore gave notice that I should have service in my own tent at four p. M., for such as were willing to attend. I had a very small congregation, but though grieved to see the holy ordinances of religion so little valued, yet I found the faithfulness of the promise, Matt, xviii. 20, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Indeed, I have frequently found the happiest seasons of spiritual enjoyment where the service appeared likely to be most discouraging.

The rain descended during the night in a steady soaking shower. I was surprised at the manner in which the tent resisted it; not only was I perfectly dry within, but the inner shell of the tent was not even damp. I had no idea before that these canvass dwellings were so water-tight.

On the Monday, nothing could be more miserable than the landscape. The sky of one uniform inky hue in every direction. The camp, like a large cattle fair in England on a rainy day, the horses standing melancholy and dejected, a wide expanse of trampled mud between the tents, wet grass and hay scattered about, and spectral native figures wrapped up in their blankets, gliding silently, or crouching on their heels, and contracted into the smallest possible space. Wet or cold seems invariably to paralyze a native, and his general aspect and appearance become fallen and wretched to the utmost degree. Thus passed the day, for the rain compelled us to halt; there was very little forage to be had for the cattle, and the water was miserably bad.

The night of the 15th turned out more wet and unpropitious than the former, but in the morning, the clouds rose like a curtain all round the horizon, and disclosed most magnificent ranges of hills in front, the higher parts and more distant peaks of which to the right and left were covered with snow, a sight perfectly novel to the natives, and but little expected by most of the Europeans. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the exhilarating effect produced by this sight, upon men who had been so long wearied with a sterile and apparently interminable plain. Many of the men exclaimed that they had got back to Europe again. I had never before seen snow-capped mountains, and it is not easy to conceive anything more beautiful than the roseate effect of the morning sun

upon their dazzling peaks. He soon after shone out upon us, and having given him as much time as we could to dry our wet tents, and laid in a good breakfast, we set off a few minutes after ten A. M. This was the most interesting march I had hitherto had. At about three miles we passed the village of *Kassim ki Kote*, on our right, and in succession abundance of ruined villages, the names of which we were unable to learn, but which strongly reminded me of the conversation between the parent owls, as to the portioning of their children, related to the Sultan Mahmood by his vizier. They were all fortified by mud walls, with circular bastions at the corners, flanking the walls. One of these appeared to have been recently sacked and burnt. Black ashes filled the area within the walls, and the earthen vessels for storing grain remained uninjured. Mutatis mutandis, all might be likened to the state of the English and Scottish borders, during the middle ages—every place fortified, every man armed—no security except that of personal strength, valour, or cunning. We passed a tribe of Nomade Belooches, under small black felt tents, supported upon stakes; ponies and asses were gleaning the scanty forage, and a group of men, women, and children, sat on their hams, near our track, watching the cavalcade as it approached. They reminded me not a little of the tribes of gypsies at home, but looked wilder and poorer.

Some tracts of country through which we passed were cultivated with cotton and bajra, but who shall gather the crop, must be most uncertain. How greatly does the spectacle of a country so desolate, enhance, in the estimation of the traveler, the blessings of settled government and domestic peace!

The Bolan range of mountains was the great attraction throughout the march. It would be little to say, that they towered towards the clouds, for the clouds were rolling along their breasts, and their peaks rose high above them. Kidge appeared above ridge, and the effect of light and shade, from passing clouds, now throwing prominently forward, and now obscuring their inequalities and chasms, was so varied and sublime, that the eye was never wearied with watching it. Though at the distance of at least fifty miles, they were so vast that their bases appeared within a moderate morning's canter; and though we afterwards found, as we got nearer, that they were masses of barren rock, yet at this distance they had a purple hue, that resembled heather.

About one P.M. we arrived at Koka, our halting ground, and found the earth nearly dry, notwithstanding the late heavy rain. Here was another mud fort, precisely similar to those at which we had halted every day.

The next day's march was in the face of a bitter north-east wind, than which I have seldom experienced anything more cutting, even in England. Baugh, which was our halting place, is a principal town in Upper Sindh and from a distance

appeared a place of considerable importance; but, like all these places in Sindh, on reaching it, it dwindled into a miserable collection of mud hovels, surrounded by an embattled mud wall, and ornamented with the domes of a few inconsiderable Masjids. Though enjoying a plentiful supply of water from a neighbouring river, the herbage was scanty and the trees stunted. The farther we went, the more wretched did the country become.

Arrived at the travellers' bungalow, a party of officers, coming down, welcomed us to a good fire, some excellent wild hog, and grilled fowl; most acceptable were all three. We encamped on a clean and level plain, and took every precaution against thieves, for whom this place is so notorious. The day was so bitterly cold that we appeared at dinner in our posteens (long garments of leather lined with fur) and cloaks.

On the following morning, my Portuguese servant came into the tent, bringing a piece of ice, about as thick as a rupee, his countenance expressive of mingled glee and astonishment, which distorted it into a most ludicrous grin. I suppose he might have seen ice at Bombay, as an article of importation, but he had never seen it in the natural course of formation. He ate some of it with great apparent enjoyment, munching it, and pronouncing it excellent.*

Notwithstanding all precautions, two camels, belonging to the 8th regiment, N. I., were carried off during the night. We had here the enjoyment of good water; a luxury, the value of which is unknown to those who have not been similarly situated. At the two last halting places, it had been so fetid and execrable, that, so far from attempting to drink it, it became a question whether by wading in it we were not rendered dirtier than before. In the evening I walked into the bazaar, a narrow street of sorry mud huts, roofed overhead, and, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, insufferably close. How do these people exist in the hot season? I saw little but grain exposed for sale.

Our next day's march was to *Haji ka Shere*, a walled village, with wholesome though muddy water. Here, in the night, a shot was fired by one of the sentries upon a thief, who was attempting to steal some cooking pots. Two shots had been fired the previous night, but without any other effect than frightening away the thieves and saving the goods. Notwithstanding the cold of the nights and mornings, the middle of the days began to grow very hot, and the snow on the nearer hills was evidently melting.

On the following morning, a march of seven miles brought us to Mittree; the ground was prettily undulated, and the proximity of a river, which we forded

* Thermometer at seven A.M. thirty-eight degrees.

twice, giving a verdant foreground, the landscape was exquisite. Every day's march exhibits, in a varied point of view, the bold ridges of these magnificent mountains, rising one above another, with striking contrasts of light and shade, the most distant covered with dazzling snow, and gradually mingling with the tints of the sky.

Sunday, Feb. 20. Marched at half-past eight A.M. O' what a Sunday! God in his goodness preserve me from another such! After a grilling march of sixteen miles, we arrived at General England's camp at Dadur, at about half-past one P.M. I was in hopes I should get into the bungalow built by government for travellers, but found that, contrary to all regulation, the officer commanding it had taken up the whole for his own private accommodation, and after riding hither and thither in a burning sun, to know where to pitch my tent, was overtaken by night without any opportunity for public worship, and but little for private devotion and meditation. How did I envy my friends at home what Mrs. Hemans calls "the holy quietness that breathes on sabbath hours!" The weather from this time became exceedingly hot for the season of the year; thermometer in tents from ninety-seven to a hundred degrees; and the flies an absolute plague. There was an entire stagnation of air, and the suffocating sensation to us who had so lately experienced such cold weather was most distressing. There was an universal longing for the day when we should quit Dadur. It is indeed a dreadful place, and seems from its situation, formed to be, as it really is, one of the hottest places in the world. It receives the reflected heat of the sun from the towering bank of bare rocky mountains under which it lies, and which, surrounding it on three sides, casts down the rays upon it as upon the focus of a reflecting mirror. It is of this place that the Brahooees have a proverbial saying, to the effect that no other place of final torment was needed after the formation of Dadur. The descriptions given by those who have passed a hot season there are most painful. Men by no means given to exaggeration assured me that they envied the dead, and that they would rather die than pass another season there; that the thermometer in tents was at one hundred and thirty degrees, with an entire stagnation of air. Those who are acquainted with the East will understand what this must be; for the mere height of the thermometer is no criterion of the sense of oppression. If there is a breeze, though a hot one, you can always lower the temperature considerably by tatties, but the stagnant atmosphere admits of no remedy. In India, even this is partially remedied by the thermantidote, an instrument on the principle of a winnowing machine, which creates a current of air; but in situations where at present it is difficult to procure carriage for the necessaries of life, it must be long before these luxuries can be introduced.

The depredations upon property, especially upon camels, were so frequent and daring, that I thankfully accepted the kind offer of Major Woodhouse, commanding the 6th regiment, N.I., to remove my quarters within a breastwork

where the officers of that regiment were stationed. I was most hospitably welcomed by Dr. Tait, one of my fellow-voyagers from Europe, by whom I was introduced as an honorary member of their mess. Certainly one of the greatest charms of Indian society is the overflowing kindness and hospitality met with on every side. Not that I would draw an invidious comparison, as some have done, to the disparagement of home society. The cases admit of no comparison. At home, the utmost caution is indispensably necessary before a comparative stranger can be received into society. In India, on the contrary, every man's rank and position is clearly determined; his character, too, in a short time is pretty generally known, and he and all by whom he is entertained, are in one and the same service, whether in the ecclesiastical, civil, or military branch of it.

During my stay here I was able to have divine service regularly twice on Sundays: once in the open air, at five o'clock A.M., for H. M. 41st regiment, and 1st troop of Bombay Horse Artillery, and again in the morning (eleven A.M.) at Major Woodhouse's house, where there was a good attendance of officers.

At Dadur I met Major Outram, whom I had previously known at Kurachee. He was residing here as political agent, and had a camp separate from that of General England. On one occasion I met a very large party at his table, where the conversation turned much upon the outbreak at Kabul, of which almost every day was disclosing fresh horrors. Many ingenious conjectures were offered in explanation of the extraordinary fact that so extensive a conspiracy could have been organized without the slightest information concerning it having transpired; but none of them seemed very satisfactory. At this party I met Colonel Stacey, of the Bengal army, who was then with Nusseer Khan of Khelat, whom he had been the means of bringing into alliance with the British, after long efforts and many disappointments. I found him a very lively old gentleman, well acquainted with Oxford, and had much interesting conversation about Alma Mater in the olden time. While here, our whole week was taken up with Mahomedan and Hindoo festivals; tom-toms beating night and day; long processions, in which ornamented pagodas, like baby-houses, were carried on men's shoulders, "with many a bell and tawdry rag on;" and savage figures, painted on their naked flesh, dancing about with every kind of fantastic monkey trick, to the frantic delight of the beholders, who are but great children. My Hindoo servants came to me, besmeared on their foreheads with red paint, and with many genuflections and winning smiles, in a sort of coaxing way, begged for money Poor creatures! May God hasten the time when they shall turn from idols to the living and true God! On such occasions I bitterly regret that I cannot freely communicate with them, and tell them what I think with regard to these matters; and my present wandering life, alas! affords me few facilities for doing so; for though I gain more words, they are merely the names of those things of which I feel the daily need, and I am as far as ever from any interchange of ideas; indeed the knowledge of

the language which most possess appears to me to be little more than this, and to turn almost entirely upon military duty, or the concerns of the Bazaar.

On the 25th of February I rode over to Major Outram's camp, intending to pay my respects to the young Khan of Khelat; but found the major's horse saddled, and himself waiting to accompany his highness to the lines of H.M. 41st regiment, to hear the band. I remounted, and in a short time the khan appeared. There was a large cavalcade: several principal chiefs, his relations, attended him, with long black beards, small round scull-caps, richly coloured silk dresses, targets, and swords; a cloud of spearmen curvetted and galloped their horses around; and inferior attendants trotted on foot. The khan was in front, on horseback; immediately behind him, Colonel Stacey, on a sowarree (riding) camel richly caparisoned; the colonel in native costume, which I fancy he constantly wears, I was introduced to the khan as a "*mullah of the Feringees*," the only title by which he could be made to comprehend my character and profession. We bowed, and then rode on, Major Outram on the right hand, and I on the left. The khan is about seventeen, and very dark, which is not usual with men of rank in this country; but it is said to be owing to the wandering and exposed life he has led since his father's death. Some call him handsome, but I cannot say I thought him so. His countenance looked deeply lined, and prematurely careworn, so that I should have thought him much more than seventeen. His look is expressive of great haughtiness, and a dark scowl of distrust is on his brow, which, by-the-bye, is easily accounted for, since the fickle and capricious treatment of his father and himself has not been likely to inspire confidence in us. His father, Meerab Khan, was killed, and himself deposed and exiled; but, upon a turn of politics, it was deemed expedient that he should be restored; he was therefore pursued, caught, and again placed on his throne, under British protection, to his own astonishment and that of every one around him. He is said, however, to be very affable, and to adopt many European customs, particularly that of personal cleanliness, for the neglect of which his countrymen are proverbial. His long black ringlets, floating in the evening air, and waving to the motion of his horse, would be an object of admiration, perhaps of some envy, to the young ladies at home. He was richly dressed in loose trousers and vest of crimson silk, embroidered with gold, and slippers of the same; a target covered with crimson velvet on the left shoulder; and a curved sword with a sheath of the same colour. He rode a powerful bay horse, with a richly-mounted native saddle, housing, bridle, martingale, &c., with various colours and gold ornaments, according to their fantastic method of dressing up their horses.

We rode at a sort of mincing, prancing, curvetting pace, not really going faster than if we were walking, but fretting ourselves and our horses into a perfect foam; "a peculiarly desirable pace," as one of the officers ironically remarked, "for a close evening." But this is the native style, especially on occasions of

ceremony, and it is surprising how soon our own horses catch the infection, when they see a number of others curvetting and sidling around them. At length we arrived at the parade ground of H. M. 41st. The guard was under arms—presented—the band struck up, —we all dismounted, and the elite entered Major Gore Browne’s tent. His highness was handed to a chair, in which he sat as a European; but the chiefs and nobles preferred the floor, where they sat on their hams on the carpets. The colours of the regiment were suspended in the tent, and the examination and explanation of them occupied some time. His highness inquired after the major’s pet goat and Arab horse, with whom he had been acquainted the year before. Alas! They had both died in the Bolan Pass. He next asked after the acting adjutant of the regiment, who, being in the land of the living, came forward and made his salaam. The band played, we seemed to listen; but the air was fearfully stagnant, and our conversation more so. A dignitary sitting at my feet asked me, in the accustomed phrase, if I were happy, to which I replied, according to custom, “ Perfectly happy” —a statement, I am afraid, to be received with some abatement—and there the matter dropped. At length his highness rose, the major attended him, the guard presented, he mounted his horse, and the pageant passed away.

Early in March we made preparations for moving. The whole of the first week was one of extreme heat and great discomfort; but Sunday, the 6th, exceeded all. There was a hot wind, whirling clouds of dust into my tent, and the plague of flies was most intolerable. The heat in the house during divine service was such, that I fairly staggered while preaching; and the mountains, for the last two days, though close at hand, had been but dimly outlined, through a flickering mist like that over a furnace, which I understand is their genera] appearance during the hot weather. I left Dadur with the most unpleasing recollections, and sincerely thanked God that I was not destined to spend a hot season there.